

1976 Hawkwood College Paper

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six dreams, from 1956, 1957, 1961, and 1962, as worked on in 1976

Introduction (July, 2000)

I came across this paper recently, while sorting through old files. It appears to be written for a talk I was to give at one of our Jung weekends at Hawkwood College, in 1976. It seems to be unfinished, and I have no recollection of what happened to it. But perhaps it was as a result of that weekend, probably with Molly Tuby and Niel Micklem, and perhaps others, that we began to prepare ourselves for that unforgettable occasion in 1980 when we enacted the illustrations from Michael Maier's alchemical text "Atalanta Fugiens".

I find it interesting as a reminder of how my thinking was developing around the age of fifty. In particular, the influence of Peter Berger. I had forgotten how I had, and have, been affected by his writing, and as a result of discovering this paper have returned to read in his "The Social Reality of Religion", and "The Invisible Religion".

I am making it available now as an example of how I worked on my dreams twenty four years ago. The headings have been added. Otherwise it stands as originally written.

Prejudicial privacies and public debate

In this talk I want to amplify an argument which I developed in a lecture given in November 1974, under the title *Jung and Marx: alchemy, christianity, and the work against nature*. I want to amplify it in two directions. Firstly, by saying something about the personal material within which my argument was generated. Secondly, by elaborating the content of the argument. What I hope to do is to extend the imaginative framework within which we study both Jung's psychology of alchemy and the works of Karl Marx.

But as introduction I feel the need to justify the use I will be making of my own dreams. Using dreams, with their peculiar privacy and idiosyncrasy of style, in support of an argument which is being put forward for public consideration, is a dangerous method of persuasion. There is a subjective fascination to our own dreams which distorts judgment and prejudices our public with its implicit claim to private revelation. It is a rhetorical tactic which I think we are wise to avoid.

Yet there is I believe an argument to the contrary. If we pay attention to our dreams, and I have done so for nearly thirty years, it is deceitful to pretend, either to ourselves or to others, that their imagery is not continuously affecting our reflective thinking as well as our spontaneous behaviour. My interest in bringing together the work of Jung and Marx is, so far as I understand it, in part caused by the accretion over years of dream images and my waking work on them. I am myself deeply persuaded that it is important for our world that Jung's psychology of alchemy and the works of Marx be studied in conjunction. If I am to persuade others, it seems to me that I must be prepared to expose the imagery, with all its awkward intimacies, in which my own conviction has germinated and grown. Perhaps in the exercise of such exposure we can learn new ways of working with the prejudicial privacies that lie behind all public debate.

So I hope that when I come to my dream material you will agree to suspend judgment until you have heard all that I have to say. I am using it as a means to an end, and in asking for favourable audience I ask only that you don't judge my usage until we have arrived at the end.

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Pattern in bewilderment: Jung and Marx

My interest in Jung's psychology of alchemy has had an uncertain history. In 1947-8, when I was 22, I read the translation of the 1936 Eranos lecture on the *Idea of Redemption in Alchemy* which was published as Chapter Five in *The Integration of the Personality*. I cannot remember how I reacted, but to judge from the marginal notes which I made at the time there was considerable excitement. This extended to buying a copy of the 1944 Swiss edition of *Psychologie und Alchemie*, of which I read about the first half - quite an achievement at the time when my German was inadequate. But by the time the English translation appeared in 1953 my interest had diminished, and although I bought the volume, I read only the Introduction. This made a big impression on me, in the same context as the Eranos lectures on the Trinity and the Mass, but I was untouched by any of the specifically alchemical symbolism.

After that, my interest in alchemy went underground for about fourteen years, that is from the age of 27/8 to 41/2. During my training in Zurich, which fell between my 35th and 40th years, I attended and was gripped by various lectures on the subject, but I never felt myself to be directly, personally, involved with the symbolism. I read Aion but not *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, even when the English translation was published in 1963.

To use the contemporary idiom, alchemy did not turn me on. Memory is deceptive, and I cannot be sure, but I am inclined to believe it actually turned me off. I felt it to be part of Jung's work which I might come to later, but for the present I could get along without it.

The change came after I graduated from the Institute in 1966 and returned to practise in England, and I associate my first conscious recognition of the change with the work of Marx. The catalyst seems to have been an experience with one of my training patients in Zurich.

The analysis had got bogged down, nothing seemed to be happening, and there was talk of stopping. Then he brought a dream, the details of which I have forgotten but it had to do with large quantities of tinned foods, stealing, and cheating the insurance company. Attempts to interpret it from the point of view of food and feeding were all felt to be sterile and contrived.

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Then I found myself attending to the money symbolism in the dreamer's associations with cheating the insurance company, and heard myself say something like: "It sounds like a parody of the iniquities of capitalism as seen by a good marxist". The response was an angry explosion, and from that moment the analysis moved into a different gear, with workable negations of an altogether new kind within the transference.

This episode intrigued me, but I did not make much of it at the time. Soon after my return to England, however, I was asked to give a talk to the Jung Club on *Power and Money*, and in preparing this noticed that my mind was repeatedly returning to the effect my 'marxist interpretation' had had on my patient. It was as if that episode held within it some latency from which my attention would not free itself. I decided to work on it, and looked out my copy of Marx's *Capital*, which I had read as a student in 1947-8. Somehow I was not altogether surprised to find that the margins contained references to Jung, whose books I had also been reading for a first time at that age. I found myself, at the age of 41, wondering about the relation between Jung and Marx.

Autobiography is a tricky enterprise and I can't be sure how closely knit events were nearly ten years ago. But to the best of my recollection this wondering about Jung and Marx involved me not only in reading, but also in research back into my dreams of the previous twenty years. In reading Marx and his commentators, I discovered that since my student days marxist studies had been transformed by the discovery of 'the young Marx', the works of his earlier years in which he had been differentiating his own position from that of his master Hegel.

These works I found unexpectedly exciting. Jung had said of Hegel that he could have been one of the greatest psychologists of all time, and studying how Marx had struggled to materialise and sensualise the Hegelian vision I found myself in a familiar world, the world of Jung's essays on the Trinity and the Mass. I was back where I had been twenty years before, but with the difference that in the meantime I'd done a lot of living and a lot of dreaming.

As I researched back through the dreams of twenty years I found that my reading of Marx was providing me with a new grid, a new frame of reference, with which to organise a

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confused mass of inchoate and elusive imagery. I found myself recognising pattern and connection where previously there had been bewilderment and bewitchment. And gradually it dawned on me that this pattern was alchemical.

I come now to the moment when I have to risk telling you some dreams of my own.

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The Dreams

I have selected six dreams, spread over a period of more than six years, to give you an idea of the kind of material which I was working over in 1967, 1968, and 1969. I shall read them out to you without comment except for the date of dreaming. I shall then try to explain how they affected my understanding of the marxism of alchemy, and the alchemy of marxism.

February 11. 1956

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

At culmination, through papers dealing with shipment of Jewish goods across this central river bridge, I am initiated into a central secret on which the world is based - "Guard this secret with thy Breath, O human sinner". Shown how to link my hands together backwards, curving the knuckles round each other, and making the small finger a ring through which grains of corn can be poured. This most wonderful sign is the making of all the KNOTS - the joined knuckles are the KNOTS - of Lime Street station dream. The small finger is the final knot.

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

October 28, 1956

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

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December 4, 1957

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

The humans in the story are divided into two, We and Them. We are normal, They have 'had the experience' and as a result are under the domination of this Other force. We want to get close to the experience, yet not lose ourselves in it. As story moves to its climax I am alone in a house, left even by wife, the only intelligent We among a number of They. Thinking to make friends I caress a dumpy, frowzy quite unattractive woman of They. She is on my knee. I am talking to her. Then I say something about the South Pole and she realises that I am a suitable subject or victim for the Experience.

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

August 4, 1961

Watching some revue show that begins by being funny, ends cruelly serious. Intelligence clothed in human bodies so that they are indistinguishable from humans come out of certain materials, shiny surfaces in machines, and take over control. To begin with they do a dance, then sort of retire or return whence they come. Then they stay longer, and there is terrifying possibility that they will reduce humans to nothing. At end one of them says in awful power: "No, I/we believe in mind", by which is meant that for them all 'ordinary human considerations' are as nothing.

As he says this, someone presses a finger on a pulse in my groin, a pulse that is a nerve centre of a sex organ that is neither, or both, male nor/and female.

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[In my published dreams the last sentence of this dream reads:

“As he says this, someone has finger on inside of my groin just between penis and thigh. It is as if he is pressing on a pulse, nerve centre, gland at tip? top of penis in which all sex sensation is”.]

April 2, 1962

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

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

3. Penetrate down deepest pit to reason with young mother who under influence of second girl who can only understand things 'literally', legalistically, is destroying her two children in some hideous fire death, gloating over their burning flesh. I try to persuade her she must confess all.

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

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

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

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August 4, 1962

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

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

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

This is what distinguishes I from the terror, the numinous terror, of the non I.

But the touch of the power in my hand as the tiny frog like Thing stirs is frightening me. I let it drop, thinking that I can always recover it. But at the same moment something happens to my companion, my 'other'. It is his/her job to keep in touch with the life within the stars. A life from the stars has touched down onto the earth, and threatens mankind. The life I have let go out of my hand, the tiny, quick, cold, slippery key to the instinct power of all that lives on our planet, is 'loose' at the same moment as the star life that my ka has seen come to earth. Because we are careless, because my 'other' is without a proper understanding of the process in which we are involved, we do the wrong things, and the two unite.

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

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

We take a strong drink to encourage ourselves, but this only serves to make us conscious of the fact that we are already losing our identity into the impersonal collectivity of this new life: that all our life I have been the preselected bearer of this new life, so that every thing I have ever done, every word I have ever said, every thought I have ever shaped into words, has been a 'choosing' to be one of the few channels through which the star life could flow into the instinct power life of our planet. Even so does every parent have to choose to die so that a new generation can have I-ness. Perhaps our children may learn to live as 'I' with this joined power of star and instinct: but only if we have first knowingly given our lives for it. Thinking in words cannot save me. Because this is the terror, the power, whose movement through the void leaves words behind it as a comparatively unimportant creation: the casual sparks thrown off by a huge and original friction of power against nothing. This is my work.

Body as Maker

Now I want to limit myself strictly in what I say about these six dreams. I am ignoring completely - and some of you may think deceptively - the context in which they were dreamed, with all the associations from my life and analysis at the time. I want to look at them as I did ten, fifteen, years later when I was researching back through a mass of other dreams fired by my excitement in the reading of Marx. From that point of view I have selected them in order to give an idea of the range of imagery involved.

In two of them there is imagery of a kind which I think we can agree to call chemical: the idea of hydrogen and oxygen as alternative sources of life, and the emphasis on the difference which separates organic from inorganic chemistry. In another two there is reference to metals, once direct and once as the material out of which machines are made. In all these four I hear, and I hope you do too, resonances from the history of alchemy and chemistry.

The first which I read out, has no such explicit alchemical content. But its central image of the knotted knuckles is typical of another motif which has been influential in my dreaming, and I have included it for that reason. Because this motif, *the motif of the human body as essentially implicated in the verb 'to make'*, has been the theme which, for me, has evoked harmonies between the work of Jung and Marx.

I don't want to go into detail on the work I have done on that dream. I hope to do so on another occasion. I want merely to use the dream to illustrate a thesis.

What happened as I worked on these dreams and others like them with my marxian 'grid' in mind, was that I came to think about the body, my body, the human body, in a way that I had never done before. My dream material seemed to be insisting that I learn to think at a level where my body could be understood both as in nature and also as making nature. As the implications of that began to sink in, I found two areas of study opened up. One had to do with modern social anthropology, with insights drawn from the comparative study of cultures as to how variously the body is experienced. The other had to do with the history of our own culture, with the radical change of the last three hundred years in the relation between man and nature.

The marxian grid proved important because it acted as a kind of exchange or transformer between these two areas of study, provocative in its insistence that I try out translations between them, between anthropological and historical insights into the 'openness' of the question of body. These translations have been close to the centre of my work during the last five years, and it is to them that I now turn.

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Wild Pansies and the Savage Mind

The most concentrated intellectual experience of my years at the Jung Institute in Zurich was a course of lectures on the work of Claude Lévi Strauss, given by one of his pupils. It was just after publication of *La Pensée Sauvage*, and to this day my copy of the French edition, with its wild or savage pansies on the cover, evokes almost tangible memories of the extraordinary excitement of those lectures. Lévi Strauss' vision of how man is both in nature, and also makes nature, satisfied me deeply. I think the depth of this conversion, for it had all the characteristics of conversion, was in part because of the emphasis he gave to language in his teasing out of the enmeshment of man and nature. For someone who had been obliged by stammering to interest himself over decades in the ramifications and contraries of speech, this emphasis was like a homecoming.

For instance, it was Lévi Strauss as much as Jung who helped me orientate myself to the dream from August 1962. His synoptic vision of how animal, vegetable, mineral, form one cosmos in which man can recognise himself in the face of a wholly Other, enabled me to believe in a co-inherence of matter and intelligence which was both terrifying and yet understandable. His awareness of a plural world, both participatory and hierarchical in its proliferation of congruent grammars, proved the intellectual grounding for feelings of power and terror which were dangerously inflationary. He humbled and he reassured my imagination. He enabled me to recognise the hugeness of the work of translation which lies all around us, but he also persuaded me that it was possible.

Through Lévi Strauss I came to read more widely in anthropologists of various persuasions. I began to realise, or perhaps remember is the better word, how much more there is to being in the body than I had learned from psychoanalysis. I remembered how much depends on our hands, on the way in which the turn between the front and back of the hand projects into the world the ambiguous inside-outsideness of the body. The word projection began to sound with a new gravity as I learned to take tool making seriously. I began to be interested in axes of interpretation which it seemed to me were ignored by the psychoanalytic approach to the body.

But though anthropological perspectives enabled me to do justice to many dimensions of my dreaming, there was one whole area of symbolism which they did not seem to respond to. In the examples I have given you it had to do with the peculiar numinosity of machines. More generally, it seemed to draw on a sense of revolutionary innovation in the last two hundred years, a sense of an irreversible and fundamental break of an altogether new kind in the co-inherence of matter and intelligence, so that being in the body endangers us now in a way for which we have no precedent. In responding to this dimension in my dreams I have found it necessary to look to the history of our own culture, rather than to the comparative studies of contemporary anthropology.

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The difference needs emphasising. I can do so with reference to what Lévi Strauss calls the 'neolithic paradox'. He is talking about the technological revolution of neolithic times, when man's mastery of the great arts of civilisation - pottery, weaving, agriculture and the domestication of animals - became firmly established. He makes the point that to have achieved this mastery, neolithic man must have been the heir of a long scientific tradition. Why, having made this break through, did the scientific enterprise then come to a halt, and several thousand years of stagnation intervene between the neolithic revolution and modern science, like a level plain between ascents? "The fact that modern science dates back only a few centuries raises a problem which ethnologists have not sufficiently pondered".

Lévi Strauss' response to this neolithic paradox is this:

"There is only one solution to the paradox, namely, that there are two distinct modes of scientific thought. These are certainly not a function of different stages of development of the human mind [he is referring to arguments about magic and science] but rather of two strategic levels at which nature is accessible to scientific enquiry: one roughly adapted to that of perception and imagination, the other at a remove from it. It is as if the necessary connections which are the object of all science, neolithic or modern, could be arrived at by two different routes, one very close to, and the other more remote from, sensible intuition".

Now it seemed to me that many of my dreams were about that 'remove'. It was as if the relation between body and world was being imaged on two different strategic levels. We can look at this remove in terms of Jung's typology. But we can also look at it in terms of the history of our own culture, and it is in this direction that my dream material has pulled and pushed me.

In my 1974 paper I put forward another version of the neolithic paradox. I asked: why did the questioning of nature characteristic of the Greek intellect of the 4th century B.C. stop short of the experimental method which developed in the 16th and 17th centuries A.D.? The answer I put forward turned on what I called 'the fact of christianity'. I argued that modern science and technology, with all that they imply for the place of man inside and outside nature, are because of christianity.

I am not going to repeat that argument here. I want to amplify it in the light of work on the dreams I have told you, work which originated in the intense feeling toned complex imaged in the words: "someone presses a finger on a pulse in my groin, a pulse that is a nerve centre of a sex organ, that is neither, or both, male nor/and female". And the central idea round which I shall be organising my amplification is that of sado-masochism.

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Sado-masochism and the irrationality of traffic jams

Since it was first used in a sexual context at the end of the last century, the term sado-masochism has acquired a much wider resonance. The idea of a nexus between pain and pleasure, with one feeding on the other so that they can be thought of as not only interdependent but as actually generating one another, has proved itself one of the centres round which the twentieth century has organised its experience. Within the wider history of ideas it stands in sharp contrast to the use made of the pleasure-pain calculus by nineteenth century utilitarianism. For me, reflecting on sado-masochism has helped establish connections between areas of experience which seemed at first to have nothing to do with each other. I want here to try and demonstrate this with reference to technology, christianity, and gender.

Perhaps the most familiar example of technological sado-masochism is the traffic jam, the whole complex of choices and compulsions that results in the contradiction of massed ranks of im-mobilised auto-mobiles. But more generally, the question of how to enjoy technology, both its applications and its fruits, is at the heart of contemporary political and economic debate.

Is technology enjoyable? Apparently, yes: we are greedy⁴ for more. But on second thoughts, isn't it destroying our enjoyment by its very success? Can we do anything about the contradiction?

From one point of view the problem of how to enjoy technology can be presented as a new version of the story of the sorcerer's apprentice, or of what Jewish tradition has called the Golem. But if we rest content with that we evade evidence of the special kind of anxiety which the technology of the last 150 years has generated, anxiety of a kind well illustrated by the dreams I have read you. Is it just a new version of a dilemma that has always been with us, or is it in some way qualitatively different, something altogether new?

One reason for the continuing appeal of Marx's analysis of human nature is the position he takes on this question. He is persuasive because he seems to do justice both to our sense of continuity, of familiarity, and to our sense of revolution, of something qualitatively new. What holds the two together is his concept of alienation.

In his view of history, in what we can call his historical anthropology, alienation has always been present. But with the first industrial revolution of 1750 to 1850 alienation took over, as it were, in a way which was new. It was in Marx's idea of alienation that I found the link between my anthropological and my christian dream imagery. Because, and this was crucial, Marx's alienation was about a sado-masochism common to both.

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I am not going to attempt a summary of Marx's theory of alienation, on which there is now a large and controversial literature. I want merely to introduce one of its central ideas by way of commenting on the dream I have read you of the knotted knuckles.

Marx's anthropology is passionately interested in human labour, on what happens when we humans, tool making animals, create out of the labour of our own hands artifacts which then acquire an independent existence as objects in the outside world, over against their maker. In Marx's work, this economic and technological process is seen as central to any understanding of our place in nature. Marx argues that we have been tricked into forgetting that we ourselves, in our collective identity as human beings, are the creator of that tool made world which is then turned against us, as an alien, hostile and repressive power. In developing this argument he draws heavily on the philosophy of Hegel, with its penetrating analysis of the relation between subjectivity and objectivity. This Hegelian analysis in its turn owes much to the centuries of christian theological and mystical reflection on the dual nature of Christ as both God and man, and on the Trinity.

The result is that in Marx's anthropology what humankind does with its hands is analysed not only in terms of activity in the world, but also in terms of activity which makes the world. As individuals, we labour on and against a world which exists independently of us. As social beings, as collective labour, we make that same world. Our collective labour is as it were constitutive of the world in which we find ourselves as individuals. The perennial sado-masochistic trick that is played on us, or which we play on ourselves, is to pretend, or to deliberately forget, that this our labour is both individual and collective. Only by remembering both sides of our labour can we recover for ourselves the human reality which has been unconsciously projected onto an inanimate environment.

Since Marx wrote, other original thinkers have contributed similar visions of a dialectic relation between man and nature. For instance, Lévi Strauss is aware how close to Marx his own theory can seem to be, and is concerned to emphasise the difference. Certainly Marx is much easier to approach today than he was fifty years ago, thanks to the influence of comparative ethnology. His relevance is both more obvious and yet less absolute.

But for relating the new ethnological insights to our own cultural history, Marx remains a pivotal figure. Because through his link with Hegel we can recognise the essential christianism of what he is saying about human labour. His analysis of human labour and of the trickery by which the creator becomes alienated from himself is a reworking of a drama familiar to the judaeo-christian theological tradition.

Let me now try to try to draw my argument together by returning to that dream image of the knotted knuckles. What can that have to do with the christian devil?

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The answer I want to suggest turns on the difference between the front and back of the hand. I believe this difference defines body as both inside and outside itself. Being both inside and outside itself the body is uniquely placed to understand the work of creation from inside that work. If that is so, it would not be surprising if the body understands rather too well for our comfort what happens when the creator becomes a part of its own creation.

Psychoanalysis is full of images of the inside and outside of the body. The difference between inside and outside is one of our most telling metaphors. Through all the historical ambiguities of the words subject and object the metaphor returns us to the age old tradition of macrocosm and microcosm. The hands, with their familiar but wonderful ability to turn inside out and outside in, translate the insidiness and outsideness of the body into, or out to, the world. Because of our hands, the world is a place of insides and outsides. Because of our hands, the world is a cosmos.

Hands work. The turn which makes outside in and inside out is work. Hands remind us that a place of insides and outsides is full of work. Hands remind us that the world is constituted of work. Hands remind us that the world is made, and in doing so remind us *that making knows the difference between outside and inside*. Without that knowing-making there can be no cosmos.

But making can be both pleasurable and painful. Is knowing the difference between outside and inside also both pleasurable and painful? If so, then our various experiences of sado-masochism could be a way into understanding cosmogony.

Here we come to what has been one of the more important steps in amplifying my dream material. It is the step which I referred to earlier when I said that in Marx's idea of alienation I found a sado-masochism common to both technology and christianity. It is a step which moves technology - that vast superstructure between humanity and nature built on the turn of our hands - into our experience of the holy. One of the reasons why Marx's work remains pivotal to my imagination is that his theory of alienation is one source for some of the most interesting contemporary analyses of man's social encounter with the holy.

The writer who enabled me to take this step was Peter Berger, a sociologist whose three books *The Social Construction of Reality*, *The Social Reality of Religion*, and *The Rediscovery of the Supernatural*, were published in the late 1960's and early 1970's. In these books Berger is drawing on a sociological tradition which is able to use Marx's work critically, drawing on his invaluable insights without treating him as a scriptural authority. Men Like Max Weber, Emile Durkheim, G.H.Mead, have shown how the dynamics of projection and introjection which Marx analysed in terms of alienation can be related to the religious categories of which

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Marx was so tragically afraid. Social and technological alienation, the destruction of the nexus between human subjectivity and human objectivity, can be analysed within the same frame of reference as man's religious encounter with the Wholly Other, that encounter which Rudolf Otto saw as the origin of the *Idea of the Holy*.

In Berger's work on *The Social Reality of Religion* his analysis makes use of the idea of sado-masochism. He makes it clear that his use is "emphatically not to be understood in Freudian or other psychoanalytic terms". His use derives directly from Sartre, and through Sartre (though he does not make this explicit) from writers such as Heidegger, Husserl, Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Marx and Hegel.

In chapter three, *The Problem of Theodicy*, he develops a view of sado-masochism as an attitude common to political, economic, familial, sexual, intercourse between I and Other. What interests him is the similar way in which within these various contexts we approach "the interpretations of last resort", the problem of how to justify the ways of God to man (which can of course include the denial of God's existence), and he emphasises that in this underlying and all embracing problem of theodicy the sado-masochistic attitude "is one of the persistent factors of irrationality, no matter what degree of rationality may be attained in various efforts to solve the problem theoretically".

It is this emphasis on sado-masochism as a persistent factor of irrationality associated with all interpretations of last resort which I have found so helpful in Berger's book, and which has enabled me to write this paper.

Berger draws various conclusions. From the point of view of my argument here, the one which interests me has to do with the peculiar quality of Christology as an interpretation of last resort. Anyone who has enjoyed reading Jung's *Answer to Job* should read Berger in full. But I want to quote a fairly long passage, so as to give the flavour of his argument and also because it contains what has been for me a fundamental insight into the meaning of my dreams.

He has been discussing the Book of Job, and various later attempts to mitigate the sado-masochistic implications of such scriptural authority. He goes on:

Yet all these 'mitigations' of the masochistic theodicy are of less historical importance as compared with the essential Christian solution of the problem, namely, the one posited by Christology. Indeed, we would argue that, despite every conceivable variation of it in the history of Christianity, this may be called the fundamental Christian motif - the figure of the incarnate God as the answer to the problem of theodicy, specifically, to the unbearable tension of

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this problem brought about by the religious development of the Old Testament. And, however the metaphysics of this incarnation and its relationship to man's redemption may have been formulated in the course of Christian theology, it is crucial that the incarnate God is also the God who suffers. Without this suffering, without the agony of the cross, the incarnation would not provide that solution of the problem of theodicy to which, we would contend, it owes its immense religious potency.

He then quotes from Albert Camus to illustrate how Christianity can arrive, through sado-masochism, at a 'strange form of happiness'. But he continues:

There is, however, an essential condition for the 'strange form of happiness' that is not explicated in the above quotation. This is precisely the condition that binds the Christian theodicy to its masochistic antecedents, at least within the central orthodox traditions of Christianity (as against, for example, the Gnostic heresies). This condition is the affirmation that, after all, Christ suffered *not* for man's innocence, but for his *sin*. It follows that the prerequisite for man's sharing in the redemptive power of Christ's sacrifice is the *acknowledgement of sin*.....

...because the contemplation of Christ's suffering deepens the conviction of man's unworthiness, the old masochistic surrender allowed to repeat itself in a more refined, not to say sophisticated, manner. We would contend that the fundamental religious motorics of Christianity cannot be understood if one does not understand this, and that, furthermore, the plausibility of Christianity (at least in its major orthodox forms) stands or falls with the plausibility of this theodicy.

I believe that the dreams I am discussing are about that 'stand or fall'.

Creation, Incarnation, Technology

I want know to shift the centre of gravity of my work of amplification to include the second explicitly christian image in my dreams, that of the breakdown of the marriage between Christ and his Church.

When I first reflected on that dream fourteen years ago the ideas which came to me (apart from the personal and familial which I am deliberately and perhaps deceptively excluding from my present argument) were mainly associated with the relation between christianity and capitalism.

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Between the ages of about sixteen and thirty I had been deeply influenced by Max Weber's *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, and R H Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. In finding my own identity as the son of my father, the idea of a secret, only partly understood, connection between religion and the vast and impersonal potencies of capitalism had proved itself an effective centre round which to organise a wide field of confused and contradictory experience. It was through Weber and Tawney that I had come to read Marx while at the university, and it was through Weber and Tawney that I came, at the very beginning of my analysis, to associate money with sexuality and sexuality with money as both insisting on the intimate and binding reciprocity between the private and the public, the personal the the collective, the individual and the species, the I and the Other. Over a period of years I developed an understanding of myself in relation to my world which depended on the idea of some unacknowledged act of violence at the secret heart of christian experience, an act which had released into the world potency of a kind that was altogether new.

So in my first reflections on the dream of April 1962 I was drawing on this understanding. But as the years passed I found myself including ideas drawn from the debate on the relation between christianity and the ecological crisis of our world. This was the time when I was reading Lévi Strauss, and thinking about what he called the neolithic paradox in relation to my question: why did the classical Greek intellect stop short of the experimental scientific method of the 16th and 17th centuries AD. It seemed to me that public discussion of the ecological crisis was about the same kind of thing I'd been dreaming for fifteen years, so that it came naturally to me to relate this new awareness of an unhinged balance between man and nature to my belief in an unacknowledged act of violence at the heart of christian experience.

Gradually my reflections began to focus on sado-masochism, and on what I have called the possibility that our various experiences of sado-masochism might be a way into understanding our technological cosmogony. It seemed that the ecological crisis, with its inbuilt refutation of any simply belief in the beneficence of technology, like some vast, world wide traffic jam, demanded much more serious, and more deeply felt, reflection of what christianity had done to our understanding of cosmogony. My dreams seemed to both respond to this demand, and also to reinforce it. To include them I wanted to open the ecological argument into theology, into the recesses of christian mystery where the theology of creation and of incarnation involve each other, and in doing so I had to allow myself to feel as much as I could tolerate of a powerful, virulent, sado-masochism.

I found a focus in one of the most famous passages in Paul's Letter to the Romans (Chapter 8, verses 18 to 25), where he speaks of the whole creation groaning in pain.

I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worth comparing with the glory that is to be revealed to us. For the creation waits with eager longing

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for the revealing of the sons of God; for the creation was subjected to futility, not of its own will but by the will of him who subjected it in hope; because the creation itself will be set free from its bondage to decay and obtain the glorious liberty of the children of God. We know that the whole creation has been groaning in travail together until now; and not only the creation, but we ourselves, who have the first fruits of the Spirit, groan inwardly as we wait for adoption as sons, the redemption of our bodies. For in this hope we were saved. Now hope that is seen is not hope. For who hopes for what he sees? But if we hope for what we do not see, we wait for it with patience.

In thinking about some of my explicitly christian dreams I found that sentence “for the creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the sons of God” responded to their ecological imagery. And the idea of all creation waiting on a redemption that somehow depended on man’s redemption reminded me of Jung’s comparison of the christian Mass with the alchemical transformation of matter.

Whereas Catholicism emphasises the effectual presence of Christ, alchemy is interested in the fate and manifest redemption of the substances, for in them the divine soul lies captive and awaits the redemption that is granted to it at the moment of release. The captive soul then appears in the form of the Son of God. For the alchemist, the one primarily in need of redemption is not man, but the deity who is lost and sleeping in matter.

Reading more widely in theological commentaries on Paul’s letter to the Romans, I came to Karl Barth’s interpretation of that eager longing, and was, perhaps rather naively, astonished to find him quote Nietzsche in amplification of the text.

Writing such as this suggested a framework within which the ecological anxieties of my dreams could be related both to the theology of creation and of incarnation. But what a man like Barth seemed to leave untouched was the powerful, virulent, sado-masochism of the imagery generated in my sleeping. For this, I found myself turning with an altogether new seriousness to Jung’s alchemical writings. Here was a whole new language speaking of the eager longing of creation, a language able to use the conjugations of pain and pleasure to enter into a technological cosmogony.

[And here my hand written text ends]