

Analytical Psychology Club Seminar

November 17, 2001

DREAMS IN COMMON

An Englishman from Liverpool

his dreams of Ireland and the Irish, Israel and the Jews

1949 to 1995

Ireland and the Irish

October 18, 1954

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

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

November 7, 1954

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

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

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

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

I am on top, cut off from EARTH.

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March 9, 1955

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

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

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

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

This whole sequence is close to one in which I lie with girl friend X (part younger brother) in S2 nursery. I have huge erection, penetrate, but apparently give little pleasure, and get early partial orgasm that makes me withdraw.

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

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December 4, 1957

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

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

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

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

March 23, 1986

I, we (self and wife) are involved in a long running 'war' or antagonism between two 'sides', like Protestant and Catholic in Northern Ireland, or two families in Italian gangster war, something that's been running for centuries, to which there is no end. At one stage, our side is in the ascendant. The member of our group who is most clearly identified with it, belongs to 'the family', is ruthless in his victory.

Somewhere about this stage I am celebrating/enjoying/participating in one of the central rites of the 'cause' for which we fight - a magnificent piece of music is being played (Fauré's Requiem), and I am carving up a fish, salmon, but also it is I who am being carved, opened up:

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the crescendo of ecstasy as the main backbone is lifted out, but then the last and final lifting, prising out of a smaller, thinner, secondary backbone from the bottom layer of the skin on the plate, which I do not participate in completely, too 'painful', or is it that the fish is too rich, I have already had, eaten, enough.

Then the war is being renewed. The other side (visiting football team violence) are coming for their revenge. We are surprised, gather upstairs in a house, upper deck of a bus, to repulse their attack. They are particularly after the member of our group who is 'of the family'. At some stage it is like Jung Club. I call out: "Why this insane violence? Where does it come from?"

Both sides are then celebrating in shared ceremony, as if there is some formal level, polite, at which we pretend that we are all civilised, like Cardinal Hume at Westminster Abbey funeral service for Mountbatten killed by IRA. Catholic friends X are now there, as members of the other side. We are setting to our partners like in some formal dance, when the 'family' member of our side, 'wanted' by the enemy, is brought in to be dumped in his 'place' terribly, completely, finally, beaten up. No one, but no one, will ever come back for punishment like that again. It is the sort of punishment that breaks the will to fight.

Now that they have finally won, the other side are sending out invitations to the rest of our side to a party, to which we'll come as vanquished, accepting the facts of life, agreeing to live with the situation. I'll be given a job if I'll accept the situation.

But I am feeling a sense of utter outrage at what they've done to this man (childhood, Sefton Park, 'feel'). I can never forget it. How could anyone trust, believe in, cohabit with, the people, man, responsible for that? I am declining the invitation. My wife on the other hand is inclined to accept, with sense of 'what's the point: the war is over, they've won, the sensible, polite, thing to do is to settle'.

We argue, to which is added anxiety that our argument/disagreement will draw the man X's attention to fact that I (and some others) are refusing the invitation, and this may make him angry, liable to insist we come, join, or he'll want to eliminate us like he's done with the other man.

So I'm not only arguing with my wife but trying to get her to see that by disagreeing with me she is liable to reopen the old violence and have it directed on me this time, so that my retiring into obscurity, like Dubcek in Czechoslovakia, won't be allowed.

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June 15, 1988

Hero of the story is held at some garage/cafe in South of England - to be killed next day. Much background of children going back to school, riding lessons. He/I plan to escape. But his captors are ruthless. Social class, IRA, associations. To attract attention I/he calls from window as dawn breaks - "Mac" (navy assoc) to figure(s) in the road.

Concurrent, scene in Scotland, to do with Home Rule campaign. Strong political protest associations, of all kinds of antigovernment. I am connected with the I-hero of other scene, but separate. Know that connected with the 'public' political campaign of protest, demo, ?disobedience, there is an underground of more 'religious' feeling, women's movement leading into witchcraft, intending the sacrificial killing of children as part of the campaign, to shock, stun, into sort of 'unnegotiable' state of mind. This is what I, and the other I/he, are working to prevent.

At one stage I say, with power: "These islands are one, you cannot dissolve the kingdoms of England and Scotland and Wales..." , realising in the saying that I am leaving out Ireland (what does that imply? - 'islands'), and also that 'you cannot dissolve...' is the kind of statement that wise politicians don't make.

Talking to woman leader of the Scots, trying to warn her of the danger: she begins to realise that more may be up than she thought, in saying that "yes, she has appointed an Englishwoman - who had made the Scots' cause her own - to do so and so": this is the leader of the 'religious' undercurrent. The public leader and I-we find various 'altars' prepared, finally rescue two small children about to be slaughtered, the fanatic, hysteric/sobbing/gibbering women with them being pulled down from far 'north' towards the 'south' (or centre) by their feet - unceremonious rather than cruel.

May 31, 1992

Two dreams separate, but felt on waking to be connected.

1. Hurt child as grown up expresses her hurt. Unconditional love as response, surely. But older woman, mother, wife, responds in controlled anger: the world can't go on looking after you, it/we have problems enough of our own. Will that 'finish' her, destroy her (the child)?

No: she begins to 'adjust' immediately, needs the other woman more than her hurt.

2. Social political. Spanish Civil War of 1930's, Yugoslavia, Ireland today.

Documentary on a community with strong, contained, internal tensions. Then some national figure makes a speech, which instead of assuring and playing on overarching 'synthesis', appeals to all the 'let's have a fight' instincts. The village people return, looking at each other with new meanness, suspicion. There is going to be civil war.

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July 18, 1993

1. I am with my MP, an Irish Republican, left wing. We have just heard, perhaps he is telling me, that there has been an historic break through in Northern Ireland politics: the Protestant leadership has shifted their ground in a way that is going to make change possible.

My MP, who in spite of his otherness to me I quite like (and I think he likes me), is delighted. He says it has been a good year for him, this has. This is the second or third 'turn' in his favour that events have taken.

It has happened in part because of pressure from the US. President Clinton knew just where and how to 'lean' on the Protestant politicians. This shows he was/is tougher and more intelligent than people had taken him for at the beginning of his presidency. And I see, am shown, film of him with a soldier/minder as he comes under fire in some street shooting (though the film is shown to portray him as 'weak', he seems to me to be behaving bravely/sensibly).

2. Linked to first somehow, sequence of son talking about his car (recent MOT, and brakes needing working on), the problems he is meeting, it is involved with his step father/uncle, or is it father in law? Confusion between meaning of the two terms somehow the same as, or cause of, what is wrong with the car. He is not exactly desperate, more confused, and asking for/needng help.

April 27, 1996

IRA aware that I am 'on to them'. Ireland like Yin-Yang diagram, between south west (IRA cell in hotel) and north east (Dragon School).

IRA woman posing as hotel servant tries to get me/us to go with her. I suspect, grab her arm, make 'citizen's arrest', and take her to hotel reception. There she pretends to be guest, thus exposing her pretence of being an employee.

I say: "So you are one of them (IRA)", and let her go. I don't want to polarise the hostility, as long as I have exposed her trickery. But this means that the IRA know I'm on to them.

What threat does this pose to couple (?mother and son) driving from Dragon School (in Ulster) down to this hotel in the south west?

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January 22, 1998

Germans have occupied Ireland. Suddenly, overnight. With the cooperation of the Irish. How on earth will this affect our relations with Germany, EU etc., and British troops in Germany?

Some sense of our family as 'on both sides'. But much stronger sense of wartime invasion threat, real fear being expressed of a likely German descent (by air, from the north) on Leicester (and so on Oxford), the soft heart of England with our army 'away', in Germany.

Sense of Yin/Yang diagram.

I am awake for some time before I realise it is a dream, only gradually disentangling it from yesterday's IRA threat to the peace talks (associated also with watching the *Fawlty Towers* 'The Germans' yesterday: is my brain being affected? also letter about my review of the Lammers book on Jung and Victor White).

February 2, 1998

Ireland. On cruise ship/boat on which hundreds of 'negotiators' from all sides are spending some days, for intense but hopefully relaxed 'proximity talks'. I speak to Martin McGuinness person to person: "You and your lot created the atmosphere/climate in which violence was/is the only way, and you've got to admit it. We did too, yes, we did too, but you also, you've got to own it". He looks stony, refusal. I say/shout: "Well, God help us all then", and leave the crowded bar/lounge.

On deck, feeling he and his people may be so angry as to come and kill me. I'm watching my back, standing against something. But he may seek me out, to talk.

Someone calls out to whole ship: "If there's shooting on this ship, then Ireland won't be united for 2000 years, and there'll be bloody civil war".

Behind this sequence there are two memories:

1. Of occasion of a bomb scare, evacuation. Ten or twelve people just stay, sitting, not knowing who we all are, from all 'parts' (I'm an English solicitor from somewhere like Thame, associations with Balliol friend not seen for fifty years, and lover also of many years ago). One of the hard men nationalists sits next to me, and there's a Scot, and others.

But the point is, that we have all chosen, independently of each other, just to stop there to be photographed by the international media, as willing to risk waiting for the explosion, not going to avoid/hide from the risk of violence any more.

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2. When Martin McGuinness had once been only hours from being hanged by British as terrorist organiser responsible for some murderous outrage, and he had managed to show/prove that the operative accused with him of having actually made the explosion happen, set it off, just didn't have the technical dexterity/scientific know how to have been capable of it: and so Martin McGuinness had been reprieved at the last minute. The point of this memory is as reminder of the tension the man has already been through in his life, facing imminent death: a reminder of who I am dealing with, sense of a tightly coiled spring.

Earlier, but remembered later.

Preparation for some big popular macho opera. Casting the singers for the two big male roles, powerful lovers, their voices to be sexually potent. Then I am alone with the two very different types who have been cast. As joke (ribald, shared rudeness) that is also a confession, they drop their trousers. What they have to 'show' is derisory, completely passive penises, one of them small. What they are admitting to, sharing with, me is both some kind of give away, rather if not very funny, and also in some sense dangerous, because if 'it gets out' people could feel they have been seriously misled, if not actually tricked, deceived, by the casting authorities and, behind them by the/their public ('public' as both what I/we are, and also something we invoke as an authority that is 'objective to', or 'other than', us), in the utter contrast between the magnificent powerful voices and what they have in their trousers.

February 24, 1998

Susan and I return to our house. Intruders, three, man, woman, one younger. When I discover them, moments of confrontation, challenge. Then I leave to call police. Realise I have left Susan in a way in their power. As I am trying to get police, outside, help, setting is now some small town just on the northern side of border with Ireland. And suddenly there is an irruption of Irish Army commando type soldiers, come to rescue the three intruders, who are in fact agents of the Irish Government sent to try and rescue, retrieve, very old Irish christian/celtic religious images, in form of valuable silver, jewels. Not clear as to whether it is the religious historical significance, or the possible cash value, behind the attempt.

With the advent of this new national force, whole idea of police involvement gets into possibility of incident exploding into war between nation states.

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Israel and the Jews

December 25, 1949

I am with a company of Englishmen who are ambushed and captured by Jews. Feeling of Imperial British - representing Empire and UNO, caught by cunning of these Jews who do not accept our authority. Rather foolish: as if beaten by a younger boy when a child.

We are marched off to prison. The cheek of these Jews managing to capture and hold us. On a plaque in the prison we see an inscription which we recognise to have been erected in our memory some years later - time sequence involved. This refers to us, and says that of our company captured by the Jews on such and such a date, the survivors escaped and arrived at Alexandria some months/years later with one dead and five wounded. Feeling of relief that even in this dangerous situation we shall all survive except one. One of my captors - association with boyhood beating fantasies - walks me off somewhere, standing taller with his hand coming round my face stroking my cheek. Fearing homosexuality, I am about to warn him that there is nothing doing here, when my face is bristly under his touch, and he pulls out a pocket knife with which he shaves me as we walk along. I am to be promoted to a position of authority over the other prisoners.

June 7, 1952

I hear that old college friend X is engaged - to a rather strange unsuitable girl. He introduces her outside my Holborn bank.

Then I am in a noisome and shuddering awful house in the centre of London with my mother. There are terrible people in the house, revealing in secret rooms terrible things, and I turn over a book which my mother - now part old man Jew - has written, a book out of the despair and horror of her soul, full of emptiness, plague, burning towns, whole peoples diseased. Comparison with the prophecies of the Old Testament, and of the disasters that would befall the Jews - So it was this horror that lay behind the years at Liverpool!

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September 7, 1954

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

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

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

December 19, 1954

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

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

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

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

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

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

December 18, 1955

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

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

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

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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.

January 14, 1957

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

Scene is then transferred by analogy to great luxury liner crossing Atlantic. I am with small scholar/publisher Jew. We want to lunch but it is far too crowded. He shows his influence by getting private room. Does this by going to steward and asking as a sort of challenge: "Is this the centre of the world?". In a newspaper he has the claim is made by the ship or shipping company that the ship is the centre or hub of the universe. Steward corrects him by saying "Self centre, sir". Self centre in sense of self centred, very selfish.

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

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July 26, 1958

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

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

August 22, 1958

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

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

Tries to catch string of balloon in beak.

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

*An Englishman from Liverpool - his dreams of Ireland and the Irish, Israel and the Jews
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August 20, 1959

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

In the dream I am distinct from younger brother and the whole world of hopeful blind people who 'refuse to face it', in realising and saying that what They intend is to use our corpses, our bodies, as sacrifices to a greedy Moloch. We are in a long passage underground, planting tree cuttings in a narrow cleft. We have been doing this for ages, and there is a pretence kept up by some that soon, sometime, They are going to release us. Brother and those he typifies dare not accept the truth because, in Mother's words, being unimaginative people, if they did they would go mad - as who wouldn't imprisoned in the earth to be made a sacrifice? (the boy hunted at the end of *The Lord of the Flies*). But I know, and as I watch the narrow tunnel ahead become smaller as I go on planting these strangely enfolded trees (cp the ignorant millions in the ground nut, China, Gary Cooper dream) I ask myself in conversation with Mother: "Won't I go screaming mad too when my knowledge of what is intended for us becomes being-experience of it?"

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

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

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May 30, 1985

1. Daughter ceremony. Like wedding, but it is for the birth, baby christening. Family there. Why are we having it when the baby isn't born yet? Surely we ought to wait until it is here? The men together. Four women come in, various members of wider family. One says that there is uncertainty about the birth. The consultant's wife has just had twins, and this takes him home a lot. He isn't at the hospital so much, can't look after his patients so well. And there's been bleeding. But surely she is having the baby in the GPs' ward?
2. Freud in London. Long sequences (with 52 in the 1930's overtones, also with grandfather studying in Germany), about two big names who had taken Freud's thought further, but not broken like Jung and Adler did. Feeling that it had been a possibility that Freud could have offered himself as (sacrificial) Jewish victim to Nazis - strong 52 assoc here - what would have happened then? A 20th century Christ?
3. With X, wife of friend, and others, in bed, half dressed. Links with both the other sections of the dream. Relaxed, exploratory, sense of extraverted potential.

February 21, 1987

Some powerful theme of radioactive madness/danger. Learning to live with nuclear power stations, containing radioactivity/madness, a long term process.

Strong sexual feelings.

And scholarly discovery of link between modern predicament and some number mysticism of Jewish Old Testament tradition.

*An Englishman from Liverpool - his dreams of Ireland and the Irish, Israel and the Jews
1949 to 1995*

July 31, 1987

With a weekend conference group. Talking to people to 'get to know' them. One small group are expressing some apparently fairly reasonable but potentially fanatical opinion about ?racists, jews, blacks...

I am half prepared to 'agree', in order to get the weekend going. But I then realise they truly mean it. This is how the Nazi extermination of the Jews began. They are willing/intending to do away with these people. Terror grows in me. Will people realise soon enough that this must be said NO to? It can be stopped now in its tracks, before it builds up into an irresistible movement, if people will simply have the (bad manners 'spoil the mood of the party') will to refuse to go along with it.

May 10, 1989

In Israel (at time of British mandate?). But also today. The whole situation is about to go up in flames. My family, a large party, more than immediate family, leave early in the day, by plane. I am following later (in the evening). But as I wait, atmosphere gets more ominous minute by minute. The friendly cafe in which we have been used to eat (we have been residents rather than visitors) is going on as usual: are they Jewish or Jordanian?

Then I see anonymous figure throwing a grenade in through the window - violent explosion and smoke. The disintegration (as in Beirut) has begun. I am deeply afraid, really, humiliatingly, scared. Waiting to be rescued, pulled out of this by British power. Truckloads of ?Jordanian police, old fashioned uniforms (sense of its being 'from history') in street and searching the rubble, buildings. On the stairs I call out "British subject" again and again, waving my passport. I am taken, with a few others. We squeeze into small Fiat type car, 3 in back, I + driver in front. Another car too. We are being driven to a safer place outside the area which is about to split into Jew-Arab, but the feeling is that it is already impossible to leave the country altogether. A relief that the family got out while the going was good.

On waking: the relief. But also, the shame.

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April 16, 1992

Hideous image relating anti semitism and cancer.

Hate of Jews is growing. Not only Arabs, but it is spreading into Southern Europe, all the countries round, near, Israel.

Then this picture like a rock wall, but prison, people behind iron grille, hands reaching out: each 'nation' is kept apart in separate 'cell' (play on the word cell), but as hands reach out through the bars (?for food) they are in danger of touching. One hand pulls back in terror after touching hand from another 'nation', in fear of having got infected, contaminated. But as the numbers grow, it will soon not be possible to keep them separate, they will overflow into each other.

July 18, 1992

'Impossible' job position. Is this the meaning of what mother was saying, trying to say, when she said, six months before she died: "Your father was a coward"?

An application for a job has somehow gone wrong. What had seemed to be, been assumed to be, agreement has unravelled. The job application is connected with, the same as, getting a contract through. And the aim, purpose, of the contract is surely good: some kind of very hard wood tree is going to go extinct, but if the contract goes through, to use this wood for printing blocks (old fashioned, 'original' printing press sense), then the tree/species will be saved (the implication being, that if the commercial need/use for the wood is established in this way, then the human interest will be there to keep it cultivated).

Surely that makes sense? - but, in context of the dream, a doubt arises.

Trying to find another 'job' that'd suit him/me (room of ten to twelve men, board members, involved in the interview appointment process). I/he make suggestion of what I could do. Looking for support I appeal to colleague who had come with me/him to the interview. But he replies that "I/we came expecting a simple, straightforward, nine minute operation, and it's all got crazily drawn out. Can't you see, quite simply what has happened is that your 'friend', the man you assumed was going to offer you the job, has put a knife in your back...?". As he speaks, the simple, unwanted version/truth, the room begins to empty: people get up and leave, dissociating themselves entirely from what he is saying: more than that, from the whole situation, literally, "we don't want to hear what he has to say".

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Another similar sort of situation. I/he am/is 'head' of some large organisation, perhaps a department store. Something is going wrong at the 'top', at the 'centre'. We are trying to find out what. I see a senior colleague (perhaps my/his deputy), short circuit a wire causing chaos and panic (so I now know 'what' is wrong), but I won't say who it was (out of personal loyalty perhaps, but also for a different reason, sort of 'in defence of sanity', guarding something, because what he was doing in making that short circuit was in protest against 'shit', against some absolutely shitty behaviour that is going unchallenged, so 'unchallenged' that to protest against it would be to be laughed out of court, to be defined as oneself mad, insane, alien). But my refusal to say who it was (the implication is that I do say, have said, that I have seen the shorting being done - here I feel very close to stammer, something part said part unsaid) makes it impossible for my 'board'. They just can't work with me, trust me, and I must surely see that (I do): it is an absolute impasse. (This is equivalent to the 'not getting the job'.)

Stay with that sense of absolute impasse: then a dawning sense that perhaps if we were all to sleep on it..., but even that hope is very dubious, I don't really trust it (in the dream and in waking).

Another version of the same. What should Israel do? On the one hand, all the arguments for compromise, diplomacy, being clever (Jacobi use of word = German klug). That is the received 'sense'. Then 'I', he, begins to tell the 'truth'. As I/he speak, I/he becomes inspired with increasing energy, power, conviction: "No, take the land, seize the 'corridor' from the Syrians that is needed to gain control of the north (the Polish 'corridor' in 1939), get what you have to have and then negotiate from strength". But as I/he speak, growing realisation that this ('such a course of action') would only work under leader of conviction, as he/I becomes 'empowered' and the others are about to be convinced, will therefore give him/me the job (the outer power to match the inner conviction). But then what? The other side, like ebb and flow of tide: won't it mean war, world war, the end? Have we/I the courage to believe in it, go through with it? Is it not perhaps really madness?

*An Englishman from Liverpool - his dreams of Ireland and the Irish, Israel and the Jews
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July 10, 1994

'Baroque'. At a two day conference (feel of recent lectures in Vilnius).

I am to give last talk. Earlier, contribution from senior intellectual figure whom I respect, anthropologist, philosopher. In discussion, chat, before lunch he tells of feeling in his community, university, when it is known that he is taking part in a conference in which there may be serious mention of Jung.

The feeling is one of intense suspicion. They suspect some kind of plot, Jung's name is associated with plot, conspiracy, like the name Jew in anti semitic propaganda.

(For first time ever I make the association of Jew with Ju - shortened family name for elder brother. This feels quite incredible, that I've never made that association before.)

This admission releases energy, hope, in me that I can speak of 'the erasure of Jung', and he will hear.

I do so, thinking of Ricoeur's hermeneutics of suspicion. *

He responds by being interested, but obviously uncertain about my enthusiasm, doubtful of the extent to which I am caught up in something, and he replies that he needs time to react, he needs to get a sense of how 'baroque' my imagination, or the idea I'm putting forward (the erasure of Jung), is.

July 11, 1995

Nightmare 'plague' which 'we' have started in some way, carelessness about food, imported meat, vegetables, tins. Scene is set on journey across border to Scotland, or back entrance, kitchen, to 52. Trying to control the plague. People do recover if it is controlled. But there is resistance. It needs force if control is to be made to work.

One scene: an older Jewish woman retelling, with satisfaction, story of Jewish self destruction even right at the beginning of their history, after about 200 years. A terrible madness.

In another scene, I speak to Mother, urging her to take up the 'call' of this plague. It is 'medical', her chance to take up the calling she laid aside to marry my father, and also, since I and mine were in some way responsible for it breaking out, for her to take it up would be an opportunity for us to work together, be committed together (Church-Christ incest assoc).

One reference to Bhutan: even the 'pure' food from Bhutan is infected with this plague.