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ALREADY IN VIENNA, the shadows were lengthening or the tide was rising. The signs of grim coming events, however, manifested in a curious fashion. There were, for instance, occasional coquettish, confetti-like showers from the air, gilded paper swastikas and narrow strips of printed paper like the ones we pulled out of our Christmas bon-bons, those gay favors that we called 'caps' as children in America and that English children call 'crackers.' The party had begun, or this was preliminary to the birthday or the wedding. I stooped to scrape up a handful of these confetti-like tokens as I was leaving the Hotel Regina one morning. They were printed on those familiar little oblongs of thin paper that fell out of the paper cap when it was unfolded at the party; we called them mottoes. These mottoes were short and bright and to the point. One read in clear primer-book German, 'Hitler gives bread,' 'Hitler gives work,' and so on. I wondered if I should enclose this handful in a letter to one of my first group of friends in London – or to one of the second. I had a mischievous picture of this gay shower falling on a carpet in Kensington or Knightsbridge or on a bare floor in a Chelsea or Bloomsbury studio. It would be a good joke. The paper was crisp and clean, the gold clear as Danaë's legendary shower, and the whole savored of birthday cake and candles or fresh-bought Christmas-tree decorations. The gold, however, would not stay bright nor the paper crisp very long, for people passed to and fro across Freiheitsplatz and along the pavement, trampling over this Danaë shower, not taking any notice. Was I the only person in Vienna who had stooped to scrape up a handful of these tokens? It seemed so. One of the hotel porters emerged with a long-handled brush-broom. As I

saw him begin methodically sweeping the papers off the pavement, I dropped my handful in the gutter.

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THERE WERE OTHER swastikas. They were the chalk ones now; I followed them down Berggasse as if they had been chalked on the pavement especially for my benefit. They led to the Professor's door – maybe, they passed on down another street to another door but I did not look any further. No one brushed these swastikas out. It is not so easy to scrub death-head chalk-marks from a pavement. It is not so easy and it is more conspicuous than sweeping tinsel paper into a gutter. And this was a little later.

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THEN THERE WERE rifles. They were stacked neatly. They stood in bivouac formations at the street corners. It must have been a weekend; I don't remember. I could verify the actual date of their appearance by referring to my notebooks, but it is the general impression that concerns us, rather than the historical or political sequence. They were not German guns – but perhaps they were; anyway, these were Austrian soldiers. The stacks of rifles gave the streets a neat, finished effect, as of an 1860 print. They seemed old-fashioned, the soldiers seemed old-fashioned; I was no doubt reminded of familiar pictures of our American Civil War. This was some sort of civil war. No one would explain it to me. The hall porter, usually so talkative, was embarrassed when I questioned him. Well, I must not involve him in any discussion or dangerous

statement of opinion. I went out anyway. There were some people about and the soldiers were out of a picture or a film of a reconstructed Civil War period. They did not seem very formidable. I had meant to go to the opera – it was late afternoon or early evening – so I might as well go to the opera, if there were an opera, as mope in my room or loiter about the hotel, wondering and watching. When challenged on one of the main thoroughfares, I said simply, in my sketchy German, that I was a visitor in Vienna; they called me the English lady at the hotel, so I said I was from England, which in fact I was. What was I doing? Where was I going? I said I was going to the opera, if I was not disturbing them or getting in their way. There was a little whispering and shuffling and I was embarrassed to find that I had attracted the attention of the officers and had almost a guard of honor to the steps of the opera house, where there were more guns and soldiers, seated on the steps and standing at attention on the pavement. It seemed that nothing, at any rate, could stop the opera. I stayed for part of the performance of – I don't remember what it was – and had no trouble finding my way back.

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THEN IT WAS QUIET and the hotel lobby seemed strangely empty. Even the hall porter disappeared from behind his desk. Maybe this was the following Monday; in any case, I was due at Berggasse for my usual session. The little maid, Paula, peered through a crack in the door, hesitated, then furtively ushered me in. She did not wear her pretty cap and apron. Evidently, she was not expecting me. 'But – but no one has come today; no one has gone out.' All right, would she explain to the Professor, in case he did not want to see me. She opened the waiting-room door. I waited as usual in the room, with the

round table, the odds and ends of old papers and magazines. There were the usual framed photographs; among them, Dr. Havelock Ellis and Dr. Hanns Sachs greeted me from the wall. There was the honorary diploma that had been presented to the Professor in his early days by the small New England university. There was also a bizarre print or engraving of some nightmare horror, a 'Buried Alive' or some such thing, done in Düreresque symbolic detail. There were long lace curtains at the window, like a 'room in Vienna' in a play or film.

The Professor opened the inner door after a short interval. Then I sat on the couch. The Professor said, 'But why did you come? No one has come here today, no one. What is it like outside? Why did you come out?'

I said, 'It's very quiet. There doesn't seem to be anyone about in the streets. The hotel seems quiet, too. But otherwise, it's much the same as usual.' He said, 'Why did you come?' It seemed to puzzle him, he did not seem to understand what had brought me.

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WHAT DID HE expect me to say? I don't think I said it. My being there surely expressed it? *I am here because no one else has come.* As if again, symbolically, I must be different. Where was the Flying Dutchman? Or the American lady-doctor whom I had not seen? There were only four of us at that time, I believe, rather special people. It is true that Mrs. Burlingham, Miss Anna Freud's devoted friend, and the Professor's disciple or pupil, had an apartment, further up the stairs. I had gone up there to tea one day before my session here. The Professor was not really alone. The envoys of the Princess, too, I had been informed, were waiting on the door-steps of various legations

and they would inform her of any actual threat to the Professor's personal safety. But, in a sense, I was the only one who had come from the outside; little Paula substantiated that when she peered so fearfully through the crack in the front door. Again, I was different. I had made a unique gesture, although actually I felt my coming was the merest courtesy; this was our usual time of meeting, our session, our 'hour' together. I did not know what the Professor was thinking. He could not be thinking, 'I am an old man – *you do not think it worth your while to love me.*' Or if he remembered having said that, this surely was the answer to it.

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IT MAY HAVE BEEN that day or another that the Professor spoke of his grandchildren. In any case, whenever it was, I felt a sudden gap, a severance, a chasm or a schism in consciousness, which I tried to conceal from him. It was so tribal, so conventionally Mosaic. As he ran over their names and the names of their parents, one felt the old impatience, a sort of intellectual eye-strain, the old boredom of looking out historical, genealogical references in a small-print school or Sunday-school Bible. It was Genesis but not the very beginning. Not the exciting verses about the birds and the reptiles, the trees, the sun and the moon, those greater and lesser lights. He was worried about them (and no small wonder), but I was worried about something else. I did not then realize the reason for my anxiety. I knew the Professor would move on somewhere else, before so very long, but it seemed the eternal life he visualized was in the old Judaic tradition. He would live forever like Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in his children's children, multiplied like the sands of the sea. That is how it seemed to me his

mind was working, and that is how, faced with the blank wall of danger, of physical annihilation, his mind would work.

At least, there was that question between us, 'What will become of my grandchildren?' He was looking ahead but his concern for immortality was translated into terms of grandchildren. He would live in them; he would live in his books, of course; I may have murmured something vaguely to the effect that future generations would continue to be grateful to his written word; that, I may have mentioned – I am sure I did sometime or other, on that or another occasion. But though a sincere tribute, those words were, or would be, in a sense, superficial. They would fall flat, somehow. It was so very obvious that his work would live beyond him. To express this adequately would be to delve too deep, to become involved in technicalities, and at the same time it would be translating my admiration for what he stood for, what actually he *was*, into terms a little too formal, too prim and precise, too conventional, too banal, too *polite*.

I did not want to murmur conventional words; plenty of people had done that. If I could not say exactly what I wanted to say, I would not say anything, just as on his seventy-seventh birthday, if I could not find what I wanted to give, I would not give anything. I did find what I wanted, that cluster of gardenias, somewhat later; that offering was in the autumn of 1938. And these words, the words that I could not speak then, too, come somewhat later, in the autumn of 1944. The flowers and the words bear this in common, they are what I want, what I waited to find for the Professor, 'to greet the return of the Gods.' It is true, 'other people read: Goods.' A great many people had read 'goods' and would continue to do so. But the Professor knew, he must have known, that, by implication, he himself was included in the number of those Gods. He himself already counted as immortal.

value, was poor stuff, trash indeed, ideas that a ragpicker would pass over in disdain, old junk stored in the attic, put away, forgotten, not even worth the trouble of cutting up for firewood, cumbersome at that, difficult to move, and moreover if you started to move one unwieldly cumbersome idea, you might dislodge the whole cart-load of junk; it had been there such a long time, it was almost part of the wall and the attic ceiling of the house of life. *Stop thief!* But why, after all, stop him? His so-called discoveries were patently ridiculous. Time gallops withal . . . with a thief to the gallows. And give a man enough rope – we have heard somewhere – and he will hang himself!

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HE WAS A LITTLE SURPRISED at the outburst. He had not thought that detached and lofty practitioners and men of science could be so angry at what was, after all, chapter and verse, a contribution to a branch of abstract thought, applied to medical science. He had worked with the famous Dr. Charcot in Paris. There are other names that figure in the historical account given us by Professor Freud himself in his short *Autobiographical Study*. We have the names of doctors, famous specialists, who gave an idea to Freud; we have Freud himself impartially dividing honors between Breuer (or whoever it happens to be) and Freud. We have Freud himself giving Freud credit for the discovery of the cocaine anesthesia attributed to Koller. But when I asked the analyst Walter Schmideberg when and how the Professor happened on the idea that led to his linking up neurotic states of megalomania and aggrandizement with, in certain instances, fantasies of

youth and childhood, he answered me correctly and conventionally; he said that Freud did not happen on ideas. I wonder? And said I wondered. But Mr. Schmideberg repeated what already, of course, I was supposed to know, that the whole established body of work was founded on accurate and accumulated data of scientific observation. That is not what I asked. I wanted to know at what exact moment, and in what manner, there came that flash of inspiration, that thing that clicked, that sounded, that shouted in the inner Freud mind, heart, or soul, *this is it*.

But things don't happen like that. Or do they? At least we are free to wonder. We ourselves are free to imagine, to reconstruct, to *see* even, as in a play or film, those characters, in their precise setting, the Paris of that period, 1885. Dr. Charcot was concerned with hysteria and neurotics this side of the border-line. That border-line, it is true, was of necessity but vaguely indicated; there were hysterics, neurotics on this side and the actual insane on the other but there was a wide gap for all that, an unexplored waste-land, a no-man's-land between them. At least there was a no-man's-land; at least there were cases that not so very long ago would have been isolated as insane that now came under a milder rule, the kingdom of hysteria. The world of medical knowledge had made vast strides for there was still a memory in the minds of the older generations of eye-witness tales of a time, here in this very city, when the inmates of the insane asylums were fastened with chains, like wild beasts, to the walls or to iron rails or stakes; moreover, the public was admitted at stated intervals to view the wild animals in the course of a holiday tour of the city. That time was past, not so very long past, it is true, yet past, due to the humanitarian efforts of the preceding generation of scientists and doctors. They had progressed certainly. And our Professor could, in point of fact, have visited the more

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TIRESOME INDEED! So is Aeschylus tiresome to most people, so is Sophocles, so is Plato and that old Socrates with his tedious matter and his more than tedious manner. The Socratic method? That was a business of egging on an intellectual contestant, almost in the manner of a fencer with pin-pricks – wasn't it? – or sword-pricks of prodding questions that would eventually bring the debatable matter to a head, so that the fight could be open and above-board, unless the rival were slain in the preliminary clash of intellectual steel. There was something of that in the Professor's method of analytic treatment, but there was a marked difference. The question must be propounded by the protagonist himself, he must dig it out from its buried hiding-place, he himself must find the question before it could be answered.

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HE HIMSELF must clear away his own rubbish, before his particular stream, his personal life, could run clear of obstruction into the great river of humanity, hence to the sea of super-human perfection, the 'Absolute,' as Socrates or Plato called it.

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BUT WE ARE here today in a city of ruin, a world ruined, it might seem, almost past redemption. We must forgo a flight from reality into the green pastures or the cool recesses of the

Academe; though those pastures and those gardens have outlasted many ruined cities and threat of world ruin; we are not ready for discussion of the Absolute, Absolute Beauty, Absolute Truth, Absolute Goodness. We have rested in the pastures, we have wandered beside those still waters, we have sensed the fragrance of the myrtle thickets beyond distant hedges, and the groves of flowering citrons. *Kennst du das Land?* (Oh yes, Professor, I know it very well. But I am remembering the injunction you laid upon me and I am thinking of my fellow-pupil whose place you say I have taken, my brother-in-arms, the Flying Dutchman, who, intellectually gifted beyond the ordinary run of man, endowed with Eastern islands and plantations, trained to a Western discipline of mind and body, yet flew too high and flew too quickly.

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THE PROFESSOR is speaking to me very seriously. This is in his study in Vienna a few weeks after I had first begun my work there. 'I am asking only one thing of you,' he said. Even as I write the words, I have the same sense of anxiety, of tension, of imminent responsibility that I had at that moment. What can he possibly be going to say? What can he ask me to do? Or not to do? More likely a *shalt not* than a demand for some specific act or course of action. His manner was serious yet kindly. Yet in spite of that or because of that, I felt like a child, summoned to my father's study or my mother's sewing room or told by a teacher to wait in after school, after the others had left, for those 'few words' that were for myself alone. *Stop thief!* What had I done? What was I likely to do? 'I ask only one thing of you children' – my mother's very words.

FOR THE PROFESSOR is standing in his study. The Professor is asking only one thing of me. I was right in my premonition, it is a *shalt not*. He is asking something of me, confiding in me, treating me in his courteous, subtle way as an intellectual equal. He is very firm about this, however, and he is patiently explaining it to me. 'Of course, you understand' is the offhand way in which he offers me, from time to time, some rare discovery, some priceless finding, or 'Perhaps you may feel differently,' as if my feelings, my discoveries, were on a par with his own. He does not lay down the law, only this once – this one law. He says, 'Please, never – I mean, never at any time, in any circumstance, endeavor to defend me, if and when you hear abusive remarks made about me and my work.'

He explained it carefully. He might have been giving a lesson in geometry or demonstrating the inevitable course of a disease once the virus has entered the system. At this point, he seemed to indicate (as if there were a chart of a fever patient, pinned on the wall before us), at the least suggestion that you may be about to begin a counter-argument in my defense, the anger or the frustration of the assailant will be driven deeper. You will do no good to the detractor by mistakenly beginning a logical defense. You will drive the hatred or the fear or the prejudice in deeper. You will do no good to yourself, for you will only expose your own feelings – I take for granted that you have deep feelings about my discoveries, or you would not be here. You will do no good to me and my work, for antagonism, once taking hold, cannot be rooted out from above the surface, and it thrives, in a way, on heated argument and digs in deeper. The only way to extract the fear or prejudice would be

from within, from below, and as naturally this type of prejudiced or frightened mind would dodge any hint of a suggestion of psychoanalytic treatment or even, put it, study and research along these lines, you cannot get at the root of the trouble. Every word, spoken in my defense, I mean, to already prejudiced individuals, serves to drive the root in deeper. If the matter is ignored, the attacker may forgo his anger – or in time, even, his unconscious mind may find another object on which to fix its tentacles. . . .

This was the gist of the matter. In our talks together he rarely used any of the now rather overworked technical terms, invented by himself and elaborated on by the growing body of doctors, psychologists, and nerve specialists who form the somewhat formidable body of the International Psycho-Analytical Association. When, on one occasion, I was endeavoring to explain a matter in which my mind tugged two ways, I said, 'I suppose you would say it was a matter of ambivalence?' And as he did not answer me, I said, 'Or do you say am-bi-valence? I don't know whether it's pronounced ambi-*valence* or am-bi-valence.' The Professor's arm shot forward as it did on those occasions when he wished to stress a finding or focus my attention to some point in hand; he said, in his curiously casual ironical manner, 'Do you know, I myself have always wondered. I often wish that I could find someone to explain these matters to me.'

THERE WAS SO MUCH to be explained, so little time in which to do it. My serpent-and-thistle motive, for instance, or *Leitmotiv*, I had almost written. It was a sign, a symbol certainly – it

must have been – but even if I had found another seal-ring like the one I saw in Paris, among that handful of old rings in the corner of the shelf in the other room, it wouldn't have proved anything and might have led us too far afield in a discussion or reconstruction of cause and effect, which might indeed have included priceless treasures, gems, and jewels, among the so-called findings of the unconscious mind revealed by the dream-content or associated thought and memory, yet have side-tracked the issue in hand. My serpent and thistle – what did it remind me of? There was Aaron's rod, of course, which when flung to the ground turned into a living reptile. Reptile? Aaron's rod, if I am not mistaken, was originally the staff of Moses. There was Moses in the bulrushes, 'our' dream and 'our' Princess. There was the ground, cursed by God because Adam and Eve had eaten of the Fruit of the Tree. Henceforth, it would bring forth thorns and thistles – thorns, thistles, the words conjure up the same scene, the barren, unproductive waste or desert. *Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?* Another question, another question mark, a half-S, the other way round, S for seal, symbol, serpent certainly, signet, Sigmund.

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SIGMUND, the singing voice; no, it is Siegmund really, the victorious mouth or voice or utterance. There was Victory, our sign on the wall, our hieroglyph, our writing. There was the tiny bronze, his favorite among the semicircle of the Gods or as 'other people read: Goods' on his table. There was Niké, Victory, and Niké A-pteros, the Wingless Victory, for Victory could never, would never fly away from Athens. There was

Athens, a city set on a hill; hill, mountain; there was Berggasse, the hill, *Berg*, and the path or street or way, *gasse*. There were designs, weren't there, of acanthus leaves to crown upright Corinthian capitals? And the Latin *acanthus*, and the related Greek word *akantha*, is thorn or prickly. There were patterns, decorative hieroglyphs of acanthus leaves, a very classic symbol; and there was a crown, we have been told, in the end, of thorns.

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BUT TO OUR LITTLE abridged Greek Lexicon, to verify *akantha*. Yes – as from *aké*, a point, edge, hence a prickly plant, thistle; also a thorny tree. *A thorny tree*. Was our thistle the sign or sigil of all thorny trees? Perhaps even of that singularly prickly Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil with its attendant Serpent. There were, and are, many varieties of serpents. There was, among many others, that serpent of Wisdom that crouched at the feet of the goddess Athené and was one of her attributes, like the spear (*aké*, a point) she held in her hand – though we cannot be sure that it was a spear that the Professor's perfect little bronze once held in her hand. It might have been a rod or staff.

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THY ROD AND THY STAFF. In England, our American goldenrod, that runs riot in the late-summer fields and along every lane and at the edge of every strip of woodland, is cultivated in

that in some strange way we had managed to get at the root of things, *today, we have tunneled very deep*; and in another still stranger way, we had approached the clearest fountain-head of highest truth, as in the luminous *real* dream of the Princess and the river which was in the realm of what is known generally as the supernormal; it was a scene or picture from those realms from which the *illuminati* received their – ‘credentials’ seems a strange word as I write it, but it ‘wrote itself.’ My Princess picture was one of an exquisite, endless sequence from an *illuminated manuscript*, and has its place in that category among books and manuscripts; the dream, you may remember, I said in the beginning, varies like the people we meet, like the books we read. The books and the people merge in this world of fantasy and imagination; nonetheless we may differentiate with the utmost felicity and fidelity between dreams and the types of different fantasies; there are the most trivial and tiresome dreams, the newspaper class – but even there is, in an old newspaper, sometimes a hint of eternal truth, or a quotation from a great man’s speech or some tale of heroism, among the trashy and often sordid and trivial record of the day’s events. The printed page varies, cheap news-print, good print, bad print, smudged and uneven print – there are the great letter words of an advertisement or the almost invisible pin-print; there are the huge capitals of a child’s alphabet chart or building blocks; letters or ideas may run askew on the page, as it were; they may be purposeless; they may be stereotyped and not meant for ‘reading’ but as a test, as for example the symmetrical letters that don’t of necessity ‘spell’ anything, on a doctor’s or oculist’s chart hung on the wall in an office or above a bed in a hospital. There are dreams or sequences of dreams that follow a line like a graph on a map or show a jagged triangular pattern, like a crack on a bowl that shows the bowl or vase may at any moment fall in pieces; we all know

that almost invisible thread-line on the cherished glass butter-dish that predicts it will ‘come apart in me ’ands’ sooner or later – sooner, more likely.

There are all these shapes, lines, graphs, the *hieroglyph of the unconscious*, and the Professor had first opened the field to the study of this vast, unexplored region. He himself – at least to me personally – deplored the tendency to *fix* ideas too firmly to set symbols, or to weld them inexorably. It is true that he himself started to decipher or decode the vast accumulation of the material of the unconscious mind; it was he who ‘struck oil’ but the application of the ‘oil,’ what could or should be made of it, could not be entirely regulated or supervised by its original ‘promoter.’ He struck oil; certainly there was ‘something in it’; yes, a vast field for exploration and – alas – exploitation lay open. There were the immemorial Gods ranged in their semicircle on the Professor’s table, that stood, as I have said, like the high altar in the Holy of Holies. There were those Gods, each the carved symbol of an idea or a deathless dream, that some people read: Goods.

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THERE ARE THE WISE and the foolish virgins and their several lamps. *Thou anointest my head with oil* – the oil of understanding – and, indeed, *my cup runneth over*. But this purposes to be a personal reconstruction of intention and impression. I had begun my preliminary research in order to fortify and equip myself to face war when it came, and to help in some subsidiary way, if my training were sufficient and my aptitudes suitable, with war-shocked and war-shattered people. But my actual personal war-shock (1914–1919) did not have a chance. My sessions with the Professor were barely under way, before there

were preliminary signs and symbols of the approaching ordeal. And the thing I primarily wanted to fight in the open, war, its cause and effect, with its inevitable aftermath of neurotic breakdown and related nerve disorders, was driven deeper. With the death-head swastika chalked on the pavement, leading to the Professor's very door, I must, in all decency, calm as best I could my own personal Phobia, my own personal little Dragon of war-terror, and with whatever power I could summon or command order him off, for the time being at any rate, back to his subterranean cavern.

There he growled and bit on his chains and was only loosed finally, when the full apocryphal terror of fire and brimstone, of whirlwind and flood and tempest, of the Biblical Day of Judgment and the Last Trump, became no longer abstractions, terrors too dreadful to be thought of, but things that were happening every day, every night, and at one time, at every hour of the day and night, to myself and my friends, and all the wonderful and all the drab and ordinary London people.

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AND THE KINDLY Being whom I would have entreated had wafted the old Professor out of it. He had gone before the blast and bombing and fires had devastated this city; he was a handful of ashes, cherished in an urn or scattered among the grass and flowers in one of the Gardens of Remembrance, outside London. I suppose there must be a marble slab there on the garden wall or a little box in a niche beside a garden path. I have not even gone to look, to regard a familiar name with a date perhaps, and wander along a path, hedged with clipped

yew or, more likely, fragrant dust-green lavender, and think of the Professor. For our Garden of Remembrance is somewhere else.

*Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht,
Kennst du es wohl?*

*Dahin! Dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.*

*Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein
Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?*

*Dahin! Dahin
Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.*

*Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg,
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut,
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut;
Kennst du ihn wohl?*

*Dahin! Dahin
Geht unser Weg! o Vater, lass uns ziehn!*

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I HAVE SAID that these impressions must take me, rather than I take them. The first impression of all takes me back to the

I should talk to the Professor about Lawrence, but I was particularly annoyed by his supercilious references to psychoanalysis and, by implication or inference, to the Professor himself.

The Man Who Died?

I don't remember it, I don't think of it. Only it was a re-statement of his philosophy, but it came too late.

I don't mean that.

I have carefully avoided coming to terms with Lawrence, the Lawrence of *Women in Love* and *Lady Chatterley*.

But there was this last Lawrence.

He did not accept Sigmund Freud, or implied it in his essay.

I don't want to think of Lawrence.

'I hope never to see you again,' he wrote in that last letter.

Then after the death of Lawrence, Stephen Guest brought me the book and said, 'Lawrence wrote this for you.'

Lawrence was imprisoned in his tomb; like the print hanging in the waiting room, he was 'Buried Alive.'

We are all buried alive.

The story comes back automatically when I switch off the bed-lamp.

I do not seem to be able to face the story in the daytime.

Yes, it was abomination. I could see it writhing. 'It's only a caterpillar.' Perhaps I cannot really talk yet. I am seated at one remove from a doll-chair, on the porch. I look down the wide wooden steps. There is the grapevine, as we called it, and leaf-shadows. They are crouched under the grape arbor. I can scream, I can cry. It is not a thing that the mind could possibly assimilate. They are putting salt on the caterpillar and it writhes, huge like an object seen under a microscope, or looming up it is a later film-abstraction.

No, how can I talk about the crucified Worm? I have been leafing over papers in the café, there are fresh atrocity stories. I

cannot talk about the thing that actually concerns me, I cannot talk to Sigmund Freud in Vienna, 1933, about Jewish atrocities in Berlin.

MARCH 6, MONDAY

I dream Joan and Dorothy are arguing. Joan possesses herself of some boxes and jewel-cases of mine: she treats my dream treasures as common property, spreads them out on a table. I am angry at her casual appropriation of my personal belongings. I take up one red-velvet-lined box (actually Bryher had got this for me in Florence) and say passionately, 'Can you understand *nothing*?' Joan is a tall girl, we stand level, challenging each other. I say, 'Can't you understand? My *mother* gave me this box.' I press this red-velvet-lined red-leather Florentine box against my heart. Actually, physically, my heart is surcharged and beating wildly at the vehemence of my passion.

I recall the Phoenix symbol of D. H. Lawrence and of how I had thought of the Professor as an owl, hawk, or sphinx-moth. Are these substitutions for the scripture hen gathering her chicks?

My daughter was born the last day of March with *daffodils that come before the swallow dares* out of *The Winter's Tale*. Richard had brought me many daffodils, that English Lent-lily.

I have been reading James Jeans's *Stars in Their Courses*, and am reminded of my bitter disappointment when a well-meaning young uncle called me to the nursery window. 'Look,' he said, 'there is the Bear in the sky.' I blinked from the frosty winter-window. I had been shown the frost-flowers, like stars, in kindergarten. That satisfied me. But here was another wonder. I gazed and blinked but there was no Bear to be seen. When I told this to Dr. Sachs, he said, 'Such a small child would hardly register such a disappointment.' Perhaps I

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6:40 P.M.

THE PROFESSOR found me reading in the waiting room. He said that I must borrow any books of his that I wanted. We talked again of Yofi. I asked of Yofi's father. Yofi is to be a mother. He told me that Yofi's first husband was a black chow and Yofi had one black baby, 'as black as the devil.' It died when it was three-quarters of a year old. Now the new father is lion-gold and the Professor hopes that Yofi's children will survive, this time. He said, if there are two puppies, the father's people have one, but if only one, 'it stays a Freud.'

The Professor asked me if I had noticed 'trouble in walking.' I did not know what he meant. I said I was feeling well and enjoyed going about. But he said, 'I mean, on the streets.' I did not even then quite realize what he meant; I said that I felt at home here and never frightened. I said, 'The people in the shops are so courteous.' The Professor said, 'Yes . . . to a lady.'

The Professor asked me again of 'historical associations' of moving or being moved. I told him of some of my findings.

I said that there were no doubt infantile associations about 'leaving the room' or being sent out of the room because one had been naughty. He said, 'Yes, the infantile memory or association is often unhappy.'

But leaving home was not always an unhappy matter. I was sent to stay with a young childless aunt at one time, and will never forget the giant rag doll, a treasure from her childhood that she gave me to play with. She it was who first gave me little gauze bags of assorted beads and helped me to string them. I had had a dream with Miss Chadwick that my uncle's name was Vaneck; it was really Frederick.

I spoke again of our toy animals and he reminded me of my tiger fantasy. Wasn't there a story, 'the woman and the tiger,' he asked. I remembered 'The Lady or the Tiger.'

Today, I entered my third week.

11

MARCH 16, 7 P.M.

I SAW A volume of Arthur Waley's on the shelf, and asked the Professor if he knew him. He said no. I started to tell the Professor how I had met Waley in London in the very early days, at the British Museum where I was reading and how he asked me to tea in the Museum Tea Room. We discussed an umbrella I was carrying, *en-tout-cas* they had called it, at the shop, to my amusement. Later, during the war, I met Arthur Waley at Iseult Gonne's flat in Chelsea. I said I thought Waley was a Jew, Freud said he thought so, but 'he has tampered with his name.'

I went on to tell Freud why I had kept away from psychoanalysis in London, had read practically nothing until recent years, how Waley in our Buckingham Mansions, Kensington, flat, about 1920, had suggested that a friend of his might help Bryher, how Dr. Ellis discouraged it, but how finally Bryher went for a few sessions to _____.

(At this moment, writing on a marble-topped café table, a tiny bunch of violets is placed on my note-book. I want to cry. In my embarrassment, I only gave thirty groschen; but the beggar with the shoe-box seemed pleased and vanished. In the same way, violets were laid on the pages of a paperbound copy of Euripides' *Ion*, open on the table of my Corfu Hotel Belle Venise bedroom. It seemed a 'mystery' but Bryher must have left them.)

MARCH 20, MONDAY

I spent a happy Sunday at the galleries; I found Tiziano Vec., Jacopa da Strada, 1477–1576, and Palma Gioime, 1544–1628, with statues . . . and Giov. Batt. Moroni, 1520–1578. One of the paintings of a fine, intellectually weathered renaissance Italian, standing by a table, with small statues, suggested to me the portrait of Sigmund Freud with his row of little images before him on the table.

14

6:40 P.M.

I WENT UP TO Mrs. Burlingham's apartment at 4:20. She was quiet, slim, and pretty in her art-craft simple consulting room or sitting room that Freud's architect son had decorated for her. Like the Professor, she had a few Greek treasures. Her little grey Bedlingham scurried under the couch but crawled out later to make friends with me. I met her daughter, my own child's age, and a boy of seventeen. Another child was having a music lesson in the next room. I was a little disconcerted by Mrs. Burlingham's reserved, shy manner, and her reminding me that I was due at five, downstairs with the Professor.

Then down to Freud. . . . I told him of the visit. Then I felt a little lost. Perhaps that was partly because of the dream I had last had. I tried desperately to get back to my flat in Sloane Street, London. The flat is at the top of the house. As I enter the downstairs hall, a man and then a rough boy barred my way to the staircase and seemed to threaten me. I did not dare challenge them. . . . (I could not tell the Professor that this terror was associated in my mind with news of fresh Nazi atrocities.) As I stood threatened and terrified I call, loudly,

'Mother.' I am out on the pavement now. I look up at the window of my flat. It has different curtains or a suggestion of Venetian blinds. A figure is standing there, holding a lighted candle. It is my mother.

I was overpowered with happiness and all trace of terror vanished.

8:20 P.M.

We talked of Crete. I told him how disappointed I was on the cruise last spring. It was too rough to land. There were dolphins playing about the boat, anchored off the rocky shore; there was a permanent rainbow from the sea spray. We saw the chapel high on the slopes where it was reputed Zeus had been born, or nursed. We spoke of Sir Arthur Evans and his work there. The Professor said that we two met in our love of antiquity. He said his little statues and images helped stabilize the evanescent idea, or keep it from escaping altogether. I asked if he had a Cretan serpent-goddess. He said, 'No.' I said that I had known people in London who had had some connection with Crete at one time, and that I might move heaven and earth, and get him a serpent-goddess. He said, 'I doubt if even *you* could do that.'

The Professor speaks of the mother-layer of fixation being the same in girls and boys, but the girl usually transfers her affection or (if it happens) her fixation to her father. Not always. The Crete mother-goddess is associated with the boy or youth in the wall-painting of the crocus fields. We talk of Aegina too. The Professor went on about the growth of psychoanalysis and how mistakes were made in the beginning, as it was not sufficiently understood that the girl did not invariably transfer her emotions to her father.

He asked, 'Was your father a little cold, a little stiff?' I explained again that he was what is known as 'typically New