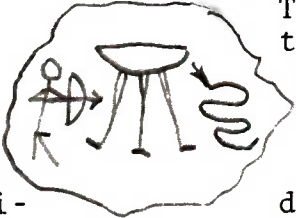


Widening the context or view is what a sailor is up to when he crawls the mast way up to the crow's nest, and it's what God's given me now (1984, age 66) the privilege of. Most of my current thinksheets are about what I'm seeing from up there, involved but at a distance, yet more than before able to feel the rolling of the ship.....This thinksheet is on the health/pathology of what I'm calling, here for the first time, THE DOUBLE DYAD (i.e., mindbody and femalemale).

1. Sense-making, at its primal level, is pattern-seeing, which at its primal level is connection-making. As I don't have binocular vision, I've always seen somewhat double, yet dyadically (i.e., the two images are both separate and synergistic)...Our protoplasm is dyadic: DNA (in the novel's title, THE DOUBLE HELIX). Our consciousness is dyadic: "mind" and "body." Our basic human relationship is dyadic: male and female.

2. When I was young, I was stupid and ignorant. Things are looking up: now I am only ignorant, no longer stupid enough to claim I know much about what are, for us humans, the two most important dyads--not DNA and not the subatomic dyad (the basis of "all things"). Yet, in the divine school of my sins/righteousnesses, pains/joys, being ministered unto and ministering, I've learned a thing or two about body/mind and man/woman. One thing I've learned is freedom from the prejudice that the Teacher is partial to some disciplines (say, science or theology) over against others. And I'm in search of wisdom in fields I've had only "101" in before now. Especially the arts, including archeological artifacts and "literature" (i.e., art in the form of words). This thinksheet illustrates this by a Greek coin (which can be seen on p.284, Larousse ENCY. OF ARCHEOLOGY, Putnam/72) and by the writings of D.H. Lawrence.

3. **THE GREEK COIN**, 2½ millenia old, dramatically displays the double dyad. Here it is in my crude reproduction:  The complex image these elements stool ("tripod" harmony or the altar-seat of Holies).
To it three times came Socrates to seek guidance from a woman (the Delphic priestess, seated on the tripod), who spoke the oracles of Apollo (a masculine deity): androgynous revelation? male authority through anima to temper and enrich it? YHWH/HOKMA? LOGOS/SOPHIA? male mind, woman mindbody or body? Male/female opposition/reconciliation, the heart of "dyad." (2) The serpent Python, symbolic of the pre-Olympian religion of the Greeks: chthonic, subterranean, earth-motherly, feminine. This "primitive" religion, in the myth, is struggling, for possession of the tripod, with the (masculine) religion of "the Golden Age of Greece" (the feminine domination of culture suppressing reason, through whose release "civilization" becomes possible--the Greek view, not entirely mine). But note that the (feminine) chthonic was not driven out of the sanctuary: "she" remains on the tripod's left (as seen from the tripod): true guidance, for one's life and for culture, can come only through the tension of the f/m dyad: the hypermasculine and the hyperfeminine lead only to chaos and destruction. Instance on the boys' side: Nixon's White House. On the girls' side: all matriarchal cultures we have any solid knowledge of. (3) The man (penis erectus) Apollo, god of light and reason, is not (as in Gn.3) submissive to the serpent-feminine, but stands with drawn bow, the arrow complementing the erect penis (a wondrous image of man's creative-destructive power). To our gain and grief (for "Western civilization" is profoundly Greek-Olympian), reason (Apollo) defeats intuition (Python), and we're now told that the defeat might be terminal for us: nukes, the ultimate arrow, at war with Apollo-penis and Python-vagina

OVER

(the serpent's open mouth)...More than any other image I've ever seen of the double dyad, this one "says it all." And what it says to me, in terms of this thinksheet's title, is that wholeness and the alienations are somehow made for each other--or rather that God assigns us to honor and aspire to wholeness through defeating the alienations (rather than defeating mind with body, body with mind, woman with man, man with woman). ...The image itself is feminine in consciousness, a product of imaginal gestation. Even Apollo is not only masculine (any more than is YHWH): see Wm.F. Lynch's great CHRIST AND APOLLO: THE DIMENSIONS OF THE LITERARY IMAGINATION (Mentor-Omega/63).

4. **D.H. LAWRENCE**, instead of providing the resolution to our culture's problems of the double dyad, only recasts the problems. But in doing so, he leads us around to the other side, where we see the problems backlit (from our old perspective) and frontlit (from his perspective). In him we have no hope of deliverance from sexism: women should keep quiet not just in church but everywhere, for "To know the *mind* of a woman is to end in hating her" (letter, 3Aug27). His released sex is as crippled as the suppressed sex he's attacking, an attack of Dionysos on Apollo. Yet he fights (e.g., LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER) to have a woman's feelings recognized and honored, as well as a man's (e.g., THE MAN WHO DIED, in which the resurrected Jesus gets a priestess of Isis pregnant)...A few quotes:

(Italics are mine.) One has a certain order inviolable in one's soul, a *viewpoint from which I* have become a spectator at a knockabout dangerous farce....You can't INVENT a design. You recognize it, in the fourth dimension. That is, with your blood and your bones, as well as with your eyes....I think people ought to fulfil sacredly their desires...the deepest desire, to live unhampered by things that are extraneous, a desire for pure relationships and living truth....I'm not sure if a mental relationship with a woman doesn't make it impossible to love her...Love means the pre-cognitive flow...the honest state before the apple....*Dostoyevsky's is false art.* People are not fallen angels, they are merely people....a new thing far away is struggling to come to life....Individuals do not VITALLY concern me any more. Only a PURPOSE vitally concerns me (letter, 29July15)....*The month WWI began:* I cannot get any sense of an enemy--only of a disaster....*On seeing Lord Russell in a swimsuit:* Poor Bertie! He is all Disembodied Mind....To the Puritan all things are impure....One realizes with horror, that the race of men is almost extinct in Europe. Only Christ-like heroes and woman-worshipping Don Juans, and rabid equality-mongrels....Struggle with your own soul in mystery....My destiny has been cast among cocksure women. Perhaps when man begins to doubt himself, woman, who should be nice and peacefully hen-sure, becomes instead insistently cocksure. She develops convictions, or she catches them. And then woe betide everybody....Only in the novel are ALL things given full play....It is no good casting out devils. They belong to us, we must accept them and be at peace with them....Away with all ideals. Let each individual act spontaneously from the for ever incalculable prompting of the creative well-head within him. There is no universal law....Pornography insults sex....Sentimentalism is the working off on yourself of feelings you haven't really got....There is no new baby in the womb of our society. Russia is a collapse, not a revolution....This is the agony of our human existence, that we can only feel things in conventional feeling-patterns....Be a good animal, true to your animal instincts....Cold-hearted fucking is death and idiocy....You must always be a-waggle with LOVE (*in contrast to the dessicated males--except a horse and his trainer!--in ST. MAWR*)....There is only one evil, to deny life. ...Don't swallow the culture-bait....Thought is a man in his wholeness wholly attending, *but* Every race which has become self-conscious and idea-bound in the past has perished....The Romans and Greeks found everything human. Everything had a face, and a human voice....Morality which is based on ideas, or an ideal, is an unmitigated evil. ...Love and benevolence are our poison....*Ever since she ate the apple, Eve has been experimenting with her womanhood, as has Adam, to the rage and horror of both of them.* ...Better passion and death than any more of these "isms."....Our true, groundfloor selves are *instinctual, chthonic, and it's still alive in the common people (e.g., I add, in the Blooms of Jas. Joyce's ULYSSES, of DHL's generation and subculture).*