

**THE 1965
JAMES BACKHOUSE
LECTURE**

THE SHAPING SPIRIT

CLIVE SANSOM

*"I know that this world is a world
of Imagination and Vision."*

-WILLIAM BLAKE

ABOUT THE AUTHOR.

Born in England, 1910. Formerly Examiner in the Art of Spoken Language, University of London. For the last 15 years has been living in Tasmania where, with his wife Ruth Sansom, he has been in charge of the Speech Education Centre, Hobart. He is the author of numerous textbooks on the subject.

He has also worked, at different periods in his life, as office boy, commercial traveller, teacher, publicity organiser and agricultural labourer.

But all the time, as far as other work allowed, he has been writing poetry. His religious verse-sequence, *The Witnesses*, a portrait of Christ as seen through the eyes of 35 friends, enemies and acquaintances, was awarded one of three prizes for long poems in the Festival of Britain, and has since been reprinted several times. *The Cathedral*, also published by Methuen & Co., London, tells of the creation and life of a medieval church. *The World Turned Upside Down* (Gamet Miller Ltd.) is a verse-drama on the marriage of Science and Religion.

In one of his latest books, *The World of Poetry* (Phoenix House Ltd.), he has collected the thoughts of more than 200 poets and critics on the function of poetry and its place in the life of man.

He is a member of Hobart Meeting.

The James Backhouse Lecture

This is the second in a new series of lectures instituted by Australia Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends on the occasion of the establishment of that Yearly Meeting on January 1, 1964. This lecture was delivered in Sydney, Australia, on January 3, 1965, during the sessions of the Yearly Meeting.

James Backhouse was an English Friend who visited Australia from 1832 till 1837. He and his companion, George Washington Walker, travelled widely, but spent most of their time in Tasmania, then known as Van Diemen's Land. It was through this visit that Quaker meetings were first established in Australia. James Backhouse was a botanist who published full scientific accounts of what he saw, besides encouraging Friends and following up his deep concern for the convicts and for the welfare of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country.

Australian Friends hope that this new series of lectures will bring fresh insights into truth, often with some particular reference to the needs and aspirations of Australian Quakerism.

RICHARD G. MEREDITH, *Presiding Clerk*
Australia Yearly Meeting

Man and Universe

The title of this talk comes from Samuel Taylor Coleridge:

*. . . what Nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination'* ¹

He was one of a group of English poets in the early nineteenth century who used this word "imagination" to mean far more than fancy or inventiveness. It was defined by William Blake as "Imagination, the Divine Vision."

Today I want to suggest that this imaginative vision can be, not an escape from reality, but a manifestation of the holy spirit, and that its power can shape our individual lives and the collective life of man. It is an instrument in the search for truth. It is a means of exploring more deeply into reality. Each of us possesses this "inward eye" which gives, not merely sight but in-sight. To quote another of those poets, William Wordsworth, "We see into the life of things." ²

Where the physical eye detects only the image that is immediately before it, the imaginative eye can draw images from memory and create new images for itself. It tells us that "the whole outward world in all its life is the signature or figure of the inward spiritual world." ³

Man is, in fact, a citizen of both worlds: the world of reality, and that other world - no less real for being suprasensual - the world of spirit that lies constantly behind it. The first world belongs to time, the other to eternity. We often think of eternity as something that only awaits us after life; but it is always there behind the appearances of time. At any point, at any moment, we can penetrate the crust of this outer world and reach the inner kingdom of the spirit and essence. The key to the kingdom is Imagination.

That may be a possible interpretation of two sayings of Jesus: "The kingdom of heaven is within you." . . . "The kingdom of heaven is at hand."

There we have one way of expressing the immanence of God. He is indwelling, and our imagination, also indwelling, may detect the presence - in ourselves, in other men, and in the world around us. But God would not be God if he were only immanent. He is also transcendent. That is, his spirit is not confined to man or to this world. He is both within and beyond. More than that, there is nothing beyond that is beyond his spirit. Nothing is outside its range of power.

That is a tremendous statement, one that may seem difficult if not impossible to believe with our knowledge of the size of the universe. For just consider some of the attempts that have been made to explain its vastness:

"The galaxy to which the earth belongs is thought to contain 10,000 million stars; and ours may be only one of 100 million galaxies."

Or to make it possible for the imagination to grasp such figures:

"The world is like one grain of sand on all the beaches of the world."

Even then space is almost empty:

"Suppose the sun reduced to the size of a dried pea. The earth would then be a minute speck of dust circling round it about 27 inches away, while the nearest star would be another dried pea about 15 miles away." ⁴

And Time is on the same scale:

"If a diary of the history of the earth had been kept, and only one page allocated to describing the events of every thousand years, then the volumes of the diary would occupy two whole miles of shelf; but the record of human civilisations would be encompassed in the last seven or eight pages, and the history of the Christian era would figure only on the two sides of a single leaf." ⁵

How can a Being, who controls these activities of space and time, care for us, for a few pigmies crawling on one of the smallest of his planets - a mere dust speck?

But we are not the first to ask this question:

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what
is man that thou art mindful of him?"

It may be argued that the heavens were a very small area at the time the psalmist was writing, when there wasn't even a pocket telescope to help his eye. But that is to be misled, as we so often are misled, by the tyranny of numbers. In the non-imaginative world, they are the only system of measurement. In newspapers and commercial radio, the most important items are the politician with the most votes, the singer with the largest number of followers, the book with the largest sales, the man with the highest income. In the world of spirit and imagination this kind of measurement doesn't count. A miniature by Nicholas Hilliard may be of more value than a colossal mural; a four-roomed house may be more beautiful than a skyscraper; one sonnet by Shakespeare may be worth another man's total output; a carpenter from an obscure village in Palestine may be the vehicle for the greatest love we have known.

So the situation today is not essentially different from the past. What matters more than the scene confronting us is still the eye that sees it. The psalmist, gazing up into his restricted heaven with wonder and imagination, may have had a truer understanding of God's universe than someone with a radio-telescope and no inward vision.

Moreover, he knew the answer to his own question. He had no doubt that God was mindful of him. The fact that the Creator is engaged in vast schemes beyond our comprehension does not mean that we escape his notice. Someone has likened man to a dog in a library: he sees his master opening one of the scores of books and studying its pages. The act is meaningless. It is unlikely that the dog even notices the hieroglyphics. But he still exists in his master's thought. He knows that he is not forgotten.

Besides, all scales are relative, and Science is now adjusting the balance in our favour. The microscope is putting the telescope into perspective. For as the one has indicated how small man is in comparison with the stars, the other is saying how immense he is alongside the molecules. We are told, for instance, that there are micro-organisms so small that one salt-spoonful of fertile soil may contain 2,000 million! And consider the living cells in the people sitting here

tonight - almost as many as the stars in the milky way. They are working day and night to keep us alive, to respond to our smallest desires. In the face of these, man is not a grovelling dwarf, but more like a sultan with a nation of obedient slaves. This makes it easier to believe that we may matter to the creator of it all.

Images of God

Changes in our scientific climate, however, do demand some adjustment in our general conception of life. We have to accept these changes at a deeper level than the brain before we can assimilate them. We have to shape them into some universal picture, some story that brings it home to our imagination.

One of the first attempts that we know is in the Book of Genesis: "God created man in his own image." This has usually been taken to mean that man is a physical reproduction of God - much as a child, making a puppet, often shapes it in his own image. But the story is capable of another interpretation: God, the supreme Imaginer, created man out of his imagination and endowed him with the same creative power. It is the view taken by Dr. Raynor Johnson, Master of Queen's College, Melbourne. 6 He likens God to an author, a poet-dramatist who imagines all the characters in a play. But there is this fundamental difference. Instead of manipulating them through a plot that is predetermined, the Author has given the actors themselves the ability to imagine, so that the play is partly of their composition. They help to decide the action.

Now this is rather similar to what occurs in the work of the greatest writers when they are creating with most gusto. Some of the characters in Chaucer, Shakespeare and Dickens, for instance, seem to acquire an independence, a spontaneous existence - as though, once the breath of life had been breathed into them, they took control and made their own decisions. That, carried into actuality, is what God has done with men. He has given them the power to imagine, and with it the responsibility of self-determination. In allowing them this independence, this free will, he opens the door to chance and evil. He is prepared to take this risk because, like a good parent or teacher, he is not content with conduct, however exemplary, which is the result of outward domination. As Raynor Johnson puts it, God wanted creatures who could share in his imaginings.

Such an experiment can only succeed if the author has our co-operation, if we put our spiritual vision at his service, remembering that the play is ultimately his. He has not abandoned it. He is always the concerned spectator and, if we

wish, the author-producer ready to advise. At any time our spirit may connect with his. This is what actually happens in the theatre when a great director (such as Granville Barker), humbly in tune with a great dramatist (like Shakespeare), gathers round him a company of dedicated actors. Then, for the first time perhaps, the playwright's intention comes through. The creative vision takes physical shape. The world of imagination breaks through into the world of time. That, on a huger scale, is the hope of God.

To some who are listening, this new myth of the Creation may be as unsatisfactory as the old. It is "too imaginative"; it is not factual enough. But in dealing with spiritual matters, more can be implied than stated. Christ gave many of his teachings in the form of parables so that we would receive them through our imagination rather than our intellect, which is why they have spoken to so many conditions of men and continue to speak after two thousand years.

The danger with such legends is that we may take them literally or receive them passively. Once they cease to stimulate our minds, they cease to have value. They become mere obstacles. That, of course, is the argument behind Dr. John Robinson's now famous (or notorious) book, *Honest to God*.⁷ "Our image of God must go" is his own summary, "Our whole mental image of God must undergo a revolution."

Unfortunately, it seems to me, he destroys many images of the past without giving us a new image in their place. He leaves a row of empty niches. Or if there is an image in that rather confused and confusing book, it is the glimpse of a reflection in a mirror. We look for God and are shown our own better qualities of love and kindness. The Bishop has reversed the Book of Genesis and created God in man's image. The playwright no longer matters: the actors are on the stage alone.

Now I know that many of you will disagree with this interpretation of the book, but surely the conception of God it offers is far smaller than those it rejects? A god who is little more than a benevolent humanist seems hardly worth our worship. He is a god so secularised, so watered-down that, as one critic remarked, it makes it hard for any man to be an atheist. I suggest that what we need is a god who is not only at the core of our being, but whose essence is in every corner of creation, a Spirit to whom we can say, in the words of the Jewish prayers: "O Lord our God, King of the Universe." The first condition of any new image is that it must reflect a god who is transcendent and immanent, who is "out there," *as*

well as "down here." Anything less is too small a god to be the God of this universe.

If we are to look for such an image, we will have to use our inward eye as well as our brain and outward eye, and we must use it in three directions – in Science, in Religion and in Art. It is a temptation to say that the first is concerned with Truth, the second with Goodness, the third with Beauty, but that is an oversimplification. Art, no less than Science, is concerned with Truth; Religion is concerned with Beauty; true Science cannot be dissociated from Goodness. Let us say that each has its own means of revealing the Absolutes, and that we neglect any of them at our peril.

Science and Religion

If, as Blake says, what is now true was once only imagined, then the process of Science is to convert imaginative perception into intellectual knowledge. For it is a mistake to consider the scientist as being occupied solely with external evidence.

Kenneth Barnes says:

"Science is not just a matter of ascertaining facts; it involves also an activity of the mind in which facts are linked together in an imaginative pattern. . . An original creative scientist must be a man who can dream dreams, see patterns forming in his imagination, think and image ideas and patterns that no one has ever thought of before that are not given in the facts that he observes." ⁸

Professor Ribot confirms this:

"Underneath all the reasoning, inductions, deductions, calculations, demonstrations, methods and logical apparatus of every sort, there is something animating them that is not understood, that is the work of that complex operation, the creative imagination." ⁹

And finally there are these words of Albert Einstein, one of the greatest of scientists, which should be carved above all institutions of learning: "Imagination is more important than knowledge."

Those of us who are not scientists can only hope to grasp the conceptions that they offer us as latter-day parables, and reshape our view of the earth accordingly. We need, however, to differentiate between the creative scientist and the routine operator and machine-minder. Perhaps the most important quality required today - when, in the popular mind, the symbol of a white-robed chemist is replacing that of the black-robed priest - is humility. There is no room for arrogance in the universe we are uncovering, no assumption of unlimited knowledge and infallibility. After all, we have not created the universe, we are simply observing it, and what we know is a mere fraction of what exists to be known. Moreover, there are whole areas which Science hardly touches:

"Feelings, desires, thoughts, aspirations, ideals are not the concern of science, and only to a limited extent the concern of psychology . . . Those elements which we describe as Values: sensitivity to beauty, the qualities of compassion, of kindness and of self-sacrifice, the high attainment of wisdom of which the expression is found in intuitive insights - these, which are the highest achievements of individuals, are not within its ken." ¹⁰

They are, however, within the ken of Religion. Where Science sees the external world with outward and inward eyes, and attempts to explain it intellectually, Religion looks at the more intangible qualities such as love and worship and tries to give these an intellectual pattern.

Her task is more difficult because it is in the nature of intangible things that they cannot be fully explained. They may be hinted at, described metaphorically in terms of physical objects, and we may observe their effects, but they themselves elude analysis. They can be experienced, not proved. This fact makes us somewhat apologetic about religion at the present time. As Roger Pilkington puts it:

". . . the problems for a person living in the midst of great scientific discoveries are very considerable. How was man made, and what evidence is there of any purpose in his presence here on the Earth? Has man really any freedom of choice, or is he not rather the slave of inherited instincts and environmental conditions? Are goodness and right more than mere terms in which to dress up man's desires or current aims in order to give them an aura of respectability?"

"None of these are questions which can be answered by means of scientific proof, any more than the loveliness of a moonlit night or the beauty of a piano concerto by Beethoven can be demonstrated by similar means . . .

This is a fact which worries many people in an age when proofs are very much a la mode, but it should not upset the Christian. His belief that these things are so, rests on quite different grounds." 11

When a person walking in the country suddenly feels his spirit rise to meet the universal spirit and his whole being experiences the underlying unity of creation; when, in the middle of a great city, he sees men, women and children moving to a pattern of music, accompanied by a conviction that the basis of everything is incredible happiness - when such things happen he does not need a scientist or anyone else to tell him if he may accept these experiences - any more than, when moved by a great poem, we wait for a literary critic to discuss its rhyme-scheme and tell us if it is a poem we ought to admire. We *know* at a deeper level and in a completer fashion than anything can be known. The power of these experiences is such that, years afterwards in times of intellectual or emotional stress, they can still sustain us, still convince us of their truth.

Otherwise the only proof we have is the record of similar experiences in the lives of others - in the Scriptures; in the works of religious writers, including those of other religions; and in the people living with us today. Meeting for Worship is another test. It provides a check on personal delusions, and it is a means of teaching the technique of worship which may be difficult for the individual to acquire. It is no easy method. Each Meeting is an experiment. Its success depends on the devotion and concentration of every member. The will must be directed to the purpose of worship; the mind kept calm, and free from other concerns; the imagination centred on the divine. When the experiment succeeds, we have confirmation at a very deep level, shared with our fellow men. We feel that somehow the divine spirit has shaped our spirits, and that our spirits may shape our lives. This system of worship, based on silence and free from all repeated words and observances, is our special contribution to religion and one whose greatest influence, I believe, still lies in the future.

Having awarded us this spiritual Oscar, I will counter any tendency to pride by saying that in the field of art our record is not so reassuring. This, in my opinion, has been the blind-spot of Quakerism.

It is easy enough to trace the origin of this myopia if we look back to the churches and cathedrals of medieval England. They were the museums and art galleries of the Middle Ages. All the arts were represented there: architecture in the building itself; painting in the murals and stained-glass windows; sculpture in the statues of saints on the west front; music in plainsong, organ and other instruments in the rood-loft; and literature in the poetry of the liturgy, the prose of the sermons, the drama acted in the churchyard. It is not surprising that when Protestant reformers reacted against the Church, they also reacted against the buildings associated with it. So intense was this feeling, you will remember, that when George Fox saw the three points of Lichfield Cathedral rising toward the sky, the spires struck at his life. And in rejecting the buildings, the Quakers and other sects rejected the contents, the only forms of art that most of them knew.

It was a necessary reaction at the time—just as a child sometimes has to make a clean break with his parents at some period in his life, in order that his spirit may grow in its own way. But it is an ungrateful son who continues in that attitude once his integrity has been safeguarded. Though Quakers were right to break with the Church in their search for truth, their break with art was a denial of God. For art is the third way in which man's vision can experience and express its insight; and in turn the artist's insight can help us, too, to see behind the facade of appearances.

Friends no longer have this vehement antagonism to art, but we do not give it our full acceptance. There is still a tendency to regard it as a decoration to life, something to be pursued as a hobby which can be dropped when more important matters come along. Perhaps you disagree, but test it with this supposition. We would all be satisfied if a son told us that he wished to be a research scientist. Even if he decided to become a clergyman, we would steel ourselves to it and agree that it might be possible to lead a useful life along those lines. But supposing he declared that his vocation lay in the writing of poetry or the composing of music - would we then be quite so sure? Of course, if we were worried about the possibility of his earning a living from either of these pursuits, we might be justified, but our main doubt would be whether it was right to devote

one's life to the writing of poetry and music. Wouldn't most of us regard it as a less useful and less worthy occupation than nursing or school teaching?

I leave the query with you, and with it a phrase of Robert Browning that is worth considering in this context: "All service is alike to God."

Vera Brittain, in explaining why she had never joined the Society of Friends, considered that our reluctance to accept art was due to the private nature of creativity. Although the interpretation of art often brings people together, as in the performance of a play, "at the heart of all collective work - the anonymous cathedral, the chapel frescoes, the orchestral symphony - lies the solitary effort of some unique and dedicated artist such as Christopher Wren, Michelangelo or Beethoven." ¹² This type of activity, she thought, seems too self-centred to commend itself to a group which places such a high value on committees. I think that she probably exaggerates this feeling. Every form of imaginative activity demands its solitude. As Friends, we are not continually sitting in meeting or serving on committees, though there are times in one's life when it may seem like that! Nor is the research scientist always in consultation with his colleagues. Even Christ, with his store of creative energy, had to be alone sometimes to maintain direct personal communion with its source. The rhythm of approach to and withdrawal from human contacts is one that applies to religion and art alike.

To me there are even closer resemblances. The first impact of a poem - "The Ode to a Nightingale," perhaps, at the age of 14 - may be in the nature of a religious experience, even a revelation. And I feel that the *creation* of poetry is not unlike the upsurging of words in a Quaker meeting. First, heart and mind must be prepared - and the emotional and mental preparation for art is something which few non-artists realise. Then there is the waiting; perhaps for months, because poetry cannot be forced: it is an act of imagination, not of will. (The German poet, Rilke, actually called it "waiting for the ringing in the silence.") And then at last comes the moment of certainty, accompanied usually by some physical action, and the words begin to flow.

In fact the borders of religion and art are so close together that the artist is often trespassing, and so are we in our attempts to follow him. Nevertheless, art achieves something which religion cannot achieve. This is hard to define, but one might describe it as a re-ordering of the physical world so that two things happen at once: it sees the 'real' world as though for the first time; and it suggests the 'more real' world that lies behind. By doing so, it acts as a link between the two.

That is why the poet so often speaks in metaphor and image. It is not simply to make us use our senses more vividly by likening one object to another, but because in his imagination the two are one. They share a common spirit. Cecil Day Lewis expresses it like this: -

"Beneath the pleasure [of poetry] there lies the deeper pleasure of recognising an affinity. It has been called the perception of the similar in the dissimilar: that will do very well; but the perception would not cause pleasure unless the human mind desired to find order in the external world; unless the world has an order to satisfy that desire; and unless poetry could penetrate to this order and could image it for us piece by piece. The poetic image is the human mind claiming its kinship with everything that lives . . ." ¹³

Caroline Spurgeon goes even further:

"I incline to believe that analogy - likeness between dissimilar things - which is the fact underlying the possibility and reality of metaphor, holds within itself the very secret of the universe." ¹⁴

Nature

It is this sense of oneness that we need to carry into life itself. "The ultimate end of all human thought and human feeling, unity." ¹⁵ Most men and women are divided beings - divided in their selves; or separated from God; or apart from other people, other races, other faiths; or forgetting their connection with the natural world they share with trees and animals and birds. The most potent unifying factor is the creative imagination, which includes the faculty of love. This is the binding, shaping, reconciling influence. To quote Coleridge again, "It gives unity to variety; it sees all things in one."

I will say nothing here about the obvious application of this idea to social relationships and war and peace. It has been said so often, and far better than I could say it. I would simply agree that perception is not enough. We fail unless we build it into the structure of our lives. What I would like to emphasise, because it is more readily forgotten, is our relationship with nature. I believe that we are separating ourselves from it to a dangerous degree, and as a result we are allowing

it to be exploited and prostituted. The needless destruction of trees, soil erosion, air and river pollution, poison-sprays-all the evils listed in Rachel Carson's book ¹⁶ - are not only a failure of commonsense, but a failure in empathy, the ability to *feel with* nature. They are also a form of self-destruction because we are inextricably involved in it.

Then turn to that other recent book by an English Friend, *Animal Machines*,¹⁷ and ask ourselves if we can afford to separate ourselves so far from other creatures that we humiliate them for material ends, as if we were the Himmlers of the animal kingdom - the fowls that never leave their 18" boxes, that never tread on natural soil, that live in perpetual daylight for the encouragement of greater egg production; the anaemia artificially induced in calves to produce whiter veal; and the threatened extinction of whole species in Africa and soon perhaps in Australia. Quite apart from compassion, do we realise the consequences to ourselves? If a common spirit binds the world; if it is "one great network or tissue which quivers in every part when one point is shaken, like a spider's web if touched," ¹⁸ it is impossible to permit such things without eventually feeling their repercussions.

So-called primitive man has something to teach us here. Let me quote from *The Spiritual Legacy of the American Indian* by Joseph Epes Brown.

"Because of the true man's totality and centrality, he has the almost divine function of guardianship over the world of nature. Once this role is ignored or misused, he is in danger of being shown ultimately by nature who, in reality, is the conqueror, and who the conquered. It could also be said, under another perspective, that in the past man had to protect himself from the forces of nature, whereas today it is nature that must be protected from man." ¹⁹

Education

All this calls for education; and one would think that if imagination is so important, it would occupy a central place in education. It does not. Indeed the position is worse than one of neglect. By our system of education, as it exists in most schools in most countries, we are actually cramping or killing this power with which every child is endowed.

He enters school a whole person. The different parts of his personality are co-ordinated; they are developing side by side. As he 'progresses' from the Infant school he becomes less and less integrated. More and more of our efforts are concentrated on developing his intellect, his ability to reason, analyse and calculate, and to retain factual information. Subject teaching in the Secondary school encourages this fragmentation, because we think in terms of examination results rather than of the child's progress as a human being. Art, music and literature may help to reassemble the scattered parts, but even in these subjects the intellectual content is emphasised, owing to the difficulty of testing the other factors.

That a child can still leave school with an active imagination is a tribute to the toughness of that organ and to the grace of God, rather than to our methods. It has triumphed in spite of education, not because of it. And not all children manage to retain it. In some it dwindles like a disused appendix. In others it survives, but in such a starved condition that it is ready to be fed by any advertiser, dictator, pop-singer or other exploiter who happens to come along.

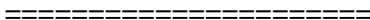
Somehow or other, this pattern must be broken. It is not enough to revise syllabuses. It means completely reversing the assumption on which we ourselves have been brought up, that education is primarily and almost exclusively the education of the reasoning and factual mind. That is why I suggested just now that Einstein's words should be inscribed above every institution of learning: "Imagination is more important than knowledge." Until we believe that, and frame, our education systems accordingly, we can never hope to develop the creative spirit in man as it was meant to be developed.

Art fails when either brain, or emotion, or technique gets the upper hand. It succeeds when all three are highly developed but are subservient to the shaping spirit. The same principle applies to education and to the art of living.

Finally, a quotation from William Walsh in a radio talk on the great modern philosopher, George Santayana: ²⁰

"Santayana lived by a theory, which he felt in his bones, that imagination . . . is the core of experience . . . The great divisions of human knowledge, the great organisations of human experience lay open to his powerful intellect and extraordinary range of feeling. Experience at the furthest remove from his private life became

luminous and accessible in the face of an imagination immensely strong, immensely sympathetic.
"A man can say," Santayana wrote, 'I have imagination, and nothing that is real is alien to me.' "



Appendix

- 1 "Dejection: An Ode"
- 2 "Tintern Abbey"
- 3 Jacob Boehme, *The Signature of Things*
- 4 Raynor Johnson, *The Imprisoned Splendour* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1953)
- 5 Roger Pilkington, *World Without End* (Macmillan, 1960)
- 6 *Nurslings of Immortality* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1957)
- 7 SCM Press, 1963
- 8 *The Creative Imagination* (Allen & Unwin, 1963)
- 9 "Essay on the Creative Imagination" quoted in *Nurslings of Immortality*
- 10 Raynor Johnson, *Nurslings of Immortality* (Hodder & Stoughton)
- 11 *World Without End* (Macmillan, 1960)
- 12 "Art, Life and Friends," *The Friend*, London, May 7, 1954
- 13 *The Poetic Image*, (Jonathan Cape, 1947)
- 14 *Shakespeare's Imagery* (Oxford University Press, 1935)
- 15 S. T. Coleridge
- 16 *Silent Spring* (Hamish Hamilton, 1963)
- 17 Ruth Harrison (Vincent Stuart, 1964)
- 18 Thomas Hardy, on the human race, in his Notes for *The Dynasts*
- 19 Pendle Hill Pamphlet, B.S. 1964
- 20 *The Listener*, January 16, 1964