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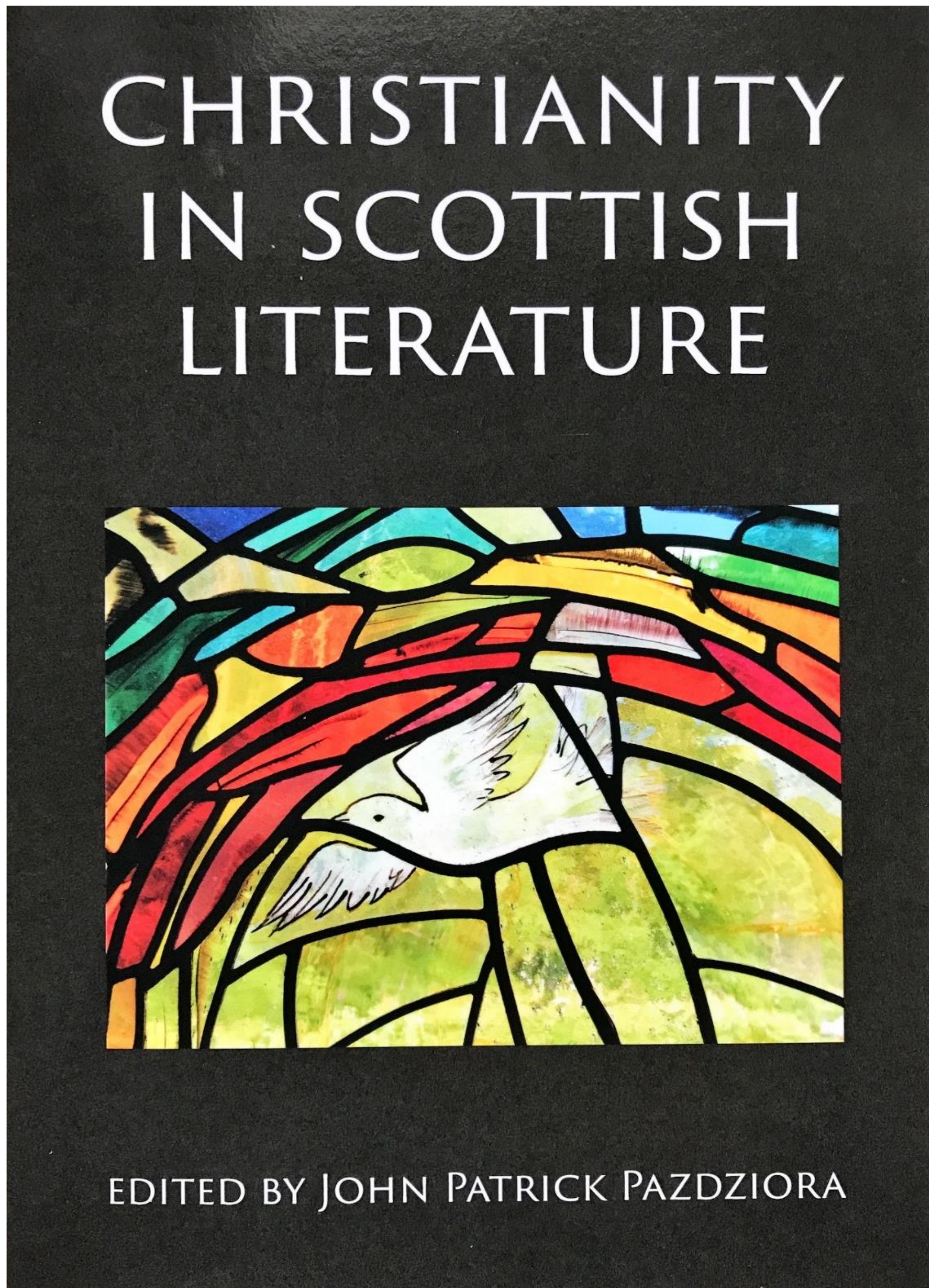

(back cover's at the back)

Three Isle of Harris tradition bearers – Shonny MacAulay (boatbuilder), John Murdo Morrison (hotelier) and David Cameron (garage owner & community land leader) holding open the log book of the Harris Hotel, Tarbert, at the page signed by the writer J.M. Barrie during his visit to the island that inspired *Mary Rose*, summer of 1912. Discussion of *Poacher's Pilgrimage in the* Tarbert Library, *Leabharlannan nan Eilean Siar*, 29 November 2017 (I'm crouched at the front).

15. God, War, and the Faeries: Mentoring and Carrying Stream in Writing *Poacher's Pilgrimage*

Alastair McIntosh

> Yes, about the fairies and all that. They say they are here for a century and away for another century. This is their century away.
>
> —Nan MacKinnon of Vatersay, 1981.[1]

Those words, having been spoken in the twentieth century, significantly so, serve both to introduce and culturally to legitimise my purpose here. It took me twelve meandering days in 2009 to walk from the most southerly tip of the Isle of Harris to the Butt of Lewis in Scotland's Outer Hebrides. As the spiritual gravity gradually became apparent, it took a further seven years to see the publication of *Poacher's Pilgrimage: An Island Journey* and, in the course of writing as a more specialised theological spin-off, *Island Spirituality: Spiritual Values of Lewis and Harris.*[2] While *Soil and Soul* is my most influential book judging by its sales for a book of its kind and citations linked to public awareness of Scotland's land reform debate,[3] I consider *Poacher's* to be my most beautiful: a paean to and of the island where I was not born but grew up on from the age of four in 1960. I was thrilled for it to be launched at the 2016 conference of the Association for Scottish Literary Studies, the theme of which was *Literature and Religion in Scotland*.

I want in this chapter to look at the role that mentoring and its cultural grounding played in the writing of it. The word *mentor* is cognate with words like 'mental', 'mantic', and 'mantra'. Their shared Latin, Greek, Sanskrit and ultimately proto-Indo-European root, **men-,* has produced a modern semantic range that is far wider than the merely cognitive application. It also points towards a sense of spirit.[4] On that basis I will use the term to suggest, ultimately, to lead out qualities of the soul.

Normally, we think of mentoring as taking place in a one-to-one or a person-to-person capacity, as in an eldership relationship. But I also want to look at mentoring in visionary states of waking consciousness, and in the dreams of sleep. Through these three modes – personal, visionary, and dream – I want to look at mentoring's role in writing. I will focus on its legitimising role when working with the creative unconscious as the cultural 'carrying stream'. Why the concern with legitimacy? Because to go beyond ego requires the assurance of being held in transpersonal structures of the community.

An ecology of the imagination

I set out on the pilgrimage with a fishing rod. The poaching teaser both held gastronomic hopes and functioned as a foil. In Lewis and Harris, pilgrimage was stamped out by the clergy after the Reformation of 1560. Even into my 1960s childhood, we had at least one primary school teacher who would speak of 'Papist superstitions'. But armed with a fly rod, if anybody local asked what I was doing, I could (and did) just say that I was on a poaching pilgrimage: peregrinating from loch to loch out on the moors and 'having a wee cast'. Given the nature of landlordism, it used to be, back in the days, that islanders who would take 'just one for the pot' had something of a Robin Hood persona. That is changing now with community land reform and local angling trusts. But it still made for a fun conversational gambit, as well giving theological metaphors and a bit of derring-do *en route*.

The book is framed around both an outer and an inner set of three 'carrier themes'. Those whose backgrounds are the arts, unlike mine in the sciences, may have another term for this. To me, it was just my way of organising the threads to weave a single narrative. The outer carriers were physical historical features in the landscape. These served as my pilgrim stopping stations on the way:

- The teampaill: ruined chapels or pre-Reformation ‘temples’
- The tobraichean: holy or, in post-Reformation parlance, healing wells
- The bothan: beehive shieling huts once used in summer when the cattle were out on remote moors

So much for the outer. The inner carrier themes relate to how the book emerged as what I came to think of as an ecology of the imagination. My work has been influenced by deep ecological philosophy, eastern mystical thought, and the Ayrshire poet Kenneth White’s writings: his ‘poetry, geography – and a higher unity: geopoetics’.[5] Such a sense of higher unity and poetry in the widest sense invites the question: Do we merely have imaginations, or do we also move within a greater imagination? Could consciousness be a quality that permeates, and even gives rise to, ecology itself? Is the world an ongoing process – the ‘Creation’ as the creative product of divine imagination – in which we find ourselves located in space-time? My context during the pilgrimage was specific, but the thought itself is ancient. As the *Upanishads* of Vedic metaphysics have it: ‘We should consider that in the inner world Brahman [God] is consciousness […] and in the outer world Braham is space.’[6]

My carrier themes for inner exploration emerged as *God*, *war*, and the *faeries*. As one book reviewer wrote: ‘It could sound jokey, but it isn’t.’[7] *God*, because I wanted to reflect on both island organised religion and its underlying spirituality. Theologically, to press beyond the prevalent doctrine of penal substitutionary atonement that is predicated on God, as Calvin put it, ‘armed for vengeance’, and to deepen to a nonviolent theology. This, as a third-millennium Christianity whereby ‘the cross absorbs the violence of the world’.[8] *War*, because the island’s landscape and its social history slips back in time to apply a powerful focus on the political theology of our recent international conflicts. This, effected by reflecting, as I walked, on some of the first-hand accounts of conflict told to me by serving soldiers while guest-lecturing (on nonviolence) at military staff colleges, especially the UK Defence Academy, over the past couple of decades. *The faeries* – or rather, ‘faerie’ as a realm of

consciousness – the lore of which permeates the island and remains in remnant, but still-just-present experience. On the walk, this found powerful geographical focus through the playwright J. M. Barrie's otherworldly study of war trauma, *Mary Rose* (1920), key scenes of which were situated at Loch Voshimid (Bhoisimid) on the Isle of Harris.

Imagination, Faerie, and the Carrying Stream

The depth psychology of faerie may help provide context for my examples of mentoring. In Scottish Gaelic and wider Celtic settings, as well as in many other indigenous cultures (including fragments from an older England), the realm of faerie or its equivalents serves as shorthand for the 'Otherworld'. Such is the inner psychological world of myth, legend, the psychic, the spiritual, and ultimately – where it touches on the divine – the mystical.[9] Carl Jung called it the collective unconscious, while the Italian post-Jungian, Roberto Assagioli, observed it also has characteristics that might be described as the 'superconscious' of 'higher intuitions and inspirations – artistic, philosophical', and similar.[10] Given this, I would suggest that T. S. Eliot appears to work spiritually with faerie in *Four Quartets* (1943), especially in the rose garden of 'Burnt Norton' with its 'unheard music hidden in the shrubbery' and 'leaves were full of children', as well as in 'East Coker', keeping rhythm of the seasons with 'weak pipe and little drum / […] dancing around the bonfire', ending when 'The dancers are all gone under the hill'.[11] Perhaps, also, there is an echo of faerie in 'Little Gidding':

> the children in the apple-tree
> Not known, because not looked for
> But heard, half-heard, in the stillness
> Between two waves of the sea.[12]

From such 'Mirth of those long since under earth / Nourishing the corn'[13] flows what the ethnographer Hamish Henderson described as the 'carrying stream'. In his last poem before his passing, he showed it as the ground of cultural renewal:

> Change elegy into hymn, remake it –
> Don't fail again.
> […]
> Tomorrow, songs
> Will flow free again, and new voices
> Be borne on the carrying stream[14]

Timothy Neat, Henderson's biographer, says that the carrying stream is 'an old folk phrase' that Henderson used 'as a metaphor for the folklore process itself', folklore being in Henderson's words 'the proper study of mankind'.[15] Henderson's drift is far from isolated. Recently, a gathering of eleven 'rurally syndicated' women from the Highlands and Islands produced a remarkable collaborative essay on the human ecology of contemporary creativity, heritage, and community regeneration. Acknowledging Henderson's carrying stream, they state:

> This carrying is the continuum of Highlands and Islands traditions and practices nurtured, through times, as particular responses in specific environments. These practices express the critical and creative adaptivity of those who have been able and/or have chosen to stay here.[16]

In looking at Gaelic oral narrative, Michael Newton observes that 'speaking about the Otherworld may be a way of speaking about the creative process'.[17] Karen Ralls-MacLeod points to numerous examples in the literature where 'the overall impression is that of an unbroken line of musical performers […] from the purely supernatural to the most mundane, with the originating and most powerful influences coming from the Otherworld'.[18] The

medievalist John Carey, looking mainly at early Irish literature, connects Otherworld faerie narratives to scripture, finding there a remarkable ‘imaginative reconciliation’ in which the Otherworld inhabitants become ‘guardian angels, the messengers of God’; this, as one of the texts has it, because ‘they were faithful to the truth of nature’.[19] As the late John MacInnes summed up the Scottish Hebridean tradition:

> We could take the fairy knoll as *a metaphor of the imagination*, perhaps an equivalent of the modern concept of the Unconscious. From this shadowy realm comes the creative power of mankind. An old friend of mine use to say when he produced songs or legends that I did not realise he knew: ‘Bha mi ’s a’ Chnoc o chunnaic mi thu’ (‘I was in the [fairy] Hill since I saw you’). And others had similar vivid expressions. None of them was to be taken literally but there was a system of belief behind the expression.[20]

Here, ‘metaphor’ is spoken of from within a culture where the metaphorical can be perceived as more real than the literal. Nor are such worldviews only fossil remnants of the past. It is still just possible to have a conversation on the streets of Stornoway where biblical allusions bounce off one another. They linger at the fringes, a half-living tradition, that can comprise the sometimes-late-night conversations of poets and musicians. Expressed in literature, these views nod towards G. Gregory Smith’s much-dissected quality of the ‘Scottish Muse’ that holds together, in bottled polar tension, ‘a strange union of opposites’: an ‘antisyzygy’ that generates potential difference (which is the physicists’ formal name for voltage) and issues forth in knotwork braiding of ‘the real and fantastic’ and lands us ‘in the fun of things thrown topsy-turvy, in the horns of elfland and the voices of the mountains’.[21]

By way of illustration: in 2021 I worked with SEALL (the rural performing art promotor, whose Gaelic title means ‘look’) and Atlas Arts in the Isle of Skye to bring about the first full English bilingual publication of *Agus mar sin Car a’ Mhuiltein / And So Somersault* by the Staffin poet Maoilios Caimbeul (Myles Campbell, b. 1944).[22] The reader here is tumbled into antisyzygy. In expressing a wild and haunting beauty, punctuated with

humour and the occasional biblical allusion, the poet tells of William's night away in the *sìthean*, the faerie hill. Having fallen from a horse on his way home from a wedding, he goes somersaulting through the torments and the ecstasies of the Otherworld until the faerie queen declares: 'You will accept it—accept the flood—accept the calmness—accept the otherworld people—and accept human beings.' And so somersault, and we land back in the glen where William's nonplussed wife is telling him to come on back home because the sheep are needing fed.

So it was that I sat in our house in Glasgow late one evening shortly before embarking on the pilgrimage. My journey book lay open on my knee. On page four: some mileages, map grid references (Saint Bridgit's Sheiling, the Last Battle), and the times for the rising and the setting of the sun. On page three: a to-do list of such supplies as oatcakes, salt and pepper, and fishing flies (Stoat's Tail, Blue Charm, and Hairy Mary). But on pages one and two… In the wee small hours I had lain awake the night before, mind drifting through the in-between states the way minds do. Somebody had sent me pages from an Adam Nicolson book about the Shiants. A passage where a force had spooked him as he slept alone one night in the islands' solitary cottage. I thought too of the time that George MacLeod rose to pray early in the morning in Iona Abbey. He came running back out, or so it was said, overwhelmed by some dread presence. The deeper recesses of the psyche are not just all things bright and beautiful. And so, inscribed on pages one and two, like whistling in the dark, I laid out my intentions:

> I am going on this pilgrimage into the heart of the island, disguised as a poacher's pilgrimage: but really, it is a journey into the Otherworld, into the Hill, a seeking to be in the presence of the Devil, the Faeries, the dead and God …. Why the Devil? Because the Devil symbolises fear, and that is our greatest blockage to entering into the creative spiritual …. I have been reading Michael Newton's paper on creativity in Scottish Gaelic tradition. It is mind-blowing, and it is what I am about and request to deepen into [through] the come-what-may of the come-to-pass of facing it.

Mentoring in person: Catherine MacKinven

Ben Okri wrote: ‘All true artists suspect that if the world really knew what they were doing they would be punished.’[23] Taking ‘artists’ in the widest sense, and especially when working in challenging ways within our own culture, we may indeed at times require to overcome a sense of transgression. It can help to have another person to guide us and affirm the legitimacy of what we are attempting. Indeed, this goes deeper than mere affirmation. A stronger word than ‘affirmation’ is ‘blessing’. Specifically, blessing that legitimises the opening or widening of channels from the collective carrying stream. This takes us beyond mentoring as more ordinary forms of training and instruction, such as tips on where to cross a river or stylistic points in writing. I think of it as meta-mentoring: that which helps lead out another’s soul and does so, in a legitimising way that gives expression to the spiritual. By ‘the spiritual’ in this context, I mean the inner meaning, as Rabbi Abraham Heschel said: ‘God is the meaning beyond all mystery.’[24]

Several mentors make an appearance in *Poacher’s Pilgrimage.* Here I will confine my focus to one whose role was major in the writing. There is an intimacy here that I find a little embarrassing to share, but I do so, thinking: ‘How else do we share the meaning of mentoring?’ In 2006, I received a lovely card and letter from an elderly woman, Catherine MacKinven, who lived laterally in Kinlochiel. A native Gaelic speaker, a Knapdale MacKinven of Argyll, she had been a lady of the manse earlier in life. She had heard me speak on *Soil and Soul* in the *Aos Dana* book festival at Sabhal Mòr Ostaig in the Isle of Skye that year and took thereafter to corresponding regularly by post or email. As our friendship developed, she would often read what I had just drafted. She would send back sheafs of photocopied material from Gaelic tradition along with her remarks, commentaries, and sometimes her own translations. I do not have the Gaelic, but she wanted to affirm and support me in deepening my feeling for the culture’s attitude of mind. Over the seven years to

October 2014, she sent me 503 emails and sufficient letters and papers to fill a couple of lever-arch box files. I see from my computer files that I wrote about the same number of emails in reply. Not for nothing is she named in *Poacher's* dedication as 'tradition bearer, dear mentor'. She also features in the acknowledgements where I describe how 'at times, what will come through as my voice is really hers behind me'. Not just the 'me' but the 'we'.

On 1 June 2011, she took it on herself to bus down from Fort William. She would spend a night at our place in Glasgow, and we would talk through the first draft of *Poacher's.* The following extracts from our emails from around that date will give a feeling for the nature of the mentoring relationship.

> 26 May (six days before she arrived, and we were confirming travel) I ended with an aside:
>
>> Was very tired and went and slept. Woke up dreaming that you were explaining some point of Gaelic poetry to me.
>
> Her reply the next day:
>
>> Angus Patrick's column in the WHFP [West Highland Free Press] is dynamite this week—real and serious concerns about the exploitation and colonisation of Gaelic. Dreaming about Gaelic is good—remember the Hugh MacNeilage quote: 'There were things he would say in Gaelic that he would never think to say in English … as though he had a secret knowledge that only existed in Gaelic and which he could only reveal to those whom he trusted and knew the language … the language was a key to something beyond the language.' See you on Wed. Please don't slave over a hot stove—I like simple food!
>
> Me, same day:
>
>> Last night I went back to Martin Martin on N. Rona. Quite remarkable stuff. I will need to weave some of it in … the way he talks of the 'sincere love' of those people, and their huge generosity.
>
> She, 30 May:
>
>> Have booked on the 11.00 from here on Wed, arrives Glasgow 2.04 … Lorries are rumbling up and down the road, unloading stones into Mallaig harbour—marina for the leisure boat market. The fishermen's mission is closing, and local folk with wee boats won't be able to afford the harbour dues for the marina. See you Wed. Cath.
>
> Me, same day:

> I was re-reading [the manuscript] last night and can see I'm going to have to lose most of the early parts. Too much foreshadowing what emerges later. Also, need to work lightness into the text. Be good to discuss with you.

Cath insisted she would only stay one night in Glasgow and then hurry back, saying that she could not leave her cat alone for more than two days with no-one in the house. I quipped, 'It's just a cat!' She quietly let it pass, but I sensed her disappointment.

At a peak point in our discussions after her arrival on 1 June, Cath took me viscerally to task. I vividly recall the moment. She told me that I was not to be inhibited in what I was trying to write about. She fixed me with her eyes and said '*You are a bard, Alastair*' and repeated it. She said that I should not hold back from stepping into what was being called for. I was not to let myself be inhibited by self-doubt or a 'what-might-people-think?' reserve if I let go into the depth of register sometimes required. It felt like an initiation, the touch of blessing.

Me, 3 June:

> I am very grateful [for your visit] … we were able to get into some deep space that I found helpful both in the specifics and the generality of what you were saying. It was a reassurance that I am on the right tracks, not overstepping with the bardic voice and as such, can relax the academic voice a little … I am wrestling with whether or not there is real substance in the faerie material, or whether the wind passes and it all turns to dust … but I must set to work!

She, 6 June:

> I really, really enjoyed my visit to Govan. What a wonderful atmosphere there is in the Galgael … Did you get a chance to talk to Finlay [Dr MacLeod of Shawbost] about the faeries? I've posted you the School of Scottish Studies version of Uamh an Oir [Cave of Gold]. I did quite a lot of research on this—and am still puzzled, and intrigued. Alan Bruford wrote an article about where the story is found (that's all over), but didn't, like so many of his generation, venture into meanings, analysis, *imagination*. Also put in note on Gaelic bible. It's raining again in FW—cold rain. All the best, Cath.

She, later the same morning, perhaps meant to embolden:

> Bardic immunity—v. useful. Rev Roddy Macleod told me a story about a case in Lochmaddy—poaching or something not too serious. The sheriff did the your-name bit: 'You are Donald Iain MacDonald' … 3 times, no response—till he got cross and snapped 'Och, Sheonaidh, a' Bhaird, won't you answer?' Well, that was

> it—case dismissed. Apparently if you are proclaimed as a bard or recognised as a bard, you have bardic immunity! Know any lawyers who can confirm this? Cath.

In the autumn of 2013, Cath assisted me in running a week themed *The Pilgrimage of Life* at Iona Abbey. I taught in the mornings, and she offered an optional beginners' class in Gaelic some afternoons. It had been a joyous double act, and we had been invited to repeat it again in September 2014. Cath was excited at the prospect. Early that summer, she went back to the island, and emailed on returning. The message, sent 11 July 2014, ended cheerily enough: 'My retreat to Iona was great. Have acquired CD of Vatersay Boys to blooter out traffic noise! all the best, Cath.'

Those are her last words in my files. Email number 503, and I ran *The Pilgrimage of Life* alone with just the regular abbey staff support. She had walked on faster than our pace. She loved and used the old Highland expression – 'If we're spared' – but this time, time had run its course.

Before her passing on 12 October, I visited her in the Fort William hospital. The cancer was invasively incisive. We knew that that was that, and this was it. She told me of her heartbreak: that just a week before she had been taken in for palliative care, her cat had died. It may have been a mercy under the circumstances, but frankly, I had never got it with the cat. Truth was, I did not 'know' cats at the time. Some eight months later, a stray turned up outside our house. It howled and howled and howled for several weeks out in the garden. It slept on the kitchen window ledge, tail hanging down over the edge and dampening in the rain. One day, we had left the back door open and came in to find it sitting in the armchair. We knew then we had to let her in to stay.

Cath's ashes now lie scatted on Iona. Through dear Mabelle, our much-loved cat, I humbly make my posthumous amends. And from somewhere out beyond Columba's Bay,

Cath cackles through the ether at such feline servitude. No more by email but with a twinkling eye.

Mentoring in Vision: the Reverend Kenneth Macleod

Notice what's just happened there. If I have succeeded in the telling, the cat has helped to lead us into a greater mode of seeing. It is no longer just Cath and her pet, but their ground of being that has edged open. In Gaelic ontology, there is a word, 'cùram'. Normally it just means 'care', but it also has a double meaning for a depth of faith that reveals the world and life transfigured. Here we glimpse the 'meta' as that which is 'behind' or 'beyond' the 'physical': the metaphysical as the spiritual realm.

Often when I go back to Leurbost and thereabouts in Lewis, I'll hear that old so-and-so has died. Friends in the village will say sorrowfully: 'There'll soon be no more left of them.' I've started to catch and bounce that back. There will be no more left, I will say, unless *we* pick up their baton. *Pace* Hamish, 'and new voices / be borne on the carrying stream.' This requires both depth of care and a kind of vision of cultural continuity: 'dualchas' as it's called in Gaelic.

By 'vision', I do not mean 'visions' in the sense of hallucinations. I mean a transiently increased depth of the field of consciousness. A visionary 'seeing' from immersion in an expanded flow of inner life, typically at times of high emotional intensity or when enraptured in the Muse. I touch on vision at several points in *Poacher's*. In the second chapter, I weave into my walking narrative reflection on an incident that took place some years earlier. My wife Vérène and I had been visiting the Isle of Gigha. We were standing inside the little Church of Scotland at a magnificent stained-glass window dedicated to the island's onetime minister, the tradition bearer Kenneth Macleod of Eigg. Macleod died in 1955, the year that I

was born; and the church stands on Cnocan a' Chiuil, the Hill of Music: in other words, a faerie hill. It lauds him with the triptych epitaph – 'preacher, pastor, poet' – and a Gaelic proverb: 'Thig crìoch air an t-saoghal / Ach mairidh gaol is ceòl' ('*The world will come to an end / But love and music will endure*').[25] Saint Patrick confers blessing. Saint Columba's on his *immram* (or pilgrim sea voyage) to Iona. And tenderly, Brìghde, Saint Bride, the Shepherdess of the Flocks and foster mother of Christ, cherishes a lamb.

As we gazed, a sudden burst of sunshine quickened the window into life. I do not cry easily, but I inexplicably burst into tears. Tears equally of tragedy and joy. Tears of brokenheartedness at all that has been lost. Yet tears of joy at the wellspring that is still present. Vérène was alarmed. She thought that something was happening to me; and for a few fleeting moments, I wrestled in embarrassment to regain composure. Later, I would write that it was as if 'a silver pool had spilled and overwhelmed my disconsolation, lifting it to rapture'.[26] I had similar experiences before, notably when launching the original Isle of Eigg Trust and, later, during an opening ritual led by an Irish nun at a groundbreaking International Transpersonal Association conference in Ireland, 1994, on the theme: 'Toward Earth Community: Ecology, Native Wisdom and Spirituality'.[27] In both those instances, long before I had heard of 'the carrying stream', the silver stream was made up of the voices of the old people. Importantly, and this is where the mentoring comes in, the vision at the window in Gigha affirmed me in a sense of calling to as-yet unspecified work ahead. With hindsight, I would see *Poacher's* as a fulfilment – an experience that felt as if a touch of blessing from the realm of saints. Not least amongst them, the dear Reverend Kenneth, whose mother taught him on her knee the meaning of the lark's song: 'Often, often, often, / Goes Christ in the stranger's guise.'[28]

Mentoring in dream: J. M. Barrie

Whereas visionary states of transiently heightened consciousness take place in the waking state, a dream comes from the depths of the unconscious during sleep. I find that when I write a book, the prolonged intensity of immersion often irrupts into my dream life. Reading the motifs can function as a form of mentoring from within.[29] Several such dreams helped to spur on and shape *Poacher's Pilgrimage*. One of these, involving a traditionalist Hebridean church congregation and the blue mountain hare, is recounted in the book. But being of the writing, not the walk, I have hidden it away in the 'acknowledgements' at the back for the eyes of only the most persevering of readers.[30] The dream that I will share here involved the playwright J. M. Barrie (1860–1937). Not least with *Peter Pan* (1904, 1911), Barrie did more than any other writer to rehabilitate the faeries – or a version thereof – back into the early-twentieth-century British psyche.

My walk had led me to a remote beehive dwelling at an evocative spot called Clàr Beag on the Harris-Lewis boundary. From there, I had walked down to the coast, picking up the river that flows out of a North Harris loch, called Voshimid. Only while writing *Poacher's* did I come fully to realise Voshimid's significance. It had been the location for key scenes in Barrie's 1920 psychodrama *Mary Rose,* a play that (in my view) explores childhood trauma in the immediate aftermath of the First World War when he and so many of his audience had lost loved ones.[31] Barrie knew the Isle of Harris because he had leased Amhuinnsuidh Castle for a fishing holiday with his friends over the summer of 1912. Today, the rocky outcrop in the loch, just sixty feet across and with a few scrubby trees, is known as Mary Rose Island.

Mary Rose is a little English girl whose family went to Harris for a holiday. Her father, Mr Morland, is a gentleman of the upright and uptight manners of his era. While

fishing for sea trout, he drops her off on 'the Island that Likes to be Visited' and goes off in the boat. As Mary Rose sits and sketches by a rowan tree, an old legend reactivates. Carried away in a faerie wind, she reappears twenty days later but with no conscious memory of the lapse in time. Back home, she grows up and marries Simon 'Sobersides' Blake, a young naval officer, but her psychological development remains arrested in a childlike state. She begs Simon to take her back to Harris for their honeymoon. There they set out fishing on Loch Voshimid with Cameron, the ghillie. Simon is so engrossed in his distinguished naval career that when they picnic on the island, he has even forgotten how to make love. While he and Cameron ready to depart after the picnic, the faerie wind comes back and Mary Rose is off again. From here, the play glides to and fro between the worlds. Mary Rose drifts as a lonely ghost until, in the final act, her runaway son comes back to their now-abandoned home after the War, a demobbed ANZAC soldier. His love sets free her troubled soul. The faerie call returns, the music this time rises to a pitch, celestial, and she journeys on to heaven.

God, war, and the faeries! It could almost be mistaken for kailyard. But in a 1938 lecture, Sir Walter Langdon-Brown, the Regius Professor of Medicine at Cambridge, described the play as 'one of the completest expositions of the working of the unconscious mind to be found in contemporary literature'.[32] Alfred Hitchcock grumbled that his backers never let him make the movie. In my view, a more likely explanation is that the screenplay he commissioned underwhelmed them.[33] He attributed the alleged veto to their fancying that audiences were not yet ready for such 'irrational' and 'twilight-zone' material.[34] *Mary Rose* remains a movie waiting to be made – perhaps not as an Americanised ghost story, as in Vincent Agazzi-Morrone's 2016 production[35] – but about a battle-weary soldier from a modern war, wandering off into the Hebridean moors armed only with her fishing rod.

In a curious way, the legend that Barrie created (or was captivated by) in *Mary Rose* became entwined with the real people who lived, and still live, in Harris. Cameron, the

younger ghillie in the play, is described in the stage directions as 'not specially impressive until you question him about the universe'.[36] After reading my discussion of the play in *Poacher's Pilgrimage*, David Cameron, the proprietor of the Harris Garage and a leading figure in the island's land reform, sent me an undated note typed by his late father, who had acquired a typewriter in his nineties.[37] It concerns David's paternal uncle, the physician Dr David Rose Cameron (1896–1995), and either copies what looks like a local newspaper snippet, or authors such a piece as if written by a third-party observer. It would be typical of the kind of local news item that the *Stornoway Gazette* would have run from local contributors in the past:

> Recently Harris had a visit from an interesting family. Dr Cameron, York (brother of Tom Cameron, the Harris hotel) enjoyed a week in Harris.
>
> Dr Cameron was in Sir E Scott [School], Tarbert before going on to Dollar Academy and St Andrews University. During the 1913 [*sic*] holiday Dr Cameron acted as engineer on a launch chartered by J M Barrie who had the let of Amhuinnsuidh Castle. At the end of the season, Sir James told Dr Cameron he would portray him in a book or play. Hence the Ghillie in the well-known play *Mary Rose.*
>
> 1914 war started and Dr Cameron like so many went into the army. He was sent to Salonika but R.F.C. called and the Doctor was sent to Egypt to train then to France where he was shot down by a German plane ending up in the notorious prison camp of Holamindon [Holzminden].
>
> The year ending [the First World War], Barrie was made rector of St Andrews University where Dr Cameron was back doing medicine. The summer at Amhuinnsuidh was recalled by both. Sir James scratched his initials on a pane of glass in the Hotel dining room window which is still there.

Corroboration of the Barrie-Cameron connection is in Angus Duncan's history of Scarp.[38] Duncan recounts that Amhuinnsuidh Castle was then served by the proprietor's yacht, a small steamer used for daily shopping trips, and 'a small steam launch which looked odd with its short funnel'. Barrie's six weeks in the summer of 1912 included the company of authors Anthony Hope (Hawkins), E. V. Lucas, and A. E. W. Mason. Duncan also cites a letter he received in 1966 from the youngest of the five Llewelyn Davies boys whom Barrie adopted, Nicholas. This vividly recalls the moment when the lad and Barrie had gone up to Loch

Voshimid – probably the playwright's only visit – and as they looked across to what is now Mary Rose Island, Barrie recalled 'the old [Scandinavian] legend' of the time-warp-vanishing Father Anselm, told to him by Nansen, the Norwegian explorer.[39]

It may seem odd that David Rose Cameron might have been the boat's 'engineer' (operator) when he would have been only around sixteen at the time, but I had my first summer job as a ghillie in school holidays at the age of fourteen, and in those days, boys were taught such skills young. Indeed, a medical obituary tells that David Rose Cameron's father was himself an engineer turned hotelier (at the Harris Hotel, where Barrie's signature is now framed in the lobby), and his mother, a sea captain's daughter.[40]

This acquaintance formed on Barrie's visit to Harris, and the enfolding of real people into the play, even had a curious influence on my own family's connection to the island. In *Poacher's Pilgrimage,* I tell how my mother, who was English, was deeply moved by 'the island that likes to be visited' when she saw *Mary Rose* in the Birmingham Rep as a student nurse, probably in the 1950 season.[41] When my Scottish father saw a vacancy for the North Lochs medical practice advertised in the British Medical Journal, she felt moved with an irrational degree of emotion to persuade him to apply. Perhaps it was befitting, as I worked through my notes in the weeks following the pilgrimage, that my thoughts emerging into consciousness would turn toward *Mary Rose* and her author. Here, then, is a lightly edited version of what I set down of the dream while writing *Poacher's Pilgrimage*:

> The third big dream came on the eve of summer's solstice. I'd sat up late into the evening. It was a month after I'd got back home, and I was now reading *Mary Rose*. I was re-living the walk as I did so, reflecting on war trauma and what soldiers have said about the realities of conflict. The last of the summer's long daylight was squeezing through our sitting room window. I was finding Barrie's play incredibly moving and a thought came to me about its meaning: 'The dead need to be freed to be dead; the living, too, need to be freed from beyond death.'
>
> Writing it down, I then looked at it [and] thought how cryptic it was. I felt embarrassed by my own abstruseness, and added in my notebook: 'Not sure what I

am saying.' What does it mean that the dead might free the living? How could that happen?

I went to bed, and in the small hours of the morning … there I am … back at the Clàr Beag double beehive dwelling on that little island of ground between the braiding river's strands … and I am with Barrie. We're the closest of friends, and I'm desperately helping him to build *the Supergun*. Everything depends upon the Supergun. That alone will decide the war.

Barrie is exactly as he is in the biographical descriptions I've been reading … the photographs inside the books … Johnny Depp's performance in *Finding Neverland* … in fact, he's more real than all of these, because this is *the real* J. M. Barrie; and his gun is huge, mounted on a bed of gravel in the stream, right there beside the Clàr Beag beehive bothan. It's a Nelson's column of black cast iron, pitched at a forty-five-degree trajectory, ready to fire up over the looming mountains of Harris and to land somewhere far down to the sou'-sou'-east.

For this is the decisive bullet. This will stop the war. All war. And he's dashing about around the corbelled stone hut. He's getting this and that, adjusting the gun's range-finding wheels and ratchets, readying it for firing.

He's quite a pixie of a man. In real life, as a teenager his growth had stopped when he was only five feet tall. As he rushes here and there, he's flashing me the occasional smile, making sure I'm staying with him in the all-important project, anxious at the enormity of what must succeed. And his face is burning with intelligence. It's the compassion in his eyes that I most notice. An imploring love, beseeching me to help him in the task he had at hand.

I know that he knows that he's tuned in with a process that runs so much deeper than himself. There, for all his peccadilloes, is the prophetic depth of J. M. Barrie's mission to the world. And we? We, of a world so suave, urbane, and superior to his supposed Crimes of Kailyard in his writing? We thought it just about the faeries. We didn't know what faerie really meant. We didn't know in his tradition, in our tradition—a man from Kirriemuir for goodness' sake—the meaning of the carrying stream.

Barrie's Supergun is like a cross between a medieval cannon and Saddam Hussein's 'doomsday gun' 'Big Babylon' of Project Babylon. Work came to an end on this latter-day Tower of Babel, as it were, at Teesport Docks in April 1990. British customs officials intercepted the barrel and its confiscated parts – two huge steel pipes bolted together and disguised as high-pressure components for the petrochemicals industry – now form part of the Royal Armouries' permanent collection at Fort Nelson, Hampshire.[42] In my dream:

Barrie grows increasingly frantic. To fire the gun, he needs to get some nitric acid. That's what you mix with glycerine for making nitro-glycerine. I know the island. That's why he's pleading that I help him. It's down to me. I'm surging with anxiety and dredging through my knowledge banks.

> 'Maybe from the school labs?' I suggest. 'Or a quarry, where they mix their own explosives?' I can't come up with anything more substantial. But I'm determined not to let him down. And then I wake up.

In Sigmund Freud's view, 'The interpretation of dreams is the royal road to a knowledge of the unconscious activities of the mind'.[43] But this one calls out less for Freud than Jung. Here was what I think of as a 'big dream' – one that, on awakening, leaves a sense of being meant for more than me alone. With such, I will look at what its motifs symbolise to me. I will dwell back into it, a kind of 'scrying' of my own and, perhaps, collective currents in the unconscious. Over several hours and even days, a meaning usually starts to crystallise.

Several themes stood out here. The gun's range and direction of trajectory. Its situation in a border zone, a place so redolent in social history. There was that pixie quality in Barrie's mood that came straight from out the faerie hill. And most of all the backdrop of war trauma. Not just in *Mary Rose*, but also at the University of St Andrews, in May 1922, when Barrie warned the students in his Rectorial Address to learn the lessons of the Great War, otherwise they would soon again be 'doddering down some brimstone path'.[44]

Then there was the nitro-glycerine. What were my associations there? In 1979 in Papua New Guinea, I documented a village sorcerer whose list of ways to harm included nitric acid taken from the school science lab.[45] My father knew a boy at school who had blown the bathroom window out experimenting. And when I was a student in the summer of 1974, I had a labouring job with the renowned Stornoway builder, Willie 'Bucach'. One day, as we all packed into the back of the Land Rover when putting in the Breasclete water main, several boxes of gelignite for blasting lay at our feet. The sticks were out of date. 'Sweaty jelly' they called it, a glistening dew of extruded nitro-glycerine. 'Slow down! Slow down!' shouted the gaffer, as we bounced over a bump, 'or you'll have us blown to kingdom come'. Alfred Nobel stabilised nitro-glycerine, first inventing Dynamite then gelignite, but was so upset to be associated with his explosives' use in war that he left most of his fortune for the

Nobel Peace and other prizes. And in another healing twist by way of shifting war to peace: nitro-glycerine dilates the arteries. It is given as a medicine to help the blood to reach the heart.

As I woke up in this swirl of loose associations, the meaning of the dream spread out before me. It came like a voice in my head with the phrase: ‘The bullet in the Supergun is for the gun of love’. The image has a precedent. In his great poem ‘Hallaig’, Sorley MacLean (1911–1996) portrays the ghosts of his ancestors who were evicted on Raasay off Skye in the 1850s Highland Clearances. The enigmatic ending has time itself – its trials and tribulations – depicted as a deer that grazes round the ruins. It falls before the marksman’s bullet, fired ‘from the Gun of Love’.[46] And so, in fulness of *apocatastasis* – ‘the times of restitution of all things’[47] – we sense that everything returns at last into the arms of love.

The Isle of Skye scholar Iain MacKinnon has drawn my attention to an earlier precedent for MacLean’s imagery. In *The Men of Skye*, a 1902 study of the island’s evangelical lay preachers, Roderick MacCowan tells of Norman MacLeod (Tormad Saighdear) of Bracadale. As a soldier back from Egypt where he had been fighting in the Napoleonic wars, he heard a sermon ‘that was blessed to him’ from the fabled Dr MacDonald of Ferintosh:

> He was walking one day on the street in Edinburgh, when a word came to him, ‘Ceannich Biobull’ (Buy a Bible). He obeyed the voice, and from this dates the commencement of his awakening to a sense that he was a lost sinner. […] Afterwards, in telling freely his experiences to some of the Lord’s people in Skye, he would say: ‘It was in Edinburgh I was struck with the bullet of love.’[48]

And so, the cross absorbs the violence of the world. Barrie’s dream helped me constellate what *Poacher’s Pilgrimage* came to be about. It condensed many of the main elements: war, trauma, and the gun’s trajectory to the far sou’-sou’-east. Perhaps to London and its empire. Perhaps a Babylon beyond. Perhaps the shadow in us all. Long after I ceased walking, the

pilgrimage voyaged on into a deepening spirituality – not, I hope, just individually, but if I might so put it, as a cultural psychotherapy.[49]

For J. M. Barrie's spirit is not dead. The greater part of what a person is, is never born. Barrie remains present in my *Haus Tumbuna,* as they would say in Papua New Guinea. The Spirit House, that is tended up the back of my mind. There, with Cath, the Reverend Kenneth, and all the other mentor ancestors. Surrounded, not by reliquary bones or ceremonial masks, but with a bullet: fired by medicine for the healing of the human heart.

Honey of the carrying stream

What binds together our three modes of mentoring – the personal, the visionary, and the dream – is my suggestion of a common inner source: the carrying stream as the wellspring of creative process in the unconscious. This carries us beyond our small selves into something greater, from the personal into the transpersonal. True poetry is of the 'thine' and not 'that's mine'. Celtic cultures are not alone in this. Plato, for example, said the poets tell us, '[t]hat the melodies they bring are gathered from rills that run with honey, out of glens and gardens of the Muses, and they bring them as the bees do honey'. Furthermore – and Cath would have loved this – he has Socrates after waxing so lyrical pull the flyting makars down a peg, adding: 'And to prove this the deity on purpose sang the loveliest of all lyrics through the most miserable poet.'[50]

As the cultural critic Lewis Hyde has written, 'The gift must always move'.[51] If stopped, the flow stagnates and turns to toxin. The Apache philosopher Viola Cordova tells of being a student in a class about the philosophy of time. The professor insisted she should answer questions in the 'I' and not the 'we'. 'Who is this "we"?' she petulantly demanded, pointing out that there was only one Viola sitting in the chair. Cordova said that she says 'we'

to honour the shared notions in her thinking. 'I believe,' she answered, 'that there are no self-made persons. There are only those who cannot (or refuse to) acknowledge their debts.'[52]

Gratitude completes the cycles of grace. Only then can the gift keep giving life. When we write, or paint, or play music, writes Brenda Ueland, we express 'the purpose of existence […] to discover truth and beauty and […] share it with others'.[53] Whilst writing is a solitary act, this turns it into more than just solipsism. It is through such relationality that mentoring can find a way in. As the adage has it: 'When the student is ready the teacher arrives.'[54] People sometimes ask me where and how. I might suggest that they look out receptive contexts. Perhaps join a writing or faith group, go on a guided retreat, give service in community, and get involved with nature. Processes like counselling and therapy, journalling and recording dreams, and work with music or crafts can also give the settings for a mind that is set receptively. But more than that, I will maybe pose an age-old question: 'What seek ye?'[55] What do you desire? And why? And to serve what?

Jung had a special name for self-realisation, the process of becoming progressively more real to life and to oneself. He said, 'I use the term *individuation* to denote the process by which a person becomes "in-dividual", that is a separate, indivisible unity or "whole"'.[56] Separate, that is, from being drawn along unconsciously in the consensus trance of familial and cultural norms. Such individuation is not to be confused with egocentric individualism. Rather it means, he said, 'the better and more complete fulfilment of collective qualities'. As the ego becomes grounded in the greater self, atman, or soul, we become less and less the subject of blind unconscious forces, and more and more equipped to see and serve that which gives life.[57]

This calls us into knowing not just the 'me', nor even just the 'we', but to edging ever closer towards Rabbi Heschel's 'meaning beyond all mystery'. Neither is it only individuals that can individuate, but whole communities and even those writ large, as nations. For such is

where the carrying stream flows on to.[58] In the biblical imagery, it flows out from underneath the threshold of the temple, watering the Tree of Life on both sides of its banks. Its leaves are for 'the healing of the nations' – those, as were scattered in the hubris of the world's first warrior, Nimrod at the Tower of Babel.[59]

The healing that is held out here is for the nations, plural, in their richness of diversity, in their Pentecostal mutuality. Such nationalism is internationalism. 'Thy kingdom come' for a' that, even in the face of apocalyptic wars, novel coronavirus, and relentless climate change. And it is Barrie's eyes that linger with me. Their intelligence. Their beseeching. Their compassion, as he sets the sights and readies to fire the supergun of love.

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[1] Nan MacKinnon, qtd in Barbara McDermitt, 'Nan MacKinnon (1903–1982)', *Tocher*, 6.38 (1983), pp. 2–11 (pp. 9–10).

[2] Alastair McIntosh, *Poacher's Pilgrimage: An Island Journey* (Edinburgh: Birlinn, 2016); *Island Spirituality: Spiritual Values of Lewis and Harris* (Kershader: The Islands Book Trust, 2013). www.alastairmcintosh.com/articles/2013-Island-Spirituality-by-Alastair-McIntosh.pdf. The Feb. 2023 new edition of *Poacher's* is now subtitled: *A Journey into Land and Soul.*

[3] Alastair McIntosh, *Soil and Soul: People versus Corporate Power* (London: Aurum, 2001).

[4] Calvert Watkins (ed.), *The American Heritage Dictionary of Indo-European Roots*, 3rd edn (San Diego: Harcourt, 2011), p. 56; see also Douglas Harper (ed.), 'Etymology of *men-', *Online Etymology Dictionary* www.etymonline.com/word/*men-

[5] Kenneth White, 'Elements of Geopoetics,' *Edinburgh Review* 88 (1992), pp. 163–81.

[6] Juan Mascaró (trans.), 'Chandogya Upanishad', in *The Upanishads* (London: Penguin Classics, 1965), p. 115.

[7] Sue Weaver, 'Book Review: Poacher' Pilgrimage', *Voice for Arran* 73 (April 2017). https://voiceforarran.com/old_issues/index2017_04mag73.shtml

[8] John Calvin, *Institutes of the Christian Religion*, trans. Henry Beveridge (Edinburgh: Calvin Translation Society, 1845–1846; repr. Grand Rapids: Christian Classics Ethereal Library, n.d.), 2:16:1 and *Poacher's*, pp. 331–33. The line about the cross was an addition to the 2018 paperback edition, p. 333. Only later did what I was trying to describe crystallise so crisply.

[9] Ronald Black (ed.), *The Gaelic Otherworld* (Edinburgh: Birlinn, 2005).

[10] Roberto Assagioli, *Psychosynthesis* (Lonon: Turnstone, 1975), p. 17.

[11] T. S. Eliot, *Four Quartets* (London: Faber, 1959), 'Burnt Norton', ll. 27, 40; 'East Coker, ll. 27–28, 100.

[12] Eliot, 'Little Gidding', ll. 248–51.

[13] Eliot, 'East Coker', ll. 38–39.

[14] Hamish Henderson, 'Under the Earth I Go', qtd in Timothy Neat, 'Hamish Henderson – the Art and Politics of a Folklorist', in *The Carrying Stream Flows On*, ed. Bob Chambers (Kershader: The Islands Book Trust, 2013), p. 53.

[15] Neat, *op. cit*., p. 46.

[16] 'The Carrying Stream: Towards A Plurality of Possibilities', *Enough*, 3 June 2021 www.enough.scot/2021/06/03/the-carrying-stream-towards-a-plurality-of-possibilities/.

[17] Michael Newton, '*Bha mi 's a' chnoc*: Creativity in Scottish Gaelic Tradition', *Proceedings of the Harvard Celtic Colloquium* 18/19 (1998, 1999), pp. 312–39.

[18] Karen Ralls-MacLeod, *Music and the Celtic Otherworld* (Edinburgh: Polygon, 2000), p. 47.

[19] John Carey, *A Single Ray of the Sun: Religious Speculation in Early Ireland* (Andover and Aberystwyth: Celtic Studies Publications, 1999), pp. 12, 38.

[20] John MacInnes, 'Looking at Legends of the Supernatural', in Michael Newton (ed.), *Dùthchas Nan Gàidheal: Selected Essays of John MacInnes* (Edinburgh: Birlinn, 2006), pp. 459–76, my italics on the English but both styles of parentheses are his.

[21] G. Gregory Smith (on the Caledonian antisyzygy), *Scottish Literature: Character & Influence* (London: Macmillan, 1919), pp. 19–20.

[22] Maoilios Caimbeul, *Agus mar sin Car a' Mhuiltein / And So Somersault* (Portree: Atlas Arts, 2021), a limited edition of 100 poetry pamphlets in Gaelic about a night in the faerie hill, with the author's own parallel English translation and an introduction by Alastair McIntosh, Catherine MacPhee and Iain MacKinnon, launched at the Isle of Skye SEALL Festival 2021, curated by Sara Bain. Podcast of the reading and panel discussion: www.seall.co.uk/feasgar-am-measg-nan-sithichean-a-night-among-the-faeries/ and PDF of pamphlet: www.alastairmcintosh.com/articles/2021-And-So-Somersault-Caimbeul.pdf.

[23] Ben Okri, *A Way of Being Free* (London: Phoenix, 1998), p. 63.

[24] Susannah Heschel (ed.), *Abraham Joshua Heschel: Essential Writings* (Maryknoll: Orbis, 2011), p. 164.

[25] 'Gigha and Cara Parish Church', *Isle of Gigha* www.gigha.org.uk/Church. For a photograph of the window, see: The Carlisle Kid, 'NR6448: Gigha & Cara Parish Church – Windows – (4)', *Geograph* www.geograph.org.uk/photo/2995043.

[26] *Poacher's,* pp. 39–40.

[27] For which, see respectively, *Soil and Soul*, pp. 185–86, and 'Community, Spirit, Place: a Reviving Celtic Shamanism', *The Trumpeter: Journal of Ecosophy* 13.3 (1996), pp. 111–20:

trumpeter.athabascau.ca/index.php/trumpet/article/view/250/365. The *Ecosophy* (deep ecology) paper was drafted two years before I started writing *Soil and Soul* and served as a template.

28 Kenneth Macleod, 'Rune of Hospitality', in *The Road to the Isles* (London: Adam & Charles Black, 1927), p. 25. His maternal source is specified in his 'Two Celtic Runes', *The Celtic Review* 7.25 (1911), pp. 50–51.

29 See examples in *Soil and Soul* with the dream of the returning salmon (pp. 224–25), and in *Riders on the Storm* with dreams both of an activist being assassinated and of helping people to cross a flooded river (pp. 126–27).

30 *Poacher's,* pp. 361–62.

31 J. M. Barrie, *Mary Rose* (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1925). For further analysis of *Mary Rose* in relation to Barrie's other writings, see Andrew Birkin, *J. M. Barrie and the Lost Boys: The Real Story Behind Peter Pan* New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2010); R. D. S. Jack, *The Road to Neverland: A Reassessment of J M Barrie's Dramatic Art*, 2nd edn (Glasgow: humming earth, 2010); Valentina Bold and Andrew Nash (eds.), *Gateway to the Modern: Resituating J. M. Barrie*, Occasional Papers 18 (Glasgow: Scottish Literature International, 2014). (Please see at foot of endnotes for an addition to this endnote that's in the published version.)

32 Walter Langdon-Brown, 'Myth, Phantasy, and Mary Rose', in *Thus We Are Men* (London: Kegan Paul, 1938), pp. 123–51.

33 Jay Presson Allen, *Mary Rose: Screenplay* (1964), WritingWithHitchcock.com www.stevenderosa.com/writingwithhitchcock/scripts/mary_rose.pdf.

34 Francois Truffaut, *Hitchcock: A Definitive Study of Alfred Hitchcock* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1985), pp. 307–9; Tony Lee Moral, 'Mary Rose', in *Hitchcock and the Making of Marnie,* rev edn (Scarecrow Press, Lanham, 2013). Chapter 'Mary Rose', pp. 197–221 (this chapter is not in the earlier edition).

35 *Mary Rose*, dir. Vincent Agazzi-Morrone (Castle Hill Productions, 2016); '"Mary Rose … A Ghost Story" Feature Film', YouTube: www.youtube.com/watch?v=jJ8x0mQy_Ak [accessed 23 May 2022].

36 Barrie, p. 66.

37 David Cameron, pers. comm. 28 Nov 2016, and subsequent emails.

38 Angus Duncan (ed.), *Hebridean Island: Memories of Scarp* (East Linton: Tuckwell Press, 1995), pp. 150–53, 155, 200–01.

39 Cf. *Poacher's,* pp. 216–17.

40 'David Rose Cameron', *Royal College of Physicians*: https://history.rcplondon.ac.uk/inspiring-physicians/david-rose-cameron.

41 *Poacher's*, p. 102.

42 William Park, 'The tragic tale of Saddam Hussein's "supergun"', BBC Future, 18 March 2016: https://bbc.in/34qylQq. Babel is the Hebrew name for Babylon.

43 Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, trans. James Strachey, (New York: Basic Books, 2010), p. 604.

44 For which see *Poacher's*, pp. 215–17.

45 Alastair McIntosh, 'Sorcery and its Social Effects Amongst the Elema of Papua New Guinea', *Oceania* 53.3 (1983), pp. 224–32: https://bit.ly/3zh4eKN.

46 Sorley MacLean, 'Hallaig', *Scottish Poetry Library* (2011) www.scottishpoetrylibrary.org.uk/poem/hallaig/ (bottom tab for English translation).

[47] Acts 3. 21.

[48] Email from Iain MacKinnon to me, 8 September 2010, passage quoted from Roderick MacCowan, *The Men of Skye* (Portree: John MacLaine, 1902; repr. Edinburgh: Scottish Reformation Society, 2013), pp. 74, 75.

[49] See Alastair McIntosh, *Hell and High Water: Climate Change, Hope and the Human Condition,* (Edinburgh: Birlinn, 2008), pp. 210–44; *Soil and Soul*, pp. 4, 168, 202; *Rekindling Community: Connecting People, Environment and Spirituality* (Totnes: Green Books, 2008): https://www.alastairmcintosh.com/articles/2008-Rekindling-Community-McIntosh.pdf.

[50] Plato, 'Ion', in Edith Hamilton and Huntington Cairns, *The Collected Dialogues of Plato* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1961), 220–221 (534a–e).

[51] Lewis Hyde, *The Gift: Imagination and the Erotic Life of Property* (New York: Vintage, 1983), p. 4.

[52] Viola Cordova, *How It Is: The Native American Philosophy of V. F. Cordova* (Tuscon: University of Arizona Press, 2007), p. 158. Her parentheses. As I have split the quote, I have added in the question mark.

[53] Brenda Ueland, *If You Want to Write* (Saint Paul: Graywolf Press, 1987), p. 179.

[54] Sometimes attributed to the Buddha, this seems to have originated from Mabel Collins, a disciple of Madame Blavatsky. See Bodhipaksa, 'Fake Buddha Quotes' blog, 16 March 2013 https://fakebuddhaquotes.com/when-the-student-is-ready-the-teacher-will-appear/.

[55] John 1. 38.

[56] Carl Jung, *Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, trans. R. F. C. Hull, 2nd edn, *Collected Works*, IX (London: Routledge, 1968; repr. 1991), p. 275 (par. 490).

[57] Andrew Samuels, Bani Shorter, and Fred Plaut, 'individuation', in *A Critical Dictionary of Jungian Analysis*, (London: Routledge, 1986), pp. 76–79. See also, 'participation mystique', pp. 105–06, though Jung's borrowing of Lévy-Brühl's term is problematic as it conflates with mysticism.

[58] For example, in Hamish Henderson's alternative anthem, 'The Freedom Come All Ye' (1960), *Scots Language Centre* www.scotslanguage.com/articles/node/id/442.

[59] Ezekiel 47.1–12; Revelation 22. 2.

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In the print version, I managed to get added at the last minute to Endnote 31 (on JM Barrie and *Mary Rose*): "For spiritual analysis, see John Patrick Pazdziora, "The Absence of God in J. M. Barrie's Post-War Writings: Mary Rose (1920) and Courage (1922)", *Religions* 2022, 13(8), 706 doi.org/10.3390/rel13080706." Also https://www.mdpi.com/2077-1444/13/8/706. It is an important contribution to Barrie scholarship that came out just as this book was going to press. In addition, I attempted to add an appreciation to John, the editor of this volume, for his scholarly mentoring as I worked on my chapter's drafts. He was too modest to permit it, but what I have been able to express here owes much to his encouragement.

The experiences of being Christian and living amid a culture shaped by various iterations of Christianity are long-standing concerns of Scottish literature. This volume moves through Scotland's literary history, from the early medieval era to the twenty-first century, to explore how Christianity has provided Scottish writers with a framework on which to build their manifold literary selves. Walter Scott, Margaret Oliphant and Edwin Morgan are among the writers revisited in this collection to examine the enduring influence of Christian liturgy, language and belief on Scottish fiction, drama and poetry. These fifteen essays offer contrasting, sometimes disharmonious readings of what it means to be Christian and Scottish, and work to illuminate Scottish literature's complex relationship and interplay with Christianity.

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