

The gradual making of Americans is a process that has been going on since the first settlers came to the shores of the continent. It is a process that has been shaped by the needs of a new society, by the challenges of a new land, and by the influence of a new culture. The gradual making of Americans is a process that has been going on since the first settlers came to the shores of the continent. It is a process that has been shaped by the needs of a new society, by the challenges of a new land, and by the influence of a new culture.

The Gradual Making of

THE MAKING

OF AMERICANS

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This is one of the LECTURES IN AMERICA delivered by Miss Stein during the season 1934-35 and published by Random House in 1935. The quotations from THE MAKING OF AMERICANS in the text are from the abbreviated Harcourt, Brace and Co. edition.

I am going to read what I have written to read, because in a general way it is easier even if it is not better and in a general way it is better even if it is not easier to read what has been written than to say what has not been written. Any way that is one way to feel about it.

And I want to tell you about the gradual way of making *The Making of Americans*. I made it gradually and it took me almost three years to make it, but that is not what I mean by gradual. What I mean by gradual is the way the preparation was made inside of me. Although as I tell it it will sound historical, it really is not historical as I still very much remember it. I do remember it. That is I can remember it. And if you can remember, it may be history but it is not historical.

To begin with, I seem always to be doing the talking when I am anywhere but in spite of that I do listen. I always listen. I always have listened. I always have listened to the way everybody has to tell what they have to say. In other words I always have listened in my way of listening until they have told me and told me until I really know it, that is know what they are.

I always as I admit seem to be talking but talking can be a way of listening that is if one has the profound need of hearing and seeing what every one is telling.

And I began very early in life to talk all the time and to listen all the time. At least that is the way I feel about it.

I cannot remember not talking all the time and all the same feeling that while I was talking while I was seeing

that I was not only hearing but seeing while I was talking and that at the same time the relation between myself knowing I was talking and those to whom I was talking and incidentally to whom I was listening were coming to tell me and tell me in their way everything that made them.

Those of you who have read *The Making of Americans* I think will very certainly understand.

When I was young and I am talking of a period even before I went to college part of this talking consisted in a desire not only to hear what each one was saying in every way everybody has of saying it but also then of helping to change them and to help them change themselves.

I was very full of convictions in those days and I at that time thought that the passion I had for finding out by talking and listening just how everybody was always telling everything that was inside them that made them that one, that this passion for knowing the basis of existence in each one was in me to help them change themselves to become what they should become. The changing should of course be dependent upon my ideas and theirs theirs as much as mine at that time.

And so in those early days I wanted to know what was inside each one which made them that one and I was deeply convinced that I needed this to help them change something.

Then I went to college and there for a little while I was tremendously occupied with finding out what was inside myself to make me what I was. I think that does happen to one at that time. It had been happening before going to college but going to college made it more lively. And being so occupied with what made me myself inside me, made me perhaps not stop talking but for awhile it made me stop listening.

At any rate that is the way it seems to me now looking back at it.

While I was at college and doing philosophy and psychology I became more and more interested in my own mental and physical processes and less in that of others and all I then was learning of what made people what they were came to me by experience and not by talking and listening.

Then as I say I became more interested in psychology, and one of the things I did was testing reactions of the average

college student in a state of normal activity and in the state of fatigue induced by their examinations. I was supposed to be interested in their reactions but soon I found that I was not but instead that I was enormously interested in the types of their characters that is what I even then thought of as the bottom nature of them, and when in May 1898 I wrote my half of the report of these experiments I expressed these results as follows:

In these descriptions it will be readily observed that habits of attention are reflexes of the complete character of the individual.

Then that was over and I went to the medical school where I was bored and where once more myself and my experiences were more actively interesting me than the life inside of others.

But then after that once more I began to listen, I had left the medical school and I had for the moment nothing to do but talk and look and listen, and I did this tremendously.

I then began again to think about the bottom nature in people, I began to get enormously interested in hearing how everybody said the same thing over and over again with infinite variations but over and over again until finally if you listened with great intensity you could hear it rise and fall and tell all that that there was inside them, not so much by the actual words they said or the thoughts they had but the movement of their thoughts and words endlessly the same and endlessly different.

Many things then come out in the repeating that make a history of each one for any one who always listens to them. Many things come out of each one and as one listens to them listens to all the repeating in them, always this comes to be clear about them, the history of them of the bottom nature in them, the nature or natures mixed up in them to make the whole of them in anyway it mixes up in them. Sometimes then there will be a history of every one.

When you come to feel the whole of anyone from the beginning to the ending, all the kind of re-

peating there is in them, the different ways at different times repeating comes out of them, all the kinds of things and mixtures in each one, anyone can see then by looking hard at any one living near them that a history of every one must be a long one. A history of any one must be a long one, slowly it comes out from them from their beginning to their ending, slowly you can see it in them the nature and the mixtures in them, slowly everything comes out from each one in the kind of repeating each one does in the different parts and kinds of living they have in them, slowly then the history of them comes out from them, slowly then any one who looks well at any one will have the history of the whole of that one. Slowly the history of each one comes out of each one. Sometimes then there will be a history of every one. Mostly every history will be a long one. Slowly it comes out of each one, slowly any one who looks at them gets the history of each part of the living of any one in the history of the whole of each one that sometime there will be of every one.*

Repeating then is in every one, in every one their being and their feeling and their way of realizing everything and every one comes out of them in repeating. More and more then every one comes to be clear to some one.

Slowly every one in continuous repeating, to their minutest variation, comes to be clearer to some one. Every one who ever was or is or will be living sometimes will be clearly realized by some one. Sometime there will be an ordered history of every one. Slowly every kind of one comes into ordered recognition. More and more then it is wonderful in living the subtle variations coming clear into ordered recognition, coming to make every one a part of some kind of them, some kind of men and women. Repeating then is in every one, every one then comes sometimes to be clearer to some one, sometimes there will be

* *The Making of Americans* (Harcourt, Brace & Co.), Page 128.

then an orderly history of every one who ever was or is or will be living.*

Then I became very interested in resemblances, in resemblances and slight differences between people. I began to make charts of all the people I had ever known or seen, or met or remembered.

Every one is always busy with it, no one of them then ever want to know it that every one looks like some one else and they see it mostly every one dislikes to hear it. It is very important to me to always know it, to always see it which one looks like others and to tell it.—*The Making of Americans*, page 211. I write for myself and strangers, I do this for my own sake and for the sake of those who know I know it that they look like other ones, that they are separate and yet always repeated. There are some who like it that I know they are like many others and repeat it, there are many who never can really like it.

Every one is one inside them, every one reminds some one of some other one who is or was or will be living. Every one has it to say of each one he is like such a one I see it in him, every one has it to say of each one she is like some one else I can tell by remembering. So it goes on always in living, every one is always remembering some one who is resembling to the one at whom they are then looking. So they go on repeating, every one is themselves inside them and every one is resembling to others and that is always interesting.†

I began to see that as I saw when I saw so many students at college that all this was gradually taking form. I began to get very excited about it. I began to be sure that if I could only go on long enough and talk and hear and look and see and feel enough and long enough I could finally describe

* *The Making of Americans*.

† *The Making of Americans*, Page 212.

really describe every kind of human being that ever was or is or would be living.

I got very wrapped up in all this. And I began writing *The Making of Americans*.

Let me read you some passages to show you how passionately and how desperately I felt about all this.

I am altogether a discouraged one. I am just now altogether a discouraged one. I am going on describing men and women.*

I have been very glad to have been wrong. It is sometimes a very hard thing to win myself to having been wrong about something. I do a great deal of suffering.†

I was sure that in a kind of a way the enigma of the universe could in this way be solved. That after all description is explanation, and if I went on and on and on enough I could describe every individual human being that could possibly exist. I did proceed to do as much as I could.

Sometime then there will be every kind of a history of every one who ever can or is or was or will be living. Sometime then there will be a history of every one from their beginning to their ending. Sometime then there will be a history of all of them, of every kind of them, of every one, of every bit of living they ever have in them, of them when there is never more than a beginning to them, of every kind of them, of every one when there is very little beginning and then there is an ending, there will then sometime be a history of every one there will be a history of everything that ever was or is or will be them, of everything that was or is or will be all of any one or all of all of them. Sometime then there will be a history of every one, or everything or anything that is all them or any part of them and some-

* *The Making of Americans*, Page 308.

† *The Making of Americans*, Page 310.

time then there will be a history of how anything or everything comes out for every one, comes out from every one or any one from the beginning to the ending of the being in them. Sometime then there must be a history of every one who ever was or is or will be living. As one sees every one in their living, in their loving, sitting, eating, drinking, sleeping, walking, working, thinking, laughing, as any one sees all of them from their beginning to their ending, sees them when they are little babies or children or young grown men and women or growing older men and women or old men and women then one knows it in them that sometime there will be a history of all of them, that sometime all of them will have the last touch of being, a history of them can give to them, sometime then there will be a history of each one, of all the kinds of them, of all the ways any one can know them, of all the ways each one is inside her or inside him, of all the ways anything of them comes out from them. Sometime then there will be a history of every one and so then every one will have in them the last touch of being a history of any one can give to them.*

This is then a beginning of the way of knowing everything in every one, of knowing the complete history of each one who ever is or was or will be living. This is then a little description of the winning of so much wisdom.†

Of course all the time things were happening that is in respect to my hearing and seeing and feeling. I found that as often as I thought and had every reason to be certain that I had included everything in my knowledge of any one something else would turn up that had to be included. I did not with this get at all discouraged I only became more and more interested. And I may say that I am still more and more interested I find as many things to be added now as ever

* *The Making of Americans*, Page 124.

† *The Making of Americans*, Page 217.

everybody knows who is an American just how many seconds minutes or hours it is going to take to do a whole thing. It is singularly a sense for combination within a conception of the existence of a given space of time that makes the American thing the American thing, and the sense of this space of time must be within the whole thing as well as in the completed whole thing.

I felt this thing, I am an American and I felt this thing, and I made a continuous effort to create this thing in every paragraph that I made in *The Making of Americans*. And that is why after all this book is an American book an essentially American book, because this thing is an essentially American thing this sense of a space of time and what is to be done within this space of time not in any way excepting in the way that it is inevitable that there is this space of time and anybody who is an American feels what is inside this space of time and so well they do what they do within this space of time, and so ultimately it is a thing contained within. I wonder if I at all convey to you what I mean by this thing. I will try to tell it in every way I can as I have in all the writing that I have ever done. I am always trying to tell this thing that a space of time is a natural thing for an American to always have inside them as something in which they are continuously moving. Think of anything, of cowboys, of movies, of detective stories, of anybody who goes anywhere or stays at home and is an American and you will realize that it is something strictly American to conceive a space that is filled with moving, a space of time that is filled always filled with moving and my first real effort to express this thing which is an American thing began in writing *The Making of Americans*.

THE MAKING

OF AMERICANS

Written in 1906-08, this huge volume, which in its entirety runs to nearly a thousand pages, was first published in 1925. It must be as long as *CLARISSA HARLOWE* which Miss Stein has described as the "greatest of all novels." There have been several different editions and parts of the book have been translated and published in French. One of her avowed aims in writing this "history," and *A LONG GAY BOOK* which followed, was to describe every known type of human being, an ambition she permitted to languish when she discovered it really would be possible for her to do it. Another aim, she asserts in *NARRATION*, was to escape from inevitably feeling that everything had meaning as beginning and middle and ending. In *EVERYBODY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY* Gertrude Stein has written: "We had a mother and a father and I tell all about that in *THE MAKING OF AMERICANS* which is a history of our family." The author entrusted the manuscript of this work, in seven or eight bound volumes, to her friend Mrs. Charles Knoblauch who brought it to America. Mrs. Knoblauch in turn brought it to me and it remained with me for several years, during which period I attempted with no success to awaken the interest of one publisher after another. In the actual eventual publication, alas, I was not involved.

Once an angry man dragged his father along the ground through his own orchard. "Stop!" cried the groaning old man at last, "Stop! I did not drag my father beyond this tree."

It is hard living down the tempers we are born with. We all begin well, for in our youth there is nothing we are more intolerant of than our own sins writ large in others and we fight them fiercely in ourselves; but we grow old and we see that these our sins are of all sins the really harmless ones to own, nay that they give a charm to any character, and so our struggle with them dies away.

I am writing for myself and strangers. This is the only way that I can do it. Everybody is a real one to me, everybody is like some one else too to me. No one of them that I know can want to know it and so I write for myself and strangers.

Every one is always busy with it, no one of them then ever want to know it that every one looks like some one else and they see it. Mostly every one dislikes to hear it. It is very important to me to always know it, to always see it which one looks like others and to tell it. I write for myself and strangers. I do this for my own sake and for the sake of those who know I know it that they look like other ones.

that they are separate and yet always repeated. There are some who like it that I know they are like many others and repeat it, there are many who never can really like it.

There are many that I know and they know it. They are all of them repeating and I hear it. I love it and I tell it, I love it and now I will write it. This is now the history of the way some of them are it.

I write for myself and strangers. No one who knows me can like it. At least they mostly do not like it that every one is of a kind of men and women and I see it. I love it and I write it.

I want readers so strangers must do it. Mostly no one knowing me can like it that I love it that every one is a kind of men and women, that always I am looking and comparing and classifying of them, always I am seeing their repeating. Always more and more I love repeating, it may be irritating to hear from them but always more and more I love it of them. More and more I love it of them, the being in them, the mixing in them, the repeating in them, the deciding the kind of them every one is who has human being.

This is now a little of what I love and how I write it. Later there will be much more of it.

There are many ways of making kinds of men and women. Now there will be descriptions of every kind of way every one can be a kind of men and women.

This is now a history of Martha Hersland. This is now a history of Martha and of every one who came to be of her living.

There will then be soon much description of every way one can think of men and women, in their beginning, in their middle living, and their ending.

Every one then is an individual being. Every one then is like many others always living, there are many ways of thinking of every one, this is now a description of all of them. There must then be a whole history of each one of them. There must then now be a description of all repeating. Now I will tell all the meaning to me in repeating, the loving there is in me for repeating.

Every one is one inside them, every one reminds some one of some other one who is or was or will be living. Every one has it to say of each one he is like such a one I see it in him, every one has it to say of each one she is like some one else I can tell by remembering. So it goes on always in living, every one is always remembering some one who is resembling to the one at whom they are then looking. So they go on repeating, every one is themselves inside them and every one is resembling to others, and that is always interesting. There are many ways of making kinds of men and women. In each way of making kinds of them there is a different system of finding them resembling. Sometime there will be here every way there can be of seeing kinds of men and women. Sometime there will be then a complete history of each one. Every one always is repeating the whole of them and so sometime some one who sees them will have a complete history of every one. Sometime some one will know all the ways there are for people to be resembling, some one sometime then will have a completed history of every one.

Soon now there will be a history of the way repeating comes out of them comes out of men and women when they are young, when they are children, they have then their own system of being resembling; this will soon be a description of the men and women in beginning, the being young in them, the being children.

There is then now and here the loving repetition, this is then, now and here, a description of the loving of repetition and then there will be a description of all the kinds of ways there can be seen to be kinds of men and women. Then there will be realised the complete history of every one, the fundamental character of every one, the bottom nature in them, the mixtures in them, the strength and weakness of everything they have inside them, the flavor of them, the meaning in them, the being in them, and then you have a whole history then of each one. Everything then they do in living is clear to the completed understanding, their living, loving, eating, pleasing, smoking, thinking, scolding, drinking, working, dancing, walking, talking, laughing, sleeping, everything

in them. There are whole beings then, they are themselves inside them, repeating coming out of them makes a history of each one of them.

Always from the beginning there was to me all living as repeating. This is now a description of my feeling. As I was saying listening to repeating is often irritating, always repeating is all of living, everything in a being is always repeating, more and more listening to repeating gives to me completed understanding. Each one slowly comes to be a whole one to me. Each one slowly comes to be a whole one in me. Soon then it commences to sound through my ears and eyes and feelings the repeating that is always coming out from each one, that is them, that makes then slowly of each one of them a whole one. Repeating then comes slowly then to be to one who has it to have loving repeating as natural being comes to be a full sound telling all the being in each one such a one is ever knowing. Sometimes it takes many years of knowing some one before the repeating that is that one gets to be a steady sounding to the hearing of one who has it as a natural being to love repeating that slowly comes out from every one. Sometimes it takes many years of knowing some one before the repeating in that one comes to be a clear history of such a one. Natures sometimes are so mixed up in some one that steady repeating in them is mixed up with changing. Soon then there will be a completed history of each one. Sometimes it is difficult to know it in some, for what these are saying is repeating in them is not the real repeating of them, is not the complete repeating for them. Sometimes many years of knowing some one pass before repeating of all being in them comes out clearly from them. As I was saying it is often irritating to listen to the repeating they are doing, always then that one that has it as being to love repeating that is the whole history of each one, such a one has it then that this irritation passes over into patient completed understanding. Loving repeating is one way of being. This is now a description of such feeling.

There are many that I know and they know it. They are all of them repeating and I hear it. I love it and I tell it. I love it and now I will write it. This is now a history of my

love of it. I hear it and I love it and I write it. They repeat it. They live it and I see it and I hear it. They live it and I hear it and I see it and I love it and now and always I will write it. There are many kinds of men and women and I know it. They repeat it and I hear it and I love it. This is now a history of the way they do it. This is now a history of the way I love it.

Now I will tell of the meaning to me in repeating, of the loving there is in me for repeating.

Sometime every one becomes a whole one to me. Sometime every one has a completed history for me. Slowly each one is a whole one to me, with some, all their living is passing before they are a whole one to me. There is a completed history of them to me then when there is of them a completed understanding of the bottom nature in them of the nature or natures mixed up in them with the bottom nature of them or separated in them. There is then a history of the things they say and do and feel, and happen to them. There is then a history of the living in them. Repeating is always in all of them. Repeating in them comes out of them, slowly making clear to any one that looks closely at them the nature and the natures mixed up in them. This sometime comes to be clear in every one.

Often as I was saying repeating is very irritating to listen to from them and then slowly it settles into a completed history of them. Repeating is a wonderful thing in living being. Sometime then the nature of every one comes to be clear to some one listening to the repeating coming out of each one.

This is then now to be a little description of the loving feeling for understanding of the completed history of each one that comes to one who listens always steadily to all repeating. This is the history then of the loving feeling in me of repeating, the loving feeling in me for completed understanding of the completed history of every one as it slowly comes out in every one as patiently and steadily I hear it and see it as repeating in them. This is now a little a description of this loving feeling. This is now a little a history of it from the beginning.

Always then I listen and come back again and again to listen to every one. Always then I am thinking and feeling the repeating in every one. Sometime then there will be for me a completed history of every one. Every one is separate then and a kind of men and women.

Sometime it takes many years of knowing some one before the repeating in that one comes to be a clear history of such a one. Sometimes many years of knowing some one pass before repeating of all being in such a one comes out clearly from them, makes a completed understanding of them by some one listening, watching, hearing all the repeating coming out from such a one.

As I was saying loving listening, hearing always all repeating, coming to completed understanding of each one is to some a natural way of being. This is now more description of the feeling such a one has in them, this is now more description of the way listening to repeating comes to make complete understanding. This is now more description of the way repeating slowly comes to make in each one a completed history of them.

There are many that I know and always more and more I know it. They are all of them repeating and I hear it. More and more I understand it. Always more and more I hear it, always more and more it has completed history in it.

Every one has their own being in them. Every one is of a kind of men and women. Many have mixed up in them some kind of many kinds of men and women. Slowly this comes clearly out from them in the repeating that is always in all living. Slowly it comes out from them to the most delicate gradation, to the gentlest flavor of them. Always it comes out as repeating from them. Always it comes out as repeating, out of them. Then to the complete understanding they keep on repeating this, the whole of them and any one seeing them then can understand them. This is a joy to any one loving repeating when in any one repeating steadily tells over and over again the history of the complete being in them. This is a solid happy satisfaction to any one who has it in them to love repeating and completed understanding.

As I was saying often for many years some one is baffling. The repeated hearing of them does not make the completed being they have in them to any one. Sometimes many years pass in listening to repeating in such a one and the being of them is not a completed history to any one then listening to them. Sometimes then it comes out of them a louder repeating that before was not clear to anybody's hearing and then it is a completed being to some one listening to the repeating coming out of such a one.

This is then now a description of loving repeating being in some. This is then now a description of loving repeating being in one.

There are many that I know and they know it. They are all of them repeating and I hear it. More and more I understand it. I love it and I tell it. I love it and always I will tell it. They live it and I see it and I hear it. They repeat it and I hear it and I see it, sometimes then always I understand it, sometime then always there is a completed history of each one by it, sometime then I will tell the completed history of each one as by repeating I come to know it.

Every one always is repeating the whole of them. Every one is repeating the whole of them, such repeating is then always in them and so sometime some one who sees them will have a complete understanding of the whole of each one of them, will have a completed history of every man and every woman they ever come to know in their living, every man and every woman who were or are or will be living whom such a one can come to know in living.

This then is a history of many men and women, sometime there will be a history of every one.

As I was saying every one always is repeating the whole of them. As I was saying sometimes it takes many years of hearing the repeating in one before the whole being is clear to the understanding of one who has it as a being to love repeating, to know that always every one is repeating the whole of them.

This is then the way such a one, one who has it as a being to love repeating, to know that always every one is repeating

nice kind of one kind of being in that one. That often makes one a very puzzling one to every one. There are then all kinds of ways of being one kind of them in men and women. Some are a nice kind of a kind of them, and some are not a nice kind of that same kind of them. Sometimes being in one who is a nice one of a kind of them and then has other things mixed up in them is very perplexing and sometimes no one in such a one ever comes to an understanding of that one. Well then that is true then that of each kind of them there are nice ones and nice enough ones and not very nice ones, and not at all nice ones and very horrid ones. This can be in them with any strength or weakness of their kind of being in them, it is from the mixing and the accenting and relation of parts of their kind of nature in them. There is one thing very certain of each kind of them of each kind there is of men and women there are nice ones and then there are not at all nice ones of them. And about some mostly every one is agreeing and about some there is very much disagreeing and there are very many ways of feeling every one and every one has their own being in them. Yes every one has their own being in them and yes every one is right in living their own being in them and this is a very difficult thing to be realising and it is a very pleasant thing to have inside one when it comes to be really in one.

Miss Charles was of a kind of men and women I know very well in all the kind of ways of being they have in them. Miss Charles was one of the independent dependent kind of them. Miss Charles was one who was herself a very strong one in her being and it slowly came to be more and more filling inside her. Miss Charles was one who had it in her to have reaction in her to influences around her when she was younger, to desires in her, to tradition and mob action and to very many things then and they made moral aspiration in her they made a reformer of her, they made an aggressive attacking person of her and when she was a young one all this then almost completely filled her. She was as I was saying of the dependent independent kind in men and women and resisting, slow realisation was the bottom way of feeling and of fighting and of understanding in her. This came then slowly

to be stronger in her, this made then of her one that could be feeling and understanding brilliant men and brilliant women, brilliant and sensitive men and brilliant and sensitive women, made her feel them then and choose them then, then when her resisting sensitive understanding had come to be more completely the whole filling in her, then when slow steady detailed domination came to be then really filling then inside her, then when reforming attacking was changed in her to the personal being that then was mostly all the filling in her. It was never all the filling in her always she had in her a little of the special reforming attacking which was reaction in her, quick reaction to things and conditions around her and always she had very much in her of the generalised moral attacking conviction that came from the generalisation of her attacking and that made a righteous moral person of her and this is a very common thing and later there will be endless discussing of the meaning of this kind of moral being in all kinds of men and women, the generalised conviction and the relation of it to the concrete living, feeling, being in them, but this will come later in the beginning of the understanding of Alfred Hersland that will pretty soon now commence to be written.

Miss Charles was of the dependent independent kind of them. These have it in them then to have when they have quick reaction in them that is not a stirring from the depths of them these have it very often that this in them is a violent attacking, often continuous bragging, often moral reforming conviction, often nervous action in them, often incessant talking, incessant action, incessant attacking in them and this is in those of them that are the pure thing of dependent independent being and attacking is not their way at all of winning fighting. There are some who have in them resisting being and they have in them attacking being as another nature in them but that is a different thing from this thing that I am now describing, from the being in Miss Charles. Miss Charles was completely dependent independent being, attacking was not her way of winning fighting, it was resisting as I was saying in telling what she did to win her fighting for Miss Dounor with Redfern. That was then when she was a young

one when she was no longer a young one, when her own being was almost completely then her filling, when there was in her the generalised moral emotion that came from the reaction that filled her a good deal in her young living, reaction that made attacking being then in her, in her who had in her to have resisting as her way of winning fighting, that was then what gave to her then attempting dominating every one by attacking and this is a very common thing in those having in them dependent independent being, this is a very common thing in them in their young living when their real way of winning fighting has not come yet to be in them. I am not saying that those having in them dependent independent being cannot have in them religion and moral or reforming passion as the expression of the being in them, there are very many of them who have it in them as I was saying, the old man Hissen had it in him and there are very many of them of this kind of them and there are very many of many various kinds of them of the dependent independent kind of them that have religious or virtuous or moral or reforming passion in them as the whole expression of the being in them but these express this then by resisting fighting which is their way of winning fighting. As I was saying there are many having in them dependent independent being, and there are some of them who have it in them only when they are younger ones and some have it in them very strongly in them up to their ending, there are very many of them who have much attacking of quick reacting, much attacking in bragging, in being quickly certain of everything, of being very quick in judging everything and these then some of them are mostly all filled up with this kind of reacting attacking in them which is not in them their real way of winning fighting. This is a very important thing to know in men and women, a very important thing to know in them in knowing them, in judging of the power in them of succeeding or of failing in their living. The independent dependent kind in men and women can have quick reaction that is completely poignant, that is attacking, in them, that is their real way of winning fighting. Those having in them dependent independent nature in them have not real power in quick resisting, in attacking fighting, many of

them have this filling them all their living, many of them have this filling them in their young living when their own way of winning fighting is not yet developed in them enough to fill them, some have almost nothing of this kind of acting in them some of the dependent independent kind of them. All this is very important, very very important, sometime there will be very very much description of every kind of being in every kind of men and women.

Miss Charles was of the kind of them the kind of men and women I know very well in living. I know very well all the varieties of this kind of them. Some of each kind there is of men and women are very nice ones of their kind of them, some of each kind there is of men and women are not nice ones at all of their kind of them. Miss Charles was not a very nice one, she was not a not nice one at all of her kind of them. Being nice or not a nice kind of one, a pleasant or unpleasant kind of one was not in her an important thing. This is a very certain thing. She was as I was saying in her younger living aggressive in her detailed and generalised conviction of morality and reformation and equalisation. Later in her living she went on in the direction she had been going but her methods then were from the being in her and that then mostly entirely filled her. That made her control everything, every one near her by steady resisting pressure and that was then the way of winning in her. Everything near her, every one near her, every detail of everything was then more or less completely owned by her. She was of the kind of them who own the thing they need for loving. Later as I was saying Miss Dounor left her, Miss Charles had a little owned Redfern almost and Miss Dounor many years later left her and Miss Charles went on always to her ending completely owning the college of Farnham.

There has been now enough description of Miss Charles. There has been enough description of Miss Dounor. There has been enough description of Miss Dounor and of Miss Charles. There will be now a very little more description of Mrs. Redfern.

At the time of the ending of the living of the Redferns at Farnham, Alfred Hersland was just coming to his marrying

of Julia Dehning. The Redferns after the ending of their living at the college of Farnham never lived anywhere together again. Mrs. Redfern never understood this thing. Always she was expecting it to begin again their living together until after the complete ending of being in Redfern. That made her certain then that they would never live together again.

After the ending of their Farnham living the Redferns never lived anywhere together again. Mrs. Redfern never understood this thing. She never knew that she would not ever again have him. This never could come to be real knowledge in her and she always working at something to have him again and that was there always in her to the end of him and of her. First she was travelling and studying and then she was working to make some women understand something and many laughed at her and always she was full of desiring and always she was never understanding in desiring. When there was the end of her living with Redfern her brother Alfred was just coming to his marrying Julia Dehning. Martha was then travelling and studying and then she came back to be with her father and her mother was weakening then and later she was dead and Mr. Hersland lost his great fortune and Martha then took care of him. There will be now a little more description of her and then of her with him. There will be a little more description of her written in the history of the ending of the living in her father, in the history of the later living of her brother Alfred Hersland, in the history of her brother David Hersland. More description of her will be part of the history of the ending of the existing of the Hersland family. There will be very much history of this ending of all of them of the Hersland family written later.

There will be now a little more description written of her and of her living with her father when she came back to the family living back out of her trouble after the ending of the living in Phillip Redfern.

After the ending of the Redferns' living at Farnham the two of them, Mr. and Mrs. Redfern never lived anywhere together again. Mrs. Redfern never understood this thing. Always she was expecting it to begin again, their living

together and always she was studying and preparing herself to be a companion to him in intellectual living. Always then she was studying and striving and travelling and working. And then he was dead and then she knew they would not live together again. Then she was certain of this thing.

That was her living then until he was dead and she went back to the ten acre place where then her father and mother were living and her mother was weakening then and a little while later then she died there and Martha finished her living staying with her father who had then lost his great fortune.

Disillusionment in living is finding that no one can really ever be agreeing with you completely in anything. Disillusionment then in living that gives to very many then melancholy feeling, some despairing feeling, some resignation, some fairly cheerful beginning and some a forgetting and continuing and some a dreary trickling weeping some violent attacking and some a letting themselves do anything, disillusion then is really finding, really realising, really being certain that no one really can completely agree with you in anything, that, as is very certain, not, those fighting beside you or living completely with you or anybody, really, can really be believing anything completely that you are believing. Really realising this thing, completely realising this thing is the disillusionment in living is the beginning of being an old man or an old woman is being no longer a young one no longer a young man or a young woman no longer a growing older young man or growing older young woman. This is then what every one always has been meaning by living bringing disillusion. This is the real thing of disillusion that no one, not any one really is believing, seeing, understanding, thinking anything as you are thinking, believing, seeing, understanding such a thing. This is then what disillusion is from living and slowly then after failing again and

again in changing some one, after finding that some one that has been fighting for something, that every one that has been fighting something beside you for a long time that each one of them splits off from you somewhere and you must join on with new ones or go on all alone then or be a disillusioned one who is not any longer then a young one. This is then disillusionment in living and sometime in the history of David Hersland the younger son in the Hersland family living then in a part of Gossols where they alone of rich people were living there will be completely a history of the disillusionment of such a realising and the dying then of that one, of young David Hersland then.

This is then complete disillusionment in living, the complete realisation that no one can believe as you do about anything, so not really any single one and to some as I am saying this is a sad thing, to mostly every one it is sometime a shocking thing, sometimes a shocking thing, sometime a real shock to them, to mostly every one a thing that only very slowly with constant repetition is really a complete certain thing inside to give to them the being that is no longer in them really young being. This is then the real meaning of not being any longer a young one in living, the complete realising that not any one really can believe what any other one is believing and some there are, enough of them, who never have completely such a realisation, they are always hoping to find her or him, they are always changing her or him to fit them, they are always looking, they are always forgetting failing or explaining it by something, they are always going on and on in trying. There are a very great many of them who are this way to their ending. There are a very great many who are this way almost to their very ending, there are a great many men and women who have sometime in them in their living complete disillusion.

There is then as I am saying complete disillusion in living, the realising, completely realising that not any one, not one fighting for the same thinking and believing as the other, not any one has the same believing in her or in him that any other one has in them and it comes then sometime to most every one to be realising with feeling this thing and then they

often stop having friendly feeling and then often they begin again but it is then a different thing between them, they are old then and not young then in their feeling.

Young ones sometimes think they have it in them, this thing, some young ones kill themselves then, stop living then, this is often happening, young ones sometimes, very often even, think they have in them this thing but they do not have it in them, mostly not any young one, as a complete realisation, this thing, they have it in them and it is sometimes, very often then an agony to them, some of them kill themselves or are killed then, but really mostly not any of them have really realised the thing, they may be dead from this thing, they have not realised the thing, it has been an awful agony in them, they have not really grasped the thing as having general human meaning, it has been a shock to them, it may perhaps even have killed completely very completely some of them, mostly then a young one has not really such a thing in them, this is pretty nearly certain, later there will be much description of disillusionment in the being of David Hersland who was always in his living as I was saying trying to be certain from day to day in his living what there was in living that could make it for him a completely necessary thing.

This is then a very little description of feeling disillusionment in living. There is this thing then there is the moment and a very complete moment to those that have had it when something they have bought or made or loved or are is a thing that they are afraid, almost certain, very fearful that no one will think it a nice thing and then some one likes that thing and this then is a very wonderful feeling to know that some one really appreciates the thing. This is a very wonderful thing, this is a thing which I will now be illustrating.

Disillusionment in living is the finding out nobody agrees with you not those that are and were fighting with you. Disillusionment in living is the finding out nobody agrees with you not those that are fighting for you. Complete disillusionment is when you realise that no one can for they can't change. The amount they agree is important to you until the amount they do not agree with you is completely realised by you. Then you say you will write for yourself and strangers,