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The Dilemmas of Brief Psychotherapy, 1995
Brief Versus Long Psychotherapy, 1995
The New Interpretation of Dreams, 1997
The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry, 1999
The Practical Use of Dreams and the Human Comedy, 2000
Very Brief Psychotherapy, 2005
The Great Instrument of Orientation, 2008
Twenty-Four Theorems of the Topology

of

Captivity and Deliverance

by

James Paul Gustafson

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1. The topology of capture.
2. Its biology, physics, neurobiology, literature, tragedy, comedy, mythology, religion, history, politics, group dynamics, evolution and play.
3. The mapping of the topology of capture by the dream instrument of orientation.
4. Learning I, II and III of positioning in the lines of force in psychotherapy.

Dedication

This book is dedicated to Francois Rabelais, who turned the top-down world bottom-up from 1532 to 1564, thank you.

The author also thanks Lowell Cooper, Ruth Gustafson, Qazi Javed, Andy Moore, Mike Moran, Steve Olson, Gary Simoneau and Mike Wood for their reading and suggestions on the manuscript, and Megan Kasdorf for her phenomenal capacity on the keyboard of the computer.
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Foreword

As I edit these 24 theorems for the final draft of the book, and consider what the foreword and afterword will emphasize, it comes out astonishingly simple but unheard of:

All of the illnesses of psychiatry (with few exceptions, of course) come about as a result of the neural network or dynamic reentrant core (Edelman, 2003) becoming de-centered by running world loops and losing the body loops – in other words, by subjugation (in Latin, to be put under the yoke).

Usually, this drives a compensatory loop from the bottom-up which is very crudely self-centered (see Gustafson, 1999, *The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry*), forcing a capture of what it did not get in the first place.

A cartoon can picture the topology, or an entire gallery of cartoon photographs in a morning of clinic of patients straining forward into the exterior field. Everything is to be controlled from the top-down.

Conversely, to get back centered on your own breath, or axis mundi, out of undue proximity to the group, is to become well and to see the whole situation – like any good animal looking over the field to forage in before he comes out of his hole.
So, my most important teaching (Anglo-Saxon, to show), is not to be de-centered from the top-down, but to be centered from the bottom-up, equidistant from all of the world and body loops. Why is this so rare? It was not rare in the Renaissance, but the Renaissance was a bottom-up world that emerged when the medieval hierarchy came apart and before the corporate hierarchy got fully installed as it is now. The Renaissance was in full flower about 1500.

There is danger in being centered, as fruitful as it is in its exuberance:

If you are to have an exuberance, you have to be entirely alert to the top-down operators, and see the world from their eyes.

Then you can do what little it takes to comply with their massive imposition, and not be singled out for punishment or even ostracism.

Also, being full of yourself and of the light of your discoveries, you miss the second in which the field switches to something else.

In your own light, you have to read the darkness in which the stage is always changing.

I want also to say a few words about the logic of theorems, defined as:
...a theorem is a statement which has been proved on the basis of
previously established theorems, and previously accepted statements, such
as axioms. …The proof of a mathematical theorem is a logical argument
demonstrating that the conclusions are a necessary consequence of the
hypotheses, in the sense that if the hypotheses are true then the
conclusions must also be true, without any further assumptions … In
some cases a picture alone may be sufficient to prove a theorem. Because
theorems lie at the core of mathematics, they are also central to its
aesthetics (Wikipedia, Theorems).

The previously established axiom for these 24 theorems to be derived is that

Capture (or not, which is deliverance) depends upon positioning in the
lines of force.

For example, the Lotka scenario postulates (Gustafson, 2008, p. 82-95) that the selection
of animals for millions of years depends upon the positioning of the animal to forage: it
can be no farther from its hole (cover) than it can get back to, before a predator gets
there first. Of course, this is not only a matter of being captured, but also of capturing
as much as it needs to feed on, which is called prey-vigilance (Caro, 2005). The farther
afield the animal can move, the more the opportunities for feeding, but the more, also,
of opportunities to be the feed of the predator. The geometry or topology of this
situation can be drawn by a series of straight lines from the prey animal to its hole, which measure the distance and its speed to cover the distance, versus the distance and its speed to cover the distance of any potential predator.

This is one picture in the endless series of pictures of capture and being captured that Rene Thom (1988, original work published, 1972) describes in *Structural Stability and Morphogenesis*, which I have borrowed in my *Theorem 22, Anticipation*. From his topology of all of biology and physics I *derive* my theorem of how we are captured or deliver *ourselves*.

Because the instrument of orientation (Gustafson, 2008) *reruns* by night the *route* it runs by day, then Poincare (1985, original work, 1908) (Gustafson, 2008, pp. 242-246, *Poincare’s Mathematical Creation*) could depend upon his dreams and what he called their *sieve* to select the *relevant topology* to what he needed to *capture* for his *proof*. So, it is from Poincare that I have *derived* the method of my proofs. All 24 of them were constructed from a series of my dreams.
The same axiom is present in a slightly different form in Edelman’s construct of the
dynamic reentrant core of the brain (Naturalizing Consciousness, 2003), which selects
itself by feedback loops from the perception of the exterior field and by feedback loops
from perception of the interior field of the body. The more a loop is run the more it will
be selected for further runs. This is also what Edelman calls Neural Darwinism. See my
*Theorem 23, Reentering History*, for how I derive from Edelman’s axiom my theorem
of the fateful consequences of top-down (world) loops, versus bottom-up (body) loops.
The former are static, and are heavily selected for making yourself a constant operator,
which is what the modern world pays for. The latter are transitional, which allows you
to see the whole field you are moving in, and deliver yourself from capture. A top-
down obsessional process will literally destroy the bottom-up loops of bodily
perception as of smell and taste (Medina, 2009) or of seeing (Medina, 2010) by
neglecting to run them.

Frye (1983a, 1983b) gave the same axiom in the field of literature which is that captivity
and deliverance is its entire subject, which is what Frye called The Great Code (1983b).
This is why all 24 theorems derive this code in Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Tolstoy,
and so forth, and why *Theorem 24, The Cartoon Topology of Captivity and Deliverance,
A Carnival, A Thousand Year Language of Fearlessness* derives our most modern
writers, Ibsen and Bulgakov, from the great code as well.

Why did I have to derive further variations on the fundamental axioms of positioning
in the lines of force: Aboriginal mythology in Levi-Straus (1983; original work

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Because I was not content with what Bateson (1972) called Learning I, which means learning a single example of capture. Nor with Learning II, which means learning how a series of single examples becomes the pattern of that individual (The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry, Gustafson, 1999). I needed Learning III, which is to learn the series of series, or what Bateson called the pattern that connects, and connects everything we know (Bateson, 1979). So, my book proves, I think, what Bateson was out to prove, and I am completing his project.

I am quite aware that most people can barely look at a single cartoon example of their own capture (Freire, 1970), before they have to move on quickly. Learning I is their
limit, and I limit myself to giving them a very small aperture (Theorem 16) in which to look at themselves, as in a joke, which makes its point and explodes itself in laughter.

Quite a few can contemplate the rerun of the day’s routes and look at the pattern they are in running in, in their own dreams. This is Learning II.

But, generally, this too is a limit on their knowledge. Why? Because if you are on the run all day, you will be selecting your own dynamic reentrant core to have the domain of the field you are running in.

So, this is a book for the rare few who are fortunate to sit back, and contemplate, and read about the pattern that connects everything. Learning III is a huge privilege.

For those who want to take this book at Learning I, see the Index of Case Studies: about 40, almost every one a cartoon topology.

Finally, I see the need to advise my reader of two last hints to assist him or her in comprehending this book. First is that the theorems divide beautifully into three theorems at a time, or eight trios of theorems altogether, which I have marked by the spacing of the Table of Contents. I did not consciously intend this. My instrument just built it so, unconsciously. Not top-down, consciously, but bottom-up, unconsciously. As Poincare (1985, original work published 1908) said of his own theorems, his sieve made the selection out of untold millions of possibilities.
Second is the final bottom-up selection of a dream topology to introduce this foreword.

Author’s Dream of I Want to Know Why
This dream was partly a reply to a big question by Jennifer McDonald (personal communication) in our weekly conversations about why the entire population is so disturbed? You might think it makes no sense:

A good animal (Emerson, 1987, *Essay on Manners*, p. 73, original work published 1841) opens up when the foraging looks promising, and closes down when it looks more dangerous.

If it sees a match, it opens, and if it sees a mismatch, it goes elsewhere. If the sun shines or spring comes, it tends to come out, and if the sun is hidden or late fall comes, it goes to its own supply of what it has laid up in its burrow.

Nothing could be simpler. A one cell microbe (Shaw, 2007) or a centipede performs this bifurcation effortlessly. Even an inorganic, autocatalytic, chemical reaction can do it (Prigogine, 1997).

So why do human beings do this so badly for the last five thousand years? They seem badly mixed-up. They open to an opportunity, alright, but fail to see the opportunity will get them captured. If it is so disadvantageous, deadly, or slowly sickening, why is it being selected?
My dream **answered** with the **cartoon** of the **topology** in which the **narrative** was **performed**, as follows. I was in New York City in the subway system, trying to move around its center in Manhattan like around a square in which rats run in experiments by day, to **compare** the **mapping** of the hippocampus by day with the **mapping**, or **rerun**, by **night** (see Gustafson, 2008, *The Great Instrument of Orientation*, pp. 100-104).

Every time I tried to **get off** at a corner of the square at a station, my train just **flew** straight off into suburbs without stopping. I found myself in **uninhabitable** territory north, east, south and west. I tried the same experiment on another level of the subway – like on the underground in London, or the Metro in Paris, with always the same result. The **centrifugal** forces were simply overwhelming, and **de-centered** me every time onto a **long fugue**, if you will, I had to backtrack from. This **location** under the City was just **profoundly dangerous**, like a **gigantic centrifuge**, **flinging** me off center.

Then, when I found myself at the end of the line on Long Island, amidst crowds of wealthy patrons going to be entertained off-off-Broadway, I just wanted to get **home**, and **begged** one patron after another to **point me** in the direction of the return train to the City. All pointed me **wrongly**. Every suggestion I tried took me into being even **farther** from the center of the City.

I woke up, thinking, *There is no way to get home from here, or, at least, no one knows how to do it! So, this is why everyone is lost, because those de-centering forces just run away with them. If you do not see the force field, you will have no idea of why you are being thrown about.*
There seems to be **no way out** of this **catastrophe** of modern humanity, until you can **locate** yourself **out** of its **reach**. And who can **afford** to do that? Well, almost everyone can **begin** by **stepping back** from **all** the world-loops before taking **one**. Try this experiment, reader, with your computer. When you turn on your email and see thirty new mails, do **not** begin acting upon them.

If you are **compelled** by the first loop, you have **already** de-centered yourself. **No**, step back from all thirty and just scan through them to survey them, and go back to your couch, and consider **where you** want to begin? This **privileges** your **center** to make its **own selection** from the bottom-up. It has distanced itself far enough **out** of the **reach** of the **terrible, gigantic centrifuge**, which presses us top-down to be **locked** into its **synchrony**. **From** this **distance**, the **bottom-up instincts** of the good animal come into **play**, and make their natural selection to **one’s own advantage**!

If this experiment **pleases** you, read on and **please yourself some more**. Rabelais and I have **proven** it is **possible**, it **must** be **possible**. It is **all possible** by the **right positioning** in relation to the forces, in the right **location**. **Only** accurate topology will save you, and otherwise you will **drown** in it. Consider yourself **fortunate** to have this book in your hands, and even **more so** if you give yourself **time** to **delve** into it.
An operator in mathematics is a function which operates on (or modifies) another function. Often, an operator is a function which acts on functions to produce other functions, or it may be the generalization of such a function.

My theorem postulates that human beings have been selected (evolved) like all other animals to open up to what is needed and close to what is dangerous to them. Pre-vigilance is a macro-fluctuation of opening and closing, while a series of micro-fluctuations open and close on much smaller scales, like the opening and closing of cell membranes to sodium and potassium.

Actually, this opening-and-closing-bifurcation is true also of the inorganic world of chemistry and of thermodynamics. What I call Prigogine’s Bifurcation (Prigogine, The End of Certainty, 1996) in this world is a continuous bifurcation between equilibrium and far-from-equilibrium states. Prigogine also extended his bifurcation to the world of quantum mechanics, which consists of endless construction fragments and destruction fragments of wave/particles, or creations of correlations and destructions of correlations. Poincare resonances couple the creation and destruction of correlations, and bring about diffusion, or irreversible time, on a quantum scale.
I am pointing out that all of nature is built upon Prigogine’s Bifurcations, because my theorem is an extension of his theorem to the particular domain of human beings.

Levi-Strauss (The Raw and the Cooked, 1964) was the first to argue that mythology was and is a mathematics of opening and closing to what is helpful or harmful, or, in his words, to what is sweet and what is rotten. Everything resonates from this deliverance versus captivity (the macro-fluctuation), and radiates from every detail (micro-fluctuation). Northrop Frye (The Great Code, 1983) demonstrates the same mathematics in The Bible and all of western literature built upon it. Francois Jullien (Detour and Access, 1995) makes the same argument for eastern (Chinese) religion and literature.

My contribution in this theorem is to postulate how the Great Instrument of Orientation we have in us (Gustafson, 2008), to orient us to opening and closing, i.e., to deliverance and captivity, is built upon three operators, which operate upon every breath, quite as Walter Freeman (How Brains Make Up Their Minds, 2000) argued in his neurobiology of the brain, and which operate in the opening and closing of every operon in the gene, as argued in any textbook of gene regulation (see Anatomy of Gene Regulation, by P.A. Tsonis, 2003, pp. 86-90 on the operation of the operon).

The Constant Operator, O(c).

The first operator reads every exchange in terms of being in or out of the group (family, pack, organization, culture, etc.) and constantly selects the equilibrium branch of fitting in, or going forward with the group. Of course, this is an ancient selection in human beings which reflects the life and death importance of having such a group for the individual human being.
As Reich (*Character Analysis*, 1933) argued, the constant attitude of every child/become adult is taken in by the child’s mirroring of a crucial adult in his or her own world. For example, girls who continuously worry about pleasing usually come from a long line of such worriers. For example, boys who continuously rush to do everything on their list usually come from a long line of merchants, shop people, bankers, physicians, lawyers, etc. Bourdieu (*Outline of a Theory of Practice*, 1977) called it the extension of the symbolic capital of the family.

The import of this for psychiatry is that this ceaseless driving forward leads right into what Sashin (1985) called the *cusp catastrophe*, in which a given stimulus (x-axis) loses its natural response (y-axis), of small for small matters, large for large matters, and a smooth modulation between small and large responses proportional to the stimulus. I modified the cusp catastrophe to argue that it is as if the child/become adult has placed his or her body in the mouth of the behemoth or monster or leviathan, where a little stimulus on the x-axis leads the child/become adult to be unsure if it is **nothing**, **something**, or **the end of the world**, i.e., three or more different values for response on the y-axis. Such a child/become adult **has lost his or her interior bearings.**
The Transitional Operator, \( O(t) \).

The transitional operator is the opposite to the constant operator, and is a **step backward, instead of a step forward**. In other words, it returns to **native** prey-vigilance, in place of rushing into the group. No longer in the mouth of the monster, the being recovers its reading of the world, *maybe open, maybe closed*, The animal has found its footing once again, previously surrendered in the mouth of the monster. The micro-bifurcation opens up the smooth and natural curve of small responses for small stimuli, and more for more, etc.
The Fundamental Operator, O(f).

The fundamental operator operates upon the constant operator and transitional operator, deciding in every breath, i.e., in every micro-bifurcation, whether it is in the mouth of the monster and must become exquisitely sensitive to the least stimulus in its rotten mouth, or whether it is free and clear of the mouth of the monster and can resume its natural reading of the difference between small, medium and large stimuli. This turns out to be the crucial operation, which moves in one moment from far downstream rigidity (O(c)), to upstream fluidity (O(t)). Of course, the reverse move is also crucial, that upstream fluidity, O(t), gets sucked back into downstream rigidity, O(c). Both are striking in the case that follows.
As Stevenson (*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, 1986) demonstrates, it is also true that the pent-up monster can lie within, especially in a life of “effort, virtue and control” (p. 73). So, stepping back (O(t)) need not only discover fresh and lucid reckoning, but also this slip into demonic vitality (O(f) in the foregoing diagram) (Michael Moran, personal communication). Winnicott (*Therapeutic Consultations in Child Psychiatry*, 1971) demonstrated that a wronged child is always driven to do wrong to take back what has been taken away. This is The Common Dynamic of Psychiatry (Gustafson, 1999), in compensation for wrong exchange.
Number Ten Sutures

Eye surgeons use number ten sutures (very, very fine) to close up the eye, having operated upon it, and we can do the same. Once we understand the micro-bifurcations that lead to the macro-bifurcations of equilibrium (with the group) physics, versus far-from-equilibrium (away from the group) physics, we can utilize the present moment (what the eye is looking at in this moment) to place a number ten suture in this bifurcation to hold it steady for the patient.

For example, we are flooded with a new epidemic of patients who cannot concentrate upon the work at hand (ADHD) and demand stimulants to force themselves to attend to their business. To take one of this legion – I asked for an example of this lack of concentration, and he said that his wife could not get his attention after work. He ought to attend, and could not make himself. I asked where he could attend? He replied that the only place he attends is where he is threatened. The boss calls him in, and he snaps to attention quite well. Of course, everywhere he is not threatened he tends to disappear. I asked him if there was any place he wanted to attend? He replied, “Meditating!,” and pulled back from crouching forward in his chair, to opening up his chest and sitting fully back in his chair. He added that he sometimes finds himself meditating (sitting back) when he is in the middle of work. Yes, but mostly he loses this beautiful, transitional being.

I asked him if I could draw him a diagram of where he could expect to lose it again. Here I put a number ten suture into the fundamental bifurcation. I said, “Well, walking through any door, at work, or at home, or anywhere, you can expect a demand that you do not want to meet. That is where you can expect to lose your own response.” I was pointing to the fundamental bifurcation where he can
step forward and lose himself, or step backward and recover himself. Emerson wrote his best sentence when he wrote, “First, be a good animal.”

Q.E.D.
Table of Calculations for the 1st Theorem

Having transposed the entire four hundred and eighty pages of *The Great Instrument of Orientation* (Gustafson, 2008) to nine pages of *Gustafson’s First Theorem*, I intend to transpose the Theorem to one page of *A Table of Calculations* of a specific case. I propose to illustrate how the three operators of the Theorem map the entire phase space of captivity and deliverance for that individual. Essentially, the mapping follows the following principles:

**Constant Operator (O(c))**: the single movement iterated which keeps things the same, and always wears down in exhaustion. As Lewis Hyde (*The Gift*, 1983, p. 25) put it, “Anything contained within a boundary must contain as well its own exhaustion.”

**Transitional Operator (O(t))**: the single movement iterated that has the potential to move towards a fresh world. As Lewis Hyde put it (p. 191), “What we receive from nature or from the imagination comes to us from beyond our sphere of influence . . . the continued fertility of these things depends upon their remaining ‘beyond us,’ and not being drawn into the smaller ego.” (i.e., into O (c)).

**Fundamental Operator (O(f))**: the single movement iterated that sums up the fundamental bifurcation between exhaustion and fertility -- what not to do, what to do
-- As in Faulkner’s *The Bear* (1942), an absolute clarity about discarding the meanings he does not mean, to make room for his own original convictions.

**Table of Calculations** of *The Case of a Robber Robbed*, pp. 91-95 and 156, *Very Brief Psychotherapy*, (Gustafson, 2005).

**Constant Operator (O(c))**: Forcing others to yield what he wants to take. Revenge on them, when they will not yield. The presenting problem was that he could not get his girlfriend to yield to his powers, but lost her to a kind of sugar daddy, an older man with a great deal of money. He got very depressed, lost sixty pounds, and could no longer attend to his studies at college and had to quit at midterms to come home.

**Transitional Operator (O(t))**: The transitional movement presented itself to him in a dream about the power going out in his house. In this triptych of three panels, the first and third panels show him taking a beautiful girl, sexually, who is right there when he turns around. The power is out, but his power is in. In the middle panel, a robber stands over him, while he feels unable to move or breathe. His power is out again.

**Fundamental Operator (O(f))**: This critical and transitional moment put him deeply in touch with what it is like to be on the receiving end of being robbed. Having been robbed himself, he was now robbing his girlfriend back by stealing her best friend and even courting her mother. Now, he could feel both sides of the equation, and was able to give up inflicting so much terror and pain, and let the girl, the best friend and the mother go.
Of course, one demonstration is but one demonstration of the requisite calculations to read the exhausting captivity and the release of deliverance. The domain of the proof may be surveyed by reading Very Brief Psychotherapy and/or The Great Instrument of Orientation.
Second Theorem. The Evolutionary History of the Fundamental Operator – from Paul Colinvaux.

The reader may want to look at Gustafson’s First Theorem, for the definition of the three operators necessary to the great instrument of orientation in the phase space of captivity and deliverance. This, the second theorem, nevertheless, stands on its own for a portrait of the divided nature of man, selected for two million years to the gift economy of the Ice Age, and selected only five thousand years to the economy of exchange of commodities.

Getting between these two arms of the phase space of captivity and deliverance turns out to be extremely difficult for almost everyone on a daily basis. The recalibration of the instrument turns out to be a daily, vital necessity.

The Evolutionary History of the Fundamental Operator, O(f).

Reading Colinvaux (1980), *The Fates of Nations, A Biological Theory of History*, especially pages 58 to 71, I find the relevant evolutionary history to explain to myself the central position of the fundamental operator, O(f), in our great instrument of orientation.

While the hominids were around for about two million years, *homo sapiens sapiens* has only been around for two hundred thousand years. All of this two million years is the Quaternary Period of the Ice-Age, of advancing and receding glaciers. It was not a terrible time, Colinvaux argues, but much like now, with tropics being tropics, only the ice caps advanced as far as forty degrees latitude. Man -- or
hominid – was a rare animal, who hunted in packs like wolves, with infrequent success. With this limit on his food supply, his breeding strategy of few, carefully nourished children (*the large animal gambit*, Colinvaux, 1980), kept his numbers very small. Essentially, he lived in little huts, cooked and kept warm with fire, and wandered following the game.

Not until ten thousand years ago when the Ice-Age came to an end (the end of the Pleistocene epoch) did he, simultaneously, discover agriculture all over the world, and his numbers took off exponentially, because his breeding strategy is tied to his food supply. Of course this was a profound change in his **niche-space, or habitat**, since agriculture required an enormously more confined and repetitive cycle of work, and since its surpluses pulled for the same, enormously confined and repetitive cycle of work in the city state of merchants, tradesmen, soldiers, bureaucrats, etc., etc., who manipulated, defended and served the wealth.

To conclude Colinvaux’s evolutionary history – what the foregoing change in the niche-space of humanity meant was that humanity was **selected** to the Ice-Age pleasures and then **selected again** into the mechanical reproduction of agriculture and all its derivative occupations. This is why **man is so divided in his nature**, between the Ice-Age inclinations of having very large habitat in which **to roam about**, and **move instinctively** with all the profound and non-linear changes in the seasons and the weather so dramatic in the Ice-Age, and **to be profoundly present** in all the senses to what is going on **in the next breath**, versus the modern inclinations to rush forward, repeating the same specialized moves, on long lists of items.
Put in terms of my theorem, this means that the transitional operator, $O(t)$, is the operator of Ice-Age humanity, and the constant operator, $O(c)$, is the operator of modern humanity. The fundamental operator, $O(f)$, therefore is the single step that moves the great instrument between its fluid, primeval inclinations, and its rigid, modern, driving forward.

Since the available niche-space now, in our time, is overwhelmingly devoted to mechanical reproduction, in business, war, bureaucracy, entertainment, delivery of services, etc., etc., as well as in agriculture, then the population will consist mostly of the constant operator, $O(c)$, fitting it to its available downstream habitat, with the occasional and outside possibility of a move upstream in brief parts of the week given to play, or, believe it or not, making love.

Rare will be those human beings who have weighted their fundamental operator, $O(f)$, to privilege moves to upstream habitat, by means of the transitional operator, $O(t)$, while retaining the downstream move, $O(c)$, to be ready to elude the demands and threats of our regimes of mechanical reproduction which run most of the world. Thoreau was one such individual a hundred and fifty years ago, and Aldo Leopold a little more than fifty years ago. Unusual even then. Beautiful vitality.

The New World In America

But it would be a dangerous mistake to idealize Ice-Age humanity, as did Rousseau (right as he was in so many ways about the savage capacities for very large habitat, transition, and sensory presence, Emile, 1762). Durkheim (The Elementary Forms of Religious Life, 1912) argued that the Australian aborigines lived almost all of the year in tiny hunting and gathering bands, yet he also showed that they came
**together** in semi-delirious clans around their totem for a few weeks in the year. Canetti (1984) argued further that the small packs of hunting and warring and lamenting could **occasionally be replaced** by what he called **increase packs**, which could **swell** to enormous sizes. Finally, Colinvauz (1980) argued that steppe people lived in very small bands with their horses, but very occasionally came upon periods of fertile rain, and thereby more food, and thereby more breeding of children. When the steppe became **relatively crowded**, about every five hundred years on the average, a **huge host of them would be assembled** and **burst** upon all their borders simultaneously, into Europe, Asia and China, with tremendous ferocity.

In other words, the transitional operator, O (t), was the operator of Ice-Age humanity almost all the time, until it was **switched off**, and the constant operator, O (c), was **turned on**. Crowding, according to Colinvauz (1980), is the **trigger** to the switch of this most violent form of the increase pack. Scarcity or fear of scarcity is what Canetti emphasizes – indeed, crowding brings about relative scarcity. Durkheim just wrote that it happened certain times of the year, that the ordinarily dispersed little bands, swelled into their huge clans.

For us, now, **crowding is the situation**, and the relative scarcity of resources it brings about. No longer the free run of European immigrants, with the technical capacities to take over an aboriginal continent. Cheap food and cheap energy and cheap education become increasingly expensive.

Perhaps, this is why the population is **almost totally switched on** to mechanical reproduction, or O (c). Technical ingenuity, or war by other means, as Von Clausewitz (1982, original work published 1832) would say, has mostly replaced war itself as the means of increasing the niche-space of humanity.
Hence, the enormous hours put in by all of the professions, and business, and universities, and the overwhelming lists of things to do every day.

You had better be in one of these professions if you want to have a **stake** in the resources. Yet you are entirely likely to become a **hostage** to your own project, and become little else but an operator of a model (Jullien, 2004), which projects itself as far as it can reach, abstractly, redundantly, tediously, and narrowly.

Yet this fate is not necessary. It is quite possible to be **light-hearted** and **confident** of it, if you can also be **free-ranging**, and have **company** in it, in the ancient way of the Ice-Age we were selected for. In Madison, this very wintry day (January 25, 2009), around zero degrees Fahrenheit, a number of us wandered out upon the lakes, and watched the sun set over the beautiful low-slung hills, while the vast majority of the town was in front of its television sets.

The same in my clinic tomorrow. With the residents, I will ask the patient for a **single example** of his or her distress, as in the Case of ADHD previously discussed in my First Theorem (*Number Ten Sutures*), and thereby open up the entire phase-space of **captive** (constant operator, O(c)) and **deliverance** (transitional operator, O(t)).

In other words, the non-schematic, upstream, fluid world is **everywhere** on the **margins**, as O(t), **beyond the reach** of the schematic, isolated will, that is downstream, already-is, already-decided, O(c), as an increase of more of the same, either in its violent frenzy or its mechanical reproduction. Like the **backs** of the colleges at Oxford or Cambridge, the non-schematic is a world of meadows, arbors and
trees leading down to the Ox or the Cam River, a niche-space or habitat, beyond the reach of the Directors that dictate everything at the High Table itself. Or like Aldo’s shack on a hundred and twenty acres on the Wisconsin River, a free reign, beyond the University. Or like the domain of the upper lower working class, that comes and goes in its own good time, and otherwise is hard to locate Fussell, 1983).

So this wide-ranging amplitude and depth is always right under our noses, an upstream fluidity in a culture downstream of mechanical reproduction. So what is the difficulty? Simply this. As Aldo Leopold (1949) himself described, it remains necessary to know when and where this Ice-Age amplitude and depth is present, and when and where it is absent. Otherwise, you will suffer, as Michael Balint (1954) wrote, the two cardinal misfortunes of group life, intrusion (crowding being a crucial version) and abandonment. You will look for backing for wide-ranging amplitude and depth, among colleagues who have not so much, and you will look for company, among colleagues who chiefly keep to business as usual. You will look for young people not yet set in their ways (O(c)), and find some accomplices for a while, as Jean Renoir would say, but only a handful for very long, because their transitional operator (O(t)) becomes a tiny part of their week, as they struggle for their share of the resources of technical ingenuity (O(c)) in some model or other. It is quite alright, if you look for wide-ranging habitat in the right places and with the right company. This is The New World in America.
Gift Economy

Another crucial aspect of Ice-Age humanity is what Marcel Mauss (The Gift, 1950) called the gift economy, which is that the small group is bound together by the exchange of gifts. Probably, this capacity goes back two million years in the hominid line, leading up to *homo sapiens sapiens* two hundred thousand years ago. Unfortunately, or fortunately, the end of the Ice-Age ten thousand years ago, which allowed agriculture to be discovered simultaneously all over the world, also brought on the capacity for building up surpluses of grain, and population, and pottery, and bronze, and weapons. By about five thousand years ago, the massive eruptions of steppe peoples into the Middle East, India and China attacked these surpluses, and extended the Indo-European languages all the way into Northern Europe.

You can see in a work like *Beowulf* (see translation by Seamus Heaney), about 800 A.D. this remarkable fusion of Ice-Age generosity to one’s fellow warriors in the mead-hall, with a headlong violence against places to be plundered, or against plunderers coming to take the wealth that was taken. By about 1500, in the hands of Luther himself, this fusion had come apart (Hyde, 1983, pp. 164-166). Gift economy had been almost totally usurped by market economy, impersonal, counted, and put in legal contracts.

Now, five hundred years later, gift economy is a private matter. Of very small groups, some families, some friends, some art, some divine sport. Mostly, people are on the run, trying to increase their numbers of something, in a very insecure world of markets. Of course, everyone must make some place for him or herself in the exchange of markets, in order to secure the necessary commodities for an
adequate material existence. Exchange of commodities has **chiefly replaced** the exchange of gifts (Marx, 1967, original work published 1867).

**Recalibration of the Great Instrument of Orientation**

The trouble I see all day in the clinic is of people who **cannot stop** running forward, out of dread, or panic, or worry. In other words, the constant operator is a **commercial** operator (Qazi Javed, personal communication). So long as they do this, they wear themselves out and make themselves sick. So long as they impose an isolated will (an ideal like perfection, for example) on a list of tasks, their material exchange is a bad one, **a lot put out** for a **little** gotten back. Why is their instrument so **poorly oriented**? Because it has become calibrated, almost always from childhood and continually re-calibrated to **pleasing or impressing** others (O (c)).

What is needed to change this? Learning to step back, and reconsider poor exchanges as matter of fact as possible. **Thus, the instrument is re-calibrated back to its ancient bearings**, of gift exchange (O (t)), of some fighting for materials and commodities (O (c)), and of a balance between the two (O (f)).

**Q.E.D.**
Third Theorem. Why Romance Falters.

Twentieth Century Fiction.

As Bateson would say, the pattern that connects this subject (Mind and Nature: A Necessary Unity, 1979) is disturbingly simple, and located at once in Northrop Frye (Anatomy of Criticism, 1957; The Great Code, 1983), Alfred Kazin (An American Procession, 1984), and Richard Poirier (A World Elsewhere, 1966). As Frye puts it, the literary form of romance, which is built on the lines of the Bible, is captivity, as by a dragon, which is delivered by a hero, as by St. George. At this point of epiphany, as in the deliverance of the Temple, the temple always is corrupted, or conquered by the enemy, and hope is again lost, until the next hero comes along. Frye calls it the U-plot, shaped like a U.

Kazin is entirely parallel in his characterization of Ruling by Style: History and the Moderns, 1900-1929, particularly of Dreiser, Fitzgerald, Faulkner and Hemingway. Each of these writers attempted to conquer his subject of modern degradation by a commanding style. If the people in the stories were going straight downhill, the authors would not. For example, as Kazin wrote of Hemingway, mimicking Hemingway, “Everything was under control like one of his sentences.” (p. 358)

Poirier also points to the style and to the U-plot, for example, quoting William James, “But its revelations, however acutely satisfying at any moment, are inserted into an environment which
refuses to bear them out for any length of time.” (p. 12) Thus, Mark Twain “…must, finally, ‘insert’ Huck back into his customary environment. He must, in effect, destroy him.” (p. 15)

Sherwood Anderson poses the same problem in *Winesburg, Ohio* (originally published 1919), a novel, and in “I Want to Know Why,” (1921) a short story. He never says why. **Why something beautiful cannot last, and has to be degraded.**

The History of Western Religion and Architecture.

Vincent Scully’s many books provide a reply which is also very disturbing, and summarized in *Architecture, The Natural and the Manmade* (1991), and corroborated in Otto Rank’s *Art and the Artist* (1932). The architecture whose origins is in the Ice-Age always **draws the powers of nature into the building**, as, for example, the pueblo is **oriented** to the mountain. By the time of the Greek temple, there is still this orientation to the mountain, but there is also a huge **projection of human force**, as from that stage for sculptures called the Parthenon. Two thousand years later, the projection of human power has taken over altogether, as in the skyline of New York City, or any other big city.

At the conclusion of his book (1991), Scully epitomizes this shift of force, from nature to man, comparing the monument to the World War I dead, at Thiepval, with the monument to the Vietnam War dead, in Washington, D.C., by Maya Lin. The first is a terrifying version of the skyscraper **to which man is sacrificed**, and the second is a **slit in the earth to receive him.**
Very little of the latter, any more, and of the former, endless proliferation. As Scully summarized himself, quoting Levi-Strauss, “Mankind is not safe now, because mankind only values itself.” (Scully, 1991, p. 50). By itself, he means his machinery, or mega-machine (Lewis Mumford, 1966, The First Megamachine).

The Relativity Problem

Let us suppose that the male romance is generally about strength, and that the female romance is generally about sensitivity. Plenty of exceptions, and admixtures of the two. Then the male romance will be about a figure who projects his force, and his buildings, with little regard for his surrounding, and the female romance will be about a sensitivity to everyone and everything in the surround, sacrificing herself.

In other words, the male figure will see himself, and miss the ground, and female will see the ground, and give up her own figure. Plenty of exceptions, plenty of mixtures of the two prevailing tendencies.

The relativity problem is physics is also a problem of this nature, and it is beautifully illustrated by a sixty second You tube video [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C2VMO7pcWhg]. It poses a cart moving at eighty percent of the speed of light, shooting photons simultaneously at targets to left and right. From the perspective of the cart or figure, the photons arrive at their equidistant targets simultaneously. From the perspective of the grid, they seem not to, and the speed of light appears as if one hundred and eighty percent of the actual speed of light in one direction, and
twenty percent of the actual speed of light in the other direction. Since this contradicts the constancy of the speed of light, Einstein borrowed the Lorentz transformation, to alter the geometry of the grid, so that the speed of light was conserved.

This Lorentz transformation, for a transfer of perspective from figure to ground, got me thinking whether or not there is a transformation between the male figure and the female ground, that would allow a person caught in either extreme to make the necessary and fundamental transformation to its opposite?

The Neural Basis for A Fundamental Transformation of Figure to Ground

I actually already wrote it out in The Great Instrument of Orientation, 2008, Chapter 6, Mismatch. Even so early in evolution as the rat, the hippocampus is driven by two different theta rhythms, one from the brain stem which sets the tempo for searching behavior, and one from the hippocampus itself which sets the tempo for alertness to being placed as expected, or misplaced (place cells and misplace cells fire accordingly). Thus, the perspective for moving has a different rhythm than the perspective for finding/not finding, or figure and ground are generated independently as a double description (Bateson, 1979).

Furthermore, by the arrival of man in evolution, the right hippocampus remains oriented to physical location, while the left hippocampus becomes oriented to narrative location. In other words, there is yet another double description for where we are moving, and another for where we are in the story in words.
Imposition in the Clinic

The vast majority of our patients give too much weight to the exterior field. For example, one man in his last job was micro-managed so tightly (Fussell, Class, 1983) that he could only draw shallow breaths. He felt like someone was actually standing on his chest. Did he give too much weight to the hierarchy, or was it exacted? Now in a new job, he is drawing shallow breaths as well, despite having to account for himself only occasionally. They tell him he is doing well, but he is obviously waiting for the other shoe to fall.

Higher up the class scale, the professionals, doctors, lawyers, professors and executives fare about the same. Doctors typically run an hour, or even longer, behind the schedule of appointments, so there is always a tension between doing right by the patient at hand and catching up. Professors are always behind on many simultaneous agendas, like getting grants, teaching, and responding to emails, and so forth.

I could not help but smile at a bulletin of a famous clinic proposing to offer second opinions to psychiatric patients. In two weeks, they would pile up so much data, by interviews, and neuropsychological testing, and neuroimaging, and social work reports, and nursing reports, and so forth, and so forth. It was enough to make me ill, imagining the closing conference. The irony is that their patients, like ours, are already loaded up with such an exterior agenda. In all probability, this is what made them ill in the first place, and now they are doubling it.
Lake Superior Dream

The following night, I dreamt: I am going up to Lake Superior to lecture at Marquette. I seem to have an array of students I am bringing along, and they bring along their families (like when I do a week-long workshop in Door County, Wisconsin). As the dream opens, I am leading this troop from one state park to another along the coast of Lake Superior. Of the five we visit, everyone has a different opinion of its suitability for our encampment. How am I going to lecture if I am doing this? I think of delegating the encampment to one of my students, who has a natural capacity for keeping his eye on the beautiful horizon, as of the great lake. I would love to have him to locate us right where the dark forest meets the bright sea. I really need to do it myself, as Galen Rowell argues (Mountain Light, In Search of a Dynamic Landscape, 1986), because this boundary is where everything beautiful will arise. I also want to bring the entire troop – students, wives, children – to my lecture to enact Chapter 20 of The Great Instrument of Orientation, Whitsun Weddings, which is about the array of weddings getting on board the train as it slowly curves into London from the north. Of course, I cannot be conducting an opera, with extras, while I give a lecture, set up an encampment, and locate the most spectacular photography for this lake.
Thus, a parody of a typical agenda of a professor.

**Allen’s Opening and Closing of Scales**

I am reminded of Tim Allen’s working paper on ecological observations (which led up to Allen and Starr, *Hierarchy, Perspectives for Ecological Complexity*, 1982), where he pointed out that a certain *grain* to the lens *opens up* one scale (for example, what is within the boundary of a cell), while *obscuring* both the larger scales (beyond the cell membrane) and smaller scales (within the organelles, smaller than the cell). Such is occurring in my dream: I have three different huge scale scenarios, the encampment, the photographic vision of the lake boundary with the land, and
the opera like procession. All of these scales will interfere with pacing my breath in the lecture, which is **the one and only place for me to be present.** Ironically, I am being like the famous clinic I described with its pile up of two weeks of data gathering.

If I can keep my exterior agenda in the lecture simple enough, as I am trying to do in this theorem, then I can **respond it in my own sentence rhythms**, so external and interior fields have about **equal weight**. Then, **fractal conditions prevail** (Gustafson, 2008), so I can slide between scales, like a single word or image, and the sunrise on the lake.

**Main Street Race in Pitch Dark, Dream**

I woke up at 3 AM last night in this dream. I had decided to postpone my proof, like Poincare did (Gustafson, 2008, pp. 241-246) to get something beyond my conscious outline for it. I did, as always, **get the geometry behind its argument**.

I am racing with two other fellows on bicycles in pitch dark down Main Street. In an eerie white light to left and to right I can see the facades of the shop fronts race by. It also looks like the long corridor at M.I.T., where I began in college, and it also looks like State Street in Madison between the campus and the capital.
Suddenly, I stop and turn on a little light, and I wake up. I am immediately reminded of Jung’s discussion (Gustafson, 2008, pp. 50-51) in which he discovered his shadow, cast behind him by the little candle he was desperately holding onto in a stormy night. Jung called it the discovery of his #1 and #2 self, the little one in the light, and the vast one in shadow.

This one seems like a comparable discovery. Indeed, the dream itself makes the comparison, by the common element in his dream and in mine. The difference is that my little light allows me to get not only between my #1 self, of giving this proof, and my #2 self, which is caught up in a mad race at 3AM. Yes, this is evidently so, and continues my vast ambitions from the Lake Superior dream.
But more important. It is a fundamental transform from the figure to the ground I am actually embedded in. I may think I can keep myself in a world elsewhere (Poirier, 1966), but I am being inserted back into a crazy world of races on main street, which I have been in for fifty years from being 17 at MIT, to being 67 at Wisconsin. And many others too along the way, like lying awake in the main hotel in Billings, Montana, while the cowboys drove around it for fun all night.

Thus, as Poincare taught me from his own non-linear geometric proofs, the geometry of the dream generalizes the argument. Just as The Poem of Force (Simone Weil, 1952) pulled all of Greek chieftains to Troy, and always forward, always forgetting that the next day would reverse their victory, so this force acts on me too. Without my little light, from the dream map, I would hugely underestimate its pull on my body, and then I could not draw the slow and full breath that I need to take in the full scope of the forces I must continually deliver myself from.

Q.E.D.
Fourth Theorem. American Nobility and Degradation.

My third theorem went some distance to explain the degradation of the twentieth century in America, but not far enough. Some further forces must be reckoned with, if we are to steer clear of dangerous currents.

**Sudden Influx of Force, and the Sea Gull Reading It**

My dream, the night after a dangerous morning in clinic, portrays the suddenness of this kind of current. I am in charge of a sliding clinic, where patients slide, assisted by the residents and myself – one in particular is going along on a kind of quiet shelf, when, suddenly, an abrupt force gets a hold of her and she starts ripping down the slope, and crashes through a barbed wire gate. To my relief, she has not had her face ripped off, nor has she been impaled on a kind of spear-like post pointing straight up the hill from next to the gate. This could have been fatal.

I had been lulled by the tedium of our patients who hardly move at all – the quiet shelf in the hill. A court date for this patient the following day had seized her in terror, and in helpless rage. When cornered like this, she tends to act violently, and bring even greater violence down upon herself. Heeding this abrupt shift in her condition, we were able to forestall her fight-or-flight desperation, driven by her terror of being taken captive.

Even more interesting was my own response to this alarm. I became aware of myself in the previous dream as a sea gull in Door County, riding the updrafts, which are brought about by the sea-breeze
meeting the land-breeze at the shore. This sea gull (in a later dream, a red tailed hawk on the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains) became a metaphor of the transitional operator, \( O(t) \), necessary to read sudden influx of force, either from the exterior field (here the sea), or the interior field (land).

**Huge Suction Into the Heart of Darkness**

Another mighty force to reckon with is the pull into going forward. Naipul (1979) describes it in the opening two pages of *A Bend in the River*. The narrator is reversing the path of the slaves captured in the center of Africa and marched to the east coast to board slave ships. At each little frontier, he has to bribe the guards. The farther he goes, the more perilous it is to go backwards. He has to get to the bend in the river, where he is going to open a little store.

The night after I reread *A Bend in the River*, I had a dream so chaotic I could not remember it. One thing turned into another so fast I could hold on to nothing. In other words, the dream was very high-dimensional.

This happens very often to a dreamer who is locked-in to synchrony with the group. He will usually say he cannot recall a dream at all. A map of the situation is drawn from my last book, *The Great Instrument of Orientation*, 2008, p. 234
Notice that the region of chaos in the lower half of the map is high-dimensional, while the region of synchrony in the upper half of the map is locked into one-dimension. This is what makes an instrument of orientation useless for finding a way out. It can only find its way desperately forward with the group.

In between is the transitional field where there is a mighty fluidity of forces cascading up and down the scales – in other words, the region that my sea gull rides in my previous dream.

The Capacity Not to Have Go Forward
What allows a person not to have to be compelled into synchrony with the group? In other words, to retain transitional capacity, to go forward or elsewhere as he or she needs to. A study of 698 children from pre-natal care on Kauai, the so called *Children of the Garden Island* (Werner, 1989), ongoing for over fifty years (the 1955 cohort) shows the relevant forces. A third of the children were in highly destructive situations, of violent abuse, alcoholism, psychosis, and so forth. Of this third, the third that remained in the center of the family situation were themselves ruined. The third that got out the back door, to neighboring families, extended family, teachers, churches, and so forth, became essentially well, and continued well for over fifty years, i.e., as long as they have been followed to date. In between was a third that got out the back door some, but got pulled back in, and had mixed results.

Why this huge bifurcation between being locked into synchrony with a family destroying itself, versus getting free of it, for a world elsewhere that could be helpful and constructive of a new beginning? Werner and her colleagues believe that the difference is partly constitutional. Some children will not sit in a terrible situation, but will make every attempt to go elsewhere. Of course, this determination has to reach other resources – some families are so isolated that it is very difficult to locate other resources, whereas others are near enough to kind neighboring families who take the child in, or a grandparent or other relative who can do the same, or a teacher, or a church, and so forth. Within the same family, some children will stay locked in synchrony, others will go out the back door and find what they need.

_Surrounded by Pollution, A Dream_
After a dismal afternoon in clinic with patients going nowhere, I dreamt the following. I am going down a steep slope in our backyard to my beautiful redwood hot tub/cold tub (with a wood stove in it). I seem to be going out the back door myself! And looking for my beautiful bath, in which to wash off and renew myself. But the tub is full of muck. To my consternation, filthy water is pressing in from all sides, and the tub, and the wood stove also, cannot resist this awful seepage. After many attempts, I give up trying to repair it.
I stand up, and someone pulls me by the sleeve to walk back from the tub about fifty yards. There, the cause is evident. There is a confluence of two filthy rivers, and my tub is **sitting in a river bottom** between them. It is really **in a disgusting swamp**, where the ground is so saturated with dirty water that my tub, and wood stove, cannot handle the water pressure. I cannot help but think of a story by Faulkner called *Delta Autumn (1942)*.
American Degradation or Nobility

I have awoken now from this dream at four in the morning. I often am. Always, I go up to my study to contemplate my positioning. As I explained in my Third Theorem, the instrument of orientation has a double description of positioning, one of the actual space one is located in, and one of the place in the story one finds oneself in, in words. In other words, the instrument is capable of both spatial and narrative positioning.

I immediately feel that I must get myself out of this degraded river bottom, no doubt, left over from my afternoon in the dismal clinic, this being the relevant narrative.

At once, I smile to myself, because, in climbing up to my beautiful study, I have already got myself to higher ground! I think how fortunate I am, like Jefferson in his beautiful library, atop his beautiful Monticello, itself atop a beautiful mountain. I have found my world elsewhere in a few steps (Poirier, 1966).

The Many Facets of American Nobility

I find myself, at four in the morning in my study, thinking about my Third Theorem. I recall the phrase of William James, But its revelations, however acutely satisfying at any moment, are inserted into an environment which refuses to bear them out for any length of time (Poirier, 1966, p. 12). Of course, that is what I am struggling with. I felt inserted back into the provided environment, the clinic this time, in which I cannot keep the pollution from getting into myself.
But the reply of the dream is right at hand. You need higher ground to get out of it. I have gotten myself a noble architecture, and vantage point, to get out of Faulkner’s degradation. At once, a whole series of American nobilities comes to my aid. Starting with Faulkner himself, and his noble style, which often excludes what he is not wanting to say, by a series of phrases beginning with not! In order to make room for what he wants to bring forth (pp. 78-83, Poirier, 1966).

This immediately brings me to the nobility of poetry (Wallace, Stevens, The Noble Rider and the Sound of Words, originally published 1942; 1977): “It is a violence from within that protects us from a violence without.” Hence to the nobility of place, like Thoreau’s country seat fit for a house (Walden, originally published 1854; 2000). Immediately to his mentor, Emerson, and the nobility of self-reliance (Essays, Self-Reliance, originally published 1841; 1987). Immediately to the nobility of scale, and terseness, of Robert Frost in The Figure A Poem Makes (originally published 1939; 1973).

The next day, several more nobilities came to me. The nobility of lineage, of coming from a long line of predecessors, as in American Literature (Kazin, An American Procession, 1984). The nobility of exchange, of the gift economy (see Gustafson’s Second Theorem), so evident everywhere before the modern era. Finally, at least for this moment, the nobility of apt characterization, of reading character from the smallest look, or phrase. I am sure there are many more I have not yet thought of, and I am sure that nobility is easily perverted.

My Front Range Dream, and the Red Tailed Hawk
Strikingly, my next night’s dream was such a beautiful simplicity. I am on the front range of the Rocky Mountains, in Wyoming or Montana, looking at the beautiful range of light. It is very windy, as it usually is there, with big forces, but marvelously clear light. I am on **high ground** once again, and a red-tailed hawk is sailing up and down, parallel to the range.

This reminds me of Michael Balint’s concept of **friendly expanses** (in *Thrills and Regressions*, 1959). There, Balint argued that his own profession of psychoanalysis was tied to a conception of regression, which always meant a kind of **clinging** to the object. Whereas, it could also mean **an opening up to**
huge friendly expanses which are a home range (Gustafson, 1986, *The Complex Secret of Brief Psychotherapy*, Chapter 8, *Balint: Regression for the Sake of Recognition*).

This also reminds me of Taoist topography in China (Francois Jullien, *Detour and Access*, originally published 1995; 2000)(Francois Jullien, *A Treatise on Efficacy*, originally published 1996; 2004), and its derivative in Zen Buddhist Japan (Daisetz Suzuki, *Zen and Japanese Culture*, originally published 1939; 1959) (also portrayed beautifully by Gary Snyder, in *The Practice of the Wild*, 1990, and carried over to an American topography of high ground). The chief conception is of upstream potential – near the headwaters of being, in the mountains – where there is the most potential in the smallest scale for new beginnings, or what is arising. Conversely, downstream already-is, already is too late, too finished, too flat, too polluted – the dangerous big currents I have been posing all along in this theorem from the first page – namely, sudden influx of violence, huge suction to go forward, pollution. Now I will name two more downstream degradations – alienation of labor – as Aristotle argued in his *Nichomachean Ethics* (336-322 B.C.), a man (person) who is not doing his (her) own work is a slave – and alienation of medicine. And I will show how I find the upstream potential in a single phrase, which discovers the nobility of the speaker, in a metaphor that travels a very long distance (Walker Percy, *Metaphor as Mistake*, 1975).

I am struck with how precisely a person may need to be guided out of degradation. I recall in my Balint chapter my case of the Forest Ranger, who was always being told he needed to be close to other people, totally against his instinct for wide open spaces. He became more and more guilt ridden, until I could point the way out the back door, in the opposite direction.
Alienation of Labor and a Noble Potential

In the clinic near the end of the week, I saw a young man with one of the residents, whom I had seen before, this time strikingly pointing to his throat with two fingers. I recognized my own Gustafson’s sign (see all ten of my books), of self-accusation, or guilt, of course, and asked the resident what they were talking about. The resident bowed to the patient, and said he could repeat it himself. The patient said he hated himself for leading a meaningless life. Yes, I said, but, showing him Gustafson’s sign (doubled!), he was obviously opposed to such a life from his self accusation. Yes, he said, he is doing meaningless programming. Yes, I said, I recall you really want to be conducting your own business.

Now, his two fingers pointed to his head (he was not just guilty of what came out of his voice box, but what was deeper in his head!). Yes, he said, it is the same kind of programming at work, but it is for your own cause, and I do not do it? Why not? I asked. Well, he said, I always do what I have to do at work, and my own work comes last. Yes, I said, most people are like that. But why not begin? Well, he said, because the programming problems in my own work are simple, but I have trouble staying with them. Yes, I said, most people are like that. This is the rate-limiting step. You would need to begin a practice, a discipline, of staying with your own problems, and working on them, day by day until you get them. Only then will you build something beautiful of your own.

Now he smiled, having caught the metaphor of rate-limiting step out of its usual context of chemical reactions, and said to me, So what is the catalyst? I was so relieved at this surge of his wit. I said, Well, a catalyst is a surface on which the requisite molecules can come together one by one, to build a reaction, and this surface is what you are on with us right now! You are showing the effect of the
catalyst, by asking **precisely the right** question! It was time for me to leave, and let him know I would be asking for what he had done for himself in the meanwhile at the next visit.

**Alienation of Medicine and Also a Noble Potential**

Finally, something so absurd, and yet profoundly important about what it takes to get **out of degradation** in the **medical world**. Every spring I get eight medical students in their second year, for an introduction to interviewing in psychiatry. Every spring, I find them **marvelously open** to the **transitional field** I bring them into in the **crypt**-like room under one of our hospital services. They are supposed to learn how to enter the relevant findings, like they will in the hospital record, on a practice sheet of paper, which has the present, past and family history on one side, and mental status observations on the other side. I tell them to listen for the **crucial phrases**, which will always **resonate** between present, past and family history (put on front side), and watch the **crucial responses of the body** (put on back side).

After watching me do one such interview, and discussing the key words and key moves of the body, I turn them loose to conduct the interviews themselves, a team of two at a time with fifteen minutes apiece to get what they can, while I reserve for myself the last five minutes to summarize the findings, and implications (for **staying the same**, the constant operator, O(c), and for **making a new transition**, the transitional operator, O(t), and for **what will decide which wins out**, the fundamental operator, O(f)).
They are simply splendid at it, at once, and every spring, four at a time, with two patients for two hours, for four weeks, with me. Then, they are to interview a mock patient, elsewhere, and I am to watch the interview which is electronically recorded.

I have now watched thirty-six of these interviews in five years, and all of them **go exactly the same.** The patient says she burst into tears three months ago, at an outing with her infant and husband in New Glarus, and has not stopped since. Immediately, all thirty-six have **changed the subject** to all the **findings to be checked over** in depression, from appetite to suicidality. The interview goes **flat.** Subsequent opportunities, to wit, when she lost her job, when they could not afford their new house, and so forth, suffer the same fate. The subject is changed back to the medical routine, of routine considerations in depression. It is **all on the surface,** and the patient **disappears** in her **unheeded distress.**

*I want to know why?* As Sherwood Anderson (1921) says in his story by that title, **why something beautiful** with the students, in our transitional crypt, **cannot last** when it comes to the examination with the mock actor? I have decided to make a more decisive move with the last four medical students in this their last week with me.

I am going to give them a **very precise heading.** I will tell them that they will get a patient who is totally different from those we get pouring themselves out to us in the hospital. This one will be a typical outpatient, who is trying her hardest to be a **typical, self-reliant American.** She will **give the one opening** and they will be tempted to **go to their lists** of findings necessary to check off for the **illness**
they are interviewing. That is fine, but not fine. Fine for the establishment of psychiatry, and of medicine and they must do it – but hopeless for reaching the patient.

I will remind them of what we have been doing every interview for four weeks: always some kind of depression, which signals defeat, and some kind of anxiety, which signals danger, and always it turns out to be the same situation over and over and over again.

All I want them to do is remember this – to ask, Can you tell me more about that? and stay with it. This is a tiny revolution. We already began it in our transitional crypt, or world elsewhere, and now I am pointing at how to continue it, when they are inserted back into the provided medical environment which covers up everything by its lists of questions.

Q.E.D.

The Lines of Force in the MegaMachine.

I left off in my Theorem Four with the following problem: Work pollutes you in degraded situations, and you save yourself on higher ground. All downstream situations (larger scale, as down river) will drag you down, so you must seek higher ground which has a nobility (upstream in the river, smaller scale). Re-inserting yourself beautifully with these findings, from upstream into downstream, the beauty is easily drowned.

What makes the downstream, large-scale forces so overwhelming? Lewis Mumford persuades me most clearly of what has taken over. He calls it the megamachine. *The First Megamachine* (Mumford, 1966) was assembled in Egypt about 3000 B.C. to build the Pyramids. This machine had very little of mechanical devices. The fifty ton slabs of granite were pulled across the desert by gangs of men, and lifted on top of one another, with joints of one-ten-thousandth of an inch, by inclined planes and levers. The base, covering acres, differed only 7.9 inches on one side from another.

Most of what was new in the machine were its human parts: priests to conceive of its architecture, bureaucrats to pass on the orders, masses of conscripted farmers to carry out the manual labor. Mumford characterizes the bureaucracy as follows:
Now **the important part** about the functioning of a classic bureaucracy is that **it originates nothing: its function is to transmit**, without alteration or deviation, the orders that come from above. . . This administrative method ideally requires a studious repression of all the autonomous functions of the personality, and a readiness to perform the daily tasks with ritual exactitude . . . Bureaucratic regimentation was in fact part of the larger regimentation of life, introduced by this power-centered culture. Nothing emerges more clearly from the Pyramid texts themselves, with their wearisome repetitions of formulae, than a **colossal capacity** for **enduring monotony**; a capacity that **anticipates** the **universal boredom achieved in our own day** (Mumford, 1966, pp. 321-322, *The Lewis Mumford Reader*, ed. Donald Miller, 1995).

Sound familiar? Yes, that is Mumford’s argument. The first megamachine was duplicated in the Middle Ages in the canonical discipline of the monasteries, and emerged full-force in the twentieth century in the war machines. Every schooling, every discipline, every profession is one of these **transmissions of orders** by formulae from above, originating nothing, enduring colossal boredom. The lines of force **exact** exactly this. **Follow** the formulae from above, or be **dismissed**.

So, the megamachine selects those **who can make themselves** repeat formulae, **while originating nothing**, or what I have been calling in these theorems, one through five, the constant operator, O(c).

This is the general condition of captivity, **now**.

**Deliverance, Man the Player**
Mumford is dire in his description, but also poses the way out of captivity in this Egypt we are now in:

So, we come to our final question: Is there then no humane and life-giving alternative to the present process of helpless mechanization and purposeless materialism. … I believe that at a critical point we shall make a series of new choices, just as deliberate as those which made the machine itself a dominating factor in our lives; and that if we make these choices in time to ward off disaster we shall bring about a general renewal of life . . . not the result of some dictatorial fiat: they are the cumulative outcome of many little day-to-day decisions, arising out of a new method of approach, a new set of values, a new philosophy . . . Once more the human person is coming back into the center of the picture . . . This change is nothing less than a change in interest of the whole organism and the whole personality . . . capable of re-orienting this society, displacing the machine and restoring man to the very center of the universe. When man ceases to create he ceases to live. Unless he constantly seeks to surpass his animal limitations, he sinks back into a creature lower than any other brute, for his suppressed creativity, at that moment, will possess with irrational violence all his animal functions . . . But the tool, once so responsive to man’s will, has turned into an automation, and at the present moment, the development of automatic organizations threatens to turn man himself into a mere passive tool. (Lewis Mumford, Art and Technics, 1952, in The Lewis Mumford Reader, ed. Donald Miller, 1995, pp. 358 and 360).
If he steps back from being consumed as an automation (see Theorem One), what has he to step back into? I have been calling it the transitional operator, O(t), all along in these theorems, and now add Johan Huizinga’s characterization:

Summing up the formal characteristics of play we might call it a free activity standing quite consciously outside “ordinary” life as being “not serious,” but at the same time absorbing the player intensely and utterly. It is an activity connected with no material interest, and no profit can be gained by it. It proceeds within its own boundaries of time and space according to fixed rules and in an orderly manner. It promotes the formation of social groupings which tend to surround themselves with secrecy and to stress their difference from the common world by disguise or other means (Huizinga, *Homo Ludens*, 1938, originally published; 1955).

All the terms in this loosely connected group of ideas – play, laughter, folly, wit, jest, joke, the comic, etc. – share the characteristic we had to attribute to play, namely, of resisting any attempt to reduce it to other terms. Their rationale and their mutual relationship must lie in a very deep layer of our mental being (p. 6).

The ritual act has all the formal and essential characteristics of play which we enumerated above, particularly in so far as it transports the participants to another world . . . (p. 18). The function of the rite, therefore, is far from being merely imitative; it causes the worshippers to participate in the sacred happening itself. As the Greeks would say, “it is methectic rather than mimetic.” It is a “helping-out of the action.” (p. 15).
The Platonic identification of play and holiness does not defile the latter by calling it play, rather it **exalts** the concept of play to the highest regions of the spirit. We said at the beginning that play was anterior to culture; in a certain sense it is also **superior** to it or at least **detached** from it. In play we may move **below** the level of the serious, as the child does; but we may also move **above** it – in the realm of the beautiful and the sacred. (p. 19).

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**A Dream Series of One Week, Crossing Back and Forth Between the Megamachine and Divine Play**

All of these five dreams in eight nights (also, the three others left out to reduce the length of my proof) concerned themselves with captivity in the megamachine and with deliverance from it in divine play. Some of them have been the most painful nightmares of my life, each nightmare invaluable for recalibrating my instrument of orientation. Always the **sequence**, nightmare **captivity**, terse **deliverance**. There is no substitute for being wrong, to get it right.

*The Squawk!*

I made rounds on a Sunday for four hours, with fourteen patients, quite effortlessly. Two of them were first time psychotic breaks, where I could make sense of them for the patient, and for the family, while twelve of them were chronic degradation. I re-read
Lewis Mumford’s *The First Megamachine*, and I knew I was in it. Everything I wear is made by a slave somewhere in Asia, or South America, in slavery. A postcard in my study of King’s Chapel in Cambridge was made by slaves in slavery. Melville’s *Moby Dick* is slavery on a whaling machine.

I dream a cartoon, which woke me up, startled, at 4AM.

In the first panel, nothing but a rising trajectory. In the middle panel, a curious animal with long ears showing, only, tuned to commands from above, emitting a SQUAWK!, a third panel of a descending trajectory. When I woke from this curious horror, I went up to my study and looked up SQUAWK. Curiously, it was invented by Lewis Carroll, combining squall and squeak! Ah, so that is what man is decimated into! The cold glare of The Queen of Hearts presides over the middle panel. To her, they are attuned. Nothing
else left of them, disappearing elsewhere, like the Cheshire Cat in *The Queen’s Croquet Ground* (Alice, Chapter 8, 1865), but lacking his sovereignty.

*A New Annex of Slavery in My Department.*

Three days later, I was enjoying some beautiful interviews, delivering patients all day from being governed from above as in The Squawk! And I had huge new energy on the tennis court. I dreamt our department was building a new annex of assembly lines and I was stuck in one of them.
However, I had a icon on my computer of a red tailed hawk, which could **dip in and out of each line** of the assembly, and take in as little or as much as I wanted, for as little or as much time as I wanted. That is how I am free to play in this megamachine: giving a little to something going nowhere, and giving a lot to something hopeful.

*The Balcony (Genet).*

The next day in clinic was awful for me, particularly because of an old lady commanding huge attention, even in the waiting room by a panic attack before the resident and I could see her. She had a **horrid face**, cold with rage, and exacted questions of the resident about all of her medicines. I spent fifteen minutes with her, when I wanted to run from her at once. I thought of Dante in the *Inferno* (2000, original work published 1300), being counseled by his guide, Virgil, not to look into the faces of such creatures for more than a second, and Dante fainting because he took in a minute!

The nightmare was quite unbearable. I was in a three story house, which had the curious feature that all of the rooms were the same, and empty, and had doors on balconies.
The terrible thing was that ghoulisht figures, as of a Halloween party, were pouring into all of the rooms from the doors on the balconies, and I could not stop them. I finally got out an aluminum baseball bat, and tried to drive them out, like Odysseus from his hall at Ithaka, or Christ harrowing Hell. I could not. I had to go up to my study again, and think about how I was wrong once again. I was. Once you let such people in, it is too late. I would be arrested on endless counts of assault and battery! But my deliverance was coming from below, after I went back to bed. I dream of a pocket knife with “The Edge” written on it, to make a deep sulcus (primigenius) around my body, my house, my practice. Not to let these people into myself in the first place!

*The Masters – Spinal Cord Illness Richly Joined to the Megamachine.*
This one was the worst. My wife and I were out at our cabin on the prairie, enjoying the red tailed hawks in a great spring wind. However, I was reading Huizinga on festivals that mark the center of a culture, and so I was determined when I got back to watch the last hours of The Masters Golf Tournament at Augusta, Georgia. It made me sick. One after another of the masters succumbed to overwhelming pressure. I could spot it at once. A fall out of balance, usually to the right, or compensated to the left. Meanwhile, the audience was a mess, wives looking twenty years older from sweating these things, fat old men proclaiming how great it all was.

I went to bed ill, and dreamt the following, I was going back to Harvard College for my senior year, in a few days. My father had let my beautiful Golden Retriever we called The Horse Dog out our side door many times, where he disappeared often for a day or two. I was enraged at his negligence, and told him so, and he told me to get out of the house at once.

When I got to Cambridge two days early, my house would not take me in. It was as if I had no friends and no money. Anywhere I turned for mercy, I got none, and soon began to be a streetperson and beat up and given even less mercy. Finally, I could not bear more of it, and woke up. I had fallen from the top of a society to the bottom, just like the Masters, who fell in one bad shot out of the running. They were enacting the central drama of our terrible society: win with a narrow technical ability, lose, and nobody comes to your aid.
I deliberated on this in my study from 3 to 4.30 AM, and got back to sleep. My dream was very succinct, and totally visual, like a diagram.

I saw a spinal cord, richly joined (Selvini Palazzoli, 1980) to the exterior world of pressure, O(c), and hardly joined at all to the interior world of play, or transition, and it was slowly turning into white mud. Ah, so this is why the heroes lurch to the right, being destroyed at their very core!
This dream was immensely *orienting* my next day in clinic. Every one I saw was *lurching* to the right, richly joined to an *immense burden of pressure to comply*. I was *not*, and put in a *word*.

*The U-Plot of the Megamachine.*

Last night I simply dreamt of the U-Plot (Frye, 1982, *The Great Code*). Man the Player was ascending into the Temple, plunging into homelessness, painting in beautiful color, losing himself in a grey shroud.
I remembered at once what my wife and I read in *The Odyssey* last night. Odysseus, waking up after being nearly totally destroyed by Poseiden, discovers he is among beautiful young maidens in Phaeacia (Book Six, *The Princess and the Stranger, The Odyssey*, translated by Robert Fagles, 1996). All the girls flee, but Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, who stands her ground. Homer writes,

Should he fling his arms around her knees, the young beauty, plead for help, or stand back, plead with a winning word, beg her to lead him to the town and lend him clothing? This was the better way, he thought. Plead now with a subtle, winning word and stand well back, don’t clasp her knees, the girl might bridle, yes. (p. 173, lines 156-161).

So here we are, either **forcing forward**, O (c), or **stepping back**, O (t), and we have **recovered our bearings**, O (f).

Q.E.D.
Sixth Theorem. The Noble Semantic Complex of Play – from Johan Huizinga.

We concluded my Fifth Theorem, A New Habit Of Life, with Lewis Mumford’s argument about departure from the megamachine structure itself, which has destroyed the organic center in humanity. Now, we will take up Johan Huizinga’s marvelous portrait of the enormous forces available for renewal in Man the Player, or Homo Ludens (1938 in Dutch, 1944 in German in Switzerland, 1955 in English, Beacon Bress in Boston). If we are going to help others, and ourselves, out of the captivity of Egypt that we are all in, we need to have a full sense of our native potential which is there to be delivered. This proof is divided into three parts: A. Evoking Huizinga on the play-function, which is the center of all archaic civilization, in the Bronze Age, around the world. B. A week of my dream series, while contemplating Huizinga, which locates his Promised Land, and then throws me back into the deadliness of Egypt. The geometry generalizes the narrative (narrative to spatial positioning) to the entire phase space to be considered. C. How this changes my practice, to bring about new beginnings, in myself, in my patients.

Huizinga’s Totality of Play and Contest As Civilizing Functions.

I had not re-read Homo Ludens for nearly fifty years. Quite unconsciously, I pulled it out of my deep past, and it has fulfilled exactly, and infinitely more, of what I was searching for, namely, a full characterization of the force of play, the totality of the world generated by the transitional operator, \( O(t) \), recursively (i.e., inserting its result of play back into the next play; and so on recursively).
What is extraordinary, and found nowhere else in literature, is a proof of the ancient, no, aboriginal, no, primordial origin of play in animals before man, before civilization, and of the tremendous range of beauties that go with it, always, everywhere in the world. The structure of this semantic complex is Huizinga’s true aim to bring forth, because the complex itself is what can save us. If my proof of Huizinga’s proof gets you to read his book, one word or phrase at a time, to savor it, then you might even be saved yourself, for you will be taking the wide gate into the tremendous wealth inside yourself, one breath at a time, riding the transitional operator, O(t), into a world elsewhere, from the captivity of the megamachine.

I can deliver Huizinga’s proof to you in less than his 220 pages, because its structure is fractal, i.e., self-similar on all scales. I originally marked out the decisive phrases with my yellow highlighter, and gathering them up chapter by chapter by annotating the margins of the most crucial highlightings. In this way, I have distilled the argument or proof, as a preliminary guide to your reading, to mark the way. I will change the order of Huizinga’s proof, which will be interesting in itself, perhaps a significant difference between us.
Huizinga begins with total clarity:

Play is older than culture, … and animals have not waited for man to teach them their playing. We can safely assert, even, that human civilization has added no essential feature to the general idea of play. Animals play just like men. We have only to watch young dogs to see that all the essentials of human play are present in their merry gambols. They invite one another to play by a certain ceremoniousness of attitude and gesture. They keep to the rule that you should not bite, or not bite hard, your brother’s ear. They pretend to get terribly angry. And – what is most important – they plainly experience tremendous fun and enjoyment (p. 1).

Now, at once, Huizinga begins to point to the structural elements which are always the companions of the play-function:

This intensity of, and absorption in, play finds no explanation in biological analysis. Yet in this very intensity, this absorption, this power of maddening, lies the very essence, the primordial quality of play (pp. 2-3).

Huizinga remarks that nature could have given us some other way of discharging superabundant energy,

But no, she gave us play, with its tension, its mirth and its fun.
Nevertheless it is precisely this fun-element that characterizes the essence of play. Here we have to do with an absolutely primary category of life, familiar to everybody at a glance right down to the animal level. We may well call play a “totality” in the modern sense of the word, and it is as a totality that we must try to understand and evaluate it. … But in acknowledging play you acknowledge mind, for whatever else play is, it is not matter. Even in the animal world it bursts the bounds of the physically existent.

But, of course, Huizinga is going to have play carry us through the core of all civilization:

Now in myth and ritual the great instinctive forces of civilized life have their origin: law and order, commerce and profit, craft and art, poetry, wisdom, science. All are rooted in the primaeval soil of play (p. 5).

Crucial to Huizinga’s argument, is that play is irreducible itself, while taking everything else in civilization into itself:

All the terms in this loosely connected group of ideas – play, laughter, folly, wit, jest, joke, the comic, etc. – share the characteristic which we had to attribute to play, namely, that of resisting any attempt to reduce it to other terms. Their rationale and their mutual relationship must lie in a very deep layer of our mental being (p. 6).

Since being beautiful seems everywhere in play (not quite), Huizinga tries to reduce it thus:
Here our judgement wavers. For although the attribute of beauty does not attach to play as such, play nevertheless tends to assume marked elements of beauty. Mirth and grace adhere at the outset to the more primitive forms of play. In play the beauty of the human body in motion reaches its zenith. In its more developed forms it is saturated with rhythm and harmony, the noblest gifts of aesthetic perception known to man (p. 7).

But

… we immediately come up against that irreducible quality of pure playfulness which is not, in our opinion, amenable to further analysis … By this quality of freedom alone, play marks itself off from the course of natural process. It is something added thereto and spread out over it like a flowering, an ornament, a garment (p. 7).
Disinterestedness.

Not let us follow Huizinga’s marking off of what necessarily goes with this irreducible playfulness?

First, disinterestedness:

Not being “ordinary life” it stands outside the immediate satisfaction of wants and appetites, indeed it interrupts the appetitive process. … This assertion is apparently contradicted by the fact that play, or rather sexual display, is predominant in animal life precisely at the mating season … In all its higher forms the latter at any rate belongs to the sphere of festival and ritual – the sacred sphere.

Locality and Duration.

Play is demarcated in its locality and in its duration:

… its secludedness, its limitedness. It is “played out” within certain limits of time and place. It contains its own course and meaning. Play begins, and then at a certain moment it is “over.” It plays itself to an end. While it is in progress all is movement, change, alternation, succession, association, separation. … Once played, it endures as a newfound creation of the mind, a treasure to be retained by the memory. … In this faculty of repetition lies one of the most essential qualities of play (pp. 9-10).

Order.
Order is indispensable to play:

Inside the play-ground an absolute and peculiar order reigns. … it *creates order, it is order* (p. 10).

*Tension and Fairness.*

Tension is indispensable to play:

Tension means uncertainty, *chanciness*; a striving to decide the issue and so end it. The player wants something to *go*, to *come off*; he wants to “succeed” by his own exertions (p. 10-11).

Though play as such is outside the range of good and bad, the element of tension imparts to it a certain ethical value in so far as it means a testing of the player’s *prowess*: his courage, tenacity, resources and, last but not least, his spiritual powers – his *fairness*; because, despite his ardent desire to win, he must stick to the rules of the game (p. 11).

*Summing Up the Formal Characteristics of Play.*

… we might call it a *free activity* standing quite consciously *outside* “ordinary” life as being “not serious,” but at the same time *absorbing* the player *intensely* and *utterly*. It is an activity
connected with no material interest, and no profit can be gained by it. It proceeds with in its own proper boundaries of time and space according to fixed rules and in an orderly manner (p. 13).

*The Function of Play in its Higher Forms – Stepping Out of Common Reality.*

… can largely be derived from the basic aspects under which we meet it: as a contest for something or a representation of something. These two functions can unite in such a way that the game “represents” a contest, or else becomes a contest for the best representation of something … the peacock and the turkey merely display their gorgeous plumage to the females, but the essential feature of it lies in the parading of something out of the ordinary and calculated to arouse admiration. If the bird accompanies this exhibition with dance-steps we have a performance, a stepping out of common reality into a higher order (p. 13).

*Ritual.*

Finally, ritual.

At the great seasonal festivals the community celebrates the grand happenings in the life of nature by staging sacred performances, which represent the change of seasons, the rising and setting of the constellations, the growth and rising of crops, birth, life death in man and beast. … And now he plays this great processional order of existence in a sacred play, in and through which he actualizes anew, or “recreates,” the events represented and thus helps to maintain the cosmic order. Frobenius draws even more far-reaching conclusions from this “playing at nature.”
He deems it **the starting-point** of all social order and social institutions, too. Through his ritual play, savage society acquires its rude forms of government. The king is the sun, his kingship the image of the sun’s course. All his life **the king plays “sun”** and in the end he suffers the fate of the sun: he must be killed in ritual forms by his own people (p. 16).

*The Agon, or Contest.*

I was curious to see how far Huizinga’s argument in his first chapter **subsumes** everything that comes after? Not quite. He is about to make another **jump**, to the agon, or contest, as the crucial **form for building civilization**: it is **improvisational** (p. 123).

At the root of this sacred rite we recognize unmistakeably the **imperishable need of man to live in beauty**. There is no **satisfying** this need **save** in play (p. 63).

Huizinga will derive the semantic complex in all the languages of the world, the various forms of the agon, or contest, the creation of law, of war, of knowing, of poetry, of mythopoesis, of philosophy, of art, of western civilization **subspecie ludi**, of the play element in contemporary civilization.

*Virtue and Nobility.*

The contest, with a **balance of rights** between the **antagonists**, in the delimited play region and time, brings about a certain kind of **complex of virtues everywhere** in the world in the **archaic** or **Bronze Age**:
*Tugend* in German … corresponds directly to the verb *taugen* … meaning to be fit or apt for something, to be the true and genuine thing in one’s kind … The same is true of the Arabic *muru’a*, comprising like the Greek *arete*, the whole semantic complex of strength, valour, wealth, right, good management, morality, urbanity, fine manners, magnanimity, liberality and moral perfection (p. 64).

All the virtues are played at or played out in the different variations of play:

The festive play of courtship, the martial play of the contest, the disputations play of braggadocio, mockery and invective, the nimble play of wit and readiness (p. 129).

Perhaps, Huizinga (p. 128) has given the best example for his proof of the unity of all of the Bronze Age in this Old Frisian poem, which sounds like nothing to me but Gerard Manley Hopkins:

Wherever men
Hunt wolves,
Christian men
Go to church,
Heathen men
Offer sacrifice,
Fire flames,
Field greens,
Child calls mother,
Mother suckles child,
Hearth-fire is tended,
Ship goes voyaging,
Shields gleam,
Sun shines,
Snow falls,
Pines grow,
Falcon flies
As the dayspring is long
   (Strong wind
   In both his wings),
Wherever the sky
   Is lifted up,
Home husbanded,
Wind roars,
Water runs seaward,
Servants sew corn.

But Then It Falls Apart.

During the growth of a civilization the agonistic function attains its most beautiful form, as well as its most conspicuous, in the archaic phase. As a civilization becomes more complex, more
variegated and more overladen, and as the technique of production and social life becomes more finely organized, the old cultural soil is gradually smothered under a rank layer of ideas, systems of thought and knowledge, doctrines, rules and regulations, moralities and conventions which have lost all touch with play (p. 75).

Thus,

Play casts a spell over us; it is “enchanting,” “captivating.” It is invested with the noblest qualities we are capable of perceiving in things: rhythm and harmony (p. 10). … Once this admitted we may call them, strictly speaking, “play,” – serious play, fateful and fatal play, bloody play, sacred play, but nonetheless that playing which, in archaic society, raises the individual or the collective personality to a higher power (p. 61).

As soon as one member or more of a community of States virtually denies the binding character of international law … not only does the last vestige of the immemorial play-spirit vanish but with it any claim to civilization at all. Society then sinks down to the level of the barbaric, original violence retakes its ancient rights.

The inference from all this is that in the absence of the play spirit civilization is impossible (p. 101).

A Series of Dreams For A Week In Reply To Huizinga.
It is quite painful to be immersed in Huizinga’s noble world of the play function, $O(t)$, and have to return to the degraded world of business as usual, $O(c)$. I have more sympathy with Dylan Thomas than I once did. I was particularly pained the Sunday night before the first dream in the series, taking calls from a social worker in one emergency room and the resident in the other emergency room, always the same case, in different variations, of a ruined person forcing us to admit her to the hospital by threatening suicide, every two hours all night long.
My Dream of Barn Burning.

I dream I am building a beautiful house for us, and a gymnasium attached to our house made out of beautiful old maple, like the gymnasium at Grinnell College where my son was a student. This complex is being built out on the Wisconsin prairie, like our cabin here, but also out in Montana or Wyoming on the prairie facing the big mountains. I have hired two brothers as carpenters to help me.

At a certain moment, I look up from my hammering, and catch the eyes of one of them, and understand at a glance, that he and his brother are about to try to kill me and my family, and burn this beautiful place to the ground. I wake up, in time, before it can go any further.
This dream shocked me at 4 AM. Once again, I went up to my study to ask myself in what sense it is true? And who are these guys? I could only think of Abel and his murder by Cain. Two Cains. I think it refers to the Coen brothers and their films like Fargo. I am underestimating the malice, until it is almost too late. Degradation, demanding the first place, with no rights to their antagonist. Huizinga himself saw it coming towards Holland in 1938 in the Nazis, with their philosophy of das Eintreten des Ernstfalles, roughly, the serious development of an emergency (p. 208). It was too late for Huizinga himself, Professor at Leiden, taken prisoner by them in their blitzkrieg of Holland. He died in their prison camp, De Steeg in Gelderland, near Arnheim in 1945. Archaic man holds such one-sided violence in check, by according equal rights to the antagonist in the agon, or contest. No more, now. I had better not build a gymnasium (school, in German) attached to my beautiful house. I need to lie low.

My Dream of Prospero’s Landing and of the South American Dancer.

I had had another painful day in clinic, this time with my own patients, people without an interior world this afternoon, full of malice. The constant operator, O(c), sees only his own business, obliterates everything else. I resolve to get the move from my beautiful house-gymnasium to being ready for these people.

I dream I am landing a 747, and turning off all of its powers, one by one, finally, the lights, landing it in complete silence. That is a radical move, a necessary, radical move. I expect nothing like Prospero, of the people landing on his island, but total indifference and the right to obliterate me.
I am in the second dream of the night, a tennis tournament run by an old rival. I wait and wait for my match. I let a young boy park my car, and he totals it on a tall post. Finally my turn to go on, and the grass courts have a strange hilly terrain. My antagonist is dressed like a South American tango dancer in a contest, and he is practicing already to demolish me. He is on the steep side of the hill, and carries a lacrosse stick, and reaches over the net with it to pound balls into my small, level side of the court. I am supposed to stop him, unstoppable, or pay the death penalty. I am not going to play this game.

What is this? I again ask myself, going up to my study at 4AM? Even when I turn off all my powers, to be ready for my antagonist not to recognize me at all, he is so full of himself he is going to pound me to death without quarter. Ah, I still underestimate das Eintreten des Ernstfalles, the serious development
of an emergency. These people have no humor at all. Nothing but their own will, O(c), their own business.

*My Dream of Myself as Moses in the Medical Egypt of the Megamachine.*

Another day in clinic with my own patients, good people, ruined because they do not read the unread catastrophe coming: like divorcing a husband, who will coldly punish her forever for it. I read my program in the Door County Summer Institute, and compare it with my rivals. Theirs is all positive, like positive psychology, without a reference to any dangers.

I dream I am trying to knock down a mocking Uncle wielding a step-ladder. I am leading a medical host out of the University Hospital to a conference on their fundamental problems. I get lost in the labyrinth of the place, and stop to show them a chair, in which I pump up a syphgmomanometer (blood pressure cuff) in the tube of the top of a chair. I cannot make it work. I end up out in a field southwest of Madison, with them behind me, coming near EPIC headquarters of our endless electronic medical record. I feel like John Cleese in flight from his crazy headquarters of a school in *Clockwise.*
I certainly am having my troubles this week, another 4 AM visit to my study to why I am wrong this time? God, Moses, you are not going to lead these medical people out of their endless labyrinth. They cannot do the least ordinary thing, like take care of one of my hysterical patients, who has volatile hypertension, which they only make worse, by giving her several toxic medicines at once and really putting her into a panic. Our first year residents give ten page write-ups on the electronic medical record, and leave sometimes at one-thirty AM.

*My Dream of Bosch’s Ruined Temple and of My Beautiful Well in the Frozen River.*

I have outlined my proof last night, and this wakes me up, once again at 4 AM. I dreamt that one of our patients in clinic is going psychotic because I put diabolic pressure on her house to face her reality. I go up to my study, and find that I have done nothing of the sort. I but mapped her phase space in which she goes into a panic, in large, closed spaces like a cathedral, and I but mapped where she dissociates and forgets where she is, until she wakes up in another kind of panic.

I went back to sleep and dreamt of a beautiful iced-over river in which I have put a well, like my hot/cold tub out back, in the river, to keep the flow open.
When I wake up in the morning. I am aware that I do not know if she can face her own inner flow, as in the first dream of a ruined temple like Bosch’s in *The Temptation of Saint Anthony*, of the condition of the Catholic Church in 1500, but also in 2009. Or if we give her a beautiful well on her iced-over river she can find a new center, a new beginning? Well, it could be either. It is not for nothing that I have placed Bosch’s painting across from myself, over the couch of my patient, for the last twenty-five years. **A corrupt stage**, often too much for my patients, not to mention myself.

*The Dream That Wanders in Daylight.*

The force of the four dreams I have described in a series of one week was feeling too much for me last night. Against the enormous vitality of the play-function, I had been thrown back, violently, four times, into the deathly violence of the Coen brothers, the South American Tango Dancer, the Medical Megamachine, and Bosch’s Tower of Corruption.

Once again, my instrument **astonished** me with a reply of a kind I had never seen before.
I am in the Pakistani Secret Service, where I am tracking the connections of one person to another person and yet to another person, and so forth. I wake up quite lighthearted. Why? I become aware of a huge condensation of references, superimposed upon one another.

One is the striking malevolence of such a service, transformed into a kind of play. The diagram reminds me of the foxholes in a meadow we dug as boys, and connected by tunnels underground, and then covered up the foxholes with boards and sod, so the honey-combing of the meadow was totally hidden. There we were like the boys in Stevenson’s story, The Lantern Bearers, in total delight with the secret world we had constructed.
Two is the play that became evident to me when I awoke. I felt an odd tickle on my left forearm, and looked to see what mismatch had appeared at that moment, to discover a light brown spider dangling from the point of tickling. What a sweet instrument, I exclaimed to myself, to be sensitive to the slightest tickle of something fresh and different in my world. So, the tiniest scale of play, reading between matches and mismatches (see The Great Instrument of Orientation, Gustafson, 2008) takes me right back to the center of myself, quite in the style of Emily Dickinson. Having been thrown out of the play-function so violently all week, it was sweet to rediscover it in every breath.

Three is the play so exemplified by Don Quijote in which the magic spell is so strong that it makes the mercantile plain of Spain into a mere staging for Quijote’s adventures. This reminded me of O’Flaherty’s Dreams, Illusions and Other Realities (1984), in which she shows

… to those who do understand, she (maya) is the yoga-maya, who makes possible the play (lila) of God in the world (p. 300).

O’Flaherty refers to the phrase from Aeschylus, a dream that wanders in the daylight, “to describe the helplessness and weakness of old men left behind in time of war.” But in India, she continues

The dream that wanders in the daylight does not fade but instead makes the daylight all the more luminous: it shines into the hidden corners of waking life to show us shadows brighter than the light (p. 304).
Such is my little dream of being in a secret service. Indeed, I am. And in Pakistan, the very neighbor to India.

A New Beginning.

I ready to sum up how far Huizinga could take me, and what I have had to do for myself, beyond him. Which then extends what I can do for my patients and for my students.

The Reach of Huizinga.

Huizinga takes right back into the total world of vitality and nobility in the play-function, O(t). And he marks where it goes under:

The old cultural soil is gradually smothered under a rank layer of ideas, systems … doctrines, rules and regulations, moralities and conventions which have lost all touch with play (p. 75).

Augmented by Gustafson.

In The Dream That Wanders in Daylight, of myself in the Pakistani Secret Service, I mark what Huizinga could not have known of, which is the core, fractal structure of The Great Instrument of Orientation (Gustafson, 2008): in every breath is the play of reading a match or a mismatch, really the play of God, because the match is one world, the mismatch is another. As Balzac wrote,
What is a feeling but a world in thought? (Balzac, 1835/1946, p. 165, Pere Goriot).

He might have written,

What is a word? … What is a phrase? … What is an image? … but a world in thought.

But this is so, only under what I have called (Gustafson, 2008) fractal conditions, i.e., where inner forces and outer forces are equally balanced, or in equipoise.

What destroys this play is quite what Huizinga wrote:

the old cultural soil is gradually smothered under a rank layer of materialism.

The simplest way, I have found, to describe the rank layer that smothers the play of the breath between match/mismatch, one world and another world, i.e., the transitional operator, O(t), is

constantly to pile up materials, which levels everything to a mere increase of something, the action of the constant operator, O(c).

A Mock Board Exam.
I had agreed to do a mock board exam a few weeks ago for a young colleague wanting to practice, who came here to visit me. What he did was **perfect**, but completely **missed** the patient. In the half hour allotted him to examine the patient, he piled up a **huge amount of material**, as required, about the present illness, past history, family and social history, differential diagnosis, and recommendations for treatment.

What he missed in the **very center** of the interview was the **exchange** of the patient with her world, which was to **subordinate** herself, to her father, her ex-husband, and now her twenty-one year old son still living in the household and **strangling** her, as Breuer and Freud (*Studies on Hysteria*, 1895) would say, like an **octopus** with **countless arms**, in his **endless demands, day and night**. Going to work was a relief, and returning a **grim** business, of being **backed** against the wall. Of course, this constant operator, O (c), and its captivity, in practically the **only case** in our clinic, except that the **male version** of it is Dr. Jekyll being captured by his lists of duties at work, in medicine, law, business, academia, etc. (Gustafson, *Very Brief Psychotherapy*, 2005).

My young colleague’s interview was just **this pile up** of **materials**, which **obliterates** seeing anything at all. I could **pierce** it very simply, by asking him

> What is **keeping** this patient the **same** (O(c), constant operator)?

Now, he could think a little, and say there was a **subordination** going on, and I could help him see this self-subordination in **every domain** of her life. Then, I could ask,
What moves in a different direction (transitional operator, O(t))? 

And he could remember that she had attempted to go out on a weeknight with her new husband, and then was criticized by her daughter, and exploded in a fury, alarming the children, and herself, and that was what had decided her to come to the clinic for help! In other words, she tried to make a transitional move, out of her constant self-subordination, but 

could not hold back her rage when criticized for it!

So, with two little questions, about what keeps it the same, and what moves to a different world, we had come to the rate-limiting step? 

that she would need some help to contain her rage, when criticized for freeing herself!

This would be a new beginning.

My Dream Ride of the Valkyries.

That noon I went home and slipped into a nap, and had a most disturbing image ride right up. It was of my young colleague riding a huge snake from the depths, like a Lamprey Eel, with its mouth of suction.
This is the crazy German materialism, piling up materials, in every medical chart, in every building on campus, in every business, in every profession. All dead serious, das Eintreten des Ernstfalles, the serious development of an emergency.

Not To Do It.

So, the deliverance is very simple, from this captivity. Not to pile up materials, in order to read the match or mismatch in the next breath. Two clinical examples will demonstrate the radical simplicity.

The Case of the Would-be Quilter.

She complains to me she is having trouble controlling her eating, and this is evident. I know too that it has to do with never having had a good mother, but only a maniac of a mother full of endless deriding of her. She is compensating herself, by eating for comfort, in the absence of the real thing, the usual common dynamic (Gustafson, The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry, 1999).
I know that this constant operator \((O(c))\) will run on indefinitely, unless I can pose the transitional operator, of the play function, \(O(t)\), and see if it, instead, can be ridden. I say to her, “What about mothering \textbf{yourself}? What about quilting? I haven’t heard about it for a while?”

She replies that she has her loom, and her many yarns, but has been unable to begin. “Why not?” I ask, “Because I look at what other women are doing, and doubt if I will be that good?” So, she is playing right into her mother’s hands! I say, “Well, you will need to \textbf{not} to look at what they are doing, and just \textbf{play at} making something that \textbf{pleases yourself}!” She is enormously relieved by this, and sees she can begin at once. Of course, here is the new beginning, \textbf{not} to pile up the materials of others, but to \textbf{turn} to \textbf{play at} her own play.

\textit{The Case of the Next Unread Catastrophe.}

One of the residents has a patient I come to supervise who is bravely single parenting, warding off nasty legal actions from her ex-, and finishing her teaching degree, and barely scraping by with money. This day, she is keeping her head up, I am told by the resident.

I am thinking of \textbf{movement} on a \textbf{constantly shifting field}, and what is \textbf{coming next}? In other words, I am thinking that it is crucial for her to \textbf{remain oriented}. So I ask her how she could \textbf{lose} her step? She thinks for a minute, and says, “If my offer of $50 to the power company per month is not accepted in lieu of the $100 demanded, they will shut off my power, … and then the \textbf{really terrible} thing, my ex-will \textbf{seize} upon this as evidence of my incompetence and go right back to court with it in the custody
battle. I will **cringe** (she now puts **both hands up in front of her face**) and be able to deal with nothing for two weeks, and end up in very big trouble.”

“Well,” I say, “that is a very slippery and dangerous slope not to go down, so you might as well be ready for the power company to demand $100 a month, and thus keep your ex-off your neck! Where to find the extra $50?” “Well,” she replies, “I could take the $150 I was going to put into the bald tires, and use it! Anyway, I just got road coverage, for almost nothing, so if one of the tires goes, I am alright.” She smiles. And so the resident and I have brought her through.

So that is **her** new beginning, to be ready for a constantly shifting field, when she is at the **limit** of her resources. Not to **hope** that everything will **hold** together, but to be ready for the next thing going **wrong**.

Not to **project** an **ideal**, and **cling** to it, O(c), but to **move** as best she can **move**, and be ready for a match, or a mismatch (O(t)).

*A Paradigm Shift.*

I wrote in *The Great Instrument of Orientation* (2008) that this constituted a paradigm shift. They are **never welcomed**. John Platt described it in the simplest algebra (pp. 105-107):

A paradigm (i) has become **unworkable**, like this **pile up** of **endless materials**. A component (i-1), which is relatively simple, like the great instrument of orientation which **reads** the match or
mismatch in every step on a constantly shifting field, resonates with a greater reality (i+1), which is that this very simplicity pierces the pile of rank material that smothers the movement, to elucidate where it is going, and how to be ready for it!

Of course, imagining in terms of movement and flow is totally antithetical to a static projection of an ideal, and turning off signals that announce its catastrophe.

As Jullien argues (A Treatise on Efficacy, Between Western and Eastern Thinking, 2004; original work published 1996) and Heidegger (The Great Instrument of Orientation, Gustafson, 2008, pp. 271-273), the west confines itself to projecting ideals, which makes a static field, of what-is, and is not about to think in terms of movement or flow, upstream, on the smallest scale, which is transitional to a different world, or of what-is-arising.

Unfortunate, but true. We can expect a long siege of gathering up more materials, like my young colleague riding the Lamprey Eel up from the depths in the Ride of the Valkyries, as the USA fortifies itself for more D-days, in every subject of its progress, on every front of its attack.

Q.E.D.
My Sixth Theorem followed Huizinga’s Proof of the Folding Of All Virtues into the Play Function, or transitional operator, O(t). But the siege of materialism is everywhere on the march covering the beautiful case of play with a rank layer, or layers of materials, rules, conventions, duties, etc., etc., the constant operator, O(c). Indeed, everyone is swamped by it. Here then is how I discovered the Backflow Valve, which is a device, made of brass, which keeps, say, the high pressure in a swimming pool, from backing into the water main, and polluting its fresh water. This turns out to be the crucial device for us now, and here follows my proof of it, the fundamental operator, O(f). I will give the order of my discoveries as I made them in sequence over the last five days and nights. As always, for The Great Instrument of Orientation (Gustafson, 2008), the balance between interior and exterior weight, or pressure, brings about fractal, or self-similar, structures on all scales. The Backflow Valve is precisely such a crucial fractal structure: indeed, it is the fundamental operator, O(f), necessary to balance the constant operator, O(c), and the transitional operator, O(t), by keeping their pressures relatively equal.

Step One, The Flow Chart.

I was showing my last class of the year in my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic a DVD of a manic psychosis. To be very succinct about it, the therapist had brought in the patient for consultation to me from a concern that opening up her true feelings may have precipitated a psychosis three weeks previously.
Actually, I thought it had. The night before the psychotic break the patient had learned of the betrayal of her confidence by a supervisor. A husband of a colleague told her over the phone that the supervisor had written a damning recommendation, unbeknownst to the patient, who had thought she had given far beyond the call of duty to her job.

The next morning the patient tried to drive to work, but found that clots of dizziness were flying at her, which were too alarming to head into for work. She drove back to her apartment, to find it was filled with strange people. She called her therapist, who advised her to come to the hospital. She got on the first bus that came along, and ended up going way out of her way, and finally walking to the hospital. En route, she felt like cars were trying to back into her, and at the hospital, the elevator doors bulged out at her.

Again, to be very succinct, she went on to tell me that she had had a dream in one of the last few nights, which had the same kind of dizziness in it. I suggested to her we take that dream, for, if her mind could bend itself around the dizziness in a dream, it could be more manageable than the psychosis itself. And it turned out so. In the dream, she is sitting alone at the dinner table in the family house of her childhood, and becomes so dizzy she has to get up, and goes outside, where the dizziness is relieved.

From here a segue to being at a bridal shower with friends, where the same dizziness cropped up, and she got outside and again the dizziness subsided.
To sum it all up, the same sequence turned up everywhere: **feeling cornered, panic, dizziness**. The dream version was about having to listen to her father’s **harangues** as a child. She had learned to shrug and bear them in silence. Now that the therapist had invited her to own her feelings, she found she had a great deal of rage, and the psychosis erupts the next morning, out of a **nightmare** from which she cannot wake up (See Gustafson, *The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry*, 1999, Chapters 23 and 24, on psychotic dynamics).

I read aloud my letter written to the patient summarizing the findings, essentially: the constant operator, O(c), was to dissociate her feelings about being cornered, until they erupted in strange dizziness; the transitional operator, O(t), could be about learning to **respect** this feeling cornered, and getting out of the situation if the **pressure** was too great, or beginning to give voice to it gradually, so that her rage is **modulated**. When I saw her for a second consultation five years later, she had come a long way to a new beginning.

One of the residents then exclaimed to me, “Why aren’t all of your letters this clear like a **flow chart**? i.e., what leads to the same, or worse, (O(c)), versus what leads to a **new beginning**, (O(t))?” I replied that I did write my letters as flow charts. She insisted that I did not, as for her last patient she had brought to me for consultation.

That evening I dug out the letter, and discovered we were both right. Half of the sentences were about her giving **undue weight** to the crazy opinions of her mother and father, which **vitiates** her confidence (O(c)), and one half of the sentences were about giving **due weight** to her own **remarkable** observations, by day or in dreams by night, about the **absurdity** of her parents’ **judgements** (O(t)).
But the resident was right. I had not given her the flow chart she needed: I had not separated the flow of staying the same, from the flow to a new beginning. Without this incisiveness, she felt like she had a wealth of observations, without a clear direction. In other words, the material overwhelmed her capacity to see the two opposite lines of flow.

Notice that the predicament of the patient, and that of the resident are similar. The backflooding of material can overwhelm the capacity to remain oriented. That is why I put in a Backflow Valve for the patient and for the resident, to keep the exterior pressure from swamping the interior pressure and, thus, polluting it.

For the next five days and nights came one version after another of the same Backflow, and my having to put in another Backflow Valve.

**My Dream of Small Beer**

The following day I got flooded myself. When I got my schedule about 5 PM, I discovered, in a mounting helpless rage, that a colleague going on vacation had dropped nine cases into my schedule of supervision for the next morning, without asking me. When I knocked on his door at 5PM, I was in a rage extremely unusual for me in the clinic.

That night I had a very simple dream about it. I dreamt that I had a supply of small beer (six ounce beer, not twelve ounce beer), and a colleague coveted it. I decided it was too small to go to war about.
Actually, by the next morning, he had taken responsibility for his own coverage, and not laid this 
pressure upon me. Even if he had not, I had already reduced the exterior pressure myself, by making 
it into small beer I could easily give away.

A Case of Parkinson’s Law

That morning I saw a patient in clinic with one of the residents. He had a similar problem about getting 
swamped. His side business of photography was months behind in fulfilling the assignments, which he 
had photographed, but not edited, developed, finished, etc. He and the resident were debating his action 
that his wife could quit her job, and help him free him of this backlog. Of course, the dilemma was 
whether the income she gave up could be made up in moving the flow of the photography business?

I told him about my dream in my Fourth Theorem, called Faulkner’s Delta Autumn and Jefferson’s 
Monticello. Namely, I had gone down in my backyard to wash myself off of the burdens of the day, in 
my redwood hot tub/cold tub (winter hot/summer cold), only to discover, to my consternation, that it 
was full of muddy water, and the aluminum snorkel stove in it was also full of muddy water, and I 
could not get it cleared up. More would press in.

Only when I stepped back about fifty yards could I see I had it positioned in the swamp between the 
confluence of two rivers, a scene out of Faulkner’s story, Delta Autumn. Only when I get to the 
highground of my study at 4AM, like Jefferson’s library at Monticello, did I feel I could save myself.
I told him about my discovery of the Backflow Valve. This made him smile, and he told me about how he had told his boss, in his regular job, that he and his wife were going on vacation for a few days to New York City. Instead of postponing the question, out of dread of refusal, and instead of emailing the boss, and not being able to gauge his tone, he actually braved the call and was enormously relieved by the generous reply. But was he to make a similar brave move, by having his wife quit her job? He was not so sure, he remarked, because of Parkinson’s Law: to wit, *Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion.*

The resident then interjected that the important thing was that he could make a move on these different orders of photographs to begin something, quite as he had made a move to call his boss. Otherwise, he tended to be swamped, and do nothing.

Later in the day when I emailed her about the Backflow Problem, she replied very cogently that

> Backflow is a great image – especially because it implies that *it happens behind your back* (without awareness). (Rachel Molander, personal communication).

**Three More Cases of My Own In The Afternoon Turn Out Also To Be About Back Flow**

The chief teachers of my residency (Joe Weiss, Harold Sampson) taught me that transference was often less important than turning passive into active: to wit, if a pressure were put upon the patient, he or she would try it out on the analyst to see how he handled it?
My first case of the afternoon: a man swamped by his girlfriend, forever having crises about her projecting onto him that he would leave her. Exhausting. He was depressed, for it seemed a hopeless prospect. So he was trying it out on me. I told him about her turning passive into active, and that he might just not allow himself to be dragged into it for hours or days. He could just say, That’s it for now. If that gradually brought about fewer and briefer crises of abandonment, then he would be able to decide about the long term prospects. Once again, the Backflow Valve is right there, and put in place.

My second case of the afternoon: Simpler. Her husband had closed out his business, and gone out with her and another friend of his for a few beers, and then gotten jealous she found the friend interesting. At home, he began to swamp her in his self-pity. But no, she told him she was not going to be dragged down with him, and was going out. He changed his tune in a second. Of course, what I was doing was backing her, by enjoying her forthrightness, at long last, from suffering such bathos.

My third case of the afternoon. A man who just had his fiftieth birthday complains that he is depressed, because, at fifty, he has hardly any friends, little tie to his daughter, and just work, work, work. Incidentally, and not so incidentally, his daughter had stopped playing basketball with him, because he had made such work of it. While she and her mother loved to read at bedtime. Well, I replied, you are flooding yourself, and everyone around you with serious work, when all of the virtues you want go with the play function. All of my friendships are based on mutual play, and the same with my three grown-up children. So, if that is the connection you want, there has to be less of this flooding by work, and more room and time to play. His grim look actually softened to a smile, and he decided not to do the hundred house and yard and spring cleaning projects the next day (Saturday) and go fly fishing to one of our nearby creeks!
The Thirty-Five Second Transitional Operator, $O(t)$.

One of my secretaries, Pam DeGolyer, showed me a thirty-five second video just before noon, which tersely embodies this seventh theorem. A woman was using her video camera to record her son’s skateboarding, when she heard a screetch to her right, and pointed the camera at it. A quite-old lady was about to step into a cross walk, when a man in a convertible had screeched to a halt. She proceeded, and he beeped her to get a move on! Without missing a beat, she hauled back her purse, and whammed it right into his license plate, and resumed her stride, without even looking up. The airbag was triggered and the man sat helpless behind the wheel. A giggle from the camera operator is finally heard.

The beauty of it is her rhythm, which delivers a mighty, precise blow without missing a step. The Backflow Valve, once again, delivers itself, from being swamped by the exterior pressure!

Granny Air Bag1.wmv

My Dream of A Site in Ann Arbor

So, after such a great day, what has my dream instrument to show me next? I dream my wife and I have purchased a remarkable villa, three stories high in the Renaissance, Florentine style, made of sandstone like Frank Lloyd Wright’s Taliesen in Wisconsin. We buy it in the middle of the night, on the say so of somebody?
In the dream, I wake up in the dream in our new bed, hearing a great deal of ruckus outside. I go to the big French window, and notice a long slot one foot high and eight feet long under the French window, which cannot be closed. I also notice looking out the window that an apartment building is attached to our villa, and it is emptying out scores of bellowing young men. Soon, they have gotten into our villa, and brought many street children with them, when they are teaching a kind of improvisational theatre. I cannot drive them out, or, if I do from one room, they are in all the others.

Once again, the lack of the Backflow Valve is fatal. A beautiful villa, mis-placed in Ann Arbor is a raucous fraternity world, of all-night partying. These universities turn out to be bad places for exterior pressure. Like Faulkner’s Delta Autumn.

Saturday Tennis.

Beautiful force, beautiful anticipation, beautiful readiness for my doubles partner’s tensing up. My Backflow Valve closes against his crucial blunders, and I keep my calm, and we come through. The
play-spirit is back in charge, because my Backflow Valve has kept everything else out. I just go ahead, saying to myself, Let’s see what happens this time.

Finally, A Fifty Year Retrospective, Dream.

We came out to our cabin, beautiful evening, but I am troubled, and why? I dream I am back on the Harvard Tennis Team, but this time the last man of the twelve, and number one and number two are disdainful, and the coach is insanely harsh? Why do I continue playing for them?

This is not a nightmare, but a puzzlement at 4AM, namely, In what sense would I agree to this? Clearly, I am. Why? Actually, I was in the second six on the team, not the first six, and nobody was really disdainful to me, so why is it pictured thus?

In the morning, it made sense. What I actually did, nearly fifty years later, was get a coach who could help me rebuild my entire game, which had been built originally without any coaching at all. Of course, I was hampered as in the dream. Why did I not think of getting a coach to make up what needed making
up? It has taken me five years of diligent work, but I have accomplished it. Why not at 17? Instead of 67?

That is a very interesting question. I only thought of it five years ago when a friend of mine mentioned his coach, and I could see he had made great progress over me. Curious, how you need to imagine the possibility of a new beginning, O(t), or you just force forward in the old way, O(c), which will not work. Once in the transitional flow, you also need a Backflow Valve, O(f), so you are not put upon by everyone you meet, with their tales of woe, always of work, work, work.

Emily Dickinson put it as beautifully and succinctly as possible:

The Soul selects her own Society –
Then – shuts the Door –
To her divine Majority –
Present no more –
Unmoved – she notes the Chariots – pausing
At her low Gate –
Unmoved – an Emperor be kneeling
Upon her Mat –
I’ve known her – from an ample nation –
Choose One –
Then – close the Valves of her attention –
Like Stone –
Q.E.D.
Eighth Theorem. Omnipotent, Interior Pressure of Youth.

We left off in Theorem Seven with the acute need for a backflow valve, to keep exterior pressure from polluting the interior flow. Now, we take the reverse problem of interior pressure, which comes from youthful phantasy.

Interior Pressure to Go Forward

In Joseph Conrad’s tale, *Youth* (1898), he describes a young man on his first voyage as an officer, aboard a coal ship from Newcastle, headed for Burma. Only its coal in the hold is on fire. If the ship sails slower, the wind in the hold is less, and the fire abates, but it will take forever to get to Burma. If they speed up, the fire begins to roar, but there is a chance to get there! Of course, going forward fast is what they do, until the ship blows up. The hero regards it as a great adventure!

I was like that in my early twenties. My summer between my first and second years of medical school I spent playing the New England Tennis Circuit. Only my transmission of my old Ford went clunk one weekend, I believe it was in Concord, Massachusetts, and refused to go in reverse. I just kept going forward all summer, without a reverse, to all the tournaments. If that wasn’t crazy enough, I drove all the way home to Michigan, also without a reverse. In Ontario, I was flagged over by a police officer, and felt dread. He gave me a ticket for not having a rear view mirror!

Never suspecting that I did not have a reverse, far more dangerous, indeed. But it never occurred to me that it was!
That is the strange thing about young male pressure. It must serve some deep purpose in nature, perhaps for the species to propagate, perhaps for the group to defend its territory, but it is very reckless for the male himself, and for females.

**Author’s Dream of The Bony Male Pelvis and the Chinese Jumping Chair**

After I had completed the Seventh Theorem last Sunday on the need for the Backflow Valve, O(f), against exterior pressure, I had a typical Sunday to Monday dream, but a very beautiful one too, which continues this subject of youthful male pressure from the interior, pointing right back to this same period of medical school.

I dreamt I had discovered a bony male animal pelvis in which girdled my loins so to speak, and put on a trench coat, to cover my plot to take it to the clinic, to loin (loan) to one of our patients who was having trouble defending his potency. But the hierarchy in the clinic spotted this bulging shield under my coat and began attacking me personally.

Next I had discovered a Chinese jumping chair, by which I could surmount hills in one leap, and landed myself back in my last year of Medical School, where there was no one present, but the tired old book salesmen in the Harvard Coop, trying to pander their pile of expensive surgery textbooks.
Here I am getting the **vital side of male potency**, **shielding** it from **attack**, and **flying** from **dry emptiness**. I happened that morning to find a lovely passage in *The New Yorker*, April 27, 2009, on a **similar vitality** in Russian bells, which were actually in the tower of Lowell House when I was an undergraduate (small world). Elif Batuman writes in *The Bells* (pp. 22-29):

> Shadowy, covered with verdigris, the bells seemed to **move slightly** even in repose, as if under water. It was easy to see why such bells might be treated as **living things**. Russian bells are given names like Swan (for
producing a swanlike cry), Bear (for rumbling or unwieldiness), or Sheep (for a rattling or uneven tone). They ring with their “tongues,” hang by their “ears,” and have shoulders, waists, crowns, and skirts. They are considered to be capable of suffering, and even of a certain metallic obstinacy. (p. 23)

Winnicott on Youthful Phantasy

Winnicott (Playing and Reality, 1971a, Chapter 2, Dreaming, Fantasying, and Living) will now supply us with the dark side of fantasy (or phantasy). I like phantasy better, like the phantom that is in it. It turns out that fantasying can own a person, and that it is common:

…she became a specialist in this one thing: being able to have a dissociated life while seeming to be playing with the other children in the nursery … As my patient grew older so she managed to construct a life in which nothing that was really happening was fully significant to her. Gradually she became one of the many
who do not feel that they exist in their own right as human beings … (p. 29)

This youngest child, however, found herself in a world that was already organized before she came into the nursery. She was very intelligent and she managed somehow or other to fit in. But she was never really very rewarding as a member of the group from her own or other children’s point of view, because she could only fit in on a compliance basis (p. 28)

A Case of Possession by Omnipotent Female Phantasy

Very simple, very terrible, for once it sets in, it rules altogether. From a counter-cultural family, she continued the symbolic capital (Bourdieu, Outline of a Theory of Practice, 1977) she got from them, by acting the part of being different: if others wore black, she wore orange.

But nothing satisfied her. She went from one counter-cultural prop to another, to another, to another. All, as Winnicott described, were omnipotent phantasies, so she had a brief excitement about them, and then the thrill was gone.
By middle age, she was **totally bored**, because she found it hard to take an interest in anything, unless it proposed **an omnipotent power** to her. Like possessing a new kind of business, or boyfriend, or whatever. None had any potential to develop, because it was **omnipotent** in its **promise** at the outset, and could only **disappoint**, and **collapse back into boredom**.

Occasionally, she would go on a manic spree with one of these omnipotent phantasies. Thus inflated, she would fly around a bit, until it, too, collapsed (see Gustafson, *The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry*, 1999, Chapters 21 and 22, *Manic Dynamics*).

**A Case of Possession by Omnipotent Male Phantasy**

Very simple, very terrible. The omnipotent phantasy was of being a brilliant mathematician. Often thought to be very generous and sensitive, because he would walk around the department taking up the quandaries that were baffling his fellow graduate students, and solve them at once.

The **dark side** was this. If they couldn’t get what he was showing them, he would get exasperated, and **amazed** that they were **so stupid**. Now, he would think of **killing** them, or **hurting them badly**. He was **very anxious** that his **Mr. Hyde** would show himself in **his true dark colors** to those who thought him so generous and helpful. Any day he might **destroy** his own reputation in the math department in one cruel attack.

**My Argument is That Phantasy is a Sticking Point (Fixation) For All of Us, The Phantom in the Constant Operator, O(e)**
In other words, the **degree of possession** by omnipotent phantasy could be 1 to 99%. For example, Reich’s case I discussed many times (*The Complex Secret of Psychotherapy*, 1986, Chapter 4, *Freud and Reich: The Constant Attitude*) was of a little boy who felt quite weak at the mercy of his violent father, and borrowed an image of his maternal uncle as An English Lord. Now, he too was omnipotent, and insufferably pompous. Reich did get him out of it, by challenging this constant attitude, or what I prefer to call the constant operator, O(c). It looks like **character armor**, as Reich said, but the armor is **being rebuilt** in every breath, **like the laying down of bone**. Thus, we do not need to confront it as Reich did, but we can much more delicately, **surgically**, take up the **smallest departure**.

In the case of female possession, this would amount to seeing if she can **step back** from the constant operator, O(c), of **seizing** upon counter-cultural **magic** to make herself **attractive or noticed**. It is all **false self**. If she could meditate, and observe these false claims, she might, in her **formlessness** also see something **she loves**, rather than something that will **get her loved or admired**.

In the case of male possession, I actually did put in a **stay** against his being carried away by the urge to punish those who could not understand his brilliant solutions. I pointed out to him that **his amazement** that they were so **stupid**, in contrast to his brilliant self, was what allowed him to **fire up** into a **malignant sneer**, and the **urge to punish them**. If he **stepped back** from his amazement, a transition was laid down, the transitional operator, O(t) to a new beginning, of **being merciful**.

**The Author From Age 17 to 67**
My proof can now prove itself upon myself. As I have already demonstrated, I was quite a headlong young man. I have become less so. I will give you, first, from 1997, in my first dream book, *The New Interpretation of Dreams*, a self-portrait of myself at 17, and then show you how my dreams in the last few days have delivered me from the old fixation (Freud was right. Fixation is not so easily untied.).

*The Author’s Dream of Sleeping Atop Heavenrich’s Department Store in Saginaw, Michigan.*

I had been feeling a little like Andrew in *War and Peace* (Tolstoy, originally published in 1869; 1966) that society is all crust, and a joint stock company for profit. And little else. I dreamt:

I am lying on the bosomy roof of a building in Saginaw, thinking about what a patient needed. A patient care rep comes by briskly and says his five sessions are already used up. I realize from my position, that I am exactly atop Heavenrich’s Department Store in Saginaw, Michigan, facing up West Genessee Avenue. The bosomy top is like a billowing sail of canvas divided into four sections, as in Figure 8.2.
Heavenrich’s is where I bought my first suit, to go to Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M.I.T.) in 1959. In a way, it is where I entered history. It is as if I am getting to back out of it, onto this beautiful, billowing sail of air, lying on my back in full ease. Oddly, I am in Heaven, and seem to be Rich, symbolically, and I must also command a lot of money (in Saginaw terms) to have such a commanding place. Nice dream screen, of the air.

The Author’s Dream of the German Bombers Over the Central Square.

After a beautiful morning in clinic, including with our mathematician, in whom I placed a suture about his amazement, and many, many other beautiful surgeries, my dream returned (about 13 years since the previous dream quoted) to the very place of Heavenrich’s:

I am back at the site where Heavenrich’s Store once stood, and I ask myself, Why are you still here? I hear German bombers overhead, ominously, and then I see one coming through the clouds, and I run for it, to the very perimeter of the City.
Why German bombers? Not so hard. This refers to Huizinga’s phrase, *das Eintreten des Ernstfalles*, in English, *the introduction of an emergency*. This was the device of the Nazis to whip up the German population into continuous emergency-frenzy (see my Sixth Theorem).

But here it is showing up in Saginaw Michigan, when I am 17, and now 67 in Madison. A dark analogy. The introduction of an emergency is not just a Nazi trick, it is what is going on now. Once things are dead serious (Ernst), there is a continuous danger of a sharp decline (Falles). Tune everyone into that, and you have got them. Worry, O(c), and its vigilance, grips the entire population, doctors and patients.

The Author’s Dream of Being An Army Officer
But now the final turn to my proof. It isn’t just the exterior pressure, **dead serious** as it is. It is also the interior pressure, **dead serious as it is, also**. My final dream last night cinched the proof.

I am an army captain charged with defending the Center Square of the City, but an army is **poised**, immediately above it, to **decimate my few stragglers** (*An American Procession* by Alfred Kazin, 1984, *Preface*) and myself with their **ten columns** of troops (like the Storm Troopers into Holland), and I am not going to do anything about it at all, for defending such a center against such an overwhelming force is **out of the question**.

I wake up, **enormously eased**. My deep breathing is so free, my chest **unweighted**. I have let go of an **old sticking point**, an old, fifty year, no, sixty year phantasy of myself as a captain, truly, of my
backyard company at age seven, building underground forts, and roads of Christmas trees suspended in our orchard on cables of newspaper wire.

The exterior pressure of ten columns is a given everywhere, whether it is ten medical problems at once, or ten political problems on *Move On* I am **supposed to respond to**, or ten emails. Actually, I am no longer willing to be such a captain, and defend the crazy square of our capital of our non-civilization.

It only works upon me, if I am crazy enough, from interior pressure, **to have to be** such a hero of a captain, in the public space. No, I am like Aldo Leopold. I go to the perimeter of the City, and play at my own beautiful sport. In tennis last night, I talked to my left hand and got my service toss right, and fit it into a **powerful organic service**, if I did not do nine other things perfectly.

Q.E.D.

The word **indispensable** was brought up to me by my (older) daughter, Caitlin, a family practice doctor in the mountains of Idaho. She brought it up as a weakness. Namely, that the **romance** of being indispensable as a doctor can load you up with far too many **burdens** from your patients.

I thought about it after we talked on the telephone. It seemed to me she was right, but also wrong in her criticism of it. Right in this sense. Her patients are all drastically **put upon** themselves, from childhood, from adolescence, in their marriages, in their jobs. Then they **put upon** the doctor, with their lists of ailments. My teachers in San Francisco (Joe Weiss, Hal Sampson) used to call this turning passive into active: namely, if you **suffer** being excessively put upon yourself, you will **try out putting** excessive burdens on the doctor, **to see how he/she handles it**.

Then, I turned it around in my mind, not deliberately. Better said, **it turned itself around** in my mind. I thought. Well, yes, the romance of being indispensable can **open up too wide a field** of burdens, ten for each patient, instead of one. But I **love being indispensable myself**, as a doctor, father, friend. It seems a **noble virtue** to me, which **belongs** with everything else that is **beautiful** (see my Sixth Theorem on the play function). **Who wants to be dispensable?** One of my colleagues entering the back door of our department at the same time I was, knowing my trust in dream maps, joked that he continually dreamt of returning to the department to find his mailbox removed and his office emptied. I retorted that it certainly didn’t mean anything at all. To myself, I thought. His dream is right. He **is** dispensable. No one will **miss** him. He gives **nothing but the usual**.
Now we have the fundamental problem set up for this theorem. A problem, Poincare (1985, original work published 1908), in non-linear geometry, to map what is the domain of being indispensable, truly? To map what is the domain of being dispensable, quite!?

In one sentence, as I said to my daughter, I believe that it is possible to be truly indispensable as a doctor, by handling what is fundamentally important – when excessively put upon, not to allow it to take oneself over. Thus, showing the patient what she, also, could learn to do on every front of her life. On being indispensable.

But it is also crucial to learn to be dispensable. Not to kid oneself. Any doctor can turn himself into a medical clerk with lists of ten things to do for each of hundreds of patients. Nice life. As one of our residents said to me, By ten in the morning, I don’t want to do it any more. I stop listening. I replied, Yes, your body will not go on like that. It knows better. On being dispensable.

Arthur Miller, Tragedy and the Common Man (1949).

In a little over three pages, Arthur Miller addresses our problem. It is so cogent that I will quote its main sentences, in sequence.

1. Tragedy, then, is the consequence of a man’s total compulsion to evaluate himself justly (p. 328).

2. (Here is a long sentence, p. 329): But there are some among us today, as there have always been, those who act against the scheme that degrades them, and in the process of action everything
we have accepted out of fear or insensitivity or ignorance is shaken before us and examined, and from this total onslaught by an individual against the seemingly stable cosmos surrounding us – from this total examination of the “unchangeable” environment – comes the terror and fear that is classically associated with tragedy.

3. The quality in such plays that does shake us, however, derives from the underlying fear of being displaced (JG – i.e., being dispensable), the disaster inherent in being torn away from our chosen image of what and who we are in this world. (p. 329).

4. Now, if it is true that tragedy is the consequence of a man’s total compulsion to evaluate himself justly, his destruction in the attempt posits a wrong or an evil in his environment (p. 329).

5. The tragic right is a condition of life, a condition in which the human personality is able to flower and realize itself. The wrong is the condition which suppresses man, perverts the flowing out of his love and creative instinct. Tragedy enlightens – and it must, in that it points the heroic finger at the enemy of man’s freedom. The thrust for freedom is the quality in tragedy which exalts (p. 329).

6. Above all else, tragedy requires the finest appreciation by the writer of cause and effect. No tragedy can therefore come about when its author fears to question absolutely everything … In the tragic view the need of man to wholly realize himself is the only fixed star (p. 330).

7. But for a moment everything is in suspension, nothing is accepted, and in this stretching and tearing apart of the cosmos, in the very action of so doing, the character gains “size,” … The commonest of men may take on that stature to the extent of his willingness to throw all he has into the contest, the battle to secure his rightful place in the world (p. 330).
8. For it is true to say that in essence the tragic hero is intent upon claiming his whole due as a personality, and if this struggle must be total and without reservation, then it automatically demonstrates the indestructible will of man to achieve his humanity (p. 330).

9. The possibility of victory must be there in tragedy … The pathetic is achieved when the protagonist is, by virtue of his witlessness, his insensitivity or the very air he gives off, incapable of grappling with a much superior force. Pathos truly is the mode for the pessimist. But tragedy requires a nicer balance between what is possible and what is impossible (pp. 330-331).

Now follows three dreams of myself. To evaluate myself justly. The domain of where I am truly indispensable. The domain where I am quite dispensable. Illustrated with two of our cases in the clinic. Thus, testing this proof upon myself. Upon a typical female patient. Upon a typical male patient. The reader will judge the proof.

Author’s Dream of Highway 2.

I am up north on Highway 2 in Wisconsin – yet it also alludes to Highway 2 in Montana, or the High Line as it was called when I traveled to the Indian reservations there between 1971 and 1973 for the Indian Health Service as the Area Psychiatrist – yet its geometry generalizes much further from this narrative beginning, we shall see. I am giving some kind of workshop of psychotherapy in a little northern hotel on the High Line – marked point 0., the starting point of the dream.
I go then down to point 1., where I look into their little local mental health center. I note an AAMFT certificate on the wall, of the American Association of Marital and Family Therapy. I think to myself, I bet they know almost nothing about it. That is, what makes a marriage fertile, versus what makes it dead.

I go next back down the High Line, but not as far as my starting point, with some children who are carrying white paint in a pail, and sticks to fling it with. We come to the fanciest villa, marked point 2., in the village, with balconies on first, second and third floors. The children want to fling the white paint at the villa with their sticks, but I hold them back. I am acutely aware that what they really want to do is burn it down.

Finally, I become aware of Emily Dickinson’s positioning at point 3. She understands that most marriage is entered into as a phantasy – she, herself, had a number of such romances before she became aware they were just that – quite like in On the Western Circuit (1992, original work published 1902) by Thomas Hardy. She understands that such single descriptions cannot develop, for they are omnipotent from the outset.

She also understands that her fertility, which unfolds continuously, comes from a double description of herself moving freely in an unknown field of nature. She and the field, continuously, eliciting fresh responses in each other.
Fifty, Five Hundred and Five Thousand Years.

The fifty years of the High Line is evident to me. It is a commercial highway, like my father traveled in Michigan. Nothing but business. Nothing beautiful. No infinite perspective out onto Lake Superior. No time to go down to it in ships, as Melville would say. You can’t make a marriage out of business.

Each is in his or her business, and the other one disappears. Parallel lives.

Last night, I had been reading an essay I have known for years, but not fully known until last night, by Robert M. Adams, called Ibsen on the Contrary, and here is the crucial point:
There is nothing more to it, really, than placing a blank short perspective next to an infinitely lengthened one, and making a counterpoint of the two … His view of life is bifocal and perhaps a little mad, but it is hardly ever stagy. Late photographs of Ibsen show a curious quality of the man’s physical features; one eye focuses on the camera, the other looks fiercely through it, through the miserable photographer and the whole miserable nineteenth century, fastened on an infinite and perhaps purely private perspective (pp. 351-352).

There are countless examples in Ibsen of what this bifocal vision reveals. One will suffice:

Miss McCarthy talks of a shocking moment when Hialmar eats bread and butter in front of his hungry daughter; but that, though it might be someone else’s shock, is not Ibsen’s. Hedvig is not hungry; if she wanted to eat, there is not only bread and butter but herring salad for her. Actually she is not even present at the famous breakfast. But the point is elsewhere. Hialmar has a mighty mission to perform, and is on his way to perform it when he encounters the fatal bread and butter; and the joke is the person he reveals himself to be, even as he tries to talk himself into another identity. He is one of Nature’s noshers … The telling little gesture reveals how unsuited he is to make a big one (p. 346).

Thus, the blank short perspective next to an infinitely lengthened one, and making a counterpoint of the two (p. 351).

Now why do I say this is a perspective of fifty, five hundred and five thousand years? The fifty refers to me, the five hundred to Hieronymus Bosch, and the five thousand to Homer.
For over fifty years, I have been questioning that flat business can lead anywhere but to deadness. Arthur Miller questioned this too, which I quoted on page four of this proof, to wit:

_No tragedy can therefore come about when its author fears to question absolutely everything._ ... _Above all else, tragedy requires the finest appreciation by the writer of cause and effect_ (p. 330).

So, to come back to our subject of marital fertility, or not, or the fertility, or not, of any group, any person, anything, we come back to something W.R. Bion (1970, original work published 1959) discussed frankly in _Experiences in Groups_, and which I and my colleagues took up in _Cooperative and Clashing Interests in Small Groups_ (1981), namely, that single descriptions, like basic assumption dependency, fight-flight and pairing are phantasy which are omnipotent and have no development. Only a double description can have continually fresh oppositions, and hence have a development.

So, in my dream, point 1 is concerned with marriage as a dead business, and point 2 with the fire that is tempted to destroy it, and point 3 with the only way out: a double description as Emily was a master of, between her own movement and the movement of the field of nature.

Five hundred years ago, in _The Temptation of Saint Anthony_, Bosch portrays the temple that has been totally corrupted by a single description of acquisitiveness.
Five thousand years ago, it all began with the march of the increase packs, and Homer lays it out in the corruption of Ithaka, in the absence of Odysseus, by the same acquisitiveness.

**Author’s Dream of Henry’s Fork.**

I am on the uppermost section of the Snake River in Idaho, which is called Henry’s Fork, arising out of the Grand Tetons, with three green pouches from my suppliers. When I awake, I know the three pouches are for dry flies, wet flies, and floatant (for the dry flys).

![Henry’s Fork, .... of the Snake River](image)

This dream map is straight from Ibsen, and his bifocal vision, to wit: … placing a blank short perspective next to an infinitely lengthened one, and making a counter point of the two (p. 351, R.M. Adams, *Ibsen on the Contrary*). Placing a beautiful fly is a blank short perspective, and placing it against the Grand Tetons is an infinitely lengthened one. Also, appear an endless series of planes, as of trees, as in Monet, between them. Also, downstream is the Snake itself, the Leviathan, where everything goes flat in the water.
All night I did it, and woke up refreshed. I thought. **I can do that everywhere.** As on the tennis court. I only set my feet to move, the blank, short perspective, and play it out in the **infinitely lengthened one of my life.** As in the clinic, illustrated in the next case. I am **beginning** to feel indispensable.
A Case of a Typical Female Patient.

She is typical in feeling like an object. Like her mother was for her father. Like she was for her father. This is the constant operator, O(c).

She is atypical in that she has a fertile sense of beauty when she first meets a man, the transitional operator, O(t).

By about the third date, she freezes up. That is what she is seeing us about in the clinic. At age thirty, she feels hopeless at making a match with a man that she truly loves.

She comes in for this particular visit, complaining bitterly that she feels like an object coming into clinic, and having me come into the room where she is seeing the resident. She insists she is not going to get any better. She is trying out her father’s perspective about her upon us! When it is my turn, after the resident, I tell her I disagree. She can be full of life, like Gilligan’s girls (Carol Gilligan, Joining the Resistance, 1990) at age ten. She can be moulding herself to men, like Gilligan’s girls at fifteen. Now to understand what begets what?

Now, three fresh insights come out of her, as she argues with me, something she never did with her father, or with any of the men she has dated, and started out playfully, and panicked, and lost her center. First, she says she is full of thoughts about death. If she begins to live, she will get a fatal disease, get run over by a car, be murdered, etc. At once, she silences this flood by saying, This is my fear to live. I pretend it will kill me.
Second, she says, **it will exhaust me**. The teacher I admired most in high school was a very educated woman full of life. She must have run out of gas. I said, No, what she gives, in play, is more than replenished.

Her third argument with me. I am imagining my parents. My father only interested in my mother as a sexual object. Yes, I answer, **but it need not be so**.

Now she smiles and says she just went to lunch with a niece and her new boyfriend. Her niece holds her own with him. When he brags of a recent bike race across Iowa, she replies, comically, **What took you so long?**

We conclude with this. I am not adverse, with a woman like this who is well read, to complete my disagreement with her, with a little bit of reading referred to. I tell about her about Paulo Freire’s *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* (1970), and how it pertains to her. Freire was minister of education in the Sao Paulo province, during the presidency of Goulart, who decided to educate the peasantry to reading and writing Portuguese.

He found, simply this, which pertains to our patient. If the city people gave lessons, by what Freire called a **Director Culture**, the peasants acted like **objects without a center**, in what Freire called a **Culture of Silence**. If the city people brought pictures of peasants in various settings, and asked the peasants what **words of their own** applied the pictures, they became **shockingly alive**. For example, a picture of a drunk loitering might elicit, He’s a **hero** that no one appreciates. From such **Generative**
Words, the peasants built up their own vocabulary of Portuguese very quickly. Just like our patient, with her rush of objections to my belief in her!

Of course, as I told her, the Director Culture would come back, maybe at the front desk, when she makes another appointment, and feels like a psychiatric object again, compared to the shining professionals in the halls, or the city people coming to the country in Brazil! Maybe, she would not allow that? Maybe, she would be alright like her niece already!

Such beautiful flow in her (O(t), and play at disagreement, finally to agree. Such reversion to the status of object (O(c)). If we back her words, like Freire and Gilligan did, I am betting on the beautiful flow. If she had had it earlier, she would be alright like her niece already!

**A Typical Case of a Male Patient.**

More briefly, a companion case of a typical male patient seen with his resident doctor the morning after my dream of myself on Henry’s Fork. It has the beautiful Ibsen capacity, of an infinite perspective, cited in the smallest details, like dry and wet flies on the Snake River.

The situation was one of the concluding sessions with his resident doctor about to graduate. As I came in for my twenty minutes with them (which I take in cases with considerable potential, like the last one described and now this one), the patient had decided he was ready to go it on his own. He felt it was time to wean himself, of dependence on psychotherapy, and use what he had gotten so much of, already.
I told him he could always call me if his experiment did not work out to his expectations. Now, he showed **Gustafson’s sign**, with two fingers (see any of my ten books in the index for this sign) pointed accusingly at his head. When I asked him what he was thinking, he said, **What? See the top guy?**

Yes, I said, it is possible. I am scheduled months ahead, and you could wait for me, or … I could explain your case to a resident, perhaps not to a resident as talented as his present one, but nevertheless, I felt confident I could explain it tersely to a good enough resident to be very helpful.

**What would you say?** He wanted to know. The resident expressed her eagerness as well for the terse summary.

Well, it is quite simple. Wilhelm Reich (1934) has explained in *Character Analysis* that all of the neurotic problems are **held in place by a constant attitude**, which **marshals** all of the defenses into a **bodily character armor**. Whatever craziness came later in Reich, he was right about this.

I have figured it out more simply. A constant attitude, and its resultant character armor, is actually the **result** of a **recursive** function, the **constant operator**, O(c), which continuously **repeats** itself, gets a **result**, then **repeats** itself upon that **result**, and so on a million times, to lay down **rigidity** like bone. In our patient’s case, the constant operator has been **avoidance**. If he has photographs he has taken to be edited, and finished, he will **avoid** it. Then, the clients will call, and he **avoids** their calls, etcetera. So, he becomes progressively weaker and more fearful.
But he is learning \textbf{not} to avoid, but to \textbf{brave} it, and get stronger, as in exposure therapy, \( O(t) \), the transitional operator here. He is on his way to becoming a different character altogether. Here, the resident (Rachel Molander, personal communication) disagreed with me, vigorous as she always is, to say, that what is transitional, \( O(t) \), is not always a hundred and eighty degrees from the constant operator, \( O(c) \). To wit, if the constant operator (\( O(c) \)) is avoidance, the transitional operator may \textbf{not} be \textbf{non-avoidance}. For example, our patient was at a soccer game, with a screaming mom next to him, and just \textbf{calmly} went to the other end of the field. Yes, I agreed with her. \textbf{Non-avoidance} is a \textbf{flexibility} of options, \textbf{freely chosen} like our patient just did, \textbf{the opposite of rigidity}. 
Author’s Dream of Stultification.

That very night I dreamt. My wife and I have bought a house in Cambridge (Massachusetts, where I went to Harvard College, and then to Harvard Medical School in Boston, and lived the last two years of medical school in Cambridge in an apartment with friends). It was on Boylston Street midway between Harvard Square and the bridge over the river to the Harvard Stadium, ironically, right on the spot of a beautiful Basque restaurant my wife and I loved before we were married, called Yruna.

This house we bought was one room the size of a city block, crammed with people I did not want there at all, eating our fare (as in Ithaka, in The Odyssey (Homer, 1996, original work composed about 800 B.C.) and dropping the garbage on the floor and grinding it into the carpet with their feet, like teenagers that pass by our house to and from West High school every weekday in Madison.

Worse, a three story flat, burned out, of Robert Lowell, was pressed right into our house, like the front of a huge ship at the left end. At the right end, a confluence with all the Harvard Houses. I had nowhere to retreat.
It took me a long nap in our cabin the next afternoon to get the thrust of this proof. It was the way in which the room was filled to the gills, I said to myself, with people I did not want in there, that got me to the bottom of it, and of many things about my so called education at Harvard.

The word stultified, summarized it. Things crammed in. Mostly, that is what it was, college and medical school. Things stalled, stopped in their motion, which get rotten like Jekyll, and burst open like Hyde.

Robert Lowell’s flat got in there, because he sat next to me at High Table at Lowell House, and smoked continuously through it all, and talked nervously and continuously through it all. Simply unbearable, this wreck pushed into the belly of the House.

As I pondered this stultification, and began looking up its cousins in the dictionary, I saw through the whole thing, like Ibsen with his bifocal vision. Stultify, stall, status, stlocus (Old Latin). The Roman Empire needed people willing to be honorific objects to run its machinery, to reify themselves. So that is why Harvard turns out poorly, in the long run fifty years later. I am not saying there are not
exceptions, but the few I saw turned out very badly. It kills you at 17, by its Director Culture, quite as Freire described in peasants in Brazil, by getting you to listen to other people’s words, and try to make yourself write them down and memorize them. So, these objects of the education have no words of their own, and thus no generativity.

As I described in Theorem One, Jerry Sashin (1985) described its stasis. If you map stimulus on the x-axis and response on the y-axis, the response comes to a halt after a modest amount of stimulation, and begins an s-curve backwards called hysteresis, until it finally erupts at a violent level. That’s it, the constant operator, O(c), that makes Jekyll the typical result, and Hyde his shadow, in our single room a block long on Boylston Street, en route to Harvard Stadium.

Sashin called it the Cusp Catastrophe, after Rene Thom’s mathematics, but I think Jerry meant it closer to home as the catastrophe in Cambridge. So, my dream pictures it. Superimpose Sashin’s diagram of the cusp catastrophe (p. 19) on my dream of Stultification on Boylston Street in Cambridge (p. 18) and you have the complete catastrophe. Of course, I pick on Harvard because I was in it, but, as the place for the best and brightest, it is only typical of the whole empire of Universities.
Finally, On Being Indispensable, On Being Dispensable.

So, this house of ours on Boylston Street is being dispensable. When I woke up in it at 4:30 A.M. on Saturday morning, I just had to go up to my study to get free of it, and write it out. How did I ever get free of it?

I did not become another cog of the empire, like Willy Loman himself. I figured it out, thanks to Heidegger (see The Great Instrument of Psychiatry, Gustafson, 2008), nearly fifty years ago, when I read him in my first year at Harvard, after transferring from a previous first year at M.I.T.

Fundamentally, he argued: The west is being as stasis, or the as-is, and hardly at all is it being as-arising, or flow. I knew the latter from my childhood as the play function (See my Sixth Theorem), and so whatever being as-arising I had at Harvard came from my own capacity to find some play in it.

So, yes, what is indispensable is O(t), the transitional operator, of play function, always-arising. Its domain is upstream, as in my dream of Henry’s Fork, where the smallest detail (the fly, the step, the word) is played against an infinite perspective.

What is dispensable is what we left behind, in that imaginary house on Boylston Street, way downstream, where everything is dead in the water. Empires require cogs. All are dispensable. The Empire is its domain.
What then is the fundamental operator, $O(f)$, given these two domains for stasis, the constant operator, $O(c)$, and for flow, the transitional operator, $O(t)$. It is what has been long, long before humanity, in animals, even in plants, even in single cell microbes. It decides when to open a domain, or close a domain, depending upon a match for its needs or a mismatch. In us, the fundamental operator, $O(f)$, I am arguing, decides upon a match or a mismatch, opening or closing, to stasis, $O(c)$. As I have demonstrated, too much of a setting to match with stasis results in Stultification, my third dream, or Highway 2, my first dream, all Business. In us, the fundamental operator, $O(f)$, I am arguing, decides upon a match or mismatch, opening or closing, to flow, $O(t)$. As I have demonstrated, a setting to keep the match open results in Henry’s Fork, my second dream, of playing the detail, a fly, a generative word, a step on the court, into the infinite perspective.

But you can open in the wrong places, and that is catastrophic when the opening is a mismatch in the wrong field, again as demonstrated in my dreams of Highway 2 and Stultification. The fundamental operator, $O(f)$, needs to match its transitional move $O(t)$ to a field it is beautiful to move in. But then watch out! You are indispensable one moment. The next you are quite dispensable. It takes quick feet! to be a doctor, a teacher, a spouse, a parent. Just to mention a few of the crucial roles.

Q.E.D.
Tenth Theorem. The Ailment of Western Man – From Norman Maclean, Giorgio Agamben and François Jullien.

I would have liked to have known when I was younger, to tell the difference between something attractive that would bear fruit in the long run, and something attractive that would turn out to be barren. No one really offered to tell me.

So I worked it out for myself over fifty years. Now, I consider myself an able architect. My night instrument seems to agree with my day instrument, for I dreamt last night, before beginning this theorem this morning, as follows:

The Author’s Dream of The False and the True Architect.

I am taking back my father’s house from its shameful decline.
Yesterday, I drove from our cabin forty miles west to the valley of Castle Rock Creek, for an afternoon of fly fishing in this most famous stream of the Midwest. Since it was midweek, and raining for three days straight, I was the only fisherman in the valley.

I found myself in a kind of English rural landscape, a pristine beauty in the soft rain. Of course, I did not look for response from the trout. Castle Rock Creek is cloudy, from its limestone origins, on the sunniest of afternoons, but quite turbid after three days of swelling by continuous rain. What is pertinent is what was going on in myself in this paradise.
In the section I choose to begin fishing, the stream wanders in huge semi-circles through very tall grass and cattails. I get hung up a number of times, by allowing my back cast to be slack, and be caught on my backdrop. Worse, it would be fouled up, and take me fifteen minutes to unravel.

I knew better, but I was acting like I did not. Quite vexed, I recalled that I need only tighten my loop, and keep my right arm high. By keeping my back stroke very short between 11 o’clock and 1 o’clock, the loop stays very tight and fast and powerful, and will not fail me by dropping into being fouled up. The same for the forward stroke, which unrolls beautifully, when the stroke is strictly reversed between 1 o’clock and 11 o’clock.

I did not foul up the remainder of the afternoon. But I would have, if I had known how to step back from this mess in paradise. Norman Maclean writes of his father’s teaching it to him and his brother in A River Runs Through It, as follows:

Then, since it is natural for man to try to attain power without recovering grace, he whips the line back and forth making it whistle each way, and sometimes even snapping off the fly from the leader, but the power that is going to transport the little fly across the river somehow gets diverted into building a bird’s nest of line, leader and fly that falls out of the air into the water about ten feet in front of the fisherman (p. 3, 1976).

In other words, the strict stroke is a beautiful and true generator of the architecture of fly fishing. In microcosm, it leads to a different world, or macrocosm, a paradise, instead of a hell. It is a beautiful
instance of what I call a transitional operator, O(t): **a precise movement** of the hand **so small**, to reverse a loop of forty feet of line from backwards to forwards.

From the **tiny arc** of the hand, to the **larger arc** of the line, to the **construction** of a **beautiful afternoon**, from a **hapless hell** of a **start**. Further. What Maclean and I are bent on is a **parable** of **wholly different worlds**, dependent, on a **tiny arc** of the hand.

What Maclean did from this beautiful start was to show the different trajectories of the narrator, and of his brother. The narrator is a splendid architect, of **casting** a line, of **casting** sentences, of **casting** the difference between heaven and hell on earth. The brother has the art of casting a line, and throws it even farther than the narrator, or anyone in Montana, for that matter, which is precisely what goes wrong with and for him. He is wrecked by throwing his skills against those of other men. He has to beat them all.

In other words, he builds very poorly. He is taken over by an obsession with winning contests of skill (see *The Political Ontology of Martin Heidegger*, by Pierre Bourdieu, 1977). This is what I call a constant operator, O(c). Once it gets a hold of you, you are its captive, and run a downhill course, of repeating yourself, and getting more and more tedious, and enraged. **Initselfness** is what Francois Jullian (2000, original work published 1995, p. 377).

To come back to my return home. I was distressed coming out of my paradise in the drive back home, like Maclean’s narrator with his brother. I could not help but notice driving east what I had noticed driving west. Not a single house was beautiful, and most a mixed up shambles in the dreary rain. The barns were similar. **A mess**. The Holsteins standing or lying in mud in the barnyard. No one seemed to
have considered the proportions, or the upkeep. Why not? Obviously, these men were bent on their business, of farming, and beauty was none of their concern. Business is their constant operator, O(c), and its results, repeated endlessly, tedious and enraged.

The Prospects of the Theorem

I have gotten ahead of myself, to show you where I am going, and point to what is at stake. Now, I will back up and point to the overall non-linear geometry of the argument. It divides into three streams.

The first stream is the disaster of the west, which, via its empire of commerce, has subtended the entire world for its assembly lines, markets, bureaucratic administration, and back-up services. A vast materialism, whose point seems to be only that it takes over. It wins. If you are not of it, you are out of it, and have no place. The first truly world empire.

My argument about the first world empire is that it will kill you if you don’t find a way to step back from it. Kill you at once, or kill you slowly, by making you redundant, and barren. I borrow from Giorgio Agamben, Homer Sacer, Sovereign Power and Bare Life (1998, original work published 1995), the precise, constant operation, which brings about the terrible result. But step back into what?

For this, I have depended upon Francois Jullien’s Detour and Access, Strategies of Meaning in China and Greece (2000, original work published 1995). As Jullien writes,
We cannot escape this situation: there must be an elsewhere if we are to be able to step back (p. 372).

Jullien provides us a detour in to classical China, as early as 400 B.C., in order to return to ourselves with a sound practice for generating such a world elsewhere, which is 2400 years old, and well proven by Jullien. We need to borrow this perspective, because A World Elsewhere (Poirier, originally published, 1966) in American literature, always attempted, always falls apart.

I am arguing that, as it goes in American literature, as it goes in American life. The architecture of the story, and of building the life, is not sound. It cannot be, given the assumptions of Western thought, which Jullien shows us, by getting the Chinese detour to step back from them. We get true access to a world elsewhere, that is capable of sustaining its fertility.

The second stream is of my own dreams for the last twelve nights, since I wrote the Ninth Theorem. The geometry of them, I think, will demonstrate my break-out into a fresh world of movement in myself, never accessible to me before, and the violent forces smashing me back, which I have come through. I believe this sequence demonstrates, upon myself, the sovereign empire over bare life described by Agamben, and what it takes one man to sustain a world elsewhere of fertility of movement, and of architecture, as described by Jullien. It is not that the west lacks exceptions of sustained fertility, few as they may be. Emily Dickinson and Henry David Thoreau come to mind from the 19th century, and Aldo Leopold from the 20th century. But their departures were built upon strict and quite literal apartness. Mine is about being in the empire, and not being in it, simultaneously. That was precisely the position of the Chinese man of letters, like Zhuangzi or Du Fu. They shall be our teachers, thanks to Jullien.
Finally, the third stream of my argument comes from the clinical results that it makes possible. In patients, who have not been too hugely damaged, the **body knows at once**, and **already**, what brings about a **static** and **deadly** result, or O(c), and what brings about a **fresh flow**, or O(t). In patients, who have been too hugely damaged, the very **ailment** of the **western world** is **graphically explicit**, and **irreversible**.

And, so, the histories of Agamben and Jullien will point to the relevant structures of my dream series, and my dream series will point to what is possible clinically to reverse, and what is irreversibly destroyed.

**Home Sacer, Agamben.**

Why humanity is **in terrible shape**, now, goes back for Agamben to its self-definition in Greek thought. I am going to parse his book-length argument down to two pages, reversing the order of his propositions to the chronological order, and numbering the minimum propositions I am quoting from him. I will keep my own clarifications in [parentheses].

1. In Western politics, bare life (zoé) has the peculiar privilege of being that **whose exclusion founds the city** (polis) of men (bios). [Bios means the good life] (p. 7).

2. “The sacred man – in archaic Roman law, Pompeius Festus, in his treatise *On the Significance of Words* – is the one whom the people have judged on account of a crime. It is not permitted to sacrifice this man, yet **he who kills him** will **not** be condemned for homicide.” (p. 71).
3. The very body of homo sacer is, in its capacity to be killed but not sacrificed, a living pledge to his subjection to a power of death (p. 99).

4. The juridical foundation for Schutzhaft (literally, protective custody) was the proclamation of the state of siege or of exception and the corresponding suspension of the articles of the German constitution that guaranteed personal liberties (p. 167). … [The Nazi version of it concludes]: “…are suspended until further notice.” The decree remained de facto in force until the end of the Third Reich … that lasted twelve years (p. 168).

5. When Himmler decided to create a “concentration camp for political prisoners” in Dachau at the time of Hitler’s election as chancellor of the Reich in March 1933, the camp was immediately entrusted to the SS and – thanks to Schutzhaft – placed outside the rules of penal and prison law, which then and subsequently had no bearing on it (p. 169).

6. Insofar as its inhabitants were stripped of every political status and wholly reduced to bare life (zoë), the camp was also the most absolute biopolitical space ever to have been realized in which power confronts nothing but bare life (zoë), without any mediation … no act should be committed against them could appear any longer as a crime (p. 171).

7. The growing dissociation of birth (bare life) and the nation-state is the new fact of politics in our day, and what we call camp is this disjunction. To an order without localization (the state of exception, in which law is suspended) there now corresponds a localization without order (the camps as permanent space of exception). The political system no longer orders forms of life and juridical rules in a determinate space, but instead contains at its very center a dislocating localization that exceeds it and into which every form of life and every rule can be virtually taken. The camp as dislocating localization is the hidden matrix of politics in which we are still living, and it is the structure of the camp that we must learn to recognize in all its
metamorphoses into the zones d’attentes of our airports and certain outskirts of our cities (p. 175). [Of course, we think of Guantánomo Bay as the most obvious example, but these camps of exception are all over the world.]

8. Three theses have emerged as provisional conclusions in the course of this inquiry:
   
   a. The original political relation is the ban (the state of exception as zone of indistinction between outside and inside, exclusion and inclusion).

   b. The fundamental activity of sovereign power is the production of bare life as ordinary political element and as threshold of articulation between nature and culture, zoé and bios.

   c. Today it is not the city but rather the camp that is the fundamental biopolitical paradigm of the West (p. 181).

9. There is no return from the camps to classical politics. In the camps, city and house become indistinguishable, and the possibility of differentiating between our biological body and our political body – between what is incommunicable and mute and what is communicable and sayable – was taken from us forever (p. 188).

10. Placing biological life at the center of its calculations, the modern State therefore does nothing other than bring to light the secret tie uniting power with bare life, thereby reaffirming the bond (derived from a tenacious correspondence between the modern and the archaic which one encounters in the most diverse spheres) between modern power and the most immemorial of the arcane imperii (p. 6).
From Agamben to Jullien.

If this were not terrible enough, there is yet a more subtle terror. Certainly, the corporate life is like that (I mean not only corporation, but university, and government bureaucracy) when it downsizes, and has its personal department come and take personnel from their desks and take them to the front door, and lock them out. The very word, personnel, has the suggestion of dispensability, like the bare life of zoé. The disposed of personnel is not going to be killed, and may have a private space in which to gather himself or herself up.

No, I mean something more than the total impersonality of corporate, economic decisions, to which there is no appeal. I am not going to go over Marx’s argument for the reification (making a thing out of) of labor (you are the part you are playing and nothing more), and Foucault’s (1979, original work published 1975) argument for the creation of docile bodies, by the techniques of institutions like schools or prisons.

I mean something even more subtle, which makes it altogether likely you narrow the definition of yourself to repeating yourself indefinitely, in other words, as a constant operator, O(c). It has to do with the way in which ideals work upon us, to make us bare and barren.

For Jullien, as for Agamben, this goes back to Greek assumptions. Jullien’s method for making this clear is what he calls a long detour through China to give us access to what we are missing that brings about fertility, or the transitional operator, O(t).
Detour and Access, Jullien.

I am going to begin my summary of Jullien’s argument from deep inside his book (p. 310 out of 424 pages), and discuss his findings one by one as I quote him.

1. **The real** escapes language, or rather, and more serious still, **language hides reality**, because language immediately posits us **inside** the **unilaterality** of a point of view. … All that becomes actualized, by occurring in a certain way, simultaneously **deprives us** of **all** other possibilities. … This is what Zhuangzi calls, in an expression whose subtlety it exploits, **“set mindedness”** 
   
   (Cheng xin) (p. 320).

   ![Chinese symbol of Cheng xin]

   I am deliberately showing the Chinese symbol of Cheng xin, which Jullien gives in his Glossary of Chinese Expressions at the end of his book, to make it strange to us. But to get outside of “setmindedness,” or Cheng-zin, we need an example of what would **free** us from it.

2. **Zhuangzi** begins with the following lines:

   In the northern ocean lives a fish named Kun. It is I do not know how many thousand **li** long. It can change into a bird called Peng, whose back is I do not know how many thousand **li** long. When it takes flight, its wings are like the **clouds** in the sky. Gliding on the movement of the sea, it flies to the southern ocean. The southern ocean is the heavenly pool.
From the beginning everything is arranged to open up the boundaries that mark the limits of things and, using this as a basis, to detach us from the oppositions on which this specification rests. Disproportion (through the gigantism of the beings evoked) breaks the bounds of ordinary measurements; transformation (of the fish into a bird) checks the individuation of species; migration (from the depths of the oceans to the heights of the sky, from the northern ocean to the southern one) reabsorbs the difference between the poles.

This figure of the fish-bird works in the opposite direction from that in which language leads us. Whereas language ceaselessly breaks reality into pieces, opposing its different aspects, this image ties reality together: the species are no longer confined by their specificity, the horizons are no longer separate from each other (p. 315).

Jullien calls this the strategy of making things conspicuously strange, in order to stop hiding the source of things (p. 316). But there are many other strategies that get us out of ceaselessly breaking reality into pieces.

3. But how does one enter a Chinese garden (which is usually separated from the outside world by a wall)? Starting with the door, a system of partitioning is established, multiplying steps and moulding, presenting successions of courtyards and alcoves – sometimes sheltered, sometimes open-skied: by forming partitions, so many distancings and screens make this entry circuitous and gradual. The same principles of detour can be found in the unfolding of the promenade: paths ascend and descend artificial mountains, bridges zigzag across pools of water, galleries wind between the pavilions they link together. But this zigzagging is not, of course, an end in
itself … By its alternation, evident in both contrast and multiple points of view, it opposes the sterile uniformity of the straight line; that is, it varies as much as possible our relationship to the landscape – and thereby makes it ambient (p. 348).

Little more needs to be said about the strategy of the garden, except to proceed to a different strategy, to the same end of opposing ceaselessly breaking reality into pieces.

4. Likewise, the hospitality of an inn is more perceptible when the inn seems lost in the immensity of the landscape. Approached head-on, these subjects evoke nothing. But by distancing myself from them, one may take their measurement – which proves infinite. Once again, detour alone makes a return possible: the itinerary it implies, a return to the subject, is the occasion for deepening it and becoming permeated with it (p. 349).

Jullien will return from his detour to us. He is folding us in our barrenness, into what is full of fertility. We ceaselessly break reality into pieces, and approach head-on. He is writing about not doing these things.

5. While statement limits meaning and makes it sterile, allusiveness keeps the word open as to its deployment and makes it pregnant with meaning … In sum, for the Greeks, discourse has an object, which one attempts to surround as closely as possible, whereas the Chinese recommend that the word be slackened (Qi wen han)
because the proportion is all the more subtle if it only lets me have a glimpse. This is the essential point (p. 375).

I hope Jullian’s argument is so clear as his examples. They are to me, but, of course, I have immersed myself in them. Now we come to his conclusion.

6. One thing cannot be conceived of without the other because the one is already the other; that is, it is latently present in it and necessarily refers back to it. Thus the said to the unsaid, the text to its context … just as the visible refers to the invisible to which it is correlated – and just as the world, for the Chinese, is a permanent exchange between the latent and the manifest. The word oscillates between the poles of the implicit and explicit. … The correlative structure of the Chinese world finds its opposite of itself, that isolation in principle and essence that seems characteristic of Greek thought. To retrace this in itselfness implies splitting of reality – relinquishing the plane of phenomena to reach the plane of the intelligible or the divine (pp. 376-377).

I am already working at practicing this. There is one thing, per se. In Chinese, thing (an individualizing notion) means east-west, landscape means mountains-waters (p. 376). I look at
anything like this cold front we have had at our cabin for four days, and think **cold front-warm front**, and my friend, **absent-present**. We in the west think we see things, but we **miss** the **reality** of their **unceasing transition**. Jullien is swiftly concluding in two more crucial points, to my eye and ear.

7. There would seem, therefore, **two** ways to present our vision of things:

**detour**, where one thing refers to another and communicates with it, since they **form a pair**; and **split**, where everything refers to **itself** but on **another plane**, which it imitates [mimesis] and which informs it and from which it derives its reality. Modern ideology (particularly that from Nietzsche) stresses above all, for a culture born of Greek idealism, the construction of a form-essence and the **invention of a model**. This super-world of theory has **cut us off** from phenomena. In short, our metaphysical bias seems to have **impoverished** our existence. But perhaps we have lost sight of the advantage of such intelligibility; perhaps we have not realized that **all** depends upon it (pp. 377-378).

So, we have two alternatives for seeing the real. One is **in correlated pairs** – no thing, without its opposite, **about** to **recurr** – and the other is the **ideal, pointing upward**, as in a medieval painting, to its divine origin, or, nowadays, to its scientific model. I find that Jullien is right. The latter

**ceaselessly breaks reality into pieces** (p. 315)

and

**approaches head on** (p. 349)
and is full of its

**initselfness** (p. 377)

and sees nothing but its

**setmindedness** (p. 310)

8. There is also, therefore, a benefit in saying things as directly as possible, of speaking as straightforwardly as possible, or wanting to get as close to the truth as possible. I say, “as possible,” we are dealing with an extreme, and therefore an ideal point. If there is fecundity in the evasive and the implicit – on which I have dwelled at length here – there is also fascination in wishing to speak from the closest point. Alongside the subtlety of detour, there is the jubilation of being explicit. That, at least, is what I have experienced over the course of this book (p. 379).

The last sentence quoted recurs over and over in this book, and I relish every one. For example, in the *Conclusion, Detour or Split*, Jullien begins:

Detour-access: to what, finally, does this detour through China give us access?

And he answers, as he always does, with total precision that is his jubilation:

I expect that this detour through China will open up a perspective: the ability to question ourselves from the outside (p. 371).
That is certainly what it has given me. I don’t want to be one of Poirier’s authors in *A World Elsewhere* (1966), like Twain, who has his interlude of heaven on the raft, between Huck and Jim, only to lose it increasingly as they penetrate the deep South, and find every shore full of *malice aforethought*. This is not good enough for me. No, I like Jullien’s *jubilation*. I need to go on shore myself, from the great Tao, but I am not willing to be taken prisoner, but aim to *glide* there very briefly, among the constant operators, like The King and The Dauphin, O(c), before I go *home* to where I belong, in the beautiful transitional field, O(t)

because *one already* is the *other* and the *real* is essentially *correlated* (p. 369).

Now to my dream series, to show how I carry this out, despite dire forces, because I am oriented to them, *before* they *appear*.

**The Author’s Dream Series As He Composed This Theorem.**

I am sensitive to Jullien’s remark that the Greeks *proved* things, while the Chinese *indicated* them:

But in reacting specifically to the moment, it simultaneously opens into the infinitude of the course of things. From an angle and based on the slightest detail, it indirectly *illuminates* something that could *not be defined generally*: the essential immanence of things. This is why its virtue lies not in unfolding as *logos* but in being *indicative* (p. 196).

While the Greeks *demonstrate* the truth (the truth of representation or of the basis of an argument), the Chinese *indicate* the way which to *proceed* (pp. 374-375).
It is true that I also have written Q.E.D., *quod est demonstratum*, at the conclusion of my proofs, but I consider my demonstrations to be indicative of the flow of the moment, a way to proceed that is not static, because static is dead. Like Jullien, who is marvelously explicit about the inexplicit, playing his jubilant brass against the elusive woodwinds, I also intend a kind of musical score. Let it see how it flows, for the last twelve nights, since I composed the 9th Theorem

*The Author’s Dream of Subtended.*

What I have noticed for the last twelve nights of my dream series is that the non-linear geometry of my Henry’s Fork dream will not go away (see the 9th Theorem). It is a very Chinese dream, about having been given three little green pouches (dry flies, wet flies, floatant, or the constant operator, O(c), the transitional operator, O(t), and the fundamental operator, O(f)) by my supplier. If I stay upstream in the Henry’s Fork, arising in the Grand Tetons, I am endlessly reborn, in endless transition O(t). If I go downstream, into the Snake River itself, I am finished like everyone else who is a constant operator, O(c). This is the fundamental Taoist argument, of orientation, or O(f), made explicit by Jullien in *A Treatise on Efficacy* (originally published, 1996; in English, 2004).

For example, after a beautiful emergence of new movement of my feet in doubles on a Saturday with my friends (upstream), I thought to myself, “I can play everything from upstream, on the court, in the clinic, in my reading, because everything fresh comes from stepping back from what characteristic, or ongoing, or constant, into what is prior, and into a tiny difference, with completely different flow.” I was brimming with confidence.
Several nights later, I dreamt one word, **Subtended**. I had to go to the dictionary, to look up a word I had not seen since tenth grade geometry. The dictionary told me: A **chord** subtends an **arc**, a **hypotenuse** subtends a right **angle**. The etymology, from the Greek, is **tendare**, the root, which means to stretch, and the prefix, **hypo**, means the least, stretch.

This is one of those dreams so highly condensed that it appears only as a single word, like the **S(E)INE** dream analyzed by Erikson *The Dream Specimen of Psychoanalysis* (1954). The **force** of the dream is that all of the **movement** is **cancelled**, into something **absolutely static**, because the **movement is dreaded**.

I had been having a great play for days, reading in our backyard in the spring as if I were in heaven again as in a garden in Bolzano, Italy, from where we hiked into the mountains with our young children. I was composing new music, like all of family therapy for a friend as Variations on a Theme by Jay Haley (the perverse triangle theme). In the clinic, I was taking every case, from one phrase, and one gesture, and the patients would wake up.
My upstream, green pouches of micro-dynamics, from my suppliers, were being very fertile. And now my river of lived time was subtended. Dead chords blocked the way to every arc of the river. The flow was completely impossible. Why? I did not know. But there it was. The most succinct geometry possible! Every time [for the next week] I got marvelous new motion, as with my feet, I got a crushing shut down. By the end of the week at our cabin, I had had many glimpses of the forces being indicated.

The Author’s Dream of Being A Candidate for State Government.

In the intervening days and nights, before the next dream I will go into, I was getting indications of the force that closes flow down, and subtends every arc of the river. One was a dream of being in Europe in the late 1930’s, like my heroes, Huizinga, Levi-Strauss, Benjamin, and Saint Exupery, just as the Nazis were about to roll in with their Panzer tanks. In the dream, these squads arm to arm were combing the neighborhoods, yet I could not see what they snatched up. I got the last spot on a freighter out of Marseille, quite like Levi-Strauss. Huizinga never got out of Leyden in Holland and was taken prisoner. Benjamin never got across the border on a train into Spain.

I did notice that I was being a little cocky, like the Cheshire Cat in Alice, remarking to the residents, grimly sitting in the Staff Lounge waiting for their Mock Boards, Pretty soon it will be off with your heads! This was Friday.
I also did notice that my feet were moving with astonishing quickness on Saturday, against the best player in our group. I won a set from him for the first time in my life, and nearly a second. It was no fluke. He commented how quick I had been. I replied, *I am just setting them to go, and attempting nothing else.* It was like being 17, instead of 67. That was Saturday.

Saturday night I read aloud to my wife Saint-Exupery’s famous passage (pp. 91-94) from *Wind, Sand and Stars* (1965, original work published 1939) about flying his mail route from Port Etienne across the Sahara at midnight:

> I said, *Everything all right?* But I heard something sizzling. It was a dragonfly **knocking** against the lamp. Why it was I cannot say, but I felt a **twinge** in my heart.

Saint Exupery says many more beautiful sentences about this micro-dynamic of the dragonfly heralding a mighty dust storm, when the present night air was completely still. Quite like my micro-dynamics of my feet, of my reading, of my take up of a word and a gesture in the clinic. Saint Exupery says:

> Over the desert reigned a vast silence as of a house in order. But here were a green butterfly and two dragonflies knocking against my lamp. And again I felt a dull ache which might as easily have been joy as fear but **came up** from the **depths** of **me**, so vague that it could scarcely be said to be there. Someone was **calling** to me from a great distance.

You can go on with the passage yourself. I know of nothing more splendid about the slightest indications being read. Saint-Exupery concludes the passage:
What filled me with barbaric joy was that I had understood a murmurred monosyllable of this secret language, had sniffed the air and known what was coming like one of those primitive men … it was that I had been able to read the anger of the desert in the beating wings of a dragonfly.

Oh, this is me, I thought, this is my upstream thrill, of the murmurred monosyllable, reading the anger of the desert. But then I was alarmed. I could not believe my eyes over a sentence I had just skipped:

We should shortly be taking off in this conflagration, in this return of flames from the desert.

What cockiness! I had remembered the passage all along for years, as if the warning was heeded, and yet here he was taking off in spite of the terrible forces. Now I understood how Saint Exupery crashed a few years later, on a spying flight for the Allies, just off the southern coast of France, not so far from Marseille. I fear for this cockiness in myself.

My nightmare that night was as simple as the death of Saint Exupery. I was a candidate for the state government, on various stages at our state capital, until I was cornered by the opposite party and stabbed in the back.
My assailant reminded me of the Joker as the Arch-Fiend in Gotham City, in the adventures of Batman. It was like being in a comic strip from my childhood, but the Joker was dead serious. The capital also reminded me of my dream of *Stultification* (see Theorem Nine), and its catastrophe of hysteresis – no response to mounting stimulation, until, **suddenly**, Mr. Hyde **bursts** forth. Finally, I could not help but notice the shape of the capital I drew, like a balanced **mandala**, like Jung put into the center square of Liverpool. It really did **not belong** way downstream in such a **degraded** city, but way upstream with its origin in the sacred Himalaya mountains (see Marco Pallis, *The Way and the Mountain*, 1960). The next day, I wrote in my journal: In other words, Lewis Carroll, this is Queen’s Croquet – the omnimachine of the State – whatever its iterative business of keeping the machine the same, O(c) – **outliers** have to be
finished off. Off with their heads is the operative phrase. I had thought myself so clever, and out of
danger like the Cheshire Cat, whispering to the residents, Pretty soon it will be off with your heads. My
dream says mine will be next, if I run for State Government. I think I will not, so to speak.

The Author’s Dream of His Great Court in the Mountains, and His Dream of Aporia.

That afternoon we began our week out on the prairie in our cabin. I reread Jullien on set-mindedness
from Zhuangzi, which is the very same as my stultification. I knew Zhuangzi stayed quite clear of state
capitals. Indeed, in my nap on the third afternoon in the country, I recalled a dream from several years
ago of great scale and beauty, very much in accord with taking the mandala back upstream where it
originated.

I dreamt I had a tennis court built in the highest mountains, in a kind of alpine meadow, with a
tremendous view north, south, east and west. As I stood on my beautiful court (mandala), I could see a
huge grizzly loping toward me, a mere speck on the northern horizon.
All seemed well, but it was not. At 2.23 AM, I woke up that night with a dream of a single word, again, like my dream of Subtended. This time I dreamt the single word, Aporia. I got up and went downstairs and looked up Aporia in the big dictionary in the cabin. It said: A-poros, from the greek, no passage. Like subtended. Just as I was in the biggest flow of my life, the greatest pitch! Even if I took it off the center stage of the State Capital, way downstream, and played it way upstream, still there was no passage? The dictionary continued: arising from incompatible views. I was perplexed, and with a very heavy heart went back to bed at 3.07 AM.
In the morning I awoke from a dream in which I was conducting an interviewing practice group for medical students in a cast off room of the basement of University Hospital. Three of the four were late (they never are). I decide to clean the filth on the floor of this, my operating room, and am on my hands and knees in the corner, like a cleaning lady, when the three late students walk in. One is an older student with a growth of beard of, I would judge, about four days. Embarrassing for a great doctor, to have to be a cleaning lady or a janitor for his own operating room. I am being humbled.

The patient is now brought on, one we had interviewed the week before, sent back because he was much worse, for my further opinion (at our other teaching hospital, I have a deal with the attendings to send me their most perplexing cases, for the students to interview, and for me to give something back to the attendings in the way of an opinion). I examine the patient, who is complaining of a pain in his heel. I look closely at this detail, as I always do with micro-dynamics, and discover he has a peg inserted into a plastic receptor (like the device that holds a screw into drywall) which is loose. I take out the peg, by driving a screwdriver like a wedge between the screw and its holder with my small hammer. The operation is the very one I use to pry open big blue point oysters.

The patient is very paranoid, and not agreeable about being pryed into. I, in turn, am annoyed with him, and just drive the peg back in and hope it holds.

At this very moment, as I conclude my operation – very unlike me, and much more like my colleagues – an orthopedic attending comes along and takes out the peg again, and its plastic container, and points out to me, and to my four students, my blunder. My operation won’t work, because the head of the screw is
about to split into two, and because the plastic container is already splintered by a million cracks. He takes the peg and the container in hand, and walks off to his lab, to have new ones made to the precise specifications of the old ones. Now, I am totally humiliated.

What is proven? First of all, Jung’s compensatory physiology of the dream instrument is proven (see Chapter 2 of The Great Instrument of Orientation, Gustafson, 2008). Having too high an opinion of myself as a teacher, I am being shown up. I am paying for my high and mighty dream of my mountain court, where, like Saint Exupery, I can read the speck of a grizzly loping toward me from many miles away. Too cocky, like Saint Exupery over his micro-discoveries of macro-forces. Better my dream take me down, than to be so wrong, and get myself in big trouble with the medical board!

I consider it further. The patient actually reminds me of a paranoid patient of my own. The diagram could be an x-ray of her condition. Consider the screw as a male-element, and the plastic receptacle as a female element. Her father was actually very brutal, and pounded her mother incessantly. As Bion argues in Differentiation of the Psychotic from the Non-Psychotic Personalities (1967), a child in an
unbearably painful situation may resort to destroying the links of memory and of thought and of imagination. This results in the personality being splintered into a million pieces.

From this perspective, I am right, and the orthopedic attending is completely wrong. He thinks a new male element and new female element can be inserted. If I am right, that is absurd. He is getting the text, that both are shattered, but missing the context in which any attempt to supply a new male element and new female element will be destroyed by the same psychotic process going on the patient’s entire life, to destroy linkages that are unbearably painful.

So, what is wrong with me? I am wrong, being right about the diagnosis, but wrong about the medical model. It is all about isolating the part, and replacing or drugging it. I am not going to be honored for my astuteness. So, I have to be humbled, if I am going to be ready for my medical reception in the University Hospital.

*The Author’s Dream of the End of the Renaissance.*

I read my first sixteen pages of this tenth theorem last evening, and was sweetly relieved. I awaited the final verdict of my dream instrument last night.

I dreamt last night. I am in a new department of psychiatry, a brave new world, where everything is wrong. I am interviewing a female patient in a big room. There is a loud knock at the door, and a clamor to come in. In getting up to reply to it, I throw up a blanket over me, and notice I have on white long-underwear over blue jeans. When I get to the door, infuriated, crazy patients burst in, followed
by their presumptuous residents. They insist the big room is theirs. It is divided into cubicles. The clamor makes it impossible to talk with my own patient.

I look into the conference room in the wing below the central room. There is a conference room, with a long table, where faculty and drug company representatives alternate around the table, eating breakfast. I close the door and move on.

I look into the wing on the left, and find the department library. It is like the carrel of a graduate student in our Memorial Library, a kind of cage, with an old secretary in it, ready to sign out dusty old books of psychodynamics of a colleague long since gone. Of course no one ever comes. I have had quite enough, and do not look into the wing above the central room, which is presumably of the guiding ideas, of research.

I believe my reading of Agamben is penetrating deep into me. Here is a public space, with no boundaries. I am resorting to covering myself with a blanket, white long-underwear, and blue jeans. I
am **burst in upon** from the psychotic clamor. The conference table is entirely **infiltrated** with drug reps. The library is a **dead letter**. The guiding ideals of research are nothing at all.

The geometry is the one in most of the dream series. A beautiful mandala shape, as of a Roman capitol, and as of Jefferson’s Monticello. But, as Agamben has argued, the **polis** has fallen apart, and is little more than a **police**, like Kafka’s *Castle* or Bosch’s *Temptation of Saint Anthony*. The psychotic patients rushing in remind me of *The Physicists*, by Durrenmatt (1962). The clamor at the door reminds me of *MacBeth*, of Shakespeare, at Duncan’s Castle.

It is the final dream in my series of **trying to bring** the **mandala** into the **center**, and it is **impossible**. The **public** space is **leveled**, and the **private** one is the **only hope**. Is that not what Shakespeare concludes in *The Tempest*, his final play? Jan Kott always played this one on a bare stage, and wrote about it in *Shakespeare Our Contemporary* (1964). What he said was that Prospero had a private stage on an island, and brought the Milan court to him, and proved that they were **bare life**, full of **initselfness**, quite as Jullien proves of the West. Then, he **gave up** his sceptre, or staff, or magic powers, because the Renaissance was **over**, and the world was no longer a **Globe**, a **microcosm** of the **Whole World**.

So here I am, with Kott, four hundred years later, coming to terms with the non-linear geometry of my theorem, which, Jullien, will not go away from me. A fundamental **pair of opposites insists** upon my attention. Every **upstream beauty**, of the transitional operator, O(t), in my private world, is **brought downstream** into the public world, O(c), and **subtended, murdered, humiliated or invaded**. So, the fundamental operator, by which I am to **orient myself**, O(f), is that this is the **dominant geometry**. I
think Agamben and Jullien would agree. I actually feel fine, and relieved. No more than Prospero do I like *impossible projects*. So, now, let us conclude this Tenth Theorem, by examining what we can do with it clinically.

**Clinical Implications.**

I had intended to divulge the clinical applications of this Tenth Theorem at this point, but I have changed my mind, having reached it! The theorem is already as huge in its implications that to give the reader much more to think about would be much too much. Also, I am more inclined to sum up the clinical implications of the first ten theorems for my Door County Symposium, August 3 to 7, 2009, in particular for those who are coming to participate in studying the cases on DVD from a very practical point of view. What I am able to do with this working theory is so much greater since I wrote the ten theorems than it was when I completed *The Great Instrument of Orientation* last summer, 2008. So this will be the Eleventh Theorem.

What I will do here is prepare for the Eleventh Theorem, by broadly outlining the implications of the Tenth Theorem, and thus complete it.

**The Great Instrument of Orientation.**

In my ten theorems thus far, I have mining my own book for becoming more acutely oriented myself. More profoundly, I might say that my instrument *insists* on *recalibrating itself* when it is *wrong*. In this sense I cannot help evolving in the accuracy of my orientation.
It seems axiomatic to me that orientation is the fundamental process of microbes, plants and animals (The Undiscovered Planet, Jonathan Shaw, Harvard Magazine 2007/11). They have to open in the right places to take in what they need, and close in the wrong places to save themselves from dangerous conditions.

No one else that I know of seems to think this is the crucial dynamic for humanity, and for those who purport to help them. As I see it, it is the matter of life and death, either suddenly or gradually. In this Tenth Theorem, I have been taking up the reading of attractive things, and whether they are fruitful or barren in the long run.

Du Fu.

I need here to return to the culmination of Jullien’s detour into China, his access to a poem by Du Fu called Yue ye (Moonlit Night), before he returns to the West for his conclusion. Why is this so crucial? For clinical work? I will give Jullien’s introductory words, and the poem first.

… by creating a distance from definition-representation – here through the opposite point of view – the detour gives breathing space to the evocation: the feelings expressed … become deeper as they allude to one’s own feelings, which remain implicit. …

This moonlit night in Fuzhou:

My wife is alone in contemplating it.
Far away I think of my small children.

They cannot know this in thinking of

Chang’an (or that she dreams of Chang’an).

In the perfumed atmosphere the halo of her chignon is damp,

Beneath the clear limpidity her arms of jade are icy.

When, at last, as we press against each other on the empty casement,

Coupled – will the traces of our shining tears dry? (p. 366)

Du Fu is a captive of rebel forces in Chang’an, in the eighth century. He knows the terrible realities of Empire, downstream, quite as I have presented with the help of Agamben and Jullien and my dream series of being subtended, murdered, humiliated and invaded. He is writing from the pole of captivity, downstream in Chang’an, the capital, to the pole of deliverance, upstream to his home where has settled his family in Fuzhou, in the western province of Shanxi. He is creating a vast breathing space, as Jullien comments, between his distance from his wife, and his reunion with her. A long suspension, until

When, at least as we press each other on the empty casement,

Coupled –

It is hard not to cry with them, it is so moving.

Why am I pointing to this, and what has it to do with clinical work? It has to do with the potential, in many of us and in many of our patients, to be oriented to the Empire in all its harshness, downstream,
and retain access to the **sheer beauty of upstream transitions** like this one which are made **possible by** paired opposites like **captivity-deliverance**.

On the other hand, as Jullien returns to the West from this pinnacle of the detour, to the **opposite**, of **split**, we come face to face with clinical limitations. The split brought about by **an ideal, pointing upward** to a **higher plane** of divine origin, or, nowadays, a scientific model, as I wrote earlier, summarizing Jullien,

> ceaselessly breaks reality into pieces (p. 315)

and

> approaches head on (p. 349)

and is full of its

> initselfness (p. 377)

and sees nothing but its

> setmindedness (p. 310).

As in my dream of *Aporia* or *The Ailment of Western Man:*
Many of our patients have been shattered by it, and, like Humpty Dumpty cannot be put back together again. My paranoid patient whose terrible father pounded her poor mother was just, is just, such a patient. She resorts to phantasy. It is omnipotent, as I described in my Eighth Theorem. Going nowhere.

So it is crucial, clinically, to know where and when and with whom a detour is possible upstream, and to know where and when and with whom it is too late. Static characters, split off in their ideal, ceaselessly point to it above, and are cut off from the flow of life. Static phantasy keeps them from being dead altogether.

Q.E.D.
I had anticipated writing out this Eleventh Theorem for my Door County Summer Institute Symposium as reading in advance for the participants coming. I read through the ten theorems already composed out at our cabin, and was astounded by their wealth. This is a book already, perhaps, with the title of the Symposium, namely, Captivity and Deliverance, The Main Subject of Psychotherapy. So there was no way to pull together this wealth into a brief reading.

My wife and I discussed the situation driving back. Essentially, I, like Francois Jullien, am engaged with two different fields, as the title indicates – Captivity and Deliverance is the main subject of religion and of literature (see Northrop Frye, The Great Code, The Bible and Literature, 1983), and psychotherapy is the second field. Like Jullien, I am having the first subject question the second subject, and vice versa. (His pair is sinology and philosophy).

The problem for the very few authors like Jullien and myself who cross fields is that readerships tend to be within fields, or, as the publishers put it so literally, what is on our list. The transmission of the books on the list proceeds by those who have reputations, or cultural capital, as Pierre Bourdieu (1991) argues, in the field in question.

But for me, the field of psychotherapy is fundamentally wrong in its premise. If the patients will stay the same or get worse, by means of the constant operator, O (c),
then the application of a constant operator of treatment, another O (c), will alter the situation very little. Only a truly fluid transitional operator, O (t), will move a hundred and eighty degrees to a new beginning.

Of course, the experts of the field of psychotherapy are not going to thank me for that paragraph. For fifty years, I have been questioning the psychotherapy field, with the help of the second field of religion and literature. It has taken me this long to invent a mathematics of flow and non-linear transformation on a micro-scale of three recursive functions, the constant operator, O (c), the transitional operator, O (t), and the fundamental operator, O (f). A long detour into ecology and biology and neurobiology, and anthropology and history was also necessary (see Gustafson, The Great Instrument of Orientation, 2008).

Nor am I looking for authorities with cultural capital in the field of religion and literature to transmit my discoveries. The great literary critics of the 1960’s, 1970’s, 1980’s, like Lewis Mumford, Erich Auerbach, Alfred Kazin, Northrop Frye and Richard Poirier, with the scope and depth to understand the west as a complete and coherent tradition of literature embedded in religious premises, are not to be found in these days of much narrower scope. The situation is quite parallel to the devolution of psychotherapy in its own field.

But to come to this Eleventh Theorem – when you recalibrate your instrument of orientation in a big way, you have to undergo quite a journey. The two dreams of this
Theorem show a non-linear transformation that took me fifty years. I will save the argument of how to carry out a transformation from captivity to deliverance in psychotherapy for the Door County Summer Institute Symposium in the Twelfth Theorem.

The Author’s Dream of Downstream Forces for Fifty Years.

The Night Before.

As I am about to compose the Eleventh Theorem, I feel very well oriented in most respects. The fundamental operator, \( O(f) \), is fundamentally about the bifurcation between the static world of the constant operator, \( O(c) \), which turns out to be the world of the west, and the world of continuous movement, \( O(t) \), of classical Chinese culture, as argued by Francois Jullien.

This is the same bifurcation in classical Chinese culture between upstream freshness, and downstream rigidity. This is the same bifurcation at the center of The Great Instrument of Orientation (Gustafson, 2008) between loose coupling and tight coupling. Loose coupling opens up edge-of-chaos conditions, which creates huge range of movement freely up and down all scales. Tight coupling locks into synchrony.

Furthermore, this is the same bifurcation in every breath between what Walter Freeman (2001) called pulse mode and wave mode. When the brain is decoupled from itself on
in-breaths, the pulse mode is highly **receptive** because it is in a very high dimensional state of local receptivity, with a **multitude of attractor basins**. When the brain is recoupled to itself on the out-breaths, the wave mode is highly **transmitting** in a low dimensional state conducive to action.

Finally, to come full circle, the **field of power** in the west transmits power from the top-down through constant operators, $O (c)$, which only **transmit** orders, while never, never originating anything. They only **wear out** over time. This is the downstream condition in every field of power.

Conversely, anything that has to the capacity to **renew itself** has to go upstream, to get **free** of the **synchrony** of the downstream field of power.

Therefore, the fundamental operator, $O (f)$, involves a **downstream reading of** the constant operators, $O (c)$, who transmit the power from the top, to **elude their coercion or punishment**, while getting free of them upstream, to continually **renew and refresh one’s own being**, $O (f)$.

All of this made eminent sense to me, but I still felt **wrong** in a way that was difficult to put in words. All that I could write down in my journal was that I felt **distress** that my friends could be excellent **company** upstream, but were forever being **swept downstream** in long loops, and taking a long time to return! I felt distress that I had what was apparently a much greater capacity to stay upstream, with occasional forays
downstream to gauge upcoming threats. And I had much more time and space to stay upstream, because of my positioning in the hierarchy. As a Chinese sage like Du Fu or Li Po, I ought to be more light-hearted, about wandering in the mountains by myself!

Having written out my conscious positioning as clearly as I could, I awaited my unconscious reply from the night sea! When I feel wrong, I always am wrong, and the non-linear geometry of the dream will map it out for me.
Downstream Forces, 1959 - 2009
of 50 Years

1. Into the dusk in Sogen
2. Onto High Street in Oxford
3. Into high class restaurant
   on High Street
   (meet Good Old Boy)
4. Conducted by Good Old Boy
to Lecture Hall
5. Conducted by
   my Lecture "Box"
   in Hall for 5-00

28. June 18, 2009
The Dream

Consists of five movements, as follows:

First movement -- I am walking in Saginaw, Michigan, where I grew up, at dusk. I am getting farther and farther from home. I am like I was at seventeen or eighteen.

Second movement – I find myself in daylight, turning onto High Street, in Oxford – like the Oxford, Mississippi of William Faulkner’s growing up, and the Oxford in England where I gave a lecture at a conference in the summer of 1985, and yet it also looks like turning onto the main street of Dodgeville, in Iowa County, just west of our cabin.

Third movement -- I walk down this High Street, Main Street, which also looks like a street in Cambridge, Massachusetts, now that I think about it further. I do not seem to know where to go to find the lecture hall I am supposed to lecture in. I turn into a very fancy restaurant, such as frequented by Harvard alumni.

Fourth movement – A good old boy has been on the alert there for me, and anxiously takes me by the arm to set out for the lecture hall. He reminds me of the White Rabbit in Alice. We get to the back of the hall, and I find myself standing and looking over the balustrade at a very large hall of about five hundred undergraduates. About the size of a lecture I gave in Boston (Tufts) in 1987, or a lecture I gave in New York City at Payne-Whitney (Cornell) in 1988. Only this time I am standing at the rear surveying the hall,
dressed only in a white t-shirt and shorts. I decide to put a beautiful white shirt I got at the Renaissance Fair north of San Francisco where I was a resident.

*Fifth movement* – The good old boy now takes me anxiously by the arm again, and leads me down into a curious box in the very center of the lecture hall. It reminds me of the boxes in North Church in Boston. Only this time I am surrounded by a sea of undergraduates waiting for me to speak. I realize I have not prepared at all, and I have not the faintest idea of their interests. I wake up alarmed.

*Commentary:*

Immediately, when I wake up, I begin to think of the lecture that I would be quite prepared to give. The dream seems to have alerted me to the great force that pulls young people downstream. Having begun the dream as a seventeen or eighteen year old, and traversed fifty years downstream from 1959 to 2009, I would give a lecture to these five hundred seventeen or eighteen year olds about what to watch out for! Indeed, the five movements of the dream are the five parts of the lecture.

I think of James Agree arriving at Harvard about thirty years before me, with enormous talent, but totally cocky about the downstream forces he took on working for *Time Magazine* and *Fortune Magazine* after he got out of college. He called it, Telling the truth in the headquarters of lying. It destroyed him.
I also think of Walker Percy, who had a marvelous sense of country life in the south, which is evident in his beautiful story of hunting with his father and a Negro (the word in those days) guide. A bird came like a bolt across the horizon, and suddenly dropped precipitously. The boy asked the guide the name of this bird. The reply was **A Blue Dollar Hawk.** The boy was **thrilled.** The **reach** between the hawk and a **blue dollar** was so right, because the two terms were **so far apart.** As Percy wrote (this is all in *The Message in the Bottle*, 1975), a metaphor’s **thrill** has much to do with the **distance traveled by the terms it compares.** His father corrected the guide, then, saying, **No, it was a blue darter hawk.** The boy, Percy himself, felt dispirited.

Well, Percy was going to be **a lot** more dispirited by the time he moved to New Orleans and got through college and medical school, and decided to become a novelist instead of a doctor. His first novel, *The Moviegoer,* is pure **alienation** from the downstream life, and a flight into **phantasy.**

My point is this. If Agee and Percy could have been helped to be ready for this downstream world, well, this is a **worthy lecture.** So, let us take the five movements, one at a time.

*First movement* -- I am still in my **upstream habitat** as a young man, but my walk at dusk is taking me farther and farther from home. It is getting darker and darker. I have no idea of what I am getting into downstream.
Second movement – Suddenly, it is light, and I am already downstream, in the Oxford of young William Faulkner in Mississippi, or the Oxford of my lecture there in England in 1985, or in Dodgeville in Iowa County just west of our cabin on the Wisconsin prairie. I seem to be naively walking down High Street, as if I have not a care in the world! This is one unprepared boy! For he is in a dangerous place already, a condensation of four different fields of power – Faulkner’s Oxford, the University of Mississippi, and an extremely decadent and ruinous place – Oxford, England, where I gave my lecture on Bateson and the Inferno, about to become the key chapter in my first book, Chapter 15, to be exact, of The Complex Secret of Brief Psychotherapy (Gustafson, 1986). Little did I know then that The Inferno of Dante in 1300 was not exactly going to be considered relevant to modern psychiatry! – Dodgeville, the county seat of Iowa County in Wisconsin, site of a beautiful courthouse from about 1850, its people mostly quite run down – and finally, Cambridge, Massachusetts, where a country boy met the upper class in 1959 at M.I.T., and 1960 at Harvard, and 1963 at Harvard Medical School

Third movement – As I step into the upper class restaurant, the good old boy already is taking a hold of my arm to take me to my lecture hall. Good Old Boy / White Rabbit. Obviously, my dream is showing a low regard for this fellow. He is very anxious to please, very worried about not pleasing, very worried about my not pleasing. My teachers at Harvard all turned out like this.
Fourth movement – Meanwhile, I seem to be the innocent boy in a white t-shirt or the romantic resident in a Renaissance white shirt. I certainly was when I gave those big lectures in 1987 and 1988 in Boston and New York City. I had hardly the slightest idea that psychoanalysis was a field of power, like every other profession. If you want to be a player – as Bourdieu (1991) argues in his sociology – you have to transmit the ideal – as Jullien argues – or you are out!

Fifth movement – Now the good old boy / white rabbit conducts me down to a box in the center of the auditorium, which reminds of the boxes in Old North Church in Boston. Oh yes, the Puritan Church, the German Horizon. I think I am finally catching on. Just as Germany was the northern horizon of the Roman empire, and place of its most outlying camps – see Agamben – so I find myself in the center of a camp, of a people in dread of not being approved of, and, therefore, excluded. So, this is why the Good Old Boy/White Rabbit has been my guide!

Follow-up:

A brief follow-up will complete this proof. The next day I still did not feel right. I got the German Horizon in the clinic beautifully – which I mean I was ready in a step for our worried population, constantly pushing forward, constantly vigilant over every detail. I even helped a few step back from this and even breathe, not-to-worry!
But I felt myself in the grip or day residue – grip is the more accurate word – of the night dream. It took me a couple of awkward sets on the tennis court, to contemplate the micro-operator at work, in my macro-clumsiness. By the third set, I caught on – I was playing entirely flat-footed. Quite uncanny, because I am not usually like that. I resumed stepping off freely, and hitting everything off my toes!

Last night’s dream completed the map. To give a much abridged version of it – I am told by the coach in the Yale locker room that I am to play number six for us (Harvard) – what happens is that I am late getting dressed, lagging behind my teammates, and leave my new huge tennis bag on the porch outside the Yale locker room, to run after our bus. I foolishly slip my wallet and keys into a shelf on the bus, and run back for my tennis bag, and, of course, and alas, the bus has left. All I am looking at is a huge traffic pouring into New Haven from New York City, and that I have missed my chance.

It is really true. My big tennis bag is like the huge trunk of the Chamberlin family in which they hid their forceps for an entire century! (Gustafson, 2005, Very Brief Psychotherapy). I really did miss my bus for the big time in psychiatry, but I am far better off for having missed it. Because I really did need to work on my forceps, to deliver myself and my patients and my friends and my students from the rigid captivity of the constant operator. If I had been like my professors at Harvard, I would have been so anxious to please, and belong, and be applauded. I would have ended up as flat-footed as they were – unready for the next moment – as I was for two sets yesterday when I was still in the grip of their guiding – I would not have known how not to will
the macro outcome to be different – I would not have known how to look upstream to locate the transitional detail – from striking from a flat-footed positioning, to striking from free-stepping off my toes!

In conclusion: the irony is that the Chinese poets have known this for the last fifteen hundred years. They had an empire to deal with, too, and it was rough going for Li Po and for Du Fu in Chang’an, the Western Capital. But they knew how to last on its margin, and they knew how to renew themselves continually. I cannot think of anything more important.

Q.E.D.
Twelfth Theorem. Positioning, the Fundamental Operator.

My last book, *The Great Instrument of Orientation* (Gustafson, 2008), is concerned with exchange, and whether it is mutual (of mutual benefit) or perverse (the advantage of one is the disadvantage of the other). The argument is that we have a neural network built like all biological systems, to open to what is beneficial, and close to what is harmful. But it reads accurately, only when is weighted in such a way as to balance the interior field with the exterior field. If it is weighted too heavily to the exterior field, it loses the reading for the interior field. If it is weighted too heavily to the interior field, it loses the reading for the exterior field. If it is weighted equally, it reads interior and exterior simultaneously, and is a transitional field on the edge-of-chaos which ranges up and down all the scales, from the tiniest detail, to the entire world. It has fractal conditions, so that a detail can have an entire world in it, because the pattern is self-similar on all scales. For example, a finger pointed accusingly at one’s own head (Gustafson’s Sign, see index of any of my books), a tiny detail, can be the self-similar pattern of a lifetime of putting the burden, or responsibility, always on oneself, or of a culture which says the ideal is serve others at one’s own expense (the helping profession syndrome).

Since the book was published in the fall of 2008, I have written a series of theorems, of which this is the twelfth, which translates the book into the smallest scale of a single step. See *First Theorem, The Three Operators*, which are recursive functions.
A recursive function is one in which the result of a function is acted again upon by the same function, and the next result the same, and so forth. For example, if \( f = 1 + x^2 \), and we start from \( x = 1 \), then we get \( f = 1 + 1^2 = 2 \), then \( f = 1 + 2^2 = 5 \), then \( f = 1 + 5^2 = 26 \), then \( f = 1 + 26^2 = 677 \) … etc. The trajectory is \( 2, 5, 26, 677 \), a runaway explosion of the value of \( f \).

Lest the reader think such a runaway explosion of the value of \( f \) is arbitrary on my part in giving an example, Theorems Two through Eleven concern the history of humanity from a stable or cold engine equilibrium for two million years of the Ice Age, to the eruption of agriculture ten thousand years ago at the end of the Ice Age. Since our breeding is tied to our food supply (the large animal gambit), the take off in food supply led to an explosion of population, wealth, and wars.

Now we have a world wide empire of materialism, in which the dominance of markets is more powerful than outright war. Witness the fall of the Soviet Union to the U.S., and the coming fall of the U.S. which is now owned thirty percent by China.

The World Wide Epidemic.

The explosion of materialism – to paraphrase Von Clausewitz (1982, original work published 1832), business is war by other means – means that every individual is at the mercy of the world wide market. If you are part of a successful program, like analysis of the genome in Madison, you prosper and are secure. If you are part of a failing program, like General Motors, you fall into poverty overnight.
The terror that this situation arouses leads to a desperation to belong to a successful program. Belonging is a good thing, to get your part of the wealth. But belonging is a bad thing, when the demands for production pull for the same function, repeated more and more times per day. Thus, the life in the genome lab gets to be longer and longer, as the life of the doctor in the clinic, as the life of the teacher. In every domain, the materials multiply. The amount of detail to manage makes everyone’s list longer and longer.

In other words, everyone is selected to be put upon by endless details to manage. This is the constant operator, O(c), of our times.

The Case of the Computer Manager.

Very simple. The amount of data pouring into this department flooded our patient. Finally, she cannot bear it any longer, and decided to quit. When I saw her with the resident, she told us she was now in terror. Terror? I asked her. Yes, now I will become a housewifey. What? I asked, that sounds rather derogatory. Well, she said, I am going to manage our orchard. I said, you make it sound pretty bad. She thought a minute and was struck, as by lightning. Ah, she said, my father quit his career at my age, and said, That is enough for me, and never did another thing, and died at sixty.

I replied, Well, yes, you are identifying with him, and there is a parallel, which could become your trajectory also! And a catastrophe! But if I step back from it, I see that you have something your father did not have, an ambition to do something beautiful, where there is a chance you will not be bombarded by data, night and day!
This ten minute conversation seemed to be an enormous relief to her. It is also the core of my proof about what captures our population, and what saves them. In other words, what is the Captivity, and what is the Deliverance, from a single recursive step? Perhaps, it will now be evident to the reader, why and how I needed to translate the Great Instrument into micro-dynamics, so I can operate by putting in a single Number Ten Suture, like an eye-surgeon in a very tiny place of the anterior chamber of the cornea (see Gustafson’s First Theorem).

To put the operation in terms of the three micro-operators becomes extremely simple. The constant operator, O(c), of holding her place in the data gathering, was bombarding her, to the point of exhaustion. The transitional operator, O(t), was to step back and say, I don’t have to be a captive of this scientific runaway, because I can take over the orchard on our farm, and thus deliver myself from hell itself. But the fundamental operator, O(f), where I placed my suture, concerned the terror of becoming nothing as happened to her father. Here, I could put the suture right at the bifurcation between a transition that leads to nothing, and a transition that is fruitful, depending on how she positions herself. If she positions herself like her father, she will avoid trying, and surrender her life – she has the avoiding tendency, like him. If she positions herself to engage with all the aspects of the orchard, she may be able to handle it without another runaway of excessive responsibilities. After all, some fields allow leeway, to take it at one’s own pace. And some do not. And the wisdom to know the difference. This is why I say that positioning is the fundamental operator, O(f), to get free of the epidemic of the constant operator, O(c), as a runaway of controlling a list of material details that multiplies continuously.
The German Horizon.

It is not sufficient to explain the epidemic in terms of the galloping markets, terrifying as they are, to be excluded from the material resources, or included in them and be ceaselessly bombarded.

This becomes evident when you look with your patients at how they manage home life. The same proliferation of material duties! When Luther (Wingren, 1958, The Christian’s Calling, Luther on Vocation) crystallized the vocation of the Christian as his Beruf or Calling, in his Stand, or place, in the early 1500’s, he would have had not the faintest idea that serving God in one’s place, in the early 2000’s, would turn into incessant motion from one aspect of one’s duty to another. The speeding up began slowly and gathered some momentum with Benjamin Franklin’s lists of duties around 1800 – never to waste time! – and now we are at a frantic pace!

The Case of the Spinning Hen.

Very simple. Gradually, gradually, she too has slipped into multi-tasking, on every front (it is a kind of war, as Luther proposed it, between doing one’s duty, or falling to the devil). All the places the children have to be driven, all the chores cried out for by the house, all the friends that need to be helped, all the books that need to be read, etc., etc.

Finally, she alarmed herself, and told us about it in clinic. She felt like she was spinning around, when she sent off an email she had not finished, looked up an airline reservation and doubled the price, and left her keys in the car rushing into the house. I asked her what was coming next? Going to the last
meeting of the Torah class on Thursday night, and staying up until 11.30 PM, and having to get up at 5.30 A.M., and be exhausted the next day, and then go out running in 100 degrees in a sweatsuit and collapse!

So goes the constant operator of more and more production in every aspect of your calling, O(c). So, I said, Yes, you don’t know how to curtail it, because you are so much into it. How about not going to Torah class on Thursday night, and putting your feet up on the couch and see what comes up inside you? Immediately, she replied, that would be wasting time! Yes, I know, I said, but in that hour you will see what you are running from! What all this running obscures, the forces you cannot see because you are running. I was quite sure she would find a terror, like our Computer Program Manager, in coming to a standstill!

The Western Point of View.

Jullien (1995, 1996, 2001) takes us much farther back than Luther to get to an understanding of our current limitations. As I explained in my tenth theorem, Jullien takes the vantage point of classical China about 2400 years ago, to compare it with classical Greek thought also about 2400 years ago. To simplify drastically, Greek thought, as in Plato, is built on static ideals, which split reality into the ideal, and the not-ideal. The split brought about by an ideal, pointing upward to a higher plane of divine origin, or, nowadays, a scientific model, as I wrote earlier, summarizing Jullien,

ceaselessly breaks reality into pieces (p. 315)

and

approaches head on (p. 349)
and is full of its

initselfness (p. 377)

and sees nothing but its

setmindedness (p. 310). (Gustafson’s Tenth Theorem, p. 37)

In contrast, Chinese thought takes the real to be a process which is always on its way somewhere else.

The result, 2400 years later, can be seen in reading a typical article in psychiatry (Sy Atezaz Saeed, Psychiatric Times May 2009, pp. 38-41), comparing a static ideal or model to a process point of view.

*Social Anxiety Disorder: An Update on Evidence-Based Options.*

The author has a beautiful sentence in his first paragraph which could lead to a process point of view:

At its core, people with this disorder fear/or avoid the scrutiny of others.

Scrutiny is such a crucial word. One might ask why people who fear/or avoid it are so vulnerable to it, and how they might move differently to be less vulnerable to it? I would say simply that the scrutiny of others being so dangerous means that it is being given far too much weight, compared to one’s own point of view. In terms of micro-dynamics, weight the external field heavily, and you will be terrorized by it, as in The Case of the Computer Manager and in The Case of the Spinning Hen. To depart from it, you step back far enough to take in a wider angle, and see it more from your own center, which now

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has more weight. In other words, you recalibrate your instrument of orientation, from a constant operator, O(c), **locked into synchrony** with the **external field of power**, to a transitional operator which takes a **wide detour** into its own internal field, O(t).

But the article has no such simplicity of process about social anxiety. It immediately begins firing programs at it, to reduce it, psychological and psychopharmacological programs, with elaborate statistical designs to measure one program compared to another program, and this is evidence-based medicine. The fluid **dynamics of vulnerability to scrutiny** have completely disappeared.

**Three Dreams of the Author on Positioning in the Lines of Force.**

As I am writing this theorem, my dream instrument is mapping its **non-linear geometry** with an **uncanny precision**. As Poincare showed me in his essay on *Mathematical Creation* (1985, original work published 1908), the **sieve** of the unconscious makes the **selection** for me of a word, or a line, out of millions of possible words or lines (discussed in *The Great Instrument of Orientation*, Gustafson, 2008, pp. 241-246) in the **night sea**.

*Author’s Dream of Following 3 Sentences All the Way Through*
I am simply trying to follow 3 sentences all the way through. And I see a beautiful young black woman, with her hair braided in a striking fashion like a halo around her head, but making me think at once of an American Indian sand painting.
The two images belong together, as they always do in a diptych dream. The first one reminds me that the way a journey begins is almost always the way it ends. In chaos theory, this is called sensitive dependence on initial conditions.

The second reminds me of the movement of the sun across the sky, from dawn to sunset. Again, the movement is relentless. Why? I had had a series of cases that day in which being put upon was also relentless. When it was allowed at the beginning, it ran itself out to the end. Unless, I could get the person to step back from this constant operator, O(c), into the transitional operator, O(t), and be ready, in turn, for its forces, O(f), as in The Case of the Computer Manager.

The Case of the Definition of the Relationship From the First Date.

The next case another, as follows. After a year of being dominated by a man, our patient in the clinic broke it off, and cried, and felt very discouraged about ever trying again. She had spent a year, often, waiting around for this man. In other words, he defined when they would get together, and when they would not. To spend a year like this, and not get how it was going to go, is to have little faith in the next attempt!

So, I said to her, I bet there were indications very early of where it was going to go. She pondered my suggestion, and the first date came up in her mind. He was very keen on her coming to his athletic events, like softball, and that was the date, for Friday night, except she was very tired from a long week, and would like to go, but not for very long. He was furious, and she did not hear from him again for weeks.
I felt badly for her listening to her story, but consideration of my dream from the night before helped me out of taking in her pain. If you begin a sentence like that, you need to follow it out to its own conclusion.

Author’s Dream of Surface of 3 Openings
I had had a conversation the day before with one of our residents. He had surprised me by saying all of our cases are about **positioning**. I agreed with him, and told him about positioning in social anxiety, giving too much **weight** to **scrutiny**, or being **scrutinized**, in the external field. He then reminded me of his most difficult case in the last three years: a borderline patient who would take no responsibility for her continuous suicidal ideation. With my help, he got out of **his terrible position** of bearing the responsibility for her safety, while she took none. He had laid down conditions for continuing the relationship. This got her attention, and she responded. Often, I said, the patient will put you **in a bad position** to see how you handle it, because that is the **very position she gets into herself** (she turns passive **suffering** of a position into active **inflicting** of that position on you – see *Very Brief Psychotherapy*, Gustafson, 2005, pp 93-95).

The dream itself is a remarkable piece of non-linear geometry: 3 openings on the surface, each leading into a totally different **phase space**. When I drew it out, I understand it at once.

While I was following 3 sentences to their conclusion in the previous dream, I was following a tiny hole in the surface to the full range of its phase space (a phase space is a map of all the possible energy states of a system like ice, liquid water and steam for H2O) in this dream. One hole led to a phase space located almost entirely in the exterior field. One hole led to a phase space located almost entirely in the interior field. One hold led to a phase space located in external, transitional and internal fields. I choose the third to get **the whole situation**!

*Author’s Dream of “Ordanus.”*
The dream was only the single word, Ordanus. (like the single word, S(E)INE, analyzed by Erikson (see The Great Instrument of Orientation, pp. 25-26). I knew it was highly condensed or compressed. I began to sound out the words embedded in Ordanus: ordinary, ordained, and, most curiously, Or-Dane-Us.
The convergence was apparent at once: I am back in Denmark with Hamlet, so terribly upset with the ordinary and ordained of Elsinore, who fall so quickly in line for Claudius.

I draw out at once the bifurcation. It is the end of the Renaissance. The ordinary running downhill of the constant operator, O(c), from the wide detour, O(t), that leads to a fresh beginning. In classical Chinese thought (Jullien, 1995, 1996, 2001), running downhill in the right panel is called downstream conditions, and the wide detour in the left panel is called upstream conditions.

I am reminded where I began with building my own dream instrument in 1995 and 1996, appearing in The New Interpretation of Dreams in 1997. The key chapter was The Orchestral Score of Levi-Strauss, in which I argued that his structure of myths is the same as the structure for dreams. The myth or dream is about conjunction with what is beneficent, and disjunction of what is malificent, and the transitions between the two, often through transitional animals which are both beneficent and malificent, like the Opossum which gives sweet milk and stinks!

So, it is all about positioning after all, and the dream is indeed like a weather map of the contour lines of force, so we can reconsider our own positioning, by night, of the route we ran by day. I think I shall leave Ordanus alone, for he is needed to run all the castles.

Q.E.D.
My Twelfth Theorem, Positioning, the Fundamental Operator, concluded that the new world market induces a certain terror to belong to a successful program, but the very belonging leads to a longer and longer list of materials to control. Thus bounded, the participants become exhausted.

I also argued that a desperate belonging is not only a response to the crises of the current world market, but also goes way back in Western history -- for example, to Luther about 1500 in his conception of Beruf, or calling, which is to fulfill one’s duty at one’s post. Or I could point to Calvin’s The Institutes of Christian Religion (1987, original work published 1536), which also makes obedience to God axiomatic:

So we are instructed by divine truth that without Christ, God is in some way hostile to us and has to lift his arm to destroy us (p. 130, 1987).

Of course, a reader only half educated in the Bible will recognize in God the Jehovah of the Old Testament, and his Covenant with His People, a covenant totally dependent from His Side on their obedience to his Commandments.

Finally, I introduced Francois Jullien’s argument that such a split is not only in The Bible, but is also characteristic of Greek thought. Plato derives the material world as poor
copies of an ideal world on a higher plane. Of course, that fit very well with the Biblical conception. So we are talking about 2400 years, at least, of a profound tendency in the West to strive for the ideal, and be terrified of being cast out. As Jullien argues in *The Impossible Nude* (2007, original work published 2001), the overwhelming pull is towards making oneself the ideal object, and losing one’s own self as subject. I refer to this as the constant operator, O(c) of corporate life in the broadest sense (corporation, university, church, etc.).

Now there have been many attempts in the west to deliver humanity from this definition. Poirier (1966) calls the American novel an attempt to find *A World Elsewhere*. But its deliverance is always brief, as in the idyll of Huck and Jim, before they are swept downriver by overwhelming forces into captivity. This is but a variant of all of western literature as described by Northrop Frye as a U-plot: the temple is delivered, and the temple is destroyed and the people carried off again, until the next cycle (Frye, *The Great Code, The Bible and Literature*, 1983). The points of epiphany where heaven and earth come closest (like the top of the U) are brief compared with the deep troughs (the bottom of the U).

**Why Not A Stable World Elsewhere?**

Actually, for 2400 years in China there has been a stable world outside the Empire, as described from many vantage points by Jullien in his books (2000, 2004, 2007). As I argued in the Twelfth Theorem, it is quite possible to place oneself in a free world of
transition by **stepping back** from the urge to go forward with the group. As Jullien

demonstrates, this going upstream, as opposed to downstream, is **the invention** of
classical Chinese culture. I call it the transitional operator, \( O(t) \). It delivers the subject
back to his or her own center. Read the poems of Li Po (1996, original work published
701-762) or Du Fu (2008, original work published 737-759) to get there at once.

So what is **involved** to bring this about in the **West**, not transiently, but **stably**? A dream
I had as I was contemplating this theorem will take us directly into the relevant lines of
force.

**Author’s Dream of Defense -- Against the Imposing of Static Ideal Form.**

*The Night Before.* A number of disturbances came up together. One was whatever
disturbed me at the get together for welcoming new faculty and trainees. The usual
presentation, the usual jokes, the usual claims of excitement at a new beginning – I could
not place my distress.

A second was running into one of the residents, who said she had to call back the wife of
one of our difficult patients. He is the kind of patient who wields the Germanic ideal
like a sword, against everyone, including himself. I could see from the resident’s face
that he was getting to her, as I could see in the last meeting with the patient and his wife.
She and I did not know how far he was going to take his crusade against stupidity.
A third was a visiting friend telling me about his seminar in Boston on *postfoundationalism*. He had found it unbearably pompous, and asked me to confirm his judgement. I read a paragraph, and gave him a parody of one of its typical sentences:

*The ultimate criteria of postfoundationalism lie in the ontic status of left Heideggerian considerations.*. We both laughed, and I told him I needed to take a shower to wash this so-called intellect off of me.

*The Dream Text.*
So it was a diptych dream. The first image was of my redwood hot tub / cold tub (depending on winter or summer) which had curious lesions which looked as if they had been almost punched out. What I mean is that I could see their outline as if about to give way, and I pushed them out, and I began to repair them at once.
The second image was of an apartment I owned in Spain which had a spectacular view of the mountains and of the sea. I was or am loaning it to this beautiful young Spanish woman, because she really needed it. She **really needed it** for two reasons – one was to **stay in resonance** with the mountains and the sea – two was to be **shielded** from the **force** in the City.

*The Next Morning.*

The next morning I read my Eleventh Theorem over again, and I read what I take to be the core eleven pages from *The Impossible Nude* (2007, original work published 2001) by Francois Jullien. I have already read many books by Jullien on his core concern – what is wrong with Western thinking in terms of static ideals, and what is such a **relief** in classical Chinese thinking in terms of flow. This book, his most recent in English, reached me at a **very** deep level I am not yet sure I can fully describe. Jullien says exactly this:

*It is in this that Chinese thought is invaluable, for Greek thought, based on the principle of contradiction and in which clarity is all-important . . . has left us strangely unequipped to think (depict) the indistinctness of transitions* (p. 77).
Jullien has taken a series of photographs of nudes by Ralph Gibson to get at his central concern. In a sentence – Nudes pose in Western painting and photography – whereas –

*For Chinese literati . . . incessantly repeat that when trying to depict a human figure, creating a pose is to be avoided at all cost* (p. 78).

This inversion (p.79) is a completely different perspective on what is real –

*According to the Chinese, in order to render a character well, his image must be captured at moments of spontaneous, unstudied reaction: when he suddenly changes position, starts moving forward or backward, or begins to gesticulate; when he is shouting, singing, recovering his breath, smiling, starting to reply, frowning, yawning, hurrying. In short, a lively rendering requires grasping the fleeting moments of real life: not contemplating the subject face to face, but observing him obliquely so as to capture what his features cannot help let through, unbeknownst to him* (p. 79).

Or again,

*The nude commands attention by its presence . . . the nude storms in, folding space around itself, saturating it and creating a surrounding vacuum. . . . What is depicted in Chinese art, on the other hand, is stamped by its quality of pregnancy . . . the vagueness that inhabits the configuration allows things to pass discretely through* (p. 81).
This comes down to a detail so small as a pupil.

. . . when Gu Kaizhi painted a figure, years could go by before he put in the single dot required for the pupils of the eyes (p. 85) . . . Not form, in its capacity for determination (to be “imitated”) but an infinitesimal point – between the there is and the there is not – where everything happens (p. 86).

Finally, the difference between imposing form / and eliciting resonance.

The word lodges is important here: it indicates that the spirit resides temporarily within the actualizing form, and instigates correspondences through it . . . resemblance is itself impregnated with the e-motion – engendered by the spirit . . . it is by departing from the form that resemblance is achieved – the only true resemblance, which is that of inner resonance (p. 88).

The only true resemblance is that of inner resonance – a very beautiful idea with which I concluded my second dream book, The Practical Use of Dreams and the Human Comedy (1999) – borrowing from Bachelard and Minkowski that a dream searches by the reverberation of a mood – whatever resonates with the mood is pulled into the search.
I also reread my Eleventh Theorem, which is a lecture from a former seventeen year old who has fifty years of perspective to a huge sea of seventeen year olds. Its search by reverberation moves from upstream youth of wandering in the dusk to ending up in a box in the center of North Church. I am led there by a Harvard good old boy, whose constant anxiety is to please.

After My Late Morning Nap.

I went to sleep with a distress I still could not name, and I woke up with some words for it. It appeared to me that static ideal forms – like the nude, or like our Germanic idealist with his sword – also depend on resonance but it is a very insistent one – such that they cannot forget it.

I thought of my DVR which records tennis matches for me – well, not always, I discovered – if I select viewing options, I can command, Do not delete until told so, and I ran into an unhappy problem – one or two of these and the memory fills up, and the machine stops taking in any new matches!

Now that is precisely the problem with static ideals – our patient only sees one thing – what is original / which is split from what is stupid. It crushes everything in its path. Of course, he inflicts it on us. If we are vulnerable to such a reverberation we will be
overwhelmed by him. If we are free to fold it into our own perspective, he may discover something from the shock of the encounter. It really is his best chance.

Now, I understand the lesions in my redwood tub in the dream. I had been troubled yesterday, as well, now I allowed myself to admit, by a patient who had a face flattened like a mask, yet, behind it, I found her free with many fresh observations. What, I thought, must have happened to her? My dream was depicting it as Jullien would say in Chinese painting – the true resemblance is an inner resonance – so my patient was a person carrying a burden of memories from the past like my DVR, which cannot move on from Do not delete. She was probably crushed by a father like our patient, and her face could not let it go.

Finally, I came around to the apartment I was trying to provide for a beautiful young Spanish woman. Actually, I knew from where I had drawn her. I had seen her playing tennis with her boyfriend, alongside myself and my opponent. I had loved her free movements, and sweet nature, and her boyfriend or husband seemed of a similar spirit. I must have thought to myself, How are such fresh and free young people to be defended from what is coming their way? Yes, and there is the seque to my distress at our welcome to the young people in our training program. My dream replies: they will be defended if they have a beautiful apartment that continually opens up to the unbounded sea and mountains, and this apartment has a strong barrier to the City around it.
As I wrote out in my Table of Calculations for Gustafson’s 1st Theorem:

**Constant Operator, O (c):** the single movement iterated which keeps things the same, and always wears down in exhaustion. As Lewis Hyde (*The Gift*, 1983, p. 25) put it, *Anything contained within a boundary must contain as well its own exhaustion.*

**Transitional Operator, O (t):** the single movement iterated that has the potential to move towards a fresh world. As Lewis Hyde put it (p. 191), *What we receive from nature or from the imagination comes to us from beyond our sphere of influence . . . the continued fertility of these things depends upon their remaining beyond us, and not being drawn into the smaller ego(i.e., into O (c)).*

Thus, the **Fundamental Operator, O (f),** is between the bounded and the unbounded. This was the source of my distress for the Spanish couple. I hoped for them that they would not be bounded by a low German horizon dictating to them one static ideal or another and flattening their faces and whatever else in the their bodies that would stop moving.

Defence.
**Fields of power** are going to **impose.** Any biological system is bounded by a slow rhythm that **constrains** a fast rhythm. For example, the hippocampus in our brain is **synchronized** by a slow theta rhythm by which it maps the routes we have run in the daytime the night after - one theta rhythm from the brain stem which maps where we are **located,** and one theta rhythm from the hippocampus itself which maps any **misplace** events which **defy our map!** (see Gustafson, 2008, pp. 100-103).

So, these ecosystems like my department are going to **impose a synchrony** on us which is **very crude** – if we **can fold it into our rhythm,** we can forestall shocking **mismatches** and not be **perturbed.** However, if we **only do this** we will be its **captives** and slowly **disappear** into exhaustion, because we are **flattened** by its **crude** boundedness.

So, you see why my redwood tub is of such **crucial import** to me. If I cannot see the mountains or the sea from my study, I can immerse myself in its fresh waters, and then **into the night sea itself!**

**Q.E.D.**

**The Conclusion of The Impossible Nude.**
In just two pages, Jullien conveys the core teaching of the Chinese literati on how to step back from macroscopic, downstream form, O(c), to microscopic, upstream flow, O(t). In other words from the line of force that pulls you into being an object, into the line of force that leads you back to your own subject:

In depicting a human figure, the Chinese painter’s aim is not to represent its bodily form, but to express the subject’s most characteristic intentionality. According to one of the great Song literati … in every man there is a particular point where this intentionality is to be found. It might be in the eyes, the eyebrows, perhaps in the cheeks, or between the beard and the cheekbones … like the three hairs that the painter Gu Kaizhi added to his portrait, with the result that it was then as though his spirit shone through … In figure painting, the method is to look for the one feature that will best reveal the character. The art of portraiture, it is said, belongs to the same dao as physiognomy, so that a good painter can bring a figure to life merely by finding that point where the subject’s intentionality is manifested, with no concern for the body as a whole … The formula is accepted wisdom: … once the intentionality appears, it is complete. (pp. 100-101).
Author’s Dream of the Delicious Map of the Turtle.

The diagram has two panels, and the first of the pair of dreams is entirely in the left panel. After finishing *The Impossible Nude*, I took a nap before playing tennis. I dreamt
of a turtle who had a delicious map. In a single flicker of anything, what Jullien calls the indice, my turtle could turn toward or away:

When it comes to the indice, however, the relationship is that between the detail and the whole; it is one minute point that reveals the entirety, its function being to provide the clue (p. 108).

I was delighted. This is me in the clinic or on the court, ready for the detail or indice (indicator) that leads in an opposite direction. Like Saint Exupery seeing the dragonfly sizzle on his lamp. I looked forward to taking to the court.

Tennis, Yes and No, and Then Again Yes.

I began beautifully, getting a full rotation of my body to serve, and strike the ball straight over the top. Then, I lost it for a while, and then I remembered the indice, or detail that indicates, to look for the top of the ball. I am newly rotated so far that the ball appears in a different point of the compass! Same with my ground strokes. Stepping off every stroke he hits, I have very long backswings now that drive the ball effortlessly. But then I got flatfooted, which made me clumsy, and had to shorten my backswing, and things went badly, until I recalled the indice, to step off his shot and lengthen out fully on my backswing, and it all came back! Lovely proof of what Jullien describes.
Author’s Dream of the Longhouse.

The night before.

4th of July. Our neighborhood having a block party in the street, going to dinner on tables in the middle of it. We have been here 36 years, and endured it when the children took pleasure in it. One of our local geniuses is in charge of the loudspeaker, from which brays out Frank Sinatra with all of his favorite cliches. Why, my wife and I, ask ourselves, would anyone subject themselves to this when they did not have to?

I went to bed, thinking of having to make rounds in the morning. I would be like my Chinese turtle, with his ancient wisdom, folding the onslaught into my rhythm, by saying to these overwhelmed patients, I will look over your chart, and then you can ask me any question you want.

The Dream Text.

I am in our house, but my father has extended it into our back yard, so it has no back yard, and no locks either, so all the neighbors are filtering in (of course, refering to the penetration of their music, and the loss of nature in the back yard).

Our house is surrounded by square miles of asphalt, as around the University Hospital.
Someone in our bathroom has jammed the toilet, so it is backflowing onto the floor and out into the hall.

The front door has no lock, and a woman keeps coming in and mounting the long staircase, until I take her and throw her out into a bush. Then, she comes back again.

Discussion.

My wife and I are reading The Odyssey (1996, original work composed about 800 B.C.) I cannot help but think of the hall of Odysseus and Penelope, which is overrun with suitors in the ten year absence of Odysseus.

I also think of the Long House of the Iroquois Nation. Once polluted, it too cannot be cleansed.

But I am fine. I make rounds, and keep my center, by my single question which folds the patients into my rhythm. I am being the ancient Turtle, with his delicious map. He is in the upstream panel, while he takes a slight turn into the downstream panel, and turns quickly away.

A Civilization of Flow.
It helps to have a civilization of flow. Not just the Chinese one, so gladly given to us by Jullien. Everything can be *translated from form into flow*. That is my last book, *The Great Instrument of Orientation* (Gustafson, 2008), with the flow of architecture in Balmond, of painting in Vermeer, of salvation in Dante, of sport in myself, of nature in Thoreau, of neuroscience in Freeman.

I expect few to have the leisure, like Montaigne and myself, to *delve* into these *beauties*. But *it is necessary* to be *capable* of *resisting* your *neighborhood*, your *profession* and your *Western obedience*. If you *cannot*, you will be *polluted* in the *Long House*, and *miss out* on the delicious *map* of the ancient Chinese *turtle*.

**Q.E.D.**
Fourteenth Theorem. Vulnerable and Invulnerable Compartments – from Tim Allen.

I left off in *Theorem Thirteen, A Civilization of Flow*, with a sentence summarizing my conclusion:

But it is necessary to be capable of resisting your neighborhood, your profession, and your western obedience.

Since then, I feel this to be a necessary conclusion, but not a sufficient conclusion. When the people are highly degraded in their downstream positioning, the polluted Long House of the Iroquois, it is highly necessary to be like my ancient Chinese turtle with his delicious map of upstream swimming. Like Li Po (1996) and Du Fu (2008) in the 700’s, in the Tang Dynasty.

The trouble is, as is evident for each of them in his poems, you keep being dragged downstream into the miseries of the Empire. Take the opening pair of lines of Du Fu (*Du Fu, A Life in Poetry*, 2008, translated by David Young, my favorite) of *Serving at the Front*:

We pack and leave with heavy hearts

heading out to the frontier (p. 45).
I love being lighthearted, and yet I too end up with a heavy heart at some point in every
day, or night. So I have been contemplating how to bear with this in a way that is less
painful for me? I imagine my reader of this Theorem would like a better answer also for
him or herself.

First, I went back to my lecture, exactly a year ago to the International Society for the
System Sciences, to reconsider my position in *Vertical and Horizontal Scaling to Avoid
Destruction in the Modern Contest*. I found that it really comes down to the subject for
the first day of my Door County Symposium I am hosting in three weeks, namely, that
our resource-capture captures us.

Essentially, I say that you have to scale back from resource-capture (i.e., earning a living)
in large compartments, to small-scale compartments, in respect to space (vertical scaling)
and time (horizontal scaling). As much as I love this evolving tendency in me to go
upstream, in space and in time, as a deliverance from captivity, I am still suffering too
much, being dragged back downstream by engaging patients, friends, and my author
friends – my wife and I are in Book Fifteen of *The Odyssey* just now, and Odysseus
suffers quite like Li Po and Du Fu and me – so soon as he gets himself delivered from
one catastrophe, another is hard upon him (I typed *me*, a slip!).

So I decided to go back and look at Tim Allen’s Chapter 8 in *Hierarchy, Perspectives for
Ecological Complexity*, 1982, which is called *Scaling Strategies*. In general, I would be
suspicious of comparing strategies of the evolution of species with strategies of or for
evolution of individuals. Tim is not doing that. His book is about species. My purpose is to save my own evolution, and, therein, to be more pertinent to everyone I meet. It turns out that Tim put his finger on a very specific strategy of evolution in biota of all kinds, which I can apply to us in every breath. My work has just taken another vital turn.

**Vulnerable Compartments and Invulnerable Compartments.**

A few definitions first. A *perturbation* is a destructive force entering a compartment (holon, scale) that will destroy it. Tim is saying that the most important strategy in nature for survival is what he calls *incorporation*, which literally means taking the perturbation into the body (in-*corp*-oration) by making a new structure for riding it out.

He takes grasslands for his first example. The perturbations for grasslands (I am very partial to grasslands as I sit here at my typewriter in our cabin glancing up at the Great Wisconsin Prairie between paragraphs) are chiefly grazing and fire.

At some distant point in evolution, grasslands made a discovery of *meristems*. They are like embryological structures that can begin anew. Low to the ground, the grazing and the fire passes over them, destroying their grass – big blue stems are as much as twelve feet high out here – but sparing the meristems to burst forth again. The vulnerable compartment of the grass proper, as of big blue stems, perishes, but the meristems are in a relatively invulnerable compartment in the sod.
Tim summarizes:

The interruptions are the perturbation; the assembled subunits represent holons in safe compartments with which the disturbance cannot communicate (p. 112).

Or vice-versa:

A perturbation can be considered as a disruptive signal which is able to pass the input filter of the victim (p. 113).

**What Happens When I Apply This to Human Beings? To Myself? To Us?**

My wife was asking me what the U.S. is doing in Afghanistan? With the obvious sacrifice of American soldiers, but far worse for the Afghans. All are but **bare life** (Agamben, 1998) in the path of a relentless policy. Why? The Russians did it before us, and the Chinese might yet. It is brutally simple. The U.S. (or Chinese, or Russian, or Iranian) government is committed to access to natural resources like oil or tin, making more materials in factories all over the world that are essentially fueled by slave labor, and access to markets to sell them at a profit. Just like in the Tang Dynasty, whose capital in northwest China lay at the conclusion of the Silk Route in Chang’an from the Middle East and Europe. So Du Fu was forever serving at the front,
We pack and leave with heavy hearts
heading out to the frontier.

The Tang Dynasty, writes David Young in his introduction (p. xi)

… (618-907 AD) was perhaps the greatest age for poetry that the history
of civilization has known.

But, as David Hinton points out in his introduction to *The Selected Poems of Li Po*
(1996), Li Po, a friend and inspiration to Du Fu, 36 million Chinese died or disappeared
in their lifetime from the war, either on the frontier with the Mongols and Arabs, or in the
civil war that engulfed Chang’an itself (the census of China was reduced from 53 million
to 17 million, p. xxiii).

This is essentially what I described in *The Great Instrument of Orientation* (2008) as the
unleashing of the increase pack (see also, *Gustafson’s Second Theorem*), which is the
chief subject of Canetti’s book *Crowds and Power* (1986, original work published 1960),
or of Colinvaux’s book, *The Fates of Nations* (1980). Thus, what was happening
northwest of Chang’an about 750 AD was the irruption of an increase pack from the
steppe. Some years of rainful brought good crops, and the good crops brought surges of
population, and soon these hordes smashed into the Middle East, India and China. They
came to seize high-gain energy in the storehouses of these capitals.
So, now we have a country with two kinds of energy policies: one, to use Tim’s (2008) terms, is to capture or secure access to high-gain energy like oil, and the other is to set up innumerable factories all over the world for refining low-gain energy. Not to mention the enormous administration of all of this in innumerable bureaucracies called government, corporations, and universities.

So, we are talking about competition for resources, which is almost absolutely merciless. Most people I know are not packing and leaving with heavy hearts out to the frontier, to secure routes to high-gain energy, but, rather, they are in one bureaucracy or another refining low-grade energy (like giving medications to people so perturbed that they would not be able to sleep or to get up in the morning, and, thus, lose their status as players in the game of earning a living).

So, it hardly looks like evolution, more like devolution into exhaustion. For survival. At the scale of any department, it looks more like one huge vulnerable compartment, of repeating yourself all day long (the constant operator, O(c)). At least you aren’t cast out into the street (yet), and you aren’t dead (yet), so it could lead to something beautiful and new being prepared in invulnerable compartments (the transitional operator, O(t)).

But is it being prepared? Who knows how to do it? I think I have figured it out.
New Beginning

One of our patients in the clinic (I made this a composite to keep from divulging a single identity) who is beginning to discover a bold play-function, or transitional operator, $O(t)$, actually dances out on the couch her replies to certain questions. From being stock still, and worried, and self-derogatory, or her constant operator, $O(c)$, of flattening herself out to avoid arousing her amorous father, we see bold movements with her arms into a wide circumference, sitting forward eagerly, and her voice doubling in volume with excitement.

A particular version of this occurred when she told us a discovery of hers that she feared play with her husband, because it opened her up so much. I agreed with her. This is the present limit on their relationship.

Actually, a number of our patients show this alternation between surprising and free movements and expressions of language, on the one hand, and a kind of suspicious rigidity, on the other hand. I first read about it in Michael Balint’s essay from 1952 called New Beginning and the Paranoid and Depressive Positions (International Journal of Psychoanalysis, 33, 214), and in his later book called The Basic Fault (Balint, 1968).
These occurred in the context of psychoanalysis with Balint on a daily basis for years.

Balint wrote a paragraph which comes close in terms of biology to what we are discussing now about vulnerable and invulnerable compartments being necessary to evolution. Balint wrote in the first paragraph of part 2 of the essay:

My additional reason for calling these phenomena **new beginning** came from **biology**. In highly unfavourable external circumstances only those living beings can survive who are able to give up their well-differentiated organisation, and regress to primitive stages in their development, in order to bring the process of adaptation anew. Highly developed forms are more efficient but also more dependent on a special set of environmental factors. Primitive, undifferentiated states are elastic, capable of new adaptation in various directions. The similarity is striking. Highly differentiated forms, both in biology and in psychology, are **rigid**, **unadaptable**; if a radically new adaptation becomes necessary, the highly differentiated organization must be reduced to its **primitive**, **undifferentiated form** from which a new beginning may then issue.

In other words this is something like the big blue stem grasses going **back to the meristem**. Winnicott (1971) in *Therapeutic Consultations in Child Psychiatry* shows a great many of them arising in a single hour of consultation playing what he called the squiggle game, of he and the child completing each other’s squiggle marks, and then
giving them names: at first, very **rigid, conventional** pictures like trees and houses, and then suddenly **an acceleration** into very free and emotional movements, releasing the child back into the capacity for play, connection, love and hate.

Why is this happening with **me** in our clinic now? Balint thought new beginnings emerged out of a primitive, trusting relationship, and Winnicott certainly said as much in his preface to *Therapeutic Consultations*, and I go about my business more like these two than any other doctors. As Winnicott describes in single hours, I too take a remarkable interest in the **selections of words** that patients use, and in their **accompanying gestures**. This **releases something** in many patients, if some never move at all!

One of our patients in this group sent me two videos about the play-function, or transitional operator, \(O(t)\), which was emerging in him. One was of a polar bear coming into camp up near Hudson Bay, while one of the photographers happened to be shooting the husky dogs at dusk. The photographer thought it would be curtains for the dogs, being set upon by a 1200 pound bear who had not eaten for 4 months.

Instead of disaster, the husky set upon was able to signal a clear submission, and the bear signalled play in kind, and an astonishing set of romps occurred, and continued for many evenings at dusk. As Bateson would say (1972, 1979), the **context markers**, announced and exchanged, made it into **play**. The video shows it in a series of shots in one minute.
#slideshow.

The second video is of young people on the beach in Santa Monica, California with so-called traveling rings. It is quite like flying, and certainly weightless in the moments between rings, and astonishingly free flowing, and individual, one from another. Interviewed, a group of them indicated a release from anger, rage, tension was extremely meaningful to them. All in a two minute video http://download.publicradio.org/video/speakingoffaith/20070823_play_vid-rings.mov.

Simultaneously, A Change in the Movements of the Author, And in the Movements in His Dreams.

Simultaneously, I am very different on the tennis court, after playing the game for fifty-five years. The simplest way of saying it is that the strokes are lengthening out, so that there is a much huger potential between the farthest reach back of the backswing to the forward point of contact. This by itself would not work, I think, if I were not attending closely to micro-transitions that threw the whole length off course. Like going flat-footed wrecks it. Or, on the forehand, not striking far enough forward for a natural C-loop to brush up and over the ball. Every time a shot goes off, I just wait until I recognize the micro-operator that has gone off.
Author’s Dream of Being Put on Trial in Saginaw, After His Dream of Living in a Country Where Everyone Is Werner Sombart.

The night after a particularly big burst of new force on the court, and in the clinic, I awoke at 3AM in a desperate nightmare.
I was not surprised. I have become used to paying for my discoveries, with nightmares, so, terrible as the dream text sounds, I was not particularly afraid. Rather, I thought, Oh God, what is it this time? I think it is important that the paper I use to take notes on interviews has evolved in a strikingly new form. The two long compartments in it used to be horizontal, but I turned the paper ninety degrees so they are vertical. At first, I thought of the two compartments (of my musical score) as downstream on the right, and upstream on the left (note the arrows indicating this). This is in keeping with my notion that rigidities downstream are only overcome by free and micro-movements upstream (from constant operator, O(c) to transitional operator, O(t)), as Jullien points out in Classical Chinese painting (Jullien, 2007, original work published 2000, discussed in The Thirteenth Theorem).

In the last week or two, I think of the two compartments as the vulnerable compartment on the right, and the invulnerable compartment on the left. This seems to have changed things remarkably. But here is the dream of two words the night before my trial in Saginaw.

The preliminary dream was two words, Werner Sombart. What is this? I thought. My dream instrument gets very terse at times, and quite epic at other times. Here I was at the compact, terse form. I really could not remember where I had ever heard of him. German the name was, and so it meant I was on the German horizon again, which means people out to control things. The next day I looked up Werner Sombart on Google and found
out he was a German professor of economics, in Berlin, of whom Engels said he was the first to understand Marx. Also, a close friend of Max Weber.

The next night after my surge of new potential on the court, and in the clinic, I dreamt I was back in Saginaw, my hometown in Michigan, in a huge ballroom where I was on trial, with all of the shiny people in town as my judges. It became clear to me, not what I was accused of, but that they were determined to kill me. I broke for the doors, killing several of them, then got surrounded by many more, killed several of them, got surrounded by even more, killed several of them, ..... I had had enough, and woke up.

Reluctantly, I went up to my study, thinking, This is not good news. Always, a nightmare means I have been quite wrong in my estimation of the forcefield I am in. It is much more dangerous that I have admitted.

I thought of Durrenmatt’s play, The Visit (1990, original work published 1956), in which a woman, Claire Zachanassian, comes back to her home town in Germany to visit her old boyfriend and mayor, Alfred Ill. The town is in desperate economic condition, with worse to come. Claire meets with the city council, and offers them a million dollars to rebuild, on one condition – That they kill Alfred Ill. The shock is tremendous, but they agree at once, and become prosperous over Ill’s dead body.
Saginaw, my hometown, I am paying a visit to in my dream, but I really do not feel like Alfred Ill who had violated Claire in high school and discarded her. The motive for the revenge of the town on me? It too is in desperate condition, as the northernmost point of the old regime of General Motors.

Ah yes, they held out and held out in their constant operator, O(c), that General Motors would come through and pay off for them, only it just got more and more wrong about its gas guzzlers on the world market. I left fifty years ago; my high school reunion a few weeks ago I did not go to. They continued downstream in time, in the vulnerable compartment. My estimation is that they are in a tremendous rage, and looking for revenge. What did I do? I left. And I am evolving my way upstream.

I guess Durrenmatt is paying me a visit to remind me that a people who are totally in the downstream and vulnerable compartment of the world market are very dangerous. I had better watch my step with them more carefully. That is what Canetti and Colinvaux meant about the steppe peoples rampaging into the Middle East, India and China, or the Germans into the remainder of Europe and Russia – not a build up of murderous force to be ignored. Millions and tens of millions of people killed without mercy, as bare life, as Agamben (1998) would say, is not a minor matter.
Author’s Dream of Two Ideograms.

The next day in clinic, a Friday, I had many beauties evolve before me, because I could point to the vulnerable compartment on the right – largely, in which they were helpless – and the invulnerable compartment on the left – in which they could find a great beauty to dwell in – I will come back to these cases in the next section of the theorem.

But at bed time I felt the residue of my Saginaw dream, a heaviness that would not go away, until I told my wife the beauties I had delivered. Interesting it is how the mood changes completely, from heaviness to delicious lightness of being.

That night, I dreamt what could only be a Chinese pair of ideograms.
It was of two phrases, a resonant, generative phrase on the left, followed after the comma by a flat, dead, directorial phrase on the right. These concise dreams, like Erikson’s (1954) S(E)INE analysis (Gustafson, 2008, pp. 25-26), turn out to be crucial. This one equalizes the field, poises it equally between the invulnerable compartment, and the vulnerable compartment. Du Fu would understand in one glance. I am being encouraged, after a terrifying trial -- only a comma between my being in the vulnerable compartment, and my being back in the invulnerable compartment.

Author’s Dream of Poincare’s Field for the 2 Ideograms and Being in an RN Training Program.

Saturday, tennis doubles first, and then out to the cabin on the Prairie. I went on to the court thinking, quite about evolution, that I incorporate the replies of my opponents as I go along, in O(t), or I keep pressing my agenda, in O(c), in which case I will not be present for their replies, and miss them. It went fairly well, and we drove off to the cabin, and I had a beautiful dream of the 2 ideograms playing out on a huge field. I felt like Poincare watching a proof which says, The results are totally different! I outlined this proof. My wife and I read aloud Michel Serre, The Parasite (2007, original work published 1980), Du Fu’s entry into the war, and Chapter 15 of The Odyssey in its opening. I felt bad. I said to her, thinking of my 2 ideograms, I have to get out of this vulnerable compartment. So I tried, Johann Huizinga’s The Waning of the Middle Ages
(1924), and he delivered me in 1 sentence in his first chapter called *The Violent Tenor of Life*.

He wrote:

> And, lastly, most frequent of all, one might almost say uninterrupted, the executions (p. 3).

What a **comic** spirit, like Rabelais (2006, original work published 1532-1564) himself, keeping his **center**, his **detour**. What a sentence of holding back in **3 detours**, in coping with the vulnerable compartment, being in the invulnerable compartment of your own rhythm in your own sentences. One delivered me and I went to bed.

Now, Saturday midnight at the cabin, a pain I cannot account for, a three-quarters moon arising in the east, with a planet for company, but I can take it no further and go back to bed.

In the morning, I dream I have been in an RN training program, but I am doing it **backwards**, taking the final exam, B, **before** the course, A, so I am not doing an AB, but
a (B)AB. Of course, I am dreaming of incorporation, as my means to evolution. I begin from the final test, before I actually make my study, quite as I read the questions for a CME test, before I scan the article. Saves energy.

Two of us (boys) have to go out to the Health Stream Learning Center at EPIC in Verona, and we ride the front of the bus’s platform for bicycles, barefoot, as the bus skims through low wetlands to EPIC, and we are getting our feet deliciously wet.

We take the test, B, and give the correct answers, but the examiners suspect us, because our pupils are not aligned properly – the one on the right is centered, and the one on the left is left of center. Like Brecht, I am prepared for the House UnAmerican Activities Committee. I will say my Communist songs were mis-translated.

We 2 boys now head for Boston, and get to a skating rink, but I forgot my skates. What benefit is it to be in Boston if you don’t have Dutch ice-skates like Huizinga had in his single sentence?

Friday’s Beauties.
You know -- it is very simple: the vulnerable compartment on the right is absolutely terrible, unless you can skim through it, by anticipating its test (B) from the outset (A knowing B already) – the invulnerable compartment has everything you need on board like DH Lawrence’s little Ship of Death (1930).

A Case of a Beleaguered Grandma.

The resident says everything is going well on Celexa (which I doubt) and ask the patient if she has any further concerns? Well, yes, the daughter’s boyfriend is driving her nuts. Could I have an example? Yes, he says he will come help her out, and not show up all day. Then, our patient is upset that her daughter is upset. Then the two year old granddaughter comes into grandma’s room and loves it so much she will not leave.

So I just say, We used to have a lock on the door of our two year old children. She replies, I have a lock on my door, and I need to use it. Not only when I am not there, but when I am there. Watch out, I said, She will howl the first few times.

A Case of Another Grandma.
Quite shaken, her assets have lost half their value, and by winter, she may not have enough to live on. She has been playing solitaire and watching TV to take her mind off her dread. But she doesn’t like it.

Suddenly, she says, *I am spending $800 on a piano!* **Muscularly**, she shows me how she plays. She is back **up stream 30 years**, invulnerable with her piano. I think of *Allegro*, by Thomas Transtromer (1954),

> After a black day, I play Haydn,
> And feel a little warmth in my hands.

*A Case of Red Shoes.*

A long struggle to get out of her constant operator, O(c), of being **tough** – her face had flattened out over her mother’s **disgusting intrusions**.

A dream of being in a theatre, climbing up with **agility** over the seats, the transitional operator O(t), to the lobby, only to discover she has only 1 red shoe on. Climbs back down to her seat, and looks into her bag, but cannot find the red shoe that is **hers**.
personally. Stands up, and addresses the audience, *Look, you are in my dream and have to help me with it*. They laugh with her.

She and I talk about the **red energy**, until she finally asks herself, **What is the missing red shoe**? Yes, the **personal expression of red energy**, a tenderness that her boyfriend comes down to help her find.

**So There It Is.**

How to **skim** the vulnerable compartment, as best you can, and **dwell** in the invulnerable compartment, where new beginning **arises, continually**.

**Q.E.D.**
Fifteenth Theorem.  Gustafson’s Metric – from Einstein’s Field Theory of Curved Spacetime.

My Fourteenth Theorem concluded with the necessity of a vulnerable compartment and of an invulnerable compartment for evolution, of species and individuals. In your vulnerable compartment, you forage for your resources. Into your invulnerable compartment you beat a line of retreat from the perils of foraging. You open in the right places, and close into the right places.

But something more than this crude demarcation of the field is needed for the animal to be oriented. And this something more has to do with the reality that things do not stand still. Neither the opportunities nor the perils. Nor the geometry. This is evident with respect to weather, where the contour lines of pressure undergo huge shifts from the continual influx of low pressure and high pressure systems.

But I mean some thing far more radical about the non-linear geometry of the field we maneuver in. I mean that there are drastic curvatures, expansions and contractions, and sudden bifurcations. This means that getting from $P^1$ to $P^2$ is no longer a simple matter of sighting $P^2$ in a straight line from $P^1$. In seconds, minutes or hours, $P^2$ lies somewhere else, because the geometry bent itself in a way that might well not be foreseen.
Why a Field Theory Was Necessary for Physics.

The reader may look to some splendid short videos to picture this argument (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C2VMO7pcWhg), or to the Caltech argument in words and graphs (http://www.black-holes.org/numrell.html) called Einstein’s Equations, Describing How Mass Warps Spacetime. So here goes a summary of their splendid summary. Essentially, they say:

One of the central challenges of physics is – and has always been – to predict how things move … We’ve mentioned that differential geometry gives us tools to understand the motion of particles when spacetime is curved. It doesn’t say anything about why spacetime should be curved, though. Einstein took the tools of differential geometry and showed us how and why spacetime curves.

Now, to condense the argument. It begins with the Pythagorean theorem, which, you may dimly recall, is \( A^2 + B^2 = C^2 \), and which is true for right angled triangles. The hypotenuse is the square of the sum of the squares of the two sides. In a Euclidean geometry, where \( x \) is the horizontal axis and \( y \) is the vertical axis perpendicular to the \( x \) axis, every point, \( P^1 \) and \( P^2 \), can be specified by a value of \( x \) and a value of \( y \), such that, for example, \( P^1 \) could be 0,0 and \( P^2 \) could be 3,4. The theorem then gives the actual distance from \( P^1 \) to \( P^2 \) as \( 3^2 + 4^2 = 25 = 5^2 \) and thus the answer is 5.
The Pythagorean theorem is the simplest possible **metric** for locating the distance between \( P_1 \) and \( P_2 \), but it is only true for Euclidean geometry. The general formula for a metric which works upon any kind of curved, expanded, contracted spacetime is

\[
\text{Distance}^2 = g_{xx} \ (\text{x coordinate})^2 + g_{yy} \ (\text{y coordinate})^2 \\
+ 2 \ g_{xy} \ (\text{x coordinate}) \ (\text{y coordinate})
\]

Finally, the Caltech essay says that

Einstein combined certain numbers describing the metric’s change from place to place into what is now called **the Einstein tensor**. Just like the metric, the Einstein tensor is a set of numbers. For four-dimensional spacetime, we have

\[
G_{xx}, G_{xy}, G_{xz}, G_{xt}, G_{yy}, G_{yz}, G_{yt}, G_{zz}, G_{zt}, \text{ and } G_{tt}.
\]

You can read what I left out for yourself. I simply want to indicate what physics found necessary to **find its way from \( P_1 \) to \( P_2 \)**, when space may be **warped locally** by mass.

**Lotka Scenario.**

Often it has been argued in biology that the so-called **Lotka scenario** (see pp. 82-83, *The Great Instrument of Orientation*, Gustafson, 2008) is what has selected the holographic
capacity of the brain, by innumerable trials of the same situation, over many millions, even billions of years at the scale of unicellular organ issues. Essentially, it is like our Pythagorean triangle. The prey tries to take the **shortest distance** at the **fastest speed** to its **hole**, while the predator tries to take an **even shorter distance** and **an even faster speed**. The prey who makes these calculations best, and the predator who makes these calculations best, are the ones that continue to survive and evolve.

Of course, the geometry make look linear or Euclidean, but it **really is warped**, as by dozing off in the hot sun, or darkness coming on, or a stronger hawk.

**Meristems and Stem Cells.**

That is why it is **very hazardous** in biology to **fully and irreversibly differentiate**, because there is then **no going back** on the **line of defence** or **attack** that one has **arrived at**. Nature has thus selected plants and animals who are capable of **new beginnings**, for the next round of the Lotka scenario. In plants, the new beginnings are possible because of embryologically primitive **meristems**, which have **not committed themselves** to flower, or bark, but remain open to all of the possibilities which may need to be regenerated, as in big blue stem after grazing or fire (see [Wikipedia, Meristems](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Meristem)).

Same in animals, but the embryologically primitive cells are called **stem cells**. Rarely are these totipotential or embryological, but rather multi-potential, committed to being some kind of neural cell, or some kind of bone marrow cell, etc. (see [Wikipedia, Stem Cells](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stem_cell)).
The Array of New Beginnings In Us.

It seems to me, by my series of 14, going on 15, theorems, that humanity for the last ten thousand years (see especially my Second Theorem) has committed itself to a high proportion of differentiation, or what I call constant operators, \( O_c \). The megamachine (Lewis Mumford, originally published, 1966; 1986, reprinted) is what has made the selection, starting from the first megamachine that built the pyramids in Egypt. Each component, the constant operator, \( O_c \), is selected only to repeat itself, and never invent anything. By these requirements, the megamachine can send orders from the top which will be carried out to the fraction of a millimeter in tolerance, all the way down the line. Sounds military? Indeed, it is.

Of course, it is not so good for the parts, as it is for the top. As Levi-Strauss put it (Charbonnier, 1969, *Conversations with Levi-Strauss*), the megamachine is a hot engine, as in an automobile, which destroys its fuel in taking its energy. But it can also destroy the driver, if he becomes only a driver.


This is Serre’s argument about the modern illness that is consuming humanity, with very few exceptions. If and when (and nearly always), the exchange is asymmetrical, someone, like the Pharaoh, and there are many little pharaohs at smaller scales, then this someone is the taker, and those supplying him give him, but get nothing (or little)
back in return. The latter repeat themselves incessantly, and being thus bounded, have no route to run but to exhaustion.

Once bounded, and headed for exhaustion, the constant operators seem not to know there is any other possibility. Indeed, as Serres demonstrates in his book, and it is surely an extended theorem like one of mine, there is so much noise, or static, in the system that the prey is unlikely to get the message that he needs to get out of the vulnerable compartment.

Nor is he likely to get the message that every supper is a hazardous event. In nature, this is well known to every animal, who depends on his prey-vigilance to prevail in the Lotka scenario for millions of years. In our so-called civilization, the supper is very deceptive. The host may have a mimic of a guest, who will take him for everything he has got (see Serres on Tartuffe, pp. 201-208, Imposter’s Meals). By mimicking a true guest, he gets past the defences against foreign bodies, and consumes all the substance. But the converse is also true. A mimic can also imitate a true host and consume the guest by the ruse.

The Case of Red Shoes Continued.

In Theorem Fourteen, we discussed a dream of red shoes, which was a new beginning. To recapitulate, our patient dreamt of leaving her seat in an amphitheatre, to ascend over the tops of the seats with a remarkable agility to the lobby. Only she discovered in the lobby
that she had left behind one of her two red shoes, and had to scale back down to her seat to search for the missing red shoe, the personal red shoe. Her boyfriend came back down with her to help her find it.

This dream resulted in a remarkable easing of her body, of her tenseness in her face, and much laughter.

Two weeks later, she returned to tell me she had had a series of violent dreams, and now a three day headache like she never had before, from the front of her forehead to the back of her head, as she put it,

… as if someone were pushing my brain into my foramen magnum.

For readers not versed in Gray’s Anatomy, the foramen magnum is the aperture, where the base of the brain narrows into the spinal cord. My ears perked up at once, as I imagined the violence of what she was talking about.

She knew which was the crucial dream in the violent series, indeed the one from which she woke up three days ago, with this strange headache. The narrative of the dream was as follows (somewhat simplified):

She and her boyfriend are going to a conference in Chicago along with another couple. She has taken responsibility for making the reservations
for two rooms. However, when the four of them arrive, and open the door to the one room given them, they are struck in the face by a huge damp cloud of warm air, as if the hot shower in the bathroom has been running non-stop for days. Also, clothes are strewn all over the bed and the floor, and clearly the room is occupied.

Feeling **responsible** for the mistaken reservation, not only **not two** rooms but one, but **one already occupied**, she goes to locate the manager and correct the double mistake. She has to climb down a long series of stairwells, and drop ten feet from the last step into the basement, and then ascend up a chute as through a tiny door into an attic, to get to the manager’s office. A huge German shepherd sits next to the manager, frightening her. The manager reassures her that the dog will not hurt her – and he looks timid, actually – and the manager apologizes for the double mistake, and agrees to set the reservation aright.

Nevertheless, she has this terrible headache, as we sit to address the dream. Experienced as she is from our previous work, she begins to tell me what she knows about the details of the dream.

First, about the couple they are thrown in with, from two rooms to one, already heavily used room. The other boyfriend has been the problem in the foursome. He will never let go of an argument, once begun. Indeed, he has been **pounding** her, in particular for
weeks, about the argument of this conference they are going to. He is a proponent of the main speaker, and will brook no disagreement with the god.

His girlfriend, also her best friend, has warned her that he is like Chinese water torture once he gets going. And now he has been for weeks. He started in on her a few weeks ago, when she was off her guard, and she was able to step away from him with her boyfriend to conclude the evening. Relentlessly, he had been pounding her with emails on the same subject, despite her protest. Now, the dream has them thrown together in a single room at this conference hotel!

The startling thing that happened as she told me this recent history is that she sat forward on the couch, and

Placing her left hand in front of her head, and her right hand behind her head, said that the pain was now tremendous.

I drew her attention to what was happening to her head, and her brain, as if caught in a vice between the two hands. As she dropped her hands, and laughed, the pain just fell away.

Of course, what we were discussing was how in the world she was allowing this violence to be perpetrated on her. To make a long story short, the story was even more insidious. This boyfriend of her girlfriend knew very well that our patient had a certain
tendency to be willful herself, so he had been keeping her in the argument by making her feel **guilty** for wanting to get out of it. Indeed, this time she had not been willful enough, to **call a halt** to this mind-______ (the word left out is well known to every reader, but not allowable in a theorem!).

So **this** is what I **mean** about the **warping of space-time**. For our patient, it occurs at **two opposite extremes of her phase-space**, which is absolutely typical for all of my patients, friends, and, of course, myself. This, indeed, is the burden of this proof, and its raison d’etre.

In her invulnerable compartment, where she is discovering her personal and second red shoe with her boyfriend, a new beginning is underway of **moving freely**, as in the **agility** up over the seats to the lobby and then back down the seats to her suitcase under her seat. The trouble with this beautiful, counter-clockwise **curve**, way back **upstream in time**, is that this **fresh and new beginning bends so far** into a **realm of creation** that you are highly likely to **lose track** of the **opposite realm of destruction** in the vulnerable compartment.

Conversely, the vulnerable compartment is **warped** so **steeply in a clockwise** direction that it is almost impossible to see how **diabolic** it can turn. Fortunately, my own dream instrument was working out this very mapping in a series of eight dreams, which now will follow.
Author’s Dream Series From July 13 to July 30, 2009.

In the interest of concision, I will take eight or nine of my seventeen dream nights of the last two and a half weeks. The eight or nine left out do not alter the progression of the proof, but are just less striking.

The Grave Cuban Generals.
This dream was the night after the concluding dream in my last and fourteenth theorem, in which I was skimming over the marsh to Epic headquarters to take a final exam to qualify as an R.N. Since I had studied the exam (B) before I began the course, A, I needed the least energy to get my (B)AB.

In this dream of The Grave Cuban Generals, I begin at the lakeshore, as at the beautiful terrace on the lake at the Memorial Union of the University of Wisconsin. It also looks like the back of my high school. I am a youth among youth, and I ask directions among them, for how to get downtown. No one has any idea of where I can catch a bus.

So, I set out myself on foot, and come to an outdoor banquet of grave Cuban generals. They are sitting at long tables in black leather jackets, with soft brown caps and trousers. They nod gravely to me, as I walk up the middle of their formation. I am struck that they hardly move at all. Some I recognize as my patients.

Well, this is what happens in fifty years. The Cuban generals have been sitting in place on their downtown (Havana!) territory, to forestall another US invasion, such as attempted by JFK. Sitting on territory consumes your whole life. Certainly, it is a warping of spacetime that the youth on the lake terrace have no idea is coming.

Involution.
I am sliding freely on the court again, and excited by the Caltech essay on *Einstein’s Equations, Describing How Mass Warps Spacetime*, and how to get from $P_1$ to $P_2$ despite the stretching and squeezing, diagonalizing and curving space. I am determined to discover *Gustafson’s metric* for transposing or the transform from one region of spacetime to another, which is the fundamental problem for an accurate field theory. However, I am thrown back over forty years, concerning all the subjects that fascinated me and required me to study them: a short list includes a social theory of domination, small group dynamics, family perversity, ten-dimensional metrics, the sieve and the night sea of the dream instrument, the biology of operons and of ecology, of vulnerable and invulnerable compartments, divine sport, Chinese classical thought, and breathing!
I am in a gang of 4 I do not want to be with, but that was all there was. This refers to my group of medical interns in San Francisco, of which 4 of us were the political leaders in the anti-draft demonstrations concerning the Vietnam war.

I am in a top-down, low frequency range, magnetic field of a point attractor. Looks like the labyrinth of a Monster, doesn’t it? Surely, referring to the labyrinth at Knossos of the Minotaur.
What it reminds me of in my own history was our two year flight from the Vietnam War to Billings, Montana, because I was deferred from the draft by serving in the Indian Health Service. The company of academics we could find in the two colleges in Billings?

Same as the Gang of 4 in San Francisco. Then, a long flight across the Great Plains to the oasis of Madison where my thirty-six years of professordom commenced. Same result. The involution of point attractors, also known as professors. I could not have foreseen this warping of spacetime.

*The Country Rat.*
I have begun to read Michel Serres on *The Parasite* (2007, original work published 1980) whose opening pages are called *Rats’ Meals*. Serres is retelling La Fontaine’s fable who is retelling Aesop’s fable. The fable is terse but telling. Namely. The country rat is invited onto the carpet of the tax-collector (the word *imposteur* means both “tax-collector” and “imposter” – the translater tells us) to feed on the leftovers. A noise at the door, and the country rat runs away. He has had enough already of the cascade of *parasiting*. Serres as he says is broadening the matter:
If the guest is a tax-collector, in the broadest sense, I consider him to be a parasite in the political sense, in that a human group is organized with one-way relations, where one eats the other, and where the second cannot benefit at all from the first. The exchange is neither principal nor original nor fundamental. I do not know how to put it: the relation denoted by a single arrow is irreversible, just takes its place in the world (p. 5).

I dream I am the country rat who is being introduced to a pack of sleek, city rats right at the center table of our department. As if I need to hear it told again? I am visiting a colleague in Los Angeles. He is showing me around his block at dusk, and I can see for myself it is governed by a very dangerous drug gang.

Alas, more warping I did not foresee, in my youth as Candide. Thirty-six years in my department, and many visits elsewhere, always to find the same gang, holding the territory, like Fidel’s grave generals.

Gustafson’s Metric, Two Chinese Ideograms.

The Case of the Prison Doctor.

I am aware I have made an astounding discovery summarized by a single case I saw in the morning. She is a doctor who works in a prison. The resident tells me she is much
better on her anti-depressant and anti-anxiety agent. I ask her, nevertheless, what are your concerns now?

She says that some of the days at the prison are very **draining**? Draining? (I am thinking of **para-siting**, where she is the **host**, with many **desperate guests**). For instance? Well, she is astonished that often she will improve a patient with a drug, and yet the patient will **berate** her for not curing him **altogether**. Here she points to her head with two fingers of accusation of her left hand (Gustafson’s sign, see any of my ten books for this finding, **never** mentioned elsewhere for 24 years). I ask her what is going on in her mind right now? Of course, she confirms that the demanding patient has made her feel guilty, and apt to try even harder for him.

I show her the two fingers (usually, I don’t), and point out her self-accusation. I ask her if she agrees with the guilt. She turns around fully to face me and says, *Of course not! This is ridiculous! He is lucky to get what he got! Certainly not entitled to pressure me more!*

I ask her if she has ever **put a stop** to such things (parasiting)? Yes, indeed, and now her **right hand** comes out in front of her as a **barrier** between her and her potential patient – *Yes, I have told patients, This is what I can do, and you won’t like it altogether.* Now she smiled.
So did I. For the left hand had accused her wrongly, and now the right hand had supplied her defence, not only this time, but in as long a series as she liked in the cascade of parasiting.

Of course, this is the only case in psychiatry. In the vulnerable compartment she is guilty, and will be run into exhaustion. In the invulnerable compartment, she is defended and will save herself. All demonstrated by two gestures, emerging with the poignant words. All about the ruin of asymmetrical relations, of the parasiste getting inside the host’s defences against foreign bodies. All about requiring symmetrical relations, of a true exchange of gifts.

Of course, almost no one else teaches this. Nor will they. As Serres points is, there is so much static, or noise, that this message will not be heard in psychiatry or psychology – everyone is so busy with their lists (parasiting? Or being parasited?) that they can hear almost nothing in the din.

I awake at 3.35 AM and it is still raining softly on the roof of my study, and sweetly. The pain is the magnificence of what I am giving (the host), and the slightness of the return (of the guest), rushing around so beset. I need to step back from this compartment of vulnerability myself! I feel robust like Hamlet, in a rancid place like Elsinore.
I wake up in the morning with a **gift from below** (the night sea, the sieve of Poincare, which never fails me, the only reliable place), with the metric I have been waiting for, Gustafson’s Metric, of 2 Chinese Ideograms.

The **left** ideogram looks like the Greek *rho*, but turned differently. It means: **open to the unbounded**, the night sea, nature, art, like Pierre in *War and Peace* (2007, original work published 1861), always fresh from his bath. The **right** ideogram is the **detour**, from the **bounded** compartment of vulnerable – **not** to be compelled to do anything before you are
ready, in your own time, in your own rhythm. The warping is enormous, far more than I ever foresaw: parasiting to the right, and the night sea to the left.

*I Wake Up in England Controlled by Parasites.*

I just played on the court, and let the results come and go. I think to myself at bedtime: I need to let institutions go. Serres is getting rougher and rougher in his piling up of his argument, a cascade of parasiting, almost without end. Stercoral, he calls it (look it up). I had underestimated it. As much as I knew, I had not added it up:

Everyone, patient, resident, friend, is abused.
I dream. I wake up in England controlled by parasites. I go to France, also controlled by parasites. I wake up slightly nauseated, and feel determined to get freer of this nightmare of history. What would it be like to estimate it rightly? I go back over all the posing I have known since junior high school. Terminal differentiation. A rank layer of materials, protocols, lists, to feed upon. Well, Huizinga, you were right about death to the play function, once it is put upon like this. I have not been alert enough to being abused.

The Next Larger Scale beyond Tartuffe.
I feel the pain of all my hosts (parents, friends, teachers, mentors) finishing themselves off in some formula that is the marker of death, and the end of any new beginning.

Even Serres, as he predicts in his text, is parasited by the new preface to The Parasite (2007, original work published 1980). I wake up at 12.20 AM in distress, and read over my pieces assigned in advance to my Door County Symposium in 2 weeks. They are very sound. I am relieved.

Now, the nightmare, a very bad one. I am walking along a street, like Solzhenitsyn in The Gulag Archepelago (1973), where I come upon the hole in the wall for the Department of Motor Vehicles where I have to report. The hole in the wall leads into a very complex labyrinth of stairs, until I finally come to a bare table, and a bureaucrat who hands me the card for my car. It says I have blemishes on the surface of my car, which must be repaired at once. How? It is already 5PM, and the DMV is closing. The bureaucrat says I have to take it to my dealer, and pay an exorbitant amount of money to get them fixed. I am enraged, and say something that looks like FU in Chinese.

Now I am really in trouble. When I get out on the street again though the little hole, I find I am back in Saginaw downtown which is deteriorating irreversibly. A drug culture of street people are drinking from what look like Pepsi cans, which say Metropolol on them (for Metropolis? I imagine so). They crowd around me, and will not answer my question how to get to Genessee Avenue downtown (where I entered the big world at 18). In other words, never, never, never a new beginning in this place.
Alas, a more complete mapping of the vulnerable compartment. If I object to the DMV requiring the surfaces of all the cars to be covered over, then I am banished to the wasteland of Saginaw, long deserted by General Motors. I had better not object. A warping, which leads into an even worse warping. I never could have foreseen it fifty years ago.

*Counter-clockwise, Slowly, Creating.*

I read the opening paragraphs of the two works of Bruno Schulz to my wife at bedtime *The Fictions of Bruno Schulz, 1988, original work published 1934, 1937).*

First, *The Street of Crocodiles:*

In July my father went to take the waters and left me, with my mother and elder brother, a prey to the blinding white heat of the summer days. Dizzy with light, we dipped into that enormous book of holidays, its pages blazing with sunshine and scented with the sweet melting pulp of golden pears.

Second, *Sanatorium Under the Sign of the Hourglass,*

I am simply calling it The Book without any epithets or qualifications, and in this sobriety there is a shade of helplessness, a silent capitulation before the vastness of the transcendental, for no word, no allusion, can adequately suggest the shiver of fear … (you can finish the paragraph for yourself).
Time to get on to my dream, which Bruno Schulz set in motion. His juxtapositions of words are totally unexpected.

I am going through a corridor from the boys gym to the girls gym in my junior high school/also like Harvard Medical School. A fourth has shown up for our basketball team, and we hope for a fifth. I leave my wallet, foolishly, in an open locker with my street clothes. I now move counterclockwise and slowly around the girls gym, in that marvelous, un rushed pace of creation I have been in many times.
This counterclockwise bend **alarms** me. I cannot see **behind my back** to the boys gym, where they are quickly and finally differentiated, hardened and finished, clockwise, very early.

**Opposite warping,** very hard to get between the two extremes of the phase space.

*The German Invasion.*
A German invasion along Vern Terrace (for vernal? I imagine so) to take University Hospital. Sharpshooters resist them for a while, until they give up, and give away their positions, to be picked off themselves.

Very interesting how my wallet left unlocked in the previous dream has become an operator of the operon between the two warpings of the field, of creation, and of destruction. I feel less anxious I will be shot in the street by the SS like Bruno Schulz.
When I am in the **warp of creation**, turned on by my fundamental operator, O(f), I can also turn it off as I need to, to turn on the **warp** of the German invasion. And vice versa.

**Q.E.D.**

My Fifteenth Theorem proved local warping of spacetime on the scale of human habitat. As every pregnant mother knows, and Winnicott (1958) described as primary maternal preoccupation, creation is totally magnetic. Everything has to bend around it, if all is to go well for mother and infant. Of course, the same is true of any other creation, on a tennis court, or in the night sea of dreaming a proof of non-linear geometry (Poincare, 1985, original work published 1908, discussed in Gustafson, The Great Instrument of Orientation, pp. 241-246, 2008).

On the other hand, everything bends in the opposite direction around the magnetic field of the economy. Foraging is also a total preoccupation, which is so obvious now in our desperate population, either terrified about not having a job, or swamped in having one.

Jung (1974) called these the counter-clockwise and clockwise warping of timespace (Gustafson, The Great Instrument of Orientation, Chapter 2). This is true. But I am inclined to name them as upstream and downstream, following Jullien’s lead concerning Classical Chinese thinking (2000, 2004, 2007). Jullien’s project is to find his way out of Western thinking (assumptions), which he believes to be fatal, or at least ruinous. I am with him. Michel Serres (1982, 1997, 2007) has come to similar conclusions, and proofs.
But this is the burden of this proof, not its assumption. It traverses the last two weeks of my preparing for my Door County Summer Institute Symposium on Captivity and Deliverance, The Main Subject of Psychotherapy, conducting it for a week, and coming back from it to a week of ordinary business in psychiatry.

The order of this proof will be the ordering undergone by my own instrument of orientation in the last four weeks, because the sequence in which it occurred is the very process I am proving. To wit, how the fundamental operator, O(f), of orientation, actually works.


1. Preparing for the Symposium, Culminating in the Fifteenth Theorem of the Local Warping of Spacetime.
Perhaps, the most decisive result of these last two weeks in July for me was the clarification of how dangerous it is to become fully defined as a complete constant operator, $O(c)$. You are finished. Nothing more can happen.

No living system can afford to do it. Always, it holds back its potentiality in absolutely primitive meristems or stem cells. In the Fifteenth Theorem this is discussed as the potential for new beginnings, which arises as the play-function, or the transitional operator, $O(t)$.

What was strange was what was going on in me on the tennis court in the same two weeks. I was discovering, thanks to my coach, Jim Shirley, the potential energy in drawing back my arm, and racquet, to a plane farther back and higher up. Yet, this new beginning in the upper half of my body threw off the lower half of my body. I was seeing the court from the perspective of this huge and new potential energy in my shots. I lost seeing the court from the perspective of my feet, which have to step off the slightest movements of my opponent and as early as possible. Balls would appear right in front of my face so I had no time to prepare. I felt totally awkward.

New beginnings are not a complete blessing.

I felt a lot of pain at this point in writing the theorem out at our cabin, and so I
took a nap to see what came up from below. All the times I have been in love for fifty years! So, this new love of the high plane of potential upstream on the court is in a very long series, and it always results in being thrown off downstream. When I woke up, I turned to Serres on The Origin of Language in Hermes, Literature, Science and Philosophy (1982) in a single sentence:

They (systems) constitute a partitioning of a given universe (p. 72).

When I turn upstream to let in new potential (a new system), and am in love with it, I no longer see very well downstream. The river has been changed, and is bigger and wider and deeper, and everything I see is out of place! I strike P₁, but P₂ is somewhere else!

2. The Symposium’s Main Theme, of Massive Imposing of Exterior Force.

As I prepared 15 DVD’s of 15 consultations from my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic for the Symposium – 15 minute excerpts for 15 minute discussions, twice for each case – I did become aware of this theme of my patients of being massively imposed upon. This was their Captivity, in a Symposium on Captivity and Deliverance, The Main Subject of Psychotherapy. I did not appreciate fully that my colleagues would be so full of the subject themselves. The resonance was extraordinary. In all 15 cases. I give you 3, one from Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
3 Cases of Massive Imposition

A Mind That Won’t Stop.

When I ask the patient for a single example of his distress, his reply discloses the entire pathology. If his four-year old son asks him a question, and he gives an answer, the son, like all four-year olds, asks another question, “Yes, but … and the series of questions becomes endless. Why? Because he feels his son has the right to satisfy his curiosity.

So he becomes massively imposed upon. The same thing at work, with his wife, with friends, everywhere. He feels like his mind is a freeway, swarming with cars and having no exits.

A Psychosis in Outlining a Ph.D. Thesis.

In the outlining of her thesis, our patient could not write a sentence, without an endless series of objections entering her mind from her thesis committee. Even when she went to the woods to get free of this self-doubting process, it would not stop. In terror, she felt like she had no exit but killing herself. Barely, she managed to call her father, and he located her in the woods, and got her to the hospital.
A recurrent dream from her childhood was of a beautiful discovery. She dove into a lake, and found she did not have to come up for air.

The beauty of it was that she did not have to be on the surface which is unbearable to her. Like her fellow graduate students always one-upping each other. Or her professors doing it to the students.

Instead she had an aqueous tunnel as she put it, out of reach of being continually disturbed.

_A Case of Exhaustion._

Our patient has had severe chronic pain since childhood. Nevertheless, he became invaluable at the office for helping other people. In the last year, he decided to take more sick time to reduce his exhaustion. Whereupon, he was shocked that the very people he had helped so much began to _to gang up on him_ for being a special case. He began to think that suicide was the only way out.

A recurrent dream since age three or four portrayed this massive imposition. He is riding in a car with his family (of origin), and he can see ahead that huge waves are pounding over the road. No one in the car will heed his objection to going forward.
To make a long story short, his parents always told him, when he was terrified of the surgeries that began at three to four years old, that he had to have a positive attitude. But, why, I asked him, are you still getting in the car with them forty years later? Or in what sense is the dream still true? Now he began to cry, and saw that work had become his family, where he finally had a place, and gave up his own point of view.

3. Returning From the Symposium with My Reply

In nearly all 15 of the cases studied together, a huge, epic dream had been provided by the patient, and put to full use by the symposium to map the crucial, therapeutic question, (as in these 3 cases just summarized in 2.) namely?

**What step**, recursively, keeps the patient the same, or worse? And **what step**, recursively, leads to a new beginning?

In other **words**, what is the recursive process of captivity? What of deliverance? **Algebraically**, what is the constant operator, O(c)? and the transitional operator, O(t)?

The most important question for me arose in the last 5 minutes on Friday of the Symposium, after 15 startlingly beautiful hours of work together. I felt like I had been **conducting** an immensely talented orchestra **without conducting it all**. Only by showing 15 minutes of DVD at a time, still sitting down and nodding to the first person
who wanted to offer his or her observation about the DVD, often the words chosen by
the patient, or the moves that accompanied the words. Many of the players had played
with me before five or six different summers. The first response would yield a shower of
hands raised, and all I had to do was nod to the next player to take his or her turn, often
in reply to the previous player.

So what happened in the last 5 minutes? One of the players who had come 5 or 6
summers asked if he could ask a question of the two women who had just graduated
from the residency program I teach at, and who had provided many of the cases for the
DVDs by asking me to consult to them on their patients, and who had come to the
Symposium itself for the first time. Everyone was fully alert to the question, and I, of
course, nodded to allow this to be the last play of the Symposium.

His question of the two newcomers was, What is it like for you to be coming here for the
first time? One of the two women replied that she had very mixed feelings about it. On
the one hand, often it went spectacularly, opening up a beautiful and huge map of the
patient’s entire phase space – that is, the downstream process of staying the same or
worse, versus the upstream process of a new beginning. The patient would be thrilled,
and want Dr. Gustafson to be his or her doctor at once. Now that was difficult enough
for the resident asking for help.

Worse, sometimes, the patient would present a huge, epic dream on an enormous field –
probably, unsuspecting what she was getting herself in for, and end up not being able
to bear being a witness to the forces she was struggling with. So, she would never come back.

My turn to respond with 2 minutes left – I always stop on time. I knew exactly what she was talking about, and I knew exactly which case she was thinking about. We were now both thinking about a very flashy woman who was a rising star in the film business, who, like all the other patients, was massively imposed upon by her directors, producers, fellow actors, etc., etc.

She had been presented a very glittering dream – indeed, she laughed when she told it, saying she was like a raccoon, and was drawn to any object that glittered. At that moment, she must have felt confident she was going to put over this favorite perspective about herself. But the shadow side of the dream was not-glittering, and was replete with references to how ill she really was, despite her high level of functioning. I went into all of the details – the dream was a perfect x-ray of her condition, and of the full diagnosis. But, clearly, it was way too much for her to bear, even with company.

This all flashed quickly through my mind, and, I am sure, through the mind of my very recent resident. With 2 minutes to go, I had to go straight to the point she was posing, and try not to be defensive at all.

I replied, You are exactly right that this happens. Indeed, it is my chief weakness as a doctor. I love to open up epic space, and I sometimes do not reckon that what is
exciting for me is too much for the patient to bear. So, that is actually the main thing I am trying to change in my consultations. How to confine myself, when the patient is in a very dangerous condition, to a word or two! Like yes, or no. (See E. James Anthony, Between Yes and No: The Potentially Neutral Area Where the Adolescent and His Therapist Can Meet, Adolescent Psychiatry 4, 323-344, 1986.) I thanked everyone for coming, and the 2009 Summer Symposium was over.

I played out my reply when I returned to the clinic the following Monday with the residents. I was thrilled to discover that every case I saw, with the residents, or in my own practice, could be handled with one word for its (recursive) pathology or constant operator, O(c), and the opposite word for its (recursive) new beginning, or transitional operator, O(t). In other words, like glitter, not-glitter.

3 Cases from the First Monday Back in Clinic.

Enticed, Not-enticed.

A woman was introduced to me by a new resident when I came in to his office to supervise their work for 5 or 10 minutes of their 60 minute hour. He said she was feeling pretty bad about herself for getting $5000 in debt on her credit card, with no way of paying it back in the foreseeable future.
I asked her if she wanted to talk with me about how this had happened? Oh yes, it was very simple. She had gained a lot of weight in the last year or two, compensating herself for her job, in which she is massively imposed upon by a work load of everyone else’s needs. Looking at her, I estimated that she had put on from 50 to 100 pounds. So here it was, the constant operator of psychiatry, O(c), just as in every case discussed in the Symposium, of being massively imposed upon, and compensating herself – here it was eating, and there it was racing, hiding out and headaches, as I already described in 3 cases from the Symposium, and in the 12 Common Dynamics of Psychiatry (Gustafson, 1999).

This time I was acutely aware, thanks to the concluding moments of the Symposium, and my reply to my very recent resident, in the case of Glittering, Not-Glittering, that this woman in front of me was very embarrassed. The slightest mistake could worsen her self-loathing, which was already something causing her a lot of suffering.

So I asked her if she minded telling about how she got into $5000 of debt on her credit card? Didn’t mind at all. Very simple. Looking up dresses on the internet which would make her presentable at work, she found many she liked at half-price off! So pleased at the bargains, she did not see how the total bill was running up, until it was too late, and now she felt horrible about it.

I replied very simply, So, you were enticed? She laughed and said, Absolutely, and that is exactly what had happened with the cookies, also enticed, until it was too late.
Having opened this tiny aperture, the size of the word enticed, I now closed it, by making it slightly longer into not-enticed, and put in a number ten suture, to complete the micro-surgery on her mind’s eye. I said, Well, it turns out you have only one problem, to watch out so you are not-enticed. She looked quite delighted with this diagnosis, and with this treatment, namely, that the diagnosis was enticed and the treatment was to be not-enticed. I did not think she was about to forget the responsibility I had given back to her, and I think she was fairly light-hearted about it, compared to the heavy-hearted condition I found her in. I can now be much more terse about the next 2 cases, because they have exactly the same structure of this tiny field for micro-surgery (see my Theorem One for my first discussion of this in the spring of 2009).

Giving, Not-Giving.

Very briefly. The resident says the patient is better on her anti-depressant. I ask her if she would to talk about what was getting her down? Fine. For a month, she has felt very discouraged. She does all the giving to her boyfriend, and he does not reciprocate at all. Nor is he willing to talk about it. Would he be willing to come in and give us his opinion about what is going badly for her? Maybe. I closed by saying that it takes 2 to have a conversation about a very asymmetric exchange like this, that she could play her part, and we would see if he played his? In other words, not to do the giving for 2.

Stupid-decisions, Not-stupid-decisions.
As I came into the resident’s office, I could hear him explaining to his patient that she was being much too unforgiving of herself for a bad decision. Evidently, she had bought a bed for $500, got it home and didn’t like it, and now kicking herself up and down the block.

He wasn’t hearing her. I could tell, because she insisted that she was making bad decisions all over the place. Forgiveness was not what she wanted at all.

I asked her if she wanted to give me another example of a stupid-decision? Oh yes, she had been renting an office, and decided she could save $500 a month by not renting it, and gave it up, and immediately regretted giving it up! She was quite willing to multiply further examples, but I said I thought I knew what was going wrong. Really? Would I tell her?

I said to her that it sounded like she saw an advantage in a deal, seized upon it quickly, and did not step back to give herself time to consider it from all angles. Exactly, she exclaimed! And it is so uncharacteristic of me. So how did this come about? She sat back and thought for a minute and replied, Because there is so much to do and I am running around like crazy. How it made sense, and she gave a sigh of relief.

*Summary of the 3 Cases from the First Monday Back in Clinic.*
3 cases, 3 cases of massive imposition, just like the 15 cases of the Symposium. The difference was? I did not have to generate a huge field to map the diagnosis (O(c)) and treatment (O(t)). Nor did I run any risk at all of disturbing the patient more than she already was. Not at all.


If you, the reader, look over the series of 9 diagrams before you read the dreams and my commentary, you may see at a glance what is going on. It is physically so apparent in the oscillation of the non-linear geometry, between massive imposition in the exterior field followed by massive force coming up from within the interior field. As Wallace Stevens put it,

…a violence from within pressing back against a violence from without.

(The Noble Rider and the Sound of Words, 1942). And then back to massive imposition from without. It was already apparent in the last 2 dreams of the Fifteenth Theorem. I am moving counter-clockwise and upstream, from the boys’ gym into the girls’ gym, and trying to build a little team, when the German invasion comes back downstream and clockwise to take over University Hospital. It was already all there in my first dream book, The New Interpretation of Dreams (Gustafson, 1997), which I reread this morning like lightning. Only Ted Hughes, the Poet Laureate of England at that time, and Claude Levi-Strauss, then in semi-retirement at the College de France, wrote to me
to say that they had loved it. Ted also sent me a copy of his Winter Pollen (1994), inscribed to me,

From a bedazzled new fan of The New Interpretation of Dreams and the Daniel behind it!

Of course, here is the problem I have had all along, from my first book, The Complex Secret of Brief Psychotherapy (1986). If you write a book with more than a topic sentence, you only have a few readers left in the world. On the other, these huge books like Moby-Dick, that have the whole world in them, also turn out to have a marvelous simplicity. In Chapter 8, The Three Powers of the Imagination, of The New Interpretation of Dreams (1997) says this:

The first power is to imagine the surface you are on.

The second power (the ars ascendi in the Middle Ages) is to imagine counter-clockwise and upstream powers that are fresh and renewing.

The third power (the ars descendi in the Middle Ages) is to imagine the delimited territory where you can bring in these fresh and renewing powers, without endangering yourself, and the line you can cross to get yourself killed, when you go back downstream and clockwise.
Even 15 years ago, I knew it was a problem in non-linear geometry with a remarkable simplicity. The problem then, and even in the Symposium, is to deliver it with as few words as possible. As Serres (1982) rightly says,

Massive imposition makes for a tremendous noise, which makes it hard to hear all messages.

So, you don’t have but a tiny aperture of warped spacetime in which to make your point! Finally, I am getting there, and can carry it off, in just about every case.

So, enough introduction to this series: 4 dreams before the Symposium, 2 dreams in it, and 3 after.

Everything had gone wrong on the tennis court. Full of my potential in the higher plane from which to strike the ball, in my upper body, I had lost the connection to my lower half of the body, and to seeing with my feet. Until the last few games when I found them again, and a Middle Eastern fellow watching us was quite delighted and animated in his pleasure. The dream was a simple pair, a binary, like every operon in the genome: The-feet-of-Hermes, Not-the-feet-of-Hermes (like a colleague who is totally correct in the box). Or, in-the-flow, not-in-the-flow (static).

A few days before leaving for Door County, my instrument is quite underway, contemplating the propagation of my methods. I am dancing with one of my female students, holding a very long ladder in my left hand, and holding a very short ladder in
my right hand, around her waist. I am showing her a very remarkable dance, which I learned from Ibsen, thanks to Robert Adams (1957):

It lies in an extraordinary gift of perfectly quiet, perfectly lucid double vision, hidden behind the polished façade of an amazingly supple and indirect dialogue. There is nothing more to it, really, than placing a blank short perspective next to an infinitely lengthened one, and making a counterpoint of the two (p. 351).

My very short ladder is the word or two, which keeps everything the same or worse. My very long ladder is for us to climb way upstream, to a new beginning. The small world, or the great world. Which step leads down, to exhaustion; which step leads up, to fresh energy. My theatre is about to begin. My aim is like the aim of Brecht in his epic theatre. Brecht and I are both successors of Ibsen:

… its core is the transformation of the audience from audience to something better, to the role of participant in the action or judge of it. The drama of Brecht invites us to sit in doom-judgment on a soul, a nation, a society, a condition of life (Adams, p. 353).

So that is what I am up to propagate.

August 1, 2009.  It Moves Off!
A meeting of the faculty and residents, en mass, to discuss the coming site visit of our accreditation by ACGME, American College of Graduate Medical Education. Totally oppressive to me. **Massive imposition.** The specification of judgments to be made on the competencies of the resident. Tens of categories, hundreds of judgments.

My drama of doom-judgment, in the last dream-dance, makes the residents the judges of where single steps lead. This drama of doom-judgment could **stop** any resident in his or her **tracks.** So **vulnerable** are they to being disqualified.
My dream captures our captivity. It is like having a massive cloud formation just over our heads, which looks like the skyline of New York City. **Immovable. Implacable. Immense.**

Suddenly, I exclaim in the dream: *It moves off?* It is **immovable, not-immovable**, after all. It appears like a total horizon. Then, it is moving off. I am reminded of a note from one of the graduating residents, in thanks. *You have taught me more in one year than in all four years of residency.* My instrument is trying to encourage me, the night before we drive up to Door County for my epic theatre. A violence from within, pressing back against a violence from without. The nobility of poetry.

Sunday at our cabin on Lake Michigan is as fresh a morning as if we were in Florida on the sea. Indeed, we hiked that morning at Cave Point, which shows that the tectonic plate of Wisconsin was on the equator 4 million years ago! We are in Florida after all!

We have a magnificent little hillock due south of our back door which faces the sea. It is crowned with a strong, muscular birch, which is the axis mundi to my imagination. I sit looking through its beneficent branches. Blues and greens play against each other on the sea. Gulls and terns face the south wind on the sea, conserving energy, for heading upwind and dashing back downwind, and diving for fish. Most of us are not so wise as these birds.

That night I am massively imposed upon in my Symposium, despite my day at the sweet hillock. Psychofarma imposes itself upon our discussion, and will not let go. I am handed back two of my t-shirts drenched in shit. I won’t even get to play in the soccer game at the department picnic, because everything has to be reduced to the lowest common denominator. The noble virtues of play, agility, deftness, and so forth (the whole semantic complex, as Huizinga puts it in *Homo Ludens, Man the Player*, (1955, original work published 1944) have been banished from my own event.

The most striking scene in the dream, however, is of massively imposing black clouds overhead, with little playful spouts coming out of each cumulus, like the tiny handles of umbrellas! Perhaps, I should not reach for them?

Now, reader, you have glimpsed this tremendous alternation between force from within, and force from without. More is to come, for it is up to me to handle, as in the handles of the cumulus-umbrellas, these forces. Doom-judgment, Not-doom-judgment. Always the binary, close down the operon, turn on the operon, as befits where you actually are! Anything less is plain dangerous.
A magnificent first day of the Symposium, despite my night of misgivings. This orchestra, giving itself to my conducting, is a great set of musicians. The discussion of 3 cases of captivity is fascinating, and converges on animals, who need to find cover. I tell the Symposium about the gulls and terns, conserving energy facing the south wind.

Nevertheless, I sense a lot of distress in my players. I have swallowed a whole undercurrent of their bilge/pain. Probably, their bilge captivity, evident in a number of very grim faces.
I have trouble falling asleep, because I am in their massive imposition. I tell myself I can only wait for the smallest sign of a transitional operator. I must have found her, for I fell asleep.

My dream is that I am working at a very disturbed mental health center, which is terrorized by two chronic paranoid schizophrenics who are violent and threatening to hurt the staff. I finally call the police, and they are taken away.

After all, I entered the phase space of captivity of my players, suffered their captivity, and delivered them myself. I think of a line from Li Po (1996, original work published 701-762):

The weary traveler needs to rinse his own heart.

Another sweet morning in the Symposium, of the **emerging play** of 3 patients into delivering themselves. A patient who dreamt of jumping 3 feet in the air, to secure herself from being perturbed by violent electrical shocks. A patient who asked me to drive her home at the end of the interview, like the gift of *Pobs* in Mrs. X of Winnicott (1971b). A patient who left her husband when he was on call, because he and his girlfriend even painted over her corner in her own kitchen!

Afterwards, I find myself mulling over a comment to one of my friends who drove us back to the cabin after the Monday Symposium (Gary Simoneau, personal communication). He was about to take direction from me to turn right on Route 42, which is a very busy highway. I corrected myself and said to him, *Turn right … at your own discretion!* We laughed at the rightness of this revision. Never, never, never can a
good animal let someone else tell him when to turn into dangerous traffic! You have to do it on your own instinct, of when to close against the move, when to open to the move. It is pure prey-vigilance, and you are really screwed-up, when you cede this judgment to someone else.

This made me think of Jonathan Smith’s May, 2009 article called Steering through storms to safe havens: Playing and reality in Brief Dynamic Therapy (Psychodynamic Practice 15 (No. 2), 129-146).

Essentially, Jonathan was saying exactly what I said to Gary Simoneau, Turn right, at your own discretion. Jonathan was saying that Winnicott and I do not take over control of the sessions, like Davanloo, Malan, and just about everyone else. We invite the patient to play with opening and closing, when he is ready, at his own discretion. Not with complying to a constant and massive imposition of a doctor. So fundamentally wrong. I dreamt exactly why.

In my dream, I am looking at a slot in a machine, and I am trying to line up letters which coincide with the combination of its lock. But what is in the slot is always slightly out of phase, between the last correction I needed to make (WXYZ4), and the next correction that is just arriving (ABCD5).

It would be like telling Gary to open up to turn right, which was right, only to be wrong on the next right. It is also like sex, as unlocking, which is also not always a good idea.
It is also like the unlocking I did with the 3 patients. It is also like an operon, which opens to a certain combination, and closes to another. Great, or terrible, as Hamlet said to Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern:

Why, look you now, how **unworthy** a thing you make of me. You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would **pluck** out the heart of my mystery, you would **sound** me from my lowest note to the top of my compass, and there is much music, excellent voice in this **little** organ, yet you cannot make it speak. ‘Sblood, do you think I am easier to play than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can **fret** me, you cannot play **upon** me (Shakespeare, 1969, original work published 1604-1605, 3.2.334-341).

Like Erikson’s (1954) discussion of the S(E)INE dream, this one is of a sieve, like a proof of Poincare (1985), of the most precise precision. What was right to open up a second or a breath ago (WXYZ4) is wrong to open up now (ABCD5), because the field is exceedingly dangerous – not a breath ago, but now.

*August 6, 2009. Aldo’s Positioning.*
Another sweet day in the Symposium on Wednesday. All about the fundamental instinct, $O(f)$, of when to open and when to close. Reading reality is the key to the instrument. *A Case of a Psychosis in Outlining a Ph.D. Thesis* (pp. 264-265 of this theorem) is especially on my mind.

Indeed, I dream her phase space. But when I look at it again, I know it is also Aldo Leopold’s phase space of *July*, *Great Possessions, A Sand County Almanac* (2001, original work composed 1949, Oxford University Press, by far the most beautiful edition, with photographs by Michael Sewell). If only I could chant it to you out loud, like Li Po with his friends! But you can do it for yourself. That would save you! And them! Just a couple of sentences for you to begin to savor it.
At 3.30 a.m., with such dignity as I can muster of a July morning, I step forth from my cabin door, bearing in either hand the emblems of my sovereignty, a coffee pot and notebook. I seat myself on a bench, facing the white wake of a morning star (p. 77).

Aldo in his sovereignty, opening up to his great world. He then sallys forth with his dog, but he also knows how to close down to the small world.

A tractor roars warning that my neighbor is astir. The world has shrunk to those mean dimensions known to county clerks. We turn toward home, and breakfast (p. 81).

I wrote at the top of this dream: the boundary region is too dangerous to rely upon. I agreed with this patient in the interview. It is all about property. It will massively impose upon you if you allow it to.

She was right to have her dream of an aqueous tunnel underwater, where she could swim forever, without coming up for air. But, of course, that was also her denial of reality, which eventually became her psychosis. We seals are mammals, and we have to come up for air. Not for long. That is how I suggested she could revise her phase space, and she did it, long enough to earn her thesis!

The Symposium concludes on Friday with three more beauties of the non-linear geometry of the phase space of captivity and deliverance in the dream’s rerun of the day’s territory. I have a full triptych to map our return home, AAB, A in my afternoon nap of reentering the boundary region that plays so rough with us if we allow it to lay hands on us, A again of the rough re-entry we must undergo in the sixty-mile freeway from Green Bay to Oshkosh, and B of the sweet, smooth surface we have had in the Symposium, in other words, AB in the night dream.

A. Electrical power lines. Someone hanging from them, fried, finished, destroyed.

We need power lines, but we need not to get too close to them. My instrument continues to show the massive imposition of force, we get close to at our peril.
B. I am still conducting my beautiful game, when I turn left from Nakoma onto Midvale Boulevard in Madison. A host of Iranians come screaming down upon me. So strange, but strangely true that I immediately recall the lines of a poem I memorized in about ninth grade:

The Assyrians came down like a wolf on the fold,
And their cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.

Sounds like Tennyson or Browning. One of my readers can tell me. Once again, the massive imposition of force. Little did I know in ninth grade what was coming, but, also, I did know in the poem.

C. In the conclusion of a long breath, visions are most apt to insert themselves (Gary Simoneau, personal communication). I literally am dreaming in such a breath as achieved in yoga, when I see a medieval courtyard with an arcade on 4 sides like that of Mont Saint Michel off the coast of Normandy (the fortress and cathedral of the Normans, from which they sailed to conquer England in 1066. See Henry Adams, *Mount Saint Michel and Chartres*, 1986, original work published 1904).

On her sunny grass, my orchestra is reassembling. Simultaneously, it reminds me of the Cove Room of the Symposium overlooking the Lake, Casa Eranos at Lake Maggiore where Jung gave many lecture-discussions, Wang Wei’s Hermitage in Deer Park, my
own breath, my own body, a mandala, with its sulcus primigenius to demarcate its sacred, defended territory. Also, our bedroom at home with its beautiful oak beams, looking out into great trees, a Norway spruce, a golden tamarack, and a white pine. Also, our great room at our cabin on the prairie, drawing all of our eighty acres right into it.

Really, my instrument could not be clearer with me. Please put your beautiful orchestra together again, in the most defensible space in the western world! Spare nothing to get this right! Aldo has taught me well. There is no sovereignty without a habitat, into which an animal can retreat, upstream.

August 9, 2009. Massive Imposition Reduced by a Tiny Aperture.
Heading for home on Saturday, my wife asks if I will take the turn driving from Green Bay to Oshkosh, sixty miles of the typical hell of America. I agree to it, and it leads to a crucial discovery.

At first, I am sickened by the frantic drivers on all sides of me, and by the signs which advertise every machine that you can buy in America. I feel massively imposed upon, once again.

But then I make my discovery. If I close the aperture of my eyes, so I am only seeing the tires of the racing cars all around me, I do not take in any of the messages of the advertising. If I am going to have to reenter this boundary region, this is how I want to do it. It is a kind of meditation at 65 mph, a stillness in the middle of hell itself.

I am reminded of the essay by Prigogine and Stengers which is the Postface to Serres’s book, *Hermes, Literature, Science and Philosophy* (1982). As they say, it is possible to go upstream, in a terrible downstream torrent of force. As Serres says in Chapter 7 of this book, *The Origin of Language*, this is what it means to be an organism. We will turn to these essays in the next section of this proof. All I want to note is my finding: it is as if the downstream forces are hugely diminished, when I make my aperture as small as possible. This turns out to be the center of this proof. I am already doing it everywhere, when I am in the presence of overwhelming downstream forces. It yields a remarkable potency. It is possible to insert an upstream, transitional field, \( O(t) \), right in the middle of the field of hell, \( O(c) \). If you think of it, that is precisely what Dante did in
the *Inferno* (Alighieri, 2006, original work published 1300). By limiting the aperture, and field, of every terrible thing in hell, he got a beautiful exchange with every being he met.

Now, I am ready for the final 3 sections of my proof, in more of a presto tempo. The line of argument is extremely straight-forward.

5. **Michel Serres, Ilya Prigogine, and Isabelle Stengers on Moving Downstream in Time and Moving Upstream to Reverse Time.**

All I want to say here is that it matters profoundly what kind of system you imagine yourself to be.

We are in the presence of three types of systems: the first, logico-mathematical, independent of time; the second, mechanical, is linked to reversible time; the third, thermo-dynamic, is linked to irreversible time. However, the three types all have closure in common. They constitute a partitioning of a given universe. (Serres, *The Origin of Language*, in *Hermes, Literature Science and Philosophy*, p. 72, 1982).

The first is closed by the closure axiom, the second by movements independent of all exterior influences, and the third by a thermal barrier.
But an **organism** is an **open-closed** system:

This river, almost stable although irreversable, this **basin**, poised on its own imbalance in a precarious state of quasi-equilibrium in its flow toward death, ferries energy and information, knowledge of entropy and negentropy, of order and disorder. …

Or, within the context of an even more **general circulation** which goes from the sun to the black depths of space, the organism is a barrier of braided links that leaks like a wicker basket but can still function as a dam. …

Now, and here is the **crux** of the matter, all times converge in this temporary knot: the drift of entropy or the irreversible thermal flow, wear and aging, the exhaustion of initial redundancy, time which turns back on feedback rings or the quasi-stability of eddies, the conservative invariance of genetic nuclei, the permanence of a form, the erratic blinking of aleatory mutations, the implacable filtering out of all non-viable elements, the local flow upstream toward negentropic islands – refuse, recycling, memory, increase in complexities (pp. 74-75).

What is the **advantage** of seeing that we are open-closed systems by virtue of being organisms? Well, Serres is going to explain why almost **none** of this is perceived by the
average observer, and what the tiny binary aperture is that we pay selective attention to. I have always wanted to know why humanity is paying almost no attention, and to what small bit it is paying attention, and why?

Last night in the shower, I saw a tiny centipede in the corner wall, when I turned on the water. At first, it tried to scramble against being drowned, and then it backed into the corner and waited for the torrent to stop. That it is us.

Thus everything would take place as if pleasure and pain constituted the final state of a general listening, filtered in turn by the set of successive integrations. The final couple, the only one to be perceived, would, in other words, be the last translation, the last rectification of the original couple of information-background noise (p. 78).

In other words, from the smallest scale of our beings, from the smallest boundary crossing of an organelle, which is opening and closing selectively, say, to calcium, not-calcium, all the way up to the centipede which is opening and closing to dry, not-dry, there is a rectification or filtering out of the information at the smaller scale and rectification or filtering in of the information at the larger scale in question. If this rectification or filtering did not occur at every change of scale, we would be in what Serres calls

A thermal howl, a deafening noise (p. 77).
If the integration levels function correctly as partial rectifiers and transform the noise of disorder into potential organization, then they have reversed the arrow of time. They are rectifiers of time. Entropic irreversibility also changes direction and sign; negentropy goes back upstream (p. 81).

Finally, Serres concludes:

… we are drifting together toward the noise and the black depths of the universe, and diverse systemic complexions are flowing up the entropic stream, toward the solar origin (p. 83).

We shall see now why this closed-open system of the organism can be more helpful than imagining ourselves as logical systems built from axioms, or as independent mechanisms, or as motors which exhaust themselves. Listen to self-reference, and everywhere you will hear these very, closed self-conceptions. These are the very assumptions of all of medicine, and psychology, and of psychiatry – indeed, of all western culture.

This penultimate section of my proof is very short, but totally necessary. Serres is demonstrating the whole classic age in one fable of LaFontaine, who adapted it from Aesop: *The Wolf and the Lamb* (Chapter 2 in Hermes, Literature, Science and Philosophy, 1982). The wolf stands for the king, and he has *might* which is *always right*, and so the lamb’s argument is beautifully *cogent*, but it matters not. The wolf will *end it* by eating him.

Serres brings in Descartes to show what has happened between 1600 and 2000. In two short sentences, he says

> The reason of the strongest is reason *by itself*. *Western man is a wolf of science* (p. 28).

For example, I can say and prove something like Poincare (1985) in terms of its non-linear geometry, like the cogency of the Lamb, who argues that he could *not* be messing up the water hole of the Wolf, because he is *downstream* from *him* both in space and in time. But I will be swallowed up by the Wolf of Science, whose might is to say that nothing counts but evidenced-based medicine. I am, daily.

But I am not stopped by it, as you will see in the seventh and ultimate section of my geometric proof. Actually, what is *greater in might* than the reason of the strongest is the capacity to bring in *fresh energy* and *vitality* from *upstream*. What good is it, after all, to *have* the might, and *be* exhausted? So, you *hold* the downstream, key locations.
7. The Double Description, Simultaneously (O(f)), of Moving Downstream in Time (O(c)) and Upstream in Time (O(t)), and its Neurobiology: The Plains of Minho.

I begin this section with a piece of work of the wolf of science, from the University of Minho in Braga, Portugal, called *Chronic Stress Causes Frontostriatal Reorganization and Affects Decision Making* (Dias-Ferreira, et al, 2009).

It really takes nothing but a very long a sentence to summarize their findings. If you massively impose upon these lab rats on a surface where there is no cover where they can defend themselves, they become insensitive to advantages and disadvantages for themselves and become totally habitual automatons, of constant operating, O(c), and the associative area of the dorsomedial striatum (DMS) atrophies, while the motor dorsolateral striatum (DLS) hypertrophies; if you spare them this, they remain very sensitive to advantages and disadvantages of their playing field, and operate transitionally, O(t), and the DMS hypertrophies while the DLS atrophies.

In other words, these competing corticostriatal circuits act as a binary, in the typical way that all binaries act in our physiology. DLS on, DMS off, or vice versa. Or, O(c) on, O(t) off. Or, transitional, not-transitional. Or, entropic, not-negentropic. Or, downstream, not-upstream.
I am certainly glad that the eight authors and countless back-up staff did this experiment and proved what I have proven by my theorems of non-linear geometry. I thank them for it. Read their article and you will sense the monumental labors these wolves of science have subjected themselves to. I would say they are the hostages to their own project. That is the total irony.

On the dusty plains of Minho, no doubt an extension of the mercantile plain of Spain, there seems be little cover for them. Just as there was no cover for the lab rats to go upstream out of reach from the experimenters, so there was no cover upstream out of reach for the experimenters from their own experiment.

So, we are back to the relentless diagnosis of what makes everyone ill. Massive imposition. Which locks the constant operator, O(c), into becoming insensitive to his or her own interests.

*The Author’s Dream of Door-County, not-Door County.*
The night I read this article from Science I felt tremendous pain. It is the very parable of our times, in which everyone is taken prisoner -- my children entering the professions, my residents, my friends, my patients.

I dream I am going back to Door County, but I find myself in the central plain of Door County, not on the water, where everything is dry and barren. The way to dusty death.

Well, I am not doing it! I am not going to be Don Quijote on the plains of Minho, wearing himself to exhaustion in saving people who are closed systems, logically, mechanically, motorwise. Throw your body against this, like Quijote did, (Cervantes, 1995, original work published 1605, also at the start of the classical age), and you will break yourself, and end up worn out in your own bed, with a few family around to say prayers for your departure from the world.
No, my practice is the opposite, as in the final diagram, *Locating a Stillness in the Torrential, Downstream River*. Yes, I prescribe a huge number of pharma for our patients dragged down the river, but I do it fairly effortlessly. By asking for their biggest concern – or variants of the question, depending upon the urgency of the situation – I give them the best chance to set aside massive imposition which makes them ill, and look at their world from their own center – this is all they are paying attention to anyway, as Serres argued – what is dangerous and what is defeating – anxiety and depression – the signals of their captivity, looking for some deliverance.
In other words, how to have a **beautiful exchange** over **one word**: like glitter, not-glitter. But then for those who can open a wide field in an epic dream, why, I will go with them to a new beginning.

I really love the **small** aperture, however, as I have always loved the **wide**-aperture. It makes sense to me now why knowing **anything requires** knowing its opposite. Because otherwise you do not know **the limits** of its **domain**. In the operon, everything is either turned on or off, and its binary moves in the opposite way, off or on. So, I have proved this binary of downstream, not-downstream, and its conjugate of upstream, not-downstream, and their **respective** domains.

**Q.E.D.**
Seventeenth Theorem. The Fundamental Move on Thermodynamic Surfaces, from No-Cover to Cover.

*The Most Useful Word in the English Language is Not* – as in Not Being Massively Imposed Upon.

My Sixteenth Theorem made many advances at once: The diagnosis of a population massively imposed upon. A thermodynamic closed system runs to exhaustion downstream. The opposite possibility of an organism to run upstream, and gather fresh forces and a new shape, or beginning.

The entire argument is crystallized in my dream of The Plains of Minho which concludes the theorem. Animals on a dusty plain have nowhere to take cover. They quickly lose any capacity to tell what is better for them and what is worse. They just push the bar, whatever the reward or punishment. Their dorsomedial striatum, or associative neo-cortex, atrophies.

Conversely, it is possible to reverse this in one move, iterated: to wit, Minho, not-Minho. Minho means asymmetric exchange: all for them, none for you. Minho is reversed to not-Minho by asking, What is your biggest concern: A single symmetric exchange is a beginning: not what does the world demand from you? But what are you concerned about? You and world are put on the same footing. Suddenly, there is cover, and the animal eases.
I must say, however, that those three paragraphs made me nauseous and vertiginous. Something is terrible to behold in an animal without cover. My mirror neurons are very perturbed. Like yesterday, a colleague told me about an Iraq War veteran who was so traumatized that it took him all day to dare to go into a shower where he would be vulnerable, defenseless, without cover.

Let me hasten to assure my readers, including myself!, that this Theorem Seventeen proposes the fundamental move for cover on thermodynamic surfaces, O(f). But first bear with the nightmare of the Industrial Revolution we are still in, where there tends to be no-cover at all.

Thermodynamic Engines.

Michel Serres lays out our vulnerability to what Levi-Strauss (Charbonnier, 1969) called hot engines. He makes it clear in an essay called Turner Translated Carnot (in Serres, Hermes, Literature, Science and Philosophy, 1982). He is going to do it by comparing a painting of George Garrard in 1784, with the series of paintings by Turner which began in 1797:

From Garrard to Turner, the path is very simple. It is the same path that runs from Lagrange to Carnot, from simple machines to steam engines,
from mechanics to thermodynamics – by way of the Industrial Revolution (p. 56).

Here is the alarm of it in one sentence:

Matter is no longer left in the prison of diagram. Fire dissolves it, makes it vibrate, tremble, oscillate, makes it explode into clouds (p. 58).

Here is the old world of simple mechanics that Garrard depicted in his painting showing the warehouse of the brewer Samuel Whitbread:

The collection of objects put on display is the recapitulation of a perfect world soon to disappear: men, horses, tools, ships. A wooden shed stands on the dock where a three-master with furled sails has just tied up and is being unloaded: flawless timber framework, tie-beams, lintels and rafters which overhang and cover the scene (p. 54).

In other words,

In Samuel Whitbread’s warehouse the truss is flawless, drawn to perfection. Geometry has left its mark there, as has the static plane of the division of forces. Calm, serene, secure shelter. Yes, a haven. (p. 60)
Thirteen years later in Turner’s *An Iron Foundry*, 1797, the **haven is gone**:

The cut of the tie-beams is never even, the vertical line has been lost, as if the plumb line had melted in front of the furnace. The truss is askew, the jumble of the rafters defies equilibrium. The timber framework is dead.

**Statics is dead.** Mechanics, geometry, the art of drawing **vanish before the fire**. Three stages of the roof mark the Industrial Revolution, mark the old-fashioned and the new attitude towards old **wood, our old protector**. Under it, in it, the new matter is born. **The nut destroys the shell.** (p. 61)

Finally:

**Never** will it come back again. Like the Indian mailboat at the edge of the Thames, it is **irreversible**. The balance sheet of the science of fire, of **matter on fire**, is as near to being **exhaustive** as was that of the old world of figures and of motion at Samuel Whitbread’s warehouse of mechanics (p. 62).

Thus, the terror of thermodynamic world is that there is little or no **haven** from it. **No cover for the animal.**

**The Null Function.**
Is there a simple and powerful way to provide it? Yes. A **radical** move between no-cover, cover. I learned it from Mara Selvini Palazzoli in her essay, *Why a Long Interval between Sessions?* (1980), who, in turn, learned it from W.R. Ashby, *Design for a Brain*, (1954). It is called a **null-function**:

Such disconnections are obtained by introducing in the interactive sequence constancies or null-functions, designed to temporarily interrupt the flux of information (p. 165).

For example,

The congealing of a segment of the spinal cord acts like the introduction of a constancy or null-function, since the congealed segment, by not interacting with the upper segment, prevents the passing on of information to the lower segment. Thus the spinal cord becomes temporarily disconnected, separated into two independent systems, each compelled to **undergo independent adaptations** (p. 165).

I will leave aside Selvini-Palazzoli’s use of the null-function in family therapy, to turn to my use of it across the board.

**On-stage, Off-stage.**
What Selvini-Palazolli got across to me was that richly joined systems cannot be reversed without a null-function. Let us suppose any constant operator, O(c), such as worrying. Worrying is always richly joined to an endless array of potential dangers. Since they are all possible, the reinforcement of worrying is enormous. The noise of worrying is tremendous. So, to be heard at all by such a patient, a message has to be radically simple, and radically interrupt everything. The null function takes the form, for me, of

\[
\text{Null-function} = \text{not-}_____ \text{ (worrying, being hysterical, 1 of the 12 common dynamics, etc.)}
\]

I ask this patient his or her experience with not-worrying. This takes us, in 1 move, from on-stage, to off-stage. The patient is always amazed to find that he or she ever gets outside of worry, say, playing, say, being caught up with something interesting. Suddenly, there are two compartments, one the usual one on-stage of feeling highly vulnerable, and two the new one offstage of feeling relatively invulnerable.

Ibsen

To catch the suddenness of the jumps between the vulnerable compartment and invulnerable compartment, you have to have an acute sensitivity to the smallest sound, or move. Ibsen had it like no one else, and here is what Rilke said about it (from The
It was all so natural for you; you passed through it the way someone might walk through a vestibule, and didn’t stop. But you lingered, bent over, where our life boils and precipitates and changes color: inside. Further in than anyone had ever been; a door had sprung open before you … in there you sat and discerned transitions … there you made the decision to so magnify these tiny events … that they would be seen by thousands of people, immense before them all. Your theatre came into being. You couldn’t wait until this life almost without spatial reality, this life which had been condensed by the weight of centuries into a few small drops, could be discovered by other arts. … You couldn’t wait for that; you were there, and everything that is barely measurable – an emotion that rises by half a degree, the angle of deflection, read off from up close, of a will burdened by an almost infinitesimal weight, the slight cloudiness in a drop of longing, and that barely perceptible color-change in an atom of confidence – all this you had to determine and record. For it is in such reactions that life existed, our life, which had slipped into us, had drawn back inside us so deeply that it was hardly possible to make conjectures about it anymore (pp. 101-103).

3 Examples of Hopeless Old People from Our Clinic
Why I say on-stage (vulnerable compartment, no-cover), and off-stage (invulnerable compartment, cover), I think, will be evident in these simplest of cases. The most commonplace. After 50 or 60 or 70 years of repeating yourself, these constant operators, O(c), become almost **unbearably tedious**.

_A Case of Self-Congratulation._

If I let him, he would tell how he knew so and so, and so and so being a notable, he was complimented by this notable, and so on, and so on. Really **hard** to take. I reacted as little as possible.

Then, he went on to complain about his housemate, who is hardly about to get out of bed all day. I simply replied, _Yes, George is going to be like that._

In other words, he wasn’t getting anywhere with me at all. Finally, he said, _It is so sad to be alone_, and began to cry. Finally, a honest sentence.

The **null-function** I put into this **richly joined system** of self-congratulation was **not-congratulation**. It released the patient from his constant operator, O (c), of self-congratulation, to the transition of tears in his own body, O (t) (Jonathan Smith, personal communication). **Not**-the-top-down makes room for the bottom-up – the simplest **equation** to characterize the transitional function: \( O (t) = \text{not-} O (c) \).
A Case of Jumping Around.

She is fairly frantic, from the moment she awakes every day. If she is sewing, she should be at the store. If she is walking, she should be reading. After being flooded by her for a while along these lines, I said, Would you like to not-jump-around like this?

Oh yes, she said, I am getting worse and worse. I replied, Well, it will cost you some distress. Oh, that was alright. I said, When you wake up in the morning, don’t do anything but keep your feet up, and consider what you prefer to do that way, and what you are going to give up?

She thought about it for a minute and said: Yes, I can do that. Do you think I am frantic about getting in everything before I die? She started to cry. The null-function I put in was simply not-jumping-around.

A Case of Exhaustion.

He has always taken care of everything, the job, the house, the wife, etcetera. But it has become impossible. He has brought a list to tell us everything that has gone wrong in the last 3 months. It is quite unbearable to listen to. All his wife’s medical disasters, all the disasters of their house coming apart, all the trips that were too much, all the visits of
their children that were too long, all his own mounting medical problems -- speaking of a richly joined system.

*What is your wisdom, doctor?* He finally said to me. I simply said, *You can’t keep up with it, and you are getting exhausted over and over and over.* He stopped in his tracks. He actually thought. He said, *I don’t want to take care of all this stuff any more. We are getting a simpler place, where I can look out the window at the lake, and go to the bookstore.* I had simply inserted a null-function in the right place: exhaustion, and the possibility of *not-exhaustion*. He took it and ran with it.

**Three Dreams of the Author in the Week of Preparing This Theorem.**

I think our American population is *destroying itself* like these three old people. They are just farther along at it. Being vulnerable on stage, the population seems to know *almost nothing* about being invulnerable off stage. It has everything to do with the Thermodynamic Field we have been in for over two hundred years, since the 1790’s. Everyone is *hired* to *use themselves up*, to the point of exhaustion. Everyone speaks of himself or herself as a *motor*, like running out of gas.

In the modern mathematics of thermodynamics, the forces in a system are the result of the *total* kinetic and potential energy, which is kept track of by a matrix called a Hamiltonian. But our people act as if they only have kinetic energy, and *no reserve of potential energy* -- *desperate* condition.
Let us now suppose the opposite, that you know how to take advantage of the null function between the day and the night. It happens every night. The brain is **literally cut off** from sensory input. Therefore, it is, as Ashby put it,

Compelled to **undergo independent adaptation** (because) temporarily disconnected (p. 165, Selvini-Palazzoli, 1980)

But we are not compelled to attend to its reckoning in the nightly dream series. Few of us sense our opportunity. The invulnerable compartment is adding up its reckoning by night of the routes run by day in the vulnerable compartment.

Rilke was one who could do it. He could bring all the **light** he needed **from below,** from deep inside, a kind of **inner sunlight** which is invulnerable, to look outward at the field he is running in which is quite vulnerable. For example, the opening of the *Archaic Torso of Apollo:*

We cannot know his legendary head with eyes like ripening fruit./ And yet his torso is still suffused with **brilliance from inside,/** like a lamp, in which his gaze, now turned to low,/ gleams in all its power.

He also knew what autumn means, that the vulnerable compartment is laid flat, and everything depends upon **the wealth within** as in *Autumn Day:*
Lord it is time. The huge summer has gone by /… Whoever has no house now, will never have one./ Whoever is alone will stay alone.

When you have cover like Rilke had within, you look out at those who have no cover, and you’d better watch out! Now, we will take my 3 dreams from the week before I wrote this, and see what they watch out for!

The Author’s Dream of Varmints in Big Houses.

I am contemplating uninhabitable surfaces, like the plains of Minho that swallow up the scientists in their own massive imposition upon themselves (not to mention the lab rats).
I dream I am with Pap, as in *Huckleberry Finn* (Twain, 1885), or in *Barn Burning* (Faulkner, 1939). Only here he is a low down car salesman, a country varmint, yet he lives in a big house. He is stealing gear from the Army, hot-rod them around with my younger brother and me. I tell Pap he is going to get us rounded up, into Leavenworth. He sneers and lands on me with all four feet. My younger brother is even meaner.

I go back to the big house, and know I have to get out of there at once, by the back door, before they kill me.

Now I am at the Great Wall of China, looking out at a wilderness as of totally dry brown heather in Scotland, two feet high at most, **little cover** to duck under when they appear on the Wall looking for me. I can see they are not pursuing further, knowing I will die out in such a barren wilderness.

I discover/am discovered by a noble race which hides me from Pap, and prepares to send me in a rocket to a New World.

I am truly one of the *Children of the Garden Island* (E.E. Werner, 1989), who goes out the back door, and is saved by a noble race. But, really, the noble race always turns out to be **not-noble**. But I can always take something valuable from them.
As I look around my study at my library, I know I have what noble race there is, **right here with me**. A huge comfort, from within. It allows me not to make too much of outer surfaces, like Pap, or Varmints in Big Houses, **not very impressive** after all.

Thermodynamic surfaces **just burn themselves out**.

*The Author’s Dream of the Grand Hotel Where Michigan Was Destroyed by a Thermodynamic Machine.*

I read Serres’s (1982) essay on *Turner Translates Carnot*, and I am very upset.

Thermodynamic engines really upset me. I dream I am in a Grand Hotel in Grand Rapids, Michigan. I am with the utterly wealthy in Michigan (where I grew up, in Saginaw). They give me two pair of photos, of couples, utterly banal. They seem to want
to bid them in an auction, right out of my hands. The more they bid, the more **insane**. I grab the photos and put them in the manila envelope they gave them to me in, and rush outside. I am surrounded by black men in the dusky streets ready to grab me. There is no public transportation, no maps, only ideas of flight north or east. I am warding off these men with my ten foot pole, but I cannot keep it up, and wake up from this nightmare.

What is it but the destruction of my own state? Michigan, by the auto industry, which **bid itself out of reality**, and came crashing down. General Motors **no longer exists**. Look at the diagram again. It looks like a furnace on the back of my hand, surrounded by darkness, and the dark waves of the Great Lakes.

*The Author’s Dream of Capitoline Hil, On-Stage, and the Null Function, Not-On-Stage.*
I am asking myself, Why is everyone agreeing to ruin themselves in asymmetric exchanges? I dream I am Democritus in his battles, but I only take one case at a time. I am going for tea over Capitoline Hall (Rome, the Temple of Jupiter, the House of the Legislature), but there is no tea room to be found (like Beacon Hill in Boston). Instead, there is a line of men waiting to get in bed with a woman. Finally, I dream of the daughter of a man, whom I first beheld on stage. Like him, she is infertile, because she cannot get off of the stage, and ends up playing out what cards she has been dealt.

Why is nearly everyone ruined? Well, here it is. If you have to stay on stage, there is nothing left for you, but exhaustion.

Q.E.D.
Eighteenth Theorem. The Danger of Inner Light – from Michel Serre.

*We are drifting together toward the noise and black depths of the universe, and our diverse systemic complexions are flowing up the entropic stream, toward the solar origin, itself adrift* --


On September 1, I completed my Seventeenth Theorem, The Fundamental Move on Thermodynamic Surfaces, from No-Cover to Cover. Essentially, I prove how being richly joined to a stage in exhausting, and how not-doing-it gives fresh surges of energy.

A few days later, I left for Idaho at dawn for a week of fly fishing. This, I thought, would certainly **test** not-being-on-stage and its **forces**. It did. They are **radically** different.

I found myself remembering a similar journey in 1971 from my residency in San Francisco, to Billings, Montana, where I would work for the Indian Health Service for two years. This time we would drop from Missoula, farther west, through Lolo Pass, down into north central Idaho, via the Lochsa River, the old route of Lewis and Clark. I asked myself, What did I **not** know 38 years ago that I will **face** up to this time?

I took Michel Serres with me, hoping to have a guide who knew more than I did. He did and he didn’t, but his help was still great. I read *The Troubadour of Knowledge* on the way out and most of the week. It is as close to an autobiography of Serres’s lifelong adventure with knowledge as I have come upon. It is more like discovering a fellow traveler, who came to similar conclusions about 30 years before I did.

I read *Language and Space: from Oedipus to Zola*, on the way home, which pulled together what it is you need to do to save yourself, totally in terms of having non-linear geometry on your side, to enter space-times that are otherwise closed, and to depart from space-times that otherwise will not permit you to leave. This allowed me when I got home to conceptualize with radical simplicity what I am able to do to deliver my patients (and myself) from captivity.

Let us then visit The Troubadour first.

**The Troubadour.**

From his huge array of original ideas, I will take 3 which go to the heart of the journey. I believe this will converge the book for my reader.
The Vertical Axis of the Body.

I swear Serres must have been a soccer goalie to write what he did. Essentially, what he is saying is that being static is being dead. It is being one-sided like a deflated soccer ball, which will always come to rest on its flattened side. It is what I call the constant operator, O(c). Serres calls it a group dynamic operator, because group dynamics selects one-sided operatives.

In general, it does, as in the alienation of labor to make oneself a thing, and as in relationships which tend to be about bowing to power, as in the whole situation of Elsinore, presented by Shakespeare in Hamlet (1969, original work published 1604-5).

But, in one move, Serres shows how an extraordinary and transitional capacity lies right in the middle of us, along our vertical axis. The section of the book is called The Rose Window:

What takes place in the center trembles and vibrates in time.

The volleyer and the goalie know how to wait for and to favor at one and the same moment the low shot, the thundering burst toward a distant point, the rapid and short throw, the high jump, the brusque act of avoidance if the attack comes from the front … left, right, above, below, how do their
limbs become unknotted? How, I do not know, but I know the body knows how to do it, because it sleeps and watches on both ears.

It settles, unbalanced, at a distance, from all sides. Thus, it knows how to maintain concentration. Free of direction. With unknotted, floating threads, all knots open and uncut, arms and legs white, head empty; circular like a rotunda, high like a plateau that is not inclined, the body becomes, I might say, possible. Immobile, with the capacity to move. The tapestry we just referred to is becoming unknotted. One would say the bright spot, radiating in all directions, of the rose window of a cathedral (p. 23).

When I read this, I knew Serres was describing what I have called the equipoise, of the transitional operator, O(t), but he was doing it better than I did, listen again. It is in contrast to static repose, or having one’s feet on the ground as realistic, which only draws the forces of death.

On the contrary, it gets up, wakes up; attentive, it waits. Emerging from rest, it no longer allows itself to be overcome: it is open to any eventuality. What is coming can come from each direction on the horizon. It is careful then to efface all the forces that were making it into a posed statue, a static thesis. Yet it does not move, but effaces the fatal angle of its fall, minimizes its gravity as best it can be inundating its muscular elasticity
with subjectivity, quickly forgets it is leaning in one direction and assumes a different pose – a tennis player readying for a volley, an alert goalie, a watcher. **It fills space equally:** high as much as low, right as much as left, it abandons preferences and determinations., its memberships, and knows the better how to do so, because it has often crossed the white old river.

Here it is, a **completed body** …

Who, on the contrary, always pays attention, fulfilled by the virtual, overflowing with possibility and with capacity; he is literally nothing but potential: he is **exposed in all directions**, like a **small sun** (pp. 24-25).

Do you think you can do it now? Sleep and watch on both ears? Efface all the forces, to stay equidistant from all of them? Fill space equally? Let go of your memberships? Yes, I think I can do it better now, and will live on this vertical axis as much as I can. It is too vital to give up.

*Kepler’s Laws.*

But Serres is very canny. There is **so much light** in this bright spot of his, that he is uneasy with it. Now he will remind us of Kepler’s 3 Laws (see Wikipedia if you had forgotten them like I had). Specifically, the geometry is elliptical, not circular. An ellipse has two foci. One is near the center of the sun, because its mass is so huge, but
definitely off-center. The other is in the darkness, near the planet in question. Serres calls the second focus

**A second black sun** (p. 37).

Now, he will point to a third place:

In addition, neither of these two poles is in the middle.

The **real center** of each orbit lies precisely in a third place, just between these two foci – the shining globe and the dark point. No, neither the Sun nor the Earth is the center, but, rather, a third lost zone, of which one speaks even less than one does of these solar partners (p. 37).

Now, Serres will point to where he is going. The slightly imbalanced vertical axis now opens up everything as the third place:

To measure the constant separation of these two poles, to estimate what the flamboyant star owes to the blind point and the latter to the former, to search for the reasons for such a distance, to evaluate the **productivity of the dark zone** and even the **fecundity of this double** and no longer simple command or attractive regulation – Who would lose one without
This passage really got into me, as you will see in my dream series, and in my fly fishing: a very big warning against too much light, that I really needed. But Serres makes it a problem for all of us, in one slashing paragraph:

Canonized by the crushing monarchy of our day, our knowledge unjustifiably established the solar system as a general law. Now, midday signifies nothing more than the small principality of a nearby dwarf star. We receive from far away the light of other suns, sometimes giant, but drowned in shadow (p. 40).

He is about to overturn it.

The one who took up too much room loses his place … What had no more room takes up all of it (p. 43).

But not yet.

In knowledge and instruction, a third place also exists, a worthless position today between the two others: on the one hand, the hard sciences, formal, objective, powerful; on the other, what one calls culture, dying.
Whence the **begetting** of a third man; the third-instructed, who was nothing, emerges today, becomes something and grows. He is born in this book, and, as his father, I wish him a long life (p. 45).

He is either

**pregnant or expelled** (p. 47).

*Evil, Frenzied Expansion of a Local Element*

If darkness is needed for its fecundity, watch out. Now, Serres is rebalancing in the opposite direction:

A single, supposedly general law results from the **frenzied expansion** of a **local element** that loses its hold, if it ever had one, that forgets moderation, if it ever learned it, in view of making the remainder disappear.

By themselves, gases occupy the volume that is offered before their expansive pressure. No one has ever seen a gas show proof of restraint, in order to leave a part of the space empty. Barbarism follows the single law. The law of expansion. That of gases. They propagate themselves (pp. 118-119).
Then, the opposite, once again:

We owe life to the **restraint** of God, created as we were in the margins of his restraint. We also owe life to all the gaps left by other living things, the Earth, the atmosphere, the waters, and the flames that, in return, owe their existence to the marginal reserves that we leave them (p. 119).

Tremendous idea: **leave margin** for others to **come forth**.

Morality demands this abstention first of all. First obligation: **reserve**.

First maxim: before doing good, avoid the bad. To abstain from all evil, simply hold back. Because **in expanding, good itself**, just like the sun, **very quickly becomes evil** (p. 119).

Finally, to conclude this Troubador, the gist of madness, opposite to morality:

To unceasingly persevere in one’s being, to even go beyond one’s completely developed perspective, to overcome while preserving, this is the conduct of madness. Paranoia could be defined as **the expansion of a local exacerbated trait** vitrifying mental space so as **not to leave any chance of growth to another variable**. When present, a psychotic **eradicates** all other presence, just as psychosis **leveled** everything in him.
Royal, imperial, solar, he perseveres in his being, expands, converts his entourage. The propagation of pathology overcomes everything that it finds before it and absorbs it while preserving itself. Nothing new under this madness (p. 120).

Sun? or Dark Sun? No matter, same expansion. A final word from The Troubadour. If this sort of expansion ravages the Earth, what then?

As if a bias had conquered the whole volume, while human and reasonable prudence was taking refuge in remote localities (p. 164).

Surprise: in some places or neighborhoods, the universal was lurking. And renewed astonishment, the universal asks neither to stretch out nor to reign; adamantine, it demands, on the contrary, to be returned to the close and fine locality where it was unearthed (p. 165).

I think so.

Language and Space: from Oedipus to Zola.

Before I explain what I discovered in Idaho, I will give the additional piece of theory I got from Serres on the flight back. It is astonishingly close to what I have been doing independently, before I ever heard of Serres.
It is all about having a non-linear geometry to make transitions that are otherwise impossible, or impassable. It seems to be very difficult for us to cross between opposites, nowadays, while archaic man did nothing else for 2 million years, as between the raw and the cooked, the wet and the dry, the hot and the cold, as I explained in my first dream book, The New Interpretation of Dreams, especially Chapter 10, The Orchestral Score of Levi-Strauss. Since the advent of agriculture, and surpluses, 10,000 years ago, modern man has been selected to repeat himself in the same space, and thus make himself into a nullity (Gustafson’s Second Theorem). He loses his range altogether, because he can make no crossings to altogether different regions.

In the second dream book of mine, The Practical Use of Dreams and the Human Comedy (2000), I called my geometry a prepositional theory of dreams, because prepositions place movements, and where they are placed makes all the difference. For a hilarious proof of this, see Flannery, O’Connor, A Good Man is Hard to Find (1955).

In my Seventeenth Theorem, I proved that positioning on these specialized stages is inherently exhausting (entropic). In my Sixteenth Theorem, I called them vulnerable compartments, because of a total lack of cover for the animal (the dusty plains of Minho).
Now, I am about to recount my transition, quite non-linear and radically opposite, from the dusty stages of modern life, back to nature in Idaho where there is more cover for the animal, and perhaps an invulnerable compartment to be had.

I will just take 3 paragraphs out of Serres’s essay, because, as with everything in Serres, they converge upon the relevant geometry.

First, I was astonished to find that Serres used the idea of operators, thirty years before I had come upon them, to specify how to move from one surface to another.

On the other hand, I maintain that the history of science is not worth an hour’s trouble if it does not become as effective as the sciences themselves. In other words, it offers less interest as an object or domain than as a set of operators, a method or strategy working on formations different from itself. Among these other cultural contents, one encounters narratives, for example, either literary, historical or philosophical (p. 39).

If you like, you could read how Serres repositions himself inside the tragedy of Oedipus as a geometrical space-time, and compares it with Zola’s set of novels. I will simply quote his most general conclusions, and proceed to show how they helped me mightily in Idaho, and on my return with my patients.
My body, therefore, is not plunged into a single space, but into the difficult intersection of this numerous family … This intersection, these junctions, always need to be constructed. And in general whoever who is unsuccessful in this undertaking is considered sick. His body explodes from the disconnection of spaces (p. 44).

And here is Serres’s remedy:

Consequently an entire program takes shape. It would be necessary to draw graphs of itineraries, to define as closely as possible the spaces at stake, to examine nodes, caducei, wheels, aborescences, a whole set of spatial tools … they are like the tables of the law. They are operators expressing the function of mythical discourse itself, which, from its origin, has as its function the linking of spaces among themselves, the linking, for example, of separate ecological niches, each one defended tooth and nail. No one leaves here and no one enters – except those who speak geometry . . .

Whereupon the first problem: to find the single space or the set of operators by which these spatial varieties in impractical, inconceivable vicinity will be joined together. To open the route, way, track, path in this incoherent chaos, this tattered cloud, whose dichotomic thicket is
reformulated in the **common space of transport** when it is reconstructed (pp. 50-51).

So, yes, let us transport ourselves with me, from September 1 to 15, 2009, before, during and after my sojourn to Idaho. 5 dreams will show how the geometry changes radically, from one night to the next. Is there a simple operator to find our way through this thicket?

**The Idaho Dream Series of the Author.**

I have selected 5 of the 15 nights, September 1, 6, 12, 14, 15. Since my trip began at dawn on September 5, and concluded in the evening of September 12, September 1 precedes the trip by a few days, 6 and 12 are the first and last mornings of it, and 14 and 15 after my return to Wisconsin. I chose these 5 of the whole set of 15 because they are most graphic.

*September 1, My New Beginning in Buenos Aires.*
I am thinking about how not to give too much to my patients, because then I become too richly joined to their systems, and feel nauseated and vertiginous myself, like being in their bodies on the surfaces they inhabit.

I dream I am in Buenos Aires on a trolley, where I am supposed to get off at Union Square to meet my father (Union Square like in San Francisco). I skip getting off and fly south on the trolley through beautiful palm trees, eating delicious dishes. At the end of the line (like the edge of the suburbs in Buenos Aires, for Borges), I turn around fly back on the returning trolley heading north. We are passed by a team of white sled dogs heading south for the Antarctic Pole.
Marvelous opposition of tropics and Antarctic, in a huge scale, once I decline to get off the trolley to meet my father at Union Square. Huge and delightful energy released. What will happen next to the geometry?

*September 6, 2009, Carmen’s Laugh.*

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I have been reading Serres’s *The Troubadour of Knowledge* on the way out, and am struck, hugely, by his discussion of Kepler’s Laws. The sun looks like the center the earth is circling, but it is **not so**. The elliptical orbit has two foci, a bright one, and a dark one, and the true center is between the two foci.

I dream I am sitting at a department conference table with a well known psychoanalyst as our visiting professor. I am presenting an educational problem I am having with one
of my female students. This luminary is to my right at the table, and shocks me with his dark black hair. I look up to my left to a balcony in the sun, where I see my very student entering an apartment with her mother. As she hears the dark psychoanalyst pronouncing about her problem, she bursts out laughing, which is a very daring laugh like that of Carmen.

I am now between the dark sun of the visiting professor and the bright sun of my student, and am eager to see what happens as she enters the conversation with such beautiful energy. He, however, is shocked, and stops the conference at once, saying it is too dangerous to go on. For whom? I think. For him.

September 12. The Nimbus and General Motors.
2 afternoons before this dream, I was fly fishing with my daughter, Caitlin, and my long time friend, Lowell Cooper, in extraordinary waters of the Selway River, above Selway Falls. I had scouted the water in the morning from the high trail that leads for a hundred miles into a pristine wilderness of Grizzly Bears, and Wolves and Western Cutthroat Trout.

After lunch, I led us to the place I had found where we could get down from the high trail to the river. I took up a position upstream, Lowell in the middle, and Caitlin downstream. After about a half hour, a yell from Caitlin signaled she had a big trout on the line. She lost it, and told Lowell to take her spot, while she recovered on the bank from her excitement.
He proceeded to take her spot, and catch 8 big cutthroat in about a half hour further. I went down there to see what was up, just in time to watch Lowell pull in the last 3 or 4. I was so envious.

Then, the trout were no longer rising. Lowell moved on, I thought I would try my hand at the magic spot, and, of course, nothing. Caitlin pointed to trout rising now farther downstream. In excitement, I clawed my way over difficult rocks to get down there, got 1, and hung up my fly 3 times behind me on the shrubbery growing straight out of a steep rise of granite right behind me.

Of course, in my excitement to get at these rising trout, I did not step back to survey the little room behind me for back casting. When I tried to whip the third fly off the bushes steeply above me, I broke the tip of the rod, as well as broke off the fly. The tip flew into the rapids, never to be seen again. Now, I could have really hurt myself. The clamber back up the river looked treacherous. I managed to pull myself straight up the cliff to the trail.

I have thought of little else since. I wrote in my journal:

Other people are like rising trout: not very often, not very long, and not in very many places.
How am I going to orient myself to this considerable danger I put myself in with the excitement of rising trout, or rising thrills, positioned between Carmen and the dark psychoanalyst in my last dream, or rising, delicious pleasures like those of Borges in the dream before last? If only I could get myself to step back at the next rising situation, and not get carried away by the beauty of the light, which misses the darkness of the context.

I dream two mornings later, the last in Idaho, that I am at my parents’ house in Saginaw, Michigan, which has been taken over by drug overlords. The house is doubled in size on its diagonal. I simply go out the front door, with two light suitcases, well-balanced. A figure of light in a growing darkness.

Now, I am skating around a roller-rink, as I did when I was 15, with a girl I hardly knew then who was a beautiful skater (once, we exchanged class photos). We are skating clockwise, and she is completely naked in my arms, but for the orange kerchief she always wore back then when she skated. Absolutely delicious. I wake up with huge, but quiet energy. If only I could have had been this way with Lowell’s rising cutthroats.

This time, I also step back, not-rushing-forward, thinking. This skate with this beautiful girl was not going to hold up. Her father was a big General Motors executive in Saginaw, a very handsome man, and her mother quite a beauty. A perfect snare for a corporate life. So the light obscures the darkness, until you step back and see in the
dark. A marvelous pair of opposites that could head upstream, from the headlong pull into downstream General Motors, and its exhaustion:

To wit, to have the delicious new beginning, like I am 15 again, with its pumping of fresh energy, yet to step back and see how transitory it is: not-

often, not long, not-in-very-many places.

As Serres would say, to see by a glorious light, and to see by a dark sun. A marvelous, and crucial, life-saving pair of opposites in which to be reborn upstream. Great energy, great restraint.

*September 14. Outburst of Huge Vitality.*
Just now, I stepped back from the thrill of the last paragraph, to walk around the western circuit of our prairie. Maybe, my body is learning how to move, and not-move?

Between the skating dream and this huge one came a very reminder of who is running things in psychiatry, and the same afterwards. It is as if the restraint allows the vitality. I have really never had anything like it, in 5 movements.

First, I am cataloging an encyclopedia of my own, like Michelet did in his La Mer, as Serres describes in Michelet: the Soup (Chapter 3 in Hermes Literature, Science, Philosophy, 1982). I am borrowing Michelet’s (and Serres’s) idea of the earth as a set of flows, from high potential reservoirs, to low potential. Same on all scales, like down to organelle membranes.
Second, I am doing something I cannot describe publically, despite six interruptions. Renews the world.

Third, I go to the department softball game (no longer a yearly event), and I am the only faculty there. They say, the trainees, I have to come to all of the events of the picnic.

Fourth, their musical is on the front side of a quadrangle, and sounds purely operatic I listen from the roof. I go down to congratulate them.

Fifth, one of them wants me to meet his two lions and his one Siberian Tiger. I open the door of my classroom, and the huge beasts come in with him, like rollicking English sheep dogs. One says to him, **Well, Judge, what now?**

Well, speaking of potential energy coming from reservoirs, this is enormous. Unbelievable.

*September 15. The Diamond That Moves Upstream.*
Merely, a woman who is merely a mask, or persona, to put on to seem to be approving. But the diagram of the geometry is astounding. It seems as if, when I am ready for the usual nullity, I can wash it off myself, and open up a big space, like potential, not-potential. It moves upstream, like the great couple, of light, not-light (darkness). It is protected by something as hard as a diamond. It has reversed my entire epistemology. If I expect the group operator, O(c), as just another dot in a squadron of flies heading for a dinner party in Gogol’s Dead Souls (1997, original work published 1855), I am free to go elsewhere, once I understand that rising trout are not-often, not-long, and not-in-very many places.

Notice how the first 4 of the 5 dreams are about delicious figures in the light. Maybe, I am finally getting how not to be lured by light, and stepping back into not-light, to see where the light is embedded.
Education at Age 30.

I promised to say what I did not know at (almost) age 30 when I completed my residency in San Francisco and met the Big World in Montana. 38 years later in Idaho, I can tell you.

The first education is how not to be captured by richly joined systems, and become exhausted by them. The operator to get free of them was proved in my 17th Theorem: it is called the null-function, and is the most useful word in the English language, namely, not-____.

The second education is how to have fresh energy, without endangering yourself. The operator to get free of this peril is rightly stated by Serres as restraint. In brilliant light, step back, and look into the darkness.

Really, Serres was right: it is a glorious freshness to be on your vertical axis, distancing, effacing all forces, to be ready for the one which is coming. But the forces on the huge scales are simply enormous. You have to know how not to be captured by the stages you perform upon. You have to know not to be carried away with your own light. It only took me 38 years, and my Seventeenth and Eighteenth Theorems.

Leads to a Radical Simplicity: 3 Cases in the Clinic.
In other words, what you have to learn to do for yourself at age 30, is precisely what your patients need. Two operators, not-to-be-caught-up-on-stage, and not-to-be-carried-away-by-fresh-energy.

*A Case of Self-Doubt.*

He is actually very talented and loved, but quite tied up in knots at age 40. He is very prone, when disqualified, to say they are right, and I am wrong. When I get him not- to do this, he is quite afraid of letting loose. Here I am very careful. I absolutely do not want to back being open or being closed. That is something he has to do on instinct. We will just take it one situation at a time. This is where every teacher has failed him. They have backed caution, or they have backed throwing caution to the winds. Behaviorism seems to know nothing about these paired opposites, which are the entire physiology of the neural network. Never having been a goalie, distancing all the forces, they know nothing.

*A Case of Meanness.*

His wife crabs at him, and he has a fit. For a long while, I put in the null-function. If he allows her to run on and on, he will lose it.
Finally, he begins to put his foot down, quite cheerfully. Not smoothly, not accented, but quite abruptly. Such as, *If you go on like this, we are not going out!*

Meanwhile, a certain **boldness** emerges with me. Certain shocking statements, in sexual terms. He says he finds a **certain wildness** in me, that smiles when he says things like this. Interesting.

*A Case of Being Self-Referential.*

A long, long, long misery of suffering her husband’s obsessional monologues. I say, Look, you are going to **erupt**, eventually.

She **does**, has an affair, discovers the man is crazy. Now, she fears her husband will **not** take her back.

Her husband wants an apology. Calling herself a creep seems not to do it. She is bewildered.

I say, very simply, Look, you are **only talking about yourself**, either laudatory, or as a creep. This **misses** him altogether. When are you going to **bother imagining** what it feels like to be him, so baldly betrayed? Now, that wakes her up. Not being self-referential, but now being not-self-referential (willing to **imagine being him, really taking the time to do it**. A new beginning. Moving upstream).
Conclusion.

Are things this ridiculously simple? I am afraid so. Everyone allows him or herself to be richly joined to what is intolerable. Everyone gets so full of him or herself that nothing else can be seen in this light. I do not think I really got this when I was nearly 30, heading for Montana.

Q.E.D.
Nineteenth Theorem. The Natural Sentence – from Ernest Fenollosa.

_They redistribute force_ – Fenollosa, 1936, p. 12

My Eighteenth Theorem, _The Danger of Inner Light_, concludes with:

Everyone allows himself or herself to be **richly joined** to what is intolerable. Everyone gets so **full of him or herself** that nothing else can be seen in this light. I do not think I really got this when I was nearly 30, heading for Montana.

Therefore, the two **crucial** micro-operators to deliver oneself (or anyone else) from captivity (destruction) are:

The null-function, or **not-in-the-richly-joined-system**, and **not-rushing forward**, or stepping back to see the darkness in which the light is embedded.

This is the equivalent of the **forceps** invented by the Chamberlin family (and carried around secretly in their obstetrical trunk for a century) (Hibbard, 1994; Gustafson, 2005, p. 174). But it is **not sufficient**.
My dream instrument for two weeks since the 18th theorem mapped out as always what I am still wrong about it, by its series of topologies. We will come to that series soon enough in this 19th theorem. The dream instrument is always re-calibrating itself when it is in the wrong.

But intellect really can help the instrument too. Being rightly oriented to the lines of force one is moving in has been the main subject of humanity for over two million years in stories (Levi-Strauss, *The Raw and the Cooked*, 1983, original work published 1964; Gustafson, Chapter 10, *The New Instrument of Dreams, The Orchestral Score of Levi-Strauss*, 1997). This oral tradition became written about five thousand years ago, and its extraordinary inventors, for me, are Homer, Shakespeare, Dante and Tolstoy. Not to mention many, many other great talents.

Unfortunately, most practitioners in medicine, psychology, or psychiatry have the slightest education of what has been passed down on the most important subject:

- being oriented to what has potential, to open to it; and what has not potential (or worse, destruction), to close to it.

It is the only subject of western literature, as Northrop Frye argued in *The Great Code, The Bible and Literature* (1983):
What captures you,
What delivers you.

It is even clearer in Chinese literature, as it turns out, which has just come to my attention thanks to Michael Moran (personal communication) in the work of Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound.

In earlier theorems, I have pointed to many arguments by Francois Jullien on classical Chinese literature as fundamentally orienting. Fenollosa comes to it with an astonishing brevity, of 45 pages, in The Chinese Written Character As A Medium of Poetry (written by Fenollosa in 1908, edited by Pound in 1918, and published in 1936). Since I read and understood it, I have been dreaming in Chinese. I will explain what I mean.

Fenollosa.

Since the little book is totally fractal (the whole is condensed into every part, so it is fractal, that is, self-similar on all scales), I can take 4 pages of it (12-13, 26-27) and deliver you the entire argument. Or 1 sentence:

Valid scientific thought consists in following as closely as may be the actual and entangled lines of force as they pulse through things (p. 12).

Or elaborating this 1 sentence to 1 paragraph:
The sentence form was forced upon primitive men by nature herself. It was not we who made it; it was a reflection of the temporal order in causation. All truth had to be expressed in sentences because all truth is the transference of power. The type of sentence in nature is a flash of lightning. It passes between two terms, a cloud and the earth. No unit of natural process can be less than this. All natural processes are, in their units, as much as this. Light, heat, gravity, chemical affinity, human will, have this in common that they redistribute force (p. 12).

Now, he puts what he is talking about in its unitary, diagrammatic form:

```
term | transference | term
from | of           | to
which | force        | which.
```

And adds on the next page (p. 13).

The agents and the object are only limiting terms. … It consists of three necessary words: the first denoting the agent or subject from which the act starts, the second embodying the very stroke of the act, the third pointing to the object, the receiver of the impact (p. 13).
Thirteen pages later, Fenollosa clarifies the action of the Chinese sentence (same as the 
**action** of the English sentence – see Ian Gordon, *The Movement of English Prose*, 1966, 
or Lincoln Barnett, *The Treasure of the Tongue*, 1962, pp. 33-34), by pointing to its 
opposite that originates in western medieval classification:

Let us consider a row of cherry trees. From each of these in turn we 
proceed to take an ‘abstract,’ as the phrase is, a certain common lump of 
qualities which we may express together by the name cherry or cherry-
ness. Next we place in a second table several such characteristic concepts: 
cherry, rose, sunset, iron-rust, flamingo. From these we **abstract** some 
进一步 quality, dilatation or mediocrity, and label it ‘red’ or ‘redness.’ It is 
evident that this process of abstraction may be carried on indefinitely and 
with all sorts of material. We may go on building **pyramids** of attenuated 
concept until we reach the apex ‘being.’

But we have done enough to illustrate the characteristic process. **At the** 
**base of the pyramid lie things, but stunned, as it were** (p. 26).

Now, Fenollosa summarizes the loss of potential energy or force that derives from this 
classification use of words, which is the **current practice** of nearly all education, 
medicine, psychology, psychiatry – all bureaucratic systems which need to **classify**, to 
**distribute** different **marching** orders to different **compartments** of their **machine**.
The sheer loss and weakness of this method are apparent and flagrant. Even in its own sphere it can not think half of what it wants to think. It has no way of bringing together any two concepts which do not happen to stand one under the other and in the same pyramid.

It is impossible to represent change in this system or any kind of growth. ...

Far worse than this, such logic can not deal with any kind of interaction or with any multiplicity of function (p. 27).

Pyramid is indeed the operative concept – so static, it was built to last thousands of years – see Lewis Mumford, The First Megamachine, 1966, and Gustafson’s Fifth Theorem, A Colossal Capacity for Enduring Monotony. The classifying sentence is built to transmit orders, from the top down. It was meant to preclude anything but copying. Not the slightest invention to be inserted.

In other words, the sentence that classifies things
distributes force, precisely as ordered,
While the sentence that describes nature’s movement redistribute force, as it flows.

Mechanical Reproduction.
In Chapter 4, *Freshness*, of my *Great Instrument of Orientation* (2008), I discussed this difference in the two sentences in Walter Benjamin’s terms of mechanical reproduction (*The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*, 1969), or not-mechanical-reproduction:

Even the most perfect reproduction of a work of art is lacking in one element: its **presence** in space and time, its unique existence **at the place** where it happens to be (p. 220, Benjamin, p. 75, Gustafson) … One might subsume the eliminated element in the term **aura** and go on to say: that which **wither**s in the age of mechanical reproduction is the aura of the work of art (p. 221, Benjamin, p. 75, Gustafson).

I just enacted it transcribing Fenollosa. Instead of reading it as the

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Which **varies in its pace and stress and length** with every sentence of Fenollosa, I started reproducing it on my typewriter without reference to this natural sentence and its **beautifully variable rhythm**.
The classifying sentence, is, essentially,

**This is this**, and **that is that**.

Once you **slip** into this **in a single breath**, you have **lost your center** and its **embeddedness** in all the scales. You can go faster and faster, and you are a perfect instrument of mechanical reproduction, which **can push itself without limits**, because it has **no responsiveness** to its **context** inside yourself or around yourself.

Aura, which means the same as presence, but denotes a certain luminosity, comes from the Greek *aura*, which means **breath or breeze**. **Responsiveness.** Benjamin says of it:

> We define the *aura* of the latter (natural objects) as the unique **phenomenon of a distance**, however close it might be (p. 222, Benjamin; p. 76, Gustafson). To pry an object from its shell is to destroy an aura, (p. 223, Benjamin; Gustafson, p. 76) … The uniqueness of a work of art is inseparable from its being **imbedded** in the fabric of tradition. The tradition itself is **thoroughly alive** and **extremely changeable** (p. 223, Benjamin; p. 76, Gustafson).

I summarize:
In a sentence, we contemplate the full presence of a work of art, or nature, or a person, with respect for its distance, and place in time and space, and in tradition. … If we do not contemplate it so, we destroy it. It becomes another thing, in a series of practico-inert things (Gustafson, 2008, p. 76).

I also give the Taoist version:

If man attains this One he becomes alive; if he loses it he dies. But even if man lives in the energy (vital breath, prana) he does not see the energy (prana), just as fishes live in water but do not see the water. Man dies when he has no vital breath, just as fishes perish when deprived of water. Therefore, the adepts have taught people to hold fast to the primal and to guard the One; it is the circulation of the light and the maintaining of the centre (Wilhelm, 1962, pp. 21, 22; Gustafson, 2008, p. 68).

So, the third secret, micro-operator is not-to-be-captured by the classifying sentence or rhythm of mechanical reproduction, but deliver oneself in every breath to the natural sentence or rhythm of the three elements of the natural sentence* in continuous variation.

There is no other way to play tennis.

* Term from which / transference of force / term to which.
**Pulse, Pyramid.**

I can most simply tell you where you save yourself and where you lose yourself, by translating *Pulse, Pyramid* into two Chinese ideograms:

A Chinese character is an ideogram with a sound or name. If you look at my invention of Pulse, you will see at once how a pulse (received) becomes a pulse (redistributed), and so forth, to the next pulse. It is in **continuous variation**. Whereas the Pyramid **just sits there, stunned**, having **no context at all**, but a **boundless desert**.

Perhaps, it is also evident from this two-ideogram sentence how movement from Pulse to Pyramid would take away all your **capacity for responsiveness**, but for the capacity to follow orders. Fenellosa points out how nature is **continuous succession**:

Perhaps we do not always sufficiently consider that thought is **successive**, not through some accident or weakness of our subjective operations, but because the operations of nature are **successive**. The transference of force from agent to object, which constitute natural phenomena, occupy time.
Therefore, a reproduction of them in imagination requires the same temporal order (p. 7).

The Natural Sentence.

So, the natural sentence, in Chinese or English is a succession of transitive verbs.

Literally, in a succession of characters, our sentence, Reading promotes writing, would become in Chinese:

Read  Promote  Write (p. 29).

Each a picture of an action, with a name, but highly interactive with the others:

If we attempt to follow it in English we must use words highly charged, words whose vital suggestion interplay as nature interplays. Sentences must be like the mingling of fringes of feathered banners, or as the colors of many flowers blended into a single sheen of meadow (p. 31).

Now we are in condition to appreciate the full splendor of certain lines of Chinese verse. Poetry surpasses prose especially in that the poet selects for juxtaposition these words whose overtones blend into a delicate and lucid harmony. All arts follow the same law; refined harmony lies in the delicate balance of overtones (p. 32).
Pound (Cathay, 1915; Kenner, The Pound Era, The Invention of China, pp. 192-222, 1971) figured out how to take Fenellosa’s notebooks which translated Li Po (Rihaku in Japanese) into lines of single English words and make them into English verse:

It consisted in maximizing three criteria at once, criteria hitherto developed separately: the vers-libre principle, that the single line is the unit of composition; the Imagist principle, that a poem may build its effects out of things it sets before the mind’s eye, by naming them; and the lyrical principle, that words or names, being ordered in time, are bound together and recalled into each other’s presences by recurrent sounds (Kenner, 1971).

Just to give a pair of lines from Cathay (1915) (Em-Mei’s The Unmoving Cloud, added in the Lustra edition, Kenner, pp. 207-208).

The clouds have gathered, and gathered,

and the rain falls and falls.

Is It Possible to Move Like This All the Time?

As one might move in a Chinese or English line of verse, one might move everywhere? It seems highly desirable to me, because of its potential for continuous
variation, or continuous responsiveness to the lines of force. I presented it in The Eighteenth Theorem from Serres:


… while the other’s gestures went toward their adversaries and the entire stadium, this player’s gestures stayed inside him, stayed focused upon him, and that gave him unbelievable presence and intensity. … So I watched the game attentively, constantly on the lookout for the same thing: compact moments where a player became his own movement without having to fragment himself by moving toward (pp. 40-41).

In other words, as I described in The Great Instrument of Orientation, borrowing from Allen Tate (1999, original work published 1934), how is it possible to take in the whole situation, in each breath, from one continuously varying line to the next? And how to
refrain from isolated will? Which becomes caught up in willing n, then n+1, and so forth, that is, mechanical reproduction.

The Author’s Dream Series, From September 16 to October 8, 2009.

My dream series of three weeks answers the question. Namely, what are the forces that pull me off center? From the whole situation, to isolated will? From the natural line, to the classifying line? From pulse, to pyramid?

September 21, Excitement, Not-.

I have just concluded the Eighteenth Theorem, thinking I know what I needed to know at 29, moving to Montana: Not-to-be-richly-joined, Not-to-be-excited-by-my-own-light-without-restraint. I dream a pair of sentences:
I am moving with continuous, sweet changes of tempo on the basketball court like Bill Bradley did in 1962 (Princeton came to Harvard).

I lose it again in Cambridge, in a coat and tails, with my foolish father, seeing a marble beauty like Helene (War and Peace, Tolstoy, 2007, original work published 1861) get out of a cab like a glowing goddess. I hope to connect to her, like Gogol’s hero in Nevsky Prospekt (1997, original work published 1855), when I really need to see her darkness.

Here is the first vivid reply to my attempt to be the bright spot, radiating in all directions. I do it, on the court. I lose it, when I see the goddess. From pulse, to pyramid. From flow, to static.

Perhaps, my instrument answers like Homer in The Odyssey (1996, original work composed 800 B.C.): the hero (heroine) has to be continuously ready for capture, ready to deliver himself yet again? The succession of sentences is endless. The difference between Odysseus and everyone else is that he is well oriented to the next capture, so it takes him not so long to get out of it.

This appeals to me. I don’t have to struggle against capture. Just let it happen, and come out of it as quickly as I can find a way. This conserves a great deal of energy.
This was the idea of my old and late friend, Robin Skynner (1987). He must have borrowed it from Hermes, who accepted capture, only to deliver himself. And he was a god. No need to tighten up against it. It is inevitable for us human beings. That is why Roger Federer is the best tennis player in the world. He too falters, but he comes back faster.

*September 22, Restraint Again, Not to Take the Campus Either.*

I have been watching the vertical axis in all of the patients and in myself. I see how crazily they are put upon. I do not allow them to put upon me. Whatever crazy one-sidedness has got a hold of them, I will not allow it to get a hold of me. By my movement, some will learn how to oppose it in themselves.

I say to one of my friends, the vertical axis of the body parallels the axis mundi of the world. I remind him of this in my *Great Instrumentation of Orientation* (2008)
(Salvation, The Door in the Sky, pp. 246-251). The resonance of my individual vertical axis with the axis mundi of the world strengthens me.

I am about to dream another force which will pull me off center. I am at Edgewood College, a few blocks from our house on Lake Wingra. My friends and I are trying to set up temporary stages in all sectors of the campus. All our attempts are repelled by their security guards. We put them up. They take them down. Up high on the lawn of the women’s quarters. In the main hall of power. And so forth.

My friends are spending their last hours here before leaving it forever. I prefer to read by myself. I find no center in this Catholic campus. I feel like Saint Anthony in Bosch’s painting of 1500, The Temptation of Saint Anthony. This painting hangs over the couch for my patients in my office, directly across from my chair, for about 25 years. Obviously, I have chosen to meditate on it, for some purpose crucial to me. I believe it has to do with two findings of Bosch that comfort me in my own findings. One is the total corruption of the Catholic Church in 1500. The canvas portrays one-sided take-over of bodies, for every corrupt purpose imaginable by Bosch. Two is Anthony’s positioning, 3 places in the tryptich, 1 place in each panel. He just holds his own center, inwardly, looking downwardly. He seems to me to be a kind of temple unto himself, in the ruins of a devastated temple.

Finally, in the third panel of my dream tryptich – I seem to be repainting Bosch, for my own time and place – my friends and I are unloading a flat bed truck near the front door
of the main hall of the campus. I am standing in the flat bed of the truck itself, tossing
stuff to the ground, for my friends to carry into the hall: 2 gifts, and 2 duffels. Of course,
for reasons of security as at airports, the security guards are not going to let us store

these potential bombs in the main hall of the campus.

Musing on these 3 panels, I think at once of the military meaning of the word, campus.
A campus is a military field. Obviously, I am portrayed in the dream, as underestimating
its terror about security.

This dream occurs about two months after my friends and I have held a temporary stage
for our theatre in The Door County Summer Institute. It looks like extending it to campi
is my impossible temptation. Not going to be allowed. So, the first force that pulled me
off center on September 21 was the goddess getting out of a taxi in Cambridge. The
second force is the temptation to attempt to take over a campus, on September 22. What
will be the third?

September 23, The Western Circuit.
I reread my *Eighteenth Theorem, The Danger of Inner Light*. Of course, it reminds me of overestimating light, and losing its context of darkness.

I dream of a forlorn dust-bowl in the west, with barely the outline of an ellipse like a skating rink. The ellipse is outlined by a slight elevation of earth, covered by that dried up grass that somehow manages to hold it from being blown away in the wind. Reminds me of the Indian mounds in our neighborhood from the 12th century.

This barren image corrects the 18th theorem. Yes, an ellipse has two foci, as for the earth around the sun, a light focus, and a dark focus. The light is barely holding here, a trace of my dream of September 12 in my *Eighteenth Theorem* (p. 20), of skating around a roller rink at 15, holding a beautiful 15 year old girl I knew then, only with an orange kerchief about her neck. Absolutely delicious, I wrote. I wake up with huge, but quiet energy. When I stepped back from it on September 12, I contemplated the actual ellipse of this girl’s orbit, and knew I was lucky not to be drawn into the snare of her family, in the Western Circuit of General Motors (see my chapter 10, pp. 158-166, *On the Western*
Circuit, in The Great Instrument of Orientation, 2008, whose epigraph is A quiet grace has been embedded in a terrible machinery, and see Hardy’s own story, 2003, by this title from 1891).

But now that I contemplate September 12 and September 23 on October 10, the entire Eighteenth Theorem transforms itself into a great, vast darkness, with just a little light. My delight in Buenos Aires, in Carmen, in this skate, is swallowed up by the very western circuit that nearly swallowed up Odysseus for twenty years, before he took back his own Ithaka. One is lucky enough, just to take back one’s own hearth. That is the right scale for me, as it was for Thoreau at Walden (2004, original work published 1854), as it was for Aldo Leopold at his shack on the Wisconsin River (2001, original work composed 1949). The larger scales are temptations that do not hold up. Really not much there at all.

When I contemplate all 3 of the first dreams in this series, I see how they are 1. I lose my center: 1. By overestimating a glowing goddess getting out of a taxi, 2. By making a war party to take over a campus, 3. By forgetting the 20 years of the Western circuit it takes to get home. Certainly, the topology of The Odyssey is deep inside me, as my wife and I finish reading it together out loud in these very days of the dream series.

Really, it has been there all along in me. I just reread my concluding, Chapter 24 (pp. 341-345), Warriers, Farewell, of my first book, The Complex Secret of Brief Psychotherapy (1986). It is pure odyssey in me 25 years ago. What has changed
between being 42 and 67? We are about to see in the remaining dreams of the series, which turn on that very question. I am taking the next 2 at once, because the second of the 2 is a terse version of the epic space-time of first.

*September 22, Impassable Topology of 2000 Miles and 42 Years, and September 29, 2 Closed Space-Time Warps.*

I am reading Fenellosa just before this pair of dreams. I feel a **dull and heavy pain** at 1.40 AM, **without movement, words or images**. I go up to my study to contemplate it, so significant by being **impenetrable. I do not recall feeling like this before in my life.**

I write in my journal. I am **among people** who do not depend upon Homer, do not practice etymology (Fenellosa is great at it; knowing our ancient history is **right there** in every word, if we take the trouble to look up the **roots** in our words, from classical Greek, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, or Sanskrit), are not **steeped** in the past as I am with my
wife and a few of my other friends. These people I am among do not reckon by it
(Anglo-Saxon *gerecenian*, also with AS. *Racu*, account and ult. With *rake*. Orig. sense
having been a bringing together, Ernest Weekley, *An Etymological Dictionary of Modern English*, 1967). A huge divide between us few, and everyone else. In other
words, almost everyone I meet can be in a dull pain, without movement, words or
images, and not be equipped to find out what is about. I am among people who seem
very lost to me.

I dream between 1.40 AM and dawn that I am in my Sierra sleeping bag (I still have the
one I had as a resident in California, and I am sleeping on it on my couch in my study)
tunneling like a mole through deep snow down to Donner Pass, feet first, to catch the
train to get me to work in Madison by 8 AM! Only 2000 miles, and 42 years to traverse
in a few hours! I am mapping the distance and time I have come in between 1967 and
2009.

Now I find myself on campus here in the old dorm where the Department of Psychiatry
had been lodged, when we arrived 1973. Only it is superimposed upon the site of
Nielson Tennis Stadium, across from University Hospital, where the department moved
in 1978. I am alarmed, because it is nearly 1 PM (in the dream), and I have not called
my 1 PM patient to tell her to meet me, not at Lorch Street, but in the UW Hospital. She
is the sister of a colleague from the 1990’s, and yet she looks like a very shaky patient
we have in the clinic now. Notice how the dream is making up decades at a time in
each phrase that I describe it.
Finally, the third scene of this tryptich is that I am attempting to enter the UW Hospital (it looks more like huge plate glass in a vast airport) where I have to put luggage through security check, but I have forgotten to take my wallet out of my backpack, which is now going through x-ray. I am in trouble with the security people for not being able to show my identification. I have had enough of this proof, and wake up.

It is a proof of the enormous change in psychiatry in 42 years. In the first panel, I am way upstream in the Sierras. In the second panel, I am at my favorite place in this University, the beautiful Nielson Tennis Stadium, where I practice psychiatry by developing my capacity for transitions. In the third panel, I am checking into a high-security hospital.

I have never, remotely, had a dream anything like this. Now I see why I felt such dull and huge pain at 1.40 AM, without movement, words or images. I am having to be reborn into a world that is totally unlike myself. It is an impassable, impossible journey to make, and yet I am making it, thanks to my extraordinary instrument that can map it out for me.

The following night, my epic journey was followed by a very terse comic reply: I discover New Jersey is a set of space-time-warps that look like clam shells. Each one has a debutante in it, and is about 1 square block. If you get in 1, you can’t get out of it. Also, the Harvard tennis team is in its bus on a mesa, presumably in Arizona. I can
climb down and back up the mesa as I choose to, but I always find them still sitting there as they were when I last left.

This seems to be the difference between me and other people. For example, Jason Aronson is a publisher housed in New Jersey, which has a list of the different subspecialties of psychotherapy, which always say the same thing. My pair of dreams says it is the non-linear geometry: clam shells are designed to filter water for microorganisms, and mesas are designed for going exactly nowhere. Evidently, the people do not know a way to get out of them. They slowly dissolve.

October 3, Nobility Debased.

I reread my Chapter 8, The Complications of Avoidance, in The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry (Gustafson, 1999), in preparation to see a patient who is in a stalemate in
psychotherapy with one of the residents. My chapter says: it is due to the half-in, half-out positioning, described by Guntrip, 1968). But I take things farther when I answer how change is possible:

I have had a few patients (in this half-in, half-out position) like the doctor who found a new beginning. They have been able to attend to their dreams. This is a highly reliable sign that the inner world can be brought back into relation with the outer world. The life-line that connects them has not been severed. Also, these patients have been able to find a channel for their dreams in some kind of play, with nature, with art, with athletics. This also gives them companions in play (p. 86).

A patient in the clinic said something more about this to me. He said:

You have to be getting better at something every day.

Otherwise, entropy sets in, and the results are paltry. Comes from palt, E., rubbish.

My noble dog whose name was Thomas I called the horse-dog. He is in a dog show in a woods, which looks like the woods at my boy scout camp, where we used to play a thrilling game called Capture the Flag. But I can see Thomas will get no credit in the dog-show in this woods, because he fits none of the tiny classifications. This refers to Fenollosa’s difference between the natural sentence, which redistributes force, and the
classifying sentence which **stuns things**. Thomas was **great at redistributing force**. If he and I were walking down the trail in the forest, and I turned my head from him, he’d be a mile away, when I turned my head back!

The remaining four scenes are trivial classifications. I am on the old west side business district in Saginaw, barefoot, but step in shit, so my old medical school girlfriend won’t speak to me again.

I am doing a drill on a tennis court in my street shoes, and have to head back home to get my tennis shoes.

I get lost in a vast pair of wings of a medical school learning center (like here). I wander out the back to a **beautiful green heath**, where I am **the only one**. I go back in and am lost in crowds of students.

I go back to our apartment in Cambridge (in medical school), which, this time, has only 1 long room like a shoebox. I hope to get the bed at the far end, so I at least have a wall to myself. However, the rentier puts another bed between me and the wall, and urchins pour through all our things, and rain puddles my bed.

I’ll **take** Thomas and myself any day. The life of classification is **paltry**. Looks half-in and half-out to me, going nowhere. This is what happens when the life-line is **cut** between the inner and the outer world. **Everyone** turns into a schizoid compromise.
October 4, Dolpion, Tigers and Odysseus as Beggar.

My younger daughter, Karin, and I discuss what’s wrong with people. She surprises me, by quoting me back to myself. She says, it is because of

**Isolated will, only doing n+1.**

Two terse examples of this show up in the first part of my dream night. Someone asks me when I will publish my next book? I rejoin:

Not until the Dolpion effect comes out!

**Specious** things sell.
Secondly, we are staying in a cabin somewhere with crazy people who have tigresses and their cubs in all the rooms. I try to lie down to sleep, but one of the cubs puts one of my feet in his enormous mouth. Total disorientation about the wild and the tame.

**Specious**, also, which once meant *special beauty*.

At 4.42 AM, I wake up and write down these two reductions to absurdity. If this is how disoriented the people are, how come I am writing on orientation as the most crucial subject at all? There is no such class of book, like there is no class of nobility like that of Thomas the horse-dog.

Yes, I answer (AS, *andswarian, to swear back*, from noun *andswaru*. Orig. sense survives in to *answer an accusation, to answer for, to pledge in return*). Here is a class of nobility like that of Thomas the horse-dog, because I can help turn around a patient’s life with one word.

The third panel of my dream-night is that I am at a sorority in the very place that was my fraternity at M.I.T., for one year before I got out of its clutches. Now it is midnight, and it is packed with sleeping girls in every room. A half-awake girl lets me, nodding that I am one of the girls’ fathers. I trudge up the staircase, and find a bench, only four feet long, to sleep on at the top of the stairs.

The positioning of this bench is totally uncanny, fifty years later. It is placed just outside the room of the guy who ruled the drunken orgies with his bestial antics. It is
placed where the pledges were chased down the stairs in the middle of the night, to be terrorized in the basement. I happened to have a broken ankle that night from playing (basketball) for M.I.T. against Harvard, and had to hop down the stairs on one foot, as they screamed at us and shone bright lights in our eyes.

I am Odysseus, the beggar, in the halls of group life, which are specious. But I know exactly how to hide my forces, for the right moments.

October 5, The Indian Beauty at Harvard.

I am thinking about Fenellosa again. Classifying sentences have no play of the unknown in them: This is this, and that is that. But natural sentences never quite know where they are going. I have got to stay with the latter rhythm.
I am upset with Muriel Barbery. Somu, the rugby fullback, she gives us as an epiphany of not moving towards, but from his own center, but her novel moves toward the known outcome of a cheap melodrama. I am upset with Hugh Kenner, because he gives us *The Invention of China*, through Fenollosa to Pound, but the glorious chapter is set from the outset with Henry James gabbing, and soon Pound is gabbing too, in *The Pound Era* (1971).

I dream I am awoken by a raucous band in the fall of 1960 in my room on Quincy Street in Kirkland House (I was really in Lowell House), and notice a luminous (East) Indian woman sitting bolt upright in bed next to me. Her face, however, is speckled with tiny grains of black, as in a ritual of grieving like I have never seen before. I look past her and see our door ajar in the barren room, with the light around its edges, and furtive movements in the hall like in a Hitchcock murder film. I yell at her, *Dammit, keep the door locked*, but I see at once that her inner grief is so terrible that she needs light to get out of her darkness.

As the previous dream took me back 50 years to the M.I.T. fraternity, this one took me back almost 50 years to my move to Harvard. As Sherwood Anderson’s boy-hero asks in *I Want to Know Why?* (1921). I want to know why the best and the brightest are so dangerous to luminous beauty?

I see why. They are going to hold territory by force. Q.E.D.
One Case Speaks for My Whole Practice.

I would like to be absolutely clear how my dream series answers what is wrong with what is right? If the classifying sentence is the end of luminous beauty, then the natural sentence redistributes its force with an endless play of the unknown. It varies the responsiveness, in every stroke.

In other words, it yields a beautiful exchange, and it eludes (elude, to play out of) being made into a this or a that, which exhausts itself.

So, I could illustrate this with any patient I see. Yes, there is always a richly joined system, as proven in Theorem Seventeen, using every situation to find a positive feedback loop to hold the patient in place. For example, proving that the patient is deserving of nothing. Yes, there is always an inner light, which misses the darkness it is embedded in, as proven in Theorem Eighteen. For example, seeing a beauty show up for him. But, knowing these two forces are relentless, I can sharply outline the richly joined system, and the inner light that hides darkness, so the patient is ready for the next version. But this will not be sufficient.

Because the center is continuously being thrown off. I need to show the patient the natural sentence which catches it in every breath. Not only seeing the big lines of force, but being in rhythm with them, when they are fruitful, and being out of rhythm with them, when they are ruinous.
Q.E.D.
Twentieth Theorem. Seduced by a Scale beyond You – and Moliere

*And as the other spheres, by being grown*

*Subject to foreign motions, lose their own,*

*And being hurried by others every day,*

*Scarce in a year their natural form obey.*

—John Donne, *Good Friday, 1613. Riding Westward*

Again, says Doctor Bahis in *L’Amour médecin:*

“It is better to die through following the rules than to recover through violating them.” –

Henri Bergson, *Rire (Laughter)*, 1900, p. 95, quoting Moliere.

The key sentences in my Nineteenth Theorem are on pp. 12-13:

Is it possible to move like this all the time? As one might move in a

Chinese or English line of verse, one might move everywhere? It seems

highly desirable to me, because of its potential for continuous variation,

or continuous responsiveness to the lines of force.

By the last page, p. 31, of the Theorem, I have concluded:

If the classifying sentence is the end of luminous beauty, then the natural

sentence redistributes its force with an endless play of the unknown. It
varies the responsiveness in every stroke. In other words, it yields a beautiful exchange, and it eludes (elude, to play out of) being made into a this or a that, which exhausts itself.

Well. Forewarned of all the forces of capture in my dream series told in the Nineteenth Theorem, I began three weeks ago my personal experiment to see how much I could move freely in the natural sentence? My dream series in this Twentieth Theorem will track what became of me in my project.

A glance through the 5 diagrams of 5 remarkable dream topologies and at the 6th diagram of the summarizing 6th dream will hint to you how different the world has become for me. The outer, vulnerable, downstream compartment, to the right, takes up an entire vertical page for each one. What this turns out to mean is that I will be disturbed, off-center, like a spinning top, when it is loaded with a weight on one-side. It will emit disturbing waves, which will throw off other tops. I believe I will prove that it is possible to stay centered in my own natural, continuously varying and responsive sentences, only in my own breath, in my own vertical axis, at my own hearth, on the court, in my office, in my little theater of the clinic. Beyond that scale, more outwardly, larger scales are inherently disturbing to my individual rhythm. Indeed, when my dream places me in a larger scale, like October 31, My Renaissance Hall, I am in trouble at once.
Indeed, this is the **burden** of this proof, which can be stated in a single, natural sentence of a single pulse:

> Larger scales will throw you off center.

That becomes my diagnosis. The treatment is the opposite, namely, to step back **into smaller compartments**. Essentially, that is the strategy of every animal in **the Lotka scenario** of predator and prey (pp. 82-95, *The Great Instrument of Orientation*, Gustafson, 2008). Often, we do not know that a larger scale has gotten a **hold** of us. The larger scale always **triggers a discord** in the animal. For example, rattle the piece of paper a fly has landed on. The fly will **dive** out of that scale. But we humans, by and large, have **lost** this **capacity** to **attend** to **perturbations** from **larger scales**. Indeed, we are **seduced** by them, to our own **demise**. Well, so much for looking ahead to my three weeks of losing my bearings. **Recurrent seduction** is the diagnosis.

**Henri Bergson’s Laughter (Rire), 1900.**

It is not accidental that my wife and I began reading Moliere’s plays out loud to each other three weeks ago. By the conclusion of *Tartuffe* (1954, original work published 1662), I remembered that Henri Bergson had argued in *Laughter (Rire)* (1900) principally from Moliere. Last night, I **dove** back into Bergson, and there was everything I needed to map my recurrent folly of the last three weeks!
I will save you the trouble of mastering that work by giving you its logic, which is entirely fractal, that is, self-similar on every scale.

The result of the combination will evidently be a human regulation of affairs **usurping the place of the laws of nature**. We may call to mind the answer Sganarelle gave Géronte when the latter remarked that the heart was on the left side and liver on the right: *Yes, it was so formerly, but we have altered all that; now we practice medicine in quite a new way.* (p. 91).

Now, Bergson develops Molière’s picture further:

For instance, consider this comic note: appearance seeking to **triumph over reality**. … In other words, he will duplicate what is ridiculous **professionally** with something that is ridiculous **physically**. When Brid’oison the judge comes stammering to the stage, is he not actually **preparing us**, by this very stammering, to understand the phenomenon of **intellectual ossification** we are about to **witness**? (p. 96).

And it comes out quite unconsciously, which is **quite mechanically** in spite of himself as in Molière’s *Amour médecin*:
The sham doctor, Clitandre, who has been summoned to attend
Sganarelle’s daughter, contents himself with feeling Sganarelle’s own
pulse, whereupon, relying on the sympathy there must be between father
and daughter, he unhesitatingly concludes: *Your daughter is very ill.* (p. 131).

As Bergson notes a little farther along, but entirely apropos of Clitandre,

… **gesture** slips out unawares, it is **automatic**. In action, the entire person
is engaged; in gesture, an isolated part of the person is expressed,
unknown to, or at least apart from, the whole of the personality. (p. 153).

Almost all of it in Moliere comes from the professions:

In the **forefront** we find **professional vanity**. … Useful professions are
clearly meant for the public, but those whose utility is more dubious can
only justify their existence by assuming the **public is meant for them**:
now, this is just the illusion that lies at the root of solemnity. Almost
everything comic in Moliere’s doctors comes from this source. They treat
the patient as though **he had been made for the doctors**, and **nature**
**itself** as an appendage to medicine. (p. 175).

Finally, coming up to his summation in a theorem himself:
At the root of the comic there is a sort of **rigidity** which compels its victims to **keep strictly** to one path, to follow it straight along, to shut their ears and refuse to listen. In Molière’s plays how many comic scenes can be reduced to this simple type: a character following up his one idea, and continuously recurring to it in spite of **incessant interruption.** …

Now, there is a sane state of the mind which resembles madness in every respect, in which we find the same associations of ideas as we do in **lunacy**, the same peculiar logic as in a **fixed idea**. This state is that of dreams. So either our analysis is incorrect, or it must be capable of being stated in the following **theorem**: Comic absurdity is of the same nature as that of dreams.

Bergson goes on to illustrate the similar structure, of what is well-known about dreams, of the reduction to absurdity:

Not infrequently do we notice in dreams a particular **crescendo**, a weird effect that grows **more pronounced** as we **proceed**. The first concession **extorted** from reason introduces a second; and this one, another of a more serious nature, and so on till **the crowning absurdity** is reached. (pp. 182-183).
The Author’s Dream Series, From October 13 to November 1, 2009.

The reader may or may not trust my assurance that the 20 dreams in this sequence are represented by the 6 I have selected for their vividness. All of them prove my capture on larger scales, whereupon I undergo this crescendo described by Bergson: I repeat a gesture, or step, mechanically, which gets more deeply, and absurdly, out of touch with physical reality. In other words, I became a constant operator, O(c), as I am seduced by a scale beyond me. I lose the transitional operator, O(t), which can vary its sentence-pulse to every nuance of the field I am moving in.

October 18, 2009. A Terrible Block.

Athena, Apollo, Artemis, so far. They are pulsing natural forces. They can help you. They can possess and destroy you. For example, Athena is the presence at your side, an intelligence for the moment at hand. Indispensable for Odysseus, her favorite, in endless exploits. But this becomes a life-lie (Ibsen, 1961), when you imagine you can get yourself out of anything.
So it was in this dream, Sunday into Monday. I am pretending to be mad on a terrible block run by drug overlords. My ruse is running thin, and they are about to snap. I try to run away but this block is surrounded by a rubber fence, which snaps me back. This refers to a concept of Theodore Lidz (Lidz et al, 1965) in the 60’s about terrible families. You can’t get out of them.

So I am at a conference table in the center of our department. My idiosyncrasy saves me from these drug overlords. I am reminded not to tempt them, by any challenges whatsoever. I need to play along as just another psychopharmacologist, like Odysseus in the cave of the Cyclops, riding the underside of a sheep.

Sunday night into Monday once again, a week later. (See Gustafson, *The Practical Use of Dreams and the Human Comedy*, 2000, Chapter 26, *Warning: Sunday Night Into Monday Morning Dreams.*) On the tennis court, I am **wrong again**. What I call one-shot tennis. **As if** I can overpower my opponent in a single shot. He always gets it back, and I am **not ready** for a second shot. Maybe, I am caught up with Apollo? His unerring bow-
shot speeding to its target in the distance, even musically when it is shot from his lyre. Is this not what I do in the clinic? There I am ready for the reply, and to shoot a second pulse. Why not on the court?

In the dream. I am in a series of visits to tennis clubs, only I am like Winnicott, discovering how the child is defaulted upon, and becomes anti-social to force what has been taken from him. Now, I am on the Metro in Washington, D.C., and, instead of stepping backward to go up out of the stairs of the next Metro Station to locate where I am, I press forward. I end up at the Washington Tennis Club (I know of no such place), which is monumental, like a French chateau, but has no courts! There is only a grey guy at the desk, and some roads that lead into woods, which, in Washington, can be very deadly. Dusk is coming on. I have to wake up.

I have gotten up into my head, and away from my feet. This dream was enormously helpful to my tennis. Yes, I need a center halfway between my head and my feet. From there, I can look upward to strike the ball cleanly, but, also, look downward to step off my opponent’s shot, from my arched left foot.

The next day I think of Jefferson. He never left for long to Washington. He kept his feet at Monticello, most of the year.

My friend, Michael Moran, sent me *Reading Rilke, Reflections on the Problems of Translation* (Gass, 1999). I read the first chapter on this night leading into my 68th birthday. Gass is scathing about Rilke’s leading on women and dropping them after an initial enthusiasm. His translations of the poems, however, seem the best I have seen.
I am having a great time in the Brief Psychotherapy Clinic. I cannot believe how the patient emerges, as if in her own dream, as everyone in the discussion resonates differently with her. With this full context, her being shines.

As for the dream. Rilke, or is it I?, is climbing up a steep cliff over the Adriatic, near Duino Castle. The trail is so steep that it leans way out over the sea. I/he lean out over the precipice to drop a rose, but, leaning too far, I am about to fall to my death, when a friend grabs me by the shoulders from behind, and pulls me back.

Scene Two. I land at Detroit, or is it Boston?, and get on my bicycle out of the airport (looks more like the exit from Logan Airport in Boston), and come to where it enters Chelsea. I look to the left, and see tall tenement houses as in East Boston, but more like scary people in Detroit’s inner city. Surely, the heart of darkness. I take the turn to the right.

I am driving a huge truck, but I can barely see over the steering wheel. Reminds me of being 5 years old, out in front of our house, in the family car, pushing the starter button, so it would jump forward a foot. I slowly maneuver it up past the West High tennis courts by our house here, and cross a toll bridge into Canada. The customs guys are generous to me. They only charge me 50¢ for the toll, and 1$ to the Department of Natural Resources. One looks in my empty cargo hold and brings out a strange rear view mirror, shaped like the blade of the oar of Odysseus, but split in two. He tapes it, and hands it to me, and says I will need it.
I seem to be **way out of my scale**, and **my feet off of the ground**. Luckily, I am getting help from behind. I think this is what Jung meant by his shadow. **Without it, one goes too far.**

My rhythm on the tennis court was **totally disrupted**. I suspect it was an afternoon in clinic, of very jarring patients. One back from the hospital, wide eyed, legs jumping up and down, **pouring** out all the good opinions she had taken in from the hospital staff. A second, **pouring** out all her qualifications from the counter-culture. A third in a monolog about his originality. A fourth staring suspiciously at me, telling me how he is always on the margins of society.
I wrote my friend, Steve Olson, about this, that I am just beginning to catch on to the rhythm of what is said to me, as more disturbing than the content. I absolutely do not want to be in any of these rhythms, yet I was captured by all four of them. I wrote to Steve that I might have been alerted just by the look of these people, before they began with the first sentence.

I dreamt I was on the Main Street of a very small town, like Winesburg, Ohio (Sherwood Anderson, 1960, original work published 1919). I go into a little shop, where the little old shopkeeper is hostile, until I buy two long sleeve shirts for my wife, whereupon he is nice. Down the street, a bunch of high school kids in rows in a storefront, facing their ranting coaches. Farther down, a little place I have with a wood stove. The stove pipe is cramped by some kind of tight wire around it. When I open the damper to let the fire blaze up, the firey heat crumples the stove pipe where it was cramped. I quickly put the damper back on.

All 3 of these situations are about a firing up that cannot be contained.

An excellent morning in clinic. I clarify a series of cases (to be presented later in this theorem). All of them are attempting to alter a larger scale, and being disrupted by its rhythm. All lose their center, until I locate a smaller scale for them.

Dream: I am in a Renaissance hall in England with French doors all around up in its open second story. We are having lunch, and I am about to speak to this large audience.
It is not a nightmare. But I wake up and think that I did things like that in the 1980’s. Now I have very small audiences, like the residents in two weeks to have a read-in of paragraphs from their favorite books for an hour. Our Bird Room with its big maple table will be the site, a fraction the size of the Renaissance Hall.

I also recall having Robert Lifton and Les Havens at this very table in the 1980’s, talking about very big things, like Nazi Doctors, and a field theory for different kinds of interviews. How grand I had thought at the time. I doubt if it made much difference to anyone but me.

Somehow, it is all better now. I can help the residents on very small scales. I can help them find their own inclination or instinct, in dangerous situations. I can help them define richly joined systems, and get outside of them. As I free my own body from the de-centering rhythms of larger stages, I am helping them similarly.

Renaissance Halls are very dangerous, as Shakespeare demonstrated over and over again. The very sites, as Jan Kott wrote (Shakespeare Our Contemporary, 1964), of the staircase of history, on which no one take a deep breath.

I am finding my feet on the doubles court. I read Bergson to my wife, about Moliere, how nature is perverted into a mechanism, by the likes of Orgon, who will not suffer interruption.
I dream of something, **not grand** like the Renaissance Hall, but quite the opposite, which makes it very difficult to be in my pulses of sentences.

First, *Abercherche* in Russian, very telegraphic. *Aber* means but in German, *Cherche* means to search in French, and it is going on in Russia. Thus, something trivial all over Europe, like Gogol’s (1991, original work published 1855) squadrons of **flies** coming to dinner parties.

Second, a certain person who never stops talking like a **fly** in a box, bouncing off one wall or another of his little box. Same tendency.

Third, I am running naked, my clothes in hand – my turn to **enact grandiose triviality** – right into Edgewood (Catholic) College near us, into a gang of girls, whereupon I turn on my heel, and run right back to Saginaw. A paraphrase of Vonnegut in *God Bless You Mr. Rosewater*. Of the coach in this little town in Indiana, who goes to a department store in Indianapolis stark naked in a raincoat to take it off and display himself, and then run back to his little town.

Fourth, a **swamp oak** with **no swamp**. On the property of a typical neighbor. Builds up more and more materials, to **no purpose**.
Fifth, my mother *babbling* to her mother about the price of bananas. Like my father
*babbling* about his Thunderbirds in his Ford dealership. I come from two lines of this
sort of thing. In my paternal grandfather’s journal of being a minister:

For the Weirton (West Virginia) Memorial Baptist Church, there were 158
baptisms, receptions of 120 new members, 41 funerals and 76 weddings.

This sort of *grandiose, trivial classification* is our *so called country*. How did I ever
*break free* of it? By being a child who went *out* the back door. By being 16, and
making an *absurdity* of it at the dinner table, until my father left. *Terrible business*, to
be *eaten up like this*.

*November 2, 2009. Harvard Medical School, Summer/Fall of 1965*
Another Sunday to Monday dream, always brutal, it seems, in these three weeks. If November 1 was about grandiose, trivial classification, November 2 shows its expansion which is murderous.
Probably, it came up, in part, because of an article in the 2009 November-December *Harvard Magazine* by Louis Menand called *The Ph.D. Problem*, summarized by this sentence:

> If doctoral education in English were a cartoon character, then about 30 years ago, it *zoomed straight off a cliff*, went into *a terrifying fall*, grabbed a branch on the way down, and has been *clinging* to that branch ever since (p. 29).

From only having to write a term paper as one’s thesis 30 years ago -- to researching an arcane topic like one of the faculty, and taking a median 10 years to do it, and becoming sycophantic, half not making tenure, and being poor at engaging literature or composition for the average course in English.

Ah, *research*, a murderous and false validity for the humanities. I could not help thinking much the same for psychiatry. Of course, outcomes with one drug compared to another *matter*, but what if that becomes *all that matters*?

My dream: I am back at Harvard Medical School in the summer to fall of 1965, at the half way point: two years of pre-clinical studies in the medical sciences, about to begin two years of clinical practice on the hospital wards. *Watch* the *weird progression* of *absurdity* which Bergson pointed out in Moliere:
First, the dorm is **strange**: the chef (there was none I ever saw) is serving tiny portions in **his bedroom**. Second, I am going to sleep in a row of beds packed side to side, when a hot young woman in barely a nightgown half open **dives on top of me**. There seem to be **no boundaries** in this dorm, about eating or sleeping, between public and private. **Public usurps** thee **private**.

Third, the **bigwigs** are in a little room with exams for us, which we have to walk into to get, and take to an exam table. When I take mine to a table, I see at once it is some kind of mathematical analysis of something biological. I have not the faintest clue of where to begin. I am being **weeded out** by **research**, and my medical **career is over**.

Fourth, day two of the exam to be gotten in the little room. **Same result**, and **terror**. Fifth, day three, **same result** and **terror**, and I begun to **run** for it, but I cannot get out of the neighborhood, because it has a **rubber fence** that **snaps** me back in.

Sixth, now the Deans Office pursues me to **help** me. Again, the **same invasion** of the public into the private.

Seventh, I wake up and ask myself, **how** is 1965 **true** in 2009?

When I get terrorized like this, with a huge and brutal **resonance** from the past, it always means I am **underestimating** a huge and brutal force in the present, **of similar import**. I am needing to be more **alert** (crucial word, OF, **alla erta, to the heights**)! At that
moment in 1965, I was about to go on a series of wards in the famous Harvard hospitals, where mad hierarchies based on research (the sacred word at Harvard Medical School) would try to humiliate us, with the threat of weeding us out, in public settings where there was no private place to hide. So this is what makes our residents quake?

My instrument is about to equilibrate, having subjected me in three weeks to a series of proofs about what will throw off my endless play of natural sentences. Recall the series. Look at the diagrams, all vertical, exterior, public panels or compartments:

1. A Terrible Block: Ruled by the drug lords, surrounded by a rubber fence.
2. Washington Tennis Club: The end of the Metro line, at a kind of deadly French chateau, a grey guy at the desk, and no courts. All head, and no feet.
3. Extravagance: Youthful daring almost goes too far – off a cliff into the Adriatic, into the heart of darkness in Detroit/Boston, driving a huge, empty truck without a rear view mirror.
4. Winesburg, Ohio: Main Street, of fiery rhythms about to explode.
7. Harvard Medical School, Summer/Fall of 1965: Weeding us out, by research, to humiliate us. No private place to hide, from public invasion, and the expansion of mechanical evil.

If you glance over the series, you will see the terror is compounded of creeps holding territory, and youth seduced into underestimating the force.
The morning in clinic before my final dream in the series was very sweet: I was alert to where I would find the patients: at the mercy of public rhythms, without a private hole to dive into. I will describe how I alerted them in the final section of this theorem.

My dream: I am in a block like our street where the kids play touch football, only it has hockey goals like the rink we built in my backyard as a child, and it is also in Yugoslavia. I am skating in continuous pulsation, more freely than anyone, and never cornered or pinned.

It is the right scale. It alludes to the private scale of our childhood hockey rink. It alludes to the terrors of Yugoslavia. In other words, it attends to terrifying pulsations from world historical scales, but it is also sensitive to nuance from the body like that of a child. In between. Like the Lotka scenario, the right scale. Big enough to forage. Small enough to get to one’s hole. Like the children do, when a car comes onto the block.

Three Cases From The Morning Clinic Before I Dream The Right Scale.

We get now to see the alertness that follows from this dream series.

A Case of Saving Children From Being Belittled.
I come into the room of a resident who is seeing a woman I have seen many times over the years. She is feeling quite discombobulated, which is evident in her movements left and right, up and down, and her tense voice, and in report of a considerable increase in anxiety and insomnia.

I ask her for a single example of what is upsetting her, even now as we sit (she is more out of her chair than in it)? She says she is trying to save her autistic daughter from being mocked in the classroom. The girl moves all over, to her own rhythm, which singles her out as a target for being the object of bullying by all the class.

As a classroom aide, she also is trying to save other children from the same thing. Not only from the remainder of the class, but also from the teacher, trying to keep these children in their seat. She will go sit beside the child after it has been targeted for criticism, and say something like, It’s alright, I will sit with you.

I say to her, I can see how you are getting disturbed. Oh, really?, she replies, Please tell me. I say that children who move in different rhythms are going to get picked on, by the class, by the teacher. It cannot be stopped. I tell her about my wife’s research on this for 12 years (Ruth Gustafson, Race and Curriculum, 2009). The Afro-American children get told they are not moving or clapping or singing in the right way. The good ear is the one that follows instructions, and hardly moves the body at all!
The Afro-American children drop out of the music programs, naturally. Unless. Unless they have backing like my wife gave them for 12 years, and someone at home to do the same. Otherwise, they go into rebellion and drugs and crime by junior high. Oh, that’s me, she said. That’s what I did!

Yes, and now you are giving your daughter and other kids who stand out badly the same kind of backing. That makes a difference. Whereas trying to make the classroom not be that way is an impossible scale to alter! Ah, now she got the difference, and settled into her seat, and thanked me so much.

A Case of a Similar Grandma.

Same thing, at another medication check, but this time a grandma. While the resident checked the computer for some information on side effects, I had time to ask one question about the patient’s disturbance. What are you most concerned about right now? Oh, my granddaughter looks funny, and acts odd, and, whenever the teacher isn’t looking, the kids beat on her. I have got to make the school district make the teachers keep an eye out for her which will make the class not beat on her!

You can imagine from the previous case what we discussed: the larger scale of impossible dynamics, and the smaller scale of giving what comfort she can. Again, a lovely quieting.
Finally, a shaky man, laying off alcohol for a while. I said to him that anxiety meant threat. What was his? Oh, the other salesmen are doing better. He is getting pressure. But it doesn’t help. He gets frantic, and buzzes around, jumping from one tangent to another.

I say, oh yes, you are on the lowest rank of the pyramid. Your supervisor is threatened by his, and he passes it on you. How do you settle yourself, so you can save yourself?

Interestingly, he collected himself, and put his two hands straight in front of him, facing each other in parallel. He said that he had thought about it. He would ask some of the other salesmen what lines of the company are moving for them?

Yes, I said, your hands know what to do. I showed him what they did. You settle yourself on a smaller scale, one to one with a peer. The larger scale will just transmit its pressures down on you, and make you frantic.

Summary of the Three Cases.

You could say it was the ally effect (Asch, 1955; Gustafson, 2008, pp. 181-188, 391-394). Yes, but I hope to my reader it is evident what more it is. It is also about the scale that is defensible. It is also about the temptations to alter the larger scale which is
relentless. It is also about watching the body signal it is caught up in forces too dangerous for it, when it needs to locate its hole. Feet can find the right scale.

Q.E.D.
Twenty-First Theorem.  Centered and De-centered.

...to impose is not

To discover, To discover an order as of

A season, to discover summer and know it,

To discover winter and know it well, to find,

Not to impose, not to have reasoned at all,

Out of nothing to have come on major weather,

It is possible, possible, possible. It must

Be possible.

--Wallace Stevens

Notes Toward A Supreme Fiction (1942).

I got as far, in my Twentieth Theorem, Seduced by a Scale beyond You – from Moliere,, as follows:

I believe I will prove that it is possible to stay centered in my natural, continuously varying and responsive sentences, only in my own breath, in my own vertical axis, at my own hearth, on the court, in my office, in my little theatre of the clinic. Beyond that scale, more outwardly, larger scales are
**inherently disturbing** to my **individual rhythm**. Indeed, when my dream places me in a larger scale like October 31, *My Renaissance Hall*, I am in **trouble at once** (p. 2).

The same I found was true with our patients, as follows:

You could say it was the ally effect. Yes, but I hope to my reader it is evident what more it is. It is also about the scale that is **defensible**. It is also about the **temptation** to **alter** the larger scale which is **relentless**. It is also about **watching** the **body** signal it is **caught up** in forces too dangerous for it, when it needs to **locate its hole** (pp. 30-31).

Sixteen days later, and five major nightmares later, I **redistribute** the force. Not only is **temptation** to alter larger scales to blame for our suffering, but **opening** one’s door **at all** to them will **suffice**.

My instrument has been re-calibrating itself once again. I have made a series of night tours **on the western circuit**, like Odysseus, to **make clear** to me **all** the exterior surfaces on which I am **sure** to be **captured** and **suffer considerable pain**. I had underestimated how much the exterior world makes me **suffer**, no matter how **wily** I am (Andy Moore, personal communication).

My trouble is that I have considerable **exuberance**. This beautiful word means:

Thus, I have some of that **doubling** and **tripling** of **energy** that the ancient Greeks attributed to gods (Walter Otto, *The Homeric Gods*, 1979). But I am also mortal, and find myself, in an hour, or four hours, **suffering again**. This **cycle** of exuberance, and of captivity, has **driven** me to **further thought**.

Anticipating where this proof is moving, I would say that everything **depends** upon the **porter**, who **opens** the **little door between** my beautiful interior compartment of **drawing up** my own breath from below, and breathing it into the world – the very **center** of all yoga – and the exterior compartments of the world which are **set up for suffering**. If this porter is **astute**, he will **open only one door** at a time, and step back to contemplate the field before him. This is essentially what **every animal** has to do **continually** (see the 20th **Theorem**, p. 3, on the Lotka scenario).

Yet it is **absurd** that we have **forgotten** how to do it. **How** and **why** is now the subject of this proof. Its aim is to **regain exuberance**, and its **fertility**, while being **fully prepared** to **stay out of harm’s way**.

**Centered Versus De-centered: Theory.**
Exuberance (of fertility, which is fully alert to danger) depends, I propose, upon staying centered between all of the forces that are relevant to one’s own movement. I could cite endless convergence of references upon this single point – every reference in the 21 theorems so far, if you take the time to look at each one of them – but I will content myself with 4, for now. Then, my 21st Theorem will move on to my dream series, which converges upon being centered, and de-centered again. Then, I will move on to a series of patients, of whom the same can be said.

Tennis.

Only to stay in the center between all of the relevant forces, and I move well. There is a single, fundamental positioning for this royal game, which my teacher, Jim Shirley, pointed out to me in my last lesson. Jim had me assume a fully extended and high backswing on my forehand, and tossed me a ball a little short in front of me, and told me at the last second, Left, or Right. Being fully receptive, and fully lined up to strike, I was in the fundamental positioning of tennis. Maximum receptivity. Maximum potential force.

The same is true of the fundamental positioning for the serve. The toss has to be forward into the court, backswing fully back and high. The feet have to be ready to be step off the serve into receiving, so the left ankle and knee are arched, while the ball is struck at the top of its arc – the range is between the longest distance in the body, from left toes, to right fingertips. The only place to watch all of this is midway between all of these
points of force. And yet further: there has to be a pause when the ball goes up in the toss, and everything reverses direction from being coiled, to uncoiling upward and forward, and snapping the wrist, finally.

Yoga.

One page of Eliade (Mircea Eliade, *Yoga*, 1958) will suffice to show the same centering between all of the forces:

The point of departure for all these formulas was of course the transformation of the human body into a microcosm, an archaic theory and practice, examples of which have been found all over the world and which, in Aryan India, had already found expression from Vedic times. The breaths, as we have seen, were identified with the cosmic winds and with the cardinal points. Air weaves the universe, and breath weaves man. …The spinal column is identified with Mount Meru, that is, with the cosmic axis. …The aspirant realizes the anthropocosmos through a yogic meditation: Imagine the central part (or spinal column) of thy body to be Mount Meru, the four chief limbs to be the four continents, the minor limbs to be the Sub-Continents, the head to be the world of the Devas, the two eyes to be the Sun and Moon (pp. 235-236).

This is extraordinarily beautiful and centering, quite as in tennis, but it lacks a mapping of the de-centering, which will continue to beset us, with suffering. We can borrow
from the gods, but we continue to suffer as mortals. Walter Otto makes this abundantly clear.


First, we will take the godlike centering, and then its darkening loss.

Here, by Athena’s plan, the stranger whose beauty, wit and presence had won all hearts would impress all present by his peerless strength. …The whistle of the mighty heave produced a general stir, but when the stone came to earth there was a man there who set a mark and shouted out: *Stranger, even a blind man’s groping hand would pick out the dint of your stone; it does not lie confused among the crowd of marks, but is alone, far in front of all. Be confident, for this event at least. No Phaeacian will reach your throw, much less exceed it.* Odysseus rejoices at having found a friend in the meet: he had reason to be grateful to him, for it was through him that his achievement received proper notice. But this man in reality was Athena (p. 206).

And furthermore,

She was also the herald who summoned the elders to the assembly and advertised Odysseus’s merits. Here too, then, the divine miracles of the
background consist of quite unremarkable but decisive incidents. It remains for the poet, who is enlightened by the deity, to recognize this background while the participants can notice only a natural flow (p. 206).

This is what a centering between all of the forces can bring forth: a surge of one’s nature, beyond its usual powers. Briefly, and then it passes. No one else but you saw the god, and felt what she brought forth in you.

Now for the opposite.

It was this knowledge which was darkened or altogether absent when a man let himself be carried away into an improper or fateful course (p. 180). …No external will or desire took possession of him when he chose the worse course, nor was it that his nobler feeling proved powerless in the face of his cruder inclinations. It is only that his clear perception of the beautiful, the just and the reasonable – three great realities – was confounded. …On this passage the scholia cite the proverb, For whom the god wishes to bring mischief he first confounds the mind. (p. 185).

For example,
So a noble woman like Helen could fall; Aphrodite’s girdle has a magic power that robs even the prudent of their sense (p. 185).

**The Courter, by Salman Rushdie (1994).**

How now? Rushdie has proven to me in his story how now we are robbed of our sense.

The porter of an apartment building in London of Pakistani and Indian immigrants is named Mecir. The story of him is told by a 14 year old boy, concerning Mecir’s courtship of the boy’s ayah or aunt named Certainly-Mary:

English was hard for Certainly-Mary, and this was a part of what drew damaged old Mixed-Up towards her. The letter p was a particular problem, often turning into an f or a c; when she proceeded through the lobby with a wheeled wicker shopping basket, she would say, *Going shocking*, and when, on her return, he offered to help lift the basket up the front ghats, she would answer, *Yes, fleas*. As the elevator lifted her away, she called through the grille: *Oé, courter. Thank you, courter, O, yes, certainly.* (In Hindi and Konkani, however, her p’s knew their place) (p. 176).

And so, amidst a mostly degraded, downstream flow of hubbub in an apartment building, these two create a **new beginning** upstream, even with a **fresh language**. This
language plays with possibilities, as Mecir teaches Mary chess, and it turns out that his old world of being an Indian grand master comes back to him in love teaching her.

When the 14 year old narrator got beat senseless by each of them in turn at chess, he looks up Mecir from *100 Most Instructive Chess Games*, by Robert Reshevsky, 1961:

M. Mecir – M. Najdorf

Dallas 1950, Nimzo-Indian Defense

The attack of a tactician can be troublesome to meet – that of a strategist even more so. Whereas the tactician’s threats may be unmistakeable, the strategist confuses the issue by keeping things in obeyance. He threatens to threaten.

Take this game for instance: Mecir posts a Knight at Q6 to get a grip on the center. Then he establishes a passed Pawn on one wing to occupy his opponent on the Queen side. Finally he stirs up the position on the Kingside. What does the poor bewildered opponent do? How can he defend everything at once? Where will the blow fall?

Watch Mecir keep Najdorf on the run, as he shifts the attack from side to side (p. 104).

Certainly-Mary explains this beautiful field to the boy:
Such was their courtship. *It is like an adventure, baba,* Mary once tried to explain to me. *It is like going with him to his country.* **What place, baap-ré: Beautiful and dangerous and funny and full of fuzzles.** For me it is a big-big discovery. **What to tell you? I go for the game. It is a wonder** (p. 195).

In other words, the transitional field upstream, conducted by the transitional operator, $O(t)$, so beautifully described in the play of Mecir, is full of fertility, and great vital force, the **very definition of exuberance.** But it is **not a complete** definition, as Rushdie will now prove for us.

One paragraph again will suffice, which describes the assault upon Certainly-Mary and the boy’s mother coming back to Waverly House, where they are accosted by two gangsters who style themselves the Beatles and who are looking for the Maharaja of B., who despoiled a female relative of theirs and *damaged the fucking goods* (p. 204). They are certain the two ladies are Maharani B. and friend, and will not let go of this conviction, until Mecir comes running out the door, arms flapping, and tells the gangsters where to find the actual Maharaja B. on the third floor.

And what with his torrent and Scheherazade’s squalls there were suddenly heads poking out from doorways, attention was being paid, and two Beatles nodded gravely, *Honest mistake,* the first of them said
apologetically to my mother, and **actually bowed** from the waist. *Could happen to anyone*, the knife-man added, **ruefully**. They turned and began to walk quickly away. As they passed Mecir, however, they paused, *I know you, though*, said the knife-man. *Jet plane. Gone.* He made a short movement of the arm, and then Mixed-Up the courter was lying on the pavement with blood leaking from a wound in his stomach. *All okay now,* he gasped, and passed out (pp. 205-206).

Thus, they are paying back Mecir, the Porter, for lying to them previously about the whereabouts of the Maharaja of B., *Jet plane. Gone.*

All along, the fourteen year old narrator has been **singing** this downstream world of **fictions**, where **anybody** could **sing a line** and **pretend** to be **quite other** than **he was**, such as a **gangster pretending** to be a **Beatle**. This is the world, where a courtier-porter, to wit, a courter, who is totally at home upstream courting his beloved, and who is totally disoriented downstream, where he was posted at the front door of the apartment house.

Which explains how exuberance in the transitional world is **incomplete**, and **tragically so**. **Centered** there in nobility, it is **too far** from the **ignoble**, which **lurks** behind every **charming line** of a **song** it **pretends to be so**. **Exuberance completes** itself, **fundamentally**, in the fundamental operator, **O(f)**, **positioned** in the **very center** **between** the transitional world of the transitional operator, **O(t)**, and the world of the
constant operator, $O(c)$, where it can see all of the forces in the complete phase-space. Only there is it not confounded by fictions, or shams. Jules Henry summarizes the fateful darkness hidden by them as follows:

Since sham consists in one person’s withholding information, while implying that the other person should act as if he had it all; since sham consists in deriving advantage from withholding or giving false information … it might seem that the main problem for the mental health of children is to familiarize them with the edge of sham (pp. 123-124). … it is not sexuality that is the major repression at six but awareness of the difference between truth and lies (p. 125). … that in the classroom reality is what the teacher wants. … In the light of these considerations sanity is nothing more than the capacity to deal with falseness (p. 126) … (quoted also in Gustafson, 2008, The Great Instrument of Orientation, pp. 162-163).

It is not only sanity. It is exuberance completing itself, as $O(f)$, in a world of fictions. It is the complex secret of exuberance.

Dream Series, Centered and De-centered.

It is not so easy as you might think, to admit you are decentered. That is, confounded by darkness. On the western circuit, there are endless surfaces where it will happen to
you. Only by admitting it, did Odysseus find his way out of capture. That is why he was the favorite of Athena -- because she was just like him.

*One Ideogram, a Chinese Character. November 9, 2009.*

Sunday to Monday, always the **most treacherous turn** for me. I dream I am filling out an expense report punctiliously. I **bang my rear end** on the bathroom door, and set off a
violent shock wave of electrical punishment. Ah yes, there you are, I thought so. An antisocial boy is roughhousing the governor under a table. I grab him by the shoulders, but it only arouses his scorn.

So much for conforming punctiliously. It sets off a certain boy in me I can barely contain.

60 Years of Eluding the Italian Death Camp. November 16, 2009.
Nausea at bedtime on Sunday into Monday. I am sickened by endless examples of compliance, as a week previously. A medical student who is candidate to be a resident asks me the most pertinent question: Why are you picturing youself in a cemetry, with a smile on your face? This occurs at the Sunday night reception for the candidates prior to their official interviews on Monday. My dream is answering.

I have hired the most officious of our residents to be a guard in an Italian prison camp, in my father’s basement (a catacomb as in the Roman empire, which means a place to sleep) (cemetery). There they are fed gnocci of pure sugar which will slowly kill them. They sling them in shrouds hanging from the ceiling. I think: he can have my bedroom, too, in this death camp of psychiatry.

I am running barefoot from our house where I was age five to ten, an industrial neighborhood between a pickle factory and a shade cloth factory, downwind from a foundry. I have to slip by a Mexican house, spilling and boiling a party in yellow and black jackets into the street in accompaniment of extremely loud music. Tolstoy’s group dynamics of the hive. Violent. The shadow side of our dead patients, which we put to sleep. I have to get by them, to reach the house I lived in from ten to seventeen. Creepy, too, near the rich people.

I have about had it with my colleagues and their classification sentences, by which they group the different pathologies. All they know about is death/stasis.

I dream I am back at Harvard Medical School, trying to clear out with my fellow graduates from a stage of concrete (I hired on then as an extra in Aida, by Verdi, which was certainly about the Empire, in Egypt).
I have a remarkable suitcase of many layers, like Joseph’s coat of many colors. I am almost packed to leave, when I notice one layer, say of 12, is full of water, and I have to squeeze out all the clothes in it. Oddly, all the 11 other layers are dry. My father is reading stories to my children (he never did; I did). I go into the shower of the Vanderbilt Hall dormitory, but am soon beset by the young fellows coming from the gymnasium who want their turn. I feel young and vital like them. One guy stays on this concrete stage in a huge 4-poster bed, oblivious to all of us leaving. Yes, he is exactly like the colleagues I have now. Almost nothing has changed in 42 years.

Saturday to Sunday, before I have to make rounds on Sunday morning among the dead. So wrenching, when I have felt like a god with a surge of energy on the court and in reading Walter Otto.

I dream I am in England to to do Balint groups. Large numbers of somber, male doctors in Renaissance or Elizabethan Halls, or setting up tents out on the moors near Ted Hughes’s house. They volunteer nothing, and leave the entire responsibility to me. Reminds me of all the hospitals I visited from 1973 to 1991, when I stopped going. Deathworks.

Another Sunday to Monday dream, but this time I am also on call for the two emergency rooms of our two hospitals. It is awful. One suicidal patient claiming my attention every two hours all night long. Nearly 5AM, when I am awoken for the next one, a 300 pound lady who has been gathering her suicide kit of whatever pills she could lay her hands on. As I am awoken by the doctor in the ER for her, I dream:

I am in Alaska, on the frontier. We have bought an old rambling house there right on the main road (a foot off of it). I look around the back, and find a ramshackle gate nearly falling apart. Inside, noble breeds of many beautiful dogs, in pairs, like Noah’s Ark, race up and down the halls. Packed also with guests I have not invited. Like Ithaka, for Odysseus. When I open the front door the slightest, the dogs race out into the highway of snow, and cavort up and down at tremendous speed. I am sure they will be killed by the next vehicle. Across the street, I can almost touch it, an orphanage of a small hut filled with little children in a halo of golden light. The social workers hail me from outside, and soon bring over the most delicious pastries. Before I can hardly taste them, my so called guests have snatched them all out of my hands. I notice a small stairway, and follow it up 5 or 6 stairs, where there is an open door, and many, many more uninvited guests are flooding in. I go back down to the door on the highway and look out. In an extraordinary light, I see teams of sled dogs pulling their sleds at tremendous speeds, like 60 mph. In the gulleys beside the highway, more abandoned orphans.
All the terrible things in this nightmare surprise me not. After all, what I have been answering to every two hours? It is rather the contrast to all the nobility in great light, the beautiful pairs of breeds, the orphanage in its golden halo, the teams of sled dogs at tremendous speed. Yes, the potential nobility, against the ravage of ignobility. That is what hurts me. This is what I must accept, like Hamlet, like Prospero.

Why am I seeing hopeless people all Tuesday afternoon? I dream: I am home for lunch in Saginaw, and I have to get back to conduct group therapy at 1PM. My wife is busy with our little son, up a steep stairway as in San Francisco. Our car seems to have disappeared. I take a bicycle, balloon tires like the 1950’s, and head out, feeling like they are going to burst. I am passed by a gang of those Blackwater guys in pickups in Iraq. They yell out to me, We have compounded your car, and are giving you $600 for it. I have to find a bike shop before my tires burst out of sheer pressure. I am on the east side of the Saginaw River, where I found my paradise on the tennis courts. I sight the bridge, to the old Westside, which has been twisted tremendously as by the earthquake on the San Francisco Bay Bridge. The bridge is furrowed in waves from the force of the quake. With my agility, I scale it quickly and come to the Frutchey Bean warehouse on the other side, and find a window open to enter.

Now, I am really in trouble. Everyone I meet is already dead, and everything. The old Saginaw Canoe Club is empty. I cannot find Mike’s Cyclery which is long closed. My noble dog, Thomas, long dead, accompanies me. I walk up two blocks to the old and also noble Fortney Hotel, which is also long gone. I run into Mike himself, in a captain’s yacht hat, who says he is now living in Chicago. I turn back down the street, and can bear it no more.

Like the vital light in the previous dream, this one has it in the tremendous bridge from my youth into the adult world, a life-line as Winnicott (1971b) would say of huge
vitality, despite the wrenching forces. Why am I not ready for everyone being dead when I cross it? I need to be.

I am thinking about Otto, telling of how the gods confound the mind in darkness, to bring it to a terrible decision. I am thinking about my tennis from Saturday: half right, between all the forces; half wrong, too much in my own force, and missing my opponents’. I am looking forward to reading Rushdie’s Courter in the morning.
I dream a tryptich. In the first panel, I am giving a scientific exam out loud, but the print is disappearing faster than I can read it.

In the second panel, I am giving a seminar on metaphysical poetry (principally, Donne and his wife making their bed the whole world), for Physicians for Social Responsibility at the University of Wisconsin Memorial Union. It never gets underway, because I have never prepared it.

In the third panel, I am going end to end with two pals up a rugby field, passing off to them beautifully at every turn, and moving flawlessly. Of course, I have to be ready for the reverse movement from our opponents. In my true center, I read the ebb and the flow.

When I contemplate it, I see its absolute clarity about the two fields I am not going to move in, and the third I move in all the time with my friends. I seem to be absolutely clear, after a dreadful series of nightmares on the impossible surfaces of the western circuit.

Now I see why I am prompted to call this dream The Complex Secret of Exuberance, Off, the Fundamental Operator. From 18 to 43, I was undergoing the necessary preparation to write The Complex Secret of Brief Psychotherapy (1986). From 43 to 68, I had to undergo the nausea of being confounded about where I could play it and where
I could not. Like Jung from 1912 to 1928 (see his *Memories, Dreams and Reflections*, 1989, original work published 1961). Like Mecir, who never got out of being Mixed-Up.

**Long, hard education.**

**Clinical Fertility.**

What can I/we do differently, once we have the complex secret of exuberance? I would say it has to do entirely with showing the patient her positioning of her body, in relation to the fictions of the world. This is a matter of a step or two, as described by Paul Klee in his journal (1964, thanks to Michael Moran for pointing it out to me)

Will and discipline are everything. Discipline as regards the work as a whole, will as regards its parts. If my works sometimes produce a primitive impression, this “primitiveness” is explained by my discipline, which consists in reducing everything to a few steps. It is no more than economy; that is, the ultimate professional awareness, which is to say, the opposite of real primitiveness.

**A Case of Insertion of the Body.**

Very simply carried out, in 2 steps. A patient who had a good job until a year ago when he was fired has been anxious ever since. While the resident is looking up some side
effects of his medication on the computer, I notice that his posture gives away the whole situation:

He is straining forward, even arched forward, so that his head and hands are between his knees. I ask him if I may ask him one question? He says, yes, of course. I say, What are you thinking about right now? That I may not get a job for another year! But I have to.

I point out to him how much strain there is this effort of will – no wonder he is so anxious. Would he be willing to sit back? Yes, he will try it. Now his posture looks like this:

Now I say to him, What if you accepted that you cannot will this job to come to you, but that you must wait for the market to come around? I can do that, he says. We have quite enough money! Now he smiles, and lets out a very big breath that his tight chest had not allowed!
The Case of the Chronic Failure At Holding A Job Or Going to School.

I owe the beautiful simplicity of this one to my friend, Michael Wood (personal communication). Ten years out of high school, this young woman never lasts at any school or any job. Her mother continuously criticizes her for not trying hard enough. Her father hasn’t worked for years.

For most of these years, Dr. Wood tried to get her to persist on many false starts, but, alack, to no avail. After he began to admit to her, *Maybe you cannot keep up your initial efforts*, she actually became less tense (willful). Then, he put his finger on the key move which sabotages school: She will start an assigned reading, but very soon begin to **critique the author’s grammar, punctuation, vocabulary**, etc. A perfect constant operator, O(c), for **not** getting the author’s message. Of course, it is a **parody** of what her mother subjects her to! Dr. Wood will see how willing she is step back and out of this practice (O(t)).

An Afternoon of Comic Strip Obsessionals.

I was dreading my afternoon yesterday of 3 private patients, all obsessionals well-known to me for their tedious redundancy. Always taking the form of their favorite classification. To wit, *this is this, and that is that*. The patient in his twenties was always in a rage, the patient in her forties always rushing to keep up her list of duties, and the patient in his sixties was exhausted. **3 stages on life’s way** of being obsessional.
I finally hit upon a delightful way to ease all 3 of them and myself. First of all, I positioned myself **way back** in my chair with a very deep and slow breath, and **smiled** at each one to begin his or her litany. For example, the oldest one was going to **run on** the entire 45 minutes about his ne’er-do-well siblings, who did everything **wrong**, and were in a ruinous condition, while he did everything **right**, and was **so spent** from his life of virtue he could hardly get out of bed in the morning.

I then made a very precise move, the same one essentially, about 4 or 5 times. In reply to his running criticism of his alcoholic sister, who was always getting in car crashes up north from binging and who always blamed it on **running into deer** on the road, I said, *The deer seem to like her.* He laughed and eased a bit, and then a **similar irony** would **bend** another miserable account, of another sibling.

I thought of Mara Selvini Palazolli as I did this, addressing her families in therapy in **positive connotation**, like … *Lionel had understood this situation perfectly, and had realized it was necessary to supply his grandmother with someone unloved whom she could love. The psychotic leadership of Little Lionel, she called it. (Paradox and Counter-Paradox, 1978, pp. 64-65).*

Selvini had emphasized that this positive connotation gave **access** to the players. Now I see it as the **smallest** possible **transition** (O(t)) from **dead seriousness** (O(c)).
Oscillation Between the Old, Richly Joined System Downstream and the New Beginning Upstream.

Finally, one more key technical discovery, in a move or two. Once you can point to the positioning of the body which will lock the patient into the richly joined sacrifice of him or herself. Once you notice the jump to something fresh and different. Then you have to be prepared for continuous oscillation between the two compartments. In a single sentence, the patient may begin freshly, moving differently, and end the sentence undoing it in the old classification. This is how I summarized it for the Brief Psychotherapy Clinic:

This makes it essential that the doctor have an ear for fresh cadences, as opposed to the usual deal. In _____’s patient, the usual gesture was insisting with his finger – no doubt the very gesture of what his father did to him. The fresh gestures, conversely, had quite a sweep to them, and opening up of the body. Whereas the insisting was always pressing forward.

If the patient is to get out of the static, richly joined system, he or she has to begin somewhere with something not-of-the system, which is continuously showing up – it is already in the patient – but it helps enormously for the doctor to notice it. Patients have mirror neurons (Gustafson, 2008) finely attuned to us, and pick up when we pick up on something important. It was said of Harry Stack Sullivan that he was like a fine
bird dog, sharply going to point at the crucial moments. I am definitely like that myself, so much is learned from me that is non-verbal – plenty verbal too, about crucial words and phrases.

Recall the last 4 and a half pages from my 16th Theorem, called The Plains of Minho, which explains the crucial neuro-biology of what I am doing. Animals that are positioned badly with their bodies end up becoming automatons who atrophy their dorsomedial striatum (DMS). In a highly vulnerable exterior compartment, with no cover, this is a neuro-catastrophe. It is reversible, if they can position their bodies differently, with plenty of cover.

Therefore, it is crucial to map whenever we are in the richly joined system and whenever we are transitional. Remember the 19th Theorem -- a certain kind of sentence, which I call a classifying sentence, which is entirely static and inside the system such as – This is this, that is that – almost always has a copula, is, which is dead – and a certain kind of sentence which is natural – it moves! – from somewhere/redistributing force/to somewhere else.

In other words, the fertile and the dead are always getting mixed-up, and so it is exuberance in the death works (Rieff, 2006) that is the great art. It has always been so (Levi-Strauss, 1983, original work published 1964),

Q.E.D.
Twenty-Second Theorem. Anticipation – from Rene Thom.

He who loves his body more than
dominion over the empire
can be given custody of the empire.

--Tao Te Ching
XIII, 31
D.C. Lau, Trans.

(thanks to Michael Moran).

My Twenty-First Theorem got us as far as two Chinese ideograms: to be locked into the group, to step back from the group, as follows:

![Diagram of Chinese ideograms]

Excellent orientation, but not sufficient. Why not? Because stepping back from the group is not enough to save you!

Thom explains why not. For him, the entire biological world, and the physical world beyond biology, consists of capture. A being captures, with slight energy, a being with less energy.

His diagram on p. 114 portrays the entire situation:

![Figure 6.8. Plan of a chreod.](image)

It looks, suspectingly, like the mouth of a monster, and it surely is. The initiation set, at time $t = 0$, is the key.

The catastrophe at $t = 0$ can be as simple as a prey entering the mouth of a predator, disintegrating the prey, supplying vital energy to the predator. From the strange attractor
of the prey, its center, moving into the proximity of the strange attractor of the predator, its center, one strange attractor, is destroyed, while the other is fulfilled. This taking, capere in Latin, according to Thom is all of biology, and all of physical nature.

It is morphogenesis in this sense of one being’s destruction being the other’s fulfillment. But it can also be morphogenesis in the sense of creation of new stable structures, like the remarkable stability of noun, verb and object in grammar, or like the arms of spiral nebulae. Or it can be both world-destroying and world-creating, as in a drop of ink falling into water, and elementary particles colliding (see Thom, pp. 114-123).

My contribution to this theory of world-destroying and world-creating pertains to the domain of interactions between human beings. As Thom argues (pp. 317-318), playing at capture allows animals, including humanity, to discover how capture actually works, and mathematics is significant play per excellence, and can contribute to our evolution.

For, if we can anticipate (ante-capere, Latin, to take before) by play, we capture what we need and avoid being captured. If we are amazed, we are captured before we know it.

This is why the Greeks and Elizabethans were so fascinated by the plot of tragedy. In his Poetics, Aristotle (1996, original work published 336-322 B. C.) wrote that the plot
was a reversal of fortune. This fits the histories and tragedies of Shakespeare very clearly. In his comedies, all comes out well, because the hero and heroine play at capture of each other with equal strength, like Benedict and Beatrice in Much Ado about Nothing (1969, original work published 1600), or like the comic scores in the history plays, such as between Harry and Kate in Henry the Fifth (1969, original work published 1600).

The trouble with these sunlit scenes, or moments of creation, is that reversal is always a step away, in being captured on the staircase of history (Jan Kott, Shakespeare. Our Contemporary, 1974, originally published in Polish 1964) – the larger scale enters the field and swallows up what it will.

In my Myerson lecture in Boston in 1987 called Finding and Going Forward, I pointed exactly to the problem of reversal, as the chief difficulty in sustaining a beautiful development. Now I can explain it topologically, with Thom’s help. It is a matter of the greatest urgency, not to be lulled in the sweet moments, and swallowed up in amazement.

Therefore, this theorem devotes itself to the anticipation of reversal. Perhaps, the most important re-calibration of our great instrument of orientation. I can keep this theorem relatively brief, having supplied the theory in two pages. Next, my dream series from December 1 to 13, from which I have selected the 7 most vivid examples. Finally, a brief series of clinical examples.
A reducto ad absurdum of psychiatry, when patients become mere targets of our procedures of classification. Not so impressive – the less the patient exercises, the more of our favorite sleeping medication he is prescribed. I compare it to a dream analyzed by Erikson (1954; see in Gustafson, 2008, pp. 25-26), which is merely 5 letters, S(E)INE,
seen against a dark background. It turns out to be a riddle, meaning *Seeing Erikson without his...in Paris*. All movement, all sensation, all dimensions, removed, because the patient dreads her own center. We in psychiatry are very good at helping the patients disappear also. As I quoted Wallace Stevens in the epigraph to the 21st Theorem: …to impose is not to discover.

A Sunday to Monday dream, in which I am returning to the kind of psychiatry made absurd in the previous dream discussed. I dream that I have a disc to take with me from a South American tribe called the ITTLINS. When I play it, I introduce a whole world into this degraded market – if the patient is threatened so much she cannot sleep, I am not going to let it pass that she has an isolated sleep disorder which is an isolated cause unto itself. I ask, rather, for her history of being threatened, both temporally and spatially, i.e., when and where. A noble, ancient play introduced into modern market, like the invaluable shells exchanged in Polynesian cultures.

TT is like a symbol from the mathematics of Rene Thom, as of the initiation set of a catastrophe: the precise locality where and when it begins. So ITTLINS are a noble tribe who attend to these catastrophes, because they are of the greatest danger or promise, world-destroying and/or world-creating.

I am making these plays with the noble disc (also like one of Tolstoy’s buttons on a shirt I had as a resident quite like his) all night, but I am concerned that my seizure, excision, of their practice will leave them unbalanced with an odd number for a long time. Serious matter, when all of bodily physiology consists of paired opposites, like opening and closing. Finally, I am relieved to think they can throw away one of theirs and be balanced again (I had lost one of my favorite gloves hiking on Sunday).

Later in the night, towards morning, I dream of visiting a town that looks something like Mt. Horeb near our cabin. A pretty place, lots of correct facades, but there is something
Mount Horrible about it. The children get to slide into it on a long thrilling slide, or away from it down a shorter slide to the sea. I walk down the long stairway (of history, no doubt) parallel to the long slide into the mainstreet of the town. There, I sight one my excellent therapist colleagues, who is serving hamburgers to a line as long as I can see. Another is serving a honey-wine-beer, like in a Mead Hall of the Anglo-Saxons, but quickly disappears, after she serves me a draught.

December 8, 2009. The Noble Play in a Degraded Field.
I am acutely aware after a certain conference that I need to be ready for these visiting doctors, who always explain away something like panic attacks by a local cause, such as a ventricular node inducing a terrifying arrhythmia. The noble play only occurred to me after they left. Next time they come, and give another highly localized cause, I will say: *It is possible, but it is also possible that the patient’s situation or positioning in a dangerous field is bringing about the terror. Before we conclude so neatly, please tell me this patient’s history of terror, both when and where, in time and in space.* Then, not imposing our favorite little scheme, we will come on major weather.
I dreamt that night a very clear reply to my intended rejoinder to the doctors for our next meeting. I am surrounded by a set of little mousetraps (a distinct reference to Hamlet’s situation in Elsinore). I am about to replace some of them, long worn out, when I think I will not. Not in a hurry, as Paul Klee (1964) wrote in his diary (p. 290), because I want so much. Being in a hurry can get you snapped pretty hard.

In my study, I note I am beautifully positioned for intrusions from squirrels, because I built a beautiful green windsock in my slanting ceiling that they can enter, and then back out. I smile to watch one of them enter, and depart.

I am up on the façade, repairing it, of one of the fraternity houses in Madison on Breese Terrace which face the football stadium. My wife insists we can buy one of them at half-price, and resell it for a killing, but I continually need to climb down to the street and talk to the real estate agent when he shows up. This is totally jangling to my own rhythm, and not worth any profit of dollars! Also, the street is confluent with roars from the stadium, and also not worth any profit of dollars!

As the great poets of classical China wrote, the only place to be in one’s body is upstream of Changan, the capital, and not in Changan. Du Fu (2008) and Li Po (1996) had this topology exactly right.

December 11, 2009. The Initiation Set of a Monstrous Mental Health Center.
Prior to this dream, I am acutely aware that the Leviathan of control from the top always has some playing fields embedded in it. Like Stalin’s sweetness with his daughter, Svetlana. Ah, not to be caught off guard by a little, beautiful play, about to be reversed into merciless capture of myself.

I am supposed, in the dream, to investigate a famous mental health center in another city. Evidently, they had an oil and gas yard on one of the main avenues of the city, and adjacent to the housing of the chronically mentally ill. A terrible fire killed many of
them, and I do not want to look into it, and have to judge my colleagues for the obvious, terrible juxtaposition of fire potential in the oil and gas yard, with the housing of their patients.

Later in the night, towards morning, I pay a terrible penalty for not looking into this initiation set, for now I am fully in it, having been loaned out to this mental health center as a locum tenens by our director of clinical services.

When I arrive to make rounds on 31 patients, the staff is totally engaged in a mock enactment of their rage at the CMI’s (chronically mentally ill), for taking up so much of their time, and exhausting them. Ah, Dr. Jekyll, so burdened, you are always about to reverse yourself into Mr. Hyde. I cannot locate a charge nurse, to find a single patient, although I hear whispers about one or another being in great danger. I go deeper into their vast holdings. Evidently, the corporation that owns this place has also built 75 villages for housing 750,000 special populations of the mentally ill. Highly profitable.

Now, I am terrified, because this Bruxelles, this Sepulchral City (Conrad, The Heart of Darkness, 1992, original work published 1902), has no exit, and is surrounded by a rubber fence, which snaps me back, when I try to leave. If I am about to run away, I see that I cannot, for I will surely lose my medical license. Not having seen 1 of 31 patients I am responsible for, I have no defence for my conduct. I wake up in terror.

December 13, 2009. Reversal in Sarajevo, Creation to Death.
I dream I am at the edge of a beautiful mountain in Eastern Europe, in a kind of hotel like I have only seen in our book on wandering, or like the Memorial Union here on the lake. I hike up to have a look, and when I come back down, I run into one of my female students from years ago, and invite her to hike back up the mountain with me. Somehow, I get separated from her up high (like I once allowed to happen with my son in the Brenta in Italy, when he was about ten).
I hurriedly hike down, hoping she has preceded me back to the hotel/Union, but, alas, she is not there (my son, actually, had gone down ahead of me, to my enormous relief). I am in a panic, and realize I have lost my head, forgetting to note the numbers of the trails we were exploring. I will not even be able to tell a search party where to look for her. Finally, she appears, and I am relieved like I was with my son (about thirty years ago).

This was one of my many students who loved sitting out with me in my summer office on the grass, to read and discuss what interested her. This worked beautifully, as always, because of the play of interests being equal. Here I am taking her on to a larger scale, and getting her in considerable danger.

I call it Reversal in Sarajevo, because I recently heard how beautiful it was in the mountains there in winter, until, suddenly it was full of Serbians bent on destroying the city.

December 16, 2009. The People All Wired to the Increase Pack.
Finally, two dreams in two successive nights, on the same playing field, which prove the beautiful simplicity of Thom’s topology, and its world-destroying and/or world-creating.

In the first version of it, I am back on what is called The High Line in Montana, where I had to make trips from the headquarters of Indian Health Service in Billings in the south of Montana from 1971 to 1973. Many of the reservations were on this bleak U.S. 2 on the very north. I head into a motel to get on the internet with my laptop (I do not have
one), and check into my room, only to find someone asleep in it. I only want to **get online**, and not wake this person up, so I go to turn on the radio to make a background noise, only to find it is already turned on. So, it goes. The people **never get unwired** from the increase pack, day and night.


See previous diagram for the same topology, with opposite results. I had an extraordinary day in clinic and on the court, helping patients **free** their **bodies** from being **wired**. One in particular was astounding. His triptych of nightmares turned out to have a series of details of enormous consequence for him.

In the first panel, he was **in** a blue-green rowboat, with oars lying on its bottom. He had **no arms**.

In the second panel, he was **buried**, and had worms and bugs crawling all over him.

In the third panel, he was running in the darkness by a beautiful lake with pine trees around it, with something biting at his heels, which he could not see, and was afraid to turn around and look at. He knew it was a **wolf**.

To be very brief about an hour of work. The blue-green rowboat was his father’s, and the lake of pines was where they fished. Despite his despair, he is barely **afloat, because**
of his father’s boat, and he is running for his life back to his father’s favorite place. He is being delivered, if barely.

His capture is the middle scene. He is so terrified by this nightmare he cannot sleep at night. So, he lies on top of his bed under a comforter, and sees the same bugs in the daytime, and hears a screeching sound like that of eels, continuously. He is tempted to make slits in his body to let them out.

All of this middle scene refers to his present position at the mercy of the wolf, a very cruel individual like Schreber’s father, a pedagogue who corrected every move his son made (Freud, 1963, original work published 1911; Schatzman, M., 1963, summarized in Gustafson, 1995, The Schreber Case of a Dog in Hell, pp. 68-69, Brief Versus Long Psychotherapy)

In any event, the night after this consultation, I dreamt I was conducting a kind of reading, in which all of the senses kept rolling in with remarkable findings. My trust in my night sea, like that of Poincare (Mathematical Creation, 1906; discussed in Gustafson, 2008, pp. 241-246) is vindicated.

My Dream Series in Summary.

1. S (E) I N E: To Impose Is Not to Discover – psychiatry’s table of exercise, and trazodone dosages.
2. Mount Horrible – a disc given me by a South American tribe – via Levi-Strauss and Marcel Mauss -- to make noble plays, which bring in the entire situation or positioning of the patient – the initiation set of world-destroying or world-creating.

3. The Noble Play in a Degraded Field – continues 2, and poses it as possible only on small scales, upstream from the capital, Changan, and not in Changan.

4. The Initiation Set of Monstrous Mental Health Center – where doctors become captives like Dr. Jekyll.

5. Reversal in Sarajevo, Creation to death – from summer creation on a small scale, to near death on the large scale of the Alps.

6. The People All Wired to the Increase Pack – cannot locate the situation or positioning of their own bodies.

7. The Night Sea of Resonances – brings in the situation and positioning of the body in every sensory dimension, rolling in like breakers from the night sea.

A Psychiatry of Positioning.

A true paradigm shift will have a simplicity that replaces endless complications. The one I propose is hopefully clear to the reader, already, and only needs to be illustrated by a series of examples from the clinic.

Borrowing hugely from Rene Thom, I am proving that entering into the initiation set of the megamachine is overwhelmingly dangerous, simply by proximity. What may be
promising on a smaller scale entrance which is world-creating, soon will **reverse** on larger scales into world-destroying.

Therefore, the entire clinical problem is to illuminate for the patient what is **undue proximity**, and what **gives the body cover**, by **sufficient distance**.

In other words, at $t = 0$, one is **already** in too much proximity, in the initiation set.

Whatever benefit is gotten on a small scale will soon reach $t = r$, where it is reversed. Only at $t = -r$ can one **anticipate** the entire catastrophe.

I will illustrate 4 applications.

*For the Doctor Not to Be Jangled Himself or Herself.*

This is continually to be anticipated, before one is **drawn too far** into it. For example, I was sitting with a patient who is a kind of **best girl** for solving technological problems.
When she is solving one, she is always worrying about proving herself on the next one. Never unwired. Because I like her, I found myself wired with her, when I need to step back, to make clear the continuous catastrophe she puts her body into.

Other common versions are the shallow borderline, who idealizes, say, her grandmother, and, if you fall for it, soon floods you in desperate screaming.

Simple Insertions of the Body.

A simple example will suffice for the entire series: a builder who gets a spot of anger. How? He got himself a job of putting a bathroom into a tiny space in a hurry. Felt like a trapped animal? Why? Because he always charges ahead to prove himself.

The Marital Impasse of Everyman and Everywoman.

Why has no one explained this? Without a topological theory, you could not. For example, a man marries a girl from a rich family. She is glad to get free of the materialism of her parents, to marry a man who is more down to earth. However, the very day they are married, she begins to punish him for not bringing in enough wealth, so she can be at her ease. Dicks’s hypothesis (Gustafson, Very Brief Psychotherapy, 2005, pp. 38-39, Dicks’s Hypothesis as Single Malignant Dilemma) makes it abundantly clear: youth often has fresh energy to depart from the family convention, but almost always returns to it and punishes the spouse for the very virtues
attractive in him. Reversal is the rule. Look at George Eliot’s Middlemarch (1965, original work published 1871): Lydgate a prisoner of the rich Rosalind, Dorothea a prisoner of the dry Casuabon.

More Ambitious Departures.

I have many cases, who are not only able to step back from foolish insertions, at work, or in marriage, but who actually take back their bodies in a new beginning. One will suffice to tell.

His dream points to the entire positioning, that is world-destroying versus world-creating. He dreams he is about to receive an academy award, and the commentators are buzzing about him, and I am waiting in the wings in a tuxedo, to introduce him. Only, he is looking down on the scene from above, and afraid to enter it in his body. What? To enter a large stage, in a large role? No. He is always accepting small bit parts, very confined.

But now he starts laughing, and spreading his arms, and lying back on my couch, saying, I really am quite capable of taking charge. I reply, Well, you remind me of Michael Balint’s patient, who was similarly constricted, and finally told Balint she was ready to take a somersault on his couch and did it (Balint, 1952). You are beginning to rehearse for these job interviews, and you know how to do it!

Q. E.D.

I left off my 22nd Theorem, by proving that anticipation of capture is the fundamental operator, O(f). What would come up next? My dream series of the last ten nights always imagines the next discovery before I do. Yet it is also helped by further theoretical clarity. And by trials of my next discovery with patients.

What I have come around to has been on my periphery all along. Namely, that obsessional, control practices are the prevailing danger to be anticipated in a corporate, bureaucratic, academic empire like the one I am situated in.

Once I begin to think about this, my last fifty years make a lot more sense to me. Since nearly everyone I meet is paid for/organized for controlling something, I am, by and large, an object to be placed in his or her protocol.

So, the relevant theory, my dream series, and the clinical developments, in the usual order of my theorems.

Relevant Theory.

It is nearly impossible to comprehend an obsessional point of view from inside its initiation set. As Bateson argued, in his Mind and Nature (1979), you need n+1
dimensions to map an n-dimensional structure. Thus, a sheet of paper in n=2 dimensions can be seen looking down upon it from a third dimension, yielding n=3 dimensions.

An obsessional practice, and its topology, is conveyed in its entirety by the word control. It is by far the most important word exchanged in our clinic by patients and their doctors. The patients ask for control, chiefly of their core signals of anxiety and depression. The doctors supply them with techniques which promise to give them control back. The same applies to all The Common Dynamics (Gustafson, 1999), which I have demonstrated are derivatives of the core signals, of danger (anxiety) and defeat (depression).

What else a patient and a doctor might be up to will not be evident to patients or doctors whose only aim is control. Occasionally, one may meet either a patient or a doctor who believes that balance may be of greater importance.

Gerald Edelman’s Theory of Neuronal Group Selection, or Neural Darwinism.

The briefest and clearest statement of Edelman’s theory of balance in the neural network I found in his essay, Naturalizing consciousness: A theoretical framework (Proceedings of the National Academy of Science, 100, no. 9, 5520-5524, April 29, 2003).
Edelman’s Figure 1 is a diagram of what he calls the **Reentrant Dynamic Core** of the neural network. Essentially, this thalamo-cortical core correlates two kinds of signals, from self (body), and not-self, and builds up a value-category memory, which, in turn, is linked by reentrant paths (**heavy lines**) to the current perceptual categorization of world signals.

At a glance, you can imagine its **pathology**: a value-category memory whose reentry is **weighted entirely** towards a procedure of control could lose, relatively speaking, all the other loops of reentry, both from self and world.

You can also imagine how it is always **poised** to take a different turn: simply by **weighting** a different reentrant loop, its **balance can be reset**.
In other words, the reentrant dynamic core is continuously re-selecting its richly joined system, say, of control, or it is selecting a new beginning. Hence the term neural Darwinism.

_Psychoanalysis as An Obsessional Practice._

Introduced to psychiatry at Harvard Medical School (1963-1967), when psychoanalysis was the dominant perspective, I did not take a long time to discover it was an obsessional practice with its particular system of control. I wrote a thesis concerning the dynamics of chronic paranoid schizophrenia as a core confusion about God and the Devil, just as William James had described in _The Varieties of Religious Experience_ (1999, original work published 1901-1902). My thesis committee of analysts was not even willing to discuss it with me. They asked me several psychoanalytic definitions, like libido, and dismissed me at once for not having them right.

In my residency on the west coast, taught by analysts of the San Francisco Psychoanalytic Institute, the rigidity was not so extreme. But I could not fail to notice I was being taught another obsessional program. My favorite teachers, Joe Weiss and Hal Sampson, made it quite explicit by calling their theory, _Control-Mastery Theory_. If the patient was excessively guilty, for example, the patient also had an unconscious plan to overcome excessive guilt, as by trying to make the analyst feel guilty (turning passive into active), and when the analyst was not, learning to be less guilty like the analyst.
At first, it was fascinating to see such dynamics in action. When I graduated and went to work for the Indian Health Service in Montana, I quickly saw that I could not bracket off the relationship between the patient and the analyst, and let the latter correct the former. The field of the Indian reservation was so violent in its confusion of good and evil that I was back to the kind of disturbance described by William James in Puritan New England. The neural network was being tremendously selected by larger scales than the patient-doctor scale in his office. I wrote Hal Sampson that the patients did not seem to have unconscious plans to get better at all. They seemed to be destroying themselves at a rapid and continuous rate. He never replied.


In this dream we can discern a compensating function of the unconscious whereby those thoughts, inclinations and tendencies which in conscious thought are too little valued comes spontaneously into action during the sleeping state, when the conscious process is to a large extent eliminated (p. 30).
Dreams, I maintain, are compensatory to the conscious situation at the moment … they break through when their function demands it, that is, when the compensatory contents are so intense that they are able to counteract sleep. A compensatory content is especially intense when it has a vital significance for conscious orientation (p. 38).

For example, Jung had a dream in which he had to crane his neck far back to see a castle high above him and a lady leaning over its balcony. He was astonished to note the lady was a patient of his of whom he had a low opinion. He realized that this compensatory dream rectified his low opinion.

Meanwhile, Jung himself – you can see it in Memories, Dreams and Reflections (1989, original work published 1961), or in The Red Book (2009) which yields the original journal and paintings – was having a terrible time balancing the black German horizon of his father, the Lutheran minister, with the red Devil, and serpent, who kept appearing. By about 1918, he began to draw mandalas as a way out of his torment, and by 1928 he painted a Golden Castle, a massive mandala, and began to study sixteenth century alchemy, as a balancing practice of circumlocution of the self. Here is his painting of the golden castle:
Now, nothing changes. **The exterior field has disappeared.** Jung dwells at Bollingen on Upper Lake Zurich in the 16th century, free of the nightmare of history in the 20th century.
I, myself, continue to have to live in the nightmare of history, and continue to have to help my patients and students to come to terms with it. Here is my dream series of eleven nights looking at it.

Author’s Dream Series, December 18 to December 29, 2009.

I become alert when the topology of my dreams suddenly changes. A different kind of dream, formally, means a drastic change in perspective. This happened, as follows, in this series of 12 dreams: the first 5 were vast, on the world scale – the next 6 were tiny, on the scale of a breath – the 12th was vast and tiny, showing a tremendous piece of integration. Integration of the vast with the tiny scale turns out to be crucial to my well being, because it is absolutely necessary to get from one to the other continually.

This is Ibsen’s main subject (Lebowitz, 1990, Ibsen and the Great World). The small world of security operations – as Sullivan put it, a security operation like classifying things gives the feeling of security when it actually is not so (Clinical Studies in Psychiatry, 1956) – was for Ibsen unbearable. Reducing life to 1-dimension. Becoming dead to feel secure. Conversely, the great world was high-dimensional, like nature herself, and tremendously exciting, yet also perilous for its capacity to run away with you. All of his heroes and heroines become captured by such forces that destroy them.

Therefore, his style in his plays was continuously to play the tiny against the vast. As Robert Adams put it:
It lies in an extraordinary gift of perfectly quiet, perfectly lucid double-vision, hidden behind the polished façade of an amazingly supple and indirect dialogue. There is nothing more to it, really, than placing a blank short perspective next to an infinitely lengthened one, and making a counterpoint of the two (Ibsen on the Contrary, p. 351, 1957).

This extraordinary gift saves you from being ill, as Jung put it, in psychic inflation (The Relations Between the Ego and the Unconscious, 1916, in The Portable Jung, 1971). As I argued in The Great Instrument of Orientation (Gustafson, 2008), psychic deflation is equally dangerous, but it kills you gradually. Jung also described the two perils in Marriage as a Psychological Relationship (1925, also in The Portable Jung, 1971). Jung compares a wife and husband – one is secure in a single room house, and one is in love with latitude and depth in a house with many rooms. Either’s house is the destruction of the other. Ostensibly, the essay is written about marriage per se, but I am applying it here generally. Since it is endlessly necessary – at least for me – to go from one room to many rooms, and many rooms to one room, the extraordinary gift of Ibsen sent to me in this dream series by my own night instrument is indispensable. I will call it my heuristic (Greek, heuriskein, to discover), because it is indeed my method of discovery, to locate the great world in a breath, and vice versa, and it is what saves me from becoming ill, or worse!

December 18, 2009. “Uncle.”
I have been discussing with my wife what to call these people who are **continuously wired** to the external circuit? Obsessionals? Control People? Personae? None of these terms seems quite right. As I go to sleep, I think **Playing Cards** is preferable, as in Lewis Carroll. This **keeps me** in a **comic attitude**. A playing card has a **suit** on one side
– what he professes – and a rank on the other side. The comical term prepares you for his two concerns, which are really only one. Tolstoy, Henry Adams and Moliere agreed.

As I was slipping off to sleep, I thought, without a night sea, you are but a playing card yourself? And yet, as Walter Otto wrote in The Homeric Gods (1979):

Suddenly the obdurate man (Achilles) sees the graybeard (Priam) at his feet, kissing the man-slaying hand which had done so many of his sons to death. And he weeps with the old man. … And with the dark glow of the funeral obsequies (for Hector) which the most irreconciliable of enemies had guaranteed would be completed without molestation, the Iliad comes to a close (pp. 259-260).

As I quoted Wallace Stevens in my epigraph to the 21st Theorem, …It is possible, possible, possible. It must be possible.

My dream is but one word on a world scale: “Uncle.” It shows my uncle hooked to being a playing card. He was kind to my brother and me. Always came by to see how we were doing. Everybody in town knew him as an affable guy.

I am still thinking about The Playing Card – because of its **continuous reentrant loop** into *The Card Game*, of *suit* and *rank*, it **dissolves the interior loop**. I am also asked a very good question in plain English by one of our residents (Jen Alt, personal communication):

**What is the advantage to suffering?**
I had never quite contemplated suffering as an advantage. So I did, and answered:

Because it **clarifies how your positioning is wrong.**

That night was a perfect example. At 12.55 AM, my wife woke me up from hearing our phone down the hall, saying, *The resident wants to talk with you.* Damn, I thought, *What happened to my beeper?* I got up and looked at it. I had assumed it was working. But I really hadn’t checked it. As I checked it, I realized it had 4 settings, 2 aural ones, 1 buzzer, and 1 aural and buzzer together. How did I not know that after years of using it? I had to conclude it was because I did not want to, and did not want to be on call, and woken up all night long. So, I **was suffering,** and it **clarified the wrongness of my positioning.** I went up to my study to be next to our land line (so my wife could keep sleeping with the phone in our bedroom still turned off), with my cell phone clearly on, and my aural/buzzer pager clearly on: wired to the call system on 3 channels! Within a half hour, I fielded several calls on the first ring, and felt I was right again in my positioning.

I dreamt **on the world scale of the entire continent of Africa.** I was making my way from the Indian Ocean, my night sea of boundless possibilities, into the interior of the Congo **along the old slave route,** in reverse, to *A Bend in the River* (V.S. Naipul, 1979), where we, our department, presumably, had a little store for supplying the natives and the few crazy Europeans eeking out a living there.
All I carried was my tennis bag, which must house all of my supplies. None were going to be found in *The Heart of Darkness* (Conrad, 1992, original work published 1902). I put my wallet near the top zipper, as I would need to pay bribes at every possible way-station.

Alas, I thought, when I woke up, I am in the business, after all, of selling supplies to slaves and insane Europeans. I am in this vast initiation set of evil. Better to admit it, and keep 3 lines open, than to get in trouble for denying it. Yes, suffering allows me to see the wrongness of my positioning. The night reentrant loop reruns the day route with a huge magnification of scale. As I was in the nightmare of history writing my thesis on the confusion of good and evil in psychosis in Puritan New England, and as I was on the Great Plains in the same confusion of good and evil in the Northern Plains tribes, so I am now.

*December 20, 2009. Shorewood.*
Actually, two dreams on December 20, first this one in my nap late Saturday afternoon, when I was not going to a Christmas party in Shorewood, which is the western shore of Lake Mendota, home to the wealthy, professional and academic peers we have known for 36 winters here. The dream is silent, and majestic, a reversal of the two previous, in that the initiation set of the exterior circuit lies to the west, which is left when looking north, as my wife and I often do, when hiking out on Picnic Point or Frautschi Point. We
have got ourselves **off the Western circuit**, to my enormous relief, in favor of the night sea of discovery.

*December 20, 2009. A Hyperbolic Journey as by Bulgakov.*
My wife and I spend the winter evening reading, including the opening chapter of *The Master and Margarita*, by Mikhail Bulgakov (1997, original work composed 1940). **His huge comic energy reenters** as **my own journey**, in my dream.

I have **four pair of shoes**, especially **a brown pair**, and **a dark blue pair**, as for Hermes, the leading part of his personality, for **the shoes are their own range or domain**. In my brown shoes, I traverse a beautiful orchard, out into a sky like Starry Night of Van Gogh. There, I put on my dark blue shoes and cross a huge cusp of land on the sea, whose waves climb up the seaside of the cusp, while I cross the ridge nimbly, holding to it with my hands. I reach a far, far place where I can reconsider.

This is one of those **reentries to an epic space** that you never forget. A week later, I was writing to my friend, Mike Moran, about it, that it has **the elemental quality** he and I love so much in the classical Chinese poets, Du Fu and Li Po. Earth, air, water, but not fire in this one. The next week was to be **all fire**, and the range and domain of my red shoes, which have to be **the quickest**!

I will be terse about this one, which takes me back from my epic journey, to the
department at the bend in the river. By now, you see the oscillation back and forth. As I
wrote a few pages ago, I cannot stay in the great world, but have to come back to the
small world. Better to map it with total accuracy, and take it with the slightest energy.
I am riding my bicycle from Saginaw, where I grew up in Michigan, having to elude a violent elementary school of poor children, come in from the western circuit, which has many blockades of the road, and holes in the wall for restaurants which have not a single delicacy, and the final stretch with a certain lady colleague on my handlebars dressed in black. Are you alright? I ask. No, you are hurting me, she replies. I thank my stars this lady has long gone. She loved to impose her position. I am recapitulating the western circuit in this parabolic journey, which begins in Saginaw, and ends in about the same place.

*December 22 to 27, 2009. 6 Straight Nights of Dreams in 1 Breath.*
If the last 5 dreams had the advantage of magnification to a world scale, the next 6 have the advantage of being telegraphic, and can transform a situation by reentry in one breath.
December 22. I am in a raging Inferno of fire, and I can take cover in a single sentence. In other words, I am not disturbed by the evil scene between Pontius Pilate and Kaifa, the Sanhedrin High Priest, in Chapter 2 of The Master and Margarita. Each is trying to maneuver the other into taking the blame for the Crucifixion of Yeshua Ha-Nozri. I believe I learned this from Dante. A single sentence carries you through it.

December 23. I put two fingers to the lips of a beautiful woman for her to kiss. At first, I am disturbed, because I seem to be acting high and mighty. Reminds me of Moses putting out his finger to touch the finger of God in the Vatican chapel. I reconsider. I am on exactly the right scale with this beauty. That is about as much of me as she is going to get.

December 24. World Be Free (W.B. Free), a famous basketball player, is showing me an invaluable move – he makes a pass at an initiation set to look it over before doing anything at all. I am finding that almost all of my mistakes come from entering into an initiation set without fully surveying what is involved. Indeed, I got home this evening to find my two grandsons furiously at play with a fussball game already missing one handle, and my wife calling out for me to tape it back on, and my two-year old granddaughter banging a pair of dolls on my head as a hello! As I bent over the repair! My rush to enter this situation just got me in a mess, because the tape interfered with sliding the handle in and out on the board! Trivial, but absolutely typical. World Be Free would make a pass to have a look, and head for the couch to consider whether to enter the initiation set of the catastrophe at all? I finally got his beautiful tactic, and elected
not to try to repair the game! Not for now! Just about everything I run into every day is just like this. From the vantage point of the couch, after the pass to have a look, you are reentering with a very wide perspective on the field. From there, nothing is pressing.

December 25. I know, if I ask a certain question, they will ask if I belong, and since I do not, I will be dismissed. An olfactory pass, like that of W.B. Free, to smell what is sweet and what is rotten. Arises in the context of getting Jung’s Red Book in the mail, and contemplating his full set of paintings in it, in which red is the dominant color for sure. I summarize this German horizon in one sentence: We practice sterile control and beget monsters of destruction. There is no sense and has been no sense and will be no sense in asking Freudians or Jungians why they play their little game of control?

December 26. I am playing paddleball with a colleague wholly occupied by psychopharmacology and long since retired. He hits the ball into an absurdly high arc, where it runs into a big wind from behind me, and falls straight down dead into the ground. Unreturnable. His half of the cusp is fully developed, and my half of the cusp disappears! So it goes, with these constant operators. There is no other reentry! Just imposition.

December 27. I am telling Ted Hughes (was Poet Laureate of England in the 1990’s when we had an excellent series of exchanges) far too much about his beautiful effects in his poems, and how they fit my theorems of capture. One effect would make my point and give him plenty of room for his own reply. I am teaching in a residency program in
which these dynamics of catastrophe are the main subject. I am riding with a lady colleague in her car, filling my ears with her notions, while a lady even crazier than her is trying to push her off the road, so she suddenly swerves into a farmyard to be free of being beset. Oh, the content can be right, and the balance of play dead wrong.

Now, a dream on a vast scale, and a tiny scale, at once. I came upon the vast spectacle of the University Hospital upon my bicycle coming over a hill of the richest black Russian earth, looking as if it has just been seeded. My sense of the hospital is of the Russian archipelago (Stalin’s system of prisons) described by Solzhenitsyn (1973). I am going to enter one of its endless mouths. In other words, reentry from a world of the
vast fertility of the Russian earth, into the total sterility of its megamachine, as described by Bulgakov in 1940.

At a tiny door, a security guard decides to let me in. I find I am in a cavernous place, where the University of Wisconsin Tennis Team seems to think I am an All-American. I act modest, and run into my only close friend when I was 21, so this places me at the right age to have a case of psychic inflation.

This is soon revised, when I get back to the door I entered by, to get on my bicycle. I see I left my briefcase against the wall of the hospital next to the bicycle, and I see it is covered with security reports, the first by the guy that let me in, the second by his supervisor, the third by the second guy’s supervisor, etc.

My position, after all, is summarized by the layers of security reports. My Russian fertility has just been swallowed up by the Russian Security police.

Clinical Fertility.

I will give you three cases, in ascending order of complexity, to show you the clinical yield of this proof of reentry, and conclude the proof.

The General Case of Worry.
At the case conference that concludes a resident clinic, it being the holidays, only two residents, a faculty colleague and I are the participants.

One of the residents presents a young man who has always been a worrier and who has become more so in the last year since he got a job in the University. He worries about how well he is doing, in the eyes of his superiors and peers.

Now that he has been classified as Generalized Anxiety Disorder, his treatment is also discussed. Two SSRI’s have not been helpful. The debate among my three fellow participants is whether to prescribe buspirone, or a third SSRI. Either seems plausible.

Our half hour being nearly up, and psychiatry having been reduced to its usual classification and control, I ask the presenting resident if I might ask him one question?

Yes, of course. Would he please show us in his own chair how the patient sat for the interview? Yes, of course.

The patient sat hunched forward nervously. Occasionally, he would lean back in his chair, catch himself, and quickly and more nervously resume hunching forward.
The resident smiled slightly, and noted that the patient seemed to catch himself off guard, and jerked himself back into his vigilant positioning.

I decided to open a very small aperture on this vast subject of the nightmare of history. I did not ask for everything that was missing from the presentation that would give it depth and range. I did not ask about his situation in his childhood which began his version of this history. I did not ask whom he had to be so vigilant to please? I did not ask how he, occasionally, as in the interview, got free of this richly joined system of continuous fear of not pleasing others. I did not track the subsequent stages of his development, with its own terrors of not pleasing and with its opportunities to come to himself. I did not ask about his dreams, which would map his compartment of belonging, and his compartment of going out the back door – that is, the invaluable x-ray of re-entry at night to see his own positioning. I did not ask for any of these crucial findings, because they had already concluded there were no more to be found and were about to get up from their chairs!
I simply said, and imitated with my own body, that this hunching forward generates continuous alarm! Whereas, sitting backward, and I did myself, opens up the entire vertical axis of breathing, as yoga has taught for millennia. Yes, the reentry of the breath up and down the vertical axis mundi of the world.

Finally, I noted that he did get to his free vertical axis, but only for seconds. I would be interested to ask him to stay there a little longer, and see how his breathing feels, and what enters his mind?

A Case of Nobody Noticing You’ve Come Home.

A woman of about 40 with a demanding professional life, a house husband and two children. To come very strictly to her point, telling the resident and me about how unhappy she is, dwelling on it, only makes her feel worse. She starts to feel more depressed as she prepares to come, drops fully into it with us, and is quite depressed for days afterward. This is hardly helpful.

Every morning when she wakes up and thinks about the day and its endless burdens, she is miserable. Every evening when she comes home, and the kids do not look up from their computers, and her husband seems annoyed that she hasn’t remembered to do this or that for him, she is also miserable.
I think she is quite right and quite wrong. I tell her I think she is quite right that it is **miserable to be taken entirely for granted**. But that has gradually become the situation over years, and is not about to be set right. It is **being reentered** over and over and over again, and so it is the **only route** of the day that anyone imagines.

But I tell her I think she is quite right that it will only make things worse for her to **dwell** on it, **feeling sorry** for herself, **with our company**. This is one of those places where **empathy by itself makes things worse**. It makes for a **morass of misery**. We need rather to **consider**, right now, if she likes, what she can do to take care of herself, rather than to ask these three to supply it for her? Like, when she goes home, not to be **amazed** that **no one shows the slightest interest**. But, immediately, a **different reentry**, asking herself **what would please herself**? Her answer is immediate. To please herself would be to get on her earphones and play her music, or it would be to set in beautiful order a little place in her house that she likes being in by herself.

*A Case of Self-Strangulation.*

The residents and I have spent a number of years on this case, with little progress, until of late. Essentially, she has a richly joined system of **bitterness**. Its **occasion** in the first place was her father’s **lack of interest in her, ostensibly**. He left the family when she was five, for a new wife. Since then, she has been in a rage with him. **She sat in** judgement.
But, of course, she also sat in judgement of herself. In short, as she said to us recently, she has been cruel and hostile to everyone for 40 years, including herself!

It is not entirely clear to me what has mattered the most in bringing her to a revulsion with her own system. Perhaps, it is that we kept describing it? It is, perhaps, that her husband did not want any more of it? It is, perhaps, that she confessed all of this at Alanon?

It certainly helped that I witnessed her clutching her own throat as she talked about her own harsh judgements, and said that it looked like she was strangulating herself, and she began to cry deeply. So, she has been crying and crying. A new reentry loop, out of her harsh system.

She even said to us, What was so terrible about my father? He had a terrible marriage with my miserable mother, and left to save himself.

Interesting about the word, self-strangulating. Exactly, the word used by Breuer and Freud in Studies on Hysteria (1966, original work published 1895) for their 5 case studies. Killing one’s own breath. When it is possible to reenter it, and feel everything from one’s own center in the vertical axis. Quite beautiful. A reentry, indeed.

Q.E.D.

I left off the 23rd Theorem, Reentering History, with the theoretical and practical picture of a dynamic reentrant core with world loops and body loops, continuously selecting itself, by opening and closing the loops. A yoga of selecting one’s own center of breath becomes possible, no, more possible, once you see that selecting self, or body-loops, is only half of the bargain. You are also continuously selecting not-self, or world loops. You do this by choosing which loops you position yourself in. Thus, they reenter and you become what you enact.

Now, I have known for the last year or two that all of literature has one subject, with which I concluded my preface to The Great Instrument of Orientation (2008) -- namely, captivity and deliverance, called The Musical Score by Levi-Strauss (original work, 1964 in French; 1983, English) and the Great Code by Northrop Frye (1983a, 1983b) and Francois Jullien (2000). Much of my book of the Great Instrument concerns its biology as well as its history and dream code.

What has happened in the last year as I have written these 24 theorems includes a more complete biology of captivity and deliverance from Gerald Edelman (2003) (see 23rd Theorem), and a more complete biology and physics of captivity and deliverance (see 22nd Theorem) from Rene Thom (1988, original work published 1972) and a more
profound literary conception of captivity and deliverance in Ibsen (1960, original work published 1865, 1867) and Bulgakov (1997, original work composed 1940) and Bakhtin (2003, original work composed 1940), which I will now enter into.

**A More Profound Literary Conception of Captivity and Deliverance.**

Ibsen and Bulgakov and Bakhtin all drive towards a conception very comparable to that of Aristotle’s *Poetics* (1996, original work published 336-322 B.C.) concerning tragedy: the plot structure of astonishment, reversal and recognition (pp. 17-19). Only they also apply it to comedy, as well as tragedy. This leads to a profound simplicity beyond complexity (Steve Olson, personal communication). Let us take the two greatest works of Ibsen (according to Harold Bloom, 1984, and according to myself) first, namely, *Brand* (1960, original work published 1865) and *Peer Gynt* (2003, original work published 1867), then Bulgakov’s *The Master and Margarita* (1997, original work published 1940).

*Brand* (1865).

*Brand* (1960, original work composed 1865) and *Peer Gynt* (2003, original work composed 1867) were conceived together. They are the European male being, which became the American variations. What Ibsen can give us is a readiness for both of them, by an exact proof of their operators. Brand is the constant operator, O(c), of All or
Nothing, as he continually reiterates, of self-sacrifice to God. Peer Gynt is the transitional operator, O(t), of continuous play to suit himself. We begin with Brand.

Every episode is the same as the last. When his mother dies, this exchange occurs between Brand and the town doctor:

DOCTOR. She stands before her judge.

BRAND. Dead? But – but penitent?

DOCTOR. I hardly think so. She clung fast to her worldly goods until God took them from her.

BRAND. What did she say?

DOCTOR. She mumbled, “God is not so cruel as my son.”

BRAND, sinks down on the bench. That lie that poisons every soul even at the threshold of death, even in the hour of judgment. Buries his face in his hands.

DOCTOR, goes close to him, looks at him, and shakes his head. You want to resurrect an age that is dead. You still preach the pact Jehovah made with man five thousand years ago. … Its first commandment, Brand, is: Be humane.

BRAND, looks up at him. Humane! That word excuses all our weakness. Was God humane towards Jesus Christ? Hides his head and sits in silent grief (p. 101).
Brand refused any compromise with his mother. All or nothing, he told her. Give up all your wealth, at death, or I will not come to visit you before, or at your death. And he didn’t.

Same thing in the episode of his little son’s death. The child, Ulf, died because Brand refused to give up his parish, and take his wife and the boy south out of this dreadful climate for the boy’s sickness. Now, a gypsy lady demands from Agnes, his wife, Ulf’s garments, for her own shivering child, and Brand insists, once again, as always, on All or Nothing of sacrifice to the Lord.

**BRAND.** Share, Agnes? Share.

**AGNES.** Half is enough. She needs no more.

**BRAND.** Would half have been enough for your child?

**AGNES.** Come, woman. Take them. Take the dress He wore to his baptism. Here is his shirt, his scarf, His coat. It will keep the night air from your child.

**GYPSY.** Give them to me.

**BRAND.** Agnes, have you given her all?

**AGNES.** Here is his christening robe. Take that, too.

**GYPSY.** Good. That seems to be all. I’ll go. I’ll wrap him up outside.

Then I’ll be on my way. **Goes.**

**AGNES.** Tell me, Brand. Haven’t I given enough now?

**BRAND.** Did you give them willingly?
AGNES. No.

BRAND. Then your gift is nothing. The demand remains. *Turns to go.*

AGNES, *is silent until he is almost at the door, then cries,* Brand!

BRAND. What is it?

AGNES. I lied. *Shows him a child’s cap.* Look, I kept one thing.

BRAND. The cap?

AGNES. Yes.

BRAND. Stay with your idols. *Turns.*

AGNES. Wait!

BRAND. What do you want?

AGNES, *holds out the cap to him.* Oh, you know.

BRAND, *turns.* Willingly?

AGNES. Willingly.

BRAND. Give it to me. The woman is still outside. *Goes.* AGNES stands *motionless for a moment. Gradually the expression on her face changes to one of exultation.* BRAND comes back. She runs joyfully towards him, throws her arms around his neck and cries:

AGNES. I am free, Brand! I am free!

Well, there you have it. All or nothing means you have to give up everything, even the last thing, of the boy’s cap. Hard to imagine anything more cruel.
Quite a relentless proof of a certain logical, constant operator, \( O(c) \), carried out without any mercy. When I read this, I understood what Hitler could draw upon in the German Lutheran. Yes, they liked their comforts of being sheep in the German church. **Behind it, this!** A **demonic shadow** of total willingness to give up everything for the Fuhrer. Do you suppose this has nothing to do with **us**?

*Peer Gynt (1867).*

The opposite to Brand – not the **reaming out** of all self, but the self delighting in his own movements in **an astounding exuberance**. We meet Peer on the first page, berated by his mother about lying, and not helping her on the farm, and making up stories and coming back with nothing. Like his dead, wastrel father.

Peer at once **leaps** into his story about shooting a buck, jumping on its back with his knife to finish it off, and having the beast scream and take off with Peer on his back:

… then forthwith he flew right along the Gendin-Edge!

**ASE** (*involuntarily*). Jesus save us - !

**PEER.** Have you ever chanced to see the Gendin-Edge? Nigh on four miles it stretches sharp before you like a scythe. Down o’er glaciers, landslips, scaurs, down the toppling grey moraines, you can see, both left and right, straight into the tarns that slumber, black and sluggish, more than seven hundred fathoms deep below you. Right along the
Edge we two clove our passage through the air. Never rode I such a colt! Straight before us as we rushed ‘twas as though there glittered suns (p. 2).

You can have the thrill continuing this long passage for another page for yourself!

The trouble with Peer’s being in love with being himself is now played out from full exuberance in the opening act, to a long series of adventures in Acts II, III and IV, with always the same comic astonishment, reversal and recognition. He wins somebody over, and then drops her or him. Always justified as I’m just being myself. At everyone else’s expense, as he did with his mother.

Then comes the mighty fifth act, set up by the concluding pages of the fourth act, when Peer is appointed Kaiser of an insane asylum in Egypt called the Club of the Savants. Begriffenfeldt, its Doctor, has locked up the keepers and thrown the key into a well, and let loose the mad.

BEGRIFFENFELDT. … The persons one hitherto reckoned as mad, you see, became normal last night at eleven, accordant with Reason in its newest phase (p. 93).

When Peer protests he is not equipped to be their Kaiser, Begriffenfeldt explains how he is perfect:
PEER. But the honour’s so great, so entirely excessive.

BEGRIFFENFELDT. Oh, do not let any false modesty sway you at an hour such as this.

PEER. But at least give me some time -! No, indeed. I’m not fit; I’m completely dumbfounded!

BEGRIFFENFELDT. A man who has fathomed the Sphinx’s meaning! A man who’s himself!

PEER. Ay, but that’s just the rub. It’s true that in everything I am myself; but here the point is, if I follow your meaning, to be, so to phrase it, outside oneself.

BEGRIFFENFELDT. Outside? No, there you are strangely mistaken! It’s here, sir, that one is oneself with a vengeance; oneself, and nothing whatever besides. We go, full sail, as our very selves. Each one shuts himself up in the barrel of self, in the self-fermentation he dives to the bottom, - with the self-bung he seals it hermetically, and seasons the staves in the well of self (p. 93).

This sets up the Fifth Act of Peer’s return to Norway as an old man, rushing from scene to scene desperately. To have been Kaiser of initselfness seems a flimsy thing, as he listens at a funeral. Reminds me of King Lear (1969, original work published 1608) at his wit’s end. Peer, gathering wild onions and peeling and eating them at his old cottage has come full circle:
PEER. … *(laughs inwardly)* Why, you old soothsayer-humbug! No Kaiser are you; you are nought but an onion. I’m going to peel you now, my good Peer! You won’t escape either by begging or howling.

He now peels off his escapades playing all the parts of man.

PEER. *(Pulls the whole onion to pieces.)* I’m blest if it is! To the innermost center, it’s nothing but swathing – each smaller and smaller.

– Nature is witty!

Now, he is going to become more desperate, like Hamlet (1969, original work published 1604-1605) with the gravediggers.

PEER. Stench and rottenness within it; all a whited sepulcher. Figments, dreams, and still-born knowledge lay the pyramid’s foundation; o’er them shall the work mount upwards, with its step on step of falsehood (p. 118).

Now, Peer is cornered by the Button-Moulder in scene after scene, from which he is able to run away to be himself a little longer, and justify it.
THE BUTTON-MOULD... Now you were designed for a shining button on the vest of the world; but your loop gave way; so into the waste-box you needs must go, and then, as they phrase it, be merged in the mass (p. 122).

In other words, the twisted buttons become of no use, and irreparable, and so are recast into molten metal in the casting-ladle of the Button-Moulder (with cloven hoof!).

PEER. ... ... to have to be merged, like a mote, in the carcass of some outsider, - this casting-ladle business, this Gynt-cessation, - it stirs up my innermost soul in revolt! (p. 123).

Having run from that scene, he meets THE OLD MAN who is really the old troll-king whose daughter Peer took much earlier.

THE OLD MAN. When you left the Ronde, you inscribed my motto upon your ‘scutcheon.

PEER. What motto?

THE OLD MAN. The potent and sundering word.

PEER. The word?

THE OLD MAN. That which severs the whole race of men from the troll-folk. Troll! To thyself by enough!

PEER (falls back a step). Enough!
THE OLD MAN. And with every nerve in your body, you’ve been living up to it ever since.

PEER. What, I? Peer Gynt?

THE OLD MAN (weeps). It’s ungrateful of you! You’ve lived as a troll, but have still kept it secret. The word I have taught you has shown you the way to swing yourself up as a man of substance; - and now you must needs come and turn up your nose at me and the word you’ve to thank for it all (p. 126).

After a long struggle between them:

PEER. My man, you have got on the wrong scent entirely; I’m myself, as the saying goes, fairly cleaned out –

THE OLD MAN. You surely can’t mean it? His Highness a beggar?

PEER. Completely. His Highness’s ego’s in pawn. And it’s all your fault, you accursed trolls! That’s what comes of keeping bad company.

Another scene with a parson with cloven hoof, quite desperate to confess his sins in order to be saved, and, now quite like Lear (Shakespeare, 1969, original work published 1608):

(A shooting star is seen; he nods after it) I’m expelled, one may say, from self-owning nobility. Bear all hail from Peer Gynt, Brother Starry-
Flash! To flash forth, to go out, and be naught at a gulp – *Pulls himself together as though in terror and goes deeper in among the mists; stillness for a while, then he cries: Is there no one, no one in all the turmoil, - in the void no one, no one in heaven - !*

Much more extraordinary soliloquy, and the Button-Moulder is at his throat once again, until Peer comes upon Solveig, who has loved him from the beginning, and has been waiting for him.

**PEER.** With his destiny’s seal on his brow; been, as in God’s thought he first sprang forth! Canst thou tell me? If not, I must get me home, - go down to the mist-shrouded regions.

**SOLVEIG (smiling).** Oh, that riddle is easy.

**PEER.** Then tell me what thou knowest! Where was I, as myself, as the whole man, as the true man? Where was I, with God’s sigil upon my brow?

**SOLVEIG.** In my faith, in my hope, and in my love.

**PEER (starts back)** What sayest thou? – Peace! Those are juggling words. Thou art mother thyself to the man that’s there.

**SOLVEIG:** Ay, that I am; but who is the father? Surely, he forgives at the mother’s prayer.
PEER (*a light shines in his face, he cries*) My mother; my wife; oh thou innocent woman! – in thy love – oh there, hide me, hide me! (*Clings to her and hides his face in her lap. A long silence. The sun rises.*)

Solveig *cradles* him as the sun rises, and sings a lullaby that will make you *cry*. Dante (Alighieri, 2000, original work published 1300) would have understood it perfectly.

_The Master and Margarita_ (1940).

Bulgakov can show the *reamed out* apparatchik, who is *also filled up* with his *initselfness*. Doubtlessly, he learned how to construct this cartoon from Tolstoy (see Gustafson, 1995, _Brief Versus Long Psychotherapy_, Chapter 15, _Tolstoy’s Fate_), but also from Moliere (1954, original work published 1662) and from Cervantes (1995, original work published 1605), who were his masters, and subjects of his plays. In other words, what Ibsen conceived simultaneously and presented separately, the subjection to God forced by Brand’s All or Nothing constant operator, O(c), which empties Agnes and everyone else dominated by Brand, the tragedy, and the total Initselfness of Peer Gynt, continuously delighted by his own movements of the transitional operator, O(t), the comedy, now will be displayed simultaneously.

Bakhtin, a contemporary of Bulgakov, explains of Rabelais (*Rabelais and his World*, 1984, original work composed 1940) what could be said equally of Bulgakov, as Richard Pevear points out in his Introduction to _The Master and Margarita:_

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So, too, Bakhtin says of Rabelais:

In his novel … he uses the popular-festive system of images with its 
**charter** of freedoms **consecrated** by many **centuries**; and he uses it to 
inflict a severe punishment on his foe, the Gothic age … In this setting of 
consecrated rights Rabelais attacks the fundamental dogmas and 
sacraments, the holy of holies of medieval theology.

And he comments further on the broad nature of this tradition:

For thousands of years the people have used these festive comic images 
to express their criticism, their deep distrust of official truth, and their 
highest hopes and aspirations. Freedom was not so much an exterior right 
as it was **the inner** content of these **images**. It was the thousand-year-old 
language of **fearlessness**, a language with **no reservations** and 
**omissions**, about the world and about power.

Bulgakov drew upon this same source in **settling his scores** with the custodians of 
official literature and official reality. (Pevear’s Introduction to *The Master and 
Margarita*, quoting Bakhtin, p. xv).
Any chapter of *The Master and Margarita* will suffice to show the *cartoon* official being *exploded*, and the book *swells* into a *carnival* as we are *rocked* from one to another. Take Chapter 12, *Black Magic and Its Exposure*, which settles Bulgakov’s scores with Rimsky, the findirector of the Variety Theatre, and Georges Bengalsky, the master of ceremonies, and Arkady Apollonovich Sempleyarov, chairman of the Acoustics Commission of the Moscow theatres. Not to mention his revenge on the entire audience, of whom you will see he has not a high opinion.

First, he begins to finish off Rimsky as follows:

Just as the red light over the findirector’s head lit up, blinked, announcing the beginning of the intermission, a messenger came in and informed him of the foreign artiste’s arrival. The findirector cringed for some reason, and, blacker than a storm cloud, went backstage to receive the visitor, since there was no one else to receive him …

Quite stiffly and drilly, Grigory Danilovich (Rimsky) inquired of this fallen-from-the-sky checkered one (the Devil’s assistant) where the artiste’s (Devil’s) paraphernalia was.

*Our heavenly diamond, most precious mister director,* the magician’s assistant replied in a rattling voice, *The paraphernalia is always with us.*

*Here it is. Ein, zwei, drei.* And, waving his knotty fingers before
Rimsky’s eyes, he suddenly took from behind the cat’s ear Rimsky’s own gold watch and chain, hitherto worn by the findirector in his waistcoat pocket, under his buttoned coat, with the chain through a buttonhole.

Rimsky inadvertently clutched his stomach, those present gasped, and the make-up man, peeking in the doorway, grunted approvingly.

*Your little watchie? Kindly take it,* the checkered one said, smiling casually and offering the bewildered Rimsky his own property on a dirty palm (pp. 120-121).

Now for the next score to be settled with Georges Bengalsky:

A moment later the spheres went out in the theatre, the footlights blazed up, lending a reddish glow to the base of the curtain, and in the lighted gap in the curtain there appeared before the public a plump man, merry as a baby, with a clean-shaven face, in a rumpled tailcoat and none-too-fresh shirt. This was the master of ceremonies, well known to all Moscow – Georges Bengalsky (p. 121).

Now, the Devil and his pals are about to play a very big trick and they are annoyed when Bengalsky interferes with it. First, the trick, then their reply to the annoyance. Having
gotten decks of cards to appear in the wallets of the audience, and then bills of roubles, voices call for the same deck (i.e., roubles).

*Avec plaisir,* Fagott (the checkered assistant of the Devil) responded. And he commanded: *Look up, please* There was a pistol in his hand. He shouted: *Two!* The pistol was pointed up. He shouted: *Three!* There was a flash, a bang, and all at once, from under the cupola, bobbing between the trapezes, white strips of paper began falling into the theatre.

They twirled, got blown aside, were drawn towards the gallery, bounced into the orchestra and on to the stage. In a few seconds, the **rain of money, ever thickening**, reached the seats, and the spectators began snatching at it (p. 124).

Bengalsky decides to call a halt to the general agitation by announcing in a resounding voice that it is merely mass hypnosis, and Maestro Wollan (the Devil) will now expose the black magic, by making the supposed banknotes disappear.

Total silence fell, which was broken by the checkered Faggot.

*And this is a case of so-called lying,* he announced in a loud goattish tenor. *The notes, citizens, are genuine.*
Bravo! a bass barked from somewhere on high. This one, incidentally, here Fagott pointed to Bengalsky, annoys me. Keeps poking his nose where nobody’s asked him, spoils the séance with false observations. What’re we to do with him?

Tear his head off! someone up in the gallery said severely.

What's that you said? Eh? Fagott responded at once to this outrageous suggestion. Tear his head off? There's an idea. Behemoth! he shouted to the cat, Go to it, Ein, Zwei, Drei!

And an unheard of thing occurred. The fur bristled on the cat’s back and he gave a rending miaow. Then he compressed himself into a ball and shot like a panther straight at Bengalsky’s chest, and from there on to his head. Growling, the cat sank his plump paws into the skimpy chevelure of the master of ceremonies and in two twists tore the head from his thick neck with a savage howl.

The two and a half thousand people in the theatre cried out as one. …

Well, you can read the remainder of the scene for yourself concerning Bengalsky, and concerning Arkady Apollonovich. The high spirits of the carnival have just turned a
sudden and terrible corner. An astonishing reversal, from comedy to tragedy, and a recognition of what the Devil is all about.
The Dream Series of the Author.

I am about to go over the ground trod by Ibsen and Bulgakov in my own dreams. I will show you my dream that began the year 2009 on January 1, and the dream that ended the year on December 31. Then I will take the first 18 dreams of the year 2010 fairly rapidly, for they work like cartoons to show the whole situation on the exterior and western circuit. In other words, I am reentering history, like Ibsen and Bulgakov, graphically, as in the cartoons of Daumier. Or should I not say, my night instrument is doing it, and I am paying close attention. The point is that the people are in captivity on these larger, exterior scales. The deliverance is going to be on very small interior scales.

January 1, 2009. Captivity and Deliverance for the New Year

I am sitting in a sand box in the huge back yard of my mentor, with my wife, in Cambridge, Massachusetts – it is also a sloping backyard like my previous mentor’s backyard leading into the Connecticut River Valley – it is also like our backyard in Billings, Montana, where I first went into practice for the Indian Health Service.

I look up to the west, and see a huge armada of bombers coming straight at us, in block letter formations, like H and A and then one peels off and dive bombs straight for my mentor’s house, and barely can pull up from its dive to clear the cornice on the left edge – oddly, it seems to trip or stumble like a man, and then pick himself up, and lift himself over the cornice to go on.

My mentor now steps just outside the backdoor, and points silently to beautiful soft-purple, Chinese mountains, across the entire southern horizon. I take my wife’s hand at once, and begin to locate a trail through a beautiful forest of winter pines, like in Aldo Leopold’s essay, *Winter Pines,* in *A Sand County Almanac* (2001, original work composed 1949). We follow it out to its first crossing of a highway, so I can see how it leads right up into the Chinese mountains, and then we track our way back to our backyard, knowing how we can make this transition as we need to.
A few comments: 1) the house also looks like a castle, and I cannot help thinking of Banquo’s Castle in MacBeth (1969, original work published 1623). 2) My wife and I just finished the chapter in War and Peace (2007, original work published 1861) last night where Pierre and Natasha are married, and old Count Rostov dies, and Tolstoy explains that the family had long been ruined, and had needed to die for a long time.

3) Thus, this dream is about homesteads, and castles, in which a youth places his dream of his life, as Bachelard explains so beautifully. 4) But the dream is of the moment when the household, or castle, of one’s mentor has to be fled at once, as a place of captivity about to be completely destroyed, because it has long been dead, like the Rostov’s. 5) Thus, I woke up with a delicious sense of freedom – the Chinese mountains are from Jullien’s marvelous flow I wrote about to him in my letter this morning, which delivers us/me from the deadly static, into a perpetual rebirth, potential, freshness, and resource, indeed, The Great Source, which I had been reading the night before in Aldo’s Winter Pines.

Finally, notice the enormous torque in the dream between the attack from the west, bending steeply to the north – I am reminded of the attack from Japan on Pearl Harbor soon after I was born – bending like this takes an enormous force – versus the trek through Aldo’s winter pines to the south, bending steeply to the east in the Chinese mountains.

Clearly, I am taking a huge turn out of the disaster of the west I discussed with Francois Jullien – its static operators of the last five thousand years – into the splendid
flow of The Great Source in the east. I am becoming oriented. Even if only my wife and I seem to be the only ones who know how to do it. I believe there will be a few more, who understand this contour map of the forces of the present situation. The heaviness I felt all week reading Jullien’s A Treatise on Efficacy (2004, original work published 1996) is greatly eased. I cannot lead people out of captivity, who are burying themselves in their tombs of constant operators, but I can save myself, and a few will see the way.

December 31, 2009. Malan’s Offer to Me at La Scala.
Very tersely, and absurdly, the night before I have to make rounds at the hospital on New Year’s Eve. I am in London, where I ring up David Malan, one of my first mentors of brief psychotherapy at the Tavistock Clinic. He seems startled, gathers himself and says, Oh, Jim, how nice of you to call—there are six tiers of an audience waiting for a lecture on diet and brief psychotherapy. If I once had a high opinion of the field, this reduces it to its proper absurdity.

January 1, 2010. Massolit (Used as an Adjective for Nuts)
Another devastating reduction to absurdity of the western, exterior circuit in one word: 

*Massolit.* With a picture of staying out of the mouth of Behemoth (Cat) in Bulgakov.

*Massolit* is the name of the literary club in Moscow, demolished by Bulgakov, beginning with Chapter 5, *There Were Doings at Griboedov's.*

I just finished *Brand* the night before this dream, which gives me another hard punch in a cartoon, about the exterior, western circuit. I am to begin again at James Longfellow School (there is such a school here), but I cannot quite locate it, as it seems to be in three different places, a high school, a junior high, an elementary. At the same time, I decline to be in a tennis tournament, because I am here for the play, of paired opposites, like left and right, and not for winning exterior contests. It is taking a complete reeducation, for this James to become a Longfellow.

I am taking the family to a picturesque little town on vacation, in which we cannot move ten feet without another power play inflicted on us – in the hotel, in the Catholic Church, at a bench to rent on Main Street, on a steep hill out of the middle of town, at the exit of Main Street from the town, in Main Street itself filled with combatant cars charging each other. I seem to have had too high an idea of public space!

January 4, 2010. *Troll Tricks of Gold*
Finishing Peer Gynt, who becomes owned by the trolls, to enact their trick of appearing to be substantial to get gold (Acts II, III, IV).

I dream arrangements are being made for me to go on a training loop to Saginaw: material perquisites, hotel room, all the travel arrangements. I just cancel them. But I
find myself pissing in the upper sink instead of the lower sink at my old high school in Saginaw. The troll trick has already gotten into me.


A beautiful deliverance in the clinic of a talented young woman from her dangerous family by means of a dream. I dream I am having dinner with her and her boyfriend at a restaurant in beautiful big city, like St. Petersburg in Gogol’s story, *Nevsky Prospekt.* The boyfriend senses a deep connection between the girl and me, but I do not say a word because it is over, and all his.
I have been rereading some passages out of Wendy Doniger O’Flaherty’s book, *Dreams, Illusions, and Other Realities* (1984). The concept from Vedic tradition in India is that one story is embedded in another. For example, a boy is scolded for having dirt in his mouth. The boy, who happens to be the God, Krsna, says the other boys are lying about his having dirt in his mouth and that she should look for herself:
Then she saw in his mouth the whole universe, with the far corners of the sky, and the wind, and lightning, and the orb of the earth with its mountains and oceans, and the moon and stars, and space itself; and she saw her own village and herself (p. 109).

I dream a western variant of looking in Krsna’s mouth: I am assembling two halves of a chair, one ascending the mountain which I am pushing backwards up the mountain, and one descending backwards down the mountain.

The most lucid of cartoons: everyone I talk with has some ideal concept in him, like the chair, which the next chair will have to match. He is already decided in advance, so the chairs face backwards, because he need not even look he is so sure of his static world of the as-is.

I give a beautiful seminar to visiting colleagues on a DVD of a girl swallowed up in her family which is totally imposed upon by the father. I show them the topology, a simple cartoon: in it and losing her center, out of it and laughing at their absurdity.
I am told by one of the doctors that she needs CBT to correct her underestimation of the violence of the family.

I dream that I find myself in his dirty mouth, imposing on me his view of how to impose upon this massively imposed upon girl.

January 8, 2010. Largesse, __________.
Another version of Dirty Mouth. Simply the word, Largesse, followed by the thought of the visiting colleague who can make it into nothing.


Another recapitulation of public space, as on January 3. I take the family to camp in a state park like Wildcat in Wisconsin (1970’s). It is packed with the public. I take the family out west to a butte basin as in the Black Hills of Custer National Park – in grassy water, predators are setting upon prey. Thugs arrive in our (now Wisconsin again) state park, driving up in a gangster car to the main building (a friend, Steve Olson, personal communication – told me about Lorca’s murder by Franco’s thugs in 1936). Our family
forks are all mixed up in this main building with the public forks. It turns out we bought it (as was said in Vietnam when a soldier died, *He bought the farm*) Someone says to me, *Terrible mistake. It is hugely undermined by endless mining of limestone.* I am trying to go to supper on Route 19 in far Northeastern Wisconsin (near the Wolf River where I have spent a week nearly every year (of 36) fly fishing) into yet another dirty mouth of a supper club. I am riding in a car, like the gangster car, sitting in the passenger front seat, while a terrible driver heads up the left side of the road to the supper club, and is about to turn left on a bigger highway. Cartoon piled upon cartoon, duplicates.

Drastically a cartoon. A world loop: I am in a medical school where we correct each other’s papers, which means one of us inflicts his protocol upon another, harshly. I think, *Maybe it teaches: Consider* the source, *before you step* into his dirty mouth (world).

A body loop: I am on a mighty train, crunching through ice. One went off the tracks like that one winter near our house. Harold Bloom (1964) said Shakespeare was insouciant.

A Sunday to Monday dream. A contest of professors. Whoever wins gets to lecture at 11 AM, prime time. A red professor is chosen, not me. Red is the suit of war, which is followed by the swarm into more Lebensraum.

January 12, 2010. My Sexton’s Tiny Room at Chartres.

After a day of covering clinic in the morning for myself and a colleague caught in a snowstorm out west, taking 30 cases effortlessly in 4 hours, I dream that night of being back starting over at Harvard College in a Renaissance Hall. When I arrive, there is no room left. I tour all of the wealthy perquisites – clever boys like Leonard Bernstein are
improvising music in the common room. Finally, I take a tiny servant’s room at the very
back of the place, like that of the sexton near the Black Madonna at Chartres. A friend
from Harvard Medical School days comes late to pick me up at dawn to go to a
demonstration but knocks at the front door, and I have to come around to apprise him of
my actual location.

January 13, 2010. *An Errand into the DMV (Behemoth).*

I am pouring out an array of new shots on the tennis court that startles my coach, like
one of Bateson’s 1972) dolphins rewarded not for doing the usual trick. Harold Bloom
(The Western Canon, 1994) says Shakespeare is the center of the western canon, because his map includes all the others.

I am at the DMV (Department of Motor Vehicles) on an errand to get a boy a driver’s license. He is pretending to be my son, standing behind me in a corporate tan jumpsuit, looking like a blond German boy. I hand the clerk a check from the corporation for $70 made out to my son to pay for the license. The clerk refuses it. I am embarrassed. How did I get caught up in all these shams for a nobody German boy to drive a UPS van on the Front Range out West?

I am striking line drives on the court as my coach taught me: holding the back swing to the last possible split second before I commit to going left or right. Gives the fullest presence, because you get the latest possible glimpse of the whole situation.

The opposite of the previous dream: a certain patient who is always decided in advance what his protocol will be and imposes it. He had to give up his center 50 years ago, because it was too dangerous to have one.


I am back giving a workshop in 1992 for therapists from all over Holland at Bergen Ap Zoom. Only when I get there do I discover that the place is an inpatient collection of bungalows where they make contracts with all the personality disordered clientele: if they agree to function more, they are rewarded. Why do they need to learn anything
from me? Their protocol is decided before they see the patient. An empty island of rationality with no need to watch the body, or hear the words of the patient, or look into the history. It took me over ten years on the world circuit to discover every place I visited as professor was the same: the trick varied, for manipulating the patient.


Still dreaming of Holland, I take a local train to a big station that reaches the express train across southern Holland. Once into the big station (the world circuit), you can’t go back to your local reality. I am a candidate for faculty at a big university department in
1973, at a party given by the chairman in his split-level ranch house. There is no place to find cover from all these playing cards coming at me.

I am going on a biking trip with a beautiful young mother and her two small children in southern Georgia in July. The night before I am hosted by her parents in their new restaurant about to open a few blocks from our house here. It looks like it has not changed since the 1940’s. It died a long time ago.

I am to load one of the four columns of the department riding our bicycles in the annual September picnic to Blue Mounds west of here. I am delaying our column for days, dragging out old camping gear like my father had from the 1940’s, army surplus, in our basement. I now had to drag it off roofs, out of junked cars, in run down neighborhoods.

Ah yes, I really did imagine leading young people to the Promised Land. Too much old baggage. Too many old loops in the reentrant core. I am really going to be much more modest.

**The Clinical Implications.**

I finally have understood the teaching of the great comic and tragic authors. The people are in such desperate shape on the run, or drowning, they have time only to glimpse a single cartoon (Bateson, 1972, Learning I). This is what Freire (1970) discovered a long time ago with peasants in Brazil. The words of the city teachers made for a culture of silence. A single cartoon of a typical peasant scene, and the peasants found their own generative words.
In my brief clinic, I seem to have found how to wake them up. I show them a cartoon of a patient’s topology – having indicated that all of the disasters are problems of positioning. For example, this week it will be a woman who dreamt of falling off her mother’s back at age two and being left pinioned on a cross. Her only move was to fly up to the dome of the church and look down on the poor child. So, she became an inflated actress who could impersonate anything, but not be her vulnerable self. I think they will get it in one glance, and also think of many examples from their own practice. Learning I, and Learning II, as Bateson (1972) put it: to wit, the particular case, and the entire class of histrionic dissociations:

Three Cases From The Resident Clinic:

All med checks, in which the resident had a half hour, and I had five to ten minutes. For each, a single cartoon opened up the crucial forces in one glance.
The Teacher’s Aide.

Depressed for six months, and all our med changes to no avail. The resident goes on the computer to scope out the next med change. I ask if I can ask one question? *Oh yes.*

*What is getting her down the most?* So many deaths in the family, looks tearful, certainly in grief. Then, she looks and sounds angry, quite a *flicker* comes across her face.

I ask her about her anger. She says she is swamped in keeping records of math scores, English scores, etc., etc., with all of her developmentally disabled kids that she can hardly sit with them. *Oh really, I said, you have to be a bureaucrat!* She laughs, for the first time, and agrees that is exactly what she hates. I laugh and say, we are all in that position, including myself right now!

The Mother of Seven.

I come in for another med check, to hear a very angry mother of seven, with her aging husband, describing her extended family, in jail, on parole, into drugs, not working, etc., etc. The resident is settling on Abilify with her, and I can see why. This woman is about to *explode* in a manic fury.

I ask her if I may ask her one question? *Oh, yes, she says, I have seen you before with another resident.* I say, *You are carrying the worries of everyone in your family. What is the biggest one?* *The guy sitting next to you,* she rejoins. *He has terrible health*
problems and is not taking care of any of them and is going to die at this rate and leave me with seven kids (not to mention the extended family).

I say, *Do you ever sit back and take a deep breath?* (She is tensely forward on the edge of her seat). She rejoins, *Oh no, I don’t have time for that* (for myself). I say, *That’s too bad,* and say I have to go. When I get to the doorknob, she calls out to me, smiling, *Yes, I think I can take a big breath for myself!*

The Secretary.

Terrible med check problem: more and more atypical anti-psychotics to contain her anxiety, and insomnia, making her blood sugars unmanageable. What to do?

May I ask one question? Yes. *When did this begin? A month ago. What changed a month ago? I began a new job. I like the work, but every time there is a break these coworkers crowd in around me, and it makes me unbearably anxious.*

*Obviously, you need a barrier to put around yourself* (She has PTSD from a terribly intrusive family, and is on disability, and has a service dog). *Oh, she says, if I bring in my dog, I can keep the coworkers away. But can I announce my disability when I have only worked there a month? Oh yes, the disability act is to protect exactly this right.*

*Whew!* A huge reduction in terror, from one question and another *cartoon* of a *terrible topology.*
Actually, this very cartoon fits all three cases, **massively imposed upon**.

Massolit!

**Q.E.D.**

A beautiful discovery followed my indexing of this theorem, which indicates how the book as a whole is a **musical score** (see Gustafson, 1997, Chapter 10, *The Orchestral Score of Levi-Strauss*). As Levi-Strauss demonstrated of mythology, I so proved the same structure held true of dreams, and so I prove it again here. The first half of this 24th Theorem is a beautiful **elaboration** of the opposition **between** the top-down score of *Brand*, and the bottom-up score of *Peer Gynt*, and then their **alternation** in *The Master and Margarita*. The second half of this 24th Theorem begins with another long **elaboration** of top-down alternating with bottom-up in a single dream, and suddenly begins a kind of **fugue** of 19 quick variations of **reduction to absurdity** of stepping into a **dirty mouth** (initiation set). As Levi-Strauss argues, beautiful music **surprises** by going **more elaborately** or **more quickly**.
Afterword

If I have persuaded you, reader, that nearly everyone’s illness derives from being de-centered in far too many world loops (see Lambert, 2010, Nonstop, on Harvard College life) and that being well derives from being centered between all of the world loops and body loops so you are not compelled (com-pel, Latin, to be pulled along or into the pulse) by any one of them, then what are you to watch for?

*The Author’s Dream of Sunday to Monday, 15 February, 2010, The 3 Perilous Loops.*
The 3 Loops

Sunday to
15 February

Perilous

Monday - 2010
About 3AM, I found myself in a suburb of houses in Tennessee, which looks like the development in Verona near the EPIC company, under nuclear attack. The houses were all the same on an empty plain with no cover (like the plains of Minho in Theorem 16), and a tripod on wheels was rolling through it discharging mothballs which rolled through all the streets. Moth balls put your center into storage, and that is the nuclear attack of sheer bombardment with quantity from EPIC – a rolling tripod of research, teaching, clinical practice. You must find a way to make a simpler move in everything put upon you (like only one move at a medication check or intake takes half the time).

Secondly, I had a beautiful fox-dog in training with beautiful spontaneous energy from below, but likely to dash into danger, while in training, except for a lunge line I put on her (myself, to be very measured when I deal with the bosses of EPIC).

The third loop was that I could train this fox-dog to save herself from the first two perils. It is simply a matter of identifying the little steps which drew the patient into a vulnerable position once again to get hurt -- Learning I, about a particular situation, as Bateson (1972) would say. A beautiful piece of clarity about transition, O(t), steps into trouble, steps out of trouble -- a beautiful eddy moving upstream. The trouble to be anticipated is that this eddy will be sucked again downstream. If there is 1 loop that is a body loop upstream, there are still 100 loops that are world loops downstream! Oh well, you have to begin somewhere!
I would like to explain to you, reader, finally, why this book is dedicated to François Rabelais. It is good to anticipate The 3 Perilous Loops – all terrible exchanges to decline.

But it is also equally important to have company in something beautiful. This, he, Rabelais, provides amply. 1041 pages of it!

The Author’s Dream of the Beautiful Sled, 5 March 2010.

I had just read Rabelais’s Chapter 9, bis How Pantagruel fairly judged an amazingly hard and obscure controversy so equitably that his judgment was termed more wonderful than that of Solomon. I had a dream of marvelous energy from bottom-up like this:
I was riding in a kind of sled, with wheels, in a big city, when, suddenly, my driver had to swerve from the left side of the road to the right.

I felt like Tolstoy on his sleigh, or like Arjuna driven by Krsna – either way, the god up from below, eluding the traffic from above.

*The Author’s Dream of a Bare Stage*, 6 March 2010.

Ah, but the next night, a very bare stage:
I am getting a sandwich in the store of a Lebanese merchant across the street from my residency in San Francisco. However, the stage to sit on to eat is as bare as can be.

Actually, it was the best stage I ever had – as with the residents I teach now, who bring me a great case, and I answer it. A 1 to 1 exchange. When they graduate, much worse, I can give them a 1000 dreams or a 1000 readings, and they will return none. They are on the run.

On the morals and characteristics of Panurge.

Now I can tell you how and why Rabelais gets the dedication to this book. He writes from the perspective of Pantagruel as follows:
To cut matters short, when we got back he took me for a drink at the
tavern called *Le Chateau* and showed me ten or twelve of his pouches full
of money. At which I made the sign of the cross, saying *Where did you get
so much money from in so short a time?*

He replied that he had helped himself from the pardoners’ collecting
bowls.

*For in tendering my first penny, I did it so subtly that it appeared to be a
large silver coin. Then helped myself with one hand to twelve shillings
change, or at least to twelve brass pennies or twopenny pieces, and with
the other, to three or four florins. And so in all the churches we went up
to.*

*Indeed, I said, you are damming yourself like a serpent. You’re a thief, and
sacrilegious.*

*Well, yes, he said, So it seems to you, but it does not seem so to me, for
those pardoners gave it to me when they said, as they offered me their
relics to kiss, Thou shoult receive an hundredfold – that is, for one coin I
may take a hundred.*
Panurge goes on scholarly to justify it by Hebrew scripture, but his point is already made, without his justification he likes so much.

Of course, Rabelais is not his Panurge, nor is Shakespeare his Falstaff, nor is Ibsen his Peer Gynt. None of these authors is recommending robbery. Rather, they are letting loose their comic protagonists from the bottom-up to reduce the top-down robbery to its absurdity, as in the selling of pardons.

Q.E.D.
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