To Imagine Accurately: The Fundamental Problem Of Psychotherapy / Parallels Evolution

James P. Gustafson

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2017
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Madison, Wisconsin, 2017

Also available as an electronic book on Dr. Gustafson’s website
http://psychiatry.wisc.edu/gustafson

“For what is rhetoric,” wrote W.B. Yeats, “but will trying to do the work of the imagination.” -- Allen Tate (1934)

“Cast a cold Eye /On life, on death /Horseman, pass by!” – Tombstone of W.B. Yeats, Drumcliff Churchyard, Sligo Ireland.

The author gladly thanks his wife, Ruth Iana Gustafson, for fifty years of companionship in discussing these problems and for teaching him so much. He also thanks Mike Wood, Gary Simoneau, Steve Olson, Justin Gerstner, Stuart Jones, Maurizio Pugliese, Brendon Nacewicz, Andy Moore and Lowell Cooper for their very thoughtful responses to this work in progress and Ryan Ashton for his superb IT help with the manuscript and making new videos.
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Reader, your individual evolution turns out to be a variation of the evolution of our species. Each *turns on* *reading the ground* you are *treading on*.

For this you will need a very sound map. The most sound is René Thom’s catastrophe theory. It is a picture of where things are *easy* and where things *get hard suddenly*. Here is his picture.
This is a diagram of more compression on the x-axis and more response on the y-axis. In the lower left region, a little more compression (x) leads to a little more bodily response (y). In other words, it is a linear psychiatry that is very easy.

But suddenly, in one or two steps, you reach the catastrophe point where one more step results in explosion as of anxiety or rage or implosion of depression or all energy. In other words, linear psychiatry has suddenly become non-linear psychiatry.

This is a book about your education in non-linear psychiatry. It is offered nowhere and now here it is. It is about reading where you are continuously.

In this it is like Dante’s Divine Comedy where the reader knows where he located in the geography of Dante as he acts in every sentence. I aim to give this to my readers.
PART I, NOT TO STAND IN HIS (OR HER OR ITS) DANGER:

Every vole who treads a step or two from his or burrow to forage on a few grains knows that each step he takes outward is to stand further in the danger of the red tailed hawk or the wolf eying his progress. He has to gauge exactly how many steps into its danger can be reversed by darting back to his burrow one step ahead of the diving hawk or leaping wolf.

Many biologists call this “the engine of evolution.” One-step too many outward and vole is no more. That vole is not selected to continue because his balance of daring and caution was too daring. Of course, excessive caution and he starves and thus is not selected to continue either. This engine of selection is called the Lotka Scenario. The nervous system with too much acceleration dies, and the nervous system with too much brake also dies.
Of course, this is my *analogy* for us and our evolution as a species and as individuals. Take, for example, the young merchant Antonio in Shakespeare’s *The Merchant of Venice* (1969a).

He has outfitted a flotilla of ships to gather up rich materials from foreign ports to bring them back to sell at a great profit. To launch this project, he has made a loan from Shylock of many ducats on condition that he pays it back fully, or, Shylock will take a pound of his flesh!

The ships do not seem to be coming back. Portia, a young and beautiful and rich heiress, says to Antonio, in the company of the entire court of the King, and Shylock: “You stand in his danger, do you not?”

PART II, TO READ THE REVERSAL COMING BEFORE REACHING THE CATASTROPHE POINT:
Almost everyone has way too much material to handle and has to take it on too fast. The result is a continuous build up of tension in the body.

You become more like a machine than an organism. You lose the ability to imagine your situation, that is, where you are.

In small number situations, like a billiard ball on a billiard table, you think in terms of collisions and angles. In large number situations, you think in terms of statistics.

Organisms are able to think about their positioning in an ecological field because they can keep track of a middle number of variables and they can go slow enough (T.F.H Allen and T.B. Starr, 1982) like our foraging vole. Thus they back off from too much going on and from too much rushing. They retain a picture of the grain they seek and a picture of the red-tailed hawk or wolf they dread.
Consider Agamemnon (Aeschylus, 458 BC). He mounted an armada to advance on Troy, but his fleet was stalled for lack of winds at Aulis. The tension mounted in him. He had a huge number of impatient men egging him on to accelerate.

He was within a step of two of the catastrophe point where he would take an irreversible step into tragedy. He would be tempted by the gods to sacrifice (kill) his own daughter, Iphigenia, so the winds would blow his fleet to Troy.

In the hubris of his isolated will he only saw an advantage to seize and he pictured not the sequence that would lead his wife, Clytemnestra, to murder him on his triumphant return from Troy, even in a net she and her lover Aegisthus would throw over him in his blessed warm bath and stab him to death.

Extreme indeed, very non-linear!
PART III, TO HEED THE SIEVE THAT GIVES YOU THE MAP OF THE GROUND YOU HAVE OR WILL TREAD ON:

Is it possibly accurate that all of the dream maps are *variations* of a single and most beautiful map? The lesser variations would be *regions* of the whole phase space for *emphasis*.

I must hurry to say that these maps are *not* usually *literally* the ground tread upon but *analogies* to them that give a greater purchase on that ground in anticipation.

Einstein (1949) used to say that *beauty* of the imagery was how he chose the *most powerful* thinking, as for the special and general theory of relativity. Poincaré (1908) said likewise for his proofs of non-linear geometry.

So let us follow their lead and look at the most beautiful dream I have had in recent weeks.
Seeing this extraordinary image, I knew at once that it had two chambers, one chamber with a small aperture that allowed in as little degradation (life stealing energy) as possible, one
chamber with a large aperture that allowed in as much beauty (life giving energy) as possible. I also knew at once that it was a very definite wooden musical instrument, a Shakespearian lute that composed all of his plays, comical and historical and tragical.

How might its regions be the focus of lesser dreams? Certainly, I have had many dreams lately about closing to degradation. Certainly, I have had many dreams lately about opening to sheer beauty.

How might this beautiful dream of a general field theory play out in the six books I have written on dreams?

The first in 1997 said that the manifold modern theories of dreams are variations that emphasize a single pair of opposites, while Lévi-Strauss exhibited the whole huge set of pairs of opposites from the Ice Age in The Raw and the Cooked (1983).
The second in 1999 said that most dreams were two-dimensional *crossings* from one opposite to its pair opposite.

The third in 2008 said that the dream instrument worked like the Matthew-Strogatz (1990) phase space, a banana shaped sieve or cleft in its center, brought about only by loose coupling and only a moderate set of frequencies, like a symphony orchestra.

Thus brought forth an instrument that could *oscillate* from top down waves of order to bottom up waves of chaos.

The fourth in 2010 said that the instrument *oscillated* between pictures of captivity and pictures of deliverance, quite apt for finding one’s way in the modern empire of mega-machines (Mumford, 1966). It favored upstream positioning for the latter.

The fifth in 2012 said that your *positioning* set the limit on what lines of sight opened up,
some positioning with a very limited line of sight, others with a second line of sight to its opposite, others with a third line of sight to not deciding, and others still with a fourth line of sight about being ready for further buffeting after the first sighting.

The sixth now in 2017 says that acceleration and brakes have immense effects on all these other readings.

In Part III, I will explicate how we oscillate between images of the general field theory and images of its regions that are being called upon for more emphasis and pertinence neglected in the dreamer’s life.

I had a very painful night having written this introduction to the beautiful sieve and how it works, because it was not quite right. This morning I would say that the general field theory of the Shakespearian lute has one chamber with a wide aperture to open up as far as possible to beauty that moves me and
others and one chamber with a very narrow aperture not just to limit taking in degradation but more widely to limit taking in how others are not moved by this beauty that moves me because they are somewhere else. This is what was so extremely painful for Shakespeare (2000, original work 1609) in his sonnets.

PART IV, TO READ THE IMAGINARY COMMUNITY OF BEING EATEN BY A TOP DOWN IDEA:

Benedict Anderson wrote that “Imagined Communities” (1983) based on being moved by a single top down image in common had taken over humanity increasingly in the last several centuries with the dreadful result of millions of deaths all over the world.

You can see it in our Civil War history where millions of young men rushed to their cause, south or north, and were slaughtered or maimed.
This has continued but more common is the *rush* of young people into lines of work that increasingly demand more top down self-sacrifice to *vast agendas of things to take care of* and *thus losing one’s own shape*.

*Accelerating into way too much material* is what I see in nearly everyone I know and meet in the clinic as well.

Dostoevsky described this same dynamic in Russia, especially in his three greatest novels, *The Idiot*, *Demons*, and *The Brothers Karamazov*. As one of his two great translators, Richard Pevear (1994), wrote: “You did not eat an idea. An idea ate you.”

In our time, the idea of PR (public relations of oneself) *takes over a nation of salesmen* promoting their one idea as an indispensable commodity.

Of course, this *epidemic* begs the question of how is any one of us *not to be swept away*
in *self-promotion* from the top down and *sit in one’s instinctive center* from the bottom up? It takes a kind of walking meditation all day and all nightlong.

I do it by surveying the *next available pocket of time* and *putting on the brakes* so I attempt only a little. When all of the patients are *rushing*, I set the *opposite* aim to do one thing for them carefully considered at a very *slow tempo*.

**PART V, TO READ THE CRUCIAL TRANSITIONS: UNWITTINGLY SELECTING THE DOWNWARD PATH VERSUS WITTINGLY THE RISING PATH:**

Here we come back to Gerald Edelman’s Neural Darwinism set forth in a series of books and papers since at least 1978. What he said was that every behavior, worrying being the most common in our patients, induces a *positive feedback loop* to select more of itself.
Worry loops are going to enter one’s head. They have adaptive value, in that it is often useful to check what one just did.

To give more time to such a checking is going to generate a runaway positive feedback loop that will be exhausting. Our patients do this unwittingly. Unwittingly they tread a downward going path.

Wittingly it is possible to put on the brakes to such runaway positive feedback loops. When you imagine accurately what is self-sacrificing unduly and unnecessary, you have room to take an upward going rising path that has a slow tempo to decide what is worth doing next.

Sullivan in his *Psychiatric Interview* (1954) first introduced me to the idea that the doctor gets to make the necessary transitions from what is to worthless to what is useful, smoothly, accented or abruptly. *Enter, do it, depart.*
Good writers always stand on the shoulders of their predecessors. Here are some of mine:

One of the central problems studied by mankind is the problem of the succession of form . . . Next we must concede that the universe we see is a ceaseless creation, evolution, and destruction of forms and that the purpose of science is to foresee this change of form and, if possible, explain it. –P. 1, René Thom, *Structural Stability and Morphogenesis*, 1972/1988

The surf is high, and on the far side of it, a wave greater than its fellows is shouldering out of the blue, glinting immensity of the sea.


But the greatest thing by far is to have command of metaphor . . . for to make good metaphors implies an eye for resemblances. –
What precisely is “thinking”? . . When, however, a certain picture turns up in many such sequences, then precisely by such a return – it becomes an organizing element \( \Theta \) for such sequences. – Einstein, p.7, *Autobiographical Notes* (1949/1996)

“It was not you who ate the idea, but the idea that ate you.” It may be said that this world is in a very serious state of parody (demons always want to be taken seriously)– p. xvii and p. xxi, Introduction to Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Demons*, 1872 by Richard Pevear (1994)

A theory is the more impressive the greater the simplicity of its premises, the more different kinds of things it relates, and the more extended its area of applicability. – p. 31, Albert Einstein, *Autobiographical Notes*, 1949 /1996
Actually in this world monsters are all around us but not necessarily in our neighborhood or in our family if we are fortunate.

To imagine accurately what this terror feels like to the unfortunate, consider this entry of Grendel into the Mead Hall of the Ring-Danes as follows in *Beowulf* (Seamus Heaney, translator, 2000, pp. 10-11):

“So after nightfall, Grendel set out for the lofty house, to see how the Ring-Danes were settling into it after their drink, and there he came upon them, a company of the best asleep from their feasting, insensible to pain and human sorrow. Suddenly then the God-cursed brute was creating havoc: greedy and grim, he grabbed thirty men
from their resting places and rushed to his lair,
flushed up and inflamed from the raid blundering back with the butchered corpses.”

May we never see such a morning after as Beowulf did of his slaughtered men.

This begs the question of what we can do to defend ourselves? It is an ancient question.

For Ice Age humanity it was what Guy Davenport in *The Geography of the Imagination* (1981/1997) called in his essay by the same name, *Prehistoric Eyes*. He wrote that prehistoric eyes were there for the *details* of great beauty but also for those of terror like the tip of the predators’ ears.

It also helps to *stand way back* from what Thom called “the initiation set” of intersection with catastrophe.
Thoreau had a beautiful paragraph about *this beautiful distance taken*:

*Calm* comes from knowing where *the region of peril lies* and knowing where *the region of refuge lies* as in Thoreau’s paragraph in *Cape Cod* (1865) about his night as a guest at a lighthouse:

*The keeper entertained us handsomely in his solitary little ocean house. He was a man of singular patience and intelligence, who, when our queries struck him, rung as clear as a bell in response. The lighthouse lamps a few feet distant shone full into my chamber, and made it as bright as day, so I knew exactly how the Highland Light bore all that night, and I was in no danger of being wrecked. Unlike the last, this was as still as a summer night. I thought, as I lay there, half awake and half asleep, looking upward at the window at the lights above my head, how many sleepless eyes far out on the Ocean stream* —
mariners of all nations spinning their yarns through the various watches of the night — were directed toward my couch. (p. 119)

In between the region of refuge like Thoreau’s in no danger of being wrecked and the region of peril of sleepless eyes is the transitional region in increasing intersection moving toward the catastrophe point or less intersection away.

Now I have glimpsed the whole geometry in which we maneuver.

I had a dream related of an amulet about my heart of a predecessor like Thoreau or Shakespeare. One steps back into the cloak of such a predecessor (Thomas Mann, 1936, p. 36).

I had a dream of crossing from a whaling ship like the Pequod in Moby Dick (Melville, 1851) to a dory for the whaling hunt, and diving into an ice-cold sea, for a sudden huge
wave had parted the whaling ship from the dory.

_Crossings are never certain_ as I wrote in 1999 (The Practical Use of Dreams and the Human Comedy).

Here is a case of such a crossing from being single to being married called _The Case of the Missing Lion_.

This video consultation began with my video man coming in and out of the consulting room to set up the video, microphones and so forth. I commented that it was more like a movie studio than anything else.

Our patient replied, “Then where is the lion?” meaning the MGM Lion. Little did I know she was announcing her entire problem in her marriage soon to happen.

As I am wont to do, I took the first half hour to hear about her insecurity as a pharmacy
student not getting everything perfect, and left the second half hour for a dream of hers.

It was a single and mysterious sentence: “There is a murderer in the family.”

I told her this was not literally so, necessarily, but an *analogy* of something *like* a murderer in the family.

She took the longest time to think of the analogy but it *struck her hard*. Her fiancé had a father who was in the Lions’ Club, pretending to be an upstanding citizen when actually he was creepily trying to steal her younger brother’s custody from his mother who was actually a good mother.

Now she knew what the missing lion was. Crossing from being single to being married put her *in the danger* of her *creepy father-in-law*. Now she could *not deny it* and would have to *ready* for much more of it.
PART I, NOT TO STAND IN ITS DANGER

CHAPTER TWO, ALREADY CAPTURED

So many have already been invaded by monsters and thus are already captured. Why or how is this so?

This is where the evolution of the species and the evolution of the individual come together as one.

Very few have read this history, so most are ignorant of it. Let us start with the species history and then proceed to the individual histories.

The clearest history of the species is a recent one by Yuval Noah Harari called *Sapiens, A Brief History of Humankind* (2015). Here is the sequence by which humankind has been captured. First, the cognitive revolution
beginning 70,000 years ago, occurred when *Sapiens* discovered how to *combine* in very large groups to capture and use and destroy every other species and thus break out from a tiny niche in the Rift Valley in East Africa to take over the entire planet (See NY Times, September 2016 *Science* article, http://nyti.ms/2cp5vYa, E.O. Wilson (2012)).

Second, the agricultural revolution, beginning 12,000 years ago, occurred when *Sapiens* found itself at the end of the Ice Age of two million years ago, brought on by great rains that spawned great fertility of crops like rice, wheat, corn, barley and potatoes. Those who could *subjugate themselves to multiplying these crops* prospered in their surpluses. Those who remained Ice Age foragers were driven to the margins.

Third, the scientific revolution, beginning 500 years ago in high gear, occurred when *Sapiens* began to *figure out the sequences that make everything work*, or not. These
who had these powers to make ships and weapons and huge armies and vast bureaucracies to administer them became the colonial powers that subjugated most of the globe (Jared Diamond, Guns, Germs and Steel, 1997) and have been largely succeeded by corporate powers that make paid slave factories out of the entire Third World.

What has this to do with individual evolution? Everything! For so much depends for the individual on where he or she is positioned in these vast hierarchies.

As Paul Fussell wrote in Class (1983), not only is it dependent on the wealth, upper, middle or lower class, the power to purchase, but also only on high tightly supervised he or she is, versus how free to move about on his or her own schedule. Thus, there is a lower, middle and upper lower class, and so forth.
In other words, *the more he or she stands within this danger, the poorer he or she is and the more subject to tight supervision he or she is.*

So this is the evolving evolutionary field that all of us most contend with as individuals because it *sets strict limits* on how we are allowed to spend our days and nights. It is up to each of us as individuals *to imagine it accurately, or not and be crushed by it unexpectedly.*

The capture of the individual is even more *thickly* put together. It works also on the smaller scales of families and relationships of couples and the relationship of the individual with him or her self.

It *sneaks* up on us. This has everything to do with René Thom’s (1975) catastrophe theory. More and more pressure or compression of the individual works in a linear way like a very long *fuse.* More burning results in more
effort to keep up with the vast agendas that everyone seems to attempt.

However, eventually, one or two more additions of more demanding compression reaches what Thom called the *catastrophe point* where the person *explodes* and or *implodes*.

The *geometry* of this is very precise as has been pictured for me in many recent dreams. It is that of entering a *cul-de-sac* as I first
dreamed in a hollow in Tennessee.

Imagine entering a hollow in Tennessee only to find there is no exit for your front in this cul-de-sac as the predator comes in at your back.

This night painting refers to many Civil War Battles and to many marriages and to how most of us crowd ourselves with attempting far too much. It is such driving down a street in your car with another car pushing from behind you nearly in your *trunk*.

Its effect is a *fundamental transformation* of your *shape* so it is lost altogether that is exactly how Thom describes a catastrophe.

I seem to have no end of variations of this catastrophe of losing one’s own shape.

Here is the one I had in my *night painting* last night:
I dreamed I was putting a huge and strange mirror into my garage. It was *obsolete* like a dinosaur, but even worse, it was taking up half of my garage like so many couples I see where an obsolete and sterile person rules the whole situation. It is really an epidemic.

Finally, I would like to tell you, reader, of a patient I saw in 1994 in consultation in my
Brief Psychotherapy Clinic. She recently contacted me by email to say that her consultation with me changed her life.

In her dream in 1994, she was standing at the top of a stairway into a delivery room. What astounded her was that her mother and father came out of its doors at the bottom of the stairway with her fiancé whom her mother had just given birth to.

The message of the dream was absolutely clear. Her fiancé was her mother’s choice and not hers. She got the message and cancelled the wedding plans. It has not been so easy. She has had similar usurpations of the will of others at her back that have driven her to the wall.

It is what we all find ourselves in these cul-de-sacs. It is best to sight them before you enter them. They crop up continually in our practices. Standing back from their mouths is the best place to help someone in them.
PART II, TO ANTICIPATE YOU ARE ONE OR TWO STEPS FROM THE CATASTROPHE POINT

CHAPTER THREE, KNOWING THE REVERSAL IS COMING FAR IN ADVANCE

Every vole in our prairie knows how to keep one eye on the grain in taking a first step out of his burrow and one eye out for the red-tailed hawk or wolf, in order to dive back out of harm’s way. All mammalian life knows they are coming, sooner or later.

*Sapiens* used to know this, from two million years of practice that selected his nervous system. He could read the *tip* of the predator’s ear well before the appearance of the predator himself (Vandevert, 1996).

As Vandevert borrowed from Einstein (1949, 1944), what is thinking? It is *picturing* how the *tip* (*fractal*) keeps leading into the *same*
sequence, to the whole predator, a sensitive dependence on initial conditions (Gleick, 1987).

This is the great Paleolithic resource that has been mostly lost. Guy Davenport (1981, 1997, p. 67) put it like this in his essay, Prehistoric Eyes:

“I would swap eyes, were it possible, with an Aurignacian hunter; I suspect his of being sharper, better in every sense. History is not linear; it is the rings of growth in a tree; and it is tragic.”

“The historical sciences do not so obviously stave off death, but it seems to me that searching for man in his past and finding him not brutal and inarticulate but a creature of accomplished sensitivity and order, sane and perhaps more alive than we, is a shield against the forces among us that stave off life.”
Indeed, to have a shield against the forces that stave off life. How do we get it back?

I think the shield is to imagine accurately, far in advance, when they are coming to reverse whatever good we have garnered up to destroy it. We need to imagine accurately the life giving forces from the life stealing forces.

For that purpose we must not underestimate the cruelty that can come into play in modern life quite suddenly.

Perhaps Ibsen is our best ally to see like he did. Michael Goldman in his Ibsen, The Dramaturgy of Fear (1999, pp. 2-3) put it like this:

“This savage, bracing destructiveness is something most readers and audiences feel in Ibsen’s work as a whole. The plays themselves are killers. The ruthlessness of their vision (in a later chapter we shall see that
Ibsen himself associates it with the eyes of an abused and vengeful child [my italics] seems directed – though with a tonic clarity and thoroughness – not just at the characters but at the audience. Their spirit seems well expressed in Ibsen’s wonderful little poem, ‘To My Friend, the Revolutionary Orator:’

“I won’t play at moving chessmen. Knock over the board; then I’m with you. You furnish the deluge for the world. I’ll gladly torpedo the Ark.”

The last phrase is breathtaking. It suggests a sweeping completeness of attack next to which most notions of revolutionary upheaval seem timid or sentimental. To save mankind [my italics] it is necessary to imagine blowing up anything constructed to save it [my italics] – no, to imagine it so that it blows up [my italics].”

My dream instrument (sieve) seems to be bent on showing me over and over again how to
imagine the context in which the Ark blows up. It is what I call a cul-de-sac that has kept reappearing in my dreams for the last two weeks.

It first appeared as a cul-de-sac in a Tennessee hollow, such as in the Civil War where a regiment might be driven only to find it is facing a wall and finished off from behind. No exit!
Then in further variations it became what I must watch for in all the patients I see. They all *put themselves in someone else’s danger*.

I can only help them if I *stand back* out of the *mouth* of their catastrophe.

I must have a *sound standpoint* from which to interact with them, even if I am a step or two from their *catastrophe point*.

My dreams the last two nights reviewed all the *cul-de-sacs* of my fifty years of adult life. Always I saw some good for myself and found myself in a box with no exit. In one such dream, I was *moving dead apartment buildings around on black ice*.

I decline this life of *linear psychiatry*.

The previous dream was about intersecting my *nonlinear psychiatry* that is capable of
huge transforms with this linear psychiatry that hardly changes anything.

This geometry borrows the red and black colors from *Hidden Thunder* (Schrab and Boszhardt, 2016) on cave paintings and cliff
paintings of Native American tribes in the driftless region of southwestern Wisconsin.

The red path is the life path of the sun that brings us everything we have gotten in spring and summer and defends us from the black path of death in fall and winter. It is the very procession of the stations of the sun (Henry Beston, The Outermost House, A Year Of Life On The Great Beach Of Cape Cod, 1928, 1988).

This is the great reversal that is coming that we can know far in advance.

This brings straight to mind a patient to whom I consulted in my Brief Therapy Clinic a few weeks ago.

I was struck at once by how she was captured by favorable first impressions. In a way she is all of us in our youth as in Conrad’s short story Youth (1898) who joyfully accepts his first post as fourth mate
on a coal boat bound from northern English to Burma. By the time the boat reaches the English Channel, the coal in its holds is on fire. If they steam slower, the fire dims, but the time to get to Burma far longer. If they steam faster, the fire gets wilder, if the time to reach Burma lessens.

The lad is excited by his first adventure. They take the latter route all the way to the Gulf of Burma where the ship blows up!

My patient has remained 18 at 58. However, she also sees how this sequence has ruled her life when she latches on to a favorable first impression that indeed has some advantage (like an income for her and her children), a favorable first train that hides a very destructive second train to her own well being. (Kenneth Koch, One Train May Hide Another, 1994).

She has already begun, it turns out, to pause, like Koch at the railroad crossing in Kenya, to
wait to see what second and third perspectives come into play that would reverse her fate from friendly to dire, from life giving energy to life stealing energy.

She need not enter the cul-de-sac trap but stand outside its dangerous mouth on solid ground where she can make her independent and objective observations.
CHAPTER FOUR, KNOWING WHEN YOU CANNOT KNOW IN ADVANCE WHAT REVERSALS ARE COMING BEYOND ITS HORIZON

Donald Rumsfeld’s only sense for national security came at his final press conference late in 2006 as Secretary of Defense that lasted thirty-five seconds (available on You Tube). What he said was that there are known knowns and known unknowns and unknown unknowns. Known unknowns are like specks in the sky that have not yet come into focus. Unknown unknowns are like a completely clear horizon. Rumsfeld meant that the latter are truly terrifying. You have no idea what is preparing to shape up and are thus helpless.

Individual security works like national security. The known unknowns can be prepared for long in advance. Thus, The King’s Two Bodies (1957) of Kantoriewicz says the holy investment of the King mostly
hides his bottom half of force but not quite. Look at his pairs of wolves half way up and at his huge paws below. He is to be feared.
Thus, Hemingway’s *The Big-Two Hearted River* (1925) shows Nick Adams fly-fishing way upstream in the Upper Peninsula on this river knowing the downstream was entirely unknown to him (and indeed it turned into a perilous swamp).

How are we to prepare for a horizon that hides what is beyond it?

I see four major and saving moves.

The first is what I call *laying up* and arose from a dream I had about a patient I had in as much danger as anyone can bear, within a step or two of the catastrophe point. Here is what I wrote.

12.20 P.M: This morning I had *huge trepidation* about my patient putting a bullet through her head at any time now, after I wrote about sovereignty versus shallowness.
My sense was that her sovereignty like that of Nastasya had been trampled too many times. Nastasya is the heroine of The Idiot (Dostoevsky, 2001).

I napped for over an hour and came up with a dream painting from a week or two ago that I cannot locate. No matter, the sense of it is totally relevant to my dread for her and what I can best do for her and for myself that I stand in her danger.

10.40 A.M. Nap Dream: I am standing before a high hill that rises up pretty fast for around here (like the view on the ninth tee of Glenway). Its rim is very striking to me, a horizon on what is possible to see or anticipate or be ready for.

I decide to lay up by hitting my first shot to the right that will give me a clear reading of the terrain beyond my original horizon on the tee.
That my sieve has chosen to re-present it to me now is to help myself with my trepidation starting back in the clinic tomorrow.

It says: “This woman’s sovereignty has been trampled so many times that it is impossible to say how long she can last from what is hidden to my view over this ridge or horizon. You are already doing what is possible by laying up, that is, seeing her every week, and looking with her at what the next week or day has brought.”

She came through this semester, in part because of I was fully with her in her state of trampled sovereignty, probably unable to bear any more punches, and yet I stood back from her and off to the side laying up.

Here is how I drew my saving dream:
This was not total resolution of my standing in this danger of hers, but it was helpful.
The second major and saving move is to back up as far as you can to get as wide a horizon as you can get, into the cloak of a predecessor as Thomas Mann (1936) put the crucial move of all ancient heroes: To see it with the eyes of a great predecessor, to literally become him reincarnated.

The third major and saving move I practice every day going home for a nap and pulling a pillow over my face for complete darkness and for embryo breathing, for the slightest, nearly imperceptible breath in the left nostril and the slightest, nearly imperceptible breath out of the right nostril.

It focuses all of one’s attention on the point of the nose that lies halfway between one’s own body and the field one is embedded in. Almost always it brings up a crucial dream image from below. It seems to clear one’s body from top-down pressure or will of the conscious mind to allow the unconscious mind its say.
It is an ancient practice called Qigong Meditation (2003, Yang, Jwing-Ming).

The fourth major and saving move is to write down a paragraph of where one’s conscious is concerned and wait for one’s sieve to reply, keeping one’s head still and eyes pointing in the same direction as when going to bed (Pribram, *Holonomic Brain Theory*, 2003, *Scholarpedia* 2 (5) 2735). It almost always points to a map of the whole situation as opposed to the limited sight of conscious will.

The dream images to come up from below after writing Chapter 3 was this:

10 P.M: Nothing clear at all but that these didactic, linear operations are dead cul-de-sacs.

3 A.M. Nightmare: Threats I could not have known in advance (Rumsfeld’s unknown unknowns): The Dramaturgy
Of Fear (Goldman, 1999) I find myself at Meriter Hospital facing a huge backlog of orders I did not even know were my obligation, for drawing blood and injecting into it, venous and arterial.

I am in an impossible position. I have not drawn blood for fifty years (when I was an intern). I do not work there. I do not know how to reach the patients. I am going to lose my license and professorship.

I feel like the object of KGB hacks, as in Bulgakov’s Master and Margarita (1997). When you find you have a backlog of impossible orders to carry out you did not know were your obligations, you are ruined.

6 A.M. Dream: I am at a tennis camp where the teachers are debating which didactic, linear method gets the most effective results (copying the right answers as in my high school classes so totally tedious).
All didactic, linear methods are top down cul-de-sacs you only graduate from by the right answers at the top door of the exam.

This is a country of them. All companies, schools and bureaucracies run on such top-down programs, like the first mega-machine (Mumford, 1926) that built the pyramids as a massive tomb for the body of the Pharaoh. This is what the Royal Shakespeare Company tends to do to Shakespeare.

7 A.M: I have been running against this country of cul-de-sac machines my entire adult life unsuccessfully. Trump gets it exactly: Supply the right answers and you win the prizes. This is why I do not win the prizes for outstanding teachers. Many tend to be married to one of these didactic, linear, constant operators and/or have had them for parents. It is a dreadful dead end.
Finally, for a case from my Brief Clinic that moves against an unreadable horizon: She is about fifty now. I have given her an hour’s videotaped consultation every two years for about fifteen years.

Her dream is about being in her father’s boat tangled up in his four fishing lines with his pointing to a muddy area under the railroad bridge to go after the big fish.

She knows this is pointless effort and points where she can see many fish actually rising. She has found how to turn away from fruitless pointing of her father to fruitful pointing of her own.
Evolutionary biology works like physics. Each depends for its accuracy as a general field theory on reading the entire phase space of all the energies of the field. This is because all of the energies can potentially interact.

Poincaré in his great essay, *Mathematical Creation* (1908), explained why he could not prove a single theorem in non-linear geometry with his conscious mind. Yes, he could make a long list of what the proof would have to satisfy, but there were a million ways to do it.

There was another way. He found he could go hiking in the forest or on the beach for a number of days, only to discover one such morning that his unconscious mind had
selected the right one in a million. He called this the action of his *sieve*, an extraordinary net for catching the right fish.

My chief contribution to the action of the dream instrument is to transpose the action of Poincaré’s sieve to everyday life.

Reader, write down in a brief paragraph where you find yourself concerned in the evening. Then as you begin to wake up in the morning (or in the middle of the night), do not move your head or your eyes.

As Pribram wrote in *Holonomic Brain Theory* (2003), the holonomic brain stores memory along lines of sight in holograms. Thus, what you are consciously looking at on the page in your paragraph will connect to your vast memory of the unconscious mind.

As you are coming up from the unconscious mind towards waking, keep your head and eyes still and merely note what you see and
hear and feel. Then when you sit up, write it down before you forget it. You will be astonished by what your sieve has selected.

I will give myself as an example. In preparing like Poincaré a list of all the different perspectives I have considered on the dream instrument since 1997 (Gustafson 1997, 2000, 2005, 2008, 2010, 2012, 2014), I felt it was impossible to select one perspective as the key to all the others.

In my *New Interpretation of Dreams* 1997), I had favored (Chapter 10) *The Orchestral Score of Lévi-Strauss* from his book of the entire set of myths from South American tribes (*The Raw And The Cooked*, 1964), because it was an immense set of crossings these Ice Age beings had to negotiate of very non-linear extremes, like raw from cooked, wet from dry, hot from cold, and so forth.
It seemed intuitively right that our evolution as a species had to depend upon a great instrument that could make these non-linear jumps, or perish.

Later I would emphasize the priority of crossing from captivity to deliverance (Gustafson, 2010) that befits that last five thousand years of empires when man himself became the greatest danger.

Still later (Gustafson, 2012) I would emphasize the lines of sight that would make any reading of danger and deliverance possible.

Still later (Gustafson, 2014, ) in my twelve minute You Tube Lecture Two, Reading Dreams According to Freud, Jung and Gustafson (type in Jim Gustafson Channel on You Tube), I would emphasize the priority of opening to friendly energies and closing to dire energies.
For several days, my list of possible perspectives grew longer and longer, until I awoke one morning with a *night portrait* of a general field theory of the dream instrument. Here was its portrait.

Go to the next page.
At the top was the long list of possible priorities. At the bottom was the *bifurcation* common to all the perspectives I had listed.
That is this. Consciously, we unwittingly select a path that will make things worse (in red). Unconsciously, our sieve will select a path (in blue) that will get us through wittingly. That is how the sieve replies to the paragraph of concerns, as if to say, “We see it differently.”

Consider again my consultation to the Case of Dangerous First Impressions a few weeks ago in my Brief Therapy Clinic. She had spent nearly sixty years trusting first impressions and getting badly hurt over and over again in love and in work.

Her pair of recurrent dreams she presented to me were startling. In the first, she is kissing a charming man / and suddenly feels an immense urge to vomit and a wrenching twist of her colon. In the second, she is sitting on a toilet naked and unprotected by glass walls from meetings of her firm watching her.
To make an hour’s consultation brief, it turned out that she already was beginning to pause on first impressions and wait for a second and third and fourth perspective that could read the sequence of going from charming to ruinous (see the four page poem of Kenneth Koch I gave her, One Train May Hide Another, 1993).

Now it turns out that the most beautiful literature has a similar capacity to read crucial sequences, as demonstrated by Walker Percy in his 1975 book, The Message in the Bottle, but more intensely in its chapter called Metaphor as Mistake.

It all has to do with astonishing analogies quite as in my patient’s pair of dreams. Dreams can be literal, but more often they say: “Here is an analogy to what you are doing unwittingly.”
I am simply going to list a series of phrases taken from the literary world by Percy that evoke this action:

“That heightened, that excited sense of being (p. 65).”

“Here something very big happens in a very small place (p. 66).”

“The unspeakable stress of pitch, distinctiveness, selving (p. 66)”

“We can only conceive being, sidle up to it by laying something else alongside (p. 72).”

Stephen Booth (2006) evokes something analogous from Shakespeare’s play as follows: “The incessant hum [my italics] of ‘part’ references in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* is not only elaborate in its range but in the intricacy with which words and ideas relative to one kind of part or parting interweave – entwine themselves with – words and ideas
relative to other kinds of part or parting (p. 219).”

“Such static is probably exciting to the minds it plays across and casually, effortlessly exercising an athleticism beyond what is imaginable in human beings (p. 219).”

Actually, this ten minute lecture of Booth was the inspiration for my thirty-six ten minute lectures on You Tube.

Now that I go back and watch and listen to my *You Tube Lecture Two, Reading Dreams According to Freud, Jung and Gustafson*, I find how beautifully it yields my general theory of the dream instrument in its twelve minutes.

It has this *same pile-up of analogies* to the phrase I heard before the telling image, namely, “They are coming, sooner or later.”
The image was of a startling square in the middle of an amoeba like organism. The square was the friendliest of places like the room in which I was giving the lecture.
However, suddenly, a gunman would enter and I would have to flee to the right or to the left or even into the sea.

Thus friendly suddenly becomes dire as in the gift from Greeks to the Trojans of a giant construction of a horse, out of which the Greek warriors will spring and destroy the city of Troy -- In paradise, suddenly a dire reversal -- The fiction of partial truths. The same was true in the Mead Hall of Beowulf as it was in the stronghold of Troy

“They Are Coming, Sooner Or Later.”

Therefore Not To Stand In Its Danger In the Mead Hall Of Beowulf: Part I That Sets Up Parts II, III, IV And V At Once.

The closest book I can think of to evoke this action is Mark Van Doren’s *Shakespeare* (2005, original work 1939).
CHAPTER SIX, SURPRISING STRENGTH OF THE POWER OF ANALOGY

If we are in a dire political situation, then where is our refuge?

My reply is that the answer lies far back in the evolution of our species that has selected our great dream instrument of orientation.

In dire emergencies our species had two great powers built into them. We have them in us too.

The first is what Canetti in *Crowds and Power* (1960) called *increase packs*. When Plains Indian tribes had not seen buffalo herds for weeks or even months, it was a dire emergency. They lived or died with the buffalo.

What they did was dress as if they were buffalo and dance day and night until the buffalo came back. This was a temporary
increase pack in case of this emergency for the survival of the tribe. The pack formation had become second nature to them under such dire circumstances. They had faith in it.

The second power is *analogous*, a faith in ancient predecessors. Thomas Mann (1936) described it as follows and I quote him at length:

“The Ego of antiquity and its consciousness of itself was different from our own, less exclusive, less sharply defined. It was, as it were, open behind; it received much from the past and by repeating it gave it presentness again. The Spanish scholar Ortega y Gasset puts it that the man of antiquity, before he did anything, took a step backwards, like the bull-fighter who leaps back to deliver the mortal thrust. He searched the past for a pattern into which he might slip as into a diving bell, and being thus at once disguised and protected might rush upon his present problem. Thus his life was in a sense a reanimation, an
archaizing attitude. But it is just this life as reanimation is the life as myth (pp. 34-35).”

Take, for example, Napoleon. Mann writes: “But we need not doubt that – at least in the period of his Eastern exploits – he mythically confounded himself with Alexander; while after he turned his face westward he is said to have declared: ‘I am Charlemagne.’ Note that: not ‘I am like Charlemagne’ or ‘My situation is like Charlemagne’s,’ but quite simply: ‘I am he.’” (p. 35).

Of the two ancient powers already in us (selected as our nervous system), the first has become perverted. The state of emergency calling for the increase pack formation has become continuous. Mankind has been eaten by this idea, and rushes around until he is very sick with huge agendas for doing more of everything. He has become a machine of increase, sterile and unlimited, like our new president.
The other ancient power remains open to us all, not just to the likes of Napoleon, to step back into the cloak of our predecessors in our own domain.

Consider *The Man Who Returned Through A Wormhole To Find His True Self* to whom I consulted in my Brief Clinic a few months ago.

To make a long story very short, he became addicted to marijuana at age thirteen and continued so until age thirty-eight. Somehow, before I met him, he decided to give up marijuana in which he felt nothing, hoping to find his own feelings.

In my hour’s consultation to him and his resident psychiatrist, he told us that he had his first dream one month after his sobriety began.

He dreamed he was terribly alone in outer space when he was awakened by drones to see
a video of the earth being destroyed in one vast explosion.

He wept with relief for several hours. He was capable of intense feeling after all and thus belonged to the human race.

I saw him again a week ago with the resident in the resident clinic, now with a different problem.

He was outraged with the drivers on the Beltline driving over seventy miles an hour in heavy traffic and thus endangering him.

I said to him that I could well understand his anger at potentially life-stealing energies. On the other hand, this was awfully righteous of him to command the energies of the Beltline. He agreed.

Why not stay off it and take a detour into life-giving energies? He simply had not imagined it was possible, until, I his predecessor told him it
was indeed possible, whereupon he felt great relief.

I have had two big dreams myself that picture this fork in the road for all of us.

One was concerned with the pressure we put upon ourselves. The analogy was to two NFL quarterbacks in a rigged context. One was already very tight at point $A$, only a step or two from spasm (catastrophe point) by a slight increase of pressure (of the football, of the situation). The other was very lax at point $B$ and in danger of becoming more so.

Why not find balance at point $C$ like the soprano Stoyanova in Verdi’s *Requiem* singing the final outcry of *Libera Me* with such feeling and yet precision of every syllable? All the best performances in all of us come when we can find this delicate balance, not too much *acceleration* and not too much *brakes*. 
Balance at C From Too Much Tension At A And Too Lax At B. The second big dream developed the picture at C further.
22 Jan 2017
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Rigid Characters
Demand Answers

In Batteries...
Demand to be Recharged
I dreamed that I was teaching some very rigid psychiatrists and psychologists who demanded that I give them the right answers about dealing with very rigid patients (of course, they have spent a lifetime demanding the right answers in advance of the exam so they can get perfect A’s).

One of them asked me four times querulously about whether her rigid patient could get better? I snapped back at her that I had already replied three times before that the answer was probably not but it could not be ruled out.

When I looked at my night picture of this situation, I saw that I had drawn a battery that only was capable of being recharged.

It has taken me sixty-five years to be ready for such people that have become machines. Marx said it about 1850 (Ollman, 1971) and called it reification (making oneself into a machine for sterility and limitless repetition).
It is not necessary to be in the dire energy of a continuous state of emergency of the increase pack when you can imagine accurately how to be in the friendly energy of balance, not too much acceleration and not too much brakes.
PART IV, NOT TO BE EATEN BY IDEAS

CHAPTER SEVEN, EATEN BY DECEPTION

“It was not you who ate the idea, but the idea that ate you.” It may be said that this world is in a very serious state of parody (demons always want to be taken seriously)—p. xvii and p. xxi, Introduction to Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Demons*, 1872 by Richard Pevear (1994)

Before I resumed reading Dostoyevsky, thanks to my wife, Ruth Gustafson, I had never imagined *ideas as demons* eating people. Yes, really. *Devouring and consuming them.* So their *shapes literally disappear.* A *catastrophe*, as René Thom (1975) would say.

This is the fourth dynamic I set before you, reader, of what you *miss at your peril.* I had imagined what Binswanger (1956) called *Extravagance*, in German, *Verstiegenheit,*
to climb so high so you cannot get down, unless a rescue party can get to you.

Now I suppose that is one of many ways to get eaten by a deceptive idea.

Another is the usual political action by which the shapes of people disappear in what Gramsci called hegemony in his Prison Notebooks (1929-1935). A “hegemon” is an ancient Greek word for a regime or group of people exerting undue influence over others.

Gramsci explained it in one sentence (Prison Notebooks Wikipedia, p. 2) summarized as follows: “For Gramsci, hegemonic dominance ultimately relied on coercion, and in a ‘crisis of authority’ the ‘masks of consent’ slip away, revealing the fist of force.”

I write of ideas that eat people by deceiving them into consent with their own disappearance in this Chapter 7.
I write of the fist of force in Chapter 8, Just Not To Be There.

A skillful parody of how the two actions work in the hands of Putin appeared in a remarkable four-minute sketch on Saturday Night Live January 21. Very charming, and ready to crush anyone who is not charmed. Very Trump.

The number of deceptive top down ideas that will eat you is indeed numberless. They have something in common, however, which may alert you. Of course, they may be charming, especially on the first meeting. Listen again, later, and even later. It is always the same pitch as with Putin: Putey will take care of things. You are being sold.

The seventeenth century comic dramatists had a tremendous ear and eye for the pitch of the deceivers. Shakespeare (1604) came first as with the flattery of Iago. Cervantes (1605) came next with the self-flattery of Don
Quijote for whom every banal material activity on the plain of Spain was to be attacked as a demon to be slain or captured. Nice job!

Much later came La Fontaine (1665) with his flattery brought back from Aesop of the wolf flattering the crow with the cheese in his mouth to drop it by singing with his so-called great voice!

Moliere (1665) in *Georges Dandin* pictures a wealthy, social-climbing businessman who feels entitled to capture an aristocratic beauty of great wit. Every time he thinks he is about to have her, *something happens* like he is locked out and a pail of water dropped on his head.

The refrain is always the same: “You asked for it, Georges Dandin.” Henri Bergson (1900) in his book, *Laughter*, or *Rire* in French, argued that laughter came from
Rigidity, I think, is one telltale of the deception. The Putin self-parody parodied by Saturday Night Live illustrates a broader and deeper conception. He is *slick as a wink*, and yet is made to be absurd.

The “Russian woman” in the background upends him at every turn. For his claim that everyone in Russia is happy, she replies: “Oh yes, I wake up every day happy (as she parodies non-verbally with an obvious *scream*)”

Bergson was right. Rigidity is a curse, if it eats you. Slickness, its opposite, shows the larger curse if it eats you, *deceiving you to eat* you, one way or the opposite.

Meanwhile, the number of top-down deceptions has become innumerable. I will touch on a number of the common ones
these days, before I go to a case in my Brief Therapy Clinic.

First of all, the proliferation of materials in every field \textit{swallows the form of an individual}.

We listened to Samuel Barber’s \textit{Adagio} and \textit{First Essay} very early in his career in which the shape of the whole composition is beautifully clear. Then we listened to his \textit{Second Essay} and \textit{Third Essay} full of brilliant melodic and rhythmic elements in a marvelous richness of orchestration, but with \textit{no sense of where it is going}.

See Henry Beston, \textit{Northern Farm} (1948), for a writer who knows where he is going.

There are other ways of saying this. The explicate order swallows the implicate order. Dry energy swallows moist energy. Didactic one-dimensional texts drive out everything else. Fixed deals rule the economy and the politics.
Huge daily agendas eat everyone. Charged up people rush around in all directions, from one tangent to another, losing track of where they began. This is the epidemic of attention deficit disorder.

In the clinic, something parallel happens with the patients. They tend to rush around, but at the same time they tend to make the same mistake over and over again.

Michael Balint (1952) noticed this in his patients he saw for analysis. Borrowing Melanie Klein’s terms, he said one third of his patients remained in a paranoid position, namely, that the world was out to get them. Another third remained in a depressive position, namely, that they were not good enough. The final third were capable of what Balint called new beginnings.

I have seen all of these results over and over again in the last twenty years of my practice. I have also seen countless patients in what
Wilhelm Reich (1933) called constant attitudes in his book *Character Analysis*.

For all his later craziness, Reich was right about the necessity of taking on the constant attitude. The constant attitude is like the general of an army in charge of a character.

All the defenses of the character are in the service of this ruling of one conception, like I must bow to my mother and to my husband. This is being *Eaten by Deception*.

In other words, the paranoid and depressive positions of Balint are consequences of this constant attitude.

*It will run on making the same mistake until this self-deception is placed squarely before the patient.* Of course, some will remain exactly the same in their righteousness. Some will be shaken and have a new beginning. This case will clarify which is which.
The resident presented this woman to me in my Brief Clinic as _beset_ by two demons: apathy and invalidated grief for five years.

Five years ago she and her husband went to Florida for a vacation whereupon her husband had a heart attack and died.

He was a pharmacist who refused to take care of himself and died of it.

Our patient had a dream about it. In her dream, she met him again. She said: “You left me.” He replied: “No, you left me.” He said this with one eye trained straight at her.

She felt shaky, anger and grief. The next night she dreamed he confronted her again and said: “You do not need to know anything else.” She felt horrible, leaving him dead in Florida to go home. She could see his eye staring at her.
I said to her: “Freud wrote about this in his Mourning and Melancholia. In painful separations like this, you become him not to lose him.” At this moment, she and I each noticed she was wearing his jacket!

She looked much younger. At this point the resident noted that she was taking very bad care of him just like he had of himself. Her blood sugar was 235 (extremely high).

She asked out loud: “Why am I doing this? I will just become someone else’s burden (as he became her burden)?”

She felt differently. She said: “I am shaking with anger. I feel it in my gut. Maybe I can scream it out when I am driving back to Michigan tomorrow.”

I replied: “Nice people have much trouble with anger. Reich called it character armor.”
She replied in tears: “My anger is surging up. I had two more recent dreams. In one I had an orgasm, and another one the next morning.”

Finally, she said she was going to take care of herself and her diabetes and get it under control. She finally said: “It is such a great relief not to feel to blame for his not taking care of himself. I will take care of myself.”

So many go down, eaten by the deception of their constant attitude that they must bow to their mothers and to their husbands and lose their own shape and point of view and thus literally become their mothers and their husbands and thus destroy themselves as their mothers and husbands did.

She did not. She finally was not deceived with my help taking on her dreams about what was being wrongly conceived, the opposite of the truth.
CHAPTER EIGHT, JUST NOT TO BE THERE AT THE MERCY OF THE FIST OF FORCE

The body is a musical instrument that can be corrupted by ugly energies or fulfilled by the energies of the great musical opposites.

So much depends on where you can position yourself. The larger, political and business scales will crush your shape if you cannot find a refuge from them in a private world.

This is not a new problem. It is as old as the formation of empires about 5000 B.C. in what Lewis Mumford (1926) called the mega-machine. Perhaps, the first one was assembled for the building of the pyramids as tombs for the Pharaohs.

The peasants were drafted to build it or would be killed if they refused. They had no refuge. As Paul Colinvaux describes in The Fate of Nations (1980), the subsequent fates of
nations depended on a superior military device. The Athenians invented the hoplites, lines of infantry making a moving wall of shields. The Golden Horde came on in throngs of horsemen. The English invented the longbow.

As Jared Diamond (1997) describes in *Guns, Germs and Steel*, armies of a few hundred Spanish soldiers, thus armed, destroyed the huge numbers of Aztecs and Incas. The germs they spread killed far more than their guns that preceded them.

As Benedict Anderson (1991) describes in *Imagined Communities*, a further development of raw force has shown itself in the last two hundred years.

Imagined communities are formed of millions whose only connection is an abstract idea like the English empire or the Dutch empire or the Fascist empire or the Bolshevik revolution that may have killed thirty million.
There was almost no refuge. You either joined them or you were destroyed.

What has this got to do with us in this country? Most of us are not threatened with death. Perhaps with being extradited?

This imagined community of the USA seems to be about business, in which you are either a winner or a loser. Mr. Trump is the chief mouthpiece for it.

Imagined communities can destroy so-called losers if they identify with the aggressor against themselves (Anna Freud, *The Ego And The Mechanisms Of Defence*, 1937).

Here is a strikingly vivid example from my Brief Clinic about fifteen years ago.

The patient was a remarkably beautiful woman from a very prestigious family in northern India who married a middle class
man who took her with him to his post in southern India.

It went very badly. She was quite a favorite as a teacher of music to the children of many families. This made her husband very jealous and angry.

When they moved to the United States, the same thing happened, she much loved, he very jealous of her attractiveness to others than himself and very angry.

Finally, when their two children became teenagers, he was able to enlist the daughter against her by the usual trick. She held the line about curfews and all the responsibilities, while he indulged the daughter to run free.

She finally moved out to a bare apartment, while the teenagers stayed with him in their house. She felt extremely alone and guilty that the children felt she was in the wrong.
She really could not go any farther toward divorce and starting over.

The interview enacted the same self-blame over and over again. In my letter to her, I called attention to how she was allowing herself to be captive to this courtroom in which her husband was the judge and she the defenseless defendant. I wrote:

“Did you notice that every time you volunteered an opinion or I gave my opinion that you doubted it to pieces. For example, I gave my opinion that your husband felt jealous of your powers, like a poor dog, and began to undercut you, and rob you of your powers, and seduce your own daughter against you. I think this is the case, but you are in danger until you can hold on to your own fair judgment. Leaving or not leaving is less important than being absolutely clear about what is the truth, or you will suffer terribly with self doubts and guilt.”
The key phrase is *Every time you doubt your own validity to pieces.*

What happens on the scale of an entire imagined community also happens in one family at a time.

Now I want to turn to my dream the night after seeing her in which I imagine my own suffering *in an analogous nightmare.* Like Jung, whenever I understand the dreadfulness of a patient’s condition, my sieve makes it violently clear. I mean to emphasize that getting much better at this work brings about painful episodes of *suffering in the doctor.*

We studied the video consultation two weeks later that led me to write her a second letter as follows:

“We reviewed the videotape of our consultation in a way that makes me see your question ‘Where did I go wrong?’ in a different light. My reply was that you allowed
your own keen judgments to be undermined until it had become a habit. But where is equally important.

I dreamt the where the night after talking with you. I dreamt I was trying to flee across a kind of board game of 16 squares (4 X 4) with a pitiless light overhead, perhaps my imagination of the South of India, so there was no shadow and no square on the board to hide from a terrible pursuit. Then I reached the upper left of the board, where I saw some beautiful trees and houses behind them, and I thought, I shall find cover at last!

At the very second I saw my way out, somebody turned the lights out – and I knew that pitiless Eye above the Board had watched my every move, and knew exactly when I would find a way out. So HE threw the switch and it was pitch black. Here, a gap in the dream, and I awake in a kind of total institution like a factory, with only men in one
piece overalls in all the different colors, and I thought, ‘We’ve all been raped.’

Now, I’ve never had any such dream in my life. To make a long reply to the point, I think this dream imagines the WHERE in which you lost confidence in your instincts, on a board in which every move is wrong, and where escape is crushed by violence. Either physical at first, and gradually shifting to invalidation, and, now, turning you out as the scapegoat, the one excluded from ‘We three .’ as he felt himself to be inferior before.

Finally, concerning our clinic discussion. The main thing we discussed was your having a PLACE (as in the houses in my dream) WHERE you could have backing for your good sense, instead of this invalidation, which has eroded your confidence. If you give up your place you have worked for, because the board is pitiless cruelty there (the board game), then you must have another place with BACKING – so far I hear of your son, your
sisters, your resident psychiatrist, and I see your capacity to win over others as you did singing and teaching – to give up a PLACE in traditional Indian culture, and be ostracized and not have a home for your children to return to is very dangerous for the spirit, if you do not have an alternative place built for yourself!”

Her body as a beautiful musical instrument was indeed corrupted by ugly energies and needs a refuge to be fulfilled by the energies of the great musical opposites.

We watched the video this afternoon in the Brief Clinic that is so clear about her abandonment by her family to a malicious husband. Now I understand my nightmare the night after seeing her. I wanted her to find a refuge from the pitiless board game in the south of India. The twenty-two years of being beat up was not going to be reversed in one consultation. So I get more skillful in this field admitting one I underestimated.
Surprise! I wrote her former resident doctor now in practice for the last sixteen years. She replied:

“I have seen her a couple of times. She divorced and is a working independent happy person now and always has the best to say about us and how much we helped her. Thanks for helping in her case.”

Now, how do I think about this? I think that my nightmare dream the night after seeing her was true in the sense of the mighty forces to keep her in what was essentially a depressive position of taking all the blame.

Yet she had this beautiful new beginning. As Michael Balint wrote and the authors of the Children of The Garden Island wrote, and as Homer and Dante and Shakespeare described, about one third stay in the paranoid position that the world is out to get them, and about one third in the depressive position of being entirely at fault, and one
third have the new beginning of finding a refuge from the pitiless game board of the cruel husband.

I felt about her that she had great and noble potential to stand up for herself, despite enormous cruel forces. Often you do not know what will win out, and just have to know you do not know.
I have a patient who appeared one day in my office with her beautiful face scratched red in the most ugly way.

She is a talented older painter who was granted a fellowship in South America with other painters for a month. She emailed me a number of times from there telling me how happy she was.

Then I had learned that on coming back to the USA she attempted suicide again.

This sequence had happened a number of times, from very beautiful to ugly. Why?

When I saw her beautiful face so damaged by her own hand, I knew why. She had a demon
in her that did it to herself. As Dostoyevsky (1994, original work 1871-2) would say, she had been eaten by a demon.

It had happened long ago in her history. Like Virginia Woolf the novelist, her father had owned her in a cruel way as a child. Virginia Woolf drowned herself in a river finally and my patient has a damned good chance of ending up dead at her own hand.

This possession by an idea generates the same sequence over and over again. She attempts to be in charge of her own independent life, closing what is harmful to it, opening what is beautiful for it. This would be sovereignty.

But the demon father owns her. So the attempts to assert her own independent development from him snap back into self-attack. Freud (1916) called it Wrecked by Success (1958). Success in one’s autonomy was not allowed as a child, and this grown up child somehow destroys her own autonomy.
Lyman Wynne (1958) called it the *rubber fence*. The child or adult makes a move to stretch the boundary of what is allowed and seems to be successful, but is snapped back. Anna Freud (1937) called it *identification with the aggressor*.

But how does it happen when this child seems to stand on her own two feet as an adult? One very common way is to select a boyfriend or husband who is *equally possessive and cruel as the father*.

There is a more subtle way. Gerald Edelman (1978) called it *Neural Darwinism*. It is an *unwitting self-selection*. All the patient has to do is make a constructive move for her own beautiful independence and life. She will get *uneasy*. She will begin to doubt herself. The more time she allows to these loops of *self-doubt* the more the *positive feedback loops* select a person who will *undo* herself. The only way she could get out of this *dreadful outcome* would be to practice limiting the
time given to self-doubt. She would have to become *witting* about the *sequence* she *allows in herself* and begin not to allow it.

I had to see thirty patients in the resident clinic last week with the residents, about eight per hour. I calculated that five minutes per patient would leave me twenty minutes for the dangerous unexpected.

As I described in *Very Brief Psychotherapy* (2005), it is quite possible also to do justice to the seven patients who only get five minutes each. All I need to do is ask the resident what he or she is working on with the patient, and ask the patient what is his or her biggest concern as we sit, and then ask for an example of what is going wrong.

Almost invariably the patient has been feeling *obliged* to do something like visit her angry sister who *puts her down*, and pose the opposite, like *when has she limited it*? It turns out she has, and I can ask her why not
more? It simply comes down to what the patient says yes to and what the patient says no to.

I described this in The Complex Secret of Brief Psychotherapy (1986), citing Sullivan’s Case of the Housewife Economist who was treated like a drudge by her husband the economist, even though she too had a Ph.D. Sullivan called it lifting her sights to what was possible when she acted as if nothing was possible under her husband’s rule.

It is literally clarifying two lines of sight (Gustafson, 2012), not just the line of sight for what usually happens, but also the line of sight for what sometimes happens.

It is fundamentally what is needed in so-called trauma therapy. The patient literally seems to tend to look in one direction for the so-called trauma points. The doctor can elicit the opposite direction in which resource points are to be found. The latter must be elicited
equally to the former to keep the patient from being *re-traumatized* by the conversation.

Sullivan (1954) in *The Psychiatric Interview* in its final chapter wrote that the most important capacity in the interviewer was to make the necessary *transitions* to keep the patient from running on in useless or even harmful activities.

The easiest and most common that is practiced is the *smooth transition* that explains why you want to go in another direction. An *accented transition* is more forceful and is often marked with the hands. An *abrupt transition* is just to charge off in another direction like standing up and going to the door and holding it up open for a *sticky* patient who otherwise might not be gotten out of the room for a long time.

Sullivan’s conception of a skillful interview divided up the *available pocket of time* into
thirds. The first third is for clarifying the patient’s chief concern for the day. The second third is for clarifying what the patient says yes to and no to. The third third is for allowing the patient to gather himself or herself up to go.

Here is how I divided up the hour for my consultation to a resident and her patient in my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic.

First I got the resident to explain what was going wrong with the patient for which she wanted my help.

She presented this young woman as very well educated in a very prestigious University, but having been betrayed and fired by her (largely female) managers in about five or six different companies in the last five or six years.

I divide the hour into four quarters for these consultations. In the first quarter, we learned about her childhood history of being bullied
by her mother and subsequently in Catholic school where the authorities failed to recognize how she was traumatized deeply.

In the second quarter hour, we got her dream of being in a utopian society where she was a middle manager as gatekeeper herself building up dossiers of performance on her unwitting subordinates in order to get rid of them. She was imagining what she was up against as a subordinate.

In the third quarter hour, we discussed her dilemma as middle manager herself. Her utopian urges to alert her subordinates to the weaknesses of the business had to be balanced by knowing what the official line of the business was and bow to it.

In the fourth quarter hour, this sophisticated balance for truth with the official line turned out to be an improvement on her hero, her great grandfather, who told the truth in prison camp in which he was a prisoner and regularly
got beat up, like James Agee working for Time Magazine also in the forties, “telling the truth in the headquarters of lying.”

Her *unwitting self-selection of martyrdom* thus turned on her *lifeline* (Winnicott) to be a hero like her great grand father, her actual *predecessor* into whose cloak she stepped. She knew it, and yet she knew it *not in its force* on getting herself fired over and over again.
CHAPTER TEN, ANCIENT RESOURCES AND MODERN CATASTROPHES

My nose lies between my body and the field it is embedded in. When I slow down my breathing to the slightest movement of air (embryo breathing, Qigong), I find a huge array of strengths rising up in my body, but I also find Trumpistan (Joy Reid, Tin Pot America, In Trumpistan Things Fall Apart, The Daily Beast, February 4, 2011) and Paris whose next explosion can happen any day.

So it goes, as in the refrain of Kurt Vonnegut’s Slaughterhouse Five (1969). The year before (1968), Vonnegut published Welcome to The Monkey House. In it was my favorite story, Harrison Bergeron. Diana Moon Glampers, Handicapper General of the USA, was fulfilling the amendments to the Constitution that made everyone equal. The strong had to be saddled with huge weights. The bright (including Bergeron) had to be made stupid
by continuous electroshocks. This is helpful to remember that the modern world has gone off its rocker before.

It is also helpful to call up the ancient strengths in which we can find refuge.

The first is that ancient heroes, before stepping forward into a danger, stepped back into the cloak of a predecessor (Mann, 1936) to draw on his protection, to become him.

The second help is what Guy Davenport (1997) in his *Geography of the Imagination* called *Prehistoric Eyes* for anticipating dangers long before they arrive, and suddenly are there in 250 milliseconds.

The third help is that all these ancient strengths are embedded literally in the etymology of our words. Take, for example, *unscathed* and its opposite, *scathed*. 
Scathe (v.)

c. 1200, from Old Norse skaða "to hurt, harm, damage, injure," from Proto-Germanic *skath- (source also of Old English sceapian "to hurt, injure," Old Saxon skathon, Old Frisian skethia, Middle Dutch scaden, Dutch schaden, Old High German scadon, German schaden, Gothic scaþjan "to injure, damage"), from PIE root *sket- "to injure." Only cognate outside Germanic seems to be in Greek a-skethes "unharmed, unscathed."

It survives mostly in its negative form, unscathed, and in figurative meaning "sear with invective or satire" (1852, usually as scathing) which developed from the sense of "scar, scorch" used by Milton in "Paradise Lost" (1667).
Do we not find ourselves in this modern world surrounded by those out to injure? Is it not better to be alert for it?

The fourth help that comes to my mind is the ancient source of dreams as thinking by analogy. Joseph Campbell (1949) described it as well as anyone in his conception of the monomyth. In Act I, the hero finds himself in a deadly situation. In Act II, he descends into the underworld for the necessary and apt strength he needs to borrow for the fight. In Act III, he comes back armed like Odysseus with his son Telemachus to clear his hall of the rival suitors who are eating up his wealth and preparing to kill both of them.

The fifth help I would emphasize here is that of understanding the history of *Sapiens* (Harari, 2015). At the end of the Ice Age, this species was splendidly arrayed with abilities to be ready to read opportunities as for foraging but also to read the perils involved, instinctively, from the bottom up.
Then, ten thousand years ago, in what Harari called the *agricultural revolution*, when the Ice Age ended, and the rains came, and the huge crops became possible, humanity began its first specialization or programmatic mind. It could put all of its resources into a single crop, like wheat in the Middle East, and rice in China.

It enslaved itself. We have it now right here in the Middle West with corn (Richard Manning, 2004).

Wealth came, along with being swamped by vast amounts of materials, along with becoming tedious, and exhausted.

All our professions are like this (by analogy): way too much material, flooded by documentation, with no time to think about where this is going and no room for instinct.
My dream instrument gave me a picture of this mess yesterday night.

See Dream Drawing On Next Page:
This sequence of symbols argues what is possible (at least for some of us). It is a kind of calculus like that of G. Spencer Brown in *The Laws of Form* (1969).

The first step is the recognition of two top-down *mushrooms*, the pair of patient and doctor, swamped by endless details.

The second step is the recognition of the great prehistoric eyes for long anticipation of the dangers to come and for it being suddenly there in 250 milliseconds. Suddenly, it is there with the *dead eyes* of the programmatic mind *grinding out its routine*, heading for exhaustion.

The third step is the *noble* playing field of Huizinga (1938), with a minimum of materials, a symmetrical field with the richness of the noble semantic complex of virtues, arising with free play by instinct, the *thrill* of being fully present to what arises (Percy, 1975).
Finally, I would like to discuss a trio of cases with very long follow-ups that embody the modern catastrophe. One went down to it, despite a vivid dream capacity to read what was wrong. Two have come through beautifully from vivid bottom up imagination, dramatically, of what must not be allowed to happen.

All three of them were pinned down badly in childhood, in the usual disasters of childhood, massive intrusion and abandonment.

The first I call The Case of the Robber Robbed. His dream of his situation was presented only eight minutes into his hour’s consultation with me in my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic.

The dream was a triptych. In the first scene, the power goes out in his family’s house. In the second scene, a robber whose power was in standing over him awakens him in the bed of his childhood. He is so terrified he cannot
utter a word (*his power was out*). In the third scene, *his power is back in* taking a beautiful young woman to his current bedroom.

At the conclusion of this consultation, he thought he remembered seeing me before. I was a father that almost caught him when he was robbing houses in his youth.

He did not come back for any more visits with the resident and with me as the attending.

Fifteen years later I saw him with a current resident a couple of times before he ran away again as he had fifteen years previously. We learned that much of the last fifteen years had been *marred* by heavy use of alcohol and drugs and petty criminal activities.

Winnicott (1971) knew all about this *antisocial sequence* with a bad prognosis. The kid is defaulted on by intrusion and
abandonment. He acts out his rage and entitlement to take back what he feels belongs to him. This sequence becomes chronic by positive feedback loops that take him over until it is too late to reverse. He has become a hardened sociopath.

The other two cases have just the opposite outcome five to twenty years later. Similar forces were involved, a childhood of massive abandonment and intrusion, the usual antisocial reaction of the child in rage to take back what was stolen from him or her.

Twelve years ago, I could summarize her success in a drawing she made of a dream (Gustafson, Very Brief Psychotherapy, 2005, p. 160). It showed a huge dent in the hood of the family car on her (the passenger’s) side of the front seat that looked like the letter 4. It stood for the entire trauma she incurred at age 4.
The beauty of it was that from the passenger’s seat the 4 was inverted and become a symbol of her own force to defend herself.

It is now twelve years later. She needs to come less and less often (I have not seen her for six months this time), because she has gotten my *backing* enough times to provide it for herself.

Finally, the third case also can be summarized by a dream drawing (Gustafson, 2014) of comparable drama. She is standing on a chair in the company warehouse with a noose around her neck, surrounded by her bosses. She is supposed to step off the chair and hang herself, take all the blame on herself.

In the next scene is the antisocial reversal, of her flashing her scissors as she parades in front of the bosses and peers that betrayed her, terrifying them with her violent threats to torture them by different specific deaths, depending on what they had done to her.
The last time I saw her three to four years ago she had modulated her rage so she could negotiate firmly but coolly with the bosses in leaving the company.

*Archaic resources* like Dante’s *Inferno* (very much in her mind) were what she brought to the *modern catastrophe*.

Punishment became God’s work, not hers.
CONCLUSION: SUPERSIZING THE MIND

All along I have been composing this book as Richard Feynman did his physics on paper (Andy Clark, *Supersizing The Mind*, 2011, p. xxv):

“Consider this famous exchange between the Nobel Prize-winning physicist Richard Feynman and the historian Charles Weiner, encountering with a historian’s glee a batch of Feynman’s original notes and sketches, remarked that the materials represented ‘a record’ of [Feynman’s] day to day work. But instead of simply acknowledging this historic value, Feynman reacted with unexpected sharpness:

‘I actually did the work on the paper,’ he said.

‘Well,’ Weiner said, ‘the work was done in your head, but the record of it is still here.’

‘No, it is not a record, not really. You have to work on paper and this is the paper. Okay?’
Feynman’s suggestion is, at the very least, that the loop into the external medium was integral to his intellectual activity (the ‘working’) itself. But I would like to go further and suggest that Feynman was actually thinking on the paper. The loop through pen and paper [my italics] is part of the physical machinery responsible for the shape of the flow of thoughts and ideas that we take, nevertheless, to be those distinctively of Richard Feynman.”

I cannot emphasize enough how I think on my drawings of my dreams and with the drawings on the walls of my office and on paper like Feynman and as Einstein (1949) did with his sequences he pictured on paper also.

Reality is the flow of sequences. When you recognize A, you know it leads to C. AC is a set of sequences with sensitive dependence on initial conditions (Gleick, 1987).

So much depends on keeping your decks relatively clear.
When you succeed in doing it, like Feynman did with his paper and pencil, you are much more likely to see the whole situation (all the relevant energies in the phase space) and where things are moving.

In preparing to write this CONCLUSION the last three nights, I had three dreams from my sieve that knew unconsciously what I did not know consciously, reader, how to pull together for you my whole book.

It turned out to be what a number of my predecessors said is necessary to imagine accurately.

The first who came up was Wallace Stevens in *The Nobility of Poetry And The Sound Of Words* (1942). It comes down in his concluding paragraph to a single sentence: “It is a violence from within that protects us from a violence without (p. 665).”
The second who came up was E.F. Schumacher in *A Guide For The Perplexed* (1977) who pointed to huge distinction between convergent problems and divergent problems, often mistaken, with tragic results.

Convergent problems are like cross word puzzles. They have one solution. Divergent problems are never solved. They pose oppositions that will not go away, but can be translated into each other like poetry and prose, or like good and evil.

My first dream diagram of the three startled me as a very definite geometry I needed to heed that looked like this.

It concerned the problems of every couple.
The black lines point to the convergent problems that bring a couple together (the mutual interests – one person’s interests benefit the spouse’s interests).

The red dashed line points to the divergent
interests – one person’s interests that take away from the spouse’s interests – like his career and her holding the family together.

Odysseus’s ten years going, being at, and coming home from Troy almost destroyed Penelope.

Sometimes the bond holds together on the strength of the original convergence being renewed over and over again.

If this loses its meaning, the match falls apart, sometimes tragically, sometimes into cold parallel lives that stay together barely in a shell.

This is what Kenneth Koch portrays in his four-page poem, *One Train May Hide Another* (1993).

This is what Thomas Hardy portrays in all his novels and most strikingly to me in his short story, *On The Western Circuit* (1891).
The couple falls in love (converge) while she is riding a horse on a merry-go-round and he staring at her beauty coming around over and over again. The light is brilliant and the sound deafening of the carnival.

They cannot see what forces are in the darkness. One sentence from Hardy spells out the sequence of disaster they will run from A to C (See My 21st You Tube Lecture, The Forces In Marriage on Jim Gustafson Channel):

“Each time that she approached the half of her orbit that lay nearest him they gazed at each other with smiles, and with that unmistakable expression which means so little at the moment, yet so often leads up to passion, heart-ache, union, disunion, devotion, overpopulation, drudgery, content, resignation, despair.”

The third predecessor who came up was Allen Tate in his Three Types Of Poetry (1934). He was
summoned to mind by the following dream in two parts, first at midnight, second at 6 AM.

At midnight I woke up to go to the bathroom and reached for the empty beer bottle near my side of the bed, but could not find it by palpation groping in the dark. Only when I turned on my tiny light did I see it. There it was two inches away. I was amazed that my groping was so inept. The dream was about a guy trying to pound a post into the ground that would not yield because he missed the hole altogether. All will, no imagination.

At 6 AM, I woke up in the sequel of being in a driver’s seat of a sleek car that was ran away with me and crashed into a water main. The will of the car had eaten me, like Mr. Trump’s car him.
Allen Tate’s crucial paragraph is his conclusion: “‘For what is rhetoric,’ wrote W.B. Yeats nearly fifty years ago, ‘but the will trying to do the work of the imagination?’ (p. 176).” In terms of current neuroscience (Baldo, 2016), the balance between acceleration and brakes is regulated by the driver circuit and limiter circuit.
by which the amygdala and pre-frontal cortex excite each other or calm each other. What we are looking at in my Trump dream is a driver circuit that lacks a limiter circuit.

Finally, I will conclude with a dream that came up in a nap this morning that summons back Richard Pevear’s (1994) Introduction to Dostoyevsky’s Demons (1871):

“It may be said that this world is in a very serious state of parody (demons always want to be taken seriously).”

This was to be my concluding image To Imagine Accurately:

Demons were on their knees pretending to pray like angels a few yards at the back of the entrepreneur in his side yard.

Actually I find that I need to conclude with a different emphasis than the comic one of being light-hearted about Pevear’s demons, as much as I like it.
I need rather to stress how much is at stake for all us in choosing our own shapes, unwittingly or wittingly.

You can see it going on in Erikson’s “Dream Specimen of Psychoanalysis” (1954). His great specimen is Freud’s original specimen dream in his Interpretation of Dreams (1900). The plot is about Freud’s patient Irma doing very badly and Freud’s doctor friends gathered around him to find the cause.

Erikson finds countless dimensions for reconsidering this dream scene.

In total contrast, he compares a dream of a patient of his own that has destroyed all its dimensions to become reduced to a word with five letters: “S [E] I N E.” It came down to seeing Erikson without his clothes on. How is it that humanity can be made into so little? Or so much?

The actual situations in psychiatry are of
extremely traumatized people who have *interiorized* the pounding they have been subject to. Freud and Breuer (1975, Original work 1893-5) called it *self-strangulation*. Their patients got rid of their own voices.

6 A.M: My conclusion comes down to the cause of all this misery: *violence* of human beings toward one another. Those subjected to violence tend to *interiorize* it and do it to themselves and to others. They are *microcosms of the macrocosm*. All weekend I have been trying to come to terms with the big subject of *the history of this animal covered up*.

On the next page is my dream picture of how to become almost nothing. *A piston of violence* in the exterior *macrocosm* becomes *interiorized* as a piston to compress oneself.
D’Arcy Thompson’s *On Growth And Form* (original work 1917) argues that the shape of all animals is shaped by the world they swim or fly or move in.

I think this is true also of our species. Each of us is shaped by the world we move in.
This can work for ill or for good.

Huge lists of things to make ourselves do have *swamped* most of us. Just about everything is imposed on ourselves from the top down.

However, some of us take the opposite course of clearing our decks as much as possible so instinct can have its full say from below or bottom up, day and night.

We begin rather with *available of pockets of time* and decide what gets to happen next in them. This brings about an *amplification* of the individual body to express itself, as opposed to a *distortion* of the body carrying out other people’s purposes.

Watch your own penmanship (or calligraphy as the Japanese would say) as an *early alert* of going wrong. It will get smaller as you hurry to get in too much.

The Italians have a name for someone who
wears rose-colored glasses, *in love with his story line* (life-line, Winnicott, 1971) *about being a hero*. The name is *romanzata*.

Everywhere like Don Quijote he finds opportunities for saving maidens from demons. Every time he takes a beating from being inaccurate. He seems to learn nothing until he gives up altogether.

Being a *romanzata* is vital to a thrilling life, but you always hit the wall, unless you know how to imagine accurately: a dilemma of acceleration and brakes, in balance.
APPENDIX OF CRUCIAL NEUROSCIENCE

For me these readings have given the *shapes* of the great instrument of *orientation* that reads the *direction* in which the animal (including us) is going and the *direction* of movements around it in its context.

This list is meant to indicate merely how I have come to understand in the last ten years some of the many parts of the brain that contribute to this fundamental orientation. It is quite an incomplete list and surely I cannot vouch for the validity of any single one. The capacities of the neural network to read its own movements and movements in its context are quite striking to me.


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