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The Modern Contest (with Lowell Cooper), 1990
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The Dilemmas of Brief Psychotherapy, 1995
Brief Versus Long Psychotherapy, 1995
The New Interpretation of Dreams, 1997
The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry, 1999
The Practical Use of Dreams and the Human Comedy, 2000
Very Brief Psychotherapy, 2005
The Great Instrument of Orientation, 2008
Twenty-Four Theorems of the Topology of Captivity and Deliverance, 2010
Positioning Opens and Closes the Lines of Sight for the Whole Situation:

The Architecture of Psychiatry

James P. Gustafson, M.D.

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Positioning Opens and Closes the Lines of Sight for the Whole Situation: The Architecture of Psychiatry

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1. Thirty-six lectures on the architecture of psychiatry, whose lines of sight are opened and closed by the position taken.
2. Case studies and dreams of patients and of the author to illustrate every line of sight.
3. Literature, philosophy, history, biology, neuroscience, physics, mathematics and architecture to amplify every illustration across all the meridians of contemporary knowledge.
Preface

An author owes it to his readers to explain in the first sentence what they can get from reading him and who is capable of getting it: Positioning Opens and Closes the Lines of Sight for the Whole Situation: The Architecture of Psychiatry gives the lines of sight necessary to see how human beings are captured and how they deliver themselves, for everyone eager to get maps of the whole situation -- maps that are not captured by a part of the situation.

The thirty-six relatively long lectures of this book have become and are becoming the thirty-six, ten-minute YouTube Lectures. I have deliberately assembled a small group of residents and faculty, and a small group of our secretarial and administrative and IT staff, for each lecture, so I that I can be spontaneously responsive to the non-verbal reactions of both psychiatrists and non-psychiatrists. The results so far suggest that a curious person can learn a very great deal from them as well as can a curious psychiatrist.

Reading these relatively longer lectures is another matter indeed. I went into psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, from having been a student of science at M.I.T. my first year and a student of English Literature my next three years at Harvard College. I went into psychiatry believing I could bring everything from the humanities and science to bear upon the drama of the patient. William Carlos Williams was my hero in this project.

I soon found out that psychiatrists were chiefly technical specialists uneasy with anyone with a larger and deeper education. I was not the first thing they wanted to encounter.

I have been reading the book just published by my first teacher in biology at Harvard College, Edward O. Wilson. His book is called The Social Conquest of Earth (2012). I have not had a word with Professor Wilson since the spring of 1962, fifty years ago. He has come along now with his extraordinary education of the history of human social evolution, compared with insect social evolution.

For me, Professor Wilson explains how human beings have become specialists. This was not surely his chief intention, but rather my inference from reading him. As he writes, Homo sapiens diverged from the chimpanzee line about six million years ago, but he or she has the same core of emotion as the chimpanzee centered in his or her subcortical amygdala.

Chimpanzees are not what you imagine – they are quite ruthless killers when their territory for feeding is jeopardized – a line of males full of stealth go single file in the night into neighboring territory and fall upon isolated males one at a time, to pommel and bite them to death (pp. 73-74), thus to take more feeding territory for themselves. Homo sapiens since the Neolithic revolution ten thousand years ago have become specialists of every technical discovery that gives a selective advantage, and there they stop.

This is a long way of saying this book is not for them. Rather, it is for those few whose curiosity takes in everything that might bear upon the drama at hand.
As I wrote in my last big book, Twenty-Four Theorems on the Topology of Captivity and Deliverance (2010), there is **no drama for the human being** that is **not about captivity and deliverance**. As I wrote in my previous big book, The Great Instrument of Orientation (2008), there is **no way** to get **the whole situation** unless you are **poised equidistant between the interior and exterior world**. Otherwise, the **exterior dims the interior** or the **interior dims the exterior**.

So, this is the **third of a trilogy**, about **my education necessary** to get The Architecture of Psychiatry. I call it Big Blue (2012) for its dark blue linen cover, compared to Big Burgundy (2008) and Big Green (2010). It is **for a handful, those who have to understand everything that bears upon the drama**. Shakespeare was like that and so was Dante and so was Homer, and so was Tolstoy and so was Melville – the latter two, however, were **not ready** for the **narrowing of the human being** that has taken place and were **not congratulated** upon **their accuracy**.

I have had many struggles with the title of Big Blue, because she can be seen from so many angles. Finally, I see that **positioning is the most important word of all**, because positioning **opens up and closes all the lines of sight for the whole situation**.

When you position yourself in **the group, necessary to get paid**, you perform some kind of **constant operation**, and become a constant operator, O (c), as Marx said more clearly than anyone. This **closes off all lines of sight**, but repeating yourself as a **specialist**. This is the **outer and surface corridor of power**.

When you position yourself on **a defensible playing field**, you open up all the lines of sight for **transitions between all of the opposites**: Huizinga called this the **noble semantic complex**. I call this the **transitional operator, O (t)**. This is the inner and deep potential for all **creation, chosen** out of the night sea by Poincare’s **sieve**.

As Wilson (2012) has taught me, the dominant selection in the human being is **group selection** – we cannot get free of its **corridor of power** for long, without **swinging back**. We seem to have evolved with the group, to stand or fall as a group, so it makes sense that our **great instrument of orientation** will **never depart from it for long**, without **swinging back to see** what the group is doing now.

Thus, we must **oscillate** in our orientation between the group and the potential for creation or discovery. As I say in Lecture 7, The Defense of the Playing Field, Kutuzov is the most striking character for me in Tolstoy, because he could **sit in his tent on a hill overlooking the entire field of battle**, and **take it all in as a whole field**. His generals were so swallowed up in their constant operations in **the boundary region** of the battle itself that they could not see anything but their own willful and abstract proposals. Yet he would meet with them periodically, half asleep, in order to **keep track of their latest foolishness**.

Kutuzov is one of the few images in the west of what I call the **fundamental operator, O (f)** – the ability to get back and forth between **the surface and the depth**, the constant and the transitional operator, and thus take in **the whole situation**.
The Vedic tradition in India has had its fundamental operator all along for the last five thousand years in the figure of Nataraja (thanks to Stuart Jones for telling me about Nataraja, and thanks also to the late Rama P. Coomaraswamy for our long correspondence and for teaching me his father’s work on this subject in The Door in the Sky), pictured here:

As discussed fully by Ananda Coomaraswamy in The Dance of Śiva (1985, original work published in 1924), Śiva, or Shiva, has the extraordinary balancing of all opposites, while he stands with the tip of his foot upon the dwarf of ignorance, breaking its back. He is dancing the destruction of the world of ignorance to make room for the creation of the world in its noble semantic complex of all the virtues.

We are to learn that he is really in our own hearts. So my trilogy comes down to this extraordinarily beautiful image. If I have ever taught anything noble and beautiful, it is this positioning, that becomes the first word of this book.

I am grateful to Ruth Gustafson, Mike Moran, Garry Simoneau, Steve Olson, Rick Jaconette, Mike Wood and Lowell Cooper for discussions on earlier drafts of the manuscript, to Stuart Jones and Ed Rusi for weekly discussions of the transposition of each of these lectures into the ten-minute You Tube Lectures, and to Megan Kasdorf for her dedicated help in pulling all of this together in its final form.
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Lecture One. Positioning And The Danger of Extravagance

I gave myself five minutes to address the residency candidates, assembled at the end of a day visiting our program, to explain to them what psychotherapy is about and why it is absolutely necessary to their education in psychiatry, as follows:

What the Field of Psychotherapy Is About?

It is about **positioning**. Being too close to dangerous forces captures our patients. Our work is to indicate to them how they might **step back** from such forces and **re-enter them** from a **different position**.

What Is the Evidence for the Efficacy of this Procedure?

A prospective, longitudinal study of 698 children, followed from prenatal care to their present age of 55 by a team led by a professor from University of California, Davis (the most succinct report, *Children of the Garden Island*, is by E.E. Werner, at the 30 year point, in *Scientific American*, 1989, pp. 106-111) came to concern itself most with the thirty percent of the children from very disturbed homes of violence, alcoholism, psychosis, and so forth. The **striking finding** that has held up for over forty years (Werner and Smith, 2001) turns on the difference between those children who stayed in the midst of the trauma and those children who insisted on
going out the **back door** to where they would be better taken care of by other families, teachers, church, and so forth. The latter remain largely well for forty years.

Conversely, those that stayed in the middle of the family pathology got worse and worse for forty years. In between was the group you might expect who got out of the family pathology, to some extent only to get back in it in their subsequent associations, marriages, jobs, and so forth. Their outcomes fell in between. (Note: A Fifty-five year follow-up study is planned and submitted for grant funding -- E.E. Werner, personal communication).

**What Is an Example from Today’s Clinic?**

This morning in the residents’ clinic, I saw a patient who took the **remarkable turn** we are talking about. I had consulted to the resident and his patient nine days previously in my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic, so the visit this morning was a follow-up to that consultation recorded on DVD, and studied on DVD two days previously by our entire group in the Brief Clinic.

To be extremely brief about it, this patient is a fifty year-old man from one of those terrifying families as in *Children of the Garden Island*. He got out of it, and yet he did not get out of it. He became the one **anointed**, and also **self-anointed**, to fix all of the family’s problems, the **funnel** as he put it, whenever anything further went wrong.

When I consulted to him and the resident nine days ago, I found him strikingly determined to get out of being responsible for his family any further, but still **wired** to it, **day and night, mind**
always running, in what he called fight-flight. His body was so tense that his shoulders were
tensed towards his ears! He could voluntarily bring them down for a while, deliberately, but
back up they went of their own accord.

The present crisis concerned his twenty-one year old son who scares him, because he holes up in
his room in their house, and hardly goes out, and hardly shows any indication of getting on with
an independent life. The night before the consultation our patient dreamt the following dream
that we dropped into in the second half hour of the consultation  He dreamt he was living in a
college dormitory with his son and he was waiting for his son to arrive in the library in its
center. Along the son came with backpack on, saying he had to get to a bathroom. The patient
then picks him up and carries him in his arms to a bathroom. This does not work out, and he
carries the son in his arms to a desk, which looks like a nurse’s station.

To make a half-hour conversation very short, the striking thing for us watching the DVD in the
Brief Clinic was his anger at having to carry this burden, and his flight from it whenever it
surfaced. Also, his terror, after he did get his son an appointment, and the son did not seem to
be keeping them going --the sound of silence, as he put it, in his gut.

To conclude my story, this morning he had taken a vital change in his position, not to be
compelled to carry his son, out of helpless terror, not to run from his anger at him either, nor to
let loose with it. Rather, to address him about what he was doing about his appointments and
studies? To his enormous relief, the young man was keeping up both relatively well.
By no means is the story finished. Indeed, he was afraid our help was over now that he had taken a significant step in re-positioning himself. No, I said, we are just beginning, and will take the next episode with the son, as you bring it in the next visit.

**Extravagance.**

Our ten minutes is up for this lecture, and I would only note one further detail, which is crucial to be alert to, what Binswanger (1963) called extravagance. As the patient brought forth in discussing the image of carrying his son, the son looked his present age, weighed like he was about ten or twelve, and reminded him of the boy being four and clinging to him. What an extravagant idea to carry this boy around for seventeen years! Backing out of an extravagant idea is a very big change in positioning.
Again, I gave myself five minutes to address the residency candidates, assembled at the end of a day visiting our program, to explain to them what psychotherapy is about and why it is absolutely necessary to their education in psychiatry, as follows:

**What the Field of Psychotherapy Is About?**

It is about **positioning**. Being too close to dangerous forces captures our patients. Our work is to indicate to them how they might **step back** from such forces and **re-enter** them from a **different** position.

**What is the Evidence for the Efficacy of this Procedure**

The reader may return to Lecture Number One, and the fifty-five-year study of *Children of the Garden Island* (Werner, 1989; Werner and Smith, 2001; fifty-five year follow-up planned and submitted for grant funding, E.E., Werner, personal communication). One problem dealt with by that study is the middle group, which **got away** from the pathology of their families, and yet **got back in it**. Why and how?

**What Is an Example from Today’s Clinic?**

This morning in the residents’ clinic, I met a woman in her thirties who was already in tears when I came into the resident’s office. The resident explained her history as far as he had taken it. He said that she had come over her husband’s attachment to pornography, which he refused to give up and refused to talk about.

I had about ten minutes to discuss this with her, and this is what happened (ten minutes usually being sufficient to take the matter to another level, Gustafson, 2005, *Very Brief Psychotherapy*).
I noticed she was showing Gustafson’s sign of guilt (Gustafson, 1986, and all ten subsequent books), so I said to her, *You seem to be guilty about what you are telling me about your husband. Well, yes,* she rejoined, *I should have known better. How so?* I asked. *Well,* she continued: *On our wedding night, after the ceremony, he said we should get out some pornographic film.* Now, she began to cry again.

*How could you be at fault for marrying him, if you did not find out until those hours after the ceremony? Because I am a big naïve,* she answered. *Naïve, naïve …* I repeated. *Yes,* she went on, *I always think the best of people. You do…* I responded. *Yes,* she continued, *just like my mother. My father was terribly violent to all of us, and my mother would take us out to a movie and tell us to forget about it.*

**Double Meaning as a View of the World**

We have arrived at a huge problem for this patient, which I now want to generalize to nearly all of our patients. They enter into love, and take the prospective spouse at face value. As is said in yoga, they engage the front body, never knowing that the back body has yet to come.

When it comes, and especially when it comes crudely, the hurt is tremendous. The idyll is over, and a kind of shock sets in. Often, a rage sets in too, and a preoccupation with inflicting punishment. Such bitterness can become a perpetual state.

The turn into some kind of rebirth, instead, depends up on the step that our patient is already taking. She is already taking responsibility for being naïve and for not taking in the whole situation. This new step can lead into a full development of double meaning as a view of the world (Lowinsky, E.E., 1946, esp. pp. 169-175). To wit, what we want is always mixed up with what we do not want, and it is our responsibility to sort it out as clearly and as soon as possible! After our ten minutes, she laughed that we had come quite far enough for one morning!

This is Shakespeare’s chief subject, which Ted Hughes (1991, 1992) calls the tragic equation. You may recall that Lear is exceedingly naïve, himself, giving over his kingdom to two daughters who say the right, sweet words of how much they love him and banishing the daughter who has no words at all in the false situation taken up by her sisters.
Lear is enraged when the promises of the pair prove false, and then he goes mad. He would kill if he could, but he had already given away the power. It is a long turn for him to come round and admit his responsibility. This is another kind of evidence, that this is how we are built when it comes to love.
Lecture Number Three. Photography of the Pause

The field of psychotherapy is about positioning. Being too close to dangerous forces captures our patients. Our work is to indicate to them how they might step back from such forces and re-enter them from a different position.

What Is the Evidence for the Efficacy of this Procedure?

You may or may not know the only prospective fifty-five year study of 698 children from prenatal care called Children of the Garden Island (Werner, 1989; Werner and Smith, 2001; fifty-five year follow-up planned and submitted for grant funding, E.E. Werner, personal communication). The most striking finding, for me, all along, can be summarized in the following sentence:

*The overwhelming majority of the resilient men and women handled the stress of such parental problems by detachment and withdrawal, while their troubled peers continued to get enmeshed ...* (p. 64, Werner and Smith, 2001).

In other words, resilience comes from opening to what is helpful, and closing to what is harmful: a match, rather than a mismatch (Gustafson, 2008).

What is the Most Beautiful and Effortless Position for Reading a Match Versus a Mismatch?

It turns out to be a remarkable secret, right under our noses. Our great instrument of orientation (Gustafson, 2008) is built to pause, after a phrase is spoken. In that pause is everything we need to see, hear, smell, taste and touch. We can see it in the movement of the body. We can hear it in the discord. We can hear and see it in the patient’s amazement. We can see and hear it again in the emergency in the patient’s dream (Gustafson, 2000).
Conversely, we can notice how the patient runs right through his pauses, or how the patient begins a sentence with a phrase…that is not finished.

It also turns out that our most capable writer of the English language knew precisely how to take this turn halfway through the line. Stephen Booth (19669; 1977) shows how Shakespeare could begin a line in his Sonnets, … and slide into a completely different context in the second half of the line: logically, syntactically, metaphorically, phonetically, and so forth. Take, for example, the opening line in Sonnet 94:

They that have the pow’r to hurt and will do none, ...

Notice the shift phonetically: the hard r’s of pow’r to hurt, and the soft o’s in will do none in the concluding phrase. As Booth demonstrates (1969, pp. 152-168), this is but one dimension of Shakespeare’s continuous development of the line. His own characters, as Booth exclaimed, do not know when they begin a sentence where it is going to go. (I do not mean that every line uses this power to slide into a different context. You will find plenty seeming to rest, before taking the surprising turn in the next line, or next quatrain, or after the octave of two quatrains, or in the concluding couplet.)

My point, and Booth’s (1982), and Shakespeare’s, is that human beings can begin to say about anything, … and right there is where you must go slow enough to hear the inconvenient truth or movement. I call it the wellspring, by which I mean something like a meristem in a flower or tree, or in a group of stem cells in an animal. Its potential is so great, but none at all for those in a rush.

What is a Typical Morning in the Clinic?

On a Thursday night before a Friday clinic recently, I dreamt what is apparently a simple, little dream in one dimension. I dreamt I am in a photography business, having to rush to take more pictures, and having to rush to develop them. When I wake up, I think: How can this be so? A
dream is always so, but in what way? It was exactly what I found myself in the next morning with the line of patients, rushing to get somewhere, and not stopping for anything.

A couple of them I could get slowed down enough to notice the discord, signaling how she had slid into a context far different from what she had expected. One was a nanny, who found herself, like the patients of Breuer and Freud (1895), in the hands of a parent with unlimited demands for her time. One was a graduate student, who found herself, once again, with a sister pretending sincere interest in her, while going on non-stop about herself. A second dimension of an inconvenient truth had entered and could be reckoned.

Often, I am fortunate to get a third dimension in these pauses. A very terse one (Gustafson, 2000, p. 44) was from a patient who was depressed about having to go back to work, instead of staying home with her daughter, because her husband had become ill and could not work. She dreamt of a black ocean liner that had flipped over on its side! To make this brief story even briefer, the ocean liner reminded her of cruise ships in Florida, and that there would be no more cruises, and there she cried. The black recalled funerals. The flip of the huge ship reminded her of her cat, who knocks over vases, toys and whatever she pleases. Here she laughed! Her cat as goddess had knocked her for a loop -- From a sweet world, into a funeral world. --A huge distance, which only a metaphor can comprehend.

That evening I thought several dimensions further in my dream of my photography business. Actually, I come from a family line in photography that goes back many generations to a little studio in Morris, Illinois. Thankfully, in this recession, I am not in a panic about having to rush out and take more photographs and develop them. I have become a different kind of photographer who positions himself to take pictures of the pause, … in which everything decisive happens, like Galen Rowell (1986), in his photography of the transitions at sunrise and sunset, between warm and cold light.

Thus, I am beautifully positioned. I just step back and wait, confident that I know where the beat or pulse lies, that will give me everything I want.
I begin today with a sentence from my last lecture: *The tendency to cling to known evil has disastrous results, and the tendency to turn elsewhere to seek help for one’s needs has excellent results.*

**Sensitive Dependence on Initial Conditions**

This *result* provides an illustration from chaos theory (Gustafson, 2005, 2008, 2010) of sensitive dependence on initial conditions. Consider a recursive function, in which the result of an operation is *fed back* into the operation, and *so on* for as long as you like. Given a *constant operator* like clinging to known evil, you get worsening debility. Conversely, with a *transitional operator* like resilience, you get an ever-increasing ability to *open* to what is helpful, and *close* to what is injurious -- to *arrange* a match, and to *decline* a mismatch.

**Shakespeare’s Sensitive Dependence in his Sonnets** (Booth, 1969, 1977)

*Steadily* in the background of all 154 sonnets is a conception of life that is true of all biology: there is a *rise in creation, until* there is a *decline into death*. I am reminded at once of Henry Dicks’s hypothesis about marriage (Gustafson, 1999, 2005). Dicks argued that youth generally *opens up* a departure from the conception of the parents. However, there is a *very great risk* that the fresh qualities found in the young spouse will be *later punished for not being in line* with the *convention* of the opposite family of origin. In other words, there is a *time* for *taking fresh chances*, and there is a *later time* for *judging it harshly*. The life cycle would look like this:
Put time on the x-axis, and exuberance on the y-axis. Of course, this timeline begs the question of whether and how new beginnings can be invented, over and over again.

I think they can, but it depends on this resilience, and resilience turns out to depend, as I argued in my Lecture Number Three, on every breath, where there is a natural break, from low dimensional coherence to act to high dimensional incoherence to perceive, … where one might pause to think and feel, before saying or moving differently. As I suggested in that lecture, borrowing from Booth (1969), Shakespeare had the greatest capacity to slide into a different context, by a change in logic, metaphor, syntax, phonetics, or any of five other variables.

Booth (2006) demonstrates from Midsummer Night’s Dream that it is further possible to bring about a thrilling music that is scarcely noticeable. It plays with what he calls non-signifying unifiers, like moon, dogs and parts. By endless variations of the uses of these words (part, partition, my parts, depart, etc.), an ideational static is built up as in nature’s electrical storm that has to discharge itself.

Having illustrated the endless plays on moon, dogs and parts in the play itself, Booth plays with the electrical discharge in the conclusion of his ten-minute lecture as follows:

The electricity built up in Midsummer Night’s Dream by interplay of ideas relative to the word “part” is so strong that I am tempted to suggest – although I am prudent enough not to suggest – that “wall” as partition and the syllable “whole” (as opposed to a part) flickers behind Thisby’s winsomely obscene “I kiss the wall’s hole, not your lips at all.”

Thus have I – like the animate partition in the play – my part discharged so. And being done, away do go (do depart) without chiding or being chidden by hasty-footed time (pp. 221-222).

I do not have time to give Booth’s lecture and my own too, so I will just quote two of his striking conclusions, and then apply them to my own case! To wit:
Incidental organizations undemanding of notice vouch for a sort of organic truth in the work as a whole - make it feel as if it is as things in nature are (p. 218). ... Such static is probably exciting to the minds it plays across and such static probably brings those listening minds a sense of possessing and casually, effortlessly, exercising an athleticism beyond what is imaginable in human beings (p. 219).

The Case of the Sacrificed Daughter (Gustafson, 2005, pp. 159-161)

This is one of those Children of the Garden Island cases, which proved to be strikingly resilient in throwing off the dominance of a very mean and cold mother (while the sister went down with the mother). I only need to point to two striking indicators of sensitive dependence upon initial conditions, which indicated she was going to carry it all the way through, with her husband, friends, work, and family of origin.

The first occurred in one of the first couple of sessions with the resident, when I was the faculty supervisor. I noticed when she was struggling to get free of the point of view of someone dominating her - like her husband - she would close her eyes to get fully into her own center.

The second occurred several years later, when she thought about a dream in which someone was murdered in their family car, by having her head smashed under the front hood. The cracks on the hood first looked like the figure 4, seen from the outside view at the headlights, as she put it - she felt alluded to the age at which her mother was, figuratively, killing her, and alluded to 4 days of her worries disqualified by her husband. But from her inside view of the passenger seat, she saw a Chinese ideogram of strength. As she put it, I see my strength (my power) is feared and challenged. What did she do but turn the outside view of others upside down to the inside view of herself!
I spent another six years with her, every other week, after the resident graduated, usually centering upon another dream, but the **resilient operator was already in force** from the beginning. As Booth might say, **these details** point to an **incidental organization** that vouches for a sort of **organic truth**, and a sense of **possessing** and **casually, effortlessly, exercising** an **athleticism** beyond what is imaginable in human beings.

In between the enmeshed that get dragged down by the family pathology, and the resilient that go out the back door to free themselves, are the patients who are mixed-up about reading help that is harmful and help that is actually helpful (Rushdie, 1994, The Courter). How are we to position ourselves to help them?

Taking Full Advantage of How the Neural Network Is Constructed.

I have argued in my last two books (Gustafson, 2008, 2010) that we have a tremendous ally in the structure of the neural network as described by Edelman (2003) and Freeman (2001) and many others in neuroscience. Essentially, this structure alternates between incoherence on the in-breath, an extremely high-dimensional space that can take in the smallest nuance that is emerging, and the out-breath, a very low-dimensional space that can take some kind of action.

The selection is made by what Poincare (1985; original work published, 1908) called the sieve. Out of millions of combinations, it chooses one. I would like to invoke in you some recall that you already know how to do this.

You really do know how to perceive millions of combinations in a glance. Listen to Stephen Booth (1994) describe what you can take in of a hardwood tree in summer:

The greens in one leaf are nearly infinite and are almost infinitely fewer than the greens of the tree as a whole. Under most conditions, light strikes the tree from a single angle, but only for a single second before that angle changes. And, though the light may strike the tree from the same angle, the angle at which it strikes each leaf differs from the angle at which it strikes every other. Moreover, all the leaves and the observer are likely to be in some degree of motion (p. 47).
You really also do know how to move in relation to these nearly infinite variations: your sieve will make the selection for you, as when you hit the brakes on your car, or swerve sideways, way, way faster than you can decide consciously. Otherwise, you would not have made it to this room, to be sitting here now.

The Case of the North Woods Girl

Now I will take a single example to illustrate our potential for helping mixed-up patients. You can find this case summarized in my book, Very Brief Psychotherapy, published in 2005.

This is a young woman in her late twenties from up north in Wisconsin, who was beginning to tell me about her innocence, getting badly hurt by evil. This happened in so many places that it was difficult for her to know where to begin? We agreed to see what her dream had to show us.

It was a very brief dream. She was in a house with many other young women her own age. The house was very fancy, with drapes, wing chairs and the like, in perfect order. She was trying to find an exit. Then she glanced out a window, and saw a black cat, hanging by one arm, from a clothesline pole, which shrieked at her, F__ you!

To make a long story short, the dream places her in a setting with other mothers from her child’s pre-school group, who are continually ignoring her, and hurting her feelings. Of course, she is always putting her innocent chin on the line.

What is quite astonishing on the DVD, to me, is the force she is full of in imitating the shriek of the black cat, hanging by one arm. It is with a great agility, athleticism difficult to imagine in a naïve young woman. Of course, this is what emerged as the necessary force to discontinue clinging to the known evil.

It was already in her! Once she found it was in her, we could find it again and again, in more and more difficult situations in which she had been lost, including a sexual advance by her older brother, a few weeks before he committed suicide.
Interestingly, and not by chance, I had a dream while I was preparing to compose this lecture, in which my sieve of my dream instrument made a selection of a comparable image, to indicate the positioning of my argument:

It is of a soccer player, kicking a ball over his own head into the goal. This is the kind of positioning we are capable of, athleticism that is already in us, for us to carry out our work.
Lecture Number Six. The Physics of Our Subject

The core idea of the first five lectures is that our patients are captured by getting too close to dangerous forces, whereas they might step back from such forces and re-enter them from a different position.

As I said in the fifth of the lectures, I am not denying that many other variables besides positioning are powerful. Rather, I am asserting that other forces like profound insecurity, overwhelming pain and negative thinking are folded into positioning as the unifying theory. Asked what I meant by folding in (Qazi Javed, personal communication), I realized that I needed to explain the unifying field theory of all the forces in modern physics. This in turn leads to explaining the physics of our neural instrument, and, finally, the physics demonstrated by Shakespeare inherent in the English language.

The Geometry of Physics

Modern physics has arrived at a unified field theory of all the forces, which stems from a lecture on June 10, 1854 by Georg Bernhard Riemann, called On the Hypotheses Which Lie at the Foundation of Geometry (Kaku, 1994, pp. 30-43). To be extremely succinct about it, Riemann imagined that all of the forces of concern to physics could be imagined by a crumpled piece of paper. Where the curvature of the paper was most extreme, the forces would be most extreme. He invented what is called Riemann’s metric tensor as a set of 10 numbers at each point in the field that could specify the curvature, and thus the forces, at each point (Kaku, p. 41, 1994).

The Physics of Our Neural Instrument

In 2008, I explained the structure of our neural instrument which is capable of generating such a geometry from one to ten dimensions in a very beautiful and economical way, based on the work of Walter Freeman (2001), Gerald Edelman (2003), Henri Poincare (1985, originally published
This goes back to an experiment by Mathews and Strogatz (1990), summarized beautifully by Alexander and Globus (1996), and illustrated in their diagram (Gustafson, 2008, p. 234):

Essentially, Mathews and Strogatz took a set of coupled limit-cycle oscillators and varied the coupling strength and the frequency range. With very tight coupling, the oscillators became synchronized. With very loose coupling, the oscillators became chaotic. Most interesting by far was what they did in between, with moderate coupling. Coherence in one part of the network
would end up **cascading** through the entire system, and the same was true of incoherence in one part of the network.

**The Physics of Shakespeare in the English Language**

Uncannily, this potential from synchrony to cascades of coherence and incoherence to pure chaos is what Stephen Booth has been describing for over 40 years in Shakespeare’s writing. The general tendency in the reader (or critic), according to Booth, is to read **coherence** from the **context**. By tight coupling a synchrony is generated. In contrast, the **action of Shakespeare’s words and phrases** is to generate **cascades** of **contradictory possibilities**. Take the phrase from *Twelfth Night* (Booth, 1998, p. 145):

*She that would alter services with thee*

Reading in a hurry, and thus in synchrony, one might take this simply as an exchange of services. Reading slowly, and less tightly coupled to the pace, one begins to hear **altering** services, like **tampering** with them, **services** being **religious or sexual**, and so forth and so forth. In other words, synchrony makes for a rigid **crust** of sense, while loose coupling leads into a **ferment** of possibilities.

**How This Physics Changes What We Do?**

I had made some progress on this subject 15 years ago (Gustafson, 1995), when I demonstrated the huge forces **generated by curvature** of the geometry in **two regions**, that of the **social body**, and that of the **body**. Both tend to **bend** everything in their region into **synchrony with themselves**. For example, the **horns of the dilemma** with the chronic mental patient (p. 27) **bend the doctor’s mind** either towards **the social body’s interest in control** or the **body’s interest in unlimited romantic claims**.
The patient discussed (pp. 26-28) had been diagnosed with schizophrenia, but had stopped anti-psychotic drugs as unhelpful, and begun graduate school, and wanted our backing, even a letter, to join the military. I did not want to get caught up in control, nor did I want to be in collusion with impossible hopes. So, I agreed he might prove the hospital wrong about the diagnosis, in graduate school, rather than looking to the army to take chances on him. In other words, I found the region in between the two horns of the dilemma, where there were unexpected compromises.

Two Illustrations of Entering the Transitional Region of the Field

In the last 15 years, I have discovered the simplest way to enter this transitional region. The first took ten minutes, and the second took three years.

In the first case, I came, as usual, into a session of a resident with a middle-aged man who was talking about his friends being overwhelmed with the complications of their illnesses. All the
while, he pointed, unconsciously, with two fingers to his head (Gustafson’s sign of guilt, by self-accusation, in all eleven of my books, from the first in 1986). He could not do enough for them, nor for his overwhelmed relatives, not for his children, nor for some of their hapless friends, nor for the dog! Also, he had taken a meditation class, for himself, but could not find any time to insert it in.

After listening ten minutes, I asked him if I might make a comment? Yes, certainly, he replied. I showed him the two fingers of self-accusation running through all of this. He laughed, and rejoined, I certainly could find a way to make time for myself, to meditate, and his two big hands swept a semi-circle in front of him. I laughed and said: You see your body already knows how to do it! A half hour later I ran into him checking out at the front desk, while I glanced at the sports page on the counter. He glanced at it also, and evidently took in the photograph of Aaron Rodgers holding the Super-Bowl trophy over his head. He himself lifted his two arms over his own head, and asked me if I knew what that meant? We both laughed. A certain ferment of energy, and expression, was being delighted in, even, as Booth would say, a certain athleticism.

The second case I have seen in three hour-long consultations to a staff colleague in my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic, three years ago, two years ago, and last week. I only have time to remark on a similar ferment of athleticism that has emerged in her patient. Suffice to say, that two years ago she told me a dream about a group of ruffian boys piling up old automobiles with a crane in a pile. With each shock wave from the crash of another auto into the pile, she nimbly jumped in the air to elude its shock. When I asked her how she knew about such nimbleness, she told me about riding with her father at the wheel. Fish-tailing into a head-on collision, he just calmly said, I am putting it in the ditch!

Now, two years later, she told me about a new boyfriend who was making persistent efforts to control her. He seemed to get angry at every little slight of attention due to himself! Several months ago, he even constrained her physically, to force her to stay in the discussion. The news of this he relayed to his friends, the news, that is, of her outrage, minus the news of how he had provoked it.
To make a long story short, her next get together with him and his friends at a bar led to these friends spiking her drinks of water, her tripping and falling over her boyfriend’s foot and falling onto her back, and then one of these friends telling her to get back to her boyfriend.

A week before the consultation, she and her boyfriend had a fight, in which she stood up to him on all of these points, and several more, as she reported it to me. As I recounted her remarkable strength, neither avoiding the conflict, nor getting unduly alarmed, she agreed, and then fell silent, showing Gustafson’s sign of self-accusation. Yes, she said, but my final explosion of anger at him was very terrible. Something like what my sister did, while I always kept the peace. Something I never want to do again. Yes, I replied, You finally lost it, and you do need to learn how to step back when your rage is mounting. The next work, she said, quite happily.

In other words, a display of athleticism on standing up to being controlled, followed by an explosion of rage. Again, we see an opening up of the transitional region of ferment of expressiveness, of words and of movements. But it could be pushed too far. The social body is a crude force. So is the helpless body itself.
In this lecture, I propose to begin from three ideas, which are accepted only by a handful of readers. Nevertheless, I am confident they are **profoundly true**. In five to ten minutes of the reader’s time, I could scarcely explain any one of the three. What I will do, instead, is show how the three ideas fit together as a single premise about how to position yourself in the modern world (Gustafson and Cooper, 1990). **Premise** is an interesting word for this purpose, since it means an **assumption**, which **proceeds** to a **proof**, and it also means a **place**, as in the sentence, *You will find me on the premises*. Then, I will illustrate how it works in a particular case.

**First Idea**

The first idea is that **play**, and its **premise**, the **playing field**, is the **home** of **all well-being** in humanity (Gustafson, 2010, *Sixth Theorem, The Noble Semantic Complex of Play of Johann Huizinga*, pp. 57-85). There is no other **place** to find it.

Huizinga (1955, original work published 1944) called it a **whole semantic complex**. As I summarized him,

> The contest, with a balance of rights between the antagonists, in the **delimited play region** and **time**, brings about a certain complex of virtues everywhere in the world in the archaic or Bronze Age (Gustafson, 2010, p. 65):

> …The **whole semantic complex** of strength, valor, wealth, right, good management, morality, urbanity, fine manners, magnanimity, liberality and moral perfection (Huizinga, p. 64)

Nevertheless, such a world was not to last forever, as Huizinga wrote:
…The old cultural soil is gradually smothered under a rank layer of ideas, systems of thought and knowledge, doctrines, rules and regulations, moralities and conventions which have lost all touch with play (p. 68, Gustafson, 2010, p. 75, Huizinga).

Nevertheless, it is still to be found, as in Roger Deakin’s *Wildwood* (2007), in practically every sentence, whereby Deakin positions himself in a transitional field which is in continuous flow to something else. For example, Deakin begins from his own home fields in Suffolk, where he has dragged an old railway wagon into a deep hedge. He writes:

> In the warm embrace of the wagon’s wood, I always sleep like a cat for eight hours at a time. It is almost as if I were actually being rocked and lulled by the rhythm of my wheels on a nocturnal *Night Mail* journey (p. 13).

Yes, Deakin is doing this by himself, but I do it with my friends on the tennis court all the time, and with my students in seminars, and with my patients in consultations quite like those of D.W. Winnicott (1971), crossing over (see Gustafson, 2008, *Chapter 11, La Crosse*, pp. 82-89) from where they are captive to where they move with a beautiful athleticism (see Lecture Six), as I shall illustrate to conclude this Seventh Lecture. Is it not found, also, in every family household that is well and joyous?

**Second Idea**

The second idea is that we are submerged, instead, in an immense current of history that carries us away without our knowing it. I explain this as the greatest danger to us in *Introduction to My Work* on my website (http://psychiatry.wisc.edu/gustafson), but no one has yet seemed to notice it.

Isaiah Berlin (*Russian Thinkers*, 1978) explained it as follows:
…We are immersed and submerged in a medium that, precisely, to the degree to which we inevitably take it for granted as part of ourselves, we do not and cannot observe as if from the outside (p. 71).

That insight that reveals the nature and structure of these worlds is not a mere makeshift substitute…it does what no science can do; it distinguishes the real from the sham, the worthwhile from the worthless, what can be done or borne from what cannot be…which cannot be sorted out and described and predicted by any science, because the proportion in them of submerged, uninspectable life is too high (p. 73).

Berlin’s surest example from Tolstoy (2007, original work published 1861) would be Kutuzov, who was fully, fully aware of the tide of the Napoleonic force from the west penetrating Russia. Only, because he could step back out of it, into his tent, could he read the huge proportion of submerged, uninspectable life in the battles.

I would say, now, that the comparable tide we are submerged in is also that of a battle, quite like D-Day, launched out of England for the coast of Normandy. Only that was just a relatively small beginning to where we are moving, not in 1944, but in 2011. We have become a vast set of supply dumps of materials, for every possible battle, and all of us are enlisted to move ever more of them and faster and faster: In schools, in clinics, in labs, in retail, in everything.

Third Idea.

The third idea is that being submerged in such a continuous emergency is endlessly jarring to and contrary to our natures, selected for two million years (Gustafson, 2010, Second Theorem, The Evolutionary History of the Fundamental Operator - from Paul Colinvaux). Yes, there were increase packs (Canetti, 1984, original work published 1960; Gustafson, 2008, Chapter 9, The Immense Realm of the False, pp. 148-157) in periods of scarcity, like the buffalo dance, or the eruption of the Golden Horde out of central Asia. But not non-stop increase on all fronts, continuously, world without end.
What are our natures? Could they be anything but what we were selected for over two million years? Levi-Strauss (1983, original work published 1964) seems to be to have the clearest conception, which I summarized in *The Orchestral Score of Levi-Strauss* (Gustafson, 1997, *Chapter 10*). One paragraph will have to suffice:

…the exceptional position occupied by music is brought out still more clearly. In making the comparison, I referred at the outset to an attribute that the myth and the musical work have in common: they operate through the adjustment of two grids, one internal, the other external (p. 27, Levi-Strauss; p. 204, Gustafson).

The music or myth, then, plays the visceral rhythms of the internal grid against the available resources of the external grid. Take, for example, poem number 352 of Emily Dickinson (1960. p. 167, original work composed 1862):

> Perhaps I asked too large --
> I take -- no less then skies --
> For Earths, grow thick as
> Berries, in my native town --
>
> My Basket holds -- just -- Firmaments --
> These -- dangle easy -- on my arm,
> But smaller bundles -- Cram.

Here, then is the adjustment Levi-Strauss writes of, asking large, or asking small? The selection is astounding: skies, Earths, Firmaments! From tiny to cosmic, berries to Earths, bracelets to Firmaments. Only an extraordinary sieve could make this selection, quite unconsciously, from millions of possibilities (Poincare, 1985, original work published, 1908; Gustafson, 2008, pp. 241-246).
The Case of a 30-Year Weekly Recurrent Dream of a Destination of Death

So, here, I propose to close with an excerpt from a consultation I recorded on DVD in my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic, which illustrates defense of the playing field, its submergence in the terror of history, and the patient’s recovery of her nature.

Suffice to say that our patient had been having a recurrent dream every week for 30 years since she was age 3 to 4, when she had the first of her terrifying surgeries for congenital anomalies. The dream, in countless variations, has in common getting in, chiefly as passenger, the family car, which drives straight into dangerous water. The patient asks, Why are we doing this? Where are we going? but the questions are not answered and the car will not stop.

Suffice to say that she and I went over all the details of this recurrent journey. Perhaps, most important was that her mother always told her not to be concerned and to Happy Up! Perhaps, what is most striking to me about the conversation is how bravely she manages to go along with this until I ask her one question in particular? I say, You are still getting into the car thirty years later. It must be so, but how is it so? Here, she finally begins to cry. She says that she always had to find another family for herself, like the yearbook crew in high school, where she was accepted. Same, now in her job, except that she had to tell her workmates about needing to take time off to manage her severe physical difficulties, whereupon they became quite rejecting of her.

Well, once the submergence entered into for 30 years became a matter of whether she chose to step into the car, or not, she began not to, in this job situation gone wrong, with great relief to herself, and cessation of the weekly dream (no longer necessary when its forces were not taking her over). Like some of the children in Children of the Garden Island (Werner, 1989), she had this remarkable resilience to step back from the family craziness, but it took an ally or two or three to bring her resilience into play. The premise of having to accept going along with a crazy journey no longer had to be accepted, and so a new premise, or position took its place, namely, that she could decide what to get into and get out of, and thus took back her own nature. That plays out well.
Thanks to Ruth Gustafson for Poem 352 of Emily Dickinson and to Michael Moran for *Wildwood*, by Roger Deakin.
Lecture Number Eight. Light-Heartedness and Heavy-Heartedness

Lecture Seven, Defense of the Playing Field, concluded, essentially, with this: we are submerged in history, until we know how to step back out of it, and also know how not to step back into it.

Always, a lecture of a few pages leaves out something important, and that becomes the following lecture. To wit, the world of someone adept at fielding sudden flux is almost totally different from the world of someone who is learning to take a first step back from drowning. To prove this, I will begin with Emily Dickinson’s poem 1343, A single clover plank (Dickinson, 1965, original poem composed 1875).

Emily Dickinson 1343

A single Clover Plank  
Was all that saved the Bee  
A Bee I personally knew  
From sinking in the sky --

‘Twixt Firmament above  
And Firmament below  
The Billows of Circumference  
Were sweeping him away --

The idly swaying Plank  
Responsible to nought  
A sudden Freight of Wind assumed  
And Bumble Bee was not --

This harrowing event  
Transpiring in the grass  
Did not so much as wring from him  
A wandering “Alas” --

I will refrain, for the sake of brevity, from saying a lot about this poem, except to note that the wandering Bee has taken a harrowing event in stride, A Bee I personally knew. All that saved him from sinking in the sky and also from The Billows of Circumference sweeping him away was a single blade of Clover. A sudden Freight of Wind assumed his blade, and he was not. On he wandered, not missing a step.
I will confess, reading this poem for the first time a couple of nights ago, I did not want to depart from its field, ‘Twixt Firmament above/And Firmament below, in such suspension between stars and dew. Such beautiful balance and readiness for all the probable forces, quite like a Zen Swordsman (Suzuki, 1959, original work published 1939; Gustafson, 2008, pp. 206-212).

Balancing on the Bifurcation Between History and the Noble Playing Field

In the Noble Playing Field (Lecture Seven), I did not want to return to History. Next day I would be in the resident clinic with fifteen to twenty patients drowning in their own histories. Obviously, I have to get back and forth.

This takes a certain objectivity found in a few like Homer (Simone Weil, The Poem of Force, 1993, originally published 1937-1940) or Lewis Hyde (1983). Hyde posed the difference between History and the Playing Field in terms of Bounded and Unbounded Compartments, namely:

Anything contained within a boundary must contain as well its own exhaustion
(p. 25; also in Gustafson, 2010, p. 9).

What we receive from nature or from the imagination comes to us from beyond our sphere of influence … The continued fertility of these things depends upon their remaining “beyond us,” and not being drawn into the smaller ego (p. 191; also in Gustafson, 2010, p. 9).

In other words, I would like to stay light-hearted in the playing field of 1343, where harrowing events are taken lightly in a step to the air or the next blade -- a marvelous, unbounded field. I ride the blade, or not, when A sudden Freight of Wind assumes it. I do this all the time on the tennis court, when the momentum shifts. The beautiful balance of always being ready to step right, or left, equally, can suddenly be thrown wildly off and needs to be reset.
But most people I know, or see in clinic, put themselves back in bounded compartments that contain as well their own exhaustion. This is a heavy-hearted business.

**The Case of a Bleak Childhood**

I conclude this lecture with a relatively simple example of a closed or bounded system that has to run into exhaustion. I want to illustrate how I accept its heaviness, while not accepting it either. This is the case of a young woman I saw in consultation in my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic, two weeks ago. Last week, we studied the DVD of the consultation.

Essentially, what she and I found was that she had put months of work into a document for her research group, only to have the entire work torn to pieces at the last minute by her superior. Simultaneously, her older brother, had told her of being thrown back into their own bleak childhood, in which the mother continuously induced guilt, and the fathers hid behind the newspaper. The unbearable weight of this history was that her brother, her only refuge in the family, had nearly killed himself many times, and barely survived.

In other words, she felt his pain as her own. Way too heavy. Having come to this disastrous position, I asked her for a dream, and got two, simple ones, which make a remarkable pair (Alexander, 1925; Gustafson, 2000, Chapter 30, Comfort and Its Absence in a Pair of Dreams).

In the first, she was delivering mail in her University department with her mother to help her. She thought to herself, *She is only getting in the way*, and laughed out loud in our discussion of it.

In the second, she is face to face with her mother, telling her how angry she is with her, which is good and bad -- good that she might stop letting her mother make her feel guilty, and bad because she feels terrible hurting her mother, knowing how wounded her mother was by her own mother.
I told our patient her pair of dreams was perfect for posing the position which is unbearably heavy, versus the position which is comic and light-hearted. In the second dream, she keeps the guilt going, for worse. In the first dream, she is objective and comical and light-hearted.
Lecture Number Nine. Isolated Will Takes On Demonic Systems

- … Isolated will, … the most dangerous program in western history - Allen Tate, Three Types of Poetry, 1999, original work published 1934

Th’expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action lust
Is perjured, murd’rous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated as a swallowed bait,
On purpose made to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so,
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme,
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe,
Before, a joy proposed, behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
To shun the heav’n that leads men to this hell.
--Sonnet 129, William Shakespeare, 2000, original work published 1609

There are family systems so richly joined (selected by countless re-entries (Edelman, 2003) that they are virtually impossible to change. Nevertheless, they call out enormous energy in the attempt to change them, all to no avail.

From over forty years of study in the field of family therapy, I am of the opinion that such families are extremely common. But you would not know it from surveying the field, which is full of endless devices of every kind imaginable, which give the impression that there is nothing that can’t be solved in family therapy.
The only prominent exception to this rule is the work of Mara Selvini Palazzoli and her Milan family therapy team, which gives, to me, an adequate account of the common difficulty **without underestimating** it (Selvini-Palazzoli et al, 1977, 1978, 1982, 1986, 1989). I spent ten years studying her work and conducting my own family therapy team along the lines she laid out (1980-1990).

The Milan team was often criticized for **being too negative** about families and their members. I think she was **understating** the problem with deliberate irony. I think that **virtually impossible** family systems are **commonplace** and I think it would be a service to recognize how and why this is so. Furthermore, I think that this relatively simple structure has much to do with being **enmeshed** with modern culture itself. This relatively **commonplace and simple and violent** structure is a **mirror** of **corporate life itself**.

By first principles I mean the following: First, I mean control by isolated will. I mean that the dominant member **rules by fear**. Secondly, I mean that this generates a **compartment** in which it is **exhausting** to exist. Thirdly, I mean that its members have **no exit**. Lidz et al (1965) called this situation a **rubber fence** because attempts to leave it seem possible, but are **snapped back** by **fear of being left out altogether**. Essentially, this is the structure of corporate life, such as described by Ho (2009) on Wall Street in firms of investment banking, but you can find the same structure in law firms, medical hierarchies, and academic departments and in every other compartment of work.

**A Particularly Malignant Version**

Strange to say, this is not often described in families, yet we have an epidemic of it in Wisconsin, and our clinics are full of its casualties. The version I am thinking is fueled by **raw thirst for power**, but also by **raw lust**. I have already introduced it in my epigraph, via Shakespeare’s’s Sonnet 129.

All it takes is a violent male with a lust for total control. Control is not strong enough a word. **Total possession** (Genet, 1958) is **accurate**. Of course, **pornography feeds** this appetite,
abetted by nearly **continuous stimulation** by television and movies. **Surveillance of the wife** nails it down. **Implacable hatred** of her outside connections, especially women friends, cuts off avenues of support for her to oppose his total possession.

**Complications**

As Selvini Palazzoli et al (1986, 1989) demonstrated, such a demonic system often calls out epic attempts to bring it to justice, by the spouse, or by one of the children on behalf of the spouse. As they also demonstrated (1982), the doctor or therapist or team engaged by the dangerous game tends to become **ensnared** by either the one in power, or by its victim.

If this all-possessing male captures them, backing his demands that the **wife should go along with**, she is **driven into despair**, and he into **greater claims on her**. If they are captured by her demands for less pressure from him, he is not about to give up **a whit**, and will become **paranoid** about the so-called helpers and quit the therapy at once.

Of course, some helpers will try to find a balance point between them, understanding both equally, but there is **no such balance point** in a **paranoid** system like this (Balint et al, 1972).

**Individual Psychotherapy**

Thus, the patient, the wife, will be **thrown back** upon her own doctor or therapist. Here, the doctor or therapist will find him or herself with the problem, **not of improving things**, but doing what little he can to help her **not** put herself in **serious danger** of getting **hurt or even killed**.

The dilemma is that **staying or going** are **both dangerous**.

If the patient **stays**, she is highly likely to build up rage at being **demeaned by his pornography**, his **surveillance** and his **hatred** of her having any connections at all besides him. She may think she can put up with this for ten or twenty years until her children are out of high school. But her weekly or monthly cycle shows that she is tempted to **get him back** especially by **embarrassing**
him in one way or another, and this calls out murderous rage in him, which she way
underestimates.

If the patient attempts to leave, she may find that his rubber fence for possessing her knows no
bounds. Having no other connection but her, he may follow her just about anywhere, and visit
his violence upon her.

All of which is not to say that these catastrophes are inevitable. Her best chance is for him to fix
his claims upon a different woman. Various other paths also get her off the hook.

The doctor or therapist’s best chance with the wife, in my opinion, is to clarify her own isolated
will. Thus, any eruptions of her will to get him back can be backtracked to her notion that he
ought to be different. He ought to. But he is not about to, in the slightest.

This notion of hers always comes from a childhood of very serious hurt, which generates some
kind of fiction or fairy tale about what is coming to save her. Understandable. Not so. As
Winnicott (1971), demonstrated, this will need a lot of reaching back to her grief as a child.
When she accepts this, she can begin to forgo this forcing operation of isolated will, upon a
demonic system, which is highly dangerous.
Lecture Number Ten. The Part Falsifies the Whole Situation.

In four pages, I propose to prove how The Part Falsifies the Whole Situation for our patients and for us. Thereby, they, and we, are disoriented, and mistake the exchange, and become disturbed, i.e., anxious and then depressed. I also propose to prove why this has become endemic.

Allen Tate, 1934

Allen Tate explained the whole situation we are in in 1934 in terms of what had become of poetry. Tate was a well-known poet and critic at that time, but no one is going to read Three Types of Poetry (1934), and no one is going to say, That is us. In other words: As with poetry, so with us. So I will make this translation of the part, poetry, to the whole situation, ours.

Tate argued in 1934 that there was an overwhelming tendency in poetry for the idea to take over in place of the experience. Or, an intense experience could take over and lose track of the full field of forces. The first type he called allegory or science. The second type he called romanticism. Both, he argued, are versions of the Platonic takeover of the world, where an abstraction substitutes for the whole experience. To summarize 23 pages, Tate argues:

… It is an affirmation of the will in terms that are not a legitimate vehicle of the will (p. 189).

The third type differs from the first two because it is of the whole experience without forcing by will. It is very unusual.

Gustafson, 2011

Seventy-seven years later, I argue that we are ruled by nothing else but will. We make the slightest attempts to comprehend the whole situation we find ourselves in. Why? Because we are submerged in an enormous current (Berlin, 1978, p. 71), which we take for granted. What is
this current? It is always rushing. It has a procedure for everything, in advance of meeting it. It suggests, at every turn, that a material object will give us everything we want. It is entitled to get what it wants from its procedure. It explodes, when it turns out not to be so.

Is it possible to get outside this current to see the whole situation? Yes. What is necessary to comprehend it? First, it is necessary not to have to do anything, until one is ready. Second, one must be able to step far back to take in the whole field of the situation. Third, one must not be compelled by any part of it -- words, excitements, and agitations. Fourth, one must be ready for what is good to be mixed up with what is evil. Fifth, one needs to be ready for not knowing what to do, and for waiting a certain period of time, or for a drop into a dream to elucidate the situation from a fresh perspective.

The Usual Case in 1895 and in 2011 of Subjugation

Here is the usual case in psychiatry just as it was 116 years ago for Breuer and Freud (1895) who called it self-strangulation. It can be male or female, but I will give it here as female which is the more common of the two.

She presents with being very anxious and very depressed and quite unable to pay attention, as at work. She is hardly able to sleep or to eat. She is in a great deal of physical pain from a chronic condition. She is in an unhappy relationship, and has two little kids.

She is given a diagnosis of major depression, recurrent, severe, and put on an anti-depressant. She is given a diagnosis of generalized anxiety disorder, and put on gabapentin, rather than a benzodiazepine, to avoid her addictive tendencies. She becomes a little less depressed, and a little more anxious, but little else happens for several months. I am asked for a second opinion.

When I meet her, I ask her what she is concerned about? She is concerned about her pain, but even more concerned about all the pain medicines she takes, which put her into a state of unreality. She is similarly concerned about her marriage, and its pain. Essentially, she feels her
husband is just like her father. He puts her down at every turn. Two years ago, she decided to get a divorce.

A year ago, she and her two boys met a man with his daughter at a school function and they had a very good time together. Since then she has met him a handful of times, and has always been surprised by his kindness, and acceptance, and understanding of her predicament.

Two weeks ago, she became suddenly much worse. She did not know why. She did know that she had been considering going through with the divorce. I asked her what had happened? She told me that the pretrial had disclosed to her that she was only going to get a tiny amount of child support from her husband. He had arranged to get partly laid off, so it had looked like his earnings were far less than hers. She felt enraged, by his cheating her once again. It was at that point that she felt completely discouraged, and unable to eat or sleep.

So she went to her parents to get away. Driving back home, she was talking with her husband on her cell phone, passed out, and totaled her car. No one, including her medical doctors, could figure out what happened, despite a great deal of testing.

Comprehending the Whole Situation

At this point in the consultation, I summarized our findings as follows: You are in a very painful dilemma, for you cannot bear to go on being degraded in your marriage, but you just found out you do not have any footing to leave. You do not have the money, and you do not have the trust in your new boyfriend. Every time we discuss his surprisingly good qualities, you add the word but ... and perhaps rightly so, for he may not turn out to be so kind.

Here she put in that her first psychiatrist had become impatient with her stalling at this point and told her just to Jump! The second psychiatrist just seemed very far away. Would I be her psychiatrist? I said I had agreed to consult with her for an hour, but I could not be her psychiatrist.
Here is what makes her whole situation **typical**. She has **tried to follow** her husband’s regime, quite like her father’s, but it is equally unbearable, and weakens her confidence week by week. She has had **a valid experience** of being accepted, appreciated and understood by another man, but she rightly senses that this experience **may not be a true indicator** of the whole situation **with him**.

I was actually **relieved** by her hesitation to jump into the arms of the boyfriend, who is relatively new to her, and relatively untested. The **new part**, she sensed, **could falsify** the **new situation** she could be getting herself into.

I was also **relieved** by her dismay at her two psychiatrists. Whatever their ideas about what they were doing, they had gotten **nowhere near** her experience of the situation. Their **abstractions** had left her **cold**.

So, I concluded with her by saying that **staying and going were both fraught with dangers, so I could see why she had suddenly gotten worse**. She had already known how unbearable the marriage was, but suddenly the footing on which to leave had become **very shaky**.

Why did she appreciate talking with me so much? I certainly had not made things any easier. But I was **with her** in **weighing all the forces** in the **whole situation**. And I was **alert** to being **misled** by any **part** of the **situation** that could **falsify** her **judgment**. It is the third kind of poem. It is a third kind of positioning.

So, my letter of consultation went out to the second psychiatrist who may prove himself more present to her whole situation and to the parts that could falsify her hopes. If not, I will see her with one of our residents.
Lecture Number Eleven. Gifts That Are Not Reciprocated

-- My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th’uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desp’rate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic mad with ever more unrest,
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen’s are,
At random from the truth vainly expressed;
  For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
   Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.
~~William Shakespeare, Sonnet 147

Gifts have to be reciprocated, or something very bad will happen. Yet, they may not be forced. Aboriginal humanity knew this (Mauss, 1990, original work published 1950; Levi-Strauss, 1983, original work published 1964), but modern humanity (Hyde, 1983) has forgotten it.

Marx’s Explanation

Marx (1967, original work published 1867) explained why gifts are profoundly unequal in the modern labor market. Essentially, this: if you have scarce resources, you can give the slightest amount of time, and get an immense return; if you have common resources, you have to give an immense amount of them, to get the slightest return.
Allegorical/Scientific Will and Romantic Will

But those with scarce resources, such as a prestigious, technical education, do not seem to relax. On the contrary, they seem immensely driven (see Harvard Non-Stop, Lambert, 2010). Why is that? Weber (2003, original work published 1904-1905) argued that Protestant asceticism shifted its discipline of will, from getting to heaven to getting rich:

Since asceticism undertook to remodel the world and to work out its ideals in the world, material goods have gained an increasing and finally an inexorable power over the lives of men as at no previous period in history (p. 181) …No one knows who will live in this (iron) cage in the future …(a) mechanized petrification, embellished with a sort of convulsive self-importance (p. 182).

Canetti (1984, original work published (1960) argued that the engine of this frantic effort is what he called the increase pack. What had been a very occasional emergency has become continuous emergency to increase numbers of every material resource.

In other words (Tate, 1999, original work published 1934), the old Puritan allegorical will gradually has turned itself into scientific will for More of Everything, Faster. Strangely, and simultaneously, the sacrifice of oneself to scientific will elicits an enormous demand of romantic will to possess the female object, or the male object. No less than Shakespeare, in his Sonnet 147, written a little before 1609 at this very take-off of modern will, finds himself unable to stop himself with reason as his physician.

Gifts That Are Not Reciprocated

So, this is what all our patients and we ourselves do. We pour out huge energy to increase something. It is the same dynamic in medicine as it is in education or in business. Nothing can repay this frantic dedication.
So, we build up an enormous need for compensation, and its intensity is so great that it makes claims to possess based on this fever, which refuses to take in the whole situation of its object, quite like Shakespeare in Sonnet 147. All of the common dynamics of psychiatry (Gustafson, 1999) force such possession. As Winnicott (1971) demonstrated, every hurt child attempts exactly this.

The Case of the Resilient Child of the Raging Parents

Thankfully, there is a third position (see Gustafson, 2010, Eighteenth Theorem, The Danger of Inner Light - From Michel Serres) that has potential for its own development. As Werner (19889) and her colleagues (Werner and Smith, 2001) discovered in their prospective, 55 year study of a cohort of 698 children in pre-natal care, there are children who seem to have the constitution to go out the back door of hellish family compartments. They find the give and take they need in the family next door, or in the schoolroom, or at church, and so forth.

Last week, I consulted to such a child now fifty years old, of a family of incessant anger from both mother and father. It is true that she, in part, took the position of trying to be perfect in the face of being screamed at. It is also true that she had compensatory rage, in what she called foul nightmares, of throwing her younger brother at the wall or down the stairs. This second position is the expectable, compensatory, anti-social rage of a wronged child (Winnicott, 1971), but she did not act upon it.

But her constitutional strength gave her a third position of getting free of the nightmare family, and of the nightmare revenge in herself. She imagined herself into a different world. In my hour-long consultation to her in my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic, I first came upon this secret strength when she told me the occasion for the onset of panic attacks at age sixteen.

As a young driver, she had gotten into an accident and was about to plead guilty in the trial, when a voice inside her said, You are not guilty, and she pled not guilty, and the judge immediately confirmed the verdict as not guilty. However, she did not feel relief from the
enormous tension building up to the trial. She began having panic attacks. Why? Obviously, there was some danger in being forthright with her judgments!

Now, the same sequence appeared in five different recurrent dreams of well being that were always followed by great danger. One was a dream equivalent of an earliest memory: She is playing happily in the sandbox, when her mother screams at her to come in. She sticks out her tongue at her mother. Then a gigantic female head fills the sky above her, with her brains bulging out, screaming the patient’s name.

So here was a child whose gifts were not reciprocated, and she gave them to herself. Thank God for such capacity. For a beautiful third position, of giving herself what she needed, while, simultaneously alerting herself to the danger of bringing them out into the open.
Lecture Number Twelve. Taking in the Whole Situation from the Third Position.

Taking in the whole situation from the third position is deceptively simple, like any art or science that is parsimonious, capable of being stated with as few explanations as possible. I will begin with what Michel Serres (1982, original work published 1968-1980; 1997, original work published 1991; 2007, original work published 1980) figured out about the third position. Then, I will illustrate it with a consultation on DVD made last week in my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic. Finally, I will discuss what study it takes to do it yourself.

Serres’s Third Position

The French philosopher of science, Michel Serres, is known some in the United States. His lifetime of work is summarized in three of my theorems from Twenty-Four Theorems of Captivity and Deliverance (2010, between pages 294 and 348, in Theorems 16, 17 and 18).

Serres could be considered a difficult writer like myself, because of his immense wealth of ideas. But he is not, because they all fold into and out of a simple geometry. I will state his entire work as three propositions. The first is that you cannot take in a whole situation unless you take up a position equidistant between all of the forces; equidistant, a spatial term, which can be equally expressed in time, as equally ready for any of the forces. His metaphor is taken from the field of soccer:

The volleyer and the goalie know how to wait for and to favor at one and the same moment the low shot, the thundering burst toward a distant point, the rapid and short throw, the high jump, the brusque act of avoidance if the attack comes from the front, … left, right, above, below, how do their limbs become unknotted? How, I do not know, but I know the body knows how to do it, because it sleeps and watches on both ears (1997, original work published 1991, p. 23; also in Gustafson, 2010, p. 323-324).
The second proposition is that this equidistant and third position takes in not only what is in the light, but also equally what is in the darkness.

The real center of each orbit lies precisely in a third place, just between these two foci - the shining globe and the dark point. No, neither the Sun nor the Earth is the center, but, rather, a third lost zone, of which one speaks even less than one does of these solar partners (p. 37 in Serres, p. 326 in Gustafson).

I will illustrate this in my case consultation, for there are many sides to it. One obvious one is that the darkness from which the dream comes is equally important to the light of day, for taking in all of the forces at work.

The third proposition is that it is very dangerous when you cannot get between radically different kinds of spaces:

My body, therefore, is not plunged into a single space, but into the difficult intersection of this numerous family … this intersection, these junctions, always needs to be constructed. And in general whoever is unsuccessful in this undertaking is considered sick. His body explodes from the disconnection of spaces (p. 44 in Serres, p. 333 in Gustafson).

I will now explain from my case consultation how her body explodes.

The Case of A Huge Pair of Dreams, of Being Menaced by the Firm, and of Menacing Them Back

I am going to have to be fairly telegraphic in reporting this consultation, leaving out many remarkable aspects of the hour, to point to the decisive forces. Let me suffice to say that our patient found herself bullied in corporate life to the point of not being able to continue, in continual panic, and in despair. Her huge pair of dreams conducted in the company warehouse under spotlights show the whole situation in two extremes, one last week, and one this week.
Last week’s dream finds herself in the middle of a circle of chairs of her superiors and co-workers, standing on a chair herself with a noose around her neck. The decision point is that she can lift off the noose with her hands, or she can step off the chair and be strangled.

As we discuss her predicament, she seems quite ready to free herself. As she felt in the dream, the noose seemed like a security blanket, a kind of addiction, difficult to dispense with. This security blanket/noose goes way back in her history in her family, where material security and prestige are its very honor.

This week’s dream is in the very same warehouse, under the very same spotlights, but her positioning has totally changed. Now, she is walking up and down in front of her hated superiors and co-workers who menaced her, menacing them, with the motion of cutting with a pair of scissors, so polished that they flash brilliantly. Not only that. The first and most hated boss is about to be killed by crucifixion on the cross behind him, the second boss by drowning in a huge tub, the first co-worker by lethal injection, and the second co-worker by a funeral pyre.

I ask her her feeling, and she says it is a feeling of power, of great satisfaction, in getting even. I ask her how the second dream bears on her predicament of getting out of her pain and doing what she wants? The shears seem decisive to her and to me, and come from home, where they have been an instrument of creating things. Now, they are instruments of a kind of creating of evil, of an eye for an eye. I ask her if she has read Dante’s Inferno, and she has and she agrees this is the originality like his of inventing suitable deaths for those who have tormented her. I ask her how that helps?

She says it helps her to get out of the box of sales in the company, of security with a noose ever tightening around her neck, strangling her (quite like the patients of Breuer and Freud (1966, original work published 1895). She feels ready to use her powers of creating in a more suitable position in the company, perhaps advertising. More immediately, the final detail of the dream, of ordering her assistant to put the first nail in the hand of the first supervisor nailing him to the cross, feels to her like a suitable menace to the other three tormentors not to mess with her.
My letter summarizing the consultation ran as follows:

Your dramatic pair of dreams portrays the two extreme positions. The first position is of being surrounded by the firm with a noose around your neck. The second position is of menacing them, twirling your scissors flashing in the light. Of course, the first position is of surrender, and the second position assumes a power it is impossible to wield.

So, the third position is implicit in the comparison of the first two: it is possible to have a certain quiet fierceness to look out for what you want while negotiating with what they are willing to offer. I imagine your subsequent dreams will make your third position, which takes in the whole situation, more explicit.

It is pleasure to work with you on this.

Two days after the consultation, I met with her and the resident and I was struck immediately by finding her in a third place. She looked ten years younger, and was full of sharp, comic wit of the reduction to absurdity of her current boss’s insecure rigidity. She was much less intimidated by her, and even felt sorry for her. Of course, the working through of her third position in negotiations with the company is just about to begin.

The Study Necessary to Conduct This Consultation

I recall 40 years ago this spring when I graduated from my residency in June of 1971. Like our residents now, I would get keen on one idea and think psychotherapy was all about that - like the idea of confronting resistance. You can imagine for yourself how that would miscarry with our patient, who needs to be in charge herself of what we talk about, and at what pace, and in what order.

As Serres argued, in his thermodynamics, patients get sick from being unable to construct the intersection of radically different spaces in which they find themselves. Their bodies explode. One of our residents watching the consultation (Fred Langheim, personal communication) sent
me a note by email of the relevance of the laws of thermodynamics for this consultation, which would neatly allow us to consider the three kinds of energy in our patient from three different positions.

She begins in the first third very coolly, scientifically, explaining her anxiety and depression. In the second third, things are much more charged up with her at the decision point standing on the chair with the noose around her neck, and her hands on the noose. In the third third, she is quite unleashed, eyes flashing with the satisfaction of revenge. Here is where the pent up body is on the verge of explosion.

Already in the last five minutes, carried over to the next meeting, a third energy, of the sharpness, of twirling her glittering scissors, of wit, a modulation of murder, into a beautiful capacity for the reduction to absurdity of her antagonists.

Like the influx of warm air from the Gulf of Mexico coming into collision with cold air from the Pacific Ocean in the Mississippi River Valley last night, the danger of discharge from lightning and tornado becomes greater and greater as the gradient of temperatures between the two fronts gets steeper.

But where is a resident to learn how to allow this build up from cool to hot to modulated fierceness? Only, I think, from watching it, quite as Thomas Mann argued:
The Spanish scholar Ortega y Gasset puts it that the man of antiquity, before he did anything, took a step backwards, like the bullfighter 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 (Mann, 1937, p. 34; Gustafson, 2008, p. 395).

This helps a lot, for we do learn profoundly by seeing it enacted. But it also runs the risk of being reduced to a single principle, when, in fact, it is about finding the intersection between radically different spaces.

I wrote out what I take to be the necessary knowledge for our field of psychotherapy in two big books, one in burgundy, and one in green (Gustafson, 2008, 2010). Now, as I compose these tiny lectures, I draw upon them to go straight to the point. A simplicity beyond complexity, as my friend, Steve Olson, puts it. But you could not write these lectures, if you did not already have in you what you can take from instinctively. Otherwise, you are working mechanically, as from the protocol of a machine, or intensively, as from the partial passion of a romance.
Lecture Number Thirteen. A Totally Programmatic Mind Versus a Positional Mind

_In the poem, we get knowledge of a whole object_ – Allen Tate, _Literature as Knowledge_, 1941, in Tate, 1999.

‘Twas awkward, but it fitted me –
An ancient fashioned Heart –
Its only lore – its Steadfastness –
In Change – unerudite –

It only moved as do the Suns –
For merit of Return –
Or Birds – confirmed perpetual
By Alternating Zone –

I only have it not Tonight
In its established place –
For technicality of Death
Omitted in the Lease –

--Emily Dickinson 973, composed 1864

Psychiatry and psychotherapy have become the **property** of totally programmatic minds, as in every other field. Allen Tate saw it the year I was born in 1941. By this he meant that you only **know something** by a **program**, by which you can **act upon it**. What you **lose** in the program is **knowledge of a whole object**, which is possible in a poem or in a story. For example, you could not know about _Steadfastness – In Change_.

_This is the most delightful and profound pleasure of continuous movement_, for which we were selected, **between opposites**. Our two best writers, Thoreau and Dickinson, _gave it to_
themselves by positioning themselves on the margin where it remains possible, in a kind of childhood continued into adult life.

Dickinson gives us this version in her Poem 75 (original work composed 1859)

She died at play,  
Gamboled away  
Her lease of spotted hours,  
Then sank as gaily as a Turk  
Upon a couch of flowers.

Her ghost strolled softly o’er the hill  
Yesterday, and Today,  
Her vestments as the silver fleece –  
Her countenance as spray.

Certainly, a resurrection. A capacity for continuous transition, re-discovered.

Four Cases, Dead or Dying in Programs

I would like to give you four cases, of the utmost simplicity, which cannot be helped by psychiatry or psychotherapy as a program, but which yield in an instant to someone who knows how to position beyond their margin: To get from a constant operator, O (c), which has become pointless, to a transitional operator, O (t), which points to a position in which life is breathed back again into the patient. Medical students on an inpatient service, each of which left me five minutes to summarize the situation, interviewed the first two patients. Residents in our outpatient department, each of which also left me five minutes to summarize the situation, interviewed the second two patients.

The Case of the Invaluable Administrative Assistant
This middle-aged patient essentially told the medical student that her life was over, and that throwing medicines at her made no difference at all. She looked like a ghost. She said she did nothing all day long but kill time.

I did notice that she came back to life, moving forward, drumming with her fingers on the table she was sitting at, where she told of her position as the invaluable administrative assistant. She also flashed a certain rage, and bitterness, telling how her boss misused her, and got rid of her. Same telling about a new boyfriend she was helping, similarly, with a comeback, who stole her six credit cards, and tens of thousands of dollars.

I merely, at my turn, noted her total change in demeanor, between life being finished, and life being recalled, and asked her one question. Why not try again? She said she did, apply for a high-ranking volunteer job, but was declined for the lack of letters of recommendation. I had to let her go, as my five minutes was up. But thought, I bet she would not take a low ranking volunteer position, and I bet, even there, she would not know how to read whether it would take advantage of her. If I were her doctor, I would be willing to let her prove me wrong, if she so desired, about these positions.

The Case of the Guilty Daughter

This young woman told the medical student that she too was sitting around doing nothing at home, whereas at work she had a modestly useful job as a secretary. She too looked like a ghost. Where she got agonized was talking about telling her parents how depressed she felt. Her mother told the patient how badly she felt hearing this, and this made our patient feel much worse. Same with the father. Interestingly, mother’s sister was easier to confide in, because she did not appear to feel so bad about what she heard.

My turn. I simply summarized for her that the little system with her parents made her feel hugely worse, and the talks with her aunt did not. Perhaps, she might re-think whom she
confides in? Time was then up. I asked her if she wanted to ask me anything further? She just smiled, and said, Where did you learn how to talk with people like this?

The Case of the Dreary Outpatient

I simply want to say that the resident told me the patient was utterly dreary at age forty, without much of a job, and without much of a relationship. I simply noticed his remarkably precise use of the English language, and he smiled broadly and told us three big things that delighted him: That this rhetoric teacher in high school said he was one of the three best students ever -- That he had worked for a bank getting loans and took the initiative of calling the City Hall for a list of new building permits, and began to call their holders, and got a lot of new loans -- That his mother was profoundly depressed post-partum and for years. Yes, I thought to myself, but her son was not destroyed by it, but is responsive to accurate notice.

The Case of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome

Even briefer. The resident said the patient has a long condition of chronic fatigue, with long work ups that could find no medical basis for it. I asked him when he was fatigued and for how long? Always, and for years, he replied. All right, I said, when are you not fatigued? Last week, when I saved the company a half million dollars. Also, last week, and here he pulled out his cell phone/digital camera to show me a terrible car wreck, and said he had climbed into the car and steadying the spinal column of the lady in there had saved her from quadriplegia!

Now, he was sitting forward looking quite thrilled with himself. I noted, You do not have chronic fatigue right now! He laughed and agreed, and rejoined, What am I supposed to do? Quit everything to have a crazy life of thrills? I laughed and said, Well, you sure do deal in extremes.
The Moral of Four Such Stories

The programs did nothing for them. The ability to position with them outside their deadly and daily program brought them back from the dead, to a remarkable presence, if that presence had its difficult problems. But psychiatry and psychotherapy do not even know how to begin.

This is what is called sensitive dependence on initial positioning (Gustafson, 2008, 2010). The programmatic mind and the positional mind begin from very different positions, with radically different results.
Lecture Number Fourteen.  Shielded and Unshielded.

I wish to speak a word for Nature, for absolute freedom and wildness, as contrasted with a freedom and culture merely civil, - to regard man as an inhabitant, or a part and parcel of Nature, rather than as a member of society. I wish to make an extreme statement, if so I may make an emphatic one, for there are enough champions of civilization: the minister and the school committee and every one of you will take care of that. --Thoreau, *Walking*, p. 149 in *The Essays of Henry David Thoreau*, 2002.

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Let me not mar that perfect Dream
By an Auroral stain
But so adjust my daily Night
That it will come again.

Not when we know, the Power accosts -
The Garment of Surprise
Was all our timid Mother wore
At Home - in Paradise.
--Emily Dickinson
Note: Cover art: John La Farge, American (1835-1910), Water Lily (detail), c. 1860-65. Cover design by Dean Nicastro for Thoreau, 2002, Lewis Hyde, ed.
I also wish to make an extreme and emphatic statement. And a very terse one, indeed, for I know your attention is very scarce and fleeting. I wish to **point to a position** (paint to a position is a **very** interesting slip inserted by Megan Kasdorf, for the *Water Lily* of La Farge is **this whole lecture** in **one image**, of getting **above** and **below** the surface) which can **sight huge forces converging from great distances** of time and space, which are condensed into a few physical and objective details. This **sighting** will allow you to tell what is **shielded** from what is **unshielded from harm**.

I know of no more vital subject. But our patients know almost nothing about it, and our helpers little more. Why? I can tell you why from our resident clinic two days ago.

Nearly all of the patients were very anxious or very depressed or both. A few exceptions were fine. It was all about **fixing things**. Indeed, one of the patients was nicknamed *The Fixer* at work, because she was a whiz at solutions for every detail in the business. But she was terribly lonely, and could depend upon no one herself. Another of the patients could have been given the same nickname for his comparable skill. But he was continually afraid of running over somebody in his car, or of getting a sexually transmitted disease. A few patients had a program they were working at work or school, in which they felt in control, with the help of our methylphenidate or citalopram or the like.

This is what our so-called culture selects, **personnel** who will run **programs**. It is **hardly a life**. Every one becomes the same. It is a flat and empty surface. It is a constant operator, O(c), **running its redundant procedure**.

**On Getting Out of the Dusty Plain**

You can get out of it in one step, **above** the plain, or **below** the plain. This step is what I have called the transitional operator, O(t). Allow me to give you some beautiful examples, from Thoreau, from Emily Dickinson, and from Allen Tate. Then, I will illustrate it from my dream departure last night.
The first 29 pages of *Prophetic Excursions* is worth your while. I will content myself with one of its moves:

The prophetic voice alters space as well as time, though here the technique is slightly different. An unobtrusive sentence at the beginning of Isak Dinesin’s *Out of Africa* sets a tone for the whole book: *The farm lay at an altitude of over six thousand feet. In the daytime you felt that you got high up, near to the sun.*

Dinesen has the touch of the prophet, and these phrases should alert us to that fact, for the prophet’s voice is spoken from high ground. Nothing in Concord stands at six thousand feet, but in *Walking* we find Thoreau climbing up whenever he can. He climbs a tall white pine and finds a flower his townsmen never saw. He climbs a hill and looks down on civilization in miniature (Hyde, 2002, p. xi).

Thus, Thoreau moves out of the ordinary plain or plane to

> Regard man as **an inhabitant, or part and parcel of Nature**, rather than as a member of society. (Thoreau, 2002, p. 149)

*Emily Dickinson’s 1335*

Dickinson remains in the Puritan tradition, quite in its cosmic drama, but with an astonishing difference that Allen Tate puts his finger on:

> She lacks almost radically the power to seize upon abstractions and understand abstractions for their own sake; she does not separate them from the sensuous illumination that she is so marvelously adept at; like Donne, she **perceives abstractions** and **thinks sensation**.

(Tate, *Emily Dickinson*, 1928).
Thus, an *Auroral stain* of sunrise is *not to mar* the return of her perfect Dream. She retains a perfect readiness for its return:

*Not when we know, the Power accosts --*

The accent needs to fall on *when*. In other words, we do *not know when*. And what happens is *the Power accosts* us. It takes by surprise. Now she delivers It:

The Garment of Surprise
Was all our timid Mother wore
At home -- in Paradise.

Here she thinks sensationally, I daresay, sexually, in perceiving the Cosmic drama. So, we are *at once above* and *below the plane* of common life. *We* could do *well* to *wear* the Garment of Surprise ourselves. It is highly transitional.

*Tension in Poetry, Allen Tate, 1938*

In this essay, Allen Tate explores the tension in the line of poetry from both ends: *the ex-tension* of what it denotes, and *the in-tension* of what it intends. One example is this from John Donne:

> Our two soules therefore, which are one,
> Though I must go, endure not yet
> A breech, but an expansion
> Like gold to aiery thinnesse beate.

As Tate says in another essay, *The Unliteral Imagination; or, I, too Dislike It:*

> Mr. John Crowe Ranson told us many years ago that the best metaphysical poets meant their metaphors (Tate, 1999, p. 458, original work published 1964).
By meant, he means quite literally. The in-tension comes from endure not yet a breach, and the ex-tension comes from an expansion / Like gold to aiery thinnesse beats. You can hardly put lines under any more stress than this.

This gets us way out of the common plane. As Tate argues in a third essay, Literature as Knowledge (1941)

In the poem, we get knowledge of a whole object (p. 105, Tate, 1999)

Better yet, in a fourth essay, The Hovering Fly (1943), he shows how the whole object condenses mighty opposite forces in a few simple physical and objective details. The single paragraph he discusses is from Doestoevsky’s The Idiot, and it is a depiction of the dead Nastasya. The last line is:

Suddenly there was the buzz of a fly which flew over the bed and settled on the pillow (p. 119, in Tate, 1999)

As he comments simply, the fly comes to stand in its sinister and abundant life for the privation of life, the body of the young woman on the bed (p. 119):

life stands for death, but it is a wholly different order of life, and one that impinges on the human order only in its capacity as scavenger … (p. 119)

He might have added that the fly lording it over her dead body is quite like the lover who just killed her because he could not possess her.

In other words, the tension between extreme opposites, like nobility and degradation, when it can be meant in simple physical details, opens up a huge range of scales of space and time. It is highly transitional, for those who have the heart to bear them:
They might take us far, on some other occasion, at a time when we had the heart for the consideration of actual worlds (Tate, 1943; p. 120, Tate, 1999)

The Author’s Dream of Being Shielded

As I said, you can get out of the dusty common plain or plane of common life, by going above it, or going below it. This dream is about going below it.

I dreamt I was giving birth to a child, who was attached by an umbilical cord to an egg/womb in which there was the man he was to become. A special obstetrical procedure was going to be necessary to keep from cutting or injuring this lifeline. First, an x-ray or MRI or photograph of the whole situation was necessary. The image was this:

Above all, or below all, this is what you need to shield yourself from this world.
Lecture Number Fifteen. Psychiatry as Architecture

A very brief excursion into contemporary architecture will serve to show us our architectural problem in psychotherapy. In both fields, the first step is generally gotten **exactly wrong**. In architecture, this **misleading premise** is called the International Style, and the name suits us as accurately, for the **only and misleading** style in psychiatry and psychotherapy is also international.

The International Style in Architecture and its Chief Antagonist

I chose to visit one of the new Temples of Science on our campus two days ago, and I could hardly have felt worse for doing it. I found it to be one big, four-story space, with a few partitions, like the lobby of an airport. The access to it had similar steel doors. There was nowhere in particular to go in it. It had no rooms I wanted to be in, and it had no center.

I felt **so bad in it** that I needed to **re-position myself outside** of it in order to recover. I got out my favorite book of architecture, *Louis I Kahn*, by Robert McCarter (2002), in hope of deliverance, and in hope of an explanation, and I read:

Kahn found that functionalism, even though a fundamental part of modern architecture, had become instrumental and “dictatorial” in the way it was employed - a **literally thoughtless** beginning for architectural design, directly opposed to Kahn’s belief that “architecture is the thoughtful making of spaces.” Kahn believed that form should **not** follow function,” and that architecture was not really about function, as least as it was commonly defined…

Now, they must function, but they function psychologically. For inspiration, Kahn once again looked to history, and to Rome: “If you look at the Baths of Caracalla - the ceiling swells a hundred and fifty feet high. It was a marvelous realization on the part of the Romans to build such a space. It goes beyond function.” Kahn called for “spaces which have **as much of a sense of nobility** as you can give
them. If you look at the Baths of Caracalla, … we know that we can bathe just as well under an eight-foot ceiling, but I believe there’s something about a hundred-and-fifty-foot ceiling that makes a man a different kind of man” (McCarter, 2002, pp. 222-223).

Later in McCarter’s book, he says and quotes Kahn as follows:

“You have a society of rooms in which each one has a character, allowing delicate differences to express themselves. In a way, people meeting in them are different people from those who live in division-less space.” The idea that space could be “division-less,” continuous, an undifferentiated free-plan-space-in-extension typical of International Style Modernism, where space flowed undefined and unrestricted through column grids, was in fact anathema to Kahn (p. 298).

It is surprising to find that these propositions of Kahn’s have not been more widely noted and discussed in either the architectural profession or its schools of architecture, for they imply a radical reversal of the usual design process (p. 299).

I would like to exemplify the radical difference for you, say, in Kahn’s Library for Phillips Exeter Academy, or in Kahn’s Erdman Hall Dormitory for Bryn Mawr College (pp. 304-325 and 226-235). Halfway through my little lecture, I can only point out two radically different positions in these two buildings, briefly, which are strictly analogous to our field of psychotherapy.

One is that both buildings move you towards a noble, central hall, which is unforgettable. A second is that all of the rooms leading up to the center have their own character. For example, the Library has reading carrels around its entire periphery in the sunlight. Then it has the darker space for the books. Then you come into the great center, of light again from above, and huge geometric openings looking into the darker space of the books. In other words, three concentric buildings, each made of its own different materials.
A similar march towards the center in Erdman Hall Dormitory I cannot take time for, but a photograph will show you what Kahn called his great central room: “a world within a world” (p. 231).

The Architectural Analogy in Psychiatry and Psychotherapy

Perhaps, I felt so bad in our Temple of Science, because I had just come from our Temple of Psychiatry, and the two were resonating. I teach a very brief little course for four medical students, which is their introduction to our field of interviewing. They do it by the book, the truly international book of psychiatry, by a list of questions (this is a given and this is not my idea).

They have forty-five minutes in this, for each of them their first interview in psychiatry, and then I have ten minutes to summarize the findings for the patient, and take it to the center, from its flat surface of questions and answers.
Our first of two cases two days ago was a middle-aged woman who prided herself on being a
down to earth lady with her patients as a nursing assistant. Also, she acted that way with the
students, joking a lot, despite the catastrophe she was telling. What had happened was that her
gregarious nature was not laudable for her doctors she worked for, who wanted strict and formal
procedures to be carried out just so. A day before she attempted suicide, it had become clear to
her that they were not having her back.

So I had ten minutes to summarize and get beyond this surface. So I said to her that this
remained highly dangerous, because her role as a nursing assistant had become her entire life,
and now seemed to be over. Now her joking stopped, and she looked in great pain, and I had her
full attention. I went on, quite briefly, to say, that she had already told us that she had been in the
same situation with her mother at about age five or six, when her mother had become quite crazy
and harsh with her. Very interestingly, that little girl had gone to many other houses in the
neighborhood to get a number of new mothers.

I said to her, I bet you are not doing that now. I bet no one around you knows how much trouble
you are in. (I knew that from her act with us.) She nodded agreement.

So, we concluded on this note. She had it in her to be one of these Children of the Garden Island
(Werner, 1989) who can go out the back door and get what they need, when the family became
impossible to bear. So the work family had become unbearable too, and this was her chance
to take herself back.

My Architecture for the Medical Students

The medical students had seen me do this three times before in three preceding cases. They
asked me how I did it? I said, very simply, that their questions gave us a picture of a person
whose life was at an end, but that was not going to help find it again.
We were getting a view from the outside of a collapsed system. We needed to get inside that collapse, to when the patient was not that way, if we were to be of help. Always, I had told them, that meant going back to a child’s romance, which is the lifeline that keeps the child going. In other words, we needed to go back to the great central room, the world within a world. Always, that romance will have been mis-played and needs to be re-conceived.

For the patient that we now saw, the romance was obviously about being a mother herself, as she was for her patients, as well as for the students. Little had she conceived this would bring the house down upon herself. Little had she prepared for this, when it was a single strand of a lifeline, cut. Little had she remembered that she once had quite a talent for going out the back door and finding many new mothers.

Deutsch’s Theorem and Paradigm Shift (Platt, 1970)

Let me now take this architecture to a higher level to conclude this lecture. Our neural network, or great instrument of orientation (Gustafson, 2008), is built on resonance, entirely. Elements of the architecture that resonate with each other are co-ordinated, while elements that do not are dissociated.

The simplest way I can describe how it stays the same (selects its own re-entry, see Theorem Twenty-Three, Gustafson, 2010) is what I have called a constant operator, \( O(c) \), usually of some romance of control, as in our last patient. Let us call this constant operator, \( i \). How it re-structures itself when \( i \) falls apart has to do with a smaller scale, let us call it \( (i-1) \), which resonates with a larger scale, let us call it \( (i+1) \). For my previous discussions of this hierarchical re-structuring, see Gustafson (2008, pp. 105-107) and Gustafson (2010, pp. 84-85). It is highly transitional, like a paradigm shift as Platt (1970) argues, which I call a transitional operator, \( O (t) \).
An Outpatient Case of Careful Development

For contrast to our dire in-patient case, let me give you, in very brief form, an out-patient with a remarkable development that was prepared slowly. Her resident and I have seen her about every other week for a year and a half.

She certainly came in a crisis, of panic. Allow me to say ever so little about a huge work, except three things. One was that she quickly came down from the outworks, falling apart in panic, to the **core romance** in **considerable danger**. This was that she **insisted** on her family understanding her, when, by and large, they were **not willing** to hear her. Many disturbing things from her childhood she was **left with**.

The second thing is that she quickly developed a remarkable capacity to read **her own** dreams. So, if her romance of being understood, \( (i) \), was in danger, her subsystem \( (i-1) \) in her dreams could give her the understanding she needed of herself and this resonated with a larger reality beyond her family of what a mixed-up place this world really is \( (i+1) \).

The third thing is the dream she gave us a week ago, which demonstrates the hierarchical restructuring that is possible according to Deutsch’s Theorem (Platt, 1970). It is a **paradigm shift** of **one person**.

Actually, she told us a week ago that she had had five dreams in one night. The first four she understood. They were about the resident and I being occupied with other cases, which could have disturbed her in the past - **more abandonment** by the family she adopted in us - but it did not disturb her because she was **confident** that she could take care of herself in the meanwhile - given all the work she had done to understand herself, **rather than** be absolutely dependent on getting it from others (the family, us, etc.).

The fifth dream was absurd and made her laugh and she needed a little help with it. She dreamt **she was driving in their Prius with her husband and his daughter by a previous marriage into**
Chicago so the daughter could see the great and decorated Christmas Tree (like Rockefeller Center in New York).

However, when she turned aside in the heavy traffic, she saw they were positioned next to another Prius full of Santa Clauses. Moreover, they were all carrying guns, and about to leap out.

She pointed them out to her husband, and insisted he step on it, over the protestations of his daughter, while our patient leaned out the window with her digital camera and snapped a picture of the Great Christmas Tree for the daughter in her urgency to see it.

As she noted, a beautiful and instinctive and highly athletic compromise - for the girl got her Tree seen, and our patient was very sensitive to children like herself getting ignored in their pleading - and yet, simultaneously, she got them fast out of harm’s way - which our patient was also highly sensitive to, and urgently.

Santa Clauses with guns in a Prius is a hilarious cartoon of her family, where pretending to be just fine, it is more like murder. Let us call it (i), her old system. The detail of the guns - something is wrong with the picture!, or (i-1) - resonates like crazy with a mixed up world (i+1) in which playing good guys can belie just about anything!

And so this was a beautiful demonstration of a paradigm shift for one person, demonstrating its own athleticism under enormous strain. Not finished, of course, but you can see how its architecture is being built.
Lecture Number Sixteen. Psychiatry as Comedy

I am going to explain what is wrong or ill about our entire population in the terms of comedy. However, having witnessed how similar attempts have miscarried, I want to separate myself from them. Comedy has a certain disrespect built into it. I want to disrespect certain activities, which are ruinous. I do not want to disrespect the persons who have fallen into them. For if they knew better, they would not arrange such unhappiness for themselves.

I Want to Know Why?

A story by this name, by Sherwood Anderson (Cassill, 1986; original work published 1921) asks the right question. Or rather he has a young boy in his early teens ask the right question. This is a boy who fell in love with the nobility of horses, and their trainer, a Jerry Tillford. Only to discover that Jerry betrayed their horse, to brag like all the other men and go to the whore house. The last two sentences in this eight-page story, from the boy, are:

What did he do it for? I want to know why? (p. 8, Cassill, 1986)

So, the boy has posed the problem, but he remains amazed, and cannot answer his own question.

The Condition of Adults

So, I will answer it for him, with an enormous simplicity. We find adults in bad shape. They have continual migraines, or they have continuous self-criticism, or they are so depressed that they do not want to try any more. How has this happened?

I will tell you. Children with any kind of luck in their first few years will have some kind of romance about themselves. Usually, modeled on an adult they admire. Thus, the romance is to be like father, or mother, or teacher, or big brother, etc. This is their lifeline (Winnicott, 1971). It is what they put their trust in, as a way to go.
So, a little girl has a romance about becoming a lawyer like her father (as in Harper Lee, 1960, *To Kill a Mocking Bird*). What goes wrong? She understands he saves people, but she conceives of it as self-denying. Whenever anyone asks anything of her, she is always agreeable. *Sure, I will do it,* she says. By this constant operator, O(c), she continuously selects a path quite different from her father’s (Gustafson, 2010). She will continuously give herself away, to the point of exhaustion, and she will continuously build up resentment, until her system collapses. Then we will find her in continual migraines, and continuous self-criticism, and despair about going on at all. She will have become Dr. Jekyll (Stevenson, 1985; original work published 1886). She will be full of rage, like Mr. Hyde, on her shadow side.

Helping Her

I am going to be ridiculously simple about the right questions to ask of her. First of all, she would only seem to be capable of telling you how badly she feels, in her migraines, or in her self-criticism, or in her despair. She will not be able to tell you how this happened. Her system has collapsed, and she wants you to make her feel better.

Thus, you need to ask her when and where she did not feel this way, reaching back to another time and place. Here she was hopeful in her romance about growing up to be her father.

Secondly, you can now quickly clarify what went wrong. The romance is fine, itself, but it is mis-conceived. At every step, she is agreeing to suit others, and losing her own center.

Thirdly, this has not always been the case. Occasionally, she has known she did not like something, and put her foot down. So, she already knows and has in her what it takes to be well. She has some, however little, feel for the balance of helping others, and looking out for yourself. This is what could be transitional to a different kind of life, what I call a transitional operator O (t), which needs to be repeated over and over again, to become a different person (Gustafson, 2010).
The Comedy

The word, *comedy*, has many meanings, with huge implications for us. The first meaning I want to take up is *rigidity* (Bergson, 1980, original work published 1900; Gustafson, 2010, *Twentieth Theorem. Seduced by a Scale Beyond You – and Moliere*). This meaning is that all of our patients have a characterological rigidity, let us call it *(i)*, which will not get them to the romance they propose for themselves. It **cannot possibly work.** It is **laughable.** It is **absurd.**

I will give you an example from Bergson – he takes most of his best examples, in turn, from Moliere:

> For instance, consider this comic note: **appearance seeking to triumph over reality.** In other words, he will duplicate what is ridiculous professionally with something that is ridiculous physically. When Brid’oison the judge comes **stammering** to the stage, is he not actually preparing us, by this very stammering, to understand the phenomenon of intellectual **ossification** we are about to witness? (p. 96, Bergson; p. 384, Gustafson)

Thus, the detail, let us call it *(i - 1)*, gives away the **appearance seeking to triumph over reality**(i).

A Clinical Skills Examination

Let us take a typical example of our own. A resident is conducting an intake evaluation, for forty-five minutes, with me watching silently as the faculty examiner of the resident. The patient is a typical American male in his forties, who is complaining of chronic depression for twenty years. He has been drinking heavily in the evenings, also for twenty years, but stopped two months ago. Now he feels worse. A series of anti-depressants have had no effect.

The resident does a perfect job of what he is supposed to do. He rules out bipolar disorder, major depression with psychotic features, generalized anxiety disorder, panic disorder, PTSD,
OCD, and he gets a past history, family history and performs a mental status exam. Having performed this perfect evaluation, he makes a diagnosis of depression not otherwise specified and alcohol dependence. His recommendation is yet another pharmacological agent, buspirone, with mild anti-anxiety and anti-depressant properties.

What is the comedy that has been missed? First of all, the patient’s chief complaint has been ignored. He says he is depressed because he is stuck in a marriage with a woman he has never loved. He married her not to be alone. Then he gave in to her wanting children, and has two of them he did not want. Then, he hurt his back on the job, and felt more trapped.

Why did he do that? The hint let drop is that his parents divorced when he was seven, and his father, an alcoholic, left and died a few years later. He was left to grow up with his mother. He looked depressed, to me, more so, talking about this, and quite angry. His eyes glinted.

What is he doing to lock up this history in his body? I saw it the moment he walked in. He grimly nodded to me, and sat down, and folded his arms over his chest. He went along with the resident’s procedure, as he went along with giving in to his wife, and probably as he did with his mother. Acquiescing while nursing a huge bitterness (i – I).

So it is a bitter comedy, indeed, but it is absurd. So is the examination a comedy, for it is totally caught up in describing the pathology. It is absurd to propose to help someone get unstuck – this is. the patient’s complaint – without an accurate history of how he got himself stuck.

This would take a capacity to get inside his collapsed system, back to when and where his romance still had hope in it, and his lifeline, therefore, was not cut. Probably, to be like father, it would turn out, but you have to go there to find out. You would get what Winnicott (1971) always got with these children, once he got below the surface locked in place: namely, a terrible grief of being betrayed, and a terrible rage. It might be too late for this man, but this is the only chance to reach him in his pointless acquiescence (i).
There is always a comedy in the smaller sense of what happened in one family, which we can drop into, as of pointless acquiescence (i), signaled by the detail of a gesture of folded arms (i – l), and show them the way out of this absurdity, by how it was built (Skynner, 1987). It was once a romance of a child with hope, which has to be reached back to, to re-conceive how to carry out the romance successfully.

But the comedy of one family is always a microcosm of an entire society gone wrong in its history. This family, and its child, is submerged is a huge current (Berlin, 1978, original work published 1951) of American and world history. If the doctor cannot take in the world scale of the problem he is looking at, he will underestimate it.

I have written two huge books on this history (Gustafson, 2008, 2010) that I do not expect the reader to have time for. Allow me to supply it in the simplest possible form, from an essay by Allen Tate (1999, original work published 1936) called What is a Traditional Society? – that was a Phi Beta Kappa address at the University of Virginia. It is important that Tate gave it there, as he noted in his introductory remarks:

Here within the walls of Mr. Jefferson’s University . . . the presiding spirit of that tradition was clear in his belief that the way of life and the livelihood of men must be the same; That the way we make our living must strongly affect the way of life (pp. 547-548)

The essay is worth your study, but I only have time to give you its conclusion:

In order to make a livelihood men do not have to put aside their moral natures. . . . The whole economic basis of life is closely bound up with moral behavior, and it is possible to behave morally all of the time. It is this principle that is the center of the philosophy of Jefferson . . . it would be traditional because it could hand something on . . . our modern economic system could be operated efficiently regardless of the moral nature of the men who operate it . . . for traditional property in land was the principal medium
through which man expressed his moral nature; and our task is to restore it or to get to its equivalent today (pp. 556-557).

The Provided Environment

But the provided environment (Schumacher, 1977) is not this one that Jefferson provided for himself two hundred years ago. Only a few of us are going to find a livelihood that is simultaneously our moral purpose. I can position myself as a teacher for the resident who got the clinical skills examination perfectly, to show him how to get the history he passed over.

As I have argued in my 13th, 14th, and 15th lectures, this is a world of the programmatic mind, such as this resident was performing to belong, and this is overwhelmingly a world in which the average person cannot shield him or herself from work that has no moral purpose for him or her. As one of our patients said to the resident and me,

*If I take the job, I will get sick from it. If do not take the job,*

*I will have nothing.*

I have argued (Gustafson, 2010, *Theorem Two. The Evolutionary History of the Fundamental Operator – from Paul Colinvaux*) that humanity is an animal selected for the two million years of the Ice Age – which means that he and she are animals selected to move in huge spaces, full of dangers, and full of the thrills of eluding them.

Nothing less will suffice, even when he or she are thrown out of this cold engine of two million years into the hot engine of the last five thousand years (*Conversations with Claude Levi-Strauss*, Charbonnier, 1969, originally recorded on radio 1959), into its little, speeded-up, programmatic cubicles. This is a very small world. It is flat, like the world of our patient who is so bitter in his acquiescence, in his constant operator, $O(c)$.  

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Lecture Number Seventeen.  Sound and Unsound Architecture

I left off my Sixteenth Lecture as follows. Confronted with a collapsed architecture of our patients, we have to go back to the child’s romance of faith in a lifeline borrowed from an adult, to see what the child was mis-conceiving. For example, the child may be imagining that the life of a doctor, or medical scientist, will give her back everything that she needs. Sooner or later, she is apt to have her faith crushed, her life-line cut, because her generosity of giving gives ten times more than it gets back. In the modern world, the provided environment tends to be that of

Little, speeded-up, programmatic cubicles… a very small world repeated … flat, like the world of our patient who is so bitter in his acquiescence, in his constant operator, O (c).

This is what I call unsound architecture. It is form, reproduced, mechanically.

Sound Architecture

This begs the question of how to build soundly, a life? I essentially saw how to do it in Twenty-Four Theorems of the Topology of Captivity and Deliverance (2010), when I conceived of it two years ago. I thought and wrote that a playing field, of continuous flow, from a transitional operator, O (t), would deliver you from captivity in the constant operator, O (c). Not quite.

I did not quite get what I myself was writing. Allow me to explain, for you probably have the same problem. I will take my explanation in three movements: first, the sound architecture of classical Chinese painting, and poems, and the Tao; second, my recent dreams of flow and not-flow in Chinese ideograms; and thirdly, how this plays out in the dreams of one of our patients.
Classical Chinese Flow

I have borrowed understanding of classical Chinese flow from the books of Francois Jullien and from the essays of Ernest Fenollosa. I will be able to tell you most succinctly by quoting my own Nineteenth Theorem, The Natural Sentence - from Ernest Fenollosa (Gustafson, 2010).

His little book of 45 pages, The Chinese Written Character as a Medium of Poetry (written by Fenollosa in 1908, edited by Ezra Pound in 1918, published in 1936, republished in 2008), as I wrote, is a fractal structure, that can be given in 4 pages (12-13, 26-27), or in 1 sentence:

Valid scientific thought consists in following as closely as may be the actual and entangled lines of force as they pulse through things (p. 12).

Or in 1 paragraph:

The sentence form was forced upon primitive men by nature herself. It was not we who made it; it was a reflection of the temporal order in causation. All truth had to be expressed in sentences because all truth is the transference of power. The type of sentence in nature is a flash of lightning. It passes between two terms, a cloud and the earth. No unit of natural process can be less than this: Light, heat, gravity, chemical affinity, human will, have this in common that they redistribute force (p. 12).

Now, he puts what he is talking about in its unitary, diagrammatic form:

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And adds on the next page (p. 13)
The agents and the object are only limiting terms … It consists of three necessary words: the first denoting the agent or subject from which the act starts, the second embodying the very stroke of the act, the third pointing to the object, the receiver of the impact.

The opposite to these natural sentences are what Fenollosa calls classifying sentences, which are

The current practice of nearly all education, medicine, psychology, and psychiatry - all bureaucratic systems which need to classify, to distribute different marching orders to different compartments of their machine (p. 353).

They also distribute force:

They distribute force, precisely as ordered (p. 354).

This mechanical reproduction destroys the aura of a being -

its presence in space and time, its unique existence at the place where it happens to be (p. 355) … aura …denotes a certain luminosity, comes from the Greek aura, which means breath or breeze (p. 356) … The uniqueness of a work of art is inseparable from its being imbedded in the fabric of tradition. The tradition itself is thoroughly alive and extremely changeable (p. 356).

Finally, to summarize the difference in the two kinds of sentences, one fully transitional, of a transitional operator, O (t), and one fully static, as of a constant operator, O (c):

I can most simply tell you where you save yourself and where you lose yourself, by translating Pulse, Pyramid into two Chinese ideograms:
A Chinese character is an ideogram with a sound or name. If you look at my invention of the character of *Pulse*, you will see at once how a *pulse* (received) becomes a *pulse* (redistributed), and so forth, to the next *pulse*. It is in continuous variation. Whereas the *Pyramid* just sits there, stunned, having no context at all, but a boundless desert (p. 358).

**Two Recent Dreams of the Author as Pairs of Ideograms**

Now, I may show you what it took me another two years to understand from two recent dreams, each a pair of ideograms. I was having some inflated dreams about my work that were absurd. I consoled myself with remembering that Freud dreamt of being Hannibal conquering Rome since his childhood, and Jung dreamt of being Faust knowing everything. My ambition seems to be even greater: to connect heaven and the night sea, on earth.

**The First Pair of Ideograms**

I dreamt of Strauss-Kahn (the IMF director who recently jumped a maid in a fancy hotel in New York City). He had a very long (snake like) center connecting his head to his feet. Being so slippery, he can belie anything. Then the second ideogram: I was visiting San Francisco to study nuclear warheads with very serious people, who had plated them with silver and gold. A touchstone (Michael Wood, personal communication) could prove them frauds (a touchstone is a kind of stone to rub on silver or gold and rub off tiny dots of the metal to prove it is truly so).
In other words, the middle term, between heaven and the night sea, can be a snake or a nuclear warhead - slipperiness or lethal rigidity - look out if you miss sighting this! --Two of the most dangerous constant operators, $O(c)$.

*The Second Pair of Ideograms*

The following night, I dreamt another pair of ideograms. The first was that I was moving in Thoreau sentences (like Fenollosa’s natural sentences), coinciding and lengthening. The second was that I was leading a cycling tour in Italy, and got lost, and took us through impoverished villages, with barren cafes of nearly dead people, and on over a railway/autobahn corridor to a barren railway station, where I was told we were hundreds of miles from any city, the nearest being Genoa.
What it demonstrates, in the simplest possible ideograms (natural sentences re-distributing force), is that my beautiful capacity to move on a playing field by myself, like Thoreau, inevitably gets me drawn into a cul de sac (huis clos in French), in the company of others, unless I am alert to catch it.

What I did not admit two years ago is right here. All the transitional playing fields in the west are highly transitory, because they are all embedded in medical fields, academic fields, bureaucratic fields and industrial fields. These are all dead, flat, mechanical devices for transmitting orders.

If you want to move naturally, you have to know, exactly, where you cross the line into what is and has to be static. Fortunately, you have a hippocampus which will tell you, if you need it, by the firing of its misplace cells, when you take one false step! (Gustafson, 2008, pp. 99-107).

The Case of a Huge Pair of Dreams, of Being Menaced by the Firm, and of Menacing Them Back, Revisited

This case, from the 12th Lecture, now to be visited again a month later, for another pair of dreams: The first pair was about being menaced by the firm in its warehouse, standing in a chair with a noose around her neck, and surrounded by those who had hurt her the most; followed by menacing them back, walking up and down in front of these same people flashing a pair of scissors, as each is executed/tortured as befits the crime against her.
A month later, a third warehouse dream, operatic in scale, followed by a terse dream of having a parasitological illness in her neck.

**Third Warehouse Dream**

Like the first in the series, her torturers again surround the patient, only this time they are all oozing black blood from their eyes, and their heads are severed. She is not going to put her halter back on her neck as they have allowed to happen to themselves. She is taken away down a long corridor, and shown a room of stacked beds as in a concentration camp, where bodies are stacked. Finally, she is taken further down a long corridor to a room where she faces an angel in front of a bright window. The angel has four wings, one on each side, one on front and back. In each wing is a version of herself. One is herself in corporate attire. One is herself in an army uniform. One is herself in black as in mourning. One is herself in white, Victorian dress, as she might wear at home.

She is now considering going back to work after a fifth month of leave on disability. To her, these are her possibilities. This is as far as I got talking with her about it, because my twenty minutes of time for her was up. I left the remainder of the discussion to her and the resident.

Clearly, she is no longer willing to wear a noose as in the first of the series. Clearly, she is not torturing them. They seem to be torturing themselves by being in the warehouse. Clearly, she has a dire view of the place. And she has an angel, to help consider her possibilities. I cannot help thinking her imagination is very much like that of Dante Alighieri in his *Comedy* (2000, original work published 1300).

**Her Dream of Her Illness**

In remarkable contrast to the previous operatic, warehouse dreams, this one is terse and just herself, but for a centipede or millipede which has burrowed in the back of her neck. Then it burrows back out again, repulsively, leaving a trail of slime, and her hair turns grey and falls out.
She views it as the firm getting into her, causing her this illness. It is a cyclic illness, like that caused by most parasites. Working in the firm causes it. She is looking in a mirror, throughout the little scene.

Again, I only have twenty minutes before I must leave it to the resident (and a second resident, visiting, because he will soon be taking over the case). After eliciting its few elements, I choose to consider with her what is not in the dream (see Erikson’s S(E)INE dream I have discussed many times, Gustafson, 2000, 2008, 2010).

I say to her, Well, if this is your illness, what are its implications for your treatment? How would one not be in this illness? And deliver oneself from its terror? She laughed and said, By making a comedy out of it. I asked how, and she replied, Oh like Steve Martin, her favorite. This would get me out of this deadly seriousness, of this grim place.

Well, we shall see what happens next. I have only one detail to add. Writing up this lecture, and finally this case, I noticed my gut was quite disturbed. I decided to nap on it, before typing in this second pair of ideograms. I did not actually fall asleep in this hour and a half, but an unbidden image came up in me. It was of a rattlesnake.

Rattlesnakes are around in my mind, lately, from a discussion with one of my friends who is a fly-fisherman like myself. He warned me about stepping into one, around these coulees where we fish. I had not even thought of the possibility until he mentioned it! Evidently, I am thinking she must watch out for them too, if she re-enters the firm.

Sound and Unsound

The snake-like middle term of a character, the centipede or millipede as a parasite, and the rattlesnake as a term of evil all resonate with one another. These are the telltale marks of an unsound architecture. What is truly disturbing is that a sound architecture becomes unsound the moment you cross into their territory. Perhaps, even more disturbing is that every
beautiful playing field is embedded in a static field of transmitting corporate power. You cannot earn a living without endangering yourself (Rushdie, 1994).
Lecture Number Eighteen.  The Architecture of the Lifeline

From my mother’s sleep I fell into the State,
And I hunched in its belly till my wet fur froze.
Six miles from earth, loosed from the dream of life,
I woke to black flak and the nightmare fighters.
When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose.


This will be one of my briefer brief lectures, because its statement is so plain. It solves a year of struggle for me, since I completed and published *Twenty-Four Theorems of the Topology of Captivity and Deliverance* last May (Gustafson, 2010). I could not figure out why it had not relieved me, but disturbed me more for twelve months, in captivity to the world, until I delivered myself last night by a dream. This captivity was simultaneously one-year/sixty years since I was confirmed in our church by reciting the 23rd Psalm by heart.

Everything turns here on getting the Architecture of the Lifeline, in three steps: First, the conception of it in Winnicott (1971) and in Reich (1931, 1933), both discussed in Gustafson (1986, reprinted 1997). Second, my ideogram dream last night, which reconceptualizes it on the world-stage. Third, two cases of falling into the world of the father and his life-line, which forces a re-conceptualization of Freud’s *Mourning and Melancholia* (1975, original work published 1917).

The Lifeline in Winnicott and in Reich

Strangely, I cannot even find where in Winnicott the phrase *life-line* turns up, but, no matter for now, because it is implicit everywhere. As I explained in my 16th and 17th lectures, it simply means that the child’s faith in going forward into the world, from his/her mother, depends upon identifying with an adult who is more than admired, but taken as a model (as in Reich’s (1931) case of a boy modeled on his maternal uncle, an English Lord). When this faith is shattered, and the lifeline is out, the boy is in terror, of being totally disoriented about what is good (to be...
opened to) and what is evil (to be closed to). In other words of Winnicott, the lifeline is transitional, between inner world and outer world, between past and future. You cannot fully live without it.

When that line is cut, the child’s life is over, until or unless someone like Winnicott can reach back over the abyss to where the romance was well and still very hopeful, and undergo with the child the attack on it, and bring the child through (see Ada, for example, in Winnicott (1971), Case XIII).

The trouble with these psychoanalytic theories and practices is that they are good, sometimes extremely good as in Winnicott, but they leave out the world, as I have been arguing for the past twenty-five years (Gustafson, 1986, reprinted 1997), which leaves a serious flaw in us for our practice. Last night’s ideogram dream gives the demonstration or topological proof in a crucial detail (see Gustafson, 2008, pp. 241-246, on Poincare’s method of proof).

The Author’s Dream of the Lifeline on the World Scale

In Lecture 17, I demonstrated how an ideogram could work as extremely terse shorthand for huge scales, like the world scale itself. Here I will simply provide the text and the images.

I dream I am to ride in a dune buggy, with huge, lopsided tires, so much bigger on the right side of the vehicle than on the left, that I dread riding in it. It will surely fall over: A single ideogram.

Then I notice that the dune buggy is pulling a house with a white sheet curved around its waist (like one might pull a body - as in bull racing in Pakistan, a terrifying danger to life and limb for whomever allows himself thus to be pulled by a pair of bulls while standing on a mat).
The two ideograms thus become a single pulse as in a Chinese poem (see Lecture 17). I know fairly quickly where its elements come from. The dune buggy refers to a vacation when I was about twelve to Sleeping Bear Dunes in northwestern Michigan near Traverse City. My father, a devotee of the auto industry most of his life, took us on one of these dune buggy rides over the dunes. I have not thought of it for nearly sixty years, but I used to see films of it reviewed by my parents. I have never before imagined that ride as perilous, but here it surely is. When it flips over, our family will be killed at once.

As for the house pulled in a white sheet, I have many associations all converging on the same point (where the natural pulse of the nightmare is achieving its full impact). One is to Faulkner’s short story, Barn Burning (1939, in Cassill, 1986), where the boy, perhaps 12 like myself in this nightmare, is captive to his father’s insane rage to burn down the barn of the rich man, and another is to D.H. Lawrence’s short story, The Rocking Horse Winner (1933, in Cassill, 1986), where the boy himself becomes insane because of the lack of money in the family, to ride a rocking horse, madly, to guess the winner of the next horse race and bring in the money the family lacks. In just this way, I feel the terror of my family’s dependence upon my father, in the treacherous business of selling automobiles.

Of course, here is the proof, right from Randall Jarrell’s The Death of the Ball Turret Gunner (1945, in Baym, 2003). I depend upon my mother in her womb, with her lifeline to me of the umbilical cord. Then I fall from her sleep into the State, where
I hunched in its belly till my wet fur froze.
Six miles from earth, loosed from its dream of life,
I woke to black flak and the nightmare fighters.

The third ideogram of last night was tiny, a tiny fish in tune with a mother’s labor:

![ideogram](image_url)

It was a kind of bioassay we used in our department (become obstetrics and not psychiatry) for our outreach clinics. We need not be there, literally, when we can watch the little fish, imaged on our computers, for the signal that the moment has come to deliver the mother (perhaps of her little fish, whose pulse is in parallel with our infinitesimal fish).

In other words, here is the summary of the demonstration made in ideograms translated into words: the lifeline from the mother becomes the lifeline through the father to the State. There is the great, underestimated vulnerability of the child, which has been disturbing me the last year/sixty years, without facing it. Two cases, very briefly taken, will illustrate the clinical import of this lecture.

**Two Cases of the Boy Turning Into the Father, in Terror**

The first case is of a young man whose father died a year ago of Parkinson’s dementia. I knew his grief would be difficult, because his lifeline is built directly as an extension of his father’s lifeline. I nearly fell over one day, meeting him in the waiting room, to see how he limped like an old man with an advanced Parkinsonian gait!
I brought it up to him when we sat down, as an observation nearly a century ago by Freud (1975, original work published 1917) in *Mourning and Melancholia*, that a son can deny the death of his father, by *literally*, and *bodily*, *becoming* his father. *Tears* began to *stream* down his face.

The second case is of another young man whose father is about to die, also of dementia. About three weeks ago, he began to have panic attacks of *being confined* - in a barbershop, in a restaurant, closing his eyes in his own body! - The *terror* would not leave him altogether, despite twice a day doses of a benzodiazepine. I said to him, knowing he was about to visit his father, that he had *become confined* like his *terrified* father, *not* to give him up and grieve him. *Tears* also began to *roll* down his cheeks.

**And the Author?**

You see the author is the third case in this series. Look back at the first paragraph of this lecture. The author was confirmed in the First Congregational Church of Saginaw, Michigan on June 11, 1950, actually still eight years old, reciting the 23rd Psalm by heart.

It says so on the presentation page of my Bible, sitting before me on my desk just now. It also says in verse 1 of the 23rd Psalm: *Jehovah is my shepherd; I shall not want.* It further says in verse 1 of the 22nd Psalm: *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*

The 23rd Psalm was and probably still is my romance and my lifeline through whatever difficulties life has put before me. It is *absolutely* a *Faith in the Father*. But such a child’s faith would *not suffice* me for many a day, or night. I *needed* the 22nd Psalm if I were to *be prepared*. The entire history of the Old Testament and of the New Testament *turns* on these two lines, verse one of the 23rd and verse one of the 22nd. *Those* who were ready for both lines had a *much sturdier faith* (Frye, 1983).
Lecture Number Nineteen.  Immense Delicacy.

DOGBERRY: Is our whole dissembly appeared?
VERGES: O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.
SEXTON: Which be the malefactors?
DOGBERRY: Marry, that I am and my partner.
VERGES: Nay, that’s certain. We have the exhibition to examine.


I will come back to the immense delicacy of Dogberry, the Constable, and his partners soon enough, but, first, I need to explain my use of that arresting phrase, and, thus, the purport of my lecture. I want to explain the most important thing in the world to me, and to some few others, which can only be gotten across in the details, which turn out to be both immense and delicate, simultaneously. It sounds like an oxymoron, and it is, for something to be that vast and that infinitesimal at once.

You have several before you already. When Dogberry says, *Is our whole dissembly appeared?* He would seem to mean assembly, and thus getting it wrong. Yes, and no. Because they have … the exhibition to examine, which seems wrong again, putting exhibition for commission.

But Dogberry and his partners are full of dissembly in their exhibition of themselves! And this is the very subject of the play on the larger scale of the so-called noble and principal characters. Dissembly and exhibition get very much in their way of sound judgments. And, of course, this Globe Theatre is the very world itself, for us to be continuously alert to the tiniest movement in a word. Those with the commission to examine may turn out to be the malefactors, indeed.
Hustle

I need to back up a little, having given you the definition of the lecture’s title and purpose, to comment upon the world in which immense delicacy becomes not only necessary but also absolutely precise and beautiful.

The world we dwell in now is little different from the world portrayed in the Globe Theatre in 1600 (the year of Much Ado About Nothing), nor is it much different from the following paragraph of Sinclair Lewis in the 1920’s in Babbitt (1922). He in the paragraph that follows is Babbitt himself:

As he approached the office he walked faster and faster, muttering, “Guess better hustle.” All about him the city was hustling, for hustling’s sake. Men in motors were hustling to pass one another in the hustling traffic. Men were hustling to catch trolleys, with another trolley a minute behind, and to leap from the trolleys, to gallop across the sidewalk, to hurl themselves into buildings, into hustling express elevators … (p. 134).

You have the first third of the paragraph, which will suffice for the second two thirds.

This is the world we have got now. Who is going to be discerning on the run like this? It sure looks like a set-up to be deceived. This is where immense delicacy comes in, to defend oneself.

What is Zen? (Daisetz Suzuki, Chapter 1, Zen and Japanese Culture, 1959, original work published in Japanese in 1938)

It turns out that there is a tradition of immense delicacy about two thousand years old, when Bodhidharma introduced Mahayana Buddhism into China in the first century, A.D.. For me, Suzuki explains it more clearly than anyone. He says that the grand sutras of the Indians (see the Vimalakirti Sutra, pp. 410 to 418 in the Appendices of Suzuki, 1959) would not suit the Chinese, who were very down to earth. They had to gather wood, seed rice, boil water, and so forth. So
anything grand had to be translated *from heaven directly to earth*. In this, Zen was *very economical*. Here are two paragraphs about a young man who came to a famous swordsman to be taught swordsmanship. For a long time, the young man only was asked to do the chores, gather wood, etc., and he became frustrated and asked the master to *begin* the teaching and the master *agreed*.

The result was that the young man could *not* do any piece of work with *any feeling of safety*. For when he began to cook rice early in the morning, the master would appear and strike him from behind with a stick. When he was in the midst of his sweeping, he would be feeling the same sort of blow *from somewhere, some unknown direction*. He had no peace of mind, he had to be always on the *qui vive*. Some years passed before he could successfully dodge the blow *from wherever it might come*. But the master was not quite satisfied with him yet.

One day the master was found cooking his own vegetables over an open fire. The pupil took it in his head to avail himself of this opportunity. Taking up his big stick, he let it fall over the head of the master, who was *then stooping over the cooking pan, to stir its contents*. But the pupil’s stick was *caught* by the master with the *cover* of the pan. This opened the pupil’s mind to the secrets of the art, which had hitherto been kept from him, and to which so far he had been a stranger. He then, for the first time, appreciated the *unparalleled kindness* of the master (p. 14).

**My Teaching of the Immense Delicacy**

I cannot strike my students, nor am I frankly inclined. I have a day teaching and a night teaching. My day teaching is like that of the master of swordsmanship. My students are quite like his. They are *caught up in forms*, which *get in the way* of *seeing the flow*. They spend most of their days, in a hurry, classifying the patients, with classifying sentences, so they can give the right pharmacologic agent or the right behavioral program. Because there is a *correct*
classification and correct agent or program for everything classified, the entire profession becomes static, or what I would call a set of constant operators, O(c).

By day, what I do with this, in every five minute meeting with the resident and patient, or in reading over one of the official documentations for the record, is translate what is static, or a result of a constant operator, O(c), into the pulse of flow, of a transitional operator, O(t).

For example, by far the most static and most common operator of our patients, not to mention their doctors, is worry, i.e., vigilance over details, just in case one has gone wrong. Of course, it becomes exhausting, and can take over the patient’s entire life. In which case, I will ask the patient, or ask the record, what is moving, or pulsing in not-worry? And, of course, what the danger is in that?

Like the master of swordsmanship, I am teaching immediacy, namely, that the pulse of nature is right before the students, in spite of their classifying sentences, continuously. As Suzuki summarizes:

> The secrets of perfect swordsmanship consist in creating a certain frame or structure of mentality which is made always to respond instantly, that is, immediately, to what comes from the outside (p. 14).

By night, I rely on the patient’s instrument for selecting the most important detail, a delicacy, for the immense subject. I borrowed from Poincare (1985, original work published 1908; in Gustafson, 2008, pp. 241-246) his term, sieve, for the extraordinary capacity to net a single image out of millions of images in the night sea as the pertinent one to prove the topology of the situation.

In my last several lectures, I have suggested, further, that such an astounding capacity for selection of what concerns our positioning in relation to the pulsation of forces takes the form of an ideogram, like a Chinese or Japanese character. As I explained, this is so, because the natural sentence in one, two or three characters, will be about the point of departure, say a
cloud, a pulsation say of lightning, and the point of reception say the earth (Fenollosa, 2008, original work composed 1908; in Gustafson, 2010. Nineteenth Theorem. The Natural Sentence - from Ernest Fenollosa, pp. 348-380).

Three Dreams of the Author to Illustrate the Dream Ideogram of Immense Delicacy

Dreams seem to be capable of portraying either situation of captivity or of deliverance. As I argued in my last book (Gustafson, 2010), this may not be so astonishing if you consider that literature has no other subject, nor biology, nor physics. In general, dreams that portray captivity are inherently disturbing, if not outright nightmares. In general, dreams that portray deliverance are inherently thrilling. I find, from my own series of dreams, night by night, that I cannot keep by instrument from swinging like a pendulum between captivity dreams and deliverance dreams. Jung (1974) found the same thing, and called it the compensatory physiology of the dream to maintain balance. After all, if you only had captivity dreams, you would give up hope, and if you only had deliverance dreams, you would be unduly exhilarated and unfit for the uncertainty of the next moment.

A Dream of Captivity in a Wing

Last night, before composing this lecture this morning, I dreamt the following:

I am in a new department of psychiatry, which has a new wing for the outpatient department, consisting of a stainless steel framework, over which canvas is tightly stretched. Electric baseboard heaters heat it. Our tiny offices look like the barracks of military officers, each with a bed, and a little table in front of it, for writing, and evidently for interviewing patients. There is hardly a partition between us. On a radio, I hear the voice of one of our bomber pilots, saying they turned back from a mission to bomb eastern Canada, returning to Vermont.
When I am waking, a student of mine from about twenty-five years ago comes up in my mind. He was quite thrilled to be in the Air Force Reserve, for the chance to fly training runs in such bombers. He looks to be the architect of our new department. Its form is like that of a wing, for a wing of the department. It is very sleek. It looks like this is what psychiatry is becoming. Hustle, underestimated by me, has taken to the air.

As Suzuki argued, form is the greatest danger, to flow, when it is channeled too tightly. It will miss everything else in nature.

The Author’s Dream of Being An Eight and a Half Year Old Boy

I have been arguing in my last several lectures, read by my friends, that flow is the romance of a child in a life-line in which he or she entrusts his or her being. It is a line, taken on faith by the child, from an admired adult. It always gets in danger at some point, or at many points, and needs to be re-conceived (William James (1989; original lectures given 1901, 1902) called it a second birth).

I dreamt as follows:
I am in a port city on a pier for ferryboats, next to a slip in which a huge one seems to be docked. As I look through the portholes (the pier seems to have a wall as in an aquarium between the pier and the slip), standing on my tiptoes, I see it is no ship at all, but a huge killer whale that has pulled into the slip in place of the ferryboat. I am disturbed that the gate will soon open for passengers who will walk straight into its killer mouth. I take a tiny house nail out of my pocket, and prick the killer whale, through a porthole pointing in the direction of the sea. The whale solemnly and slowly begins to move back out to sea.

Such an immense delicacy, of a leviathan, set in motion by the prick of a boy’s house nail. He seems to have reconceived his own lifeline: knowing when to walk into something, and when to send it on its way to sea.

*The Author’s Dream of Dogberry’s Seat of Judgment*

Finally, coming round to where we began with Dogberry’s immense delicacy, I dreamt of my becoming him after I reread the four passages in *Much Ado About Nothing* in which he and his partners do their work.

I dreamt I was on a steep slope on a soccer field (itself called a pitch), placed in the yard of my house at Harvard, swarming with players. I am sitting on the brown chair which has been in my study at home for thirty years, in which I often go to sit, when a dream has disturbed me at 3 in the morning. The brown chair has the marvelous property of sliding up the slope or down the slope, in response to
what comes at me. If it estimates itself too low, I slide up the slope to send it back higher, and vice versa.

Again, delicate moves with an immense range--for I can take on all comers, if I can estimate them justly, and thus help them to estimate themselves. Very Dogberry. He would have seemed to be a mere constable, but he was actually a religious judge on his seat, completely in the flow of the moment on the field of nature. You need to hear every phrase, which is likely to have a word reversed, like benefactor into malefactor.
Lecture Number Twenty.  A Rare and True Capacity for Appraisal of the Blueprints

Publication—is the Auction
Of the Mind of Man—
Poverty—be justifying
For so foul a thing.

Possibly—but We—would rather
From our Garret go
White—Unto the White Creator—
Than invest—Our Snow—

Thought belong to Him who gave it—
Then—to Him Who bear
It Corporeal illustration—Sell
The Royal Air—

In the Parcel—Be the Merchant
Of the Heavenly Grace—
But reduce no Human Spirit
To Disgrace of Price—

Emily Dickenson (1960) - original work composed 1863
The Blueprints

The neural architecture is a set of loops that re-enter, selecting themselves further (Edelman, 2003; Gustafson, 2010, Twenty-Third Theorem, Re-entering History—from Gerald Edelman). Its blueprint is the full set. It is a kind of objective history, in motion.

According to my view of it, it consists of two kinds of operators, constant (O (c)) and transitional (O (t)). Psychiatry elicits its constant operators, like worry, and alcoholism (see my Lecture Sixteen, Psychiatry as Comedy). Then it operates upon these constant operators with constant operators of its own, the pharmacopeia, and the cognitive behavioral protocols. The psychologists carry out the latter.

I differ radically from these two disciplines insofar as I think that the patients do not necessarily need more constant operators, like drugs and lessons, because they already have the capacity for transition within their instruments as transitional operators (O (t)). My blueprint, therefore, shows the entire set of operators, both constant and transitional. It shows, moreover, a huge bifurcation between what is constant and what is transitional from the smallest details. Huge scope opens up from a detail or two. In chaos theory, this is called sensitive dependence upon initial conditions (Gustafson, 2010, pp. 187-191).

I increasingly find myself able to point to such a huge bifurcation in the resident clinic, from a few details with quite ordinary patients. I would say they thrill the patients. I will give you three from yesterday’s clinic.
Everyone knows this kind of man. Indeed, he is the chief man that there is. When he gets in a relationship to a woman, he insists upon controlling it. When she resists him, he has a fit. This morning I found him too anxious to click the button on the computer for Match.com to try another round of dating.

I had had several previous meetings with him and the resident, so I knew his history with women. It went badly, of course. They do not take well to his rigidity. He does not take well to their resistance. He tends to have obsessional compensations, about running over people in his car, and a great deal of fear of carrying it out.

So I said to him, I’m actually rather glad you are too anxious about clicking another round of dating. It means that you are aware that your ideas will not work! Now this got his attention. What ideas? he asked me. Well, is it not true that you approach dating like you do your engineering? I asked him. Like a building is a set of copper pipes for you, and they have to fit together. He smiled broadly, he rather grinned at me, that it is so.

Well, I said, buildings are what a famous economist (Schumacher, 1977) called a convergent problem. They have to fit together. But relationships are a divergent problem. You want to go fishing, and she would rather not, and so the two ideas diverge. And you can’t make her want to. Of course, you might get her to do a little, if you do a little shopping with her, etc.

So, this is why you are anxious about starting over, for you fear the match won’t be quite what you are looking for. And it won’t. You will converge with her on some mutual interests, and you will diverge from her on some interests that are perversely different. So, you won’t get anywhere trying to make it all converge.

He agreed this is what happens, but exclaimed, But I do not know how to handle divergent interests! Well, yes, I know, I said. Do you think it is time to begin seeing what you can do with them? Yes, he did think so. So I said, Your education begins.
The Student

I can be much briefer about this case, which turns, radically, on a detail that would have gone unnoticed. This boy’s mother was fairly crazy, so he turned to his father who was fairly generous. Until lately his father has been acting strangely, and mistrustfully, since he got re-married. He will not let the boy or his brother in the house without following them around so they do not steal something!

Now for the decisive detail --I asked him how he managed with such a painful letdown from his reliable parent? He just shrugged, and said he had to go on. He has a new girlfriend who is very kind to him.

I said to him how important his shrug really was, and his girlfriend. Like The Children of the Garden Island who were resilient (a third of the cohort, Werner, 1989) he did not get caught up in tears and rage with his father, but simply went out the back door to find someone who is reasonably responsive to him. This self-reliance (Werner and Smith, 2001) would carry him, like them, a long way! He was delighted with this, and wrote it down to look up on Google --A very big bifurcation, in which he takes the transitional step, which has a huge scope of well being for him.

The Farmer’s Son

Even briefer, but highly significant --This high school boy has been taking a lot of anger from his father, for not making plans to go on to college. The boy wants to do welding, and farming. Concerning his father, he shrugs and smiles and says of him, He’s a guy in a hurry, and everyone that works for him goes step, step, step, or they will be in trouble! The boy likes piecework in a local factory, for good wages and no rush.

I say to him, Your father is a Type A, and clearly you are not. You are a B, and they can do well, because they know the few things to get exercised about. The resident comes in on this subject to
say the fathers in his birthplace are quite relaxed, running their little factories, while their sons in the London School of Economics, and so forth, are all wound up. The boy laughs and says, *I know Type C too. They don’t respond to anything.* So he knows his way around, on the big scale that matters for where he is going to end up.

What I want to emphasize about these three, quite ordinary, cases is the need of the patient for recognition of what is well about him, of the potential arising from a few details in the right direction, as opposed to what will just wear him out. I am being astute about positioning, and where it leads from a gesture or word to a very large scope of action. This capacity, for appraisal of the blueprints of the forces, for ill and for well, and their bifurcation out of the details is quite like the work of a skillful athletic coach, such as my tennis coach, Jim Shirley. His rare and true capacity is to appraise, for each kind of shot, what positions yield poor or erratic results (the constant operators), versus what positions yield beautiful and consistent results (the transitional operators, that translate into an excellent flow of shots). For example, a backhand facing the net will have nothing of force in it, versus a backhand literally that begins from a position with one’s back to the net has a tremendous potential for racquet speed and force. Always, I discover I do have this transitional capacity in me, and did not know that I was positioning in a weak and constant way. Jim’s seeing this radical difference or bifurcation allows me to see it. The same works on the patients from what I am able to see them doing, quite unwittingly, wrong, when the rightness could be taken up instead.

**Why This Kind of True Appraisal Will Be Rare**

Now we are about to go to another level of depth. The culture and history we are submerged in is an extremely powerful current (Berlin, 1978, original work published 1953). In it we cannot comprehend the forces driving us. Stepping back and out of it, we have the chance to see them, and free ourselves from them.
The Old and the New Testament

The Bible remains a great influence. As Northrop Frye demonstrated (1983) (Gustafson, 2010, pp. 55-56), all of western literature, secular as well as religious, works in its *Great Code*, of captivity and deliverance. I would go farther with his argument, in an assertion that is apt to be shocking.

The Old Testament begins and ends, and runs all the way through, with the subject of obedience to Jehovah: an obedience so radical that Abraham is demanded by God to prove it by sacrificing (killing) his own son, Isaac (Gustafson, 1961). This is in the beginning. The conclusion of the Old Testament is the New Testament, in which God sacrifices (allows to be killed) his own Son, Jesus.

I was confirmed as a Christian when I was eight and a half. Little did I understand what an extreme current of obedience I was agreeing to. It is entirely fair to say that Christianity has counter-currents to strict obedience. The parables of Jesus, to cite a central example, are all about taking the Law literally as an absurd misunderstanding. For example the parable of the Prodigal Son concerns the greater love of God for this sinner who repented than for all the sons who obeyed the Law strictly all along.

Nevertheless, as Weber (1958, original work published 1904) argued, the strict current of obedience runs straight, from Christianity and Judaism, directly into western, secular life. If you think back over the cases of the Engineer, the Student, and the Farmer’s son, obedience is the constant operator of captivity for all three of them, and the departure from strict obedience is the decisive and transitional step toward a deliverance and a new beginning.

The Once and Twice Born

Taking the argument even farther, consider what William James (1999, original work composed 1901-1902) argued in *The Varieties of Religious Experience* about the once born and twice born.
Here is a long paragraph that spells out what James calls two different conceptions of the universe of our experience:

The last lecture was a painful one, dealing with evil as a pervasive element of the world we live in. At the close of it we were brought into full view of the contrast between two ways of looking at life which are characteristic respectively of what we call the healthy-minded, who need only to be born once, and of the sick souls, who must be twice-born in order to be happy. The result is two different conceptions of the universe of our experience (p. 185).

He continues:

In the religion of the once-born the world is a kind of rectilinear or one-storied affair, whose accounts are kept in one dimension, whose parts have just the values which they naturally appear to have, and of which a simple algebraic sum of pluses and minuses will give the total worth. Happiness and religious peace consist in living on the plus side of the account (p. 185).

Finally:

In the religion of the twice-born, on the other hand, the world is a double-storied mystery. Peace cannot be reached by the simple addition of pluses and elimination of minuses from life. Natural good is not simply sufficient in amount and transient, there lurks a falsity in its very being. Cancelled as it all is by death if not by earlier enemies, it gives no final balance, and can never be the thing intended for our lasting worship. It keeps us from the real good, rather; and renunciation and despair of it are our first step in the direction of the truth (pp. 185-186).

I will leave to the reader where James goes further with this argument (pages 396-397 and 531n), but simply bring up to you that we are very deeply submerged in the current of the once-born.
Psychology is **positive psychology** and its lessons are **the simple addition of pluses and elimination of minuses from life**.

**The Most Terrible Mistake**

Tolstoy (2007, original work published 1861; 2000, original work published 1875) and Melville (1956, original work published 1851) did **not** deny *evil as a pervasive element of the world we live in* (James, 1999, p. 185). They did **something else** which was **even worse** for them. They **expected** their true and rare appraisals of the world to be read and understood by such a world of the once born. Unlike Emily Dickinson in her 709, they did not get that *Publication—is the Auction/Of the Mind of Man*. In this, both were **crushed**. They expected the true and rare appraisal to get the **Highest Bid**. In this, they **lagged woefully** behind Zen, which also knew better (Gustafson, *Nineteenth Lecture, Immense Delicacy*).

**The Author’s Parody in a Dream of the Most Terrible Mistake**

It has taken me a while, quite a very long while, a near lifetime, to get **straight** what went wrong with Tolstoy and Melville, for me, by far, the two greatest novelists. Submerged I have been also in currents I did not understand, because I was too deeply identified with their point of view.

My dream a few nights ago as I was gathering myself for this lecture was as follows in three parts (a triptych):

1. I am sailing back from the Arctic or Antarctic bringing a huge wealth of discoveries from the region of ice. My parents are cooking and serving breakfast for all of my research party at a beautiful table laid out on the deck in the beautiful sunlit morning.
2. I am giving a long talk of our findings to a huge audience as slowly as I can possibly go, so I can think about every phrase for myself.
3. I have slipped back into the lap of a kind of Lilliputian woman, where I am raising my hand in a question for the lecturer, but she blabs on and on, flattening everything, so my question cannot be heard or seen, and thus slaps it down.
So here I am imagining myself as a famous researcher in panels 1 and 2: An **undisguised boy’s romance** of himself. What has happened in panel 3? I knew at once when I woke up. It refers to the **center** of Greek culture at Mycenae as described by Scully (1979, original work published 1962) as in the **tremendous lap of a goddess**:

The horns, for example, can also be seen as widely spread legs with the two rocky ledges in the hollow between them gaping, distended. Upon this **most devouring** of **thrones**, the king **dares to put himself**, and the built up cone of his citadel occupies its center (pp. 37-38).

This really **woke me up**. Devouring was one kind at Mycenae, and **another now in the lap of the flattening Lilliputian** and her *Auction / Of the Mind of Man*: a culture of the once born in **their positive psychology** in which they are **highly obedient**. It devours by **making everything the same**. Ibsen (Adams, 1957; Gustafson, 2010, pp. 115-116) called it the **small world**.
Lecture Number Twenty-One.  Explicit and Implicit Order.

This is a subject difficult to introduce, because its subject is nothing less than the architecture of the universe, as argued by the quantum physicist, David Bohm (1917-1992). I will just be bold about it.

Essentially, Bohm had written a classical text on quantum mechanics (1951), when he began to explain how quantum mechanics changes everything about ordinary reality (1980). What he said was that the expliicate order we can see for ourselves flows out of an implicate order we cannot see, which is quantum mechanical. It also flows back into quantum mechanical order. The fundamental verb is to fold, plicare in Latin, which unfolds into the explicate order, and enfolds back into the implicate order. I would rather just use the fully adequate terms we already have in English of explicit and implicit orders. The process pli- or plicare is the same, and the result is the most fundamental bifurcation.

The Holonomic Brain

How it works in the brain is the subject of the holonomic brain proposed by Bohm and Karl Pribram (Pribram, 2007). Again, to move boldly, I will say, simply, that all of the senses enter the body as holograms and are brought into focus by a kind of lens. Subsequently, the image is sent upstream into the brain as a hologram:

The Fourier transformation changes a space-time coordinate system into a spectral (frequency interference pattern) coordinate system within which the properties of ordinary images are spread throughout the system (p. 1).

The retrieval is simple:

Fortunately the Fourier process is readily invertible; the same transformation that begets the holographic domain gets us back into space-time. The inverse Fourier transformation is accomplished by movement (p. 2).
As Pribram explains further, the movements can be as tiny as the nystagmoid movements of the eyes which define pixels, or as large as full eye or head movements which define groupings of points called a symmetrical group (p. 2).

In other words, the Fourier transformation **enfolds** into spectral coordinates, an **implicit** order, and **unfolds** back by the inverse Fourier transformation into space-time coordinates, an **explicit** order.

**How It Works in Dream Maps**

A series of further **implications** (there is that root of pli- or folding again) have radical consequences for us, which again I will explain plainly and boldly, from a series of dreams of the last two weeks. Of course, it makes sense from the Bohm/Pribram theory that rapid eye movements in sleep (REM sleep) would **retrieve** space-time coordinates, just as they do when we are awake (Ruth Gustafson, personal communication).

**First Postulate: Movement Retrieves a Map of the Field in Which We Are, Have Been, or Are Going to Be Moving.**

My first postulate, derived from Bohm and Bohm/Pribram, is that movement, day or night, retrieves from the spectral, holographic domain a map of **where we are, have been, or are going to be moving**. The night brain, which reruns the movements of the day brain (Gustafson, 2008), is particularly uncanny in its accuracy. Poincare called it **the sieve** (Gustafson, 2008).

**First Dream Example, of the Author as Hamlet**

The night after I finished my Twentieth Lecture, explaining the most dangerous mistake in the world is to **show** true and rare appraisals of the world to those that **cannot handle them**. I dreamt the following unforgettable scene:
I am looking at mounds in the cemetery near us (which has many Indian mounds), and evidently wanting to press into them, I had placed huge metallic and perforated cups over them to squeeze them like you would oranges. They began to seep black blood.

A brother driving a dark blue Volvo station wagon around the top of the cemetery road saw this, and went berserk, and drove madly down into the snow to run me over as I tried to run from his mad charge.

A brother here means a brother in the broadest sense, somebody in my field, somebody as it were in Elsinore not wanting me to press into things too far. Elsinore was full of explicators, not wanting Hamlet to press things.

Second Postulate: Scale is Everything

According to Deutsch’s Theorem (Platt, 1970), it is useless to confront explicating systems he calls (i). Rather, infinitely better to develop which is inexplicit on a small scale (i-1), which will eventually resonate with something on a scale larger than (i) called (i+1).
Second Dream Example, of the New Floor of the Author’s New Temple

So, it seems I have had enough of pressing Claudius and his ilk about their explications I know are false. I seem to have the floor for a new house, which looks more like a Zen temple in Kyoto.

The floor of my new house, about a foot off the ground, like the temples in Kyoto, also has gravel gardens like theirs, only mine are within the perimeter of the square -- within what Jung (1974) would call the sulcus primigenius, which marks the perimeter of a sacred place. In the gravel garden, I seem to be sculpting a rock like a mountain, to bring out the apple trees within it, like Paul Klee (1967) painting in a few strokes.

Interesting how this map has served me since: I feel, when I am leaving the sacred space of my Zen temple by a drawbridge, that the world can be as bad as it likes, because I can go back to where it is quite beautiful. I am working on my own implicit order.

Third Postulate: Explication Destroys Intelligence

This is a précis of Ranciere’s (1991) findings on teaching students (personal communication, Ruth Gustafson). From their own implicit findings, they need to unfold their own explications.
Third Dream Example, of the Schism of a Ship

I am boarding a riverboat on the Mississippi about 1850, with four big duffel bags to stow in the hold. It is about my business as an itinerant operator of museum exhibits on the frontier. However, as I toss my duffels into the hold, I am suddenly aware that the ship is about to be split in two, between its under-water half, and its over-water half. In a panic I run to the upper half with all of the other passengers rushing for staterooms. Suddenly, the top-half of the boat takes off at tremendous speed skimming the surface up the river, while the bottom half comes along very slowly. I feel like I have made a terrible mistake, for I shall never see my duffels again.

Not only does explication destroy the intelligence of students. Speeding ahead is equally ruinous, for anyone cut off from contemplating his or her own implicit findings. Your explications have raced ahead and the implicit order of the holograph in your hold is excluded.

Fourth Postulate: Explicating Orders Run Everything

Mumford called them mega-machines (1995, original work published 1966), Freire called them director cultures (1970). They transmit orders from above.
Fourth Dream Example: Coming Up from the Fourth Grade

I am walking from my grade school in Saginaw, Michigan, in the summer between fourth grade and fifth grade, when we moved from a working class neighborhood to the next block from the rich people. I see a pyramid of some order of men projecting itself out into the heavy traffic of Gratiot Avenue, and being picked off one by one by Cadillacs (looks more like orcas picking off seals on a beach).

I am foreseeing the sixty years to come. The psychodynamic order I came up in was picked off by the psychofarm order.

Fifth Postulate: The Explicit Order Excludes the Possibility of Seeing the Implicit Order.

Giorbran (2007) takes up Bohm’s bifurcation between explicit order and implicit order and calls it the bifurcation between grouping order and symmetry order (p. 88): one excludes the other. When you group things, or bunch them together, you lose symmetry, or balance. When you balance things, you lose grouping. He quotes Bergson to summarize the situation:

… the absence of one of the two orders consists in the presence of the other (p. 88).
Fifth Dream Example: Mozart’s Transform

My wife and I watched and listened to Mozart’s Requiem on a DVD conducted by Leonard Bernstein with the Bavaranischen Rundfunks Orchestra and Choir. We were absolutely delighted and light-hearted. I felt that the implicit order of the musicians equaled the explicit order of the score: grouping and symmetry are flowing into each other freely, so the exclusion of one for the other is being defied.

I dream that I am transforming my red cedar tub from our backyard into an entire set of tubs in a public park, which is strikingly rectilinear in its coordinates like the Tuileries in Paris. Only, I find there is too little of the beautiful wood and too little of the fresh water.

![Diagram of tubs](image)

My red cedar tub in my backyard stands for my capacity to bring out the implicit order, like Bernstein did, in the explicit order of the score. Yet I cannot transform mine into the rectilinear coordinates of the Tuileries, as Bernstein did with the Bavarianischen Rundfunks in a beautiful church in Bavaria.

The difference is being mapped. His musicians come from a tradition of such playing of many centuries. My musicians have very little beautiful wood, and fresh water.
The Explicit and Implicit Orders in Psychotherapy.

I can only think of one predecessor who could conduct the implicit and explicit orders as equals, flowing into each other, namely D.W. Winnicott (1971) in *Therapeutic Consultations in Child Psychiatry*. He played something he called the squiggle game with children, whose rule was that each would make a squiggle, and the other would complete it and name it. At first, the child (or teenager, or adult) would squiggle, complete and name drawings that were totally conventional, like cars, houses, sun, etc. As they dropped further into the play, they would come upon startlingly original figures welling up implicitly from below. Rather than elaborating how Winnicott brought this about -- see Gustafson (1986, reprinted 1997; 2008; 2010) -- I will give you the same flow out of two of my cases from yesterday’s resident clinic.

A Case of Stultification

This interview lasted ten minutes for me, a half-hour for the resident. When I came in to join him, he told me his patient was lapsing this summer free of school into avoiding everyone and loneliness and compensatory eating. She looked quite miserable to me. This is a typical presentation to me by a resident of the pathology, as explicit order with no exit.

I just assume the opposite that the patient implicitly knows what to do to get out of it, when explicitly she seems to be within a horizon that has nowhere to go.

This is exactly what she felt. Dull, with no hope. So, I said, *Well, I was feeling such a thing Saturday evening at our cabin, in the middle of trying to assemble this lecture. Then, my wife and I took a walk at dusk, and came upon a deer loping beautifully ahead of us on a path through our big blue stem prairie, and the big blue stem itself waist-high in its great vitality of blue-green. When I came back to my composing my lecture, I thought to myself, Really, this explicit order ruling humanity is easy to get out of, in one step into nature which is so much greater (in every implicit detail).*
So I just asked her how she got out of it? By re-engaging with people, she replied, with a big smile. I responded, quite as you are re-engaging with us? She laughed and said, Yes, this is it. Only I tend to avoid it.

I had one more thing to say to her, namely, Well now we have your whole world in two words: re-engaging and avoiding. You remind me of the peasants in Sao Paulo province of Brazil in the 1960’s. Paulo Freire (1970) was the Minister of Education given the mission of teaching the millions of peasants in his province how to speak, read and write Portuguese, necessary to the new liberal democracy. He sent teams of educated people from the city out to teach them Portuguese, but he could hardly get them to learn it at all.

Well, he tried something else. He had the teams show pictures, or drawings, of the peasants, say, of one drunk, and ask them what word in Portuguese they had for the picture, and they would say something like Hero! So, they implicitly knew how to speak Portuguese, but were acting explicitly dull and totally incapable!

Our patient laughed and said, I never thought before this that I was a Brazilian peasant! I rejoined, Yes, people in fear can act totally dull.

I told my wife (Ruth Gustafson, personal communication) about this, because her field is education like Freire’s, and she replied that students tend to be stultified just like our patients. I looked up stultify in my dictionary. It means, in Latin, stultus, fool, plus ficere, to make. Stultus also related to stolid, and solid, in Latin. Well, there you have it, static and dull explicit order, and a closed horizon. The peasants and the patients and the students can wake up, in a generative word like re-engage for our patient, but the flow alarms them, because being full of life is dangerous in the presence of violent masters.

A Case of Identifying with John F. Kennedy

I will be briefer about this case, which remains in considerable danger, if a step better from my understanding her explicit order with no potential on the horizon, versus her implicit capacity.
Suffice to say, she dreamt as follows:

President Kennedy is in Dallas, driving in his navy blue limousine, which is white inside. He is wearing his navy blue uniform. He is driving the car, holding his head which is severed from his body, in his right hand above the windshield, to see where he is going. However, this positioning of his head to look forward is above the rear view mirror, so he cannot see into the back seat which has the Warren Report in boxes, and flying out of them into the wind. He is saying: Can you help me? Where is the Warren Commission? -- as he drives hopelessly around and around the block of the Texas Book Depository.

The situation of our patient has been very grave, on the edge of suicide, because she feels cannot protect herself from her family continually putting her down. She fears being unable to go on, and acting impulsively on her chronic suicide ideation.

I say to her, Look, you actually seem to know better than they do what you need to do, but you let them pound you with their point of view. You act as if you do not know how to say back to them fairly quickly, I understand your point (about this or that), and I am not hearing more of it right now.

So here you are Kennedy himself (potentially President!, entitled to give orders!), head dissociated from your body in trying to keep going around the block, and unable to use the Warren Report behind you in the back seat, because you cannot even see in your rear view mirror. I am giving you back the Warren Commission Report that is in your own back seat, by showing how to lower your head and look in the rear view mirror. The Warren Commission Report reads: You implicitly know how to save yourself, already.

This statement completely changed her demeanor from desperate to smiling. And it was more than time for me to go. This was a very useful turn out of a hopeless, explicit horizon, where
the patient *implicitly* has the *capacity* to save herself. Of course, it is one step, and there is much farther to go.
Lecture Number Twenty-Two.  Gustafson’s Exclusion Principle: The Foreground Destroys the Background, and the Background Cannot See the Foreground

875
I stepped from Plank to Plank
A slow and cautious way
The Stars about my Head I felt
About my Feet the Sea.

I knew not but the next
Would be my final inch --
This gave me that precarious Gait
Some call Experience.

Emily Dickinson (1960) -- original work composed 1864

I left off Lecture Twenty-One with two cases, illustrating how the Explicit or Explicating Order misleads the patient and the doctor. The horizon of the patient is closed explicitly, yet, implicitly, the patient knows the way out (usually), without knowing that she knows. And usually the doctor has no way to put his finger on this implicit knowledge, nor would he know it even exists.

Almost always, the education of the patient and the education of the doctor is explicit, that is, all foreground and little or no background. What is made explicit -- Heidegger (1959, original work published 1935) translated it from the Greek ousia as the as-is -- is reality -- or being. What is implicit, or implied by what is there, is still arising as in the Greek physis for being.

In other words, reality or being consists of things, in the foreground, explicitly. Reality or being as flow, arising, in the background, implicitly, has no reality for patients or doctors, or the entire Western population. This is our so-called progress.
A Single Situation with All of Our Patients

This, if you will, metaphysical situation we are in, in relation to our assumptions about being or reality, pertains not only to our two patients discussed in Lecture Twenty-One. Rather, all of our patients and all of our population are in it.

This brings about an astounding finding all day long in the clinic, which is seen to some extent by the doctors but has absolutely no mention in its so-called science. I will indent it, to put it squarely in your foreground and totally explicit (what is always implicitly arising or implied in the background):

All of the patients are running straight into perverse situations, in which they will be badly taken advantage of. They assume a mutual or symmetrical exchange, and they get a perverse and grossly asymmetrical exchange. All, every single one. This is what makes them ill.

Now, how is it possible for the entire field of psychiatry -- not to mention psychology -- to completely miss the single illness that is epidemic right in front of them? -- And destroying their patients?

My reply is this lecture.

The Whole Situation

As Bohm argued (1980), a scientific revolution changes the common measure (pp. 151-176) to measure the whole situation. For example, the Cartesian coordinates were the common measure of physics. They were the measure of masses, moved by forces, sometimes accelerating, from one position to another on these coordinates, in Newtonian physics.
As Bohm also demonstrated (1980), quantum mechanics changed the common measure. Things that were like Newtonian particles, say an electron, turned out to act like waves, and turned out now to have no location on a Cartesian grid.

A new common measure becomes necessary to take in the whole situation, where things sometimes appear to be explicit, as on a Cartesian grid, and sometimes implicit. Bohm called the first the explicate order, the second implicate order. The implicate order unfolds itself into the explicate order, and then enfolds itself back into the implicate order. That’s as far as he could go. What causes this back and forth between explicit and implicit is what Bohm called holomovement, an operation with three key features:

1. A set of implicate orders.
2. A special distinguished case of the above set, which constitutes an explicate order of manifestation.
3. A general relationship (or law) expressing a force of necessity which binds together a certain set of the elements of the implicate order in such a way that they contribute to a common explicate end (different from that to which another set of inter-penetrating and intermingling elements will contribute) (Bohm, 1980, p. 248).

Pauli’s Exclusion Principle

A force of necessity is as far as Bohm could go to explain the alternation of implicit and explicit order. Pauli’s exclusion principle has a greater specificity, as follows:

The Pauli exclusion principle is the quantum mechanical principle that no two identical fermions (particles with half-integer spin) can occupy the same quantum state simultaneously. A more rigorous statement is that the total wave function for two identical fermions is anti-symmetric (Wikipedia, p. 1).

Conversely, the integer spin particles (called bosons) are not subject to the Pauli principle, and, thus, are symmetrical. In other words, there seem to be two domains of forces, fermions with
half-integer spin like electrons, protons and neutrons, and bosons with integer spins like lasers. The quantum physical world is largely asymmetric, sometimes symmetric. Matter is built up of the asymmetric particles:

> It causes atoms to take up the space they do, since electrons cannot all congregate in the lowest-energy state but must occupy higher energy states at a distance from lower-energy electrons; therefore matter made up of atoms occupies space rather than being condensed (Wikipedia, 2011, pp. 1-2).

**Pauli/Jung Theory of Symmetry as Convergent**

In brief, the common measure of the whole situation depends upon spin, half-integer versus integer, bringing upon asymmetrical order versus symmetrical order.

Now it turns out that Pauli is also the pivotal figure in bringing about consideration of the human mind as either symmetrical or asymmetrical. Pauli turned to Jung in 1930 in the middle of a terrible divorce, and Jung saw him once, and referred him to a younger, female colleague. Jung recognized the high quality of Pauli’s dream material, and chose to remove himself from influencing it. Then, a thousand dreams in chronological order were put before Jung, and he chose to study the first four hundred (Jung, 1974, original work published 1944).

The gist of the results was this: that the dreams converged more and more upon a symmetrical order, what Jung called circumlocution of the center. Asymmetrical disturbances were continually folded into symmetry, as the series progressed. For example, oblong distortions of the mandala symmetry were resolved.

Now, it seems to me that there is no doubt about this progression in the series of four hundred dreams presented by Jung (also discussed by Pauli and Jung in their exchange of letters between 1932 and 1958, published in 2001). Jung himself (1989, original work published 1961) had gone through a terrible time of asymmetrical disturbances in World War I, which he was able to
resolve by the daily drawing of mandalas, which gradually came into balance. Now, Pauli’s asymmetric disturbance in divorce followed the same path.

Later, Pauli began to be disturbed again (Pauli, Jung, 2001) many times. This seems to me to be perfectly expectable. Fresh, asymmetrical forces will disturb, until they are integrated and balanced.

This indeed is my lecture. Symmetry of exchange is what we were built for in the Ice Age for 2 million years. Mutuality of gifts given and received was our economy. However, the last five thousand years of the buildup of agricultural surpluses, and then military surpluses, and then all kinds of wealth, leads to brutal inequality of positioning, and grossly unequal exchanges, of some taking a lot, while others get very little (Gustafson, 2010). Helplessness and violence is the general result.

Therefore, it seems to me that the convergence upon symmetry signals a recovery of mutual exchange, for the time being. In my own dream series, and in those of my patients, this is always temporary, before grossly unequal, asymmetric exchanges become my lot again, or the lot again of my patients.

Gustafson’s Exclusion Principle

The great problem I have posed for this lecture is why do all the patients fail to read accurately when and where they are walking into highly perverse exchanges, to the advantage of the other party, to the detriment of themselves? If we do not understand the mechanism of this disorientation, we will be worse than useless in attempting to repair it. A great instrument of orientation we have potentially (Gustafson, 2008) is no better than its calibration.

So, the remainder of this lecture will explain the mis-calibration that is endemic in the entire population. The simplest way to explain it is by my exclusion principle. To borrow Giorbran’s language (2007) as discussed in my Twenty-First Lecture:
Grouping order excludes symmetry order.

In other words, Giorbran’s language addressed to the problems of cosmology fits exactly what is going on in the domain of psychiatry and psychology. If you see from the point of view of the group, you will lose the capacity to see from the point of view of yourself. This is exactly what Gilligan (1990) discovered in her series of ten-year-old girls on the way to becoming fifteen. As they increasingly got caught up in anxiety about their standing with the teen pack, they increasingly did not know their own opinions. Each year the number of “I don’t know” replies doubled!

High school and college and professional training only make it worse, for boys equally. So, you get a population, from bus drivers to doctors, who know the right answers on the examination. That is how they qualify, and get and keep a position in the mega-machine (Mumford, 1966). Of course, there are individuals like Pauli and Jung capable of reckoning symmetry or mutuality of exchange. Two million years of evolution of this capacity is not going to go away altogether! In general, this results in the opposite exclusion:

Symmetry order excludes grouping order.

A believe in symmetry or mutuality of exchange excludes seeing the asymmetrical or perverse exchanges that are at hand. To use Jung’s term, the mind or instrument of orientation tends to be one-sided. That is the diagnosis of what goes wrong in the calibration of the instrument. Tate (1999, original work published 1934) called it isolated will, either scientific or romantic. Very few, he thought, are capable as of seeing the whole situation. What it takes is what Bateson called double description (1972, 1979). The eye depends upon it, precisely. The left and right eye see from slightly different angles, which allows depth perception. It is as if the population sees with one eye only. They bunch things with the eye of the grouping order. Or they see with the eye on mutual and symmetrical exchange, and miss the brutal grouping and asymmetrical order they are stepping into.
A Series of Consequences That Follow From the Exclusion Principle

I will give you a brief series of my own dreams since the Twenty-First Lecture followed by a brief series of patient situations to demonstrate the consequences that follow from an understanding of my exclusion principle. I consider this an indispensable education for being oriented to the field of human action. It only took me fifty-five years to conceive of it.

The Common Measure Necessary to Read the Whole Field of Psychiatric or Psychological Matters

Just as the set of all numbers is not only the real numbers, but also the real and the irrational, so the settings of our instrument of orientation need to be equally explicit and implicit to get the whole situation.

I am lining up my cases on DVD for teaching my Symposium in Door County in a few weeks. I have a triptych dream in three panels as follows:

1. Some doctor is teaching me the table of common measure (like David Bohm for a new scientific order).
2. I am fed up with not being in the pitching rotation (very often) as it was for me in 9th grade baseball in Saginaw, Michigan. I am parked on West Washington Avenue in downtown Saginaw where it crosses East Genesee (the main intersection) with my wife in a Cooper Mini, as the scene would look about 1946 in its heyday of prosperity when I was five years old. In disgust, I pick up the Mini and put it on the sidewalk, and walk off.
3. I am given the chance to pitch on an odd bridge over the channel to Door County. The field is tiny, on top of a steep pitch of the highway, surely too steep for any car to ascend, where I am batting against a pitcher flinging fast pitches at me from about ten feet away. The bridge descends as steeply on the far side. It is virtually unplayable. The sketches of these positions look like this:
As I look at these positions, I see the exclusion principle at work: first, downtown Saginaw, at the height of the prosperity of General Motors in 1946, which will dissolve into total ruin, but who could foresee it? Certainly not a sixteen year old boy, soon to sign up for it as a student in engineering at M.I.T. Second, the bridge to my Symposium in The Door County Summer Institute, as an unplayable structure, high in the air, way too high, way too small, way too fast pitching from ten feet away. What is that odd bridge doing there? That is my picture of education, or what chiefly goes on as education. Kafka would understand it, or Borges. Not what I do in Door County, to bring out the implicit equally with the explicit. This bridge of the dream is all explicit.

The Ratio of Explicit to Implicit

I learn from the coordinator at Door County that I have twenty-one participants coming. I think: Oh my, such a tiny orchestra, if a beautiful one to conduct. The immensity of the conventional, explicit order seems overwhelming to me. I dream of a kind of Stations of the Cross:

1. I am ascending an escalator-like staircase, spitting out a little sustenance for someone at each step. Recalls the steps of Christ carrying the Cross.
2. I have to re-balance after every step, or I will fall over.
3. I am taking orders in a Zen Temple (of symmetry, of course), in the building that looks like the one we stayed on call in my residency.
4. I am back in my old neighborhood between the Dailey Pickle Factory and the Illinois Shade Cloth Factory. The entire street is being replaced with endless rows of semi-ruined pre-fabricated houses.

In other words, a series of pairs, which exclude the second by the first: A Christ-like ordeal of the doctor exhausting himself, spitting out one prescription at a time, missing out on recovering his balance -- A doctor in balance in the Temple, to be replaced by pre-fabricated row housing -- In other words, a third pair summarizing the exclusion principle: a ratio of 100 to 1 of explicit order over implicit order, completely unable to see the ratio of 100 to 1 of implicit order over explicit order. And vice versa.
The Precarious Plank of Emily Dickinson

I am angry at Jung for misleading the world about converting into symmetry order. Yes, he had to do it, on upper Lake Zurich at his Bollingen Tower, as if he were in the 16th Century, simply unable to bear the 20th century of massive, and murderous asymmetry, destroying every symmetrical beauty in its path (including Johann Huizinga himself in Holland). But all of my patients, and students, and friends, have continually to handle it. I dream:

1. Of a Volkswagen-like car, which requires tiny cartons of gasoline to be carried along, or even phrases or words of gasoline, just enough to go a tiny distance.
2. I am at my Harvard Medical School Reunion, where we stay up all night. I wake up without any clothes on, and have to sneak past the police station into the back gate of the property of some old friends (like Mr. Hyde after a night’s rampage).
3. I am hundreds of feet in the air in a Great Tree, with a plank propped up against it. The plank slips and becomes precarious (as in Emily’s 875 of the epigraph). I come down it athletically, careful to stay in symmetry between swinging left or right, for asymmetry will bring it crashing down.
There you have to exclusion principle at work: the VW with so tiny a capacity to move, suddenly becomes Mr. Hyde slipping through the back gate at dawn. Of course, Dr. Jekyll, so explicitly helpful, has no idea of his implicit urges to murder. And my having to come down from the Great Tree (Axis Mundi), so athletically, or a single asymmetry can be my end.

The Noble Playing Field of the Bronze Age

It is extremely interesting to me that the Bronze Age discovered the noble playing field (Huizinga, 1955, original work published 1944; Gustafson, 2010, Sixth Theorem. The Noble Semantic Complex of Play -- from Johan Huizinga). The rules make the game symmetrical between equals. The play is to put the opponent into an asymmetrical position, which is clumsy, while retaining a symmetrical position oneself. Shots that threw him off balance accomplish this advantage, but you have to be careful not to be thrown off balance in hitting big shots.

The Bronze Age comes between the Ice Age of symmetry, and the Modern Age of the cruel asymmetry of Empire. It plays with the conditions that are emerging, in sports, in all of the arts, in everything beautiful and yet daring. I see the playing field of psychotherapy in exactly this light.

The Case of the Daughter’s Difficult Talk with Her Mother

Several years of work with the resident and myself had brought this patient to the point of relying on herself, especially with the help of her excellent dream instrument. Like all of the resilient Children of the Garden Island (Werner, 1989), she has learned to go out the back door of a very abusive family situation, to get the backing she needs for herself.

What had been especially terrible for her, after her father died when she was eleven, was that her mother could never acknowledge her daughter’s vulnerability in a day care situation with a neighbor in which she was sexually abused. Indeed, the mother kept sending her back into it.
Yet our patient did not want to give up on relating to her mother altogether. She wanted to talk with her again, to get her to acknowledge what had happened. Yet she hesitated. Why? Because she feared she might get the acknowledgement, and then the mother would resume business as usual about denying any further difficulty.

I said to her, I think you are right to hesitate, because one new loop of acknowledgement is altogether likely to disappear in a hundred old loops of denial. You would need to be prepared to say a second time, I need you to acknowledge something again, and not deny it. And so forth. She needed to think about it.

Here we have once again the exclusion principle at work. The mother had suddenly become a single parent with the death of her husband, who needed to work and to take care of the children all by herself. She re-grouped, so to speak, by a cheerful, position attitude of denial of difficulty. What was lost by this attitude was its opposite, of being present to the daughter’s actually being harmed.

What the daughter needs in this asymmetrical situation is a very symmetrical attitude, such as: Now she admits it, now she denies it again. There is a certain play in that attitude, which is ready to take her mother either way.

The Case of Rage at Unfairness

Very briefly, this patient carried an attitude that was that doing everything precisely right would get her what she needed. It didn’t, especially in a situation at work. Her attitude also was that her co-workers, or co-drivers on the road, should also do everything right. They didn’t. So she was always amazed. Which meant she dwelt on the infractions excessively, building up more and more rage all the time.
So I said to her: You are bringing about more and more loops of indignation, over every little amazing thing. If you are going to have less loops, you will have to expect these irregularities, and not indulge your righteousness.

Once again, the exclusion principle -- In the foreground is her system of perfection. In the background is what is denied by her system, and continuously arising.

The Case of a Dream of Acquiescence

On the Sunday night before going back to work on Monday, where she has too much business to keep up with, our patient dreamt this: I am riding on a train, with my daughter, making lasagna for my cousins, when a pedophile corners my daughter, and touches her private parts, and she bleeds. I offer myself in my daughter’s stead. Another man finally comes and locks up the pedophile.

The most absurd detail is making lasagna for her cousins on the train, the foreground, in which her daughter is disastrously lost in the background. Why? Acquiescence is her word for it. She cannot say no to her cousins, and be in conflict with them.

Of course, some acquiescence in the foreground is necessary at work. She has to make sure appointments get on the schedule, or she will be in big trouble. On the other hand, some acquiescence is downright dangerous, as the dream proves to her. Terrible things can happen in the background, unnoticed.

Thus, all three of these cases are the same case, and the same case is the entire population.
What is Virgil? (Jeff Nye, personal communication) refers to the final question in my Door County Symposium two weeks ago, and points us rightly in the directions of what will save our patients and ourselves. Implicit in the question is that the answer will have much to do with what Virgil did, seven hundred years ago, in guiding Dante through the Inferno (Alighieri, 2000, original work published in 1300).

Also implicit in this question is the notion that our patients and we are in some kind of hell (Inferno). In my last lecture, I said what this hell was and is, namely:

All of the patients are running straight into perverse situations, in which they will be badly taken advantage of. They assume a mutual or symmetrical exchange, and they get a perverse and grossly asymmetric exchange. All, every single one. This is what makes them ill.

How not to do this, and thus save yourself, has to do with seeing, and Virgil offers a kind of seeing, which is highly specific, and which I will specify in this lecture. Much could be said similarly about the ears, which I have left implicit for you to hear. I need to remind you from my past two lectures how and why seeing is so decisive for us, before I take you to the third idea about seeing which is the subject of this lecture.

The First Idea

In Lecture Twenty-One, I argued that what you are looking at is what you become. This is because movement of the eyes and head select what is holographic in your memory, and make it into specific images in space and time. Thus, you, the animal, are put back into the field that is recalled in looking in this direction. Notice your patients when they are becoming distressed,
and you will often see them change the directions of their gaze, **upward, sideward, downward**. Ask them what they are **now looking at**, and you will find them **in a different line of thought**, and **thus a different world**. This is **implicit** in any shift of the eyes, even thought you will be **none the wiser** if you **cannot follow** the movement of the eyes, because the topic may be explicitly the same, if it is highly likely to trail off meaninglessly when the patient is no longer there!

**The Second Idea**

In *Lecture Twenty-Two*, I argued that looking in the **foreground** tends to **exclude** the **background**, and vice versa. The foreground tends to be **the business at hand**, and thus **onesided**, or **asymmetrical**, because business chiefly **involves repeating** a procedure, like **selling** something, or **measuring** something, like the **tradition of medical practice** itself. Conversely, background tends to be **symmetrical**, or **two-sided**, because it involves an **exchange of views**, and **potentially richer**. However, this is only occasionally so, when the business at hand may be deviated from.

**The Third Idea**

The third idea about seeing is that a symmetrical field has **this marvelous fluidity** of exchange, such as seen in the Symposium this year, but it is **equally dangerous**. Like empathy, it can **put** you *in the shoes* of someone with a **false premise**, and even **resonating** with the **false notes** that follow the premise. This is an excellent way to **get nauseated** in a **second**. You are seeing **through** their eyes, which gives you a **sickening glimpse** of things.

When this happens to me, I usually **cannot shake** it the same day, and often need a dream the same night to see it **from a different angle**, and **feel right again** with myself.
The Plan of the Lecture

I plan, therefore, to demonstrate that Virgil is about positioning your eyes (and ears), to be well, and yet to be ready for the sick. I will take this demonstration in 3 parts: 1) The symmetrical field in the Symposium and its findings. 2) My dream series before, during and after the Symposium. 3) My return to so called civilization and its plethora of false premises, false notes, and nausea when you fall into colluding with it.

The Symmetrical Field of the Symposium

For those of you readers who were not there, let me picture the situation. Thirty of us are in a beautiful room sloping down to Egg Harbor in the distance. I show 15 minutes of a DVD of a case I consulted to, and staying, sitting, facing the symposium, invite them to say what they see and hear. After 15 minutes of discussion, we watch 15 minutes more of the DVD, and have 15 minutes more discussion. So it goes 3 hrs a day, from 9 to Noon, from Monday through Friday, 15 cases seen and discussed.

My part is like conducting an orchestra of very experienced players, who have come back, many of them five and six summers every two years. The freshness of their observations gets into the new players who follow suit. All I have to do is point to a player raising his or her hand, and out will come a beautiful phrase from the interview or a beautiful movement noticed. Another player will play off this observation, adding his or her own, and on to several others in a run of playing. I am hardly conducting at all.

For example, this year I was startled by the observations of the body, both of the patient and of myself. I had never seen before how so many of the patients hold their shoulders tight and flat, without a dip, fearful of the force in dropping and turning them that would be elicited later in the consultations. Or how some of the patients swallow their own garbled words, even their own mouths seeming to be swallowed, which elicited my sticking my chin out to counter their movement. It was as if the positioning of the patient’s body led to a different position in me with every patient. After we had noticed this, I began each DVD pausing with my face on the frame
looking at the patient: different for each case, and having the whole situation in it that had to be faced, so to speak, like unacknowledged terror that was being minimized or rationalized away.

This led me to notice the physical expressions in the players which conveyed their contributions so vividly, like -- *Put down waving your arms, which are alarming me:* -- or, they noticing me, and the patient, *You sit like one coach with a clipboard facing another coach with a clipboard* -- or, noticing the patient, *This is the guy who fried himself in his own fire.*

The culmination of this music in the fifteenth and final case of the week came as we were running out of minutes. We were discussing the position of the final patient in the first of her pair of dreams, in which she was standing on a chair with a noose around her neck in the company warehouse surrounded by a circle of bosses and co-workers who had run her down. She was debating whether to *step off* the chair and *strangle* herself, or to *lift the noose off her neck.*
Not only did she have to go out the back door (Werner, 1989) from her circle of tormenters in the firm, but, one of the players noted, she also had to go out a further circle of her materialist family of origin:

This is where Jeff Nye asked the final question we had time for, namely, What is Virgil? Well, I replied, Here we have it, as we have had it fifteen times this week. The patients are in many concentric circles of the Inferno, and have to go out one back door after another! What is Virgil is the guy who sees this, so the patient can see it for herself. It is on my face, where I am looking, and so they have the courage to look for themselves. This is Deutsch’s Theorem. A smaller scale (the back door to the scale of (i) is (i-1) resonates with a larger scale (i+1) of the Comedy (Alighieri, 2000, original work published 1300).

My Dream Series of 31 Dreams, One Week Before, One Week During, and Two Weeks After the Symposium.

I have but time and space for one dream the night before we began, and five dreams in the two weeks after the Symposium. I give you their terror, because this is what I need to confront to lead this kind of work.

Brecht’s Dream

The Sunday at our beautiful cabin was idyllic: a great swim walking out the limestone shelf into Lake Michigan in the sun: reading about an al-yu in the Andes about beautiful exchange between the three levels of the mountain people (Bastien, 1978), which they call Ughamapan, and looks like this:
Also, thinking about the character of Neruda in Il Postino (Skármeta, 1993), who misleads the postman into being like himself. I really do not want to make romantics out of any of my students, as I discussed in The Great Instrument of Orientation (2008).

My nightmare I had to wake up from at 4:30 A.M. was simply this: there is some selection of persons to be assassinated, in Saginaw, Michigan, where I grew up, or was it Germany? At first, I think I can elude the killers, and then I see I cannot.

At first, upon awakening, in the dark, I thought I was ruined. How could I begin the Symposium in the morning in a few hours, telling them of my nightmare of being unable to elude assassination? What a terrible way to begin! Yet, how could I pretend that I was all right when I was not?

As I lay there, looking at two impossible positions to take in the morning, a third one emerged, taught to me by Bertold Brecht a long time ago. Brecht was summoned for questioning by the House Un-American Activities Committee, led by the notorious Joe McCarthy. Brecht neither confessed, nor did he deny the danger. He told them they were reading mistaken translations of his work, and meanwhile had his airline ticket back to Europe in his pocket just in case they found him guilty!
Thus, I began the Symposium cheerfully.

*My Dream of Catastrophe in Chicago*

Steve Olson (personal communication) remarked to me on the final day of the Symposium that the largest scale we are all embedded in is the world scale of capital flowing in and out of the country, with devastating effects on local economies. Thus, it is the largest concentric circle for our final case and for all of our patients and us.

Returning to work several days later, I dreamt on Sunday night that I was looking at the skyline of Chicago, where the biggest tower was on fire, and the fire was spreading to the next tower. Then I dreamt I was in the audience of a Grand Rounds in a department of psychiatry given by a kind of Doctor of Death. Then I dreamt the department’s conference room was in one of the towers on fire, and the elevator was dead, and I had no way out.
An obvious allusion to the attack on the World Trade Center in NYC -- I see myself in it. Two more nights of seeing myself in the asymmetric world, and I ask myself how long I will be pounded with it? Obviously, I have underestimated what it means to leave the beautiful symmetric world of the Door County Symposium.

By Wednesday, I began to understand the pounding. Seven cases in a row on Wednesday, all about patients being in harsh asymmetrical situations, culminated in an eighth case, which I will come back to in the conclusion of the lecture, which I called *A Case of Massive Intrusions*. We made a DVD of it, and it was truly the 16th case in our series in the Symposium.

That night I finally got relief. I dreamt I had **dropped back** into the **beautiful coast** of our cabin on Lake Michigan for the week of the Symposium and slept well.

*My Dream of Dropping Back into Our Beautiful Coast*
The **orange indentations** are the massive asymmetries I witnessed all day, and the **deep blue** is of myself dropping into the night sea of my beautiful coast.

*My Dream of the Noble White Wallet and the Black Knight*

My troubles were not over, however. For the next week, I suffered on and off from nausea. I felt it badly, after covering the practice of one of my colleagues. It wasn’t that the cases were any different, all the same massive asymmetry of exchange seen in every case in the clinic, but the medical records **seemed hardly to notice it**. They were all about signs of anxiety, of depression, of mania, and so forth. Everything of **the beautiful details**, of phrasing and of movements of the body we had watched so carefully in Door County, **seemed not to exist**.

That Sunday night, anticipating work the next day, I dreamt: of a **noble, white Renaissance wallet** for most of the night, just that image holding steady; towards morning, I saw a **black** knight in a **black** shirt, and **black** shorts.
The successions of wave fronts coming refer to what Steve Olson noted to me about the flows of world capital in and out of our economy, with devastating effects. The noble, white, Renaissance wallet refers to Shakespeare and his wallet of the English language, beyond the reach of such terrible intrusions. The black knight refers to Novak Djokovic, the Serbian, number one tennis player in the world, in his black shirt and black shorts. He relentlessly drives the ball deep up the center of the court, and just pounces on anything short or wide and drives it into the corners.

Novak alarms me. His so-called play is so single-minded, and pumped up, and devastating that it no longer seems like play to me. I may have something like the wealth of Shakespeare’s wallet, but I don’t see I have a chance against relentless forces such as the business of Djokovic, in the dead seriousness of contests for psychiatry.
Nevertheless, I have made a crucial discovery in the clinic, which may spare some of my readers and myself. Not only are all the patients beset by asymmetric exchanges, but many of them impose such an exchange upon us. I mean those patients who conduct monologues with scarcely a pause to think about anything they have said. Their premise is always wrong, that they can impose themselves like this and we will just put up with it. For many of them, every other sentence is some form of self-congratulation.

What I discovered was how to make a symmetrical field out of a massively asymmetrical field. I do not try to stop them, but just draw loop after loop, to see how long they will carry it on. Finally, they will ask me what I think? I always reply, About what? What are you asking me about? When they, if they, finally ask me a question about what they are doing, I will give them a very brief reply.

Thus, we have a symmetrical exchange: one question, one reply. One-sided asymmetrical business is a mean adversary.

My dream was simply the following remarkable image, without words, without movement:
You need to understand in looking at it in a two-dimensional plane that it is actually three dimensional, rising from all four sides to a narrow slit, about the size of an ordinary letter. One question, one reply: that is all it is open to. The color is bright orange, such as seen in North Africa.
My Dream of Business Pouches

Finally, last evening out at our cabin on the prairie, I wrote out the first pages of this lecture, and felt the same nausea I have felt on and off for a week. I sat up for several hours thinking about why I should feel so awful after writing three pages of the lecture with such clear, beautiful lines about the lines of sight, and about how everything depends on the ability to follow them.

Such a beautiful way to practice psychiatry! Yet what came in with the nausea was fifty or sixty years of teachers I have known who had some beautiful lines of sight themselves, but allowed their eyes to be captured by popular simplifications. The nobility of beautiful clear lines of seeing seems always to be captured by seeing what is in fashion.

My nausea subsided as I saw the entire series. I just laughed. Well, that is what happens. I feel much better, ready for the next debasement in the series.

As I sat up, not wanting to go to bed now, I began to hear the coyote pack on the horizon to the east. They did not come close this night, but I was delighted to hear from them again, after many months of their being away in another county. There is a certain exuberance in them that I need to drop into.

Last night, I dreamt two simple scenes. The first was a restaurant where I appeared at the table with axle grease and dog shit on my blue shirt. I got a cloth with petroleum solvent that dissolved the axle grease, but smeared the dog shit all over. And I got a cloth that dissolved the dog shit in water, but smeared the axle grease all over. Evidently, I had to put up with one or the other!

The second was being back at Harvard College once again, looking for the course catalog. Nowhere was it to be found, but finally a kind librarian in the vast Widener Library let me borrow one after I begged her, saying I am a Harvard senior (my last chance to choose courses). She smiled at this phrase, and let me look through her copy. I could not find any course I wanted to study.
It is really very simple when you see it topologically. **These two pouches of business** are not going to give me what I want. I am much happier, anyway, with **those ears of the coyotes** on the **eastern horizon**.
My Return to So-Called Civilization from the Symposium

I was going to elaborate the 16th case, beyond the 15 of the Symposium, *The Case of Massive Intrusions*. But the more I think about it, the more I cannot tell the story, without compromising the patient’s confidentiality. The general outline of it I can give, because it is true of the 15 cases shown to the Symposium:

A childhood of massive abandonment and intrusion.
Going out the back door, with great delight to high school, camp, music.
But arranging the same massive abandonment and intrusion in his marriage.
Now breaking up the marriage, but finding his children at the mercy of his ex-, which he can do little about in the equal sharing of custody.

He married her, for a little interest she showed in him he was hungry for. He pays an ongoing ransom.

This is why I consider in every case that the patient operates with a false premise, and sings many false notes, about his or her exchanges. Seeing in this line of sight is extremely expensive. How extremely important to see that the patient can also see along different lines of sight, upwards, downwards and sideways. Thus, the patient implicitly knows better, and Virgil can sight his or her other lines of sight into different worlds.
Lecture Number Twenty-Four. The Lines of Sight

We left off from Lecture Twenty-Three, What is Virgil? How to Position Your Eyes (and Ears), as follows:

This is why I consider in every case that the patient operates with a false premise and sings many false notes, about his or her exchanges. Seeing in this line of sight is extremely expensive. How extremely important to see that the patient can also see along different lines of sight, upwards, downwards, and sideways. Thus, the patient implicitly knows better, and Virgil can sight his or her other lines of sight into different worlds (p. 14).

In the interim, I have spent nearly four weeks in France with my wife, three of it in Burgundy in a village named Ancy Le Franc, making daily pilgrimages of about a half to an hour’s distance to great cathedrals like Auxerre, Vezelay, and Semur-en-Auxois, and to abbeys like Pontigny and Fontenay, and to medieval towns like Flavigny-sur-Ozerain and Noyers-sur-Serein. On the flight over to France, I read Vincent Scully’s book, Louis I. Kahn (1962), and most of Kahn’s essays, especially Architecture: Silence and Light, from Robert McCarter’s book, also named Louis I. Kahn (2005). In Burgundy, I finished Northrop Frye’s The Great Code, The Bible and Literature (1983) for the second time, and began reading through most of both Testaments, putting it aside when it got too redundant, enjoying the interior pulsation of the Bible, between a line in the New Testament, and as many as five lines from the Old Testament.

I returned to my post in psychiatry, with great energy, and freshness, and humor, because I saw the world anew, and what I could do in it, and what I could not -- A marvelous economy. Essentially, from the lines of sight discussed in Lecture Twenty-Three, I had built the entire architecture of The Inferno, embedded in the religious code of The Bible. This, added to the lines of sight, got me seeing how the entire architecture of psychiatry in the modern world, is built up out of one, two, or three lines of sight. I saw how the major constraint in it comes from the set of myths in the Bible, which retain their force when the code is not taken religiously, but secularly. As Levi-Strauss (1983) said of the ancient, aboriginal world of South American Indian
tribes, the set of myths operate as an orchestral score, to elaborate certain forces, and tighten them. In this modern world, the music plays on or through us, unwittingly, as proscribed by the orchestral score we want or seem to know almost nothing about.

I also came home to Giorgio Agenben’s new book, The Kingdom and the Glory (2011, original work published in Italian in 2007). Quite independently of him, I had discovered that the Biblical code is one of light for the obedient, and darkness for the disbelievers. Almost every sentence of Jehovah and his spokesmen, the prophets, and of Jesus, the Gospels, St. Paul and his friends is the same one. Glory and abound in God, or be cast out to perpetual darkness. Agamben’s enormous scholarship of Christian theology from the first to the fifth centuries is to demonstrate how God was and is a single God of Being, yet he willed a certain oikonomia (economics in Greek) or dispensation (in Latin), a certain division of himself, pragmatically, to administer the world as a kind of household economy, or dispensation of his Word. The point of this enormous scholarship is showing that this oikonomia or dispensation is the structure of power in the West, whether in the 1st to 5th centuries, or in Dante’s Inferno (1300), or in psychiatry (2011), of the modern world.

Therefore, my agenda of this lecture proceeds as follows:

I. The Three Lines of Sight That Generate The Inferno
II. The Code That Collapses the Potential Field, and the Two Kinds of Subjects That Present to Us: Those Glorifying in its Administration, and Those Destroyed By It.
III. The Capacities Needed to Take In This Perspective: Metaphorical (Poetic, Literary, Musical, Dramatic, and Architectural), and Anthropological (Sociological, Historical, Theological), or from the Interior and Exterior Fields.
IV. The Code as Implicit Metaphor, by What is Juxtaposed, In Waking Life and in Dream Maps. Two Dreams of the Author.
V. The Denizens of the Inferno: Learning 0, From One Line of Sight; Learning I, From Two Lines of Sight; Learning II, From Three Lines of Sight. Learning III, The Inferno as a Complete Oikonomia or Dispensation.
I. The Three Lines of Sight That Generate The Inferno.

1. First Line of Sight.

One line of sight leads into Inferno. Willing that one force will have its way, it ignores all the others. The others destroy the project. For example, a pair of doctors have high ambitions for their only son. He tries to fulfill them, as the obedient son. However, his modest talent and his slight capacity for work and his actual lack of interest in it, all conspire to failure. They all push harder, constraining to make him improve. He gets narrower and narrower, as in a funnel (Mike Wood, personal communication), which is the actual shape of Dante’s Inferno. Also, as in Dante, the punishment fits the offence. The more he is pushed, the more he prefers not to, as in Melville’s Bartleby, the Scrivener (1986, original work published 1853).

2. Second Line of Sight.

Juxtaposed to the first line of sight is often a second line of sight, which sees how to relieve the situation. For example, a law student coming near to graduation worries all day about getting a job. I ask him for an example of such a worry. He tells me that his friend has a much higher GPA (grade point average) and tells our patient he can find no opportunities for himself, not even an interview. Our patient thinks that if his much more successful friend in law school cannot get a job, he himself has not a chance in hell, so to speak.

Watching his eyes in their line of sight, I see they are downcast. Here is the funnel that gets narrower and darker and more frightening all day long. When I ask him what he thinks of this conclusion, he looks at me brightly and says, Honestly, I don’t agree with it. My friend is trying to get a job to enter a career that will make him millions. Everyone seems to seek these jobs, so it is nearly impossible to get an interview, just mathematically speaking. I actually want to go into public law, to be a public servant, and be paid modestly. I am very well rounded in my interests, and I will be an excellent candidate for such positions. He gives me a big smile.
What? He did not even know that he already knew! I told him it was typical. Because memory is holographic, to handle enormous material, it only retrieves actual images of places and times by movements of the eyes and head (Pribram, 2007, Holonomic Brain Theory). So, once you stare into this funnel, you only get images of a worse and worse fate. When I supposed you might have a different perspective or line of sight, you looked at me and found yourself in a different world, starting with the word, Honestly ...

3. Third Line of Sight. So mine was the third line of sight that supposed he had not only a first line of sight, drastically narrowing in his funnel, but only a second, right next to, or juxtaposed to the first, without his being the wiser. I had to supply the third, to see the first and second juxtaposed, which he was incapable of. Of course, he has very little of this third line of sight, but he might borrow it from me, when he gets back into this downcast dread, recalling I said that he actually did not have to keep looking in that terrible direction.

Virgil supplies this, sometimes Dante can himself, every time in the Inferno that they sight some terrible denizen. Dante often swooned from looking too long, and Virgil would pull him back. Look at any page of The Inferno at random, and you will find it. For example, just now I opened at random to page 385 (Dante Alighieri, 2000, original work published 1300), where Dante has become terrified:

If rage is added to their malice,
they will pursue us still more cruelly
than the hound that sets his fangs into a hare.

I could feel my scalp go taut with fear …

Virgil sights a slope for them to slide down out of the reach of these devils.

No sooner had he touched the bottom with his feet
than the devils were above us on the ridge.
Yet now we had no cause for feeling fear,
For high Providence, which made them wardens of the fifth crevasse, deprives them of the power to leave it.

Sullivan (1956) had just such a gift for a third line of sight. See my discussion (pp. 47-48, 1986, reprinted 1997) of the Case of the Housewife-Economist. She is married to an economist who continually puts her down, and so her gaze is as into a morass of hell. He literally lifts her eyes, in his words, to see she has quite as many abilities as her husband, and so why not use them?

II. The Code That Collapses the Potential Field, and the Two Kinds of Subjects That Present to Us: Those Gloriing and Abounding in its Administration, and Those Destroyed by It.

The two kinds of cases we already have before us. Sullivan’s economist is the administrator of his oikonomia (household arrangements, at work and at home) generating endless loops of self-congratulation, which is what Agamben calls the empty throne. He is a captive of this single line of sight. His wife is the subject to this throne, destroyed in every sentence he utters and that she accepts as the Word.

Each enacts a myth in the set of myths that comprise the orchestral score. His is of the king -- Hers of the loyal subordinate, the helpmate who is not helped. Other common myths in the score include the prophet, the shepherd of the flock, the angel, the martyr, the bailiff, and so forth.

Each myth collapses (the exact word from Richard Jaconette, personal communication) the potential, transitional field, by forcing from the inside the infallible conception, and/or by being forced from the outside by the code of obedience to be given eternal life, or destroyed by being cast into darkness. The beautiful exchange of symmetry is collapsed into a dull asymmetry of exchange over and over, Till Kingdom Come. Winnicott (1971, Gustafson, 1986, reprinted 1997, Chapter 7, Winnicott: Therapeutic Consultations) describes the potential field as transitional, only when it is not coerced by phantasy as magical power from the inside or by
obedience to being massively imposed upon (Richard Jaconette, personal communication). Only then is there an equal free flow between inside and outside, as in Winnicott’s squiggle game.

III. The Capacities Needed to Take In This Perspective: Metaphorical (Poetic, Literary, Musical, Dramatic, Architectural) and Anthropological (Sociological, Historical, Theological), or from the Interior and Exterior Fields.

Psychiatry generally lacks the metaphorical and anthropological capacities. I showed a DVD of a consultation to a Department of Psychiatry in France that exemplified the limitations of the field. The patient was a vice-president of a corporation, who had been driven out of it in middle age, by the crudest means of disqualifying him: lies about the agenda he had promised to fulfill, and thus was found lacking, and deserving of being banished into darkness.

The audience lacked an anthropological capacity for appreciating the ruthlessness of corporate life, for getting rid of middle-level executives in middle life (Ho, 2009). When I showed the patient, describing his anguish about being driven out, and revving up his engine to drive in front of a semi-truck to kill himself, they said: Why is he so upset? How do you know he was wronged?

They did not seem to know what the game was. Then they said: why did he not just get another job, or do something else? I replied: well, here, look at his dreams, and maybe you will see why he can’t let go of the injustice, and move on. The first dream was of his boss belittling his own son, until our patient wrestled him to the ground. The second dream was of taking blows from his father, until he stood up and knocked him back. The third dream was being in a courtroom with his higher (not immediate) boss cross-examining him day after day. Day after day, our patient came up with the rebuttal.

In other words, the dreams have the simplest and most profound metaphor, implicit metaphor, which juxtaposes what the patient, himself, puts together: gross injustice, not giving up the fighting back. He had spent his entire life in this myth, out of a poor childhood, that his worthy contributions had to be valued. It was infallible, had been infallible, his faith, his lifeline
(Winnicott, 1971), without which life could not go on. My audience seemed to know nothing about this.

So, I was not about to convince an audience with hardly any anthropological or poetic capacity. They just thought that nothing unusual had happened to him, and that he should move on.

Interestingly, my second book on the structure of dreams (the first has Levi-Strauss’s Orchestral Score, Chapter 10, *The New Interpretation of Dreams*, 1997) (the second is *The Practical Use of Dreams*, 2000) said that almost all dreams are transforms in two dimensions, from one line of sight, to a second line of sight that is radically different, a non-linear jump from one world (captivity) to another world (deliverance), from a distribution of force in one dimension, to a redistribution of force in two dimensions (see Gustafson, 2011, *Twenty-Four Theorems of the Topology of Captivity and Deliverance, Chapter 19, Ernest Fenollosa: The Natural Sentence*).

Oh well, this audience had no glimmer of what I was talking about.

IV. The Code as Implicit Metaphor -- What is Juxtaposed, in Waking Life and in Dream Maps --Two Dreams of the Author.

Of course, I had to take my own medicine in France. I too have had an infallible myth as my life line (Caitlin Gustafson, personal communication) that as a prophet I could wake up the fields I entered: group relations, brief dynamic psychotherapy, family therapy, organizational life, dream interpretation, literature as a map of psychiatry. I could do no such thing, any more than I could wake up the Dept. of Psychiatry in France. Here are two of a series of dreams, of the most profound implicit metaphors for me, which I had when I had come home from Burgundy.

*The Author’s Dream of Three Tables of Poissons (Fish)*

Very simply, the image is of three very long tables of poissons (French for fish) that I had killed and chopped to pieces. I was -- or was it Jesus? -- Standing in front of a huge crowd, calling for my prosecution, or persecution or crucifixion:
The implicit metaphor, by simple juxtaposition is this: my demonstrations of the destroyed people (fish), followed by my being destroyed, quite like Jesus himself. I am not doing it any more.

The Author’s Dream of Corridor Softball

I am playing a game in my own department, of two-person softball, my team being my head scheduler, pitching, and myself in the outfield (which is merely farther back in one of our corridors). She is pitching to an unprepossessing, little, pudgy female, who strikes the ball very well, runs very well, and most importantly, pauses as she rounds first base, hesitating as in mid-air, between taking second base, or retreating to first base. She is a genius of this hesitating, between opening up to a further chance, and closing up to wait for a better moment to steal on us. I see from the outfield that we have no chance against such genius. She gets the game, perfectly, of the potential, transitional field: hesitating, until she sees to open or sees to close.
This map takes us straight to our final subject.

V. The Denizens of the Inferno: Learning 0, From One Line of Sight; Learning I, from Two Lines of Sight; Learning II, from Three Lines of Sight. Learning III, The Inferno as a Complete Oikonomia or Dispensation.

I happened to have to cover the consult service this weekend, and had to interview three patients, who were going absolutely nowhere. Nevertheless, they loved talking with me, being found out like children in hide-and-go-seek. To take one: an anorexic in her sixties, in the hospital for severe metabolic condition at 75 pounds. Of course, I knew that fifty years of this was not about to change. My interest was how it worked --Very simply. As with all anorexic bulimics, she distracted herself by her eating and purging. I supposed out loud that it got her out of something? Oh yes, she said, I cannot bear to be a good girl, at my mother’s, or in the hospital for more than a week! I am my father’s girl, who said I was wicked at 15 for wanting to date boys, and I married a man just like him.

So, I asked, are you going to kill yourself, as the resident feared, with your huge hoard of sleeping pills? No, she smiled, not yet, not until my mother dies. I cannot hurt her anymore. Oh, so we do not have to be concerned for you now? She grinned, Well, maybe I will kill myself soon, because I would be discovered soon and not rot? So I replied, Alright, maybe you will. No, she said, I cannot do it to my mother.

I have already discussed patients with more than one line of sight like this, with regard to the law student in the first pages of this lecture.

Now I want to close with three cases with the capacity, as in myself, for comprehending the grip of her own myth in its full force. Learning 0 (Bateson, 1972) is never really learning anything. Learning I is learning to handle a particular situation. Learning II is learning the entire set of exchanges one has gotten wrong from one’s infallible myth.
These are three patients discussed in previous lectures, each coming into a full and explicit understanding of her own myth and its grip on her.

**The Case of the Noose Over Her Neck in the Company Warehouse**

This is a patient who has gotten the company’s noose off her neck, and her mother’s materialist noose, for she is back with her children and out of the corporate world. She is thinking of working for the rival corporation, a gorilla, as she puts it, that wins every contest for business. She dreams of riding a motorcycle, ready to explode at anyone who messes with her. I am thinking this is necessary excess, having been quite at its mercy.

**The Case of the Daughter with An Absent Mother Who Says Everything is Fine.**

She has gotten pregnant, and lost the pregnancy, and is in considerable and fully understandable grief. She dreams of being on the beach at Belize with her husband on a beautiful sunny day. She suddenly sights a line of dolphins, swimming beautifully across her horizon on the ocean, or are they sea lions? Equally suddenly, they change their line, and head straight into the beach, and emerge on it as tall dogs who go past us.

What a beautiful clarity. Her mother is not apt to be there for her, but nature is on her side, mother nature, much more to count on for another chance of being pregnant.

**The Case of the Mother Carrying Her Daughter in Her Arms**

This is the patient who dreamt of being at her daughter’s college, and carrying her daughter in her arms for help (her daughter at various ages, and all along). Now, the daughter is off in another state, sounding like she is not taking care of earning a living. Also, his wife, who went off to another state with their children, left her brother. Another brother tells her that we (she) have to do something.
She dreams: I am with a friend’s daughter, showing her great shoes. I notice from a light passing across my arm (left) that there is a rectangular patch of light in it, maybe a bandage, maybe a computer chip. Huge creatures want to know what I know. Why do I have this knowledge? Whom do I ask to take me out of this (predicament)?

I have just a little more time, before I leave the discussion to her and the resident. I just say: you are coming to another (mythic) level, about being responsible for everyone else. She replies that a friend shocked her by saying she is an angel. I have way too much anger for that. After I left, the resident told me later, she cried deeply, and was called back to being sixteen, and somewhat bad sexually, and had a confrontation with God face to face (see I Corinthians 13, Now we see in a glass darkly, and then we shall see face to face). A long story of her mythic and infallible capacities is coming profoundly into focus.

Conclusion.

So what am I saying? I am saying that it is possible for the patients to be known, with great poignancy, in one dimension of hell, in two dimensions of purgatory, and in three dimensions of a myth that has held the patient in its grip of infallibility. Psychiatry will go on as usual, missing all of this, but I am not obliged to do anything about its oikonomia, or management of its household.

Finally, I want to come full circle back to the beginning when I mentioned my reading of Louis Kahn’s architecture on our flight to France. I was struck by Kahn’s phrase of material as spent light, to which he opposed fresh light. In that juxtaposition lay the whole subject of my architecture of The Inferno. The oikonomia or household economy of psychiatry tends to collapse the potential field of beautiful symmetry of freshly conceived light as we found in Burgundy into mere materials as spent light to be administered.

Thus, when we had to leave these beautiful, symmetrical fields of fresh light in Burgundy for Paris, we found ourselves in the asymmetrical world of nightmare racetracks six lanes wide packed with cars and trucks and cycles going at breakneck speeds. Spent light of mere...
materials, indeed! The maze of intersecting freeways, changing their numbers every few miles, hurtling faster and faster into Paris seemed the end of the world itself, or the Apocalypse of the Great Code.

As for comic relief, coming into the spirals of Charles de Gaulle airport, we descended like Dante and Virgil to the frozen floor of Hell, the River Cocytus, to deliver our automobile back to Europcar. What devils waiting for us! First, they tried to get me to back into a narrow space at an impossible angle. Then, they noticed a black tire mark on the right rear fender – after some gabbling, they decided they did not have the papers to report it. Finally, they decided we could just leave the car on a diagonal blocking the entry of a line of cars behind us to Europcar. We fled without a further word. Mere materials as spent light to be administered, indeed!
Lecture 25. The Electronic Current of History

This is a lecture I gave a year ago to eight medical students visiting us as residency candidates. Now I will give it to you too as if you were about to get your MD degree and enter the field of psychiatry as a first year resident.

In ten minutes I will pose to you the most difficult problem you will have in becoming a resident and a physician, and illustrate it with myself as the case example over the course of twenty-four hours earlier this week. Because I believe you have already spent over twenty years in this problem, you will then be in a position to offer your own personal perspective on it, for another five minutes. Whereupon I will give you back to Art and Claudia and Kathy to send you on your way back home.

Our Common Problem

If you looked at my web site, http://psychiatry.wisc.edu/gustafson Introduction to My Work, you would find our common problem posed as an electronic current we are immersed in, a great tide of history. Isaiah Berlin (1978) posed the difficulty of this as follows:

We are immersed and submerged in a medium that, precisely to the degree to which we inevitably take it for granted as part of ourselves, we do not and cannot observe as if from the outside (p. 71)

Then I write that the way to observe as if from the outside is by catching the striking-detail-in-the-flow-we-are-submerged-in, specifically:

The simplest detail I can imagine is that of any prey animal caught in the net it cannot get out of. It will be in chronic fight-flight . . .

which is, of course, very dangerous to the well being of that animal.
Twenty-Four Hours in the Life of the Author

Tuesday afternoon from 1 to 5PM, I was in training in the electronic medical record and was flooded with four times as much information as I could take in. I went home and told my wife it was absurd, and we forgot it and had a fine evening reading out loud to each other.

After sleeping well for six hours, I woke up about three in the morning, feeling uneasy about something, and went up to my study to ponder it. I quickly found my way to what was disturbing me: I imagined myself with my 8AM patient who is on the edge between suicidal despair and fresh developments of her superb talent, and there I would be caught up in documenting the visit in the electronic medical record and hardly able to attend to her when she desperately needs my full and complete attention. I would be the prey animal in the electronic net!

What I had been told to do if I get stuck in a gap in the documenting was go get one of the red shirts down the hall to come and help me out. I could just imagine how awkward that would be for my patient. I easily slipped out of the electronic net (line of sight 1 in the following drawing), by seeing that I could leave off my documentation at any point I felt at a loss, and stay fully with the patient, and come back to the electronic record after the patient was finished by going after the red shirt then (line of sight 2 in the following drawing).
Between Four and Six in the Morning

I was eased of the danger of being helplessly captured when my patient needed me badly, and slipped off into peaceful sleep. I had one of the most beautiful dreams of my life, of play with the gods, drawn in the lower half of my preceding diagram.

Starting from the lower left, one of the gods was standing on a steep column high in the air with a heavy, computer back pack on his back, while I tossed balls for him to catch which would tempt him to reach out too far and lose his balance, and fall to his death (this is the so-called U-Plot of Northrop Frye (1983) in which the temple of Jerusalem is beautifully re-built, only to be dragged down by invaders once again). He just laughed, and refused to be tempted.

In the next scene to the right, I was sitting in front of a service station, sitting in a simple chair, between two gods sitting in simple chairs. The first tossed a ball at my head, while I ducked, and looked to see if the god behind me also ducked. He just grinned at me, and winked.

In the next scene to the right, I was coming up to a ski mountain with my ice skates over my shoulder, hoping to skate the mountain. A big, beautiful Dutch skater stood before the mountain, and I asked her about the conditions? She replied that the nine-tenths of the mountain was a complete mess of heavy rain and slush, but that the top tenth of the mountain was beautiful ice for skating, and she kissed me on the mouth. This reminds me of Thoreau on top of Mount Katahdin, where it reaches up to the gods.

In the final scene to the right, I was walking down the mountain, past an old summerhouse, with a porch of rusty screens. I kick at one of them, and it flips in the air and lands below me on the mountain. One of the gods comes out and grins at me, and thanks me for improving the view!

Conclusion

I have given you my idea of the greatest danger you will face as a resident and as a doctor in the flood of electronic materials, which you have already been in as a medical student and pre-med,
and long, long before this. Now it is your turn to say how you see the problem I have posed for you. I have taken ten minutes, and now it is your ten minutes.
Lecture 26.  Two Lines of Sight, Necessary to Learning I

The Core Problem Posed with Two Examples

The simplest way to pose this problem, as I did in Lecture 25, is to say that our patients, and ourselves, are submerged, and drowning, in an electronic current of immense force of Western history.  Agamben (2011, original work published in Italian in 2007) calls it the oikonomia, or a kind of economy.  Let us be entirely specific, as in the following diagram of forces:

![Diagram of forces](image)

If you walk straight into the mouth of this electronic Leviathan, in one line of sight, you will surely be submerged, and finally drown.

Take two examples from our resident clinic last Friday, of a middle-aged woman and of a middle-aged man.  The woman has been miserable for the last thirty years of her adult life, which has been devoted to getting all the work done on her list, in the service of others, before she allows pleasing herself.  Her body signals exactly why the latter is strangulated (Breuer and Freud, 1966, original work published 1895) — she points a finger straight into her head in self-accusation or guilt (Gustafson’s sign, Gustafson, 1986, and all subsequent ten books).  The
man has been miserable for the last thirty years of his adult life, for fear of his delight in fierce competition running away with him — he strangulates his own voice literally between his left thumb and forefinger. Perhaps, you can see how each of these patients is in a kind of economy, each at her or his own expense. For their resolution in a single example, go to the last section of this lecture.

A Dream of the Author of the Force Field Involved

The middle section of this lecture, about to begin, explains the oikonomia (Agamben, 2011, original work published in Italian in 2007), or the economic field, in which these lives are lost, or won.

Preparing for this lecture, I dreamt of the architecture of the forces involved, the Inferno in 2011 as it was in 1300 (Alighieri, Dante, 2006). My dream came in two panels, which are juxtaposed. This is called a diptych in painting. Juxtaposition is an implicit metaphor, inviting what is juxtaposed to be compared (Booth, 2006).

The first panel was this:

I am in a corridor like that of a jet plane, but simultaneously like a railroad track with an immense locomotive, which is taking over immense tracts of land in Latin America. I find myself sympathetic to the excitement of the pilots looking out on their vast take-over, until I go back into the cabin and see millions of poor people streaming into the cabin as into the back door of a church for places in the back pews.
The second panel was this:

*I invited into a storefront salon on State Street in Madison (the main street of business for the University), where an icy and self-congratulatory Professor is holding court. In other words, he is being *acclaimed* for his pronouncements. I go out the back door at once with my wife, as out into the backs of the colleges in Oxford or Cambridge. We are carrying a small sailboat to a beach in Massachusetts, but find ourselves intruded upon by a typical suburban development in California, and find the coast absolutely *barren and cold.*

Shakespeare (1969) would have understood this *juxtaposed pair* of dreams at once, for it is his entire subject in about 1600: namely, the *hot engine* (Charbonnier, 1969, quoting his radio interview of Levi-Strauss in 1959) of male power to increase its territory, the *staircase of history*
(Kott, 1974) in the history plays and tragedies, and the cold engine (also Levi-Strauss, ibid) of female power to withhold, as in his sonnets.

In other words, there are two great dangers to watch for in group-life: intrusion and abandonment. When humanity is in its wave mode (Freeman, 2001, discussed in Gustafson, 2010), it emits orders, and when humanity is in its pulse mode (Freeman, ibid) it receives signals. Often, the two powers work together to put subordinates in their places, the hot orders in wave mode, and the cold indifference in pulse mode. In 1600 Shakespeare has Richard III send his assassins to Clarence and to Hastings at 4 in the morning, and is ruthless to all appeals for mercy.

*Two Lines of Sight to Set It Right, or How to Round First Base and Hesitate in Mid-Air Between Taking Second or Retreating to First.*

Finally, we will discuss how simply this can be set right, if you have the lines of sight you will need, as in rounding first base in baseball, and hesitating as in mid-air between taking second or retreating to first. The hesitation is vital, to take in what the outfielder is able to do with the ball. If you have only one line of sight, you take in that the outfielder has the ball in hand to throw you out, but have no second line of sight to gauge the distance to second. Or you have with one line of sight the beckoning of second to be taken, and no second line of sight to gauge the readiness of the outfielder to throw you out. (For those well versed in biology, this scene needing two lines of sight to be solved is called the Lotka Scenario between predator and prey animal (Gustafson, 2008, 2010))(See also Gustafson, unpublished, [http://psychiatry.wisc.edu/gustafson](http://psychiatry.wisc.edu/gustafson), on reversals).

Once you have two lines of sight, you have what Bateson (1972) called Learning I, the capacity to solve a single example of the problem.

*Setting Our Two Case Examples Right: Learning I.*

To come back to our two patient examples and close this lecture, we will examine the lines of sight available to each of them. As for the middle-aged woman, she appeared to the resident to
have only one, when he explained his view of the case to me the day before I saw her with him: she only saw her list of duties in bitter rage, which she had to carry out, to her own exhaustion, a funnel into her Inferno.

I certainly saw the dreadful look on her face when I came into the resident’s office to meet her with him. I know that look very well, the look of hopelessness. But she turned out to have a second line of light juxtaposed to the first line of sight, but slightly turned in its direction, namely upward. She smiled and said to us that she did not want to wait another thirty years to please herself, and was beginning to experiment in giving herself what pleased her self.

Typical of most of our patients, she did not know that she knew the way out of her funnel, of a single line of sight, which is always fatal. I said to her, Look, how you already know how to get out of your thirty years of misery. You do not have to keep staring into a world that gets darker and narrower all the time. Notice how you looked slightly upward, and saw your way into a different world, which is a new beginning for you. She gave me a very beautiful smile for this exchange between us.

Finally, our middle-aged man in fewer words: he has been miserable in his adult life for accomplishing so little of his potential. Why? Because he strangulates his fierce competitive urges, for fear of strangulating some else, like he once did to his brother in a wrestling match.

In his dream he is watching another man have a success and is glad for him. Then, he thinks critically of the man that he is not so hot. Once again, his thumb and forefinger close down on his own neck. I point it out to him, that here we are again, with his terror of destroying another man if he gets competitive, in other words, the one and only line of sight he seems to know, into Inferno. But he gathers his eyes to think, and look in a second line of sight, and says to the resident and me, while laughing out loud: Hell, I used to play chess poorly, until I saw it I had to destroy my opponent to triumph myself. I loved it!
So we have \textbf{come full circle} with these two examples, showing \textbf{how two lines of sight at least allow a new beginning} in this \textbf{economy}: Learning I. Learning II and III, taken very briefly, will be the subject of the next Lecture, 27.
Lecture 27. **Third and Fourth Lines of Sight**

This is not a lecture like 25 or 26 for residency candidates and residents. It is not for young people. They will have quite enough to do to get the first and second lines of sight of Learning I. Having a few experiences of showing patients they already can see by the first line of sight what hell or Inferno they walk into, and that they have a second line of sight to walk out of it into a world elsewhere will be quite thrilling enough to sustain them for a long time.

Only as you get older and experienced enough do you begin to consider why these things keep happening, not only in a few instances, **rather continuously and everywhere you turn**. This is what Bateson (1972) called Learning II, which is to get not only single examples as in Learning I, but to **get the entire series**. I mean the entire series of power relationships in which might makes its own right.

There is a long education on this crucial subject in the west to be gotten, as well as a comparable one in the east. Very few get either, or both. This is unfortunate, but true. Nor is it likely to change. Yet it is necessary to have an adequate capacity, not only for reading power relationships, but also for reading beautiful and equal exchanges. This is because power relationships and beautiful exchanges are **always getting mixed up**. Who could be clearer about this than Homer (especially in *War Music* (Christopher Logue’s translation or account of *The Iliad*, 2003)), Dante, Shakespeare and Tolstoy?

These are the greatest of teachers of what I call the **Third and Fourth Lines of Sight**. To me they are **indispensable on a daily basis**. To read a single example from any of them is to **wake up**. By the **third line of sight**, I mean the capacity to **remain undecided** about anyone you have dealings with. As Edelman (2003) argues, everyone has **many loops, which re-enter from their histories**, and some are about mutual and beautiful and playful exchange, and some are about capturing supplies, and perhaps ruthlessly. Having gone around some loops of beautiful exchange, you can easily get **lulled** into defenselessness. A **fourth line of sight** is to be **ready for sudden changes**. Weather in relationships can shift in one second, from one loop to a different loop. In other words, the third line of sight is to know the **whole musical score**,
from beneficent to maleficent, quite as in the myths of South American Indian tribes, assembled by Levi-Strauss (1983, original work published 1964). The fourth line of sight is to know the score in the moment, in time, in the suddenness of its playing out.

On the Value of Hamlet (Booth, 1969)

Yet it is difficult for me to see how I could have these two further lines of sight without an education in the forces involved. Let us consider On the Value of Hamlet (1969), as Stephen Booth lays it out for us.

His essay comes in three parts. Part I lays out the fundamental opposition in every sentence between Claudius and Hamlet. Claudius is lying in every sentence by conjoining things, which do not go together, like But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son, while Hamlet is disjoining them, saying back to Claudius, A little more than kin and less than kind, the first thing spoken by Hamlet and the first thing spoken aside to the audience. With that line Hamlet takes the audience for his own, and gives himself as its agent on the stage. Hamlet and the audience are from this point in the play more firmly united than any other such pair in Shakespeare, and perhaps in dramatic literature (p. 150).

Part II begins: The play persists in taking its audience to the brink of intellectual terror (p. 151). Simply, Hamlet never lets anything stand: every conjunction is a disjunction, and every disjunction turns back into a conjunction. Everything seems. Seems is the operative word.

Part III explains how the audience can bear its own terror: Students of the play . . . whittle the play down for us to the size of one of its terms, and deny the others. Truth is bigger than any one system for knowing it, and Hamlet is bigger than any of the frames of reference it inhabits. Hamlet allows us to comprehend – hold onto – all the contradictions it contains. Hamlet refuses to cradle its audience’s mind in a closed generic framework, or otherwise limit the ideological context of its actions. In Hamlet the mind is cradled in nothing more than the fabric of the play. The superior strength and value of that fabric is in the sense it gives that it is unlimited in its range, and that its audience is not only sufficient to comprehend it but is in the
act of achieving total comprehension of all the perceptions to which its mind can open. The source of the strength is in a rhetorical economy that allows the audience to perform both of the basic actions of the mind upon almost every conjunction of elements in the course of the play: it perceives strong likeness, and it perceives strong difference. Every intellectual conjunction is also a disjunction, and any two things that pull apart contain qualities that are simultaneously the means of uniting them (pp. 175-6).

How do we learn to see like this, in Hamlet's third and fourth lines of sight? We simply have to have a tradition like this, from whose lines of sight we can practice seeing. The South American Indian tribes have a similar, continuous oscillation between all of its opposites, the raw and the cooked, the sweet and the rotten, the dry and the wet, and so forth (Levi-Strauss, 1983, original work published 1964). Homer gave this to the Greeks, Dante to the Italians, Tolstoy to the Russians, and so forth.

The Kingdom and the Glory (Agamben, 2011, original work published in Italian in 2007)

Agamben’s education of us, or his action upon us as Booth would say, is in a totally different style. He builds up an enormous array of religious writings, from the Early Church onwards, also from early Judaism onwards, to demonstrate that the center of these two religions is in the glory of God, which is self-contained in Him, and which has an external resonance in those who glorify him.

In his final chapter, The Archeology of Glory, he relaxes his painstaking over every phrase in the religious writings, to spell out the import of this preoccupation. He turns to Marcel Mauss, and to Durkheim, for confirmation of the same center of religion in aboriginal life. The gist of its action is that the glorifying sustains the gods and is necessary to their existence. Otherwise, they lose their power to help those who glorify them.

Then, he says that the purpose of his long detour into this archeology of religion is that its shadow falls all over political life. The King is glorious in himself, and yet he has officers who carry out his glorious government or economy.
Then, he says that the crucial activity or action of the glorifiers is what he calls inoperativity (katapausis in Greek): they do nothing but contemplate the glory of God. Of course, the political shadow of this is alarming: making themselves null leaves them to be entirely passive to any use that the hierarchy wants to make of them.

Finally, he shows how the acclamation of such total power of an empty throne, as in Rome or as in Germany in the 1930’s and 1940’s, continues now in the deification of the media, and its back up in polls, to stand for the so called consensus of the people in the glory of their rulers.

This archeology goes a long way to explaining how it is, by what action the people become such ciphers, to acquiesce in the glory of those who rule them (consider the pyramids, built for the eternal life of one man, the Pharaoh).

But there is something wrong with this argument and demonstration, which is easily taken to task. The very text of I Corinthians that is the core of the glorification of God is exactly the same text of The German Requiem of Brahms that my wife and I listened to last evening. The result is quite opposite: the singers are hardly inoperative. They do not become null, in comparison to the all-powerful God. Rather, they act as equal powers to each other in counter-point.

We were in Burgundy for almost all of September this fall, on daily pilgrimages to its array of cathedrals, churches and abbeys of tremendous vibrancy, some 800 years later. Once again, these tradespeople of the High Middle Ages were not inoperative, and not null, but rather full of contrapuntal use of color, and of light and darkness itself in counterpoint to each other.

So, it is not that Agamben is wrong about the terrible dangers of glorifying of the Glorious. Western history has been terrible indeed. And our people are far too passive. The point is: what makes for the difference between the people as inoperative, and the people in beautiful counterpoint?
This brings us back to the decisive importance of their number of lines of sight. Having none, they will see nothing of what they walk into. Having one, they will see its hell, but be overwhelmed by it. Having two, they will revive and seek heaven. But three and four will be necessary to sustain it for themselves, as in a Brahms chorus, or in the artists of the High Middle Ages. Since such traditions are uncommon, it will mostly be a private act of those blessed with a considerable education to the relevant forces.

Another Uncommon Tradition to Generate Three and Four Lines of Sight: The Dream Series, and Eight in a Series of the Author

Freud (1965, original work published 1900) was certainly aware of his own series which he lists in the conclusion of his Interpretation of Dreams as Dreams Dreamt by the Author, but it is Jung (1974, original work published 1944) who makes the series explicit as the continuous opportunity to compare the disposition of the forces involved (see Gustafson, 1997 and 2000 for discussion of the method). Now, we will take eight of my own, and watch how the forces oscillate between excessive exterior pressure and excessive interior pressure, occasionally both at once!

October 21, 2011. Reversals by Asymmetry in a Beautiful Symmetrical Field

The father of non-linear geometry, Henri Poincare (Mathematical Creation, 1985, original work published, 1908) liked to say that original proofs are exceptionally beautiful. The sieve of the unconscious selects from millions of possibilities. So it was with this beautiful dream, which introduces the forces that concern us.

I had had an annoying day in the clinic, of slip-ups by usually reliable people, of residents acting dispersed and not present, of the computer refusing to open certain pathways. I liked how one of my teachers of the new electronic medical record just took all of this as a matter of fact: her attitude was extremely helpful – namely, that digital pathways are open or closed, and when they are closed, there are other ones.
I dreamt I was in Florida between a pair of trout streams (never happens), but also like the little village about a mile from our home village of Ancy le Franc, called Chassignelle, where the Canal de Bourgogne and the Armancon River run in parallel. I had noticed that they pour into each other with enormous force, when we were in Burgundy in September.

The idea was not to get in the way: neither of the exterior world pouring into the interior world, nor of the interior world pouring into the exterior world – i.e., not to get in the way of Agamemnon’s rights at the opening of the Iliad, nor of Achilles and his counter demands (Logue, 2003). The dream is said to be in Florida, which places it 45 years ago when my wife to be invited me to visit her and her parents. The reference to trout streams places it all along ever since, where I love to read the forces accurately.

What else is there to say about it? Just that it is beautifully and continuously accurate for the last 45 years.

6 November 2011. Emily 1343 Balances the Run of Achilles

Another annoying day, this, a Saturday in brilliant low light, and wind, on a tennis court – losing in doubles to a pair of my friends who take very short backstrokes and thus thrive in these conditions – I did not like my attitude, which was like that of Achilles, namely, I should be winning, because I want it to be so.
About 6 PM, I got out Emily Dickinson’s 1343, *A Single Clover Plank*, and felt better at once. Her bumblebee is suspended between *firmament above* and *firmament below* and the wind blowing away his plank is nothing; he just wanders on.

My dream the night before was this: *I am running like Achilles to his mother in the sea, Thetis, to complain of not getting my deserts from Agamemnon. I run like him out through the gate of the Achaeans at Troy, only it is like the fence that Petya is shot to death upon in War and Peace (Tolstoy, 2007, original work published 1861), and it is also upon the peninsula of Florida where Wallace Stevens relished the sea. Also, it is like the electronic medical record that stitches these three colors together of a patient in which I did a noble interview that may have saved his life.*

Oh well, I am not going to get my honors, as Achilles did not, as the best. *I refuse to indulge this fellow in me.*
More than annoyance that preceded the last two dreams in this series. I spent four hours being loaded up with instructions for the electronic medical record. Then I drove eight miles back home, loaded up in traffic like in Minneapolis past endless corporate outlets, or distributions of force. For days I had seen mostly nullities in the clinic. In other words, the pile up of degraded materials, or spent light. When my wife impatiently reached to grab my laptop out of my lap, I finally lost my temper. We worked it out. I said, Just ask me and I will give to you.

My sieve made a very, very concise selection: I dreamed I was pitching (as I did up through 9th grade for the junior high baseball team) in practice with the bases loaded. The idea for the infield (myself included) was to take any loose hit of the batter in one step and wheel to throw it home to the catcher.
In other words, I practice being loaded up by **the exterior, explicit order**, to have ready an **implicit, instinctual balance** to **handle one more excessive claim!**

12 November 2011. 4 AM, Beautiful Roll of My Instrument; 6 AM, A Chiusa.

An absolutely beautiful day in the clinic with patients full of beautiful dream capacity in three or four lines of sight I was having. Then, I had to go back to a disability letter I did not want to write, which would take up a great deal of time for nothing.

I dreamt: *At 4 AM, that I have a beautiful instrument on a table, about waist high, which is a huge set of geometrical pairs. It is so balanced that the slightest effort like a lift of an eyebrow will swing it back from left to right, or right to left. At 6 AM, I sight a monster on my horizon, whose arms reach down to the ground, and the top of whose head is hardly visible, and who has something like a large phallus reaching nearly to the ground. Somehow, its name is spelled out for me: CHIUSA.*
When I tell my wife about this monster, we decide to look it up in an Italian dictionary, and discover his meaning: an adjective that means closed. She suggests I got it into my head reading The Inferno of Dante, which has the Italian on the left page and English on the right. To my eye, it looks like Thiepval, the famous monument of World War I to its dead being swallowed up. Evidently, Dante is alerting me to the fraud of our own time: swallowing up enormous energy for nothing. I look over the disability claim, and consider that a few notes from the old paper chart would suffice to write it up on the electronic record for letters. I did not have to let this empty throne of compensatory glory suck me into it.

15 November 2011. 4 AM, 6 AM Once Again: Re-distribution of Force, Distribution of Force.

I am disturbed by a colleague telling me about the huge multiplication of demands upon our profession for board re-certification: double the continuing medical education credits, surveillance of every credit, self-improvement examinations, restudy to make up deficiencies on it, etc., every ten years. I am grandfathered in, so it is not for me to dread it, but I dread it.

At 4 AM, I dream I have discovered a beautiful new font. When I draw it out in the morning, I see that it is a set of the natural sentences of Fenollosa in classical Chinese poetry that re-distribute force as in nature, like the arc of lighting from cloud to earth (Gustafson, 2010). At 6 AM, I dream I am on a train of children who are psychiatrists, trying to herd them along, but a female colleague and I cannot keep them together. She has a bunch of them up front in a kind of college dormitory, and I have a few in a back coach, but they are surely going to be pulled apart by the middle of the train which will not hold together.

Again, I may be absolutely calm in my own core at 4 AM, but coming towards the world at 6 AM, I see that the top-down forces of control are pulling the train to pieces. The world is certainly going to hell in the distribution of static force by official procedures.
I have a marvelous day on the tennis court with my coach, rolling from left to right between backhand and forehand in full backswings of early preparation, same on volleys with my racquet way out in front of me and simply stepping left or right from the hip, and similarly on the serve, getting slowly into a full crouch from which I can leap upward to strike the ball from the wrist.

I dream: I am on the country club golf course in Saginaw, but it is unplayable – the General Motors executives in foursomes are bearing down on me from behind, and my father is right in the line I need to take to the green. No play is possible. As Stephen Booth (1969) and Henry Adams (1961, original work published 1906) explained: you can know a force by its action upon your own body.
I have no play, **but to take to the woods at once**, like Thoreau in Concord, or Emily in Amherst, or Aldo Leopold in Madison.

17 November 2011. *I Am Applying for a Permit for a Revolver*

I give a five-minute lecture to my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic about *Two Lines of Sight* (Lecture 26), quoting p. 9 of 24 Theorems (Gustafson, 2010): *Anything contained within a boundary contains as well its own exhaustion (one line of sight only is Inferno).*  *What we receive from nature or the imagination comes to us from beyond our own sphere of influence; the continuing fertility of things depends upon their being “beyond us,” and not being drawn into the smaller ego* (second line of sight (Lewis Hyde, 1983)).

I dream: *I am applying for a permit to buy a revolver, but when I wake up at 4 AM, I sense it is far too dangerous for me, giving me too much force too quickly and irreversibly.*  *At 6 AM, I running down State Street* (*the main street from Capitol to University in Madison*), *pursued by assailants, whom I knock off with a tiny hammer from our kitchen drawer.*
Nice correction, between 4 AM and 6 AM, but I do not like to feel so threatened in my 4 AM core.

19 November 2011. *Henry V Addresses the Boy-Princes*

I give one of my five-minute lectures (*Lecture 26*) to the assembled residency candidates, who happen to be all young men who line themselves up in a row directly across the big seminar table. It is an extraordinary presentation, if I may say so: we discuss the entire history of psychotherapy, from Breuer and Freud (1973, original work published, 1893-1894) on self-strangulation, to two cases of such of my own; we discuss richly joined systems as described by Selvini-Palazzoli (1980) which cannot generate a second line of sight; we discuss why resistance does not appear to noticing a second line of sight, because the patient has no idea that he or she has it already; and we discuss how this was also true of Brazilian peasants in whom Freire (1970) could discover a second of line of sight by showing them pictures of themselves for which they suddenly discovered *generative words* in Portuguese they did not know they had either.
What was very amusing to them was how fearful they were to ask me challenging questions that led to these wide-ranging replies from me: often, they accused themselves of attempting to destroy me, by Gustafson’s sign (Gustafson, 2010) of one or two fingers pointed at their own heads!

I dreamed that night: *I am managing a campaign for tenure of a young colleague by marshaling enormous material, and enormous measures of its impact upon his field.*

Of course, the dream juxtaposes the opposites that concern me in every dream of this series: the marvelous ability of three or four lines of sight to generate tremendous range and depth upon our whole field, versus one line of sight of an enormous pile-up of materials to generate a minor point.

**Conclusion**

Let us recapitulate the distance we have traveled in this lecture. We began from my definition of the third line of sight as the capacity to remain undecided, not only as the base runner
rounding first base has to hesitate in mid-air between taking second and returning to first, as he lines up two lines of sight, the taking of second, and the taking in of what the right fielder is going to be able to throw at second base, but also the entire series of two lines of sight, to decide when to open further and take second, or to close up and return to first. Also, we began from my definition of the fourth line of sight as the capacity for being ready for sudden changes, not just in the one situation of the base runner rounding first, but also in the entire series of all situations. As in dealing with weather fronts, the forces to read can change in an hour, or a minute, or a second. Dealing with people rather than weather fronts is much more slippery, because human beings are all sets of many, many loops which select their re-entry, so you never quite know when you are about to get a very different and strange loop.

This led us into the profound need for an education by our predecessors who knew the most about these difficult situations. We took two of them, Shakespeare in Hamlet, as explicated by Stephen Booth, and Giorgio Agamben in The Kingdom and the Glory. What I emphasized from Booth is the world of Everything Seems. To remain undecided like Hamlet is to remember that every conjunction may also be a disjunction, which Hamlet practices upon every line of what is said to him, from the line of Claudius to Hamlet’s opening reply, to all the other characters in the play. What I emphasized from Agamben is that the empty throne of glory can be expected at every turn in society, which reduces the glorifiers to empty inoperatives. Indeed, Claudius as an empty throne of glory is at work in every sentence to reduce his subjects to glorifiers who are indeed empty inoperatives to be managed. Shakespeare and Agamben are showing us the same play. Each gives Learning II. All the versions of Learning II make Learning III.

Young people have a terrible time reading these situations, and their elders hardly know better. Almost no one gets an education in the authors that know about this from Homer and Dante, to Shakespeare and Tolstoy. This led us to another uncommon line of education, which is the dream series, in which the conscious tries as hard as it can to read a situation, and then waits for the unconscious sieve, as Poincare demonstrated, to read what has been overlooked, in a succession of nights, which allow different situations of force to be juxtaposed and thus compared.
What has my series of eight nights demonstrated? I will tell you what I see, in terms of the third line of sight, the capacity to remain undecided, and in terms of the fourth line or sight, the capacity to be ready for sudden changes in the forces. I see most of the series (November 9, 12, 15, 16, 19) as a beautiful, peaceful playfulness at 4AM (lower clef), followed by a turning back to the world at 6 AM (upper clef) to face up to the harsh realities of empty thrones of glory. The exceptions in the series are two-fold. November 6 shows me at 4 AM caught up with claims like those of Achilles that are not going to be fulfilled, and November 17 shows me applying for a permit for a revolver.

It makes complete biological and historical sense why I should be woken up at 4 AM by excessive claims or by feeling undefended, just as Lord Hastings was woken up at 4 AM by a messenger from a friend, Lord Stanley, that he had better take flight at once not to be rounded up and killed by Richard III. Hastings did not heed the warning, and paid with his life.

The simplest way I can explain the variations of forces in the series is from the so-called Lotka Scenario (Gustafson, 2010). We animals need to have our burrows or forts in which we dwell defended, peacefully asleep to re-gather our strength. We also need to go forage to provide ourselves with necessary supplies. These foraging episodes continually run the risk of the base runner hesitating in mid air as he contemplates whether to take second base, or back off. Like any prey animal, he can get too far from his burrow, before he can get back to it and he will get picked off. This is why 4AM disturbances are needed to arouse him to fight or flight.
Lecture 28.  **Inferno 1300 and Inferno 2012**

“If at other times it costs so little for you to give clear answers,” they replied in turn, “happy are you to speak so free.”

-- *The Inferno*, 2000 (original work published 1300), Canto XVI, lines 79-81

It is time to explain why and how we need Dante’s *Inferno*, of 1300. We need it for what? It seems as if everyone manages without it altogether. It is difficult to judge if we have not read it.

My lecture, therefore, has four parts to follow. The first is my reading of the *Inferno* of 1300, to **show what it gives us**. The second is my parallel reading of *The Iliad* in its contemporary form composed by Christopher Logue, which is called *War Music* (1997). The third is my still parallel reading of *Hierarchy Theory* (1996), by Valerie Ahl and Timothy Allen, which explains how ecological systems are constructed and how they evolve or are destroyed.

The fourth and final part is my construction of the architecture of psychiatry, *Inferno 2012*, and its lines of sight, showing what is the same as in 1300, and showing what has changed profoundly.

**What is at stake for Dante is what is at stake for me:** namely, to be **oriented to seeing what will destroy you, before you arrive at it, so you can steer around it**. That is what Virgil teaches Dante, as they descend through an extremely precise architecture of **force and fraud**, arranged in a set of concentric circles, each more of a **malignant place** than the previous. In other words, **what is at stake is an education that saves you from destroying yourself.** Every animal is up to nothing less.

**Inferno of 1300**

This *Inferno* is an explicit architecture at every turn. You know where you are and where you are going, continuously. It has thirty-four cantos, divided evenly between seventeen on the sins
of force (incontinence) and seventeen on the sins of fraud. In between comes a mighty pivot, named Geryon, who carries Virgil and Dante on his back from the hell of force, to the hell of fraud. Let it speak for itself as follows:

‘Behold the beast with pointed tail, that leaps
past mountains, shatters walls and weapons!
Behold the one whose stench afflicts the world’

was how my guide began.
Then he signaled to the beast to come ashore
close to the border of our stony pathway.

And that foul effigy of fraud came forward
beached its head and chest
but did not draw its tail up on the bank.

It had the features of a righteous man,
benevolent in countenance,
but all the rest of it was serpent.

(Inferno XVII, Lines 1-12)

Let us take one example of fraud, perhaps the most unforgettable one, in Canto XXVIII concerning the schismatics. As always in Dante, it speaks for itself as follows:

I truly saw, and seem to see it still
a headless body make its way
like all the others in the dismal flock

And by its hair he held his severed head
Swinging in his hand as if it were a lantern.
The head stared at us and said, ‘Oh, Woe!’ . . .

‘You who view the dead with breath yet in your body,
look upon my grievous punishment.
Is there any other as terrible as this?

‘So you may carry back the news of me,
know I am Bertran de Born, the one
who urged the young king on with bad advice. . . .

‘Because I severed persons thus conjoined,
severed, alas, I carry my own brain
from its starting-point here in my body.
In me you may observe fit punishment.

(Lines 118-123, 130-135 and 139-142)

This page has in microcosm the entire Inferno. You get the clearest line of sight to a disaster, which always follows the same logic (page 486) of the contrapasso: a man who severed the young king from sound advice has been severed himself from his own head – whatever you did is done unto your own body. You see it first from afar, in an absolutely unforgottably clear line of sight. Then you hear it. Often, you also smell it and taste it and touch it.

Always, the seeing from afar is augmented by the other senses. Here is an example of seeing from afar, augmented by the sense of touch, which is uncanny. It is from Canto XXIV, concerning thievery, which gets its contrapasso, for its hands on the body of somebody else, to receive the same in punishment:

Amid this fearsome and most awful plenty,
people, naked and in terror, were running,
without hope of refuge or of heliotrope.
Their hands were tied behind their backs with snakes 
that thrust heads and tails between their legs 
and joined, knotting themselves in front.

And behold, one of these souls was near our ridge 
when a serpent launched and pierced him through 
right where the neck and shoulders join.

(Lines 91-99)

So, why is this indispensable to us? There is no more compelling message to ourselves about our actions than what they will bring about in our own bodies. This is precisely how our dreams get this across to us. We will return to this crucial point: for dreams rerun the routes we run by day – if these routes constitute a great danger to ourselves, they will come to us at 4AM with the kind of vividness displayed by Dante in nearly every line. I do not consider this a minor matter. As I said, we need Dante, every time we turn around. This readiness of a single line of sight, augmented by the other senses, is indispensable to every animal that lasts in this world.

Logue’s Homer

Christopher Logue died a few weeks ago at age 85 on December 2, 2011. To my way of thinking, and that of some others, he is a major poet. I introduce him, here, because his action upon us is strikingly parallel to the action of Dante upon us. Take his opening lines to The Iliad as follows:

Picture the east Aegean sea by night, 
And on a beach aslant its shimmering 
Upwards of 50,000 men 
Asleep like spoons beside their lethal Fleet. (p. 5)
His lines of sight come from great distances like those of Dante, before they come close with the other senses: Asleep like spoons beside their lethal Fleet. Asleep like spoons is such a perfect domestic piece of tranquility; it is juxtaposed with beside their lethal Fleet. This is a microcosm of what Logue’s Homer is acting on us continually. Asleep like spoons is not seeing where it is going, into, beside their lethal Fleet. The first half of the line going one way, a caesura or pause, and we are going somewhere opposite: also, what Shakespeare did, as I have discussed many times in these lectures.

Logue’s Homer also gets close to what is putrid, from what is fair at a distance. Here is Hector, speaking of Paris, his brother, who dragged them into the Inferno of the war:

They have not spoken for five years.

“Oh, there you are.”
(Blowing a speck off his brother's plate.)
“The womanizing smirk who took their queen.
Troy’s heir. A picker. Picking one
Whose owners live for nothing except war.
The world says yes to you before you ask.
Your laughter pardons your betrayals in advance.
What does he do at dusk when other souls
Beg God to see them through the night?
The same thing that he does at dawn.
Your hair, your voice, your dancing, your guitar.

Beautiful filth, you must be pleased.
It is a long time since you had the chance
To be the man you were the day you brought her
And them ashore, brought her, and them ashore . . .
Beautiful filth.
Here is your opportunity to be that man again
Before you die, courtesy her first husband, I should think:
Take it, or I shall strangle you with my bare hands.”  (p. 96)

Must be something important about this, since Dante and Logue’s Homer (and
Shakespeare) pounce upon it.

Finally, there is a kind of opposite transition, of something quite glorious, which invites one’s
death.  Here is what sets up Achilles near the conclusion of War Music:

Achilles saw his armor in that instant
And its ominous radiance flooded his heart.
   Bright pads with toggles, crossed behind the knees,
Bodice of fitted tungsten, pliable straps,
His shield as round and rich as moons in spring;
His sword’s haft parked between sheaves of grey obsidian
From which a lucid blade stood out, leaf-shaped, adorned
With running spirals.
   And for his head a welded cortex; yes,
Though it is noon, the helmet screams against the light;
Scratches the eye; so violent it can be seen
Across three thousand years (p. 213)

Who would not put that helmet on?  Who would see where it takes him?  His horse tells
him:

And when we leave you, not for dead, but dead (p. 214).
Hierarchy Theory

Hierarchy Theory (Ahl and Allen, 1996) I will now explain as a parallel to Inferno and War Music. It is a general systems theory, developed from Hierarchy, Perspectives for Ecological Complexity (Allen and Starr, 1982). I introduce it here, because it has sufficient complexity and explanatory power, to compare Inferno 1300 with Inferno 2012: what has stayed the same and what has changed in the structure of society in the last 700 years.

Hierarchies of all kinds, biological, social and literary – to mention a few – depend upon a capacity to relate smaller scales to larger scales. In general, they do this in two ways. The first is by differences in reaction rates – smaller scales of narrow extent and high frequencies interact intensely with each other such that a surface arises separating it from surrounding scales of larger extent and lower frequency of interaction. For example, the Krebs cycle for generation of energy in a cell, speeded up by enzymes, moves at least ten times faster than the surrounding matrix of materials, and so it needs no literal boundary to contain it, when this functional surface has arisen. The second way of relating smaller scales to larger scales is by what is called a filter – a large scale, for example can let in only high frequency waves of narrow extent, and exclude low frequency waves of a wide extent.

This is precisely what goes on in psychiatry – and countless other specialties – which develops a huge array of its own materials which these specialists handle at a very rapid rate of exchange with their colleagues, students, patients, insurance companies, and so forth – I mean a language of diagnoses and treatments, pharmacological and behavioral. This activity is so speeded up by the increasing volumes of patient interactions in an hour or a day that a relatively impermeable surface arises around this field of intensely speeded up interactions. The very same activity also generates a filter to let in high frequency information of narrow extent – what is the diagnosis, what is the pharmacological or behavioral treatment, what is the differential diagnosis to rule out similar diagnoses and treatments, what are the dangers inherent in the diagnoses and treatments to be watched out for. Such a filter will exclude anything of low frequency, which comes from other fields which can come from huge distances and far times.
Thus, Logue’s Homer and Dante’s *Inferno* would seem **not to penetrate** such a field with such an impermeable surface, with such a strict filter for high frequencies of narrow extent. In general, this is true of psychiatry, and **all of the specialties in science, social science and the humanities** – since all of them have a huge build up materials, technical vocabularies and references, in which all of participants are interacting frequently and incessantly. All of them also have strict filters to exclude everything that is not high frequency and narrow extent (what they call **high impact** --that resonate with a high percentage in the specialty that have the most prestige).

Now, it is possible for me to say what makes *Inferno 2012* different from *Inferno 1300*. The greater danger of **capture** in 2012 comes from capture by the **materials to become their clerk**. The result is a small, banal and bounded world that can only **exhaust itself** and that has **no development**. This is not to say that capture by will or fraud is unimportant. There is just **less** time and space in which it can **operate**.

**The Architecture of Psychiatry: Its Lines of Sight into the Inferno of 2012**

The first three parts of the lecture now prepare us for the fourth. I have been concerned for at least 25 years, since my first book, *The Complex Secret of Brief Psychotherapy*, was published in 1986, with having **lines of sight** that come to us from **great distances**. Indeed, I discussed Dante’s 25th and 26th Cantos in that book, quite as I am now, as a **highly malignant place of fraud**, impossible to get out of once you are in it.

Reader, I hope you are persuaded by my presentation of *Inferno 1300* and of *War Music* that a **single line of sight leads to capture and/or death**. One of the great benefits of images that have made their way to us, at a very low frequency, from three thousand years ago, is that **there has been a tremendous amount of time and space in which they can be considered and re-considered**. I hope you have sensed that in the lines of Christopher Logue, which **draw so much force** from Homer and Dante to us.
I would have you also consider and re-consider what hierarchy theory has to say about our evolution (Ahl and Allen, 1996, 169-177.). Darwin had argued that evolution came from species having more or less success with getting scarce resources. Ahl and Allen argue for a more powerful dynamic, called incorporation of disturbance. What they mean is simply this: plants and animals encountering a huge disturbance to their survival may find a way to lie low, out of its way, by having a supply of the resources now become scarce. Then, all they need to do is wait for the danger to pass. For example, big blue stem prairie grass would be destroyed by prairie wildfires, but their deep root systems and meristems with plenipotential for re-seeding have incorporated the disturbance into their life cycle. The cycle of fires demolish most of their competitors, while they emerge stronger than ever with plenty of room and time to enlarge their domain.

In precisely the same way, Logue’s Homer and Dante demonstrate the peril of being caught up in a single line of sight. Gilchrist (2011) calls it the danger of light in the darkness (in all of the Greek tragedies). It is false light, where I left off Achilles --in the ominous radiance of his armor, or Bertran de Born, carrying his own head as a lantern. Gilchrist argues of Greek tragedy – particularly of The Oreisteia, of Agamemnon’s family – that the cluster of images is one of nets of all kinds:

Actually, by net I mean a complex of related images, net, coils, web, harness — constructs of fabric or cord that link, entangle, capture or constrain. Harness appears first in a metaphor: Calchas at Aulis forsees the Greek army as a “great bit for Troy’s mouth.” (p. 48).

As I have argued in Lecture 26, Two Lines of Sight, and in Lecture 27, The Third and Fourth Lines of Sight, everything depends on these second, third and fourth lines of sight, so as not to be entranced by false light in a net. But, how am I to introduce these lines into psychiatry, when psychiatry has generated such an exclusive, surrounding surface around an immense amount of materials as spent light in which its interacts incessantly?

It has taken me twenty-five years to figure out, and a series of books of which this is the twelfth. I will tell you the last several steps, which are consistent with Logue’s Homer, Dante, and
hierarchy theory. I learned to **penetrate its surface** in two successive steps. **The first was to cut through the enormous amount of material building up** between the resident and patient, by simply asking the patient, *What are you concerned about most today?* Inevitably, the patient would look away, become more somber or agitated, and tell me about something going wrong. Always, I would ask for an example, and I would be taken along a **first line of sight** into some **capture** of the patient.

This fall, I took my penetration of the surface of psychiatry another step, as I have discussed in the previous lectures: I would notice a change in the patient’s gaze from downward into Inferno, to sideways or upwards, whereupon I could say: *You already see the way out of it. Tell me what you see now.*

**How do these two moves penetrate the relatively impermeable surface of psychiatry around its huge set of materials?** Because each of the two moves with **astonishing rapidity**, or high frequency, in a space of very narrow extent, of a sentence or two. In other words, they slide right in there with all of the other materials rushing by. Yet, they also carry **lines of sight** that come from a huge distance, looking first into the false light in the darkness, and secondly into deliverance from its promises.

Thus, they are quite like Logue’s Homer and Dante’s *Inferno*, which also have this **double quality** of high frequency in narrowsness of extent, with low frequency range to come from long distances of time and space.

Recall Dante on fraud in one line: *Behold the one whose stench afflicts the world.*

Recall Logue’s Homer opening our sight to the *Iliad*: *Asleep like spoons beside their lethal Fleet*

Indeed, Dante and Logue’s Homer can get across a huge danger in two words, such as *Headless body*, or *Beautiful filth.*
Thus, they can penetrate remarkable shields. In exactly this way, the sieve selects a detail from the millions of details in the night sea of dreams to convey a message from a great distance into a very small compass. Walker Percy (1975) once said that the force of a metaphor is the distance it travels, like a blue-dollar hawk. I would add, also by its concision.

Consider again a case from Lecture 26. A patient who fears his own force is asked for an example. He replies that he cannot allow himself to compete with other men, so he switches off his power. When he is flying a model airplane well and is praised by his coach, he crashes the plane at once. Suddenly, we have a first line of sight.

His nightly re-run of this situation in a dream now will give us two lines of sight. In the dream, he is criticizing a fellow pilot of model airplanes as not being all that good, when he grabs himself by the throat with his left hand. When I ask him where this unconscious gesture is taking him, he replies that he once wrestled his brother and grabbed him by the throat and his brother passed out and had to be taken to the hospital.

Need he always have to caution himself against this? He looks up to think about this question, discovering a second line of sight and laughs. He used to fear playing out in chess. Now he can accept that some one has to lose and that he would rather win!

The Author’s Dream of the Sieve

I dreamed three weeks ago of a beautiful structure quite like that of an oyster: a fortress, with delicate flaps, which looked like this (minus the green line added last night)

The idea of the dream is of a system of filters like the oyster has inside its sturdy fortress of shell. The oyster is being admired for its formidable barrier to a disturbing world, yet its immense delicacy in filtering sea water for its supper. I aspire to be as skillful.

Nearly a month later, my drawing with the green line added shows an improvement in my design of the great instrument of orientation (Gustafson, 2008). It has two filters, a high frequency pass for sudden events in a small compass, and a low frequency pass for events coming from
immense distance of time and space. **The added green line is the capacity to coordinate the two filters, simultaneously, called a band pass filter** (Ed Rusi, personal communication).

For instance – following the conception of hierarchy theory concerning **evolution as incorporation of disturbance** – I have been disturbed showing residents two beautiful lines of sight in five minutes with their patients and then having them disappear regularly into their swamp of materials in spent light.

According to the theory, I will **remain disturbed as long as I keep opening myself up to their disturbance**. I am **not disturbed** once I expect them to go on drowning themselves again. I can **go somewhere else, like the big blue stem grass, and enjoy myself.**
Lecture 29. Corridors of Cold Calls

Many believe in the stars.

Take Quinamid
The son of a Dardanian astrologer
Who disregarded what his father said
And came to Troy in a taxi.

Gone

--Cold Calls, Christopher Logue, 2005, p. 3

So opens the fifth of five hour-long plays, or accounts, of the Iliad of Homer by Christopher Logue (2005): Quinamid made a cold call. Gone.

What is this plot to us? Just a hint, so far, in this epigraph, of what is to come. But why might we care about it? Oh, only because it is the main line of sight in our modern culture of five thousand years. I mean an endless and incessant conversation, at twice the rate of comprehension, about who or what is winning, and who or what is losing. This is the news, this is the entertainment, and this is society’s talk. Nothing has changed in this respect from Homer to Dante to Shakespeare to Tolstoy to Christopher Logue. Very often, this first line of sight is highly misleading.

Aristotle recognized the problem with this plot in his Poetics (1996, original work published sometime in Aristotle’s lifetime of 384-322 B.C.). What he said was that the best tragedies are complex ones, which involve reversal and recognition, and preferably both within the scope of a single action that can be kept continuously in mind:

A reversal is a change to the opposite in the actions being performed (p.18).
Recognition, as in fact the term indicates, is a change from ignorance to knowledge (p. 18).
In other words, the plot of tragedy opens up a second line of sight to what actually is about to happen. It is potentially highly orienting.

We are very weak at taking in a second line of sight provided by tragedy, compared to Aristotle’s Athenians in 325 B.C., or Dante’s readers in 1300, or Shakespeare’s play-goers in 1600. Christopher Logue gives us another chance to improve ourselves in 2005.

Thus, my plan for this lecture, as Aristotle would recommend, first, is to show the single line of the action in Cold Calls, of reversal and recognition, to get across the force of this plot, and, second, to show the single line of action in my dreams every night for the first ten nights of the year 2012. The sieve of my unconscious, responding to my conscious reading all five of the plays of Logue’s Homer, has been doing something unprecedented: all ten of them point to a field, or corridor, as at Troy, in which a single image opens up its devastating action.

Evidently, my unconscious takes Logue’s Homer to be exceedingly pertinent to orienting us, and, in particular, myself. As Jung (1974) used to say, small dreams matter only to the dreamer, and large dreams sent to the dreamer concern the whole group or society.

So, the lecture will be in two parts: Logue’s Account, followed by My Account.

Logue’s Account

I will have us take up this fifth play, from the conclusion of the fourth called All Day Permanent Red (2003). By my reading, this plot of the fourth has a similar core to the fifth, as in the following incident:

Right now near Hyacinth the son of Hyacinth, a Greek
Able to quarry slate, throw a fair pot (and decorate it)
He chose to follow Agamemnon (still up-ridge
Still saying “Ours by dark . . .”) while Hyacinth stood
Alone in the dispersal, awed
By Hector’s speed by Hector’s light as Hector jumped
His sword – that caught the light – into his other hand
Lent out across the Troyside wheel

**And wishing him the very best of luck**

*Decapitated Hyacinth as they passed* (pp. 13-14).

Remarkable to me is just what Aristotle pointed to: the tranquil beauty of the apparent situation, with an ironic politeness from Hector to Hyacinth, and sudden, catastrophic and casual reversal and recognition of the true situation: decapitated Hyacinth.

This is the single action of the fourth and fifth plays which makes each one unforgettable as a whole field. The conclusion of the fourth moved me the most: Logue’s Homer pans back from the killing field at dusk:

*Or are they only asleep?*
*They are too tired to sleep.*
*The tears are falling from their eyes.*
*The noise they make while fighting is so loud*
*That what you see is like a silent film*
*And as the dust converges over them*
*The ridge is as it is when darkness falls.*

*Silence and light*

*The earth*
*And its attendant moon*

*(Neither of great importance*

**But beautiful and dignified)**

*Making their way around the sun.*
Now, Logue’s Homer pans back like a great filmmaker moving slowly westward with the retreating sun: Finally to:

Lead west, until, green in their shallow sea
That falls away into the Atlantic deeps
He sees the Islands of the West.
   He who? Why, God, of course.
Who sighs before He looks
Back to the ridge that is, save for a million footprints,
Empty now.  (pp. 49-50).

I am so moved by this, in relief to get to: The earth / And its attendant moon – to step back from this terrible field and find something, ironically: Neither of great importance – beautiful and dignified. Similarly, I am moved by the same line of sight following the sun westward, also so beautiful and ironic – He who? Why, God, of course. If we are going to bear the tragedy in one line of sight, seen in the second, we need a line of retreat in a third and fourth line of sight.

Cold Calls moves me like this, but more, with a number of other angles of reversal and recognition not to be found in All Day Permanent Red.

First, there are many, many incidents that bring out the casualness of the killing that is more pronounced in its reversals – which is something we need to know about. Here is one:

Lord Teucer’s archers hidden in the grass. (Now, the Trojans come on).

   “Down came their points. Out came their battle cry.
And our cool Mr 5 X 5 called: ‘Up.’ And up we got
And sent our arrows into them,
That made them pirouette.
Topple back down the rise, leaving their dead
For some of us to strip, and some, the most,
To pause, to point, to plant, a third, fourth
Volley into their naked backs. Pure joy!” (Pp. 6-7)

Second, there are the reversals made over and over again by the whimsical female goddesses
– that is something else we need to know about. Here is one:

‘Huntress,’ Lord Panda prays,
Bright-ankled god of nets and lines,
Of tangled mountains and of dark cascades . . . ‘

But Artemis was bored with him
And let him rise, still praying hard,
Into the downflight of the javelin
Diomed aired at Prince Aeneas. (P. 15)

Third, the reversals in the opposite direction, from casual and even off-hand killing, to grace --
Here is one, after Diomed and Hector have slammed by each other in a first pass, and Hector comes back for a second:

‘What kept you, Prince?’ Diomed offered as they came abreast
‘You went for a refreshing towel?’
And threw his axe, that toppled through the air, and, oh,
Hector, my Hector, as you thought:
‘If Heaven helps me Heaven shows it loves the best,’
Parted your Lutie’s mesh and smashed into his heart.

‘What did you say as God called you to your death,
Dear Lutie?
'My Prince, I leave you driverless.'

And put the reins into Hector’s hands, and fled
Into oblivion (p. 19)

Fourth, the reversals that come from sexuality are all over this play and culminate with Aphrodite, cut on her hand earlier by Diomed, coming to see Scamander, the River God in his river, to be cured by his potion:

And here
Tiptoeing from this bar to that
Settling the cloudy sunshine of her hair
Her towel retained by nothing save herself,
The God of Tops and Thongs
Our Lady Aphrodite came,
Her eyes brimful with tears (p. 21).

Gradually, in a long seduction:

Her towel goes curling off
And she floated on his stream (p. 23).

The Greeks in flight come running into the stream, and Scamander fulfills her desire to drown them:

Scamander’s flow does not relapse

Indeed

Almost without a sound
Its murmuring radiance became
A dark, torrential surge
Clouded with boulders, crammed with trees, as clamorous as if it were a sea,
That lifted Greece, then pulling Greece down,
Cars gone, masks gone, gone under, reappearing, gone (pp. 23-24).

Fifth are the reversals of hatred, culminating in Achilles, who will not relent and help the Greeks huddling by their ships as night barely saves them on the brink. Nestor has persuaded Agamemnon that their only chance to avoid total destruction is to make the richest possible apology to Achilles with the richest possible gifts the world has ever seen. Agamemnon humbles himself, but not in person, sending Nestor and Diomed to make the offer, in return for Achilles to rejoin the battle at its direst moment.

The offer is nowhere good enough for Achilles, who replies:

I will not fight for him.
He aims to personalize my loss.
Briseus taken from Achilles – standard practice
Helen from Menelaos – war.

Lord Busy Body, building his palisade, mounting my she,
One I might have picked to run my house,
Raising her to the status of a wife.
Do I hate him? Yes, I hate him. Hate him.
And should he be afraid of me? He should.
I want to harm him. I want him to feel pain.
In his body, and between his ears (p. 42).

What will it take to reverse this?

I want him here, your King.
His arms straightdown his sides, his shoulders back,
Announcing loud and clear that he was wrong to take my she,
Apologizing for that wrong, to me, the son of Peleus.
Before my followers, with you, Pylos and Salamis,
Crete. Sparta. Tyrins, Argos, Calydon, the Islands, here,
Stood to attention on either side of him.

That is my offer. Take it, or die (p. 44)

My Account of 2012

I am going to take four of my series of ten dreams, to illustrate the corridor of cold calls that Christopher Logue’s Homer gives us on the strip in front of Troy. I chose the four most graphic to show you, reader, but this corridor transposed into our time is the subject of all ten.

My sieve made this selection of the subject out of millions of possibilities as Poincare (1985, original work published 1908) argued in his own proofs of non-linear geometry. I could not have made this selection consciously. Only a line of sight coming at a low frequency from a huge distance of time and space could have made the selection of something at a very high frequency in a very small space and time. I have never, remotely, had a series about such a dangerous corridor, which has to be extremely relevant to me, now, and, I imagine, to you.

January 1, 2012 Sunday Night Flight 1 of the Author: Nets, Male and Female.

I wrote in my journal on New Year’s Eve that I am still in the grip of fraud – by this I meant that I can open up two beautiful lines of sight with our residents in their cases, but they always go back to their static set of materials – I am trying to incorporate this so I take it in stride with barely a glance.

That night I dreamt of one of my fellow attending psychiatrists in the outpatient psychiatry clinic – he had transported a patient’s vehicle in his van, and written one sentence about it in the electronic medical record, which was hardly sufficient documentation for a very unusual act,
and was *inveigling me* to sign the note for him electronically. I reply to him that I cannot because it would be *fraud* to sign such a note without having seen the patient (alluding to the Medicare rules for billing).

The second dream of the night was *about a beautiful woman I am running away* with to a far away ocean beach. She wants me to go further to an island just off its shore, and *I am very concerned to take two of my books along*. This alludes to my two last books (Gustafson, 2008, 2010). Obviously, I am concerned about getting too far out under female influence (*female fraud is thus paired with male fraud*).
The image is as simple as possible: a net in a halo of false light (see Lecture 28). In about as banal terms as possible, my sieve is transposing the male net of Agamemnon and female net of Aphrodite into the ordinary corridor of psychiatry.

January 4, 2012 Wednesday Night Flight of the Author: Protestant Sects Devouring One Another

I have been reading All Day Permanent Red and thinking: our young people are like Quinamid:

Who disregarded what his father said / And came to Troy in a taxi.

Gone. I feel like they have no chance in these strips or corridors of cold calls. They will be gone, gone, gone. In what sense do I mean that? Just that they will be swallowed by the surfaces of materials and not be present for much else.

I dream of Protestant Sects that differ in minor variations. They are ferocious in excluding heretics from their righteous doctrine. The young people are swallowed up one by one, and excluded from all the others.
In some ways it is worse than the corridor or strip at Troy. There are not two sides to the war, but many, many sides that are equally righteous, like the faculty at a faculty meeting.

January 6, 2012 Friday Night Flight 6 of the Author: Cardinal Spellman Retreat House

I finish reading All Day Permanent Red and am deeply moved by an unforgettable line of sight of panning westward away from the strip or corridor of cold calls by God Himself. My niece and her husband arrive at our house for four days with a huge array of equipment for the national cycle cross championships in Madison.

I dream I am in a corridor of a dormitory, which reminds me of being at the Cardinal Spellman Retreat House on the Hudson River in Riverdale, New York in the later 1970’s where I served on the consulting staff of a Group Relations Conference. Indeed, it is the very corridor where I stayed for a week. However, this time it is a gathering of research people, including myself, about six to eight of us, the same size as a Group Relations staff.

Our job will be to go over the raw data on the trials of a new drug, called Magna, or Mega, or Super by the drug company supplying us with the raw data. Already committed to finding it magna, mega or super, the staff is supposed to be acting very cool in its so-called objectivity.

As I look down the corridor, I see a small, dark, furtive guy unlocking the door to his room (it is the very room I had for a week about thirty-five years ago). I can imagine him hooking up sexually with one of his female counterparts on the staff: so much for an objective gathering.

The staff meets like this regularly in different places around the country, to confirm the findings of their host drug company. Nice business. Cold calls indeed in a corridor of impersonal cinder blocks. A strip of war by other means that is called commerce. It is perfectly disconnected from family, tradition and history.

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January 7, 2012 Saturday Night Flight 7 of the Author: Another Cold Call Corridor – A Gigantic Airport in Texas for a Flight to India

I have just begun Cold Calls, and am struck by the irony – is it nonchalance? -- of the opening lines about Quinamid:  Who disregarded what his father said / And came to Troy in a taxi. / Gone.

I dream at 4 AM about fried chicken:  I am missing one piece of an order.  Shall I find a replacement? Shall I place a whole new order?

It seems a reduction to absurdity.  I do not care about Kentucky fried chicken in the first place. I could care less about having a full order of it.  It seems a parody of materialism.

I dream at 6 AM of flight preparations for India, in a gigantic airport in Texas of cold, concrete corridors.  It reminds me of the architecture of Louis Kahn.  We, my wife and I, are among the first arrivals for the flight, and I put up my gear on hooks on a wall – which makes me think of an army camp.  A huge crowd begins to gather for the flight behind us.  We are in the front row of the waiting area, as we were this fall on a flight to go to Paris.  The portal of entry to the
gigantic airplane is opened, and we are the first to pass through it, after I take down my army gear. The long, cold, concrete corridors seem endless to me. Whoops! I forgot my passport. Many further long, cold, concrete corridors later. Whoops! I forgot to get my immunizations. Some nice Indian people encourage us to go forward anyway. But why am I doing this? I have no interest in going to India at all. It as if a magnetic field is pulling us forward.

What Is a Cold Call? What is the Corridor on Which It Occurs?

A cold call is a colloquial term for calling a person who is not expecting it to ask him out of the blue for his business. It is widely known to be a set up for being turned down on nearly every try. Also, it has become so commonplace that most telephone calls are cold calls for business -- hunting expeditions, for some poor soul who cannot get any other way to pay the rent.

Christopher Logue has borrowed the term for his own purposes and changed its meaning forever. He seems to mean a great deal more than the most common of all business practices of our time. He seems to mean a chilling impersonal event: namely, a reversal in which a person,
usually young, is **thrilled by his hopes**, and is **suddenly destroyed**, like Quinamid in the opening lines, and in my epigraph to open this lecture.

Logue’s **strip or corridor** at Troy is **the territory** in which these **chilling reversals** happen almost **continually and casually**.

I have been asking myself for some weeks **why the most powerful English work** of the turn of the century, published in 2005, has chosen *Cold Calls* for its title? I can tell you several important things about my inquiry that has become this lecture. The first is one I have already told you. It has **riveted the attention** of my unconscious for ten straight nights. I seem to be unable to dream about anything else, at least for the time being. I also have been more disturbed by this Lecture 29 than my any of the 28 lectures that preceded it. For the last several days of writing Lecture 29, I have been **in and out of nausea**: I would be **thrilled** completing a section of the lecture, and I **then would become nauseated**. Then I would become thrilled completing the next part, for a little while, and I then would become nauseated again. This has happened four times already in this lecture, and I have **had quite enough of it**.

What do my 4 dreams – selected for being the most **graphic** of the series of the first ten nights of the year – **have in common that might explain these enormous forces as they act upon me**?


They have in common **the most dangerous reversals of my young life when I was like Quinamid**: getting thrilled, about to get myself in serious trouble.

The first dream shows **my nonchalance** as in Conrad’s *Youth* (1966, original work published 1898) and being **unwitting** about **male and female nets** – males **inveigling me** into their little frauds **which could pay huge penalties**, females being beautiful and **inveigling me** into their
charms which could make me their captive for ever as in Hardy’s *On the Western Circuit* (2003, original work published 1891).

The second dream shows my youthful unwitting gullibility about faculties. I was always amazed, later nauseated, that each member of them considered himself a throne of glory having to be glorified by me! (Agamben, 2011, original work published 2007). I often paid the penalty.

The third dream shows my shock about business as usual. I spent thirty years on the western circuit visiting groups run by little kings who expected me to fall into step. Almost invariably, I did not, and earned their sudden displeasure and exclusion.

The fourth dream shows the magnetic pull of corridors far away, as if they had everything on board that I needed (Hurston, 1990, original work published 1937). For example, there was my flight to Australia in the fall of 1990, which this dream of the gigantic airport in Texas for flights to India alludes to. There were many others like it.

**Now we come to the crucial point of this lecture.** We need as youths to wise up to the danger of being thrilled, then drilled for it. Unlike Quinamid, it may not be fatal for us, but highly educational. But it would be no good to become flat as spent light taking care of mere materials, that is the usual fate of such adventurers.

It would be terrible not to be thrilled by these incredibly beautiful reversals in Logue’s Homer of *Cold Calls*. I conclude that BIG THINGS NEED A BIG CALLIGRAPHY, a big place on my map, but I must also have a noting of small things that punish heavily when they are contradicted and displeased. It is a problem of editing one’s own map. A few dots can note these little places to pause. In that way, they do not take up much space, but they are duly noted.
Lecture 30. Alfred

I am ready to draw together many strands into one beautiful cloth about how to conduct interviews in psychiatry. This is a technical beauty that is always there in an important discovery in mathematics and science (Poincare, 1985, original work, 1908). This is also a map with far-reaching implications for how you chose to live your life.

The strands of this lecture will be as follows: I. How to get the simplest and most powerful access to the unconscious? The conscious mind is far too weak to reach the great forces of transition. As Winnicott (1971) demonstrated in his 21 interviews in Therapeutic Consultations in Child Psychiatry, it is necessary to cross over from the small and banal world of everyday materials of the child, like trucks and dresses, to where the big unconscious forces were too much for the unaided child in the family.

II. So great as is Winnicott’s map, it is not great enough to map the external world and its non-linear forces such as I depicted in Lecture 29, Corridors of Cold Calls. As I argued in my first dream book, The New Interpretation of Dreams (1997), you need for this a full orchestral score as in Levi-Strauss’s map of the mythology of South America Indian tribes, where it is necessary to conjoin and open up to benign exchanges by giving and receiving gifts, and yet equally to be ready to disjoin and close to malignant exchanges.

III. I have been bringing in at least four major lines of discovery in the neurosciences, which have a profound importance on access to the unconscious, which now need to be pulled into the whole cloth: the mapping of the field in which the (human or any) animal moves, by day, and by night in the dream re-runs of the day, in the hippocampus (Gustafson, 2008, pp. 100-104; Nadal and O’Keefe, 1978; O’Keefe, 1985; Reddish, 1999); the feeding of the entire brain into the hippocampus by the entorhinal cortex, and its continual oscillation in every breath between high-dimensional chaos to be open to perceive, and low-dimensional synchrony to pull itself together to act (Freeman, 2001); the selection of the brain by itself, by its re-entry loops (Edelman, 2003); the selection of memory by movements of the eyes and head, which is called holonomic brain theory (Pribram, 2007).
IV. Fourthly, I will demonstrate like Winnicott did from a single case how all this works together: *A Case of Separation Anxiety.*

V. Fifthly, I will demonstrate from my own recent dream series how I changed my life to *enjoying its open development,* and yet being *sufficiently alert to the corridors of dangerous non-linear forces.* Surprisingly to me, the *profound turn* came in *carefully limiting my gifts.* Two million years of aboriginal exchange of gifts turns out to have its *laws we cannot disobey without great danger to ourselves.*

**Part I. Winnicott’s Map – in *Case VII, Alfred, aet 10 years* (1971)**

Long one of my favorites among Winnicott’s 21 cases, I turn again to *Alfred* and find exactly what I need concerning the *crossing over to the unconscious in the simplest possible way.* The following is my account of Winnicott’s account of it in this case of a ten-year old boy.

His mother brought Alfred for a recent onset of stuttering. Winnicott immediately noticed that *when* he asked Alfred questions about his father, *Alfred tried very hard and stuttering ensued.* Conversely, when Winnicott did not ask Alfred questions, the boy became easy with Winnicott and no longer stuttered.

Winnicott also noticed something else about the boy’s breathing, when they began to draw together (taking turns making free squiggles, and letting the other complete the drawing and name it): *I noticed that while he was doing this rather deliberate work that every time he breathed he made a little push with his breath.* *This occurred throughout the hour* (p. 110).

From this outset, Winnicott already has a first line of sight into *an effort of breathing* that brings on the stuttering. As yet, he does not know *what makes the boy try so hard?*

Now the boy and Winnicott exchange a series of eight drawings, and name them, and the boy becomes at ease with Winnicott. Now Winnicott is ready for what he called the *dream drop,*
which will take them far deeper into the unconscious. A number of drawings of dreams reach
to two dreams of great importance to the boy’s unconscious effort: the first is about a witch that
took him away when he was six and a half or seven, and the second is about his father – This is
his drawing of the place the witch took him to, the coal-mine. There is a fire in the coal-mine,
and the witch has pots and pans on the shelf; she has a pointed hat and she has a tail. She can
be seen sitting on a three-legged stool (p. 120) – Here was a man with a violin case which has a
strap round it. Alfred’s father plays the violin. He was rather pleased about having done this all
by himself (p. 122).

Winnicott had but eight minutes left to talk with the mother, which turned out to be highly
dramatic. Winnicott says to the mother that they must get to what happened when Alfred was
six and half. The mother replies: Did I tell you that at that time his father had a mental
breakdown? You see, his father found his new job exacting, and he got caught up in a
tremendous effort to succeed (p. 123). The father ended up in a mental hospital for several
months.

Now Winnicott has three minutes to have Alfred in to ask him whether he remembered this
breakdown of his father? Alfred’s head suddenly went back and he jerked himself into a memory
of this illness of his father which he had completely forgotten. He looked immensely relieved. I
said: You see you’ve been trying all this time, not because of your own need to try, and you told
me things go better if you don’t try. You’ve been trying hard on your father’s account, and you
are still going on trying to cure your father of this worry about his work when he could not do it
well enough. So that’s why you push every time you breathe out, and as you told me, it’s this
pushing and trying that interferes with all your work and your talking, and that makes you stutter
(pp. 123-4).

Well, Alfred eases up and stops stuttering, which holds up well even seven years later. The
detail in the second big dream falls into place as follows: He (the father) has a violin, and the
strap round the violin represents the fact that the father has not been able to develop his musical
interests. It could be said this way, that if I could undo the strap of his father’s violin, then his
father could be creative and could get into contact with his deeper self; then, with his father
happier, Alfred would be able to give up pushing and overstraining in a hopeless attempt to boost his father’s effort to make a success of a hated routine job that is the reverse of creative. (p. 125).

There we have the simplest access to two lines of sight into the unconscious: the first sights the huge effort on behalf of the disturbed father, and the second sights undoing the strap around the father’s violin.

Part II. Alfred and the Dangerous Corridors of Adult Life.

Winnicott’s map for Alfred is magnificent for reaching across to the inner, unconscious forces that were too much for the boy to handle on his own. However, this map says nothing about the external forces that Alfred will have to handle in adult life. The next four parts of this lecture will take up this external map and why it proves so decisive for being ready for what will surely come.

The external mapping is also quite unconscious in its line of sight. The simplest access to this unconscious line of sight is to say that the external world has corridors that are extremely dangerous (Lecture 29, Corridors of Cold Calls). According to the Lotka Scenario (Gustafson, 2008, 2010), all animals have to enter these corridors to forage; yet this very entry makes them vulnerable to being foraged upon by larger predators. Two lines of sight are necessary: to have the sight for foraging while retaining the sight for predators (Lecture 26, Two Lines of Sight).

As I argued in Lecture 27, The Third and Fourth Lines of Sight, the third line of sight is to remain undecided, hovering in the air like a base runner measuring the distance to second base at this moment, against the distance of the throw from the outfield also at this moment. He knows that every chance is different. The fourth line of sight is to be ready for sudden changes in the forces. The light will suddenly be different, the wind, the determination of the right fielder, the readiness of the second baseman to be in position to take the catch and make the tag.
The third line of sight is to be **undecided** in this moment, and the fourth line of sight is to know **the whole array of sudden non-linear changes** that are possible.

Such is **the whole musical score** of a base runner. Base runners are like humanity in the two million years of the Ice Age: **they know the music, or they are thrown out.** In the Ice Age, as Levi-Strauss (1983, original work published 1964) shows us, they mapped hot to cold, wet to dry, raw to cooked, fresh to rotten, and so forth in a very long list of potential, non-linear changes in the situation. Their lives **depended** upon it. They **opened or closed** at their **peril.**

Now, we get to ask what is **our** musical score, and what is **its set** of potential, non-linear changes in the world? I will give a provisional answer, awaiting the third, and fourth and fifth parts of this lecture to complete it. My provisional answer is that **the strip** as Logue’s Homer (2005, in *Lecture 29*) calls **the narrow margin between** the Greek invaders and the defenders of Troy or **the corridor** in our present has **distorted the** map of forces in the Ice Age **profoundly.** Almost everyone **is locked into it.** To appreciate **the magnitude of this strip or corridor,** we need the next three parts of this lecture: **III, Four Major Lines of Discovery in the Neurosciences,** to reckon this neural network that the strip or corridor **acts upon; IV, A Case of Separation Anxiety,** to see **its action** upon a single life; and **V, The Author’s Recent Dream Series,** to see **its action** upon the author.

**III. Four Major Lines of Discovery in the Neurosciences**

I have explicated all four of these lines of discovery, but I have never explained how **they work together upon us.**

Let us begin with Freeman’s (2001) discovery of the oscillation of the brain between very high dimensional chaos (almost ten dimensions) to be widely open to perception on the in-breath, and very low dimensional synchrony (one-dimensional) to be concerted, to act as one, on the out-breath. This is a marvelous instrument, but it is **hugely distorted in our time.** If you **tightly couple** a person to its group, it becomes **locked into synchrony** with it, and thus loses almost all
of its perceptual openness that comes from very high-dimensional and loose coupling (Matthews and Strogatz, 1990; Gustafson, 2008).

Mathews and Strogatz (1990) demonstrated this phenomenon on limit-cycle oscillators, by varying their coupling strength and frequency range, which is summarized in the following diagram (Gustafson, 2008, p. 234):

With tight coupling, the oscillators lock into synchrony for most frequency ranges (amplitude death with large frequency range). With loose coupling, the oscillators become incoherent over the entire frequency range. What is extraordinary is the middle range of coupling and frequency range: the **double banana shape** of large ordered oscillations or large chaotic oscillations, depending on very slight differences in the coupling strength. *Practically speaking, this means that a system can operate top-down, imposing its order for action, or it can operate bottom-up,*
to be wide open to a big range of perceptions – by the slightest difference in coupling strength in the system. How lovely to be tuned in this middle range of coupling strength!

The problem is that most people are tightly coupled into group life, and thus surrender this beautiful playing of the instrument.

The second line of research in neuroscience that will be crucial for us is Edelman’s (2003) theory of neuronal group selection (see Gustafson, 2010, pp. 464-6). Essentially, a thalamo-cortical core of the brain correlates signals from the self (body) and not-self (world) and builds up a value-category memory, which is selected by reentry loops: in other words, the more a loop is used, the more it re-enters and is weighted by the value-category memory.

We shall see in my case example in Part IV and my own dream series in Part V of this lecture that there are two huge practical implications of reentry loops: one is that you need only elicit a fresh loop in a single fresh action to begin selection of a different world – this is how transitional the brain can be in its tuning – the second implication is the opposite, namely, that the old loops are always there to re-enter and select themselves – knowing this is extraordinarily helpful, so I am continually reminding patients that the new development will slip back into the old unhappiness – when it is thus expected, there is less dismay and a quicker readiness to set up more selections of the new development.

Closely related to Edelman’s selection by reentry loops is the holonomic brain theory of Pribram and Bohm (Pribram, 2007), that shows selection of memory by movements of the eyes and head (Lecture 21, Explicit and Implicit Order). I find it more useful to describe this selection of the value-category memory as made by lines of sight (see Lecture 26, Two Lines of Sight, and Lecture 27, Third and Fourth Lines of Sight). It could be rightly said that the lines of sight are the lines of re-entry. This will be amply illustrated in the case example and the author’s dream series of Parts IV and V of this lecture about to follow.

Finally, however, to complete the fourth crucial line of discovery from the neurosciences, we come to the great simplicity of the hippocampus as the mapping of the animal in the field in
which it is moving (see Gustafson, 2008, pp. 100-104, and Nadal and O’Keefe (1978) and O’Keefe (1985), and Reddish (1999). Via its place cells and misplace cells firing, it reads, alternately, whether it is placed as its map would indicate, or it is misplaced and needs to begin search behavior to orient itself accurately once again.

The other huge implication of the hippocampal orientation of the animal to its field is that it reruns the day’s routes at night with its motor system turned off. This hugely simplifies our understanding of dreams as the opportunity to reconsider the misplacements of the day that were jarring. These misplacements will also resonate with the animal’s whole history in its value-category and holographic memory that is elicited by lines of sight.

IV. A Case of Separation Anxiety

This was my eighth consultation in my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic this fall, in which a DVD was made of it and discussed with the third and fourth year residents. I say eighth, because it was unprecedented in 32 years of the clinic from 1980 to 2012 – usually only a couple are brought in the fall, as the residents slowly gather confidence in me to bring in their cases. Some greater confidence in me is afoot. As Winnicott (1971) says in his Introduction to Therapeutic Consultations in Child Psychiatry, the cases came in when the parents had sufficient confidence in him. Almost always, the child would dream of Winnicott as his or her doctor. Something like that has happened in my eight cases. All of them I had seen a number of times in the regular outpatient clinic, until they were ripe and eager to come, and their residents ready to ask me to help them out.

This particular patient was a forty-year old man, whose mother died in May of 2007. I first met him in clinic last year when he was just beginning as our patient and just beginning to come out of his grief. I saw him a number of times in the last year, and finally the resident said they were stuck and needing my help. How were they stuck? Well, the resident was clear about all of the patient’s losses, but not about how he might get over them. In other words, he had a first line of sight for what the patient had lost, but little of a second line of sight for how the patient might recover.
Thus, the hour-long consultation began exactly with this statement I asked from the resident.
Immediately, the patient got to **what was holding him up.** He said: *I don’t get it.  So how can I grieve?  How could it be possible that I have to stop having a mother?  I could not. Also, two months before I had given up coaching basketball after 25 years.  It was **my passion,** which I lived for every day, every night. How can you get over that?*

I replied that he probably already knew – in another words, **he already had a second line of sight.** He did know. He had to have **another** passion. He did. He had a second wife, and was taking over her family’s business with her. Only, he got **sick** from it. The night before Memorial Day, the opening day of their tourist season, one of their machines broke down, and the repair people could not be gotten to work on it for several days. **He got into a sweat, and felt nauseous, and felt pain in his stomach.**

Now he explained that he couldn’t bear to **wait.** Not in any line, not the fourth child of his mother, who was **always first in line with her!** What happened then was that he was like a dead man for two or three years: Always anxious, in a sweat, nauseated, with pain in his stomach, and **huge fatigue.** The medical doctors made it much worse with their drugs, until he called a halt to this two or three years later.

Halfway through the hour appointed for the interview, I summarized what he knew consciously, and now it was time to drop into his dreams to see what he knew unconsciously. Essentially, I said that he had **lost a whole world.** Now I could say that I did understand when he said, *I don’t get it.*  He meant, *It has happened much too fast.* Her mother had not died until 95, and that is why he is shocked that his mother died at 72. Now, he added something **crucial.** He added: *The other thing that was too fast was that my father put up the house for sale in one week, and started dating another woman to marry her. That house in that neighborhood was the center of his entire world on the other side of Wisconsin.*
So, now we took the dream drop into the second half hour of the consultation. When I asked him about his dreams, he replied that he knew very well what they were about: *I live in the past.* I persuaded him to give me some examples:

In the first, *he and his second wife are buying a house back in his old hometown across the state. It is a dump, and has a carnival ride in it, as in his wife’s family business. They are buying it anyway.*

In the second, *his ex- and first wife and her husband are having a kid that is the kid of his second and present wife’s sister and her husband.*

In the third, *he and his present wife are at a bar in his hometown, where a childhood pal is exclaiming to him how hot she is.*

In the fourth, *he is in his old bedroom.*

In the fifth, *he is flying around his old neighborhood at night in the trees. He explains he pretended as a child riding his bicycle that he was the police officer patrolling it.*

To make a long story of many episodes into one short story: he is a genius of marry the present to the past — the new wife to buying a house in the old hometown, the wife’s sister’s baby to his ex’s baby, his wife to his pal in his hometown bar, himself to his childhood room, himself to flying through the trees at night in his hometown neighborhood. **His second line of sight is already in place,** and, as he put it, after two to three years of hardly existing, staring at the wall, *I am myself again.*

Our hour nearly up, I summarized his situation: *You know how to be well in your dreams.* He replied: *My wife calls me the kid. I am the Prince. I got the prize* (his wife as a vital companion in everything, sports, new house, business, dogs, everything).
Yet there was one more thing to do. I said: *All your concoctions are the same and they are working for you again.* He said: *I still have residual nausea, sweats and fatigue. I feel like I always need to eat.* I replied: *Your mom cooked for you, I bet.* He replied: *Oh yes, she made my lunches. At the factory, they used to kid me about my buffet.*

This seemed to settle him down, as we were about to conclude. He said: *Between 10 PM and 2 PM, I am free of all cares with one of the dogs on either side of me.* He gestured to show me the **contentment of his positioning.** He said: *I let everything go.* He has a perfect **dream screen** (Gustafson, 1997), like a cat pacing where it will lie down to sleep in a hypnotic ritual of motion.

Alas, **he wakes up in a sweat every morning, with nausea and fatigue.** This was the final **challenge of the case,** as Winnicott would say, and I took it up and said to him: *Well, you fly all night happily to your hometown, but as the world approaches you will have dreams you do not want to have about the threats of the world. If you can bear to take note of them, we will help you face them and get ready for the challenges of the day.* He agreed, and there we concluded.

From our neuroscience perspective, his **instrument of orientation** is in fine shape, but one respect. His capacity to **oscillate** between high-dimensional perceptions to low-dimensional action is good. His capacity to **re-enter the loops that he wants** is remarkable. His capacity to re-enter **along two lines of sight,** one for what he lost, one for how he **can marry the past to the present** is exceptional. Finally, his capacity to **re-run** day loops **at night** is also exceptional, but in one respect.

He is so good at rebuilding his capacity **for the warm, family feeling** – which he says **folding his hands together** – but he has a **very limited** capacity for facing the **cold corridor** of meeting the world in the morning. He did it well as a basketball coach for 25 years, but his first crisis in his wife’s family’s tourist business put him into a cold sweat, stomach pain, nausea and fatigue that is still **residual.**

This is a developmental weakness, having to do with lack of a relationship with a **cold** authority, his father. I encouraged him by saying he has **lines of sight** in his early morning dreams that we
will face with him, if he will have the courage to take note of them. A different kind of fathering is likely to take with him.

V. Dream Series of the Author

I will take my three dreams of the last three nights to illustrate coming to terms with these primary-feeding corridors that we all need to get right.

An Airfield in Idaho and the Warwick Hotel in San Francisco

At 4 AM, I dream I am on a grass airfield in Idaho with a cohort of young men like myself. Somehow we sense we must run from an airstrike coming, and bolt for the nearest ridge of cover.

At 6 AM, I dream I am turning a corner in the grey fog of San Francisco to a place called the Warwick Hotel. In the bar on the ground floor, a pretty girl ties up my bicycle to the bar. A clever young man is showing off at the piano. I think I have absolutely no interest in either, or in a room in the hotel upstairs.

This is a retrospective to 45 years ago, when my wife and I moved to San Francisco for my internship. The 4 AM recalls the terror we all had of being drafted into the Vietnam War and considered flight to Canada. The Warwick Hotel is a pompous title for the society we encountered there: just playing cards, as Lewis Carroll depicts in Alice. Little did we know that we would find the same thing in Billings, Montana for two years, and in 38 years in Madison.
Compensatory Hyde and Bodo

At 4 AM, I dream of a Jekyll who is getting smaller and smaller, and whose compensatory shadow Hyde is getting bigger and bigger.

At 6 AM, I dream that I have left my young children with the parent of a child who is friends with one of our children. I panic and rush back to something like Esalen in California or Telemark Lodge in northwestern Wisconsin. I dash upstairs and find a guy named Bodo, some kind of counter-cultural maniac, and ask him where is my daughter? He replies, What about my daughter? And my heart sinks. From his glassy eyes, I know he has murdered my daughter, because he has lost his daughter.
I have come to have a low opinion of what we found here in Madison. At 4 AM, I meet a typical colleague who is swamped at home and at work, and his desperate eyes remind me of the rage that builds up behind his virtuous efforts like Dr. Jekyll’s. At 6 AM, it is far worse: these counter-cultural parents we have known all too well in Madison letting their children loose in the corridor of State Street where they are victimized.

*Primary and Secondary Feeding Corridors*

At 4 AM I dream I have gotten a prize of money for an essay on neuroscience, quite like Part III of this lecture. The neuroscientists want to destroy me for it, because I have encompassed their field, while they fiddle with details and lack these large lines of sight.

On Cape Cod with my wife for one of those Cape Cod Symposia, this one on neuroscience, a colleague comes to pick us up for the party, and my wife wants to go, so I tell her to go, and when she leaves with him, I begin to walk home.

At 6 AM, I dream I am riding a green, dilapidated, old bicycle of a childhood friend near the high school tennis courts a few blocks from our house. A dark storm looms out of the south,
alternating with brilliant light. I cycle a half a block to Regent Street, and run into a line of traffic blocking my jog to the left to our street, and take a jog to the right, and realize I am going off course to get home.

At 7 AM, I wake up and consider this dream. I am struck how these summer symposia are misleading. I had an intense set of interactions with colleagues who came to my Door County Symposium that lasted until a week before Christmas and then disappeared for the last month. Of course, they have to go back to their primary feeding corridors. The final scene pictures what a child I still am, trying to get home. I have. I deleted several pages of emails I had from my symposium colleagues, to one each of their most memorable. I have put this secondary feeding corridor into its small place.

So I will limit my gifts to them, because I open up too much to colleagues who are swamped and have little presence to give back except sporadically. So it goes. Thus, the simplest access to the unconscious has to bring clearly into view these strips or corridors described by Logue’s Homer. In them the feeding animal has to feed as best it can without getting fed upon and have little surplus attention for anything else.
Lecture 31. Unknown Unknowns.

The relations of the words to the subject must weaken and the relations of the words to the writer (you) must take on strength.

That silo, filled with chorus girls and grain.

Your hometown often provides so many knowns (grain) that the imagination cannot free itself to seek the unknowns (chorus girls).

Richard Hugo, The Triggering Town, 1979, pp. 11-12.

Introduction

I always feel as I begin each of these lectures that this is the most important one. Can it be so?, I ask myself in retrospect. No, some turn out to be more important than others. Yet it is also so, because the development becomes more and more urgent. For whom? Certainly, for myself. I also like to think it is more and more urgent for the reader.

I just answered emails from two of my students that seemed very urgent to me. Each of them was showing a great and passionate curiosity about a piece of work we were engaged in together. As I wrote back to one of them, and implied to the other, This is the real thing in psychiatry.

What makes this urgent? It is urgent, because the capacity to delve into the unknowns has become precious and rare in our field. Psychiatry has become a shallow surface of controlling the knowns on the surface. It gets a lot of hype and it locks all of its participants into shallow synchrony with itself. As I will discuss, it is mostly incompetent. Every urgent situation I have come across in visiting a department conference lately called out for the depths of what was going on in the patient, or else the doctor would not have the faintest idea of what
he or she was dealing with. Each time I was in such a discussion, the comments were trivial and expectable, and got nowhere near the distress of the patient.

Lest any reader think less of his or her department, I hasten to add that the same thing has gone on in every department I have visited in the world. At least in some there is a chairman who knows that the lack of depth can be fatal.

My agenda for this lecture is as follows:

I will begin with my experience of the last month with a famous press, to whom I had sent my proposal for this book, and they in turn had me send it to the series editor who was not a regular editor but a professor abroad. This turned into a harsh education for me, but really the same one I have undergone for my last forty-five years in psychiatry. Presses, and their professors, turn out to play games on the surface of what is already known, because it is their entire prestige and power to keep the game the same and themselves the players with many cards to play. Bourdieu wrote a book about it called Homo Academicus (1988). He said that cultural capital is in limited supply, and grants play to those who have it, and grants not a single card to play to those who do not have it.

I continue next on to a general discussion of fields that are structured by this synchrony with a set of knowns that Richard Hugo was so concerned to free us from, as illustrated in my epigraph. Psychiatry is no more unusual than any other field or specialty: the set of knowns is a set of programs that is the livelihood of its practitioners and is almost always so crowded with materials that everyone in it is drowning in its numbers. I will discuss why this is true of everyone I know.

I continue next to pose the problem of why no one becomes capable of taking in the whole situation, as Allen Tate (1999, original work published 1934) argued some while ago. We have surfaces of knowns and a rare few that know how to leave them for the depths of the unknowns. Emily Dickinson (1960) is probably the greatest at it in the last two hundred years.
I continue next to present a series of my twelve dreams of the last two weeks to illustrate my necessary education in the **surface of the knowns** and the **depths of the unknowns**.

Finally, I will illustrate a case from our clinic that shows how this is routinely a **matter of life and death**: death to be captured on the surface, and life to take the plunge into the depths. It is something that **hardly anyone knows anything** about.

**A Harsh Education in the Games of Professors**

I tried to explain this **corridor of power on the surface** in *Lecture 29, Corridors of Cold Calls*. I did, but in the last month and a half I had to **undergo it myself**. I thought I understood it completely, having undergone it many times for the last forty-five years since the first time when I submitted my thesis to a group of professors at the Harvard Medical School. They were psychoanalysts, many of whom I had run into as a medical student. I knew they were doctrinaire and formulaic, and I knew I was quite the opposite and not one of their favorites. **I, however, was shocked** at my oral exam. One of them came out into the waiting room, saying he had a couple of questions for me. He did. They were definitions of terms in psychoanalysis. I recall one was the definition of *libido*? I had no idea. After a second such term about which I had no idea, he **turned on his heel, dismissing me**. Several weeks later at my graduation, as announcements were made for honors for theses, I **waited in vain** for any mention of my name at all.

Forty-five years later, something quite similar has happened and something highly educational for me. Let me tell the story simply, and then we can discuss the parallel from forty-five years ago, and countless times since.

The occasion for my lesson was this: coming near the conclusion of writing the first draft of this book, I happened to consider this famous press as a place for my book. It was because a book I admired was from this very publisher.
I looked up the press and its stated agenda for a particular series and procedures for submitting proposals. They were altogether clear. Their explicit agenda on one page seemed to coincide with my own agenda. Namely, they were looking for original books that change the meridians by which knowledge is mapped. They claimed that they had no vested interest in any particular method themselves.

I was delighted. I wrote out a beautiful proposal explaining the lines of sight as my meridians for them to consider. I made a point by point comparison with their favorite author, to show how his territory was astonishingly clear about a regime of political power in the west (n), and how my map showed at least one more dimension (n + 1) than his, thereby making possible getting into his map, and getting free of its enormous limitations.

I sent my proposal to the editor by airmail as advised by the press and waited three weeks. Then I emailed the press for further advice, and I was advised to email the editor concerning whether the book had arrived safely? The editorial assistant did also hint to me that this series is usually by invitation only. Now that changed things! There was no hint on the web page of the series that it was a closed game, usually by invitation only.

In the last week, the professor who is its editor has not acknowledged either my proposal by airmail a month ago, or my email of the last week, in both asking merely for confirmation of his receipt of my proposal.

I understand that there are many variables in the life of a professor/editor. However, the discourtesy of this ignoring of an extraordinary proposal from a colleague is impressive. I would be willing to be proven wrong in the conclusion I draw from his behavior. However, I would lay a large wager that I will never hear from him. If I ever do hear from him, it will be entirely cursory.

What has been invaluable from this non-exchange? I have long known that publishers only publish what is on their list. Their list is a list of what they have already published. In other words, they have confidence in holding a certain territory and the readers who read in that
known territory. This makes complete business sense. You continue a successful territory (n), by supplying yet another version (n + 1). They are like the psychoanalysts who would only read a thesis from someone like themselves who knows the definition of libido and deals in its vocabulary.

This was Aristotle’s definition of Rhetoric (1991, original work published sometime between 384 BC and 322 BC): to persuade anyone of your argument, you must first convince them your purpose is at one with theirs, and you must secondly remove any hint that you are opposed to their purposes, and you must thirdly propose that your contribution (n + 1) is merely a small extension of theirs (n). Of course, I was proposing no small extension of the agenda of this press. Even if I were entirely in keeping with Aristotle’s rhetoric of small extensions, my proposal would never have been considered anyway, but dropped from a bridge into the Rhine.

Aristotle leaves out that to address an assembly with such a persuasive argument is not open to just anyone. You had to have standing: for example, you had to have arrived from another powerful city and represent its governing class. I have arrived by mail and then email from another powerful city. Supposedly, according to their web page, they want contributions that concern psychiatry and psychoanalysis, and how the meridians in them may change everything about politics, literature, history and the law.

Alas, I am being taught another lesson of inestimable value. Bourdieu discussed it for a full-length book concerning this species of European professor that he called Homo Academicus (1988). To make a long story short, Bourdieu showed how the professor spends nearly all of his time. He spends it enlarging his influence. This is a day and night job of currying favors, to other professors, who will curry it back, and currying graduate students, and currying publications, by currying favors to the publishers or to the journals by editing for them. These people know how to smile and say fine words when they want something from you, and be totally lacking in courtesy when they do not want something from you.

The word curry is of great interest in its etymology. It comes from Old French, correr, to prepare, curry, from Latin, conredare, con + redare, to make ready with something else. It
early uses seem to be about currying the coat of a horse with a currycomb, to make it look more favorable. It was extended to currying the coats of anyone whose influence you want to borrow! Bourdieu suggests that it is a full time job. That is the shock of his research on how professors spend their time in Paris. They have no time for anything else but currying what they already know.

Bourdieu wrote another book about the career of Heidegger called The Political Ontology of Martin Heidegger (1988). He displays the genius of Heidegger exactly in the currying of influence. Derrida admired Heidegger enormously, and took right after him in his career.

A General Discussion of the Fields of Special Knowledge

Richard Hugo (1979) took newspaper writing as typical of using words to denote objects. He took it as the opposite of writing good poems. In the former, words and phrases merely denote objects, and have none of the subject who composed them. In the former, silos house grain, and that is a fact, and there is no subject who sees it. In the latter, poems instead of newspaper articles, the opposite is true: the objects and their names are there, but the writer has loosened his coupling with them. He has given himself some free run to use words as he pleases, and not as he must in a newspaper article. Something surprising, and fresh and unknown happens: That silo, filled with chorus girls and grain.

We have gotten into a general situation with the same structure as newspaper articles. Every field of knowledge has become a set of facts, purported to be objective. Every person becomes a clerk of facts. What varies is the materials from one specialty to another: selling shoes, or selling articles of sociology. Each specialty has its own collection of facts. What has changed from 1979 is that each specialty now has ten or hundred or a thousand or a hundred thousand more facts in 2012. That is why every clerk is drowning in details. You can call him a medical student, or you can call him a professor in a law school, or you can call him a manager of a book of the Yellow Pages.
Of course, psychiatry as a special vocabulary is like every other field. You become a member of it by using its words and phrases. Psychology, its partner, uses almost the same set of words and phrases. Everything has a program to fix it. For example, depression has anti-depressants and violence has alternatives to aggression (flight, instead of fight) and drinking excessive alcohol has twelve-step programs that are lessons in how not to drink.

Interestingly, as can be observed in any case conference in any department of psychiatry or psychology, none of the participant clinicians need to know anything about the context in which the given disturbance arose (depression, violence, excessive alcohol). They never ask when a patient was all right, and when he gradually or suddenly was not! They never ask where the patient was not disturbed and where he became disturbed.

This is because you only need use the word denoting a fact such as depression and you have at once a program for fixing it: anti-depression. Of course, I exaggerate. There will often be some history taking, because that is also a ritual for this field. It is usually very poor simply because it has become unnecessary.

What is so incompetent and dangerous about this surface can be illustrated by any case that comes up: the participants will have words and phrases for its objects, and programs to fix each object; they will be nowhere near the disturbance the patient is undergoing. Does it matter? Yes, it matters. For example, suppose the example is a teenager who has become violent and depressed and drinking too much. Since there is a program for violence, depression and excessive drinking, the participants will demonstrate their knowledge of programs for anti-violence, anti-depression and anti-drinking. Oh yes, and they will also demonstrate the evidence of research for each of the programs, if they are particularly clever and impressive.

What is wrong and incompetent and dangerous? Well, without a serious history, we do not have any feel for what this girl used to have that she lost – as Winnicott (1971) would say, we do not know her life-line – that is, we do not know what she believed she could have faith in to follow herself. Therefore, all the discussion in the world about how to keep her from killing herself is mere patch-work to contain her, without knowing what used to make her life worth
living, and whether it is possible for her to regain it or not, or revise it or not? Lack of depth like this is simply wrong, incompetent and dangerous.

The other thing that is wrong, incompetent and dangerous is that all of these practitioners, so bound to their objective surface of facts, actually talk like this, in the most impersonal, technical way. Only the obsessional patients who are just like them are likely to put up with them, for sheer lack of presence. Perhaps, equally dangerous in the long run is that being a clerk of materials gradually leaves your eyes without any light at all.

Finally, using words loosened from this objective surface is not just necessary to poets. It is the only way to get out of the conscious surface that is entirely known in advance, and being bounded, only capable of exhaustion (Hyde, 1983). Only by knowing how to descend into the unconscious will its true dangers be known, a first line of sight, but also its ability to see afresh, a second line of sight. Letting words emerge with only loose relationships to their objects is part of it, and letting images emerge also in the dark sea of the night, that also seem at first to make no sense at all, is part of the poetic method, but it is also part of the method necessary to take in the whole situation for all of us. This is our next topic of the lecture.

Taking in the Whole Situation

Allen Tate (1999, original work published in 1934, Three Types of Poetry) said that hardly anyone takes in the whole situation in literature, because nearly everyone is possessed by will. It is either scientific will, or it is romantic will: scientific will isolates one element it wants to extract, like oil, and ignores all the others; romantic will opposes scientific will with a glorious abstraction, which ignores all the other realities, like one of Kafka’s soaring dogs.

I have just illustrated how isolated will works in every other specialized field besides literature. In psychiatry, isolated scientific will takes an element like depression and fixes it with an anti-depressant medication or behavioral program. In psychiatry, isolated romantic will supposes it has a beautiful map and can ignore the reality of the game of psychiatry ruling its territory, or the game of professors who ignore everything that is not their game of describing regimes of power.
Emily Dickinson had the rare gift for taking in the whole situation. I decided to test this by taking a poem at random from *A Choice of Emily Dickinson’s Verse*, edited by Ted Hughes (1968). I turned and got this one (754):

*My life had stood – a Loaded Gun –*  
*In Corners – till a Day*  
*The Owner passed – identified –*  
*And carried Me away –*  

*And now We roam in Sovereign Woods –*  
*And now We hunt the Doe –*  
*And every time I speak for Him –*  
*The Mountains straight reply –*  

*And do I smile, such cordial light*  
*Upon the Valley glow –*  
*It is as is a Vesuvian face*  
*Had let its pleasure through –*  

*And when at Night – Our good Day done –*  
*I guard My Master’s Head –*  
*‘Tis better than the Eider Duck’s*  
*Deep Pillow – to have shared –*  

*To foe of His – I’m deadly foe –*  
*None stir the second time –*  
*On whom I lay a Yellow Eye –*  
*Or an emphatic Thumb –*  

*Though I than He – may longer live*  
*He longer must – than I—*  

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For I have but the power to kill,
Without – the power to die –

How has Emily got the whole situation? Well, she has given up being a Loaded Gun standing in corners. Rather she will roam imaginatively as if she were a loyal gun with her dog to enjoy the pleasures of being a gun. It is Sovereign, but it is also just play. It usurps nothing.

Dream Series of the Author

Reader, I am going to risk giving you a longer dream series than I usually do, twelve dreams from Tuesday, January 24, 2012, to Wednesday, February 8, 2012. This is because each one is so graphic that I think you will be able to see it in your mind’s eye, and see all twelve as one. My sieve is getting very terse in its proofs.

Tuesday, January 24, Two Very Short Themes by Brahms

My wife has a dream of this book – it is so huge, like an enormous chest of drawers, that we cannot pack it on to a German train. She explains to me that Brahms had the same problem with his First Piano Concerto. The themes in the first movement were so long and complicated that the audience could not follow it. His Second Piano Concerto has very brief themes, and the audience could follow it, and the concerto was much more successful with the public. I am upset, fearing she is right – especially about the German Professor who is editor of the series I want to publish in.

I reply to her that I too can compose very briefly and that I do it all the time in the clinic with our ordinary people. As yesterday – a woman had made herself into an automaton of IT, and earned a good salary – but being so indispensable everywhere, she had become entirely decentered, exhausted, and lacking in play. I explained to her the line of sight that seemed the whole world to her. She laughed and said that her husband asked her how to forward an email, and she got exasperated and blew up, and told him to do it himself! Suddenly, she moved in a beautiful
pantomime of this scene. I replied to her that she had a second line of sight, and got her center and her play back, a beginning!

That night I dreamt I was teaching literature at Grinnell College (where my son was an undergraduate) -- two of our residents are in my class and are preoccupied with having lost their basketball -- I tell them where they probably can find it. I then reach with my tongue to my front, left pre-molar and discovered that part of its filling is missing -- I think that is too bad, because on my salary as an assistant professor of literature I won’t be able to pay for it.

So here! -- Two very brief themes by Brahms, quite as composed for our Automaton patient: **play without equipment** (my students lacking a basketball); **equipment without play** (being able to pay for a new filling, because I am a doctor). A second line of sight for play is great, but what if you cannot pay for a filling? I am glad I did not become a professor of literature. On the other hand, being a doctor generally turns you being an Automaton, who has plenty of money, from being indispensable with his equipment, but loses his center and his play like my students -- so much for having only one line of sight in the usual hell. The terseness is very striking in his dream, as it will be in the entire series: the second of the pair is a tactile detail with my tongue!
Saturday, January 28, Save the King First Before Attempting Anything Else

In visiting a case conference of another department, I notice that the discussion is totally on the surface for nearly the entire hour, getting nowhere near the patient, and his rage that nearly proved fatal. I ignore the surface suggestions, and the surface collusion of jokes, staying with my own feeling, which is of rage, and finally bring up what is being run from, which makes us totally unavailable to help the patient.

I dream that night of a King in the center of a chessboard. I attach a button to him, which acts as a kind of filter against the flood of useless, surface information in the case conference – beautiful confirmation, so terse, of what I need to continue to do for myself in such meetings.

January 30, Monday, Do Not Get Beyond Your Supply Lines

It is becoming clearer, daily, that I will get no reply from the editor of the series. I may have tremendous accuracy in visiting other departments in conferences, but I can do nothing about games of professors in Europe.
I dream I am playing football at dusk (like we did as children) and invent a completely new way of running with the football (like William Webb Ellis did in inventing the game of rugby from soccer). However, my running gets too far down the road to Midland, Michigan (where my father had a Ford dealership, which depended on the wealth of the old German Ford dealer in Saginaw, and proved disastrous for my father). I find myself on foot on the Midland to Saginaw road, and cannot get home.

Such terseness once again: it is time to let go depending on this German car dealer myself!

January 31, Tuesday, Public Reality Is Not Real

I am being reminded by my German Professor of Ibsen’s point of view – the small world is the small world, and a shabby one at that.

I wake up at 3 AM with a dream of the White House, where there is only one setting of silverware left for eight persons. I seem to be the only one defending its honor from being stolen.
Being awake at 3 AM, I have the shock from this dream of seeing how strange the world has become – almost no honor or courtesy left in it quite as Huizinga demonstrated.

At 5 AM, I dream our wood stove has been disassembled with the fire blazing away inside it – standing next to it on our hearth is a colleague – my wife and children are calling for me to get going on the family vacation – I yell back that I have to put the stove back together first.

Next, I am trying to squeeze out of the left casement in our front bay window of our living room in my sleeping bag, which gets caught in the narrowness of the casement. My wife and children are calling for me to hurry up again – I yell back I am coming.

Finally, we are off on our vacation with two huge dogs in the backseat and my wife driving as we sight the skyline of Boston on the horizon, on fire. I get out to look, and my wife nearly butts me off the precipice with moving the car forward – I see the fire is particularly intense like 9/11 at the World Trade Center, at Massachusetts General Hospital and “Market Square.”

Public reality is not real, and it is difficult to bring my view of it out into the public not wanting to know that the world is on fire.
February 1, Wednesday, Fertility and Force Diverge

I feel the divergence of the shallow public world from private fertility, quite like Emily Dickinson felt it. Small egos run small worlds as homo academicus – paltry, self-aggrandizing, and totally lacking in courtesy except when they want something from you.

I dream my younger daughter and I are hiking in a dark wood (like Dante, like academia), and she has to take the right path (being a fourth year graduate student), while I can take the left path (not needing to bow to a thesis committee or a German Professor). I find a beautiful series of lakes on my path, and am enjoying myself, until I am suddenly startled to think, Oh, I hope she is alright – reminding me once of hiking in the Brenta in Italy with my son and becoming separated from him for an hour in terror until I found him smiling at the next rifugio

Curiously, the dream seemed to be mapped onto a screen with four eyelets in it, and I can toss a loop from the left path to the right to get back in it, and I can toss a loop from the right path to the left to get out of it. Indeed, the entire dream screen is like a boot that can be pulled together, however briefly, by one loop or the other. This allows me to come to terms with my German Professor. He and his gang map regimes of power (the right half of the map, of the power of homo academicus, which they wield with my daughter as a graduate student), but they only have half of the whole map of meridians, and completely miss and do not care about deliverance from captivity in the left half of the map, by the loop that can reach it!

Force is the right half of the whole map, and fertility is the left half of the whole map. There is neither group nor press that is interested, as Allen Tate argued, in the whole situation. All I can do is loop back and forth myself, as I need to be in force in my profession, and I need to get free of force for fertility.
February 2, Thursday, Reed Education

Another day in visiting another department in another conference with my peers, who demonstrate once again that they control the surface and are completely unable to get near the patient. Small egos. I show them how to do it.

I dream I am starting all over as an undergraduate, not at Harvard, but at Reed College, where my younger daughter went for college. I find myself totally overwhelmed by the reading lists for every course I am taking, five or ten times more reading than makes any sense, quite as my daughter found there.

I decide to rebuild my education there from my own center, and read just as I want to. Yet I must also keep an eye on the endless lists of materials of spent light. As in the previous dream, I see the dream on a dream screen with four eyelets in it, for my loop to dive into the depths, and my loop to come back to the surface. Beautiful transitional capacity!
February 3, Friday, Known and Unknown Positions

I am back thinking about the most important word in Christopher Logue’s *Cold Calls* (2005): **gone.** Those who take up promulgating the **knowns**, like the German Professor of regimes of power, or like my students of their endless materials, are mostly gone when it comes to crossing over to the unconscious to the **unknowns**. Seeing they are gone, I am **light-hearted knowing where we part company.**

*I dream of a building in Madison called Pi-R-Squared, a circular tower of an office building in which a former colleague of mine had his office. He and one of his allies and I were chasing each other around the circular top of it, until I say to myself -- This is ridiculous – to struggle with these fellows over who rules his tower.\]*

*In the second scene, someone has Petri Dishes, which are infinitely smaller and electronic sets of points. He or she is meticulously counting them in hundreds and hundreds of these electronic dishes. Again, I say to myself – This is also ridiculous.*
In the third and final scene, I am sitting under a beautiful Catalpa Tree in a chair in the sunlight by myself waiting for the Unknowns to come up (like this dream itself).

In other words, I am on my own (for the most part): this was unknown to me – that nearly everyone pursues the knowns for territory – very, very few of us wait for the unknowns to arise.

February 4, Saturday, California Surfaces, The Politics of Everything

I am not so happy under my Catalpa Tree, like Gabriel Garcia Marquez in A Hundred Years of Solitude. Very few people get back to you.

I dream I am married to a beautiful California girl who is highly sexual and in tune with me. She asks me to pull all her lawn furniture in my U-Haul out to our new house in Sacramento where she will meet me later.

I also dream I am about to address this radical, Afro-American Congress as the radical doctor at a radical microphone of light like the sight of a rifle. I am about to stumble, because I
cannot remember the name of their organization, so I make it up and say, “The Arab State . . .” and the audience is totally against me.

I have sold out to shallow and slick theatre. Hasn’t everyone?

February 5, Sunday, Shaman Ride and Return to State Street Counter-Culture

I have great movements with a couple of my students who can cross over from the known surfaces, to the unconscious unknowns. I am so relieved to be off of the surface of hype, and back to the real thing.

I dream I am flying like a shaman on a board towards Milwaukee over spare brown hills. Actually, it is more like the kettle country this side of Milwaukee we used to ski in long ago.

I fly back and arrive on our State Street where there is a block taken over by counter-culture, which includes a grotto of brilliant blue waters coming up out of the earth. I know I do not belong here.
The waters remind me of the great religious places in France which are almost \textit{always built on the sites of ancient springs out of the earth}. Oh, our counter-culture trades on this, but it is not the real thing, and I do not belong there either.

\textit{February 6, 2012, Sawdust and Tinsel}

My wife and I watch the opening of Bergman’s \textit{Sawdust and Tinsel} on the advice of our son (Ian Gustafson, personal communication). It is simply tremendous: Sweden as a closed society of scientific will, cold and empty, and Sweden as a romantic excursion into the circus and its upper class version, the theater. If the first is cold and empty, the second is hot and ruthless. I am very disturbed by it, and consider that Bergman is the true descendant of Ibsen, and I the true descendant of both of them in this \textit{Modern Inferno}. \textbf{The knowns of scientific and romantic will} are all terrible, and nearly everyone is captive of them as Allen Tate argued.

\textit{I dream my wife is dropping me off on State Street (taking off from the previous dream ending on State Street) to wait for a Yellow Cab to the airport – I have far too much luggage – a cross country ski bag, which reminds me of doing a workshop in Utah – my tennis bag which reminds me of doing a different workshop in another part of Utah – an old suitcase of my mother with her}
wallet in it – as well as many other bags of the people crowding in to wait for a taxi also – the room is like a scene out of Bergman, an old and empty pool hall – the crowd is becoming so great that I cannot conceive of getting my turn at the taxi, and my luggage is ten times too much, and my wife is leaving for home with our two small children.

Alas, I am playing out Albert running off with the circus, to get free of his cold and empty small town that is absolutely static. I am back at the start of our thirty-eight years in Madison, when I had to go on the western circuit to one circus or theatre or another that was as shabby as the last.

I am afraid I know exactly what Bergman and Ibsen were talking about. All it gets Albert is the enormous baggage of other people’s illusions.

February 7, Tuesday, Taking Care of the Neural Soup

Well, I am coming out of Bergman’s Inferno. I can accept that there are very few capable of being present for the unknowns, not drowning in the knowns. Odysseus and Penelope were just so. It is an ancient plot.
I dream three of the tersest dreams. At 4 AM, I dream of pairs of beautiful wood, like hickory—but a huge set of opposites (of wood) as in the full orchestral score of Levi-Strauss. At 5 AM, I dream of continuously renewing a great soup like bouillabaisse. At 6 AM, I dream of Indiana basketball and its great out-of-bounds play, which jumps like lightning down the court.

I understand this proof of Poincaré at once: if you take care of the full set of opposites, like Levi-Strauss, and if you continuously refresh the bouillabaisse, you create a kind of nystagmus, which makes the neural network continuously ready for departures from expectation in the field you are looking at and in yourself. You are then beautifully transitional, and lines like lightning shake out as in Emily Dickinson all the time.

**Conclusion: A Dream of a Patient, and a Concluding Dream of the Author Compared – the Full Orchestral Score of Levi-Strauss.**

I am ready to come full circle back to the full map of the Knowns and the Unknowns. Having oscillated through twelve dreams in two weeks, between the surface of the knowns, that runs the world, and the depths of the unknowns, that has continuous transition as in my dream of Indiana basketball in fast-break, some coming to terms becomes necessary.

After all, Emily could stay in the realm of continuous transition with her dog, Carlo, and I would like to, but I have continually go back to what runs the world. Emily let her father take care of that. I have to take care of it for my own family.

My argument in conclusion is that we all have to take care of both realms. I will illustrate this with a remarkable dream of one of our patients, whom the reader has met in a much earlier lecture (Lecture 1).
A Dream of Individuation from the Family

After several years of work with us, and many hard sessions with her dream maps, our patient is looking quite in the pink as I said to her walking in the room where she was meeting with one of our residents. She laughed and said she really felt like wearing pink today, and so she was. The resident summarized their discussion of the first half of the hour, chiefly in terms of her daughter having taken a number of steps to be responsible for herself in earning a living, and not falling back upon her parents. Her mother, our patient, was quite relieved. I remember one of the first dreams we worked on with her: having to carry her grown-up daughter in her arms for help.

She then presented the following dream:

I am in a kind of paradise for children with my husband and son, and carrying my daughter tucked under my arm like pink fluff – effortlessly, like you would a football.

However, when I go outside this paradise I cannot get back in. I am very anxious to find my son and husband, but every door I take back into it is a dead end.

To make a long discussion short, I finally ask her what she makes of this paradise that you can get out of, but not back in? She laughs, and says: Oh, that is my family in continuous partying. We are due to visit them again this month for another wedding. But I think I have changed too much. I think I have to get ready for the cold shoulder.

The resident then asked me how I knew to take up this space you can’t get back in once you get out? I answered, laughing: Well, all governing surfaces are like that. They want their surface and that is it! You are on your own to find yourself. Thus, we all have to get from the usual knowns, to the unknowns we need to find for ourselves.

At first glance, I thought: *I am now exactly where I was on August 8 and 10, 1996, in that pair of dreams.* The dream of August 8 is exceedingly beautiful and transitional like my dream of the Indiana fast break. It is followed on August 10 by a static dream of equipment man running everything as in John Cleese’s movie, *Clockwise.*

The same thing happened last night: *I dreamed I was going into a University Book Store with my wife to pick up my big red tennis bag after the flight and drive to the campus.* My wife suggested I would not find my bag on the first floor – popular selling books – but in the basement – textbooks. When I got there, I saw at once I would be waiting for a very long time before my red tennis bag is received there! Probably never!
Inspection of the pair of dreams 15 and ½ years after the pair of August 1996 is extremely interesting to me. Yes, there is the same contrast between the **sheer beauties** of continuous transition, followed by the **dismaying return to static equipment man** (from the region of the transitional operator, O(t) in the deep part of the **orchestral score**, to the region of the constant operator, O(c), in the **shallow surface of** the orchestral score)

But isn’t that the entire point of Levi-Strauss’s orchestral score of aboriginal mythology in South America? And of my central chapter in my first dream book, *Chapter 10, The Orchestral Score of Levi-Strauss*?

**We are destroyed if we cannot adroitly make the transitions that are radical bifurcations.** For the cold engine of the aboriginal world, those are the radical transitions from hot to cold, wet to dry, fresh to rotten, and so forth. For us in the modern hot engine, **the chief bifurcation** is from this beautiful transitional world for which we were selected for two million years // to the static, hot engine world of equipment man who runs the entire world!

Thus, my dream pair are exactly concise: I would like to continue my beautiful play of February 7 in the Indiana fast break, to tennis at another University on February 8, but there is no way that equipment man will receive my **big red tennis bag**. He has already acted for a month as if it never arrived! So wake up!

Fifteen and ½ years ago, I seemed to know this just as well. I knew it, and I did not know it. I actually kept being astounded that my beautiful transitional playing field could be dropped into with many students, and yet they would just as quickly **disappear back to the surface** in which they were drowning.

Alas, the incredible beauty, Levi-Strauss, and then they give it up. Oh well, I am not giving it up, but I **must be ready for what they give up**. So it goes. I am delighted to do what I do myself. **As much in the unknowns as I can get, and return to the knowns** where I will **find nearly everyone else!**
I find myself returning to the twenty-second video of Rumsfeld on U-Tube, where he says there are *the knowns we know, and the unknowns we know*, and *the unknowns that are unknown to us*. Rumsfeld is a **typical, constant operator of the surface** that attempts to control territory. Very few have an instrument of orientation that can go **beyond its small and conscious ego** – only in this access of the unconscious to the unknowns will we **find** the unknowns that are unknown to us.

Neither should we expect the Rumsfelds of this world to **know what they are missing** when they **miss taking these departures** to the unknown unknowns. They will not have any way to know **what these maps are worth**.
Lecture 32. My Business.

I have undergone a paradigm shift in my conception of psychiatry, but I am not about to bring that about in our residents. I have had over 300 of them in 38 years as a professor in Madison, so I have seen, as Vonnegut would say, how it goes. Nor am I going to bring it about in my friends who are drowning in materials on the surface. Nor am I going to have a place to publish it, beside myself as publisher, for every publisher turns out to have a rather small list, and one-sidedness, of an academic game of insiders. As Emily Dickinson found, and Allen Tate wrote about much later, there is no press or society concerned with the whole situation.

I am going about my business anyway, also quite as Emily did. My business in this lecture, also quite like that of Thoreau (2004, original work published 1854), who made himself an inspector of snowstorms for his village of Concord, is to explain how it is possible to have a beautiful paradigm shift in psychiatry, whether there are very few who comprehend it or not.

My business -- an expression of Thoreau that totally changed the meaning of the word business -- in this lecture, is as follows: first, the paradigm shift itself of very brief interviewing right in the middle of a totally conventional psychiatric clinic with the residents – second, the paradigm shift itself of descents into the unconscious by reading them aloud, right in the middle of a totally conventional set of seminars in the residency – third, the dynamics of the enormous set of loops of the surface, which invariably pull the residents back into line – fourth, how I take the descents from the surface in reading Freud and Jung aloud, taking turns with the residents, and how I depart from both Freud and Jung in my dream procedure – fifth, how I get beautiful departures in five or ten minutes for patients in the middle of totally conventional medication checks – sixth, how I get very deep psychotherapy with dream descents of patients with the residents in twenty to thirty minutes – and seventh and lastly, why and how it is that the massive surface of conventional medical psychiatry runs on just as usual, as if I were not doing anything at all.
Very Brief Interviewing

I had figured out six or seven years ago and described in *Very Brief Psychotherapy (2005)* how to **attend** to a medication check of a resident and **turn it** into a highly significant conversation. Six or seven years later, the chief difference is **the force of it** that **comes from clarity** of the **lines of sight**.

I will illustrate this in the fifth section of this lecture. Now I want to comment on the **paradigm shift** that is going on between me and the patients **almost continuously** in these medication checks -- also on how the residents simply report to me the medication change they are making, allow me to have this remarkable exchange with the patient and simply resume where they left off to go ahead with the new prescription. The **conventional paradigm** (i) seems **hardly to blink**.

Platt described *Hierarchical Restructuring* (1970) or a paradigm shift, as described by Deutsch’s *Theorem*, as follows: the conventional paradigm (i) is **restructured** by a **robust and effortless** subsystem (i – 1) that **resonates** with a larger super-system (i + 1). The larger super-system is what I laid out in *The Great Instrument of Orientation* (2008) and in *Twenty-Four Theorems of the Topology of Captivity and Deliverance* (2010): namely, the neuroscience of **orientation and of transitional fields**, and the history of literature in the west, whose **only subject is the same subject** as The Bible, **captivity and deliverance**.

Of course, the residents have no such education and no such inclination to provide it for themselves (i +1). Their education is (i): namely, that a **diagnosis**, as of **depression**, leads to a **program**, as of **anti-depression medicine** or **cognitive behavior therapy**.

If they are **amazed** by the **simplicity and fluidity of the transition** I get with the patient (i – 1), and I **see it regularly in their eyes**, I see also that they **do not even blink**, literally. There is no paradigm change at all for them, and **they go about their business (i)**. Meanwhile, there is a great paradigm shift between the patients and me **and so I go on about my business** (i – 1)(i + 1).
Descents into the Unconscious in the Brief Clinic

A very similar dynamics occurs in my weekly Brief Psychotherapy Clinic with the third and fourth year residents. Almost every single one of my consultations – all on DVD -- to them and their patients is divided between a first half that has the conscious view of the patient’s situation – the known knowns and the known unknowns -- followed by a second half that has the patient’s unconscious view of the situation – the unknown unknowns (see Lecture 31, The Knowns and the Unknowns).

When we do not have a case for me to consult to, or to review on DVD, I have taken to having them undergo excursions into the unconscious, by reading Winnicott or Freud aloud, paragraph by paragraph, taking turns, with their dream material. So far, this has been a remarkable experience for them. As one of them said in an email to me: I did not get this when reading it to myself before the seminar, but our reading put it in a new completely new light.

Of course, this excitement about going down into the unconscious (i – 1) is countered by the return to business as usual on the surface (i). Only 4 of them came for the first week of descending with Winnicott, and only 5 of them came for the second week of descending with Freud. I will be lucky to get 6 of them to descend with Jung this week. They have a huge set of loops of surface business as usual, which takes priority over their education in something thrilling. Once they graduate, they will be drowning as surface agents.

So they might as well just get on with their business. I have my business with them and find it absolutely beautiful.

Their Dispositif/Apparatus/Habitus (i)

Foucault (1977) would say that their business (i) is held together by what he called the dispositif:

What I’m trying to pick out with this term is, firstly, a thoroughly heterogeneous ensemble consisting of discourses, institutions, architectural forms, regulatory decisions, laws,
administrative measures, scientific statements, philosophical, moral and philanthropic propositions – in short, the said as much as the unsaid. Such are the elements of the apparatus. The apparatus itself is the system of relations that can be established between these elements (Dispositif, Wikipedia, February 2012).

Agamben (2009) takes Dispositif farther as follows in the same page of Wikipedia:

Further expanding the large class of Foucauldian apparatuses, I shall call an apparatus literally anything that has in some way the capacity to capture, orient, model, control, or secure gestures, behaviors, opinions, or discourses of living beings. Not only, therefore, prisons, madhouses, the panopticon, schools, confession, factories, disciplines, judicial measures, and so forth whose connection with power is in a certain sense self-evident, but also the pen, writing, literature, philosophy, agriculture, cigarettes, navigation, computers, cellular telephones and why not – language itself, which is perhaps the most ancient of apparatuses – one in which thousands and thousands of years ago a primate inadvertently let himself be captured, probably without realizing the consequences he was about to face.

Agamben could have cited Kafka’s story, A Report to an Academy: Two Fragments (1971, original work published 1913-1924), in which an ape describes to a scientific academy this very capture and transformation by the apparatus: how he became a human being, which is to say a surface agent. All of Bourdieu’s sociology concerns the same subject as dispositif/apparatus, and is called habitus.

Why am I saying this? I am merely saying this to indicate the magnitude of the series of loops that hold business as usual (i) in place. In terms of neuroscience (see my Lecture 28, Inferno 1300 and Inferno 2012), it is simpler to indicate the mechanism as follows: the brain selects itself by re-entry of the loops it enters into – it is what Edelman (2003) called a value-category memory, which selects by its previous selections being weighted to resonate with more of the same.
As Ahl and Allen argue in *Hierarchy Theory* (1996), most *surfaces* in biology are *functional surfaces* brought about by a higher rate of reaction, which is thus separated functionally from a context of slower rates of reaction. Thus, the *Homo Academicus* (Bourdieu, 1988) establishes a surface around its privileged in-group by a vicious circle of rapid rates of exchanges of favors, book and article invitations, doctoral thesis committees, etc. (pp. 95-99).

In psychiatry, exactly the same rate of rapid exchange of the same words and phrases: *depression and anti-depressants, anxiety and anti-anxiety drugs, psychosis and anti-psychotics*, etc. Thus, the remarkable lack of blinking by the resident in the medication check for my interlude of a 5 to 10 minute *transitional field*. The dispositif/apparatus/habitus simply resumes its rapid rate of exchange with itself.

**Descents into the Unconscious of Freud, of Jung, of Myself**

As I already have said, I am having the residents descend with these authors so they actually have the experience themselves of going into the unknown unknowns, by taking turns reading the paragraphs of descent out loud and discussing the paragraphs one at a time.

Now I would like to compare the first descent of Freud in his abbreviation of *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900) to his lovely synopsis of the long work into a very short work called *On Dreams* (1989, original work published in German in 1902). His dream specimen here is his own from the night before as follows:

*Company at table or table d’hote . . . spinach was being eaten . . . Frau E.L. was sitting beside me and laid her hand on my knee in an intimate manner. I removed her hand unresponsively. She then said: “But you’ve always had such beautiful eyes” . . . I then had an indistinct picture of two eyes, as though it were a drawing or like the outline of a pair of spectacles . . .*

The descent from here is by establishing the context of each of the elements: *table d’hote, spinach, Frau E.L.*, etc., so mysteriously assembled in the apparatus of the dream specimen. What happens is that these elements, apparently strange bed-fellows, belong together deeply, and
the impassive surface of Freud gives way to intense feeling about Freud’s exchanges with a very large number of people, indeed what he called the navel of the dream which seems to lead everywhere of importance to him (p. 147). What upsets him so much is that he gives so much, and has to earn everything he gets back, and gets almost nothing for free.

Any doctor or teacher or minister or anyone else in a helping profession can relate to Freud’s pain: your business is to give help and not get it, and so Doctor Jeykll routinely ends up with an unconscious full of unknown unknowns on the rampage like Mr. Hyde (Stevenson, 1985, original work 1886).

Jung’s comparable and brief work on dream analysis to On Dreams is called The Practical Use of Dream Analysis (1974, original work published 1933). The opening specimen is of a patient of a prominent position in the world whom Jung saw only once – circumstances did not allow them to continue. The specimen is a pair. The first of the pair alludes to his origin as a peasant boy in the mountains (his poor origin, as opposed to his extraordinarily successful career). The second specimen is quoted as follows:

I am in a great hurry because I want to go on a journey. I keep on looking for things to pack, but can find nothing. Time flies, and the train will soon be leaving. Having finally succeeded in getting all of my things together, I hurry along the street, only to discover that I have forgotten a briefcase containing important papers. I dash back all out of breath, find it at last, then race to the station, but I make hardly any headway. With a final effort I rush on to the platform only to see the train steaming out of the station yard. It is very long, and it runs in a curious S-shaped curve, and it occurs to me that if the engine driver does not look out, and puts on steam when he comes to the straight, the rear coaches will still be on the curve and will be thrown off the rails by the gathering speed. And this is just what happens: the engine-driver puts on steam, I try to cry out, the rear coaches give a frightful lurch and are thrown off the rails. There is a terrible catastrophe. I wake up in terror (p. 89).

Jung tries to convey the danger of the patient’s heated up will – as portrayed by the dream -- but the patient will not accept it, and they never meet again, and this is exactly what happened – the
fate in the dream enacted its course. He tried to exploit the professional openings that tempted his ambition, and ran so violently off the rails that the catastrophe was realized in actual life (p. 90).

Jung goes on to explain that the patient is in danger if he cannot see the whole situation which has many unknowns unknown to him – then applies his isolated will based on seeing what he consciously wants to see for himself: his successful ambition fulfilled. So the rear of his train goes violently off the rails.

I am certainly indebted to Freud for his method of establishing the context for each detail, as Jung was indebted to Freud, and I am certainly indebted to Jung for his night portraits of the whole situation of forces – and for his clarity about isolated will bringing about a catastrophe when its conscious map of the forces is so incomplete. However, I go farther, standing on their shoulders.

Here is a dream specimen of my own from two nights ago in four terse movements:

4 AM: I am playing on a soccer field and applying a series of three compressions of the ball moving in a horizontal trajectory so it moves deeper each time and scores a goal.

5 AM: I am riding my bicycle in Scollay Square in Boston over a dark, wet, greasy and treacherous pavement, and I ride against about 4 lanes of traffic coming right at me as I barely skirt it to its right. I get off my bike and climb a very steep thatched roof.

5.30 AM: I am on one knee, low to the ground, sighting the treacherous forces in this corridor of Scollay Square.

6.30 AM: I recall an email from one of our residents coming this summer about the Wolf Man: she notes that the Wolf Man wandered the streets of Vienna with a mirror held up to his own face in which he saw a hole in his nose. She intuit skillfully that Freud’s Mirror was felt by the Wolf Man to be very damaging to his line of sight of himself.
Why do I say and claim that my lines of sight go beyond those of Freud and Jung? I say and claim this because of my theoretical clarity of my musical score (Gustafson, 1997, Chapter 10, The Musical Score of Levi-Strauss). Reader, if you will now look at the diagram of forces in the score, you see my usual two compartments of the score, the lower and transitional and unconscious compartment of the transitional operator, O (t), versus the upper and outer and conscious compartment of the constant operator, O (c). This pair of compartments is a given in my map, because I think that the most extreme and dangerous bifurcation for our instruments of orientation to traverse is between an inner transitional field, and an outer corridor of cold calls (Lecture 29, Corridors of Cold Calls).

In the lower and transitional and unconscious compartment, you see my ability by compression to redistribute the force of the ball – as I do on the tennis court continuously, and as I do everywhere else.

In the upper and outer and conscious compartment, you see me enacting a tragedy that actually happened to one of my tennis pupils I taught in my summers off from college. He was a gifted tennis player at a famous university, who went to Boston to work one of those terrible jobs in investment banking (Ho, Liquidated: An Ethnography of Wall Street, 2009) that can start at 5 or
6 AM and can go until 1 or 2 AM every day and night. My pupil confounded a playing field he was so gifted at with a treacherous corridor of power in Boston, and got run over by a truck, had to have a leg amputated and shot himself in the head. Gone like Quinamid in the opening lines of Logue’s Homer in Cold Calls (2005). A corridor or strip of power distributed him to pieces.

So I am down on one knee, low to the ground, in Logue Homer’s long, long line of sight of three thousand years. The history of the transition from the cold engine to the hot engine by Levi-Strauss is with us at every moment: it awaits us at every intersection.

The fourth movement is remembering the comment of my new student about the Wolf Man: he never did get out of the cold corridor of his childhood, and, as in Gogol’s Story, The Nose, something quite dangerous to his nose happened. Gogol’s character has his nose run away with him, as the leading part of his personality as Jung would say, and the Wolf Man got just such a nose punctured.

A Ten-Minute Very Brief Psychotherapy as an Interlude in a Conventional Medication Check

I glimpsed this patient as I came into the resident’s office. She was sitting sideways to me on the very edge of the couch like a bird ready to take flight.

The resident reported to me that she had bipolar disorder and that she wanted to take lithium to quell her anger, especially at her boyfriend. The resident preferred to give her lamotrigine, as it is less toxic than lithium.

I asked the patient if I might ask her a question? She smiled at me and said I might. I asked her for an example of her anger. She replied that two weeks ago her boyfriend told her he was going to a strip show. She resented it but said nothing at the time. This morning she exploded at him, telling him he had no respect for her, and that he full well knew she did not want him to go to strip shows.
At this point, she felt that she did not want to be a bitch controlling him. She proposed a compromise that he should ask her when he wanted to do such things. He replied that men would be men, disregarding her proposal. Now her body joined the conversation and she trembled. I noted it, and asked her what was making her afraid? She replied that he might leave her.

Coming to the close of this interlude in the medication check, I simply noted her holding her own, proposing a compromise – a second line of sight from where we began – did risk his leaving her. On the other hand, capitulating to his doing whatever he pleased – the first line of sight in our conversation -- would build up her anger at being disrespected and lead to further outbursts from her. Finally, it was possible that holding her ground might get him to reconsider his presumption. She thanked me, and so did the resident, and so I departed, as they discussed the schedule for taking lamotrigine.

A Very Deep Dream Descent in Thirty Minutes

This is one of the two patients discussed in Lecture 26 who feared his force so much that he could not dare to play out in his considerable abilities on the piano and skiing and as a pilot. Since that previous conversation, he had begun to play out with some delight in himself, although he feared it and would suddenly stop. In the last conversation, we had discussed this stopping, and gotten to his fear of getting too big for himself and thus belittling others, and to his grief that he had surrendered his considerable talents by middle school.

Now I entered the resident’s office as he and the resident were discussing his determination since the last interview not to surrender his abilities and not to belittle himself or allow any one else to belittle him. Yet that had happened again. He and his wife were discussing how brilliant his daughter was and where she had gotten it from, and left himself out. His wife challenged him and asked him why he had allowed that?
This had gotten him thinking. Why had he allowed his father and his brothers and sisters to talk about him as a n’er do well all these years since middle school? Meanwhile, he was very upset with learning from a sister that the father had sexually abused her, and been rough on another sister. He loved his father and was grateful to him for many things, so he guessed he was protecting his father’s high status in the family at his own expense. In a wrestling bout with his father, on behalf of a sister, he had gotten his father in a hold, and quieted his rage.

I asked him if he had had a dream lately? He replied, Oh nothing much, and joked that he was waiting for our magic wand. I rejoined that we were having none of that game of his self-derogation and would like to hear his dream. His dream was merely this:

*I am cutting my toenails and the first one just falls off, and the next one comes off in my hand.*

I asked for his thoughts about this. He replied that he cut his father’s toenails when he was in a nursing home. Now he felt like the old man himself, and he did not like it.

Time was running short on the hour now, and I told him this: There was a paper called On Teasing and Being Teased (Brenman, 1952). The teasee, technically called a case of moral masochism, resorted to being teased in order to belong. In general, the author of the paper argued that behind it was so-called moral sadism or the urge to punish. I thought that was the case with him. He complied with belonging by allowing himself to be demeaned by his father and brothers and sisters. Thus, he might take back his force, if he had some confidence in holding back his own violence.

The patient said that that made a lot of sense to him, and my time was up, for the resident and he to have the final five minutes.
Conclusion: Why the Surface of Conventional Psychiatry Runs On as Usual – A Second Dream of the Author.

I have 5 to 10 minute deep conversations in conventional medication-checks and I have 15 to 30 minute deep dream descents in conventional medication-checks-combined-with-psychotherapy all clinic long. Little changes, I find, in the trajectory of the residents back to the surface of the enormous apparatus of medical psychiatry.

My dream about it last night was as follows:

*I am on vacation with my family and a number of other families high on the bluffs above a beautiful sea (like on Cape Cod, or Door County Summer Institute in Wisconsin). We seem to have, also, a beautifully bright green boat shaped like a dory, with a high pointed bow and stern and high sides to allow it to plunge through the surf without being swamped. Unfortunately, no one but me seems willing to take care of it. They leave it lying out at night on the marsh grass of the bluffs. I can do nothing about it. I would need someone else to help me carry it, and I would have to have a place to secure it. I have neither.*

*Later, I dream I am moving our family out of a house, which is rapidly filling up with people I do not know. My wife and children are asleep, so it is up to me to pack our car. When they wake up and get in the car sleepily, I notice that our old Cadillac has three flat tires and that it will take us nowhere.*
We have never had or never will have a Cadillac. It refers to a Cadillac in which our tennis team in high school was driven to matches in neighboring towns. The driver was the mother of our number one player. Her grand Cadillac now looks far-gone, as Logue’s Homer would say. I would say it means that conventional psychiatry is going to stay about the same in its ponderous apparatus that is entirely static. Their business is not my business: Detroit, and not-Detroit.
Lecture 33. The Whole Situation and the Coupling of the Great Instrument of Orientation

I have used this in the theory that I have built up in the course of time in explanation of the very great confidence which children often show in myself (as in others doing similar work) on these special occasions, special occasions that have a quality that has made me used the word sacred. Either this sacred moment is used or it is wasted. If it is wasted the child’s belief in being understood is shattered. If on the other hand it is used, then the child’s belief in being helped is strengthened.


Introduction

In this penultimate lecture of my book, reader, I need to return to the most important capability – to take in the whole situation (Tate, 1999, original work published 1934). I also need to return to how the great instrument of orientation that we all have, and hardly use, manages to do this. It manages to do this, by how it couples itself to the instruments of others in the groups in which it belongs (Lecture 30). If it is tightly coupled, it is locked into synchrony. If it is uncoupled, it is chaotic. If it is loosely coupled, it can retrieve beautiful proofs of what is going on between itself and the group. This capacity is what Poincare (1985, original work published in French in 1908) called the sieve.

In this lecture, I will proceed in a different form from what I have used all along. I will alternate between a crucial topic, and the reply of my own sieve on this topic. The topics, in order are: 1. Winnicott’s Sacred Occasions. 2. Surface Sham. 3. There is No Public Surface for the Whole Situation. 4. Gogol’s The Nose (1998, original work published in Russian in 1836). 5. The Coupling of the Instrument.
Winnicott’s Sacred Occasions

I have already explicated such a sacred occasion in Lecture 30 between Winnicott and Alfred. I have demonstrated it myself in the clinic in Lecture 32 in my five to ten minute interludes to the conventional medication check and in my fifteen to thirty minute dream descents in the conventional medication-check-and-psychotherapy.

What I want to do now is discuss the whole situation in which a sacred occasion may occur. I have learned the hard way that what is sacred to me and to the patient is hardly so for anyone else!

Interesting it is to me how W.H. Auden (2007) comes to mind in his two most famous poems, September 1, 1939, and Musee des Beaux Arts.

The first begins:

I sit in one of the dives
On Fifty-second Street
Uncertain and afraid
As the clever hopes expire
Of a low dishonest decade:
Waves of anger and fear
Circulate over the bright
And darkened lands of the earth,
Obsessing our private lives;
The unmentionable odour of death
Offends the September night.

This is how it is now. And so a sacred occasion gets hardly a notice as in Auden’s second poem:
About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position: how it takes place
While someone is eating or opening a window or just
Walking dully along

The scene is depicted below in Brueghel’s Icarus. A boy, Icarus flew too near the sun, and the sun melted the wax on his wings, and he fell out of the sky to his death in the sea. You can scarcely see his fall in the painting, and that is the point: the tragedy is overlooked.

In other words, a sacred occasion too has its own context – it is only part of a whole situation in which it is ignored.

The Author’s Dream of Spear Fishing on a Lake in Northern Wisconsin

My instrument has this to reply to my feeling about showing sacred occasions on DVD to my students:
5 AM: I am on a beautiful lake in northern Wisconsin, being taught how to spear fish for lake trout – mysteriously, the spears are thrown in a rhythm of three, seven and two.

6 AM: The place is no more, or only a place to get gas

The rhythm of spear fishing: Three and two remind me of Brahms and his incredible capacity to oscillate between the two. Seven is very elusive for me, so I ask my wife, who is a musician, What about seven? She says it is a tango beat.

How beautiful. A tango beats three against four in the horizontal of the movements of the dancers. The vertical measures are a simpler three against two.

Of course, only a place to get gas follows: the operational surface of machines takes over. We are fortunate if we can get in anything else.
Surface Sham

Jules Henry (1973) defines *sham* as giving something that is true while pretending it is the **whole** truth. Thus, the recipient is **misled**.

This sham has become the chief business, not only of psychiatry, but also of all businesses. Indeed, it is most flagrant in advertising, wherein *any item equals happiness*.

I have noticed it everywhere in our business, in the **same equation**:- the name of a diagnosis immediately leads to its treatment – for *depression, an anti-depressant*. The sham is that it is true that it might help, while acting as if a **signal of a whole situation of defeat** can be **ignored**. Indeed, **not a single example** of **what gets the patient down** is deemed to be necessary.

The noun *depression* is supposed to suffice. The sham is that it gets **nowhere near the patient**.

The Author’s Dream of Two Titanium Shafts

After a series of these shams, I dream:

*I enter a department’s large group meeting with a tiny wrench, to tighten the nuts that fit these two beautiful spokes like those of a bicycle but made of infinitely stronger material like titanium to the surface of the discussion.*
The **tight coupling** of the group to its **surface** is reflected in obvious jokes, always getting uniform consent of smiles and nods, obvious recommendations to the presenter, and reassurances that everything was for the best.

I decide what finally to say about the **whole situation** of the patient by keeping **myself apart** from these verbal and non-verbal **assurances** to one another that we are all of the same mind. Invariably, I find myself with the **feelings and thoughts** of the patient that are **not wanted**: *like rage or despair.*

**Loose coupling** to the group’s surface leaves in me everything I need. Now it is simply a matter of putting it in as a single detail or two, say *the violent act* of the patient who was *supposed to be so nice.* Thus, the dream **depicts** my tightening the nuts that fasten the titanium spokes **from below** to the **surface of the discussion**.

Another way of describing this dream and its diagram is this: the **sieve** is mapping **its own action**. An instrument of orientation that stays free of tight coupling to the surface, and stays
immersed in its own loose coupling as I described of myself in meetings, will find its selection of crucial details made for it unconsciously by its action as a sieve, just as Poincare (1985, original work published in French in 1908) found sufficient for arriving at his original proofs of non-linear geometry which founded the very field.

**West Side Business**

I wanted to write Giorgio Agamben a reply to his 24-page essay *What is an Apparatus?* (2009, original work published in Italian in 2006). Agamben essentially concludes that humanity is nearly totally captive to its array of apparatuses. I wanted to send Agamben my proposal for this book that argues that his map is only of one-dimensional man as Marcuse (1964) called him, namely, the empty throne of glory of an apparatus. Such a single line of sight sees only the captivity, while my second, third fourth lines of sight are for the deliverance.

I said to myself that I could lose nothing to see if Agamben would like the topological answer to the question that seems so painful to him. Well, I could lose something and I did lose something: I lost an hour on the Internet trying to turn up an email or a ground mail address for him, and I lost my light-heartedness to boot.

*The Author’s Dream of West Side Business*

That night I dreamt a striking pair of dreams: 4 AM: *We are accused of harboring rattlesnakes on our eighty acres of prairie.* I hotly deny it. 5 AM: *I find the bridge is out in the old West Side Business District of Saginaw.* I go downstream and find a bridge to cross, and come back along the eastern shore of the Saginaw River to the West Side Bridge from its eastern side. *I find I can cross it, if I have to step over sleeping homeless people in their bare blankets.* I wake up feeling nausea.
The second of the pair is clear to me at once: it reflects my inability to move out of the West Side Business District of Psychiatry to cross the Internet River.

The first of the pair puzzles me: It is literally impossible that we could be harboring rattlesnakes on our prairie – it is too high and too dry for them in Wisconsin – they love to be among the slippery rocks near the spring creeks. It must so in some other way. I suspect it means I harbor some violent animosity in myself towards all this sham of the surface agents. This is a natural segue into the fourth part of this lecture concerning what Gogol saw of a total Russian society in 1836. His humor is extremely violent as well.

**Gogol’s The Nose**

I have been reading this 24-page story this week and find it far superior to Agamben’s 24-page essay. I also find myself liberated and extremely light-hearted. Gogol must be freeing me from Agamben’s single line of sight of captivity in the apparatus.
The story has two minor characters, Ivan Yakovlevitch, a barber, and Kovalev, a bureaucrat who is one of the barber’s clients. The third and only major character is Kovalev’s Nose, which we come to presently.

The plot is that Ivan is eating breakfast one morning and cuts into his bread, only to find A Nose in it, and precisely the nose of Kovalev. Ivan is terrified that he had cut it off while drunk and of being about to be arrested at any moment by the police. All his attempts to divest himself of the nose are thwarted by people picking it up and handing it back to him, even when he drops it off a bridge into the Neva.

Meanwhile, Gogol takes us to the waking up of Kovalev minus his nose. Needless to say, he too is terrified like Ivan – you can see where Kafka got one of his famous plots. Kovalev goes running to the chief of police, into a pastry shop to look in its mirror, all in vain. No nose. Then the inexplicable jumps to another level:

_Suddenly he stopped as if rooted outside the doors of one house; before his eyes an inexplicable phenomenon occurred: a carriage stopped at the entrance; the door opened; a gentleman in a uniform jumped out, hunching over, and ran up the stairs. What was Kovalev’s horror as well as amazement when he recognized him as his own nose._

_How was it possible, indeed, that the nose which was yesterday on his face, unable to drive or walk – should be in a uniform!_ (p. 299, Gogol, 1998, original work published in Russian in 1836)

Reader, I will leave you to the delight of the unfolding of the plot. How was this possible? It comes to stand for all of the fronts of Russia, running after their ambitions based on nothing, save having a Nose that gravitates towards power.

Could it be so now? Reader, I ask you to answer that question yourself by looking around.
Author’s Dream of Surface Nobility

I now found myself in a retrospective dream of looking around and back over fifty years. I dreamed:

Of many scenes of shiny people of the surface, culminating in this one: my wife and I are at a rich hotel like the Ahwahnee in Yosemite Valley, where I am going to a table of an expedition soon to depart for the wilderness of the higher reaches of Yosemite. I ask if my wife and I can join them, and they put me off. I ask again, and they put me off. I ask a third time and they still put me off.

I ask myself: What makes me think they actually have something to offer? Really, all I know about them is that they are tall and handsome and athletic looking. They remind of the crew teams in April waiting on the grass of the park near our house – tall and handsome and athletic, like a higher species of being.

I wake up: Now I recall over fifty years of believing in tall and handsome and athletic people, starting with fraternity rush week at M.I.T when I was seventeen. Oh my. It is fair to say that every nobility I projected turned out to be shallow, with little or nothing to back it up, or something very degraded, with a handful of exceptions which I found in my closest friends.

Loose Coupling of the Great Instrument of Orientation

I have had over fifty years to study this problem in myself, and I find I have gotten it very slowly, one mistake at a time. Even yesterday, I had yet another mistake to face up to. As one of my friends wrote to me recently: You have a great capacity for disappointment! (Mike Moran, personal communication). My reply to him was: Yes, and a great resilience to get up again.

I found all this week in preparing to compose this lecture a kind of painful flush about 5PM, leaving work for home, more so getting home, and counting up the many sacred occasions I had
come through in the day for the patient – which takes us back to the epigraph of this lecture by Winnicott at its outset.

Now why the pain and the flush? Why not just gratitude for so many beautiful excursions with the patients and with the residents? Well, I partly knew: Because everything just snaps back to the surface. Tomorrow when I see them, it will be like nothing happened as we resume the sham of conventional psychiatry.

It was a painful day, yesterday, as I began this lecture, but the day held its epiphany. Now there is a sacred word. Going to get my car washed at Octopus Car Wash was very enlightening.

I had forgotten that Saturday morning was its rush hour, and found myself quickly in a long line I could not get out of once I was in it. In other words, I was locked into synchrony on the surface, literally. The forced cheerfulness of its Charon writing me out a ticket to pay seemed awfully familiar -- as the hustle, somewhat athletically, of the subsequent servants to the automobiles.

Only as the day collected itself in the evening did I realize what I had seen: what Sartre (Laing and Cooper, 1964) called the serial group. For example, a bus gathers up a serial group, as a series of passengers, 1, 2, 3, etc., who are entirely replaceable, and have nothing in common but their external relation of taking the same vehicle of transport.

That much I knew long ago. What I saw now was that the assembly line of the Octopus not only had a replaceable series to run through its procedure, but its procedure was itself replaceable by any other procedure or constant operator, O (c) in the world, from an airline to a football game to a conventional clinic of psychiatry. Enter, procedure, exit.

I decided to resign from being on the board of a journal I have been on for three or four years. In its monthly editions sent to me as a member of its advisory board, I had not read a single sentence or phrase that I had not seen before. Of course, it operated exactly as the Octopus Car Wash, or an MRI machine.
Jung (1974, original work published 1933) argued that single readings from the unconscious are not fully reliable to get the whole situation. A series is more reliable, like the many planes of a CT scan. He demonstrated this in the famous series of Wolfgang Pauli, Nobel Prize Winner in Physics for the Pauli exclusion principle (Jung, 1974, original work published 1944 in German; Meier, editor, 2001, original work published in German in 1992).

But it isn’t necessarily so. While it is true that Pauli’s dreams moved in a circumambulation around a center, this is not an advantage when its center is alchemy. It is but a flight from World War II, to the 16th century of Paracelsus. Understandable, if you were Pauli and Jung in the nightmare of Germany, or barely across its border in Switzerland and barely out of the reach of the Reich.

Yes, Jung’s dreams of mandalas late in his Swiss army service in World War I were very valuable to Jung for showing distortions of balance as distortions of the shapes of mandalas (Jung, 1989, original work published in German in 1961). Yes, but such circumlocution of the center of the self is easily put into service as flight from reading the world because it is too painful to bear.

My business is to continue reading the whole situation. If that involves seeing the serial group running every surface, so be it.

Author’s Dream of God as the Sovereign of all Serial Groups

Last evening I felt on the verge of getting free of opposing serial groups, a hopeless task, because every departure from them – all of my sacred excursions – in conventional medication checks, or in conventional medication-and-psychotherapy, or in conventional workshops on psychotherapy – always snap back like a rubber fence (Lidz and Fleck, 1985) to serial groups running their procedures or machines and thus controlling every surface of territory.
They will, you can absolutely count on it, like Gogol could count on The Noses rushing everywhere in Russia to run its surface of territories.

I dreamed the following pair of dreams: 4.30 AM: *I need to put a screened in window in the back of my car* (curious I thought to myself and went back to sleep). 6.30 AM: *In Burgundy, I am cutting the hole in the metal in the back of my car in which to place the window which I hope to get from Home Depot – perhaps, it will be an exit for my dog*. I talk with God about it, and he has not gotten to my order for the standard window, nor has he even seen the order yet, because he has been too busy – but he assures me I have one of the next priorities.

At 7.30 AM, I laugh to myself at the proof, which might have amused Poincare as another remarkable example of non-linear geometry. The rubber fence of the surface of serial groups itself has captured the sacred. No less a demonstration would suffice for what I have been up against.

Thus we have come full circle to defend Winnicott’s Sacred Excursions and my own. They are not the whole situation of the doctor, if they are of the patient. The whole situation of the doctor includes the sacred excursion, but also being snapped back to the surface by the rubber fence.
of the serial groups that run every surface or territory. So it goes. I am ready to incorporate this highly predictable disturbance as I recalibrate my instrument once again.
Lecture 34. The Mapmaker

She dealt her pretty words like Blades . . .

The film upon the eye
Mortality’s old Custom
Just locking up – to Die

--Emily Dickinson 479

Introduction

The final canto 34 of my Inferno is this one. Already, I am discovering it is an opening to A New World. I have been meaning to write a book about America, but I have put it off and put it off. I see why now. Being an original writer in America has been an extremely painful business for every one of them. I do not want to suffer unnecessarily like Melville did for writing our most profound novel.

D.H. Lawrence in his Studies in Classic American Literature (1977, original work published 1923) explains the problem for American writers more clearly than anyone, especially in his first chapter, The Spirit of Place:

It is hard to hear a new voice, as hard as it is to listen to an unknown language. We just don’t listen. There is a new voice in the old American classics. The world has declined to hear it, and has babbled about children’s stories.

Why? -- Out of fear. The world fears a new experience more than it fears anything. Because a new experience displaces many old experiences. And it is like trying to use muscles that have perhaps never been used, or that have been going stiff for ages. It hurts horribly.
The world doesn’t fear a new idea. It can pigeonhole any idea. But it can’t pigeonhole a real new experience. It can only dodge. The world is a great dodger, and the Americans the greatest. Because they dodge their very own selves (p. 7)

As an original mapmaker of our very field of forces, I have to accept that almost everyone operates with a map of a tiny surface – whatever business is theirs. As Lawrence rightly argues, this is as far as they go. So the first problem of this final lecture is how to accept this difference between my business and their business quite cheerfully without rancor.

The second problem of this lecture is a corollary to the first. When the world becomes a shallow surface of control operations, young people take flight from it into their own families if they are lucky enough to have such an intimacy. The smaller scale becomes the meaning of their lives with their children: finding them present for anything else is doubly difficult.

The third problem of this lecture is a natural segue from the second: vitality springs out of very beautiful and precious and very small scales – such as a vital English sentence, or a vital lining up of a big stroke in tennis to let it loose or an absolute clarity about what to open to and what to close to in a single breath that our neural network turns upon.

The fourth problem of this lecture is that my intuition that began the whole series as a parallel to Dante in 1300 of Inferno begins to take a particular shape or geometry that I had not anticipated: Inferno in 2012 is being swamped. The chief danger to everyone is massive intrusion all day long

The fifth problem of this lecture is the one I began the lecture with of the New World in America and what became of its potential for tremendous depth in the spirit of place. The nobility of many Bronze Age cultures portrayed so well by Huizinga (see Gustafson, 2010, Sixth Theorem, The Noble Semantic Complex of Play – from Johann Huizinga) tends, as Huizinga also demonstrated, to be buried in rank layers of rules, laws, protocols, techniques, operations, etc., that degrade human beings to mere operators who are finished as Emily Dickinson wrote in her 479 that is our epigraph to this lecture.
Finally, I want to conclude this Introduction by noting this lecture’s difference in form from the 33 previous lectures. Each of the five problems of mapping for the mapmaker will be introduced by one of my dreams of the last week as I was gathering myself to compose my concluding message about the crucial structures in my map of Inferno 2012. My sieve made the selection of this proof of the decisive and non-linear structures in the map quite as the sieve of Henri Poincare made the selection of steps in his proofs of non-linear geometry. Thus, my proof is clearer in its lines if I give it to you as it was given to me from the night sea of my own unconscious mapmaker, the only one I trust to be accurate in its selection out of millions of possibilities.

The Patients Already Speak Portuguese

The First Proof from the Sieve of the Author of the Crucial Structures of Mapmaking Inferno 2012 or Hell in Our Time: The Beautiful Dark Green Skiff:

6 AM: A beautiful dark green skiff condenses out of my night sea.
Where is this unearthly beauty coming from? And for what purpose was it sent? I feel sent by it to surf the Internet for the concept of skiff: it is a fresh one for me. Wikipedia tells me that the word is related to ship and has a complicated etymology: “skiff” comes from the Middle English skif, which derives the Old French esquif, which is itself of German origin (German Schiff). “Ship” comes from the Old English “scip,” which has the same German predecessor. It seems that all of these northern European countries shared the same concept for a small sea going craft.

Why I needed this small sea going craft now came into view when I considered my previous day in clinic. Residents presented a number of cases to me in which something very striking happened. The entire history from childhood fell into line for the patient from a single and generative phrase (Freire, 1970): for one patient it was the phrase I felt responsible and for a second patient it was the phrase I got sucked in.

Each of these patients began moving and being moved with intense emotion once this phrase of her own vocabulary was heard and noted back to her.

I asked the first patient to tell me more about I felt responsible in the context of her parent’s divorce three years ago when the announcement was made to her and she felt devastated and has not recovered. She went on to tell the resident and me how she was the oldest girl of three and she knew about the affairs of each of her parents but had not dared to bring it up openly. When suddenly the family would break up over these two affairs, she felt absolutely guilty and showed Gustafson’s sign of guilt. Now the same phrase was reiterated over a number of subsequent misfortunes in which she also felt absolutely guilty. I asked her how she felt about coming out of these, and she replied that an enormous weight has been lifted from her, having been so burdened secretly

The second patient’s comparable phrase was I got sucked in and it so summarized her entire life of being at the mercy of a violent brother while her parents ignored the physical dangers to her and while her life was still on hold to go back home on weekends to assist her parents with the brother.
This beautiful resonance of the entire history was what I expect in every case, but it was a revelation to the two residents.

The first resident had just presented the case as a major depression with onset three years ago to be treated with such and such anti-depressant. When I took her summary from there into the resonance of I felt responsible, she acted like a passerby to Brueghel’s Icarus falling out of the sky. She returned to her business of depression, anti-depression, as if she had witnessed nothing at all.

The second resident was thrilled by the resonance of I got sucked in to pull together the history in a powerful music. He exclaimed it was a very unusual case for the history to fall together like this.

In the case conference following the morning clinic as we were discussing these two cases, I explained how it might be possible for all of the cases to have this kind of resonance to the history. I told them about Paulo Freire’s project in Brazil (1970) for teaching Portuguese to peasants in the backcountry so they might participate in the new Goulart democracy.

Essentially, young university students like them selves went out in teams to the backcountry to teach the peasants Portuguese and could hardly get them to say or write a single word. They seemed hopelessly dull. Freire switched the strategy from being didactic to what he called problem posing: Drawings of peasants were held up to the circles of peasants depicting say a peasant drunk on a street corner. Then they were asked for their Portuguese word for this picture. The peasants astonished the university students by using a word in Portuguese like hero.

Thus, the peasants already spoke Portuguese! However, it was their own dialect of Portuguese with the words that were generative for them of their world. Thus, I said to our residents that our patients also appear hopelessly dull when addressed didactically with a series of questions. Yet they are full of life when their own generative phrases are heard and noted.
Thus, my beautiful dark green skiff condenses out of the night sea right in the clinic of Director Culture imposing its Culture of Silence. Our patients are already eloquent in their own generative vocabulary.

I can do this all the time with the residents and the patients, but I know also all too well how quickly they snap back into the usual dulling and conventional practice of psychiatry. Like Aldo Leopold (2001, original work composed in 1949) in Great Possessions, I have great excursions with my dog before the neighbors wake up – we can walk anywhere forever – but cede the real estate back to the neighbors when they get out of bed! So it goes with the residents as well, whose conception of their real estate is something like the territory of depression and anti-depressants.

Flight from the Conventional Surfaces Back to Family Intimacy

The Second Proof from the Sieve of the Author: A Big Turn on Cross-Country Skis:

My day preceding this dream was a striking contrast between patients with fresh spontaneity and some so stale in their incessant control operations. This got me thinking of my friends who
are captives of the latter all day long in their practices. I can hardly blame them for retreating back into their family intimacy for what fresh spontaneity they can find with their children.

My dream took me back to our family delights with our children in the mountains near Billings, Montana, where I trudged for the Indian Health Service. In the dream, I take a big turn on my cross-country skis leading them happily along the foothills back home. This non-linear map from forty years ago puts me in their positioning now, and helps me accept their disappearances for very long stretches of time.

Very Small Scales

The Third Proof from the Sieve of the Author: Poem Pulled Taut in the 7th Line

I am analyzing a poem pulled taut in the 7th line (of eight). I am the general of a mock Russian army of actors without a script, in a public park, to engage in an extravaganza of simulated battle with a rival army of actors. I ask myself: In what sense are you allowing a travesty of your time?
The poem is what I come down to believe in: in a single line, the poem can be pulled taut to **draw on its force** – I do this with my patients – I do this on the tennis court – I do it everywhere. I happen to be reading Jhumpa Lahiri’s *Hell-Heaven* (2008), a powerful love story which falls apart, and seems to lag, until the seventh hour, so to speak, where Boudi the heroine comes within a breath of immolating herself.

Being a general of a mock Russian army of actors reminds of Tolstoy’s Kutuzov in *War and Peace* (2007, original work published in Russian in 1861). For me, Kutuzov is the greatest of Tolstoy’s characters. He is the only one able to keep his eye on the **whole situation** of Napoleon’s advance into the heart of Russia in the winter. He is never drawn into the foolish plans of his sub-generals who see but a small fraction of reality and propose disastrous attacks.

I was a general of my back yard as a young boy and have continued to be a general all along. Part of my distress is that **there is no army** I can be a general of. Rather, the armies of actors are more like Gogol’s story, *The Nose* (1998, original work published in Russian in 1836). For Gogol, the Nose that ran off from its face of a major is all there is of public life in Russia: pointless ambition, signifying nothing. I think of President Obama: he sounds more and more meaningless to me like a poor actor **straining his thin voice**. I do not believe in the larger scales of society at all.

**Being Swamped**

4 AM: I am with my family on a night train like the one in Anna Karenina that introduces her tragedy with Karenin, the arch-bureaucrat, who meets her at the station. She notices his ugly hairs in his ear. The train is full of our baggage in four or five different cars, and each car is also a different protocol I am carrying out, and each is full of clambering children I need to look out for. I manage to run after the pack of children who go running into the sea, and corral them back from deep waters. I manage to take our baggage off the train, one car at a time. I manage to simplify four or five protocols into one.

5 AM: I am in a richly appointed sitting room – many from our history from the 1970’s – also like the one of Pranab and Deborah in their big stone house in Marblehead – Pranab had deserted Boudi, the heroine, for this younger, unmarried woman – I am sitting with my two grandsons, Chihiro and Amane, ages eleven and eight – I have never dreamt of them before – I find a hole in the hardwood floor with a stopper in it that I pull out to drain the several inches of absolutely clear water in this room – one of the boys wants me to go with him to unblock the drain in a similar fashion from the floor above us to our floor and I decline to do it as too dangerous – I also decline to let loose playing baseball in this fragile and delicate room easily destroyed.
This dream was preceded in the day before its night by a visit with a patient who seems absolutely typical of all us. She is a flooded doctor. She dreamt the night before I saw her of going to her old and reliable hairdresser who was detained somewhere else. His servile assistant floods her with inane talk she is gagging on, but allows him to go on, when she feels like running away. She has to put up with this massive intrusion because women are supposed to be nice.

The irony is that she flashed by this dream of 5 AM and rushed into her day that the dream was holding up to her as a forecast: she would be assaulted like this all day and stand for it – even in my waiting room, acting nice with inane intrusions of insane parents neglecting their children and forcing her attention upon them.

Ah Anna Karenina! I am not willing to be you. What dangerous rebellion exploded in you! I was responsible for a huge number of simultaneous burdens 40 and 30 years, but I have managed to simplify my life.

How surprising to see Chihiro and Amane in my dream sitting-room: I am learning to pass on to two generations ahead of me what to attempt and what not to attempt. It is a great simplicity, hardly ever seen in American writers since Thoreau and Emily.

Inferno Is the Right Word for Us

The Fifth Proof from the Sieve of the Author: A Vast Disaster of Our People
Yes, I am angry, like Emily in her 479: She dealt her pretty words like Blades . . .

The film upon the eye
Mortality’s old Custom
Just locking up – to Die.

Here is why, as it played out in the proof from my sieve:

4 AM: I enter into a paradisal valley like Sesto/Moso in far northern Italy, a kind of Eden, acquired by Harvard for its playing fields stretching as far as the eye can see. I pass through its gate – I think: Perhaps this was my mistake?

5 AM: I seemed to have committed some wrong in the Harvard Alumni Club – I flee out its back gate hotly pursued – probably I pointed out their sham of having any depth at all, which they do not, but why tell them, like James Agee at Time Magazine in what he called The Headquarters of Lying – I flee next into a school yard which has a mountain of black slag from an abandoned coal mine, but it is so precipitous I nearly fall off, and I have to retrace my steps to continue my flight from my angry pursuers out to nail me to the wall.
6 AM: I am at a kind of wedding, helplessly watching and unable to stop what is happening – the Gustafson clan has a receiving line of its property of baggage, trunks and assorted gear that has all become polluted – the clan is coming towards it to receive, inspect and judge it, and they have to be nauseated – a parallel clan in this marriage in which families exchange hostages is moving along to receive, inspect and judge its property to be gained from the exchange – all rotten!

This is not a nice dream, but I am afraid that social reality is but superficially nice at all. Ah, the New World, D.H. Lawrence, this is what you were afraid was happening. I am afraid of it too. As Bertrand Russell once said,

*Once you know how terrible the world is, you may begin to enjoy it.*

What he meant is not that you enjoy terrible things like the vast Inferno of this dream proof. Rather, meant that you can be delighted to have such an accurate map that you can steer out of its terrible way. In the Middle Ages, such a map was called a rutter: scratched out on some crude surface of bark or leather, it pointed where not to go and where to go. You need a rutter (routier, Old French), and a rudder, or you are lost.
Lecture 35. Signposts to Heed on Entering the Day

I had intended to conclude this book with Lecture 34, The Mapmaker, in parallel with Dante 700 years ago in his 34 Cantos of his Inferno. I cannot. Something further is too important to hold back.

The last five nights have put something of huge and further importance to me about 5 AM in the darkness before dawn. The simplest comparison that comes to me is the signpost at the head of every cross-country ski-trail that says expert, intermediate or novice. Like this, we skiers into the day are warned of the terrain ahead and how much difficulty to anticipate. But these signposts go further: they literally hand you the nature of the difficulty on a map, and they point to how you can get through them, or capsize. In this way, they are more like guidebooks to running rapids, which point to the treacherous passages and point to the lines of sight that have a chance to pass through. As I said in the conclusion to Lecture 34, there is no substitute for a rutter, a routier, and a rudder that is guided by the first two. Without these three, you are going to be badly hurt.

Now, no one I know of has ever said this: no one I know of has ever had a sieve to select the map of the coming day. Of course, we all have such a sieve, but we do not know that we have such a great instrument of orientation. Poincaré (1985, original work published in French in 1908) (Gustafson, 2008) knew he had one for creating his proofs of non-linear geometry, but he did not know that daily life demands exactly such non-linear geometrical proofs of our personal trajectory in its terrain. Shakespeare came closest in the nightmares of his characters, like Lord Stanley, at 4 AM, signaling imminent death if the night messages were not heeded.

My plan for this relatively brief lecture, then, is to give you the rutter or routier that was given to me about 5AM in the last five nights. You can judge the significance of each of them for yourself. Of course, I need to say, daily life is mostly not a matter of life and death for most of us. It is usually not so for me. What is at stake is more like daily pain, or nausea, for running routes wrongly or rightly. That indeed is worth knowing.
My plan for this proof – of the necessity of reading non-linear topography in everyday life – is to simply give you, reader, the series of five nights as my night sieve about 5 AM presented it to me. Taking the series in hand as a set of rutters or routiers, I can then spell out the profound deliverance that is possible from this Puritan culture of will that has captured everyone.

Dream Series of the Author in Five Successive Nights

Putter in Deerskin

I see three of my own patients in the afternoon who remind me that this culture just won’t work for them or for just about everyone else. They become its agents of the surface. I am reminded how far I have come from 1990 when I published The Modern Contest with Lowell Cooper, to my Lecture 29, Corridors of Cold Calls, in this book you are reading. I now see that these corridor strips are merciless. As in my dream from Lecture 29, I have to get down on one knee to sight their treacherous surfaces. As my friend, Gary Simoneau noticed (personal communication), I have become a Native American scout.
I dream:

*I am moving my family to a new house, but I have way too much material to select from, pack up and move.*

*I come upon my putter whose blade is wrapped in deerskin for the subtest stroke.*

Certainly, this is another Native American image: putters for golf are steel, usually, always a very hard surface to strike against the very hard surface of a golf ball. My sieve has created a beautiful improvement: a putter wrapped in deerskin (and gathered up around the shaft by a thong) would have, by virtue of its soft texture, a subtle feel for the subtest stroke.

For what is this invention given? Since every one I see is flooded with materials, as their agent for distribution, they will swamp me in their endless series of loops, of details to worry about, to be well thought of. A doctor or medical student, a lawyer, a teacher, an engineer, a mother, a housewife – all have become clerks.

How do I keep from becoming one myself in looking after them? I find it takes a subtle stroke as the dream proposes: since every move my patient makes with me is just another loop of worry, I can note the gist of the entire series – gist is a legal term from French originating about 1711, as gesir, from Latin, jacet. Gist freely translates as it lies in.

This translation of the entire series of worry loops as the same move of vigilance, its gist, allows me to step outside of the entire tangle in summarizing it: a beautiful and subtle stroke.

*Flywheel of the Vocal Chords*

With my beautiful putter in deerskin, I move subtly through my day in the clinic, one putt per green. So much material from all of the patients – getting the gist of it with map or rutter, my putter is a kind of rudder for steering right to the point. I am reminded of Chuang Tzu in his
poems (Merton, 1965): another sign of getting free of this Confucian culture of ours running its empire.

I am struck by one of our patients who is amazed by her husband turning on her with surprising and ruthless force like her family of origin: her voice shakes as she talks about it.

I position my self beautifully: unlike the patient, who is not heeding her 5 AM warning about what is going on with her husband, I see her new delight in keeping her family of origin at arm’s length on one side, and her husband at arm’s length on the other side, but I also see his retaliation the next day as just what it is. I am not amazed by it at all: such reversals can be expected when such patients start to get better (Gustafson, unpublished, lecture given in 1987).

I dream:

*Of a flywheel on the main shaft of vocal chords: such a flywheel exists, and tangles the vocal chords up in knots, when the crankshaft applies acceleration too fast.*

What a remarkable portrait of the forces shaking the voice of our patient. She has allowed her husband to apply an unexpected, rapid acceleration to them. If she is having trouble being objective about forces impinging on her voice, my sieve is absolutely graphic in diagramming them.

My sieve is not done with me this morning. I am thinking this dream diagram also applies to my own phase-space. I have been having a remarkable month on the tennis court, thanks to my coach, Jim Shirley, being so clear with me about the set points from which each stroke begins to move in the clearest line of sight. The racket speed, unimpeded by any extra motions, is astonishing. Also, practicing these set points with the ball machine twice a week has made them second nature.

In other words, I have reset my body, so that acceleration flows as freely as possible.
Also, I have taken in the orbit of our patient’s tangled acceleration of her vocal chords without any shaking of my own system. Somehow – quite unconsciously – I began to consider all of the patients as being like this patient, and all of my students, and all of my friends. Into my solar system, their comets that come but once, or their ellipses that come infrequently, bring in these disturbed accelerations. Once I expect them to be shaken, I go unshaken myself.

Throwing Shams Off the Balcony

I am relieved to be so objective about my solar system – not only for the entrance of turbulent systems as comets and ellipses, but also for their periodicities. Comets come usually but once like medical students I teach, while ellipses come back after long disappearances like residents I teach who show up at my symposiums at the Door County Summer Institute. Ellipses then disappear again into their inter-stellar orbits. It is just the physics of inertial systems, and for me another level of objectivity about my whole phase-space (complete set of possible energy states of my system).
Nevertheless, I felt pain after such beautiful cases like the *Flywheel of the Vocal Chords*, and several more beauties the next day, when I had to return to a large number of nullities in the clinic. Or was it foreseeing a number coming the next day? I really **detest** empty thrones of glory who run on and on about themselves as if they were charming. I have not quite found how to **dispense** with them while I am seeing them. Seeing the total redundancy of their so-called conversations, actually monologs, where the **gist of them lies**, is not sufficient. They are too **toxic** for that maneuver of mine to suffice.

I dreamt that night:

*I am throwing shams off a Balcony.*

Another signpost for the day I am entering: I think reading the first 13 pages of Gogol’s *Overcoat* (1998, original work published in Russian in 1842) also set it up. I found it so **degrading**. I just stopped. I **refused to take in** such degradation, comical as Gogol could be in every line of his irony. I feel the same about Lahiri’s writing (2008): mostly degrading situations, with very little **nobility for counter-point**.

So my sieve reacts with violence: the Balcony refers to Genet’s play, *The Balcony* (1958), where the scenes are from a brothel, as when the fire chief has the whore pretend to be a fire he puts out, or the police chief has the prostitute pretend to be a criminal he arrests, and so forth. Empty thrones of glory, mere agents of the surface, glorifying themselves: these I am **hurling** off the balcony.

At first when I woke up, I thought I was being high and mighty like Hercules cleansing the Augean Stables: then I thought, **No, your sieve is right – like Emily who did these things in her mind continually.**

The next day in clinic I did it happily in my mind as I went along – **pitching many over the balcony**, to clear space for a lovely set of patients with beautiful and noble dream capacity.
Later in the day, I thought of the Marx Brothers in *A Night at the Opera*: literally, they invade the balcony of the opera, to wreak havoc. Me too. When there is such a **gulf** between beautiful work and a **balcony of shams to judge it**, I get violent and have a **great pleasure** in my mind, if I am very polite and bow in all the right places.

*Massive Steel Hotel, Pond Theatre*

I imagine giving Grand Rounds in my department on *Positioning*, such as in these first three dreams of this series. The **gulf** between the beauty of the work I am doing and the **balcony of empty thrones** of glory so out of touch with everything **stops me in one second**.

I dream:

*Vetting someone for Supreme Court.*

*A massive wrap-around steel hotel in Saginaw*

*My wife and I are conducting a kind of street theatre at a pond on which we are camping on a flimsy raft of air mattresses. She stops her part in it and a car parks right over it as on a Chicago street.*
This dream is what Jung (1974) would call a *reducto ad absurdum*. The condensation of wit is as follows.

To *vet* has become a new cliché of our times. It comes from the word *veterinarian* and refers to his action to look for flaws in a horse before the race. So everything is *reduced* to a race, and a Supreme Court Justice becomes just another *clerk*. I am not interested in being in such degraded, political races.

*A massive wrap-around steel hotel in Saginaw*: Another absurdity, as if downtown, old Saginaw were rejuvenated and this is its centerpiece of architecture. The quintessence of General Motors in a hotel like its Cadillac *so massive as to be impregnable*, and yet it is *totally vulnerable to markets like everything else*. This is a second reduction to absurdity of conventional American culture. For me it is nothing at all, and yet this is what wins.

*Street Theatre on a Pond*: counter-culture summoned to mind by a country music band of people we know recently getting a little attention. I am also reminded of my wife and I playing such music forty years ago, even when we camped out. Such music is exceedingly vulnerable to
clubs in Chicago and comparable venues that select it. I do not have any faith in counter-culture either.

Q.E.D. quod est demonstratum: There is no venue that I want. So it goes.

Four Tiny Movements

The last of a series of 5 signposts into the day: this one points to my position in concluding this lecture. I wrote the first page last night, and this is what my sieve has to say about it to me at 5 AM in the darkness before dawn:

I feel surprisingly fine. I have this beautiful instrument every night to count on. I have no need to will people to be anything other than they are.

One of my helpmate women in the department has a straggly toothbrush and is not looking too well herself. I give her a fresh one of a beautiful and primary yellow color.

I am on a canoe trip and am startled that I forget to bring a towel. Ah, no problem, really: I can use my shirt to dry off.

Two ministers, a man and a woman, I overhear discussing their excellent computer technology to distribute work around their congregation. The woman is chortling about it, and the man retorts that there is no one present who will carry it out.
Such irony is the final of five reductions to absurdity. If my hopes are not modest from this, no message will ever reach me about my positioning. I may have a beautiful instrument to count on, like Emily, but all I can do is give my valuable lady a new toothbrush of a primary color of yellow and all I can do for myself is improvise with my long-sleeved shirt as a towel. The ministers seem to save an excellent technology for distributing the work of the congregation, but no one is present to receive their orders.

I woke from this dream in a segue to two typical people I know, one a woman and one a man: both appear to be very unhappy. What do these two have in common? Each is extremely willful. They make everything happen. They are exhausted. They seem to enjoy nothing. I am reminded of Sherwood Anderson’s novel, Winesburg, Ohio (1960, original work published in 1919). He called his characters grotesques, an exact word for the results of isolated will (Tate, 1999, original work published in 1934).

Well, of course. By contrast, I count on my sieve to give me everything I need to read my positioning, and I move as effortlessly as possible from these readings. Such is the good fortune that is actually attainable. Emily knew it well, and so did Thoreau, and so did Aldo Leopold: these are the people that make sense to me.
A Tradition Beyond Our So Called Culture

There are many cultures infinitely wiser than ours. I just happened to recall the *Bhagavad Gita* (translation by Stephen Mitchell, 2000, original work composed between 200 B.C.E and 200 C.E.) from an exchange with one of my patients, who told me that *Arjuna*, the main character, shot *Krishna*, his god-mentor, to take over his powers. I did not recall that, and went back to read Chapter 18 of the *Gita*.

Indeed, *Krishna* was very much himself explaining the *greatest of secrets* to *Arjuna* in this conclusion as he was in the beginning. What he said was that *relinquishment* is the *noble secret*. It is *rajasic* to cling to what you want, and get angry about what you don’t want, and it is *tamasic* to be delusional and have everything upside down, good for bad, and so forth. It is *sattvic* to accept the *whole phase space of energies*, or as Lèvi-Strauss (1983, original work published in 1964) would say, the *whole musical score*.

The outcomes are *not up to you* and *not to be willed*. Krishna decides them. You get to *set your positioning* as best as you can and trust sensitive dependence on initial conditions in how you *line up your shots*. Then you *let it play out instinctively*.

*Relinquishing will* is indeed the noblest of virtues. It is interesting to see the parallel between what Krishna was asking of Arjuna and what my sieve asks of me: to let it show me *what is really going on* and *what is possible* for me to do about it.
Lecture 36. Orientation

Take heed therefore how ye hear: for whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have.

■ Luke 8:18 (The Bible, Authorized King James Version)

Where

Have I changed since The Great Instrument of Orientation (2008)? Since Twenty-Four Theorems of the Topology of Captivity and Deliverance (2010)? I think so. But it is time to say how so.

I knew in the first book about transitional fields, between the inner field and the outer field, and of fractal time and space to get the biggest things in the fewest words or images. I knew in the second book about the immense external force of centrifugal force fields, downstream, and top-down, that capture everything on the surface.

Now, concluding my third big book of essential maps, I am prepared to show seven maps from my last seven nights that demonstrate the simplicity of orientation: by orientation, I mean where the animal needs to close for staying out of danger, and where the animal needs to open to nourish himself.

The crucial word is where: knowing where you are positioned in your own phase-space of all your potential energies. If you are positioning wrongly, you will have disturbing signals, like fear or defeat or nausea, to alert you to your position. This is why I believe that psychiatry of the greatest help is concerned with this orientation. It is the fundamental problem of biology and of religion and of literature.

Now I will try to demonstrate exactly what I mean by the fundamental problem, by giving seven versions of it in a row as selected by my sieve about 5 AM as a signpost pointing to what I must
watch for entering my day. The sieve simply looks at the field of the hippocampus for its map at 5 AM of our opportunities and their dangers, if we will only heed it. You will get to appraise therein my biology and religion and literature.

Where in Seven Nights

Bouillabaisse Overcooked

A good Monday preceding this dream: one of my patients looked at Twenty-Four Theorems (2010) on my web side and declared it was too difficult. I got it down off my bookshelf and read her from Theorem One, and said to her: It is just plain English. A constant operator, O (c), is stale, and a transitional operator, O (t), is fresh. She got it.

However, I still get a flush every day about 5 PM. Why? I still do not accept the condition of the people. Like Akaky Akakievich in Gogol’s The Overcoat (1998, original work published in Russian in 1842), they comply as copyists – constant operators, O (c) – and compensate themselves with a total commodity fetishism of The Great Coat as God, like Joseph’s Coat of Many Colors. Gogol was twenty years ahead of Marx and much more concise and graphic.
I dream about 5 AM:

*My wife and I are in a kind of Milgram (1973) experiment of Orders Given: Heat up your shrimp soup and do not stop accelerating!*

*I discuss these orders with my wife, and we agree that* simmering *the soup is quite enough, and we eat it ourselves.*

When I wake up, I think of what D.H. Lawrence wrote (see Lecture 35): *Not everything is allowed and certainly not the destruction of beautiful orange soup, namely the beautiful complexity of our selves.*

The dream is another *signpost* on which *a map is given* of the day I am entering (*Lecture 35*): it points to another day of patients putting themselves in *compliance* with *orders given* (like building a pyramid in Egypt). They will comply with this surface, until they *explode or go into flight* into their compensations like Akaky Akakievich. *They are Akaky.* Great word: Akaky.

This map points towards the terrible *compliance* or *synchrony with the group.* Why *shrimp* soup? Are we *ourselves not a remarkable seafood stew* like *bouillabaisse*? Are we not to be *respected* even that much?

*The Final Out, the Final Run*
My day leading up to this next dream was quite as *Bouillabaisse Overcooked* had pointed to: from the sublime beauty of some dream work to total nullities. I feel like there will **never be an end** to this **non-linear crossing**. I decide to continue reading *The Overcoat* to my wife in the evening.

I work out with my tennis coach, Jim Shirley, once again: I am in marvelous new movements, because he has given me **the set points** from which all of my strokes flow **without being impeded** in any way: **boom**! Stepping into the backhand, and hitting the serve upwards towards the ceiling! Now I am with the nullities. How do I **take it in stride**? **Incorporate it into my body**, as I do on the court?

I really love explaining to the patients that *their dreams are maps*. No one ever said that to them so simply before. Not just their inner world, as Freud and Jung explained, but **their whole situation**, quite as Lévi-Strauss argued in mythology.

I read *The Overcoat* to my wife that evening. Akaky reaches the pinnacle of admiration for his beautiful coat at the office party, only to have it stolen walking home much too late in the deserted city. Why? He did **not want to displease** his host when he tried to leave early. How terrible! What an innocent! The only thing he had of God.
I dream at 4 AM:

**The Final Out:** I am pitching for the final out against the most pitiful of batters who will be lucky to hit it out of the infield if at all. I am deciding what pitches to throw. Shall it be nothing pitches he can do little with? Or fastballs he is not likely to touch? I decide **not to will** the final out, but rather only to set the pitches as I please and let them play out the sensitive dependence on initial conditions. This is really the **end of a dead regime:** as T.S. Eliot wrote, to end not with a bang but a whimper, in *The Hollow Men* (1991, original work published 1925): Headpiece filled with straw.

I dream at 5 AM:

**The Final Run:** I am watching my brother hit a triple in a softball game at Higgins Lake (where the rich people in Saginaw go on vacation), but he runs it **in reverse**, to third base first, then second, and finally to first. Then he tells me I must pinch run for him. I accept and move from the first base coach’s box to first base itself. When the next batter hits the ball, I do not run home. Instead, I run into right field right off the field.

Now my wife and I are driving a car up to a **massive and dead mountain**, with a **massive and dead lake** in it, from which flows a **massive and dead river** (a sickly green color like a massive and dead glacier), into a **massive and dead village** mostly boarded up, as you can find all over rural France nowadays. Its main street is roped off against cars, in favor of walking, but my wife insists we drive right up to the house that handles rentals of houses. I tell her we are sure to get thrown out.

For me, all three scenes are about **an end** to a **dead world** I do not want to be structurally coupled to at all. It is like the previous dream of *Bouillabaisse Overcooked*. Instead of a **highly condensed form** like *Orange Shrimp Soup*, this one is **elaborated** on an epic scale of a huge and dead and empty civilization as buried at Vesuvius. Well, Lèvi-Strauss, you knew how to **map musically, condensing, then elaborating**, to get the **whole situation**.
Most of this triptych speaks for itself, with a few mysterious details that need elucidation. My brother hitting a triple, and running the bases in reverse: unlike myself, my brother has tried to make more out of Saginaw than there is substance to back it up. For me, it is all over there, so I decline to run home at Higgins Lake, and run right off the field altogether.

The final panel refers to Europe, and my recent hopes that a certain publisher there would have some kind of honor or courtesy or even curiosity about my proposal for this book: none, none and none. American writers, running into the barren frontier of American business outposts, have often made the reverse mistake of thinking too highly of Europe. Oh well, I am getting over it.

Painting the Grey Van Yellow

I am very annoyed with the barrenness of various people the next day. Also I am alarmed that I agreed to take on the 17-year-old son of a colleague who is very suicidal. I had to. If I decline, my colleague will have no one who will even know how to take a history with the boy of how he got into this despair and loss of his lifeline – the first line of sight --and no one who will know
how to look for a second line of sight in the boy – how he might prove everyone wrong about his worthlessness.

I dream at 5 AM:

Why did I take my own 17-year-old son back with me to visit a certain old colleague to play tennis and paint his grey workman’s van yellow?

This dream is an enormous relief to me: this boy I will consult to next week is not my own son of twenty-five years ago! Neither would I involve my own son in helping my own colleague! He has his own life to lead, and the last thing he needs is to be caught up in my projects. Neither would I try to paint the grey van of my own colleague to a brilliant yellow. He already finished himself off in a closed, grey compartment of his workman’s truck that could only exhaust itself further.

Notice that upper and outer compartment has the grey, exhausted van. The lower and inner compartment has a kind of sun like vitality against a royal blue Swedish cross: So much for keeping the stale compartment apart from the fresh compartment. I will see if this boy I consult to has a fresh compartment or whether he is caught in a stale one of someone else’s project.

This map brings me back to Luke 8:18, my epigraph to this lecture: Take heed how ye hear: for whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken that which he seemeth to have.

Slide Rule and Big Red Lips
I am thinking about students who expect me to respond – and I always do – while they do not need to respond to me. The etymology of the word is interesting and relates to the deep exchange we were selected for in two million years of the Ice Age: *spondere*, Latin, for *pledge*, *respondere*, to give your own pledge back in return.

My wife and I watch the second half of *Bergman’s Island*. What a charming and ruthless man he was to all his children and wives. Not responding. We also complete our reading of *The Overcoat*. It ends with another aspect of *The Great Code* of the Bible besides *The Coat of Many Colors*: namely, *An Eye for an Eye*. The general who scorned to help Akaky recover his stolen coat has his coat stolen.

I dream at 5 AM:

*In my old neighborhood of my first elementary school, my wife and I seemed to have moved in. I go to borrow a slide rule from a neighbor who is at once a Caesar and a Professor. Then I go again to borrow wrapping paper from his wife, who has big red lips like a cartoon of the*
Duchess in Alice, and she tries to seduce me, and I decline. **Nausea:** 65 years of humanity as part-objects, the male slide rule and the female big red lips.

The signpost and its map for the day are posted. My **nausea passes at once** when I admit what is coming in the day, and it surely did. Ready for the **cartoons**, I am **grateful** for the many works I do with the residents of Beautiful Orange Shrimp Soup of **full respect** for the **complexity** of the dream instrument. I am also ready for the **reversal of the reversal** (Gustafson unpublished 1987: on his web site): the **rubber fence** of psychiatry will snap the residents back into its business of **depression and anti-depressants**, etc.

**Things cloud over** to a dead surface of **slide rules and big red lips**. Oh well, Lewis Carroll, you warned me!

*I Am a Black Man Just Under the Surface of the Court*

My wife begins to read us one of Gogol’s *Ukrainian Tales, The Terrible Vengeance* (1998, original work published 1831-1835), and we fall into discussion of its **beautiful and magical**
quality on the Dnieper River, before Gogol went to Petersburg and was lost on Nevsky Prospekt.

I dream at 5 AM:

_I am a big black man with an apartment just under the roof of a big apartment building in NYC that is a roof basketball court – I am very reluctant to go play on it – either soft basketball as with nerfs, or hard basketball with regular balls – the soft, nerf ones aggregate, and the hard, regular ones I keep in a locked cache on the roof are stolen on the first night._

_Where am I? I am a big, black transitional man who is very reluctant to play on the court of these white people – they take my emotional capacity to open up and mimic its softness and think it is aggregate, or sentimentality -- they take my hardness about reading when to close up in defense and make it into cynicism._

I do not think I will play for them. I have certainly had it with going on the western circuit of lecturing and showing my DVD’s of my interviews. _I am a big black man for the first time in my life._ Where am I? Just under their court, making beautiful, transitional moves under their noses.

_L.A._

Interesting that my dream of myself as a big black man under the white man’s court was a signpost for Saturday’s map of the tennis court: I have never moved so quickly and with so much force.

Like Rob Wilson yesterday for Wisconsin basketball against Indiana, scoring 30 points off the bench, including 7 of 10 3-point shots – he has had this transitional capacity all along in practice but never showed it before in the game. I feel that way about my long preparation to be fully transitional myself from my three big books (2008, 2010 and now in 2012) that only a handful have looked at. Oh well.
Out at our cabin on the prairie, March is so rare in its beauty: barely greening, mostly tawny brown, letting you see everywhere, and a deer runs over the hill and vaults through the sunset.

My wife continues the story of The Terrible Vengeance and we discuss again Gogol’s departure from the Ukraine for the terribly empty capital of Petersburg that began his destruction.

I dream at 5 AM:

I am on the western circuit of being a Visiting Professor in California – it looks like L.A. or Orange County, with city skyline in all directions – I am desperate to get to my destination that I say is downtown San Francisco – I did a workshop there at the Nikko Hotel twenty years ago – I can make no progress at all even on foot – I go up a level and run into private property, and I go down a level and run into private property – I have a sidekick who is just a drag on me being so slow – I go out to the big avenues and only find one taxi, and he just runs away from me – so, no public transportation – but I somehow get to one of those little airports in suburban Orange County, and take off in a little jet with a bunch of Revlon salesladies – the violent force of the take off nearly jerks their heads off!
I wake up and think: *Damn, I really do not want this sixth map in my series.* It is pointing to my *whereabouts* whether I like it or not. Obviously, I have not given up on the *western circuit*, but *proves to me* I damn well ought to!

Why L.A.? First, I think of my stopover there to get a flight for Australia in 1990 as a Visiting Professor, and end up in the empty suburbs of Sydney. Then I hear the voice of Kyle Risdale on NPR radio with his *Marketplace* program every workday at 5.30 PM as I am driving home. I can hear Risdale happily saying his refrain: *And now for the numbers!* -- Meaning, of Wall Street’s activities for the day. This is the ultimate result of the *western circuit* – everything is *fungible* in numbers and for sale. Oh well, Gogol, you were not ready for it, to *close*, and to *open* to your beauties.

*A Tremendous Black Horse and a Set of Trout Flies*

![Diagram](image)

Something sat wrongly with me about the sixth day, its signpost and its map. I composed the conclusion of the lecture out at our cabin, and took a nap before heading back for my Sunday tennis game. The nap-loop was *quite mysterious.*

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I dreamt about Noon:

*Of a hugely vital black horse that I had to rein in and I was.*

All I could make of it was an allusion to the last dream analyzed by Jung in his *Practical Use of Dreams* (1974, original work published in 1931). The black horse in that dream was destroying a house, and Jung took it to be a **fixed symbol of vitality** turned destructive and a signal that the patient was going to **die** of a strange illness. My horse seemed like a fixed symbol of vitality that could be **reined in**. Also, the black horse follows upon the big black man who is a **very transitional basketball player** two nights ago. Both images are very new ones of **myself**. I have **never** had such a **conception of myself** remotely like this.

In any event, I read my lecture again after tennis and loved it, but I was troubled by ending this lecture and this book and this trio of books of mapmaking with the sixth dream. I did **not** like its message about **where** I was **still positioned:** trying **desperately** to get to the place in L.A./San Francisco where I was to be the Visiting Professor for the day, and finally taking off from a little Orange County airport in a tiny jet with such **force** that it **nearly tore the heads** off these ladies I was riding with.

I went up to my study thinking I **need some kind of gift**. **I could do no more**, as Jung would say, consciously.

I dreamt about 4 AM:

*I am dismissing my mentor and his wife.*

Again, I felt this was **quite mysterious**, but I made note of it, and fell back asleep. Later, I understood it: Havens took me as far as he could go, with his *Arrow Lecture* of 1988 as Grand Rounds when I invited him here as Visiting Professor for a week. His lecture was about the **four different positions** an interviewer could take in relation to the **moving arrow** of the patient (Havens, 1988, on DVD). In a way, everything I have written for the last 25 years **extends** that
lecture, and was about to be condensed in my last of this trio of dreams on the seventh day of the creation of this lecture.

I dreamt about 5 AM:

*L.L. Bean had sent me a set of trout flies with an astonishing property: they could adapt both to the individual fish and to the fly line (thus, they were wholly transitional operators, and not constant operators like trout flies ordinarily are). Also, they seemed both to be a gift and yet also a purchase. L.L. Bean had sent them to me without my asking, and yet I asked for a second one of each kind and presumably paid for them (thus, as Winnicott would say, they were not totally from outside nor totally from inside, and thus, once again, wholly transitional operators)*

In the dream itself, this all seemed quite matter-of-fact, but when I got up at 5.30 AM, I was knocked over by the immense beauty of this set of pairs of tiny trout flies. They stand for the trio of books of my mapmaking: its center is this capacity of these tiny transitional operators to be sensitive to the movements of the individual trout and to the movements of the individual fisherman’s line.

Thus, the flies have two lines of sight in them: these lines can be posed in many different ways – as in the previous paragraph, towards the individual being of the patient, and towards the individual being of the doctor – towards inside and outside – towards the constant operator, O (c), that always leads into capture, in the first line of sight, and towards the transitional operator, O (t), that always leads into deliverance, in the second line of sight.

This is a different kind of fishing in psychiatry, and in biology, and in religion and in literature than the ordinary fishing of the constant operator. It alludes to Yeats’s poem *The Fisherman* (1962, original work published 1919), probably the most important poem of my life, that I have tried to live up to.

I am getting better at it, because I get a rutter every morning at 5 AM and I steer my rudder in accord with its map, on my signpost for entering the day. This is the fundamental problem
of biology, religion and literature as I see it in *seven remarkable variations* of its music, Lèvi-Strauss.
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Agamben’s meridians in The Kingdom and the Glory (2011) delineate the parallel structures of western theology and western power, as an empty throne of glory, glorified by empty glorifiers. His absolutely crushing argument built up largely from the Church fathers of the first 5 centuries begs the question of how it is possible not to be captured in this metaphysical framework?

My meridians place those of Agamben in a larger framework, which I call the lines of sight, which makes possible getting into and out of Agamben’s structure of power. As Bateson (1979) argued about all mapping, an adequate map of a region has to have one more dimension (n + 1) than the dimensions (n) of the region mapped. Otherwise, you cannot get in and out of the region (see also Serres (1997)).

The lines of sight have many sources I will delineate. One is the neurobiology of Pribram and Bohm concerning memory: they call this Holonomic Brain Theory (2007). Their theory is that memory is stored in holograms, which are retrieved into particular memories by movements of the eyes or head. Thus, a crow about to take off would look upward, and thereby retrieve its history with taking off; or dropping to the ground to peck at crumbs it would retrieve its history with such gathering of sustenance.

This theory can explain why staring into a single line of sight, such as being an empty soul, glorifying an empty throne of glory, would only recruit one’s history with such a practice. It is quite consistent with Heidegger’s (1962, original work published in 1926) delineation of equipment man, who is caught up in materials, and only sees the world as ousia, or the as-is, a world of static things like furniture. It sets up a funnel over time, which gets narrower and narrower.

Dante’s Inferno of 1300 is about staring into a kind of willfulness, of greed, which can become worse as fraud. We certainly see this in the Inferno of 2011, but the more insidious version nowadays is the glorification of empty thrones of glory, by the accumulation of static materials. The empire threatens to make us all clerks of its various departments, whether as doctors, or bureaucrats, or as sellers, or as professors.

I have been working on the problem of the lines of sight in psychiatry and in psychotherapy for over twenty-five years, marked especially by my first book, The Complex Secret of Brief Psychotherapy (1986, reprinted 1997), and my ninth book, Very Brief Psychotherapy (2005), which are very well known in my field. In between these books and after them, I have carried out a great deal of research about the necessary field theory in which practical work is carried out.

This has now come to fruition in a theoretical simplicity about second, third and fourth lines of sight, which have an extraordinary power to get patients, students, colleagues and readers out of the narrowing funnel of the Inferno most of us are in. The second line of sight I noticed in the clinic in patients who seemed to have nowhere to go but downward into an ever-narrowing life, who turned out to look upwards or sideways. When I asked them what they were seeing, they
almost always saw a **freshly conceived movement** they did not know they were capable of — Balint (1968) called them **new beginnings**, and Winnicott (1971) regularly found them in children in drawings and in their dreams, and both authors were the principal ones in my *Complex Secret of Brief Psychotherapy* (1986, reprinted 1997).

The third and fourth lines of sight come from the **series** of such discoveries in specific situations. The third line of sight is to **remain undecided**, knowing that the static line of sight of *Inferno* sits side by side with the transitional line of sight into fresh movement. The fourth line of sight is to be **ready for sudden changes**, knowing that hugely different weather can **sweep upon us** in a second. For example, a patient delivered himself from being a captive of a family business by quitting and signing on with a rival firm. He presented himself to the clinic because he did not want to be **so anxious** about his new opportunity. However, his series of dreams clearly illustrated getting himself at the mercy of the new firm. As I said to him, your dream warns you that this new family may be as treacherous as the last one, and it may not, but it is a far stronger position to **remain undecided**, and be **ready for sudden changes**. Once you are thus prepared, your unconscious can calm down about your naiveté.

The **parallel meridians** to the second, third and fourth lines of sight in my field can be extended across many fields of science, including mathematics and biology, many fields of literature, history, philosophy and theology, athletics, psychoanalysis and architecture. I will enumerate a few of the possibilities.

A crucial one in mathematics comes from Henri Poincare, the father of non-linear geometry, whose influence runs across many branches of mathematics, physics, astronomy and other sciences. Poincare’s essay, *Mathematical Creation* (1985, original work published 1908 in French) gives us his method of arriving at original mathematical proofs. Briefly, he worked as hard as he could consciously, and then went off to the seashore or hiking, and waited for his unconscious **sieve** to make the single selection out of millions of possible lines to the proof. It did.

Now **what allowed this remarkable creation**? It is actually **quite parallel** to what Jung (1974) did in his dream work. He would consciously try as hard as he could to discover what was disturbing him, and then give up for the night, saying to himself, *I can do no more for now.* What makes **this particular practice so decisive**? Since I have practiced it myself every night for the last twenty-five years, I know how it works. By lining up the first line of sight of one’s conscious disturbance, one lines up the unconscious to reply to it in a second line of sight. **The precision is uncanny.**

The origin of this great instrument of the unconscious for orientation, dreaming and creation (Gustafson, 2008) is **profoundly biological**. Mammals rerun the very routes at night that they ran by day. With their motor systems turned off at night, they run these routes with a great deal of play, or with more lines of sight. For example, the *Lotka Scenario* of biology argues that the fundamental selection of the neural network we have available to us comes from millions of iterations of the following geometrical problem (Gustafson, 2008, 2010): the animal has to leave its burrow to forage, but it must calculate accurately the **distance it can venture**, against the capacity of predators to **intercept its route** back to its hole.
By re-running this geometrical problem millions of times, it generates a third and fourth line of sight: to remain undecided about any given venture, so as to be able to return to the hole early, if necessary, or to venture further to locate its own supper; to be ready for the forces always to be in flux, of the weather, the light, the pressure of the predators, and so forth.

This is precisely what happens over and over on athletic fields, as in baseball when a base runner rounds first base and hangs suspended in mid-air between chancing second base, versus retreating to first base.

Dante was acutely aware of these lines of sight in his Inferno (2006, original work published about 1300 in Italian). Virgil continually pulls Dante back from the abyss of one line of sight of all of the denizens of Inferno, which is only possible because the two of them have a second line of sight for their journey to go down in the Inferno, and up the Mountain of Purgatory. Like our mammal and our base runner, and our psychoanalyst, and our mathematician, they repeat the same scenario in a very long series, which generates the third and fourth lines of sight of continually remaining undecided, and of continually being ready for the forces to be different.

Why I call my book one of the architecture of psychiatry, I owe to Louis Kahn. He argues in Architecture: Silence and Light (McCarter, 2005) that materials are merely spent light, while a construction that moves and moves us is a kind of freshly conceived light: it freshly conceives the action of the building and where it is trying to go.

This action in architecture is very similar to its action in the high T’ang period of Chinese poetry (Li Po, 701-762; Du Fu, 712-770). As Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound (2008, original work composed 1908; Gustafson, 2010, Nineteenth Theorem. The Natural Sentence – from Ernest Fenollosa) argued, one of their lines of a poem:

Consists of three necessary words: the subject from which the act starts, the second embodying the very stroke of the act, the third pointing to the object, the receiver of the impact (p. 13).

For example, from Li Po:

And streams rinse my wanderer’s heart clean (p. 89, Hinton).

Fenollosa also argues that such sentences were forced upon primitive man by nature herself:

The type of sentence in nature is a flash of lightning. It passes between two terms, a cloud and the earth. No unit of natural process can be less than this (p. 12).

He also argues that modern science also has to follow these lines of force:

Valid scientific thought consists in following as closely as may be the actual and entangled lines of force as they pulse through things (p. 12)
Fenollosa argues that all natural forces have this in common: They re-distribute force (p. 12).

This is what I call a transitional field (following Winnicott, 1971), as opposed to a static field. A static field, as Fenollosa also demonstrates, merely classifies: for example, classifying cherry trees in common with other objects, which are red (p. 26). Classifying allows abstraction, which allows a constant distribution of force. Mechanical reproduction (Benjamin, 1969) separates an object from its natural context of flowing forces, in order to get it to remain the same, and thus be controlled.

A static situation of mere materials, which we are lost in, only distributes force by following orders (Gustafson, 2010). Thus, we have come full circle back to Agamben, and his empty glorifiers, glorifying the empty thrones of glory. The difference of my map is that it shows us how to get out of the Inferno we find ourselves in, and how to re-enter it, in our professions, as often we are obliged.

Finally, this book extends its meridians of lines of sight to a wider field in history, philosophy and theology than provided by Agamben himself. This wider field borrows from Levi-Strauss and Huizinga in particular. Levi-Strauss (Charbonnier, 1969, original radio interview with Levi-Strauss, 1959) and Huizinga (1955, original work published, 1944) are extremely valuable to us (see Gustafson, 2010) for providing a much longer time frame of the evolution of the human species from the hominid line in two million years of the Ice Age, relative to only five thousand years of the onset and continuation of empire made possible by the explosion of agricultural surpluses all around the world. Levi-Strauss puts the matter very clearly in his radio interview from 1959 with Charbonnier, where he discussed the difference between cold engines and hot engines. A cold engine of the Ice Age is the economy of a stone age society, where the human animal in small groups lives off the land in a yearly cycle of spring, summer, fall and winter, generating no surplus, but living in balance with nature by its array of talents. A hot engine economy, like a gasoline engine, for example, takes energy like gasoline and uses it up to generate heat, and run its machinery, and defend itself from invaders. It also tends to use up the energy of those who run its machines, who become specialized in one machine or another, and thus become narrowed and depleted (as argued by Marx, 1967, original work published 1867, who called this reification and alienation of labor).

Huizinga (1955, original work published 1944) goes over a comparable range of history, with particular and valuable emphasis on the Bronze Age culture of nobility, where well-demarcated playing fields allowed for beautiful development of what he called a semantic complex of virtues (Gustafson, 2010. Sixth Theorem. The Noble Semantic Complex of Play – from Johan Huizinga):

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

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

However, the invaluable transitional fields are mostly lost in our time:

As a civilization becomes more complex, more variegated, and more overladen, and as the technique of production and social life becomes finely organized, the old cultural soil is gradually smothered under a rank layer of ideas, systems of thought and knowledge, doctrines, rules and regulations, moralities and conventions, which have lost all touch with play (p. 75).

They need be smothered only if we are back in the meridian of a single line of sight, which is Inferno, a hot engine of materials. But we could know how second, third and fourth lines of sight give back the noble semantic complex of virtues, both in my original field of psychotherapy and psychiatry for individual patients, but also how these additional meridians yield creation in this huge array of fields that come into play in my book. I rest my argument for my book here.
Annotated Table of Contents That Clearly Develops the Structure and Content of Each Chapter:

You will notice that the first 10 lectures or so are up to 5 pages; the next 10 or so are up to 10 pages, and the last 10 or so up to 15 pages. Thus, I gradually develop complexity as the reader develops more lines of sight. The structure is the meridians of the lines of sight, across all of the disciplines discussed, and the content is cases from my clinic or dreams of the author.

Lecture 1. Four Pages on Positioning and the Danger of Extravagance

The structure is the chief action of psychotherapy, which is to help the patients step back from the forces that would swallow them up, then to re-enter from a more fruitful position. The content is this concept, the scientific evidence for the efficacy of this procedure in a prospective study from pre-natal care of a cohort of 698 children now 55 years old, a case illustration, and a discussion of the extravagance that would carry this patient, and many others, away.

Lecture 2. Two Pages on How We Are Built When It Comes to Love

The structure is the danger of a single line of sight in love. The content is a case illustration of taking the front body, or presentation, at face value, never knowing that the back body, in shadow, has yet to come, and how this is played out by King Lear of Shakespeare, where a second line of sight proves necessary if tragedy is not to be enacted.

Lecture 3. Three Pages on the Photography of the Pause

The structure is the danger, as in Lear, of rushing forward where there is a hint of danger, instead of stepping back to contemplate it. The content is the discussion of three lines of sight that Shakespeare makes possible by the pause, or caesura, in the middle of all of his lines. Each line admits that it is not sure where it is going, hesitates, before it takes the plunge into the unknown. A series of patients in the clinic do or do not take or give themselves this pause. One of my dreams gave me a photograph of the pause.

Lecture 4. Four Pages on Sensitive Dependence on Initial Conditions

The structure is a concept from chaos theory, that recursive functions, that is, functions in mathematics that repeat the same operation on the result of the last, same operation, will diverge wildly, depending on sensitive differences in the initial conditions. The content is a discussion of Stephen Booth’s analysis of individual lines in Shakespeare, which allow him to slide at the caesura into a different context, by a change in logic, metaphor, syntax, phonetics, or any of five other variables, and how a patient in a dream of her own capture, slid into turning it upside down into a vital resilience against her violent mother.

Lecture 5. Five Pages on Athleticism That Is Already in Us

The structure is from Michael Balint’s discussion of new beginnings – that some or many patients, who are taken capture, have a resilient and athletic capacity to spring out of it. The content is illustrated by a dream of a patient who did exactly this.
Lecture 6. *Five Pages on the Physics of Our Subject*

The structure is the physics from Riemann, and later Mathews and Strogatz, and Freeman, that our instruments of orientation, namely, our brains, are built to oscillate between coherence and incoherence, or low dimensionality and high dimensionality, or one line of sight, and many lines of sight. The content is this concept plus two cases of patients, who emerged from confusion, into a beautiful and expressive athleticism.

Lecture 7. *Defense of the Playing Field* (6 Pages)

The structure is from Huizinga on the playing fields we are all capable of, from Isaiah Berlin on drowning in the currents of history, and from Levi-Strauss and Emily Dickinson on the exceptional position of music that can play our visceral, internal rhythms against the external rhythms of the group. The content is the exposition of these three concepts, against the dreams of a patient who emerged from drowning in her own history.

Lecture 8. *Light-Heartedness and Heavy-Heartedness* (5 Pages)

The structure is from Emily Dickinson 1343 *A single Clover Plank*, illustrating the light-heartedness of a bee (herself). The content is this concept, embodied in a dream of a patient who could be either light-hearted or very, very heavy-hearted.

Lecture 9. *Isolated Will Takes on Demonic Systems* (4 Pages)

The structure begins from Shakespeare’s Sonnet 129, *Th’ expense of spirit in a waste of shame*, illustrating what Selvini-Palazzoli called a richly joined system, which exhibits so many loops, as the neurobiologist Gerald Edelman says of re-entry of the same thing, that there is no chance to win in fighting it. The content is chiefly a case of a wife taking on such a violent husband, so righteous on his throne of glory in Agamben’s terms, that she only endangers herself in challenging it.

Lecture 10. *The Part Falsifies the Whole Situation* (4 Pages)

The structure comes from Allen Tate’s *Three Types of Poetry*. One is of scientific will, which proposes to control the situation. One is of romantic will, which proposes in its intensity to force what it wants so much. One, quite rare, takes in the whole situation, as in Shakespeare or in Emily Dickinson, attempting to control or force nothing. The content is a case of woman leaving one dark and violent situation with a husband, seeing the light she wants to see in a man at the country fair she knows only a little: a first line of sight into being totally controlled, a second line of sight into being delivered. I give her the whole situation in a third and fourth line of sight, that she really only knows a little about this opportunity, for which she needs to remain undecided and be ready for forces unknown as yet by her.
Lecture 11. *Gifts That Are Not Reciprocated* (4 Pages)

The structure comes from Marcel Mauss’s *gift exchange as the fundamental human activity* in the Ice Age, versus Max Weber’s *iron cage, a mechanized petrification, embellished with a sort of convulsive self-importance*, of the modern period. The first is a free flow back and forth, and the second is a static place of capture. The content is a case of a woman, given very little, tempted to rage, and yet having a third alternative, *so richly imagined in her dreams, of giving to herself what she needs*.

Lecture 12. *Taking in the Whole Situation from a Third Position* (6 Pages)

The structure comes from Michel Serres, who argues that two positions will never suffice, as for a soccer goalie, who has to *balance himself equidistant* from all the possible shots at the goal he is defending. The content comes from the case of a patient, oscillating in her dream, between stepping off a chair with a noose around her neck in the company warehouse surrounded by all of her antagonists, versus being in charge of all of them with a pair of scissors flashing, as she dictates her revenge for the crimes against her, like Dante in his *Inferno*. She finds a third position, as Serres suggests is possible, stepping back from the first two positions, by seeing the *absurdity of either capitulation or revenge, but coolly negotiating* what she can with the firm.


The structure is the modern programmatic mind of control for the last five thousand years (Allen Tate), versus the continuously transitional mind of the Ice Age (Levi-Strauss and Huizinga) for two million years and the exceptional, transitional mind of Emily Dickinson in her 75, *She died at play*, and in her 973, *T’was awkward but it fitted me*, which takes in the whole situation. The content is four cases seen in the hospital, that were going nowhere in a *programmatic and single line of sight*, and suddenly began to move from a *second line of sight, beyond the margin of the program* which takes in the whole situation.

Lecture 14. *Shielded and Unshielded* (7 Pages)

The structure comes from several essays of Allen Tate on Emily Dickinson, *Tension in Poetry, Literature as Knowledge* and *The Hovering Fly*, and an essay by Lewis Hyde called *Prophetic Excursions*. The content is to illustrate how you get out off of the corporate or bureaucratic surface of personnel conducting programs, by *getting above or below it, where simple physical details will generate a whole new world*.

Lecture 15. *Psychiatry as Architecture* (7 Pages)

The structure comes from Louis Kahn and his paradigm shift in architecture from the International Style, to *buildings that move toward their own center*. The content comes from two cases, one in-patient, of a woman whose light is *also spent*, until I sight her *lifeline* to *something noble* she believed in as a child that can be followed and be completely reliable; one out-patient, *whose faith was also shaken in her lifeline*, but soon showed a *remarkable comic resilience and dream capacity to challenge the absurd claims of her family*. 

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Lecture 16. *Psychiatry as Comedy* (7 Pages)

The structure comes from Bergson’s conception of comedy as **rigidity**, or what I call a constant operator, displayed so hilariously by Moliere. This comedy of rigidity is compared with Dante’s *Commedia*, and with Jefferson’s conception of nobility as having **something valuable to hand on**: *The whole economic basis of life is closely bound up with moral behavior.* The content is an examination of two cases: one, the daughter of a noble father, as in Harper Lee’s *To Kill a Mockingbird*, who mistakes his generosity for giving too much; the second of a man acquiescing while nursing a great bitterness.

Lecture 17. *Sound and Unsound Architecture* (8 Pages)

The structure chiefly comes from Fenellosa and his conception of flow in natural sentences of high Chinese poetry, as of Li Po and Du Fu. The content consists of a pair of dreams of the author of Chinese ideograms, which show how **beautiful flow is apt to be embedded in dangerous contexts**; and a pair of dreams of a patient, which show how she came to terms with an unsound corporate structure, in which she had been embedded.

Lecture 18. *The Architecture of the Lifeline* (5 Pages)

The structure is D.W. Winnicott’s idea of the lifeline, in which the faith of the child depends upon **an early image of nobility, that has to remain viable** for the child to develop in the face of the difficulties of life: something like the 23rd Psalm, *The Lord Is My Shepherd*, which can bear the dark hours, as of the 22nd Psalm, *My, God, My God, Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?* The content consists of a dream of the author, which illustrates how a child’s lifeline out of a sound childhood is in serious danger **if the father’s way in the world jeopardizes the family.** Two cases from the clinic illustrate the collapse of the lifeline, when it is dependent on the father knowing how to manage in the world, and it turns out not to be so.

Lecture 19. *Immense Delicacy* (8 Pages)

The structure derives from a comic character of Shakespeare in his play, *Much Ado About Nothing*, named Dogberry, who has the delicate ability to change words into their opposites, as if he were making a mistake, and yet his mistake goes to the heart of the matter. This is compared with the immense delicacy of a Zen master, dodging the attempt of his student to strike him from behind. The content is three dreams of the author about **readiness.**

Lecture 20. *A Rare and True Appraisal of the Blueprints* (9 Pages).

The structure develops from 709 of Emily Dickinson, *Publication—is the Auction/ Of the Mind of Man.* It concerns the **bifurcation** (chaos theory) between constant operators that wear out, and transitional operators that develop freshly from beautiful details. Why this appraisal of the blueprints is rare has to do with the history of the West, derived from what Northrop Frye called *The Great Code* of the Bible, which is **chiefly concerned with obedience** to God (very comparable to Agamben’s argument). Tolstoy and Melville made the **terrible mistake** of
assuming that their beautiful blueprints would have a deep following, just because they were true and beautiful. The content consists of three cases of very ordinary patients, shown the blueprints for the bifurcation in them, between dull repetition that wears out quickly, and what is transitional and fresh. Also, it consists a dream of the author, returning with his discoveries like Melville and Tolstoy, but ready like Emily Dickinson for what Publication mostly is, the Auction/ of the Mind of Man, or, as Ibsen would say, A Small World. Or, as Vincent Scully wrote of Mycenae, Upon this most devouring of thrones, the King dares to put himself.

Lecture 21. Explicit and Implicit Order (10 Pages)

The structure is from David Bohm, the author of one of the classical texts on quantum mechanics, and Karl Pribram, a professor of neuroscience at Stanford: namely, that explicit order is folded out from implicit order, on every scale, including the smallest one of quantum mechanics. In their Holonomic Brain Theory, on the scale of the individual mind or brain, the unfolding is from holographic storage of memory, from which is retrieved, by movements of the eyes or head, explicit memories relevant to the direction in which the person or animal is moving. The content is a series of five postulates derived from Bohm and Pribram, which are elucidated by five dreams of the author. Also, the capacity, demonstrated by D.W. Winnicott, for keeping the explicit and implicit orders in balance, which the author demonstrates further with two of his own cases.

Lecture 22. Gustafson’s Exclusion Principle: The Foreground Destroys the Background, and the Background Cannot See the Foreground (13 Pages)

The structure comes from my observation that all of our patients cannot see the destructive exchanges they are continually running into. This needs to be explained, if it is to be rectified. For this, I draw help from Emily Dickinson in 875; I stepped from Plank to Plank, and from the struggles of Carl Jung, with the dreams of Wolfgang Pauli. What Jung and Pauli were looking at in Pauli’s dream series was a prevailing tendency towards symmetry, what Jung called circumlocution of the center, with continual crises of cruel asymmetry. The content is my demonstration from three dreams of my own, and three cases in the clinic, that, indeed, centering and its balance or symmetry, which Jung and Pauli found so appealing, is so appealing it endangers our readiness for asymmetrical cruelty in the grouping orders of our social world. To come full circle in the argument, this is why our patients fail to see the destructive exchanges they are continually walking into.

Lecture 23. What is Virgil? How to Position Your Eyes (and Your Ears) (14 Pages)

The structure is three ideas developed in the preceding chapters: one, that of the holonomic brain, that what you are looking at is what you become, because it recruits an entire explicit world of memory that fits with it; two, that the business at hand tends to be an asymmetrical foreground, that excludes background; three, that marvelous symmetry of exchange can be dangerous when it draws you into false notes which turn out to be nauseating. The content is a series of dreams I had this last summer conducting a weeklong symposium for experienced psychotherapists. What the series comes down to is this last paragraph of the lecture: This is why I consider in every case that the patient operates with a false premise and sings many false
notes about his or her exchanges. Seeing in this line of sight is extremely expensive. How extremely important to see that the patient can also see along different lines of sight, upwards, downwards, and sideways. Thus, the patient implicitly knows better and Virgil can sight his or her other lines of sight into different worlds.

Lecture 24. The Lines of Sight (12 Pages)

The structure is what I discovered in a month in France this September with my wife, exploring cathedrals, churches and abbeys, and then coming back to collide with Giorgio Agamben’s The Kingdom and the Glory. How could a medieval world, still so radiant 800 years or more after it was built, be reconciled with Agamben’s portrait of Christianity as an empty throne of glory? Evidently, the tradition can have either result, so the fundamental question is to ask what makes the difference? Essentially, a transitional field, like those of Winnicott with his patients or like those of the great medieval architecture, is highly vulnerable to being collapsed by either the exterior field becoming so dense and overbearing, or by the interior field becoming filled up with its own will. Thus, what Agamben is describing is a collapsed transitional field, put into the service of obedience to an empty throne of glory. A Brahms German Requiem, well conducted, will make its singers equal to each other in counter-point, so it shines and sings with a huge vitality. The content of this lecture is supplied by three dreams of the author, and three dreams of patients in the clinic, which illustration both the arising of a beautiful transitional field, and its vulnerability to destruction, if its defense is not fully understood.

Lecture 25. The Electronic Current of History (3 Pages)

The structure is Lecture 24, transposed back home to the nightmare of history we are drowning in. The content is a day in the life of myself as a doctor, being subjected to 4 hours of training in the electronic medical record, waking up at 3 in the morning, feeling very uneasy, and going up to my study to contemplate my uneasiness. I discover my alarm is about being a captive of what the electronic record requires of me, and losing my capacity to attend to my first patient at 8 AM. What follows is a beautiful quartet of four dreams, of my playing with the forces, keeping the balance between external and internal which is necessary to a vital transitional field.

Lecture 26. Two Lines of Sight (4 Pages)

The structure is the single line of sight that, as Breuer and Freud said in 1895, strangulates the patient, and the second line of sight, already in the patient, unbeknownst to him or her, that sights a deliverance from its Inferno. The content is two cases, a female who takes too little, and a male who takes too much: how they appeared to be impossibly damaged, by guilt, and how their attention was drawn to their second line of sight. A pair of dreams of the author demonstrates the economy (oikonomia in Greek, from Agamben) these patients and ourselves are embedded in: of massive intrusion and abandonment.
Lecture 27. Third and Fourth Lines of Sight (15 Pages)

The structure comes from Stephen Booth’s essays on Shakespeare, especially On the Value of Hamlet, and from Giorgio Agamben’s The Kingdom and the Glory: from Booth and Shakespeare, the challenge of “Everything seems!” -- from Agamben, the action upon us of the empty throne of glory, to bring about what Agamben calls inoperativity. For these considerable dangers, a third line of sight is absolutely necessary, namely, to remain undecided, as is a fourth line of sight to be ready for sudden changes. The content is a series of eight dreams of the author, which illustrate why it is essential to be wakened at 4 AM by nightmares, like Lord Hastings in Richard III of Shakespeare, when one of two perils is being overlooked by your conscious mind: some one dangerous is about to serve their claims on you, or you are full of claims that will bring you down.

Lecture 28. Inferno 1300 and Inferno 2012 (11 Pages)

The structure comes from Dante’s Inferno and from Logue’s Homer and from Ahl and Allen’s Hierarchy Theory and poses this fundamental question: How is it possible to receive messages coming from huge distances around the world and three thousand years ago (Logue’s Homer) or seven hundred years ago (Dante)? These messages require a low pass filter that takes in wave forms of very low frequency and very wide extent: messages from Homer about seeing tragedy that looks fair from a far distance, and messages from Dante about seeing hell that also looks fair from a far distance but stinks and repels at close quarters. These messages are impossible to get by specialists of any profession including psychiatry, all of which operate with a high pass filter of high frequency and narrow extent. A high pass filter is generated functionally by rapid interactions with the same material over and over again: in psychiatry, it takes the form of reducing everything to abstract words like anxiety and depression and the protocols that treat them: anti-anxiety and anti-depression. Dante and Homer knew how to transmit waves of very low frequency and very wide extent to operators of very high frequency and very narrow extent: for example, the phrase Beautiful filth used by Hector to characterize Paris to himself. Thus, the collision of opposite worlds is conveyed in an oxymoron of two words taking up only a moment of the specialist’s hurried time and narrow aperture. The content of this lecture comes from a dream of a patient conveying exactly this collision, and from a dream of the author showing conveying the structure of a great instrument of orientation that can modulate itself with a band filter between low pass filters and high pass filters.

Lecture 29. Corridors of Cold Calls (15 Pages)

The structure comes from Christopher Logue in his fourth and fifth one-hour plays of his account of The Iliad, called All Day Permanent Red, and Cold Calls. I account for Logue’s account in two different ways. The first is to quote my favorite passages from these two plays, defining their structure as pure Aristotle in his Poetics: namely the plot of reversal and recognition. As I argued in Lecture 28, a great piece of writing can condense its message into one line of a sentence or two words: Hyacinth decapitated. In other words, a flower of youth, destroyed. The second account of myself is a series of ten dreams I had undergoing Logue’s education, from which I selected the most graphic four. The four are the content of this lecture.
Lecture 30. Alfred (13 Pages)

The structure of access comes from Winnicott’s transitions with a child from ordinary objects drawn to a deep crossing in a dream drop to where the child was stuck in his or her development with overwhelming forces and needed Winnicott’s company to bear with them and thus be free to resume his or her development. The content is Winnicott’s Case of Alfred.

However great is the map of this crossing, a further map is needed for the likes of Alfred to handle the enormous forces of corridors or strips of power (described in Lecture 29). Also, it is necessary to have a further map from the neurosciences of the great instrument of orientation: its oscillation between high dimensional chaos for openness of perception and low dimensional synchrony to act in an organized way; its hippocampal field for reading its positioning continuously, day and rerun every night; its re-entry loops to weight its value-category memory to relevant opportunities and dangers; its lines of sight generated by movements of the eyes and head.

Lecture 31. The Unknown Unknowns (26 Pages)

The structure is borrowed from Bourdieu on Homo Academicus – how he or she operates with the knowns of the surface of a profession. The content concerns my collision with such an academic game in proposing this book to a famous press, and my series of twelve dreams that reach to the unknowns that are unknown (Rumsfeld’s phrase also borrowed) to them, and a parallel case from our clinic.

Lecture 32. My Business (11 Pages)

The structure is borrowed from Thoreau in his Walden, where he contrasts his business of real estate with the business of his fellow citizens in Concord. The content of my business is elaborated in seven steps.

Lecture 33. The Whole Situation and the Coupling of the Great Instrument of Orientation (13 Pages)

The structure is borrowed from D.W. Winnicott’s concept of sacred occasions in which a child’s lifeline and faith in being understood is either fulfilled or shattered. The content poses the problem that sacred occasions are always embedded in larger scales of sham as defined by Jules Henry – namely, pretending a small bit of the truth is all one needs to know. A series of dreams of the author show his collision with being embedded in larger scales of sham in psychiatry, in Gogol’s The Nose, and in every serial group, such as a bus or Octopus Car Wash that simply has its constant operator of enter, operate and exit.

Lecture 34. The Mapmaker (12 Pages)

The structure I have borrowed from D.H. Lawrence in his Studies in Classic American Literature where he says that the world has no fear of new ideas it can pigeonhole but is very afraid of new experiences that it can only dodge like dodging one’s very own self. The content is five dreams
of the author that announce daily at 4 AM or 5 AM what experiences he is going to have to undergo whether he likes it or not! Also, the content concerns a parallel situation in our patients who already speak Portuguese but do not know that they know this generative language of their own.

Lecture 35.  Signposts to Heed on Entering the Day (11 Pages)

I borrow the structure of signposts from every notice at the origin of cross-country ski trails or every guidebook for running rapids. At the origin of every day at 4 or 5 AM, as Shakespeare noticed, a map rises out of the night sea in a sieve to point out the opportunities and perils of the coming day we ignore at our peril. The content is five successive nights of such maps given from my depths.

Lecture 36.  Orientation (16 Pages)

I again borrow the structure of Poincare’s sieve for discovering his proofs of non-linear geometry and apply it to the content of personal discovery of non-linear geometry in every forthcoming day in seven successive dreams of one week. You have to know where you are or an absolutely flattening corridor of power will collapse you, as happened to Christopher Logue’s Quinamid in my epigraph to Lecture 29, Corridors of Cold Calls, The son of a Dardanian astrologer / Who disregarded what his father said / And came to Troy in a taxi. /

Gone.

Assessment of the Work’s Fit with Existing Literature, Comparison with Published Books on the Topic, and Discussion of the Intended Audiences and Market for the Book

My Arguments, Themes and Significance to the Field already indicate my reply to these questions, but I will spell them out under these headings:

Fit with Existing Literature and Comparison with Published Books on the Topic:

Existing literature on the lines of sight for mapping the structures of power, or rather, the pulsation of their forces, is enormous, and runs across many, many disciplines. In my Argument, I refer to Agamben (2011) continually, such that my proposal is a point by point comparison with his work, which I value very highly as noted, but which stops short where I would continue to map into a higher dimensional space (more lines of sight, or n + 1 to his n, allows us to see how to enter into his geometry, so to speak, while also seeing how not to be captive to it and freely move beyond it).

Then, in my argument, I discuss the work of the anthropologist, Gregory Bateson (1979), and of the philosopher of science, Michel Serres (1997), on adequate dimensionality in Mapping in General, and Karl Pribram and David Bohm (2007) on Holonomic Brain Theory (Bateson and Pribram were both Stanford Professors). I move on to Martin Heidegger (1962) on Equipment Man, and Dante’s Inferno of 1300 (Alighieri, 2006) on its Architecture of Greed into Fraud, which leads into a comparison with my Inferno of 2011, an Inferno that would make us all clerks
of its various departments for the distribution of power, thus connecting Heidegger’s conception with that of Dante.

My own work of the last twenty-five years is most connected in the psychotherapy field with that of D.W. Winnicott (1971) and Michael Balint (1968), Freud (1965) and Jung (1974), especially the latter two authors with respect to how the dream works as a night mapping instrument, re-running the mapping of the day instrument of orientation, by adding lines of sight, to those of the day.

This in turn leads to the fit with the work on Non-Linear Geometry (see also the non-linear geometry of Rene Thom (1988, original work published in 1972; discussed in Gustafson, 2010) in evolutionary biology) of Henri Poincare, and also his work on Mathematical Creation (1985), and the operation of what Poincare called his Sieve in the night sea of dreaming to put its unconscious finger on the one variation out of millions of possibilities that would complete the conscious preparations for a proof.

This mapping leads into the fit with biological mapping of the famous Lotka Scenario in evolutionary biology, which argues for the selection being made by re-running the lines of sight of prey and predator. In turn, this leads into the fit with mapping of play in sports, such as baseball and football and my own sports of tennis and cross-country skiing, which play at the very game of the Lotka Scenario.

This mapping leads into the lines of sight in Architecture, especially the architecture and writings of Louis Kahn (1969), for whom materials are merely spent light, as opposed to the lines of freshly conceived light, which is where the building is trying to go, and which is its action upon us.

This leads into the mapping of the T’ang poets in China, most famous of which are Li Po and Du Fu (Hinton, 2005), and of Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound (2008) of the structure of natural sentences, in continuous motion, from subject of the action, through the pulse of the action, to the object of action. This connects with the mapping of transitional fields versus static fields by D.W. Winnicott (1971) in child psychiatry and Walter Benjamin (1969) in his literary criticism.

Finally, there is the fit of my mapping with that of Claude Levi-Strauss (1983), and of Johann Huizinga (1955), in anthropology and in history, which embeds the modern hot engine economy of the last five thousand years, in the two million years of evolution of the human being in the cold engine economy of the Ice Age.

Discussion of the Intended Audience and Market for the Book:

I view my audience as those in every field of the humanities, the social sciences, and the sciences – including my own of psychiatry and psychotherapy – that interest themselves in having adequate maps of the terrain in which they work. My argument for them is that one line of sight is always dangerous to accuracy, when it is not completed by second, third, and fourth lines of sight, or, in other terms, when the conscious mind is its own limitation. As Lewis
Hyde wrote, *Anything contained within a boundary must contain as well its own exhaustion*, and *What we receive from nature or from imagination comes to us from beyond our sphere of influence – the continued fertility of these things depends upon their remaining beyond us, and not being drawn into the smaller ego* (Hyde, 1983, p. 25 and 191).

The disciplines where I extend my meridians of four lines of sight just included: history, philosophy, anthropology, philosophy of science, neuroscience, non-linear mathematics, evolutionary biology, sports, architecture, literature both eastern and western, and finally my own fields of psychiatry, psychotherapy and dream analysis extended from psychoanalysis.
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