Dr. Gustafson (A.B., Harvard, 1963; M.D., Harvard, 1967) is Professor of Psychiatry and Chief of the Brief Psychotherapy Clinic at the University of Wisconsin Medical School, and author of nine previous books.

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The Great Instrument of Orientation

James P. Gustafson

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Chapter 8: Full Potential in a World of Alienation: “*Alienate*” here means essentially to give up the use-value of one’s productive activity; the most important of it is put under the control of another. Bertell Ollman, 1971, p. 17.

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Introduction to Part III. *The subliminal self . . . has tact, delicacy: it knows how to divine* – Henri Poincare (Ghiselin, 1985, p. 28).

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Chapter 13, Part I: The Core Rhythm of the Neural Network. The Neural Science. *We have evolved in a natural environment filled with temporal and spatial fractal patterns, and it has only been in the last few thousand years that we have lived among artificial Euclidean shapes.* (Anderson and Mandell, 1966, p. 77).
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Chapter 15: Balmond’s Paradox. *The informal is opportunistic, an approach to design that seizes a local moment and makes something of it ... Ideas are not based on the principles of rigid hierarchy, but on intense explorations of the immediate* – Cecil Balmond, Berlin Manifesto, June, 1995, p. 220, 2002.


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Introduction to Part IV. *By virtue of long training in swordplay, I can feel whatever thoughts might be moving in the mind of one who stands against me or is around me. While I was in the garden, most unexpectedly I became aware of “a murderous air.”* – Tajima no kami, p. 213 in Suzuki, 1959, originally published 1939. Also this book, Chapter 12, Tolstoy’s Button.

Chapter 16: Rhythms Not Our Own. *And being by others hurried everyday, Scarce in a year their natural form obey.* John Donne, Good Friday, 1613, Riding Westward.
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Chapter 18: Pairs and Tryptichs. The huge forces lie at these crossings: electricity, magnetism, and gravity.

Chapter 19: Dream Series. This series maps the phase space of the pack and its ferocious synchrony (i), the incoherence which is free of it (i-1) and the crossing back and forth (i+1).

Chapter 20: Whitsun Weddings. To be light-hearted is a secret of rhythm among the people whose condition is empty and tedious. It is a fertility aimed somewhere else.

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Introduction to Part V: This neither-too-tight-nor-too-loose coupling is precisely the difference between being locked into the group rhythm and ignoring it.

Chapter 21: Mixed-Up. It is thus transitional between something we need and something we fly from.

Chapter 22: Upstream Scales. In general, upstream scales are freer of such malignant force.

Chapter 23: Arjuna in the World. Thus, I am in the station/war, but I am also not in it, like Arjuna in the world.

Chapter 24: Vast Dreams. A series of dreams of vast scale will have all the other scales of space also, allowing a reckoning of
 altogether different consequences.

Chapter 25: The Staircase of History. The difference is that it is not so far from the sepulcher of slow death to the step gradient into violent death.

Part VI: Access to the Full Musical Score

Introduction to Part VI. Every cell knows how to pump in what it needs and pump out what it must get rid of. Every animal knows how to put its head down; to feed and take in what it needs, and, alternately, put its head up, to be vigilant against harm. All of mythology is about conjoining what is beneficent and disjoining what is maleficent.

Chapter 26: Discord. Without an ally to look with her at what she was looking, she would not be able to bear seeing it.

Chapter 27: Stepping Back. What is sweet has also to see what is rotten.

Chapter 28: Myo. This is the Zen term for the mysterious beauty which arises from the unconscious, when it is not stopped by the conscious.

Chapter 29: Mandorlas. …mankind is not safe now, because mankind only values itself. Scully, 1991, quoting Lévi-Strauss.

Chapter 30: The Known and Unknown in Every Breath. The Shakespearian Bridge: From the known surface of Doctor Mahon. I find the slit into the unknown vertical.
Recapitulation

That man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.
Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, V, I, 83-88

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Dreams Dreamt by Patients

Dreams Dreamt by the Author
Preface

When the fundamental premise is wrong, a culture is disturbed everywhere.

This is a book about the most dangerous and most prevalent illness of our time, most dangerous because it strikes at our core psychological rhythm by which we orient ourselves to take in what we need and close against what is dangerous to us, and most prevalent because everyone is subject to it, more or less. In other words, every exchange with the world is either a match, of mutual benefit, or a mismatch, of advantage to one, and disadvantage to another. When we lose our core capacity to read which exchange is a match and which is a mismatch, we are disoriented and subject ourselves to a series of mismatches, to our mounting disadvantage. This will make us ill, first, psychologically, and second, physically.

The great instrument of orientation that we have in us has an extraordinary capacity to read what is coming next from the smallest and quickest detail. It is a holographic instrument, which can pick up the tip of a predator’s ear in a split second on its horizon. Without this, we could not last an hour in the state of nature. However, the instrument only works when it is in balance between reading its interior field (its own body) and reading its exterior field (its surroundings). Excitement on the inside will blur the outside, and threat on the outside will blur the inside. Only an equal weighting of the inside field and the outside field will take in the whole situation. Either excitement or threat will lose half of reality in a split second.
The dulling of the instrument in modern times is chiefly due to the people being under continuous threat, at work and at home. Every line of work was like this when Terkel wrote *Working* in 1972, with a couple of exceptions like the Stone Mason in the Ohio River Valley, who was fairly free to build what he wanted. Thirty-five years later every line of work, every profession, has become controlled by top-down rhythms from its management. There is a formula you must follow to perform anything, and twice as much volume, and at twice the rate. If you do not, you are out. So you do it, to have a place at all, making the threat from the exterior field into everything, and losing your interior field altogether. Of course, the interior field (the body) cannot be excluded indefinitely, and when it returns, it is full of violence to compensate itself for its surrender. All of *The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry* (Gustafson, 1999) are just different means of compensation, from worrying (generalized anxiety disorder) to mania (bipolar disorder). Of course, it is equally true that families enact this violence upon themselves, and individuals enact highly specific parts in the play, as in *The Death of a Salesman* (Miller, 1949). Individuals have a highly prevailing tendency to enact the same part in exchanges in every domain of their lives.

**How is the great instrument of orientation to be taken back and defended?**

Consider first that the instrument is not only a neural network for matching interior needs with exterior opportunities. It also reruns its daily routes every night, which gives a second chance to reconsider the mismatches of the day. These we call dreams. Consider secondly that every English sentence is also a rerun of an urge, which is an opening phrase or first half of a sentence, followed by a pause, or caesura, and then the second phrase that completes the sentence is often halted, or changed, as the
speaker considers it.  If the individual can give equal time to the interior field and the exterior field, the night field and the daytime field, the first half of the sentence and the second half of the sentence, the great instrument recovers its powers to take in the whole situation and its matches and mismatches. It also recovers its holographic powers to recognize in a detail a complete shift in a situation. Finally, it recovers its ability to recognize a detail operating on every scale of time and space, which is the fractal capacity of the instrument. Fractal means self-similarity of a pattern, from an infinitesimal to a cosmic scale.

_The Author’s Dream of Zircusone_

I will give a dream example from two nights ago, as I was contemplating this preface. My dream reran my route of what I would present and gave me back this remarkable word, Zircusone, which turns out to be holographic, fractal, and an important English word. I dream

All of my patients have something called heavy-metal disease (the diagnosis). I as the doctor am supposed to give them two medicines (the treatment): one is Lamotrigine, a mood stabilizer, and the second is called Zircusone, which I had never heard of before. I am told to take two capsules of Zircusone myself, because it will make me feel like the patients myself and put me in tune with them.
Heavy-metal disease is a metaphor for the illness I am talking about. The people are as if loaded down with heavy metal, the protocols of the factories they work in, doubled in quantity, doubled in rate, and of the perverse exchanges in their families and in their relationships. Lamotrigine is fitting, because it stabilizes mood, both depressive and violent. But Zircusone?

The word is infinitely condensed, and I will give you a few of its possibilities. It is what Freud (1900) called the navel of the dream, which ramifies like the mycelium of a mushroom. Zircus refers to circus, which is what work generally turns into and what a family may turn into. Zircus means an Eastern European circus, a circus with such a strange accent, like in a strange story by Kafka, who was from Prague. Zircus One would be like a license plate of a person made self-important by his place in such a regime at work and at home. The doctor taking two capsules of Zircusone? When I woke up, I thought that one capsule of this Zirconium would be enough to make me ill like the patients, and two capsules would finish me off! It would incite the increase rhythm in me, and I would lose my core rhythm at once.

Of course, this is a Kafka-like parody of what comes to psychiatry and what we do with it. By condensing the total violence into a single word, it orients me to what is coming in every exchange, with an absolute minimum of energy. It also makes me laugh with an explosion of energy, which is a great relief.

_A Paradigm Shift_
I hope it is apparent that I believe the fate of our patients, and of ourselves as their doctors, is dependent, fundamentally, on reading the exchanges which become their and our trajectories (Gustafson, 2005). This means there is nothing more important in medicine, psychiatry, religion, philosophy, the humanities, science, and politics than being well oriented. When I have five minutes with a patient and his or her resident, I have time for a question, which is always about what his or her biggest concern is right now, as we sit? This reply will often have the typical exchange of this patient’s entire life in it, and how he or she gets it wrong. I can usually give this back to the patient in a single English sentence. With fifteen or twenty minutes, we can usually see how the typical exchange is rerun in a dream, so I can hand that back to the patient also. If I have an hour to give the patient for a consultation in my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic, then we can connect the typical exchange, and the dream, with the patient’s entire history.

This is not the usual psychiatry or psychology. It is biological, but it is not about pharmacological control of disorder. It is concerned with the outer world, but it is not behavioral control. It is concerned with the inner world, but it is about the balance of interior and exterior worlds. In other words, the paradigm has shifted. The biological and the behavior and the psychodynamic become components of a greater concern with orientation, which is how the detail can become a fractal of the patient’s entire set of exchanges of a lifetime.

According to Deutsch’s Theorem (Platt, 1970), a paradigm shifts when a system (labeled $i$) no longer is capable of coping with its business. A component that is more vigorous (labeled $i - 1$) begins to resonate with a system greater than the one in question
(the greater one labeled \(i + 1\)). To apply Deutsch’s theorem to this book, the crisis of the current paradigm \(i\) is that it has become an operation of isolated will to control the disturbances of psychiatry. *Its very success in making a rampant process come to a halt is its very weakness.* The top-down rhythm of its factory is generally not able to find and encourage the bottom-up rhythm of the patients, or of their doctors, to move in their own individual ways.

_This paradigm shift I propose is that a balanced, fractal instrument of orientation, in equipoise between the interior and exterior fields \((i - 1)\), will resonate with nature \((i + 1)\) itself, The Great Source, as it is called in Zen Buddhism (Suzuki, 1959, originally published 1938), which is also a fractal construction, as is every tree or every cumulus cloud._

If a practitioner or reader is to help anyone else with this great instrument of orientation, he or she will have to have a practice of keeping his or her own balance. That is why I had to put in this book many dreams of the author locating his own balance. I could not help but be autobiographical to convey how this revolution of one (Frost, 1936, in Frost, 1969, Build Soil, p. 316) is carried out.

_The Six Powers of Access_

Part I is Access to the Interior Field, beginning with how Freud and Jung opened up what had been a closed subject. Part II is Access to the Exterior Field, a reading which is almost completely absent from psychiatry and psychology, namely, what is the relevant social field we must find our way in. **Part III is Access to the Transitional**
Field, which arises when the Interior Field and Exterior Field are weighted equally. The fractal conditions are met, and the detail will refract all the scales of time and space. It is for this that Parts I and II have prepared the reader. *The transitional field is itself the treatment for the illnesses of disorientation, for the instrument of orientation is now able to carry out its own natural work.*

Parts IV, V, and VI then exemplify this fractal work of orientation in very brief chapters (an average of four to five pages), because the detail itself carries the entire world of the subject. Part IV is Access to Fractal Time, Part V, Access to Fractal Space and Part VI, Access to the Full Musical Score. As Part III balanced Parts I and II, Part VI balances Parts IV and V in a very terse form which itself exemplifies the fractal principle. Finally, the Recapitulation replays the entire musical score proposed in Part VI.

I am very grateful to Myrna Kasdorf and Pam DeGolyer for their expert typing of the manuscript, and to my readers and friends for their advice, Chris Clancy, Lowell Cooper, Karin Gustafson Abidine, Ruth Gustafson, Qazi Javed, Matt Meyer, Andy Moore, Mike Moran, Steve Olson, Gary Simoneau and Mike Wood.

A final suggestion to the reader from the author. It is not necessary to read this book from front to back. Any of the book’s hundreds of ideas to be found in the index could be followed, because they are what Northrop Frye (1983a, 1983b) and Francois Jullien (2000) called *A Great Code*, and Claude Levi-Strauss (1983) *A Musical Score*. The Code or Score is concerned with captivity and deliverance from captivity, as in The Bible, and as in all of biology. I will make all of this explicit in my next book, *The New World in America.*
Introduction to Part I

*Actions cannot defile me, since I am indifferent to results* – *Bhagavad Gita, p. 74*

Part I concerns the power of access to the interior world. This leads to its defence, for everywhere humanity is captured by the exterior world, and loses even a fresh or generative word (Freire, 1970). All of these chapters have a fractal structure, which means a self-similarity on all scales, from the word to the phrase to the paragraph to the chapter to the part to the book.

This is why I can rightly summarize each chapter in a sentence. In each sentence, there is a great crossing, between mighty opposite forces, as follows:

Chapter 1. Freud’s Gift: *If I cannot bend the higher powers, I shall stir up Hell*. In other words, the isolated will of the first half of this sentence crosses over into the pollution of the mind and body.

Chapter 2. Numinous Jung: *All we know is that there are dead feelings, dead ideas, and cold beliefs, and there are hot and live ones; and when one grows hot and alive within us, everything has to re-crystallize about it*. In other words, a numinous force has to arise within us, if we are to be saved from being captured in the exterior.
Chapter 3. The Dark Interval: An overestimated thing compels an outpouring of energy for little return, and an underestimated thing fails to call out energy which will get an excellent return, and so the conscious evaluation is continually wrong, and waits upon the unconscious evaluation in the dark interval. In other words, the dark interval will arise in the second half of the sentence, or in the night that follows the day.

Chapter 4. Freshness: The Flowering Tree will be made into a Thing, unless it is held back in defensible territory. In other words, The Empire in which humanity has mostly lived in the last five thousand years has a dreadful capacity to stab the interior beauty on its territory.

Chapter 5. Effortlessness: Only in a slow core rhythm will we catch the detail, like the tip of a predator’s ear signaling the imminent arrival of the killer. In other words, everything about modern group life pulls into running with it, and losing our discernment.

The Author’s Dream of Being a General in India

I dreamt that I am a general in India, in charge of two armies, to conquer Gabra, the size of the head of a pin, and Gabro, the size of the whole world. I have to do it with two sentences on email.

Then I find myself in a vast institution, a medical-university-country club. I try to find the locker room, but I find only immense halls, along which are huge and empty waiting rooms as for 747’s at an airport.
A pair of dreams like this is often necessary to convey a crossing that is so enormous that a single scene cannot encompass it (Gustafson, 1997; Alexander, 1925). In the first of the pair, I am a general in India, which takes me back to Arjuna in the *Bhagavad Gita*. I read it again this morning, because my dream seemed to be pointing to it. What did I find? I found, once again, what an astounding fractal structure the poem is circling: its center is

You have a right to your actions,

But never to your action’s fruits (p. 54).

Ah, so that is why Gabra is a single point, and Gabro the whole world. Because Gabra is Alpha, and because Gabro is Omega, you have but one point to get, and you get the whole reality, namely, that

The resolute in yoga surrender results, and gain perfect peace; the irresolute, attached to results, are bound by everything they do (p. 83).

In other words, my Introduction has left out the greatest thing of all. As Thoreau put it,

In the morning I bathe my intellect in the stupendous and cosmogonical philosophy of the Bhagvat Geeta … in comparison with which our modern world and its literature seem puny and trivial (1998, original work published 1849).
And so my dream has compared this stupendous and cosmogonial and fractal world of the
*Gita* with the modern world and its machinery of emptiness. As Krishna tells Arjuna, we
must play our part in the battle, but we will only have our peace if we step back from
getting somewhere in such a world:

*Actions cannot defile me, since I am indifferent to results* (p. 74).

This, in the end, and all along, with every breath, protects the interior world from
pollution, where we begin with Freud.
Chapter 1. Freud’s Gift

*If I cannot bend the higher powers, I shall stir up Hell.*

Freud had a gift for the interior world, which needs to be seen afresh. He covered it up himself, with a monumental theory of dreams (Schorske, 1980; Shields, 1990; Gustafson, 1997, Chapter 1, Freud) as wish-fulfillment. Two hundred and thirty-five pages of Freud’s *Interpretation of Dreams* (1965) is an elaboration of a single idea: namely, how the dream-work hides the wish. *On Dreams* (Freud, 1989, pp. 142-172) pares the elaboration down to thirty pages. Still, it is not easy going.

In my opinion, Freud is a genius of the details, but loses us in his generalizations. He comes across freshly in his cases (Gustafson, unpublished), but mystifies us in his meta-psychology. Then, we conclude, wrongly, that he has no longer anything to give us.

I will confine myself to five indispensable gifts from Freud: (1) His ability to dissect a detail. (2) His ability to see images as condensations of many images. (3) His ability to follow verbal bridges. (4) His development in Erikson (1954, and Gustafson, 1997) of not only what the dream includes, but what it excludes. (5) His embodiment in his own dreams of the tragedy of modern man (Gardner, 1971, p. 117), of being fear-ridden.

**Dissection of the Detail**

Dissection of the detail has been largely lost in medicine, and, in particular, in psychiatry. Conan Doyle was lucky to witness it as a medical student, where Joseph Bell was house surgeon in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary:
“I think every good teacher,” Bell once said, “if he is to make his men
good doctors, must get them to cultivate the habit of noticing the little
apparent trifles. Any really good doctor ought to be able to tell, before a
patient has really sat down, a good deal of what is the matter with him or
her.” (Byron, 2000, p. 64, my italics).

From countless delights watching Bell, Conan Doyle created his character, Sherlock
Holmes.

Now, it is no accident that the delightful movie, “The Seven Per Cent Solution,”
linked Holmes to Freud. They were two of a kind. Freud himself came to his genius, from
diligent practice of dissection, literally, in the physiology laboratory of Brücke. He
transferred this diligence over, then, from the anatomical specimen to the dream
specimen. Indeed, he calls the first modern dream ever analyzed in detail, of Irma, The
Analysis of a Specimen Dream, Dream of July 23$^{rd}$-24$^{th}$, 1895 (Freud, 1965).

Now, it is also true that this 19$^{th}$ century practice of medicine has a beautiful new
potential in our 21$^{st}$ century. Videotape and DVD has given us back the chances to rehear
the phrase, and the chances to review the responses of the body. For example, the arising
of guilt is so quick that it can be seen at once in a finger, or two, or three, pointing at
one’s own head. I called this Gustafson’s Sign in my first book (Gustafson, 1986/1997),
and the eight books that followed, but I have never seen it taken up by anyone in print.
This detail, considered as a paradigm, is itself a revolution in microcosm. The finger(s) to
the head are the diagnosis, and the question, “What are you feeling uncomfortable about
right now?,” is the *treatment*, for the confession to the disturbance is resolved, temporarily, by the patient dropping the fingers of self-accusation back to his or her lap! Guilt is but one of many movements up from below in the body, which has been “strangulated” (Breuer and Freud, 1966) from the head! So, in this specific sense, Freud’s original practice is about this beautiful fractal structure: fractal means a structure that is self-similar on any scale of space or time. Thus, the single sentence will appear in the paragraph or in the whole book, quite as Auerbach (1968) demonstrated in literature.

Now, I propose boldly to bring Freud’s two hundred and thirty pages on dream-work down to a few, which epitomize two possibilities which we can keep readily in mind, whether in the single sentence of an interview, or in the paragraph of the dream specimen. The first principle concerns images. Freud’s great discovery was that single images turn out *not* to be single, but more like overlapping photographic negatives, yielding up a series of images that have something critical in common. The second principle concerns phrases. Freud’s great discovery was that phrases tend to slide into related phrases, yielding up a series of what he called verbal bridges. Thus, the ability of the orienting instrument to categorize events that have parallel implications is built upon these two properties, of condensation of images, and of verbal bridges of phrases. This is how the fractal capacity of the instrument can slide from the phrase to the paragraph to the book, or from the image to the category of images to the metaphysical problem of the dreamer. I will now illustrate this from Freud’s own dreams, which are all about the same subject, and it really isn’t sexuality!
Condensation of Images

Freud explains condensation of images as follows:

As a rule the identification or construction of a composite person takes place for the very purpose of avoiding the representation of the common element. Instead of saying: “A has hostile feelings towards me and so has B,” make a composite figure out of A and B in the dream.” (p. 356, 1965)

A typical image might be the following form Freud’s dream of NON VIXIT:

…I then gave P. a piercing look. Under my gaze he turned pale; his form grew indistinct and his eyes a sickly blue … (pp. 456-457).

This turns out to be a composite of A, himself, and B, Brücke. Freud remembers being annihilated by such a look from Brücke himself for arriving late to Brücke’s laboratory. But blue eyes are those of Brücke, not Freud, so Freud is taking his revenge on Brücke himself, and he is reenacting it towards P., who is the third in the series of photographs, namely, exhibit C!

Verbal Bridges

Images invite concentration, by super-imposing a far flung set of photographic negatives. Phrases invite a radiation outwards from a single phrase (see Levi-Strauss (1983) on the same capacities in myth as Gustafson, 1997, Chapter 10, The Orchestral Score of Levi-
Freud could perform it on dream material, but he did it equally well on daytime material, as for example in his reconstruction of the peculiar language of the so called Rat Man (1963b). I described the first bridges in a long, long series as follows:

“In his obsessional deliria,” Freud writes, “he had coined himself a regular rat currency … Little by little he translated into this language the whole complex of money interests which centered around his father’s legacy to him.” (p. 70) … The first verbal bridge described by Freud is “Rat-Ratten” in German, rats –installments in English. Therefore, when Freud told him the amount of the fee, “He said to himself (as Freud learned six months later), ‘so many florins, so many rats’ (p. 70). A second bridge via the word “Spielratte” in German, gambling debts in English, which refers to his father’s losses, again in terms of the rat. … Now the expression, “So many rats, so many florins,” allows a bridge to sex with women, as, Freud writes, it “could serve as an excellent characterization of a certain female profession which he particularly detested” (p. 71). Moreover, there is a second verbal bridge to this subject, via the word, “heiraten” in German, to marry in English! (p. 71) (Gustafson, unpublished, pp. 47-48).

Thus, the entire analysis radiates outwards from what the Rat Man uttered from under his breath at the outset, when Freud told him the fee: “So many florins, so many rats.” This is the single phrase, which will generate a world of variations.
Inclusion and Exclusion

The dream or daytime material can include, by condensation of images, or radiation of phrases. The greatest inclusion occurs in its navel, a place in the dream where the associations ramify as in the mycelium from which a mushroom arises. The most famous example is in the Irma dream itself where Freud is looking into Irma’s mouth, to discover the cause of her complaint, and begins to associate to a series of women who would also have been recalcitrant to treatment (1965, p. 143).

Freud adds a footnote as follows:

I had the feeling that the interpretation of this part of the dream was not carried far enough to make it possible to follow the whole of its concealed meaning. If I had pursued my comparison between the three women, it would have taken me far afield. – There is at least one spot in every dream at which it is unplumbable – a navel, as it were, that is its point of contact with the unknown. (cf. p. 564). (Freud, 1965, f. 2, 143)

Actually, I think it is plumbable: the series is larger than the dreamer wants to admit.

The reader may refer to Erikson’s (1954) masterful exercise in elaborating the Irma dream (also discussed in Gustafson, 1997, Chapter 1, Freud). I want to call attention to Erikson’s discussion of the opposite tendency, of the power of the dream, rather than to add, rather to subtract.
A young woman patient of German descent once reported a dream which consisted of nothing but the image of the word S(E)INE (with the “E” in brackets), seen light against a dark background (pp. 18-19).

It turns out to be a dream riddle, to wit, “To see (E) without his … in Paris.” Thus, words can condense like images. The dream is an image of a word. But what interests Erikson is what is absent:

That something was seen, and in fact focused upon with the exclusion of all other sensory experiences (such as spatial extension, motion, shading, color, sound, and, last but not least, the awareness of a dream population), is, of course, related to the various aspects of the visual trauma … (pp. 19-20)

**Embodiment of the Tragedy of Modern Man**

So, here is Freud with this extraordinary instrument for reaching the interior field. Essentially, I think he has gotten hold of the archaic mythical powers, so beautifully described by Levi-Strauss (1983) in *The Raw and the Cooked*, to condense, and expand, which Levi-Strauss compares to musical composition as follows:

The musical emotion springs precisely from the fact that at each moment the composer withholds or adds more or less than the listener anticipates … If the composer withholds more than we anticipate, we experience a
delicious falling sensation; we feel we have been torn from a stable point in the musical ladder and thrust into the void, but only because the support that is waiting for us was not in the expected place. When the composer withholds less, the opposite occurs: he forces us to perform gymnastic exercises more skillful than our own. Sometimes he moves us, sometimes he forces us to make the movements ourselves, but it always exceeds what we would have thought ourselves capable of achieving alone (p. 17, 1983)

Thus, Freud has precisely this ability, holding back like Erikson did in the S(E)INE dream, and ramifying in the Rat Currency of the Rat-Man. With such gifts, a man might stay deeply in touch with his interior field.

But this was precisely what Freud could not do. In this, he is the typical modern man, terrified of reproach from his group, and full of revenge. If the reader takes the trouble as I did, for my Freud chapter in 1997, to study all of the dreams in The Interpretation of Dreams (1965) “Dreamt by Freud Himself” (Index of Dreams, pp. 699-700), he or she will glimpse a series with one preoccupation in endless variations. As Schorske (1980) pointed out, the one preoccupation is inscribed on the title page in Latin as follows:

Flectere si nequeo, Acheronta movebo.

In English, If I cannot bend the higher powers, I shall stir up Hell (the river Acheron). So, here is Freud’s single sentence, indeed.
Why was he so captured? He himself says that his preoccupation comes from a childhood dream to be Hannibal and conquer Rome. But it is an ambition that is, necessarily, fear-ridden, and quite typical of the twentieth century. Helen Gardner calls it the typical modern tragedy, which has arisen in a time quite like the time of the arising of Christianity:

…a world in which men’s hearts were failing them for fear … it was a world looking for release from its fears, for grounds of hope, and for a renewal of the springs of human energy and enterprise. Eliot’s original title for Murder in the Cathedral was Fear in the Way. Salvation today means more release from fear than release from guilt. (p. 117, 1971)

Thus, the motion in Freud’s Irma dream (Gustafson, 1997, Chapter 1), and all its later variations noted in the Index of Dreams Dreamt by Freud Himself, is of Freud’s dread of reproach from his circle of doctors, because Irma, his patient, has gotten worse. The dream convenes this circle in a kind of Grand Rounds, to re-examine the patient. Freud then takes revenge on all of them by reducing each one in turn to absurdity, while justifying himself. Once he got caught up in this struggle, he couldn’t get out.

In this he is exemplary, I think, for this is precisely the metaphysical illness of nearly every patient I see, namely, of becoming terrified of departing from his or her own group. By cleaving so desperately to its approval, you become its figure, like Dr. Jekyll. Then, your shadow side builds up the revenge of Mr. Hyde.
Let us now finally examine a series of very brief examples, which typify this struggle. They illustrate the tendency to cling to the group, or exterior world, at the expense of the interior world. Yet, they also open the door to taking the interior world back.

It is quite as Breuer and Freud (1966) described: the head has gotten “strangulated” from the body. The head becomes the property of the group, and everything below the neck tends to pass out of sight, and then re-emerge in outlaw form.

**Freud’s Access to the Interior Field**

Let us visit three cases, to see what difference we can get from Freud’s orientation.

*The Dream of 100 Leads*

Our patient in clinic had the simplest of dreams, which she could describe in a single sentence: namely, she was back in her old neuropsychology lab of graduate school, trying to put 100 (EEG) leads onto a subject. At once, she knew it was absurd, and gave up trying.

She also knew at once it is a metaphor about her current life. She is running in a 100 directions – a hostage to her 100 projects. Her dream was a great relief to her. Borges gives an explanation as follows:

Let us return to Coleridge. He says it doesn’t matter what we dream, that the dream searches for explanations. He gives an example: a lion appears in this room, and we all are afraid; the fear has been caused by the image
of the lion. But in dreams the reverse can occur. *We feel oppressed, and then search for an explanation.* I, absurdly, but vividly, dream that a sphinx has lain down next to me. The sphinx is not the cause of my fear. It is *an explanation of my feeling of oppression* (p. 36, 1984, my italics).

Our patient is relieved that her feeling of exhaustion is explained by the image of 100 leads (EEG) attached to her own head. She has become an experimental object, in a dangerous game.

Here is where Freud helps our access to interior space. Is this not precisely the game that Freud himself was playing in Irma, NON VIXIT, and his entire series of Dreams Dreamt By Freud Himself? Stuck to his fear of reproach from his group, he is frantic for approval to reassure himself. In other words, he is Dr. Jekyll himself. Our female psychologist is a similar prisoner.

In other words, once we are oriented by Freud’s embodiment of the metaphysical illness of our time, we will be alert to the endless variations of the game, which will appear in the interior space, as in this instance. We will also be oriented to look for the build up of rage. For once the game of approval runs away with the subject, he or she loses his or her own center. This arouses the build up of rage.

Notice also what is *not* in the dream, as in Erikson’s S(E)INE dreamer. This dream is all about putting leads on a *head*. There is no body. This is the most dangerous program in western history (Tate, 1999).

*The Dream of Self-Abortion*
The dreamer is a teacher of medical students, who is trying to get them to look inside, if only to write a little piece of reflection on their day. The final scene of three in her dream is this: A young man cuts off his right hand, and throws himself on the floor, damaging his internal organs, and aborts a hemaphrodite fetus.

The teacher is quite fascinated by this shocking event, and begins to tell me about medical students who are already lost in their outer worlds and who have no time for their inner worlds. She feels that most of them are unwilling to make room for even a little meditation. On the other hand, she has three shining examples who took to meditation, and contemplation of their days, and writing about it.

With five minutes left in her session, I ask her if she wants to hear anything back from me about her dream? She laughs, and says, “Oh, yes!,” and I simply reply, “You have a dream about your very subject, cutting off his right hand, of writing, and damaging his interior organs, of fertility!” “Yes,” she responds, “the three I could bring along, as it were, in their pregnancies of themselves, got a kind of ‘limbic resonance’ out of talking with me, and it brought them through!” By “limbic resonance” she meant a common vibration of limbic systems; limbic, the old emotional base of the cortex. “Yes,” I replied, “Just like you with me.”

Thus, we sort out, in terms of her pregnancy dream, this painful crossing between those she can bring to fruition, and those that abort themselves so violently. What has this to do with Freud’s gift? Everything! And yet it is a use of Freud pared down to a minimum, compared to his elaborate dissections, and condensations, and verbal bridges.

The dissection I borrow from him is that I have time for but one comment, and I have learned from him how to trust to the detail. The condensation is a simple
comparison between being a midwife to interior contemplation, and being one to a literal birth. The verbal bridge leaps out of the dreamer as “limbic resonance.” Some few respond, and most do not. Finally, the dream shows a shocking piece of self-violence, and embodies the sacrifices to the group that is so total. Inclusion in the exterior medical circle involves violent exclusion of the interior circle.

The Dream of ____ Needing to Split His Anima

A middle-aged man has the following dream: “____ (a nice guy friend of theirs) needs to split his anima (wife who studies Jung).” It is pared down to what I have called a “punch dream” (Gustafson, pp. 173, 180-183, 1995b), and it is a single condensation, and it is a single verbal phrase. The punch thrown is at the nice guy. The dreamer finds him all too agreeable. Cloying. The dreamer would like him to “split” his wife. This would also get her to stop talking about Jung! Having confessed all of this, he laughs a loud and devilish laugh!

What has this to do with Freud’s gift? Again, the detail is dissected. The “splitting” of the lady has quite a thrill for our dreamer. It mates violence and desire. Its electricity is condensed by the phrase, “splitting her anima.” He has heard all too much of being agreeable, and of Jung’s teachings. The dream is about splitting her legs, and plunging between them, and this inclusion has completely excluded everything above the waist. Some readers may think to themselves, “But what good is this at all?”

It isn’t good, and will certainly lead the husband to a great deal of guilt if he acts it out. But it has the virtue of breaking an oppressive situation, as Borges explains (1981), wide open, with a flash of feeling that illuminates it. And Freud (1963a) did have the
virtue of telling us about the split between the Madonna and the Prostitute, which our
dreamer is carrying out vicariously through the husband. The good female above, the
Madonna, must be made into the bad female below, the prostitute. The combination is
irresistible to man (Freud, 1963a). The interior field can be a great relief, being aroused,
from the correctness of the exterior field. Or put vertically, the tail may have more truth
in it than the head.

**Five Thousand Years of Empire**

Freud understands one thing extremely well, which he might have taken straight from
Homer, but he did the next best thing and took it from Virgil. Little has changed in five
thousand years of empire. (Eliade, Chapter 8, The Religion of the Indo-Europeans: The

*Flectere si nequeo, Acheronta movebo*

If I cannot bend the higher powers, I shall stir up Hell (the river Acheron).

In other words, those who are robbed will rob (see my case The Robber Robbed,
pp. 91-95, 156, Gustafson, 2005). Freud called it the Oedipus Complex, but it is really all
of Greek mythology. Every Greek tragedy is a version of it. Helen Gardner puts it thus:

It is difficult for us to accept and enter into the omnipresent ancient
conception of pollution as an objective reality, without importing into it
the Christian idea of willful sin and deliberate transgression of divine
commands. It is very strange to us to think of a man as incurring guilt and becoming a polluted object as a consequence of deeds done, without respect to his motive in doing them, or even to whether he was a conscious of the nature of his acts. And stranger still to think of such pollution as spreading like an infectious or contagious disease ("miasma"). (Gardner, 1971, p. 53)

I put it now, this pollution, as Dr. Jekyll, The Case of 100 Leads, robbed of his center, because he is hostage to 100 projects not his own. Once polluted, he will force his compensation as Mr. Hyde, as in The Dream of Self-Abortion and The Dream of ____ Needing to Split His Anima. He will be violent on himself, or someone else.

Thus, the interior world is compromised once the person is wronged. In an Empire, everyone tends to be used as an object quite like Jekyll, and so the pollution or miasma spreads everywhere. You can hardly drive down a road in America, without being assaulted from behind by someone driving right into your trunk.

Therefore, the problem of a interior field, protected, is the problem of having exchanges in which you are not wronged. Once wronged, you are polluted, and will move Hell. How in an Empire are you to keep this from happening to yourself, or your family? The next four chapters address this continual emergency.
Chapter 2. Numinous Jung

_All we know is that there are dead feelings, dead ideas, and cold beliefs, and there are hot and live ones; and when one grows hot and alive within us, everything has to re-crystallize about it._ – William James, p. 162, 1958, originally published 1901-1902

Jung changed the fundamental rule of psychoanalysis, with tremendous consequences. Freud’s rule was: “Tell me whatever comes to mind.” Freud’s principle, applied to day or night material, was this suspension of censorship. The trains of association would lead to the repressed and disturbing impulses.

**Numinous Dreams**

Jung decided to begin differently from dream material. He accepted Freud’s principle that the dream was or is a composite. But he asked a different question of the details. He asked: “Tell me how you know about this detail – in other words, when and where did you come upon it?” (Jung, 1974b). This question pulls very differently on the unconscious. At once, the dreamer will be startled by his own answer, for it will be apparent that each detail goes way back in time. Each detail has dates on it. Often many different dates.

Freud had already given us the condensation in images, of many different spaces or places. Now, Jung gives us this uncanny sense of time being overlapped. Even more stunning, the time may reach back centuries, and millennia. I am still shocked by his first presentation of this from a patient’s dream in 1916:
Her father (who was in reality of small stature) was standing with her on a hill that was covered with wheat-fields. She was quite tiny beside him, and he seemed to her like a giant. He lifted her up from the ground and held her in his arms like a little child. The wind swept over the wheat-fields, and as the wheat swayed in the wind, he rocked her in his arms (Jung, p. 76, 1971).

The patient had been obstinately in love with Jung, as if he were a semi-divine father-lover. But then why the dream? Why the obstinacy of this transference? Jung reasons from the ancient image:

He had to be gigantic, primordial, huger than the father, like the wind that sweeps over the earth – was he then to be made into a god? Or, I said to myself, was it rather the case that the unconscious was trying to create a god out of the person of the doctor, as it were to free a vision of God from the veils of the personal …? Could the longing for a god be a passion welling up from our darkest, deepest nature, a passion unswayed by any outside influences, deeper and stronger than the love for a human person. Or was it perhaps the highest and truest meaning of that inappropriate love we call “transference,” a little bit of Gottesminne, that has been lost to consciousness ever since the fifteenth century? (Jung, pp. 77-78, 1971).

(Gottesminne, love of God, poetical)
Jung considers further that the patient has nothing ostensibly religious about her. Her attitude is critical and agnostic.

In contrast to this, the god-image of the dreams corresponded to the archaic conception of a nature-daemon, something like Wotan. \( \theta \in \delta S \; \theta \) \[ \pi V \in \hat{\Sigma} \mu \alpha, \] “God is spirit,” is here translated back into its original form where \( \pi V \in \hat{\Sigma} \mu \alpha \) means “wind”: God is the wind, stronger and mightier than man, an invisible breath-spirit (Jung, pp. 79-80, 1971).

Jung had already documented such material from other writers in his book from 1912 called Symbols and Transformations. Now it emerged in his own case material. The only word that seems right to me about it is what Rudolf Otto in *The Idea of the Holy* (1958, original work published 1917) called the “numinous.” Otto meant what is strikingly present, in its light, its speed, its size, and its vast reach, something that only a god or God could bring about. This being so, we have something of extraordinary force in the interior field. Interior defence will turn out to be much more possible, for those whom the gods visit at night. Indeed, their problem will be one of refraining from being carried away by it.

Jung used the noun, *numinosum*, to summarize the difficulty of these interior forces:

If Freud had given somewhat more consideration to the psychological truth that sexuality in numinous – both a god and a devil – he would not
have remained bound within the confines of a psychological concept …..

The *numinosum* is dangerous because it lures men to extremes, so that a modest truth is regarded as *the* truth and minor mistake is regarded as a fatal error (p. 154, Jung, 1989).

**The Departure**

We seem to be a long, long way from psychotherapy in a single sentence, at this point. Indeed, Jung himself had a terrible struggle from 1912 to 1928, before he found an equanimity with his discovery of numinous forces within. Yet we will come around to epiphany on the smallest scale. As Northrop Frye (1957) argued, the history of literature is a descent from the stories of the gods, to the nobility, and so on down to the twentieth century where the hero is an ordinary man or woman. It is for him or her that the divinity/diabolism within is my subject of this chapter.

In this sense, Jung is a forerunner for us all, if we can take his gift for ourselves. Perhaps, he has made this most available in his autobiography, *Memories, Dreams, and Reflections* (Jung, 1989), but, like Freud’s *Interpretation of Dreams*, it is hard going. Hard in a different way from Freud’s redundancy. Hard to bear, imagining being in Jung’s mind.

Therefore, I have decided to convey this thrilling and agonizing journey, *from* its outset, and *at* its conclusion. The outset is his famous dream of himself as a Red Crusader, and the conclusion is his dream of the Magnolia in Liverpool. The briefest version I can give you of the Red Crusader dream is as follows in first and second half.
The Austrian Customs Agent and the Red Crusader

While I was working on this book (*Symbols and Transformations*) I had dreams which presaged the forthcoming break with Freud. One of the most significant had its scene in a mountainous region on the Swiss-Austrian border. It was toward evening, and I saw an elderly man in the uniform of an Imperial Austrian customs official. He walked past, somewhat stooped, *without paying any attention to me*. His expression was peevish, rather melancholic and vexed. There were other persons present, and someone informed me that the old man was not really there, but was the ghost of a customs official who had died years ago. “He is one of those who still couldn’t die properly.” (my italics, p. 164)

Now for the second half after a *hiatus* (see Grinnell, 1979), and the discussion of hiatus in Gustafson, 1997b):

…after a hiatus came a second and far more remarkable part. I was in an Italian city, and it was around noon, between twelve and one-o’clock. A fierce sun was beating down upon the narrow streets … It was summertime, the blazing sun stood at its zenith, and everything was bathed in an intense light. A crowd came streaming toward me … In the midst of this stream of people walked a knight in full armor. He mounted the steps toward me. He wore a helmet of the kind that is called a basinet,
with eye slits, and chain armor. Over this was a white tunic into which was woven, front and back, a large red cross. One can easily imagine how I felt: suddenly to see in a modern city, during the noonday rush hour, a crusader coming toward me. … It was as though he were completely invisible to everyone but me. … as if someone answered me: “Yes, this is a regular apparition. The knight always passes by here between twelve and one o’clock and has been doing so for a very long time (for centuries, I gathered) and everyone knows about it.” (Jung, p. 164-165, 1989)

There is considerable discussion by Jung, which comes down to a single sentence after all, because the pair is a comparison (see Alexander, 1925, and Gustafson, 1997 on pairs of dreams), a dissolving of one world, and, after a hiatus, the arising of another (Grinnell, 1970). If all that Freud could come up with out of the depths was “the mud of the commonplace” (p. 166), then he is already dead, and something more extraordinary will rise up, like a knight of the Holy Grail, straight from the 12th century!

The trouble with the beautiful numinosum is that it turns out, like all numinosa, to be god and devil. A deliverer, and a devil. A succession of Faust dreams now rocks him for the next five to ten years. Faust is the bargainer with the devil, with unlimited ambition (Goethe, 1951; originally published, 1828-1829), and Jung is identified with him, and takes a terrible beating for it, and some psychotic moments, and nearly shoots himself (pp. 235-236, Jung, 1989).
Faust, the inept purblind philosopher, encounters the dark side of his being, his sinister shadow, Mephistopheles, who in spite of his negating disposition represents the true spirit of life as against the arid scholar who hovers on the brink of suicide. My own inner contradictions appeared here in dramatized form; Goethe had written virtually a basic outline and pattern of my own conflicts and solutions. The dichotomy of Faust/Mephistopheles came together inside myself as a single person, and I was that person (Jung, p. 235, 1989).

The Arrival at the Center of Orientation

By 1918-1919, Jung began to find his way out of being Faust, a version of what he called *animus*, or male energy. As this subsided, a female energy arose, a version of what he called *anima*. He began to draw mandalas. This became his new center:

I sketched every morning in a notebook a small circular drawing, a mandala, which seemed to correspond to my inner situation at the time. With the help of these drawings I could observe my psychic transformations from day to day (p. 195, my italics, Jung, 1989).

For example, after receiving a letter from a certain lady, calling his drawings a kind of art, it got on his nerves as being wrong, and changed the mandala from the day before:
...part of the periphery had burst open and the symmetry was destroyed (p. 195). ... Only gradually did I discover what the mandala really is: ...and that is the self, the wholeness of the personality, which if all goes well is harmonious, but which cannot tolerate self-deceptions (pp. 195-196) ... I began to understand that the goal of psychic development is the self. There is no linear evolution; there is only a circumambulation of the self. ...everything points to the center. This insight gave me stability, and gradually my inner peace returned. I knew that in finding the mandala as an expression of the self I had attained for me what was the ultimate. Perhaps someone else knows more, but not I (pp. 196-197).

He also got out of his isolation, for having something quite beautiful and profound to exchange, but it took ten years from 1918 to 1928, when Richard Wilhelm sent him The Secret of the Golden Flower, what Jung called

The thousand-year old Chinese text on the yellow castle, the germ of the immortal body (p. 197)

just as Jung was painting a mandala with a golden castle in the center, a golden well-fortified castle.

The Magnolia in Liverpool
Now came his great culmination in the Liverpool dream, which you can read on two pages, pp. 198-199 (Jung, 1989). It is a most mysterious, and masterful dream, essentially, about climbing up from the harbor in Liverpool with some fellow Swiss, to the cliffs, which was the axial center of the city, to behold in the rain, fog, smoke, and dimly lit darkness, a square, with a round pool in the center, and an island in the middle of the pool blazed with sunlight. On it stood a single tree, a magnolia, in a shower of reddish blossoms. It was as though the tree stood in the sunlight and were at the same time the source of the light (p. 198).

Notice how Jung explains the dream saving him, in terms of becoming oriented:

This dream brought with it a sense of finality. I saw that here the goal had been revealed. One could not go beyond the center. The center is the goal, and everything is directed toward that center. Through this dream I understood that the self is the principle and archetype of orientation and meaning ….

Without such a vision I might perhaps have lost my orientation and been compelled to abandon my undertaking. But here the meaning had been made clear. When I parted from Freud, I knew I was plunging into the unknown. Beyond Freud, after all, I knew nothing; but I had taken the step
into the darkness. When that happens, and then such a dream comes, one feels it is an act of grace (my italics, pp. 198-199, Jung, 1989).

William James, in his lectures in Edinburgh in 1901-1902, to become *Varieties of Religious Experience, A Study in Human Nature*, stated in a central paragraph what, I think, applies so well to Jung’s sixteen year struggle:

Neither an outside observer nor the Subject who undergoes the process can explain fully how particular experiences are able to change one’s centre of energy so decisively, or why they so often have to bide their hour to do so. …All we know is that there are dead feelings, dead ideas, and cold beliefs, and there are hot and live ones; and when one grows hot and alive within us, everything has to re-crystallize about it (p. 162, my italics, James, 1999).

As Jung comments himself at the conclusion of his analysis of the Liverpool dream:

…everything essential was decided … the later details are only supplements and clarifications of the material that burst forth from the unconscious. It was the prima material for a lifetime’s work (Jung, p. 199, 1989).

**Epiphanies**
If numinous material can be a lifetime’s work, as for Jung, it can also arise in lesser, and briefer moments. I believe it is privileged when it arises, just because it can do for us what it did for Jung: namely, *indicate* the death of a center of energies (world), and the arising of a new center of energies (world). Indeed, I think it is usually happening well below the surface, as in the slow death of Dr. Jekyll, and the slow advantage of Mr. Hyde, so well depicted by Stevenson (1985). The results are all the *Common Dynamics of Psychiatry* (Gustafson, 1999), when the compensatory gratifications have set in, for the death of a life. So, therefore, when we can glimpse something of numinous force, we are looking right at these matters of life and death.

Ephiphany is defined in Webster’s Third International Dictionary as deriving from “The Greek, appearance, manifestation, coming to light, 1. …of God or of a divine being or god. And 2. sudden manifestation of perception of the essential nature or meaning of something (its soul, *its whatness leaps to us from its vestment of its appearance* – the object achieves its – James Joyce” (my italics). I will now give you three from three of my patients, and one of my own. All four examples have a terrible crossing from the epiphany to death (virtual death), or vice versa. Thus, they all are highly orienting, as Jung wrote, to defending one’s interior center, or losing it.

*A Dream of Flying Down a Birch Lane*

The dreamer, a middle aged woman, is longing to be cherished, and asking, “Why am I here (on this earth)?” She dreams she is flying over this peaceful, liquid winterland, when she sees this lane, stunningly beautiful, of birch trees on either side. She stops to swing
on them, or, as she says, “…saying hello to the birches.” She also “moves from treetop to
treetop like walking on air, in tune with nature.”

Now, the hiatus. A man in a truck comes by, and says, “What in the hell are you
doing?” and tries to grab her. She gets free of him, and lands in a nextdoor lodge, empty,
then full of noise, and garbage, chaotic children, and an old lady whose son has the
Guiness book of records for some number of volumes of something. She is anxious to
launch out of there.

It is the main crossing of her life: getting free to enjoy her own movements, and
getting sucked back into her family of origin, as the oldest of ten kids, with a mean father,
and a mother. The dream has not settled, in the new beginning (Balint, 1968) or new
center of energies (James, 1999), but it is orienting for what she wants, and for what she
absolutely hates. They are like two strange attractors (Gustafson, 2005) contending for
which will dominate. They point to what to watch for.

*The Dream of the Volcano in the Backyard, and the Beautiful Indian Instrument*

This middle aged man plays the music in reverse in his pair of scenes. First, in the
backyard of his childhood about age five, he notices smoldering orange molten lava down
a hole, and his two favorite dogs, now, in danger of falling down into it. Second, in his
brother’s old room, as a guest of his parents, lying on his bed, and reaching out, brushes a
beautiful Indian stringed instrument, which plays effortlessly.

The first scene in that backyard recalls a practical joke on his father for April
Fool’s Day, telling him, “Someone broke your peach tree,” for which he was threatened
with the belt once again. This felt like the moment which has taken nearly fifty years to get free of.

The second scene prompts his remark: “Making truer music is easier than I thought.” As he puts it, “It is far better to be a guest of my parents, than a child at their mercy!”

*The Dream of the Truck Backed In, and the Passel of Virgins*

A third dreamer is also middle-aged, and has been concerned for a year about giving himself a grand piano, in place of his upright. His wife has had doubts that he would use it much, and convinced him to sit on his plans. Now he dreams he is backing a truck, a semi-, into this room, he thinks, “There is no way I am getting this out.” Now, the usual hiatus, and he is in a diner with a pack of waitresses, who tell him, happily, “We will take the wall down for you.” They proceed to do it. He is very appreciative that they got the truck out of there, and his male co-driver now is super-antsy to make up the time, at 150 m.p.h., and to cook the books, so to speak. No, he refuses to drive fast and lie. That would kill someone!

My patient is quite relieved by this dream. He takes it to mean he can risk the grand piano, and divine help will get it out if need be. He is also pleased that he is not allowing his male co-driver to pull him into a dangerous cover-up. He is getting better at defending his interior world, and giving less of a damn about the exterior world. To him, the balance is beginning to swing from exterior concerns, to interior concerns, with divine help. The “passel of virgins” is his term for the waitresses, which makes him laugh aloud.
The Author’s Dream of the Great Horse

Finally, my own numinous dream which takes place in deep night, pitch dark, riding in a column of men, stretching from horizon to horizon, somehow propelled by a Great Horse in its middle. I am one of three bishops whose names start with B., wearing our mitres, barely visible in the dark as silhouettes. I am positioned right behind the Great Horse.

Suddenly, the hiatus. The column comes to a halt, the horse falters, and goes down upon its knees. A famous psychopharmacologist, comes up behind the Horse, puts his arms around its neck, and snaps its head clear off! I am stunned.

Figure 2.1. The Author’s Dream of the Great Horse

The first of the scenes compared is straight out of the 12th century, like Jung’s. It is a column of the Crusades, moving, *in total silence, in the thick of night*. The three Bishops with the name B.? I at once think of three of my favorite princes from Shakespeare, Benedict, Bertrand and _________ (I can’t think of the third. It must be my secret name.).

The second of the scenes is truly a terrible hiatus. Obviously, a new regime is finishing off the medieval regime. I think of Henry Adams and his essay, “The Dynamo
and the Virgin” (1907). As he put it, the Virgin was once so compelling that everything was put in her service, all the great Gothic cathedrals built to Mary. As he also put it, the Dynamo, by 1900 and the World Trade Fair, had become the new center of energy, which totally eclipsed the Virgin as the medieval center of energy. I seem to be riding in an endangered column. We are at war, and the enemy shows no mercy whatsoever.

Perhaps, this book is my reply to this dream. If I cannot ride in such a magnificent column, in service to the Virgin, as if it were still the year 1200, perhaps my book will help me re-orient to what I can do that is magnificent, and where and when I can carry it out and defend it. The single sentence for all four of us dreamers is the same: we had better be oriented to our two strange attractors (Gustafson, 2005), a matter of life and death.
An overestimated thing compels an outpouring of energy for little return, and an underestimated thing fails to call out energy which will get an excellent return, and so the conscious evaluation is continually wrong, and waits upon the unconscious evaluation in the dark interval.

The Shadow

Next to the numinosum, I want to place Jung's second crucial idea, of the shadow, which originally appeared to him as a dream. By a long route, the shadow will take us to the dark interval in the conclusion of the chapter. Here is Jung’s original dream of the shadow:

It was night in some unknown place, and I was making slow and painful headway against a mighty wind. Dense fog was flying along everywhere. I had my hands cupped around a tiny light which threatened to go out at any moment. Everything depended upon my keeping this little light alive. Suddenly I had the feeling that something was coming up behind me. I looked back and saw a gigantic figure following me. But at the same moment I was conscious, in spite of my terror, that I must keep my little light going through night and wind, regardless of all dangers. When I awoke I realized at once that the figure was a “specter of the Brocken,” my own shadow on the swirling mists, brought into being by the little light I was carrying (pp. 87-88, Jung, 1989, my italics).
Jung called these No. 1 and No. 2 selves: the light, No. 1, his conscious mind, and the shadow, No. 2. This dream both terrified him, and comforted him. The terror was that his light might go out. The comfort with the gigantic figure behind him was that there was a lot more to him.

**The White Nightgown Mind**

Conversely, there is a great tendency come over the entire modern world to keep to the light, and turn away from the dark. William James called it “a mindset … that resembles white nightgowns (Bly, p. 71, 1988).

William James warned his students that a certain kind of mind-set was approaching in the West – it could hardly be called a way of thought – in which no physical details are noticed (Bly, p. 70).

James thought it resembled the upper class of Boston:

They too disliked the sordid details – the hair in the ear of religion, the smells of the Irish entryway – and preferred the religion of the One. Naturally, they became Unitarians. If the “cultured people” move into this mind-set, a curious thing happens: *the upper (spiritual) half of life and the lower (sensual) half of life begin to part company*. One part ascends; the other part, no longer connected to the high, sinks (Bly, p. 72, my italics).
James also thought it came from the German idealists in philosophy:

…academics who resembled gray jars, and who would ruin a whole state
like Tennessee if put into it; people totally unable to merge into the place
where they live – they could live in a valley for years and never become
the valley (Bly, p. 73).

Orwell (1946) thought that such people were using language to cover things up.
Once the generality and the detail parted company, you would learn nothing further. You
would string nouns along, meaning nothing. You would string details along, also
meaning nothing. A typical example from Orwell runs like this:

Objective consideration of contemporary phenomena compels the
conclusion that success or failure in competitive activities exhibits no
tendency to be commensurate with innate capacity (etc.) …. (p. 163)

Channels for the Shadow

The Ancient Union of the Senses

Conversely, it is possible to use language to reveal how things actually move. One way is
to bring all the senses into play. Bly quotes a poem by Wallace Stevens to this effect:
The night is of the color
Of a woman’s arm:
Night, the female,
Obscure,
Fragrant and supple,
Conceals herself.
A pool shines,
Like a bracelet
Shaken in a dance. (Bly, p. 67)

Thus, color, smell, touch augment the sound. The night as idea has become sensed. Bly comments:

The serenity that gives music to Stevens’s lines is a mark of that ancient union of the senses (p. 70).

But even more, in reference to a different kind of poem,

…the shadow has to have risen up and invaded the haiku poem, otherwise it is not a haiku

Here is one of my favorites for sheer surprise in a word:
If the times were good,
I’d ask one more of you to join me,
Flies. (p. 164, Hass, 1994)

That’s Issa! Flies has risen up and invaded the haiku poem. Thus, a channel is opened between the general idea and the striking detail, rising up from below. This is one way we can combat the severance between high and low.

The Continuous Correction From the Shadow Side

A second channel is this gift from Jung from the shadow side. It is very simple, but profound. It has to do with the tendency of the conscious mind to become one-sided, and coupled to other one-sided minds (see Maturana’s structural coupling discussed in Gustafson, 1986). But the unconscious shadow has what has been left out, and accorded too little value. For example, Jung had a patient with whom the conversation was getting increasingly shallow. Jung dreamt as follows:

I was walking down the highway through a valley in late-afternoon sunlight. To my right was a steep hill. At its top stood a castle, and on the highest tower there was a woman sitting on a kind of balustrade. In order to see her properly, I had to bend my head far back. I awoke with a crook in the back of my neck. Even in the dream I had recognized the woman as my patient (p. 133, Jung, my italics, 1989). …If in the dream I had to look up at the patient in this fashion, in reality I had probably been looking
down at her. Dreams are, after all, compensations for the conscious attitude. This produced an immediate change in the situation, and the treatment once more began to move forward (p. 133, Jung, 1989, my italics).

Conversely, something valued too high, consciously, can be brought low, unconsciously. For example, a man in a hurry to rush forward in a dream makes it to his train, and the train is moving through an S-curve out of the station, onto the straightaway. When the engine-driver puts on steam,

…I try to cry out, the rear coaches give a frightful lurch and are thrown off the rails (p. 89, Jung, 1974).

Jung points out to the man that he is exhausted by his effort to advance from his lowly origin, and that he ought to remain content with his accomplishments. Headstrong as the engine-driver, he will not heed Jung’s concern from the dream for the rear of the train and runs himself right off the rails of his career.

As Jung comments, in general,

A compensatory content is especially intense when it has vital significance for the conscious orientation (p. 38, Jung, 1974).
Given the tendency of the conscious mind to be one-sided, it is in continual danger of according too little value or too much value to what it comes across, as in the two examples given.

Jung compares the compensation given from the shadow side to all of physiology:

The psyche is a self-regulating system that maintains its equilibrium just as the body does. Every process that goes too far immediately and inevitably calls forth compensations, and without these there would neither be a normal metabolism nor a normal psyche. In this sense we can take the theory of compensation as a basic law of psychic behavior. Too little on one side results in too much on the other (p. 101, Jung, 1974, my italics).

But the metabolism makes its adjustments without consulting us, whereas the psyche consults us, and depends upon us to heed its corrections!

**Cutting The Life-Line**

Here we come to the crux of this chapter. If the conscious mind, the little light in Jung’s dream of the storm, is continually wrong, and needing of correction by the unconscious mind, the gigantic figure following him, then, an endless series of dreams is necessary to stay well! Indeed, that is the conclusion that Jung came to in his last essay on the use of dreams, “Individual Dream Symbolism in Relation to Alchemy.” Jung calls the series, which is not linear, “a circumambulation of the center,” because it gets off on one side,
corrects too far on the other, and so forth. The series in this essay is taken from the analysis of Wolfgang Pauli (see Pauli/Jung, 2001), the physicist who won the Nobel Prize for his Pauli exclusion principle. Many of the dreams are mandala dreams, which show these distortions of the squared circle with such striking visual clarity. This is an enormous dream work. When the patient can continue the analysis for himself, the analysis proper is concluded. We will return to this subject in my Chapter 19, Dream Series.

The trouble is that this life-line (Winnicott, 1971; Gustafson 1986/1997a) to the unconscious correction is hardly heeded at all, or for a little while and then dismissed. To use Freud’s metaphor of the navel, once again, the mushroom depends upon its lifeline to the mycelium. Cut it, and it’s finished. Bly concludes his essay on Wallace Stevens, and how it happened to Stevens, with the following passage:

If the shadow’s gifts are not acted upon, it evidently retreats and returns to the earth… (Bly concludes with a poem by Rilke of which I excerpt the final lines)

…he is an old man, it’s all over for him
Nothing else will come; no more days will open;
and everything that does happen will cheat him -
even you, my God. And you are like a stone
that draws him daily deeper into the depths.
(Bly, p. 81, 1988)
But we need not deal in such total terms as this, of taking continual correction from the shadow, versus losing it altogether. Such things are common, but also are degrees in between. Sometimes, a little correction has a huge effect, and some occasional heeding of the shadow may make a big difference.

Also, even when patients are far gone, and their surfaces dissociated from their depths, I can often find a line of feeling that connects their words back to some movement in their bodies. In the resident clinic, I often have five minutes to attend to the patient and the resident (Gustafson, 2007). I usually confine myself to one question, a version of “What is bothering (or concerning) you the most, even now as we sit here?” Perhaps, half of the time, the patient will ponder it, and tell me about something distressing, and then the body will move in a striking gesture. Often, the patient will start a phrase, pause in mid-sentence, and stop. Almost always, I will ask him or her to continue his or her sentence, and something startling will arise in this dark interval. She may fold her arms in self-defence, or point strikingly with a finger, or even close her eyes. Tears may come up, or anger, or fear.

I think it is the acute attention to the phrase, and the rhythm of it, that gets the patient to go beyond the first half of the sentence, …..to the unknown of the second half of the sentence. I am working upon the natural structure of the English sentence, which has that caesura, or pause, in the center. In this sense, the sentence is a marvelous orienting instrument on a small scale. It is the Great Instrument of Orientation, in a Single Sentence. This is possible, because the instrument is fractal: a word can substitute
for a sentence – *flies*! In Issa, as we heard – a sentence for a paragraph, a paragraph for a novel – as Auerbach demonstrates in *Mimesis* (1968).

This is not to say that series of sentences cannot develop a single sentence, nor that series of dreams cannot develop a single dream. After all, I could not write this book, without such development. We will return to complex series in Chapter 19, and in many other places.

What concerns me, at this moment, is to put my finger on the extraordinary beauty of the sentence, for connecting the conscious, in the first half, and the unconscious in the second half. To return to Rilke’s poem number twenty in *The Book of Hours*, we hear him carrying out this beautiful connection between two musical notes, an even smaller scale, as follows:

> I am the pause between two notes that fall  
> into a real accordance scarce at all:  
> for Death’s note tends to dominate –  
> Both, though, are reconciled in the dark interval  
> tremblingly,  
> And the song remains immaculate.

(quoted in Crossan, vii, 1988)

This marvelous possibility takes us back, in microcosm, to where we began. As William James wrote, about mind-sets like whitegowns, we are in a time when death’s note tends
to dominate, unless the dark interval is heeded. Something then may be reconciled, between light and darkness, tremblingly.

This is why it is crucial to slow down. Most people I know run right over the natural pause in their sentences, and miss the chance for something surprising to come up.

Three Dreams

The Case of the Sacrificed Daughter Returns

In my last book (Gustafson, 2005), I discussed her predicament, and dreams about it, at length (pp. 132-138, 159-161, 195-196). At that time, she was preoccupied with her marriage, and being sacrificed to it. Two years later, she has a more equal exchange in her marriage, and is dreaming back to her childhood more directly, as follows:

She is in a Tae Quan Do class, with a male teacher who is Asian. A baby is hanging in a holster on a railing. She is sick spitting up blood and solids. Someone says, “She was just born a few hours ago. See, she’s fine.” The dreamer replies, “No, someone should take the baby to the hospital.” Then, she decides not to get involved directly, only indirectly by calling the police. The young mother shows up and defends her husband, “He’d have to close half of his business.” She thinks: “Both are negligent. I am just angry. They are not sorry. Work comes first. The baby is angry.”
If we consider this dream from Jung’s perspective of mis-judgement is the light of the conscious mind-set, what do we get in the dark interval of the unconscious? The dreamer gets the correction at once: she has been giving her parents too much credit, and this is how negligent they really were with her. This allows her to feel so angry for her infant self, and sickened about the neglect of herself. “Poor little lamb,” she says, “She’d get much better care at the farm.”

As Balint (1968) would say, she is being given a striking portrait of being defaulted upon from the first hours of her life. This is literally what he called “the basic fault.” It is extraordinary what a constitution (Werner, 1989) she must have to turn away from her parents, to those who would actually attend to her. A “new beginning” (Balint, 1968) depends upon completing this partial turn. She is beginning to be more objective about her family (of origin) in the present: turning to them gets her nothing but more neglect.

*The Dream of the Flying Otter*

A patient from a similar background of a large farm family and neglect of children, also middle-aged, but a man, has been camping with his ten-year old daughter for a week of a school outing. In the middle of this camping/touring expedition he has the following dream:

I have been given a list to go to the pharmacy by my mother (he is the eldest of ten). I turn off into the old meadow behind our (childhood) house. I am an otter who can fly low over the grasses, and even turn over
on my back in the air! I am eager to show my children, especially my son (not on the trip, in a different grade in school). My mother calls for me to go complete the errand, and my old girlfriend also. I cannot satisfy either one. I cannot find the list. My old girlfriend gives me a scrap and says, “Your name should be on the prescription.”

Again, what re-evaluation, Jung, is going on? An extraordinary one, indeed, a new beginning (Balint, 1968) of effortless flight as an otter. In other words, he had under-valued his capacity for an extraordinary movement of grace, which he can pass on to his children.

Of course, the tension is with its opposite: duties, from mother, from his old girlfriend in his twenties. These had loomed large for him, but he seems to be putting them into place, as not so important. Thus, on the camping trip, he balanced the two poles, or strange attractors of the dream (Gustafson, 2005), or centers of energy (William James, in Bly, 1988), by telling the teacher he would not be sleeping in the dormitory with the host of parents and children, but out in the meadow behind it in his tent. If his daughter had trouble sleeping, the teacher should please get him, and not take the burden upon himself.

Thus, he struck a beautiful balance in reality, with the very opposite pulls he was dreaming. Before, he might have sacrificed himself to his duty. Here, he took care of it, while giving himself the turn into the meadow! This is a new beginning, with one eye on the old terror. It is allowed for, but not allowed to loom too large. Thus, the dream changes the proportions, just as Jung argued, about what the conscious mind judges as
large or small. A marvelous instrument of orienting what is vital, to have his flow as an otter, while taking care of his responsibilities as a father.

The Author’s Dream of the Wood Figurines

I dreamt

That a host of wood figurines were “completing their education,” by obeying a series of edicts from above them. These seemed to come in waves. The figurines obeyed all of them, by whittling themselves every smaller and drier. Watching this vast array, I exclaimed to myself, “None of these edicts are necessary to follow at all!”

From Jung’s perspective, I had underestimated this “education,” if my dream was giving me such a vivid and vast picture of it. It has taken me the last two weeks to come to terms with this correction from the dark interval. Something in me resisted it mightily.

I knew what the dream was responding to from the conscious side. It was that metaphor from Freud, discussed in the Introduction, and in Chapter 1, Freud’s Gift, of the navel of a dream, as compared to a mushroom springing out of the mycelium. I absolutely loved it as a metaphor for the most important exchange in the dream. It made such beautiful sense to me, that our most primitive exchange with our mothers, or mother earth, should be our chief preoccupation all our days. If our umbilical cords are cut, forever, our continuous problem is to reopen the channel to keep ourselves nourished, well and vital.
The dreams of the Sacrificed Daughter and of the Flying Otter certainly point to the urgency of this mother-matter. She has been cut off and hung on a railing in a holster. He is in danger of carrying around lists for his mother, and later, for his girlfriend. She is taking steps to call the police to right the matter, and he is turning into the meadow to fly over the grasses of mother earth.

Wherefore the dream? A comparison of the two pictures, of the mushroom with its life-line to the mycelium, and of the figures whittling themselves drier and smaller with every edict, shows the correction I am having trouble swallowing:

Figures 3.1 The conscious perspective of the mushroom with its life line to the mycelium, and the wood figurines whittling themselves drier and smaller with every edict from above.
Superimposing the day and night pictures, the light and the dark, makes the correction evident. I am in love with the connection below, and the figurines are in terror of the edicts from above. I have been reluctant to admit their reality.

I am reminded of Simone Weil’s essay, “Gravity and Grace” (1952). Gravity she took from Nietzsche, as the pull of a huge graviton of group life on little atoms. Grace is the delightful free play of getting out of its gravitational field. My dream correction is forcing me to see that I have made what I love too large in the world, when the vast canvas of the figures is the dominant reality. They cannot ignore the edicts from above, which only make them smaller and drier and more rigid. I may see them as not necessary to follow, but I am positioned so that I can comply with the least disturbance of my center. I will have to accept that my friends are much more vulnerable to “completing their education” in the light, when the rich mold of the darkness is what they need.
Chapter 4. Freshness

*The Flowering Tree will be made into a Thing.*

*unless it is held back in defensible territory.*

If there is this extraordinary instrument within us, a veritable physiology of balance, why do we lose our bloom? Because the instrument is *captured* in the exterior field, and, thus, drained of its vitality, like a fish out of water. I see no other problem all day long.

When I look back at my second dream book (Gustafson, 2000), I see the first fifty chapters are variations of this one emergency: that the interior world is *mismatched* with the exterior world. The movement from within, ….not fitting the field on which it is played.

*The Case Of Other People’s Stuff*

For example, the simplest of examples, a very capable young woman has a husband who is captured at work by his IT job. The husband says he is “getting sick of solving other people’s problems.” Good guy that he is, he sacrifices himself in eighty hour weeks for months on end. She knows he is going to erupt, so she encourages him to take a week long bike trek with his friends. What does he do? He takes over driving the truck for the group, which will move all the camping supplies from one day’s beginning to its conclusion. He ends up feeling alienated from his fellow riders, exhausted, and enraged.
So what does he do? He leaves her, my patient! He needs a separation from her, to gather up himself.

She comes in to her visit with me looking absolutely terrible. She thought she knew her husband well enough, but, evidently, she underestimated how badly things could go with him. And she is truly flabbergasted, that he should take out his own inability to take care of himself on her! What really seems to be even worse is that she is spending much of her days and nights doubting herself. Being quite psychologically minded, she considers her own part in the disaster.

It is, truly, evident to her that this has happened to her with many important people in her life. She is considered to be a very strong person, and she is. Her family turns to her, when a brother has become very physically ill, and then blames her for not doing enough. She brings up her feeling of hurt, to another woman in her women’s group who changes the subject on her, and this woman flies into a rage at her, and hurts her much further!

So, yes, there is something dangerously wrong between her interior world, as it is played out onto her exterior world. She, a kind of mother to everyone, is quite unprepared for a ruthlessness to herself. Everyone seems to act as if she needs nothing, while they can let loose with whatever they feel or need to do!

**The Tao, or, The Secret of the Golden Flower**

As I look back farther, even thousands of years, I see this is an ancient problem, which has an extraordinary ancient line of defence:
Heaven created water through this One. That is the true energy of the great One. If man attains this One he becomes alive; if he loses it he dies. But even if the man lives in the energy (vital breath, prana) he does not see the energy (vital breath), just as fishes live in water but do not see the water. Man dies when he has no vital breath, just as fishes perish when deprived of water. Therefore, the adepts have taught people to hold fast to the primal and to guard the One; it is the circulation of the light and the maintaining of the centre. (Wilhelm, 1962, pp. 21-22) (my italics)

But how is my patient to apply this? How is she to guard her center? A circulation of the interior centre in meditation is helpful, but it is not sufficient. She has to be ready, for the continuous mismatch of her interior project, with an exterior field.

The Thermocline

Yet the ancient problem has become drastically worse, because of the increasing synchrony of the interior world with the exterior world. If we are to guard the interior center, and its infinite freshness, we cannot afford to underestimate this pull into the exterior breath, which loses the interior breath.

Consider the analogy to what happens to every lake in summer (Ahl and Allen, 1996, pp. 148-149). In the spring, the winds keep the upper and lower lake well mixed. As the winds subside, and the sun heats up the air, the upper feet of the lake begin to warm, and the warming begins to increase its rate, while the rate of exchange between the upper lake and lower lake remains slow. Suddenly, in but a few hours, the entire lake
divides into an upper layer, from a lower layer. Not only is the upper lake much warmer, it has also had more oxygen, and few nutrients, and is well-lit, while the lower lake is much colder, rich in nutrients, anoxic, and dark. This surface between upper and lower lake is called a thermocline.

The key to the analogy is that the sudden dividing of the lake depends upon a rapid and strong rate of reaction between upper lake and air, compared to a slow and weak rate of reaction between upper and lower lake. The same is so, nowadays, and increasingly by the week, of the rapid and strong rate of reaction between persons and the machinery they are embedded in. Simultaneously, the reaction rate between the upper self and lower self lags farther and farther behind, until suddenly, there is a dissociation of the entire lower, and dark, and unconscious center.

**Hot Engines**

The dissociation of our upper-outer from our deep-inner selves is relatively recent in our evolution, only about five thousand years (Gustafson, 2007, 2006), and originates with the Indo-European people who broke out of their nomadic existence in the southern Caucasus, to invade the Middle East, and then India (Eliade, 1978; pp. 187-214, Chapter 8, The Religion of the Indo-Europeans, The Vedic Gods). A comparable and parallel emergence of Empire occurred in China (McNeil, 1991, pp. 217-232, The Beginnings of Chinese Civilization).

As Lévi-Strauss argues (Charbonnier, 1969), these invading armies made the build up or surplus possible. Whereas the previous hunting and gathering afforded no surplus, and everyone was needed to secure it, the engine of the society was a cold engine
that made everyone virtually equal. It was like a clock that went around its annual cycle, without change.

With the possibility of surplus, some people could be the rulers of it, and some people could be the slaves of it. Lévi-Strauss called it a hot engine, like a steam engine, because it worked on a differential of temperature between the input and output. The fuel was expended, in the extraction of its hot energy. Lévi-Strauss meant the same thing about those who labored in it. They too were expendable, and expended.

*The Flowering Tree*

Southern India retains much of the feudal character of four to five thousand years ago, and can supply us with a remarkable view of the early version of the hot engine. The story, collected by Ramanujan (1997), goes as follows.

A poor daughter of a menial mother gets the idea of turning herself into a flowering tree, and selling the flowers for money to relieve the burden of the mother. She has her sister clean the entire house, and bring two pitchers of water to her while she sits meditating under a tall tree. The sister is to pour one pitcher over her, and then pluck as many flowers as she likes, careful not to break a sprout or tear a leaf. Then she pours the second pitcher over the girl, who is turned back into herself.

Well, the girls sell the flowers at the palace, the king’s son follows them home and sits in the tall tree to discover their secret, and asks the girl to marry him, and they sleep every night on the flowers she generates.

Now, the fateful, dark, turn. His younger sister sees the pile of flowers under their window, and discovers the secret, and lures the girl out into orchard with her pals, and
demands she become a tree for them. They pour only half a pitcher on her, and tear up the sprouts and break the branches, in their greed for the flowers. Then, they run away, after pouring the second pitcher at random. The girl is changed to a person, but with no hands or feet.

She has become “a thing,” but with a beautiful face. A cart driver has pity on her lying in the gutter, and gives her a ride, and she ends up at the palace of her husband’s sister. Meanwhile, her husband is in a desperate grief, and goes searching for her, and eventually arrives at his sister’s palace. There, the servants put “the thing” into his room, and he discovers it is his wife, and she tells him how to restore her: pour the first pitcher over her, and then set all the torn leaves and broken branches right, and then pour the second pitcher over her.

She becomes her beautiful self again, and the husband and she, and then the entire court rejoice, and go over the entire story. “Then the king had seven barrels of burning lime poured into a great pit and threw his youngest daughter into it.” (pp. 61-62).

As Ramanujan argues in his commentary (pp. 217-226), the girl’s peril turns around making a “thing” of herself by displaying her secret gift (p. 222). She is safe with her sister doing this, but not with her husband, or his teenage sister and her pals. Only in the end is her husband matured to care for her as a person, through his grief.

In other words, everything depends upon where she opens up in all her freshness:

The spaces in woman-centered story is marked by alternations of interior and exterior (the akam and puram of classical Tamil poetics), by alternations of domestic and public space in which the action takes place.
In this story, the five instances of the transformations move from her own yard to the prince’s bedchamber, then to the orchard, where it is most dangerous, and back to a second bedchamber. Indeed, one of the oppositions between a woman and a tree is that the former is an interior (akam) being, living both indoors and having an interior space, a heart, all of which are meant by the South Dravidian term akam, while the latter lives outdoors, in public space (puram). It is one of the ironies of this story that she is forced to become a tree in the wrong space, in the bedchamber. (p. 223).

Even worse, in the orchard, where the greatest harm comes to her. The fateful step in the tragedy is to lose clarity about this difference between the interior field and the exterior field. One is defensible, and one is not.

Marx and Expropriation

Now, let us consider how becoming a “thing” works in the modern world of the hot engine. Few of us have ever read a word of Das Kapital (1967, original work published 1867), which is a shame, for it tells how it works with the greatest economy and humor. Surely, becoming a “thing” (reification in Marx, Laing and Cooper, 1964) is pertinent to psychiatry. As I argued in my last book, (Gustafson, 2005, Chapter 11, The Work Impasse), it is a huge engine of suffering, and drives all the compensations (Gustafson, 1999). In the first place, it makes for a tedious life of redundancy (Gustafson, 1992),
becoming an operative of the machine, and steals the freshness out of a person. In other words, Dr. Jekyll (Stevenson, 1985) is us, a downward-going man.

If we are to save ourselves from this fate, we need to understand the simplicity and humor of Marx, for he points with one word to how it works:

In one word: the mass of mankind *expropriated* itself in honour of the “accumulation” of capital.” (p. 767)

His sarcasm, in one word, made into one sentence, takes but a paragraph to explicate. His writing is entirely fractal.

So long, therefore, as the labourer can accumulate for himself – and this he can do so long as he remains possessor of his means of production – capitalist accumulation and the capitalistic mode of production are impossible. The class of wage-labourers, essential to these, is wanting (p. 767).

All of this is laid out in terms of America, in his concluding Chapter 33, to Volume I, called “The Modern Theory of Colonisation.” Everything depends in this colony that was us on being able to work for yourself. No man in his right mind would sell himself cheap, unless he had no alternative. Thus, “the great secret of systematic colonization”:
…to import have-nothings from Europe into the colonies, and thus keep the wage-labour market full for the capitalists (p. 772).

Marx then summarizes the relevant history:

On the one hand, the enormous and ceaseless stream of men, year after year driven upon America, leaves behind a stationery sediment in the east of the United States, the wave of immigration from Europe throwing men on the labour-market there more rapidly than the wave of emigration westwards can wash them away. On the other hand, the American Civil War brought in its train a colossal national debt, and, with it, pressure of taxes, the rise of the vilest financial aristocracy, the squandering of a huge part of the public land on speculative companies for the exploitation of railways, mines, etc., in brief, the most rapid centralization of capital. The great republic has, therefore, ceased to be the promised land for emigrant labourers (p. 773).

**Sartre and The Practico-Inert**

Almost a hundred years later, Sartre, in his *Critique of Dialectical Reason* (1960), takes Marx a little farther. Building on Marx’s argument about scarcity (of opportunities), he adds an argument about the group dynamics of labor. He notices the impersonality, that follows from any one worker being replaced by another. He calls this a “serial group,”
because everyone in it is merely a number in a series, as those who ride upon a bus. It
breeds what he calls a “curious inertia” (Laing and Cooper, 1964, p. 120).

Yet the oneness of the group exists, in so far as the inertia to which each
person has committed himself is the same in each … (p. 158). This non-
existent totality is a sort of empty interior. *It is the incurable malaise, as it
were, of all groups* (p. 159, my italics).

This is the terrible sense in which a lake pulled by the rapid interaction with the sun
becomes a thermocline: the outer-upper surface is pulled into this practico-inert field of
empty repetition.

**Benjamin and Mechanical Reproduction**

Walter Benjamin added something else to Marx’s description of becoming a “thing.” In
his essay, “The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction,” (Benjamin, 1969),
Benjamin has put his finger on what is lost by his idea of the aura:

> Even the most perfect reproduction of a work of art is lacking in one
element: its presence in space and time, its unique existence at the place
where it happens to be (p. 220). … One might subsume the eliminated
element in the term “aura” and go on to say: that which withers in the
age of mechanical reproduction is the aura of the work of art (p. 221).

We define the aura of the latter (natural objects) as the unique
phenomenon of a distance, however close it may be (p. 222). … To pry an object from its shell, to destroy its aura … This is manifested in the field of perception what in the theoretical sphere is noticeable in the increasing importance of statistics (p. 223).

In a sentence, we *contemplate* the full presence of a work of art, or nature, or a person, with respect for its distance, and place in space and time, and in tradition:

The uniqueness of a work of art is inseparable from its being imbedded in the fabric of tradition. The tradition itself is thoroughly alive and extremely changeable (p. 223).

If we do not contemplate it so, we destroy it. It becomes just another thing, in a series, of practico-inert things. Of course, we are hugely vulnerable to being taken that way, ourselves. So, *how* are we to protect our own fresh presence, and *where* is it possible to carry this out? We are back to the problem of the Flowering Tree, and where and how it might flower, without jeopardy to its very being. We will take this up now, in a series of dreams, which probe the very question of freshness, in a world of expropriation, serial groups and mechanical reproduction.

**A Series of Dreams as Parables**

*Myth Versus Parable*
Crossan (1989) contrasts myth with parable. Myth establishes the world, as in *Genesis*. Parable subverts the world as in the parables of Jesus in the *Gospels*. Thus, the Mosaic Law handed down from *Genesis* establishes a world in which God takes care of his servants, who have obeyed his laws. Thus, Jesus says the opposite. The sinners are worth more to God than the righteous. As in the parable of the Lost Sheep and the Lost Coin:

> Just so, I tell you, there will be more joy in heaven ever one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine righteous persons who need no repentance.

Parable appears when the myth has gone wrong. Thus, the temple of Jerusalem has become the selling of salvation for the performance of duties. The so-called righteous are not.

> Why is this pertinent to us? Because, as Marx said exactly, the Promised Land is no longer so. The people observe the rituals of increasing their wealth, but it is shallow. Let us see what present dreams have to tell us about it.

*The Author’s Dream of My Lady on the Staircase*

I dream of a beautiful lady on a staircase who has dropped her earring. I get down on one knee, and find it for her. It is a fractal, an infinitesimal thing, which reflects entire worlds.
This is a portrait of my practice in the clinic. I pick up the smallest thing, like “What is bothering you the most?” (Gustafson, 2007), and she shines in this infinitesimal detail, like a lost earring. It is a parable, in that everything is redeemed for a moment, in the finding of the lost beauty. For a moment, she is the Flowering Tree, because I have poured water over her, and let in her bodily reply, to her difficult predicament. In other words, as Freire (1970) found, the lost people become present in the smallest scale, of “generative words.” On larger scales, they look quite finished. This is because they are giving out a lot, and getting very little back. Thus, the myth of the Promised Land turns out not to be so, while the Parable of the Lost Earring is one in which she recovers her voice.

*The Dream of the Vertical Bicycle*

My patient, a doctor, visits in a dream a colleague in Europe who is very inventive in his field. He goes to a geology dinner, waiting for this man. Finally, they head out in a fog. The colleague has invented bicycles for them to ride which are shorter and taller. Then, the second of the pair is that he is back in his own clinic infusing a golden liquid into a patient in a sterile room.

The pair make a striking contrast. The myth of the golden liquid is dead for him. The parable of the shorter and taller bicycles is exciting for him. Something fresh has come to pass.
The Author’s Dream of a Tiny Heart Powering a 747

I have landed a huge 747 full of passengers at the halfway point on our journey, and go to inspect the engine. It is about one inch cubed, of clear plastic about 1/16 of an inch thick, filled with a clear liquid. I am disturbed by its back gates. They overlap and yet leave a gap near the top, and will surely leak.

![Figure 4.1 The Heart/Engine of the 747](image)

The passengers clamber to resume the journey. I agree to it, knowing the plane will crash. Why do I not rebuild the engine/heart first?

Surely, this is a paradoxical, and parabolic dream. No one inch cubed heart of pure liquid could power a 747. What an absurdity. And yet in some sense it is so, if I rebuild its back gates. How so? It is like the parable of the mustard seed of Jesus.

He said therefore, “What is the kingdom of God like? And to what shall I compare it? It is like a grain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed
in his garden, and it grew and became a tree, and the birds of the air made nests in its branches” (Luke 13: 18-19).

And yet there is something deadly wrong about its back gates. Only by contemplating this figure, and its aura, did I understand its portent. The gates are like the mitre of a bishop, in my dream of the Great Horse in Chapter 2. I am trying to be a bishop of a great crusade in the twelfth century. This will not go.

I contemplate the figure further, and it reminds me of the plastic wings that are put on the collar of every new shirt, crossing on the front button. Curiously, I draw the figure with the wings opening forward, when I knew they opened backward. This is my blunder, once again. I cannot power this huge instrument, the 747, of mechanical reproduction. Rather, I must turn my back on it. I decide to rebuild the gates, so they close completely.

Figure 4.2. My Rebuilding of the Heart/Engine of the 747

What this parable means to me is very simple, like that of the mustard seed. Something mighty can be accomplished, like the flowering of a Great Tree, from the tiniest seed. Only the first step must be gotten right. The conscious evaluation is almost
always wrong, as if the myth were to be fulfilled. The unconscious evaluation is that the opposite is true, a parable.

The mystery must lie in the most unusual element of the dream – a one-inch heart. It has to refer to the one-inch square which is The Secret of the Golden Flower (Wilhelm, 1962). But I have to rebuild it so its perimeter is completely defended on all four sides. Then it becomes a place for the grail to breathe in its rhythm (prajna breath), without being disturbed by the hurried breath of this engine 747 of Empire. That is the paradox, and parable: how a heavenly rhythm can be protected, our subject of Chapter 5, “Effortlessness.”
Chapter 5. Effortlessness

*Only in a slow core rhythm will we catch the detail, like the tip of a predator’s ear signaling the imminent arrival of the killer.*

The fifth and final chapter on defence of interior space is about effortlessness. Why? Because I think we were selected for it, and yet now the selection seems entirely contrary to this. We have become a people on the rush. This is the engine of illness. How do we fold such a hectic rhythm into being effortless ourselves?

**Capture of Energy**

Let us start from Vandervert’s argument (1996) that our evolution is built upon the capture of energy, in his difficult essay, “The Practical Maximum-Power Evolution of Brain, Consciousness and Mind.” I will oversimplify it. Vandervert himself builds his theory from the so-called Lotka scenario, of predator-prey dynamics. The problem resolves itself to a kind of geometry. The flight path of the prey to cover is posed against the pursuit path of the predator to intercept the prey before it reaches cover. Much of it depends on “sensitive dependence on initial conditions,” to wit, how quick a head start prey gets to flee, versus how quick a head start predator gets the surprise jump on the prey.

For this crucial advantage, a holographic capacity has been selected by innumerable trials of the same situation, which is exactly how a fractal geometry is selected, or self-similarity of structure on every scale:
The enfoldment and storage of multiple “hidden” nested orders among networks of holoscapes which may be activated by attentional and intentional processes. And, the immediate recognition of any minute portion of a figure as the entire figure even if never before consciously perceived in that particular fraction. The tip of a predator’s ear, a muffled sound displaced in space and time, or an olfactory nuance is immediately recognized as the presence of the entire figure (p. 253).

In other words, the brain-mind is a continuous feed-forward portrait of the organism-environment (figure-ground), as the organism moves through space-time. It continuously monitors the match between its last picture, and the next one, from the tiniest detail. That is what it means to be oriented.

The selection would favor the most effortless capacity. This would explain why the first fifty chapters of my last dream book (Gustafson, 2000) in one and two dimensions turn out to be emergencies arising from a figure misplaced in the wrong ground. The algorithm of catching the mismatch would generate these fifty situations – apparently so divergent – as simple variants of the continuous emergency to get the match right. The neurobiology of this matching is very ancient. We will return to it fully in Chapter 13, The Core Rhythm of the Neural Network.

This would also explain why the night or dreaming brain may be organized along the same lines as the day brain. As I explained in Chapter 3, The Dark Interval, Jung was probably right to say that conscious estimation cannot afford to be wrong for long. An overestimated thing compels an outpouring of energy for little return. An underestimated
thing fails to call out energy which will get an excellent return. Therefore, Jung argues, and demonstrates beautifully, dreams are the unconscious reevaluation of conscious evaluations, to set them right. I think this is a radical simplicity about dreams, which makes the most sense in terms of the conservation of energy, and thus natural selection. Jung went on to other ideas about dreams, when he began to emphasize alchemy and its symbolism of circulation around an interior center. This departs from a conception of the match or mismatch between interior and exterior, in favor of an entirely interior conception.

So why are we not all blooming, effortlessly, as the instrument of orientation would allow us? That was my subject of Chapter 4, Freshness. And my answer is that the capture of the person by the threat of exterior scarcity pulls him or her desperately into the rhythm of the group (Gustafson, in press). The group is running, and so will he or she. This destroys the ability to read the exchange, or match, in every breath. Indeed, the rhythm of a phrase, …. followed by a pause to see what comes up, would protect this beautiful instrument of orientation, from the terrible rhythm of push, push. In this highly specific sense, the single sentence, with a pause or caesura in the center, has everything we need to be oriented. It allows the effortlessness to catch the dangerous or exciting differences in our positioning, and trajectory, that make such a huge difference. But we have to defend such a core rhythm, if we are to have its extraordinary advantages.

**Koyaaaniquatsi**

The simplest statement I have ever seen of the danger of being captured by rushing is a half hour film called *Koyaaaniquatsi*. The film begins on the Hopi reservation in
Arizona, and slows you into the rhythm of the clouds. As the film moves westward, and onto the highways into Los Angeles, it speeds you into the rhythm of the cars.

**Against the Current**

Sven Birkerts wrote an essay (1999) by this name, ostensibly about his losing the ability to read poetry. …

> where the full resources of language become vessel to sense; where I, the reader feel lifted as if by a sudden wave… (p. 11).

Birkerts says it is

> because the particular deceleration required by the printed page gets ever harder to perform (p. 115)

Therefore, he sets himself against the acceleration, or against that Koyaaniquatsi rushing into Los Angeles:

> I make generous places in the day for slow reading – reading of the sort that lingers, tarries, modifies the heart rate and changes the ions in the air around me (p. 119)

Finally, he closes with one of his great teachers, Derek Walcott, giving a seminar:
On this one occasion, Walcott is being what seem to me curiously insistent, making us repeat a single line from Keats: “The hare limp’d trembling through the frozen grass.” He speaks the line and fingers the rhythm with his fingers gathered into a kind of salute. “The hare limp’d trembling through the frozen grass.” And then, yes, I get it. All at once I am not monitoring the sense of the words from without, but I am inside. I feel the perfect hesitation of “limp’d trembling” and the harsh barrier of “frozen grass.” The rhythm, word sounds, and sense converge – three sectors finding their apex somewhere in my plexus. Poetry. (p. 121).

But the stakes, great as they may be for getting poetry, are greater for getting ourselves back: “where rhythm, word sounds, and sense converge ….” all day long! I said to my older daughter two days ago, when she sent me a beautiful card for Father’s Day of a seedhead and sunset superimposed in a photograph, that I was so relieved by seeing her penmenship on the envelope. It was boldly, and largely carried out, with ample spaces between. I know from myself that my handwriting, even of a single letter, especially e, will betray a rush, or indicate a long breath! It is the most sensitive of indicators, of this struggle of rhythms that is modern life, between the acceleration of Koyaaaniquatsi, and the deceleration back to our core rhythm. E loses its roundness, if we do not defend it.

Mrs. Ramsay
This central character in Virginia Woolf’s *To the Lighthouse* (1981) is worth our contemplation, because she did have the aura or presence of someone who could stay there in slowed down time and space. Sven Birkerts (2007) takes us in her direction with the following first sentence of his essay on her, called “Into the Blue Paint.”

Immersing myself in the prose of *To The Lighthouse*, I have moments when I can’t believe my good fortune at being allowed, at my own pace and discretion, for my own entirely selfish needs, to just drink up these sentences, these little streams of electric sensation, trusting each one absolutely, knowing, as it is so rarely true, that the writer is completely in control; she is able to track the most nuanced stirrings of consciousness and remind us how the mind, or psyche, can hover and dive, thicken and thin out, but also loop on itself, touching its own past … (p. 161).

It is our good fortune just to finger this sentence, for it bodies forth in a sentence, become a paragraph, an entire world. It is quite like the paragraphs of Virginia Woolf, with all these chances to halt, or hesitate, or loop back, which are quite like the entire world of Mrs. Ramsay.

To take us all the way there, though, we need Erich Auerbach, in his Chapter 20, “The Brown Stocking,” from *Mimesis, The Representation of Reality in Western Literature* (1968). Auerbach takes three and a half pages out of *To The Lighthouse* to give us its entire world centred around Mrs. Ramsay. That Auerbach would do this is of the
greatest importance to us. He comments on his method in criticism, in common with Virginia Woolf’s method in the novel:

This shift of emphasis expresses something that we might call a transfer of confidence … that in any random fragment plucked from the course of a life at any time the totality of its fate is contained and can be portrayed (p. 547).

It saves Auerbach, and it could save us to have this confidence as he explains:

I could never have written anything in the nature of a history of European realism; the material would have swamped me. … the motifs which direct my investigation, and for the sake of which it is written, would have been completely buried under a mass of factual information … it is a hopeless venture to try to be really complete within the total exterior continuum and yet to make what is essential stand out (p. 548).

Rather, Auerbach has the confidence to take his two and a half pages of *To The Lighthouse*:

But the things that happen to a few individuals in the course of a few minutes, hours, or possibly even days – these one can hope to report with reasonable completeness. And here, furthermore, one comes upon the
order and the interpretation of life which arise from life itself, that is, those
that grew up in the individuals themselves … (p. 549).

This is precisely the “fractal hypothesis,” with which we opened this chapter – given that
the brain/mind is holographic, the tip of the ear of the predator is effortlessly captured as
the imminent arrival of the very creature himself. Therefore, I can give a slice of
Auerbach’s slice of Woolf’s slice, to get you to Mrs. Ramsay, and her secret rhythm that
is effortless, and therefore crucial to us and our well-being.

Auerbach explains that the two and a half page episode, which perhaps takes a
few minutes of actual time is pegged exteriorly by Mrs. Ramsay telling her six-year old
son to hold still, while she measures a brown stocking she is knitting for another little boy
they will visit at the lighthouse. But, interiorly, this allows Woolf to take two long
digressions, one in the mind of Mrs. Ramsay, and one in the mind of various others about
Mrs. Ramsay. I will just quote you a few sentences from the first digression, as Mrs.
Ramsay ponders the room she is measuring the sock in, up in a summer house in the
Hebrides:

If they could be taught to wipe their feet and not bring the beach in with
them – that would be something. Crabs, she had to allow, if Andrew really
wished to dissect them, or as Jasper believed that one could make soup
from seaweed, or Rose’s objects – shell, reeds, stones, for they were
gifted, her children, but all in quite different ways. And the result of it
was, she sighed, taking in the whole room from floor to ceiling, that things
got shabbier and got shabbier summer after summer (p. 526).

That sentence is the tip of the ear of Mrs. Ramsay, for she is one of those beings, who
makes a space and takes a time, to let her children bring in their gifts, while taking in her
own dismay at the shabby trajectory of the summer house.

**Takuan’s Letter**

I do not mean to say that Mrs. Ramsay has all the virtues that we need to defend a core
rhythm. Actually, for all her generosity, she is fighting a losing battle, and has a secret
grief, and will die quite young. Something is missing in Mrs. Ramsay, that is necessary to
take in downright dangerous people. Here it is in Takuan’s Letter to Yagya No Kami
Munenori On the Mystery of Prajna Immovable”:

“Ignorance” (avidya) means the absence of enlightenment, that is,
delusion. … In Buddhist training we speak of fifty-two stages, of which
one is a stage where the mind attaches itself to any object it encounters.
This attaching is known as tamara, “stopping” or “abiding.” The mind
stops with one object instead of flowing from one object to another … In
the case of swordsmanship, for instance, when the opponent tries to strike
you, your eyes at once catch the movement of his sword and you may
strive to follow it. But as soon as this takes place, you cease to be the
master of yourself and you are sure to beaten… When you set yourself against him, your mind will be carried away by him (Suzuki, pp. 95-96).

Mrs. Ramsay and Takuan have something in common: they fold whatever other people are doing into their own rhythm. Hers is out of concern, and his is out of self-defence. Both are crucial. I would not like to lack either capacity!

A Set of Dreams Concerning the Defence of Core Rhythm
The Author’s Dream of the White Rabbit

I like to sneak out on the neighborhood golf course before anyone gets there, but the greenskeepers arrive early, and their boss is dead set against trespassers. One morning before going to make rounds at the University hospital. I snuck out as usual about six in the morning, with my usual routine. I look carefully for the greenskeepers, take a shot from near the edge of the woods, and then I look again, before taking the next shot! It is a rhythm that cannot be rushed. Following Takuan’s principle, I have taught myself to take all the time I need to survey the horizon, before my next shot. Otherwise, my mind will be stopped on my fear of being discovered, and I cannot give myself to the shot itself!

Perhaps, I was rushed because I needed to get to the hospital, and my few shots went badly. When I got to the hospital, I found myself in an even greater rush. The resident was reading his five page evaluation of each of two patients, at twice the speed that made any sense. When I interviewed each of the two patients, a single sentence from the patent was all I needed to make the diagnosis anyhow. One was a boy who could not
bear to be left alone for the weekend. Another was a man who could not bear to be pushed around by his wife.

That night, I dreamt

I saw the resident running down the halls, *incessantly*, like the White Rabbit in *Alice* (Carroll, 1985, originally published, 1865).

I woke up alarmed. I could not help thinking that he had gotten into me, and taken me over, long before I got to the hospital! It is a tendency of Koyaaniquatsi looking to grab us everywhere we turn! My dream is re-evaluating my evaluation of *incessant* rushing! I underestimate it in myself!

*The Case of Mrs. Ramsay a Hundred Years Later*

My patient is a very capable young woman, with a young child, a house, a husband, and a postponed career. She has learned to take care of all of these things, and is trying to do a little editing for her friends. But she is bored and mad. She wants her own turn, to go back to her own intellectual work. She blames herself, for being impatient.

I say to her, that I think it will boil away inside of her until it finds its place, or stage in the world. She agrees. She feels like a crazed animal!

In this way, we are dealing, by day, with the equivalent of the dream by night. She consciously estimates that all should be well. Quite unconsciously, she is jumping all over my couch. Her ambition has been underestimated, and needs to have its turn!

*The Author’s Dream of Being Murdered as Medical Student at Harvard*
This dream woke me up at 4:07 a.m. out on our land in the country, while I was finishing chapter 4, on “Freshness.” Ironically, the coyote pack started howling, just as I woke myself out of the nightmare I could stand no more of! Then my first thought was that I could stand no more of the investigations of my dream instrument. My second thought was, “Just stick with it. You need to follow your own radical principle. You are probably underestimating something huge, so your unconscious is giving you a very hard time.” Thankfully, my confidence in the paragraph, as Auerbach would say, turned out to illuminate my entire life once again. I even got back to sleep in an hour, probably, just as the coyotes were falling asleep themselves!

The dream was that

I was back on surgery as a medical student at Harvard, as I was forty and a half years ago at Massachusetts General Hospital. Only this time it looked more like an army barracks of the most barren brick. The chief of surgery seemed to be sure I was out to kill him, so he came after me with a long needle to put an end to the danger to himself. Then, the dream repeated, with a female chief of surgery!

I understood quickly that the place of the dream was a condensation of places I have known over the last forty years, including a place described by Gunter Grass (2007) in “How I Spent the War. A Recruit in the Waffen S.S.,” which I had just read about. Much of the terror in Grass’s narrative is about being killed by your own commanders, so I began to take some perspective about where some of the terror came from. But it really
did apply to forty years ago at MGH. The surgery service was a terror, from the top
down. Hardly a word could be said at rounds, without getting decimated. But what about
being stabbed by a long needle? Bad as was surgery at the MGH, I did not fear murder,
literally, and not by a long needle.

Interesting, how a condensation of images began to show a layering of places,
while a turn of phrase supplied the verbal bridge to a further place. About twenty years
ago, I was giving Grand Rounds in a huge department, where the chairman was famous
for attacking the speaker from the second row, surrounded by his fellow generals, in
white coats! He did it to me, too, but I was ready, having been told it was part of the
game, to see if he could disqualify the guest! Only later, when I discussed this with
another famous colleague did I learn the phrase that now leapt to my mind. Someone had
said, “Dr. ____ doesn’t stab you in the back. He stabs you in the front!” So much for the
long needle.

But why now? That part I cannot divulge, but I remembered about 4:30 a.m. on
the morning of this nightmare that I had just made a dangerous mistake. I had agreed to
write a letter for a colleague, who was in serious trouble at another university. I didn’t
think much of it a few days before when I did it. Now, I was thinking of it. I had
underestimated what might be aroused in the chief of my colleague’s department,
because I was only thinking of the worthiness of my colleague. This chief was yet
another of those people who would think I was out to get her, and she would be quite
quick to come after me! And yes, the female chief of surgery, that’s where the blond
Fuhrer came from, who came at me point blank.
Thus, I am glad for my instrument. I need it. My conscious evaluations are continually wrong, and my unconscious evaluations give me as hard a punch, or terror, as I need to wake up to my mismatch. I will be more effortless, like Takuan, and not stop on such swordsmen as these ranging over forty years, and just take them in stride, because I pick them up, like the tip of the ear of the predator. I see no substitute for continually revising my instrument of orientation. I cannot have elaborate defences. I have to have ones that are quick. I need to catch things as they arise, by sheer instinct.

About a week after I wrote the last paragraph, and was reading all of Part I, I noted, with a stopping of my breath, that the concluding dream of chapter 4 was about completing the perimeter defences of the tiny heart (the golden flower, the grain of the mustard seed), while the concluding dream of Chapter 5 is about being stabbed in the heart by a Führer with a long needle, who is also a Doctor, Chief of Service. At once, I found myself in another layer of the condensation of dangerous medical places, namely, Lifton’s (1986) book, Nazi Doctors. Here is terror that the doctors supposedly out to help you are going to kill you. I suppose this is why the defence of the heart, or interior field, has to have a well-demarcated perimeter and a quick step.
Introduction to Part II

To keep from dying, the worker sells his life. Bertell Ollman, 1971, p. 173

Part II concerns the power of access to the exterior field. We begin with how we were built to navigate in it, as animals, and how aboriginal man made maps to cross back and forth between peril and opportunity. This leads us to the crucial question of what peril and opportunity look like in the modern world, and how its forces are covered up by what is false and by what is alluring.

Chapter 6. Mismatch: Once again, the cap, or head, or leading and controlling part of the personality has gotten out ahead of the body. In other words, the navigation system of the animal is built to signal a mismatch between the interior map and what is arising in the exterior field. However, the isolated will of modern man is built to control the same result and can be summarized in its operative phrase, and presumption, such as “It will be great.”

Chapter 7. To Conjoin and Disjoin: In a very precise sense, the score poses two rhythms which are incompatible: the core rhythm which is archaic as in Levi-Strauss’s music of myth, and the frenetic rhythm of pushing yourself to fit into the frenzied competition of commercial life in New York City. Indeed, the second rhythm is highly likely to destroy access to the first rhythm. In other words, the main crossing in the modern world is to get
back and forth between these two extreme rhythms, the hectic second rhythm to get resources, and the calm first rhythm to get back vitality. This is our musical score we need to read.

Chapter 8. Full Potential in a World of Alienation: “Alienate” here means essentially to give up the use-value of one’s productive activity; the most important of it is put under the control of another (Bertell Ollmann, 1971, p. 17). In other words, the exterior force that compels our movement is the need for resources, and we alienate ourselves to whomever can buy our capacity for work. How not to be alienated from our core rhythm? By utilizing the smallest scale, a single phrase, whenever possible, when the other has almost nothing to give and everything to take, and conserving expressiveness for the larger scales which give a beautiful return.

Chapter 9. The Immense Realm of the False: Her secret lies in her step: Increase packs are only interested in their own increase, whatever they pretend. In other words, the exterior force that compels our movement is a rhythm, of what Canetti called “the increase pack,”: driven by hunger for more, of anything, and by being stung by the fear of being left out. Always, it pretends to higher purposes, which are false. Its realm is immense.

Chapter 10. On The Western Circuit: A quiet grace has been embedded in a terrible machinery. In other words, the lure of something truly beautiful in its exchange is the most dangerous of all, when we do not see that we are seeing it in an exceptional
moment. Then, the rule takes over, and we are captured by what is ruinous. The bauble in the darkness is the oldest trick on the western circuit.
Chapter 6. Mismatch

Once again, the cap, or head, or leading, and controlling, part of the personality, has gotten out ahead of the body.

The Navigation System of the Animal

To understand how our interior needs are met in the exterior world, we have to back up in evolution and track forward from the first animal. For the sake of simplicity, I will take this evolutionary history in only three cross-sections: the sea squirt, the rat, and the human being. Each necessarily built upon the previous, in the construction of its navigation system. We shall see how the mismatch between the interior map and the exterior findings generates our alarms, in the day brain, and by review in the night brain of dreams.

The Sea Squirt

According to Llinas (2001), the sea squirt, or tunicate, represents something like the key juncture in our chordate evolution from plant to animal (pp. 15 to 17). The adult form is like a sessile plant attached to some stable point on the sea bottom. It is fed by filtering seawater, and it is reproduced by budding.

The larval form is free swimming for a day or less, and is equipped with a brainlike ganglion containing approximately 300 cells, which makes it an animal, for a day, in the life of a plant! It, for a day, has a statocyst which is an organ of balance, a light-sensitive patch of skin, and a primitive spinal chord called a notochord:
These features allow this tadpole-like creature to handle the vicissitudes of the ever-changing world within which it swims (p. 17, Llinas).

When it locates a suitable substrate for feeding itself, it buries its head into the selected location, dissolves – literally digests – most of its own brain, tail, and tail musculature – resuming the life of a sessile plant, with only a few neurons to activate its filtering of sea water:

The lesson here is quite clear: the evolutionary development of a nervous system is an exclusive property of actively moving creatures (p. 17, Llinas).

*The Hippocampus of a Rat*

By the time of the arrival of the rat in evolution, a remarkable improvement has arisen in the animal for navigation (O’Keefe, 1985; Redish, 1999), in a small area at the base of the neocortex called the hippocampus.

I will give you a simple version of the model of it by O’Keefe and Nadel (1978), and the essay summarizing it (O’Keefe, 1985), which is still quite difficult to follow in its complexity. The model is yet quite elegant in its simplicity: essentially, that the hippocampus maps where the animal is by “place cells” and registers a mismatch when the animal gets unexpected readings of its place via “misplace cells.” A theta-rhythm, slow (4-12 Hz.) from the brain-stem into the theta cells of the hippocampus provides one rhythm and a second rhythm of theta is generated in the hippocampus itself:
The first theta occurs when an animal runs, swims, sniffs, rears, or
otherwise explores its environment; the second theta occurs during the
same behaviors and, in addition, in response to arousing or alerting stimuli
… (O’Keefe, p. 84).

On receipt of an unexpected sensory input, the misplace system generates
a mismatch signal, which drives the exploratory system and produces
behavior to evaluate the mismatch (O’Keefe, p. 90).

Finally, all the readings of place and misplace are holographic, like the tip of a predator’s
ear described by Vandevert (1996) which we discussed in Chapter 5, which allows the
animal to map a dangerous arrival from the tiniest of details.

*Navigation in the Human Being*

O’Keefe and Nadel (1978) and O’Keefe (1985) go on to compare the development of the
hippocampus in the rat to the development of the hippocampus in the human being.

Whereas both infrahuman hippocampi are wholly dedicated to the
construction of maps of the physical environment, only the right
hippocampus performs this function in the human. … The left
hippocampus in humans appears to function as a semantic map for the
storage and manipulation of narratives (p. 92, O’Keefe).
O’Keefe goes on to say that this double description of the left and right hippocampus allows recognition of entities

Which are self-motivating and those which are not (p. 92).

It allows recognition of oneself as an object, and the ability to see oneself in the place of others. Dobbs (2006) and Iacaboni (2007) add to this account their discoveries of “mirror neurons” in a fronto-parietal circuit which permit a human to follow the intentions of others by mimicking them within as they are observed, at about half the intensity of his or her own similar movements. Thus, the human can read many different kinds of “reaching,” based on the intent behind it.

Finally, Redish (1999) updated O’Keefe and Nadel and summarized his findings as follows:

In Chapter 13, I argued that the role of the hippocampus in the navigation domain is twofold: (1) to reset an internal coordinate system, and (2) to replay recently traveled routes during sleep states .... Because the hippocampus represents, not just location, but location within a reference frame, it represents the general context an animal has experienced as well as the sequence of locations. Thus, when route sequences are replayed, the map within the sequences is also replayed. This means that the hippocampus is in fact replaying the general context. This contextual
replay would be exactly what the episodic memory theory would require (pp. 215-217).

**Control**

Confirmation of Redish’s argument about the hippocampus

Replaying recently traveled routes during sleep states (p. 215)

comes from a recent review I did of 20 of my own consultations on DVD in the last two years, in preparation for my week long workshop in the Door County Summer Institute. These were consultations for an hour in my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic.

I had long ago noticed that the most important word in the vocabulary of all our patients is the word “control,” and it is also the most important word in the vocabulary of all our doctors. It is defined in the dictionary as:

**Control** (Fr. *Contrôler*, fr. *Contrôle*, counter register, derive. Of *contre* + *rôle*, roll, catalog). 1. To check or regulate, as payments; to keep within limits, as speed. 2. To test or verify … 3. To exercise directing, guiding or restraining power over. **Syn.** (Rule, govern, dominate, direct, restrain, regulate.

I had also long considered Reich’s argument about character being derived from a “constant attitude” (Gustafson, Chapter 4, Freud and Reich, 1986/1997). By this term, he
meant that one idea governs the entire array of defences in a given person or patient. Everything is subsidiary to it, down to the least bodily gesture. Reich said that it “freezes” the transference in the sense that the painful difficulty of the child is overcome by identifying with an admired and/or feared adult. For example, a little boy terrorized by his father borrowed the example of his maternal uncle, an English Lord, and so became a little lord in every gesture and in every choice of word. Thus, he was superior to his painful situation, which he had reduced by being in control, imitating his uncle. Thus was the great advantage of it, which explains its selection. On the other hand, it was entirely static. Once set in concrete, it would be merely elaborated (Reich, 1931).

What has changed for me in the twenty years I wrote about this is my awareness of the fractal structure of all exchanges (Gustafson, 2007). A word, or phrase, becomes generative of a self-similar structure on every scale, from a single word, to an entire culture. Thus, a patient, or an entire population can be caught up in the same structure of exchange: the relevant one of “control” is the idea that isolated will to control something will bring about a known result. Known X $\rightarrow$ Known Y: that is the formula.

The reason that a child in distress would pick up this formula for control is that every adult he will encounter is engaged in the formula. The child’s mirror neurons (Dobbs, 2006; Iacobini, 2007) would get him or her moving in rhythm with the adults around him or her, so that he or she tried out the intention to control things. Thus, the child would be likely to turn him or herself into synchrony with these adults, and thus reduce the conflict with them.

Of course, the same thing happens on the next scale beyond family with school or work. Schooling (Freire, 1970) has become a synchrony of taking directions, and those
who refuse to imitate their rhythm are left out (Ruth Gustafson, in press). Work is controlling something. For example, in psychiatry, it is controlling anxiety and depression and their derivatives, so that the patient is put back in control of functioning (controlling something). Psychology is a list of control operations, which are cognitive and behavioral, to put the patient back in control: of mood, of interpersonal relations, of work, etc.

In other words, “control” is generative of our entire culture, from a single word or phrase, to the entire modern world, of science, or politics, or whatever field. Freire (1970) called it a Director Culture. It directs, puts spin on things, predicts, dominates, rules, governs, restrains and regulates, to quote the list of synonyms for control.

Before I turned to our twenty cases, I proposed how they would turn out as variants of “control,” depending on what the child seized upon from the context he or she found him or herself in. I also predicted in advance that the isolated will to control something would indeed make things static, but fail.

Things that did not fit into the security operation (Sullivan, 1956; Gustafson, Chapter 6, Sullivan: Dependable Hypotheses, 1986/1997) of the controlling idea would build up, and finally explode, either from within the body, and from without in the social body, or both, as in Stevenson’s The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1985; original work, 1886), which Stevenson proposed as the paradigm of modern pathology.

In terms of current hierarchy theory (Ahl and Allen, 1996; Allen and Hoekstra, 1992), the controlling idea \( i \) will try to impose itself on its components \( (i - 1) \) and upon its context \( (i + 1) \). Insofar as it succeeds, things will be in control, so to speak. Insofar as a build up of tension finally cannot be contained, the control breaks down, as when Mr.
Hyde breaks out the back gate at midnight from the control of Dr. Jekyll, and brings on the police. The body on fire has aroused the social body on fire. This resonance of a strong component \((i - 1)\) with a strong context \((i + 1)\) to destroy the status quo \(i\) is what Platt (19790) called “hierarchical restructuring.”

Now for our series. The first case (actually seen in 1986, but rediscovered in my archives after nearly twenty years of silence) was typical. This young woman had a version of control \((i)\) reflected in her recurrent phrase of enthusiasm in the interview. Every time she tried to start over, it was with the phrase, “It will be great …” on her lips.

The Case of “It will be great…”

What brought her in to see me, on referral from her cardiologist, was a kind of “heart attack (with no physical or lab findings).” She went for summer study of a language in a European school, and found herself with an intolerable roommate, an intolerable program, and an intolerable little society of rich people. One night, she woke up with the sensation that her heart was going to jump out of her chest! Thus, a perfect little example of “hierarchical restructuring!” The social body builds up tremendous tension \((i + 1)\), in parallel with a component rage in her body \((i - 1)\), and suddenly, it erupts with great violence, as if her heart were going to jump out of her chest.

The other 19 cases turned it to have variants of this one of control: instead of “It will be great …,” the operative phrase was, respectively: 2. “Not to bother anyone…” 3. “Let things roll off my back…” 4. “Put myself in storage…” 5. “Mere survival…” 6. “Make my mother acknowledge me…” 7. “Cleverly circumvent…” 8. “Postpone the

Two of these may not seem like the reader to be about control, 15. “Go with your impulse…” and 17. “Unburden yourself…,” but each of these patients, if somewhat paradoxical, had the control formula, Known Will, Known Result. In any event, we will return to all of these cases in the subsequent Parts of the book.

Amazement

One of the other marks of every case in the series is what Sullivan (1956, Gustafson, Chapter 6, Sullivan: Dependable Hypotheses, 1986/1997) called “amazement,” … In other words, “I cannot believe this is happening to me.” The match between the controlling idea and the social context is a mismatch. As long as the patient cannot believe it, he or she is going to arrange the same disaster. Our case of “This will be great…” already had a long series of moves, which erupted into helpless rage, and she had a number more, after she began seeing the resident and me in my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic. So long as she was amazed, she missed the early signals that the next venture would not be great at all. This is why I take up the patient’s amazement, to get direct access to the mismatch, about to erupt once again.

Four Dreams
We have been discussing the simple mismatch between an idea of control \((i)\) and its exterior context \((I + I)\) and interior component \((I – I)\), by day. As Redish (1999) argued, the hippocampus arranges a review by night, which is what we call a dream:

Replaying recently traveled routes during sleep states (p. 215)

_The Author’s Dream of Mercy_

By the same argument, an author writing a second Part of his book on Access to the Exterior Field is going to replay his recently traveled routes in his book by day, in his dreams about the same routes at night. Thus, I have put one of my dreams in each of the next chapters of this Part II.

I had had an excellent day with my patients and residents and friends, because I had gotten into a rhythm of using only a word, or tiny phrase to respond to them. I was enjoying the effortlessness of my Chapter 5, to fold a lot of intensity coming at me into a holographic detail, like “Yes,” or “No” or “Really?” This exchange kept me in my own interior, and center, while being responsive to the exterior field of intense attempts at control (“Yes”) running into dire results (“No”) and consequent amazement (“Really?”).

That night I dreamt a dream of one word: “Mercy.” The image that came with it looked like five lily pads on the surface of a lake.
For comparison, see Figure 3.1., from The Author’s Dream of the Wood Figurines. As Redish (1999) argued, the hippocampus

Resets an internal coordinate system (p. 215)

In this instance, I am resetting my internal coordinate system to take further account of what happens to everyone I know: the mushroom of the dream of Figure 3.1 will be seen, by comparison (the map is being revised) to be merely the cap, or head, or leading part of the personality (Jung, 1974a,b), minus its stalk, connecting it to the mycelium in the darkness. The dream also compares my discussion of the thermocline in Chapter 5, of the hot engine, which disconnects the upper/outer surface, from the lower/inner depths. Mercy is the dream’s recommendation: this began about 3000 B.C., and, in my life cycle, about the 7th grade, that the leading part of the personality, the cap, or head, …. became disconnected from its body. I will be amazed, and hurt myself, if I do not look for the mismatch between what I would love to find in human beings, and what I actually find.

_The Dream of a Pant’s Load of Shit_
My patient, a professor, is dreaming of being a listener in a lecture hall. A colleague has just completed his lecture, a colleague full of ambition and success, giving a “power lecture.” Now, a student of the professor begins his lecture, a kind of dazzling performance of a wunderkind, but weak in its thesis. He feels admiring and proud, and then begins to fidget, because his underwear are full of shit. An incoming wunderkind turns around, as the professor puts on new underpants, backwards. He feels humiliated. A third lecturer sings into the microphone, which isn’t working.

When we discuss it, it immediately falls into place for him. He is supposed to think highly of all of these lectures. In his head, or cap, or leading part of his personality, he says such things to himself, but his gut will have none of it and erupts in shit. He is relieved to face up to it, if secretly, in the dream space. The front and the rear of him have been tied back together.

My letter to him ran: “3 lectures, and a pant’s load of shit”

*The Dream of the Three Houses She Is Supposed To Like*

This middle-aged woman has a dream of three houses: one is in the little town of her folks, appealing with its possibilities of a music room, but much in disrepair; one is a condominium in a big city, with a swimming pool, but much in disrepair; one is a cousin’s farmhouse, a huge kitchen, but much in disrepair. She feels that each would be a good place to receive her guests, but …. And here is the mismatch, she feels unable to summon any energy to tackle any of them. Indeed, she has no interest in swimming pools herself. She had thought her young guests might like it.
Once again, the cap, or head, or leading, and controlling, part of the personality, has gotten out ahead of the body. The mismatch is evident to her: she can’t *make* herself carry out her ideas for receiving guests.

*The Dream of a Taxi Ride with a Terrorist*

Our patient in clinic, a doctor of family practice, dreams of getting into a taxi downtown with an Arabic man, and being driven to our southside (a poor, a dangerous area), where the driver stops under a dark underpass. Our doctor jumps out, and runs away, but the driver is upset, and the doctor is upset he upset the driver.

At once, the resident and I invite him to consider in what sense he is getting in such taxis, downtown? At once, he sees he is putting himself in the hands of a terrorist. It baffles him, how?

We remind him of the previous half hour of the session, where he described being captured by the rhythm of his patients: a woman who holds on by talking, a guy who runs on looking at the walls, another guy so sticky he cannot readily get free of him to end the appointment. He laughs, and thinks of yet another one for the series.

I ask him what he thinks of being upset with upsetting the terrorist, by saving himself? Indeed, this is what keeps him in the grip of all these controlling rhythms. If he frees himself, he will, indeed, cost them some pain. We end the session, discussing some ways to make abrupt transitions (Sullivan, 1954, Chapter 14, “Problems of
Communication in the Interview), from all of this series of controlling patients. For
example, with the sticky one, he can just get up and shake the fellow’s hand, and walk
out the door, as he did in his dream!
Chapter 7. To Conjoin and Disjoin

In a very precise sense, the score poses two rhythms which are incompatible: the core rhythm which is archaic as in Lévi-Strauss’s music, and the frenetic rhythm of pushing yourself to fit into the frenzied competition of commercial life of New York City. Indeed, the second rhythm is highly likely to destroy access to the first rhythm.

To conjoin and disjoin, our subject of Chapter 7, is almost the same subject as to match and mismatch, our subject of Chapter 6, for they are both about reading what is beneficent and what is maleficent in the exterior field, but now the emphasis slides from reading it rightly, to deciding to open up to it or to close against it. This, according to Lévi-Strauss in The Raw and the Cooked, Mythologiques, Volume I (1983; original work, 1964) is the entire subject of mythology. Myths appear to be maps for navigation, which have been taken from individual dreamers to be the property of the group as a whole.

Reading Lévi-Strauss twelve years ago, I thought, I believe correctly, that modern dreaming had to be a continuation of aboriginal dreaming, if for no other reason than the former evolved from the latter. Twelve years later, I see the additional reason that the biology of moving creatures (animals, up to human beings) has to be chiefly concerned with navigation, to see, as you move, what you need and what you need to stay clear of, and to open and close accordingly. In biology, this is called prey-vigilance (Caro, 2005).

By developing their powers of language, into a narration of stories, aboriginal humanity developed prey-vigilance into a set of maps about what to watch for, and open and close to. As O’Keefe (1985) argued, the right hippocampus in human beings continued to map the physical environment, while the left hippocampus took over the
handling of narratives (p. 92; see my p. 3, Chapter 6). What, then, seemed to me the great question about modern, or current, dreams is this: What corresponds in modern life to the aboriginal opportunities and perils? What is the great instrument of orientation watching for now, as it moves into the exterior field?

My reply to this crucial question has taken about twelve years to evolve. In other words, how do we conjoin what is beneficent for us, and disjoin what is maleficent for us? As I have worked out the reply, I have been able to go from a huge canvas of all the key mappings of dreams (Gustafson, 1997) down to a very terse reading of the first step in a trajectory (Gustafson, 2005). I do not see how I could have been spared this intellectual and personal journey, but, perhaps, I can save the reader some of the trouble I have undergone, by reviewing the key steps of my discovery of how the instrument actually works. Thus, the chapter will take up a review of my first three books on dreams to see how Lévi-Strauss’s problem of navigation by myth/ or dream would be carried out in the modern world.

**The New Interpretation of Dreams**

The subtitle of this book (Gustafson, 19987) is *Maps for Psychotherapy and the General Reader*. As I read it myself, ten years later, I see that the key map is Chapter 10, “The Orchestral Score of Lévi-Strauss.” The other chapters, and their maps, fit into the extraordinary simplicity of the score itself, just as the set of myths from South American Indian tribes (Lévi-Strauss, 1983; original work, 1963) fit into what Lévi-Strauss called the armature of the set of myths:
I propose to give the name *armature* to a combination of properties that remain invariant in two or several myths; *code* to the pattern of functions ascribed by the myth to these properties; and *message* to the subject matter of the individual myth. …I can define the relation between the Bororo myth (M₁) and the Sherente myth (M₁₂) by stating that when we move from one to the other, the armature remains constant, the code is changed, and the message is reversed (p. 199).

For example, an *armature*, or “…combination of properties that remain invariant,” could be the transition between fresh findings and rotten ones, the *code* could be contrasted pairs evolved on the basis of the different sense categories – taste, hearing, smell, feel and sight (p. 240)

For example, …this myth (M₈₂) revolves around a beverage whose preparation is halfway between fermentation and putrefaction, or, to be more accurate, seems, by reason of the native technique employed, inevitably to combine the two processes … It is tempting to correlate this duality with the duality of the heroines, which at first seems so strange: on the one hand, we have the virgin recluse, who is obliged to fast and who might be said to be in a
state of “fermentation” on reaching puberty; and on the other, the dissolute
girl who despises Tortoise her fiancée, because he “eats rotten matter,”
and is in love with Falcon who “eats his food raw” … (pp. 159-160)

Here we are in the olfactory code, while a visual one might concern itself with the duality
of heaven and earth, and a tactile code with wet clay versus hard earth.

Finally, the message is the outcome of the particular story, such as M₁, “The
Bird-Nester’s Aria” (pp. 35-37), and M₁₂, “The Origin of Fire” (pp. 72-73), both of
which are concerned with a boy hunting macaws or their eggs, and being imperiled by his
father. The message is reversed, or inverted: In M₁, the fresh is dominant over the rotten.
In M₁₂, the cooked is dominant over the raw.

What chiefly interests Lévi-Strauss is how the set of myths in South American
tribes have a common armature, which roughly could be stated as the transition between
fresh (raw, when negated) and rotten (cooked, when valued) findings, a transition that can
be played through all of the codes of the senses, and across every domain from hunting to
choosing mates to reading the changes of the seasons. Always, there is a transition to be
passed through like in the beverage that is halfway between fermentation and
putrefaction.

In each chapter of his book, Lévi-Strauss compares this modulation to a different
kind of music. For example, The Opossum’s Cantata, is Part III, Chapter 2, referring to
this animal that can be sweet like milk, and stink rotten. Such creatures of transition are
crucial for these people, who have to mark how a sweet thing they need evolves into a
rotten thing they must eschew. This is literally a matter of life and death to mark the
music which will carry them over the necessary transition, accurately. The same animal must be conjoined at one point for its gift, and disjoined at another for its peril.

But all of this begs the question: “What about us?” Is there a musical score for us too, by which we can read when to open up, and when to close? In my book, I proposed the transition from the aboriginal armature to the modern armature as follows:

We are very recently descended from archaic man, whose preoccupation (if we believe Lévi-Strauss, and I do) is transformation between extremes. For this humanity, which I take to be us, suffering comes from disjunctions that keep us from going where we need to go, and conjunctions that keep us in toxic realms. Thus, the relief of suffering is a matter of transit, by disjoining (||) or distancing things that injure us, and conjoining (=) things that benefit us.

Thus, the unconscious mind is a great searching and mapping instrument of transition between all the extremes like life and death. This raises the next question of what extremes are relevant to modern man and woman? Here I have to depart from Lévi-Strauss, who did not deal with this question very much. In general I take it as a working hypothesis that the relevant extremes for modern humanity are between the specialized foci by which one earns a living in the modern world by fixing and repeating oneself versus the vitality of the archaic world by which we are renewed. We all have to operate at the first extreme to have resources, whereas we
all have to reach to the second extreme to have vitality (Gustafson, 1997, p. 213).

Therefore, I think that the archaic consciousness has undergone a shift from its perennial polarities, which we visited in the Toccata and Fugue, to getting back and forth between all of them and the means of modern survival. This is a matter of life and death for us. It sets up the structure, of the armature, of dreams. In general, I map any dream onto this armature, by means of the orchestral score utilized by Lévi-Strauss. The particular variant is written in the horizontal like a melody, while the vertical of the harmony is constituted by two long lines, the right one in red to represent the emergency of specialization in the modern world, and the left one in green to represent the vitality of which we are constituted. The divergence or disjuncture between the two is represented by two yellow lines which start together at the top and move in opposite and downward directions. All of this armature is illustrated in Figure 10.1 (Figure 7.1 in this book) (Gustafson, 1997, pp. 213-214).
The great problem with this armature as I conceived it ten years ago can be seen in the second to last dream on the second to last page of my book:

I am standing like one of the French explorers in a war canoe, with an Indian guide in front of me, as we move in a vast flotilla, from left to right, towards Poughkeepsie.

My commentary at that time ran as follows:
As the illustration shows in but diagrammatic form, the dream is classical in that it is all in a foreground plane, yet it is baroque in that there is a diagonal from the front war canoe to those in the depths, and yet it is impressionistic in that the horizon is above our gaze, and yet it is surreal in that it is a kind of verbal joke …: to wit, that all of the imagination of man, classical, baroque, impressionistic or surreal, assembled in a great flotilla led by myself, is not going to take back Poughkeepsie … from the white man. He is aboard a train for New York City, as compartmentalized man is on his way to a profit from his Puritanical discipline. (Gustafson, 1997, p. 262)

Now, as I reconsider this dream map, I see the French explorer, with the great hat (the leading part of the personality in dreams as Jung (1974, 1974a, b) would say) as a numinous figure like Lévi-Strauss himself, into whose cloak (and hat) I have stepped back. I am composing his music, and running it straight into the modern world,

Replaying recently traveled routes during sleep states (as Redish, p. 215 put it; see Chapter 6 of this book)

Why the train line from Poughkeepsie as our point of attack? It refers to Ted Roethke, great American lyric poet and brother of my ninth grade English teacher, June Roethke, who taught at Bennington (and elsewhere):
Listen to Ted describe his craft in “Verse Form” at Bennington college:

“As to my particular functions, put briefly, it is a constant effort to recover the creative powers lost in childhood … Teaching at its very highest is too much like the dance. Once the moment the class is over, it’s all down a rat hole. For example, during the spring semester, I was really hot, if I do say so myself, in all three courses, classes conducted, paced and often brought to a real pitch of excitement with genuine insights off-the-cuff, hot improvisational rides” (Seager, 1991, pp. 138-139, quoted in Gustafson, 1997, p. 125)

I once asked him, “Why do you knock yourself out so.” He replied with a snarl, “Ah, I know it’s lugging pork up Parnassus” – here his face brightened – “but you get ‘em up there once, they see what it is. They’re better than they’ll ever be again.” (Seager, p. 140, quoted in Gustafson, 1997, p. 125)

The terrible problem remains unsolved: the girls get on the train to New York City, and are never seen, or heard from, again. Also, Roethke is disconsolate, and enraged, because he cannot keep them up there with him on Parnassus.

In other words, Ted Roethke did access the vitality in his teaching // but the girls lost it heading for New York City into their specialized lives, necessary to holding a niche and being paid. On this vast, continental scale, the crossing seemed to be
impossible: aboriginal vitality on one side, Puritan specialization on the other side. With
this map, or musical score, one would be at the mercy of the hiatus in it. The best one
could do is get a specialty to pull in money, and then cross back to one’s playing fields in
hope of not being too spent to revive one’s core rhythm. In a very precise sense, the score
poses two rhythms which are incompatible: the core rhythm which is archaic as in Lévi-
Strauss’s music, and the frenetic rhythm of pushing yourself to fit into the frenzied
competition of commercial life of New York City. Indeed, the second rhythm is highly
likely to destroy access to the first rhythm (as discussed in Chapter 4, Freshness, on the
problem of the thermocline of the hot engine).

**The Practical Use of Dreams and the Human Comedy**

By the year 2000, I had worked out a series of such crossings in fifty short chapters,
which comprise an array of emergencies, built across this hiatus typical of the modern
world, as in “The Flotilla of the Imagination Trying to Take Back Poughkeepsie.” In
general, vitality might be conserved, ….. until it ran into a modern competition, or
competitiveness might be conserved, ….. which could not cross back to its own core
rhythm. In other words, the motion of the figure … was continually out of synchrony
with its ground. All of this series is summed up in the last two Chapters of Part II,
Dreams in Two-Dimensional Space, namely, Chapter 49, Errors, The Dream Door, and
Chapter 50, Errors, The Dream in Two Dimensions is a Metaphor, An Exaggeration,
About An Emergency.

The key and only dream of Chapter 49 is called The Dream of Getting Off the
Train in India. To abbreviate it, the dreamer, a janitor, had given up on academic career
ten years before, because he refused the political work of accommodating himself to the academic contest. In this dream, which certainly is

replaying recently traveled routes during sleep states (Redish, p. 215, quoted on p. 5, Chapter 6),

he gets off a train in southern India to get some water, but getting it, looks back and sees the train is gone with all of the volumes he had hopes to translate into English. I commented as follows:

On the one hand, the right hand, there was this train he wanted to be on, and on the other hand, the left hand, there was this need for water. The dream pulls clockwise on the train and counterclockwise for water, or into the great symbol of the unconscious. … This is the very lifeline that has been cut. (p. 307, Gustafson, 2000)

A Pair of Dreams As A Matter of Life and Death

In Chapter 50, I discuss a pair of dreams with another man stuck in a menial job, not as a janitor, but as a salesman. The pair is about this difficulty of going clockwise, versus counterclockwise, quite as in John Cleese’s movie, “Clockwise.” The first of the pair is a parody of his selling on the road: namely, that
he is in a strange contest of about 12 to 15 people, a shooting contest, on the road in cars, of shooting at road signs and buildings. Suddenly, someone pulls alongside and shoots him in the stomach (p. 309, Gustafson, 2000)

Then, the second dream of the pair:

He said this dream was in *color*, while the previous was only in *black and white*. He was out in the woods in snow with pine trees when he saw Gorbachev’s security men and Gorbachev himself in his black fur hat and black fur-collared coat. He wanted to have a meeting with him and try to find a common language. He put his hand on Gorbachev’s shoulder and said, “Parlez-vous français?” Gorbachev lit up right away, but in three seconds he clutched his chest and fell over right on top of the patient nose-to-nose with incredulous pain and terror in his eyes (pp. 309-310).

Taking the two dreamers together, I summarized the entire problem of the modern crossing (*Modern Contest*, Gustafson and Cooper, 1990).

*Two Ways of Disappearing Forever*

The man who dreamt of getting off the train in India has disappeared counter-clockwise into the water of the unconscious. The man who dreamt of the strange shooting contest has disappeared clockwise by getting shot
in the stomach. When you contemplate these two men, you have a glimpse of why man is hardly present at all. He is either rushing clockwise, or he is running away, counter-clockwise. Either puts him in continual emergencies. That is why he is hardly listening to what you are saying, unless you address his present emergency. If you address that, you will have his acute attention (Gustafson, 1997, p. 310).

Indeed, I had written *The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry* in 1999, saying exactly this: clockwise shakes the man with fear and despair, and counterclockwise compensates him to keep up his morale by a kind of romantic daydream. In our salesman, you see the latter in his right to address Gorbachev, which kills Gorbachev. This gave our salesman a direct, and shocking, picture of his own entitlement as compensation, and how talking to his boss might have gotten him in big trouble!

**Very Brief Psychotherapy**

Finally, and very briefly, I will review a third book in my attempt to arrive at the full musical score or armature of modern man. The book is built upon four crucial steps, each of which bring about a different trajectory for the patient. The first step, and Part, is Containment, the second, and Part, is Selective Inattention Revised, and the third, and Part, is The Opposing Current Navigated, and the fourth, and Part, The Impasse Surmounted.

Tersely, the mapping provided by the book poses steps that address this hiatus we have been discussing in the modern armature: to step toward the world and read your
motion accurately on its field, to step away from the world and read your motion accurately on its field, and the climb over the crossing, and take in the entire series of crossings between interior and exterior in your life, which turn out to be the same difficulty all along.

In Chapter 17, Dreaming the Theory, in Part V, Background, I introduce one more crucial idea to our modern crossing, namely, *a marvelous calm* in four theoretical dreams about each of the kinds of crossing, which is ready for a tremendous turbulence in advance.

A Single Dream Image of Part I: The Military Trunks on the Tide

The dream image which appeared as I was composing Part I of this book was as follows. My wife and I and an old friend from 20 years ago are wading toward a tropical shore in beautiful blue water, each of us with his or her military trunk of belongings floating alongside with a strap around it which we hold onto. My wife and I show this old friend how to cinch up her trunk so it is watertight, and show her also how to hold the strap loosely as we make our way to shore.

The surface of this dream is so pacific, so to speak, you would have no idea of the forces pent up in it. This friend was a person who could never contain her own disturbances. Every meeting with her was a trial of her spilling them all over us.
Now, 20 years later, I understand the absolute necessity of containment as the first step of this book. Also, I understand the loose holding of the strap so I am not buffeted by my own trunk.

Finally, the military trunk refers to that of the famous Chamberlin family who invented the forceps and kept it secret in their trunk (Hibbard, 1994). The patient never saw the forceps because a sheet was put over her head while the Chamberlins performed the delivery. So, the dream dreams of my forceps of the single step brought in from the unconscious (pp. 173-174).

This dream crossing turned out to prefigure the dream crossings for Parts II, III, and IV. When you can take in the whole situation and must cross over, you get a delicious ease (described as Effortlessness, Chapter 5, this book) in the body. The body seems to be containing the field it is moving into, in its map, so accurately, that it can fold in great turbulence coming from without, deftly, with the tiniest amount of energy. From tiny details, you are reading holographically, the whole situation, on instinct, as in Zen swordsmanship (Suzuki, 1959).

Four Dreams on The Main Crossing in the Modern World

Finally, the crucial turn in getting the main crossing in the score will make itself evident in the following four examples, to wit, that the crucial detail is not only holographic for the whole situation, but fractal, that is, self-similar on every scale of space and time. In
general, however, the smaller the scale, the more manageable the place to begin a new beginning.

The Author’s Dream of Interviewing the Sexton of Chartres Cathedral

The text of the dream is as follows:

Like Joseph Campbell, I am interviewing the sexton of Chartres Cathedral (the sexton is the sacristan, the manager of the sacred property, whose little room was across from the Black Madonna in the wall of the choir). I decide not to get him to say too much, or write it down, or I will precipitate a psychosis. The psychosis is in the crack (hiatus) of the floor boards just when you open the door to his little room (the floor boards look like my study).

There is such a thing as a crossing from interior to exterior that has been too painful to take in all at once. After seeing a patient who brought me her wedding pictures from thirty years earlier, a very beautiful couple, indeed, and subject to a terrible history in which her husband died, I had this terse dream, as a warning. She has been letting me into her room, so to speak, very slowly, and I am going to keep it that way.

Of course, the next question is why is the psychosis in the space between my floorboards? And why Chartres, and its sacristan? Well, this dream is a fractal, of self-similarity, of every scale. The crossing of the sacred space, into this modern world, is
extremely painful to me too, and to the whole world, as we shall see in the next three examples.

The Dream of the Gaseous Brown Cloud

This is the dream of a patient in our clinic called The Case of the Potlatch Grandma in my last book (Gustafson, 2005, pp. 16-19, 152, 195-196), who has been undergoing the change of resident from one she knows to one she does not know. She dreams

she is upstairs in a bungalow of heavy wood, and comes down the stairs to have a look, and even crawls. There is a gaseous brown cloud swirling. I (the author) am crying. She takes my hand to comfort me, and she notices I have a money belt with lots of twenties…

She is come a long way from her first dream with us, of coming upstairs in a house when a tornado is coming. (p. 18, Gustafson, 2005). This time it is a gaseous brown cloud swirling, a relative of the original tornado. She puts the distress into me, and yet gives me a money belt she’d like to have for herself. She trusts me to have the cash to get her a good new resident! I am the transitional being of the dream, like the Opossum, half troubled, deeply, and half supplied with the necessary money!

The Dream of Peach Jam in the Litter Box

There is peach jam in the litter box. There are mice in the box, rubbing the cats’ noses in it. There is also raw pork chops, very undercooked.

We have been discussing making a space of her own, in her current house, and this looks like it, but it is quite a mess. The raw pork chops refer to her mother’s cruelty, serving her raw meat, and making her eat it. Peach jam seems much more delectable, but awful in a litter box, until she remembers her sister’s nickname, Peachy! Mother is, thankfully, dead, but Peachy is very intrusive, still, and barging into her room of one’s own. Such a fractal, of self-similarity on every scale of her life, just as she moves to clear out a little space to please herself!

The Dream of the Foot Jammed in the Door

Finally, a new patient of ours in clinic, also trying to make space for herself: She dreams

She goes camping by herself, and comes back, to run into her mother in law, who wants her to go to a fancy dinner. She goes home to change out of her camping clothes, and goes up a stairway to her apartment, ancient and dark, like you might find in old Europe. A knock at the door, and a big, heavy set boy of about 12 tries to barge in. Thankfully, she has the chain still hooked, so he can’t push through, and she kicks him as hard as she can, which turns out to be a kick delivered, literally, at her husband!
Much could be said about this dream, which I will not, and confine myself to the most dramatic crossing in it: the 12 year old boy refers to several of her somewhat antisocial students from her earlier teaching career. Evidently, she is catching on to the efficacy of a swift kick! This detail is a fractal, also for her, of what she needed to do all along, to cross from her interior longings, to the demands of others all around her!
Chapter 8. Full Potential in a World of Alienation

“Alienate” here means essentially to give up the use-value of one’s productive activity: the most important of all human functions is put under the control of another –


I am borrowing a line of thinking from Henry Adams, which is in his Chapter 25, The Dynamo and the Virgin (1900), from his Education of Henry Adams (1961, original publication, 1906), which he, in turn, took from Francis Bacon:

Bacon took a vast deal of trouble in teaching King James I and his subjects, American or other, towards the year 1620, that true science was the development or economy of forces; yet an elderly American in 1900 (himself) knew neither the formula nor the forces... (p. 379) (my italics)

Adams was about to discover both at the Great Exposition of 1900, thanks to his friend, Langley, who took him to the hall of dynamos. These electromagnetic generators of electricity astonished him, and then they gave him the reply to his central question as a historian. For a long time, he had been asking himself about a

Necessary sequence of human movement... he turned at last to a sequence of force; and thus it happened that, after ten years’ pursuit, he found himself lying in the Gallery of Machines at the Great Exposition of 1900,
his historical neck broken by the sudden irruption of forces totally new (p. 382) (my italics)

Adams asked himself what could compare with the dynamo in compelling human movement? His reply was the Virgin:

All the steam in the world could not, like the Virgin, build Chartres

...Symbol or energy, the Virgin had acted as the greatest force the Western world had ever felt, and had drawn man’s activities to her more strongly than any other power... the historian’s business was to follow the track of the energy (my italics, pp. 388-389)

For my purposes, the most interesting sentence of all is embedded in this comparison of the Virgin and Dynamo, in terms of their respective capacities to draw man’s activities toward them:

Yet in mechanics, whatever the mechanicians might think, both energies acted as interchangeable forces on man, and by action on man all known force may be measured (my italics, p. 388)

For my purposes, it is even more interesting that Adams is measuring the compelling force by its action on his own body. That is what he meant by the phrase previously quoted:
… his historical neck broken by the sudden irruption of forces totally new (p. 382)

Adams had previously given himself to studying the line of force in the high middle ages, compelled by the Virgin, in the building of the great cathedrals of France in his book Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartes (1986, originally published in 1904). Now, his historical neck was broken, because he felt in his own body, in 1900, the new force. This is the secret of education …. It has to return on its trail, and recover, if it can, its line of force. The result of a year’s work depends more upon what is struck out than on what is left in; on the sequence of the main lines of thought, than on their play or variety … (my italics, p. 389)

Following Adams, if he was right, and I think he was, I thought it was high time to consider the line of force of the machine like the Dynamo. A hundred years later, we are not awed by the Dynamo which we take for granted, but I daresay that we are in the sway of machinery. We seem to be a people so caught up in the rhythm of machinery that we seem to have lost our own core rhythm. We discussed this in Chapter 7, and now we will look closer at the machinery and how it steals us from ourselves. For this, we have to come back to Marx’s mechanics of capital. A hundred years after Henry Adams, I would have to say that capital draws man’s activities to her more strongly than any other power.
Alienation

The most succinct account of how capital compels humanity, I find, is in a book by Bertell Ollman called *Alienation, Marx’s Conception of Man in Capitalist Society* (1971). Quickly, I must say that capital is held by capitalists, but that the very same power can be held by gangsters in the Soviet Union, or the Communist party in China. Ollman points, with Marx, to the force and how it compels in one paragraph, which comes down really to the last sentence:

> Therefore, it is the potential for work which the worker sells and the capitalist buys. In this transaction, “The former receives the value of his commodity, whose use-value is thereby alienated to the buyer (*Capital*, I, 584).” “Alienate” here means essentially to give up the use-value of one’s productive activity; *the most important of all human functions is put under the control of another*. The worker sells his labor-power in order to acquire the means of subsistence of life. *To keep from dying the worker sells his life* (p. 173) (my italics)

It comes down to a single decisive step:

> The distortion in what Marx takes to be human nature is generally referred to in language which suggests that *an essential tie has been cut in the middle*. Man is spoken of as being separated from his work (*he plays no*
part in deciding what to do or how to do it) – a break between the individual and his life activity. Man is said to be separated from his own products (he has no control over what he makes or what becomes of it afterwards) – a break between the individual and the material world (pp. 133-134) (my italics)

What are the results?

The whole has been broken up into numerous parts whose interrelation in the whole can no longer be ascertained. This is the essence of alienation, whether the part under examination is man, his activity, his product or his ideas (p. 135) (my italics)

He loses his powers, the very subject whose access is this book:

The emphasis on “powers” in particular, with its strong undertone of potentialities, makes of the present something the individual is always passing through … People so broken by circumstances cannot be expected to think straight (p. 238) … More important still, one has to accept Marx’s, or something like Marx’s, conception of man’s potentialities, to view man living today as a small part of what he might be (p. 247)

Finally, one more sentence to sum up the catastrophe of this machinery:
… any significant alteration in these relations which diminishes the individual’s role as initiator is seen as rendering them apart (p. 133)

Moi Goes to Washington

Here is the opposite, the opening paragraph of an essay in the New Yorker about a leader of the Huaorani Indians from the Ecuadorian Amazon, named Moi, who had decided to take the diplomatic route in their battle with the petroleum interests drilling for two hundred million barrels of raw crude under their land:

Moi came to the United States of North America on a warm sunny afternoon, and though he hit the streets of Washington, D.C., at the evening rush hour, he walked in the city as he does in the forest – in slow even strides. He kept his eyes on the ground and his knees bent, and planted his broad feet deliberately, heel and toe, yet lightly as raindrops. It was the walk of a man accustomed to slippery terrain. I found myself stutter-stepping all the way down Pennsylvania Avenue, but Moi slid through the pedestrian horde like a fish parting water (Kane, 1994, p. 74)

What I want to know is how he would keep that up, if he stayed with us for more than a week? He arrives in his own step, and he keeps it up beautifully. And then he goes back.

I am aware that the comparison of him to us is extreme, and may come across as melodramatic. I certainly mean it to be dramatic as Joe Kane’s opening paragraph,
because I think that we do have to borrow something from Moi. (Yes, we have to adapt it to our own conditions.) He has a core rhythm of a man who is going about his own business. He is doing his own work. He is deciding what to do and how to do it. He has control over what he makes and what will become of it afterward. He has full access to himself as an initiator.

Yes, but how do we carry out something like that in a world of frenzy, in which nearly everyone has had to give away their capacity for work to the service of some machine or other? The following dreams portray exactly this crossing, from someone trying to live from his or her center, into a world of people who have lost theirs almost altogether. It is possible to do this, if your footwork is good like Moi’s.

**Dreams of Not Being Alienated in an Alienated World**

**The Author’s Dream of Upper Seventh Avenue**

My wife and I watched a video of the Paul Taylor dance company the night before this dream. I had to agree with her that Paul Taylor has a keen eye for watching people on the streets of New York City. He is a great mimic of movement, and he is a great teacher of it to his dancers. But I was disturbed by him. He said at one point in the video that he had no morality. He was only a reporter. That bothered me. His final tango in the video also bothered me. It was about sex, with a lot of aggression in it. In its conclusion, the men go off stage one way, and the women go off the other way. Taylor commented that that was nature. I didn’t think it was nature. It was New York. So that night I dreamt my way into Taylor’s City:
I am on an upper avenue in New York City looking for my wife who is somewhere across it. We had gone about our own separate business, and were to meet up. The avenue is extremely wide, perhaps six lanes of traffic in each direction. I don’t see how I am going to find her. I head uptown and do not see a sign of her. I head downtown and do not see a sign of her. I begin to panic. I get on a train in desperation. I get off the train, and ask where I am. Someone tells me I am on the outskirts of Philadelphia! I think my wife is probably in Boston! Then someone hands me a cell phone, saying that my wife is on the line. Tears of relief come to my eyes.

My map has just taken a dire correction. I have been put into a position that I never want to be put into. There are places where the forces are so divisive. Moi couldn’t survive in such a space, and my wife and I could not either. We got away from this eastern corridor forty years ago!

The Author’s Dream of a Paradigm Shift

The next night’s triptych, in three panels, replied. If Upper Seventh Avenue was impossible for us, what then was possible?

First Panel: I am trying to get back from New Jersey to Wisconsin with a huge collection of beautiful books that I found in a library there. I can’t decide which is worse: to take them to Wisconsin, and have to bring them
all the way back, or leave them in the library. So I compromise. I place
one book on each step of the stairs leading out of the library up to a
staircase and down the other side. It looks like an Aztec temple, in Vincent

![Figure 8.1 My Aztec Temple](image)

Second Panel: I am posted in the Swiss army (like Jung was in World War
I) in a tiny cottage in a tiny Swiss village. I know we will be overrun soon.
I desert through a back/side window that looks like my musical score.

![Figure 8.2 I Desert the Swiss Army](image)

Third Panel: My wife and I arrive at the opening moment, 7:15am to be
exact, of a little museum in Paterson, N.J., which was the home of William
Carlos Williams. His wife, Flossie (dead, probably fifty years ago), is our
guide, and she takes up a ladder into the second story, which is the library.
It opens into a little backyard, which has a marvelous machine on black rails. The rails have shoes mounted on them in such a way that they slide as you step into them, like the movement on cross-country skiis. They lengthen the stride beautifully.

The first panel astonishes me. It reminds me of Scully’s discussion of the two extremes of Western architecture. One, as in my Aztec temple, attempts to bring down the powers of nature into the building, like the mountains around Mexico City into its temples. Two, as in the skyscrapers of New York City, the attempt to project man’s powers with little regard to nature at all. In the dream, I have left behind the latter architecture which would have destroyed us on Upper Seventh Avenue, for the fertility of the former architecture which brings nature down to us.
The second panel moves back in the opposite direction. I can hide out like Jung in the countryside, but, even so, I am going to have desert the Swiss army, and go out my back window, into the smallest scale of a single sentence.

The third panel opens up again, as we venture out to New Jersey to study the house/museum of William Carlos Williams (I don’t think there is such an exhibit in reality) in Paterson, where Williams was a practicing doctor, a lyric poet, and had a number of remarkable artist friends in New York City, like Steiglitz the photographer. We love his place, which starts to remind me more of ours! The machine in the backyard, which lengthen the stride beautifully, is more like something I would have and Williams would not have. I suppose it is portraying a kind of Renaissance life. It is to have access to all of the powers of humanity, and we are going to keep doing it!

What strikes me a week later, as I write this, is the pulsation of opening up to larger scales, and closing down to smaller scales, like the diastole and systole of the heart itself. There is a great rhythm here, like nature itself, which conjoins what we need, and disjoins what we would be injured by. Notice the shifts in scale that are always underway, from the Aztec Temple, to the tiny cottage, to the even smaller back window, or single sentence, and then back out again to the house of one of my heroes of full being. Well, Marx, this is what I take to be necessary to carry out a life of one’s own.

The Dream of the Red Control Box

My patient is pushing a lawn mower, when there is a noise and something falls off. There seems to be a hole on the handle. She looks down into a
pile of junk outside the garage door to find the red control box which is missing. It is broken into bits. She picks up the bits, but she doesn’t know what to look for. She drops one of the pieces, and can’t find it in the pile.

The dream refers to a project which is the idea of my patient’s supervisor. In other words, we are in the realm of alienated labor. She is having to carry out something which is not hers. She is having to interview many people in the field to put together a handbook of the bureau. No one will ever read it. No one has time to talk with her. She is in a panic, quite as portrayed in the dream, of an impossible job. As she says, there is too much to sift through, and nowhere to start. It is impossible to know what to put in, and what to leave out. There seems to be no way to put the red control box back together again. I feel that she is just taking the whole damned thing too seriously. After all, the previous handbook seemed to suffice. All she needs to do is ask each person in the field, by email, of course, of the one thing he or she thinks is missing from the previous edition! She even might have a little fun making her insertions! This way it will be hers, not theirs.

The Dream of Swimming

The dreamer is looking for a place to swim other than the ocean, which seems bottomless to him. He gets in a pool, in the deep end, only, suddenly to find it empty. He asks himself, “Did I hit a button?” He looks for it. His wife then hands him a bottle of shampoo.
A remarkable dual image, as in Levi-Strauss’s reports of myths, as discussed in the previous Chapter 7. The dreamer is trying to locate himself in a deep place, midway between the bottomless ocean and the all too confining shower/bathtub/machine. Raw nature is too much to handle for a swimmer, and secure bathtubs are too little to handle. In backing off the first, he seems to have gone too far into the second!
Chapter 9. The Immense Realm of the False

Her secret lies in her step:

Increase packs are only interested in their own increase, whatever they pretend.

What Is The False and What Is Its Immense Realm?

I propose this portrait to the reader as an absolutely essential map of the exterior field.

Citati in his study, Tolstoy (1986), goes straight to the point in his Part Two, Chapter 1, War and Peace:

When we enter War and Peace through the doors of Anna Pavlovna Scherer’s salon, Tolstoy takes us at once into the immense realm of the “false.” (p. 77)

What is the “false” and what is “its immense realm?” The first seven pages of War and Peace (2007, original work published, 1869) show us at once in the exchange of the first visitor to arrive to the salon, Prince Vasili Kuragin, with Anna Pavlovna. He acts the part of her “faithful slave,” while she acts the part of the “devoted” maid of honor and favorite of the Empress. Despite all their flattery of each other, he has come early to ask her to propose his wasteful son to the Empress for a post, and she declines, and proposes he marry off his son to a particular girl of honourable name and considerable wealth.

While it takes seven pages to complete the deal, it takes only one sentence to lay bare the false. Any one of many sentences in these seven pages will suffice. Also, the
exchange between Vasili and Anna Pavlovna is punctuated by Tolstoy with these sentences. Thus, he shows the deal is about to begin:

“But tell me,” he added with studied carelessness as if it had just occurred to him, though the question he was about to ask was the chief motive of his visit … (p. 5) (my italics)

When Anna Pavlovna repels his proposal by saying to Prince Vasili that he is pitied in court for this wastrel son, Vasili has to admit it:

He said this in a way more unnatural and animated than usual, so that the wrinkles round his mouth very clearly revealed something unexpectedly coarse and unpleasant (p. 6) (my italics)

Finally, having accepted her counter-proposal to be the matchmaker for his son, Vasili performs his exit, correctly, while giving away its falseness once again:

And with the familiarity and easy grace peculiar to him, he raised the maid of honor’s hand to his lips, kissed it, and swung it to and fro as he lay back in his armchair, looking in another direction (p. 7) (my italics)

Each of these sentences starts out with a pretense, and ends with its opposite. So, this is the false.
What is its Immense Realm? First of all, it is nearly everything that happens in *War and Peace*. Citati delivers Chapters 11, 12, and 13 of Book One in this paragraph:

While Count Bezukhov is dying, Princess Drubetskoy reveals to us the subtlety of her cunning machinations. With her puny dyed silk dress and small shoes worn at the heel, she goes through the corridors and rooms of the mansion, ignoring and sweeping aside all obstacles: the doorkeeper’s and servants’ contempt, Prince Vasili’s cold, insulting glance, the young prince’s hostility. She continues to wear on her face the tearful mask. Now, according to what is opportune in a given situation, her voice becomes softer and tender, tears bathe her face, and she seems to carry on her frail shoulders the sorrows of all men and the knowledge of all the rituals to be performed. But, behind this tearful veil, she does vile things. Bold, shameless, brazen, pitiless, implacable, she violates the room of the dying man, uncovers maneuvers, like the most intriguing of Machiavellian politicians. *Her secret lies in her step*. While the large tenebrous house is immersed in the silence and slowness that precedes death, she seems to augment her ability. She darts lightly up the stairs in her small, shapeless shoes with the brio of a dancer: she bends, sways, glides, runs with a small, pattering gait, slips in everywhere with an elf’s speed and slyness. (Citati, 83-84) (my italics)
Citati writes like Tolstoy himself: the paragraph that tells of the immense realm of the false, via a particular episode, is itself summarized in a single sentence:

*Her secret lies in her step.* (my italics)

Now *our* next step.

If *War and Peace* is a vast portrait of an immense realm of the false in 1805-1813 in old Czarist Russia, what persuades me to bring it forward as *our* exterior field two hundred years later and worldwide?

**The Increase Pack**

Canetti (1984, original work published 1960, Nobel Prize for Literature, 1981) has persuaded me that what Tolstoy portrayed in 1805 in Russia has taken over the world. Canetti calls it “the increase pack” (pp. 107-112). *By this, he means a kind of compelling rhythm that sucks everything into it.* In chaos theory, this would be called a “strange attractor” (Gleick, 1988).

If the chief illness of our time is to alienate (Chapter 8) one’s own core rhythm, by getting caught up in the capture of resources, perhaps, *the “increase pack” is the rhythm that takes us over?*

Canetti’s argument is that there are four kinds of packs in aboriginal societies. The hunting pack, the war pack, the lamenting pack are all central to aboriginal existence, but the increase pack is greater and more complex.
Crowd crystals and crowds, in the modern sense of the word, both derive from an older unit in which they are still one. This unit is the **pack**. Among the small hordes which roam about as bands of ten or twenty men it is the *universal expression of communal excitement* (Canetti, p. 93) (my italics).

Canetti, deliberately, opposes all the usual units of tribe, sib, clan, etc., because they are **static**.

The pack, in contrast is a unit of *action* (p. 94) … The feel of the pack is always stronger than the individual’s sense of what he himself is apart from it. At a certain level of communal life *the quantum-feeling of the pack is decisive and unshakeable*. (p. 94) (my italics)

I will leave the hunting, war and lament packs to the reader who has time for Canetti himself. The increase pack is consumed with the shared intent to increase, to become **more**. It is driven by the group’s dissatisfaction with its numbers. In aboriginal society, it is manifested in dances with a definite mythical significance. The dances *compel growth*.

Canetti argues that all of these action packs have their origin in the imitation of animals, for example, wolves for the hunting pack:

…all these things and many others prove how close the wolf was to man … I use the word “pack” for men as well as animals, because it best expresses *the joint and swift movement involved*, and the concreteness of
the goal in view. The pack wants its prey; it wants its blood and death. In
order to attain what it is after, it must have speed, cunning and endurance,
and must not allow itself to be deflected. It urges itself on with its joint
clamour, and the importance of this noise, in which the voices of all the
individual creatures unite, should not be under-rated (p. 96) (my italics).

But to return to the increase pack. Canetti says that it arose from anxiety in men about
being in small numbers, while being surrounded by animals in huge preponderance.
Being few was the great weakness, and danger.

In the enormously long time during which he lived in small groups, he, as
it were, incorporated into himself, by transformation, all the animals he
knew. It was through the development of transformation that he really
became man; it was his specific gift and pleasure. It is certain, that man as
soon as he was man, wanted to be more. All his beliefs, myths, rites and
ceremonies are full of this desire … everything in man directed towards
increase is endowed with such elemental force … a little reflection will
show why it appears in so many different forms. One must be on the watch
for it everywhere … (p. 108, my italics)

Thus, man wants more of whatever he feeds on, such as buffalo, and dances to compel
them to him. Thus, man dances for rain, because he needs that most of all. Thus, man, in
Australia, danced even for mosquitoes, to expropriate their capacity for more numbers!

Similarly, with clouds, wind, grass, burning grass, fire, sand, the sea, and the stars!

Perhaps, by this point, the reader will recognize that Canetti is proposing a different view of man than most of us have, but, by p. 465 of his book, he finally tells why he has been preparing this conception for us!

In modern industrial production the ancient substance of the increase pack has undergone such a colossal expansion that, compared with it, all the other elements of life seem to be on the wane. It grows and proliferates with ever-increasing speed ... If there is now one faith, it is faith in production, the modern frenzy of increase; and all of the peoples of the world are succumbing to it one after another (p. 465) (my italics)

Just one more concept from Canetti is crucial to us, namely, his idea of the command and the sting. The command of the pack, in any of its four forms, but now in the one form that has taken over, is *dire*:

The oldest command – and it is far older than man – is a death sentence and it compels its victim to flee. … Beneath *all* commands glints the harshness of the death sentence. … The first thing that strikes one about a command is that it initiates action. *An extended finger, pointing in a certain direction, can have the effect of a command* … It is in the nature of a command to admit of no contradiction. It should be neither discussed,
nor explained, nor questioned. It is terse and clear because it must be instantly understood (p. 304) (my italics).

It has momentum and sting:

The momentum forces the recipient to act, and to act in accordance with the content of the command; the sting reminds behind in him … But the sting sinks deeper into the person who has carried out the command and remains in him unchanged. *In the whole psychological structure of man there is nothing less subject to change* (p. 305) (my italics)

And finally:

Only commands that have been carried out leave their sting lodged in the obeyer. Commands which have been evaded need not be stored; *the “free” man is not the man who rids himself of commands after he has received them, but the man who knows how to evade them in the first place*. But the man who takes longest to rid himself of them, or who never achieves it, is undoubtedly the least free (p. 306, my italics)

**Summing Up The Immense Realm of the False and The Frenzy of the Increase Pack**

Now we can go back to *War and Peace*, and see what happened in the last two hundred years. Prince Vasili and Anna Pavlovna Scherer were caught up in increase, long before it
ran away with the rest of us. In them, it has a ruthless calculation. In Princess Drubetskoy, it has a mad brio as Citati brings out. But in all of them, the surface pretends otherwise. Extend that to the entire world, and you have us. We are a people, seized by the rhythm of the increase pack. Its commands terrorize us, and its sting, once gotten into us, is almost ineradicable.

This is why our core rhythm is so vulnerable, to being taken over by this one, even in a second, or by an extended finger, as Canetti points out. The ancient increase pack has got us. Rieff (2006) calls it “the deathworks.”

By deathwork I mean an all-out assault upon something vital to the established culture (p. 7) … Max Weber titled our coming culture “this nullity” (p. 182, Weber) (p. 8, Rieff) … In the triumph of these deathworks, the great inversion foretold by Nietzsche comes to pass … the entire language of morality is replaced by a language of functionality ... In the material culture art once addressed to sacred order is liberated from theological reference and only addresses itself (p. xxiv)

In other words, material culture only addresses itself, and it addresses itself with one word: more! That is its command on all fronts, and its sting is in all of us, so we are compelled to obey. This adds something extreme to our discussion of Marx about alienation: yes,
To keep from dying the worker sells his life (Ollman, p. 173) (my Chapter 8, p. 4)

But, also, he feels compelled by command, and its sting lodged in him, of terror, of a kind of death sentence, from the ancient pack of increase, in its communal excitement. This is a clamour that is almost impossible to resist, endowed as it is, with elemental force, now in a colossal expansion. That is my summary, and that is my message, of this strange attractor that now rules the exterior field.

Dreams of the Increase Frenzy, and Its False Front

The Author’s Dream of Capture at the Hospital

I am about to pull into the little curved approach to the VA Hospital here, when I see a huge truck in the middle of it blocking the way. Once I park there, I will never get out again. I turn away. Left.

It took me a few days to see something even more ominous. That truck was a terrorist truck, ready to go off. So this is a dream of the slow death, and the violent death, of capture by such institutions: keeping ruined people, functional. It leads to endless lists of things to do, for a doctor, until he explodes.

The Author’s Dream of the Temple
A recent resident (Javed, 2007) sent me a short story he wrote about visiting a professional conference, and a case conference in particular, which aroused a ferocious competition for the right phrase to apply to the poor patient. I felt sick, reading it, like I had been there before, countless times, in the last forty or fifty years. I dreamt:

I am at the door of a castle, where a young man, beside me, is pounding ferociously to get in. I slip by him, and find myself in a kind of fraternity, like I was in at M.I.T. my first year of college. Everyone is drunk, and there is vomit everywhere. I go upstairs to find a bed to sleep in, and I find one on the fifth floor. After I sleep a while, I get up (still asleep in the dream) and go down to the first floor again. Very fancy French doors on the side are open, and violent street people are streaming in. I have had quite enough of this, and wake up.

Actually, this castle is a condensation of every institution I have been in, in the last fifty years: not just my fraternity at M.I.T., but my house at Harvard, my hall at Harvard Medical School, my residency hall at Mr. Zion Hospital in San Francisco, The Temple, as it was called here at Wisconsin of the Department of Psychiatry, five stories tall!, and every Temple since, of the Tavistock Clinic in London of brief dynamic psychotherapy, and my present department, of psychiatry.

This dream was a great relief to me. I do not have to insert myself into these places, once the entire series of fifty years is clear. My hours are my own, and I will insert myself as I please into them.
A Dream of Shuffling Dead Bodies

My patient has gotten an invitation to address an august body of academics. He dreams:

They are rummaging with dead bodies, carrying them around.

He recalls the invitation: he is supposed to enliven them up. He recalls the dream: these are dead people, in a dead period, like a murky old monster film, British, of the 1930’s. He is supposed to be the sign of life!

A Dream of An Aunt Crawling Out of Her Grave

Our patient in clinic dreams:

Her aunt is crawling out of her grave. Her red chipped nails have clawed away the dirt. She says to our patient: “You told me you would stop the morphine.” She grabs our patient and screams, “Don’t give me any more morphine!”

This has been a great perplexity to our patient, for she was the only one who looked after this aunt. Why should she be grabbed and screamed at? It turns out to be relatively simple: because she herself, like her aunt, has been buried in her own family, serving all of them at her own expense. She wants out. It is urgent. It is essential not to cover up the message.
A Dream of Mommy Dearest

Our patient in clinic has been struggling a long time since her mother died, a mother who was a saint to the world, and a cold horror at home who never acknowledged our patient’s existence. She dreams:

She is watching a move of Joan Crawford she has seen before, called “Mommy Dearest.” She is tired, and wants to take a nap. In the dream within a dream, she sleeps and dreams of a neighbor boy who tried to kiss her. In a magazine, he is an evangelist, born again, great guy, married, kids. He is the feature in this book, a kind of Who’s Who. He drinks pure tea.

The absurdity of this pure tea drinker being made much of, when he was a creep, helps her with her mother, also made much of, and a creep. The second objectifies the first, for her. Such people, only out for their own increase frenzy, are always covered up in the immense realm of the false. Increase packs are only interested in their own increase, whatever they pretend.
Chapter 10. On the Western Circuit

A quiet grace has been embedded in a terrible machinery.

A Story By Thomas Hardy

My concluding portrait of the exterior field begins in a story by Thomas Hardy first published in 1891, about a young attorney who is “On the Western Circuit” (Hardy, 2003). Literally, Hardy meant that the attorney pleaded cases in a circuit court, which moved from town to town to the south and west of London. Figuratively, Hardy is pointing to a western circuit which is a great danger to all of us. We are all on it, and I shall tell how.

One evening in October, the attorney – “no great man, in any sense, by the way” – is out having a look at the town cathedral, when he hears a roar of sound coming from the town square behind him. The noise

…was compounded of steam barrel-organs, the clanging of gongs, the ringing of hand-bells, the clack of rattles, and the undistinguishable shouts of men. A lurid light hung in the air in the direction of the tumult … The spectacle was that of the eighth chasm of the Inferno as to colour and flame, and as to mirth, a development of the Homeric heaven (Hardy, p. 166, 2003).

Hardy’s announcement at the outset that this is the eighth chasm of the Inferno (Dante, 2000, original work, 1006) as to colour and flame is completely lost on the hero. That
would put us in The Ten Malebolge, which are all about the evil of deception, and begin with the panderers and seducers. The development of the Homeric heaven as to mirth is also lost on him. Homeric heaven, as in *The Odyssey* (Homer, 1996, original work, about 800 B.C.) is replete, also, with panderers and seducers, and Odysseus has a long struggle on *his* western circuit to get out of their snares and back to his wife, Penelope, in Ithaka.

In an obvious context of deception, how is the hero deceived as he gazes at the roundabout (we call a merry-go-round)?:

The revolving figures passed before his eyes with an unexpected and quiet grace in a throng whose natural movements did not suggest gracefulness or quietude as a rule. By some contrivance there was imparted to each of the hobby-horses a motion which was really the triumph of roundabout inventiveness – a galloping rise and fall, so timed that, of each pair of steeds, one was on the spring while the other was on the pitch (pp. 167-168).

The hero looks for a beautiful partner among the country girls ariding, and finally settles on one:

Each time she approached the half of her orbit that lay nearest him they gazed at each other with smiles, and with that unmistakable expression which means so little at the moment, yet so often leads up to passion,
heartache, union, disunion, devotion, overpopulation, drudgery, content, resignation, despair (p. 170).

In other words, the contrivance of the roundabout, itself a western circuit with a marvelous, galloping rise and fall, has charmed these two. A quiet grace has been embedded in a terrible machinery. That is our subject of this chapter 10, On the Western Circuit.

The story now takes a more wicked turn. The girl happens to work for the wife of the local wine-merchant. This young wife has settled for the security of this merchant, also a terrible mistake, and is desperate to get back her vitality. When the attorney has left town, and writes back the girl a love-letter, the girl is in a panic that she can hardly read or write at all. She begs the wine-merchant’s wife to read the love-letter and answer it for her. So begins another tragic deception, like the deception of the roundabout. The wife pours herself into the letters, pretending to be the girl, charms the attorney, and so a second and tragic romance is begotten by mail. When the girl appears to be pregnant from the original meeting in October, the wife writes the attorney that he mustn’t hurry back to the town, but think of himself and his important work. Snared by this apparent nobility, he comes to bring the girl to London, with the wife as a witness to the marriage. Shortly after the ceremony, when he asks the girl to write something charming to his sister, she cannot, and the entire romance reveals itself to be the trick of the wine-merchant’s wife.

Yet the quiet grace of the wine-merchant’s wife in the correspondence is really her, really her chance to fulfill what had been languishing in her dead marriage. And it
pulls in the attorney, in his quiet grace, to a beautiful exchange. Yet the beautiful exchange only sets up the attorney to be trapped himself in his dead marriage to the poor girl.

So what has this to do with us? Everything. For a little quiet grace is apt to pull us into all sorts of connections. This is what Hardy means by being On the Western Circuit. It is terrible enough to surrender one’s core rhythm to the rhythm of the increase frenzy, as we discussed in Chapter 9, The Immense Realm of the False. It is, perhaps, more terrible to spy a grace in someone, or something, a man, a woman, a teacher, a class, a career, a temple, only to discover that this true grace is exceptional in this person or thing or career, and the rule is a drudgery of the increase frenzy.

The beauty has been embedded in a circuit, and the circuit takes over. The problem is to see the whole situation in the first place, for the relation of the beauty to its context in the machinery of increase was there to be seen at the outset, as Hardy makes entirely clear. Oh, it is hard to see beyond the figure one wants to see! Our isolated and isolating will wants to take it.

The Odyssey, Or The Original Western Circuit

It is uncanny how ancient this problem is, of the glitter, and dazzlement, as figure, and its dark context as ground. I wrote in The Practical Use of Dreams and the Human Comedy (2000) fifty versions of it, and summarized the series in Chapter 6 of this book, Mismatch. But Homer already had it all down in 800 B.C.

The most famous episode is that of Odysseus and his men getting through the disaster of Charybdis and Scylla in Book 12, The Cattle of the Sun. Odysseus warns them
not to touch the beautiful cattle, belonging to Helios. Whosoever touches them will not make it back to Ithaka. While Odysseus sleeps, the men break their promise, and bring on the storm of the God who will drown them when they return to the sea. Only Odysseus makes it home from the shipwreck!

Open the Odyssey almost anywhere, and you will get a version of this story. For example, in Book 15, The Prince Sets Sail For Home, Eumaeus tells Odysseus a story about how he was taken prisoner as a child by Phoenicians, who seduced a Phoenician servant beauty to help them. Here is a pair of lines that take us right to our problem.

One day a band of Phoenicians landed there. The famous sea-dogs, sharp bargainers too, the holds of their black ship brimful with a hoard of flashy baubles. Now … (lines 464-467)

Sham

Henry (1973) brought Homer and Hardy straight up to date as follows in his essay simply called “Sham”:

Since sham consists in one person’s withholding information, while implying that the other person should act as if he had it all; since sham consists in giving false information while expecting the other person to act as if it were true; since sham consists in deriving advantage from withholding or giving false information … it might seem that the main problem for the mental health of children is to familiarize them with the
edges of sham (pp.123-124) … it is not sexuality that is the major repression at six but awareness of the difference between truth and lies … (p. 125) that in the classroom reality is what the teacher wants … In the light of these considerations sanity is nothing more than the capacity to deal with falseness, in a false world (p. 126).

We are back to the immense realm of the false, in Chapter 9, but here the emphasis is upon the beautiful, the bauble, that lures the fish out of the darkness. This is precisely how the wine-merchant’s wife, Edith Harnham, took the attorney, Charles Bradford Raye. She wrote him in grace, and left out everything he would need to know to reckon the whole situation. In Dante’s *Inferno*, you go to the Eighth Circle for that crime.

**Four Dreams of the Western Circuit**

The Author’s Dream of University Hospital

Writing this chapter, I dreamt its route as follows:

I am in our outpatient department halfway through an interview with a patient, when I called to the hospital for _____ (something). When I arrive at its front, I find it is all walled in. When I go to the back, I find only a chapel, with no exit, like a cloaca ready to discharge. When I flee the entire place, I find huge construction attempting to enclose it. I am barely a step ahead of its finishing the job.
In case I should neglect the force of increase! What Canetti called the

Colossal expansion of the increase pack … and all of the peoples of the
world are succumbing to it one after another (p. 465)

That was that I wrote about yesterday in Chapter 9, and the reply of my dream is forceful too. It says: You still underestimate this force of the Western Circuit: The world is turning into a set of factories, like University Hospital.

A Dream of Having to Meet A Lady At A South American Restaurant

Our patient dreamt simply this:

He was to meet her there, this beauty he once knew.

A simple dream about a great force: she and he seduced each other once before, with ruinous consequences. Now, he should try it again? My one sentence letter summarizing the session ran:

South American restaurants, ….. beyond your reach.

A Dream of a Leaking Roof

A different patient has an equally simple dream:
His roof is leaking. A lady friend annoys him by saying he ought to fix it.

He is annoyed, because that is $5000, like every other repair on his house, and he never sets aside funds for such exigencies. My letter to him on the session reads:

Conscious misevaluation, unconscious reevaluation (setting aside $5000 packets for roofs, winds, etc.)

A Dream of the Idyllic West

Yet a third dreamer with a very brief dream of seeing the bauble and missing the darkness. She and her family have resettled in the countryside. She dreams:

Her sister straddles her and pisses in her mouth. They move out to the Wild West, where the neighbors greet the newcoming family. “But they turn out not to greet us, but to shame us. ‘You don’t deserve the place. You didn’t build it. You didn’t work the land.’”

My letter to her summarizes the misapprehension, that her self-absorbed sister would turn out to be kind and that her self-absorbed new neighbors would turn out to be kind also – when they never are!
Your evaluation of your sister, and of your neighbors, too high, sets up the depressive fall: to wit, your sister straddling your neck pissing into your mouth, and your neighbors giving you a lynching party.
Access to the Transitional Field

*The subliminal self . . . has tact, delicacy: it knows how to divine*

--Henri Poincare (Ghiselin, 1985, p. 28)

Part III concerns the power of access to the transitional field. It is an architectural problem, to design a space which flows beautifully between interior and exterior, and yet is soundly protected from all of the relevant dangers. While I was thinking through this problem, I was carrying it out at my symposium in the Door County Summer Institute, for about thirty-five to forty participants. The dreams that I had there, and subsequently, will illustrate the design of my chapters in Part III. As I have now come to think of dreams, they simply *backtrack* over the territory run by day, in the night, giving a second chance to reconsider the route run.

Chapter 11. La Crosse. *This is because I have discovered that the equipoise between exterior and interior is not only fresh and deep, but it is also vast and infinitesimal, tremendous and delicate, incoherent and coherent, dark and light, female and male. In other words, the lucid detail, in this place of balance, cascades up and down the entire range of time and space.* The night before we arrived in Egg Harbor, a Saturday, with a Sunday off before the symposium on Monday began its five day course, I dreamt

*The Author’s Dream of Anchoring Words*
There are three essays to translate from French, and I get to choose one. I choose the personal statement which is also the briefest, about a page and a quarter. I notice it is anchored by key words, especially one in the center of the text which is a secret deeply tied into its depths.

This dream led me on Monday, the opening day of the symposium, on Access to the Interior Field, to pose the discussion of the first fifteen minutes of a DVD of an interview, in a way I have never before. I asked the participants to consider what single word spoke most eloquently to them from what they had just witnessed? Many different words cropped up with great intensity.

I had put my finger on the key to access to the transitional field of the symposium. By conducting it from the first word in this way, I made everyone equal in their potential for contribution. As Freire (1979) discovered, this releases “generative words” which are fresh and surprising and which seem to travel huge distances. Somehow, I preferred to call them anchoring words, which emphasizes their depth.

Winnicott (1971) got comparable results in his interviews of children, like Ada, which I will discuss in this chapter. Ada’s drawings with Winnicott began to develop a little bow, recurrently, in their center, which Winnicott knew was the crucial detail, quite like the anchoring word in the center of my text for translation from French. Winnicott figured out how to untie this bow, which had held the interior field closed from the exterior field.

As we discussed in the symposium, the key to Winnicott’s access was to place himself on an equal level with Ada, by taking turns initiating a drawing, and leaving the
other to complete it, or make something of it! He called it the squiggle game. It seems innocent enough, but, after preliminary exchanges on the surface, drops right into the depths. It has what Wallace Stevens (originally, 1942, published 1977) called the nobility of poetry,

a violence from within that protects us against a violence from without. It is the imagination pressing back against the pressure of reality (p. 665, 1997)

In 1995, I called it (Gustafson, 1995a) the equipoise, where the two pressures are equal, and the transitional flow back and forth is the freest.

Chapter 12. Tolstoy’s Button. Such a one hides himself ... the system of the unlimited, abides where ten thousand things start and end. Daisetz Suzuki, p. 436, 1959, originally published, 1939. The next four nights, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday I took a beating in my dreams, a necessary beating, I believe, to backtrack over the vulnerability of the transitional field.

The Author’s Dream of the City Gangsters. Of the four dreams, similar in import, I choose this one to tell for its stark drama. I dreamt I was in a Big City, where I witnessed a murder by a Mafia Gang. I attempted to get two other witnesses to bear the responsibility of testifying, but the Gang actually wanted me to testify against them. I was
a famous liberal doctor, whom they wanted to get rid of. So, I would testify, and then they would kill me.

My visual sense of the space was very striking: the segmented, curving envelope, and the sting descending from each compartment. The sting refers to the sting of command discussed in Chapter 9, The Immense Realm of the False. Canetti argues that the increase pack is taking over the world, and certainly my City Gang is one variant of it. I am being reminded of Canetti’s main point: until you can be free to elude the sting, you will always be in the grip of fear, and thus polluted by it, as discussed in Chapter 1, Freud’s Gift.

But in what sense am I the witness of murder? And in what sense am I the famous liberal doctor who will testify against it, and be killed. Well, I am the doctor in Door County who is bringing the transitional field into its full being, when it is usually murdered. How so?

This is the subject of Chapter 12, which was taught to me by Tolstoy in his two great novels, War and Peace (2007, originally published 1869), and Anna Karenina (2000, originally published, 1875), and backtracked beautifully by Citati in his book, Tolstoy (1986). The first novel tells the story of the enormous pressure of the hierarchy in
old Russia, from 1805 to 1813. The increase pack was already in full swing. The second tells the story of romantic rebellion against it by Anna Karenina herself, which is fatal.

My dream of the City Gang and myself brings up the same territory, in terse form. The play, and equipoise of the transitional field is destroyed in two ways, even in one breath. If you cannot elude the City Gang, you will always be in fear of them, and this fear will load up the exterior field, and make you continuously vigilant, like Freud himself. If you rebel against them, and declare it, you will make yourself too prominent, and they will come after you.

All of this was summarized in the briefest form possible, in a dream I had in January of 2007, called Tolstoy’s Button, which will anchor this chapter, and which I will discuss in depth.

*I am working on a neurosurgical procedure on myself to put a button in the exact center of my brain, or I am repairing one that is already there, but I cannot get the left and right side of the button in balance: looking at the left side of its slot, I dim the right, and vice versa.*

*The Author’s Dream of Tolstoy’s Button.*

Figure III.2. The Author’s Dream of Tolstoy’s Button
Here in a nutshell, so to speak, is the continuous struggle to keep open the transitional field: if you are full of the increase frenzy, exteriorly (the right), you lose your own core rhythm (the left), and if you are full of yourself (the left), you lose sight of the field you are moving in (the right). This is our first problem in the defence of the transitional field.

Chapter 13. The Core Rhythm of the Neural Network, Part I: *We have evolved in a natural environment filled with temporal and spatial fractal patterns, and it has only been in the last few thousand years that we have lived among artificial Euclidean shapes.* (Anderson and Mandell, 1966, p. 77). Part II: Originality, Salvation and the Dream Door. *In other words, the convergence of all these problems points to the fruitfulness of being in play or metaphysically well, versus the pollution of being in deadly seriousness or metaphysically ill.* In my disturbing night on Monday after the first day’s symposium, I got up in the middle of it and drew a diagram of the forces I was struggling with that allowed me to go to sleep.

![Figure III.3. The Author’s Drawing of a Necessary Bulwark](image-url)
The following day I amused the group by showing them this drawing. In some profound sense, my drawing put in a bulwark between me and the City Gang. It reminded me of a problem I have with a touchy neighbor. I have a beautiful redwood tub in which I take dips in summer (cold tub) and winter (hot tub), but which lets some slight amount of dampness into my neighbor’s flower bed. He is a high ranking bureaucrat in the University who is very serious about control of his bureau, and his backyard. From this drawing, I decided to put in a retention wall between any overflow of my tub, and his property! This, of course, is a metaphor, self-similar on every scale, and thus a fractal, of the problem of protecting your cycle of coherence and incoherence from impingement. This takes us back to the subject of our own neural network, and its actual rhythm in every breath. Unless we understand what it is up to, we will not take sufficient steps to protect it against linear rationality, and its continual threat of stinging us.

In a profound sense, Tolstoy’s Button really is the center of the neural network. By neural network, I mean the brain, but I also mean the neural network that drives the core rhythm of every organ, like the heart or the lungs or the gut, etc. As argued by Freeman (2001) and many, many others, and summarized in this chapter, the core rhythm is an alternation between a very high dimensional chaos, in the brain approximately 9.7 dimensions, which is optimum for reception to the widest possible dispersion of possibilities, followed by a closing upon coherence, which allows action. In other words, every three seconds, incoherence followed by coherence, repeated ad infinitum.

This is an extraordinary design that is built for reading sudden change in every breath. No athlete could last a breath without it. If you settled upon the coherence of the last shot, you would be unready for the different variables of reply to the following shot.
No one would discover anything without this design. Poincare, the famous mathematician, will be our subject in this chapter, for his discussion of his own creation, which was dependent upon doing what he could consciously with a proof, like detaching the \textit{hooked} atoms of Epicurus from the wall, and then letting them collide with each other in the incoherence of the night sea in his brain. Coherence doubted, followed by incoherence with a marvelous capacity to find the precise combinations.

Of course, hardly anyone seems to know that this transitional field of the brain (and heart and gut, etc.) needs to be protected from the coherence of the empire, which increases by machines of increase, which are mechanical reproduction, without any contemplation whatsoever (Benjamin, 1969, originally published, 1955).

Chapter 14. Vermeer’s Half Turn. \textit{I have crossed the metaphysical divide, from already-is to arising, in a blink.} Now, the next turn in our discussion of the defence of the transitional field is a half-turn taught me by Vermeer, via Snow’s \textit{A Study of Vermeer} (1994). By Wednesday night in Door County, I must have built my bulwark against the City Gang in a deep sense, because I had an exceptionally beautiful dream in balance between exterior threat and interior rebellion, with just the right half turn we will study in Vermeer.

\textit{The Author’s Dream of Paul Postin}

This dream was a pair of dreams in exquisite balance. In the first part, I am looking around a house next door to where we lived when I was
between four and ten years old. I look into a bare room and see a cot, which has a steel frame and a canvas surface which is strung as taut as possible by wires. I lay on it. A little boy of about five says to me, “You can’t lie on that bed. It belongs to Paul Postin, a medical student.” The room was completely bare but for the cot.

In the second, part, the little boy and I are riding in a vertical bicycle about two stories high that we pedal together and chase a greased pig down the street to the “west forty” (acres) of my elementary and junior high where I went to school from ten to fifteen. We race after the pig, to the delight of the countless children on the west forty, until a teacher sternly calls a halt, and we get out of there as fast as we can, chasing a white cow, ….. somehow, now in Madison, down a pier out into our big lake, where the cow makes the a grand dive into the lake, and sets off a tidal wave about ten feet high!
Paul Postin is a striking word that refers to a novel and film called *Il Postino* (Skarmeta, 1993), which means postman in Italian. It is a tragic story about Neruda, the great Chilean poet, being on vacation in southern Italy, where he inspires his postman to compose poems, and win the beauty of the village, and then to be swept away in political rebellion and killed in a left wing rally in the big city. Obviously, I am alarmed about going too far against the violence from without by the violence from within. On the other hand, the cot of Paul Postin is equally dangerous. A Spartan existence in the medical establishment kills you the other way! By squeezing the life out of you. My father’s name was Paul, and I know all about it.
Vermeer figured out the reply, which is Chapter 14. You turn halfway to the exterior violence, and halfway to the violence from within. All his beauties have it. All of them have a beautiful room in which to perform this absolutely essential half turn.
Chapter 15. Balmond’s Paradox. *The informal is opportunistic, an approach to design that seizes a local moment* and makes something of it. . . . *Ideas are not based on the principles of rigid hierarchy, but on intense explorations of the immediate* – Cecil Balmond, *Berlin Manifesto, June, 1995, p. 220, 2002*. However, I should not like to be confined to a single room that is defensible. Cecil Balmond (2002) showed me how to take it into the world, quite as I was conducting this symposium in Door County. I had a final dream on Thursday night before the last day of the symposium on Friday.

*The Author’s Dream of Patricia*

Patricia ________ (a Dutch last name, like the architect Rem Koolhaas, who worked with Cecil Balmond on many extraordinary buildings, like the soaring house in Bordeaux). As long as I pursue her, she just runs away. When I wait for her to come to me, then she will come. A paradox.

This dream refers to a girlfriend who, as it goes in junior high school, was my girlfriend in eighth grade, because we exchanged photographs. All I remember is that she had an orange kerchief around her neck, of a beautiful hue, so she looked like one of Vermeer’s women, or girls.

So here we have the final defence of the transitional field, taught to me by Cecil Balmond, an extraordinary engineer who is equally an architect (Balmond, 2002). I liked Balmond immediately, when I read about him in *The New Yorker* (Owen, 2007), because he would sketch very simply a set of forces, and then discover a single move that would
move it in a fresh direction. He absolutely refused to draw the usual box to confine the forces. He wanted something that moved. That is what I am up to also.

Thus, for the sports stadium at Chemnitz (Balmond, 2002), Balmond refused at the outset to build the usual concentric circles, of track, stands, and roof. Instead, he wanted clouds, sea, and earth, to hold the fire of the contest. So, he began with the problem of the roof, that could not be supported in three places, and drew the following diagram.

![Figure III.5. Balmond’s Roof.](image)

From this field of force for the roof, Balmond built his net that would hold it up. Thus, he found what he calls an “action of one” that moves in a fresh direction, like nature itself. The roof-like clouds, the stands like a free floating sea, the track in an undulation of earth, all moving independently! All to house the fire, so uncertain, of the contest.

So, this is our subject in psychiatry, also. How not to be putting the case in a static box. Almost entirely what is done. Sometimes necessary. Very often, not necessary. As I
proposed to one of my resident students last week, every outbreak of disturbance can be put in a box, and a list of things be imposed upon it. Or, one could take five or ten minutes to see if the patient wanted to consider a very simple question, which backtracks from the disaster. As I explained in *The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry* (1999), every compensatory outbreak, as of drug-taking, or mania, or migraine, or whatever, is always preceded by an exchange which has gone very badly for the patient. This is what drives human beings crazy, a build up of terrible exchange, which finally can be endured no longer. So why not ask the patient if she would like to consider what happened just before the outbreak? Five or ten minutes will get us there. One sentence will get us into the transitional field, where she was in great distress, so we can contemplate it with her. Then, she has a chance to begin to contemplate a different move.
This is because I have discovered that the equipoise between exterior and interior is not only fresh and deep, but it is also vast and infinitesimal, tremendous and delicate, incoherent and coherent, dark and light, female and male. In other words, the lucid detail, in this place of balance, cascades up and down the entire range of time and space.

The Access

The access to the transitional field can be stated in a single sentence: or even a word, equipoise, which means, to poise between interior and exterior fields (Gustafson, 1995a). From this poise, a freshness, and depth, wells up from the darkness below. With the word comes the body’s gesture, so surprising. For example, so much falls between yes and no as words (Anthony, 1976). No comes earlier in development in pulling the head back from the breast. Yes comes later in nodding. By far, the pull in this empire we are in the midst of, is for yes, and the nod.

   For example, in the remarkable experiments of Asch (1955), the experimenter has two lines written on a chalk blackboard in a typical classroom, one long and one short. Then he has a semi-circle of confederates who will agree the long line held up by the experimenter is really like the short line. In the semi-circle, the experimental subject nearly always says yes, and nods to the opinion of the group. Put one person ahead of him, who says no, and pulls back from the group, then, our subject often can say no, and pull back, also. Asch calls this “the ally effect.”
Winnicott and the Details

To say that Winnicott is the master of the ally effect is to speak truly, but to say too little. Everything turns on the details. Of the twenty-one interviews presented in Therapeutic Consultations in Child Psychiatry (1971), the one with Ada seems to me the most lucid. We will follow it.

He only tells us beforehand that she was eight and a trouble at school for stealing. Also, that she lived far away, so he must do everything possible in one hour. He says,

I was concerned with getting the patient to give herself away to me, slowly as she gained confidence in me, and deeply as she might find that she could take the risk (p. 220).

How did this come about?

He sat down with her at a little table with small sheets of paper and a few crayons in a box. Usually he would take turns drawing with the child, and completing each other’s drawings (the squiggle game), but Ada let him know she liked drawing and wanted to do it all herself! So, right away he is responsive to her lead. After all, it is she who is going to give herself away or not. So they talk over the drawings, as they go.

The first five drawings look commonplace: flowers, a lamp, swings, a pencil, a house (if you study them closely and compare them to the latter ones, you will see hints in them of what is to come). Winnicott then asks if she could draw a person? Ada draws her cousin, minus hands! And comments that she cannot draw hands.
This is the kind of detail that leads right down into the depths – a word out of place, an image which is off. I have learned from Winnicott to follow these fault lines – when the commonplace has a gap, it is almost always useful to take an interest in it, if the child or adult wants to give herself away.

Ada adds, “She’s hiding a present.” (p. 224), and Winnicott asks her, “Can you draw the present?” It’s a box, which she notes is crooked (an interesting word in a case of theft!). “Where did you buy the present?,” Winnicott continues. She draws the counter of a leading London store. “What about drawing the lady buying the present?” Winnicott continues, wanting to see if the missing hands show up! She draws from the front side of the counter, minus hands once again. Winnicott continues, “I would like very much to see what the lady looks like from behind.” (p. 226) (Notice how he allies himself with desire, “I would like very much…”)

Now Ada is surprised

![Figure 11.1. Ada’s Missing Hands.](image)

And comments: “Oh, She has long arms like mine; she is feeling for something. She has on a black dress with long sleeves; that’s the dress I have on now, it was Mommy’s once.” (p. 226)
Now there is a pause, after these astonishing hands which look to me like stars – i.e. tremendous force. Winnicott pauses with her, and asks about how she gets to sleep, and gets a picture of her very big bear, and then a picture of her brother’s very big hand reaching for cloud-like objects like breasts (hints of them before) with the comment about his sucking his thumb. As Winnicott notes,

Our work together was now hanging fire (p. 228).

And Ada drops right into it, with a drawing of a climber on top of a mountain, followed by a very muddled dream about going to the U.S.A., with the Indians, and getting three bears, and a rich boy next door, and being lost in London, and a flood, and the sea coming in the front door, and running away in a car, and leaving a gas stove behind. It is quite incoherent.” A very bad nightmare,” Ada calls it, and Winnicott senses he is at the very center of her disturbance and of the interview.

Now for the turn home. She draws an aspidistra, while talking about spiders and scorpions, and a poisonous spider, which looks just like the missing hand. Now, Winnicott notes, she became more bold. She draws a black man killing a woman, and another of the same burglar, with hair sticking up, rather funny, and the same missing hand. She is coming very close to depicting herself as burglar. She says he is really rather kind, and is stealing the necklace (drawn) to give as a present to his wife. Now, with the drawing of the burglar appears the bow, also with the necklace, also with a juggler, and Winnicott says
… it seemed to me that Ada was ready to have the bow untied, and asks,

“Do you ever pinch things yourself?” (p. 232)

Figure 11.2. Ada’s Bow (Three Appearances)

Notice the development of the bow, between the first and second appearance, and the third, in which it becomes more robust, and finds a context, as if over her mommy’s blouse. Winnicott comments laconically,

It is for this detail that the reader has been invited to follow the development of the process in the child who has used the opportunity for contact with myself (p. 232)

Ada replies to his question about “Do you ever pinch things yourself?” with “No!” while simultaneously drawing an apple tree, which

… showed what was behind the curtain, the discovery of the mother’s breasts which had been hidden, as it were by the mother’s clothes. In this way a deprivation had been symbolized. (p. 234)
Winnicott responds, “Oh, I see, the curtains were mother’s blouse, and you have now reached through to her breasts.” Ada did not answer, but instead she drew with obvious pleasure … mother’s dress … from the time when Ada was a little girl and indeed it is so drawn that the child’s eyes are about at the level of the mother’s mid-thigh region.” (p. 235)

Ten minutes in the hour left for the mother, who tells how Ada lost her, when she was four years, nine months and the brother became seriously ill, and so the older sister (the mother surrogate) went over entirely to the brother. The compulsion to steal arose at 7, when she began to get her mother back. In a sense, it gave her hope to reach her who had been absent for five years. Winnicott concludes:

The mother reported (six years later) that Ada came out of the clinic with a new relationship to her, as if a block had been removed. The recovery of
an old intimacy has persisted, and it seems to show that the work done in
the interview was a genuine reestablishment of mother-infant contact
which had been lost at the time when the big sister suddenly switched her
mothering from Ada to the ill brother. … she now need not steal because
she found what had lost – contact with her mother’s breasts in her own
psychic reality … (p. 238)

What a crossing. From the missing hands, to the mountain climber and an acute
confusion, to the burglar, herself, with the same hands, with the bow, untied, to reach her
mother. Without such an ally, the crossing is not going to be made. The dissociation, or
bow, remains in place, to keep out the violence, which also keeps out the paradise of her
apples. Ada gave herself away to Winnicott, because he got all of her hints, in the details,
about where she needed to go. That is how movement is gotten back, in the transitional
field. Otherwise, everything is kept static, and no one is the wiser, or really well.

**Three Comparable Examples From My Adult Practice**

*The Case of Reaching Back to the Lost Father*

Several years along in a case of a young mother, struggling to keep her head above water
with two young children, she visited back home, and came back with this dream:

In a hotel with her relatives, including her long dead father, an SUV in a
stall of the hotel parking garage with a dead man in it. Everyone seems to
ignore it. She begins to fear that, if she knows it, they will kill her. She lies
down in the back seat anyway … (here she begins to cry). … now a segue to the community meeting, or festival, where she thinks she will say great things. Only a simple poem of thanks, and people like it, and it feels like “a flash of paradise, and the kingdom of god.”

This crossing, quite like Winnicott’s, through violence, to a love, brought her back to the photo album on the vacation, of a beautiful dollhouse her father had built for her before he got ill. His gift. He loved her. And that is what she needed to reach. My letter summarized her crossing:

Extraordinary dream of the dead man ignored, and your poem of thanks, reached back to his love for you, embodied in the dollhouse.

*The Case of Dancing With Beauties*

From a middle aged man struggling in a hierarchy, the following tryptich of a dream:

1. Lying down, trying to protect his head from a four foot vampire bat.
2. Dancing with a beauty, one leg between her thighs.
3. Asking another beauty if she would like to join the dancing troop.

This first scene refers to his boss, and just ducking. The second and third are lovely, and he spreads his considerable length of long arms in opening up to its delight. He is delighted to get this crossing: when to lie low, and when to let fly. My letter summarizes:
4ft. wings of Batman aims for your head, and you to cover it … while you open up your own wingspan dancing with the beauties. Closing for the battle for resources, opening for renewal of vitality.

*The Case of Impulsivity with a Marvelous Capacity to Slow Down*

I have seen this patient but once in clinic, so far, but he was presented to me as suffering from impulsivity (perhaps hypomanic). He was eager to tell me a dream, which ran as follows:

Lying in a bed, no sheets or covers, and only short shorts, and a spot of blood on the bed. … No pain, but a knee held together by industrial staples. Another (right) knee looking like a red glass vase, or like root beer in a bottle on ice. Staples in elbows, and randomly on the limbs.

His comments as we walk through this together are very striking: Of the first scene, “I can’t take a breath, too sudden for flight or fight.” Of the second: “Like being pinned to the wall.” Of the third, “Typical anesthesia on the surface.” Of the fourth: “Most visual, tactile, memorable, and the staples all over me, like shiny chrome, like raccoon bags under the eyes.”

I simply said to this man, given the fifteen minutes we had completed for his evaluation: “For a man on the run, you have a great capacity to slow down and look at
your predicament.” I knew we were looking at his illness, portrayed, but I had only time to point to a crossing to it that was calling to be made.

I saw him several months later to go into this dream deeply in Brief Psychotherapy Clinic. It turned out I was wrong. He chose not to go further. I believe it was too painful.

The Author’s Series of Dreams After The Door County Summer Institute

Now it is time for my own contribution to access to the transitional field. I have built it from Winnicott’s foundation. For him, the poise and pause of transition is between exterior and interior. For me, this is also crucial, but I look at the possibilities of transition in many more dimensions. This is because I have discovered that the equipoise between exterior and interior is not only fresh and deep, but it is also vast and infinitesimal, tremendous and delicate, incoherent and coherent, dark and light, female and male. In other words, the lucid detail, in this place of balance, cascades up and down the entire range of time and space. Grinnell (1970) once called it the hiatus, the abyss of all creation and destruction. Let us now see what advantages we can derive from access to its transitional force.

I am about to present four dreams in a much more complete daily series that began from my beautiful time in Door County conducting my Door County Symposium on access to these powers. The subject of a series of dreams is not what I am aiming at, which will come later in the book, but, rather, the dimensions of the transitional field that are disclosed in these four dreams. The last Friday at Door County, August 10, left off with my dream of Patricia _____ (a Dutch last name), who would come to me in her own
time. The Dream of The James River came Friday, August 17. The Dream of the Wheat Fields of Chartres came Friday, August 24. The Dream of the Transcontinental Envelope came Friday, August 31. Finally, the most terse summary of the series, The Dream of LaCrosse, came Saturday, September 1.

*The Author’s Dream of The James River*

This is one of many dreams the week after Door County that seemed to me to be a new beginning (Balint, 1968), but this one startled me the most with its cascades of time and space. I had been thinking the night before of the extraordinary power of the neural network: for example, the neural network in the cardiac conduction system (West and Goldberger, 1987; West and Griffin, 2004) which bifurcates between left and right bundles many, many, many times, with a slight de-correlation of the length of the left branch from the right branch. This spatial de-correlation results in a temporal de-correlation of every pulse. This de-correlation of left and right pulses results in a very complex wave form which is a fractal (a non-integer dimension, which is the same shape on every scale of time and space). Unfortunately, there is a tendency in getting older for the wave form to become more sinusoidal (regular). This makes it vulnerable to arrhythmias taking over. I could not help thinking that the empire we dwell in pulls in a huge sense on the right bundle, and excludes the left bundle. Hence, the sinusoidal regular wave that is so vulnerable to sudden excitation. This filled me with a certain terror that kept me awake a long time that night before I fell asleep. *I felt all too close to what is killing the people.* I dreamt:
I cross over a vast freeway in a city that is about twelve lanes, somehow, on foot, in massive, racing traffic, to a kind of vale with a stream coming down it (like Rock Creek in Washington, D.C.), which is called the James River. I wade up it, and come to a old bar built over the river, with gaps in its planks so you can see the flow below you as you sit in the bar. The bar is filled with a covey of fancy black prostitutes. The James River is a tidal river, so the rise and fall of it will be vast.

When I draw it, I am astounded:

![Figure 11.4. The Author’s Dream of The James River](image)

It is clearly an aorta, and it has to be my own, the very James River itself in me, the tidal river of my own circulation, the core rhythm I want to keep in all its divine complexity. Yet, it is also the James River at Jamestown, Virginia, the founding of this country four hundred years ago. So, the dream cascades from my body, to the body of the country, my individual core rhythm, to the rhythm of the people. My terror the night before is starting to make sense to me. I/We are greatly threatened on the James River, a few steps from the vast freeway running away with us, and covered with a bar full of fancy black
prostitutes. *How am I we to resume our tidal rhythm, nevertheless?* The *dimensions* to our transitional problem are *tiny to vast*, in time and in space. A week later came an extraordinary reply, disclosing more crucial dimensions that we need to handle our problem.

*The Author’s Dream of the Wheat Fields at Chartres*

I am having a difficult day, crossing between the beauty of my Introduction to Part III, like the beautiful scaling of the James River Dream, and being in clinic with banal cases, like playing cards (like the covey of black prostitutes): from what is divine creation, to lifeless personae. I dream:

I am in beautiful wheat fields (as around the cathedral at Chartres built in the twelfth century).

A kind of basin has been rolled flat, by long metal pipes like oil pipes.

A single long pipe accelerates from a standstill on the right side of the top of the hill, to huge speed at the bottom, and back to a standstill on the left side of the top of the hill. I marvel at the force, and its perfect return to a halt. The oil pipe is evidently being turned to a different use than usual: to flatten the wheat into a perfect surface for?

Now I see what it is for. The people are rolling huge carpets open down the face of the hill on the flattened wheat which acts as a kind of backing for this beautiful art. Often, the people unroll two carpets very
similar, but one is hand-made, and one is machine-made for comparison. Another great art seems to be arising in the wheat fields eight hundred years after the building of Chartres Cathedral. The wheat fields also look like our eighty acres in the country.

A beautiful woman is at my side on the crest of the hill watching the unveiling of this art. I whisper in her ear that I love her, and a tear forms in the upper right corner of her eye, like the pearl earring of Vermeer’s girl. I look into this tear, and it refracts the entire scene in its infinitesimal scale.

I have a bed in her parents’ living room, and I am horsing around with her kid brother, holding a pair of torn shorts in front of my ____.
So much could be said about this dream, yet it also speaks so eloquently for itself. By speaking of its dimensions, perhaps, it will be all the more striking. First, the tremendous force that makes the wheat fields into a kind of canvas, and yet a force perfectly modulated (quite like a vast pendulum) to come to a perfect halt. Quite like the tide in The James River Dream. I could not help but think of the force of our neural network: from coherence (on the right), to incoherence (on the left) – a fractal of nature itself. Indeed, the vastness of the field is refracted in the tear in my lady’s eye. Finally, the extraordinary light of this field is compared to the darkness below of fertility.
Why am I being given this marvelous gift? I think I must be underestimating it, to have it prepared for me in such magnificence (the 23rd Psalm: Thou prepared a table before me in the presence of mine enemies). I feel I must do justice to this honor.

*The Author’s Dream of the Transcontinental Procession: The Fed-Ex Convoy*

A difficult week follows The Dream of the Wheatfields at Chartres, in which, day and night, I am confronted by all the limitations that surround me on all sides. This is summed up in the following dream.

1. My wife and I are conducting a conference in a very tall hotel on roller blades, but we get in a fight.

2. I leave my toilet kit in the bathroom of our suite at the top of the hotel. When I go back to get it, the bathroom has been rebuilt into a room for female medical student lecturers to prepare their lectures, which are piling up on every surface in the room. I cannot find my toilet bag, only two of the books I have written.

3. I am watching a vast procession across the continent of a train which carries trucks in flatbeds three stories high. All of the trucks have “Joe’s Regent” painted neatly on their sides, and Joe himself is grinning out at me from the window of his cab, and waving as if he is in a convoy of D-Day, which I guess he is, a kind of Fed-Ex Convoy taking over the world.
Again, notice the scaling, from vast to tiny. The convoy to the little lecture notes of female medical student lecturers. I am surrounded by what is static, when I would like is to flow, as with my wife on roller blades.

Figure 11.6. The Author’s Dream of the Fed-Ex Convoy

The Author’s Dream of LaCrosse

Finally, a relatively terse dream that summarizes this series of crossings in the last month, from the Promised Land in Door County, in James River, in The Wheat Fields at Chartres, to the actual Empire which pins us down (Winnicott called impingement the chief danger to our well-being, like Canetti’s sting that brings us to a dead halt, or to a static surface as in the Fed-Ex Convoy).

1. A colleague and his son forget to pick me up on the way to Milwaukee.
2. I forget to show up for a conference on group dynamics with another colleague.
3. In a lake town in Northern Illinois, I come upon an extraordinary game of LaCrosse: not with the soft baskets at the end of the long sticks, but beautiful hardwood baskets. Very fast, very hard game.

This terse little dream compares being fuzzy about venturing into the public domain (a colleague forgets to pick me up, and I forget I was supposed to be there for another colleague), with an absolutely hard-edged game of lacrosse. The wood is absolutely hard and beautiful.

I decided I was being much too fuzzy about my entrances in public. I was being shown a different way, with a stick of considerable beauty (like the wood in a book given to me at Door County by a close friend). But why lacrosse?

This word threw me back thirty-four years, when we crossed from the barren-brown Great Plains, into a beautiful blue-green evening in Wisconsin, at LaCrosse! A summer of great cumuli, thunderstorms. A sense of having come into The Promised Land. By that fall, my department had drafted me into being in charge of the in-patient unit which would be the end of all my hopes!

So what could it mean to be getting the game of lacrosse? Well, quite simply, we crossed over to Canaan, and then we crossed back into Egypt, and we will continue to do so every hour. A friend of mine, also at Door County, is a teacher of lacrosse, and I am finally becoming one myself. It is a native American art.

We are back at Winnicott’s keenness for a single detail: lacrosse. It is a crossing between exterior and interior, quite as he gave us, but it is also a fractal of exchange on every scale, from vast to infinitesimal. It shows us how we remain in the Old Testament,
trying to cross over from Egypt, and expecting the Lord to provide for us (Frye, 1983a, 1983b). This deep premise looks to be wrong. We will have to provide for ourselves: to cross at LaCrosse, over and back, with a very hard edge.
Chapter 12. Tolstoy’s Button

Such a one ... hides himself in the system of the unlimited, abides where ten thousand things start and end. Daisetz Suzuki, p. 436, 1959, originally published 1939.

If I believe that all well being is to be found in the transitional field, I also believe it takes a considerable art to defend it. This chapter and the next three of Part III propose what is necessary. This time I start from a dream rather than an exposition, because the dream shows the relatively simple but beautiful and profound geometry to be mastered. A meditation on this geometry could save your life.

The Geometry of Tolstoy’s Button

So let us have the dream first, quoted from the Introduction to Part III.

The Author’s Dream of Tolstoy’s Button

I am working on a neurosurgical procedure on myself to put a button in the exact center of my brain, or I am repairing one that is already there, but I cannot get the left and right side of the button in balance: looking at the left side of its slot, I dim the right, and vice versa.

Figure III.2. The Author’s Dream of Tolstoy’s Button
This is the koan (Suzuki, 1970, originally published, 1939) of this book, the core of it in a nutshell, because its geometry contains all of Tolstoy’s thinking, and all of Jung’s, and all of Zen Buddhism, and much else.

Tolstoy

Let us take each of these immense studies, one at a time. As I discussed in my chapter, “Tolstoy’s Fate” (Gustafson, 1995a), Tolstoy had an acute sense for the forces that determine one’s trajectory in his or her life. On the right, exterior field is that magnetic field called society that counts you in or out. On the left, interior field is what Tolstoy called samadovolnost, or self-delight. The two together constitute the subject of my book, Self-Delight in a Harsh World (Gustafson, 1992). One’s fate, for Tolstoy, is the resultant force of these two forces.

Thus, the magnetic field of society pulls you to join in its increase frenzy. You belong as you contribute to it. A clear example of it in our time is the Author’s Dream of the Fed-Ex Convoy, Figure 11.6 in the last chapter, or the Author’s Dream of the City Gang, Figure III.1 in the Introduction to this Part III. Its frenzy pulls so strongly that when you are in it, you are overwhelmed, and cannot find yourself. This is what Andrew and Pierre are discussing in the opening of War and Peace (Tolstoy, 2007, originally published 1869) and throughout the novel.

Conversely, Pierre has so much of the opposing force of samadovolnost or self-delight that he comprehends almost nothing of the increase game he thrusts himself into
in the first pages of the novel. He wants to express himself. That he continues, until Anna Scherer conducts him out of her salon.

Thus, our first take on the geometry of Tolstoy’s Button is the exterior frenzy dims the interior, and the interior frenzy dims the exterior. **See one, lose the other.**

Anthony (1976) in his essay, “Between Yes and No,” calls this the fundamental bifurcation of young people. The Yes people are swallowed up in the increase pack, as Boosters and the Wives of Boosters, and the No people are shown their way out. Of course, Anthony is proposing that there is something *between* yes and no. He means that one can play one’s part without being a captive of it.

But Tolstoy is a greater geometrician than this. He knows something further of the utmost importance, about the resultant forces of increase frenzy and *samadovolnost*. They are not just opposed. *Something far more insidious happens.* Yes, there are Sonyas who lack *samadovolnost* and become blank. And there are Anna Kareninas who have it *amply* and throw themselves against the hierarchy of society and are crushed on the railroad tracks.

Stranger by far, however, is the combination of *samadovolnost* or self-delight and increase frenzy, which makes for a relentless ambition. We have encountered it already in Chapter 9. The Immense Realm of the False, in Prince Vasili Kuragin and Anna Pavlovna Scherer. Tolstoy has many other stunning portraits of it, which I showed in “Tolstoy’s Fate” (Gustafson, 1995a). One of my favorites is the visiting Prince:

The Prince enjoyed unusually good health even for a Prince and by means of gymnastics and care of his body had developed his strength to such a
degree that, despite of the excess he indulged in when amusing himself, he looked as fresh as a big green shining cucumber (p. 322, Tolstoy, 2000, originally published 1875).

But really, Tolstoy’s entire canvas in both of his two great novels is of an entire Russian aristocracy on the run of increase, and full of samadovolnost or self-delight. They run right over everyone else. There is really nothing to do but get out of their way. The wisdom of this is embodied most fully in *War and Peace* (Tolstoy, 2007, originally published 1861) in one character, Kutuzov, the great general in charge of the Russian army, trying to hold the line against the advance of Napoleon. His sub-generals are full of one plan after another. Kutuzov listens, and goes to sleep in his tent, and retreats a little more.

The closest to Kutuzov in the private sphere is Levin in *Anna Karenina* (Tolstoy, 2000, originally published 1875). He has backed out of the hierarchy of society to his estate, like Tolstoy himself. His self-delight is in nature, riding bareback in his fields, and in loving the snowy night. This is quite like Rilke in his *Duino Elegies* (Rilke, 2000, originally published 1923), or Emily Dickinson taking to her fields with Carlo, her dog, or Thoreau heading out of Concord at every chance for walking all day. Poirier (1985) called this the secret of *A World Elsewhere*, and said it was the central impulse of the American novel.

But Tolstoy himself could not bear his own conclusion. After *Anna Karenina* he went into a terrible depression (see Gustafson, Tolstoy’s Fate, 1995a, for the relevant material from Tolstoy’s Autobiography), from which he only emerged by adopting a kind
of peasant, Christian faith. His writing lost almost all of its transitional capacity of the
two great novels.

Thus, in summary, Tolstoy’s geometry of his Button can only take us so far. I
have often thought of Tolstoy’s Button as placed on one of his big white peasant shirts. I
had such a shirt myself back in the 1960’s and 1970’s, which I wore a lot and was my
favorite. Obviously I was trying it out at that time. His geometry is more of a warning,
however, than a promise. It warns, chiefly, of the resultant force of increase and self-
delight. How to live in and around such a resultant force remains to be seen.

Jung

Jung’s geometry of The Button is strikingly similar to Tolstoy’s. It emerged in 1916 in
his essay, “The Relations Between the Ego and the Unconscious,” (Jung, 1953). On the
right, exterior side, the pull is into what he called a persona, which is like a playing card
of the group, flat, redundant, to be played like a card itself. On the left, interior side, the
pull is into identification with an archetype, which runs away with you. An archetype can
be any kind of exalted image, from general to saviour to Mary to Bathsheba. Either way,
the forces of the group take you captive.

The way out of this fate is what Jung called individuation, which occurs between
the two poles of capture by the group, the flattened form exteriorly, or the exalted form,
interiorly. It is not so clear how this balance point between is to be obtained. Certainly,
by catching yourself at being captive, especially in dreams.

Later, much later, in his essay, “Individual Symbolism in Relation to Alchemy,”
(originally published in 1944, Jung, 1974a), Jung called the balancing problem a
circulation around the center, so that a power might get a hold of you, until you circled to its opposite, and recovered your equilibrium, and so on, through all of the opposites. Jung found that his own drawings in the morning often took the form of mandalas (Jung, 1989), and the mandalas often showed the distortion by the relevant forces: for example, pulled upward, pulled downward, pulled inward, pulled outward, and so forth.

In other words, Tolstoy’s Button, as in my dream, is the starting point of the forces: the human being is going to be captured by the group, either exteriorly as a playing card, or interiorly as an archetype. As a given, the human being is a group animal. By circulating around his center, he can practice getting free of one kind of one-sidedness after another. Falling into it, he catches himself, especially by seeing his condition of capture in a dream, because the dream reruns what has been going on. Gradually, a region in the center becomes stronger than the group forces exteriorly or interiorly.

The trouble with Tolstoy and with Jung is the same as with all worlds elsewhere. Balance is more readily had at Yasnaya Polyana and on Upper Lake Zurich at Bolingen, and in retreat to medieval Russian Christianity or in 16th Century Alchemy. Such spaces and such times distance the modern forces of the present. How are we to stay in our core rhythm in the hectic present and in its market? For this, we must turn to Zen Buddhism, which has struggled successfully with this problem for eight centuries in Japan (1200 to 2000).
I do not mean to say that Zen Buddhism works well, necessarily. Indeed, it is built to resist an easy appropriation. I do think it is a marvelous defence of the transitional field, when you actually understand what it is up to, and when you can actually carry it out. Daisetz Suzuki did understand it, in my opinion, as well as anybody, and particularly in his book, *Zen and Japanese Culture* (1959, originally published, 1939). I will give you seven variations from it, of its core rhythm, and how it is defended.

**Variation One. “Stopping (Tomaru).”** Takuan’s letter to Tajima no Kami, in two sentences, a long one and a short one which says the same thing:

As soon as the mind “stops” with an object of whatever nature – be it the opponent’s sword or your own, the man himself bent on striking or the sword in his hands, the mode or measure of the move – you cease to be master of yourself and are sure to fall victim to the enemy’s sword. *When you set yourself against him, your mind will be carried away by him* (p. 96, my italics)

So, Zen is about flow, balancing itself. Tolstoy’s Button would then have the following geometry:
In others, the metaphysical clarity about not-stopping saves you from a focus on one thing, at the expense of readiness for everything else. The mortal danger is to be seized by one thing, either exterior frenzy, or interior frenzy, as portrayed in the next drawing.

The seizure enlightens one part of the mind, and darkens the remainder.

Variation Two. “Kufu Mind.” Where then is the mind to be located, if it must refuse a focus?

Whenever the mind is directed, the whole person is liable to follow the direction and the enemy is sure to take full advantage of it, which means
your defeat. It is after all better to keep the mind in the lower part of the abdomen just below the navel, and this will enable one to adjust oneself in accordance with the shifting of the situation from moment to moment (p. 105)

This is called “kufu mind,” which is a microcosm of the “The Great Source.” This is why a Zen thinker is likely to prefer to sit on the ground than in a chair:

The Oriental way of sitting is to strike the roots down to the center of earth and be conscious of The Great Source where we have our “whence” and our “whither.” (p. 105f)

I would draw its geometry hence:

![Figure 12.3. The Great Source](image-url)
Variation Three. “Ai-uchi, A Mutual Striking Down.” The following advice is from Ichiun:

*Ai-uchi*, in other words, means paying no attention whatever to the outcome of the contest, being concerned not at all with the question of coming out of it safely or not. When a man faces a deadly situation in this frame of mind, he is the most resolute, the most desperate, the most daring person, before whom no enemy can stand unless he himself comes to the same resolution (p. 177)

Notice how perfectly this “frame of mind” protects you from focus, quite like kufu mind, of which it could be said to be a variation. The emphasis falls on refusal to consider the outcome. This is left to the Great Source. Thus, the metaphysical framework will not allow your mind/body to stop on winning/losing, as in the next drawing.

![Figure 12.4. Ai-uchi, A Mutual Striking Down](image)
Variation Four. “The Perfect Man.” You will see at once how this variation is another emphasis on the same principle:

He saunters away from a world of defilement as if he did not belong to it
… A work is accomplished and lay no claim to it … You act as shinningly
as if the sun or moon is fully out. (p. 208)

This variation from Chuang-tzu is identical with that of the Bhagavad Gita (2000): “You are entitled to your actions, but not to the fruit of your actions.” (2:47-48) The stress has fallen away from the threat of winning or losing, to taking credit, also needing to fall away.

Variation Five. “Feeling the Movement of Others In One’s Own Body.” This from Tajima no kami:

By virtue of my long training in swordplay, I can feel whatever thoughts might be moving in the mind of one who stands against me, or is around me. While I was in the garden, most unexpectedly I became aware of a “murderous air.” (p. 213)

Inside no longer blocks outside: it is felt as if inside, because the two flow together.

Variation Six. “Nature.” Back to the situation of the flow of the body, in the greater flow, as follows:
Nature is always in motion, never at a standstill. …for it is only when they are removed (barriers between ourself and Nature) that we see into the living heart of Nature and live with it – which is the real meaning of love.

(p. 361)

Variation Seven. “Integrated.” Finally, the integration of this microcosm of flow with the macrocosm of flow,

Such a one is never intemperate, hides himself in the system of the unlimited, abides where ten thousand things start and end. …He who is like this holds his heaven well integrated and his soul well consolidated.

(p. 436)

This leads up to my final drawing of the geometry of defence in Zen of the core or transitional rhythm, which summarizes the whole situation, which has been present all along in its seven variations.
This defence of flow is ready for impingement from all sides and at any moment. It looks like a mandala alright, but it is a mandala moving in the world, continually self-correcting, not to be captured by any one thing.

**Seven Dreams In Defence of the Core Rhythm**

Four dreams of my patients, three of my mine, concern the defence of the core rhythm, or cor, or heart of oneself, from being wronged, or wrong (ing), in exchanges with the world. You could say, rightly, that the transitional core rhythm, like that of the cor, or heart itself, is between closing and opening, defence and offence. As Emerson (1987) put it, the problem is how to be a good animal: how to close against what hurts you, and open to what is helpful to you. This means, in terms of defence, to be highly oriented to what
impinges upon you, and what ignores you. When you get these things wrong, your core is very disturbed.

*The Case of Butterflies on the Mississippi*

Here, simply, is a person who rushes around doing other people’s business (impingement), yet is never in a rush in the woods. Currently, she is knocking herself out taking care of family business in Chicago, while getting little credit for it (ignored). Thus doubly wronged, she cannot get herself to keep it up, and so everything piles up. My letter backs her trip to the Mississippi for following butterflies with her friends:

> Mississippi of butterflies will refresh you from the Chicago of burdens.

*The Case of the Potlach Grandma Revisited*

She has had a hard time, recently, with many new sicknesses. She feels neglected at the medical doctor, and with us, because the departing resident didn’t see to arrange a male resident as she had asked. She dreams:

> I am with my daughter and son-in-law at a costume party or masked ball.

> No one is talking to me, and I walk around ignored.

I say to her that the dream is always true, but the problem is to see *in what way it is true*. She sees at once that her daughter and son-in-law have been sick, lately, too, and she *has* gone unseen by them. She is relieved that I understand how painful it is to be ignored.
After all, as Winnicott (1971b) reminds us, we first see ourselves in our mother’s eyes. And we lost sight of her too, until she spoke up about the wrong re-assignment.

*The Dream of Her Father’s Desk*

Two days after seeing me, my patient dreams of coming to see me again:

I am behind a huge desk, piled with papers. Someone else is with me. She has to wait her turn.

I ask where she ever saw a desk like that, and she recalls at once that her father had one like that, and he never had time for her. Again, how vulnerable to open yourself up to being ignored. She cries with relief that I understand it.

*The Dream of the Tiger Salamander Brought Back to Life*

This man has had a lovely vacation hiking out west with his wife and two children around Mount St. Helena. To his delight, he found that nature had made a great comeback since the volcano there about twenty years ago. Now, he is back at work, in a job going nowhere, while his wife is setting up her classroom for the start of the school year. He looks quite unhappy, and tells me this highly complex dream:

I have been hired to teach second grade, and am going with my son to set up my classroom. We got up to the top floor, and have to climb across fifty-five gallon drums in the stairwell. We inch across. A long fall down.
We got to my classroom and, thank God, there are windows, and nooks and crannies. I even have a stairway on the outside to the parking lot. I find my bike, muddy, with a frozen salamander where the water bottle would be. I pour water over it, and it slowly recovers color, a tiger salamander.

He is quite surprised by two things: the inching over the drums, and the tiger salamander. The first, because his son seems to have no fear, and is leading the two of them over the drums. He laughs, and says that second grade boys sometimes have no fear in adventures. He could use some of that. The second, about the revival of the tiger salamander. He recalls he used to catch them, interesting, about second grade, and sell them for fifty cents to a teacher.

As for the muddy bike, he recalls a recent argument with his wife over spending $500 on one. This time he held his ground, and he is glad he did. So, now we have the defence of his core rhythm completed. He had gone away, and was able to open up to nature, and now he is coming back and has to play defence against getting caught in his narrow enclosure at work. My letter runs:

What a marvelous map you have: how to remain well as a second grade boy with his father: pouring water over the frozen tiger salamander, bringing it back to life’s flow, out of the enclosure of school.
The Author’s Dream of Monet’s Screen of Trees

In a four-part dream reviewing my last forty years as a kind of bishop (an exalted image, as Jung would say), I am having the distress of most bishops: much given out, little back. The fourth scene is different, and a new beginning:

I am facing a beautiful screen of trees as in a Monet painting, behind which there are a little covey of women on a screen with tennis racquets. I discover I too have a kind of tennis racquet that is about twelve feet high with a kind of net in it like a lacrosse stick. I serve a ball, one, to each one, and she hits it back.

Figure 12.6. The Author’s Dream of Monet’s Screen
I am very pleased by the exchange, with these women, like I have been having with the residents, lately. I give something, I get something back. Usually in one sentence. I am quite surprised by the length of my stick. It is a cross between a tennis racquet, and a lacrosse stick. It is also twelve feet high, excellent for fielding just about anything. You will recall I concluded my last chapter with another version of the lacrosse stick, of hardwood. This one is more receptive, more open, and less closed.

Evidently, I am catching on to the core rhythm, of when to close, and when to open. When I looked up the etymology of “lacrosse,” after this dream, and after concluding the last chapter, I was astonished to discover what is meant is the bishop’s crook, or rod, in other words the staff of office, and a kind of magical wand. Also, called a rood. I seemed to have found a rood screen (in the transept of the cathedral, originally, for closing off the choir from the nave, the sacred from the profane) like Monet in the field, onto which it is possible to have divine play, if I keep it to one sentence with each resident!

The Author’s Dream of Getting Between Pollution and A Beautiful Green

Several days later, after enduring some difficult dreams of the dire condition of the people, I dream:

I witness something like an atomic bomb set off by terrorists on the horizon, and go to see what has happened. I find a big house, which is an anti-terrorist cell, now covered with radioactive yellow shit. When I point it out to them, they excommunicate me.
Now, I am at Wimbledon with my wife, and discover I have gotten a wild card into the doubles, number 1.01 or 1.02, with a friend from forty years ago.

Again, I seem to know how to close against pollution, and open up to divine play (I actually played doubles in the U.S. Open Doubles about forty years ago, so I am being reborn again).

The Author’s Dream of Play in Deadly Situations

Finally, after a day in which I helped a colleague rediscover play in his deadly situation (like “yes, no or maybe” as the only words for deadly people, which they won’t even notice –which made him laugh-- a version of the Zen defense discussed in this chapter) – I dreamt the following:

I return to Massachusetts General Hospital once again as a medical student after forty years, but this time I am free to come and go to play tennis all afternoon, and return in the evening to see the patients, where my colleagues will still be sitting at the conference table watching slides. I go to get my equipment at the Union, which is on Harvard Square in a huge hidden set of garages, like a supply for D-Day, and the number two in charge is assigned to equip me (stethoscope, opthalmoscope, etc.). The crucial decision is about the container for my equipment. I decide to forgo
the usual black bag, for a square of blue denim, with brass eyelets in its
corners, drawn up by a cord, like a lady’s purse, which doubled as a kind
of rood screen for displaying findings, and which served to put away my
equipment once used.

The square looked like this:

![Image of a square with brass eyelets and a cord]

Figure 12.7. The Author’s Dream of a New Container for His Equipment

Looking at the drawing, I am reminded of a heart and its valves. It is, after all, a kind of
pouch drawn up. I seem to have learned, after forty years, how to play in deadly
situations myself, which I certainly did not know at Massachusetts General forty years
ago. This beautiful pouch, rood screen, is built to close in defence, and to open as a
dream screen (Lewin, 1973; Gustafson, 1997) onto which beautiful exchange can be
played. I am also reminded of the container for the beautiful forceps of the Chamberlin
family, kept a secret for a hundred years in their trunk (Hibbard, 1994; Gustafson, 2005).

My container seems to be for delivering myself, my own core, my own rhythm, in a
dangerous world.

**A Crucial Addendum**

Something was still too vulnerable in my dream of play in deadly situations, as in forty
years at Massachusetts General Hospital, despite the beautiful blue denim field to place in
it. The following night I dreamt:

*The Dream of The Front Row As Best Boy in the Small World Theatre*

I am in my overcoat gotten at the end of high school from Heavenrich’s
Department Store in Saginaw, Michigan. I am putting myself in the front
row of a University lecture. I am putting myself in the front row of a
University musical.
This detail of my old overcoat refers to a dream in my first dream book, called “The Author’s Dream of Sleeping Atop Heavenrich’s Department Store in Saginaw, Michigan” (p. 171, Gustafson, 1997), where I was lying on a bosomy roof, before I entered history (college) and yet feeling that

Society is all crust, and a joint stock company for profit.
My sequel last night was the great danger of remaining a best boy for 40 or 50 years, who puts his beautiful, bosomy, dream screen into the front row of a University theatre: *there* you are *pinned* and can’t get out.

Thus, a very crucial limit to the dream of play in deadly situations, as a new beginning. Yes, if you don’t sit in the front row! As Chuang Tzu knew (Merton, 1965), and wrote, in reply to the Confucians who ran the Empire:

> They are inexorably moved, like the machine of which they are a part (p. 142, “The Active Life.”)

Tolstoy’s Button cannot maintain its equipoise near the exterior magnet, or what Tolstoy called “the swarm” of society. That is why my good fortune is to be in the back row of my department, backing onto a lawn into the Great Source, as in the backs of Oxford and Cambridge.
Chapter 13. The Core Rhythm of the Neural Network, Part I: The Neural Science

*We have evolved in a natural environment filled with temporal
And spatial fractal patterns, and it has only been in the last few
Thousand years that we have lived among artificial Euclidean shapes.* –

*Anderson and Mandell, 1996, p. 77*

The argument of this chapter, divided into Parts I and II, is the core rhythm of the brain, which oscillates between coherence (a low dimensional field) and incoherence (a very high dimensional field), and why it is essential to well being to protect this oscillation. The order of the argument is fourfold: (1) The neural science of the core rhythm, (2) The nature of originality, (3) The nature of salvation, in the convergence of all the major religions, what Coomaraswamy called *The Door in the Sky* (1997), (4), The nature of The Dream Door, and how it is isomorphic with The Door in the Sky, Originality, and The Core Rhythm of the Neural Network. In other words, the convergence of all these problems points to the fruitfulness of being in play or metaphysically well, versus the pollution of being in deadly seriousness or metaphysically ill. Part I will lay out the relevant neuroscience. Part II, its isomorphism with the structures of originality, salvation and the dream door.

**The Neural Science of the Core Rhythm**

I am going to provide you with the simplest and briefest possible explication of this critical subject, which is best summarized in Freeman’s book, *How Brains Make Up Their Minds* (2001), and confirmed by a huge array of other authors. Freeman himself
builds his argument from “ten building blocks that allow us to understand how neural populations sustain the chaotic dynamics of intentionality, because the dynamics provides the biological basis for the flexibility, creativity and meaning of human behavior” (p. 35). I am going to simplify Freeman’s ten building blocks down to two, and supplement these two with some briefer points from other authors.

*The Embodiment of Meaning In Amplitude Modulation Patterns*

Essentially, the argument is this, concerning the seventh building block (combining the first to sixth). This is constructed by Freeman from his original research on olfactory perception

Because it is the dominant sense in most animals, and in vertebrates because it provides the prototype for perception through other senses. It is also the simplest system … It is anatomically closest to the limbic system and has the most direct access to the parts of the brain involved in the expression of emotions. And, most significantly … (pp. 67-68).

Freeman argues, is that the messages from all the sensory systems, however divergent, combine to form unified multi-sensory perceptions.

So, to build up steps one to seven very quickly (the reader may want to take his or her own time with Freeman’s careful explication):
1. The excitatory sensory population oscillates between being a point attractor with zero activity to a nonzero point attractor with steady-state activity by positive feedback.

2. Negative feedback makes for oscillations between excitation and inhibition.

3. This in turn allows what is called a state transition from a point attractor to a limit cycle attractor. Freeman comments in his critical diagram of Figure 10: “We call it a limit cycle attractor because, when the oscillating system is perturbed, it returns to the same pattern of oscillation after further excitation or inhibition over a wide range. That range defines the basin of attraction.” (p. 60, my italics)

4. The different parts of the central olfactory system “cannot agree on a frequency, yet cannot ignore each other, so, as in ménage a trios, they live in chaos.” (p. 69, Figure 11.)

5. “The distributed wave of chaotic dendritic activity carries a spatial pattern of amplitude modulation made by the local heights of the wave.” (p. 35). These look like contour maps of hills and valleys, which alter dramatically between pure air and a stimulus.

6. The bursts triggered by additional inhalations of a stimulus increase the loop gain. Thus, what the animal has already identified can selectively pick up further iterations of it.

7. Finally, an odorant already learned, when reintroduced, does not bring about the same amplitude modulation pattern – but a new one, and “all other existing patterns also changed” (p. 78, Figure 14). Freeman summarizes the dramatic change as follows: No matter where in each basin a stimulus puts the bulb, the
bulb goes to the attractor of that basin, accomplishing generalization to the class. A new odorant is learned by adding a new attractor with its basin, but, unlike a fixed computer memory, an attractor landscape is flexible. When a new class is learned, the synaptic modifications in the neuropil jostle the existing basins of the packed landscape, as the connections within the neuropil form a seamless tissue. This is known as attractor crowding. No basin is independent of the others.” (p. 80).

*The Dynamic Architecture of the Limbic System*

Just as the oscillation in the olfactory bulb swings between incoherence on the in-breath, and coherence of an amplitude modulation basin on the out-breath, identifying the odorant as belonging in one of the basins of the contour map of hills and valleys, so the limbic system, *combining all of the sensory systems*, will bring about a mapping of where the animal is in space and time. Summarizing Freeman’s 8th, 9th and 10th building blocks as one (see his pages 100-105), we get the following picture.

The dynamic architecture of the limbic system, as diagrammed in Freeman’s Figure 18 (p. 102) has a simple elegance. It depends on the entorhinal cortex which has connections with all of the sensory systems and all of the motor systems. The forward flow is from the sensory systems to the entorhinal cortex and on to the motor systems

By spatial Amplitude Modulation patterns of action potentials at the *microscopic* level, which is how transmitting cortices drive the neurons in their targets. Feedback flow from the motor systems to the entorhinal
cortex by control loops, and from the entorhinal cortex to the sensory systems inside the brain, is by spatial Amplitude Modulation patterns of action potentials at the macroscopic level. (p. 102).

Thus, the feedback at the macroscopic level acts to bias the microscopic level of forward driving action, quite as the basins of attraction for odorants bias the olfactory bulb to react more strongly to odorants experienced in the past. A simplified version of Freeman’s Figure 18 looks like this:

![Figure 13.1. Freeman’s Dynamic Architecture of the Limbic System, Simplified](image)

Now for the function of the hippocampus, which you can see is fed the entire brain via the entorhinal cortex. The hippocampus is the key to orientation, located just
after multisensory integration and before entry into the motor systems (p. 103). With regard to spatial orientation, Freeman quotes the findings of Jacobs on orientation of squirrels for hiding nuts in autumn to recover in winter. One orientation is to prominent landmarks, to the sense of direction, which is dominant in male squirrels. The second is orientation to sequences of locations, which is dominant in female squirrels. The place cells in autumn enlarge their area in autumn, when they are hiding their nuts, and shrink in winter when they are finding them.

With regard to temporal orientation, a global state transition occurs several times each second, as we experience in jumps in trains of thought, while “the underlaying frames of Amplitude Modulation patterns occur up to ten times faster, and the gamma carrier waves are a blindingly fast blur. … the critical instabilities that initiate the trajectories are located in this core of the limbic system.” (p. 105) In turn, they are modulated from the larger loops, as shown in Freeman’s diagram. Thus, the chaotic instabilities pace the flow of intentional action.

Finally, to put this intricate mechanism into our world of trajectories, Freeman borrows from Merleau-Ponty, as follows:

To perceive is to render oneself present to something through the body.

All the while the thing keeps its place within the horizon of the world, and the structuring consists of putting each detail in the perceptual horizons which belong to it (p. 120, my italics).
Freeman then summarizes his entire portrait of orientation in space and time by the hippocampus in the following quotation from Merleau-Ponty:

Merleau-Ponty concludes that we are moved to action by a disequilibrium between the self and the world. In dynamic terms, the disequilibrium is an endogenous instability that puts the brain onto an itinerant trajectory, that is, a pathway through a chain of preferred states, which are learned basins of attraction. The penultimate result is .. a descent for a time into the basin of an attractor, giving an awareness of closure. (p. 121).

In other words, a mismatch between the basins of attraction and the actual findings drives the animal, or human animal, to resolve the discord. His trajectory is a search to reconcile the mismatch, even of a single detail. This is the continuous struggle for accurate orientation, selected, over millions of years of evolution, simply because it is a matter of life and death to conjoin with what is fruitful, and disjoin what is deadly. This is the core rhythm of the brain, of oscillating between opening to what is needed, and closing to what is harmful, and starting over with incoherence in the next inspiration to be open as possible to what has emerged in that very breath!

Jan Kott, in his book, *Shakespeare Our Contemporary* (1974) explains, or shows, most clearly why we need to be ready in a breath, for an altogether different reality, as he puts it, on the staircase of history:
Richard enters again. He has made his decision. He knows already who has doubts. He has chosen his victim. In this Great Council scene, Shakespeare maintains a tremendous tension and does not relax the audience relax for a moment. It is so still that one hears people breathing. This is indeed the essence of history. (p. 26)

Or, another moment, similar in import:

Shakespeare’s genius shows itself in the way he depicts events occurring at four A.M. Who has not been awakened at four A.M. at least once in his life (p. 23)?

Or, a third,

CLARENCE: In God’s name, what art thou?
FIRST MURDERER: A man, as you are.
CLARENCE: But not as I am, royal.
FIRST MURDERER: Nor you as we are, loyal. (p. 32)

For this, we are oriented in every breath, giving up our previous coherence, for what has come to pass.

*Edge-of-Chaos Dynamics*
Consonant with Edelman, and yet making it more clear for me, is a paper by Alexander and Globus called Edge-of-Chaos Dynamics in Recursively Organized Neural Systems (1996). The core idea is a neural (or other) system poised on the edge between chaos and order, which allows easy access to either regime, chaos for receptivity, and order for driving forward.

The chaotic activity also provides a way of keeping neurons active without getting stuck in a particular non-strange attractor. At the same time the system’s trajectory stays in the vicinity of those non-strange attractors. The random character of the chaotic attractor places the system in a nonbiased state ready for the next inhalation with instantaneous access to all possible non-strange attractors (pp. 42-43) ... The advantage of neural mechanisms poised at the edge-of-chaos is that the chaos can be turned on and off instantly through a bifurcation. (p. 42)

The second clarification for me from this paper is how the influence between scales also works with a tremendous simplicity. Basically, this is via a similar bifurcation, between a system organized from the bottom-up, by its smallest scales, versus a system organized from the top-down, by its largest scale. For example, flow in a pipe has just such a bifurcation, between organization from below, versus organization from above. At lower speeds of flow, the trajectory of the flow, as it were, from above, keeps the smaller scales in line, and so the flow is laminar. At the critical point in the increased rate of speed, the lower scales suddenly take over, and impose their chaotic divergence from
each other, and the result is turbulence. Essentially, the same bifurcation occurs in a river, between its slower, smooth places, and its rapid, turbulent flow in its rapids.

The same is true in neural systems. In pulse mode (Freeman’s term), the direction of influence is from the loosely integrated individual neurons free to react to information. In wave mode (Freeman’s term), the increased density of interaction makes for a coherence, laminar flow, and a global wave, which means the influence is now from the largest scale to constrain all the smaller scales.

To sustain edge-of-chaos dynamics, each subsystem has to maintain a balance between preserving its own local states and transmitting influence to other subsystems (p. 59).

In chaotic mode, it is sensitive, but not transmissive, while in ordered mode, it is transmissive, but not sensitive. (p. 59)

Alexander and Globus utilize a paper by Mathews and Strogatz (1990), to show how this balancing problem plays out as 3 different regions in a phase space. Mathews and Strogatz coupled limit-cycle oscillators, varying the coupling strength, and the frequency range. At high coupling strengths, i.e. highly interactive, high-energy states, the constituent oscillators lock into a single frequency. At low coupling strength, i.e. barely interactive, low-energy states, the constituent oscillators become incoherent. Thus, the parallel to Freeman’s wave mode, with the direction of influence from above, versus pulse mode, with the direction of influence from below. When the frequency range is
increased, a similar effect occurs as with low-coupling strength: a move towards incoherence. All of this makes intuitive sense.

What to me is extraordinary is the third region that emerged in these experiments of Mathews and Strogatz between synchrony and incoherence: a region of large ordered oscillations, and large chaotic oscillations.

The system can display either large scale ordered oscillations or large scale chaotic oscillations depending on a subtle shift in the density of interactions within the system (p. 62)
What is emergent in this third region is the possibility of multi-scale cascades, sensitive to the slightest shift in density of interaction or range of frequencies to be ordered.

The biscale account of between-scales influence, given in the discussion on turbulent and laminar flows, must now be replaced by an account of between-multiple-scales influence. Instead of a mere shift in direction of influence … the influence is now a projection from ordered systems and reception by chaotic systems. The coherence of limit cycle dynamics enables systems so engaged to have greater impact at adjacent scales, while being insensitive to influence from those scales. The sensitivity of chaotic attractors enables systems so engaged to incorporate the activity of adjacent scales into their activity, while having little reciprocal effect because of their incoherence and the low amplitude of their wave form. (p. 65)

Finally, in conclusion, Alexander and Globus argue:

*Destabilization* of the dynamic at one scale of organization to a chaotic regime can lead to cascades of chaotic shifts up and down the neural level of structure. This corresponds to an opening up of influence across the
scales of neural systems, and brain wide receptive mode. Coherence emerging at one scale of organization can result in cascades of ordered shifts up and down the neural structure. This corresponds to shutting off of influence between scales of the neural system, in a brain-wide decision mode. (p. 65)

The result is

A self-tuning entity by a multiple embedded set of processes which are constantly dropping in and out of the whole. (p. 68)

This is “a paradigm shift,” even beyond Freeman’s: (p. 69)

All scales of a poised system variously participate in the whole (where participation means both influencing and influenced) or departicipate. …

It is crucial to appreciate here that the parts at a given scale are conceived of as oscillators; it is natural, then, to represent the system as an (immensely complicated) wave function. p. 69)

The Fractal Maximum-Power of Brain

To conclude the neural science of the core rhythm, we need only to add what this rhythm means for apprehending the world, interior and exterior, and transitional. In a word, it gives access to the fractal structure of nature. To quote Vandervert,
...the “body universe” of a Kant or Einstein, or of anyone, is the cradle of intuition, and its neuromatrix is the only pathway to the axioms of mathematics and science ... the only way we can break into that realm – that realm that is nature embedded in us – the fractal symmetry of world, brain and mind. (p. 262, 1996)

The selection of this:

The feedforward dynamic “mines” the algorithmic organization of the brain in fractal maximum-power for modeling patterns that increase the probability of energy flow available for use by the brain (p. 257).

According to Edelman (2003), in his theory of neuronal group selection,

selectional events in the brain are necessarily constrained by the activity of diffuse ascending value systems. The activity of these thresholds affects the selectional process by modulating or altering synaptic thresholds. (p. 4)

This neural Darwinism, as Edelman calls it, is completely compatible with Freeman’s conception of macroscopic amplitude modulation patterns, which feedback to alter the bias of microscopic amplitude modulation patterns (see p. 4 of this chapter).
Anderson and Mandell (1996), are quite specific about how the $1/f$ spectra in the brain, a fractal wave structure, have been selected to attune us to $1/f$ spectra in nature:

The human perceptual system is particularly sensitive to the occurrence of pitch fluctuations that rise or fall in $1/f$ fashion or visual images of nature such as turbulent water flows, movements of branches in the wind, wood grain patterns. (p. 77)

And quoting Voss (1989) illustrates the point:

The measurements suggest that music is imitating the characteristic way that world is changing in time. Both music and $1/f$ noise are intermediate between randomness and predictability. Like fractal shapes there is something interesting on all (in this case, time) scales. Even the smallest phrase reflects the whole. (p. 77, Anderson and Mandell)

Finally, the terrible consequences of losing this capacity are argued by West and Goldberger (1987) and West and Griffin (2004)

Presumably, the more severe (cardiac) pathologies will be associated with the greatest loss of spectral power, analogous to the onset of the most severe arrhythmias, which begin to resemble “sine wave” patterns (West and Griffin, 2004, p. 407)
And, more generally, not just cardiac:

Of obvious interest are the potential medical implications of these new scaling concepts. Healthy physiological systems apparently require a balance between order and variability. Available data suggest that *such constrained randomness* can be represented by broad-bandwidth spectra with inverse power-law distributions. Some diseases may be associated with a *disruption in this normal fractal scaling* (West and Goldberger, 1987, p. 364)

As Anderson and Mandell (1996) summarize the evolutionary problem:

... we have evolved in a natural environment filled with temporal and spatial fractal patterns, and it has only been in the last few thousand years that we have lived among artificial Euclidean shapes (p. 77)

Now, in Part II, of this Chapter 13, we will consider this neural network of constrained randomness, in its oscillation *between* incoherence and synchrony, and how it might be protected from losing its powers, and becoming metaphysically (and physically) ill in deadly seriousness.
Chapter 13. The Core Rhythm of the Neural Network, Part II:
Originality, Salvation and the Dream Door

In other words, the convergence of all these problems points to the fruitfulness of being in play or metaphysically well, versus the pollution of being in deadly seriousness or metaphysically ill.

We left off Part I of our subject with the vital necessity of protecting the fractal capacity of our mind/brains. We are exceptionally vulnerable to being locked into synchrony with the group life we depend upon for our supplies. This continual emergency steals us away from everything else we need to pay attention to. We join the system, and lose ourselves.

On the other hand, we cannot just have our bliss. This romantic compensation is equally dangerous for being seized in our bowers for non-compliance.

Thus, it turns out that the clockwise rhythm locks us into a deadly synchrony, and counterclockwise rhythm sets us up to be arrested. Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde, or all The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry (Gustafson, 1999).

Thankfully, there is a between, as shown so beautifully in the phase-space of Mathews and Strogatz (1990), where the slightest differences open up large ordered oscillations and large chaotic oscillations. In other words, huge movements up and down all the scales of time and space. This is where our vital and fractal capacity lies, to save ourselves. We shall now examine this region and its defense, in terms of originality, salvation, and the access to it in single words, images and dreams.
Originality

Ghiselin’s editing of *The Creative Process* (1985, originally published 1952) is full of autobiographical gems, concerning the way of original work, in art, literature, music and science. I will relate one of them, “Mathematical Creation,” by Henri Poincare, but I want to convey the unity of the entire selection, which Ghiselin full well knew, and could convey poetically in the following paragraph:

All psychic life is activity, for even the maintenance of the established patterns is a reactivation, with inevitable variations of content and emphasis. *But in the unconscious psyche and on the fringes of consciousness, change is easier because there the compulsive and inhibiting effect of system sustained by will and attention is decreased or ceases altogether.* Though the system does not dissolve into nothing, it decreases in importance, becomes only an element in the unconscious psychic life, *which might therefore be called nonschematic in contrast to the conscious, which is dominated by system.* The term, “nonschematic,” is suitable, further, for unconscious and fringe activity, because of it is so lacking in apparent organization that it seems altogether chaotic. *A great many of the configurations that do appear on the fringes of consciousness are continually shifting because no sign has been found to impose on them the fixed status of a scheme.* They slide out of consciousness like the
nameless configurations of the rocking ocean. No wonder the image most
often chosen for the deeper psychic life is the sea at night (p. 12)

Poincare’s Mathematical Creation

Poincare’s account of his own creation (originally published in 1908) makes perfect sense
to me in terms of the phase space of Mathews and Strogatz we have been discussing, and
terms of the framework of Ghiselin, where the emphasis similarly falls on the bifurcation
between the region which Ghiselin calls the conscious system, or schematic region, and
the unconscious non-system “like the nameless configurations of the rocking ocean” or
“the sea at night” which is non-schematic.

But Poincare is lucid not only about the schematic region, or being locked into
“synchrony” in terms of Mathews and Strogatz, and not only lucid about the non-
schematic or “incoherence” in Mathews and Strogatz of the numberless possibilities for
his proofs. He also has a lot to tell about the transitional field between this schema and
this sea, and its remarkable powers, for making choices among infinite materials. Let us
proceed with his account. His essay proceeds like a mathematical proof:

1. First of all, he comments on the relative poverty of his conscious memory, as at
   chess.

2. Second, he comments on his unconscious ability to be
   
   … guided by the general march of the reasoning. A mathematical demonstration is
   not a simple juxtaposition of syllogisms, it is syllogisms placed in a certain order,
   and the order is much more important than the elements themselves. If I have the
feeling, the intuition, so to speak of this order, so as to perceive at a glance the reasoning as a whole, I need no longer fear lest I forget one of the elements, for each will take its allotted place in the array, and that without any effort on my part. (p. 24)

3. Third, he asks what the creation consists of?

In fact, what is mathematical creation? It does not consist in making new combinations with mathematical entities already known. Any one could do that, but the combinations so made would be infinite in number and most of them absolutely without interest. *To create consists precisely in not making useless combinations and in making those which are useful and which are only a small minority. Invention is discernment, choice.* (p. 24)

4. Fourth, how is the choice made? Now he goes deep in the matter:

…the mathematical facts worthy of being studied are those which, by their analogy with other facts are capable of leading us to a mathematical law .. They are those which reveal to us unsuspected kinship between other facts, long known, but wrongly believed to be strangers to one another. (p. 25)

5. Fifthly, how are these unsuspected kinships to come to the conscious mind?

Among chosen combinations the most fertile will often be those formed of elements drawn from domains which are far apart. Not that I mean as sufficing for invention the bringing together of objects as disparate as possible; most combinations so formed would be entirely sterile. *But certain among them, very rare, are the most fruitful of all.* (p. 25)
6. Sixth, he suggests that trying combinations consciously is necessary but always fails him. Then, he leaves off, goes to the sea, takes a long walk, lets time pass, and … as one night

…Ideas rose in crowds: I felt them collide until pairs interlocked, so to speak, making a stable combination. (p. 27)

In the morning, he could simply write out the results. He is clearly describing sudden unconscious selections from a sea of possibilities.

7. Seventh, what is this sieve that can make such extremely fine and delicate selections from a vast, incoherent sea?

the subliminal self .. has tact, delicacy: it knows how to divine. What is the cause that, among the thousand products of our unconscious activity, some are called to pass the threshold, while others remain below? … (p. 28) … those are those which .. affect most profoundly our emotional sensibility (28-29) … They are those whose elements are harmoniously disposed so that the mind without effort can embrace their totality while realizing the details … Thus it is this special esthetic sensibility which plays the role of the delicate sieve of which I spoke, and that sufficiently explains why the one lacking it will never be a real creator. (p. 29).

Q.E.D.

Finally, Poincare recapitulates the proof, taking care to stress the preliminary conscious work as a point of departure. He tries combinations, not just any, but those from which
one might reasonably expect a solution. But a kind of incoherence is necessary to get free of the synchrony of established schema:

Only, this disorder permits unexpected combinations. (p. 31) … Figure the future elements of our combination as something like the hooked atoms of Epicurus. During the complete repose of the mind, those atoms are motionless, they are, so to speak, hooked to the wall; so this complete rest may be indefinitely prolonged without the atoms meeting, and consequently without any combination between them. ON the other hand, during a period of apparent rest and unconscious work, certain of them are detached from the wall and put in motion. They flash in every direction through space (I was about to say the room) where they are enclosed, as would, for example, a swarm of gnats, or if you prefer a more learned comparison, like the molecules of gas in the kinematic theory of gases. Then their mutual impacts may produce new combinations. (p. 30)

Thus, the preliminary work is the unhooking and moving them around, a thousand different ways, without a satisfactory aggregate. But this shake-up gets them off the wall in their primitive rest, so …

They freely continue their dance. (p. 30)
I believe Poincare has proven the necessity of using the three regions of the phase space for creation: synchrony, incoherence, and beautiful sieve in between.

**Salvation: The Door in the Sky**

Of the many proofs since the 1920’s of the phase space or non-linear geometry of salvation, I will give you the one of Coomaraswamy in his essay, “Svayamētrnṃnā: Janua Coeli” (1997, originally published in 1937). Those of Eliade, Campbell, Pallis, and so forth are isomorphic with that of Coomaraswamy. His, however, seems to me the most beautiful to persuade us that all of the great religions are *variations of the path* of what Coomaraswamy calls the solar hero. If Poincare, proving the phase space of creation, takes the felt sense of beauty as the chief criterion for arriving at the proof, I will try it here on the phase space of salvation. This, in turn will lead back to ponder the nature of *this sieve* so crucial to our discernment and defense of our core rhythm. Let us follow the sequence of the proof.

1. The epigraph so ironic:

   The coincidences of tradition are beyond the scope of accident – Sir Arthur Evans. (p. 6)

2. The first coincidence:

   The “second building” of the Fire Altar consists essentially in the laying down of three “Self-perforated ‘bricks’,” representing these worlds, Earth, Air and Sky … *which compose the vertical Axis of the Universe, the passageway from one world to*
another, whether upwards or downwards. (p. 6)

These Self-perforates are these worlds in a likeness, What is common to them is the whole Breath, of which the three aspects are that of aspiration proper to Agni, transpiration proper to Vayu, and spiration proper to the Sun (p. 7)

What we have here with the Ṛṣistman doctrine, according to which all things are connected with the sun in what is literally a common conspiracy … The Self-perforates, then, are quickened with the Breath of life by the Sunhorse, which is made to kiss them … that horse is yonder Sun, and those Self-perforates these worlds; and even as he makes it kiss (snuffle at), so yonder Sun strings these worlds to himself on a thread (p. 7)

This Vedic tradition is now shown to be isomorphic with a series of motifs from Western Asiatic Seals and an Assyrian coin: all versions of the Axis Mundi (World Axis).

3. The second coincidence:

We shall now consider more especially the uppermost Self-perforate, which is at once the root of the cosmic house, the crown of the cosmic tree, and the skull of the cosmic Man …
To have ascended these worlds as one might a ladder or a
tree and so to have escaped the jaws of Death is to have
passed through the straight gate. (p. 10)

Notice the remarkable fractal structure, of self-similarity on all scales: the roof of
the cosmic house, the crown of the cosmic tree, and the skull of the cosmic Man.
Just like the self-similarity of the Sun stringing these worlds to himself, and the
breathing of the cosmic Man (aspirant).

The whole intention of the Vedic tradition and of the sacrifice is
to define the Way (mārga) by which the aspirant (here in the
literal sense of up-breather) … can ascend these worlds and escape
altogether through the midst of the Sun, thus crossing over from
mortality to immortality. (p. 11)

We find accordingly in the literature a conception of the World-
tree in which the trunk, which is also the Sunpillar, sacrificial post,
and axis mundi, rising from the altar at the navel of the earth,
penetrates the World-door and branches out above the roof of the
world.

This Vedic tradition is now shown to be isomorphic with the Taoist version (the
ascent of the Diamond Body), the Siberian Shaman symbolism (climbing to the
Pole Star), the Egyptian Sun-Door, and the Christian ascent (illustrated by
pointings of Hieronymus Bosch), of which I would just quote one sentence.
The principal word for “Way” in the theological sense is *marga*,
a derivative of *mrg*, to “hunt” by following the track of the pursued,
as in Eckhardt’s “following spoor of her quarry, Christ.” (p. 25)

4. The third array of coincidences:

The proof having been given, Coomaraswamy provides thirty-six pages of
footnotes, with astounding details. As Poincare wrote, the *sweep of the whole
proof is captured in every detail, the mark of a fractal structure, self-similar from
the tiniest detail to the vastness of the World itself*, in time and space. Several of
these will illustrate what I mean:

”Cleaving that ‘limit,’ *he proceeded by that door; the name of that door is the
‘cleft’.*” The connection of the second is with life (standing up, erection,
motion), and that of the third is with sleep and death (one sleeps with the
head to the north … the Buddha’s death bed is ‘headed north.’” (p. 26)

*The Way to the “eye” of the dome is horizontal until the altar, the navel
of the earth, has been reached, and thereafter it is vertical;* or to say the same in
other words, the way into the Church prefigures the entrance into Heaven (p. 29)

(regarding the open mouth (the strait gate) of a Lion-mask of the Sun, on a
sarcophagus from Ravenna): … the Lion’s open mouth is the Janua Coeli (Door
to Heaven), the uppermost Self-perforate … and the mouth of the vessel below …
the birthplace of the Sun, who is also himself the Lion and whom *it is for us to follow in his return to the Father through the Lion's jaws* (pp. 31-32)

*The Phase-Space of Salvation, and the Sieve*

*So, how did these coincidences coincide? I think that the phase-space of Mathews and Strogatz completes the proof:*

1. The *turn* to let go the world gets out of the terrible power of man, as a group animal, to *compel synchrony, of being locked into step, in return for supplies* (Marx's alienation).

2. As Coomaraswamy describes, “The *Way* to the ‘eye’ of the dome is *horizontal* until the *altar*, the *navel* of the *earth*, has been *reached*, and *thereafter* it is *vertical*. (p. 29)

3. This puts us mid-way between synchrony and incoherence, where the large ordered cascades and the large chaotic cascades *move up and down all scales with the slightest step*. In other words, we are in that “cleft” noted by Coomaraswamy *or enormous potency*, where a *single, infinitesimal detail opens up the vast world*, in other words, a transitional and fractal space-time.

4. Thus, we *participate in divinity*: to quote Coomaraswamy, again:

*They, are, moreover, the *Way by which the Devas first strode up and down these worlds*, using the “Universal Lights (Agni, Vayu, Aditya) as their stepping stones, and the Way for the Sacrificer *now to do likewise and, who as a Comprehensor*
(evamvit) “having ascended to the Beatific Spirit, traverses these worlds, *eating*” *what he will, and in what shape he will*, as in John 10:9, … “*shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.*” (p. 7)

5. Thus, the *sieve* which selected these extraordinary details *chooses* by fractal structures which put us into the extraordinary fractal-maximum energy (Vandevert, 1995). (It is no accident that Poincare was the father of non-linear geometry in his proofs.) This is why these beauties are so compelling for us, giving us participation in the divinity.

I am writing this in our cabin out in the great Prairie southwest of Madison on the second to last day of summer, and almost the Fall equinox. A hot, windy, and great day of the Sun. Driving out, I fell in love again with the great contours ploughed by my neighbors in an array of colors from lush green to a dimming brown. *Why do I love it so?* I thought of the beautiful basins of attraction in our neuropil discussed by Freeman in Chapter 13, Part I, and I thought, “*Well, I am embedded, from the infinitesimal to the great basins of attraction, and I am at home.*” It got me free of some awfully murderous (if not literally) patients, whom I will discuss in the last section of this chapter. Now, we will turn from the Door in the Sky, to the humbler doors, which enter this Great World.

**Humbler Doors**

We have been surveying the beautiful *cleft* of creation and of divine comprehension. Ibsen called it The Great World (Lebowitz 1990), but reminded us that we cannot stay for
long in it, until we are dragged back into the small world. Thus, the cleft alone is terribly misleading, until we can anticipate the turns back, to synchrony and incoherence.

Conversely, we will be destroyed, or should I say, emptied out at the core by the small world, by its destruction of our core rhythm. Lawrence put it in a sentence:

"It was the life of the little day, the life of little people. And the man who had died said to himself, “Unless we encompass it in the greater day, and set the little life in the circle of the greater life, all is disaster" (quoted in Blyth, 1995, p. 30, from Lawrence, 1994, originally published in 1929).

I do not want to be the least mysterious about this. The small world is perverse, as portrayed in Ibsen’s plays (Ibsen, 1961), because the lock step of synchrony in society takes you out of the core rhythm, which needs to oscillate between all three regions of the phase space. You need your synchrony to have a place at all; you need your incoherence, as Poincare demonstrated in his proof, for fresh combinations; and you need the cleft in between for its sieve, which opens up the tremendous fractal range that embeds us in nature and makes us at home there.

The Breakfast Interviews

Stern (2004) gives us a lovely fractal door in the humblest setting. He asks individuals, “What did you experience this morning at breakfast?,“ later in their morning. He is looking for the slightest recall, perhaps, five seconds. (p. 5). For example, one subject recalled watching “the last drops of coffee drip into her cup from her old-fashioned, well-
loved espresso machine … When the (hour and a half!) interview about this moment was over, she reflected that she often felt she lived too much in the future, that she permitted herself to be in the present too infrequently, and for spurts that were too short.” (p. 204).

For a kind of opposite example, the graduate student “… who tested the limits of how far he could go, swinging open the refrigerator door and filling his glass with orange juice. The essence of these small acts of limit testing is identical to his struggles of the night before, when he was seeing how far he could push the conclusions of his thesis research.” (p. 203).

Stern rightly calls these moments “fractals.” I would point out what makes them so. They come at that equipoise between being half asleep and half awake, or between incoherence and coherence, and thus open up the cleft region of our phase space. These moments are not only timed between opposite regions, but they are also spaced between opposite regions, in that the subject is placed between being in his own interior field and reaching for the exterior field (the fridge), so powerfully symbolized and literally the source of supplies.

*The Dream Door*

Similarly, the door into the recall of dreams will be found in the same cleft. My first fifty chapters of *The Practical Use of Dreams and the Human Comedy* (2000) are summarized in the 49th and 50th Chapters with remarkable simplicity: a single word serves to characterize them all, and the word is mismatch; in a single sentence, that means that the movement in the interior field is mismatched in terms of the exterior field it is moving upon. Or, to take a second sentence that means the same thing, the figure of the
movement is a poor fit with its ground. Or, a third, the dreamer is disoriented. Or a fourth, the counterclockwise movement on the interior field is in great danger for being placed in a clockwise exterior field.

This is why Winnicott (1971b) took his dream-drop, as he called it, when he and the child had reached this kind of quandary, knowing full well that the dream would illuminate it in the most striking way. My example, in chapter 49, The Dream Drop, occurs similarly when we are discussing the hopes of a one-time graduate student for a professorship to come to him, because he did not want to have to politic for it. He dreamt that he got off a train in southern India (his place of research) because he needed some water, but when he turned back to the train, it was gone with all of his manuscripts!

**A Series of Seven Dreams In Terms of the Whole Phase-Space**

I will give two dreams of my patients, and a series of five in a row of my own. The series is extremely useful for showing how difficult it is to comprehend one region of the phase space, when you are in another region. Indeed, before the dreamer integrates the crossings, he is likely to have to take one region in one image, or night, and its neighboring region in a second image, or night. One night he will be in divine mutuality in the cleft, and the next he will be in the perversity of hell. The heavenly dream would appear to contradict the theory of the dream door as a mismatch: actually not, as we shall come to see.

**A Punch Dream of Two Ships Meeting**
A woman a year after her divorce dreams

of being on a ship in the ocean, where she becomes aware of the
ship of an unknown man coming towards her, just over The International
Water Line.

It seems very pleasant to her – “This will be different,” she comments – she likes the
hopeful motion of the meeting to come – until I ask her about the curious phrase
describing the field on which the meeting will take place, “… just over the International
Water Line.” As she ponders her own phrase, she discovers that it means to her a place
where the ground rules or customs would be quite unknown to her, a set up for another
disaster in marriage. This is what I have called a Punch Dream (Gustafson, 1995a). It
packs a huge punch, in one sentence, because the motion of the first phrase, an unknown
man coming toward her, ….. is mismatched with the second phrase of the sentence, just
over the International Water Line, which reveals the field it is to be played out upon.

Another Punch Dream of A Witch Coming To Take The Children

The dreamer in Chapter 12, Tolstoy’s Button, in The Dream of the Tiger Salamandar
Brought Back To Life came back two weeks later with a remarkable and independent
discovery of his own: He had decided upon the experiment of describing his dream in the
third person, instead of the first person, to his dream group. I was startled by his
rereading: the text was full of startling movements I had not heard of from him before,
for example, the tiger salamander “splashed” back to life. At the same time, he had gotten
over his fear of the group’s pleasure or displeasure with his dream report: they were just comments, to take, or decline, and let them go over his shoulder! He laughed. He had recovered the prey-vigilance of the Tiger Salamander in Himself! So, he was at ease. He was ready for mutually beneficial or perverse responses aimed at his head! Now, he told me a very brief dream, after he had watched a film about a kind of end of the world, in which no children could be born, or only one who was in peril. He dreamt

A witch came to tell me she was taking my children away; I told her, No, you are not!

He laughed, as he had laughed about dealing with his dream group. Again, a punch dream which reverses the field in mid-sentence. The Tiger Salamander is well. He can sit comfortably on the crossing between the divine cleft and the congregation in its usual perversity.

The Author’s Dream of The Horizontal Path to the Vertical

As I was reading The Door in the Sky for this chapter’s preparation, I dreamt

I am driving across the continent in a car that has no brakes, followed by a cop through many intersections, until … I have to make a little jog north, and go through a little door like Alice, where I find myself on a basketball court in the vertical, and I, like Bill Bradley playing for Princeton in 1962, being a whole team unto himself, taking the ball out of bounds, bringing it
up, shooting, passing off, rebounding, playing defence, etc. …. Finally, a black cleft.

This is myself, as youth (Conrad, 1966, originally published in 1898), in 1962, at Harvard College, 45 years ago. I actually had a car in Harvard Medical School a few years later that would only go forward, i.e., without a reverse, and drove it all summer to tennis tournaments around New England, and all the way west to Michigan! The driving across the continent also refers to a story called “Windwagon Smith” (Blair, 1987, originally published in 1944) which I read in tenth grade and laughed aloud through the entire story in a silent classroom, to the great amusement of the teacher. Windwagon opened a business on the Great Prairie, for putting sails on covered wagons: marvelous speed, but he couldn’t stop them! So, I really was like that, myself, like Conrad’s “Youth,” who sails from England towards Burma, with a load of coal in the hold which is on fire. If they sail faster, the fire only flares up. Yet this youth manages to think it is a glorious adventure, and that they will make it. So, I was.

The jog north, and little door, like in Alice opens open into a vertical, like the nave in the cathedral. Here I am semi-delusional again, imagining I can carry an entire team of players on my back. I have been doing that ever since we got to San Francisco for my residency.

Finally, the black cleft, which I got from Coomaraswamy. Certain doors are very dangerous, because there is divine mutuality, but you find that she has many other ties to the group, that drag you into one perverse situation after another. It is like trying to live in the beautiful and fractal middle of the phase space, without oscillation back to synchrony.
with the group and without incoherence. Notice, also, the long horizontal path cross-continent, and the little door into the vertical nave, and finally the cleft, which is heavenly, but takes you in blackness.

Figure 13.1. Part II. The Dream of the Author’s Youth,
In Its Phase Space: Horizontal, Vertical, and Cleft

The Author’s Dream of Swimming on his Back in the Zurchsee
The second dream of the series of five nights was that I

... was swimming on my back in the Zurchsee *so buoyantly* that my back hardly touched the water. I had taken this swim to get away from some creepy people, but, now, swimming on my back, I could hardly see where I was going and swam right into their car!
This dream is placed about 1980, when my wife and I were in Zurich on the way to hiking in the Italian Alps. We discovered the long swimming piers into the Lake Zurich (in English), where the swimming was in crystal clear and ice cold glacerial water, coming down from the Alps. It was stunningly beautiful in its depth, but also in its height, because of the mountains surrounding it. It was the year in which I was conceiving my Brief Psychotherapy Clinic and Family Therapy Team. Now, I see what an extraordinary fractal space and time was opening up. I was effortlessly poised between sea and sky. Here I was in that divine cleft, between the neural network driven top-down, and receptive bottom-up, where all the cascades arise and run up and down all the scales of space and time. But I knew almost nothing of defending it.

The Author’s Dream of the Irish Bridge
The third dream in this consecutive series of five nights brought me face to face with my defencelessness. I dreamt

I am in Northern Ireland looking at a country bridge over a small stream. In the abutment on the left, the Catholics have chiseled out a pill-box for their machine-gunner, while in the abutment on the right, the Protestants have chiseled out a pill-box for their machine-gunner. Faced so objectively with my situation, there is no way I am going to cross over that bridge.

Figure 13.3. Part II. The Author’s Dream of the Northern Irish Bridge

In Its Phase-Space

If you look back at my Introduction to Part III, Figure III.1, The Author’s Dream of The City Gang, you will see a structure isomorphic with this bridge. It is the exterior envelope of dominant powers, with their stings hanging down. I am now looking at the exterior envelope that my beautiful fractal space in the Zurchsee is embedded in. Thus, the perspective of the dream in the phase space is from the little stream of fractal flow, looking at the two increase packs at either end of the bridge in their pillboxes with
machine-gunners set to sting me dead, if I cross them. I seem to be seeing with my head up, while keeping the beautiful buoyancy of the cleft.

The Author’s Dream of Tolstoy’s Ride

The fourth dream in the series of five successive nights returns to the pristine beauty of the Zurchsee, but with a significant difference that will be apparent at once. I dream

I and a friend are mounting our horses (recall the Sun-horse in Coomaraswamy, and also my dream in Chapter 2, Numinous Jung of the Procession of the Great Horse From Horizon to Horizon in the dead still of night), with a group assembling for a trail ride in the mountains. I signal my friend as he mounts beside me that we are departing the group, and we ride down to the shore of this stunning lake (glacial water like the Zurchsee). We ride slowly along its near shore, wade our horses across the corner of the lake to the right (we are proceeding counterclockwise), and begin to mount up the foothills into the great mountains.
Why I think this is Tolstoy’s Ride is the simple detail of riding bareback, with a very fierce upright, and slow walk, taking in everything. When I contemplate this detail, I recall that this was Tolstoy’s phase-space, indeed: how to get free of the Increase Pack of Society, to enter this extraordinary, fractal domain of the glacial lake. Perhaps, the key to the dream is my signal to my friend that we are departing from this group of the trail ride. Comparing this phase-space to the Zurchsee dream, I am getting the buoyancy, but I have
my head up, and my friend, with his head up, to watch for danger. Tolstoy did this, exactly this, in his two great novels, but, still, something was lacking in his orientation.

The Author’s Dream of The Tennis Tournament

The fifth and final consecutive dream of this series was preceded by a deadly interview with a father and daughter: the father insisted that I had to give his forty-five year old daughter the same three medicines as he got from his psychiatrist. Meanwhile the daughter was telling me that she would kill herself after Christmas. I was deeply disturbed. For I knew this father would sue me, if his daughter committed suicide, and if I had not tried his three medicines. I agreed to two of them, through my teeth, after he picked up my helpless rage, and began to condescend to me. That night, I dreamt

I am in a tennis tournament playing one of the two pals I have who get everything back, and tempt me into losing my patience in driving them around the court.

The comparison carries a punch, a veritable punch dream as we have discussed: I am in deadly danger, with this father-daughter, as I am with my two pals, if I do not bow to their game. I am reminded of the ten years of my Milan Family Therapy Team (1980-1990), where I assimilated what Mara Selvini-Palazolli (1978) had to teach me about deadly family snares. Once you lose your patience with their deadly manipulations, they have got you in their grip: just as with my pals on the court, where they dictate the long points, and it is up to me to finish them, while keeping my own core rhythm.
This is the completion of Tolstoy’s education: in society, you have to bow to deadly games, while getting free of these people as coldly as possible. I wrote out for the chart my summary of my thinking to prevent this imminent suicide, and what I could, and could not, do about it. I felt infinitely relieved, because I had eluded their sting, in the worst possible outcome, and could get back to my beautiful lake. Nothing less would have removed the disturbance to my core rhythm. If you are under a dire threat, you will surely be pulled to your exterior rim, until you relieve yourself of the peril.

Play in Peril

This afternoon, I played some poor tennis, with my friends, caught up way too much in prevailing. Afterwards, I laughed and thought: of course, you have disrespected your own neural network – if you impose some deliberate scheme upon it, it will freeze, and you will lose the ability to be receptive in full incoherence, and you will lose the sieve, or cleft, which selects the right move out of a myriad of possibilities. I felt so relieved to catch myself at the metaphysical error that destroys the core rhythm.
But here we have our continual peril, which makes us ill, metaphysically and physically. Nearly everything in the envelope that we are embedded in is driven by top-down schemes of control from above, or without. If we cannot build a bulwark against its sting (death threat), we lose our biphasic oscillation between drive and receptivity, male and female, and we become rigid, and obsessional, and vigilant. static, polluted, out of fear, as we discussed in Chapter 1, Freud’s Gift. Thus, we lose our divine play, built into our neural network, between coherence from without, and incoherence from within, where the cleft, or sieve, or door selects, effortlessly, buoyantly, from the vast sea of possibilities, the right move.
Chapter 14. Vermeer’s Half-Turn

*I have crossed the metaphysical divide, from already-is to arising, in a blink.*

It is a lovely, soft, fall Saturday afternoon in my University town, where I can hear the roar of the football crowd, intermittently, and where I can sit in my front yard, undisturbed, to watch the yellow ashes let go of their leaves against a bright blue sky. I am, literally, sitting here between two worlds. These are the two rhythms that beat against me, one rushing forward as fast as possible in increase, and one unfolding, and holding back in its own nature. As we have discussed in previous chapters, they are both ancient: the increase pack in an emergency, say, of an absence of buffalo, and the transitional being between all opposites. But the increase pack has become a nonstop emergency.

I hope it is perfectly obvious from the last chapter that it is very difficult to get from one of these rhythms to the other: increase is so magnetic, that really everything else is lost; but being in the transitional field of all opposites can leave you wide open to being run over by the increase pack. How am I and how are you to get back and forth across this metaphysical divide between absolutely contradictory worlds?

**A Study of Vermeer**

I think Edward Snow figured out this crucial transition in *A Study of Vermeer* (1979), especially in his Prologue: Head of a Young Girl. This girl, painted by Vermeer, is a figure for all the world, and for us in particular, *about turning towards and turning away simultaneously*. I really do not see any other positioning that is going to save us from
catastrophe. Vermeer (1632-1675) lived at the crux, between what Levi-Strauss (Charbonnier, 1969) called the hot and the cold engine. He was a contemporary of Hobbes (1588-1679), who was looking straight at “the war of all against all” (originally published 1651) as the mercantile increase was taking off, especially in England and in Holland.

You really are swallowed up in it, and cast aside out of it. So, along comes Vermeer with this portrait of an extraordinarily beautiful readiness for either disaster, and Snow three hundred and fifty years later to present to us exactly what we need, to save ourselves, from what has taken off exponentially. I will give Snow’s exposition to you as a mathematical proof, like Poincare’s proof of creation in general.

1. The epigraph: A quotation from Paul Klee’s *Tunisreise Diaries* (1969). It has to be quoted, for it is the whole subject:

   The evening is deep inside me forever/Many a blond, northern moonrise,/like a muted reflection, will softly/remind me and remind me again and again./It will be my bride, my alter ego. An incentive to find myself. I myself/am the moonrise of the south.

   In other words, She is my possibility.

2. The crucial moment:

   …in the creative process when the free inspiration of the artist must cede to an obligation to be true to the thing created … “Now it looks at me,” he would declare (Klee). (p. 2)

   As Snow writes, it looks back (she looks back)
…across the arm’s length that measures both your physical and
metaphysical distance from it. (p. 2)

What has she got that we lack, and desperately need?

Well, Snow is going to answer this look:

And yet few paintings give their viewer such a feeling of being held accountable. … I can only say that I have tried to remain open to the painting’s address to keep it continually in view and – a more difficult matter – answer to its look as well. (p. 3)

3. Contradictions: Now comes a series of contradictions with tremendous force:

   a. Intimacy, estrangement, which is grief.

   b. Yet such cutting is eased “… on the threshold of a strangely sensual letting go.” (p. 4).

   c. Back to us: “If it is our life that would make her real, it is her vibrancy of being (as image, as art) that we lack, and long for.” (p. 9)

   d. Back to humanity:

      … On the surface of being, where being wants to be both visible and hidden, the movements of opening and closing are so numerous, so frequently inverted, and so charged with hesitation, that we could conclude on the following formulation (of Bachelard) ‘man is half open being.’ (p. 12)

   e. Back to the array of contradictions in the painting, introduced by this:

      …we are given immediate sensations of intensification and easing,
quickening and fading, clutching and letting go, labor and 
deliverance, suddenness and slow time. (p. 14). To wit:

i. The eyes and lips: which are coming forward, and which are 
pulling away? You could see it either way. In a single sentence, 
Snow summarizes the half-turn, shared between eyes and lips:

   …it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to read either 
   urgency or acquiescence in both the eyes and lips 
simultaneously. (p. 14)

ii. The face and the head. Snow notices that covering the face leaves a 
head in profile, turning away, in an “… aloof monumental 
impersonality,” while the face is “… entirely, unreservedly a 
response to the presence of the artist/viewer.” (p. 16)

iii. The two parts of the turban. Here the counterpoint is between the 
tightly knotted portion and free-falling pendant:

   Its tightly knotted portion is wound in tense repetitions 
upon itself – as if to define, contain, defend, hold tightly to 
the ‘pearl-like’ integrity of the head … while the pendant is 
… blossoming in the element of gravity – yet still 
suspending from the knot from which it issues… (p. 18)

iv. The “tear-like” pearl. Finally, the pearl which concentrates 
everything that has gone before, being hard and complete, and yet 
softly about to fall like a tear. Snow summarizes:

   It as if there can still be felt within the finished painting a
conflict between the slow, loving, self-forgetful time of bringing it into being, and the spectatorial instant of confronting it as an accomplished work of art, immaculate, closed, apart, abandoned at the threshold of life. (p. 21)

v. Summing up: In his final paragraph of the prologue, Snow says that this could be Orpheus looking back to make sure Eurydice is still behind him, and thus losing her:

In front of perhaps no other painting is there such a feeling that here, before the eyes, what has been desired has been found. We lack only the means to reach. (p. 21)

So, why have I followed Snow so closely through the contradictions of this painting? Why do I feel, like Snow, accountable to its look? Why do I think that position is the only one that is going save, not only me, but us?

Now, for my proof of Snow’s of Vermeer’s. I have already hinted at the enormity of what is at stake, but now I want to carry out my demonstration of it. My prologue to this chapter taken down to its logic (as I did with Snow’s logic – I had to leave out a vast amount of beautiful sentences, observations, and turns which you need to read in Snow yourself) – began from my front yard yesterday:

1. I am, literally, sitting here between two worlds. These are the two rhythms that beat against me, one rushing forward as fast as possible in increase, and one unfolding, and holding back in its own nature.
2. You really are swallowed up in it, and cast aside out of it.

3. Therefore you, I, we, desperately need a positioning like this girl: turning toward and turning away simultaneously. The only way to be in it, and out of it, or, more precisely, exactly as in Snow’s demonstration, between two impossible positions.

4. I hope it has not been lost upon you that the space and time in this painting, as demonstrated by Snow, is totally fractal: the epigraph from Klee (I myself am the moonrise of the south), the crucial moment of having to answer to its look, the turning toward while turning away, in eyes and lips, face and head, knotted and free falling turban, pearl and tear.

5. In this dream door (Chapter 13, Part II) is the capacity to be extraordinarily present while being equally capable of turning away. Capacity to arise with as much presence as is possible in a human being, and yet capacity to defend oneself from implacable forces. The door opens up creation, and salvation, and a perilous play.

For the remainder of my demonstration: now I need to explain what Snow alludes to as a metaphysical divide, between the painter and the girl. For this, I will need to tell you how my reckoning with Snow, about Vermeer, finally figured out Heidegger, how he was incredibly right and incredibly wrong, when I read him at the age of 19 in the spring of 1960, and how it has taken 46-1/2 years to sort out this crucial confusion.

The Metaphysical Divide
Heidegger struck me at age 19 as profoundly important. I was totally taken by his *Introduction to Metaphysics* (1959, originally published, 1935), which is the brief version of *Being and Time* (1962, originally published in 1926), but I really needed almost fifty years to sort it out. Its implications are so great for us, if we can surmount his deep confusion.

**Heidegger’s Contribution**

I don’t think it is difficult to state: indeed, it is a fractal structure, like Vermeer’s, which crosses the same crossing on every scale of time and space. The crossing is metaphysical and turns on two contradictory definitions of being, in the original Greek. One definition is *physis*, which means that which is *arising*, and the second definition of *ousia*, which means that which *already-is*.

For example, The Head of A Girl is an extraordinary instance of that which is arising.

It denotes self-blossoming emergence (e.g., the blossoming of a rose), opening up, unfolding, that which manifests itself in such unfolding and perseveres and endures in it; in short, the realm of things that emerge and linger on…. *Physis* as emergence can be observed everywhere, e.g., in celestial phenomena (the rising of the sun), in the rolling of the sea, in the growth of plants, in the coming forth of man and animal from the womb. (p. 14, 1959)
In regard to *ousia*, the already-is is permanent, already-there, already-realized, the datum already given. Enduring presence (p. 202, 1959).

Heidegger’s historical argument is that *ousia* gradually replaced *physis* as the definition of being, over the last two thousand years. Whereas in Sophocles, man is the emergent being,

There is much that is strange, but nothing/that surpasses man in strangeness./He sets sail on the frothing waters/amid the south winds of winter/tacking through the mountains/and furious chasms of the waves

(from *Antigone*, p. 146 in Heidegger, 1959)

Now, man is a thing, to be operated on, organized, fixed, like any other thing.

In the spring of 1960, this duality of being seemed altogether right to me. In the fall of 2007, it still seems right to me, even more so. What is wrong in Heidegger is his sense of scale. Vermeer knew that this girl could emerge in his studio. *I know* that this can happen in my consulting room, or in my little theatre of the Brief Clinic, or in my theatre of Door County for about forty. Heidegger was the rector of Freiburg University, in Breisgau, in Nazi Germany, in 1935, and thought he could transform a university and a Reich into the original Greek meaning of being. *Now, that is a profound error of scaling.*

If the world, including his University, and Reich, is totally taken over by being as already-is, then it is going to be crushing to anything that is arising, and it truly was, and it truly continues in our empire on a world-wide scale.
Three Dreams of Patients and Seven Consecutive Dreams of the Author

So, step 6 of my proof. Heidegger is right that we are looking at a metaphysical divide between being as arising, and being as the already-is. He was *totally* wrong about larger scales.

Now, for step 7 of my proof: How is being-as-arising to be fully present, and fully defended on smaller scales, from being as the already-is, reductive, and violent, and crushing, of everything fractal and beautiful, and emergent.

*The Dream of the Anxious Man*

This is Everyman in our clinic, terribly nice, trying to do the right thing, but very anxious. *I ask him*, having five minutes with him and the resident, *for a single example*. This is the equivalent of a dream, a door between what he is supposed to do (clockwise, or *Clockwise*, as in the movie), and what builds up in his core (counter-clockwise):

With the children and wife, and in-law children and husband and wife, at his wife’s parents’ cabin up north: the in-law dog is barking all evening, alarming his children, who cannot fall asleep. He tells his father-in-law, who replies: it is really nothing. He explodes, and is afraid he has damaged the relationship.

Is it not absurd that *asking for an example* of what is being talked about abstractly, ….

drops us profoundly into a great wrong of exchange? That if I were not there, this divide would not have been crossed? That this is a metaphysical divide between what is *static,*
or already-is, …. and what is arising, or in motion? Psychiatry is a scheme of what already-is, and, therefore, the psychiatrist has only to elicit its signs, and there it is again, as it always is, an item in DSM-IV. Then he has only to line up the usual treatments to throw against it.

Conversely, to ask for an example, just one example, any example, is a radical departure from the established scheme. From something that is static, and will not move, …. something moves, in the voice, and in the body, coming up from deep below.

*The Dream of the Anxious Woman*

Again, with five minutes with a resident and a patient, I have time for one question, and the resident exclaims, “What question will you ask this time?” The patient has insomnia, waking up anxiously, every several hours all night. In our abstract scheme of classifications, she has “primary insomnia,” and is being sent for a sleep study, to be further classified into a sub-type and assigned her relevant treatment. I ask her if she would like to give me an example of what she wakes up thinking? She replies that she wakes up with nightmares. I had guessed as much, from the awakening every two hours, timed with REM sleep. Would she like to give me an example of a nightmare. Oh yes, she would be very relieved to tell me one from last night.

She is shopping with women friends, and goes her own way, and is getting lost in nooks and crannies of the department store, and is finding little treasures, and is delighted, when …. suddenly, she remembers her friends
she has forgotten, and becomes frantic to relocate them. She is fearful they will be angry with her for holding them up.

Again, we have crossed a metaphysical divide, by simply asking for an example: from a static scheme, …. to a being in motion, delighted to get free of her group, and then terrified of their anger. Well, it turns out that this is a fractal structure, a tiny example of what has been recurring in her exchanges since she was a little girl. Quite parallel to the Dream of the Anxious Man, also desperate to please, and belong and be accepted.

The Dream of a Professor

Our professor is frustrated, cranky, testy. She is annoyed with a faculty seminar that was useless, and left early. She is annoyed with a colleague, who is very surface, with his Ivy League charm in telling polished stories. She feels disrespected by him, and yet feared by him for her depth. She dreams:

I am walking in a big city, looking for a restaurant, and come to a big intersection. I see one, very high up, all glass, filled with water, like a fishbowl, and full of tropical fish.

She is quite astonished by this image: “There it is before me.” When I ask her to contemplate it, she quickly replies and laughs, “That has to be the big lecture I am giving in a few weeks to a huge learned society!” She is very pleased with the absurdity of the image, because of its precision: it is high up, professionally, and she gets to talk about
something deeply important to her, and to get out of it again. She is not impressed with
the fish, quite like the ones annoying her in this University. As she notes, “I would drown
if I had to live in that fishbowl.” So, the beauty of it! She can get in, and get quickly out!
Have the advantage of it, without the disadvantage!

Once again, the metaphysical divide: she regards her colleagues as polished fish,
telling amusing stories, always on the surface, always predictable, already-is, static. But
she is figuring out, how to bring up something from the deep, a detail, that moves, and
astonishes. So as in Vermeer’s painting of The Head of a Young Girl, she is reading the
divide well: she will half-turn in this fish-bowl up high, and reveal some beautiful details,
and then she will turn away and be free of them! A lovely triumph for her, in being
oriented.

Seven Consecutive Dreams of the Author in Seven Nights

After I concluded chapter 13, a sudden change in my dreams occurred. They became
extremely terse, often a single word, which could be reduced to a key letter. I felt like I
had been plunged into the phase space of Poincare’s proof, Chapter 13, Part II: an
exterior box of the already-is, often with a sting, and an interior night sea of incoherence,
and a sieve in between coming up, as it were, with a single, but extraordinary catch.

The Author’s Dream #1, of Calgary

I was very displeased with my tennis the day preceding this dream. I felt like I had
imposed some kind of top-down demand on my play, whose heavy hand had completely
disrupted my free play from below. I dreamt
Calgary.

That was all I could hold onto. Except I wasn’t sure that the word was not Calvary. Now, Calgary refers to about 1984, when I visited the city, in Alberta, Canada, for a beautiful exposition of the Milan Family Therapy Team. They had developed a beautiful method for questioning families, to release them into surprising revelations from below (sudden appearances, unconsciously of alliances between one parent and the problem child, for example) (Selvini-Palazzoli, et al, 1978, and Gustafson, 1986/1997). However, they mostly disappeared by 1990. The behaviorists, directing from the top, had driven them from the field, where they had been releasing beauties from below. Now, I could see how Calgary slides in my unconscious mind into Calvary: something I regarded as divine play had been sacrificed. Perhaps, this punch dream of my own was a warning to me?

Again, we are at the crux of the metaphysical divide in this dream, out of incoherence, in the cleft, the word Calgary, perhaps Calvary, opposed to Clockwise, a counterclockwise movement, sacrificed. I could not but marvel at the pile up of the letter c in this dream. I had begun from my own disrespect for my own core rhythm of play, and my dream had given me the same disrespect for the play of the Milan Team, and for the divine play of Christ himself.

The Author’s Dream #2, of Disrespect

The next night, an equally terse dream:
Disrespect

Slightly more elaborated. A man and a woman had a very ill child, who was dying slowly, of disrespect. This was a very disturbing dream, a D dream, after a C dream, with a similar fractal range to it: from particular cases in the day, of couples whose offspring is disrespect, to an entire culture that respects only the orders that come from the top. Certainly, disrespect for incoherence, as the very source of what is beautiful, to be attended to, with *the very greatest respect*. After all, you cannot play beautifully with anything, if you do not let yourself select your moves from a vast array, unconsciously, quite as Poincare argued in mathematics, with his delicate sieve.

The Author’s Dream #3, of the Flying University

This dream was clearly a reply to its two predecessors, #1 and #2:

A Flying University.

This refers to the Solidarity Movement in Poland, and its practice of the Flying University: classes held in back kitchens, ready to fly out the back door, at a moment’s notice! (Michnik, 1985) I had hardly thought about this lovely phenomenon for 20 years! And yet here it was presented to me, deeply out of the night sea, in my sieve. Mostly, it was visual, in Poincare’s phase space, as follows.
Evidently, there is a way to cross the metaphysical divide, from being an out-of-the box thinker, to an in-the-box professor, if I am quick enough, to appear and disappear, a lovely, temporal version of Vermeer’s half-turn, to be there suddenly, and to not be there suddenly. Is that not what I do in clinic, when I appear in the scheme of the psychiatric box, and say, smiling, “Do you mind if I ask you for an example?” I have crossed the metaphysical divide, from already-is to arising in a blink! And will turn away just as quickly.
The Author’s Dream #4, of ______________

I dreamt:

___________ (the name of one of our patients, very willful, in trying to control things).

When I awoke from the night sea of incoherence with only this name, I, of course, contemplated her: She tries to squeeze compliance out of her husband. And he slips away! I smiled to myself, and decided to remain in bed, in pure incoherence for a quarter of an hour. That interval I would protect from any coherence whatsoever, …. unless it slipped in from below. Indeed, I would do it every morning from now on. I thought of Bion’s concept of the (female) container and (male) contained. (Bion, 1980). Bion believed that the right relation between the female and male elements was crucial to creation: certainly, another language for restating Poincare’s proof: incoherence in the female container is crucial for the emergence of something male, beautifully contained. Lovely thought.

The Author’s Dream #5, of Green Moccasins

The next day was very beautiful for me, up to a crucial turn for the worse: for every hour, with each patient, I limited myself to one move, or even the emphasis of one word. This had one beautiful result after another, until I allowed a disturbing turn. I was seeing a new patient, who got a quarter of an hour to tell me what was important about his disturbance, whereupon I got a quarter of an hour to ask him about what was left out. Of course, he
was abstract, and left out a single example, and I asked him for it. Of course, the example was a fractal of his entire life: he could not live within limits, and made himself miserable complaining about them, in himself and in everyone and everything around him. Now, I had the telling example, and the single word, limits, and summarized this a half hour through our available hour, with a half hour to close the interview. Now, he enacted it, and with full agreement that this was his problem, yes, but … he had another question about it! And so it went for another half hour! I was in a helpless rage, when I finally got him out of my office at noon. That night, I dreamt:

I am in green moccasins,
Beside a choppy lake,
This beautiful woman leaving for ever,
For the far side of the lake.

The green moccasins were the striking detail: green like surgical slippers, moccasins like the Native American. Evidently, this image was a condensation of my surgical talent in the clinic, but also my Native American talent for slipping through the forest, coming and going soundlessly. The beautiful lady had left me, beside the choppy shores of incoherence, because I had allowed her beautiful sanctuary to be violated. She was mine only for the play, and because of the play. I deserved her going across the lake, for having allowed the violation of what was here.

The Author’s Dream #6, My Father’s House
The next evening I played beautifully on the court: protecting my unconscious decisions on the court, from any pressure whatsoever, consciously. Lovely flow. I dreamt

In my Father’s house there are many mansions; (John 14.2)

Clearly, a quotation, whose sequel is: “. . . if it were not so, I would have told you, for I go to prepare a place for you.” I am on the right track, to the Door in the Sky, following the Son.

The Author’s Dream #7, Utika

Finally, the seventh consecutive dream in seven nights to complete my proof, of the necessary half turn, in the metaphysical divide. I dream

I have written out a beautiful proof, but crudely, on scratch paper, with items crossed out, and others substituted. In a beautiful long office, a woman, whose name is Utika, agrees to give me the clean paper I need to submit the final version. She smiles, and says she will do it “for the two of you.”

The phase space of the dream is crucial to its understanding, and it is the same phase space, in different variants, of the 7 consecutive dreams, Poincare’s phase space.
Utika was a strange name for me, and I could only place it next to Utica. Utica, New York, on the New York Thruway, driven past on a snowy night in December, 1959, on the way back from Boston, to home in Michigan, from my first year at College (M.I.T., one year before I transferred to Harvard). Utica is a Roman name, like many of the names of cities in Upstate New York, a city of the Empire.

Utika has to be a Native American name, of a beautiful Indian woman, who supplies me in her beautiful office, like the choir of a cathedral, with beautiful white paper for my final proof to Utica, of the Empire. But, finally, she opens up her bounty to “…the two of you,” with a beautiful smile, and a mysterious one. I know what she means: she means what Bion (1959) meant is necessary to understand the dynamics of group life: his word is *dual*, which means what Bateson (1972) called a *double description*. 
In other words, to cross this metaphysical divide, it is necessary to have a dual or double description of the utterly opposite dynamics on either side of the divide. One step and you go wrong. If I allow one step in her beautiful sieve, Utika, I get a beautiful step, and rhythm which is my core rhythm. If I allow myself to be pressed, or press myself into two steps, I lose the beauty, and the fractal, and am carried away by the increase rhythm in Utiga. A single letter, k, altered to c destroys the result of my proof.
The informal is opportunistic, an approach to design that **seizes a local moment** and makes something of it. . . . Ideas are not based on the principles of rigid hierarchy but on **intense explorations of the immediate**


**Informal** (Balmond, 2002)

I wrote out this chapter the week of my workshop for our residents on their retreat in Spring Green, Wisconsin. I had a half day with them in their country retreat to teach them how to work up dreams. What I went through to carry out this project will serve as a **local moment**, for an **intense exploration of the immediate**, to quote Balmond’s Manifesto. I had left off the week before in the conclusion of Chapter 14, Vermeer’s Turn in a very precise sentence: A single letter k altered to c destroys the results of my proof.

**The beautiful region of the phase space loosely coupled to the exterior world and interior world, or in a half-turn between them, can act as a sieve to receive a beautiful image from deep inside, as of Utika, the beautiful Native American woman giving me white paper for my proof, but the slightest step outward can lose it to the increase rhythm in Utica.**

This sensitive dependence of transitional field on initial conditions is vulnerable enough in your own study, but it is highly vulnerable when you take your work out into the world. You are moving into potentially hostile reception or at the least into an ambivalent reception. This calls for a half turn toward them, ready to turn away, but it
calls for more than that, our subject of this concluding chapter on the defence of the transitional field. For this, Balmond’s concept of the Informal (2002) is highly pertinent.

I began to introduce Balmond’s conception in the Introduction to Part III, Access to the Transitional Field. Balmond is an engineer for the Arup Company in London, who seems as much an architect to me as an engineer. In engineering and architecture, which is extremely competitive in its bidding, the overwhelming selection is the box. Everything is geared up to build another box. Reading of Balmond’s success in building out-of-the-box, therefore, was of immediate interest to me. If he could do this in engineering/architecture, how could I build likewise in psychiatry?

I call Balmond’s conception a paradox, because he is turning one hundred and eighty degrees from what is overwhelmingly successful in-the-box, and getting away with something extraordinarily beautiful which ought to be rejected out of hand. How could this be possible at all?

Balmond’s reply is his book, Informal (2002). In a very brief preface, the architect, Rem Koolhaas points to the secret:

As perhaps only a non-European could, he has destabilized and even topped a tradition of Cartesian stability – systems that had become ponderous and blatant … Instead of solidity and certainty, his structures express doubt, arbitrariness, mystery and even mysticism. He is creating a repertoire that can engage the uncertainty and fluidity of the present moment (Balmond, 2002, p. 9).
In other words, according to Koolhaas, Balmond

Has, almost single-handedly shifted the ground in engineering – a domain
where the earth moves very rarely – and therefore enabled architecture to
be imagined differently (p. 9, Balmond, 2002).

According to Charles Jencks, in the preface before the preface of Koolhaas, the shifting of
the ground is specifically from formal solids like cubes to an informal non-linear
organization, which has built most of the cosmos:

Brainwaves, heartbeats or the growth of galaxies show patterns that are
fractal and dynamic. Through feedback slight variations, or sudden jumps,
are introduced into organizational forms … the ubiquitous property in
nature of emergence, of phase change. Add more energy, or information,
or mass, or whatever, and a system will reach a critical point and jump into
a new regime (p. 9, Balmond, 2002).

Balmond’s Logic Summarized

In other words, the logic of Balmond’s daring is this: the persuasion is as follows:

1. Massive Cartesian stability holds the field, and will disqualify anything but itself.
2. The appeal will be to the opposite: the thrill of flow.
3. Which depends upon an understanding of non-linear dynamics,
4. Of phase change, which constitutes its drama.

5. The way to present its drama is an intense exploration of the immediate detail,

6. Which turns out to be a fractal structure, the detail an entire world.

**Bordeaux Villa**

Balmond’s first example is a villa to be built in the vineyard hills of Bordeaux. According to these principles of his logic, the example will turn out to be a fractal structure of the entire book and its conception. Koolhaas telephoned him with an unusual request, to make a villa in Bordeaux “fly.” The client had been recently disabled, seriously, in a car accident, and was fighting back. Obviously, the flying villa would be a step in that fight.

At the site, with Koolhaas and partners, Balmond begins to sketch the forces in deceptively simple drawings. As he writes,

> To ask a mass to levitate is not a new question; there is always an architectural demand for lightness of being …. But gravity is a tyrant. Its pull cannot be avoided (p. 23) … If a weight suspended above the earth should somehow levitate, the risk-answer must lie in the breaking of symmetry (p. 25).

A number of sketches of possibilities ran into the same difficulty:
No matter how the columns were placed beneath the load the generic concept of tables came back, and with it the imprint of an “anchor” killing off the ambition (p. 25).

Then, a breakthrough:

The idea of \textit{launch} came to mind, to energize the building as momentum (p. 26).

The first was to move the supports well outside the box, and the second to “flip” them, so one support is bottom-fixed, and the other top-hung as in two of the typical Balmond sketches:

![Figure 15.1 Balmond’s Breakthrough Sketches of the Forces.](image)

The breakthrough is at hand:
The weight of the box is both supported from the ground and hung up in
the air; in plan and elevation the exaggerations defy any conventional
reading of balance. The idea of a table is destroyed. Instead the dynamic is
launch. In my mind’s eye I already saw the villa flying (p. 27).

The Seventh Step in Balmond’s Logic

I haven’t yet seen a discussion from Balmond on what he goes through inside himself to
make these daring jumps, but I just did it myself, in my workshop for the resident retreat
on the work up of dreams. More precisely, in a week of preparations for it, carrying it
out, and undergoing its after effects. My approach to it is exactly parallel to Balmond’s
logic of persuasion which I outlined on pp. 288-289 of this chapter, in six steps. The
seventh step is altogether necessary: you have to be able to weather sudden shifts in your
own core: mine reversed its field seven times in seven days. Before I take these seven
days, and seven nights, like Borges in Seven Nights (1984) of his lectures, I will give two
simpler examples of patients beginning to build a transitional field that can be defended
against tremendous hostility.

Defense Against Tremendous Hostility, Two of Patients, and Seven Consecutive

Dreams of the Author

Participating in Nobility

A middle aged man, head of a little state bureau, complains of his wife, and of his bureau.
Of his wife: He and his son and his grandson like to listen to Springsteen’s dark songs.
This enrages his wife, who upbraids him. Her rage seems to flash and go, but his pain
takes days to get over. Of his bureau: His subordinates complain of the calls from legislators, bothering them over nothing. His reply, that these calls will come forever, and that they might ask to find out where the caller is coming from? No, they don’t like his advice. He feels bad about this for days too. Thus, he is not ready for hostility, and feels unappreciated.

He loves getting his motorcycle ready, and he loves swinging out on the road in good balance. The machine is artfully put together, and so is the rider some days. He also loves Moby-Dick (1956, originally published 1851), because Melville can enfold the whole world, tiny to vast, in his rhythms. The word, nobility, seems to resonate with him, so I give it back to him as an anchoring word in my letter about the session:

Nobility: as in the art of riding the motorcycle, as in the art of enfold ing the entire world’s rhythms into Moby Dick, and in being able to participate in its greatness.

The Dream of the Extraordinary Baobob Tree

The dreamer has begun to dare reading his poems with a class on writing poems. He dreams:

I am looking out from our teacher’s apartment at a baobob tree which is huge and has holes drilled in it without any apparent harm. Woodpeckers and swallows are nesting there, and a third bird has not yet come out? At some unknown point, it will.
This is the third dream in a series over a month or two about beautiful trees: first, a cherry on the edge of his childhood yard, and second, an oak at the school, and now this! An ancient tree from Africa, this grand baobob. It has certainly come from a long distance, which seems to await a bird which has not yet appeared, perhaps too, from a long distance. He seems to be building an ancient and resolute home, for what will come to him from deep inside. He is discovering how to receive what comes from the night sea.

Seven Dreams of the Author In Seven Consecutive Nights

Now we will follow six nights leading up to my dream workshop, and one night after, to contemplate the huge swings in orientation, and feeling, depending on whether the location of the dream is in the exterior envelope as of Utica, the transitional sieve, as of Utika, or peering into the interior night sea.

Saturday into Sunday, The Author’s Dream of Patience

I was not at ease on the court, Saturday, but not bad either. When am I going to be free just to play, and enjoy what arises in me? I dream only one word I can catch from the night sea,

Patience.
I will just have to wait for my core rhythm, to arise freely. I cannot make it appear, until it is ready. Actually, this dream leaves me feeling very well oriented. I am not looking exteriorly for results, but inwardly for whatever gifts will come from myself.

Sunday to Monday, The Author’s Dream of Soccer @ North Africa

A lovely day on the court, Sunday. I actually enjoyed what arose in my long time opponent – some surprising quickness – and then it arose in me. Each of us, in turn, found his core rhythm. I dream of

An invitation to play a curious game of soccer, with many different shapes of balls, by email from __________________ (the name of one of our two chief residents) @ North Africa.

At first, I am delighted by the invitation. I am going to get to play between the so called enlightened continent and the so called dark continent, in that transitional field I just had been enjoying on the tennis court. When I consider how I know about North Africa, I go at once to St. Exupery in *Wind, Sand and Stars* (1965, originally published in 1939), where he is shaving before his mirror, before one of his flights across the desert, when he notices a dragonfly on his mirror, and knows it has been driven hundreds of miles by an upcoming desert storm. Despite the absolute stillness outside, he knows that a perilous force is coming right at him. It is not a time to be taking off. I am seizing a local moment, as Balmond put it, and making something of it. I had better be careful.
Monday to Tuesday, The Author’s Dream of Phonyness at Harvard College, and His Respite in *Brothers Karamazov*

A difficult day in clinic with two terrible borderline cases. I do not settle down until I reckon these two cases from below, the right side of the metaphysical divide, rather than from above, the wrong side of the metaphysical divide. First, the wrong side, or the top-down controlling perspective of conventional psychiatry: somehow, the right regimen is *supposed to control everything*. Second, the right side, or bottom-up perspective of the actual exchanges available to these patients. I know they cannot be set right, and this calms me. I write out a defense for the record of what will surely go wrong. I dream:

Four phony situations at Harvard College where I am back once again as an undergraduate: a security blockade of our rooms, a phony call to London, a vast indoor highway to take to breakfast, and a bridge over the Charles of a phony relationship with a woman.

This dream throws me back to the spring of 1961, where my chief refuge was carrying around *The Brothers Karamazov* (*Dostoevski, 1990*): this one book was true to me. A great relief, a core-rhythm, a core-reckoning. One book, so small, against a conventional series of judgments, all wrong. My three r’s, taught to me forty-six and a half years ago.

Tuesday to Wednesday, The Author’s Terrible Nightmare of the Implacable State

This one caught me completely by surprise. I dreamt
I am taken captive by a fraternity, which is smiley, but absolutely sadistic, as in hell night at my fraternity at M.I.T. When they begin to strap me down for “medical procedures,” I am terrified and manage to wake up.

Why am I dropping back, not 46-1/2 years, but 47-1/2 years? What did I do wrong? I ask myself, to bring this upon myself. At moments like this, I doubt that the great instrument of orientation is sound. A kind of lady fades in the distance, turning her back on me, with implacable men surrounding me on all sides. Merciless. I am reminded of the opening lines of Randall Jarrell’s poem, The Ballad of the Ball Turret Gunner,

> From my mother’s womb, I fell into the State,/ And I hunched in its belly
till my wet fur froze.

I am also reminded of Lifton’s (1986) book, *Nazi Doctors*, and their “medical procedures” in the concentration camps. Why do I have to be subjected to this history? I consider. This is half the world, even now, where opposing the State is fatal. It is never very far away, so I need to be brought back to it, as from playing soccer on a beautiful field in North Africa. Also, the last dream was about opposing convention. I had better watch my step.

Wednesday to Thursday, The Author’s Dream of Length of Breath, Length of Swing

After being humbled once again by my wiliest opponent on the court, I finally put together what has been happening with him for over a month. I had been working with
my coach on lengthening my own swing in this while, but it was making things worse. Now, I understood: the length of swing gives the greatest velocity, but it could also allow a greater range of velocities such as my wily friend uses on me. I woke up in a dream

Using a full range of velocities in my swing, but also in my Brief Clinic, and also in my breath!

I wake up thinking about an essay on lengthening the breath as a means to lower blood pressure, and increase the range of frequencies in the electrocardiogram. I also decided to increase the range of frequencies in my workshop, by backing every kind of comment, holding them all loosely coupled, until cascades of exchanges occurred between the residents. I actually conducted the workshop with this idea in mind on Friday, and it worked.

Thursday to Friday. The Author’s Dream of Tolstoy’s Hive

The morning of the workshop itself I dreamt

I had a bucket of honey for a blond resident and a black-haired resident, which they gladly fed from.

Again, a dream of the sieve, from which I would feed the residents the intense explorations of the immediate, as Balmond put it. But then further consideration. Honey takes me to Tolstoy’s metaphor of the group, the hive, mostly sterile, bent on advancing,
swarming in a frenzy of increase. Like my dream of Soccer @ North Africa, the first look is hospitable, and the second look raises serious doubts. Perhaps, they will enjoy the delicious details, and return quickly to the frenzy of the hive? The phase space in its delicious transitional field, usually reverts to the increase pack of the exterior magnet.

Friday to Saturday, The Author’s Dream of The Grail Armor

The workshop was splendid. Three fourths of the forty were eloquent, repeatedly, in cascades of building upon each other’s observation. But my gut was disturbed. By what? I kept asking myself all day. Somehow, the dead glances of the other fourth disturbed me, and I dreamt

A doctor is sewing his own suit into the ground, which allows it to billow up like a shirt in the wind over his chest, but there is no access from the chest into the hands or feet or head. On his chest was a diagram of an arrow arising equally on the x and y axes.
This dream relieved my gut. In the dream, I had struggled to get from the billowing chest, into the head, and arms, and legs, but I could *not complete the suit*. This alludes to a comment by the second of the chief residents, in the workshop, that I had taught him to look for the unconscious movements in the hands and feet and mouth and lips, while the
core was held rigid. He was pointing to some remarkable revelations from the peripheries of the patient we were looking at on DVD.

At first, I thought the doctor in the dream was putting on his armor, as for the Grail. But then why was he sewing his suit into the ground? A shroud rather. He was going to lock himself into an absolutely static condition. All he could register (x,y axis) was one frequency, Are you better or worse? On our drug. His suit seemed to billow over his chest, as if filled with the breath, but, really … the entire core was pinned to the ground. Death at the core of the doctor’s body, death at the core of psychiatry, death in the core of the Empire. A fractal of a deathworks (Rieff, 2005): The drawing looks like Thiepval. The monument to death in World War I (Scully, 1991a, b).

I told this dream to my daughter, a family doctor, who was at the workshop, and showed her the alarming drawing. She rightly rejoined: Yes, maybe now, but sometimes they wake up later. I had, unconsciously hoped to wake them all up, now! The dream showed me how and why I could not.

A Summary of the Paradox

This concluding dream of the seven consecutive nights is by far the most graphic: it reads so strikingly as a fractal structure, from the scale of one doctor sewing his own death shroud, to the scale of World War I culminating in Thiepval.

Perhaps, the massive Cartesian stability of control from the top-down is going to be much more difficult to topple in psychiatry than it has been for Balmond in architecture? In this concluding dream, it certainly appears to be impossible.
The paradox is that it is impossible on some scales, while absolutely possible on other scales. Thus, my seven nights threw me all over the range of scales:

1. watching for gifts from below: *in myself*
2. soccer in North Africa: on an inter-continental scale, brought back to the scale of *one pilot*, St. Exupery
3. phonyness at Harvard College: an institutional scale, brought back to the saving of *one 19 yr. old boy by one book*
4. the fraternity nightmare: the State, the Nazi State, and saving one *18 yr. old boy*
5. the length of one breath, one swing: *in myself*, but also *in the workshop*
6. the pot of honey: *in the workshop*, reverting to the usual state of *the hive*, afterwards, as in Tolstoy
7. finally, the sewing of the shroud of the doctor: *one doctor*, swelling into psychiatry itself, and into World War I in the World Empire.

Thus, my seven days and nights have been a local moment for an intense exploration of the immediate, as Balmond called for. They show, graphically, how disturbing it is to be mixed-up about scale, until you sort out *the full range of scales that have got a hold of you*! The *virtue* of the transitional field is its *hazard*: while it opens up the self-similarity of the local moment for every scale, yielding an extraordinary thrill at what you can take in, it also invites foolishness until you sort out the different implications on the different scales, and find the one or ones where you have *the nobility*, but also *the leverage to make a turn*, as Balmond did with his villa in the hills of Bordeaux. *Within that scale*, he
could run against the overwhelming tradition of Cartesian stability, and get a villa to fly.

Thus, his paradox resolves on the right scale. Otherwise, he would be as confused as Don Quixote trying to bring back the nobility of the High Middle Ages, across the entire mercantile plain of Spain (Cervantes, 1995, originally published 1605)!
Introduction to the Second Half of the Book

*Dante’s opening line is clearly the sum of the whole thought.*  Auerbach, 2007, p.42

If the transitional field is vital to well-being, our conclusion of the First Half of the Book, then how is it to be defended in every breath? It is vital because it flows in the core rhythm from within, and because of its access to single details, which open up the entire fractal set of scales of time and space. It is also vulnerable, as we discussed in Part III, Access to the Transitional Field, Chapters 11 through 15. It is vulnerable to violence from without, which can put it into a state of chronic emergency, which is vigilant on its outer surface, watching for exclusion. That was Freud’s own illness, as we discussed at the outset in Chapter 1, Freud’s Gift.

Thus, *the vital and vulnerable great instrument of orientation has to find its way, continually, between the core rhythm from inside, and the threat of exclusion from the rhythm of the group.*  Fortunately, this dilemma is continually resolved by a single step, which I will now explain.

Any biological system (Allen and Starr, 1982; Allen and Hoekstra, 1992; Ahl and Allen, 1996) is hierarchical, in the sense that smaller quicker entities are constrained by larger, slower entities. This is true of organelles within a cell, or big blue stem grass within a prairie. If we take the big blue stem as an example, its core rhythm of growing is quick, relative to the slow, and periodic rhythm of fires in the prairie. It survives, relative to other grasses and forbs, because it can flourish above ground most of the time, and survive underground in its root system during and after a fire.
Thus, it is with the group animal known as the human being. It too flourishes above ground, until something like a fire in its group drives it into hiding, and mere survival.

The constraint from above, i.e., the larger scale of the group, also operates more subtly in smaller intervals and rooms, if still, much more slowly than the individual human being. In bureaucracy (Weber, 1958, originally published, 1904), the constraint placed by the group on the individual can be characterized by the frequency with which it appears and by the room that it takes up. *The more tightly it constrains the individual, the more often it checks up, and the more space it checks over. Conversely, the less supervised get longer intervals free of checkups and larger spaces free of being checked over* (Fussell, 1983).

In summary, now that all corporate, university, and public organization is bureaucratic in the way it imposes constraint from above, with a certain periodicity, and extent, *the problem for the individual trying to hold onto his or her own core rhythm is to read the series of boxes, both temporal and spatial, which give him or her the opportunity to work, and get paid, with the constraint of being imposed upon by scrutiny.*

*You can move freely in your core rhythm from below (inside), if you can effortlessly meet the group rhythm imposed from above (outside). That is the single step to get right, at every turn from one box to another box.*

*However, if you are too threatened or terrorized by the rhythm of impositions from above, you will lose your own core rhythm, and move in synchrony, or lock step, like Charley Chaplin on the assembly line in “Modern Times.”*
Conversely, if you are too confident of your core rhythm, and unmindful of the rhythm of impositions, you will be suddenly called on the carpet, and be threatened with exclusion.

The Detail

The Second Half of this Book turns to the crucial first step, and the detail that makes all the difference. Not all details by any means are significant. Therefore, the first question is how to bring about a situation where the detail is an entire world on every scale of time and space, in other words, self-similar, or fractal?

Paradoxically, the flow of core rhythm from within depends upon being positioned in the interval that is available. Start from the interval available, and put very little into it. This minimum of coherence allows a maximum of incoherence.

As we have discussed in Part III, the physiology of the body is a fractal physiology, which is built to flow in a self-similar way on all scales (West and Goldberger, 1987; West and Griffin, 2004). However, it cannot flow in this way, unless every breath is allowed to oscillate between coherence on the out-breath, and incoherence on the in-breath. This design, as we have discussed, allows decision, but also allows a tremendous range of openness to sudden changes in the tiniest of details.

Thus, the first step taken in this way, poised between the coherence of the last moment, and the unknown of the next moment, is a probe, continuously, of the difference between the light and the dark (Rowell, 1986). It allows being to arise freshly and continuously.
However, just about everything in the modern world is built for the opposite purpose, of control, from the top-down. As Benjamin (1969) argued, it is built for mechanical reproduction. **This makes the detail trivial, a copy of its assembly line.**

**Being is what already is.**

**Dante’s Instrument**

Let us consider Dante’s instrument for a totally fractal world, about 1300, guided by Auerbach’s book, *Dante, Poet of the Secular World* (2007, originally published in 1929). This will allow us to compare our own instrument 700 years later, and sharpen its requirements.

In the first place, Dante continues a concept from Homer, to wit:

…an act revealing a man’s nature, or, one might say, *his nature* manifested in a first act, unfolded naturally and inevitably into the sum and sequence of that man’s kindred acts, into a life that would take a certain direction and be caught up in the skein of events which add up to a man’s character as well as fate. (p. 1)

The difference from Homer is this:

But we have not yet considered their “innermost reality” as such, nor have we inquired where Dante derived its constituent elements … For what he represents is not the whole epic breadth of life, *but a single moment of*
reality; and that single moment, moreover, encompasses a man’s ultimate fate as determined by Providence (pp. 140-141).

And here is the constituent element:

The act, the event, the vice or virtue, the pragmatic historical situation – in short, a decisive concrete fact – suffices to manifest the man connected with it in all his sensuous reality … (p. 146)

Dante proceeds with a

Directness unknown before him (p. 147).

He

… conjured up the sum of their gesture and fate (p. 150).

He… heard the tone of his speakers, saw their movements, sensed their hidden impulses, and thought their thoughts (p. 152).
… sometimes, very brief, half a line … (he stopped attentive like a man who listens) – sometimes rolling on at length, so that a landscape, an incident, a legend unfolds in all its breadth, always in order to serve the movement of the poem (p. 153).

The event is recounted briefly and succinctly … among others of its kind it always preserves its strictly appointed place and never ceases to be subordinate to a higher principle; and the strongest feeling is always described with precision, in just so much space, as thought measured out; it is so wholly contained in the lines devoted to it, so quickly and definitively disposed of, that all lyrical resonance is cut off and it is impossible to linger on it (p. 160).

As for the grammatical structure, Auerbach notes some crucial details:

The sentence structure … conveys the precise measurement of a mathematical equation (p. 161)

… The period exactly coincides with a tercet and pauses called for by the meaning exactly fall at the end of a line and the rhyme. Yet the sharpness of the connections, the precise use of conjunctions, by which the vast subject matter is really articulated and controlled, create a new language of thought (p. 164).
Dante created his own tradition; *when he broke up a sentence, isolating or transposing certain words, separating what belonged together or juxtaposing elements that are ordinarily separate*, he was engaged in an instinctive striving for concordant expression … (p. 166).

Is there any other poem, particularly one of such length, *in which each single word, taken by itself seems so autonomous a creation* … (p. 169).

Finally, the binding rhythm:

… the anticipating rhyme of the middle line (of each tercet, or three lines), to which the following tercet responds … the inexorable recurrence of the rhyme … does not detract from the variety of movement … *despite the dikes that hem it in, has been justly likened to an ocean; and like the ocean, it discloses every shading from storm to perfect calm. … every rhythm is in itself a living thing, impelled by the narrowness of the space within which it must move to live all the more intensely and self-sufficiently, and every rhythm is contained and mirrored in each of the innumerable variations that follow: wherever you may open the Comedy, you have the whole of it* (p. 170, my italics).

*The Fractal Conditions in Dante*
I have quoted Auerbach at length on Dante to convey the precise conditions for the arising of fractal structure: (A) Specific acts, in (B) A very tight context, (C) Moving freely. From the word, to the sentence, to the tercet, to the canto, to the three sections, to the entire poem, Dante has built it with absolute precision. To quote Auerbach in conclusion:

… he leads all men into a realm apart … the light is different and the eyes must grow accustomed to it; they must acquire a new and sharper vision which passes over no detail as unimportant, commonplace or fragmentary; whatever appears in that place is definitive and immutable, demanding the fullest and most careful attention (p. 173).

I have given the reader this, from Auerbach, to prepare him or her, for my parallel attempt 700 years later. In Part IV, I start from the different intervals of time that are available, to put into them the smallest and most precise move. In Part V, I start from the different intervals of space that are available, to put into them the smallest and most precise move. In Part VI, I keep before the reader the dual (Bion, 1970), or double description (Bateson, 1972) that is continuously necessary to keep before us, the core rhythm of our physiology from within, and the group rhythm of increase from without, or, as Stevens put it,

… a violence from within pressing back against a violence from without (Stevens, 1977, originally published 1942).
The Author’s Series of Dreams on Fractal Conditions in 2007

This series of the last three weeks I cannot lay out in its entirety. Entirety is not necessary in a fractal series, where any one detail points to the entire work. Rather, I will illustrate that very point, using half of the 21 dreams. I hope to demonstrate what is necessary to retain a fractal instrument in 2007, compared with Dante’s instrument in 1300.

The Author’s Dream of a Boschean Egg

After a Monday in which I got little back from my friends, I was thinking about Aldo Leopold in Sand County Almanac (2001, originally published in 1949, and composed in 1943), whose old house is in my neighborhood. Aldo wrote:

Books or no books, it is a fact, patent both to my dog and myself, that at daybreak I am the sole owner of all the acres I can walk over (p. 77).

This sentence is from his July essay, aptly subtitled, Great Possessions. I dream

I am up in the mountains, like those in Idaho, near where my oldest daughter lives, when I see the huge plume of a forest fire blowing ominously from upper right to lower left (quite like I saw a year ago, fly-fishing in these mountains). The Forest Service has its quarters in a huge egg shaped structure on a stalk, which looks like nothing else but a figure from a painting of Hieronymus Bosch. The Service is closing its gate (in
the egg) to the High country, and closing its top against the possibility of the fire itself turning right into the town. Standing at the lake, I am tempted to stay, and let the fire go by, but a slight shift in its course, which is unknowable, will bring it on me too. I have to go back down the mountain.

For this detail of the egg, I am telling the dream. What a remarkable clarity about fertility, which can close itself against fire. Indeed, Aldo himself died in a prairie fire, which he did not get out of the way of. If you have Great Possessions, as he did and I do, then prepare to lie low, as well as open up! This is the entire subject of Part VI of this
book, on Access to the Full Musical Score, captured here in a single detail of a Boschean Egg: this is also the subject of Bosch’s painting, as, for example, The Temptation of Saint Anthony, which is hung over my couch straight across from my chair in my office, for thirty years at least. It has taken me a while to take in its import, for the Great Instrument of Orientation.

The Author’s Dream of the Six-Sided Polygon Six Times Inside a Square

After a day and night interval concerned with disrespect for the female interval, by male willfulness, which brings about what I call “white grunge,” as seen on dying oak trees, I dream

I am given the problem, like Poincare, to put six six-sided polygons inside a square (which I cannot do in the dream). I see the profile of a very tedious man, which appears like the profile of a very distinguished Senator, saying, “The group is not sticking to the task.”

Waking up, I come upon the solution, drawn as follows:
The Author’s Dream of a Six-Sided Polygon Six Times in a Square

It is a beautiful hardwood floor, which could close to a single drop of water, or open like a tree in spring. It is about the size of a Zen tea house. In other words, it is a smaller scale of the Boschean Egg. **It poses the need for a sixth dimension to rule over opening and closing of the five dimensions.**

*The Author’s Dream of the Narrenshiff (Ship of Fools)*

I am back to my core rhythm on the court, but I am upset with one of my favorite students graduating in mid-October and moving west onto the Great Plains. I dream

1. A photograph of a dream, which has all of its frequency range orthogonal to the picture.
2. I am on the back deck of a very long ship, like a canal barge in Europe, with three video projectors projecting simultaneously onto a single screen, which reveals
their common (fractal) image, for two of my soundest students, one, my student who is graduating, and the other a man who is like her in a natural soundness. It is time for her to leave, so I take her the length of the barge, from rear to front, down through a kind of typical Wisconsin rural bar, to a pickup truck outside, where her husband is ready to take her on their move west.

Figure.Intro.Second Half.3

The Author’s Dream of the Narrenschiff (Ship of Fools)

The two images that are striking in the dream pair are the photograph of a dream, with its full frequency range orthogonal to the picture, and the projection of three videos onto a common screen to disclose the common fractal image. Clearly, I am concerned to pass on my discovery through two of my soundest students, but I have great concern with her dispersion out onto the vast scale of the Great Plains. Obviously, my positioning in psychiatry is at the farthest remove from its helm, like my office at the far back of our department, and my summer office out on the green lawn backing the place. Perhaps, this positioning is the only place where my discovery can flourish, like off-off-off Broadway. I am beginning to think so. **The smallest, most remote scales, of time and of place, may turn out to be the most fruitful.** I am reminded of E.F. Schumacher’s book, *Small*
is *Beautiful*, on micro-economics, whose subtitle is *Economics As If People Mattered* (1973). Of course, this dream points to Part IV of this book, Access to Fractal Time, and Part V, Access to Fractal Space.

*The Author’s Dream of Parting Company With Grandes Personnes on the Delta of the Nile*

One of my patients is very successful on a world scale, and describes his dilemma in terms of which branch of the Nile to take on its delta into the Mediterranean. I dream

I am also on the great delta of the Nile, but I am taking the farthest loop to the left, and arrive at a little car repair garage, which sells delicious Moroccan sandwiches at noon.
Once again, a tiny detail, this Moroccan sandwich shop at noon, only, in a little car repair shop, which alludes to the one 40 years ago in San Francisco, across from the hospital where I was a resident. A tiny detail, in a tiny moment, positioned as peripheral as possible to the world scale of the Great Delta of the Nile. Very much like Robert Frost’s description of his niche, in “A Drumlin Woopchuck,” which begins

One thing has a shelving bank,
Another a rotting plank,
To give it cozier skies
And make up for its lack of size. ..
Which my wife read to me last night.

*The Author’s Dream of the World Tree*

I am quite upset with the suffering of my friends in the machinery of their professions. I am beginning to think I am the only one *positioned* to stay clear of it. I dream

Of a massive tree, bifurcating like one of the great ones photographed by Sean Kernan *Among Trees* (2003). Children have cut a little room out of its core, and are putting up a ladder into it. I am concerned but believe the tree can handle such a relatively small cut. I go around to the back side of the tree, to discover its entire core has been removed for a biology department. When I step back a block or two, I am further astounded to see it tower twice as high as the great tree it has replaced.
This dream shocked me. It is a dual, or double description, of the two great rhythms in collision: the bottom-up, fractal rhythm of nature, in this great, bifurcating tree, and the top-down rhythm of increase of these towers of biology on our campus. The children seem to have the best of it, in their tiny niche, in her great arms, in her bosom, really, if you look at it, but they are going to have to grow up in a world of departments.
One of my friends, as I mentioned earlier, gave me George Nakashima’s book, *The Soul of a Tree* (1981), in Door County, which has beautiful lines like this:

> The tree’s fate rests with the woodworker. In hundreds of years its lively juices have nurtured its unique substance. A graining, a subtle coloring, an aura, a presence will exist this once, never to reappear. It is to catch this moment, to identify with this presence, to find this fleeting relationship, to capture its spirit, which challenges the woodworker (p. 113).

I was reminded to Rilke’s Ninth Duino Elegy, translated by Edward Snow,

> Us, the most fleeting, …/ Once for each thing, only once. Once and no more. And we, too,/ only once.

And also, Cecil Balmond’s beautiful conclusion to *Informal* (2002), where he shows the flow of forces:

> The arrested movements at any moment are structures, ordered by chance and carrying a memory of the shaping, but hidden force field (p. 379).

I dream
1. Of Nakashima’s carpentry, counter-clockwise, as it were, and his beautiful lines, and great incoherence.

2. Of our quarters in the University Hospital, where deadly coherence fills up every inch of space and time, in its clockwise rush.

The lines of force are from Balmond’s drawings, that show how structure is but movement arrested at any moment:

The question is begged, how to stay in the first movement as much as possible, and how to stay clear of the second movement as much as possible.
The Author’s Dream of a Great Palisades. And Of Modular Man.

I had two difficult days, which were extremely clarifying. In one, I was very much in rhythm, like Nakashima in his work, clarifying one step in each interview, leaving myself as much margin as possible, and getting beautiful fractal structures for each of my patients. Then, I tried to explain this to someone not paying attention, and ended up feeling very pained. In the second day, I let myself get swamped in clinic with one miserable patient after another. I dream

I am looking at our rear fence, next to my neighbor’s rear fence, newly built three layers deep, like a palisade, and noticed mine had but a board here and there . . .

Figure Intro.Second Half.7A

The Author’s Dream of the Great Palisades
My instrument is very precise: I need *three* barriers, when I have but one paltry one: (1) Against being imposed upon from top-down. (2) Against being flooded by misery. (3) Against telling about my discoveries to those who are not listening.

The following night suggested a fourth. As this dream series has been trying to tell me all along, I had just better keep to my rear and leftward and small scale. (4) Just to let the larger scales go, and be glad for my positioning in my very small theatres: I dreamt I am in my childhood bed, where I find a huge dead man is trying to kiss me. The result will be pink poppies, and each is worth $40.

![Figure Intro.Second Half.7B](image)

The Author’s Dream of the Modular Man

It looks like it is a matter of life and death, if you compare the two dreams (Great Palisades and Modular Man). One is a sufficient barrier, and one is no barrier at all.
Fractal Conditions, 1300, 2007

The entire series is as precise as Dante, the whole matter in each specific detail. What has changed in his time to mine? First, consider the metaphysical framework which has changed, and, second, consider the style that has changed.

Metaphysical Framework

Dante is working in the culmination of the High Middle Ages, in which the theology of Aquinas has flowered in the great Cathedrals of the Virgin. Dante is a successor in his youth to the Provencal troubadours and to their continuation in Italy led by Guido Guinizelli, in which the love of a mistress is the way to God (Auerbach, 2007, Chapter 2, Dante’s Early Poetry). In other words, the male will from above is equally opposed by the female fertility from below. An equipoise rules.

Now, the male will is a thousand fold more dominant than the female nature (Scully, 1991, 1992). For me to bring about a beautiful balance between the increase rhythm from above, and the core physiological rhythm from below, I have had to build huge barriers against the increase rhythm, and build them only on very small scales. An equipoise can only rule on the periphery or in the interstices of the Empire.

The New Style, or Stil Nuovo

Nevertheless, Dante’s style and my style are remarkably similar. Consider what Dante had to do to bring his about. The Provencal and Guinizelli styles tend to be very abstract, like logical puzzles. From the outset, Dante departed from this. First, Dante confines himself:
What first strikes us in considering these four poems is that Dante confined himself to describing as vividly as possible the actual greeting and its immediate effects. (p. 33). Dante’s poems spring less from a feeling or idea than from an event (p. 41).

Second, Dante addresses the listener directly, in what is called an apostrophe, or turn from the audience at large to speak directly to someone in particular:

It is an apostrophe: but it is more. It is an appeal, a summons, expressive of a supreme demand and a profound trust. At one stroke the speaker singled out the circle of the elect from the throng of the living and gathered them around him; there they stand, removed from all else, prepared to listen. (p. 36)

... the magic they draw is that of the poet’s inspiration and those caught in its spell must follow him until he sets them free (p. 37)

Urgent command and gentle plea, afflicted prayer and confident appeal, challenge to debate and friendly greeting, the joy of meeting an old friend: all are represented in the long list: some of the apostrophes climax a long preparation and pour forth in several mighty verses; others consist only in an interjection: Deh...? (p. 38).

Then there is the absolute precision:

... usually the main theme is so concretely individual that it suffurs no additions. Dante’s opening line is clearly the sum of the whole thought. a development and actualization of what was set forth in the first line gives us a sense of looking on as a bud opens. (p. 42).
I would like to include much more, but will content myself with a final point from Auerbach, about the inner authority:

The man on whom Beatrice bestowed the magical gift of her salutation had an inner authority, an expansiveness that enabled him to weave the most personal aspects of his life into a universal context and indeed, through his personal destiny, to give new form to the universal order of the world, the great serene drama of the Christian cosmos. (pp. 63-64)

Summarizing,

Thus we may speak of three hallmarks of Dante’s style. They are reality, adjuration, unity . . . all three characteristics are expressions of the same force, seen in different aspects. That force is the unity of the person; its name is Dante . . . (p. 59).

A New Style 700 Years Later

You could say that I came independently to similar conclusions, about the single detail, the address of the reader, and involving the entire cosmos in my personal vicissitudes. If you look at the series of drawings, you will see how they are as vast as the world, as small as my hand.

However, when I reconsidered the profound shift in the metaphysical framework, in the last 700 years, I decided that I too needed a new style, in one crucial respect. I had sent out the first three pages of this Introduction to the Second Half of the Book to my readers, to find to my pleasure that nearly all of them replied, cogently, about their own
relation between core physiological, fractal rhythm and the surrounding, dominant increase rhythm of the group, and they replied within one week.

I thought about this all week. Not only were the three pages highly accessible to them, but I also got something beautiful back, a match, in terms of exchange, rather than giving a whole lot, for nothing. I thought about it. If the situation in the year 2007 is, indeed, a continuous overload of willful (male) control operations, 1000 to 1, compared to (female) fertility, then my friends and I are going to have to defend ourselves by leaving small openings, or intervals, for everything. Staying in our own core physiological and fractal rhythm will mean looking at any interval or opening to make the smallest precise move. That includes chapters sent by me. Certainly, the patients leave an opening for only one question, if at all, and I take that potential opening as a chance for a probe into something of deep, and fractal, import for the patients. Why not change my life, as Rilke put it, by changing my style as a writer, also?

Thus, I decided to write the second half of this book in brief chapters, with a probing detail in each one, to carry the entire world I am addressing. I will follow the core rhythm of the English sentence – a phrase, a caesura or pause, and the reply from below – like the core rhythm of the breath.
By virtue of my long training in swordplay, I can feel whatever thoughts might be moving in the mind of one who stands against me, or is around me. While I was in the garden, most unexpectedly I became aware of “a murderous air.” -- Tajima no kami, p. 213 in Suzuki, 1959, originally published, 1939. Also this book, p. 11, Chapter 12, Tolstoy’s Button.

Inside no longer blocks outside: it is felt as if inside, because the two flow together. Here is the fundamental balance of time, equal time between inside and outside.

If you lose this equipoise, you lose half of reality, or half of your orientation, at once. You lose also the virtue of your fractal, physiological core rhythm, which can take in time on all its scales, simultaneously.

The Author’s Dream of His Blue Jack Knife

The night after my dream of Modular Man (p. 21, Introduction to the Second Half of the Book) in my bed, I was quite occupied by this violence from without. For example, I noticed the pick-up of our modular garbage, plastic box by the new city truck. Really, you could get away with putting anything into it, if it fit the module. I dream

I am using my blue jackknife/paint brush to score two quick
goals, . . . . . . An old patient of mine from the 1980’s is suing me for willful assault on his brains on our neighborhood skating rink. The police are coming to question me.

Thus, my violence from within presses back against the violence from without of modular man. I can use my old boy scout jackknife in place of a hockey stick, and strike so fast, with what is also a blue paint brush from Vermeer. In one short stroke, I can paint the decisive step of the patient, which, repeated, is his entire fate.

But notice the equally quick balance from without. This old patient was terrified of his own quick murderousness, and could only put the brakes on it by confining himself to bed. I am fiercely reminded that quickness can be extraordinarily beautiful and
extraordinarily dangerous. *It depends on whether its wielder has brakes equal to his own quickness.* My patient did not, so he had to stop moving altogether!

*The Five Chapters on Access to Fractal Time*

Now we will extend this figure to all the scales of time available to us: in other words, the self-similarity of the figure, or fractal capacity, to catch the balance of quickness and brakes. Chapter 16, Rhythms Not Their Own, begins from an observation of John Donne in 1613, almost 400 years ago,

> And being by others hurried every day,
> Scarce in a year their natural form obey:

Thus, our subject, the dominant rush of the increase pack, losing natural slowness.

Chapter 17, Time markers: *So, in a very precise sense, the patient is apt to be confused if she is four, or twenty-four or forty-four.* Chapter 18, Pairs and Tryptichs: *The huge forces lie at these crossings: electricity, magnetism, and gravity.* Chapter 19, Dream Series: *This series maps the phase space of the pack and its ferocious synchrony (i), the incoherence which is free of it (i-1) and the crossing back and forth (i+1).* See also Chapters 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, Introduction to Second Half of the Book, and Chapters 24, 28, 29, 30, and Recapitulation for further discussions, examples of dream series. Chapter 20, Whitsun Weddings: *To be light-hearted is a secret of rhythm*
among the people whose condition is empty and tedious. It is a fertility aimed somewhere else.
Chapter 16. Rhythms Not Our Own

*And being by others hurried everyday, / Scarce in a year their natural form obey.*  John Donne, Good Friday, 1613, Riding Westward.

Donne put his finger on the dominant rhythm, of the increase pack, which steals us all from ourselves. This was in 1613. Actually, the take-over had already been underway since the 1200’s:

All over Europe, beginning in the Thirteenth Century, the townsman erected campaniles and belfries, to record the passing hour. Immersed in traffic or handicraft, proud of his city or his guild, the citizen began to forget his awful fate in eternity; instead, he noted the succession of the minutes, and planned to make what he could of them


*The Author’s Dream of Bay City*

Eight hundred years after the take-off of time, and four hundred years after Donne observed its capture of man, the author dreamt the following simple dream:

I am in Bay City, Michigan (the next town north of Saginaw
where I grew up) where people I once knew are taking
turns at a microphone singing the same song over and over
again. It is a song of ego \(i\), about increasing something.
They are “so glad to see me,” like at my high school reunion,
but I am not glad to see them at all. The place is a Best
Western Inn.

Bay City was a good place for me, once, where I played tennis in the summers with a
friend from a rival high school, and where our family got off into Lake Huron or the
North Woods. It had the rhythm of play \((i - 1)\) in resonance with the Great Source of
Nature \((i + 1)\).

In the dream, it is not this at all. The dominant rhythm has captured everyone I knew.
Their egos \(i\) are caught up in selling the increase of something (or other) \(i\). They
pretend to be personal (glad to see me), but they are impersonal. The Best Western Inn is
the site, a name which concerns the total irony of what has happened in eight hundred
years.

The condition of the American people in 2007 is something close to what Tolstoy (2007,
2000, originally published 1869 and 1875) described in the Russian aristocracy about
1807: a fever for material increase, and a self-delight for pulling it off. If this is the
epidemic, what is its treatment? The simplest thing I could say about it concerns the
access to fractal time. Namely, the illness will rage on, if the patient cannot step back
from letting increase run away with him. This means giving the exterior less time and the interior more time. This can be carried out on every scale of time, the next breath, the next hour, the next week, and so forth.

The Case of the Peripatetic Supervisor

In one of our medical factories, my patient, a supervisor, tries to give his body as much space and time as possible to move around. Yet, inevitably, he gets cornered in meetings. Often these are conducted by doctors who emit messages and do not receive them. This puts him into a rage or an urge to take flight. I unweight this for him by mirroring the absurdity of the emitting doctor, recalling Orwell:

... one often has a curious feeling that one is not watching a live human being but some kind of dummy: a feeling which suddenly becomes stronger at moments when the light catches the speaker’s spectacles and turns them into blank discs which seem to have no eyes behind them (p. 166, The Politics of the English Language, 1946).

I write him a letter saying, “I believe you will see this emitting doctor again.”

The Case of the Gifted Musician
He is very gifted with his instrument, and teaches it privately, but is still dependent on his parents at thirty-five for support. He is a prisoner of the in-the-corner-lifestyle (White, 1989). He privileges his interior field and gives little weight to the exterior field. He will start temp-jobs, find them meaningless, and quit. Of course, they are. So is much of any graduate education. If he fails to practice giving time to the exterior field, and enduring it for the long run, he will never be able to support himself and be free to have a wider niche.

The Dream of Snickering

Here we have the two problems of access to fractal time, the ability to unweight the exterior rhythm, and the ability to free up the interior rhythm. Our dreamer is a middle-aged man in a technical job with little meaning for him. He dreams

I am in a writing class with strangers. We each get bibs, as in marathon races, and mine is #59. Everyone snickers. I find out that is Rush Limbaugh’s number. I get a different one, #56. Everyone snickers again. I find out that is Tommy Thompson’s number. I get a booth, like Lucy in the Peanuts cartoon, and put my feet up with #56 and #59 on my table, to exchange the bibs with someone else who comes along.
I had to do little with this dream, which he mostly figured out for himself. He is unweighting his childhood dread of being laughed at. He is weighting his ability to hand back, like Lucy, what is unsuitable to him.
Chapter 17. Time Markers

So, in a very precise sense, the patient is apt to be confused if she is four, twenty-four or forty-four.

Being perturbed by the rhythms not our own, we compensate ourselves, forcing our own rhythm upon others. This is all of psychopathology in one sentence, *The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry* (Gustafson, 1999). The treatment is very straight-forward: unweight the exterior rhythm when it is perturbing, and unweight the interior rhythm when it is forcing back. In other words, recover the balance, or equipoise of interior and exterior rhythms.

This simplicity is complicated, routinely, by a history of a lifetime, in which different periods of time were ruled by exterior perturbation or interior forcing. So, in a very precise sense, the patient is apt to be confused whether she is four, or twenty-four or forty-four. A single dream can sort this out marvelously, because every detail in it has a date on it, marking the time when it entered the patient’s life and dominated.

*The Case of the Biting Mother and Her Dream of Being a Camp Counselor*

The following case will suffice to demonstrate the argument, which is also implicit and often explicit in every dream presented in this book. The patient came to us, in embarrassment, because she bit herself on the arm, when she could no longer contain her frustration with her two little boys. In my hour long consultation to her and her resident doctor in The Brief Psychotherapy Clinic, she presented the following dream:
I am at a summer camp, as counselor, where I was waterfront director in my twenties. It was a camp only for boys, and my father had been director of it for many years. I am in a lower bunk, put in charge of a cabin of thirty to forty twelve-year old boys. I have to trek fifty yards to a women’s bathroom in cold rain in the night in my wet wool socks. I am thinking, I have got to find my Tevas. I wake up in my muddy, wet socks, thinking, How did I do this twelve years ago?

We begin our discussion of the dream, from its origin in time back in her own childhood, when her father ruled the camp and insisted on being “beheld” as a great figure. This had been endlessly embarrassing for her, and drove her into the opposite stance, of subordination and self-sacrifice. This is precisely where we find her in the dream, as if she were still in her twenties. Yet, she is also in the present in her late thirties, with two small sons. Regarding the last phrase of the dream, “How did I do this twelve years ago?”, she exclaims, “So much has been on hold in my life.” I reply, “You have continually been in this position. What they need leaves out what you need. You make all the adjustments!”

This remark from me led straight into her confusion. For, even in the dream, she asked herself, “Why don’t I change my clothes in front of the boys, and let them put up with it like they would have to in France?” “And why did I make all the adjustments to my
“boyfriends?” “And couldn’t this beautiful boys’ camp be for me? And “I never learned to be a priority.”

Then another remark from me had a huge effect in the opposite direction, of making her feel terribly tired. I had simply noted, taking the detail at its full weight, that taking off her muddy, wet clothes in front of thirty or forty boys would lead to quite a stir in the camp, and the waves from it reach the distant shores of all their homes!

This meant to her the same old weight, of taking all of the responsibility on herself. I said that I meant no such thing. Indeed, she needed room just to go on impulse, but not where it gets her arraigned by the camp directors!

*The Balance of Exterior and Interior Rhythms*

Thus, the dream juxtaposes her being put upon by rhythms not her own, by her father who needed to be “beheld,” later by the boys in the camp, later by boys she dated, and now by her own two little boys. Conversely, she has urges which have cropped up, also all her life, to throw off this imposition, and let all these boys make the adjustment to her rhythm of needs from within.

Only a balance between the exterior and interior rhythms will work out. This is going to take work and time. Yet every breath she takes, and every exchange she has is going to be about this negotiation. We will proceed by asking her for the one that is upsetting her now, and we will be right back to another version of cold, muddy socks.
Chapter 18. Pairs and Triptychs

_The huge forces lie at these crossings: electricity, magnetism, and gravity._

**Scaling Strategies**


What the grasses must do, and the red-tailed hawks must do, we must do also. Allen and Starr put it with the greatest simplicity:

1. Living structures are threatened by what they call _perturbations_. For grasses, these are chiefly fire, and trees, and over-grazing. For hawks, these are chiefly the disappearance of prey to feed upon.

2. The chief line of defense is to _incorporate_ the perturbation. Thus, the grasses ride through their perturbations by having compartments, seeds, roots, which are not reached by the disturbance. Thus, hawks ride through their perturbations by their mobility, which follows the prey to neighboring territories.

3. Once the perturbation that could destroy them has passed, they _reappear_ from their safe compartments to _reclaim_ their _rich resources_.

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Human beings have a comparable vulnerability to grasses and hawks, but their scaling strategy has become quite different in the last five thousand years of empire. In these modern times, the greatest perturbation for human beings has become other human beings. In a world ruled by empires, the chief peril is to be invaded by them or cast out of them. Since they come to own all the resources, this is equivalent to being erased.

The Author’s Dream of the Scaling Strategy

As I was contemplating the scaling strategy, I dreamt its geometry and its temporality. I will give you the first two panels of the dream, a diptych, before I add the third panel and make it a triptych.

I am supposed to write a single couplet. I have been chosen for this, as a kind of poet laureate. The couplet is to be completed by late winter, and will usher in spring.

At the reunion of the Harvard tennis team, I am extremely perturbed. They act as if I am almost invisible, but for one guy who looks after me a bit. The perturbation is that this disturbance goes on and on from one interaction to another. It is like the fire or the grazing for grass. For a human being, being cast out of society is potentially the end of the world.

The Diptych
The first panel has two remarkably divergent scales in it: the scale of two sentences, i.e., a couplet \((i-1)\), and the scale of winter and spring \((i+1)\). An extraordinary claim is being made, that a pair of sentences \((i-1)\) will take us from winter to spring \((i+1)\). Even more precisely, the completion of the couplet \((i-1)\) will *usher* in spring \((i+1)\).

The second panel has a middle-sized scale on it, of the group life where most of human reality is lived. Here, the egos \((i)\) of my old comrades have lost none of their old self-absorption. Young males caught up with the score, or increase \((i)\) of the pack, end up as old males caught up with the score or increase \((i)\) of the pack. I suppose I thought of them again, after an article, October 15, 2007, about one of my teammates in *The New Yorker*, called “Annals of Finance, The Blow-Up Artist, Can Victor Niederhoffer survive another market crisis?” (Cassidy, 2007).

So what to make of the *juxtaposition* of these two panels of this night painting? They constitute my proof of the capacity of the great instrument to compare the altogether different results that occur on different scales. The first panel has this extraordinary jump from the pair of sentences \((i-1)\) to the pair of seasons \((i+1)\). The claim that the first sentence ushering in the second sentence will usher in the change to spring from winter is, of course, not to be taken literally. It is a comparison, or metaphor. As Percy (1975) argued, the distanced traveled between the terms compared has very much to do with its *sheer beauty*.

My wife had been reading me the prose of Frost (1973) about his conception of a poem, fundamentally, as a metaphor, or comparison, as in his essay, “The Figure A Poem Makes.” Thus, I have dreamt a metaphor or comparison between a pair of sentences and a pair of seasons. It could be said to be the secret of this book, that a pair of sentences, or
even half-sentences or phrases, can indeed usher in the rebirth of a life, from its old, winter traces. This occurs when the fresh step is in resonance with nature herself.

This is the thrust of Deutsch’s theorem (Platt, 1970). When the main business ($i$) is weakening at its core, a smaller scale ($i-1$) can resonate with a greater scale ($i+1$) to jump to a fresh paradigm.

But the second panel is crushing to my claim. Increase egos, after all, I am being reminded, are the chief businessmen of the country. Always have been. As Thoreau (1947, originally published, 1846) discovered a long time ago, they are in a rush to increase everything. Therefore, “The Road Less Taken,” to borrow another term or poem or comparison from Frost (1969), is going to be much less taken, and not of interest at all to the main business.

*The Triptych*

Yet, my dream was not finished with me. It had one more panel for me to contemplate.

I am walking down the sidewalk of Main Street in Egg Harbor (Wisconsin, in the middle of our New England like coast on Lake Michigan), looking in shop windows (obviously, of the business at hand). I come to the tiny little park in its center, looking down upon the harbor itself, and the entire sea widening out. Someone has given me the authority in this little theatre, which is, at once, a theatre moving up and down all of the scales.
In a triptych painting, the middle panel is the mediating term between the extreme panels, and the transition between them. The extreme panels have already been characterized, as my capacity to locate the jump between winter and spring in a single sentence, and my near-total invisibility to the increase pack.

I was extremely perturbed in the right, extreme panel, just as I was extremely delighted in the left, extreme panel. How am I to have the left without the right? The triptych completes the proof of the scaling strategy in the middle panel. I can be in the business of main street \(i\), but drop down into a tiny scale \((i-1)\) of the tiny park yielded to me (The Door County Summer Institute, for a week every other summer), which opens up into the fertile or Egg Harbor, and the great sea beyond \((i+1)\).

In other words, I had been intuitively following the evolutionary strategy common to all living things. If Main Street is extremely perturbing to me, making me invisible to its increase pack, I can drop down to a tiny scale where I can survive their fire, and yet do great things. My instrument knows how to map these violent bifurcations between scales which make all the difference.

This is also, essentially, what Riemann argued on June 10, 1854, in his lecture, “On the Hypotheses Which Lie at the Foundation of Geometry.” (Kaku, 1994, pp. 30-45). Riemann compared our higher-dimensional world to a three-dimensional sheet of paper crumpled by an unseen fourth-dimension. The huge forces lie at these crossings: electricity, magnetism and gravity.

It is also true, for us, that the huge forces lie at the crossings between scales, or compartments. On Main Street, the compartment is totally vulnerable to its fire of
increase. Yet, in the midpoint of this street is a tiny park, which is a *relatively invulnerable compartment* for me to lie low, until the fire has passed by.
Chapter 19. Dream Series

*This series maps the phase space of the pack and its ferocious synchrony (i), the incoherence which is free of it (i-1) and the crossing back and forth (i+1).*

**Distal and Proximal Threats**

Medina (2007) wrote a very brief article summarizing the separation in the brain between responses to predators that are distal or *far away*, and responses to predators that are proximal or *face to face*. Remote threats activate the orbitofrontal cortex, anterior cingulate gyrus, and lateral amygdala. Imminent threats active the central amygdala and periaqueductal grey. This structural potential is important, because *a confusion between the two situations will reduce an animal to perpetual alarm.*

**Vulnerable and Relatively Invulnerable Compartments**

As we discussed in Chapter 18, two-panel and three-panel dreams turn out to be extraordinarily clear mappings of the crossing from larger, vulnerable compartments to smaller, relatively invulnerable compartments. Potentially, this could allow us to look for the imminent threats when we are in the larger compartments, and more casually note the remote threats from the security of the smaller compartments. In other words, *more vigilance in one, and more ease in the other.*

**Dream Series**
It turns out, in practice, that a single dream of two or three panels is insufficient to map this crucial crossing between vulnerability and invulnerability. Why this is so will become apparent in the series that follows. Jung (1974a, originally published, 1944) thought that a series of dreams will get at a balance of opposing forces in the dreamer, by what he called a circumlocution around the center of the self; first on one side, and then upon another. I think something similar, but I think the center to move around is not the interior self but this balance point where the interior and exterior fields are equal. This makes a great deal more biological sense to me, because the equipoise opens up the quickness for the holographic detail, the alertness to exchange, and the fractal capacity to move up and down all the scales of time and space (See Chapter 13, Part I).

The Author’s Dream Series From Chapter 14

I could equally have selected the author’s dream series from the Introduction to the Second Half of the Book, but I will save that series for Part V, Chapter 24, Vast Dreams. The series from Chapter 14 lends itself better to a discussion of quickness, and slowness. The reader may want to reread this series from Chapter 14, before going on here with my analysis of it. The series can be compared, in terms of whether the dreamer is on the dangerous, or vulnerable side of the crossing, the secured, or relatively invulnerable side, or going back and forth:

1. Calgary: A terse reminder of Calvary, the vulnerable field of the wars of the schools of family therapy.
2. Disrespect: Another terse reminder, a $D$ dream after a $C$ dream, about couples whose offspring is disrespect.

3. A Flying University: A crossing into the dangerous field of the University, quickly, and getting out quickly. A tiny interval of time, in the dangerous realm of the increase pack $(i)$, or the increase of what already-is, allows a little proof of what is arising, from below.

4. ______, the name of a patient who squeezes compliance out of her husband: I am going to keep absolutely clear of her, in the beautiful incoherence, crucial to what is arising from below.

5. Green Moccasins: the loss of the beautiful lady, because I let a patient run over my limits – I was in the vulnerable field, and did not heed the danger and did not use my feet.

6. My Father’s House: I am back in incoherence on the tennis court, not allowing control from the top down (as I allowed in 5).

7. Utika: The beautiful lady returns to give me beautiful white paper for my proof, of this beautiful sieve, between the top-down rhythm of Utica, the increase pack $(i)$, and the bottom-up rhythm out of incoherence. I am reminded that one move in an interval will arise freely with Utika, while two moves will get me captured by Utica.

Notice how the mastery of this crossing puts me in the vulnerability of the increase pack $(i)$, as in 1, 2 and 5, in the delicious incoherence of being free of it, in 4 and 6, and on both sides of the crossing in 3 and 7.
Quick and Slow

This series maps the phase space of the pack (i) and its ferocious synchrony, the incoherence which is free of it (i-1), and crossing back and forth (i+1). This allows the advantage of quickness in the fray, with the advantage of the delicious slow time in the dark fertility.
Chapter 20. Whitsun Weddings

To be light-hearted is a secret of rhythm among the people whose condition is empty and tedious. It is a fertility aimed somewhere else.

Tolstoy’s Version

Tolstoy had this secret when he was writing War and Peace (2007), between thirty-five and forty. Pevear, one of the two co-translators of the most recent and beautiful version, summarized the rhythm as follows:

It is a work full of provocation and irony … with broad and elaborately developed rhetorical devices – periodic structure, emphatic repetition, epic similes. … And it is written in a style that reaches the expressive minimum of a sentence like Kapli kapali, “Drops dripped – which makes silence itself audible. It seems to me that the incomparable experience of reading War and Peace comes from the shining of one work through the other (p. x)

For example, in Chapter 2, Anna Pavlovna is making all her arriving guests meet “mama” (my aunt), just two words, which will come to summarize and dismiss the final sentence about her:
All those who went up to her, showing no haste for propriety’s sake, left
the little old lady with a feeling of relief after the fulfillment of a heavy
obligation, never to approach her again all evening. (p. 8)

Tolstoy lost this rhythm and its equanimity, after War and Peace.

*Larkin’s Version*

Philip Larkin had it when he wrote “Whitsun Weddings” at forty-four, and he too lost it. I
first came upon it in The Electric Life, Essays on Modern Poetry (1989), by Sven
Birkerts. It is a moderately long poem, about an afternoon’s train trip, from the north in
Lincolnshire, curving south to London. The narrator discovers, underway, that Whitsun
weddings are on the platforms, and climbing aboard, and writes sentences like:

> Once we started, though,
> We passed them, grinning and pomaded, girls
> In parodies of fashion, heels and veils,
> All posed irresolutely, watching us go.

Birkerts gives a beautiful description of the alternating rhythm of this foolishness, in such
long, rolling sentences, which suddenly comes down hard on something in the girls he
calls a “religious wounding.”

Suddenly, coming near to the end of the journey, the narrator says:
I thought of London spread out in the sun,
Its postal districts packed like squares of wheat.

There we were aimed.

Marvelous tightening up, about to release. Birkerts comments,

The shape of an arc, which has subtly
presided over the first seven stanzas,
Is materialized into a bow, and the bow
Is bent and fired. (p. 117)

This “frail traveling coincidence” is about to let loose in the final sentence:

We slowed again
And as the tightened brakes took hold, there swelled
A sense of falling, like an arrow-shower
Sent out of sight, somewhere becoming rain.

We met the wedding parties in long sentences, which came down to a couple of words,
like “…heels and veils.” Now, they are sent off as an arrow-shower,

somewhere becoming rain.
Mysteriously, something trivial has become something absolutely beautiful, and, precisely, fertile. How is this so?

*The Author’s Version, A Dream of Lake Erie*

I had had a bad afternoon in clinic with the residents. The patients seemed empty and tedious, like Tolstoy’s soiree, or like Larkin’s Whitsun Weddings, but I was not taking it in the long/very short alternation that makes an author happy, to fold in triviality to his own destination.

The case that got to me the most was a pleasant looking woman with her smiling husband I had seen countless times before with the residents. Nothing ever worked. Now she was on five or six drugs to make her less anxious and less depressed. This time they wanted off all the drugs, to start over with something that really worked. That night, I dreamt

Lake Erie.

A famous doctor was draining the entire lake, so toxic with neurochemicals that there was no resort but to start over.

*Light-heartedness*

I felt a huge weight lifted off of me, by this preposterous dream. Of course, the dream made an equation:
This patient’s proposal – equivalent to – the draining of Lake Erie.

I no longer felt responsible for it. I also recalled many of the places I had visited as a Visiting Professor in the last twenty years. Equally shallow, and preposterous, if the style was different from one place to another. I felt so relieved of them too. Isn’t it interesting how two words can dismiss an entire series of empty and tedious experiences, by standing in for them?

_Fertility_

Yet everything depends upon keeping one’s self-delight (Gustafson, 1992) in a harsh world, or what Tolstoy called _samadovolnost_. I believe it is put most accurately in terms of rhythm, or musically. You keep your own rhythm, like Larkin in his afternoon’s ride on the train, and fold the people into it, in theirs.

At his height, between thirty-five and forty, Tolstoy had a marvelous double description (Bateson, 1972, 1979; Gustafson, 1986/1997) going, which keeps the tooth of anger, but holds it back in good nature. Pevear’s sense of the counter-point is magnificent:

… no English version of _War and Peace_ has succeeded in conveying the power, balance and rhythm and above all the _repetitiveness_ of the original. …
thought Prince Andrei, waiting among many significant and insignificant persons in Count Arakcheev’s anteroom.

During his service, mostly as an adjutant, Prince Andrei had seen many anterooms of significant persons, and the differing characters of these anterooms were very clear to him …

The other extreme of Tolstoy’s style is exemplified by the short sentence (the shortest in War and Peace) that I have already quoted, “Drops dripped.” It is the first sentence of four staccato sentences, four quite ordinary observations which acquire a lyrical intensity owing solely to the sound and rhythm of the words: Kapli kapali. Shyol tikii govor. Loshahi zarzhali I podralis. Krapel kto-to. “Drops dripped. Quiet talk went on. Horses neighed and scuffled. Someone snored.” It is a night scene, and one of the most haunting of the book. (p. xv)

But how do you lose such a great thing? This reply might help us not to lose such a great thing. You can see it in the difference between the great female character of War and Peace, Natasha, and the great female character of Anna Karenina, Anna Karenina.

Natasha is full of herself, and folds everyone else into her rhythm. Anna is full of herself, and surrenders to the rhythm of the court, embodied in her husband, Karenin himself. Nothing like this breeds hatred, and steals fertility away.

The Author’s Dream of the Ice Tooth
The same night as my dream of Lake Erie, just told, I woke up in the morning, with two wicked warnings. One was

I am tempted to slam into the side of the summer bus of one of my colleagues, who is taking the residents on an illusion.

The other was an equivalent of a dream as I got up in my study and saw the eastern light, and a tooth of ice against it on the eastern rim of dawn:

![Figure 20.1. The Author’s Dream of the Tooth of Ice](image)

The eastern rim seemed to be a kind of roof cloud, from which flashed my temptation, like lightning, or like the great tooth.

This is a perfect warning. If you get full of this kind of revenge, you have been caught too often, like Anna, in someone else’s court, and better get to the country at once, before you lose it.
This neither-too-tight-nor-too-loose coupling is precisely the difference between being locked into the group rhythm and ignoring it.

In other words, the geometry of the series of bifurcations of the neural network of the cardiac conduction system is such that each bifurcation between left and right is slightly asymmetrical. This physical geometry is, therefore, constituent of the complex, fractal wave form in temporal terms. Two pulses for one at every bifurcation, multiplied fourteen times, creates a high range of frequencies (a broad-bandwidth spectrum). (West and Goldberger, 1987, p. 364)

This dependence of forces in time upon a physical geometry has huge consequences for our ability to keep our balance between reading our interior and reading our exterior fields. The argument goes back to Riemann’s lecture of June 10, 1854, entitled, “On the Hypotheses Which Lie at the Foundation of Geometry” (Kaku, p. 30, 1994), summarized in the epigraph to my last book

. . . the laws of nature appear simple when expressed in higher dimensional space (Kaku, p. 37, 1994; Gustafson, p. vii, 2005).

The Author’s Dream of Delineating Phase Spaces

The following dream pictures this higher-dimensional geometry which generates fractal conditions and allows the reading of balance between interior and exterior forces. I dream
I am delineating phase space on little carpets the size of prayer mats which are English sentences. I am looking at a map of southern Michigan, while someone points the way to Indiana, via the interstate to Detroit, which pulls the trajectory off course to the right. I correct this navigator by pointing out the straight gate due south, and then west to the Indiana Dunes.

The phase spaces of Matthews and Strogatz (1990; see my Chapter 13, Part I, p. 11) show a beautiful fractal region which appears between a region of synchrony from tight coupling of the constituent oscillators and a region of incoherence from loose coupling. This neither-too-tight-nor-too-loose coupling is precisely the difference being locked into the group rhythm and ignoring it. It is connected in this dream to prayer mats, an essentially religious point of view which is not-too-much-in-this-world, and to English sentences which pause, at the caesura,
between coherence and incoherence also. Nevertheless, the pull to Detroit, the Motor City, has always to be withstood.

*The Five Chapters on Access to Fractal Space*

Now we will extend this figure to all the scales of space available to us: in other words, the self-similarity of the figure, or fractal capacity, to catch the balance between a region which is too tightly coupled exteriorly, and a region which is too loosely coupled. Chapter 21, Mixed-Up: *It is thus transitional between something we need and something we fly from.* Chapter 22, Upstream Scales: *In general, upstream scales are freer of such malignant force.* Chapter 23, Arjuna in the World: *Thus, I am in the station/war, but I am also not in it, like Arjuna in the world.* Chapter 24, Vast Dreams: *A series of dreams of vast scale will have all the other scales of space also, allowing a reckoning of altogether different consequences.* Chapter 25, The Staircase of History: *The difference is that it is not so far from the sepulcher of slow death to the step gradient into violent death.*
Chapter 21. Mixed-Up

*It is thus transitional between something we need and something we fly from.*

**Unfolding of The Dream Instrument**

This has taken three books and ten years. My first, *The New Interpretation of Dreams* (1997), is too difficult for most readers who want a way to look at dreams, while I, myself, had to *assemble all its different angles*: Freud, Jung, the existentialists, a biological search theory, Winnicott, and most important, Levi-Strauss’s orchestral score of how all mythology fits together, concerning *what to conjoin* (fruitful) and *what to disjoin* (deadly).

I argued that all of the angles for looking at dreams were variants of Levi-Strauss’s *musical score* of mythology.

But why would the core of dreaming/mythology be concerned with *the fruitful* and *the deadly*? Because this distinction is *the* matter of life and death to get right, in every breath, in every hour, in every day, in every year, and so forth. In biology, it is called prey-vigilance or anti-predator defence (Caro, 2005). But this is only one angle of a greater concern. Animals can be good to take, and deadly. So can fruits. So can relationships with other people. So can a climate, or a neighborhood. In other words, the core concern of orientation, by day, or in dreams by night, is what to take in, or conjoin, versus what to distance, or disjoin. It is interesting that Levi-Strauss points to *transitional* beings as the most important to discern: for example, The Opossum’s Cantata is a set of
myths about the opossum which is sweet with its milk, and rotten with its stink. It is thus transitional between something we need, and something we fly from. It is Mixed-Up.

My second dream book, *The Practical Use of Dreams and the Human Comedy* (2000), divided dreams into those of one, two, three, four or five dimensions. I was astounded that almost all of them came out in two dimensions, which came down to a single word: *mismatch*. To wit, the dreamer reruns his route from the daytime and discovers his movement is mismatched with the field he is running on. The reader can have the entire series, summarized in Chapters 49 and 50 (Gustafson, 2000). Once again, the dreamer is Mixed-Up. He hopes for a *match* between the movement of his figure with the ground, and finds himself in a *mismatch*.

Finally, this third dream book we are in has taken the emergent simplicity to yet another level. The detail which evokes the mis-match turns out to be a *fractal*, self-similar on all scales of time and space: as the vein in a leaf bifurcates, similarly the leaf, the twig, the branch, the limb, the tree, the group of trees. Thus, the diagnosis of the illness of orientation can be made in a single, fractal detail, and the treatment can emerge as a similar but different detail which has a completely different trajectory when it is iterated. The detail is about exchange, for example, giving too much for what you get back, which is the pathological detail, versus giving equally for what you give back, which is the detail of being well.

The second emergent finding in this third book is that the *Mixed-Up condition will show itself in the non-linear geometry of the field portrayed in the dream*. It is not only that the move made in it is inappropriate, but that the *field itself is strangely absurd*. In a sense taken from Henri Poincare, the father of non-linear geometry (See Chapter 13,
Part II), each dream is a kind of proof that the dreamer is Mixed-Up about what he or she is attempting, given that the field it is attempted upon is not at all what he or she has been imagining. In other words the dream concerns an error of non-linear geometry. This is equivalent to a meta-physical mistake. The following case is absolutely typical, and will stand as a proof for the entire argument.*

The Case of the Mixed-Up Renter

Following a divorce, our patient found a farmhouse much to her liking, a secure home in which to refind herself. However, the landlady had in mind to repair it, while our patient was in it, whether and when she wanted to have the workmen in. Our patient dreamt:

She goes up to the attic, and this landlady follows her there, brushing off her objections to her intruding once again. The landlady blindsides her with a punch in the chest, which slams her against the back wall of the attic, and knocks her breath out!

In other words, the usual intrusion has been taken to an unforeseen and absurd level of violence. This detail stands for the progression of the intrusion to the ultimate absurdity, if the patient will allow it, or only mildly object. It is the fractal diagnosis, of what she has allowed her entire life. In this sense her illness is a metaphysical illness: a progression

* An aside from the argument of this chapter will concern some readers and, hopefully, not very many. A big debate in the literature of neuroscience (2000) has many positions in it. But the extremes are those of Domhoff who claims that dreams are ordinary, banal stories, and Hobson who claims they are highly irrational or incoherent. Both are correct. As discussed in Chapter 13, Part I, the phase space of dreams is bifurcated (non-linear) depending upon the tightness or looseness of the synchrony. Dreams that are tightly synchronized to group life are banal. Dreams that are loosely synchronized are incoherent. Only in the middle of this phase space where inner life is balanced with outer life are the fractal conditions necessary to the dream instrument.
from a wrong first step of exchange. But, now, the treatment emerges in another detail, with a completely different and hopeful trajectory. She dreams:

I cannot come back at her physically. She is much more physical than I am. But the code is on my side. I will take her to court.

Like Poincare, she has proven a proof: of what will drag her into a hopeless physical scuffle, and of what will give her the leverage on the larger scale of a courtroom.

She knows already that the renting code is altogether on her side against unlawful intrusions.

*The Sweet and the Rotten*

The field of the dream takes us right back to the core of transitional beings that Levi-Strauss knew were so crucial to the music, such as in The Opossum’s Cantata. The farmhouse was to be the secure home, for our patient to refind herself. Yet the landlady, straight out of a Grimm’s Fairy Tale, was going to keep intruding, until she slammed her against the back wall of her attic, knocking out her breath! *The sweet and the rotten were confounded or Mixed-Up, where the dreamer found herself.*
Chapter 22. Upstream Scales

In general, upstream scales are freer of such malignant force.

The Author’s Dream of the Domain of Proof of Non-Linear Fields in Dreams

Chapter 21 disturbed me, especially the footnote to it, the only one in the book. I presumed to reply to the debate in the international field of neuroscience about dreams. I presumed to reply in one paragraph. I presumed to prove from the non-linear phase space of the instrument of orientation that the two leading rivals in the debate were correct but only in small domains of the phase space. In other words, Domhoff is right that dreams are banal, and trivial, when the dreamer is locked into synchrony with the group. In other words, Hobson is right that dreams are incoherent, when the dreamer is disconnected from the group. However, my instrument was highly disturbed by my proof, and I dreamt the following nightmare/proof, which placed disturbance in yet another non-linear phase space. This dream-proof resolved my disturbance, by clarifying where I can prove it, and where I cannot prove it. This non-linear bifurcation turns out to be the profound difference between upstream scales (very small scales) and downstream scales (very large scales):

My father calls upon my high school to expunge me (not expel), ostensibly for missing all my classes. A guy in a restaurant asks me why I came back to Saginaw anyhow?
In a vast race over the hills of a place like San Francisco, an Olympic event like cycling, or cross country skiing, *I lag behind two guys who underestimate the forces* in a huge turn to the right, and sail high and to the right, right off the course. Benefiting from their disaster, I correct to the left, and hold my course, and win the race.

![Diagram](image)

**Figure 22.1. The Author’s Dream of the Domain of Proof of Non-Linear Fields in Dreams**

However, and now the nightmare comes full force, the Japanese team now contests my victory, and I insist my innocence. The more I protest, the more violent they become to destroy me. I finally realize I am *not innocent*. I am guilty of misreading the international scale, where these teams *have to win*. 
The dream is a throw-back to an early book I wrote with Lowell Cooper called *The Modern Contest* (1992). It alludes to a remark by Gosling (1979) that a successful discussion of Balint groups (for doctors) at the Tavistock Clinic led to a fiasco at the International Meeting of Balint Groups in Holland. The balance of the discussion, and its fertility, at the local level (scale), turned into a violent and destructive controversy at the International level (scale). It alludes also to a remark by Jones (1967) about an experiment with rats on an electrified grid. When the electricity was turned on the rats could jump to a white spot and be relieved of their jolt. If they jumped to the black spot, they would continue to be jolted. Now, the devil of the thing. The experimenters gradually made the white spots greyer, and also the black spots greyer, until they were finally indistinguishable. The rats often jumped high and to the right.

Far downstream, international scales are exactly as proven in the dream. Black and white, left and right, wrong and right become blurred by the single urge to win, which makes the teams both frantic and ferocious, and so they sail off course high and to the right.

*The Dream of Choosing Your Own Haircut*

Our patient, the youngest of six children, complained of feeling weighed down and highly irritable about being told what to do. This went back to her earliest years, at the mercy of her older siblings, who played a game with her called “storage.” It meant locking her up in a kind of pen in the basement.

She turned out to be the most responsible child, continually at the mercy of the next oldest, a boy who teased her unmercifully. This boy was a kind of favorite with the
mother, and grew up without limits. Now, an alcoholic in his late twenties, he has had five hospitalizations without benefit, and our patient is arranging to pay for a sixth.

As she summarized the situation, in tears: “This is a total irony. He has tormented me all of my life, and I am the only one helping him. I don’t want this responsibility, but no one else takes it.” From here we dropped into a dream from two months ago:

It started where I tried to shave my head. I was afraid it would look stupid.

(Patient smiles.) I wanted to shave my head to piss my mother off.

I changed the clipper blade, saying to myself, “It’s only hair. It will grow back.” It looked stupid again.

I told my brother to drive me to the haircutter’s before anyone could see me. He just dicked around. This put me in a rage.

We began our discussion, from the first image, and her smile: Why shave her head to piss off her mother? Because her mother likes her boyfriend, and so the prospect of getting engaged to him feels like it is being forced upon her (like everything else!). So shaving her head is like getting rid of her mother’s choice for her.

Yet, that sits poorly with her too. As she said, “I keep trying to get rid of him, but he keeps coming back. Maybe that is what the dream means. ‘I can salvage it. Let it grow out.’” I say to her, “Maybe you want to be independent?”
Now that word turned out to be crucial. Her reply was: “I am independent, and kind of out here in my own electron cloud. It frustrates him. I want to come in, but I can’t. Will I spend my life with him at arm’s length? Or can I salvage it?” She laughed, “Yes, it turned out fine. I cut off eight inches in reality. I just cut it off, saying ‘It will be back if I want it back.’ I could never do it before!” She looked very pleased with herself.

I replied to her, “You might not have to go into orbit in your electron cloud, if you could suit yourself!” She replied to me, “I’ve threatened to cut my hair to him. He said, “No, I like it long.’ This was the jumping off point for the dream.”

After our discussion of the third part of the dream, about being persecuted by her brother, she said about her boyfriend: “I can see me in the living room, him upstairs. He gives me my space (unlike the brother). I’m afraid I want more than he wants to give me.” Here, she was taking her ring on and off (quite unconsciously). My letter about her dilemma, following the interview, went as follows:

I went over the DVD of our conversation with __________ (therapist) and the Brief Clinic yesterday, and I had a few more thoughts to pass on to you. As I wrote in my first letter, your question is about the weight of the past, and how to be delivered from it?

Indeed, the context for the dream, we noted yesterday, is your being on the verge of buying a house with ______ (boyfriend) and starting a family, asking yourself, “Do I really love him, and is he the man to spend the rest of my life with?”
The reply of the dream seems to be this: yes, if I can get through the struggle of my entire life, of being imposed upon as an object of everyone else’s purposes! From ______ (brother), to mother, to father. If I let them, I am captured in variations of losing myself “in storage.”

The metaphor of the haircut in the dream is your trying out various versions of it, until you get it right for you. At the outset, you are tempted into the rebellion of shaving your head – not going along with your mother’s “choice” of ______ (boyfriend) – or the opposite of going along with ______ (boyfriend)’s liking your long hair. Thus, you work your way back to how you like it by the conclusion, and then carry it out in reality!

This is the secret of marriage, unsolved by your parents. If you go along with your spouse in matters vital to you, you will have to distance like your father, to try to recover what you can of yourself. IF you can hold your own about what you is important to you, you can stay in the same room, and be strong about it, and yet good natured about it, so you can be close with your mate.

Thus, the working out of the haircut is a metaphor for everyday in a successful marriage. The first test, in a long series!

Very best regards, James P. Gustafson, M.D., Professor of Psychiatry
Upstream and Downstream in Her Life

Upstream for her is what she calls her “electron cloud, i.e., alone.” She found it in childhood, as the way to get free of being “put in storage, i.e., with siblings.”

Downstream for her is what happened in her family: you end up “weighted by decisions that are never once for me.”

The dream posed the non-linear geometry of these two scales. Being oneself in a tiny cloud: an electron cloud. Not being oneself in the family. The attempt at a haircut of her own changed this bifurcation: introducing herself, and her own experiment at finding what she wanted in a marriage of her own.
Chapter 23. Arjuna in the World

Thus, I am in the station/war, but I am also not in it, like Arjuna in the world.

*The Bhagavad Gita*

The story opens with Arjuna asking Krishna, God incarnate disguised as his charioteer, to place his chariot between the two rival armies about to commence a terrible war. He cannot bear the grief of the situation, because the opposing side are all close relatives. He sinks down into the chariot and drops his arrows and bow.

Krishna smiles at him, and tells him to get up, and fight. Why? I cannot quote all of Chapter 2, The Practice of Yoga, but only one small stanza, to stand for its huge perspective:

The presence that pervades the universe
is imperishable, unchanging,
beyond both *is* and *is not:*
how could it ever vanish?

Thus, Arjuna is to act, leaving world-making and world-destroying to Krishna. In the middle of a terrible struggle to win and not to lose *he is not* to be concerned with the result.
A Comparable Dream of the Author Concerning Being in The World

I do not suppose that more than a few readers understand a presence “…beyond both *is* and *is not.*” Nor why this would be a mighty help to be *in* the battle and *not in* the battle. Nor how this could *save you* from a modern civilization about five thousand years old. A dream proved its non-linear geometry to me as follows:

The Author’s Dream of Grand Central Station

My wife and I were reading Tolstoy out loud, in *War and Peace* (2007, Pevear and Volokhonsky translation), and Pevear’s introduction to their translation of *Anna Karenina* (2000). I had a stunning feeling of flimsy people, run away with by forces on a vast scale: For example, Lisa, the Little Princess, who needs to be in on every social event. Her husband, Prince Andrei, cannot bear her least sentence about it, yet he really has no line of retreat. I dream

I am arriving in New York City at Grand Central Station, I sleep on a soccer field in the middle of it. When I wake up, my wife is gone. There are only masses of people connecting to Westchester or Long Island. I go to look for the station master, and find him. He turns out to be a fellow who always sat next to me in high school, because our names began alike with Gust… (Once he gave me a record of classical music of Wagner’s “Tannhauser” which turned me in that direction.) Now he points the way out of the nightmare station into the street and a good hotel.
Anyone that has read *Anna Karenina* (2000, originally published, 1875) knows that its fateful place is the train station, where Anna first meets her lover, Vronsky, and where she ends by throwing herself in front of a train. Strangely, Tolstoy, much identified with Anna, died in a train station in flight from his estate and wife and family.

Unconsciously, my dream equates the battlefield in the *Gita* with the train station in *Anna Karenina*. These are the large-scale, downstream-scale places where huge populations come together. The results are crude, and the matches are often fateful mismatches.

Curiously, I lie down like Arjuna on a field, a green field of play, which acts as a dream screen (Lewin, 1973; Gustafson, 1997, pp. 164-168; Gustafson, 2000, pp. 101-102). However, when I awake, my wife is gone, and I am only surrounded by crowds surging for their connection on the next train.

I am not thrown by this, but look for the station master, with the trust of a child, and find he knows where to point me to get out of the huge, impersonal scale, and into
the small scale of a good hotel. He is my old friend from high school, whom I haven’t seen in nearly fifty years. I do know that he turned out to be the manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra!

The parallel to Arjuna is this. I too find myself in vast, and totally impersonal scale, and I too have a kind of child’s trust in my little green field in the middle of it, and in the station master, who connects me to a great, classical culture. We are back to another proof of Deutsch’s theorem as a revolution of one: the total impersonality of the Empire (i) is not perturbing me when I have my little green field of play in the middle of it (i-1), which resonates with the great classical tradition of music (i+1), mediated by my childhood friend/station master/manager of the Boston Symphony. Thus, I am in the station/war, but I am also not in it, like Arjuna in the world.
A series of dreams of vast scale will have all the other scales of space also, allowing a reckoning of altogether different consequences.

A Series of Vast Dreams

I already laid out a sequence of vast dreams for the Introduction to the Second Half of the Book, but I did not comment there on the logic of how one leads to the following one.

The series in seven nights was:

1. The Boschian Egg
2. The Six-Sided Polygon Inside a Square
3. The Narrenschiff (Ship of Fools)
4. The Delta of the Nile
5. The Great World Tree
6. Opposite Lines of Force as in the Drawings of Cecil Balmond
7. A Great Palisades and Modular Man

Jung (1974) contrasted “big dreams” concerning the people and “little dreams” concerning the affairs of but one individual. From this series I am about to connect, it will become apparent that vast dreams do concern the people, but also that tiny ones can also concern the people. I have called these little ones “punch dreams” (Gustafson, 1995b).
What astonishes me is the capacity of the dream instrument to take in a vast field or extent, and then follow it, by telescoping down to a tiny field or extent. Or, vice versa, having been tightly focused, it will suddenly open up again to the vast extent, with the tiny detail placed precisely in its location in that vast field.

Thus, Number 1 of the series, is about a Boschean Egg closing against a fire storm in the mountains of Idaho. Number 2, The Six-Sided Polygon Inside a Square immediately focuses upon the Egg itself, as a Japanese Tea House, of the most precise and small geometry for opening and closing tightly. Numbers 3, 4 and 5, now place the Egg, or Tea House, in vast spaces of the Narrenschiff (Ship of Fools), i.e., Psychiatry, at its rear deck, in The Delta of the Nile, on the most leftward branch leading to a tiny Moroccan sandwich shop open at noon in a car repair garage, and in a children’s tree house in the Great World Tree, usurped by a Biology Department. Finally, the series closes with a counterclockwise drawing of the lines of force in George Nakashima’s woodworking studio, compared to the clockwise lines of force in University Hospital, Number 6, and Number 7, A Great Palisade of my neighbors, compared to my poor fence against the world, and a Modular Man taking over my youthful bed.

In other words, all about the Egg, or Fertility, and its need to be placed in the vast scale, in the rear deck, the leftward branch of the Nile Delta, the children’s tree house in the Great World Tree, counterclockwise in George Nakashima’s woodworking studio, and behind a Great Palisade like my neighbors’.

A Concluding Painful Dream of the Author About Psychic Inflation
Here is my dream reply to seeing a mad youth in clinic, taken over by Modular Man, and greatly inflated, based on nothing. I dreamt:

Like a tinker-toy jet, snaking on wire about a mile long, and about to take off over San Francisco Bay, while I sit in the last seat of a BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit) railroad train, which looks more like the seat of an entertainment ride at the county fair.

I am to be interviewed by Oprah, in a tiny studio, like a bunker, with no tie, no notes, and surrounded by pink dots, of the acolytes of this Queen of Hearts who is a bigger dot. I resolve to say nothing at all.
Figure 24.1. The Author’s Dream of the Tinker-Toy Jet, and Oprah’s Studio of the Queen of Hearts

What concision. A tiny flimsy little being, caught up in a jet like force, or a Queen of Hearts. Quite the opposite of my dream series, which is all about staying out of the lines of force of Modular Man.
Chapter 25. The Staircase of History

The difference is that it is not so far from the sepulcher of slow death to the step gradient into violent death.

Kott’s analysis of Shakespeare’s History plays, Chapter 1, “The Kings,” argues how he conveyed the image of history itself:

Emanating from the features of individual kings and usurpers in Shakespeare’s History plays, there gradually emerges the image of history itself. The image of the Grand Mechanism. …

Feudal history is like a great staircase on which there treads a constant procession of kings. Every step upwards is marked by murder, perfidy, teachery. Every step brings the throne nearer. Another step and the crown will fall. One will soon be able to snatch it. …

From the highest step there is only the leap into the abyss. The monarchs change. But all of them – good and bad, brave and cowardly, vile and noble, naïve and cynical – tread on the steps that are always the same.

(Kott, 1974, p. 10-11)

The Image of History For Us
For me, this begs the question of the image of history for us, and how its force field compels us in our own time, as it compelled these kings in their feudal time. I am persuaded by the following dreams of my own what this image is, and how it gets into us, even to how we draw our breath.

The Author’s Dream of His Castle on the New Jersey Shore

This dream followed a day in clinic, where I was struck by the anxiety of one of our patients who is a school principal. Our residents, like their teachers, forget to take histories. The resident told the principal he would prescribe cognitive behavior therapy to reduce the anxiety. I asked him, the principal, when it began? The principal knew right away, with a glance at his wife, when it began, when he took on his latest school this fall.

What was alarming? Just this. When he quelled one disturbance of a child, or parent, or teacher, or all three, several more broke out before he concluded the one at hand. Oh yes, I replied, my job is like yours: I see five or six cases an hour, and I could easily lose my own rhythm. He smiled with relief, and his body eased, with another glance at his wife. Two nights later, after a beautiful afternoon moving freely on the tennis court, I dreamt a long and a short dream, a remarkable form for the pair:

I woke up in my own castle by the sea in New Jersey, only to find the tide was coming into it, and, looking outside I saw that I was surrounded by low flat windowless industrial buildings as far as I could see. Occasional owners would show up, in a rage that the tide could not be kept out of their property. On the beach itself, a large array of youth were sitting on
their bottoms on tiny marble-sized boulders, waiting for the tide to come in and take them out.

Figure 25.1A. The Author’s Dream of His Castle on the Sea in New Jersey

The short dream was that I was on a basketball court playing against a group of drug salesmen/women who stood stock still. Like Bill Bradley who played for Princeton when I was in college at Harvard, I could glide through them, effortlessly.

Figure 25.1B. The Author’s Dream of Being A One Man Basketball Team

As Kott (1974) suggested, history since feudal times has become de-materialized. The image in my dream is of *an industrial storage* by the sea, *run by people who know*
nothing about tides. Conversely, the young people seem to be playing with the tide, which will take them out to sea with enormous force. Swallow them up. This is the long dream. Conversely, the short dream is my having my own court, where I glide by the drug salespersons who cannot move at all. My dream instrument, like Tolstoy’s style discussed in Chapter 20, and my dream pair in Chapter 24, seems to have to gotten the idea that the image of history needs to be double, because the reality is enormously split or bifurcated in reality.

The Author’s Four Short Dreams of Property

Five nights later, I woke up about three in the morning thinking about Sullivan and his Chapter 12, “Obsessionalism” in *Clinical Studies in Psychiatry* (1956). I had read it many times. This time I was not caught up in his long and rambling rhythms, but took the point in its shortest possible form: to wit, *obsessional people are very insecure, and use words to cover it up*. I then dreamt one little scene of words, and three of tiny pictures.

1. An obsessional person was trying to become a consultant, but never could be skillful at it: *so caught up in her verbal abstractions of worry, vigilance and control, she could hardly remember the particular person she was consulting to. Her intellectual property in words was disconnected from particular beings.*
Scene 2 was about a fellow I was friends with in junior high school, and whose father owned a drugstore. In this scene, he is trying to lie in my lap in a chair in San Francisco, and I want nothing of it at all. As is pictured, he seems to want to be a copy of me. I cannot help but think that this is the symbolic capital he got from his father (Bourdieu, 1977): drug-store property/replication is his long suit.

Scene 3 is a smiling guy in a bow tie (the tie stands for his intellectual, legal, medical or corporate property). Scene 4 is a beautiful pair of earrings (they stand for female property).

In other words, the equation of this dream argument is an image of our history itself: words, to cover up insecurity about property, of whatever kind! Really, that is what Tolstoy saw in the aristocracy of 1805-1812 in *War and Peace*: flimsy characters caught up in their property, while using words to seem otherwise (see my Chapter 9, The Immense Realm of the False).

*The Author’s Pair of Dreams, Short and Long, on The Heart of Darkness*

Conrad certainly proceeded with a bifurcated image of history about a hundred years ago, in *The Heart of Darkness* (Conrad, 1992, originally published, 1902): Bruxelles is the
sepulchral city of business, and the Congo River is its violent periphery of murder turned loose. I had written two pages of this chapter, last night. I was very troubled, and I was up from about two to four in the morning trying to grapple with it. I knew I was very upset with what I had conceived as the image of history in our times: obsessional property. It really is a sepulchral city, of absence for everything else. My dream gave me the short dream first, of where I was preoccupied, followed by the long dream second, of what I needed to consider further:

I am in a bar in New York City called The TamOShanter, which is like a little church for flimsy people, pretending to be close: the flimsiest near the door, the slightly more substantial in the middle, and the owner/bartender farthest in, serving up the drinks, and carrying all the money (bills) in a huge wallet (change seemed none of his concern).

Figure 25.3A. The Author’s Dream of the TamOShanter Bar in New York City

That was bad enough, and empty enough, and sepulchral, but what followed was a sheer gradient into terror, in a long, second dream:
I am on a long avenue in New York City, staying in a hotel for $130 a night in rooms that have no boundaries (doors open from one room to another; new guests are added to my room, etc.). I do find an old New York bar a block away: high ceilings, beautiful old wood, quiet. I take a bus up the Avenue, to where a new floating church is being connected to an established church. A group of its architects arrive in a fancy black limo, and an academic is exclaiming, very abstractly, about the quality of their work, and jumps into my arms. I get out of there fast, thinking that these guys in the limo will be sitting ducks driving through near neighborhoods: they stop once at a traffic light, someone can shoot their tires out easily! I come to a huge crossing of parkland that looks totally barren: I am about to step across it, when someone takes me by the shoulder and points out all the burning and destroyed buildings on the other side. I go across anyway, where a group of people are going to proceed uptown further in a flatbed truck. They are covering themselves with white bubbles like soap bubbles, which they reassure me will protect them, and me if I come along, from all harm. We head uptown, so defended, and are immediately boarded by violent people with needles who begin to stab us. I wake up. This is as far as I am going!

Figure 25.3B. The Author’s Dream of a Ride Up a Long Avenue in New York City
Notice this long tapestry shows the fate of a wrong first step: boundarylessness!

Put the short dream alongside the long dream and you get a split or bifurcated image of history in our time, quite parallel to Conrad’s sepulchral city/Congo River. *The difference* is that it is not so far from the sepulcher of slow death to the steep gradient into violent death. Thus, the Empire has changed in a hundred years!
Every cell knows how to pump in what it needs and pump out what it must get rid of.

Every animal knows how to put its head down to feed and take in what it needs and, alternately, put its head up to be vigilant against harm. All of mythology is about conjoining what is beneficent and disjoining what is maleficent.

Nevertheless, the modern human being of the last five thousand years has a terrible time with this orientation, despite the extraordinary potential of his or her great instrument of orientation. As I argued in my last book, Very Brief Psychotherapy (Gustafson, 2005), all of the Common Dynamics of Psychiatry (Gustafson, 1999) are simply people who have been hurt and wronged in their exchanges with the world, who then fall into compensatory claims which make them wrong, and thus, more hurt and wronged. They seem to be unable to read the first step of getting hurt in an exchange, nor all the subsequent steps, which turn into their miserable trajectory. Why is the great instrument going unused?

The Author’s Dream of the Entire Constituent Geometry for the Flow

I had had a splendid morning where I did two beautiful interviews of the flow from below of psychological rhythm to read the patient’s surrender of judgment, which, in turn had
brought about a misery of being wronged. From the first step, or sentence, the patient had
given away her mis-reading, amazed at a lack of goodness in return for her goodness. I
went to Walgreen’s on my way home for lunch, to pick up a couple of items, got in line as
usual, and felt sick to my stomach by the time I got home. That night I dream

I am in an alternative high school where everything flows like my
interview, from the first detail. All of the flows converge in a beautiful
diagonal plane until I come to the edge of it … and everything goes
wrong, in this murderous box it had been embedded in, and I had missed
it.

Figure Intro. Part VI.1 The Author’s Dream of the Entire
Constituent Geometry for the Flow

The flow in the diagonal plane from below changed totally in Walgreen’s where I was far
too open to the top-down rhythm of mechanical reproduction in the store. All factories are
like this. The check-out person gets into the mechanical rhythm to make out as fast as possible (Burawoy, 1979). Just watching it made me ill. If I had only turned my back in it, I could have stayed in the beautiful rhythm of flow from below, which comes from the Great Source in nature.

_The Five Chapters on the Access to the Full Musical Score_

Now we will extend this figure to all the scales of time and space available to us: to catch the transition between an opening for flow, and the usual taut surface of making out.

Chapter 26: Discord: *Without an ally to look with her at what she was looking, she would not be able to bear seeing it.*

Chapter 27: Stepping Back. *What is sweet has also to see what is rotten.*

Chapter 28: Myo. *This is the Zen term for the mysterious beauty which arises from the unconscious, when it is not stopped by the conscious.*

Chapter 29: Mandorlas. ... *mankind is not safe now, because mankind only values itself – Scully, 1991, quoting Levi-Strauss.*

Chapter 30: The Known and Unknown in Every Breath. _The Shakespearian Bridge:_  *From the known surface of Doctor Mahon, I find the slit into the unknown vertical.*
Without an ally to look with her at what she was looking, she would not be able to bear seeing it.

Why is the Great Instrument Not Being Used?

One of my students (Justin Schoen, personal communication), contemplating the powers of the instrument of orientation, especially as brought forth in Parts IV and V, Access to Fractal Time and Access to Fractal Space, asked me the simplest and most direct of all questions, “So then why is it not being used?” I thought about the simplest reply, and said to him, “Because it is weighted, so that it is out of balance.”

As Ahl and Allen explain in Hierarchy Theory, A Vision, Vocabulary and Epistemology (1996), Chapter 6, “Filtering Information,” every biological surface, from an organelle membrane, to an organ like the eye, to an entire plant or animal, to a group of plants or animals, has the power to let in certain frequencies (rhythms) and exclude other frequencies (rhythms). The total information is never let in, only some, selectively, by weighting or privileging some places in the total spectrum. For example, the common fly has an eye which picks up very high flicker frequencies compared to the human eye, so that it can actually see the pulsation of our alternating current in our lamps fifty to sixty times a second:

In a sitting room, the fly might wonder why, since we are responsible for the lighting arrangements, do we not do a better job. Although we cannot
see anything but a steady light source, the fly with its high flicker frequency sees the room as alternately light then darkening (p. 122).

Of course, this is adaptive to the survival of the fly, which can pick up a swat coming as well, and get out of its way. Whereas, for us, the perturbations that threaten our existence arrive more slowly, and are picked up by eyes at slower flicker frequencies. So, in a profound sense, there is no biological surface that is disoriented, *per se*. *It is just weighted to part of the spectrum, and thus oriented to certain perturbations, and not others.*

_The Dream of Laying on the Bottom of the Lake_

Consider the following dream as evidence about the weighting of the instrument in the average human being of our time. I saw this woman in her late twenties, with two small children and a husband, who was anxious and depressed as all our patients are and don’t know why. As my student asked, why is this patient and all our patients not using the instrument they have to know _why they are threatened (anxiety) and why they are giving up (depressed)? You might think that knowing this about their exchanges would be vital information._ Usually, they do not know, however. Why? I arrived at 1:20 P.M. in the afternoon to the office of the resident and this patient, when he exclaimed he was so glad I had come, because the patient had a recurrent dream that might shed light on her unhappiness. I saw that we had until 1:30 P.M., and agreed to spend ten minutes to see what we could find out. The recurrent dream she has is the following:
I am looking for a body of water to lay on the bottom to be rescued. Nine of ten times, no one comes. Also, I pretend I need resuscitation. Usually, even if someone pulls me up, they don’t care enough to resuscitate me.

I invited the resident to ask the first question, and he asked her what might be the analogy to waking life? The patient replied that she is unhappy in her job of late, but that the dream began to recur long before now. “Forever,” she said, “I have not liked myself, and wanted attention from my father, and did not get it.” Now she was tearful. I responded that we were near an early meaning. “Clearly,” I said, “the lifeguards have never been any good.”

Now, she sat up straight, as if awakened, and said that the current lifeguard who is not any good is her husband. He comes home from work, and goes directly to the television on the lower level, leaving her with the girls. And she added, “… and that pisses me off. … and the exception is when he needs something.”

Here she was quite delighted with her discovery in this simple dream of what had gone wrong with her exchanges her entire life! And right now! But why had she been unable to come to this on her own? Obviously, her instrument had been oriented from childhood to surviving on her own, expecting little or nothing. Thus, consciously, she was just attending to her daily business. Only when we attended to her in her dream was she able to heed its message.

In Winnicott’s (1971) terms, her life-line to her own interior world had been cut, just to put up with an exterior world that gives her nothing. The discord in her only appears unconsciously in her recurrent dream, and could be heeded only when we invited
her to attend to it. *Without an ally to look with her at what she was looking, she would not be able to bear seeing it* (Asch, 1955; Gustafson, 2005, on the ally-affect).

In other words, when we lend our weight to attending to what she is looking at in the dream re-run of all the exchanges in her life, we have re-balanced the spectrum of her instrument. No longer is it chiefly tied to the exterior concord, but it can pick up the interior discord. Her balance is coming back.
Chapter 27. Stepping Back

What is sweet has also to see what is rotten.

Thomas Mann, 1937

I can never get enough of what Mann said in his book, *Freud, Goethe, Wagner*, namely:

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 (p. 34).

Mann means many things here, particularly that stepping back like this is to fulfill the

myth, as when Jesus cries out upon the cross, “Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani,” (My God, My

God, Why hast thou forsaken me?), straight from *Psalms* 22:1. Mann’s emphasis is that

stepping back is what fulfills a life, and makes it significant.

At the same moment, however, this stepping back allows one to see the whole

situation (Tate, 1999, originally published, 1934). Because everyone you meet is rushing

forward, following some formula (what Tate calls “isolated will”), … to step back is at

once not to be captured, and to take in a much wider perspective.

But it is also a deeper perspective, once you recognize that anything you look at

can get in the way of what is behind it. In other words, the exterior field you are
contemplating is a non-linear geometry: it has abrupt bifurcations in it, as between the warm front you are in, and the cold front which has not yet arrived.

_Shrakespeare and The Goddess of Complete Being_  
Ted Hughes’s book by this name (1992) delivers this message with tremendous force, because he is able to show it in all of Shakespeare’s plays as if they were one play, but also because he is able to show it as a fractal on every scale from a single choice of a word to the entire history of the West.

The Goddess of Complete Being is the goddess of creation in the spring, but also the goddess of destruction in the fall. One aspect of her cannot be had without the other aspect. What Shakespeare saw in about 1600 was that this complete being was being killed by the arising of the Puritan hero. He was going to control everything. Now he has had four hundred years to do just that.

He certainly can keep his eye on what he is controlling, for that is his only pursuit. But he has no idea of what is arising outside his controlling frame of reference.

_The Case of A Grimm’s Fairy Tale_  
Such a man had a wife, who came to our clinic for help with him. If he ran everything to suit himself and could not see the unhappiness of his wife and children, she was continually amazed at this very thing.

In the first half hour of our consultation in The Brief Therapy Clinic, she finally came down to the right words: self-important, entitled and materialistic.
Her Pair of Dreams

Now, she was ready to drop into a pair of dreams. She dreamt

1. My husband and I had a beautiful farm house. The most striking thing was that it had two living rooms: one was furnished, and one was bare. Like one that was lived in, and one that was a new start. I kept asking myself why the empty one is there? When I was in the furnished one, I couldn’t see the empty one, and vice versa. The empty one unsettled me.

2. I had a monster truck, and was having fun driving around in the mud. I went back home, and when I burst in the door, my husband was kissing my mother, and turned to me and said, “I’m leaving you for your mother.”

When I asked her if she made any sense of the dreams, she became tearful at once, about the second dream of the pair, and said, “He treats me just as badly as my mother did. That is why they are together … I’m so mad at myself for picking this ridiculous partner.”

But then she quickly answered her self-accusation with the sequence of the dream: “They can be so charming, and I want to believe in Prince Charming. There we were flying around in that pretty electric blue truck through the mud.”

And so I added, “The dream gives you the beginning of the romance, and the end in two frames, placed side by side. When you are in the first frame, you cannot see the last frame, but the dream will help you to remember them together.”

Finally, we turned back to the first dream of the pair, which also fell quickly into place. “I did not want to face the emptiness of my life. I didn’t want it (the marriage) to
end. All I could think of was what it would do to the children. But when I talked with them about moving out, they said, ‘No, mommy, we have all been so unhappy with him.’”

Once again, she was having great trouble seeing two opposite conditions: in 2., from the playful beginning to the deadly end, in 1., from the lived-in living room to the bare living room, or from the end to starting over. Thus, the re-run in the dream is a chance to step backward and take in the whole situation.

*The Myth of Herself*

More deeply, the pair of dreams steps back to the myth of herself. As the oldest of three girls, under a terrible, cruel mother, she devoted herself to saving her two sisters from this cruelty. But it was a fairy tale, right out of the Grimm tales. The Goddess of Complete Being was not going to fulfill her myth *until* she read the Puritan Man just as he is. What is sweet has also to see what is rotten (Levi-Strauss, 1983, originally published, 1964).
Chapter 28. Myo

This is the Zen term for the mysterious beauty which arises from the unconscious, when it is not stopped by the conscious.

The Segue From Chapter 27

Evoking the Goddess of Complete Being at the conclusion of Chapter 27, I was not willing to part with her, and so I was resentful all afternoon to be in clinic. I did not want to be with people who were essentially dead. By that I mean incapable of coming up with anything. Only clichés. Resentment. One man stuck in my mind. A man who had earned six figures, but not a nickel for five years. He let the resident and me know that we were failing him. His job counselor had asked him what work he wanted to do? And he, sneeringly, had told him, “That’s your job to tell me!” I thought to myself, “He has got this completely backwards.”

Who Will Thank You and Who Will Hate You

The extreme contrast between The Case of a Grimm’s Fairy Tale in Chapter 27 (The Goddess of Complete Being), and This Case of Bitter Entitlement, reminded me of a conversation with a younger colleague (Andrew Moore, personal communication) about who thanks him, and who hates him among his patients. I said to him that he can count on patients who have too high an opinion of themselves to hate him, for the discussion will make it clear that their claim is too great, for what they have to give back. Conversely, he
can count on patients who have too low an opinion of themselves to be grateful, for making it clear that they have a right to claim more for their generosity.

Jung called the first group cases of “psychic inflation” (1971). I decided to call the second group cases of “psychic deflation” (Gustafson, 2005). The trouble with cases of “psychic deflation” like the worn-out Dr. Jekyll (Stevenson (1985, originally published, 1886) is that giving themselves away for little or nothing builds up a tremendous resentment. Then, they dread a little entitlement arising up from below in the darkness, for fear that they will turn into Mr. Hyde himself. Thus, they dread entitlement, pride, rage, and all the manifestations of “psychic inflation” in themselves.

The Author’s Dream of the Entrance Examination For Psychiatry

I dreamt the following proof of what I was saying about who will thank you and who will hate you as a doctor in psychiatry:

I was taking an entrance examination in medical school for entering psychiatry (there is no such thing, but there ought to be!). I failed both halves of it. The first half was to look at fruit carefully that you were going to have to pitch at patients. I chose a beautiful peach, and failed to look at its reverse or shadow side which was completely rotten. For that, I failed at once. The second half of the exam was to take the fruit you had chosen and, positioning yourself in front of a patient whirling counter-clockwise on a clothesline, make an underhand toss when the patient came up from below right into his or her own kisser. I had failed to practice this
maneuver, so I missed the patient altogether, and thus flunked the second and the first half of the exam.

![Diagram](image.png)

*Figure 28.1. The Author’s Dream of the Entrance Exam For Psychiatry*

*The Author’s Dream of the Mandorla, or Sieve or Cleft*

As I was contemplating my misery in clinic, my fall from the Gate of Heaven into the Gate of Death (the irony is that my subject of Chapter 27 is the two halves of the Goddess of Complete Being, one of fertility, one of death, so I was still not getting my own message), I got an email from one of my younger colleagues (Matt Meyer, personal communication) in reply to my Table of Contents and Preface, which summarized what I am up to:

If someone asked me to briefly explain my understanding of your work I would say it is about transitional spaces – how we find them, how we lose them, what happens inside them.
When I replied to him that he was right on the mark, and that it is, in other words, all non-linear geometry as in Poincare’s Proofs, he sent me back 4 pdf’s of beautiful mandorlas and wrote:

A mandorla is the almond shaped area of intersection between two mandalas. It has been used as a sacred symbol in many cultures to represent the union of the spiritual and the profane, inner and outer worlds, birth and death, etc. … and is the space where transformation occurs …

You know them – your marker diagrams of dynamics always create mandorlas.

*The Author’s First of Three Dreams of the Mandorla, the Sieve, the Cleft, in Three Nights*

That night after my exchange with my younger colleague I dreamt I was resetting my racquet with an extremely strong glue that was also highly flexible, so that I could take a shot or perturbation in its center without shattering the instrument.
At once, my own sieve or cleft had yielded up to me, like Poincare’s did to him, a proof of what would allow me to bear the transition between the fertility of the Goddess and the death dealing of the Goddess. The next afternoon, after a beautiful morning of more creation, I gave myself an hour to get ready for an afternoon of more death-dealing, and fell completely into its rhythm, light-heartedly. The next evening, the same rhythm came up in me on the tennis court. The reader will notice that the racquet is more like a lacrosse basket (on a stick), than a face of a tennis racquet. This is quite so, and quite an exact geometry as always. The lacrosse stick, which appeared in a dream in my Chapter 11, Lacrosse, is a derivative of the crosier-staff, the crook or pastoral staff. It is also splendid for taking the hardest shot or perturbation into its center pocket, and cradling it, until it can be flung back with great force.
This profound image from below in the night sea takes us back to myô, the Zen term for the mysterious beauty which arises from the unconscious, when it is not stopped by the conscious, or, as I have quoted Wallace Stevens (1997, originally published 1942) many times, “… the violence from within pressing back against the violence from without.” We need it, and we need it precisely. It pulls out of the air what is flung at us, and flings it right back where it belongs.
…mankind is not safe now, because mankind values only itself – Scully

(1991a, p. 50) quoting Claude Levi-Strauss.

The Segue From Chapter 28

Satisfying as it was, my first Mandorla Dream left me with a painful disturbance. I think it is right this time to go straight to the dream which elucidated it for me that night.

The Author’s Second of Three Dreams of the Mandorla, the Sieve, the Cleft, in Three Nights

I dream

Of the same mandorla, but it has ten holes in it. I am to let all ten holes be resolved before I move upon its proof, effortlessly. In other words, I am to take the time I need, slowly.

I am in England riding in a sportscar with its owner, who is steering it from the backseat with his toes, passing at reckless speed, to take me to an ancient airport. “No thanks,” I tell him, “I am not doing this.”
I knew at once it was a pair of dreams, contrasting a patience to let my instrument takes its time, with a reckless rushing. What was strange and absurd was this guy lying flat on his back, with his head on the back seat, gunning his flashy car up these tiny little English roads with not a care for anyone but himself. He must have had a control box in his hand for the accelerator and for the brakes.

Clearly, my attention is being drawn away from the first Mandorla to him. He signifies what? I think he is the guy running everything. He is the Puritan Man, who destroyed the Goddess of Complete Being (Chapter 27). He takes me back to my book, *Self-Delight in a Harsh World* (1992), where I attempted to describe stories that repeat endlessly, without getting anywhere. That is because they are strange loops. The clockwise loop is like this one of psychic inflation, and the counterclockwise loop is his discovery of how little he has to offer (Gustafson, in press).
Because he rules the surface of the world, the clockwise loop of everyone else is psychic deflation, and the counterclockwise loop a brief moment of entitlement, pride and rage, which also alarms the subject, and sends her or him back into his or her clockwise place. The movie, “Clockwise,” pictures the entire set of strange loops.

*Making Out On the Shop Floor*

Burawoy (1979) explained most clearly how this Puritan Man decimates everyone whom he catches up in his game. Burawoy tried out being an operator in a tool and die shop. What he found is profoundly simple and terrible, and applies to all of us. He found that he was sucked into the game of what everyone there called “making out.” Simply, you get paid by different rates for different jobs, and each job has a maximum you can get. So, what you do is finish early on jobs that pay little, and build up “kitty,” or surplus, on jobs
that pay a lot, and hold it back to get your maximum the next time around when this job is paying its maximum again.

Of course, there is nothing unnatural about this game in the sense that any rat would figure it out, and play accordingly. What is unnatural is that the men discussed nothing else, and became obsessed with it. That is the horror of it all, as Conrad (1992, originally published, 1902) put it. The game sucked up all their lives on its flat surface.

Vincent Scully’s History of Architecture

Scully (1991, 1992) has a précis of his argument and a full length book. It is truly terrifying. What he says is that

… architecture is one of the major strategies whereby human societies mediate between the individual and nature’s awful laws. (p. 30, 1992)

There are two such ways. The oldest is to draw down nature’s powers:

And the temple imitates the mountain’s shape, intensifies it, clarifies it, geometricizes it, and therefore makes it more potent, as if to help draw the water down from the mountain to the fields below. (p. 31, 1992)

The second, which sprung out of the Greeks, is to project their military power, the hoplites, in the columns of their temples. Since them, this has been the way. For example, Louis XIV built his Versailles, and his France, as the thinnest of geometric surfaces, over
which his cannon were trained (pp. 46-47). By World War I, there was no place for man to hide.

In a sense, that is what Claude Levi-Strauss meant when he said, and I paraphrase, that mankind is not safe now, because mankind values only itself .. (p. 50, 1992).

Interesting, because when Scully gave a lecture in 1980 about Thiepval, the horrific monument to World War I,

When we get to the height – the objective – the memorial of Thiepval looms over us, stepping mountainously up and back in brick and white trim like one of the American skyscrapers of the 1920’s. … It is the ultimate “portrait” of landscape art that rises up to consume us all. It stands behind a carpet of grass. There is no path for us, the living. We have to violate the grass to approach it. Closer, we are enveloped by the creature’s great gorge. … (p. 51, 1992)

Maya Lin was there and invented the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, as she wrote:

*I had an impulse to cut open the earth* … an initial violence that in time would heal. The grass would grow back, but the cut would remain … it was as if the black-grown earth were polished and made into an interface between the sunny
world and the quiet, dark world beyond, that we can’t enter … I chose black granite to make the surface reflective and peaceful. (p. 52, 1992)

Such a beautiful mandorla she built, where the light and dark worlds intersect (Andreopoulos, 2005). The next night I dreamt a comparable one for myself, which takes us to my final chapter.
Chapter 30. The Known and the Unknown in Every Breath: The Shakespearian Bridge

From the known surface of Dr. Mahon, I find the slit into the unknown vertical.

The Segue From Chapter 29

Straight again I must go from Maya Lin’s cut in the earth at the conclusion of Chapter 29, to my dream.

The Author’s Third of Three Dreams of the Mandorla, the Sieve, the Cleft, in Three Nights

I dream

1. The vacation: our tires were slit (a little margin, unknown, to drive upon), and the rivers were flooding.

2. I am starting medical school again, and I am supposed to sign up for Introduction to Clinical Medicine with Dr. John Mahon, but I can’t locate where I am to meet him. Finally, I see a sign-up in a gym, and take the last slot for Thursday at 11 a.m., at his house, but where it is I do not know.

3. The suburbs: on my bicycle, perhaps looking for Mahon’s house, I pass the deathly Dr. _____, and piles of houses under construction which obscure the lake, and run into one of my students on the sidewalk, with two kids, and two minutes until dinner.
Contemplating these works of Mahon, a beauty arises:

4. A skating rink in our neighborhood (we have one) as black and smooth as marble (Maya Lin) with contours you can skate up upon the edges, and dive into its depths.

![Figure 30.1. The Author’s Dream of the Neighborhood Skating Rink.](image)

It looks like a saddle in two dimensions, but its height and depth are infinite. It is in me. It is a mandorla in n-dimensions. From the known surface of Doctor Mahon, I find the slit into the unknown vertical.
Recapitulation

That man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, V, i, 83-88
To be oriented is to have an accurate sense of direction for moving towards what you need and away from what is dangerous to you. To be mixed-up about your direction is to be disturbed, and to get it right again is the simplest and most powerful definition of psychotherapy. To be well is to make full use of the instrument of orientation already in you, and, therefore, to read this book is to get an education in its great powers.

**The Single Sentence as the Musical Score**

But why is the great instrument of orientation carried in a single sentence? First of all, because of the structure of our neural network. We breathe in and out in about three seconds, in which we compose a phrase, take a turn in conversation, sing in music, or gesture in dance (Stern, 2004). This is the time needed for half a sentence, with a pause, usually, for the second half of the sentence in reply (Hughes, 1992).

In other words, the two halves (or phrases) of the sentence are the unit of exchange between us. We can read the match, or mis-match in it. Not in all sentences, mind you. Some are to reveal, like this, while some are to cover up (Orwell, 1946). But when the exchange is to make clear, then the sentence will suffice. The inner language of English, discovered by Richards and Ogden (Barnett, 1962, pp. 33-44), allows us to say almost anything in English with but eighteen verbs:

The eighteen vital verbs are: *be, come, do, get, give, go, have, keep, let, make, may, put, say, see, seem, send, take, and will*. The ability of these verbs to do the work of all the others stems from their gift of being able to enter into an astonishing number of mergers with prepositions (p. 34).
Thus, “give out” has a huge range of meanings. In general, the verb is the motion, and the preposition places the motion in its field (pre-position itself is a verb, namely to pose, placed pre- or in advance, !).

A sentence, characteristic of Shakespeare’s mature style (Hughes, 1992, pp. 157-162), not only moves and places clearly, but also translates itself as it moves from the Latinate elevations to the Anglo-Saxon earth, for example:

Whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments.

*All’s Well That Ends Well*, I, ii, 61-2 (Shakespeare, quoted by Hughes, p. 159).

This is what Hughes calls the verbal device of the Tragic Equation – an explosion of vitality by connecting, after a pause (you can hear after “whose judgments are …”) the left brain of words, with the right brain of pictures.

In other words, a single sentence can give us the whole situation. Especially, when you pay acute attention to the actual phrase of the patient, … and after her pause, the actual movement of the body. I call this the musical score (of psychotherapy, or psychiatry).
Fig. R.1. The Musical Score of Psychotherapy.

The upper clef shows the phrase (______________), the caesura or pause in midsentence ;, and the dark interval ( . . . . ) in which something unknown may arise.

The lower clef shows the body beginning to move with the phrase, and emerging full in the dark interval in a surprising way.

The Case of the Shrug

For example, I often have five minutes in the clinic with the resident and her patient. Sometimes the patient wants to be understood, and sometimes the patient wants to be fixed. If it is the first, I will say something like “What is bothering you the most, … even as we sit …?” (Gustafson, 2005). For example, a young woman replied that she got down about disappointing other people. For instance? Well, not performing well in a recent
athletic event. I commented, “Someone is always expecting more …” Her body entered the conversation here, as she lifted her shoulders in a shrug.

Waiting for this reply of the body, I could note it well for her, “You already know how to distance such expectations.” She laughed with relief. Thus, in five minutes, we made the diagnosis of what gets her down, and gave the treatment by attending to her bodily orientation to what is posed for her. In her body, she already knew what to do. I only had to show her what was already in her.

A Prepositional Theory of Dreams

When the day instrument misses its mark, the night instrument will play it again in a dream. A sentence about the dream will also suffice to catch the motion, and its positioning. I now can summarize my three previous books about dreams in a sentence each. *The New Interpretation of Dreams* (1997) borrows the musical score of mythology from Levi-Strauss (1983), to say the dream moves to conjoin what is fruitful and disjoin what is rotten. *The Practical Use of Dreams and the Human Comedy* (2000) says that the dream is to orient the motion of the dreamer, by showing its (pre)position, *from* the day, *into* the night, and is thus a prepositional theory of dreams. *Very Brief Psychotherapy* (2005) says the dream pictures the trajectory of the dreamer from his or her first step, onto a field of few to many dimensions. The present book integrates these three sentences as variations of a single one, as in the following example:
The Case of a Dream of Mother Moving Into a Bad Room

This patient, a young unmarried woman in her twenties, has been stuck studying, unhappily, in a department in the university that is getting worse and worse. The resident and I helped her to clarify her dilemma (Gustafson, 1995a, 1995b), which freed her up to leave this department for another department. Namely, we noted that she wanted to find a graduate department that was more fruitful, and less rotten, so to speak, but she was very reluctant to give up her ties to many friends in the rotten place! This allowed her to grieve how she had been mixed-up about this, and thus disturbed. She parted from her friends, and went to a better place.

Something was still not quite right, from our work of the daytime consciousness. So, her dream moved by night from this incomplete resolution to a dilemma of her mother! She had been discussing with her mother what to do with an old room in her house that was something of a mess. Against the patient’s advice, the mother decided to rent it to a neighbor man, who was well known to the entire family for mistreating an aunt in a romantic relationship.

In the patient’s dream, mother moves into the room herself! The patient wakes up quite perplexed.

Why would this be happening? It seemed absurd. I posed back to her what would happen if this thought experiment actually were carried out? The patient laughed, that mother would find herself right in the middle of the mess she had set up! I rejoined that some stubborn people only learn things by going through with them! As Jung (1974b) shows
repeatedly, this is a dream which makes its point by a reduction to absurdity, a *reducto ad absurdum*. Such an argument takes you *from* a first step, which is mistaken, and dangerous, *through* its full trajectory, *to* its disastrous conclusion. Thus, if mother wants to be stubborn in renting out the room to a bad man, let her live in it herself!

Notice the parallel lines of motion of mother and daughter. Each tries to hold onto something dear, which gets mixed up with something rotten, and, thus, disturbs the conclusion. Each begins from a movement in a two-dimensional space (Gustafson, part II, 2000), *from* a present dilemma, *to* an imagination of making it worse. Mother moves into the room, which puts her face to face with the mess she is making of it. Daughter, our patient, gets a third dimension from which to survey the absurdity of holding onto some dear things. By telling the dream to us, and looking at it with us, the flat piece of paper is literally seen from the vantage point of her own eyes in the third dimension above the paper! From there, she laughs at its absurdity. As Bateson (1979, p. 210) argued (Gustafson, p. 187, 2005; Gustafson, p. 212, 1986/1997), a structure can only be mapped adequately onto a surface that has one more (n + 1) dimensions than the structure itself (n). This, indeed, is my entire argument of *Very Brief Psychotherapy*, from the geometry of Riemann (Kaku, 1994, p. 37):

…the laws of nature appear simple when expressed in higher dimensional space.

Why did the daughter, our patient, need to compare in a dream her own troubles to those parallel troubles of her mother? I did not have time in a few minutes to ask her,
but I think it can be inferred, that mother and daughter have a similar tendency to hold onto things stubbornly, and, thus, make themselves miserable. The daughter had gotten herself out of one such predicament, in her graduate school department, but something was unresolved about it to bring it up in this dream, in terms of her mother. The dream serves to widen the subject, from one predicament, to a larger class of examples, which she and mother have in common (Gustafson, Chapter 15, 1986/1997).

I complimented her as I was leaving the room on her excellent dream instrument, gathering up so much, condensed into a dream that could be told in a single sentence. She smiled and said she often cannot see how all of the different elements of a paper she is writing come together until the middle of the night when she wakes up and has the unity of the argument!

Of course, dreams do not have to be limited to one sentence. Indeed, we will see how pairs of dreams provide clarity of comparison, and tryptichs in three panels yet another comparison, and series of dreams unfold a development, dialectically. I am simply saying that even a long dream, or a long novel, or play, can be told well in a single sentence, for the very reason explained by Aristotle (1934, pp. 22-23), concerning the plot or fable of tragedy:

_A revolution is a change...into the reverse of what is expected...A_ discovery...is a change from known to unknown.

_These excite pity or terror. I think it is so, because we depend for our very lives upon being rightly oriented. A change from this, and all our alarms go off!_
The Metaphysical Illness

Yet, our patients, and doctors, become steadily less oriented every day, except in the most reductive sense, to their functioning. Are they in control? This is their favorite word. Are they increasing their production? Can their negative feelings be fixed?

These are the days of behaviorism, by behavior therapy or pharmacological therapy, in order to function, be in control, increase production, and get rid of all but health emotions. Tate (1999) calls it “the most dangerous program in western history,” of “isolated will” to have the one thing you want, and ignore all the other forces.

I think it is a metaphysical illness, or a theological illness, to believe in making things static. It is good for mechanical reproduction (Benjamin, 1969), and thus for wealth, status and power, and terrible for everything beautiful, like flow or myo (Suzuki, 1959), sexuality, and creation, and, simply, for presence (Gustafson, 2006). Heidegger (1962) called it the collapse of the definition of being, as physis, or unfolding, to ousia, or the as-is. It is the reduction of nature, to machinery. Rieff (2006) calls it the “deathworks.” Entire books have been written on this tragedy of our culture of materialism, but I must restrict myself to one question, “How do all of our patients have a metaphysical illness?” I will illustrate it with a typical case.

The Case of the Perfect Methodist

He is middle-aged and is sick of having good runs of productivity, only to have them collapse into near total inactivity. He wants me to tell him how to cut out the unproductive weeks.
Inquiring about the cycle, I find he is seduced by each of the twelve committees he is on in his political career, once again to take on one of their great projects. Seized by their admiration, he agrees. The first step (Gustafson, 2005) sets up the disaster, because he already has eleven other great projects. His isolated will to be admired so fills him up that he cannot see the whole load he is taking on. Jung (1953) rightly called it psychic inflation.

He deflates after a run of pushing himself, when his supply of admiration is running thin. Last week, he told one of his committees he couldn’t do anything, and they encouraged him, and up he got going again.

I changed the subject to his childhood origins in this cyclothymia (or bipolar dynamic – see Gustafson, Chapter 21, 22, 1999). He began from admiring his father, who was excellent at everything. He noted that he was raised on Methodism, from its founder, John Wesley himself. He resolved to be a perfect Methodist. I asked him if he knew what the method of Methodism was (Weber, 1958)? He did not. I explained that the method was a book like a ledger, one page for lists of good works, and its opposite page for lists of sins.

This relieved him. He exclaimed that Methodism was to blame for his troubles! I agreed. It invited him to take that first step he was always being seduced to take, namely, to take on more accomplishments, in an isolated will, without regard to his whole burden. This is the theological, or metaphysical, error, that makes him ill.

From a Zen perspective, it is quite the opposite of the well-being of myo, of flow, which declines stopping on any particular purpose (Suzuki, 1959). Thus, a Zen
swordsman who becomes fixed on a particular purpose will soon be dead, for having neglected all the other angles to the duel.

In our materialist culture, the fixing on one thing, to maximize its increase (Canetti, 1984), is rewarded for the perfect bureaucrat, or lawyer, or doctor, or scientist, or engineer, or householder, or parent, or politician. Thus, he retains orientation to his line of supply with the group, or market, and loses it in every other way.

**The Case of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde: The Common Dynamic**

The metaphysical illness is even worse than I have described so far. As Breuer and Freud demonstrated in 1895, the orientation into the group, exteriorly, is abetted by what they called the “strangulation” of the interior world of the body. As Stevenson (1888) demonstrated about the same time, this dissociation of exterior and interior allows exterior and interior to run to opposite results.

As in our case of The Perfect Methodist, the exterior thrives on admiration, and falters with the lack of admiration. In the long run, it gradually gets weaker, because the exchange sucks more energy out of the person than it can give back. Conversely, the interior world of the body, cut off from the exterior, gets more and more enraged, and tense, and demanding to be compensated.

In other words, Dr. Jekyll gets weaker as the outer persona, and Mr. Hyde gets more violent as the inner demonic being. Jung (1953) came to the same conclusion, in what he called “Negative Attempts to Free the Individuality from the Collective Psyche” (pp. 111-121). The exterior trajectory becomes an empty persona, or mask, and the interior trajectory becomes an identification with a demonic god.
Winnicott (1971) also came to the same conclusion, in the terms of the child. When he is wronged, he tries to force the world to give back what it has withheld from him. *If this anti-social urge is not stopped, and not understood, then it is dissociated and runs the malevolent course recognized by Breuer and Freud, and Stevenson, and Jung.*

In 1999, I wrote *The Common Dynamics of Psychiatry* to show how the entire range of psychopathology are variants of the malevolent regression, i.e. of Mr. Hyde himself and, therefore, truly The Common Dynamic of Psychiatry (Qazi Javed, personal communication). There are just many ways to act out the anti-social demand for compensation, from a bad exchange with the family and later with the social world in the sense of the group or the market.

Thus, the histrionic scene forces attention back upon the patient or child, often as a pseudo illness. Or a borderline patient continuously brings up suicide to force the doctor to attend. Thus, what began as a failure of exchange, in meeting the needs of the child or patient, became what Balint (1968) called a “malignant regression” to make the world give back what it has withheld. The more such a patient is understood, the worse he or she behaves to compel more gratification for special needs. Main (1957) called it “The Ailment.”

**Benign Regression**

The entire purpose of this book depends upon an alternative to malignant regression. If all the cases were Dr. Jekyll/Mr. Hyde, psychiatry would become a holding operation. All we could do is damp down Mr. Hyde in all his variations, with our powerful drugs, and
our schooling to point him in the way of resuming his role as Dr. Jekyll to earn his keep. Behaviorism would become the only point of view worth having.

Fortunately, there is a completely different music from this reduction of humanity which is only

fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,

which I quoted in my epigraph from The Merchant of Venice (Shakespeare, 1969a). This alternative is the music of my musical score, which connects the words with the body once again. All the patients will be wrong or wronged in their exchange with the world. Anxiety will signal alarm, and depression will signal defeat, and the array of the common dynamic will signal the forcing of compensation. But half the time this regression is a “benign regression” (Balint, 1968), because the patient also wants to be understood. He regresses like the malignant patient, but not, as Balint put it, “in the service of gratification,” but, rather, “in the service of recognition.” He or she welcomes a recognition of where his or her exchange went wrong, and welcomes the responsibility to set it right again.

In other words, in terms of Dr. Jekyll, we are all tempted to give out too much, and feel defeated. This opens the back door for Hyde to go forcing his gratifications. But it can also allow a chance for Dr. Jekyll to be understood, that he has allowed himself to be wronged, in giving out too much, for what he gets back. In other words, he can take his disturbance as a sign that he has been mixed up. He can then set himself on a course for a better exchange with the world. In other words, he can use his great instrument of
orientation to find his way again, so that his inner world and outer world are back in balance.

**The Five Powers of the Great Instrument**

So what are the five powers that we can help Dr. Jekyll discover in himself, to get his exchanges right?

*Access to the Interior Field*

Freud is the one who gave us this power. He wrote (1900) that the dream is like a nightly departure from a train station, into the unconscious. I would say that this departure is in every sentence, when the patient pauses halfway through it, ….. *I will just say, “What is the rest of the sentence?”* In other words, the conscious mind begins a phrase, …. And cannot, by itself, finish it. In this dark interval is the crossing, between conscious and unconscious.

I am the pause between two notes that fall into a real accordance scarce at all:

for Death’s note tends to dominate –

Both, though, are reconciled in the dark interval, tremblingly.

And the song remains immaculate (Crossan, vii, 1988, translation of Rilke’s 20th poem of *The Book of Hours*).
The Case of the Sacrificed Daughter

This patient and I have continued beyond where we left off in my last book (Gustafson, pp. 132-138, 159-161, 195-196, 2005). Recently, she has been puzzled by her hurt from a supervisor, who is continually intruding from the next cubicle, and not listening. Her response to this has been that of a hurt child, who refuses to do her work. This makes her feel guilty.

But her regression is benign, or, in Balint’s (1968) phrase, “in the service of recognition.” This is the crossing that Winnicott (1971) was the master of. Consciously, the child, or adult/child, is conventional and cannot reach to the dark interval of the feeling. With company, she can cross to it, where she finds her hurt from the female supervisor to be the very one from her own mother: indeed, the two cardinal failures of mothering (Balint, 1954), intrusion and abandonment. And she finds her rage, and her antisocial protest, to refuse to work for this woman! I summarized this crossing to the interior world in the briefest of sentences in my letter to her:

Mismothered ….. misbehaves.

Access to the Exterior Field

The reverse crossing, from interior to exterior, is often dimmed when the patient is full of feeling. She can’t see where the feeling is going to take her. Sullivan (1956, Chapter 3, Selective Inattention; Gustafson, 1986/1997, Chapter 6, Sullivan: Dependable Hypotheses) called this “selective inattention.” When the patient is amazed, she cannot comprehend what the other person is doing. Nor will she ever, so long as she is amazed,
because amazement means something like “I cannot believe this …..” Without company, it is too painful to face, and accept, and to come to terms with.

The Case of the Injured Sister.
She is the younger sister, neglected like Cinderella (Ashputtle in Grimm’s Tales, number 21, 1977), while the two older sisters take all the privileges. Yet, she, the younger, ends up taking care of the ill and ungrateful mother. She can’t believe it, and is hurt incessantly. The mother begins to appreciate her, but the older sisters are intractable. I bring up her amazement to her, especially, that the two won’t help her with mother at all!

When the patient cannot cross to an exterior reality after many, many tries, the night crossing by dream is our recourse. She dreamt:

Grandma died. One of the elder sisters is arguing with an aunt, about why she already sold Grandma’s land. A cousin exclaims that she wanted it as a sheep farm. My patient is feeling something similar, that she and her husband always wanted a piece of it. The older sister lies, and says, “Grandma gave me permission to sell it.”

Again, by night, as by day, the patient is astonished by the older sister’s claims, and her outright lying. She seems to stop at nothing to have her way! The dream exaggerates the lengths to which this sister will go, but its point strikes home in the reduction to absurdity, or reducto ad absurdum (Jung, 1974b). Because the patient underestimates the ruthlessness of her sisters, the dream brings it on full force. Thus, she
begins to be ready, not to be amazed, for the next ruthless move they will surely be preparing already! My letter to her ran:

Your dream reminds you that __ ….. makes things “fricking easy” for herself, …. and so?

Access to Transitional Field

When the interior field and the exterior field are near equal in force, a remarkable transitional field opens up between them (Winnicott, 1971; Gustafson, Chapter 7, Winnicott: Therapeutic Consultations, 1986/1997). It brings about a beautiful balance, which I have called the equipoise (Gustafson, 1995a, pp. 296-298), which has a weightless quality between equal forces. It is also fractal, and luminous, because it opens up every scale of time and space in a single image (Gustafson, 2005). Out of such a hiatus (Grinnell, 1970; Gustafson, 1997, p. 91), rebirth and redemption rise up.

The Case of the Cautious Young Man

He has lived a narrow life as a good student, and is beginning to want a bigger world. Indeed, he is about to take his first trip to Europe, when he has the following dream.

He is at a high school choir rehearsal, where he and a pal decide to duck out and hike up into the mountains. They are just setting out along a highway, when he sights a mountain lion coming down the mountain straight for him. He wakes up in terror.
The astonishing thing was that the mountain lion had *singled him out!* This detail is *the key, the fractal element* that opens up all the times and spaces of his life. First, he recalls that he had this bewilderment in college, that he got singled out to be made fun of. He never knew why. Secondly, he thought of his girlfriend’s father. He seems alright, but he fears to be known better by him. Thirdly, he considers this strange space in which he is singled out: neither quite in civilization, nor quite in the mountains, on that boundary along the highway. He recalls that mountain lions are known for picking off people in California, where suburbs move up into wilderness, and are neither city, not country, but *strangely between.*

I remind him that he is about to go Europe, hiking, where he will be in such a space, which will be difficult for him to read, as friendly, or violent. My letter summarizes:

Feeling freer to open up, …. Your dream reminds you of transitional space, inhabited, …. uninhabited, with the mountain lion coming straight for you.

*Access to Fractal Time*

The plot or fable in the sense of Aristotle (1934, pp. 22-23) I have already discussed as a *sudden turn: a revolution, into the reverse of what is expected, or a discovery, from known to unknown.* The fractal quality of the plot is quite extraordinary. Fifty years can be as five years or five minutes or five seconds.
The Case of the Diligent Son

Always taking responsibility for others, this man tends to lose what he needs. This plot arises in a single sentence, or in an epic dream. Here is a dream version.

He is with his folks, who have a new baby. No one wants to hold it. Mother wants to give it back, to him. He and his wife are in a hotel on the sixth or seventh floor. They have extensive plans. He runs into the lobby, pushes the button, but has forgotten the number of the floor. It wobbles, and he crouches for comfort against the walls, and ends up on the ninety-eighth floor!

How quickly one can lose track of one’s own floor, and find oneself carried away, past the 6th or 7th to the 98th! A marvelous pointing to the necessity, of keeping your own plans in mind! One misses the chance in seconds. My letter ran:

Only you can push that button for the 6th or 7th floor …. Not to be caught up in the ride to the 98th of others.

Thus, the smallest and quickest scale is so essential to finding the entry to a different trajectory. There, one begins.

Access to Fractal Space
Similarly, to fractal time, fractal space seems to have a similar extraordinary capacity, to
play out the same plot on every scale, from the tiniest exchange, to the world historical
scale between nations, or religions, or metaphysical principles. Again, the tiny exchange
is the crucial place to begin to get over being mixed-up, and read the exchange rightly.

The Case of The Rushed Deer

She is quite mixed up about who helps her and who hurts her. She dreams a pair:

I am in a war. I have an automatic machine gun in my hands, but I don’t
use it. I run with a group of people; we run and run, run away, run.
Someone says, The war is over. We run into a tank division of American
soldiers who are dressed in the uniforms of WWII soldiers. I ask, Are
these the good guys? They appear to be. The war is over. I surrender my
weapon. I feel some relief, and some not trusting that these are really the
good guys.

It’s the morning and I am going to work after a big snow storm. I
drive Hwy. __ north to __. The road raises up off the landscape, high
above the ground. There are sheer cliffs on both sides of the road –
blindingly bright snow in all directions. The road is very high, like a
mountain, but narrow, a thin road and sheer cliffs on both sides. The road
is barely plowed.

A third dream she adds to the pair: she wants to go to a homeless
warehouse. Two of them suggest a walk in the woods, and take her to the
edge of a cliff. They sit down, and she runs away, back to the warehouse, and hears them behind her in pursuit.

A profusion of material on many scales, from WWII, to her work, and to her urge to run away from home. I bring up *sham* to her, from Jules Henry:

Sham consists in one person’s withholding information, while implying that the other person should act as if he had it all (p. 123, 1973).

Her difficulty seems to be implicit in her motion, hurried, *into* treacherous, high spaces. Binswanger called this *extravagance* (1963). Getting into high places you cannot get down from. Run, run, run. My letter ran as follows:

Your last two dreams picture your unconscious runaway, up the mountain, up to the cliff. Now to step back, …… and see the sham.

P.S. How not to be a rushed deer.

Once again, as in fractal time, I am pointing to a different step, here in fractal space. To step back, unhurried …… is not to be killed like a rushed deer. *One has to begin, somewhere.*

**The Sixth Power**
According to Bateson’s Law, already discussed on p. 420, a structure can only be mapped adequately onto a map with one more dimension \((n + 1)\) than the structure itself \(n\). Therefore, my map of the great instrument in five dimensions will only be adequate from a sixth dimension. From the sixth dimension, you may look down upon the other five, and choose the one pertinent to your present moment.

**The Author’s Dream of His Course in Cardiology**

I was thinking about this problem from a day at tennis. I noticed, once again, that any preoccupation with a particular stroke, or tactic, or move, threw me off in my play. I was guilty of the fundamental error of Zen swordsmanship, namely, “stopping the mind” which loses the flow (Suzuki, 1959). I wrote a letter to a friend about it, in which I posed the crucial move, when I feel a *discord* in my play. This is to step back, willing nothing, … only watching what arises. This is very difficult for us moderns who are always pressing forward. Thomas Mann (1937) comments as follows:

> The Ego of antiquity and its consciousness of itself was different from our own, less exclusive, less sharply defined. *It was, as it were, open behind; it received much from the past and by repeating it gave it presentness again.* The Spanish scholar Ortega y Gasset puts it that the man of antiquity, *before* he did anything, *took a step backwards*, like the bull-fighter who *leaps back* to deliver the mortal thrust. He searched the past for a pattern *into which he might slip as into a diving-bell*, and being thus at once disguised and protected might rush upon his problem (my italics, p. 34).
That night, I dreamt

I was supposed to go take my course in cardiology over at Harvard. It was called the QRS course, after the letters of the electrocardiogram. I had skipped all of the early lectures, of this, my fourth of four courses. Some guys say to me, “You are usually a guy on time.” I am embarrassed and go to find the course. I skip the registrar’s office, for this is late into the semester to be asking for directions to new courses. I got to Lowell Lecture Hall, in which an old man, like the Wizard of Oz, is about to begin.

At once, I know this old man can tell me nothing about my subject, and that I have to teach myself. I wake up with the following formula: Q, R, S, Q’, R’, S’. And the following diagram:
I understand it is the rhythm of the six powers of orientation. Q is the interior field, and R is the exterior field, and S is the transition between them. Q’ is the fractal of time, and R’ is the fractal of space, and S’ is the transition between them. Now, I thought, “What could this latter transition be about?”

*Well, this being a core rhythm, at the very heart of the instrument of orientation, the dream must be pointing to something profound, for orientation, to getting scale right.*

Also, it must have something to do with the ancient ability to step back, as into the cloak of a predecessor, when discord is felt. Three dreams followed in the next two weeks to illuminate my theoretical problem.

*The Author’s Dream of the Navel*
I dreamt that I was running to dive into a hole in the ground, with my left hand ready to part the beautiful brown corduroy curtain and close it behind me.

*The strangely beautiful thing was this brown curtain of the richest hue imaginable.* I asked myself (Jung, 1974b) how I knew about such curtains, and my replies seemed infinite. In other words, the brown curtain meets the definition of what Freud called “the navel of the dream,” and described as follows:

There is often a passage in even the most thoroughly interpreted dream which has to be left obscure; this is because we become aware during the work of interpretation that at that point there is a tangle of dream-thoughts which cannot be unraveled and which moreover adds nothing to our knowledge of the content of the dream. This is the dream’s navel, the spot where it reaches down into the unknown (cf. p. 143 n.). The dream-thoughts to which we are led by interpretation cannot, from the nature of things, have any definite endings; they are bound to branch out in every direction into the intricate world of our thought. It is at some point where this meshwork is particularly close that the dream-wish grows up, like a mushroom out of its mycelium (Freud, 1965a, p. 564).
Thus, my first association was to this very mycelium of Freud itself, *a curtain of brown leading everywhere*. Waking up in my study, I looked at my *beautiful brown planks*, and briefcase, and desk. I was surely in my sanctuary. I thought back at once to my childhood of *digging underground*. We used to make foxholes in the meadow, connect them underground, and then cover the openings with boards and dirt. Thus, our underground sanctuary, as children, quite like The Tin Lantern Society of Stevenson’s boys (1892). I thought of *my favorite corduroy pants, a brown of the deepest saturation*, which has the etymology of “the heart (cor) of the king (roi).” They secure my lower half.

I began to think that Freud had put his finger on the most beautiful element of the dream, and then declared it beyond interpretation. For example, the open mouth of Irma, which she will not open far enough for him, begins to be the mouth of a series of women, including his wife, another patient who is more open and amenable to his researches, and so forth (1965a, p. 143).

Navel is an awfully interesting word to use here, about a series of women opening up, or not opening up for him. After all, it refers to the original connection with a woman, by which we receive our nutrients, and discharge their breakdown products which would otherwise pollute us. In other words, it is *the original exchange in all of our lives*. Once the umbilical cord is cut, this perfect union has to be reinvented endlessly until we die. I cannot think of a more vital subject: to be oriented, once out of the womb, is to open to what nourishes us, and close to what is dangerous to us. So what is my dream saying about this vital subject for me?

It clearly points to *a royal and sacred crypt*, which is defensible because it is underground. I thought at once of the crypt underlying Chartres Cathedral (Charpentier,
1972). Like the mycelium, the rich source of roots lies underground, and lives, when the mushroom itself dies off. Thus, this sanctuary is ready for fall and winter, because it will spring anew, and enjoy itself in summer.

It is like my very faith in dreams, that I can step back into them, when I am facing discord above ground. They serve to set me right, every night, when I am disturbed.

_The Author’s Dream of Playing Tennis in Paris_

I told this dream to many friends, including Qazi Javed (personal communication), one of my students, who wisely commented that the navel of a dream need not be so rich and splendid, but quite the opposite, like an infinite series of terrible connections, as in Freud’s own dream.

Only a few days later, his comment bore a disturbing fruit. I dreamt

I was in Paris, to play tennis (the origin of the royal game). I was in a café to get an espresso, and noticed this particular café had a ledge about two feet wide all around its periphery. I walked this circumference counterclockwise, until, almost to the cashier, I had to step over a pile of dog-shit. I did, and came to the cashier, who asked me, recognizing I was American, “What are you doing in Paris?” I said I was just playing Richard Gasquet in the French Open Tournament and lost to him, 6-4, 6-4. He was impressed, knowing Gasquet is the number one French player. So, he said, “Can you show me how you play?,” and flung open a window onto a hockey rink.
I saw at once it was just like the hockey rink in my backyard we built as children. The game was two-man hockey, and there were the two goalies, and the opposing defenceman, big and forbidding. I found I could wheel around him left or right and score at will. I skated back to the cashier, rather full of myself, still (I am surely no equal of Richard Gasquet at tennis: so that was pure bragging).

He said, “Can I see you do it again?” I said, “Yes, of course,” and was prepared to spring from this open window back onto the ice, ….. only I noticed now it was a swimming pool. My knees were buckling to dive in, anyway, when I noticed a huge piece of shit, shaped like a dead monkey, right where my mouth would hit the water. I gathered myself back, in a split second. I had barely saved myself from disaster. I looked back into
the pool, and saw a Lady with a plain, brown, paper bag, scooping up this monkey-shit. I was about to resume my dive, when I noticed another huge piece of shit shaped like a dead monkey. Again, the Lady scooped it up. I was about to resume my dive, when I noticed another huge piece of shit shaped like a dead monkey, and again the Lady scooped it up, and so on, 
*ad infinitum.* I woke up, quite disturbed.

Well, this dream could take pages and pages to elucidate. I only want to point out a few key points. First, the counterclockwise walk on the ledge: Jung (1962, p. 102) called this *the sulcus primigenius,* the demarcation of a sacred space. Yet, it is polluted in the end, just before the cashier. Secondly, this remarkable window thrown open by the cashier. I know whereof I know it. It is the window recurring in so many of Vermeer’s paintings (Snow, 1994), between a beautiful inner space, of a beautiful woman, and an outer space, often brought into the room by a dark and troubling man. It is like the transept of a cathedral, between the choir, only for the initiates, and the nave, for the people (Charpentier, 1972).

Now what about the third key element, of the infinite series of shit, surely brown, shaped like dead monkeys? Here we surely have the kind of navel Freud was talking about, *to suck you under into the most degraded of conditions.* The Lady can take away each one, but the next is next.

The astonishing thing in the dream is the difference between the hockey rink that I skate free-wheeling left and right, and the pool of shit shaped as dead monkeys. In one, I am *totally at home,* as in my childhood, and in the other, I am *totally degraded.* Ah, such
a crucial distinction, between fertility, and pollution, in a single moment. This is the world, my plaything – and my catastrophe, between summer and winter, rise and fall, comedy and tragedy.

So, here is Freud’s navel as a nightmare, of terrible exchange, of getting back shit in your mouth for your beautiful play. Well, that is the thing is about the exterior field: one second it is free-wheeling and the next it is holding yourself back, and stock still, from a terrible dive. Prey-vigilance is this dilemma: to open to what feeds you, and to close against what feeds on you (Caro, 2005).

Of course, this leads back to my previous navel dream. When the nave is polluted, it is time to dive into your crypt! And pull the rich brown corduroy curtain behind you! Emily Dickinson tells it as well as anyone:

The Soul selects her own Society –
Then – shuts the Door –
To her divine Majority –
Present no more –

Unmoved – she notes the Chariots – pausing
At her low Gate –
Unmoved – an Emperor be kneeling
Upon her Mat –

I’ve known her – from an ample nation –
Choose One –

Then – close the Valves of her attention –

Like Stone –

(1960)

*The Author’s Dream of the Movement of the Therapist’s Chair in One Hour, A Stroboscopic Experiment of Forty-Seven Years*

The third of my theoretical dreams in this series woke me up with an announcement,

“The Movement of the Therapist’s Chair In One Hour, a Stroboscopic Experiment,” and its results:

![Diagram](image)

**Fig. R.4.** The Movement of the Therapist’s Chair in One Hour, a Stroboscopic Experiment.

A cryptic dream, indeed, straight from the depths of my own crypt, deep in time and in space. The time marker on it is 1960, when I was in my first year of college at M.I.T.,
studying organic chemistry. I was struck at that time by the beautiful stroboscopic photographs which were just outside the organic chemistry lab.

Forty-seven years later, I am performing my own stroboscopic photographs upon the movement of my own therapist chair in my office, in a single hour. The stroboscope allows a tracking of imperceptible movements into a trajectory. The results are dual: one trajectory is a spiral into a center to the right, clockwise; one trajectory is a spiral into a center to the left, counterclockwise.

The trajectory to the right is that of Jekyll. He is sucked into everyone else’s needs, and loses himself. The trajectory to the left is that of Hyde. He is sucked into a counter-movement of his own mounting rage.

Notice the circles divided into four quadrants. I recognized at once where that came from. It refers to the sight on a deer rifle. And a deer refers to the Case of the Rushed Deer, pp. 433-434, which I had been contemplating, when I had this dream. To be rushed, and sucked outward, as she was, was to put herself in the sights of a deer rifle.

As I continued to contemplate this dream, with variations for several more nights, I felt like I was finally understanding the sixth power at a deep level. It is like looking down at this Figure R.4, as what Bateson (1971, 1972) called a double description: the trajectory clockwise, and the trajectory counter-clockwise, can be seen at once, occurring simultaneously (Jung, 1974b).

This poses the continuous problem we have in every breath:
If we allow ourselves to be rushed clockwise, we will build up tremendous rage, counter-clockwise, quite as portrayed in John Cleese’s movie, “Clockwise.”

The way out of it can be described simply in tennis, as a continuous problem of orientation. In any moment, you do not know whether your opponent is going to give you an opening, to let loose upon him, or whether he is going to rush upon you, so that you have to block him back defensively with your racquet face in the smallest possible movement. You cannot afford to make up your mind in advance. The best players leave this undecided at every moment, and, therefore, they can open up offensively, or close down defensively.

This is what it means to be in the flow, or myo. It is instinctive prey-vigilance (Caro, 2005). You open to feed, and close not to be fed upon. To capture, and not be captured.

Mixed-Up
But it is not enough. I felt a certain nausea/pain after finishing that last sentence, and had to step back in a nap to contemplate it. It came up to me, again from deep inside, recalling Rushdie’s (1994) story of “The Courter.” The title is a play on mix-up of two roles, as told by a fifteen year old boy. First, Mecir is a courtier in the boy’s mind, courting his Aunt Certainly-Mary by teaching her chess. There, he is the Grand Master of Chess, the inventor of the famous Queen’s Indian Defence. Second, he is a porter of a lodge in London where they dwell with a collection of arrivals from India and Pakistan.
Two are self-styled maharajas up to no good at all. There, the porter gets his face bashed in, trying to defend the front door against the gangsters who come to get revenge on the maharajas. Thus, the boy rightly calls him Mixed-up, the Courtier-Porter, or Courter.

Now, I understand my nausea, of disorientation. As Courtier, Mixed-up has the perfect balance between opening up and closing down, offence and defence, the Master of QRS, interior field, exterior field and transitional field, of the royal game itself. But it is sickening to see his get his face bashed in at the front door of the apartments as porter, because the larger scale is indefensible for a porter, standing in the way of gangsters bent on getting to the maharajas. He is not the Master of Q’R’S’, fractal time, fractal space, and the transitions between scales of time and space.

The Author’s Dream of India and Whitefish Bay, Door County Summer Institute and the Freighters on the Fox River

I dreamt,

again, that I was in India, where beautiful colors beat against each other in a lovely counterpoint, but this time I felt nauseous. I felt a diarrhea coming on, but it was not allowed. It was against the law, .... Because I was really in Whitefish Bay, a fancy suburb north of Milwaukee,

I got up about 3A.M. and thought about this, until it made sense to me, and I could go to sleep again. India to me is the origin of Indo-European culture (Eliade, 1978), when it still had the music of opposites, like my musical score of the opposition of
phrases, and the body’s gestures. Whitefish Bay is a fancy suburb of surfaces. It is Indo-European culture five thousand years later without its depth. I am like Mixed-Up, sickened by taking his beautiful game to people full of isolated will.

Then I dreamt

I was coming back with my family in canoes from the Door County Summer Institute on Egg Harbor, where I teach every other summer. My wife was far ahead with the children, and I lagging behind, as we paddled from Green Bay into the Fox River. Behind me came a huge freighter, which set in motion huge tidal waves, which would swamp my canoe. I decided to step back, and get some help. At a shoemaker’s, he looked at my left heel and found it worn down to almost nothing, and put on a new one. He told I had to wait one hour for the glue to set.

Here you have the wisdom of the sixth power. Just because you have a beautiful transitional space in Egg Harbor, you are not protected in the next moment when commercial forces will capsize your small craft on a much vaster scale. You will never get home like Odysseus, if you cannot step back, and bow to the forces that run the world.

Thus, the great play I have in my little theatre in Door County is sweet, but it will turn rotten in a second on the scale of a larger space. Just as the fruitfulness of early Indo European culture will capsize when it runs into late Indo European culture in Whitefish Bay.
Thus, the sixth power is a rhythm of transition between scales, tiny to vast, in both space and time. Without it, you will get your face bashed-in like Mixed-Up, and you will lose your way in the most important crossing of archaic man (Levi Strauss, 1983) between what is fruitful and what is rotten or polluted.

Having recapitulated the five great powers of orientation, and the sixth power necessary to defend the first five powers, we can conclude this book.
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