THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CARL JUNG

Essays in Application and Deconstruction

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FOREWORD

It has been my lot to come to know a good sprinkling of psychotherapists. One of these stared at my psyche in a thoroughly professional way, but the others have been acquaintances or friends. Nearly all of them I have found to be uncommonly interesting, rather more so, on average, than my university colleagues. Different as they are in personality, they all share an intense interest in the springs of human values and acts and seem tireless in their pursuit, if only sometimes in sociable conversation, of better understandings of this continually surprising creature that is man. I have sometimes even found myself surprised to learn that these men and women have other strong interests, like fishing, football, painting, or, in David Holt's case, outdoorsy things. I have such a vivid memory of sitting on an early summer day in his patio (as he probably doesn't call it) and looking, for the most part uncomprehendingly, at his so-neat and obviously healthy garden, such well-manicured rows of vegetables and flowers. And then I heard about his helping his son make a start in bee-keeping! I gasped to imagine him decked out in all that protective garb to separate the bees from their honey. Can it really be true, I wondered, that this full-time ponderer on human vagaries and vicissitudes as they are revealed in living and in books, also spends hours and hours with living things much lower in the phyla?

Yet in his case the very range of his *psychological* interests is impressive. It is not for him to be locked into the well-known medical model, to deal with the alleviation of symptoms like a purveyor of psychic antihistamines. No indeed; rather, he plays gladly but always with serious

concern, over the full range of ways in which humans can and do go wrong, but also, happily and productively, right.

Yet he has, needless to say but important to detail, his very particular and recurrent themes. Thus, there is the theme of man-as-witness. The analyst himself is and must be a witness, a witness whose powers of observation and report have been polished to the highest optical and auditory standards. But even more, the therapist is witness of the patient or client in his own witnessing, in both legal and theological ways. In both analogies there is ever the question of the reliability of the witness, his biases, his predispositions, his curious rhythms of attention and inattention—or is it studied disregard? Also how does he bear his witness, express his observations, perhaps between the demands of scrupulous objectivity and the clamorous needs to judge.

Such roles quickly edge over into that of the analyst as hermeneut. Merely to keep good account of what the other did, thought, felt, dreamed is but the beginning. Now, whence came those eccentric acts, those wayward thoughts, those aberrant emotions, those crazy visions. What do they *mean*? Yet it is never enough to say in some piecemeal and *ad hoc* fashion, which symbols are working, for here is the constant need to look yet again at the symbolic *theory* that one has brought along in order to make these interpretations. They are not only the interpretive theories of the Freudians and Kleinians and Rogerians, but those of the literary theorists, the historians, the philosophers. Paul Ricoeur, though professedly innocent of the analytic hour himself, probed deep into the implicit (and occasionally explicit) interpretive theories of Sigmund Freud to show how they helped him hit and required him to miss this or that mark. Now, Ricoeur's more sophisticated theory itself must be critically examined. Furthermore, the psychological sediments and their stratification entail intentionality, conscious or unconscious. And these in turn have often already been worked over by the reporter of the acts and dreams, for she too is a hermeneut, not necessarily unastute for being amateur.

The interpretive apparatus this analyst employs goes well beyond the famous Jungian dramatis personae: persona, animus and anima, ego, Self; it continually appeals to the language of dramatic performance and

appreciation. Like Kenneth Burke before him, Holt finds great power in the language of the theatre to help us comprehend the several aspects of human action. Burke's famous five terms were "Act, Scene, Agent, Agency, Purpose". These, he said, help furnish us an answer to the persistent question, "What is involved when we say what people are doing and why they are doing it?" (*A Grammar of Motives*, p.xv). Similarly, Holt loves to speak of story and plot, scene and setting; author, actors, and director, and the representation of space and time on a stage that is and is not where real, conflicted life is enacted. Yet if one inferred from this brief mention of the dramatic quality of David Holt's thought that he was only concerned with the human encounters between man and woman, patient and therapist, communicant and priest, this would be to neglect a still deeper theatricality in our human being. At the metaphysical level, what we learn from this thinker is that the great drama surrounds the encounter of spirit and matter, which he takes to underlie the revolutionary theories of Marx and Freud, and which Jung struggled with in a quite different way in his alchemical work. This drama comes down to the stark realization that "life is an enactment between *two* orders of reality".

And to take but one more of the Holtian motifs, those ideas or questions which he employs, as the phenomenologists love to put it, in order to *thematize* the texts that are droned out in talk, there is that beastliest one of all: TIME. Surely Plato didn't get it quite right in calling time a moving mimesis of eternity. Why should timelessness be a more highly privileged position than the fully temporal one? For Holt it is not the point to think about the proper length of the analysis, to experiment with Lacan on the much abbreviated session, or to get into the argument about whether fewer than four sessions a week should be denied the name of Jungian therapy. No, it is time in a far deeper, more pervasive sense that repeatedly, time and again, finds its space in these pages. It is time as the philosopher or the historian—his revered mentor R. G. Collingwood was both—conceives (or tries to conceive) it—that is here the point of inquiry. It is quality time, as in Bergson's *durée* that is the issue, not the spatialized ticks of the clock.

For David Holt, the contemplative therapist is always properly engaged in the "continuous negotiation between subject and object...", not just object relations, however much the neo-Freudian theories so-named may

extend the scope of the Master. *Negotiations* is surely the exact word here, and I would beg him to add "negotiations between the processes of introverting and extraverting".

If we are presently being deluged with testimonies from therapists, few of them, it seems to me, strike as deep into what Jung loved to call the rhyzome of the psyche, as do these talks and essays of David Holt. There is, in fact, something very oral about his writing and it always means good hard talk. There is in them a combination of geniality and toughness I have seldom encountered. I mean by *toughness*, here, both a basic seriousness of purpose, with little regard for phatic communion, and forthrightness of conviction. There is here too an unusual combination of the abstractly philosophical and psychological with a confessional tone. I mean, of course, not as in the prelude to a hope for absolution, but in the willingness to reveal the personal experiences in which the larger questions and provisional answers are grounded. I have not experienced David Holt as an analyst, but I feel from his uninterrupted presence in his writing that he must be wholly *there* to his clients, a partner in the inquiry, a fellow witness, a sharer in the unending negotiation of meaning, an enricher of the shared time.

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INTRODUCTION

Application and Deconstruction

THE APPLICATION of Jung's psychology will always be a personal matter. Jung's commitment to what he calls individuation requires that personality be made available to the understanding of his work. Personality has to be available for breaking down so that its make-up can be understood.

The same is true for what Jung has written. To be read in the spirit in which it was conceived it has to be open to its own deconstruction. As Jung put it so succinctly with reference to the one concept on which his whole psychology stands or falls: 'The concept of the unconscious posits nothing, it designates only my unknowing' (reference in the essay 'Jung and Hermeneutics').

These collected essays derive from forty years of breaking down and making up. I have gathered them together for publication so as to encourage others to go their own way, which may well not be Jung's way, in researching what Jung has to teach them. What cohesion they have is autobiographical.

They are arranged chronologically in order to emphasize this autobiographical character. For the same reason I have declined publishers' invitations to develop a more thematic approach. These essays are essentially episodic. They address occasions. They are jumpy with premature conclusions. In this disjointedness they bear witness to one of their principal themes, that life is continually discontinuous. But there are certain arguments

which are repeated, and it will help in reading through the collection to say something in advance as to what these are.

I was attracted to Jung's work in my early twenties. Like many others, what appealed to me was his ability to invest what was senseless, broken down, both terrified and terrifying, with meaning. That appeal remains. His books continue to put me in touch with what is alien, with what is unimaginable, with what might drive me mad.

But I have learned that there is a difficulty with Jung's psychology which I did not appreciate when I was young. In giving meaning to the alien, the mad, the unimaginable, Jung endangers meaning. In applying his work that endangerment has to be met.

My meeting with Jung was through sexuality and stammer. Something is said of the form this has taken in the essay on 'Projection' and in the story in the 'Riddley Walker' paper. But though Jung has helped me house my problems with sex and speech, he has not resolved them.

In these essays there is reference to semantic original sin, to a Word broken against itself, to promises which exist only by virtue of their own negation, to language as contrarily both presential and indicative, to metaphor and metonymy as necessarily distinct, to the violence done to meaning when dreams carry conviction, to witness that flies in the face of evidence, to likeness as frightening as well as comforting, to plots as both proairetic and hermeneutic. This interest in language, its breaking down and its making up, has been embodied in speech, in breathing, and in the operations of tongue and larynx.

But in reading about it remember that it is always also about sexuality. If what these essays have to say about language is to sound as it has been lived, it needs to be read together with references to masturbation, sado-masochism and the impermissible likeness of man to woman and of woman to man.

This conjunction of sex with speech and of speech with sex is fundamental to the coherence of these essays. For out of it has come my interest in ontology (or metaphysics—I use the two words interchangeably). This interest is an indispensable key to a reading of the collection, and to an understanding of where the deconstruction of Jung's work can lead.

Ontology is about Being with a capital B. Both sex and speech have introduced me to Being in ways which go beyond psychology. These essays refer to this going beyond again and again. The distinction between thisness and likeness, the idea of matter as requiring a purpose outside itself, the understanding between creator and virgin on which making depends, our hands and the whereness of inside and outside, the attentiveness of things, the Yes and the No to the Annunciation, the drama of the straight face: they all describe how I have had to go beyond psychology in reaching out to the inaccessibility of Being.

Jung's experience of the holy led him to engage with this problem as few other psychologists have. I argue in these essays that without ontology much of this achievement is in danger of being lost. To retain both the gnostic and shamanistic aspects of his work together with his exacting empiricism, and all that lies between those two extremes, we must have an ontological frame of reference. For the reader coming to my work for the first time it is important to realize at the start that the ontology or metaphysics I am asking for is not systematic. On the contrary, it presumes the deconstruction of the great metaphysical systems. The essay 'Projection, Presence, Profession' describes this as taking place through a kind of 'horror'. All my references to ontology presume experience of the shudder of which Jung speaks so often when he invokes Rudolph Otto's *Idea of the Holy*. The danger is that we do not know for sure how to distinguish that shudder from the shiver in which sanity shatters into insanity.

As I have tried to articulate my sense of ontology further two themes have repeated themselves, as both ground of reassurance and horizon of danger. They are The Two Bodies, and Theatre.

I owe the term The Two Bodies to a chapter heading in Mary Douglas's *Natural Symbols*. From the middle 1970s onwards, these essays refer to it again and again. But the need for some such concept was with me earlier, and is in evidence in the papers on money. We cannot hope to understand the symbolism generated by our personal body without cross-reference with the symbolism of the social body. Between microcosm and macrocosm we must recognize the effective symbolic presence of the social.

When I was taught Jung's psychology the study of anthropology was a main part of our programme. Lectures by Hans Dietschy of Basel on Lévi-Strauss's *La Pensée Sauvage* remain in my mind as one of the seminal experiences of those years. They prepared the way for the effect which Mary Douglas's book was to have on me. But as the years have passed I have come to feel that if psychologists are to do justice to The Two Bodies we need different trainings to what are now available. The professional implications of this are discussed in some of the later essays. Note also the relevance for ecological balance between microcosm and macrocosm of the recurring reference to machines in the papers on alchemy.

But what I would emphasize in this Introduction is the importance of The Two Bodies for a rediscovery of ontology. Only when the urgency and immediacy of private, intra-psychic experience interacts with the social construction of reality will the need for ontology be publicly accepted. At present this seems to happen more easily in our expectation of catastrophe than in the happier processes of education and cultural exchange by which catastrophe might be avoided.

My interest in theatre is explicit in most of these essays. It makes the link between the central clinical problem of transference and the recognition of ontology.

In preparing these essays for the press, I have realized more fully than before how much my use of theatrical analogies depends on The Two Bodies. Questions about social body are pressing to make themselves heard in personal therapy, whether that be in groups or one to one. At times the pressure reaches bursting point. If theatrical models of expression, containment and intervention are to work for the individual they must also be worked on socially.

The need to develop such work takes us outside the consulting room. In the essay on 'Narrative and Performance' I write of 'exploring kinaesthetically that break in instinctive response that begets "likeness"'. For a psychotherapist theatre is about how touch and movement relate to story. It is a relation that psychoanalysis avoids. In advocating that we experiment with it I wish to warn of danger, but also suggest how we can meet the danger by revising our concepts to take account of ontology.

The fundamental revision I propose is that we demote consciousness and unconsciousness from the central position they occupy in Jungian (and other) theory. In the paper on 'Idolatry' I write of the 'self contradiction of that Act in which language enters into the make-up of reality'. In 'Psychoanalysis and Witness' I speak of 'act as the word struggling to get into psychoanalysis', and later say that 'if we are to get in on the act in which we are caught there can be no limit to our wondering about subject and object and what sustains us between them'. Whenever it occurs the word act carries an emphasis which is crucial for a reading of these essays, an emphasis on the need for verbs of doing and making to be given a new prominence in our teaching over against the language of knowing with its blanket use of 'conscious' and 'unconscious'. As I argue in 'Reminding, Letting Be, Showdoing', I doubt whether this amounts to a revision of Jung's practices. But in terms of professional standing in the post-Jungian world, it seems to be critical.

The final theme to which I would draw attention is Time. This can perhaps best be done in terms of failure: my failure to evoke response from within the Jungian community.

Questions of time and timing recur throughout these essays. They have seemed to me to arise necessarily both from a reading of Jung and also from trying to make sense of the very different kinds of psychological analysis practised in his name. Yet they have not been taken up. Why?

I think there are various reasons. Spelling them out may serve as a helpful guide to the theme as it comes up in these essays.

One is certainly to do with money. As I wrote in 'The Need for Controversy' paper: 'There is such a glaring contrast between the financial implications of an analyst who insists on seeing people four or five times a week, and an analyst who works towards a rhythm of once a week, that if there is to be any constructive dialogue between the two positions we must surely insist that the problem of time is treated with proper philosophical seriousness'. This has not happened. Instead, positions are being further frozen in the spurious distinctions of the Standing Conference on Psychotherapy. Yet the problem does not go away, and does not only concern the practice of Jung's psychology. What I find particularly provoking about

this Jungian failure is that we could be contributing so much more to wider political arguments about health, its cost, and its dependence on both public and private agency.

But behind the institutionalized politics of 'how many times a week' there are other reasons for failure. We can think of these as small and homely, and also as big and strange.

My reference to the work of John Berger in 'On Being Wobbly' and 'Reminding, Letting Be, Showdoing', emphasizes how familiar, homely and everyday serious philosophical doubts about time are. They are all round us. They fill up experience. It is this richness of the time problem which leads us to avoid it. Its implications are just too pervasive. As I write in 'Sex and the Wound of Time': time's inconsistency is richer than we can ever get down on paper.

Behind the unfamiliar language there is the same homeliness in 'Narrative and Performance', when I contrast the 'proairetic' and the 'hermeneutic' organization of story. On the one hand, what makes the story get on, what keeps it moving. On the other, the need to catch up with oneself, to question what is thrown up, and away, by story. What is it like living between the two, as we all do?

It is as familiar to us as breathing. If we are to have time in which to catch up with ourselves, we have to be able to stop and go into reverse, yet still go on. We know how to do it. But to talk about it is nowhere near as simple as to do it. Effective talk about lived time requires both curiosity and humility of a kind that the public, taught, languages of our culture have pushed to one side. It requires metaphysical curiosity, metaphysical humility.

The more historical essays in this collection also contend with our reluctance to be serious about time. There are various references to the philosopher-historian R. G. Collingwood. My interest in Jung has been bracketed by an interest in history, and the kind of philosophical reflection to which history gives rise. And I notice that in my lifetime it has become more difficult to talk about 'the meaning of history' than it used to be. There is a feeling abroad which makes it slightly embarrassing to start a conversation on the subject.

I would recommend the reader of these essays to ask himself how he feels if there is talk about the meaning of history, and to bring that feeling to bear on my various discussions of time. In 'Alchemy and Psychosis' I write of the acting-upon-one-another of personal, historical and evolutionary time, and I have suggested that it may recall experience which is more cruel than we can imagine. In 'Dreamwork and Prayer' I tell of a conversation with my young son about the creation of time in which I felt embarrassed, and I relate that to the idea of an author who has lost interest in his own text. In 'Mood, Plot and Parabolic Imagination' there is this passage:

> How seriously are we willing to reflect on the verbal confusion between spending, saving, wasting, keeping, losing, taking, making, finding, in which we talk of our being in time? That is where questions of mood can open into public questioning of political and historical time. And without that opening between our private and public timefulness, God will not find it easy to remind our technological world of a time setting which it, and we, seem to have chosen to forget.

Does God come into it? Is there a larger, stranger, and possibly more terrible reason why we find it difficult to engage with each other in serious talk about time?

Various of these essays argue that there may well be. Their content must speak for itself. But something should be said about their tone. This is peculiar, part gnostic, part prophetic. The gnosis is uneasy, as if it knows but is afraid that the knowledge has been come by too easily. And the prophecy is apologetic, as if the future is present in excess, so much present as to devalue present action. It is important to locate this tone in autobiography, both as to where it comes from, and as to where it is directed. Otherwise it may mislead.

Readers will notice that over the last eight years or so these essays show a growing interest in 'the psychotic'. I now believe that I have seriously underrated the importance of infantile experience in owning our reluctance to talk about God and time in the same breath. When I hazard the belief that time is created by God I can feel resonance with infantile experience of psychotic splitting, as this is described by psychoanalysts other than Jung. I say something about this in 'On Being Wobbly'. But I have also (and this is not explicit in these essays) had to realize that connections between sexuality and psychotic splitting which I had thought I understood still escape me, and in so

escaping cause pain and inflict damage which I can only impotently regret. The gnostic-prophetic tone of some of these essays originates in dreams which are related to hurtful experience of this kind and in reading them for what they conceal as well as for what they tell it is important to bear this in mind.

Because the minding of these essays is towards The Two Bodies. Unless the gnostic and prophetic imagination intends embodiment, social as well as personal, we are better off without it. The imagery in these essays, in particular the so private and, let us face it, so boring imagery of my dreams, is not put forward as some kind of prescription. It is conversational. I wish it to evoke response, to encourage a shared remindedness, so that together we may be more conversant with how personal breaking down contributes to the timefulness of the social body.

There is one further point to be made by way of introduction. A major factor in my life since the age of thirty-two has been my first wife Susan's stroke in 1958. My training at the Jung Institute in Zurich between 1961 and 1966 was permeated by the after effects of this. In particular, I found myself living closely with an experience of personality, performance, and language to which the Jungian world, though deeply sympathetic, seemed unable to give definition.

There are various references in these essays to metaphor and metonymy. The distinction between these two has assumed a new impetus in the last fifty years, following on the work of Roman Jakobson on aphasia. I was first introduced to this work through Lévi Strauss's *La Pensée Sauvage*, and it has contributed much to my dissatisfaction with what Jung says about language and imagination. The reader should realize that my interest in metaphor and metonymy, and in the difficulty of being clear as to which is which, has been intensely personal. It is housed in over thirty years' experience of brain damage, and of the questions brain damage raises about the make both of personality and of world.

1

HYPOKRITES AND ANALYST*

THIS GREEK word *Hypokrites* has had an interesting growth and shift in meaning. In the Ionian dialect used by Homer, the verb from which it is derived meant something like this: to express a decision, based on deep reflection, knowledge and intuition, in reply to a question—and the question is to be thought of not as a cold, logical question, but as informed with urgency, as much a challenge from one person to another as a question. From this meaning grew the further sense of explain, expound, interpret, and the word was specifically used of the interpretation of dreams and oracles in Homer, and much later in the Attic of Aristophanes and Plato.

A further sense of the word developed in the Attic dialect alone, to mean "to speak in dialogue, to play a part on the stage". Thus the noun Hypokrites was used of the stage actor from about 500 B.C. By the end of the 4th century B.C., in the speeches of Demosthenes, it was beginning to acquire a negative sense of to play a false part, to deceive. It was this sense of the word which was picked up in the Greek translation of the New Testament, when Christ is describing the Pharisees, and it is this sense with which we are familiar in our modern English word hypocrite.

My central concern this evening will be with the Hypokrites as actor. But the Greek word serves to remind us of a time when acting meant something very different to what it does today. We have a spread of meaning

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in this word from interpreter of dreams and oracles, through interpreter of a stage rôle, to false dissembler or deceitful hypocrite. It is this spread of meaning which I am invoking. But I must warn you how equivocal the Hypokrites can be. The ideas grouped round him have an uncomfortable way of changing faces, like masked actors on a stage. He will spoil our evening for us if we try to take him at his face value.

The other word in my title refers to the psycho-analyst. Anyone who has come into contact with psychoanalysis in any of its forms has felt sometimes, somehow, how very dubious the rôle of such an analyst is. It is easy to be funny about this, and it is easy to take it too seriously. We can talk heavily about the negative transference, and we can say bitterly that the analyst is hypocritical in pretending to care for us. But even on more neutral ground, there is a quality about the emotional involvement in analysis which is very hard to define. There are times when my relationship with my analyst seems the most real thing in my life. Yet how is it real compared to the job with which I earn my living, to my home? It comes to matter hugely that my analyst cares for me. Yet how can I feel that his concern for me matches my need for him when I know he's seeing so many others, when there was someone here before me and someone else waiting outside for when I go? What is the nature of this situation to which I am asked to trust myself?

I'm not going to try a head-on answer to questions like these. Rather, I want to try and merge them in a wider and much older group of problems, those that have to do with the nature of dramatic reality, and especially that extraordinary emotional "conversion" which happens when we enjoy the enactment on the stage of events at which we would grieve outside the theatre. Can we regard the reality within the analyst's consulting room as related to the reality in the street outside in the same way as the reality within the theatre is to the rush for the underground afterwards? Has that strange shift from grief to joy in watching tragic drama—a shift which has fascinated Europeans for 2,500 years—anything to tell us about the equally strange conversions of emotion which can take place within analysis? Can we usefully consider the problem of how we enjoy tragedy in the theatre, as belonging to the same family as those psychoanalytical problems centred on that

fundamental neurotic attitude by which we win pleasure from an inauthentic suffering?

Although my argument will be concerned with classical Greek theatre, the first stage on which the masked Hypokrites spoke his part, I would like to start by taking a recent stage event here in London to emphasise just how extraordinary this theatrical conversion of emotion from grief to joy can be. Some of you may have seen the play "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg". It is not easy to describe this play without making it sound tasteless and thoroughly unnecessary. We are shown the mother and father of a ten-year-old child who was born, as the doctors put it, "a vegetable", and would always remain so. Rather than put the child in a special home, the parents have kept it with them, and have developed over the years a kind of play of their own, round the child, to make the situation bearable. On the stage we see one day in their life, ending in the husband deserting the home after a half-hearted attempt to kill the child by exposure to the cold. It is a frightful theme, and touches levels of emotion in the spectator where it is no longer easy to know who this "I" is who is at the same time weeping and laughing: for comedy the play is, though the pain is there all the time. It is fair to say that audience reactions have been mixed. To many the play failed to maintain the necessary knife-edge balance. But whatever the particular reaction, audiences don't go to such a play to gloat over the imaginary misfortunes of others. They go because of the strange conversion of emotion which we have learned that the theatre has to offer. They go because they know that sometimes, in some places, we can rejoice in our grieving.

This is really a very extraordinary fact. And it raises awkward questions: not only *how* does this conversion, this catharsis, happen, but should it be allowed to? Plato for one would have banned actors from his ideal republic, as a threat to the stability of the commonwealth. Many of you will remember St. Augustine's experiences when he came to Carthage and found himself in the midst of a hissing cauldron of lust:

> I was much attracted by the theatre, because the plays reflected my own unhappy plight and were tinder to my fire. Why is it that men enjoy feeling sad at the sight of tragedy and suffering on the stage, although they would be most unhappy if they had to endure the same fate themselves? Yet they watch the plays because they hope

> to be made to feel sad, and the feeling of sorrow is what they enjoy. What miserable delirium is this.

It *is* a problem. Perhaps these emotions we feel in the theatre are essentially false, and to be avoided. One of the greatest of Englishmen believed so, and agreed to the closing of the London theatres; but then Oliver Cromwell found a more final way of coping with the conscience of a king than trying, like Hamlet, to catch it in a play. Even Shakespeare, who had done more than any man to glorify the stage, that other scaffold to which we are all born, came to feel the awful ambiguity of the actor. In "King Lear", for instance, he presents the need to play a rôle *in order to remain oneself* as evidence of an inexorable flaw in human nature reminiscent of the Christian doctrine of original sin.

So though we shall be primarily concerned with the questions: *how* does this conversion of emotion take place?—how can grief turn to joy in the theatre?—we must also remember that behind these questions is another: should it be allowed to happen?—should not the Hypokrites be dismissed as the hypocrite he is? The two lots of questions are very closely related, yet we need to recognise that they involve different issues.

This same need to distinguish is present when we consider psychoanalysis. It isn't just a question of how does it work?—but also, should it be allowed to work? The professional enemies of analysis are not alone in feeling in it a threat to the steadiness and fixedness of human attitudes, similar to the threat which the actor represented for Plato. Each of us who has been deeply involved in analysis has thought at some time: but if I can feel *that*, if I can feel hate where I also feel love, if I can find pleasure in pain, if I can feel joy where there is grief, then *who am I*? Who can tell me what is real and what is illusion?

In order to begin answering these questions, I shall invert the order of my title, and start by considering the Analyst, and then go on to the Hypokrites. I want to start by looking at one aspect of psychoanalytic practice which most obviously resembles the presentation of reality on the stage—I mean the fact of selection.

When we consider the way in which "having an analysis" fits into the whole shape of someone's life, there is one fact which we should not overlook.

However often, for however long a period of time, we go to an analyst, he is never going to know more than a fraction of what we know about our own lives, and what we know ourselves is never more than a fraction of the whole. If we have lived for thirty years before we get into an analyst's consulting room, and if we live for another thirty years after we've said good-bye, whether we spend twenty, or two hundred, or two thousand hours with the man: we can never hope to tell him all about ourselves. Inevitably, selection, and selection of a minute fraction of our total experience, is a fundamental factor in determining the nature of psychoanalytical practice.

This kind of selection is familiar to students of drama, and indeed of the novel. Whatever we need to know about Hamlet in order to understand and react to the play is enclosed within the limits of the play. Similarly with whatever kind of understanding an analyst can acquire of the life presented to him. It is not the understanding of an outside observer contemplating a more or less complete causal sequence leading up to the present situation (though the name "analyst" unfortunately suggests just that to many people!). It is the understanding of someone who has tacitly agreed to accept an implicit principle of selection, in the same way as the audience agrees to accept the convention of the theatrical limits in time and space.

But if this selection is such a fundamental factor, it is surely relevant to ask: who, or what, selects the things we talk about to our analyst? Is there anything in the analytical situation that corresponds to the rôle of the playwright in the theatre?

We can look at this question from the point of view of the so-called presenting situation. Here it is obvious that the analyst hasn't had any say in the selection of the problem we want to discuss. But is it even true to say that I have selected it? It usually feels much more as if life has in some way presented us with some intractable dilemma which we've just got to discuss, as if the problem has been selected for us.

Or we can look at this question of selection in terms of what happens in those first crucial interviews. There is that strange process so often commented on, by which the initial problem gradually drops away, and in its place quite other subjects occupy the analytical hours. What is happening here? Who is selecting these new questions? How can we understand this

process of selection, which allows of such a shift of interest away from what I was convinced was my real problem?

Various answers to such questions have been proposed. The one I want to look at tonight is Jung's concept of the complex. Here, it seems to me, we have an idea which places this fundamental fact of selection where it belongs—at the heart of psychoanalytical theory and practice. The word "complex" has passed so easily into our general vocabulary that it has lost the special meaning which Jung tried to give it. But this meaning is central to an understanding of Jung's work, and has an immediate relevance today when analysts from various backgrounds are feeling their way to an understanding of their discipline in terms of semantic rather than causal theory. For, as I hope to show, the concept of the complex is intimately connected with problems as to the nature of language and meaning, which we should recognise as central to an understanding of what goes on in analysis.

Jung selected the complex as the theme for his inaugural lecture as Professor at the Swiss Federal Polytechnic Institute in 1934. This lecture is well known, but I want to remind you of two things he said in it about the complex, which are relevant to our question: who, or what, selects the things we talk about with the analyst?

> The unconscious would in fact be...nothing but a vestige of dim or 'obscure' representations, or a 'fringe of consciousness'...were it not for the existence of complexes. That is why Freud became the real discoverer of the unconscious in psychology, because he examined those dark places and did not simply dismiss them, with a disparaging euphemism, as 'parapraxes'. The *via regia* to the unconscious, however, is not the dream, as he thought, but the complex, which is the architect of dreams and of symptoms.

And elsewhere in the same lecture:

> Everyone knows nowadays that people 'have complexes'. What is not so well known, though far more important theoretically, is that complexes can *have us*.

I shall refer later to the idea of the complex as the architect of dreams as well as of symptoms. At this stage let us just consider what it means to say that complexes can have us, just as we can have them. What does this involve for me when I sit opposite the analyst with my problem?

It means that the analyst's attitude to this problem of mine is going to be infuriatingly equivocal. On the one hand he appears to treat me as a person who knows what he's doing and what he wants, i.e., to be rid of this "thing" which is making a thorough mess of my life. At any rate, he is accepting my money and unless he's dishonest that should mean that he is accepting me as a legally responsible person, who knows what I want. But on the other hand, I quickly sense that for him the problem isn't a problem in the same sense as it is for me. Sometimes I have the uneasy feeling that far from helping me get rid of this incubus which has settled on me, he's almost more interested in the incubus than he is in me. When I get this feeling, I have mixed reactions. On the one hand, I'm furious. That's not what I'm paying money for. But on the other hand, I probably wouldn't have gone to an analyst in the first place, and certainly wouldn't have stayed more than an hour or two, unless I had felt somewhere in me that there might be more to this problem than met the eye. If I have this feeling then besides anger at the analyst being apparently more interested in my problem than in me, I'll also feel that precisely for that reason perhaps he can help where others can't. I am beginning to sense that I am "had" by something greater than myself: that the thing of which I was so anxious to be rid may be much more interesting and full of life than I am. In the analyst's jargon, I am beginning to recognise the value of the complex. Another way of putting it would be to say that I am beginning to realise that life is not merely something which I live, but is also something which I enact.

The idea behind Jung's phrase about the complex as having me, as well as being had by me, is one which we meet in many places in his work. In a sense, that is an idea we can grasp easily. But I wonder if it isn't also a mystery involving the most uncomfortable philosophical, if not theological, problems. For what we are being asked to grasp, to hold in our minds, is that we ourselves are had, are held, are comprehended, by something outside ourselves. How can we ever understand ourselves as understood?

This brings us close to what for many is the central "scandal" of Jung's psychology, that cause of offence and stumbling which gives his work its special quality. But I don't want to open up that whole issue here. All I wish to do is to try to extend our awareness of what is involved in the idea of the

complex so as to introduce my main thesis: that the psychoanalysis of complexes implies an essentially "dramatic" view of human life.

Now if we want to explore a bit more deeply what Jung meant with this idea of "complexes having us", we have to turn to his writing on that most difficult area of experience which he has named, perhaps not very happily, "archetypal". It was out of reflection on the experience of the complex that Jung developed his theory of the archetypes, and it was in his writing about the archetypes that he developed the wider implications of this sense of being had by a complex, as well as ourselves having a complex.

Here are two passages—again derived from a lecture given in 1934—which open up wider horizons round our question: who, or what, selects what we talk about with the analyst?

> Life is crazy and meaningful at once. And when we do not laugh over the one aspect and speculate about the other, life is exceedingly drab, and everything is reduced to the littlest scale. There is then little sense and little nonsense either. When you come to think about it, nothing has any meaning, for when there was nobody to think, there was nobody to interpret what happened. Interpretations are only for those who don't understand; it is only the things we don't understand that have any meaning. Man woke up in a world he did not understand, and that is why he tries to interpret it.

And,

> It always seems to us as if meaning– compared with life—were the younger event, because we assume, with some justification, that we assign it of ourselves and because we believe, equally rightly no doubt, that the great world can get along without being interpreted. But how do we assign meaning? From what source, in the last analysis, do we derive meaning? The forms we use for assigning meaning are historical categories that reach back into the mists of time—a fact we do not take sufficiently into account. Interpretations make use of certain linguistic matrices that are themselves derived from primordial images. From whatever side we approach this question everywhere we find ourselves confronted with the history of language...

Jung is here describing the human predicament of us all standing as we do between two worlds, the world of life and the world of meaning. The question of selection with which we started is seen to be one special case of a

much wider problem: the need to distinguish between two ways of ordering reality, in one of which life seems to generate meaning, while in the other meaning generates life. He is setting the narrower problem we sensed behind the complex, of both having and being had by some experience, of my I-ness as both subject and object, in this far wider context of the relationship between life and meaning.

Now it is important that we should recognise just how radical this formulation of Jung's is. He is reopening philosophical questions which a large number of our most influential contemporaries insist are either finally closed and answered, or else meaningless, and at the heart of these questions he sets the individual man or woman suffering under the sense of being both the subject and object of his experience.

However difficult and strange these questions may seem to some of us today we cannot avoid them if we want to understand what the complex is all about. What Jung is saying is that that mystery which we call language flows in two opposed directions: from life into meaning, and from meaning into life. We can illustrate this if we wish, by saying that the first direction of flow, from life into meaning, is what we've got used to with the development of the natural sciences in the last three hundred years, while the second direction of flow, from meaning into life is familiar to us in the theological idea of the creation of the world by the Word. But such illustrations should not be allowed to obscure the simple immediacy of the dilemma with which Jung confronts us: that we have to live as both the subjects and the objects of meaning, that "I is".

Now it's easy to say that, but if we take this experience seriously it is very, very hard to fit both sides of it into any of our accepted ways of looking at the world and at our own situation in the world. For if we accept this experience in its completeness, then we have to accept that at the source of all human attempts at explanation there lies what, for this audience, I would call a kind of "semantic original sin". By which I mean this. If we hope to understand and order our lives in terms of some meaning generated by life, which it is our job to recognise and then apply, we are up against the fact that this whole attempt will prove futile should it turn out that life is an explanation of meaning, rather than the other way round. And conversely, for those who

hope to live their lives as the explanation of a meaning prior to life, a meaning that can be revealed in prophecy, in a great dream, in an oracle, in holy writ, there is the ever open question: how can we be certain that this meaning is not of our own making?

These are not easy ideas. It would be much more comfortable if we could do without them. Everything in us which wants to assimilate Jung's work to easier and less equivocal ways of thought would gladly forget them. But I'm not at all sure whether the most valuable opening into the future which the psycho-analysis of complexes has to offer is not precisely this awareness of what I have this evening called the fact of semantic original sin.

Let us note carefully that Jung does not answer his own question. He merely poses it: which comes first, life or meaning?—and then leaves it at that. But even to pose this question is to challenge the collective weight of our culture which presupposes that life comes first, meaning afterwards. It is because the analyst is committed to asking this question that he is felt to be such an equivocal figure, and his position is not helped by the fact that the very name "analyst" seems to imply agreement with precisely the assumption he is committed to questioning.

Now what does all this mean in terms of an actual analysis? I go to the analyst with my problem with which I need help. In so far as this is a complex which I have, in so far as life comes before, and is explained by, meaning, we will talk in terms of cause and effect, in terms of the association of ideas, in terms of the relief of symptoms. But in so far as this is a complex by which I am had, in so far as meaning comes before life and is explained by life, we will talk in terms of the religious or existential attitude, in terms of metaphor and symbol, in terms of involvement with, and not escape from, the presenting situation. How can two such irreconcilable movements of explanation cohere in an understanding that I can live?

What I am arguing this evening is that for over 2,500 years we have been used to just such a coherence, in the theatre; and that in going to an analyst we are looking for the kind of "answer" which we expect from the theatre; that we are, however dimly, trying to recover the sense of our life as something both lived and enacted; that behind the complex which we both have and are had by, lies the fact that we are on the one hand parts of the

continuum of life which generates its own meaning, and on the other hand interpreters of a meaning which requires life for its explanation.

In order to develop this argument, I am going to turn now to Aristotle, and to the explanation he gave for the cathartic effects of the great plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles. I hope as my argument grows, that the relevance of Aristotle to psychoanalytic practice will emerge. But let me start by making one point that refers to us here this evening.

As a collective group, we in the Guild are spread out between the biological roots of medicine on one side, and the religious experience of Christians on the other. Aristotle was a great biologist, perhaps the greatest that ever lived, and if we had time to go further into his explanation of catharsis we would see just how thoroughly his psychological ideas are informed by his biological studies. But in his concern with the emotions released by classical Greek tragedy he was also close to deeply religious experiences, however strange they may seem to some Christians. For him biology and religion belonged together in a way that it is not easy for us to imagine. Indeed, as far as the word "catharsis" is concerned, scholars are still arguing as to whether it was derived from medical or religious usage. So I hope that somewhere what I now have to say will touch the biological soul of the Guild.

Now it so happens—it is a pleasing coincidence that makes my job easier, perhaps covering up certain holes in my argument—that the one Greek drama which more than any other has caught the psychoanalytical imagination, the story of Oedipus as told by Sophocles, was also the play which for Aristotle represented the ideal form of tragic drama. I hope to show that in his explanation of how Sophocles got his effect, and in particular in his distinction between what he calls plot, character and action, Aristotle says things about the relation between structure and process in the dramatic situation which can help us understand what the practising analyst is doing. And as we go on, let us remember that the Greek word translated plot was *muthos* (from which our word myth is derived), the word for character was *ethos* (from which we get both ethics and ethology), and for action, *praxis* (a word now introduced into psychoanalytical discussion by the existentialists).

The story Sophocles tells in his play *Oedipus the King* opens with the city of Thebes afflicted by a terrible plague. The king, Oedipus, who years before had rid the city of a similar plague inflicted by the hideous Sphinx, sends his brother-in-law Creon to the oracle at Delphi to find the meaning of the plague. When Creon returns there is relief when King and elders hear that the city can be rid of the plague once the murderer of the previous king, Laius, is identified and expelled from the city. Oedipus takes on himself the search, and calls down a curse on the unknown killer.

The first stage in the search is the cross-examination of the blind seer Teiresias—a man skilled in the interpretation of oracles and dreams. Teiresias resists the King's questions, provoking by his resistance the rising wrath of Oedipus. Finally, cornered and himself now deeply angered, Teiresias names Oedipus himself as the killer. Oedipus takes this nonsense as evidence of a plot between Teiresias and Creon to usurp the throne, and he dismisses the seer with threats.

There follows an angry confrontation between Oedipus and Creon, in which the king accuses his wife's brother of treachery, and condemns him to a choice of death or banishment. The queen, Jocasta, enters the stage from the palace. Oedipus explains the reasons for his suspicions against Creon. But Jocasta insists that Oedipus cannot be the murderer of Laius, because an oracle had said that Laius would die by the hands of his own child, and this had proved to be untrue, because Laius had in fact been killed by unknown robbers while on a journey.

Oedipus is troubled by Jocasta's account of how Laius met his death. For the first time he begins to fear that perhaps he may have been responsible for the old king's death. He now tells Jocasta how he, too, has been dogged through life by an oracle which foretold that he would kill his father and marry his mother. The air is full of foreboding, though only of a partial horror: that Oedipus is the killer of Laius. There is as yet no suggestion in his mind that Laius was his father—and Jocasta therefore his mother.

Then comes relief, momentary but complete. A messenger comes with news that Oedipus' father has died of old age. Both Oedipus and Jocasta rejoice at this evidence of the untruthfulness of oracles. But almost immediately the new found relief is terribly destroyed, when the messenger

further reveals that Oedipus was not in fact the child of the father and mother he had always accepted as such, but was a foundling. The messenger's story makes Jocasta, who knows all the details of how she had once got rid of her son, realise the whole truth. Desperately she tries, as Teiresias had tried at the beginning, to prevent Oedipus continuing with the search. But Oedipus, completely misunderstanding the grounds of her fear, as he had previously misunderstood Teiresias, insists on going on. The final revelation of parricide and incest comes quickly. Jocasta hangs herself, and Oedipus, blinded by his own hand, takes on himself the curse he had laid, unwittingly, on his own head.

For most men born of woman, this story is, of course, deeply exciting. There is certainly much in the development of the plot which reminds us with penetrating exactness of the process of recognition within analysis. The great confrontation between Oedipus and Teiresias, for instance: this scene alone is an unforgettable witness to the function and value of what analysts call "resistance", of the way in which the thrust towards more effective self-recognition is resisted by a wisdom grounded in more complete knowledge of the total situation than that of the confident, enquiring ego.

But what I want to do here is to stand back from the detail and look at the overall shape of the play, in the light of two of Aristotle's most obscure remarks when he came to try and describe how it is that we can rejoice in so much grief.

What does it means, in relation to this play, when Aristotle says:

(1) that Tragedy is an imitation not of human beings but of action and life; and
(2) that the stage figures do not act in order to represent their characters; they include their characters for the sake of their actions.

I am no Greek scholar, and cannot pretend to give you anything more than a second or third hand explanation of these sentences. But I think we can all recognise that what is implied in these strange remarks of Aristotle is an attitude to the relation between actors and what they act very different from what we are used to. It is clear that for Aristotle it isn't the character or fate of Oedipus which is important in Sophocles' play. He is drawing a distinction between the action of the play and the stage figures enacting it which it is very hard for us who are brought up on the modern theatre, and especially the modern cinema, to appreciate. For what Aristotle is saying is

that the person shown on the stage is of no significance in himself at all: he merely carries his share of an action whose interest does not lie in personality at all. There is something which needs to be acted through. The actors carry that need, and the mask they wear underscores the fact that precisely because they are *merely* acting, therefore they can represent an action which cannot be included within human personality.

Let me try and illustrate this very difficult idea with reference to Oedipus. What is the action which is being imitated in Sophocles' play? On one level it is like a detective story: the uncovering of the guilt, with the surprising twist familiar from many dreams within analysis, in which the guilty one is found to be identical with the detective. But the motive that really drives the action along is the problem of the oracles. At the beginning before ever the play begins, both Laius and Jocasta, and Oedipus, try and undo, deny, the truth of oracular prediction, Jocasta by giving her child to be exposed, Oedipus by fleeing from the city where the man and woman he took for father and mother reign. At the moment of greatest relief of tension, that brief interlude when both Jocasta and Oedipus imagine themselves safe, they both exult in the exposure of the oracles as untruthful, as unfulfilled. But in the end the truth of the oracles is justified, and it is shown that it was the blind Teiresias who saw truly, while the king who insisted on knowing in spite of Teiresias' resistance must blind himself once he too sees the truth.

In short, the imitation of action has to do with the interaction of two worlds, the world of human affairs, and the world of dream and oracle and prophecy. The humanly more comfortable attitude which would like to insist on a one-dimensional world has been refuted; and in its place the interdependence of two worlds has been celebrated.

We can call this a deeply religious attitude if we like, though I doubt if it is religious in a sense which would have satisfied the Augustine of the first nine books of the Confessions. But it certainly implies a profoundly dramatic attitude to human life, and serves to bring out very clearly how we can feel the things which happen to us as "selected". And if we look at this interaction of the world of human affairs with the world of oracle in terms of Jung's question: which is the younger event, meaning or life? we can perhaps see them not so much as two worlds, but as two ways of ordering one reality.

For it seems to me that in *Oedipus the King* Sophocles is presenting the conflict between the rival claims of meaning and life to explain one another. In trying to deny the power of oracular prediction, Laius, Jocasta and Oedipus are trying to assert the priority of life over meaning. Life must and can have its own direction, with its meaning flowing as a kind of secondary self-expression from out of its own development. It is that attitude in us which wants to insist, very humanly, that our problems, our ills, our complexes, are things which we have and can therefore control. But in establishing the inexorable truth of the oracles, the other view is asserted: that meaning is somehow prior to life, that human actions are not complete in themselves but rather the enactment of some action already laid down: that they are in fact dramatic (or, if you prefer it, sacramental) in character.

The extraordinary strength of this Sophoclean faith lies in the refusal to come down on one side or the other. Both attitudes can claim to be valid for moral man who must always "look to his ending". The dilemma is magnificently worked out in the enactment of Oedipus: on the one hand, he is the passive victim of oracles, helpless in the hands of a fate against which no man can struggle; on the other, as the victor over the Sphinx and redeemer-king, he incarnates the power of human free-will. And linking the two aspects of his experience, the fact that although he had tried to evade the earlier oracle, once he had himself laid the curse, albeit unknowingly, on his own head, he made no effort to escape from its consequences, but accepted the obligation to act out the meaning he had given to his life.

Now all this magnificent drama may seem far removed from the more hum-drum problems which bring us into analysis. But though few of us need experience the Sophoclean heights and depths, I think the structure of such drama remains relevant. Unless we are to lose our grip on the world of convention in which we must make our living, we have to continue to insist that we have our problems and therefore can and must do something about them ourselves. But it is equally true that our problems have us, and that if we are to be equal to them, we must learn to recognise what action is waiting on our imitation, what meaning requires our life as its explanation.

It is time to round off our argument. Are we any closer to an understanding of either psychoanalytical or dramatic catharsis?

What I have done is to bring together two groups of ideas: those centring round Jung's concept of the complex, and in particular, that subtle deep question about the relationship between life and meaning, and those implied in Aristotle's idea of tragedy as the imitation of action, and of action as prior to character. Catharsis is the word, derived from either a religious or medical source, which Aristotle used to describe that great paradoxical contradiction of experience: joy in grief. He insisted that this enantiodromia arose from a mimesis or imitation of an action.

Now although the plays with which Aristotle was familiar are the sources of the Western theatrical tradition, much has happened in the theatre since he wrote, and I do not want to claim all-inclusive authority for his explanation of dramatic catharsis. His work has, however, the advantage of standing close to the ritual origins of the theatre, when the idea of the play as merely a pretence which we watch was unimaginable. Aristotle could still feel the play as a communal activity in which actor, chorus and spectators were all engaged together.

I have therefore tried to use his conception of the mimesis of an action to provoke reflection. Because if we are to make any kind of sense of this idea of his, then we obviously need to widen and deepen our understanding of acting beyond the more superficial idea of pretence to the more difficult and equivocal idea of "enactment". It is here that this word Hypokrites can help.

I pointed out at the beginning, that in this word we have a spread of meaning from the interpreter of dreams and oracles, through the interpreter of a stage rôle, to false dissembler and deceitful hypocrite. I have said nothing of the Hypokrites as an interpreter of dreams, for that would be a subject in its own right. But there is one characteristic of dreams to which reference must be made, as it is relevant to the distinction between acting and pretence.

Dreams are recollected. Whatever the EEG has to tell us of the electrical rhythms of sleep and their relation to dreaming, the dream that we talk about, either at breakfast or with our analyst, has no existence apart from its recollection. It is a phenomenon of the threshold between sleeping and waking. But if we reflect carefully on what happens when we recollect a

dream, we must recognise that what we remember, the thing which we draw with us as it were over the threshold between sleep and waking, is not a discrete and complete whole. We do not need the EEG to tell us that there is much more to our dreaming life than what we recollect. This recollection is always a selection, and we can never know what it is selected from. Looked at like this, dreams share what I have earlier described as one of the essential characteristics of the whole analytical dialogue—the fact that what is talked about is selected from an infinitely greater background which can never be wholly known, and that this process of selection is never fully within the control either of analyst or analysand. If we take our dreams seriously, then we must take seriously the existence of two worlds, that of sleep and that of waking. We can agree that there is need of some kind of interpretation between these two worlds. But as to the nature of that interpretation, there has always been, still is, and probably always will be, disagreement. One of the things I am trying to do this evening is to suggest that the interpretation of dreams, starting as it does from a background of selection outside our control, is like the interpretation of a stage rôle in the theatre.

Jung frequently insisted on the dramatic structure of the average dream. He also emphasised that, just as with complexes, so also with dreams: we stand in a double relation to them. We do not only dream, but are dreamed. We suffer the dream; we are its objects. So if we accept the complex as the architect of dreams as well as of symptoms, then we should not be surprised if the complex has the same kind of dramatic form and dynamism as the dream. If we can agree that the complex which first takes us to the analyst, and then selects both the matter and the structure of the analysis, is dramatic in nature, does this help us to understand the kind of interpretation or conversion which goes on in psychoanalysis?

The elusive idea we've got to try and catch is that interpretation requires mimesis. In its classical sense, as interpreter of dreams and of a stage rôle, the word Hypokrites implies the existence of two ways of ordering one reality, in both of which man is involved, and between which there is need of some kind of interpretation. It is only when we recognise this that Aristotle's explanation of the cathartic effect of drama makes sense. What I have also tried to argue this evening is that Jung's idea of the complex implies the same

human dilemma and the same human need. For most of us today it is much easier to live as if we were embedded in a process which generates its own meaning. Yet there are times, often concerned with the overcoming of suffering, when we can live our lives as an enactment of a meaning which requires life as its explanation, and a great deal of the work being done in psychoanalytical practice revolves round the need to recapture this sense of life as enactment. From this point of view, that much-discussed phenomenon with the question-begging name, "the transference", can be seen as a special case of something more general—the interaction of two orderings of one reality through what Aristotle called mimesis. To recognise the full power of the transference is to know that what we are both engaged in is "merely" an enactment. But enactment involves not only the reciprocal attention of actor and audience, but also recognition that what is being imitated is prior to, and independent of, both actor and audience. It is between these two moments of recognition that the psychoanalysis of the complexes works.

So much depends, you see, on our attitude to the mask. If we recognise our involvement in two such equally valid ways of ordering reality, then we will also recognise the need for the mask and for the constant two-way interpretative activity which the mask makes possible, an activity known in the philosophical tradition as "saving the appearances". We will call this interpretation sacramental, metaphoric, enactment. But if we believe (and it sometimes seems as if there may be good reasons for so believing) that in the last resort there can only be one way of ordering reality, then we shall reject all such interpretation as at the worst hypocritical and at best unnecessary. Can "the great world get along without being interpreted"? If it can, then we can withdraw behind that one-way mirror which since the days of John Locke has been part of the mental equipment of every English gentleman, and consider the mask merely as evidence of the games people play. If it can't, then not only we, but the great world too, have much need of the mask of the Hypokrites.

2

THE SELF-ACCREDITING ACT*

THIS GROUP may be said to have started with Jim Home's paper 'The Concept of Mind', which he read to the British Psychoanalytical Society in 1964. I first saw it referred to in the collection of essays edited by Charles Rycroft under the title 'Psychoanalysis Observed'. When I read it in full, I felt at once that here was someone I'd like to talk to, and it was a happy coincidence when Paul Campbell, who runs the Davidson Clinic in Glasgow, introduced us a few weeks later.

I am trained in a very different approach to psychoanalysis to Jim, but we share a conviction that we have a duty to develop a public language within which the social relevance of psychoanalysis can be argued with those who have no personal experience of such work. This is, I believe, the common interest which has brought us all here this evening. I shall therefore try to start things off with some remarks designed to show some connecting links between problems that concern those working *inside* psychoanalysis with problems of more general interest *outside* psychoanalysis. Following the direction of Jim's paper, and the use made of it by Drs Rycroft and Lomas in the book *Psychoanalysis Observed*, I shall start by saying where I feel the two central semantic problems arise when we talk about psychoanalysis. I shall conclude

*Paper read 23rd January 1969, at the opening meeting of a discussion group organized jointly with the psychoanalyst H. J. Home.

on a more practical note, by asking what psychoanalysis has to contribute to current thinking about the social services.

For something which, to judge by its name, we might expect to be concerned with the analysis of the soul, psychoanalysis has been extraordinarily preoccupied with the flesh. From its beginnings, psychoanalysis has been fascinated by a kind of semantic incest within our experience of the body. It cultivates an awareness of how my body is both I and it, an awareness of the body as the locus that defines both the disjunction and the conjunction of subject and object. Excretion, the infant at the breast, learning to stand upright, the adult man and woman in sexuality, many forms of pathological experience of different parts of the body—all these have been studied in terms of the need of a subject to distinguish an object, or of an object to be recognized by a subject, and of both somehow to overcome this necessary distinction in a knowledgeable act.

When we come to interpret experiences such as these a great deal depends—I would almost say everything depends—on how seriously we take this distinction between subject and object. For there is a critical philosophical problem involved here, and unless we recognize it and widen our framework of discussion to include it, we shall find ourselves imprisoned by it. The problem involved is whether we believe that this distinction between subject and object is *given* to us, or open to be *made* by us. If we believe that we, and the society of which we are members, have been given an enduring definition of what constitutes a subject and what an object, then from the very start of our interest in psychoanalysis we shall try to order our experiences in terms of some such more or less consciously recognized definition. The philosophical assumptions underlying our chosen definition will be treated as unquestionable, as excluded from the 'bracket' of experience to which we are attending. If, on the other hand, we believe that the nature of I and it is a necessarily open question, and that the openness of this question is a condition of the society in which we want to live, then our interest in psychoanalysis will be from the start absolutely different. We shall see it not as a new, more, or less, successful science of human nature, but as a method of attending to the world as it exists prior to that original act of predication from which the sciences derive their authority and we derive our self-consciousness.

Since the very early days of psychoanalysis its practitioners have tended to divide along such philosophical lines. Similar philosophical divergences can be seen in the arguments between behavioural psychology and psychoanalysis, and between organic and existential psychiatry. Since such philosophical divergence goes back at least 2500 years, it is reasonable to assume that we've got to learn to live with it. But I would argue that it makes a lot of difference whether we conduct our share of the argument, both within psychoanalysis and between psychoanalysis and related disciplines, as a *contribution* to the wider philosophical debate, or whether we try to seal it off as something special. Isolated, it becomes peculiarly sterile. Opened up, it leads into an argument that concerns everyone, that has a resonance throughout our technological culture, for individuals and skills and sciences that will never hear of psychoanalysis. For the question whether to take the distinction between subject and object as given to us or as open to be made by us, directs us to one of those great philosophical dilemmas which are with us always: is language *constitutive* of reality as well as *descriptive* of reality? And if so, how are two such contradictory modes of language related to each other?

This is, I believe, the first of the two central semantic problems in which we are involved as soon as we start to talk about psychoanalysis. There is a choice and a division that runs throughout our philosophical tradition: whether to take the distinction between subject and object as *given*, as we do if we follow Locke in the belief that language is purely descriptive of the world, or whether we take the distinction between subject and object as always being *made*, as we do if we follow the other tradition in believing that the descriptive clarity of language is necessarily contaminated by an original constitutive participation in the world prior to its use for descriptive purposes. Psychoanalysis isn't going to solve this dilemma for us. But it can, I believe, contribute a great deal to how we recognize the special modern forms of this perennial question, and to how we go about solving the institutional and personal problems connected with it.

Here I would like to introduce the names of two thinkers whose work I believe establishes many useful points of connection between psychoanalysis and wider social and philosophical problems: Michael Polanyi and Merleau-Ponty. Working from different premises and with different interests, these

two men have reached conclusions which agree in insisting that unless we regain access to what Merleau-Ponty calls ante-predicative experience, and to what Polanyi calls the experience of faith as prior to knowledge, we shall not be able to control the development of our technological civilization. I believe that there is urgent need to open up discussion of psychoanalytic experience of subject and object as necessarily both disjunctive and conjunctive, into the wider area of social and technological argument to which men like Polanyi and Merleau-Ponty invite us. Is predication, that act by which subject and object are both separated and joined, a logical act under our control? Or if it derives its authority from a source beyond our control, what is the nature of our relationship to that source? Do we make our own meaning, or are we, in Merleau-Ponty's fine phrase, condemned to meaning? These are questions familiar in psychoanalytic practice. They are also questions, so Polanyi would persuade us, which are critical for the survival of our technological culture.

Perhaps what I have in mind will become clearer if I move on to my second point. I want to lead into this by considering the extraordinary proliferation of new specialist languages that are necessary to the functioning of modern society.

Speaking of the situation within the British Psychoanalytical Society, Jim suggests that it can be summed up in the formula 'people in our Society speak different languages'. It seems to me that this is a formula which can be applied with equal justice to the wider society of which we are all members. What economists today refer to as the 'technostructure' requires the co-operation of an ever increasing number of specialist skills, each speaking a language which is largely incomprehensible outside its own field. Indeed, if we accept the argument of Galbraith's recent book on the *New Industrial State*, we have to ask whether there is not now a built-in motivation within the technostructure to protect the autonomous existence of each separate discipline, and to create new such autonomous areas of expertise, by the deliberate articulation of languages which are comprehensible only to initiates: a striking example of how the quality of 'mystery' which technology wants to evacuate from its world is taking over that world from within.

Since the Second World War people have been asking, with increasing urgency: what holds all these new sciences, these new technologies together?

Within what frame of reference can all these discrete 'meanings' cohere? It is as if people feel that something has to be done to counter a process by which the central stream of publicly accepted meaning is splitting into ever finer channels of precision. There are two kinds of answer offered. One is in terms of inter-disciplinary studies and committees, of digests fed into the memory systems of computers. The other insists that only some fundamental reversal of direction will be adequate if the centre is not to fall apart in a centrifugal disintegration of meaning. Examples of such a reaction are the revival of interest in the work of Marx, existentialism, various forms of opting out of technological society, and, as always, an interest in other-worldly religions.

I want to suggest that the second great semantic problem with which we are confronted in talking about psychoanalysis is whether psychoanalysis is one among these many new languages of the last hundred years, or whether it is in some sense an inter-disciplinary 'bridge' between some of them (as Dr Rycroft seems to believe), or whether it belongs with those movements of thought which insist that an absolute reversal of direction is necessary.

My own answer is implicit in what I have already said about psychoanalysis and the disjunction of subject and object. Psychoanalysis attends, closely and exactly, to experiences in which a person is felt as constituted of an I and an it. In such experiences I become aware that meaning is not only something which I attribute. It is also something to which I am condemned. To feel myself as condemned to meaning is to recognize my itness as constituted of, and not merely described by, language, and thereby to establish a movement of meaning contrary to that flow of predication that controls our technological culture. Such a movement does not constitute an attack on technology, nor on the predicative modes of thought appropriate to the sciences in which our technology is rooted. On the contrary, it is a movement vital to the sustenance of precisely those technical languages on which we have come to depend for our living. Somehow or other we have to learn to sustain an unprecedented proliferation of new and exact languages, by cultivating the reciprocal experience of language as a mystery which constitutes the world as it exists before that original act of predication in which all technology is grounded. From this point of view, I would say, half seriously but also with a doubt that I may be saying altogether too much, that the way

we can come to experience the mystery of our body in psychoanalysis is a paradigm for the way in which a much wider public needs to re-discover the mystery of the material world in which technology involves us.

In conclusion I'll try to illustrate these rather high-falutin' ideas on a more practical level. How does all this affect an individual and his family when someone suffers what our common language calls a breakdown?

Someone with whom we have lived for years as a person, in intercourse with whom we have shared our experience of personality as somehow a unity, is suddenly broken down. The very best help that society has to offer is that of the specialist. If we are lucky enough to have access to one of the great teaching hospitals, for instance, our relative may be seen by experts of whose special discipline we have never heard. The final decision on treatment may be reached in discussion among various such experts, so that we have the benefit of the collective wisdom of many individuals and many sciences. But, in the end, all that the most advanced modern science has to tell us about this person who has broken down, must be referred back to the unitary focus of the particular person. The individual experiences the same dilemma as has been diagnosed within the technostructure of our society: how can these various languages cohere in a meaning which I can live?

It is at this stage that so much depends on whether or not our social response offers the individual access to those area of ante-predicative experience in which both his self-consciousness, and the special sciences which study him, are grounded. Whether we can develop and institutionalize such response depends to a large extent on the progress psychoanalysis makes in defining its methods, and above all that central moment of its method described as the transference. Our social services that have to do with breakdown need to articulate a working field between two poles. At one, man is treated as an object. At the other, as a centre of choice. We cannot divide this field into two. Our work needs, therefore, a theory of meaning which, though unified, can nevertheless recognize a necessary contradiction, a moment of semantic incest, a basic fault, an act of original sin—call it what we will—within its own field of operation. Within such a field the scientific observer is aware of himself as observed, of himself as the object as well as the subject of predication. This double awareness is familiar in psychoanalytic

work, and it is here that psychoanalysis has its unique contribution to make to the methodology of our social services. For psychoanalysis works, if indeed it does work, through recognizing and accepting the authority of an act in which that disjunction of subject and object, from which all self-consciousness and all knowledge are derived, is both underwritten and transcended by faith in the unity and universality of ante-predicative experience.

Some of the wider social and institutional consequences of the recognition of such an authority have been elaborated by Michael Polanyi in his book *Personal Knowledge*. Central to Polanyi's argument is the concept of knowledge as a passionate and self-accrediting act in which the personal and universal cohere in the discovery of reality. I would put forward this concept of self-accrediting action as crucial if psychoanalysis is to make its appropriate contribution to our developing social services. If we want to do justice to our method, we must work for the reorganization of these services under the principle that the need to extend the area within which men and women can accredit themselves through action is the precondition of all welfare. Only within such an institutional framework can psychoanalysis fulfil its social function as one of the ways by which we can learn to share consciously in that ante-predicative act in which I and it are one. Unless we cultivate such conscious enactment, so Polanyi argues, the link between persons and technology on which our civilization depends will break.

3

MAN, WOMAN, MONEY*

IN SPEAKING to a strange audience which comes together under the name of Progressive League, my first problem is: am I here under false pretences? I grew up in a family tradition haunted by certain formidably progressive aunts and cousins, and I have known for thirty years that to count myself as a progressive in the sense that the word is usually defined is to distort the natural inclination of my life. Indeed, as a subscribing member of the Conservative Party and a communicating member of the Church of England, many people would want to deny me the right to claim any interest in progress. And yet I am really very pleased to be here this evening. Perhaps it is because reactionaries such as myself are flattered to be thought progressive. But I prefer to think that my pleasure derives more from the personal connection that led to your invitation.

I must go on to ask your understanding for my second difficulty: that of preparing a talk for an unknown audience. You may be expecting me to speak with some kind of expert knowledge on the different attitudes of men and women to money, or on the psychological implications of the struggle for equal pay for equal work, or on the very topical question of how we can make divorce easier and at the same time safeguard the financial position of women in a society geared to the earning capacity of men, a society in which most of the work done by women is unpaid. The fact that I am going to ignore such

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issues does not mean that I think them unimportant. On the contrary. My professional work with individual clients convinces me that these are among the most urgent problems confronting our society. Speaking with an individual there is much that one can say to help educate an awareness of how private emotional problems interpenetrate our social attitudes to money, and also vice versa: how our social attitudes to money can influence the emotional pressures with which we live. But I find that when one comes to generalize from such work with individuals the first need is to establish the public relevance of a way of thinking which is, today, incomprehensible to many people. Working closely with individual women and men in our mutual enmeshment with money convinces me that to solve these public problems at the level of social legislation requires that the whole imaginative and intellectual frame of reference within which we study them has to be extended and deepened. It is towards such an enlargement of mental horizons that I want to address myself this evening.

The central idea I want to air is this: that our life, whether as woman or man, is not only something which we live, but also something which we *enact*. My talk will be devoted to this idea of enactment, and as it develops you will see that I mean something very special by the word. In particular in relation to money I shall be trying to break difficult ground with the argument that money involves us in an intercourse with matter which is not only to be thought of in terms of buying and selling, but also of enactment. In order to explore this theme I shall be bringing together the work of two men whose names are not often linked: Karl Marx and C. G. Jung.

To say something on a theme like this in 50 minutes to a strange audience isn't easy. One must lead on from the relatively familiar to the relatively unfamiliar. And I soon found when I tried my hand at the first draft of this talk that if I confined myself to money alone the argument became too restricted. I found I needed another aspect of the man-woman relationship to serve as the counterpoint to my main theme, and the aspect which presented itself—rather obviously—was sexuality. So what I want you to listen for is a major theme which tries to enhance our understanding of the man-woman relationship by considering our mutual involvement with money in terms of

enactment, supported by a minor theme developed round the idea of sexuality as enactment.

The idea of the man-woman relationship as enactment is most easily accessible to us in the traditional religious belief that marriage is a sacrament. What I mean by enactment is very close to the theological concept of sacrament, and I am aware that throughout what I have to say there is a kind of tension—a kind of mutual attraction cum repulsion— between a secular and religious standpoint. Perhaps the best way to lead off therefore is to start with one well known example of this secular—religious tension, and to tell you where I stand on the issue of contraception. You will then know more where you stand with me, and will have a first inkling of my main argument.

Contraception has as it were institutionalized a split in our sexual experience which has always been latent within the intimacy of the encounter between woman and man, and more explicit in the homosexual encounter within the sexes. Sex as generative of new life, and as intercourse between persons, can now be kept separate on a far wider basis of deliberate and publicly approved action than ever before. Many people feel this to be a good thing. Many others feel that it should not be so. It is a question that rouses deep emotion and touches passionately held convictions.

Where do I stand? On one level, what you may call the practical level, I am very much on the side of those who believe it to be a good thing. I am convinced that the world needs to develop the use of contraception far more widely. But I also recognize within myself, and I believe in many of the clients who come to me professionally, another level of experience on which contraception is felt as an intense threat to that centre which alone holds life together. As a result, I believe that the public controversy that centres on contraception represents a vital conflict of our time, a conflict that needs to be taken very seriously and which affects us in many more ways than we are aware of.

What is this 'centre' which I feel to be so disturbingly threatened by contraception? In a sense, my whole talk to you this evening is an attempt to answer that question. But a first indication is to say something like this. I believe that for countless millenia mankind has been able to rely on an innate sense of kinship between ourselves and the natural world to which we belong

to compensate and balance the danger that our promethean intellect could destroy the principles of self regulation on which that world depends. This innate sense of kinship between ourselves and matter has a quality of personal affirmation, but also qualities that are variously animal, vegetable and mineral, and as such participates *in* the material world. Sexuality, with its double function of generation *into* the physical world, and personal affirmation, has been one focus of our exercise of this sense. Through sexuality mankind, women more directly than men and men through women rather than immediately, have known themselves as both of matter, and yet also outside matter. The need to relate these two contradictory poles of an experience that is yet felt as unitary has enabled us to develop an awareness of sexuality as sacramental. What I fear in contraception—and I have at times felt very afraid indeed—is that the imperative practical necessity of its use will contribute to a collapse of this experience of sexuality as sacrament. With such a collapse would go the atrophy of the sense that combines personal affirmation *against*, with participation *in*, an animal, vegetable and mineral world. Such an atrophy would, I believe, destroy life as we know it.

I shall return to this at the end of my talk. But now, having thus baldly stated my position with regard to contraception, let me turn to the major theme of my argument—money—in an attempt to elucidate my meaning. And as our connecting link I want to put forward this thought: that the split in our experience of sexuality that contraception enforces can be compared to the split in our experience of money enforced on us over the last two to three hundred years.

Up to about 1400 the economic life of Europe was essentially agricultural, concerned with problems of brute survival. Economic activity constituted as it were a closed circle between man and nature. Between 1400 and 1700 this closed circle broke open and began spiralling out to include within the money process a wider and ever increasing number of commodities and desires; while from 1700 onwards that spiral became more like an explosion, until today we have a situation in which the whole system can only be kept going by the constant creation of new needs out of luxuries that were themselves unheard of fifteen years before. One can say, therefore, that

within the closed system that prevailed—with significant exceptions—up to about 1400, money was essentially the medium of exchange, something to make the barter of the market place easier; it served to lubricate a process of exchange whose driving energy was the natural cycle of agricultural seasons supplemented by the skills and labour of man. Since 1700, although it retains its old function of lubricating the economic system, money has also become the engine which drives the whole system along. It is this shift in the nature of money that Karl Marx described as the emergence of capitalism.

Marx is the prophet of this split in our experience of money. This break out from a closed circle to an expanding spiral represented a deep shift in the relationship between man and nature, in what I am calling this evening 'man's intercourse with matter'. Money as *capital* (we can take the start of the Bank of England in 1694 as the crucial date if we like) became linked to processes of invention and innovation that in two centuries have transformed the world. As capital, money reaches down into the roots of the extraordinary collective power of generation which, whether controlled by a state bureaucracy or by relatively unrestricted working of the profit system, provides the driving force of our modern world. Marx prophesied that we would not be able to manage this economic revolution unless we recognized that it also involved a revolution in our understanding of money.

What Marx has to say about money reads very strangely to the average matter-of-fact Englishman. It has little to do with socialism as we understand the word. Indeed, Marx reserved some of his most virulent invective for what he called the Utopian socialist of his day, often on the grounds that they failed to grasp the true nature of money. Nor would Marx recognize the way money is used in the state bureaucracies of Eastern Europe as at all an adequate conclusion from his own theories. If we are to grasp what he is getting at we have to remember all the time that he expected that his meaning would only be easily accessible to the *outcast and oppressed*, so that we must be prepared for an interpretation of the nature of money which the criminal and rejected within us will find easier to accept than will our more comfortable every-day habits of thought.

It is in the opening chapters of his magnum opus, *Capital*, that Marx gives us his most extended analysis of the nature of money. He wrote at a time

when the first industrial revolution had already transformed the face of Britain and of parts of France and Germany, and was reaching out to alter the face of the planet more radically—in relation to the passage to time—than in any previous revolution in the history of man. Marx realized that something unprecedented was happening, that some hitherto unknown power was being released, a power that was altering the very quality and essence of the world in which we live, altering it from a predominantly *natural* world to a predominantly *man-made* world. All previous history had been that of men living in a world that was given, a world made up of things. But now men must learn that they live in a world that is to an ever-increasing degree made by man. Marx's economics study this revolution, a revolution that Marx believed could only be understood and controlled by those able to see how money is transformed into capital, and how human labour—the collective labour of man as a species rather than the individual labour of separate persons—is involved in this transformation.

It is here, in his analysis of the transformation of money into capital, and of the role played by collective human labour in this transformation, that Marx touches the central nerve of meaning with which I am concerned this evening.

At the heart of Marx's analysis is a passionate conviction that we must learn to take very seriously indeed what we do to a thing when we exchange it for another thing. Money has its origin in the market place whither we go to exchange what we have but don't need for what we need but don't have. Money is the medium which facilitates this process of exchange, but it can do so only because it is itself the tangible expression of the mysterious transformation that the thing undergoes when it is used not for itself but as an exchange for something else. Marx believed that, with the coming of the industrial revolution, and the development of factory production and the resulting organization of human labour as something that could itself be sold in the market place like any other thing, it became possible for the first time in human history for man to appreciate what it is we do to matter when we buy and sell; because now, for the first time, the lives of increasing millions are to be determined by their ability or inability to sell their own labour. And the crucial insight is this: that in buying and selling we exploit a moment of *latent self betrayal* within nature. Money lends itself to this exploitation because it is, as it were, secreted like some strangely potent juice by that self betrayal, by the very act in which I, either as buyer or seller, take this orange not as something existing in its own right but as something equivalent to something else. Everything can be treated either as a *thisness* or as a *likeness* because everything has it in its nature to be both true to itself or to betray itself. Money is both the copula through which the market place equates the thisness and likeness of things, and also the activity by which a material world that can never be true to itself celebrates its self betrayal. To use money as capital is to exploit this activity of self betrayal, and our civilization is built on this exploitation.

These are, of course, extraordinary ideas, and if you are not already familiar with them they are not easy to grasp. What one needs to remember is that very few people have ever been gripped by Marx's economic analysis. Where his argument has gripped is when the outcast and exploited have felt it as an accurate description not of what happens to the orange, but to them, when they stand in the queue at the labour exchange or lie in the gutter dying of starvation while the white sahib rolls by in his rickshaw. In such a context, Marx's vision of the modern reality has proved one of the most convincing and compelling of our age— yet it has also lent itself with a terrible facility to take over by precisely the kind of bureaucratic tyranny that Marx most hated. Why this is so is one of the central questions confronting mankind today, a question which every student of Marx has an obligation to answer.

My own view is that this failure has its origins not in the over-simplified interpretations of Marx's successors, of Engels and Kautsky, Lenin and Stalin, but in the work of the master himself. Marx failed to grasp the distinction between political action and what I am this evening calling *enactment*. When he came to work out the implications of his materialism, his famous dialectic failed him, and he collapsed the living tension of 'enactment' into a single-minded intellectualism which has proved unable to integrate those human energies which derive from man's commitment to the intercourse of matter with itself. The tragedy is that it is precisely in its recognition of this commitment that Marx's work can liberate rather than imprison. If Marx's materialism is to remain available for the liberation of self-governing

communities and not degenerate into a tool by which corrupt, police-ridden bureaucracies perpetuate their hold on an imprisoned proletariat, we must keep returning to his central concern with man's commitment to a material world which is through and through dialectical in nature. We must remember that Marx's political and economic analysis is inseparable from his analysis of how we exploit our own involvement in the self betrayal of matter when we use capital. It is from this involvement that our modern world derives its extraordinary technological dynamism, and it is from this involvement that our modern materialism derives its proper authority.

The question that is so urgent for us all, at every level of our existence, is how we can do justice to this involvement. To find an answer we must, I believe, widen our frame of reference to include modes of experience more private than those usually invoked by students of Marx.

How are we to understand this latent self betrayal within nature which we exploit in using money as capital?

A very cursory acquaintance with Marx's work is enough to make it quite clear that this central idea of nature betraying itself is not to be understood in terms of the kind of nature which we study in physics, chemistry or biology. Either it is nonsense, or it derives its meaning from an altogether different order of knowledge to that of the natural sciences as we have come to understand them; and it is in fact a commonplace of Marxian studies that his idea of nature is derived from the philosophy of Hegel, in whose work it can again be recognized as a development, in philosophical language, of ideas and experiences at the centre of the German romantic movement and of the German protestant theological tradition.

A fully articulated understanding of Marx's view of money would therefore require familiarity with this background. But I think we can go a long way towards savouring its essential flavour if we remind ourselves of the Christian idea of original sin, of an original flaw or fault in human nature which causes us necessarily to work against ourselves. The philosophy of matter which underlies Marx's materialism presupposes just such an original and necessary contradiction within nature itself, so that we can think of that latent self betrayal within nature in which money has its origin as a kind of

materialization of the same experience of betrayal which has played such a central role in the Jewish and Christian religions.

This is one of the key ideas that I want to put forward this evening, so let me repeat it. I am suggesting that we can think of the latent self betrayal within nature itself in which Marx saw the origin of money as a kind of materialization of the same experience of betrayal as has played such a central role in the Jewish and Christian religions. Now if we are prepared to entertain this really very revolutionary idea, the question at once arises: how can we understand such an experience from the point of view of material nature? How can matter experience itself as betrayed? What possible meaning can such an idea have for us, who though we are material are more used to think of the meaning of such words as betrayal in terms of personal actions, choices and purposes?

It seems to me that if we are to make sense of this central theme in Marx's prophetic vision of modern society we need a kind of understanding that can get inside matter, that is both passive as well as active, that suffers what it enjoys, that can absorb the masculine thrust of the intellect within a more comprehensive feminine wisdom. This is a kind of understanding that I have found in the work of C. G. Jung, and in particular in his studies of the materialism of alchemy.

Jung's work on alchemy was developed in the last thirty years of his life. It is as yet virtually unknown in this country. It is extremely difficult. Yet it will, I believe, in due course effect a profound reversal in our understanding of all that is implied in the phrase 'man's intercourse with matter', and lead to the reintegration of Marxist thought into the great tradition of Western religious development from which Marx derived his seminal insights.

Jung's motive interest in alchemy derived from personal experiences. In his researches into a virtually unknown literature he was concerned to bring out the psychological significance of alchemy for modern men and women. But in order to do so he had to place alchemy in its proper perspective within the history of religious and scientific thought over the last two thousand years. This perspective turns out to be one that is familiar to us from studies of the background of Marxist thought. To study alchemy is to study the intercourse between man and matter at a level that was relatively accessible up to about

the eighteenth century. It is an intercourse of a kind that was grossly material compared to the ruling Christian consciousness of its day, but which at the same time presupposes that matter is en-souled. The alchemists were embedded in a materialism that was deeply repugnant to the spiritual traditions of orthodox Christianity and Judaism. But their materialism was never of that kind which exalts the life of the intellect over against the deadness of matter. For them matter was alive, and the intercourse of man with matter was not that of the objective and aristocratic scientist who puts nature to the torture, but of the worker who mixes his labour with the stuff in which his own existence is enmeshed. It is this quality in the work of the alchemists which reminds us so intimately of the writings of Marx.

But of course for the modern materialist the shocking thing about alchemy is that it is sacramental. Matter is not dead, it is alive. The alchemist sensed himself to be involved in the materials on which he worked in a way which would prevent the modern chemist ever even beginning to set up an experiment. What possible relevance can such a materialism have for us who live in a complex technological civilization that would collapse overnight if we were to really believe that minerals were possessed of souls?

It has, I think, this relevance. If we believe, with Marx, that the civilization in which we live, on which we depend for our living, is built on the exploitation of a latent act of self betrayal within nature, then the question arises: how are we, as members of that same nature, to react? As members of the natural order, we are involved on both sides of that act of betrayal. We are both the betrayed and the betraying, exploited and exploiting. An appropriate reaction must therefore be two-faced. It needs to be passive as well as active, receptive as well as purposive, feminine as well as masculine. Like the beat of our hearts or the movement of our lungs, it must be a reaction that both opens and closes, so that we can sustain our technological exploitation of matter by a contrary movement that somehow suffers what we inflict. How can we come to experience ourselves thus as both agent and receptacle in one?

It is here that the introverted alchemical tradition can complement the extroverted bias of Marxism. For in alchemy we meet a materialism which involves us privately as well as publicly, a materialism which opens up

possibilities of action unknown to the political Marxism which has proved so disastrously unable to integrate the human energies that it releases. And once we take seriously this private, introverted materialism of alchemy we gain access to a truth that is indeed a scandal and a stumbling block to the ruling consciousness of our day, a truth more easily grasped by what is criminal and rejected than by the more comfortable establishment of habit. This truth is at the heart of what I am trying to say to you this evening. It is a truth whose scandalous nature deepens as we penetrate further into it.

There are four levels. At the first, we are asked by the materialism of alchemy to accept that matter is not dead but alive, which is offensive enough to the enlightened twentieth-century intellect. Then we are asked to credit something even more improbable: that the aliveness of matter is to be thought of in terms of the intercourse between the sexes. At a yet deeper level alchemy confronts us with a worse scandal: that the life of matter is not only compounded of a dialectic that is sexual in nature, but that this dialectic is always aspiring to convert an intercourse which begins as an unintentional incest into the celebration of a deliberate marriage. And finally, the ultimate absurdity, we are asked to accept that in making this conversion matter has need of a personal, human intervention.

What does such a strange teaching have to say about that central moment of nature's self betrayal in which Marx believed he had found the origin of money? Can this study of alchemy to which Jung invites us help define how we can fulfil our appropriate human involvement in a betrayal in which we are both betrayer and betrayed? I want now to try some kind of answer to these questions by considering Jung's work on alchemy in terms of the sexual encounter between woman and man. This will, I hope, enable us to come back to some of our earlier ideas from a new point of view.

The contraceptive revolution to which I referred at the start of this talk has of course not developed in a cultural vacuum. It has been much influenced by, and in its turn has had a huge practical impact on, the various ideas and theories about sexuality that have been aired by a whole host of writers during the last few decades. Behind this huge literature looms, sphinx like, the gigantic figure of Sigmund Freud. Freud has done more than any

other recent thinker to sexualize the consciousness of modern women and men. Not since Rousseau has another single man had such an influence on the erotic self awareness of a whole civilization.

Freud shared with Marx a profound distrust of religious experience and there is a school of progressive thought derived from a fusion of Marxian-Freudian reading which believes that the contraceptive liberation of sexuality combined with the communist liberation from money as capital (by means of what is called the 'positive abolishment of private property') could lead us into the millenium. It will be clear to you by now that this is a school of thought with which I do not agree. One reason for my disagreement is that I enjoy property. Another is in the sexual experience which led me to prefer Jung to Freud.

The break between Jung and Freud involved a profound difference in their personal assessments of the nature of sexuality. Both Freud and Jung have left us various writings in which they comment on this difference. When Jung came to take his final look back over his life he saw the break with Freud as the necessary precondition for the work that was to be central for the middle and end of his life: the work of grounding a modern depth psychology within the historical tradition from which it is derived. His study of alchemy was one of the main channels through which this work developed. He came to see the whole range of alchemy as a kind of psychology of alchemy, or as an alchemical basis for depth psychology. He writes for instance that 'in *Mysterium Coniunctionis* my psychology was at last given its place in reality and established upon its historical foundations'. Now the point I want to make here is that these alchemical studies are saturated through and through with sexual themes. But the crucial difference with Freudian psychoanalysis is not only sustained but deepened and extended in significance by these later works of Jung's. For as we study a book like *Mysterium Coniunctionis*—I would warn you that all these books of his on alchemy are heavy going—we realize that here is a psychology that treats sexuality as a special case of something incomparably more significant: the intercourse which matter has with itself. Sexuality derives its central importance in human life from a materialism that is metaphysical.

Now as I said when discussing Marx's philosophy of nature, it is quite clear that this alchemical experience of matter has nothing in common with the kind of matter presupposed by our physics, chemistry or biology. Modern chemistry in particular is built on the rejection of the whole alchemical tradition. The great triumphs of seventeenth-, eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century chemistry can all be read in terms of the efforts made by exceptional minds to free themselves from precisely the sense of human obligation to a metaphysics of matter which the alchemists insisted upon. Is there any reason why we should follow Jung in taking the alchemical teaching on man's obligation to matter so seriously? Do we need to educate ourselves in an experience of matter other than that which sustains our so successful natural sciences?

I think we do.

When Marx wrote his classical analysis of money as capital, and of the role which capital plays in an industrial civilization, his concern was with ways in which capital lent itself to the exploitation of man by man. Since then, our anxieties about the direction in which our civilization is developing have widened. We are increasingly aware that the exploitation of man by man can be considered as a special case of a wider problem of exploitation: that of man's exploitation of nature. Technological advance, fed by and in its turn feeding the remorseless thrust of private or state capital, is forcing us to face a whole range of issues, from organ transplants and waste disposal through long-term problems of traffic control to space travel and the control of biological heredity, in which the central question at issue is: Why? As the range of things we *can* do increases—and the rate of increase is accelerating—the basic question of public knowledge is no longer How? but Why? And many of the young, who see things more simply than people of my age, are generalizing the various separate problems into a more comprehensive doubt: are we right to go on with this civilization based on the exploitation of a material world of which our bodies are part? Is there not need for some contrary movement by which we can do justice to that deep yearning for rest which we share with all matter?

Certainly if we follow Marx, as many of the young do, in believing that our whole present environment, both material and intellectual, derives its

motive thrust from an act which takes advantage of a latent self betrayal within nature, then it seems reasonable to expect that at some time we, as parts of that nature, are going to have to turn our attention to the implications of that same act of self betrayal for us as persons. Can we hear in ourselves any voice speaking from within our own materialism that tells us what we need to do to atone for an act which we cannot go back on without destroying the infinitely complex life of our urban civilization?

Jung says we can hear such a voice. His depth psychology, with its tap-root deep in the soil of alchemical materialism, has formulated an attitude to matter which compensates, without destroying, the technocratic objectivity on which we depend for our living. Let me emphasize that, for it is a crucial point. Jung's work, and in particular his work on alchemy, has the reputation in some circles of being a retreat into a Gnostic mysticism that seeks to escape from modern reality. This is a thorough misunderstanding, a misunderstanding open only to those who read Jung within too limited an historical perspective. To understand Jung's materialism we need a perspective that ranges beyond the natural sciences as they have developed over the last three hundred years, so that we can ask a very radical question indeed: does the material world which is the object of technological exploitation exist prior to and independent of the human activity which inspires that exploitation?

Jung says that we cannot take matter for granted. It *needs* our work—as Marx also said, but with a different inflexion. If we wish to enter into our obligation to matter, we need to work on and with ourselves, as the one unique place to which we have access where matter and consciousness come together. Through such work a drama unfolds—a drama in which matter is recognized as waiting on some human enactment so that its being can be continuously recreated (in something like the celebration of marriage) and not progressively exhausted (in something like the hunger of incest). Working thus, an awareness grows that our intercourse with matter has within it the possibilities of action of the same kind as that on which we engage in our intercourse with persons. Without such a growth of awareness in a sufficient number of persons, we can look forward to a time when the matter which technology requires as the ground of its exploitation is exhausted.

Such a new awareness also has implications for our more private attitudes to both money and sexuality. We recognize that our enjoyment of money—which we not only want to enjoy but need to enjoy if we are to live—is both justified and at the same time kept within self-limiting bounds by our commitment to a personal intercourse with matter. What has been the blind exploitation of nature's self-betrayal, the closed circle of an incestual hunger whose satisfaction generates its own return, is opened into an enactment in which we learn to assume a personal responsibility to the material ground of our being. And within the enablement of such a personal involvement in matter, sexuality, freed from a necessary tie to biological reproduction, is made available for a far deeper penetration into the secret enactments of matter than we can ever hope to attain within the biological order of our being.

Which brings me to my conclusion. Which is also a return to my starting point. What do I mean by saying that sexuality is made available for a far deeper penetration into the secret enactments of matter than we can ever hope to attain within the biological order of our being?

I hope I have already said enough to show that the enactment of which I speak is not something easy to define, or to celebrate. But there is, I am afraid, a further difficulty to come. I would gladly spare you it, were it not essential to my thesis. I want to close by arguing that this enactment of which I have talked so much must be thought of as something which takes place between two orders of reality. Marx called his materialism 'dialectical'. I want to give that word 'dialectical' a new dramatic intensity by associating it with the alchemical experience of sexuality in matter, and try thereby to open up both the Marxist and alchemical philosophy to a more comprehensive vision.

One of the arguments against contraception is that we, the living, have no right to deprive of life those who could be born. It is an argument that implies belief in an order of reality other than the biological. To feel the weight of this argument we need to believe in an existence that is real enough to suffer deprivation if we deny it biological conception. Whether we like it or not in our enlightened urban environment, it is a fact that many many millions of men and women do and have believed in such an existence. I think it is

worth asking ourselves what the consequences would be for our philosophy of life if they were right.

Take for instance the child's question as to its origins: Where do I come from? This is a question that often occurs again at a new level of puzzlement when adults seek psychological help at some crisis in their later lives. Where do/does *I* come from? In asking that question is the child, am I, asking to be told the facts of sexual conception? Is the question 'answered' when I am old enough to understand how my mother and my father moved when they begot me? Or is the question of quite a different kind: am I asking to be taught how this biological order of experience in which I find myself is related to that other order of reality which I sense to be somehow also a necessary ground of my I-ness? Am I asking not only about sexual conception, but also to be instructed in whatever enactment is open to me by which I can play my part in affirming and accrediting the interdependence of two orders of being in both of which I have my life?

These are two very different ways of understanding a very common question. The alternative is critical. If there are two orders of reality, and man's job is to act as the point of exchange between them, then those of us who encourage ourselves and others to behave as if reality is essentially unitary are engaged on a disastrous course. We are educating whole generations in an ignorance of the enablement that is proper to womanhood and manhood: an enablement which is sacramental, or if you prefer a more secular word, dramatic in nature. Vast superstructures of educational and psychological theory and practice have already been erected on the premise that we have to do in our lives with only one order of reality, and all that I have said to you this evening is in deliberate challenge of these superstructures. For I believe the premise to be false, and that one reason why the man-woman relationship is of such absorbing interest is that it offers us an opportunity to recognise this untruth as we work out for ourselves the contrary truth: that life is an enactment between two orders of reality.

This is what I meant by saying that thanks to contraception sexuality is now available for a far deeper penetration into the enactments of matter than we can ever hope to attain within the biological order of our being. To explore sexuality is to explore that same realm of material experience as so

fascinated Marx in the process of exchange between things. In sex, we suffer and we enjoy the knowledge of a thing that is both true to itself and also betrays itself in an equivalence to something else. Our body is completed in an act which betrays its own completion. Divorced from its biological purpose, the cultivation of such an act for its own sake obliges some couples to think again about the old arguments associated with such an unfashionable word as chastity. For they find that the attempt to live out sexuality on one level of reality only, involves them in the pursuit of something without conclusion. There is always an end that eludes them. They are making the discovery that sexuality is not an experience with a meaning intrinsic to itself, but *requires a purpose outside itself.* Yet how are we to understand that purpose now that it can no longer be thought of in terms of biological conception?

The answer I am proposing this evening is that it is not only our sexuality, but matter also, which requires a purpose outside itself. Freed from its biological consequences, sexuality can maintain its deeper obligation to matter only within a framework of belief which accepts that not only mankind but matter too suffers under the self-inflicted separation of two orders of reality, under the consequences of an original and necessary act of self betrayal. Marx and Jung are agreed that the world needs women and men who will make of their lives a work which tries to make sense of this condition which we share with matter. For Marx, the need derives from man's right to free himself from the chains of human exploitation. For Jung, the need derives from a longing within matter itself for a fulfilment that requires the intervention of sexual beings.

What I have tried to do in placing Marx's materialism alongside that of the alchemists is to emphasize how this work to which both Marx and Jung invite us implies the experience of sinfulness. It is as if we need to rediscover a materialism in which we share with matter a central condition of sin. We have to rediscover, in matter, the religious mystery that sin is not only the origin of guilt and betrayal and exploitation, but that it is also, in the word of an English mystic, 'behovely'. In alchemical terms, the sin of matter is behovely in that it opens the unconsciousness of physical and biochemical life to the potential of the life of enactment. In Marxist terms, the self-betrayal of matter is behovely

in that it not only seduces man to join in a process of self-exploitation, but also enables him to discover that human labour aspires to the dignity of sacramental action.

I am well aware what a dangerous concept sin is. It lends itself with a fatal ease to the enslavement of man by man, and I respect those who feel that we would be better off without it, and with some more 'humane' alternative such as illness in its place. Nevertheless I believe that if we are to do justice to the passions in which our materialism involves us, and especially to those very terrible but also very real areas of sexual experience in which women and men hate their desire for one another, we must at the very least take the traditional theological doctrine of original sin seriously enough to study it. For the first lesson of such study is that the religious experience of sin does not act as repressive and imprisoning in the way that human guilt acts. On the contrary: it prepares us, men and women alike, for the realization that we have a necessarily divided role to enact.

We are creatures condemned to create. This central division in our natures is no illness to be overcome but rather the fount and origin of our humanity. This is the teaching at the heart of alchemy: that while man stands in need of a redemption that can come only from a source outside himself, so also does matter stand in need of a redemption that can only come through man. Marx recognised the second half of this teaching, but failed to encompass the first. Perhaps we should not blame him too much, however badly we suffer under those lesser men who seek to secure their own power in the perpetuation of his failure. He lived too soon. But now, with the coming of the contraceptive revolution, ever wider recognition of this deeper dialectic will force us to ask new questions as to the nature of our involvement with matter.

It is here that I see the central relevance of the woman-man relationship for our society today. For the dialogue of love and hate, attraction and repulsion, in which we are all engaged can be seen as one manifestation of a more comprehensive dialectic. Seen thus, we recognize an obligation common to us all, whatever our biological sex: to learn to receive as woman the agent of redemption which I must use as man in work that fulfils being. And unless we have lost all contact with the philosophical and religious

tradition of which we are the heirs, we will acknowledge in that obligation the reality of the soul.

I referred at the start of this talk to an animal, vegetable or mineral 'sense' on which mankind has relied for countless millenia to establish a vital link between human consciousness and the material world on which we all depend for our living. I said that I can feel real fear of what would happen if the imperative practical advantages of contraception were to lead to an atrophy of that sense. I have also tried to show how a misunderstanding of the nature of money could also lead to an atrophy of this 'sense'. In the light of my argument that has threaded through Marx and Jung we can now give this sense its proper name of soul. Not merely animal and vegetable and mineral, but also religious, the soul is that function in us which enjoys knowledge of our personal responsibility to matter. We must learn to cultivate this function both in our public and our private lives. In public, we need the enactments of the soul as the necessary complement to the vast energies of our technological civilization, so that those energies can realize their proper end: the celebration of man's obligation to provide matter with a purpose outside itself. And in private, we require to be reminded again and again and again how the most knotted of personal problems are loosened once we learn to open them to that method of enactment by which soul and flesh enjoy one another.

4

IDOLATRY AND WORK IN PSYCHOLOGY*

WHAT I HAVE to say this evening ought perhaps have been said before you elected me as your chairman. When Vera von der Heydt asked me last October to stand for election I said to her that I felt my ideas on psychology and on the kind of work the Guild might do were unknown, and that I would prefer a chance to put these ideas before the Guild first. But that could not be arranged. Instead, thanks to the kindness of Dr. Duddington in holding over his planned talk until July, I am taking this early opportunity to show you what kind of fish you've landed.

As we saw at the A.G.M. in December, discussion of our common interest tends to turn on either the idea of pastoral psychology as a discipline in its own right, or on the idea of the Guild as an interdisciplinary forum. If I have to choose between the two, I prefer the inter-disciplinary idea. But I am not happy with it. It seems to me that if we are to do justice to the spirit of the Guild we need to be very careful with this whole concept of "discipline" in psychology, and in particular to criticise it from the religious standpoint. For the great danger of the interdisciplinary approach is that it can lead us to evade the really hot and uncomfortable problem of how religion and psychology interact in practice by offering us the easy alibi that religion is "just another discipline". This is an old trap, against which the great religious teachers have always warned.

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If we are to avoid this trap, we need to find a way of talking about psychology and religion that does not place them side by side as two separate kinds of experience within the same order of reality. The Church has argued that though it is *in* the world, it is not *of* the world. It aspires to con-vert the whole world, but knows that, in time, it needs an unconverted world "out there" as the ground for its own existence. Similarly with religion and psychology: religion needs to claim *all* psychology for its province, but can do so only in recognising that this claim will always be resisted out of a necessity that is vital to both religion and psychology. The work of any psychology that takes religion seriously is an exploration of this necessity.

Now if it is work of this kind that the Guild wishes to do, we have to recognise that it involves a question of authority. Take for instance the word "soul". It has been said that the Guild is one of the few places where psychologists can talk about the soul—can in fact use the language proper to the science of the psyche—without being laughed out of court. But if we do believe that the theory and practice of psychology require the use of this word—and I do believe this—we must also accept that we have an intellectual responsibility to the secular society which feeds us, a society which cannot fit the word soul into any publicly acceptable frame of reference. How can a psychology that believes in the reality of the soul engage in effective dialogue with social services that reject that reality? Is there any common authority which both sides can agree to accept?

This is the question which I want to open up this evening. It is a question which I believe intimately concerns the life of the Guild, both in terms of its inner constitution and its outer activity. It is a question which the "interdisciplinary" approach to our corporate life could too easily obscure.

Who is to say whether the soul is real or not? How can a secular society develop training programmes for workers in psychology which acknowledge the reality of religious faith, both as something which is affirmed and as something which is denied? By what authority can I, can any "I", speak of psychology?

The answer I want to propose this evening is circular. It is derived from marrying concepts at the heart of psychoanalytic practice: projection,

resistance, transference, with the religious concept of idolatry. It begins and ends in the conviction that psychology, as the science of the soul, has to do primarily with a *making*, and only secondarily with a *knowing*. All that I have to say this evening centres on this distinction between psychology as a making, and psychology as a knowing.

Let me lead into it by generalising this question of authority in psychology. It seems to me that the problem of the religious person—be he clergyman, psychiatrist, social worker, schizophrenic or drug addict—who needs to talk about the soul within a society that has no generally acceptable use for the word, is a special case of a wider problem. It is my problem now with you, our problem with each other in the discussion afterwards, and our problem as a corporate Guild with the world outside. It is the problem of the place of faith within the whole organisation of public knowledge. How can "I" give weight to my inner life without closing up against those who do not share it? How do I stand in relation to others if I insist on the value of beliefs which are not theirs?

One answer that is influential in our secular society is that faith is something essentially private, and therefore we must *not* insist on our personal beliefs. The more strongly we hold them, so it is argued, the more careful we must be to insulate them from our work, in order to maintain that objective attitude which our culture has come to value so highly. For the administrators of a secular society this objective attitude is a primary virtue. So they react to the intense subjectivity of faith with the hope that if left to itself it will die away, and that in the meantime it can best be dealt with by pretending that we can draw a line between our private and our public engagement with reality.

But in the Guild we are unhappy with such a solution. Too many of us have experienced how close to madness and breakdown the pretence of such a dividing line can bring us. Yet have we any alternative answer to the very pressing problem: how can I stand to my faith in such a way as to encourage you to stand to yours?

I think we have, and I think this answer may well be what we mean when we talk of the life of the Guild. But it is elusive, not easy to define. I want to try to get at it by enlarging on this question of the authority of faith in a secular society.

In the discussion after Dr. Howell's paper last month we heard the voice of the Church insisting that the secular claims to an objectivity in matters of faith is quite literally nonsense. The Church tradition derived from prophecy and revelation represents a contrary conviction: that if we believe, for instance, that the world is created, that man sinned, that man is saved from his sin, then we've got to say so. If we believe that such realities are part of the make up of the world with which we have to deal, we undo ourselves if we pretend we can insulate such belief from our work.

But Jews and Christians are not alone in insisting *that faith is what we have to stand on*. It is a conviction shared by other religions that are active in this country, and it has been argued, in agnostic terms that have had great influence, from the existentialist and phenomenological point of view. It is an argument which some Marxists can understand, if not accept. And as far as the organisation and growth of scientific knowledge is concerned, the central significance of faith has recently been argued with great force and over a wide range by Michael Polanyi and his followers.

Yet even though there may be wider agreement than we sometimes recognise that faith is what we stand on, the problem remains that there is no agreement on how to approach that faith. Until we can resolve that block, I see no way in which a secular society can include the dynamism of faith as an integral part of the training and operation of its psychological services. It is here that I find this concept of idolatry valuable, because it places the distinction between what we believe, and what we know, in a much wider context: the context of creation.

I suppose for most of us here this evening the word idolatry will conjure up a picture of the children of Israel worshipping a golden calf, while an angry Moses breaks the tablets of the law at the foot of Mt. Sinai. The sin which the Israelites had committed was to make an image with their own hands, and then to worship it as a god. It is a sin that derives its horror from a belief that the God whom one should worship is the maker of the world; so that in worshipping a man-made image in the place of the true God we equate our own power to make with the power that made both us and the world. In

making that equation we collapse the distinction between maker and made, treating a creature, man, as a creator.

It is with that inner collapse that I am concerned. And the first point to emphasize is that it is a collapse that will go unnoticed unless we are able to entertain a belief in creation. To talk seriously of idolatry is to assume an absolute distinction between maker and made as our starting point in appraising our situation in the world.

Now merely to say this is to recognise that we live in a world given over to idolatry. For to most of us, to talk of the distinction between maker and made as implying anything so radical as belief in creation, is almost—but never quite—meaningless. Evidently I can't argue the pros and cons of belief in creation this evening. But what I do want to emphasise is that creation isn't something we *know*. It is something we *believe*. So once we allow the distinction between maker and made to enter into the theory and practice of psychology we allow faith to take precedence over knowledge.

This of course is something very shocking to people who profess no faith. They react strongly away from it, as something that cannot be proven. Nor can it be proven, *if* we start from a position that has already collapsed the distinction between maker and made; for then the only kind of proof open to us is in terms of the knowledge we have of what we have ourselves made. But where I find the concept of idolatry so valuable is that it leaves us with a reverse way of looking at this problem of *proving faith*. Because by emphasising the connection between faith and creation, the idea of idolatry reminds us that the way to "prove" faith is not by knowing, but by doing. In learning to exercise our sense for idolatry we do something that enables us to enter into the making of the world we know. We can share faith even with those who profess no faith, precisely because faith is not an inferior, second class kind of *knowing*, but a form of *making* in which we are all necessarily engaged—an act of creation that precedes knowing.

Expressed in such abstract terms, this is an idea that is not easy to grasp. Let me therefore repeat it in the form of an image that may mean more to you, one of the oldest images both of the soul and of idolatry. It seems to me that in talking of our inner lives, all any "I" can do is to peer into the pool of life and describe what it sees there. Whether the world confirms

itself as reflected in what this "I" describes, depends on whether world and "I" agree to break the spell of Narcissus and stoop to drink. For in the last resort it is only if we agree to trust this thirst that we can find out whether that which reflects is the glass of idolatry, or water that lives. In matters psychological, this thirst is the final authority.

But the problem of psychology—the central problem, so it seems to me—is that we are prevented from trusting this thirst by a contrary authority, an authority that orders us to *resist* this thirst, lest in drinking we break the "reflector" which in some way sustains both our consciousness and the world of which we are conscious. Psychoanalysis has taught us to take this resistance very seriously indeed, as an energy that originates in that unknowable act by which we share in making the reflector that both stimulates and frustrates our thirst. At the pool of Narcissus, the only way to reconcile the authority of our thirst with the voice that bids us resist that thirst, is by learning the way into, not through, the looking glass.

I am sure that society needs such learning, and that those who are committed to a religious communion have a unique contribution to make to this work. There have been signs in the past that the Guild would like to develop into an institution doing work of this kind. But there are good reasons why it is not easy to agree how this can be done, reasons which have more to do with the elusive connection between soul and idolatry than with any peculiarity of the Guild.

So I want now to look at some of these reasons, by saying something about two of the three critical problems round which I think *dis*agreement most easily develops in psychological work: language and time. I want to say enough about the language and time of psychology to show where my idea of idolatry touches on arguments with which the Guild is already familiar in other contexts. You will then be able to judge how much your own experience at the pool of Narcissus has in common with mine.

Does language make, or is language made? It is a question that goes back to the origins of our European civilization, and which divides us not only into warring schools, but also against ourselves, challenging as it does one of the most pervasive and persuasive of all idolatries.

I suppose for most of us here in the Guild the most famous statement of the belief that language *makes* is in the prologue to St. John: "In the beginning was the Word...and without him was not anything made that was made". But though the Christian religion has given this belief an exceptional emphasis and a penetrating vitality that has transformed the face of the earth, it is a belief that is by no means confined to Christianity. The way in which words are involved with the reality of the things they describe has fascinated and disturbed European philosophy since long before Christ, and in our modern world the work of such controversial innovators as Lévi Strauss and Noam Chomsky opens the way to fresh appreciation of the generative mystery of language.

But the idea of language as making a reality that cannot be thought of as existing without language has always been hotly disputed. For the English mind, the contrary philosophy, that holds that language is made by man as an instrument with which to designate a reality that exists prior to and independently of language, was articulated with a fateful precision and elegance three hundred years ago by John Locke. Contrast the opening verses of St. John with this passage from Locke's 'Essay on Human Understanding', where he is describing the origin of language.

> One of Adam's children, roving in the mountains, lights on a glittering substance which pleases his eye. Home he carries it to Adam, who, upon consideration of it, finds it to be hard, to have a bright yellow colour, and an exceeding great weight. There, perhaps, at first, are all the qualities he takes notice of in it; and abstracting this complex idea, consisting of a substance having that peculiar bright yellowness, and a weight very great in proportion to its bulk, he gives the name *zahab*, to denominate and mark all substances that have these sensible qualities in them.

This is the philosophy that holds us spellbound today. The thing is there first, the word follows. For most of us, for most of the time, it is so obvious that the world exists independently of language that we do not even know that this is a belief that has been passionately denied. Yet unless we are able to join in questioning this belief the word idolatry, and everything I have to say this evening, will remain nothing but—hot air.

It's not easy to question anything so obvious as the assumption that this glass exists independently of the word that describes it. But there is one area of experience where precisely this question is of absorbing and intimate concern for us all: the experience of being I. What is it on which the word "I" can be pinned in the same way as the word glass on this "it" that I hold in my hand?

It is here that psychoanalysis has given a fresh incarnation to this old problem of the philosophy of language. For it leads us to explore how the language by which we *know* ourselves is grounded in a language that enters into our *making*. The analysis of the psyche works within a field in which I experience myself as both a subject that makes by naming, and also as an object that is made by being named. In the grammar of the soul, "I" is contrarily both the source of predication and also a being predicated by a source outside itself. What in the case of this glass may seem to be nothing but a dry as dust philosophical quibble, is incarnated by psychoanalysis as the question which divides the child from the adult: to what extent am I called on to make sense of my body and of the world as I find them, as artefacts, as things ready made; and to what extent am I called on to share in their making?

What we make of this question depends for each of us on how far we need, or are able, to trust our thirst at the pool of Narcissus. For some, this thirst leads into involvement with those great traditional problems of creation that underwrite the reality of both consciousness and matter. An involvement like this is, however, very dangerous, for it brings us close to the central fascination of idolatry. If we are to maintain our limited, but blessedly human, standpoint as we approach the hugely superhuman energies of creation, we need some concept which links these energies directly with the strength and weakness of human nature. The concept which I have developed in my own work is an awkward one, but it is one that I have already used in a previous talk to the Guild and it may therefore be familiar to some of you—"semantic original sin".

Semantics is the fashionable modern word for the study of meaning. The idea of psychoanalysis as a semantic discipline has recently been given wide currency in this country as a consequence of an influential paper read by

Mr. H. J. Home to the British Psychoanalytical Society in 1964. It is an idea with a deep resonance among the existential and phenomenological analysts.

But though many analysts may agree that their work has to do with language as the vehicle and source of meaning, much depends on our attitude to the rival traditions represented on the one hand by the creative Logos of St. John's Gospel, and on the other hand by Locke's language that signifies what is already there.

In using this term "semantic original sin", I want to align myself deliberately with the Jewish-Christian religious tradition. I want to argue that in the analysis of the psyche we are involved in a field of meaning which is divided against itself both originally and necessarily, in the same way as Christian theology has taught that human nature is divided against itself. And I want to argue that this fundamental contradiction within the semantic field of the psyche can be explored only if we are prepared to involve ourselves in the fault of creation.

"To involve ourselves in the fault of creation". What does this imply for the work of psychology? It implies work in which the dilemma of the soul is experienced as the need to sustain a contrary obligation to a Word that both makes, and describes what it has made; to a Word that is broken against itself and in whose breaking stands creation. To use a pregnant image from Jewish mysticism which has been taken up into the work of Karl Marx with fateful effect for the whole world, we need to sustain an obligation to a Word which suffers Exile from itself. My own belief is that the soul can sustain such a contrary obligation only by learning to trust its own sinfulness. For me, this learning is the proper work of psychology.

Let me try to explain what I mean by reference to the work of Freud and Jung.

Round about the year 1900 many people, in various walks of life, were beginning to recognise, and to say, that the flow of meaning which they had believed made up their consciousness, was not a flow at all, but something discontinuous, broken and liable to quite unexpected reversals. Freud and Jung were doctors who recognised this phenomenon in converse with people who came to them as patients. They were fascinated by it, and particularly by what they came to feel as a sort of incestuous reversal within the flow of

meaning. It was as if what they had expected to be a stream of predication flowing in one direction only, with its source in the self awareness of the patient, *turned back on its own origin*; as if the field of significance polarised in the encounter between two persons was endowed with a life of its own, and as if this life wanted not so much to say something, as to get back to a reality that exists before human speech, before the distinction between subject and object, between I and it. It seemed as if the language of the psyche had as its primary affirmative sentence not the I AM of consciousness, but a more mysterious IS I.

Freud and Jung were convinced that they had discovered something of epoch-making significance, but they were left with the problem of how to talk about experiences that were literally un-thinkable. They resolved their problem by invoking the hypothesis of "the" unconscious. But it soon became evident that Jung's understanding of "the" unconscious differed critically from Freud's. The famous break between the two great pioneers constitutes one of the most fruitful divorces of our century, opening the way as it does to a new apprehension of the self-contradiction of that Act in which language enters into the make up of reality.

For instance, if we study Freud's thought from the 1914 essay on Narcissism to the 1923 publication of *The Ego and the Id*—that is, during the years immediately after the break with Jung—we witness an extraordinarily moving attempt to speak of our experience of being both I and it in such a way as to get behind the dichotomy of subject and object on which our everyday consciousness and its linguistic vehicles are based. But, throughout, Freud's thought remains true to a conviction that the language of science refers to a reality objective to itself.

Jung, on the other hand, committed himself to a position which Freud (and many others) felt to be contrary to the scientific tradition of our civilization. He insisted that the incestuous grammar of the soul, in which I experience myself not only as a speaker but also as spoken by a tongue which under-stands my own use of language, belongs to a reality which the philosophy of thinkers like Locke fatefully ignores. He developed the hypothesis of the collective unconscious and of the archetype as the framework for a grammar of a kind unknown to the positive sciences, a

grammar whose truth and error are baptismal rather than predicative. We shall never understand the work of our founder patron unless we recognise that for him the reality of the soul pre-supposes an act of creation before the separation of I from it, of subject from object, of word from thing. In Jung's psychology, the question of making under-stands the question of knowing.

Which is one good reason why the Guild is true to his spirit in remaining open to all psychological beliefs. For if the ground of the soul is a Word that is both maker and made, an instrument made by an I to designate an it and also a source that predicates both I and it, what we require of psychology is not a proliferation of new "disciplines" but a method of access to that Word. And as all the great analysts of the soul, from long before Jung and Freud, have insisted again and again, we can experience such a Word broken against itself only when we experience *ourselves* as necessarily broken. It is this conjunction of our personal life with the theology of language that I am trying to express in the awkward phrase semantic original sin.

I am interested in the problem of how to institutionalise psychological work that takes account of this semantic sinfulness. Only when it can be seen as effective in a corporate setting will such work have the social influence it deserves, and the experience of our necessary sinfulness be recognised as the key to how human action can participate in the creation of reality. But before returning to this institutional question I want to look at the problem of time: not only because the language and the time of psychology are inseparable, but also because any attempt to distinguish between maker and made begins and ends with the enigma of time.

Christian theology has taught that the Act in which the Word constitutes both the subject and object of knowledge takes effect within a time other than the sequential time of our ordinary consciousness. Whether or not we accept this Christian teaching, there is much evidence in other traditions that the question of time is intimately involved in any attempt to understand creation. If we are to overcome the idolatries associated with language we must also overcome those that cling to our experience of time, and learn to make what has been called "the infinite qualitative distinction between time and Eternity".

When I was finishing my Zürich training I had to write up six case histories of work I had done. It was while I was working on these that the question of time in psychological work began to intrude itself more and more insistently. To begin with, the question went something like this: Here is someone who is relying on me heavily. Yet I *know* next to nothing about his life before he came to me. I may know rather more–say one half of one per cent?–of his present life while he is coming to see me once or twice a week, but of his future, which is what he is most concerned with, I know absolutely nothing. In terms therefore of knowledge, what is the status of the work we do together? Within what public tradition can I explain my method? Either what I do is totally haphazard, sheer intuitive guesswork, or else some principle of selection is operating which gives to the time of our weekly meeting a quality which justifies me in claiming to know what I am doing in spite of knowing next to nothing of the life with which I am professionally concerned.

Once this question had lodged itself in my mind I found that my reading, and my case discussions with colleagues, came to centre on it with growing insistence. I began to realize that if there were indeed such a principle of selection at work in the analytic meeting it must be grounded in a time other than that of our "life time". Furthermore, it was surely most improbable that such an "other" time was something which psychoanalysis had discovered "for the first time" around the year 1900. It became more and more clear to me that to demonstrate the source of such a time, and to place it in a wider context of publicly shared experience, were necessary parts of my duty to establish the social relevance and intellectual authority of the work on which I was engaged.

So I started looking around for other disciplines that seemed to "make" time in the same way as I felt my work "made" time. I became interested in the time of the novel, of the theatre, of the film. Nearer home, I started thinking about the differences between the various schools of analysis in terms of different underlying philosophies of time. It seemed to me that Jung's early insistence on what he called "the aetiological significance of the actual present", and his later interest in such apparently esoteric things as the Chinese Book of Changes and those phenomena to which he gave the name synchronicity, all began to fall into a new perspective, a perspective that lent

itself to public argument. As someone whose university training had been in one of the great "time filled" disciplines of our civilization, history, I found myself returning to books on the philosophy of history which I had put aside twenty years earlier. And through them I returned to the time of theology, which seemed also to return me to my starting point. For was not one answer to my question about the methodological status of my weekly analytic hour already there, in the one source to which all who reflect on time have to return again and again: the eleventh book of Augustine's *Confessions*?

"Who is he that will tell me how there are not three times, as we learned when we were boys, and as we taught other boys, the past, present and future; but the present only, because the other two are not? Or have they a being, but such as proceeds out of some unknown secret, when out of the future, the present is made; and returns it into some secret again, when the past is made out of the present"?

Thus a conviction has grown with me, that if we are ever to develop a public method of psychological work that does justice to the human situation, we must be willing to open up the great traditional arguments as to the nature of time; and I came to recognize in the simple minded acceptance of sequential time as the only time one of the principal idolatries with which our work has to wrestle.

The immediate practical relevance of time in psychological work, or indeed in any work, needs no demonstration. Time is money, as they say, and the question how much time can one afford to give to a situation or a person is implicit in everything we do. In this connexion I think, obviously, of the drastically different weight which I, with my Zürich training, attach to the question of time in analysis, as compared to the theories and methods that dominate psychoanalytic practice in this country. The reasons why I work towards a rhythm of once a week analysis, and feel so uneasy at talk of four or five visits a week, have a deep connection with my relative lack of interest in the time of infancy and my willingness to believe that the future, although unknown, nevertheless contributes to the making of the present.

These reasons are grounded in the belief that time is not only a medium into which I wake on birth, but also a destiny which I make. Time is

not merely a principle of abstract progression but is fulfilled in each of its moments. It is an effective agent not only *in* which reality is enacted, but which also acts *on* reality and brings it to completion. In the analysis of the psyche the time of biology is cut at right angles by the time of destiny.

There are various ways of talking about the social relevance of such a belief. For this evening, I have chosen the role of chance and accident in human life. What cognisance does our psychological work take of this all-pervasive determinant of human fate?

One of my most vivid recollections of the Guild is of a remark by Father Marteau at, I think, the Clergy Conference three years ago. There had been some discussion as to whether the dying should be told that they are going to die. Comparing his position to that of the doctor, Father Marteau said that of course it was different for him, because he did not know whether they were dying or not.

It may seem a small point, but for me much has grown out of that passing remark. For I believe that the position which Father Marteau recognised as his in the hospital is that in which we all find ourselves all the time. We don't *know* either our end or our beginning. The logic of chance and accident in human life is grounded in that unknowing, and we can enter into that logic only when we recognize that the problems of making life are prior to the problems of knowing life.

We may choose to order our lives as if the quality of time is consistent like that of water in a river. But we can do so only by ignoring the accident of our end and of our beginning. For most people today the risk of death by accident on the roads is more constant than that of death by disease. An angel of death can attend us on any blind corner, and the time of his annunciation is, for I, absolutely discontinuous with the time that went before. Equally, I have my conception in an accident that falls between the beat of any clock. If the beginning and end of my life time are grounded in accident, surely it is reasonable to give at least the same weight to the accidents of daily life as we do to the continuity by which one day follows another.

I would argue therefore that a central problem for the public theory and practice of psychology is to relate this time of accident with the homogeneous linear time by which our waking day, our institutional

organisations, and the financing of our social services, are measured; and I don't see how we can begin to develop a method that does justice to this problem unless we take our stand on the publicly argued belief that man, in being thrown *into* time, is simultaneously called to *make* time.

Now to stand up and argue this is not easy. For it is an argument that threatens one of the most deeply entrenched positions of our contemporary idolatry. Let us look for instance at the relationship between the generations in terms of the metaphors we use in talking of time. If we reflect carefully on the way we talk about past and future from the standpoint of the present, we can recognise a momentary hiatus, so incidental, so like an echo, that it is all too easy to ignore. Thinking spatially about time as we do, we switch without concern from metaphors that show us moving through time, to metaphors that show time moving through us. We speak of the future as lying in front of us, yet also as coming after us. The past is behind us, but comes before us.

How seriously should we take this hiatus in which our metaphor changes? My own belief is that if we want to do justice to the agency of accident in our lives, we must take it with an absolute seriousness. *For it is in this hiatus that time is made.* As I grow up, I realise that my father has been here before me, and that my son will follow in my steps; yet there comes a time when I have passed my father, and when my son overtakes me. What is the nature of that moment in which the two generations pass each other? If our consciousness is confined to a sequential time, we will think in terms of some kind of overcoming within the biological order of being: of conflict, of killing. But if we make "the infinite qualitative distinction between Time and Eternity" we will think in terms of the creation of time itself in an act of initiation, of beginning, that synchronises the presence of the father and the presence of the son.

It has been said that we grow up in the moment when we take responsibility for the accident of our birth, thus converting what we could dismiss as accident into the ground on which we stand. It is an idea that contains a great truth of the soul. Yet if we are to assert this truth we must appreciate its implications for the whole structure of our public knowledge. To take only one aspect of that knowledge; the logic of accident in human life requires of Darwinian biology a self-reappraisal as drastic as that which

Newtonian physics has gone through in the last hundred years, a reappraisal that gives to the time of chance an *ontological* significance that is altogether lacking in such concepts as natural selection and mutation. Perhaps it is precisely this reappraisal that is needed if we are to remain masters of the vast new potential for genetic control which biology is placing at our disposal, if our calling to make life is to retain its precedence over our calling to know life.

I hope I have said enough to show that questions of time and language can open up huge problems for the work of psychology. To take my argument further, and show how language and time interact in sustaining a world in which consciousness and matter refract each other, would require that I invoke the third problem area to which I earlier referred. and for that there is no time now. It must suffice to say that for me psychology discovers itself when we learn how it feels for the selfconsuming time of biology to interact with the fulfilling time of that present which is always both once and future; and when we learn to attend to our broken experience of language as both a tool with which an "I" can manipulate any number of its, and also as a power that exercises a baptismal authority over both I and it at a level of experience that understands their separation.

So much for my own ideas. Have they any conceivable social relevance? Can ideas such as "semantic original sin" and the distinction between the time of biology and the time of destiny, have any application to the social services of a secular society?

I believe they can, but only if we are willing to open up this question of authority in psychology. A theory and practice of psychology that takes for its starting point the distinction between maker and made, will be able to understand self-contradiction and accident as rational determinants of human behaviour. This is a substantial contribution to offer to the social services. But it needs to be demonstrated how it would work on an institutional basis, and here we come up against a snag. For such a theory and practice will have a very different attitude to its own professional authority compared to those sciences with which our administrators feel at home, sciences which derive their method from the distinction between knower and known. It can work only within an institutional setting that recognises that the proper source of

authority in psychology is the human calling to establish an interaction between maker and made.

And that's where idolatry stops us short. For it seems that the strength of idolatry is always such that only a few persons at any one time feel the need for work which establishes this distinction between maker and made. Here I think the history of this Guild has an interesting lesson for us all. So let me end with some observations on the relevance of idolatry for two kinds of authority that have been influential in the Guild: the authority of the analyst, and the authority of the clergy.

The problem of authority for anyone setting up as an analyst of the psyche was well described many years ago by H. G. Baynes in his preface to Jung's Psychological Types:-

> No psychological formula can ever explain life. At the best, it can only present the living process in a thinkable form to our reason. As soon as it claims to have explained a living process, its effect is destructive, since it interposes an authoritative, ready-made explanation between the individual and the real problems life presents.

"As soon as it claims to have explained a living process its effect is destructive". By what authority then does the analyst claim to speak? My argument this evening has been that this authority is of the order of making, and not of knowing. It seems to me that as long as the method of analysis gives precedence to making over knowing, it is taken up into the reality of the life with which it is concerned. But if we allow ourselves—and it is all too easy to do so—to get caught in an attempt to know rather than to make, then the analysis of the psyche perverts itself into the manipulation of a glass that is magically both transparent and reflective.

I would say therefore that the authority of the analyst derives from the overcoming of idolatry. If the relevance of this "overcoming" for the social services is to be demonstrated, we analysts need to discuss our case work in contexts that use such critical working concepts as projection, resistance, and transference, not as defences against an "unanalysed" public, but as opening our method into those wider areas of public controversy in which knowing and making contest the order of precedence.

Here the interdisciplinary life of the Guild, and especially the active and self-confident participation of the clergy, could make a real contribution. For what would emerge from such discussion, so I believe, is that these concepts of projection, resistance and transference, do not so much define a new science, as the method of creation; a method in which the work of our bodies can share, in so far as we learn to enter into the "fault" that distinguishes maker from made. The exercise of this method is something which not only our social services, but our whole society, urgently need.

But what does the encounter with the secular analyst of the psyche imply for the authority of the clergy? Here I believe we touch on a mystery to which I referred earlier, when I said that although religion needs to claim *all* psychology for its province, it can do so only in recognising that this claim will always be resisted out of a necessity that is vital to both religion and psychology.

Here I speak very much subject to correction. I am one of those who found their way back to religion through psychology. I was baptised into the Anglican communion in my early thirties from a need to share with strangers something I had discovered in myself through psychological analysis. One of the things I value in my membership of the Guild is the opportunity to meet those who have come the same road in the contrary direction.

I think we share a consciousness of the Word of God as "living and active, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the division of soul and spirit, of joints and marrow, and discerning the thoughts and intentions of the heart". But where I think I differ from many clergy–though not perhaps from those attracted to the Guild–is when I say that there is a very profound sense in which psychology *works against* the authority of those who preach this word (and this is a main reason why I dislike the name "pastoral psychology"). For it seems to me that psychology teaches us why it is that the flesh and the world *must* always resist the Word of God. Without such resistance, there would be no distinction between maker and made, no soul, and no creation. For just as there is a sense in which "sin is behovely", so also must we find that idolatry is necessary to its own overcoming.

Here evidently we are moving on ground where angels might fear to tread. But I think that at this stage in our history we should at least ask ourselves whether it may not be, for all its dangers, *our* ground.

My predecessor, Bill Kyle, in his valuable study of the history of the Guild, has quoted one of our most influential founder members, Dr Kathleen Kitchin, as saying in 1938:-

> I am really doubtful whether the Guild's vitally important creative work would be possible at all if we were a large, important and popular movement...The real work of the Guild is to arrange a marriage between religion and psychology. We believe that the children of that union may easily prove in the end to be of world significance, but, like any movement that has a real and deep value, it must begin in a very small way, with a very few people who have a profound vocation, and it must spread very slowly.

With Dr Kitchin's emphasis on the value of being small and concentrated, rather than large and diffuse, I agree. But when she speaks of arranging a marriage between religion and psychology, I am afraid, and I find myself in conflict with what the Guild may well feel is its true tradition. Because, for me, a marriage between religion and psychology would collapse that distinction between maker and made in which I believe my soul acts.

5

THE TIMING OF ANALYSIS*

IN THE HALF hour which is all the time I have now, I want to say something about success and failure in analysis in terms of time. And in case my time should run out before I can conclude, let me start by stating what that conclusion is. It is this: that the time of the psyche has the power and the shape of a promise, and that if we are to work with this promise we must subordinate the concept of success and failure to that of resistance. But I am going to use this word resistance, deliberately, in a sense other than that of classical psychoanalysis. For me, the analysis of the psyche works with, and through, and in, the resistance which holds between the keeping and breaking of a promise. The success or failure of analysis must be judged in terms of this resistance.

Such is my conclusion. My starting point is the need for a meeting ground between the practice of Jung's psychology and the wider scientific community of which we are all members. Throughout Jung's work there is a deeply felt concern for the problem of time, from the recognition in 1912 of what he then called "the etiological significance of the actual present" to his later writings on synchronicity. These concepts are at the centre of my own personal engagement with Jung's work, and of the professional method I was taught in Zürich. But in applying them, and in arguing their relevance with

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various audiences, I have come to feel that Jung's psychology implies an experience of time which overflows the containment of any one science. So my thinking has turned for help to that discipline which makes the overflowing of time its special concern: history.

It seems to me that philosophers of history, in arguing about the time of history and about man's action within that time, have developed ideas which have an immediate relevance for practising analysts. The implications of this new historical self-consciousness are changing the whole climate of the culture in which we live in ways of which we are still unconscious. This change centres on what we can describe, with some risk of over-simplification, as the hidden identity of interpretation and cause.

In our own work, we are familiar with such a hidden identity in our experience of projection and transference. Philosophers of history share our interest in how the dialogue of question and answer that is traditional to the natural sciences proves inadequate to an understanding of human action. Like us, they are familiar with the uncomfortable stretch in which this dialogue seems to insist on "triangulating" itself, so that the interpretation and the cause of action seem to be working together to actualize some third power latent in them both; and they argue that if we are to understand this "triangulation", we must put the questioning of time at the centre of our method.

So I want to say something now about points of contact between one aspect of Jung's thought and one aspect of the philosophy of history. I shall do so with reference to memory and hope. I shall argue that if we are to do justice to the varieties of memory and hope the analyst of the psyche must be constantly questioning the nature of time. I shall suggest that this questioning is helped if we make a tentative distinction between two ways in which we experience time. One of these I call successional, the other intentional. Within successional time, our interest is held by change between a before and an after. Within intentional time, our interest is held by completion between a beginning and an end. Psychology and history share a common concern for the act which reconciles our interest in change with our interest in completion.

A 31-year-old man dreamed that he was being questioned by detectives who were trying to get him to admit to an unspecified crime of which he was convinced he was innocent. A terrifying sense of guilt was growing. The mood

of deepening nightmare came to a climax when he suddenly cried out: "I have no memory!" With that cry he admitted to the crime and accepted as authentic the memory of the detectives. As a result of this confession he himself then remembered, still within the dream, being held as a desperately struggling baby in the huge hands of his father, and hating, hating, hating, where he should have loved.

Now such a dream is evidently typical of the material from which analysts of the psyche have developed their varying theories of resistance in the etiology of human behaviour. The lectures of 1912 in which Jung used the phrase "the etiological significance of the actual present" (as a heading in the English language version only) are given over to the question of how we should interpret such material. Since then, experiences like these, both in dreams and in waking states, have been widely discussed, inside and outside professional psychological circles.

My interest in the dream now is limited to the word "memory". Itself a memory, this dream uses the word "memory" strangely. I want to consider that use.

The dreamer remembered when he confessed that he had no memory. In the moment when he renounced his own private link with the past, he accepted the memory of the investigating detective as valid for himself. What are we to make of this surrender of memory which establishes memory? Is this the overcoming of childhood amnesia under the guidance of a more experienced inquirer who has himself learned to raise the curtain that separates us all from the determining events of our infancy? Or is this, as many enemies of psychoanalysis would argue, the education of an artificial memory: education of a kind familiar in those cultures where the publicly shared remembrance of times past is directed by a specially trained caste of priests and commissars?

The thesis I am presenting is that questions as to true and false memory, or as to spontaneous and artificial memory, open up into questions which distinguish memory from history. In history, the present has knowledge of the past of a kind not accessible to memory. We can call this knowledge artificial if we like, but then we must recognize that the interpretation of

action in successional time is grounded in the resistance of another kind of time altogether, a time that does not "follow on".

In the eighteenth century it was still reasonable to treat history as the organization of recorded memories. But this is no longer the case. During the last two hundred years historians have been discovering within their own discipline a truth long familiar in the theory and practice of law: that someone not present at the time of an action can nevertheless know that action in ways not open to those who were present.

The action with which the historian is concerned has to be reconstructed to be known. It can only be reconstructed by entering into the thinking of those who carried the action, by thinking their thoughts again. At the level of first hand historical research the question "What really happened?" resolves itself into a more complex questioning of the relation between thought and action. What did they think they were doing? How did their thinking compare with their doing? And how does the difference between the two enable us to know now what was done then? This three level questioning stretches our whole understanding of action. Action is never a fact, never a thing done and completed. It is inherently and indefinitely open. In the court of history, as in a court of law, the need to get at the facts is secondary to a more radical impulse: the need to persuade persons that action is always "to be answered for".

Such answering for action requires time for its unfolding, yet also relies on its ability to arrest time in order that the answer given can reconstitute the original action. The historian's method is a rhythm of question and answer. But the beat of this rhythm exploits a hiatus between past and present. It exploits the fact that although past and present are continuous, they must also be in some sense discontinuous if there is to be time for the present to know the past.

This is a critical point in my attempt to relate history to the analysis of the psyche. History, like the psyche, only arises as a question that provokes reflection because the otherness of a "then" and a "now" insists on being taken more seriously than their continuity. When we read history books, as when we read some analytic case histories, we read of a succession of events. But the historian reconstructs that succession by a method that exploits a hiatus or

flaw in his experience of succession, so that he can have immediate knowledge of a past "now" without that knowledge being mediated to him by the times in between. In this immediacy of a past present with a present present the historian's method introduces us to an experience of time which is absolutely different from that presupposed by, for instance, theories of biological evolution.

This historical time is reflexive. Past and present are related in both directions. It is not only a question of a present initiative recalling the past event. The evidence of the past evokes the questioning of the present, and the dialogue between the two develops out of a power common to both. As one philosopher of history has put it, historical knowledge "is that special case of memory where the object of present thought is past thought, the gap between present and past being bridged not only by the power of present thought to think of the past, but also by the power of past thought to reawaken itself in the present".

It is this two-way movement that constitutes history. It is a reflexive act which, in allowing time to pass between two presents, establishes agency outside the passing of time. It is this experience of agency outside succession to which I want to draw attention in contrasting history and memory to an audience of practising psychologists.

However, since Hegel first wrestled with these problems it has become evident that it is not going to be easy to define the precise relationship between action within successional time and the reflexive answering for action which constitutes history. There is no agreement among historians or philosophers of history as to how we can describe this conjunction. But for the psychologist working with the casualties of autobiographical succession there is, I believe, one very valuable lesson to be learned from the arguments deployed by historians over the last two hundred years. It is this: that when we try to "answer for action" the resistance which constitutes the threshold between our unconsciousness and our consciousness is determined by something other than memory or its repression. It is determined by our ability to experience time not only as a medium in which reality is enacted, but also as an agent which itself acts on reality.

And it is this observation that brings me right to the heart of what I have to say this morning. It seems to me that this distinction between time as medium and time as agent is essential to an understanding of Jung's psychology. It is this distinction which justifies, and controls, the interpretation of biography in terms of myth. Between the time of biography and the time of myth we share the time of history. In history we are conscious of time not only as flowing between a before and after, but also as the constant presence of a power that reflects that flow. If we interpret this power as a resistance to be overcome so that time may flow more easily, we collapse a tension that is inherent in being. For we have our being both in the flowing of time and in the power which reflects that flow, and it is this double standing toward time which opens us to the hidden identity of interpretation and cause in which the psyche acts.

But if we can distinguish these two modes of time by analyzing the relationship between present and past, we are left with the more pressing problem of whether we can establish and confirm this insight in our living between present and future. Here it seems to me that the analysis of memory has to be complemented by the analysis of hope.

It is not easy to develop a science in terms of something as elusive and unreliable as hope, which is perhaps one reason why this perennial inspiration of human action is allowed, under its own name, no central place in psychoanalytical theory. But in our practice hope is a factor with which we are working every day. There can be no presenting situation without hope, and what we make of hope determines everything we do. There is need to integrate our theory and practice with regard to hope, and here I believe the study of history can help, by showing how what we call resistance can be understood as the interdependence of hope and time.

In the philosophy of history we know ourselves as heirs to two kinds of belief in time. We can call one Greek, the other Jewish and Christian. The Greek view of time is close to that of myth. Here time is natural, it recurs as in the seasons of the year, and it has no beginning and no end. The Jewish and Christian tradition on the other hand has broken self-consciously with the time of myth. History is experienced as closer to autobiography than to myth.

Time is not natural, it is made, and being made it has an absolute beginning and an absolute end.

On an intellectual plane this distinction is widely recognized. But what is not so widely realized is that with the secularisation of mythical and religious belief during the last three hundred years the psychic reality of this distinction can easily remain unconscious. It is this reality which we must be able to analyze if we are to do justice to the nature of hope. Otherwise our experience of hope will be determined by a choice which we are not conscious of having made. For if we remain within what I have called the Greek tradition, we will treat hope as derived from what happens to us in time. But if we respond to the Jewish and Christian tradition, then our hope is in a power that *makes* both beginning and end. In that case, the time which completes our lives between birth and death does not teach us hope. On the contrary: it is itself sustained by hope.

This distinction between a hope that is derived from experience, and can therefore always be disproved by what comes afterwards, and a hope that sustains the very framework of experience and is therefore itself the proof of what is to come, seems to be crucial for the analysis of the psyche. For it enables us to recognize an interdependence between hope and time at the heart of our method. What we make of time determines what we make of hope, and what we make of hope determines what we make of time. It is because of this interdependence between time and hope that hope appears to be so untrustworthy. But it is precisely in this interdependence that the psyche discovers itself as able to convert succession into intention, and intention into succession. When hope in the passing of time fails we must ask whether this failure may not discover hope of a different kind altogether: hope that is quite literally *in* a joining of end and beginning which transcends what passes in between. And when for some reason we are afraid to remember what is past, we must ask to what extent this fear has been learned and to what extent it discovers a fear that negates all learning: the fear that there may be no ground for hope outside succession.

It is in this context that I can understand what Jung has written about the rival claims of etiology and teleology to explain what is present. Both exhaust themselves, and serve only to empty out the fullness of what is, if we

understand time as given to us irrespective of any activity of our own. But both are justified if we choose to believe that we can have personal access, through hope and its negation, to the energy which may or may not sustain time. Our search for cause is then taken up into the realization of hope, and the psyche presents itself as a question that can be lived but never answered: by what power do we reconcile succession with an end and a beginning of our making? Or, more simply: by what power do we reconcile change with completion?

We meet this power, so I believe, in resistance, but it will be clear to you by now that I am using this word resistance with a very different meaning from that of classical psychoanalysis. In psychology as in history we interpret plots in which we are also the actors. Our interpretation moves between a now and a then, but the convention by which we think of that "then" as a before and after obscures our interest in another kind of then, a then that is always both beginning and end. This interest derives from, and also condemns us to, an intention of which we are necessarily unconscious within passing time, so that in trying to interpret our plots from within the acting of them we meet a resistance that is always reconstituting itself as the present making of the plot.

It is in trying to analyze the constant presence of this resistance that I have come to give such weight to the idea of promise. For it seems to me that in our everyday experience of promise we come closest to understanding how the same power that resists the interpretation of a plot also sustains the action of the plot. It is a power with two characteristics. It moves, but its movement is always contained between an unmoved beginning and end of its own making: just as a promise overcomes the passing of time yet needs that passing for its own realization. And it exists only by virtue of its own negation: just as a promise can only be kept if it can also be broken.

In our lives this power proves itself when memory and hope which are personal fail in the presence of memory and hope which are transpersonal. Jung has taught us to analyze the psyche in terms of the interaction of personal biography and transpersonal myth. He has taught us to question whether our amnesia of times we have known may conceal an anamnesis of

times we have not known. But history teaches us that when we thus invoke times we have not known to interpret times we do know, the distinction between amnesia and anamnesis opens up into a distinction of another kind altogether: the distinction between a hope that is learned from experience and a hope without which there can be no experience. Jung has shown us how to analyze the tension between these two kinds of hope, and between their two very different kinds of negation, in his work on the archetypes and on the relation between the personal and the collective unconscious. This tension, this psychic energy, becomes actual for us when we recognize that life has an obligation towards time that is active as well as passive; that life is bound by a promise to convert the spending and the saving of time one into the other.

This promise to convert the spending and the saving of time one into the other is, so I believe, the presence of the psyche. Any professional method that claims to analyze the psyche finds itself bound by this promise, so that the resistance which holds between the keeping and breaking of this promise determines the timing of our work. It is in analyzing this resistance that we can help secure the foundations of psychology.

6

INFLATION AND THE POLITICS OF PROMISE*

THIS PAPER starts from the assumption that inflation is a political problem. It argues that this political problem has as much to do with time as with money. Our failure to maintain the present value of money is reciprocal to our failure to maintain the value of present time. If we are to control inflation, we must recover our hold on the value of the present, and to do this we must learn to share hopes and anxieties about the spending and saving of time as well as of money. The link between time and money is given by our experience of promise.

The value of our money is sustained by a promise. When our money is devalued, that promise is broken. In this paper we explore the structure and dynamism of promise in relation to money. Our thesis is that the breach of promise implicit in inflation is a symptom of a more radical failure: the failure to remember what 'the promise of money' is about. If we are to remember what this promise is about, we must make politics a sharing of hopes and anxieties which at present we try to keep to ourselves and thereby project, unconsciously, onto others.

How can we promise–commit our future? How can we justify this power which we claim to exercise over future action, in the name of some

*Paper commissioned, but not subsequently published, by Aims of Industry, February, 1973.

present decision? Where does this authority come from, and how do we lay claim to it?

In analysing the structure and dynamism of promise we must keep clearly in mind two characteristics. A promise subordinates the passage of time to a beginning and end of its own making, yet it needs the passage of time for its own realization. And a promise exists by virtue of its own negation: a promise can only be kept if it can also be broken. As our analysis proceeds, the implications of these two characteristics for the value of money will unfold. It will become apparent that they are not easy to fit into any of our accepted public ways of thinking.

The first characteristic conceals within itself this difficulty: how can we integrate the horizontal flow of time with a vertical principle of constancy? The second characteristic incorporates the difficulty of energies which are self-contradictory. We shall use these two difficulties as a way into the question: what is the promise of money about?

Our argument is arranged in two main sections. Firstly, we use the difference between our private and public experiences of time to suggest a dynamic interdependence between our bodies and the world around us. Because we have forgotten how to maintain this interdependence, we are asking money to do something for us which we should be doing ourselves. Secondly, we illustrate this cultural failure in terms of the self-contradictions of industrial strife, and in particular of the Marxist polarization of capital against labour.

Our private experience of the passage of time is confined within the limits of birth and death. These limits condition us throughout life. The value of our private present depends on our understanding of this beginning and this end.

In the public time of our culture this is not so. Our public time knows no equivalent beginning and end. Its present has value only in relation to past and future.

This dichotomy between our private and our public experience of time has momentous consequences. Here we concern ourselves with only one. It separates our enjoyment of the body from our enjoyment of the world.

In our enjoyment of being-in-the-body, the value of the present depends on how we understand the beginning and the end of the body. This 'how' determines the predicament of being-in-the-body. It is the 'how' of religion, and it is the 'how' which gives life to tragedy and comedy. How can we enjoy this body which is always passing when we know that once it was not and once it will not be?

Religion, and the great tragic and comic traditions, have recognized that this question involves us inextricably with an energy that exists by virtue of its own negation. We call this energy hope. Religion, tragedy, and comedy, recognize in hope the key to the value of the present. They recognize in some kinds of hope the presence of an energy for which there is no ground in the time that passes between birth and death, an energy which seems to insist on treating our beginning and our end as evidence of a presence which does not pass. And they recognize that to experience this energy involves exposure to its negation. There is no hope without the possibility of despair.

To be present in the body is to be exposed to hope and its negation. We can express this exposure in terms of the contrast between the *passing* of time, and the *fullness* of time, and we can describe it diagrammatically in contrasting a straight line with a circle. Within the straight line of passing time, the present is nothing but a momentary hiatus between a past and future in which all beginnings and ends are swallowed up. In the fullness of time, beginning and end feed on each other, and in so feeding, expose us to an activity which generates what it consumes, and consumes what it generates.

This contrast between the passage and the fullness of time makes up the daily stuff of our personal experience. Joy, grief, courage, boredom—they all derive their special taste and texture from this contrast. Our present is made up of a dialogue between completion and innovation.

In recent years, this great traditional religious and tragi-comic view of the human predicament has been rooted more firmly in our experience of the body as a result of psychoanalytic, existential and phenomenological research. Traditional interest in what goes on in that present which is between expectation and recollection, has been complemented and filled out by a new awareness of what goes on between consumption and excretion, between waking and sleeping, between mother and baby, between growing up and

growing old, between generation and generation. Above all, we have come to a new awareness (or is it a rediscovered awareness?) of the tremendous affirmation-in-negation, and negation-in-affirmation, in which sexuality and death enjoy each other's presence.

Such awareness has revived our interest in the relationship between body and time. We realize how much of the givenness of the body, its sheer weight and mass and presence, is conditioned by beginnings and ends which interrupt with an absolute authority the flow of time. We realize that just as the givenness of the body presupposes the fact that we cannot take it for granted, so also the givenness of the time into which we are thrown at birth presupposes the fact that we cannot take time for granted. Our enjoyment of body and our enjoyment of time are interdependent.

The importance of this realization has been emphasized by comparative ethnology, which has also stimulated a new understanding of the origins of our own cultural tradition. In other cultures, both present and past, we can see how this interdependence of body and time has been mirrored by a similar interdependence of world and time. We can see how man's participation in the interactions of nature and culture has required action that can integrate the passing of time with beginning and end, and how it is this action which establishes the present value of both body and world. And we realize how peculiar and exceptional our own culture is, with its obsessive fascination with the one-direction unfolding of progressive time.

For our culture takes for granted the continued passing of public time with an assurance which is quite astonishing when we compare it with the brute reality of personal death. We have only the most tenuous and almost atrophied memories of the rites in which we used to activate those energies which renew time. The time of our public clocks is pure passage. Its flow erodes every intimation that beginning and end may be more fundamental than past or future, every intimation that between the tick and the tock we may have access to energies which generate rather than consume time. To say, publicly, as other cultures do and as we privately agree in obstinate enjoyment of bodies that hope in the face of death, that it depends on some doing of ours whether or not we have time to spend, is for most people today

nonsense. Yet it is precisely to this 'nonsense'—and, if we are to make our point, we must emphasize the word—that inflation draws our attention.

Our failure to maintain the present value of money is reciprocal to our failure to maintain the value of the present. Inflation warns us that we cannot take time for granted. When we complain about inflation we are assuming that money can act as an agent of change while maintaining its own stability. How do we reconcile this assumption with the way our public life reduces all time to passage? How can we expect money to do what we can no longer do ourselves?

Our politics, and our applied sciences, assume that time flows in one direction, and that this flow can be taken for granted. If we are innovators, we look in the direction towards which time flows, towards the future. If we are interested in conservation, we look in the direction from which time has flowed, towards the past. To balance the claims of innovations against those of conservation requires that we establish some kind of compromise between acceleration and braking.

Such metaphors are the platitudes of our economic and political thinking. But if we take seriously our private, bodily, experience of time, we must recognize that such a compromise between acceleration and braking excludes completely the energies associated with the fullness of time. These energies—the hope for which there is no ground in what has passed, the conjugation of beginning and end in the mutual attraction of death and sexuality—belong to an altogether different dimension. They belong to an axis which is vertical to the horizontal of our public time; an axis which values the present not in terms of an indefinite before and after, but in the weight and mass of body and world between beginning and end. Other cultures have known how to realize these energies, and in so doing to save time from the waste of its own spending. We have forgotten, and inflation—which is the waste of the present—is one manifestation of this forgetting.

This is not an easy argument. We shall try now to restate it in terms which may be more familiar. We shall try to elucidate 'the promise of money' with reference to industrial strife, and in particular to the Marxist polarization between capital and labour. We shall argue that this polarization invokes energies which require the regeneration of time for their realization.

Characteristic of the self-contradictory dynamism of inflation is the dilemma of trade union power. This dilemma has recently been described thus:

> Although inflation is caused by wage demands, which cannot adequately be resisted because of the monopoly power of the trade unions, to each individual his trade union is the only agency which can protect him from inflation, by seeing that he gets his inflationary wage increase at the same rate as other people get theirs. All previous monopolists have been relatively easy to deal with because the interest of the monopoly and the interest of society could be seen by everybody to be opposed. The trade unions are a unique type of monopoly in that they are both the cause of the trouble and the most obvious defence against it.
>
> (*The Times*, 4 November 1972)

The Times' leader writer is describing a dynamism which stimulates what it intends to prevent. He assumes that such a perversity only needs to be pointed out to be regretted. But there is another interpretation of this self-contradictory dynamism—the Marxist interpretation.

> The problem [of strikes] as it confronts trade unionists cannot be resolved, so long as their definition of the causes of their grievances and their selection of responses remain at the present level of rationality. The argument of Engel's nearly a century ago remains true still: 'the British labour movement is today and for many years has been working in a narrow circle of strikes for higher wages and shorter hours without finding a solution'. (Letter to Bernstein, 17 June 1879.) Grievances are channelled through collective bargaining into demands which accept the legitimacy of the employment relationship and the status of labour as a commodity; discontent at managerial domination, which seems to underlie many disputes, is thus kept below the surface. This sublimation of workers' resistance to coercive control is, indeed, the most fundamental and persistent indication of the institutionalisation of industrial conflict. So long as strikes are directed against the immediate manifestations of workers' deprivations, rather than their underlying causes, strikers will achieve only temporary relief; and they must expect to attract increasing social hostility and recurrent efforts at repression.
>
> (Richard Hyman: *Strikes*, p. 170, Fontana, 1972)

Mr Hyman is describing the same situation as *The Times*. Both see the trade unions as trapped in a dynamism that is self-contradictory. But whereas *The Times* assumes that such self-contradiction is to be regretted, Mr Hyman welcomes it as confirming the Marxist diagnosis of capitalism, as proving the failure of 'the present level of rationality'.

This difference has considerable influence on the style and quality of contemporary politics. On the one hand we have those concerned with the management of the economic system as it is now, thinking in terms of gradual change and social engineering. On the other, those who say: we believe the whole system is bad, but while it lasts we'll milk it for all we can get; if that hastens its end, so much the better. Can there be any real dialogue between the two?

It is our thesis in this paper that dialogue between Marxist and non-Marxist is only possible if both sides agree to place on the agenda questions about time which at present have no place in political controversy. We can demonstrate this point by looking more closely at what Marxists mean when they challenge the 'legitimacy of the employment relationship and the status of labour as a commodity'.

At first glance this challenge may not seem to involve more than many a liberal or socialist or even conservative reformer could share. But we must guard against a too facile understanding of Marxist expectation. For behind the apparent simplicity of an appeal to the dignity of human labour, Marxism is invoking energies of a very special kind.

For Marx, the division between capital and labour, and the employment relationship which goes with it, is a symptom of a far more fundamental split in a creative energy common to both man and nature. One movement of this energy has become lodged in capital, another in labour. While this split continues, both man and nature remain alienated from themselves. Industrial conflict is only one expression of this self-alienation of man and nature.

He prophesied that our civilization will fall apart unless the polarization between capital and labour can be transcended in a synthesis which takes up into itself the powers inherent in both. For such a transcendence the redistribution of capital along the lines of reformist policies

is not enough. If labour is to cease to be treated as a commodity, the value-creating power trapped within capital must be consciously re-appropriated by the labour in which it had its origin. Only then will human labour rediscover in itself an energy that can never be fulfilled in the productive-consumptive cycle, but only in the creation of the world within which we produce and consume. When that happens, human nature, which is also the humanity of nature, will be realized.

This is the expectation which persuades men that it is more rational to work for the destruction of the present economic system than for satisfaction within it. It is an expectation with which the politics of inflation must be concerned. But it is not an expectation about which we can talk unless we are prepared to ask unfashionable questions about time.

Marxism is not progressive in an evolutionary sense. Its theory and practice are grounded in a revolutionary philosophy of history. This contrast between evolution and revolution is no mere play on words. It refers to essential differences in belief. Marxism believes in an end, in a fulfilment, to time, and it believes that man has access to the energy which can make this end, to an energy which can complete itself.

Here we touch on the central failure of Marxism, the failure to understand its own messianic or millenniary dynamism. We cannot enlarge on this here. All we want to suggest is that in appealing to this energy Marxism introduces into politics a hope which can never be fulfilled in a time that merely passes. If there is to be dialogue between Marxist and non-Marxist, not only revolution but also the regeneration of time must be on the agenda.

In the preceding two sections we have tried to prepare the way for an answer to the question: what is the promise of money about? In comparing our private and our public experience of time, we argued that the value of the present is grounded in an activity which our culture has forgotten: an activity which regenerates time. And in analysing the Marxist polarization of capital and labour we tried to show how this need to regenerate time can be felt to justify industrial strife. We conclude that the promise of money and the politics of inflation have a common centre in an obligation which our culture

has forgotten: man's obligation to regenerate time, and in so doing to establish body and world as present to each other.

This is a strange and difficult thesis. Busy men of affairs may well feel that they have no time for ideas which are seemingly so remote from the immediately serious business of improving the economic performance of the community. But they should at least pause to ask themselves how their own busi-ness, their own over-crowded time-table, is related to the apparent laziness and inertia of so many other members of the same community. Are strikes, absenteeism and the problems of what has been called (with unintentional irony) 'the leisure explosion', related to values which we exclude from our present economic reckoning? When we take time off from work, is this just a hiatus when the spending of time ceases to be productive? Or is it, in part, a compelling reflex to give us pause to remember that there is work to be done that can only be done 'on holiday', work that saves time so that we may still have time to spend? If there is any truth whatsoever in our thesis, then there is need to distinguish between laziness or bloody-mindedness, and that mixture of hope and despair which is associated with the regeneration of time.

Our practical proposal is limited to our need to distinguish between energies appropriate to the spending of time and energies appropriate to the regeneration of time. This distinction is not recognized by the economics or politics of our day. Without it, we cannot regain our hold on the value of the present.

The first step must be to take every opportunity to restore the sense of that connection between private body and public world which our culture has lost. This restoration is the sine qua non of agreed political control of inflation. And if we want to recognize these opportunities when they present themselves, we must learn consciously to share anxieties about time as well as money, anxieties which at present we try to keep to ourselves and thereby project unconsciously onto others. When we begin consciously to share our private hopes in the regeneration of time, and our private terrors that the spending of time will prove to be in vain, the self-defeating politics of inflation will be taken up into the no less difficult, but infinitely more satisfying, politics of promise.

7

THE NEED FOR CONTROVERSY IN THE APPLICATION OF JUNG'S WORK: A CLINICAL EXAMPLE*

I RECEIVED Molly Tuby's invitation to contribute a paper for Gerhard Adler's seventieth birthday shortly after reading the exchange between Gerhard and Rosemary Gordon in the Journal of the Society of Analytical Psychology, on the subject of Anthony Storr's book on Jung. So it seems relevant to offer a paper which I wrote in May 1969 for a small group of analysts who were meeting to discuss the professional and clinical implications of Gerhard's paper given to the 1968 Congress of the International Association for Analytical Psychology. I have made a few minor alterations of syntax, but otherwise leave unaltered what I said then, as an expression of how Gerhard's example has helped me in my search for professional self-understanding.

I want to use a particular case of mine as the peg on which to hang some reflections on how one can talk about Jung's psychology to a British public. I envisage these reflections as a contribution to the discussion developed since Gerhard Adler's paper to the 1968 International Congress.

The work I have done with this particular client has already been the subject of various presentations. At the invitation of Professor Pond, I

*Originally delivered under the title: Jung in Britain, 1969; and published in *Harvest*, 1974.

presented the first year of our work together to a group at the London Hospital, and subsequently I wrote up the first two years as a short book that I have circulated in typescript. The various criticisms, friendly and hostile, which I have received have helped me towards a first tentative definition of the analytic method I learned in Zürich in terms which I believe are faithful to that method while also reaching out to a recognizable public framework of discussion.

The three organizing themes which I have selected are: language, money and time. I want to use these to say something about three areas of resistance to Jung's thought, resistance which some of us feel centres on the words archetype, alchemy and synchronicity.

My client John is forty-five, male, single. He earns £2,000 a year as a skilled electrical draughtsman. He has been coming to me once a week for three years, at a charge of £4 an hour. Seen in terms of clinical psychiatric description, we have this picture from the initial letter of referral in 1966:

> This man has been a patient of mine since the beginning of 1958, suffering from a schizophrenic illness. This generally responds quite well to ECT and Largactil or Stelazine, but he has had several relapses. Although he is heavily hallucinated and deluded, he still maintains fair contact with reality in these phases. They are mainly characterized by an attack of catatonic rigidity, but in spite of this, he has managed to continue at work as a draughtsman for most of the time. He has kept well on Stelazine 5 mgm and Disipal 50 mgm b.d. for over a year now, but he wrote recently saying that he wished to be seen by a Jungian analyst to get rid of some of his residual symptoms...

He sees the referring psychiatrist every six months, and continues to take Stelazine and Disipal. Each spring he has suffered anxiety and manic states which have seemed to threaten renewed psychotic inbreaks. Following the last two, the psychiatrist wrote as follows in April 1968 and April 1969:

> I saw this man again today and he seems to have improved considerably from his condition a couple of weeks ago. I told him to carry on with the double dose for about another month and then to see whether it is possible to cut it down to the morning dose only. From his account of himself, he is leading quite a satisfactory and reasonably social life and he is certainly much less schizoid than I have seen him during his previous remissions.

And:

> I have at last seen John T, who seems to have settled down quite well once more. He is on Stelazine 5 mgm, Disipal 50 mgm in the morning, and this seems enough to keep him on a fairly even keel. He certainly seems to be doing very well and I should be grateful if you would let me see him again in about six months.

We have had now 139 hours together. In all except two, when he lay on the couch, he has sat opposite me. He has always been punctual. For about the last two years we have shaken hands at the start of each hour.

In these 139 hours we have talked about dreams, about his various experiences in hospital between the ages of thirty-six and forty-two (he had eight periods of hospitalization, ranging from two weeks to two months in duration), delusional and 'significant' experiences in his contemporary life, and childhood. Virtually every hour he has brought at least one dream, and our discussion of these has provided the central area of intercourse between us. To give a feel of his dream-life, I select one from the 74th hour.

> I am in a sort of old-fashioned school laboratory. In a glass case is a sealed glass container. I prize open the lid of the container. There is a fizzing and crackling sound. I think that the container may contain a dangerous substance such as phosphorous and I hastily close the lid and move round to the back of the glass case.
>
> The glass case becomes an ornate piece of Victorian furniture with a circular top. From the sealed container emerges a carved wooden figure (a Negro boxer) which grows rapidly in size as I watch. The figure gyrates round the circular top like a doll on a gramophone turntable, then attains life-size and springs athletically to the floor. In his left hand he carries a golden ball or egg, inscribed "the golden rule", and over his left arm he carries a banner emblazoned "play the game" (or some similar statement). The Negro goes quickly into the next room.
>
> I follow, and find that the Negro has changed into an attractive girl (white). She is sitting at a dining-table with several other people. Apparently she is being "difficult", and will not eat any of the food placed before her. She speaks French. I say to her (in French): "I do not have any Japanese food". (I thought I was saying *we* do not have any Japanese food; and when I came to write the

> dream down I could remember the French word for meat, *viande*, but not for food).
>
> Two men come into the room, one is the master and one is the slave. The master drives the slave before him with a lash. The slave is carrying some pieces of shattered timber and has a rope attached to him, the other end of which is held by the master. One of the men in the group at the dining-table makes a remark to the effect that they are complementary to each other. The master and slave go out through a door opposite. A few moments later they re-enter through the same door. This time the slave is driving the master.

On what principles have I discussed such a dream with an electrical draughtsman whose father worked on a tug on the River Thames and whose mother inherited a small greengrocer's shop in East London?

For over twenty years I have been familiar with Jung's hypotheses of the collective unconscious and of archetypes. As far as I can recollect, I have never mentioned these terms to John. Yet I believe that if I have been able to introduce him to a relationship with his dreams that has extended outwards into a more satisfactory hold over his psychotic experiences, it is both because I, the person confronting him weekly, take these hypotheses of Jung's very seriously indeed, and also because these hypotheses engage the reality of John's experience of madness.

It seems to me that if one is to demonstrate how one works as a specifically Jungian analyst, one has to be able to show how an awareness of this archetypal structuring of experience results in changed life-situations. I have a problem here. I don't like the word archetype. I feel that in choosing this word Jung fatefully stressed what I would call (with reference to the quotation that he put at the opening of *Psychological Types*) the 'Platonic' moment in his written work at the expense of the 'Aristotelian'. I know that this feeling of mine led some of my examiners in Zürich to the view that I failed to comprehend Jung's use of the word.

Nevertheless, I believe I have experienced the archetypal structuring of my own life, and that in my professional practice I work 'with archetypes'. My problem is to find a way of talking about such work that opens up a dialogue with the wider world of university thought. In writing up the case history of my

hours with John I have come to formulate this archetypal method in terms of language.

In John's dreams, and in his delusional waking states, I recognize the experience of a being aware of language as operating in two modes, modes which from the point of view of the conscious personality are contradictory. I have come to think of these two modes of language as on the one hand *constitutive* of reality, and on the other hand *indicative* of reality. To have experienced what Jung calls the collective unconscious and the archetypes is to experience language as constitutive of reality. It is, I believe, when we have met each other in the interaction between these two modes of language that John and I have done work which changed his life.

For instance, I would see John's catatonic experiences of his own body as an erect phallus unable to 'spend', as the experience of a body trapped between the contradictory modes of meaning by which I am both an object predicated by a language constitutive of reality, and also a subject that uses language as indicative of reality. Our work together has been concerned to educate John in the experience of his body as a symbolic system, as the unique locus where he can experience the transformations of the indicative and constitutive modes of language one into the other, so that a necessary contradiction is both incarnated and baptized in a necessary complementarity.

To develop fully what I mean by language as necessarily and contradictorily both constitutive and indicative of reality would take much more time than I have now. Obviously it owes much to theological concepts of the world as created by the word, and in this connection I have talked of John and my experience in terms of 'semantic original sin'. But all I want to suggest here is that this is what Jung's work on the collective unconscious and archetypes is about, and that in order to discuss this work fruitfully we must insist that discussion takes place within a philosophical frame of reference that takes cognizance of both modes of relationship between language and reality. This seems to me to be the point of Aniela Jaffé's book *The Myth of Meaning in the Work of C. G. Jung*.

It is not easy to establish a public frame of reference within which the problems of what I have called semantic original sin can be collectively

explored. Jung's psychology explains why, by showing how the individual experience of this 'sin' involves confrontation with shadow and inferior function. But this psychology is also able to show us how an awareness of this semantic sinfulness, which I believe to be both individually and socially necessary, can be integrated into the everyday texture of ordinary lives. It seems to me that we have two obligations: to open Jung's psychology to these ordinary lives, and to define our philosophical frame of reference in terms that allow of semantic contradiction that is ontological rather than logical. Here I think I am making the same point as Gerhard Adler in his paper on the principle of complementarity.

Another factor in the relationship between John and myself is money. How seriously we take this copulative link depends, so it seems to me, on how seriously we take the more general intercourse between persons and the material world. In terms of Jung's psychology, the corresponding question is how seriously we take his work on alchemy.

I will try and explain what I mean with reference to John. But if this subject is to be properly opened up, I believe the first point we've got to grasp is the institutional one. We can't discuss the inner, subjective pole without an adequate complementary confrontation with the outer, social controversy.

Money has always been intimately mixed up with John's dreams, fantasies and delusional experiences, particularly in association with his mother, with semen, and with what he describes as his 'search for a soul'. After two years' work, I developed what seemed to me to be the public implications of John's money fantasies in two chapters of my typescript 'book', and was encouraged to have this reaction from a nationally known figure working in the institutional field of public mental health:

> I was very interested in your account of money as generative, complementary to sexual generation. Your attitude seems to me rather more realistic than that which I have sometimes elaborated in my Freudo-Marxist-Utopia-Hell. In my Utopia-Hell there is no money, since in the perfect Welfare State everything that man needs is automatically free—there is no need to accumulate wealth: this is a vulgar pregenital preoccupation. In such a society the problem of rewards is settled at the genital level—mercifully, I don't think that this is likely to come about!

But I would like to push the implications of this comment a lot further. I would argue that although there is a Freudian Marxism which, with its emphasis on the anal interpretation of money, can justify, and flourish within, the moneyless institutions of our social services, there is a Jungian reading of Marx which would encourage a drastic revision of the Beveridge-Bevan attitude to money.

In terms of my work with John, I can put it like this. A central theme, which goes back to pre-puberty masturbation fantasies, has been: how can a soul be related to a body? In dream, fantasy and delusional state he has come up with embryonic answers which seem to me incomprehensible unless we follow Jung in extending the frame of reference within which we practise to include the careful study of alchemy as the science of ensouled matter; there, again, it seems to me that Jung's work is unique. To study alchemy as he does is to go back beyond the mind-body psychologies that have dominated Western thought since the time of Hobbes, Locke and Descartes, to levels of participation between consciousness and matter which John lives as real, but which are inaccessible to most contemporary academic psychology and institutional practice.

If such levels are real, then the question of how we are to obtain access to them is a crucial one. My own belief is that Jung's work on alchemy gives us such access, at what one can call the private pole of experience, and is complementary to many crucial Marxian insights at the public pole of experience. But I do not see how we can develop informed public discussion of such a thesis, or of Jung's work on alchemy in relation to psychological practice, unless we treat the question of money in the person-to-person encounter as an open, *living* problem, and not as an embarrassment that can be killed off by administrative fiat.

I can't elaborate this more now. A year ago, I ended my first attempt at amplification of John's money fantasies with this paragraph:

> This analysis of the interrelation between money and soul in the fantasies through which John tries to understand himself has important implications for our method: for it places the search for a soul on which he is engaged firmly within a context of mutuality with other persons. When we looked at this search in terms of John's experience of his own body, I suggested that the soul could be considered as the necessary copula

> between the I and the it of the body. But if soul also has something to do with money, which derives its existence from the exchange of things between persons, then what this word implies for John is not only a function of his own private existence, but also a function of his mutuality with others. We must therefore be prepared for our psychology, as the language of the soul, to define its method in terms of the dialogue between persons, as well as in terms of the discrete individual.

How can John actualize a soul which is not only private to himself, but also establishes him in communion with others? It is here that I believe Marx and Jung, read together, have something to say of wide social relevance. When I say that money derives its existence from the exchange of things between persons, I am referring to Marx's extraordinary analysis of the metaphysical origins of money at the beginning of *Capital*. This analysis presupposes the same kind of original participation of consciousness and matter which Jung studies in the works of the alchemists. Marx and Jung are both inviting us, in very different languages and with very different motives, to consider how consciousness may be redeemed in and through matter. It is this work of redemption which men have in common and which makes them, in Marx's terms, a 'species' rather than a collection of atomistic individuals. And it is his intense awareness of the reality of this work of redemption which gives Jung's attitude to the so-called transference its special quality, recognizing as he does that the dialogue between persons is only a special case of a more original dialectic between consciousness and matter.

Where Jung differs radically from Marx is in his insistence on the religious nature of this work of redemption. Jung recognizes that for modern man, with his limited nature, to engage deliberately in this original dialectic between consciousness and matter is to accept a kind of crucifixion between what I have called the two modes of language. It is this crucifixion which the Marxist would save, and deny, us, by invoking the terrible simplicity of class struggle.

So I would argue that the question of Jung's attitude to the transference, so crucial for a proper definition of his analytic method, opens up into a wider contemporary problem: in what terms are we to define that work of reconciliation between consciousness and matter in which we are all necessarily engaged, and which makes us members one of another? I can put

the point as two related theses. On the one hand, one cannot develop public discussion of the kind of work I have done with John, and of the way in which his 'search for a soul' is affected or determined by the many-levelled dialectic relationship between us, without studying his dreams and fantasies for evidence of what money means to him in the most private and subjective experiences he can share. And, on the other hand, to give public content to such private experiences, we have to learn that Jung's alchemical studies of the metaphysical roots of the transference demand that we engage in social controversy as to the nature of money.

The third organizing principle of my work with John is time. Questions as to how his weekly hour with me fits into the rest of his week, and how the months or years during which he will come to me fit into the whole shape of his life, much of it still to come, are central to any public discussion of such work. They are also of course inseparable from the question of money. It seems to me that one must have an articulate attitude to 'the time of analysis', and that one must be able to define how the experience of time in analysis fits into a wider philosophy of time and of the relationship in which human life stands to time. In terms of Jung's psychology, this is a question that brings us up against the phenomenon of synchronicity and of his interest in the *I Ching* and astrology.

I suspect that this is a very explosive professional issue. There is such a glaring contrast between the financial implications of an analyst who insists on seeing people four or five times a week, and an analyst who works towards a rhythm of once a week, that if there is to be any constructive dialogue between the two positions we must surely insist that the problem of time is treated with proper philosophical seriousness. Alongside the time of the biologist and chemist, we must insist on the time of the historian and lawyer, of novelist and playwright, of actor and priest, as valid modes of human experience.

One of the centres round which my work with John has turned is his sense of having been responsible for the death of his father. He explains this feeling thus. He, John, had cut off the tip of his left thumb while working. His father insisted on walking up to the hospital with him when he went to get it bandaged. Outside the hospital his father had a stroke, from which he

subsequently died. John had the idea that this cutting off the thumb-tip had meant something symbolic to the father: 'that I had given up my own responsibility for myself, like cutting off my own penis. This broke his heart, and so he died'.

John and I have returned over and over again to the experience. There is a lot one could say about it. But in reflecting on what I have said to him about it, on how I have myself reacted to it as the son of a father and the father of a son, it seems to me that the question of time is crucial. If one recognizes only the time of biology, in which son follows father in linear progression, then one's reactions are expressed within that framework. But there are other experiences of time open to us. We can, for instance, experience the present not as a point on a horizontal line between a past inhabited by my father and a future inhabited by my son, but as a fullness which draws reality from a vertical dimension to radiate horizontally in memory and anticipation. If we recognize such an experience, and I believe such recognition constitutes one of the essential 'moments' of Jung's psychology, then our reaction to John's history will be quite different.

This is of course a huge issue. But once again, as with language, I think students of Jung must have the long-term courage to open up this whole problem, however inadequate we may feel in confronting such momentous issues. For it seems to me to be an inescapable complication of the work to which we are committed, for better or for worse, that the exact observation of the psyche to which Jung introduced us gives us access to an experience of time which cannot be assimilated to one of the dominant intellectual models of our contemporary collective consciousness: the theory of biological evolution as strung out on a linear, serial time-scale.

It is only if we grasp this point that we can do justice to John's sexual experience, which has proved so central a moment of his life and of our work together. Once he has experienced time as the constitution of past and future out of the fullness of a present that exists in its own right as an enactment of a time that is always both *then* and *now*, he can never feel the same again about sexuality. This, it seems to me, is the experience of initiation out of the temporal *containment* of childhood into the temporal *enactment* of adulthood that so fascinated Freud in the story of Oedipus. It is this experience towards

which John was reaching out long before he came to me, in his strange Gnostic philosophic-sexual fantasies of pre-adolescence, an experience in which father and son are synchronous one with the other, so that sexuality is realized not only as a link in a biological chain but also as the recollection of an identity prior to consciousness. Here the whole question of time meets with the problems I touched on under language, and we again recognize that structure of experience which Jung has called archetypal.

How do I come to meet such experience? In trying to describe my method it seems to me that Jung's interest in the *I Ching* and in synchronicity is decisive for any definition of what it means to practise within the spirit of his work. If there are indeed occasions when (to quote Hellmut Wilhelm) 'time has the force of a verdict by which certain relations are decided, so that it binds like a law', when 'a man's relation to time may be taken as a task or as foreordained destiny', then time can be experienced not merely as a principle of abstract progression, but as 'fulfilled in each of its segments'. For such experience, time is not only an effective agent *within* which reality is enacted, but also an agent which acts *on* reality and brings it to completion.

This is surely the 'time of analysis' as Jung understood and practised analysis. It is a time concerned primarily with the present situation of the individual, a time that is not greedy for hours, a time determined as much by a sense of an ending as by a sense of a beginning. It may well be a question for philosophical and political argument whether or not such an experience of time is 'natural' to man, and whether society should encourage its teaching, or regard it as a threat to the time by which the managers of a complex technological society must regulate their clocks. But if we are to do justice to Jung's psychology, we must insist that such questions are raised and not begged.

8

THE COST OF HEALTH: PAYMENT, TREATMENT, TIME*

I WANT to start by drawing attention to the title of this talk. When I was invited by your Director of Studies to participate in this symposium on the Cost of Health I was asked to speak on 'Payment and Treatment'. It was at my request that the word time was added.

I think it is worth emphasising this change in title, because the argument I want to put forward this evening turns on this word time. In my approach to the cost of health, I shall treat time, not money, as my primary interest. How we pay for treatment is, I believe, secondary to the fact that all treatment is costly of time. What interests me is how we experience, in both symptom and treatment, the costliness of time.

My main thesis is that what we expect of health depends on our attitude to time. We shall never be able to afford the health services we need while we expect them to do work which lies outside their scope. What society expects of health depends on a continuing dialogue between the professional services concerned and the public they serve. But by neutralising the costliness of time as between the professional and his client we prevent ourselves from recognising many unspoken assumptions about time which enter into both symptom and treatment.

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*Paper read to the London Medical Group, at St Mary's Hospital Medical School, on 26th February, 1974.

As a result, the dialogue between professionals and public is collapsed in one of its most crucial dimensions. This collapse has the effect of confusing two kinds of expectation: what we expect of health, and what we expect of life. By neutralising the costliness of time, we prevent ourselves developing the conceptual tools necessary for differential diagnosis between those human problems which can be treated and costed in terms of health, and other kinds of problem which can not be treated nor costed in terms of health.

These other kinds of problem are familiar to those of us who work on the fringes of the national health service. I don't think the kind of problem I have in mind presents itself often in hospital work, except perhaps in the psychiatric departments. But in general practice it may occupy a considerable proportion of a doctor's time. One country G.P. friend of mine quoted a figure of 40% of his time as spent on problems which were not 'health' problems at all. I shall later present a brief example of the kind of case I have in mind.

In making this distinction between what we expect of health and what we expect of life I am of course referring to some of the most elusive of doctors' dilemmas. I am not pretending to any new answers. But I do want to argue that these dilemmas belong *inside* the continuing dialogue between professionals and public. At the grass roots, in our consulting rooms, in the intake interviews of the various social agencies concerned, we must be able to ask questions which test what is expected of health against what is expected of life. Without these questions, one whole dimension of differential diagnosis is lost.

But these questions involve the costliness of time. To frame these questions with reference to a particular person in a particular situation, we have to ask how time is being valued by, and in, the symptom or problem presented to us. However we manage the money side, questioning the costliness of time belongs *within* our understanding of symptoms, *within* our judgement as to the right kind of treatment. It should be a part of what goes on between professional and client.

I want this evening to look at this questioning of the costliness of time from three points of view.

Firstly, I shall consider the nature of hope as giving us our most direct experience of the cost of time. This will introduce the first idea which I want to leave with you: that we can act *on* time, as well as *in* time.

I shall then look at this idea of acting *on* time as well as *in* time from the point of view of the contract between professional and client. I shall argue that this contract requires us to weigh the *passing* of time as between a beginning and an end. Here I shall refer, by way of illustration, to a recent intake at the Agency where I teach.

Finally, I shall suggest two particular themes to watch in our case work, themes which I believe are specially close to our experience of the costliness of time. These are accident, and mood. In saying something about these, I shall introduce the third idea which I want to leave with you: that we experience time not only as passing, but also as full.

So there are three ideas to watch out for. We act *on* time as well as *in* time; the need to weigh the passing of time as between a beginning and an end; and the contrast between the passing and the fullness of time.

Much of the work done in the caring professions has to do with hope. To a greater or lesser extent, depending on our particular professional calling, most of us here this evening act at times as practitioners of hope. Our presence can mean hope, and I think we must admit that there are many occasions in a working week when our presence is more effective than anything we do. Yet we have no recognised theory and practice of hope. As far as I know, Christians and Marxists are the only organised groups in this country concerned to develop such a theory and practice. Our secular social services do not insist on any training in hope as part of professional qualification.

It is, I believe, an extraordinary omission, an omission which must be made good if we are not to expect too much of health. One reason for this omission is that our training is dominated by sciences such as biology and chemistry which take time for granted. If our training paid more attention to disciplines such as law and history—disciplines which have as much, if not more, to do with human behaviour than biology—we would know more about the traditional complexities of action in time, and therefore realise how our

work is disabled by this lack of any theory and practice of hope. But perhaps a more fundamental reason for our lack is that we live in a social and cultural milieu which has forgotten how the costliness of time expresses itself in human experience.

When this question of hope is raised in case work discussion, the practical problem which comes up again and again is: how can we distinguish between hope that is real, hope that is justified, hope that in some sense can be trusted, and hope which is illusory and in vain? Because we do not find it easy to agree on how to make such a distinction, we prefer to pretend that hope is a merely peripheral question, one that can be excluded from the central areas of scientific argument as to the structure and dynamism of human behaviour. I agree that it is one of the worst forms of professional incompetence to encourage a false hope. But in our proper concern to avoid this error I believe we are denying ourselves a resource which could do more effectively much of the work at present expected of the health services.

If we are to distinguish between real and false hope, and if we are to train people to make this distinction as part of a professional qualification in the caring services, we have to grasp a nettle which our present day behavioural sciences prefer to ignore. We have to recognise that the distinction between real and false hope is *proved* in a way that is quite different to the kind of *proving* which satisfies the natural sciences. The proving of hope involves us in work of a kind which does not only develop *in* time but also acts *on* time. It is this distinction between acting *in* time, and acting *on* time, which is crucial to a scientific understanding of hope.

Now I know this can sound very strange, and if we approach it too intellectually we can tie ourselves in the most awkward knots. But if we can reflect on the way hope manifests itself, you may recognise that in talking of action *on* time as well as *in* time I am referring to something which is very familiar.

We can perhaps focus the idea by considering the relation between hope and experience. Can hope be disproved by experience? If we assume that hope has been learned from experience, that hope is something we have acquired since we were thrown into time at birth, then it follows that it can always be disproved by experience which is still to come. *But that is not how*

hope works. Hope refuses to subject itself to experience. It is not hope which has to prove itself in experience, but experience which has to prove itself in the face of hope. Hope claims precedence over experience.

This priority of hope over experience is the nettle we have to grasp if we are to develop a proper theory and practice of hope. It certainly involves us in intellectual difficulties which our natural sciences can ignore. But it also opens up human resources which the natural sciences can never tap.

These resources are familiar, yet very difficult to describe. The most careful and exact analysis of hope which I know is in an essay written by the French philosopher Gabriel Marcel in the darkest years of the war, when his country was occupied by the enemy. What he says is difficult, but no more difficult than his subject matter.

Here are three short extracts from his essay in which he tries to focus our attention on the actual working of hope.

> We are quite unable to tell before an ordeal what that ordeal will do to us, and what resources we shall find we possess with which to face it.

Marcel is here reminding us of the familiar but elusive fact that hope is always 'beyond' anything we have so far experienced. It is always both 'here' and 'there'. It is this 'beyondness' which we invoke many times every week in working with our patients and clients, when we allow them to take hope in our presence. But Marcel goes on to emphasise just how difficult it is to understand this self-sustaining resourcefulness of hope. He says that:

> ...postulated at the very basis of hope...is the truth that the more the real is real the less does it lend itself to a calculation of possibilities on the basis of accepted experience. Hope quite simply does not take any heed of this sum total.

And when we reach the intelligible core of hope, we discover that

> what characterises it is the very movement by which it challenges the evidence upon which men claim to challenge it itself.

Taken out of context, these sentences of Marcel are difficult to understand. But it is worth pausing to reflect on them.

For Marcel is here drawing our attention to a characteristic of hope which eludes the understanding of our behavioural sciences. Hope needs

experience as the field within which to prove itself. But even while submitting itself to the proof of experience, hope simultaneously sets itself up as the judge of experience.

This is what we do when we go on hoping in spite of the evidence of experience. We invoke a power which can judge its own failure, which can prove itself on its own disproving. This is the kind of *proving* for which our professional caring services have to find room if they want to bring the resources of hope to bear on the varied human problems which present themselves.

But to understand this kind of proving, to analyse it, to train people in its use, we must recognise how hope stands in relation to time. Hope can be neither proved nor disproved *within* time. Hope takes its stand outside this passage of time, and if we are to be practitioners of hope we must realise just what this standpoint outside the passage of time implies. It implies that time is not something we can take for granted. It is not just there, waiting to be spent. It costs us something. When we hope against hope, when we make hope the proof of experience rather than the other way round, then—and only then—do we realise what each one of us has to pay for the time we have. We have time because we hope. Hope is how we experience the costliness of time.

What does all this have to do with the cost of health? It has to do with differential diagnosis between what we expect of health and what we expect of life.

I am arguing that the exclusion of hope from professional training in the caring services is evidence of how completely our society has forgotten that human life experiences time as costly. But this forgetting does not do away with the costliness of time. It merely means that our need to pay for the time we have expresses itself in disguised and distorted forms. One of these forms is an exaggerated expectation of what health can do for us.

To demonstrate how the ignoring of hope affects what we expect of health I want to consider the contract between professional and client in the caring encounter, and the way in which this contract influences the treatment expected and the treatment given.

This idea of a contract between professional and client in the caring encounter has been developed through the increasing self-awareness and self-confidence of social workers. But we know very little about the ways in which the cost of time influences this contract. Within the health services, we have neutralised the question of cost as between the persons concerned. As a result, both parties to the caring encounter are allowed, and indeed encouraged, to ignore an essential constituent of the contract between them. This ignorance may be a good thing; but it is nevertheless ignorance, an ignorance which affects the continuing dialogue between professionals and public as to what we can expect of health. I don't myself believe that this ignorance was any part of Nye Bevan's original vision of a free health service.

I work in an agency where we make the payment of a fee related to the client's means an integral part of the helping contract. So that you can place the kind of situation I am talking about in relation to your own work, here is an example of a recent referral. I am deliberately restricting myself to presenting an intake situation, so as to focus our attention on the contract at a stage most easily comparable with your own experience.

It is the case of a young man of 24 who was referred to us by his G.P. with this letter.

> Thank you for seeing Mr..... I do hope you can help him. I don't know much about him, as he has only recently become my patient, that is in the last 3 or 4 years. I see from his medical reports that in his short life he has already had seven different addresses. He is married and has a baby of 3 months old, and has quite satisfactory accommodation, and I think all went well as far as his medical history goes until his father died, which was in mid-October. He seems to have had a rather abnormal reaction to this bereavement, with a lot of phobias, depressions, he would cry easily and felt the urge to be violent, although I don't think he was ever abnormally aggressive...
>
> His mother also is worried about him, and in fact I believe she took the baby to live with her as she was afraid he might harm the baby. The mother told me that he would wake her up at about 4.30 in the morning to discuss his anxieties.
>
> Since November, he has had a series of doctors, as he has on a few occasions got the deputizing doctor out in the middle of the night, and hence has been given a

> variety of tablets, and told by some to throw the tablets of the other doctors away.
>
> I don't think these tranquillisers and anti-depressant drugs will really solve any problems for him, and I hope I will not have to renew these prescriptions. I hope also he won't be calling out doctors in the middle of the night again, and getting something different next time.

Our own intake notes fill out the picture in some detail, but I will give you extracts only:

> Nice looking Cockney lad, with an externally tough manner, obviously not used to putting his feelings into words, but eager to try to share his bewildered state of mind.
>
> The trouble began when his father became ill and was hospitalised. They knew his condition was serious for a week, during which time he and his mother were almost continuously at the hospital. His mother is just 41, and his father was 53. His wife was 8 months pregnant when father was taken ill, and the baby was born two weeks after his father's death.
>
> Lorry driver's mate (the job was 'in the family'), for last six years. Had once stolen from his lorry, and spent a week in prison.
>
> The marriage does not seem to have altered the pattern of dependence on the mother.
>
> Wife cooperative, came with him. Prepared to involve herself in taking a fresh look at the whole family situation.

When he came to us this young man, whom we can call Bob, was off work because of anxiety as to the effect of his uncertain moods on his driving. In the course of explaining to him the kind of help we could offer he was told that it cost the agency between £5 and £6 an hour, and that we expected him to pay as much as he could afford towards that cost. He at once offered to pay £5 an hour. It was pointed out to him that this was surely unrealistic, considering he was out of work. He said he would go home and get a job. He was told to think it over and to come the following week when an agreed fee could be finalised.

I have deliberately chosen a case which has presented itself in the last two weeks, and of whose outcome I am ignorant, as it is the presenting

situation which I want to share with you. There is obviously a lot that could be said about a situation such as this. The question to which I am limiting myself this evening is: how does this sharing of the question of cost between professional and client influence the treatment expected and the treatment given? And the answer which I am putting forward is that it obliges both professional and client to admit to each other that the costliness of time enters into their separate, or joint, judgement both of the symptom or problem presented, and of the treatment which is appropriate.

What happens is something like this. On the one hand, the professional has to make his judgement as to what can be done to help change the symptom or problem brought to him by the client. He is responsible for not wasting time and money—whether the money be that of the client or of the agency by which the professional is employed—by pursuing goals which are unrealistic. But he is also expected to recognize, on the basis of his much wider comparative training and experience, the value of treatment of which the client may be unaware.

On the other hand, the client is obliged to measure the reality of his symptom or problem in terms of money. He has to judge the effect of his symptom on what he expects of life in relation to the thousand and one ways in which money enters into the taste and texture of his living. To do this he must take into account elusive, binding, private intimacies of which the professional, however experienced, can never be aware.

It is the interaction between these two judgements which constitutes the contract. And the one, crucial, characteristic of this interaction which I want to emphasise this evening is that it obliges both client and professional to assess the symptom, and the treatment, in terms of the passage of time between a beginning and an end. Because the contract price is expressed not only as so many pounds an hour. It is also expressed as so many hours. It involves some agreement—however provisional—as to the overall period of time during which the symptom will be subjected to treatment.

This need to assess both symptom and treatment in terms of the passage of time between a beginning and end influences what professional and client do together throughout their encounter. It is explicit in the initial interview when the contract is discussed. But it is present in each hour we

spend together, influencing our selection of what is relevant to the work we are engaged on. How we understand and manage this selection is the key to much of our professional expertise, and it depends throughout on a 'weighing' of the passage of time against beginning and end.

We are now at the crux of my argument. For this weighing of the passage of time as between a beginning and an end introduces both 'symptom' and 'treatment' to problems of time which are not taken into account by our biological and behavioural sciences. Beginning and end are not categories which exist *in* time. When we 'make' a beginning or 'make' an end, we are doing something which cannot be understood from inside time. We are doing something *to* time. The power by which we do this cannot itself be derived from within time.

Now I suspect that to many of you this sounds very obscure. But it is the fulcrum on which my whole argument this evening turns, and it is really much more simple than you may think, if you will only allow yourselves to remember those private moments when time has cost you something of your life. So let me repeat the point in other words, in the hope that some of you will recognise what I am talking about.

When we share with our client the costliness of the time we spend together we ask him to reflect on how experience and time relate to each other. We ask him to join us in a responsibility not to waste time. We ask him therefore to weigh the problem he is bringing us against his freedom to decide on his own beginnings and ends. This means that he has to respond to his problem in a way which subjects the sequence of experience to a bracketing.

This bracketing affects his understanding of both symptom and treatment. What we do together, the way we treat his problem, depends on how we manage the contrast between the flow of experience, and the power by which we impose brackets on that flow. What the client expects of treatment opens up into some kind of questioning as to what he expects of life. The client says to himself: what happens to me must make sense not only in terms of the flow of time, but also in terms of the power that sets limits to that flow. When he says that, he makes himself responsible for coordinating time and experience in a way which no longer takes time for granted.

This returns us to hope. For hope is one way we coordinate the ongoingness of experience with the bracketing of experience between beginning and end. By acting *on* time as well as *in* time, hope coordinates what happens to us during our lives with the fact that only a limited amount of time is made available to us for living. Hope gives to human behaviour a tension—what has been called an 'intentionality'—which can easily elude the understanding of our natural sciences. This tension depends on the 'costliness' of time, on the experience of time as 'costly' of life. Hope is the resource which enables life to make its own brackets.

We draw on this resource every day without realising what we are doing. We take its presence for granted. But when we set ourselves up to intervene professionally in situations of breakdown and crisis we cannot take our tools for granted. We are supposed to know what we are doing. Hope is what we are working with, and whether what we do 'works' or not depends on our understanding of how hope enters into and determines both the 'flow' and the 'bracketing' of human behaviour. If our health services, and our caring services in general, are to draw on this resource, we need new standards of proof in our case work. We have to prove the effectiveness of what we do not only in terms of 'before and after', but also in terms of 'beginning and end'. I want to conclude by suggesting what this kind of proving could involve for the cost of health with reference to two aspects of Bob's case.

The crisis which brought young Bob to our agency is, I believe, typical of many situations which make inappropriate demands on our health services. It was triggered by the unexpected shock of his father's death, and its presenting symptom was unmanageable moods. With regard both to the unexpected and to mood we need to be able to differentiate between problems of health and problems of living.

Medical use of such terms as shock, stress, reactive—as in the idea of a reactive depression—bear witness to the difficulty many of us have in assimilating the unusual, the unexpected, into the ongoing flow of our experience. There are many citizens who react just like Bob did when faced with such a difficulty. They go to their doctor. What treatment do they expect, and what treatment are they offered? If these questions are to

become part of the dialogue between professionals and public we must realise that they involve many unspoken assumptions as to the nature of accident in general.

Our understanding of accident is intimately and inextricably involved with our attitude to time. If the only time with which we are familiar is passing time, then the shocks and accidents which befall us present themselves as incongruous interruptions in what we assume should be a natural and homogeneous flow of experience. A sudden death, the unexpected loss of our job, an unforeseen betrayal, seem to have no 'hold' on the passage of time. They present themselves as nothing but shock, interruption, gaps in the fabric of meaning.

But if we are familiar not only with passing time, but also with the bracketing of time between beginnings and ends, then our attitude to accident is very different. For accident is no more incongruous in relation to the passing of time than are beginning and end. The accidents of life are just as meaningful as its beginning and end. Once we are prepared to take seriously the power by which we bracket time, an accident presents itself not as an interruption but as the coincidence of two brackets. Such a coincidence can remind, by the intensity of its pressure on the passage of time, that whatever time we may have is only available to us between a beginning and end, or, in other words, that time is always *full* as well as *passing*.

This contrast between the fullness and the passing of time is the third of the three ideas which I want to put before you this evening. This is the contrast which enables us to weigh the bracketing of time against its passage, and to understand the resourcefulness of hope.

But can the distinction between the passing and fullness of time help a man like Bob? Can we use it to help him make sense of what he is going through? It is certainly not easy. Living as he does in a society which has lost any consciously shared experience of the fullness of time, we must admit that the chances are that the unexpected shock will remain a nonsense. Perhaps the best we can do for him is to encourage him to forget it. But it need not be so, if the professional caring services to whom he turns in his distress will only wake up to the problem of time.

And there are people around who can help us. There are significant minority groups in our society who are interested in the contrast between the fullness and the passing of time, and in how this contrast opens up a new understanding of the place of accident in human life. Some Christians are. Some Marxists are. The social anthropologists are developing valuable behavioural models round their distinction between 'diachronic' and 'synchronic' experience. There is even that strange but, I believe, trail-blazing sub-culture which centres on the study of the Chinese Book of Changes. They have an extraordinary insight into the way the passing and the fullness of time are coordinated in the apparent accidents of human experience.

Groups like these could help us a lot. If our caring services are to show the Bobs of our society how to react to the accidents of their lives, we need to learn from these various traditions. They in their turn have much to learn about what makes people tick from looking more closely at what goes on between professional and client in the doctor's consulting room and the social work encounter. We need a new dialogue between the theory and practice of accident.

One result of such a dialogue would be to transform our approach to the treatment of moods.

The letter from Bob's general practitioner which I read to you refers to one of the growing charges on our health services. With the development of psychotropic drugs, what we expect of health is becoming, and will become so increasingly, a question of what to do with *moods*. (I use the vague and 'unscientific' word mood deliberately, in order to emphasise that this is a problem which concerns the laity as much as the professionals.)

We are finding it difficult to differentiate between the cost of health and the cost of moods. We get very indignant when we realise how much the manufacturers are charging the health service for their mood changing drugs. But we have no means of measuring how much the health service may be overcharging itself, in failing to keep its contract with the public open to ongoing dialogue between professional and client. Between Bob and his doctor there was no dialogue as to what to make of his moods.

The first pre-requisite for such dialogue is to consider how moods affect our experience of time, and here I believe that the distinction between the fullness and the passing of time proves itself an essential analytic tool.

Moods elate, moods depress. Moods make us light-hearted. Or they make us heavy, weighing us down. If we are familiar only with passing time, it is easy to overlook what everyday phrases like these are telling us about the kind of leverage, or 'purchase', which mood has on time. From within the passing of time, all we expect of mood is that it will go away. Regretfully, if it is a light mood, a mood of joy. Thankfully, if it is grief, depression.

But once we allow ourselves to remember that the time available to us is *full* as well as *passing*, then the lightness and heaviness of mood assume a new relevance. We recognize in this lightness or heaviness our most intimate and most familiar experience of how the fullness and the passing of time interact on each other.

Think of the way time is speeded up when we are happy. We talk of the end of some happy occasion 'coming in no time at all'. Or think of the way time is slowed down, perhaps even to a suicidal standstill, when we are deeply depressed. How do we understand what mood does to time in this speeding up or slowing down? Is it real, or merely 'imaginary'?

My argument is that it is real, and that what we experience in our moods is the fullness as distinct from the passing of time. Moods disturb, interrupt, congest, the free flow of time because they derive their weight, their intensity, their spontaneity, from an experience of time which ignores passage. We are familiar with this experience in phrases like: time is up; or, take your time; or, the time is ripe. In phrases like these we recognise that 'to be *in* time' is not only to be thrown into an ever-flowing stream, but also to *keep* time in a way familiar to us in music and in dance.

The need to keep time: that is what our moods are about. To keep time: to coordinate fullness with passage. And this coordination is like the beat of a rhythm, a beat which falls always between brackets, between the tick and the tock, between a beginning and an end.

It is when we lose this beat that moods disable rather than assist us in the job of living. The proper treatment for such disabling moods must start with remembering that what time we have for living is made available between

limits. We can begin to make something of our moods when we are prepared to be interested in what makes time available.

How one says that to a man like Bob is of course another problem: a question of technique and method which I can't go into now. But to avoid misunderstanding, perhaps I should say that I would not use the kind of language with which I am talking here.

I hope that these necessarily brief remarks on accident and mood will suggest to some of you how my general argument could apply to certain aspects of your own work. I have tried to argue the need for differential diagnosis on a generous, anthropological scale, if we are to avoid the danger—the inflationary danger— of expecting too much of health. As the key to such differential diagnosis I have proposed that we need to attend carefully to certain ways of experiencing time which we usually overlook.

If the problem of cost is shared between the professional helper and the person in need of help, the contract between the two has to take time into account. In varying ways, ways which assist in differential diagnosis, this affects our understanding of the symptom presented. The symptom can be questioned not only in terms of processes taking place *in* time, but also in terms of human resources which can act *on* time. It is these resources which we need to be able to draw on if we are to define the boundaries within which health can be costed. Without these boundaries we shall always expect more of health than we can afford.

I realise that to carry conviction my argument needs to be supported by case work. There is plenty available. But it is not easy within our present helping services to find a context within which case work can be presented and argued with a concern for the costing of time which is shared with the client. What is needed is an arousal of interest in the problem of timing—in all its aspects—at the grass roots, among professionals of various kinds struggling to come to grips with symptoms which may or may not be suitable for medical treatment.

For those who are interested, I suggest that we can make a beginning by asking, in all our case work discussion: what are the presuppositions about time implicit both in the symptom presented and in the treatment expected

and given? Are we—professional and client—assuming that life is free just to spend time? Or are we open to the supposition that life may carry with it an obligation somehow to pay for time? It is round these questions that we can begin to differentiate what we expect of health from what we expect of life.

9

PROJECTION, PRESENCE, PROFESSION*

I WANT to argue that if we follow Jung in his understanding of projection we find ourselves in the presence of Being. Our journey takes us through territory familiar to the science of Being, that science which is sometimes called ontology and sometimes metaphysics. Projection is a concept central to our clinical practice. If our practice is to prove itself professionally within the mainstream of our cultural tradition, we must learn to relate it to the perennial arguments of metaphysics.

What I have to say falls under three heads. First, I want to argue the *familiarity* of metaphysics. Then I want to consider the language of dreams as evidence not only of projection but also of Presence. And thirdly, I shall make some suggestions as to what the recognition of Presence implies for the professional practice of psychology.

Metaphysics

To most people today metaphysics is a bad word. It is associated with vast intellectual structures, with thinking that is unrelated to experience, and perhaps most serious weakness of all, with an evasion of the need to prove. There is much contemporary use of the word metaphysics in a pejorative way,

*This article developed from a paper read to the Analytical Psychology Club London, May 17, 1973. It was originally published in *Spring*, 1975.

contrasted with science. Whereas it is held that science has to do with knowledge that can be proved, metaphysics is held to be purely speculative.

My interest in metaphysics has always been interwoven with my interest in Jung. I came to Jung intellectually a few months before I came into Jungian analysis, while I was a student at Oxford just after the war and I was reading modern history. I was very much influenced by the historian-philosopher R. G. Collingwood. His book *An Essay on Metaphysics* had a big influence on some of my generation. In it, he argued against the dominant trend in recent English philosophy; he held that metaphysics is a real science, and that a great deal of damage is done by those people who teach that we have outgrown metaphysics.

In this *Essay* he gave three historical examples of the importance of metaphysics, one of which was a reconstruction of the significance for human consciousness of those passionate arguments that went on in the early centuries of our era about the nature of the Trinity. I had been brought up by parents who had been convinced Unitarians; I'd been brought up to believe that the idea of the Trinity was a very silly idea, and I was immensely impressed by Collingwood's argument to the contrary. I decided as a result to specialise in the study of St. Augustine.

As one of the set books for this study, I had to read Augustine's *Confessions*. When I read that extraordinary autobiographical document of the soul, that unique mixture of psychoanalysis and metaphysics, I felt that I must find out what modern psychology had to say about this kind of thing. So I went along to Blackwell's bookshop, and looked over the shelves, and there was a little book called *Psychology and Religion*. I bought it and read it through at a sitting. It was Jung's Terry Lectures given in 1937. They fascinated me. I began to record my dreams. Something was set in motion...

That was the beginning of my interest in Jung, born out of an interest in metaphysics.

But I date what I think of as my adult interest in metaphysics from a dream which I had some years later, when I was 28. I was in analysis, and it is relevant that the main preoccupation of the analysis at the time was with a bad speech stammer. The dream as I wrote it down on waking was this:

> Within the dream, a dream within the dream. And this inner dream is a long murder story whose function is to persuade the dreamer that he is a murderer in imminent risk of being discovered.
>
> I'd had this dream untold times before. It is indeed at the root of my worry and fear of life. But this time I 'alter' it to show that its grip on me is gone. It is as if at the crucial moment which contains the whole point of this story, my mind turns and says 'No, this is not real for me', and a clenched hand is unclenched. As a result of this unclenching I see a great design, a world picture. It is made up of an intricate arrangement of an endlessly repeated theme. This theme is of a tree growing in a formal courtyard at the top of a flight of steps. These steps lead down to a square pool of water. Although the water is still, there is immense energy generated within the pool. Between the tree and the pool there flows a narrow red stream, though it is not clear in which direction, and this stream is the life of man. This theme of the tree and the pool is repeated an infinite number of times. It is as if everyone who had ever lived spent his life painting one such tree/pool picture. All the separate pictures are arranged together to form part of a great tree, but I see that in one of them 'the direction is reversed'. This means that in one of them the direction of flow of this red stream between the tree and pool is reversed, and this reversal of direction 'spoils' the whole picture, and seeing it I feel an indescribable horror; it has something to do with a reversal of direction in masturbation, which is connected with the locking of my stutter.

The philosophical books in my library carry in their margins many references to that dream. It has governed my interest in metaphysics over the last two decades. For out of the "horror" with which I woke on the morning of April 10, 1954, has come that peculiar sense of "wonder" without which man has no interest in knowing about Being.

Working from the analysis of my own sexuality and of the many ways in which it is related to speech, I have found that the images of tree and pool and the red stream which connects them have generated a passionate, material, interest in metaphysics. In particular, they have focussed my attention on the relation between sexuality and language, and on the way in which this relationship is "conjugated" by an in and an out analogous to the movement of breathing. In analysing this "conjugation", I have realised that the essential metaphysical attitude has nothing to do with abstract speculation, or with the building of intellectual systems for their own sake. It has to do with the

question: Can we take *that which is* for granted? If you are satisfied that you can, then metaphysics remains a closed book and you need not bother with it. The questions of metaphysics come alive only in that moment when we begin to feel both horror and wonder in the presence of Being–(see the note at end of paper).

Now that is easy to say, but the implications are not easy to realise. Here are two passages from books whose writers have wrestled with the need to keep alive the consciousness that the verb 'to be' is essentially *active*, that it cannot be taken for granted. The first is from Marcel's *Being and Having*. Writing in 1930, Marcel makes a distinction which is familiar to those of us who know how difficult it is to teach what Jung meant by the Symbolic Life. He writes:

> It seems likely that there is this essential difference between a problem and a mystery: the problem is something which I meet, which I find complete before me, but which I can therefore lay siege to and reduce. But a mystery is something in which I am myself involved and it can therefore only be thought of as a sphere where the distinction between what is in me and what is before me loses its meaning and its initial validity. A genuine problem is subject to an appropriate technique by the exercise of which it is defined. Whereas the mystery by definition transcends every conceivable technique. It is no doubt always possible logically and psychologically to degrade a mystery so as to turn it into a problem, but this is a fundamentally vicious proceeding whose springs might perhaps be discovered in a kind of corruption of the intelligence.[1]

The same theme of a distinction between mystery and, in this case, fact, is picked up in a more recent essay from a very Anglo-Saxon collection on the general theme of religion and understanding. The title of this essay is "Love as Perception of Meaning" and the author, J.R. Jones, is commenting on a famous remark of the philosopher Wittgenstein, who said "Not *how* the world is, is the mystical, but *that* it is". The 'how' I think corresponds to Marcel's 'problem' and the 'that' to the 'mystery'. Writing about this distinction, J.R. Jones tries to relate it to the problem of living:

> As we face our lives and in those moments when the question arises for us whether our life has any meaning at all, when we suddenly have what might be described as an awareness of existence, and the whole question whether existence *has sense* arises for us, then we know perfectly well that the world is not unmysterious...When this happens to you (if it ever does happen) you *know* that 'how the world is' is not everything. There is something else, there is the existence of the world, '*that* the world is'. You suddenly see the world in a way which makes you conscious of the mystery of its existence, of the mystery of existence itself. And a question arises which could not have arisen before, while you were investigating the facts and taking the fact that there are facts for granted, namely the question of the meaning of this latter fact. What does it mean that the world should exist, that anything should exist, that there should be facts at all? This is not a question that further knowledge of the facts of the world would enable us to answer. It is a mystery. We can become aware of this mystery, deeply and disturbingly. But the paradoxical thing is that you can have this experience without detriment to your confidence as a scientist. For 'how the world is' remains untouched, the facts are unchanged, and '*how* the world is' remains completely unmysterious. In other words, what I am saying is that it both makes sense to be confident that there is no unfathomable mystery within the world, and at the same time to recognise that the world itself is the profoundest mystery.[2]

As I understand metaphysics, it is concerned with the interaction of these two kinds of experience–the experience of *how* the world is, and the experience *that* the world is. This is what I mean by the familiarity of metaphysics. Metaphysics remains strange, alien, absurd, unnecessary, so long as we claim to be able to take 'that which is' for granted. But should that claim begin to wear thin, then metaphysics emerges as urgent and necessary, as having to do with what is quite literally a matter of life and death: the need to conjugate the how and the that of the world one with the other.

What has this to do with projection? I want to suggest that 'becoming aware of our projections', and 'learning to withdraw our projections', have to do with the same experience as metaphysics: the problem of what to make of being-in-the-world when we realise that we cannot take 'that which is' for granted.

The Language of Dreaming

One of the uses of dream analysis is to recognise the projections we are making. I dream of someone I know, and in analysing the dream I become

aware of a distinction between the subjective and objective content of the dream image. It is a familiar instrument in our clinical practice. But do we really know what we mean by this distinction between a subjective and objective content?

I began asking myself this question insistently some thirteen years ago when I had served as a guinea pig in one of the experiments which were then starting on the physiology of sleep and dreaming. The experimenter was at that stage checking the hypothesis that our eyelids flutter when we dream. I slept in a corridor of a hospital, wired up to an EEG machine, and every time the graph showed my eyes flickering I was shaken by the shoulder and asked if I had been dreaming. It was an experience which has had a lasting effect on my attitude to dreaming.

Since that night I have found that my thinking about dreams returns again and again to the threshold between waking and sleeping where we establish that we have dreamed, the threshold whose transactions we share when we set ourselves to remember our dreams, to write them down, and to discuss them with an interpreter. Thinking about this threshold has confirmed for me the fundamental importance of Jung's remark that dreams have us as well as our having them. For this is surely what characterises our most direct and immediate experience on the threshold between waking and sleeping. There is a presence beyond the threshold, on its further side, which works to seize our attention, just as we on this side work to hold onto it. This is the two-way transaction which we refer to as dreaming, a reciprocal effort to hold and to be held, to put into words and to be put into words. This is where much of our thinking about projection has its source.

What happens to this two-way movement, on the threshold between sleeping and waking, when it becomes fixed in the verbal record of the dream as we write it down, or present it to others for their comments? Let us consider a dream of exemplary brevity: "*I dreamed of my father, but it wasn't my father*".

We can recognise in such a dream a structure and an ambiguity with which we are familiar in a wide range of our dreams. Let us compare the language of that dream, "I dreamed of my father, but it wasn't my father", with the way we might say in a waking situation "I thought I saw my father in the

crowd but I looked again and saw it wasn't". Is 'father', in the phrase 'it was not', being used in the same way in both examples? And if there's a difference in usage how do we understand that difference?

It seems to me that a great deal hangs on how we answer that question. We could, if we were so minded, derive the entire division between Freud's and Jung's interpretation of dreams from our respective answers. I think that many of our contemporary arguments as to the role of dream interpretation in analysis relate to this question. In the waking example language is being used to flow in one direction only, while in the dream example language somehow insists on flowing simultaneously in two contrary directions. In the waking example the word father refers to a particular man in the crowd. If we like to use the word, I 'project' this name onto him. But when I look again I find that I have projected it onto the wrong person. So I unpin my label; I withdraw my projection—the man I thought was my father is not my father. But in the dream example it is different. The man is both my father and not my father.

Indeed, in a short dream like this we might say that the whole point of the dream is that the word father is being used differently from its waking use. If we follow Jung's advice and assume that the dream is saying something which could not be said otherwise, we find ourselves confronted by a meaning which manages to be both extraordinarily simple and simply extraordinary. For although it is recognized that the person dreamed of is not my father, this does not negate the statement that he is my father: it complements it. The fact that he is presented and recognised as not my father seems to contribute an *extra quality* to the affirmation that he is my father. The withdrawal of the projection does not result in a separation between the word father and the person to whom it refers, as when a label is unpinned and removed, but it serves rather to raise a question as to the direction in which meaning flows. Does meaning flow from the word to the person referred to, or from the person to the word?

This is the question which I believe lies behind the idea of projection. But to ask this question we need space, space of a very special kind, the space of metaphysics. For if we are to do justice to our experience of language on the threshold between waking and sleeping, we must allow this question as to the directional flow of meaning to open up into a more comprehensive

questioning of the relation between language and all that which is. We have to make room in our lives for the question: "Which comes first, language or being?" Then we can at the very least entertain the idea that 'that which is' may express the meaning of the word, rather than the other way round. Or, to put it in terms of this dream, we have to be able to wonder whether we may have known the meaning of the word father *before* we knew father. This is the "wonder" which sustains metaphysics.

Let us now move round to another position and look at this idea of language as moving in two contrary directions from the point of view of Jung's hypothesis—and he insisted that it was a hypothesis—of 'the' unconscious.

This dream of my father who is not my father illustrates one characteristic of the language of dreams which is so familiar that it is always in danger of being overlooked. It incorporates both an affirmation and a negation in such a way as to ground what is said beyond the laws of logical contradiction—as if the language of dreaming is always grounded in the antithetical sense of a primal word. This kind of saying or sounding of something which is beyond the laws of contradiction is what the psychology of 'the' un-conscious is all about. Whenever we say *the* unconscious, we affirm a negation. It is round this affirmation in negation and negation in affirmation that the psychology of the unconscious is centred.

This concept of 'the' unconscious is essential to Jung's psychology. But it has a serious drawback, a drawback which makes itself felt when those of us who have come to psychology through the surrender implicit in illness or breakdown try to talk psychology to those who have never needed to make this surrender. To us it is self-evident that when we talk about the unconscious we are primarily *trying to allow something to say itself*. Whatever we speak or write about the unconscious is grounded in our experience of a symptom or breakdown that made of our body or our living the expression of something which could not be said otherwise. But to those who have not been ill or broken, or who heroically refuse to surrender to illness or breakdown, this is not self-evident. To them, however much we protest otherwise, talk of the unconscious is either talk about something, or else it is quite literally non-sense.

One way or another, most of my adult life has been involved with this problem, and I've gradually come to the conclusion that for me Jung's hypothesis of the unconscious must be related to a comprehensive theory of language and imagination. At the heart of this theory, if it is to satisfy my own experience of language as sustained by the contrary movements of breathing, there must be recognition of an affirmation in negation or negation in affirmation more fundamental than the experience of logical contradiction. Such recognition I can find only in the metaphysical concept of Being.

I can explain something of what I'm getting at if I now give names to these two contrary movements of language. One of these movements is familiar, indeed for many people today it is the only kind of language there is: it *points*—'there is my father'. It assumes that the world 'out there' exists independent of language. It takes that which is for granted; it takes the fact that there are facts for granted. All that language needs to do is to point and say 'there it is'. This movement I call indicative.

The other movement is the movement which I believe comes towards us, over the threshold on which dreams are constituted, and it is not so easy to recognize. Indeed, so pervasive and so subtle is the grip which the language of indication has over our consciousness today, that it is wise never to underrate our own resistance to recognizing that it has a contrary. For most of us the essential characteristic of this other movement of language is that it *sounds*—we can only hear it when we cease taking 'that which is' for granted. My thesis is that this is what we do when we try to withdraw projections. We hear this other movement of language only when we allow that which is to speak *to* us, and we can do this only by allowing our need to know the world to interact with the contrary need to let the world be. When we feel this need to let the world be, we realise that language is indeed all that we understand by indicating and pointing, and yet also a power with an altogether different direction, a power which makes of that which is a presence. This movement of language I call 'presential'.

This is a deliberately unfamiliar word, used to draw attention to a quality in experience which we are today in the habit of overlooking. I derive it from various sources, but would mention in particular a writer who has helped me much in my approach to language. Philip Wheelwright, in his book

Metaphor and Reality, makes no mention of Jung, but he is interested in many of the ideas which pervade all Jung's thought. Here is a passage in which he speaks of the relation between language and reality in the experience of peoples whom we call primitive. He approaches the problem through literature.

> From the cumulative evidence of ancient literary remains, the general negative conclusion can be accepted as true—namely, that early man, unlike ourselves, did not split his world into a law-abiding physical universe on the one hand and a confused overflow of subjective ideas on the other—i.e. into an outer and an inner. Nature and self, reality and fantasy, for him were radically interpenetrative and coalescent. The nearest early man came to envisage his world dualistically was to distinguish between the sacred and the secular. But the distinction was largely fluid and shifting, except where it might become stabilised by definite rituals, taboos, stories and priestly authority. Nevertheless, in this fluid and ready interplay between the secular and the sacred, the latter must have been an ever-present reality. Probably an outstanding and frequently recurring fact about an early man's world as experienced (for the world and the experience were not conceived as two) was his sense of a hovering, latent presence or presences within, amidst, or behind the familiar things that surrounded him. His world, we may say, was presential. By this word I mean something fairly close to what Rudolph Otto has called 'the numinous'. The word 'presential' has the advantage, however, of avoiding specifically religious connotations, although by no means excluding them; it will therefore be better suited to describe that quality of the world which the primitive myth-maker, the man of religious sensitivity, and the developed poetic consciousness all have in common.[3]

And we might also add, the man who dreams.

This idea of the world as presential is the idea which sustains metaphysics. The mode of experience of the primitive is presential, and if we are to maintain contact with our own primitivity, we must learn to cultivate a metaphysics appropriate to the culture in which we live. And at the heart of metaphysics is this recognition that when the verb 'to be' talks about itself, saying and hearing conjugate one another in a common presence. Being is a sounding and we do not hear that sound unless we learn so to use our own words as not to drown the saying of the things round us.

This Being which is the subject matter of metaphysics is always present in a way that can never be satisfied by pointing. 'Father' will always mean infinitely more than I can ever say because his presence speaks in a direction contrary to what I say about him. I think in that context of what Jung used to say about never being able to exhaust the meaning of archetypes. That which *is* always negates anything we can say about it, because it is moving in a different direction to our saying. Things aren't just there—they are present, and this presence isn't a state, it's an activity. What *is* projects itself. It makes itself manifest, and this making manifest, this 'epiphany of Being', as somebody has called it, can be spoken of only in language which recognizes that it is divided against itself, simultaneously and contrarily indicating its own self-presenting.

This division of language against itself is, I believe, what we struggle with in projection and the withdrawal of projection. For the science of Psyche and the science of Being complement each other. Psyche, like Being, is more original, more fundamental than the act in which a subject recognizes an object and points and says 'there it is'. Psyche makes possible the recognition of Being, and this recognition is prior to the distinction between 'I' and 'Other'. More, it sustains and makes possible this distinction because it grounds our being in the world and the being of the world in a common presence. It is this presence which both enables and proves the withdrawal of projection as between 'I' and 'Other'. For the withdrawal of projection and the recognition of Being are the same.

Presence and the Profession of Psychology

What does this interpretation of projection imply for our professional practice? I want to suggest two conclusions: the need to explore auditory rather than visual metaphors in talking about our work, and following on from that, a new understanding of the gravity of fantasy.

Our usual formulations of how projection works derive from a root metaphor of 'inside' and 'outside'. We talk of projecting an inner content onto an outer object or person. Withdrawal of a projection is described as an internalisation, an activation of some inner potential. But when we are asked by our critics to *locate* this inner and outer, I for one begin to wonder whether

the language we are using is adequate for a scientific (by which I mean shared and public) exploration.

In my own case-work presentations I am trying out a new metaphor. I still use the distinction between inside and outside, but I find that it helps to bring alive the problem of projection, especially for audiences who have not analysed, if alongside and complementing images of within and without, I invoke the idea of reality as word.

Words exist between mouth and ear. If reality is word, then 'to be' is always both spoken and heard. Instead of distinguishing between a within and a without, we can distinguish between the saying and the hearing of what is.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that this is not a metaphor which we can visualize. Probably we come closest to it in our experience of music. To make use of it in analytic dialogue we need to think of projection as evidence of energies which are vibratory as well as perspectival.

Energies of this kind are familiar in some of the mysteries and theologies which centre on the power of the word. As I have suggested, my own way into them has been through analysing the relation between stammer and masturbation. It is a way that has taught me to distinguish between the word as indicative of what is, and the word as presenting what is. In making this distinction I have been able gradually to make 'room' for the projections which interest me in my body (see note at end of the paper).

But for good or ill, the more present my body has become to me, the more its rhythm has been caught up in the beat of a resonance which I cannot call mine. Metaphysics has imposed itself on my analysis of the psyche in insisting that 'body' be related to 'creation'. It has taught me to understand body as the one place in which 'I am' can make the distinction between microcosm and macrocosm.

Here, in the traditional distinction between microcosm and macrocosm to which Jung has once again drawn our attention, the visual and auditory explorations of projection meet. In making the distinction between microcosm and macrocosm I realise that the world cannot be taken for granted. I realise that the world depends on an act of creation, and that I am called to participate in that act, an act which is always both inside and outside what is both said and heard. The professional use we make of this distinction,

and all that it implies for our understanding of the relation between psyche and soma, is dramatically enlarged when we consider it not only through the imagination of the eye, which is interested in perspective, but also through the imagination of the ear, which is interested in vibration.

It is enlarged by allowing fantasy to play on Being with a freedom that can be generated and controlled only within a metaphysical experience of reality. More than fifty years ago, in the preface to his translation of *Psychological Types*, H.G. Baynes wrote of the psychology of individuation in words which look forward to Jung's later emphasis on the microcosm and macrocosm.

> To Jung the psyche is a world which contains all the elements of the greater world, with the same destructive and constructive forces—a pluralistic universe in which the individual either fulfils or neglects his essential role of creator.[4]

Within the body of the same book, Jung wrote:

> Fantasy it was and ever is which fashions the bridge between the irreconcilable claims of object and subject, of extraversion and introversion.[5]

We do not begin to understand the importance Jung attached to fantasy unless we realise that for him the psyche has access to the same metaphysical energies as sustain Being. The distinction between subject and object, inner and outer, is always relative to this fact. In fantasy we can draw on a resourcefulness that is prior to the distinction between I and it, and it is from within this resourcefulness that we reconcile the claims of object and subject, by recognising projection as the presence of Being.

But it is no light matter to find oneself with access to the metaphysical energies that sustain Being. If that is what fantasy provides, then we have need of a very special gravity in our work. To train ourselves, and others, in the free play of fantasy as Jung taught it, requires a discipline which is metaphysical as well as scientific.

In defining this discipline, we must surely start by admitting that the energies we invoke when we talk of 'the' unconscious are *constitutive* of 'that which is'. Only when we admit this do we allow for the gravity of fantasy. But once we have made this allowance we will find that the language of our

profession becomes simpler, less plagued by mystification. For the language of metaphysics is not obscure. It is as familiar as the verb 'to be'.

For instance, this resourcefulness on which we draw when we invoke energies that constitute Being: what is it? In our tradition we have been taught to call it by names which are as familiar as our own, for all their metaphysical depth: names like hope, and love, and faith.

When we start talking about our case work in language such as this, we will recognise certain very obvious connections between our modern methods of analysing the psyche and older traditions of analysing the metaphysical ground of behaviour: connections which we overlook only because they are so obvious. For example, we would realise that in talking about fantasy and the active imagination we are talking about faith. Not faith in the derogatory modern sense of an inferior kind of knowing, but faith as understood within the unbroken metaphysical tradition that links us to archaic man—faith as an activity which is presupposed by all knowing. This is the activity which lets the world be, which allows Presence to sound.

Once we realize this connection between fantasy and faith we will be better able to define the professional status of our discipline. Fantasy is essential to psychology precisely because psyche cannot take the world for granted. In using fantasy, the science of psyche does what all other sciences need to do, though few would today admit to the need: it studies the metaphysical activity on which its knowing feeds. In professing an interest in psyche, we commit ourselves to the study of projections made before knowing can begin. This is not a commitment for which we can train ourselves within the enclosed circle of a science called "analytical psychology". The peers in whose judgement our work must prove itself are all those—and only those—who understand that both world and psyche are believed before they are ever known.

Note

The editors of Spring asked me to develop further the connection between this dream and the argument of my paper. To do so in detail would involve writing about my personal analysis in a way which would be inappropriate. But some amplification is perhaps possible with reference to

what Hillman has written about masturbation in his genial essay on Pan. There he writes:

> The suppression of masturbation as a physical act is also the suppression of its psychic counterpart, and when this suppression begins, the battle over masturbation becomes an interior theological dispute echoing the Judaeo-Christian refusal and reformation of nature 'in here'.

The link between my dream and my interest in metaphysics is given by an "interior theological dispute" which may be the same as that to which Hillman refers. This interior dispute was at the heart of my analysis over many years. I would define it as the dispute about what the Christian faith that sustains so many of my world's projections has done to the relation between language, body, and nature. The more I have learned to join in this dispute, the more have my being in the body, and my being in the world, come together.

As far as my being in the body is concerned, this coming together has been furthered through the analysis of experiences common to both phallus and throat. The dream I have quoted, with its horror at the connection between "a reversal of direction in masturbation" and "the locking of my stutter", gave a decisive impetus to this analysis. Over subsequent years, it led me to discover my body as the coordinate of projections that are both sexual and verbal.

As far as my being in the world is concerned, this coming together had two stages. The first entailed realising how much of the "taken for granted" quality of our natural world presupposes a shared belief in the Christian doctrine of creation as sustained by the word of God understood as person. The second entailed recognition that for me this word had been broken, and in some way put into reverse. For many years I found it impossible to talk about this putting into reverse of the creative word, because the ***hearing*** of the world to which I tried to speak seemed to be locked in a kind of stammer of the ears similar to what I can experience in my own throat. This stammer of the ears I would now identify with the denial of metaphysics.

So if stammer is to become speech, and masturbation intercourse, I need to share with my world a rediscovery of metaphysics as a first stage in understanding what the broken Christian word has done to the relation between body and nature. This paper is an attempt at such sharing.

Notes

1. Gabriel Marcel, *Being and Having* (London: Collins Fontana), 1965, p.116.
2. J.R. Jones in *Religion and Understanding*, ed. D.Z. Phillips (Oxford: Blackwell), 1967, pp.145-46.
3. Philip Wheelwright, *Metaphor and Reality* (Indiana University Press), 1968, pp.134-45.
4. C.G. Jung, *Psychological Types* (London: Kegan Paul), 1946, p.xii.
5. Ibid., p.69.

10

JUNG AND MARX*

Alchemy, Christianity, and the Work Against Nature

I HAVE announced this lecture under the title Jung and Marx: Alchemy, Christianity, and the Work Against Nature. As what I have to say is rather strange, I think it will help us all if I start by explaining how these various ideas will be related to each other.

The central idea, round which the others are organised, is of the work against nature. I want to try to say something about the work against nature in which we all share. What I mean by this work will, I hope, emerge as my argument develops. It will emerge through my use of two words which are familiar but not easy to define: creator and virgin.

I shall not try to define what I mean by creator and virgin. I shall limit myself to try to describe a *space* between creator and virgin, for it is in this space that I believe the work against nature is being done. And it is in order to describe this space that I am bringing together the names of Jung and Marx.

To describe a space physically needs two movements of the imagination, one which expands and one which contracts: the two movements which Jung called extraversion and introversion. I shall be using the work of Marx to stimulate the extraverted movement of the imagination, and the work of Jung to stimulate the introverted.

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Between the two, I hope we will become aware of the need for work of a very special kind. I shall be using some reflections on alchemy and on christianity to try to illuminate the nature of this work. I want to use alchemy, as Jung interpreted it in terms of psyche, as the way into a questioning of what christianity has done to the relation between man and nature. In asking this question I hope to convey some sense of what I mean by creator and virgin.

So my argument will develop in five stages. First, I want to introduce Jung's interest in alchemy. Then I shall give a brief exposition of one aspect of Marx's thought. This introduces the idea of man as involved in nature's coming-to-self-consciousness. I shall then define my own attitude to this idea of Marx's, as a transition to the other main line of my argument: what christianity has done to man and nature. I conclude by saying the little that I can say about the work being done between creator and virgin.

Jung's work on alchemy is in the fullest sense of the word surprising. Some of you will be familiar with it. To others it may be unknown. So let me start by reading you three extracts from his autobiography, in which he describes how alchemy became one of the main interests of the last thirty years of his life.

> I had very soon seen that analytical psychology coincided in a most curious way with alchemy. The experiences of the alchemists were, in a sense, my experiences, and their world was my world. This was, of course, a momentous discovery: I had stumbled upon the historical counterpart of my psychology of the unconscious. The possibility of a comparison with alchemy, and the uninterrupted intellectual chain back to Gnosticism, gave substance to my psychology.[1]

> Since my aim was to demonstrate the full extent to which my psychology corresponded to alchemy—or vice-versa—I wanted to discover, side by side with the religious questions, what special problems of psychotherapy were treated in the work of the alchemists. The main problem of medical psychotherapy is the *transference*...I was able to demonstrate that alchemy, too, had something that corresponded to the transference, namely the concept of the *coniunctio*...[2]

> This investigation was rounded out by the *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, in which I once again took up the problem of the transference, but primarily followed my original intention of representing the whole range of alchemy as a kind of psychology of alchemy, or as an alchemical basis for depth psychology. In *Mysterium Coniunctionis* my psychology was at last given its place in reality and established upon its historic foundations.[3]

Now what Jung is saying here is really very odd indeed. It is so extraordinary that we may easily slide over it without feeling the surprise which we should. One of my aims this evening is to try to convey something of that sense of surprise.

What is this 'psychology of alchemy' which Jung has left behind him? My thesis is that it belongs in the world of extraversion as well as of introversion, and that its extraverted mode is expressed in the intercourse between man and nature which we call economics. I want to try to establish some links between psychology and economics, in the belief that Jung's psychology of alchemy contains resources of imagination, humour and will, which could help us deal with the economic problems of today and tomorrow. But to make this link between psychology, alchemy and economics, we need 'space' of an unusual kind.

Before I go on to define this space, I want to emphasise the provenance of the ideas I shall be expressing. They derive primarily from a series of my own dreams. The earliest in the series which I remember dated from 1948, when I was 22. The most recent was six years ago. The reading and thinking that lie behind these ideas originates in the need to understand dreams. What this says about the relevance of my argument for you, depends on what you make of your own dreaming. But I am sure that what I am saying this evening will mislead unless its provenance in dreams is borne in mind.

Marx's vision, or analysis, of man's intercourse with nature will be familiar to many of us here this evening. But for all its familiarity, it remains difficult. For the very brief exposition which I want to try now, I shall take as my way into his thought his analysis of the changing nature of money.

Up to about the year 1400 the economic life of Europe was essentially agricultural, concerned with the same kind of problems which we now associate with the so-called 'third world'. There were exceptions which in retrospect can seem very significant. But taken as a whole, economic activity constituted a closed circle between man and nature, with nothing left over.

Between 1400 and 1700 this closed circle broke open and began spiralling, both 'out' and 'in', to include within the economic process a wider and ever increasing number of commodities and desires. From 1700 onwards this spiral became more like an explosion, until today we have a situation in which on the one hand the whole system can be kept going only by the creation of new needs out of luxuries that were themselves unheard of a generation earlier, while on the other hand it is becoming more and more widely accepted that this stimulation of new needs is destroying an essential balance within the natural environment.

Within the closed system that prevailed—with significant exceptions—up to about 1400, money was essentially the medium of exchange, something to facilitate the barter of the market place. It served to lubricate a process of exchange whose driving energy was the natural cycle of agricultural seasons, supplemented by the skills and muscular energy of man. Since 1700, although it retains its old function of lubricating the economic system, money has *also* become the fuel which fires the engine which drives the whole system along. It is this change in the nature of money that Karl Marx described as the emergence of capitalism.

Marx is the prophet of this split in our experience of money. He lived and wrote at a time when the first industrial revolution had already transformed conditions of life in Britain, France, Germany and the Netherlands, and was reaching out to alter the face of our planet more radically—in relation to the passage of time—than in any previous revolution in the history of man. Marx insisted that something unprecedented was happening, and that the split in our experience of money, of which the power of capital was the outward and visible manifestation, was only one aspect of a much more pervasive and radical alteration in the whole balance between man and nature.

This unprecedented shift of balance between man and nature is today widely discussed in terms of ecology, in terms of relationship between man and his environment. It is therefore perhaps easier for us today to understand Marx if we listen to what he has to say with the contemporary arguments of ecologists in mind.

Marx was deeply impressed by the way in which this split between money as means of exchange, and money as self-generating capital, seemed at the same time both to make possible and also to justify the technological exploitation of the planet on which the industrial societies of Western Europe had embarked. He argued that the result of this interpenetration of the monetary and technological revolutions was altering the very quality of human life. All previous history had been that of men living in a world that was *given*. But now men were learning what it was to live in a world that was to an ever-increasing degree made *by* man, rather than given *to* man, in a world whose conditions were determined not by the gifts of nature, but by the manufactures of man. Marx's political economics studied the effects of this revolution on the social relations between human beings, but he emphasised again and again that to understand what was happening to personal development within this new technological and capitalist society, man must be aware of what is happening to the much more fundamental relation between the creativity of man and the material world of which man is part.

It is here that Marx touches the central idea with which I am concerned in placing his work alongside Jung's psychology of alchemy. He is defining a split, what he called an 'alienation', of a new kind: an alienation of man from nature, where nature is to be thought of both as man's own nature and also as the natural world in which man makes his living. The peculiar quality of this alienation emerges from his description of how money has succeeded in breaking the circle of man's intercourse with nature.

Money has its origin in the market place where we go to exchange what we have but don't need, for what we need but don't have. Money is the medium which facilitates this exchange, but in so doing it converts the immaterial process of exchange into a thing which can itself be exchanged for other things. It is as if when things are exchanged in the market place a new power is born, a power that breaks out of the circle of man's intercourse with nature. This power has no existence in nature, yet manages to establish itself in its own right as existing over against both man and nature.

Marx believed that with the coming of the industrial revolution, and of the concurrent financial revolution that made money out of credit, this break in the circle of man's intercourse with nature became absolute, so that the

circle fell apart into a polarisation. On the one hand, we see the emergence of capital as an apparently autonomous power, able to breed out of itself with no sense of obligation to the material exchange in which it had its origin. On the other hand, we see the emergence of wage labour, which is bought and sold in the market place like any other thing, and thus valued never for itself but always for something other than itself.

But Marx did not stop at this economic analysis. He gave it another dimension altogether. He argued that with this differentiation between capital and labour a truth becomes conscious that has never been conscious before. He argues that in the consciousness of wage labour as it confronts the power of capital, nature, which in itself is virgin, becomes aware for the first time what it means to be used for a purpose outside itself.

I want to stop there in my exposition of Marx's vision of the world he saw around him rather more than a hundred years ago. In selecting this one way into his comprehensive and detailed economic analysis, I am inevitably being unfair to his scholarship. But it is this seminal idea of nature coming, through man, to a new self-consciousness, which I want to place alongside Jung's psychology of alchemy. So let me repeat once again the formulation at which we have arrived: the thesis that in the consciousness of wage labour as it confronts the power of capital, nature, which in itself is virgin, becomes aware for the first time what it means to be used for a purpose outside itself.

I believe that this is the idea which gives Marxism as we know it today, a hundred years after the death of its founder, its dynamism and fascination. I believe it to be true that a new consciousness of what it means for nature to be used for a purpose outside itself is now lodged within man. And I believe that if we, as the one world which we are become, are to solve the economic problems confronting us, it is essential that we all play our part in trying to understand what this new consciousness means for our way of life.

But this belief does not make me a Marxist. It is not only that all my training and material interests make me conservative, with both a small and a large 'c'. Marx, it seems to me, gave to this essentially true insight a twist which has thrown it disastrously off centre. He introduced into his economic

analysis messianic expectations of which he was unconscious and he located this messianism in a new chosen people, the people he called the proletariat.

If we are to assimilate Marx's recognition of the new 'humanisation of society' into the great conservative and radical traditions of our society, we must learn to understand these messianic expectations. We have to ask how the judaeo-christian messianism which informs the whole body of Marxism affects our economic condition. And to do this I believe we must concern ourselves with man's masochism and sadism when face to face with 'that which in itself is virgin'.

How does Marx's vision relate to the long and confused history of judaeo-christian messianic psychology? I think most students of the history of ideas would agree that the answer lies in the philosophy of Hegel, and in the way Marx used and altered this philosophy. Certainly it was in Hegel's work that I found my first bridge from Marx to Jung, twenty-five years ago.

Jung has written of Hegel's philosophy:

> The victory of Hegel over Kant dealt the gravest blow to reason and to the further development of the German and, ultimately, of the European mind, all the more dangerous as Hegel was a psychologist in disguise who projected great truths out of the subjective sphere into a cosmos he himself had created.[4]

I think much of Jung's psychology can be read as a translation of Hegel's philosophy into the experiences of ordinary men and women. In particular, I think this is true of Jung's interest as a psychologist, in the ways in which the modern psyche questions what is to become of the christian revelation. Hegel's philosophy has often been interpreted as an extension of christian theology. A recent study by Hans Küng, for instance, has the title: *God becoming man: an introduction to Hegel's theological thought as prolegomena to a future christology*. Though he makes no mention of Jung, Hans Küng develops ideas which are familiar to readers of Jung's essays on the psychological significance of the Trinity and the transformation symbolism of the Mass. These, and other, close connections between Jung's psychology and Hegel's philosophy will be much studied in the years to come.

One result of such study will be to place Marx's Hegelian heritage in a wider and—dare we say it?—more feminine context. Within this feminine world we can find the resources of imagination, humour and will with which to

assimilate the masochism and sadism which Marx has done so much to stimulate in the modern psyche.

Marx's rejection of Hegel's idealism, and his conversion of that idealism into his own historical materialism, can be understood in terms of a future christology if we are so minded. But mediaeval alchemy foretold the work of both Hegel and Marx within a tradition which kept alive the memory of what christology had done to nature. Within this tradition we have descriptions of the spontaneous response of the human psyche to the 'alienation' described by Hegel and Marx. If we study Marx against this background we will, I believe, be better equipped to analyse how his messianic expectations can be related to our present economic predicament as nature begins to reassert her right to be what she is in herself.

Students of the history of ideas present alchemy either as a woefully unscientific precursor to modern chemistry, or as a more or less bogus attempt to find sudden wealth through the artificial production of gold, or as an esoteric, religious tradition that reached its culmination in Goethe's Faust. Jung recognizes all three of these interpretations as partially valid. Yet for him alchemy has to do with something more than any combination of these three traditions. The history of alchemy records how the human psyche has assumed, over centuries of trial and error, a peculiar obligation in respect to matter: the obligation to reconcile matter to the fact of christianity.

This is an extraordinary idea. It is so strange that on first encounter with it even sympathetic readers of Jung feel uneasy and prefer to avoid looking at it too closely. But for those who return to it and learn gradually to pay attention it proves itself unexpectedly effective. We find that we can read in the history of alchemy how christianity has damaged matter, and how the human psyche moves spontaneously to make good that damage.

This assessment of the place of alchemy in the history of ideas can be summarised from two points of view: firstly, by contrasting the alchemical work with the christian work of redemption; and secondly, by the hypothesis of a triangular relationship between alchemy, christianity and modern technology.

The contrast between the alchemical work and the christian atonement pervades all Jung's writing on alchemy. Two quotations must serve as illustrations. For those who know Jung's work, they will be familiar. For those who do not, taken thus out of context, they will sound very strange.

Comparing the alchemical transformation of matter with the christian Mass, he writes:

> By pronouncing the consecrating words that bring about the transformation, the priest redeems the bread and wine from their elemental imperfection as created things. This idea is unchristian—it is alchemical. Whereas Catholicism emphasises the effectual presence of Christ, alchemy is interested in the fate and manifest redemption of the substances, for in them the divine soul lies captive and awaits the redemption that is granted to it at the moment of release. The captive soul then appears in the form of the 'Son of God'. For the alchemist, the one primarily in need of redemption is not man, but the deity who is lost and sleeping in matter...Since it is not man but matter that must be redeemed, the spirit that manifests itself in the transformation is not the Son of Man but... the *filius macrocosmi*. Therefore, what comes out of the transformation is not Christ, but an ineffable material being named the "stone"...[5]

The second quotation is from an essay on the sixteenth century physician and natural philosopher Paracelsus. In this, the different attitudes of alchemist and christian to the transformation of matter are related to the question of man's place in nature at the dawn of our modern scientific era.

> Whereas in Christ god himself became man, the *filius-philosophorum* was extracted from matter by human art and, by means of the opus, made into a new light-bringer. In the former case the miracle of man's salvation is accomplished by God; in the latter, the salvation or transfiguration of the universe is brought about by the mind of man—"*Deo concedente*", as the authors never fail to add. In the one case man confesses "I under God", in the other he asserts "God under me". Man takes the place of the Creator. Medieval alchemy prepared the way for the greatest intervention in the divine world order that man has ever attempted: alchemy was the dawn of the scientific age, when the daemon of the scientific spirit compelled the forces of nature to serve man to an extent that has never been known before...Here we find the true roots, the preparatory processes deep in the psyche, which

> unleashed the forces at work in the world today. Science and technology have indeed conquered the world, but whether the psyche has gained anything is another matter.[6]

On the one hand, we have the experience of man's salvation as accomplished by God. On the other, the transfiguration of the universe is brought about by the mind of man. Does the contrast, indeed the conflict, between these two works of redemption have anything to say about the dilemmas of our contemporary technology?

I believe it has. I believe Jung's studies in alchemy provide us with a crucial link in the history of ideas. It is a link between science, technology, economics on the one hand, and the christian doctrine of incarnation on the other, and it is organised round the christian failure to understand what christian faith has done to the relationship between man and matter.

The best way to present this hypothesis of a triangular relationship between alchemy, christianity and modern technology is to pose a familiar question from the history of science: why did the questioning of nature characteristic of the Greek intellect of the 4th century B.C. stop short of the experimental method which developed in the 16th and 17th centuries A.D.?

Various answers have been given to this question. One answer—or perhaps we should say one set of answers—derives from the fact of christianity: from the fact that over many centuries people believed this particular faith and practised these particular rites which we call christian. It is argued that the decisive change in man's relation to matter between, say, Aristotle and Newton, was the conversion of Europe to the belief.

(1) that the creator of all Being had become man;
(2) that when this man died, he had not remained dead, but had resurrected, and
(3) that following this resurrection, his flesh and blood could by appropriate rites, be transformed into bread and wine which mankind could eat and drink.

According to this argument, the result of this conversion was a fundamental shift in the distribution of creative power within the universe. Something got into man which had not been there before. Over many centuries of disciplined intellectual effort the christian mind trained itself in

asking questions which were inconceivable to the classical Greeks. These questions had to do with the dual nature of Christ as both God and man; with the nature of his mother who was both virgin and yet also in the fullest sense mother of a man; with how three can be one and one three and what this implies for the relation between person and substance; and, perhaps most crucial of all, with the nature of the change that took place in bread and wine in the Eucharist. Gradually, imperceptibly, questioning like this separated mind and matter in a way they had not been previously separated. A space opened up between mind and matter which was altogether and absolutely new in the history of mankind. Mind was seized of the very special 'objectivity' which separates creator and creature.

It was this qualitatively new objectivity which made possible the scientific revolution of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A thousand years of intricate and passionate reflection on the mysteries of christian faith and practice had separated mind from its original participation in nature. Within the space made by this separation man had room to experiment, and to sustain his experimenting, in a way that had never before been possible. He learned to enjoy putting nature to the torture.

This view of the origin of modern science is of course not universally accepted. This is not the occasion to take the argument further. What I want to do is to put it forward as an hypothesis, and draw attention to one consequence which would follow if this hypothesis were to be proved.

So let us assume that the objectivity of modern natural science, the 'space' which separates the mind of both the experimental and the applied scientist from the matter on which they work, derives from reflection on the central doctrines of christianity. If this were true, what would it mean for those of us—and that means now almost everybody in the world—who live off the technological fruits of natural science?

It would mean that we are all, christian and non-christian alike, living off a reflective act of which we are unconscious. But the reason for this unconsciousness would vary between those who think of themselves as christian and those who think of themselves as non-christian.

For the overwhelmingly non-christian world which has now taken possession of natural science it would mean that we are living off reflection on

something which in varying ways we deny, or even despise or abhor. It would mean that if the act of which we are unconscious should insist on becoming conscious we would have to admit to a contradiction running through all our intercourse with matter: a contradiction by which we allow ourselves to enjoy the fruits of a distinctively christian separation between mind and matter, while refusing any obligation to the christian work of atonement.

For christians, it would mean that we are the guardians of a secret which we dare not acknowledge. Because if christianity has fathered and mothered the scientific revolution of the last three hundred years it has conspicuously failed to retain the faith of its own offspring which has, moreover, succeeded in doing what christianity wanted to do but failed to do: converting the world. So if this secret of which we are unconscious should presently insist on becoming conscious it would mean for christians that we would have to acknowledge that our faith has secreted out of its central moments of reflection a power greater than itself.

Now, always assuming that our thesis of the christian origin of modern science is true, we have here a situation whose danger every dynamic psychologist will recognise. There is an unconscious secret which is shared by two contrasting conscious attitudes. But although it is shared, its structure and dynamism is different in relation to each of the two conscious attitudes. The danger is that when the need to repress an unconscious content is shared with another person, but the reasons for this need differ, then fear of what is unconscious converts into fear of the other person. One kind of fear then feeds on another in preventing us from even beginning to question the presence of such a secret. The failure of the other person to admit to its existence confirms me in the righteousness of my own denial, and simultaneously makes the other person the bearer of the guilt of my denial.

This kind of situation is familiar in family life. But in relation to the damage which christianity has done to matter, it is a situation with which our whole world is now having to familiarise itself.

Can the non-christian heirs to christian technology accept that christianity guards the secret of their power over nature? And can the christian guardians—both living and dead—accept that there is, and always has been, a dimension to their faith which only non-christians can understand?

It is here, I believe, that Jung's psychology of alchemy will prove relevant for our future. For Jung has rediscovered a world within which we can analyse what nature endured in those long centuries of evolving christian consciousness which gave birth to the experimental sciences of the last three hundred years. In this rediscovery, he has given us the 'content' of that secret which is now insisting on becoming conscious, a secret for which neither christianity nor technology can find room: the secret of what it means for nature, which in itself is virgin, to be used for a purpose outside itself.

What can be said about the content of this secret?

The alchemical 'opus' has its beginning in filth and dirt, and its end in gold. The beginning and the end are one. But between beginning and end, both separating and also linking them, is the work, the work against nature. What is the secret of this work that 'conjugates' filth and gold? It is a secret to which both economist and ecologist would like to have the key. But the key is costly: costly of *spirit*. And that is not the kind of payment which our contemporary economic theory comprehends.

Alchemy studies the intercourse between man and matter at a level which we have forgotten, though it was still accessible up to about the eighteenth century, that is to say up to the technological and economic revolution whose first fruits were witnessed by Marx. This intercourse is of a kind that seemed grossly material to the christian consciousness of its day, but which nevertheless presupposes that matter is *ensouled*. The materialism of alchemy was never of that kind which exalts the life of the intellect over against the deadness of matter. For the alchemist, matter is alive, and the intercourse of man with matter was not that of the experimental scientist who puts nature to the torture, but of the worker who mixes his labour with the stuff which is essential to existence. This quality in the work of the alchemist is reminiscent of the language of Marx.

But for the alchemist, unlike Marx, this mixing of labour with matter involved something which he was willing to call spirit. In his analysis of what went on between himself and matter he was prepared to recognise the presence of an agent that was neither 'I' nor 'it', an agent necessary to the intercourse between I and it, which nevertheless eluded all attempts to grasp it

in terms of I and it. Through the presence of this agent he came to describe a work which modern materialism rejects as grotesque, as absolutely repugnant to common sense.

At the risk of serious over-simplification, we can distinguish four levels in this work. At the first, we are asked to accept that matter is not dead, but alive. Then we are asked to credit that this aliveness of matter is like the intercourse between male and female. At a yet deeper level, alchemy then confronts us with something even more awkward to our understanding: the life of matter is not only compounded of a dialectic like human sexuality, but this dialectic wants to convert an unintentional *incest* into the celebration of a deliberate *marriage*. And finally, we are asked to believe that in making this conversion from incest into marriage, matter has need of a personal, human intervention.

Has this kind of hocus-pocus anything whatsoever to do with the economic problems of our world? If it has, I think the link is to be found in the word sacrifice.

Economic theory, and particularly economic argument, recognises the need for sacrifice to be made. But there is no relation between our economic and our psychological experiences of sacrifice. What we understand by sacrifice is something much weaker, much less effective and integrated, than in many other cultures. We don't really believe that the sacrifices we are asked to make will work *on* the material world. Instead, we suspect that they will in some way be used against us by some agent or power which we cannot define, but are quite able to project on to each other.

This split between our economic and psychological experience of sacrifice is the central problem to which I am addressing myself this evening. I believe it originates in our failure to remember the particular sacrifice which sustains our technological culture, a sacrifice which is made between creator and virgin. Alchemy is the necessary link between psychology and economics because it remembers this sacrifice.

It remembers it on two levels: first, as pre- and non-christian; secondly, as radically altered by the fact of christianity.

Outside christianity, alchemy reminds us that our bodies cannot take matter for granted. The alchemist realises that matter exists by virtue of a

work in which our bodies share, and that our enjoyment of matter—what economists call wealth—depends on our attitude to that work. If we are afraid of that work, then our enjoyment of matter remains enclosed within an incestuous circle which collapses the essential distinction between maker and made. But if we can learn to enter into that work, to do it knowingly, then our enjoyment of matter opens into the deliberate celebration of the difference between maker and made; a celebration which we can think of as analogous to human marriage.

But the advent of christianity introduces a new twist into the relation between body and matter. The faith that the *maker* of all that is has deliberately chosen to be part of what is *made*, and that the particular part chosen was the body of man, secretes as it were into the relationship between man and the rest of nature a new potentiality: the potentiality that man could appropriate to himself the unique, and terrible, 'objectivity' of the maker in the face of that which is made. This potentiality christianity further encouraged by ordaining that mankind should, first, eat and drink the flesh and blood of the maker, and then use mind to reflect on what this ingestion did to the relation between person and substance.

That was the new situation in which the post-christian alchemist found himself. On the underside of the long centuries during which the faithful celebrated the sacrifice of the Eucharist, a new question was arising between man and matter. If the christian were free to appropriate to himself the 'objectivity' of the maker in the face of that which is made, would he also take on himself the corresponding obligation: the obligation to remember the 'understanding' between creator and virgin on which all making depends?

Jung argues that the alchemists of the late middle ages and renaissance were trying to keep this memory alive, but that the science and technology of the last three hundred years have not only suppressed it, but fed on that suppression. This suppression gives to the relationship between modern man and nature its special quality of masochism. Jung's psychology of alchemy offers us an opportunity to analyse this masochism, to undo the suppression at its root, to begin the work of remembering so that we can build again on an understanding of which christianity and its offspring have made us forgetful.

As an example, we can think of the urgent need to relate our sexuality to our food supply. At the recent world food conference in Rome, we heard the Pope agree with the representatives of state Marxism in arguing that the need to control the level of population was being exaggerated by those who already enjoy technological wealth, as a new kind of warfare against those who do not. For those of us who are persuaded of the real dangers of the population explosion, it seems as if catholic and communist hierarchies share a common interest in hunger. There is no area of world argument in which we have more need of cross-fertilisation between psychology and economics if we are to be saved from the self destructive cycle of sadomasochism.

Alchemy describes the economics of sexuality and hunger in a way which the christianity and Marxism we heard speak at Rome do not understand. It is an economy which depends on using our enjoyment of sex to discriminate between two kinds of hunger. On the one hand, there is hunger which can be satisfied within a biological cycle of production and consumption. On the other, there is hunger which can only be satisfied by the very special kind of 'making' which goes on between creator and virgin, a making which precedes the very possibility of production and consumption. The alchemical work hinges on the distinction between these two kinds of hunger.

We must incorporate this distinction into our economic theory and practice. But if the psychology of alchemy is to be trusted, this will require a change of which both christian and Marxist hierarchies seem to be deeply afraid. Economics will have to bring an altogether new kind of gravity to the study of what goes on between male and female. The business which men and women have with one another must become a primary centre round which we organise our understanding of wealth and its enjoyment. Instead of being a peripheral interest, the exchanges between male and female must be allowed to find their true weight at the very centre of the economic process, and from that centre to generate the metaphors and models we need to balance the economy between man and nature.

Such a shift in the centre of economic gravity would not save us from controversy and the need for difficult and painful choices. On the contrary, it would open up new areas for argument and persuasion. But it would enable

us better to define the choices that matter if we are to balance sexuality and food within our technological civilisation. So let me conclude with an example of such choice, the example with which all I have said this evening has been concerned: the choice as to who sacrifices what to whom when creator and virgin come face to face.

On the one hand, we have the christian experience of Mary's 'be it unto me according to thy word', which opened the way for the maker into the body of the made. Eighteen hundred years later the new breed of experimental scientists and colonisers assumed the same acquiescence in the body of the material world which they believed themselves entitled to explore. We have lived on the fruits of that assumption. We are beginning to realise the debt that may have to be paid should that assumption be called into question.

The alchemists could not make that assumption. They remembered a different scene, a scene which is becoming familiar to us once again as the third world insists on making its presence felt. The scene is described in a text which Jung quotes in his essay on 'The Visions of Zosimos'.

> Isis the Prophetess to her son Horus: My child, you should go forth to battle against the faithless Typhon for the sake of your father's kingdom, while I retire to Egypt's city of the sacred art, where I sojourned for a while. According to the circumstances of the time and the necessary consequences of the movement of the spheres, it came to pass that a certain one among the angels, dwelling in the first firmament, watched me from above and wished to have intercourse with me. Quickly he determined to bring this about. I did not yield, as I wished to inquire into the preparation of the gold and silver. But when I demanded it of him, he told me he was not permitted to speak of it, on account of the supreme importance of the mysteries: but on the following day an angel, Amnael, greater than he, would come, and he could give me the solution to the problem. He also spoke of the sign of this angel—he bore it on his head and would show me a small, unpitched vessel filled with a translucent water. He would tell me the truth. On the following day, as the sun was crossing the mid-point of its course, Amnael appeared, who was greater than the first angel, and, seized with the same desire, he did not hesitate, but hastened to where I was. But I was no less determined to inquire into the matter.[7]

And Jung goes on to comment that she did not yield, and the angel revealed the secret.

There is a world of difference between the responses of Mary and of Isis. If psychology and economics are to join in providing the resources our technological civilisation needs, we must make room for this world. Between these two understandings of how creator and virgin can behave toward one another we have the human space within which we can explore our choices as to who sacrifices what to whom. This is the space we need if we are to respond freely to the economic predicament of mankind as nature–'our' nature, yet not ours–begins to reassert her right to be as she is in herself. And it is in this space, so I believe, that Jung's psychology of alchemy will prove itself.

Notes

1. C.G. Jung, *Memories Dreams Reflections*, Vintage Books, New York, 1963, p.205.
2. *Ibid.*, p.211-213.
3. *Ibid.*, p.221.
4. C.G. Jung, *Collected Works*, Vol. 8, p.169, published by Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1960.
5. C.G. Jung, *Collected Works*, Vol. 12, para.420, published by Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1953.
6. C.G. Jung, *Collected Works*, Vol. 13, para.163, published by Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1967.
7. *Ibid.*, para.99.

11

JUNG'S PSYCHOLOGY AND THE CURE OF SOULS*

THIS IS the fifth year in which I have given these seminars at the Westminster Pastoral Foundation. Since I started them, they have changed considerably. This change has been related to the development of our corporate work here at the Foundation. What I have to say to you during this coming year has been influenced by the feedback from previous audiences at these seminars. But it owes even more to what I have learned in my work as training supervisor here. Many of the ideas which I shall be bringing to you derive directly from discussion of case work with our students.

On the first morning of our new year I want to try to give you a summary of the work we shall be doing together. Experience has shown that it helps if we start with a 'set piece' lecture, to which we can refer later in the year for orientation. So the style and presentation this morning are very condensed. In subsequent weeks we shall develop a more intimate and slow-moving style of teaching and learning, in which theory and ideas will emerge from discussing together case material from my own practice as a psychologist.

My material is organised under four heads.

Firstly, I want to say something about 'the cure of souls' in terms of our case work here at the Foundation. This introduces one of the questions which is going to run all through my seminars: the question of proof. I want us to

*Each year from *1971* to *1976* I gave a thirty-week course of lectures under this title at the Westminster Pastoral Foundation. This text is the introductory lecture, the programme notes, with which I began the *1975-1976* course.

begin asking ourselves today what kind of proof we expect in any training in the cure of souls.

Secondly, I want to explain briefly how I understand the relevance of Jung's *psychology* to the cure of *souls*. The connecting link between the two throughout these seminars will be case work, but it is necessary at the beginning to clarify my general orientation.

Thirdly, the fullest and densest section of what I will be saying: our shared encounter with psyche or soul in the weeks to come. (And let me say now that all through these seminars I shall be using the words soul and psyche interchangeably. For me, psychology is the logos of the soul).

And fourthly, a warning and an encouragement as to your personal encounter with psyche in these seminars.

The 'Cure of Souls' at the Foundation

In our publicity material, we quote an eminent psychiatrist as saying that 'the Foundation is one of a very few facilities in the country making a serious attempt to alleviate the vast amount of what has been called 'psychosocial distress". I find this concept of psychosocial distress useful in directing attention to an on-going and, I believe, open-ended problem in this whole area of training within the helping professions. It certainly defines the intellectual and conceptual dilemma with which we are faced. By defining the distress to which we respond as psychosocial, we juxtapose psyche and society in a way which is easier to say than to do. If we mean what we say when we talk of psyche, then we must start by recognising that we work within a society in which there is no agreement as to what psyche means, or even whether it means anything at all.

A year's course on 'the cure of souls' must take this fact into account. I am sure that as the weeks go by, we will find that within this room we have deeply held convictions as to the nature of the soul or psyche which disagree with each other. What are we going to do with this disagreement?

The answer round which I have constructed these seminars derives directly from my work as supervisor here at the Foundation. Reflecting on the cure of souls as I see it practised here, it seems to me that we can do something with profound disagreements as to what psyche or soul is, as long as

we can agree on two working principles. They both have to do with proof, with the kind of proving which is appropriate to psyche. The first is that psychological proof is personal. All argument must be referred back to the experience of particular persons in such a way that those persons are involved actively in the question of proof. The second principle is that psychological proof is essentially risky.

These two operational principles are fundamental to the case work I supervise here. They account for its quality. And they derive, so I believe, from the challenge to which this Foundation is a response.

In those who come to us for training here at the Foundation, and in those referred to us for professional help, we seem to be responding to two kinds of challenge. One is the insistence, thrusting up from the grass-roots of personal and familial experience, that we, I, take responsibility for our, my, own problems. What our clients are saying is something like this: To be 'I' is to be active in responding to life.

Now what I want to emphasise here is that this insistence on a personal response in breakdown, crisis, or illness requires that the question of proof is kept at the centre of our operational field. If a person's behaviour is to be examined, analysed, interpreted and intervened in, then that person must be involved actively in the proving of what is done.

The other challenge to which our work responds is religious. We share a common belief that in responding to psychosocial distress society must include religion, whether it be professed, denied or ignored, within its frame of reference. In matters of psyche, we believe, there can be no social proof which does not take religion into account.

But what do we do with our own religious beliefs in working with psychosocial distress? How do they influence us? We say that we try not to impose them on others. But can we suspend beliefs that really matter to us when we meet another person *in extremis*? Isn't our belief the most valuable thing we have to offer? And if so, how do we reconcile that with the ideal of scientific detachment to which our society rightly gives such weight?

These are questions at the heart of all attempts to alleviate psychosocial distress. The answer which I am putting forward in these seminars turns on the idea of risk.

To be put at risk: this is the only kind of proving which satisfies psyche. We can hold to our own beliefs without imposing them on others only as long as we are prepared to put them at risk in the work we do. Putting at risk is the only kind of 'suspension' of belief which allows for the hold which belief has over us. The theory and practice of psychotherapy—which for me is another word for the cure of souls—revolves round this experience of risk. If it be true that in matters of psyche there can be no proof which does not take religion into account, it is also true that there can be no proof which does not put religion at risk.

So these are the two operational principles on which I believe we must agree if we are to work *with* our disagreements as to the nature and reality of the soul, rather than pretend we can ignore them. We must involve the persons with whom we are concerned in proving the work we do with them. And we must judge each piece of work done by ourselves and our colleagues, our pupils and our teachers, by what it does with risk.

The Relevance of Jung's Psychology

I want now to explain in what sense these seminars are about Jung's psychology.

Jung's psychology is not a system. It is not a self-contained science that can be laid in front of you in text-book fashion. It is a work. These seminars are about this work.

It has two characteristics: it is exact in observation of how people behave; and it is open to extraordinary dimensions of risk. To my mind, Jung is pre-eminently worth studying because of the way in which his work combines these two characteristics.

I hope that by next June I shall have conveyed something of this exactness and extraordinary openness to risk. Insofar as I succeed, I shall also convey something of what Jung meant by his central affirmation that psyche is real. But at this commencement there are three things that can usefully be said by way of preparation, and I hope you will bear them in mind and reflect on them as the year goes by.

First, the power of the psyche. In dealing with psyche we are dealing with power. The quality and range of this power cannot be defined in any

absolute terms. But it can be defined operationally. *It is always greater than we expect.* This is why the psychologist's attitude to risk determines what kind of psychologist he is.

Second, the psyche is elusive. This elusiveness will prove an essential ingredient in what passes between us in these seminars. Do not be surprised if one of the more frequent experiences in the weeks to come is of a something which slips between your fingers, a something which is never more than insecurely and teasingly present at the edge of your field of attention. Or rather: *be* surprised—for that is psyche. This is why exactness of observation in psychology needs training of a special kind.

Third, the comprehension of psyche. At the end of my seminars three years ago, in the summer of 1972, someone said: 'It seems to me that a great deal has been going on, but I can't get hold of it'. I recommend you to ponder that phrase 'to get hold of'. For it says something about why it is so difficult to integrate exactness of observation and openness to risk in the science of psyche. Whatever psyche is, it is certainly not something we get hold of. We come closer to the truth if we say that it gets hold of us. Indeed, the attempt to get hold of it is often an attempt to avoid the risk of being got hold of by it. The comprehension of psyche is an activity which moves in two contrary directions. It is in his stance between these two contrary movements that I believe Jung proved himself an extraordinary scientist of psyche.

Our Shared Encounter with Psyche

I want now to say something about the content of these seminars. They will be organised round case material from my own practice, but there are four themes—rather like musical themes—which run through the whole work, and which I think you will find helpful to have in front of you as it develops. So you can think of what I am now going to say as equivalent to the programme notes for a concert that will continue over many weeks.

The four themes are time, mood, body, and imagination.

Time:

The case work I shall present draws attention to two aspects of the problem of time in psychology, and it raises the question as to how they are

related. I shall be arguing that this relationship must be understood if psychology is to do justice to its subject matter.

The first aspect of the time problem concerns the timing of professional intervention. How does the time which the client spends with the professional helper relate to the rest of his life time: the time before he came to us, the time after he leaves us, and also the time between sessions?

This question is at the heart of what we call the contract, the more or less explicit agreement between client and professional as to what they are intending to do together. It has considerable 'spread'. It spreads from the technique with which we manage a particular hour, into the problem of how often, and over how long a period of time, we should expect to see a client. From there it reaches out, through the whole complex of questions grouped round money, into the problem of how we, and our clients, and society, value the time we spend together.

The second aspect of the time problem concerns the symptom or crisis presented to us. How is this symptom related to the rest of the client's life time? The diagnoses we make assume an understanding of how behaviour and time are related. We must learn to be aware of these assumptions, so that they can be exposed to criticism: the criticism of colleagues, and also of our clients.

Think of the phrases people use in describing the problems they bring us. They say things like: 'I am caught in a closed circle', and illustrate their condition with reference to a gramophone needle caught in one groove of a record. Or they describe their symptom as blocking the flow of their life, and when they feel 'better' they say things like 'I feel as if I am swimming with life rather than struggling against the stream'. Or they say that they are trapped by their past. Or that they have lost hope in the future.

I shall be asking you to think long and hard about the implications of phrases like these, and about how you understand them in relation to your own experience. And I shall be proposing that they assume a fundamental contrast between the *passing* and the *fullness* of time.

This contrast is one of the recurring motifs of our programme. It returns again and again. In presenting my case work I shall use this contrast

between the passing and fullness of time to open up two perspectives into the working of psyche.

Firstly, in relation to cause and chance. We shall be trying to see how the various psychological systems which explain behaviour in terms of cause and effect match up to the fact of accident and chance in human life. Can psychological theories expressed in terms of learning, adaptation and development be related to those personal experiences which we stubbornly persist in expressing in terms of fate and providence? If psychology is to prove itself in the open and essentially hazardous laboratory of life, this is a question which we have to raise and answer.

Secondly, in relation to the triad of birth, death and sexuality. Psychoanalysis is not alone in insisting that this triad is fundamental to our understanding of 'being in time'. But much psychoanalytic theory operates on assumptions about the nature of time of which it is unconscious. I shall be arguing that the question of time must have priority, and that what we make of birth, death and sexuality depends on what we make of time.

By considering these questions of cause, chance, birth, death, sexuality, with reference to the contrast between the passing and fullness of time, I hope to suggest interconnections between modern psychological theory and some of the great traditional insights into human behaviour. In particular, I shall be talking about those always timely proofs of psyche: patience, hope, promise, repentance and forgiveness.

Mood

The second theme which I want you to listen for is mood. It may seem strange to emphasise something as vague as mood. When talking about this area of experience, psychologists usually prefer words that sound less nebulous. Emotion, for instance. Or, if we want a word that can crack like a whip, Affect. Or even that notoriously confusing word Feeling. But all these words make it easy to sidestep, to overlook, the critical phenomenon to which I want to draw attention in these seminars. And that is the peculiar kind of *having* operative in our moods.

Moods have us as much as we have them. If we are to work on them, they must work on us. Their power is elusive of our grasp because we can only

get hold of them in being got hold of by them. This is not something that can be taught. You can enjoy it, and you can suffer it. These seminars are therefore conceived not so much as a teaching but as a celebration of this contrary 'having' operative in moods.

I shall invite you to join me in this having and being had, through an interest in three characteristics of moods: their rhythm, their atmosphere and their mix.

As to their rhythm, it is what gives us immediate experience of that contrast between full and passing time to which I have already referred. We don't notice the essentially different kinds of time presupposed by being until we attend to the rhythm of our moods. Clinically, this is most familiar in the swing between depression and elation. But I shall be arguing that mood provides us with the key to a rhythm underlying all experience, normal and pathological. This rhythm has a 'beat' that is so common that we can easily miss it. It is the beat between the *surprisingness* and the *boringness* of life. Listen for this beat in the weeks to come.

As to the atmosphere of mood, that almost tangible stuff which can fill a room with such density that we talk of cutting it with a knife: this, I believe, is the very stuff of psyche. I shall be concerned in particular with the way we talk about this atmosphere. We describe ourselves as getting into a mood. But we also feel that a mood starts inside us, so that it oozes out of us, almost as if our body secretes mood like sweat. This contrast between metaphors of inside and outside when talking about mood is fundamental to the analysis of psyche. It is what makes the idea of 'projection' such an effective instrument in psychotherapy. We shall return to this at length, but starting now, let us watch for every occasion that we talk of moods as inside or outside. Because whenever we do, we acknowledge something very important though very elusive about the relation between mood, body and space. We will have much to say about this relationship.

As to the mix of moods: I hope it is clear to what I refer—that bewildering and stimulating variety of shade and tone which makes it so difficult to talk coherently about mood. We shall be using this mix as our way into a problem which is moving back into the centre of psychological debate: the problem of the one and the many. How is it that I can feel, and make

others feel, so variedly, so differently, and yet remain the same person? How do constancy and fickleness mesh with each other in our daily behaviour? I believe we can talk coherently about this bewildering though familiar confusion if we attend carefully to the mix of our moods. What I have to say on this theme will lead some way into the history of two other words for mood: humour and temper.

Rhythm, atmosphere, mix: these will be our three approaches to the contrary 'having' operative in mood. But common to them all is my belief that psychology must take moods as real in themselves. That is our immediate, given, personal experience of mood. The reality of mood resides *in* the mood. If we try to derive it from some other reality, we lose it. Moods are their own proof. If proof is an essential ingredient in all sciences, then the science of psyche proves itself in being moody.

Body:

This is the third theme I want you to listen for.

It develops with our interest in moods as real in themselves. To speak of moods as real in themselves today brings us right up against the fact of psychotropic drugs: those mood-changing drugs which have already revolutionised the practice of psychiatry, and given an altogether new dimension to what society expects of a national health service. How does the cure of souls stand in relation to these drugs?

In these seminars we shall approach this question through reflection on body. My central argument is that body needs to be understood anthropologically as well as biologically.

I think the best way to introduce this argument in these programme notes is to tell you something which happened in these seminars three years ago, towards the end of the first term.

I was presenting my case work notes—the same material you will be hearing—and we came to a dream which my client had brought me. This dream read:

> I'd gone to someone for some kind of therapy, physical movement, designed to release tension. I was accompanied by someone, a man. The therapist was also a man.

> The movements themselves were suggestive of sexual positions.
>
> The therapist said: There is no point in continuing this—the problem is not biological.
>
> I had a terrific feeling of disillusionment and woke.

Now you will hear that dream again in its proper context, when we will discuss it from various angles. All I want to do now is to tell you a comment, or rather question, put when we discussed it three years ago. This was from a Roman Catholic priest, who asked, or reflected out loud: 'I wonder what the alternative to biological could be?'

This question stopped me in my tracks. I felt at once that he had put his finger on one of the centres which, without my having been aware of it, was controlling the development of the seminar and of my case presentation. What could be the alternative to biological?

Over the months that followed we returned to this question again and again. We found ourselves airing ideas which enabled us to try out various answers. These ideas focussed round our experience of 'being in the body', and by about Easter we found that an alternative to biological had emerged which seemed to fit the case material. We found ourselves contrasting the biological with what we called the 'ontological' mode of being in the body.

Now I don't suppose that on this first morning of our year this contrast—and in particular the rather forbidding word ontological—will mean much to you. Nevertheless I want to lay it out in front of you in these programme notes now, because it will be a recurring theme in what I have to say. It will help prevent later misunderstanding if we have some idea of where an 'ontological' interest in the body takes us.

It takes us to the meeting-ground between psychoanalysis and anthropology. On the one hand, we will be following what has been called 'the primal psychoanalytical insight into the bodily base of all ideological superstructures'. On the other hand, we will be following anthropological insights into the body as the agent that distinguishes nature and culture. The two paths converge in experiences which biology cannot describe.

We have all had these experiences but they are not easy to share. The problem of how to share them is present with us throughout these seminars.

They have to do with the ways the body both makes, and discovers, the world in which it is.

The body's involvement both in the making and in the discovery of the world: this will be one of the principal themes of these seminars. If psyche is to do justice to body, it must understand how this conjunction of making and discovery works. This depends on those questions of time and mood to which I have already referred. But it also depends on how we understand imagination.

Imagination:

This is the fourth theme which I want you to listen for.

To make in the image of. The words are central to the religious experience of Jew, Christian, Moslem. But other peoples have taken a different stand in relation to the power to make in the image of. Disagreements as to the nature of this power have led to war, martyrdom, genocide. No moment in the cure of souls is more heavy with risk than when we reflect on this power.

In counselling and psychotherapy, we use imagination in working with fantasies, compulsions, paranoid ideas, delusions, hysteria—indeed, when working with 'symptoms' in general. For those who are new to it, it is a confusing and threatening world. Following Jung, the way into this strange world which I shall follow is the way of the dream—or rather, and the distinction is important, of the dream work.

In the case material which I shall present, we will be trying to 'make something' of certain dreams. This will involve exercising imagination in a way which may seem alien to many of you. But as the year goes on, I hope to persuade at any rate some of you that this way is familiar, ordinary, well-trodden. I call it the way of 'parabolic imagination'.

What I shall be trying to demonstrate falls into three stages. First, I want to show how when we set ourselves to interpret our dreams we are exercising our imagination in a movement which is both passive and active. This movement is not easy to visualise. Perhaps the closest we can come to it is in thinking of the movement of our lungs, of a breathing out and a breathing in which belong together as two movements of the same act. In something of

the same way our imagination acts both in expression and in inspiration. That is the first stage.

The second stage concerns the way we use, and are used by, language when we try to talk about this exercise of imagination. If words are to do justice to this contrary movement of the imagination, then we must make room, as it were, within our use of language for a similar contrary movement. We have to use words to give meaning. But we must also allow words to impose meaning on us. Words indicate. Words reveal. The interpretation of dreams depends on, and exercises, a kind of pulse within the imagination which sustains these two contrary movements of meaning.

The third stage locates this 'pulse' within our experience of body. This stage will not prove easy, either for you or for myself. It will involve our bodies, how our bodies here in this room feel about each other, and also how child and adult are related in our various individual fields of body awareness. How far we can go together in exploring the link between imagination and body will depend on what we manage to share of ourselves in talking about time and mood.

We shall feel our way slowly and patiently, and I shall not try to evangelize. For we are now close to what for many people has proved to be an unacceptable scandal and stumbling block at the heart of Jung's psychology: the belief that the imagination exercised in interpreting dreams sustains both *body* and *world*. (I refer here to his theory of archetypes and of the collective unconscious.) In talking about this belief we have to remember that though the world is one, our bodies are many. We come again to the problem of the one and the many. Though we are seeking a common language, we have to allow for the indefinite pluralism of body.

Later, in our second term, when we are deep into my second case history, we shall find out where we variously stand in relation to this belief. I think I can promise you that coming to it through case material you will find it more familiar than these very condensed programme notes suggest. But however difficult it may be, it is essential to Jung's understanding of the reality of the soul, and how that reality proves itself in body: body as both making and discovering the world.

So let me give you a reminder which I know has helped in previous years. Remember the parable of the sower. As we come gradually closer to the central power of imagination we will have occasion to think carefully about those famous 'hard sayings' of Christ when he was questioned about this parable. For in those sayings we are told the 'difference' which parabolic imagination can make. Everything I have to say on the imagination is about that 'difference'.

Your Personal Encounter with Psyche in these Seminars

I want to end these programme notes by saying something about your personal experience in the weeks to come. This is meant as both warning and encouragement as we approach the essential *riskiness* of our subject matter.

What is this subject matter? Formally, on the surface, the subject matter with which we shall begin is case work. And as the weeks go by, we shall be talking more about particular concepts and ideas of a Swiss psychiatrist born a hundred years ago. But if we stay on this level, I shall have failed in my intention. For my intention is to talk about the reality of the soul, which will not happen unless you have come to hear about the reality of the soul. I don't know how many of you have.

If you have, you will find that you are obliged to join in an action which is triangular, or triadic, in its structure and dynamism. You can think if it in terms of the relation between an actor and his audience. If you are content to sit back and leave it all to me, you will hear nothing of the reality of psyche. But every time one of you is moved to step on to the stage, as it were, speaking your own part, so that I join the rest as one of the audience, something other than 'my case work' or 'Jung's psychology' will enter the room and establish itself in the space between us. And as this process continues—it will depend on you as much as on me—we can gradually become aware of a third presence, working on and realising itself through what is said and heard between us: a presence which we can think of as the author of what we are doing together.

Only when this third is present can we begin to comprehend our subject matter—the psyche—because only then are we allowing it to exercise 'authority' over us.

This is not just a clever play on words. It has to do with a reality which can, quite literally, make the difference between life and death, as my case material will show. But at this stage I want to say two things to emphasise just how seriously I take this third presence which, if you play your part, will govern the course of our seminars.

First, with reference to the two persons whose material we shall be considering. In this kind of work we have to take care to ensure the privacy of the client concerned. This means that you are pledged not to discuss or mention material presented here outside this room, to prevent any risk of that 'leakage' through gossip which can be so damaging to the person who has allowed us the use of their material.

But there is another kind of 'leakage' which can be equally destructive, if not more so. This is an interior, subjective leakage, when we abuse what has been shared with us by bringing to it an intellectual, outsider's interest which is not prepared to meet another's exposure with an equivalent openness in oneself. The only safeguard against this abuse is an individual and corporate commitment to put as much of ourselves into the seminar as we are taking away from it.

Secondly, I want us to relate our experience within these seminars to the phenomenon which we call 'transference'.

At the heart of the professional practice of counselling, psychotherapy, psychoanalysis, is the question of the extraordinary bond that can develop between professional and client. Freud called this bond 'the transference', and this name is now widely used. There is, however, no agreement among professionals in this field as to how we should understand transference.

For me, the transference is one expression of the triadic structure and dynamism of psyche. What we make of transference in our professional practice depends on what we make of this triadic presence of psyche.

In these seminars we shall be learning about this threeness of psyche at various levels. We will see it at work between myself and my client in the case notes I present. But also, more immediately, we will experience it here, in this room, in relation to each other. In our third term we shall study its structure and dynamism in some detail. What you make of it will vary from individual to individual. But, if past experience is to be relied on, many of you who want to

train as professional counsellors will find that it faces you with a choice of which you are not yet aware.

This is where I want both to warn and to encourage. The need to choose where you stand in relation to the transference is at the centre of the training we offer here at the Foundation. In one way or another, most of you in this room will have to decide what you want to do about it. In our supervision groups, it is a question which is constantly being aired. So I want to say to you all: when, and if, the question becomes real for you, do please come and talk about it, either with me or one of my colleagues.

To be concerned about transference is not a confession of personal weakness or failure. Nor is it a luxury which a chosen few can allow themselves. It is a *sine qua non* of any treatment, call it what you will, which engages with the reality of the psyche.

Thinking about the ways this concern has affected different individuals in my supervision groups here over the last four years, I have found it helpful to define the choice open to you in terms of the difference between a passive and an active approach to transference.

The passive approach trains you to recognise the dangers of transference situations which you cannot manage, so that you can avoid opening up such a dynamic field in your work with a client.

There is nothing inferior about such a training. It gives you competence to do valuable work of a particular kind. It is, for instance, the training accepted as appropriate for most of the work being done in psychiatry.

But it is characteristic of this passive approach that the professional's avoidance of transference can fuse with the client's fear of the change, the 'innovation', which he is needing. It is here that risk is such a crucial element in training in psychology. If we are trained merely to be aware of the transference, we may have to accept that we are limiting ourselves in what we can do with people. I have seen this happen with a number of our trainees here. At some stage in their relationship with a client they reach a threshold beyond which they cannot, and should not, go. Something which could have been done for that person is left undone. As a result of this kind of

experience, some trainees become interested in the possibilities of a more active training in the transference.

The active approach is that insisted upon by the various psychoanalytic and psychotherapeutic training centres, which make it a condition of training that a candidate undertakes a more or less lengthy personal analysis. Only through personal analysis, it is argued, can we obtain the first-hand subjective experience of the transference necessary if we are to be able to explore its *innovatory* potential with our clients.

This is the approach in which I am trained, and to which I subscribe. It is also now the approach recommended by this Foundation, which marks a considerable change in our attitude over the last three years. But it is an approach which has its own problems, and which is open to criticism.

It can, I think, be criticised on two grounds. Firstly, if the training establishment makes personal analysis a condition of acceptance, then the need for such work is imposed as part of the formal structure of a curriculum. The trainee does not learn the need from his own experience. I have seen a number of students here who have discovered the need for analysis as a result of carefully supervised work with clients, and I think it is arguable that their analysis is more responsible and adult than if it had been entered into as part of a curriculum.

But I think there is a more weighty criticism of the active approach to training in the transference, a criticism to which the various analytic training centres need to give serious attention. It is that what should be a means gradually becomes an end. What starts as careful scrutiny of the bond between professional and client can slip by imperceptible degrees into the cultivation of that bond for its own sake. Such training can end by substituting transference for psyche as the reality with which we are concerned.

Whatever the arguments for or against, in these seminars we shall keep both the active and passive approach to the transference in mind. What I want to teach is that there is a choice to be made. Between the two, each one of you can then decide which way you want to go in exploring this particular risk in the realisation of psyche.

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HOW I ANALYSE PSYCHE*

When Marianne Jacoby asked me to talk to you, she said that you would be interested in learning something of what I do, or refrain from doing, with my patients. It was with this interest in mind that I chose the title of my talk. I want to say something to you about *how* I work as an analyst, but I want also to say something about *what* it is that I profess to analyse: psyche.

So in what follows I shall be trying to do two things at the same time, I shall be talking about what I mean by psyche, and in the course of it trying to give you some idea of how I work. The result may be confusing, but I hope it will achieve a mix of theory and practice which we can then talk about.

There is of course no agreement, either in our profession (if it is a profession) or in the wider society and culture of which we are members, as to what psyche is. I think we do well to recognise this difficulty at the start. A description of the 'how' of analysis which evades the question of the 'what' of psyche, leaves me feeling very unsatisfied. But can we usefully approach the 'what' when there is so little agreement as to its nature, or indeed as to its existence?

I believe we can, as long as we share the difficulty. And that means that we must start with psyche's most bewildering characteristic. Psyche is elusive. If we are to use the 'how' of analysis to talk about the 'what' of

*Paper read to the British Association of Psychotherapists, 25th March, 1976.

psyche, we have to do a deal with this elusiveness. I try to make my deal with the elusiveness of psyche through the ideas of seizure and surprise.

Psyche is not to be got hold of unless it can get hold of us. Every attempt to comprehend psyche fails unless psyche is allowed to comprehend us. If I reach out to seize psyche, it eludes me, always. Only in myself being seized by psyche can I begin to make sense of what I am after.

But even if I recognise this reciprocal movement in being seized of psyche, it will still elude me if I do not allow for surprise. Psyche is surprising, and it is surprising in a very special sense. I am seized of psyche only in so far as I allow myself to be surprised that what is, is. Psyche is surprising because it is about the commonest of all our verbs, the verb which we take so completely for granted as to remain unconscious of its presence, the verb to be.

This idea that psyche has to do with Being, spelt with a capital B, the Being of metaphysics or ontology, is one of my central convictions. It means that my approach to my work is essentially religious. It means that I believe something which many analysts find repugnant; that the energies of the psyche, the energies with which we must engage if we analyse psyche, are the energies which *let the world be*.

I want to emphasise that although I myself begin from a position of considerable metaphysical surprise, I do not assume a similar starting point in my patients. On the contrary. It seems to me that this sense of metaphysical surprise is very unevenly present among us. With some, it has all the weight and fascination of that absolute wonder which I take to be the ground of religious faith. With others, it has more that probing, exploring quality which, so we are told, tool-making man shares with other animals. In others, perhaps most of us, it shows itself in times of puzzlement at what befalls us as we go through life. There is a great variety.

So one of the things I do with my patients is to try to identify the kind of surprise present in their lives. There is, I believe, an equation between the kind of surprise present in our lives, and the energies which we will find associated with psyche. My job is to help people find their personal equation.

With that introduction, I want now to talk in more detail about psyche, and how I approach it in analysis. I have organised what I have to say round three themes: time, body, and imagination.

Time

My interest in time in relation to analysis began when I was returning from training in Zürich to practise in this country. I had the problem of my professional standing in relation to the Society of Analytical Psychology, who were not prepared to accept my Zürich qualification. For me, and I think for the Society, though here I am open to correction, this problem centred on the question of time. My training analysis with Jolande Jacobi had been timed to twice a week; with C.A. Meier, to once a week. How did such training stand in relation to practice in this country? (One of my analysands has recently had a similar problem in approaching your Association for training.)

I thought a lot about this during the first years of my practice. Evidently it involved differences of technique which were themselves symptomatic of more substantial differences as to the value of psyche itself. These are differences which have proved to be real and lasting, and have been felt as worth dividing on, since the beginnings of professional interest in analysing psyche. In 1971, I took this question of the timing of analysis as the theme for a paper which I read to our International Congress here in London.

In this paper, I argued that in analysing psyche we must distinguish between two ways of experiencing time. Being alive interests us in change between a before and an after. It also interests us in completion between a beginning and an end. The distinction between these two ways of experiencing time is not something to be passed over lightly. On the contrary, what we make of being alive depends on what we do with this distinction. How do we relate our interest in change and our interest in completion?

The answer which I put forward in 1971, and which still seems to me to hold good, had to do with promise. I argued that in our everyday experience of promise we come closest to understanding how an interest in change and an interest in completion depend on each other. A promise needs change to prove itself. Yet it subordinates change to its own fulfilment. If living requires that we reconcile change and completion, then living has the structure and dynamism of promise. The problem of interpreting life turns on the question: what is it like to keep a promise?

In my paper, I tried to say something about this in terms of psyche, and of the ways in which we analyse psyche. I emphasised one characteristic of

promise which seemed particularly relevant to the psychology of the unconscious: that a promise exists by virtue of its own negation—a promise can be kept only if it can also be broken. I looked at the interaction of hope and memory in analysis from this point of view, and argued that what we call 'resistance' could be interpreted as evidence of how psyche is bound by promise.

This idea of promise continues to govern my work. A familiar and everyday experience, it nevertheless opens into that sense of metaphysical surprise which, I believe, informs all human behaviour. Analysing the wide differences in our various responses to promise, I have found since 1971 that the idea of promise has extended its hold over both my theory and practice in many directions. Here I shall mention just one: the relation between promise and contract.

I find that I am paying more and more attention to the implications of the contract between analyst and patient. This concept of contract, which seems to be more studied in the social services than in the established schools of analysis, emphasises the role of promise in the inter-psychic exchange between persons. I believe we need to watch carefully how this public dimension of promise interacts with the more private experience of promise that governs our intra-psychic activity. This interaction is one of the things I try to analyse with my patients.

In constantly drawing our attention to the cost of time in money, the contract opens the inter-psychic field of personal analysis into a wider sociological context. Arguments as to the place of psychotherapy in the National Health Service, as to the relative merits of group and individual therapy, as well as how many times a week we should see our patients, all have a dimension which belongs within this context. But it is not easy to relate the dynamisms and obligations of this sociological context to the privacies of intra-psychic activity.

Here I have found the connection between contract and promise helpful. It links the social cost of time directly to the question of how 'being human' values time. It seems to me that if analysis is to do justice to inter-psychic as well as intra-psychic activity, it must be more than simply aware of this link. It must be able to do something with the link. We must find ways of

opening the privacies of our work into the arguments of social anthropology without losing what should always remain essentially private. Here I believe the question of time provides the necessary liaison between what is private and what is public.

If I am right in arguing that being human, as promise, acts to sustain time as well as to use up time, then there are two different ways of valuing time open to us. Insofar as we use it up, it is valued by division and distribution. Insofar as we sustain time, it is valued as commitment, as calling. Personal analysis is about our private ways of reconciling the difference between these two different ways of valuing time, but this cannot be insulated from public argument as to what society does about time.

At present we live in a society that takes time for granted. This conditions all our various approaches to psyche. But I believe there is evidence in our case work that psyche does not share this sociological assumption. It is informed by energies that insist otherwise, which insist that we stop accepting the prevailing consensus, and look around us for alternative understandings of how we stand in relation to time. And of course there are alternatives.

Social anthropologists describe societies which recognize two kinds of being in time. They call one diachronous, the other synchronous. Diachrony corresponds to what I have called passing time, synchrony to what I have called the fullness of time. In their studies of how man in society creates a world which is satisfyingly both public and private, they are showing how much human behaviour can be understood in terms of our need to conjugate diachrony with synchrony. Sexual, linguistic, economic, religious behaviour have responded to analysis in these terms.

This is a field of interpretation to which I believe the analysis of the psyche naturally opens. One of the things I do with my patients is to encourage such an opening. What this means in practice will, I hope, become clearer when I turn now to my other two themes: body and imagination.

Body

My own interest in psychoanalysis began 28 years ago in my body. It began in sexuality, and in the muscular spasms of a stammer. It was through

attending to how sexuality and speech are related that I became interested in psyche, and that interest has been housed throughout in my adult discovery of the body. I cannot imagine psyche without body.

But analysis has led me to believe that my body is more, infinitely more, than I can realise. Analysing psyche returns me again and again to body, but with each return it seems to me that body is more common. So while I feel that I share some kind of mysterious experience with a psychoanalyst such as Norman Brown when he writes of 'the primal psychoanalytical insight into the bodily base of all ideological superstructures', the conclusions I draw seem to point in an opposite direction.

For me, psychoanalytic insight does not start from the knownness of body as a base from which we go on to develop interpretations. I start, as I suppose we all do, from my own experience. And that experience has had a double focus. One was the insistence, the obstinacy, the compulsion, the recalcitrance of sex. The other was the fact that my speech was, and is, not under the control of my will. My analysis has generated a 'field' between those two foci, a field in which body and world interpret each other.

This reciprocal interpretation of body and world is, for me, 'the primal psychoanalytical insight'. It is here that our elusive psyche discovers itself, seized by surprise that what is, is. But the whole point of this reciprocal interpretation is that it assumes no order of priority as between body and world. Neither comes first. The insight, the discovery, the surprise depend on this.

This refusal to assume an order of priority as between body and world is essential to my method of analysis. I know that it conflicts with the dominant assumptions of the culture into which I have been born. But I also know, which I didn't when I was five, that I am not alone in this state of conflict.

Let me try to show what this implies for my practice from two points of view: the contrast between individual and species, and the contrast between child and adult.

(i) In analysing psyche, we come to the relation between individual and species through the triad of birth, death and sexuality. From its inception psychoanalysis has been deeply concerned with questioning how the three

terms of this triad are influenced and determined by each other. I think we are probably all agreed that this questioning lies close to the heart of our work. But what we make of it differs widely. I would argue that these differences are related to whether or not we take time for granted.

Consider, for instance, the relation between birth, death and sexuality in the Oedipus complex. What happens to sexuality between the generations? If we believe that we can take time for granted, that time is there when we want it, and that our wanting unfolds in time (and that is at present the prevailing belief of our culture), then we interpret the evidence before us in the light of that belief. Evidence that our sexual libido wants to return to its source, and that in order to do so it must interest itself in killing, has to be explained on the assumption that time simply passes. The idea that sex might in some way act *on* the passage of time just never arises. But for me the Oedipus complex is about just that. I only began to make sense of my sexuality when I began questioning whether I can, after all, take time for granted.

Sex matters as much as it does because it obliges us to ask that question. Sex passes time down the generations so that the birth of children guarantees that there will always be time to spend. But for the individual, sex is filled with images of completion, images which evoke death, not birth, as the purpose of its thrust. How to reconcile these two 'interests' of sex is, for me, what the Oedipus complex is about. And it has got me asking whether sex and time are related in a way which, at present, eludes our public understanding.

This is one place where what I do with my patients differs from what I read in much of the psychoanalytical literature. In one way or another, a lot of my practice is taken up with sex. But whereas many of my colleagues seem to interpret sexual fantasy and activity against the backcloth of a temporal process which is assumed to be independent of sex, I use sex to raise questions about time.

As I read the history of psychoanalysis, these are the questions which caused the break between Freud and Jung. They are questions about how the life of the individual is related to the life of the species, about the connection between ontogeny and phylogeny. They take us behind the biological thinking of the last two hundred years, into ways of thought which assume a relation

between body and world which is other than biological. These ways of thought were fundamental to the Western intellectual tradition up to about the seventeenth century. They are being rediscovered today in such diverse fields as social anthropology, the imagination of the science fiction writers, the study of Eastern eroticism, and possibly (though here I feel unsure of my ground) in genetic theory.

According to these ways of thought, it is really quite simple to imagine sex as evidence of an interdependence between individual and species which affects time, as well as taking time for granted. All that we need to do is to allow ourselves to be surprised, really surprised, by the difference between male and female, to dwell on that surprise, and to allow it to do the work it wants to do. But when we do that, the nice safe distinction between individual and species is caught up into the power and mystery of what the anthropologist Ashley Montagu calls 'coming into being'. And that is not at all what some of us are looking for.

So one of the things I do is watch for evidence of just how surprised a particular person is by the difference between male and female. It seems to be a kind of surprise which is very unevenly distributed among us, so, to do justice to the particular case, there is need of constant, careful, differential diagnosis. In making this diagnosis, I draw heavily on Jung's theory of anima and animus as archetypes of the collective unconscious.

(ii) My second approach to the reciprocity of body and world is through the contrast of adult and child.

In my practice, I am very interested in the happenings of childhood. Much of my own analysis was spent on an arc between something which I believe happened when I was about five years old, and something which I believe happened when I was about ten days old. With some of my analysands I spend a lot of time talking about events which discover themselves from beyond a threshold of childhood amnesia. With a few, analysis involves a fairly comprehensive research into infancy. But with most, the recapitulations of childhood are episodic and random. The only rule is variety.

Reflecting on my practice as a whole, and trying to make sense of this variety, I have come to the conclusion that when adults work on their childhood experience, the changes which occur are because memory changes

its 'hold' on time. We are not intervening in a sequence of cause and effect which is past. We are exercising memory in its hold on time, and in that exercise realising that cause is always present.

What matters when we analyse childhood is that two different kinds of memory work on each other. There is memory of what has happened to me in my lifetime, and there is memory of a 'once upon a time' which is always 'upon' us. One of the things I do with my patients is to watch out for the difference between these two kinds of memory, believing as I do that that 'difference' is the opening they need into resources which are always, and presently, available.

This is what governs my interest in childhood, and in the various breaks and thresholds which separate child and adult. I place considerable emphasis on the particular threshold which psychoanalysis refers to as childhood amnesia. But for me, this threshold is a special case of a more general phenomenon: the interruption of our memory of passing time by a constant re-membering of the fullness of the time which is always 'upon' us. The divide between child and adult derives its significance, a significance that can vary enormously from person to person, from this interruption.

The problem round which much of my work revolves is how to use this interruption as a source both of continuity and of innovation in the lives of my clients. They need change, and they need to go on as they were. Here the exercise of memory on the resistance of childhood amnesia can, occasionally, help in the most extraordinary way. But we misinterpret what we are doing, and possibly waste a lot of time, if we assume that memory works only on what has been learned. Memory is 'of' the fullness of time, just as much as it is 'of' passing time. In exercising the one on the other, we are realising what it is like to draw simultaneously on two modes of time. It is like keeping a promise. We are not intervening in a sequence of cause and effect. We are realising the promised-ness of memory. In attending to childhood, memory loosens its 'hold' on cause and effect, so as to recover its original knowledge of promise.

This promised-ness of memory is what enables us to use the interruptions which trouble us, whether we call them childhood amnesia, symptom, accident, as sources of both continuity and innovation. It does so by allowing us to imagine our beginning as equivalent to the world's beginning.

In remembering what I have learned in passing time, I move to return to my own beginning. In remembering the time which is always upon us, I am present at beginnings I have never learned. The questions: where did I come from? and where did the world come from? are the same.

At whatever age we place the interruption between child and adult, it is this reciprocity between I and world that matters. Between child and adult we face the question of origin, of all origin, of initiation, of what it is like to make a beginning. This is what interests psyche. Psyche is not specially interested in childhood.

I want now to move to my third theme, imagination. And I hope in doing so to bring out more of the implications of the promised-ness of memory.

Imagination

Analysts of the psyche work with very different assumptions as to what imagination is. In trying to describe to each other what we do, I am sure it helps if we try to explore just what our assumptions are.

Disagreements among us about imagination are most explicit in our varying approaches to dreams. I use dream analysis a great deal, though not always. About one-fifth of my patients bring only an occasional dream. I have worked for four years with someone without discussing a single dream. But with the majority of my practice, perhaps half our time together is spent working on dreams. And in my analysis of dreams I rely on the distinction between personal and archetypal imagery which I have learned from Jung. This means that I take dream images not only as referring to what is, but also as revealing surprise that what is, is.

However, for twenty years I have felt the need to relate my work with dreams to a more general theory of imagination. Starting from an interest in similarities between Jung and Coleridge (for which I have to thank Professor John Cohen, then at Manchester University), I have found myself exploring those traditions which treat the human imagination as 'creative' in a very special sense: in a sense which does not take time for granted, in a sense which allows that time may depend in some way on an active imagination.

What I am trying to say this evening about psyche as surprised by the verb to be derives from these traditions. It assumes a metaphysical apprehension of the power by which we make images. It seems to me that what Jung has written about the collective unconscious and archetypes has to be read with this apprehension in mind. Imagination is a special kind of making: the original kind of making, the making from which all other makings are derived. 'To make in the image of', and 'to wonder that what is, is' belong together. Together, they involve us in the energies which 'let the world be'.

I believe that psychotherapy can draw on these energies, the energies which 'let the world be', in a way which is responsive to the client's particular situation, but only if we discipline our imagination, at every level of which we can make ourselves aware, by reference to the problem of time. The resources of the collective unconscious are there to be drawn upon. But if we are to do so responsibly, in the particularity of the context presented to us, we must work on the problem of how imagination and time interact. This is one of the things I do. It is, if you like, my way into the whole thorny question of interpretation.

I will try to explain how I see the interaction of time and imagination in three stages. First, I want to return to what I have already said about two modes of time, and clarify the distinction I am making with a spatial model. Then I shall ask: what happens to the idea of cause when time is both full and passing? And finally, I want to relate my answer to the interpretation of dreams.

In my teaching, when I try to explain how I believe human behaviour draws on two modes of time, I use the model of two crossed axes, one horizontal, the other vertical. I call the horizontal axis, to one end of which I attach something that looks like the head of an arrow, time which passes. I call the vertical axis, which I explain we need to imagine as present at every point along the horizontal, time which is full. I explain that the way I see our behaviour is as a kind of 'beat', or 'conjugation', between the two, by which we simultaneously allow time to pass while also bracketing it between a beginning and an end. And I offer the analogy of keeping a promise as an everyday example of such a beat or conjugation between two modes of time.

I use this model in various ways in my practice. In applying it analytically, the governing idea is that we try what it is like to interpret what is happening to us in terms of our involvement in a promise of which we are more or less unconscious. But as soon as we try to apply it seriously, the question arises: if I am to apply the idea of promise to my life, what evidence can I expect to find of that energy which keeps a promise or, in its failing, breaks a promise? Any evidence there may be can only be internal to my life. It can never be objective. How then can we expect to prove the hypothesis that life has the structure and dynamism of promise?

The answers I give vary of course with the person and the situation. But they all turn on two words which are not much used in psychoanalysis, words which it sometimes seems that analysts have forgotten, perhaps even repressed: the words hope and contrition. I am deeply persuaded that if our profession is to do justice to the complexity of 'being in time', we must bring hope and contrition right into the centre of our field of attention. The promise of life can prove itself only in the working of hope and contrition, because it is in them that we prove ourselves able to sustain time.

Hope and contrition fulfil a dimension to human experience that cannot be explained in terms only of passing time. There is nothing abstruse or esoteric about this dimension. We are as familiar with it as we are with our own bodies. It is what makes the present always more than 'specious' (to use the term that William James made famous). It is what enables us to say sorry, and thus both let go of the past, and ourselves be let go of by the past. It enables us to entertain the future, and thus go on. In contrition and hope we interrupt the flow of time by drawing on the resources of a time which is always upon us, and we make that interruption the source that guarantees both continuity and innovation.

Once we allow contrition and hope their proper weight in the analysis of behaviour, we experience a slight, but critical, turn of the mind. A question which has been sleeping raises its head. I believe it is a question essential to the seizure and surprise of psyche. We find ourselves wondering how contrition and hope relate to cause. Can we imagine being in a world which is both causal and also open to contrition and hope?

This question is central to the metaphysical analysis of behaviour. About three hundred years ago, our Western culture decided it could afford to ignore this question. The way we have gone on since has assumed that there is no essential connection between cause and hope and contrition. I believe this assumption to be terribly wrong. Its wrongness is all around us in what is happening to our planet.

It is fashionable and easy to sneer at metaphysics. But without metaphysics the simple and the ordinary human virtues have no purchase on the verb to be. If simple, ordinary human feelings of being sorry yet hopeful are to be allowed to exercise their proper weight in our private and public worlds, we must recognise that hope and contrition and cause all belong in the same order of experience. Because cause is about completion as well as about change. Cause is full of time as well as spread out in time. In contrition and hope we draw on the time which is always upon us so as to act on the passing of time, and thus cause to be. Cause is itself contrite and hopeful.

This belief is what sustains the creative or active imagination in those traditions to which I have referred. As long as we insist on taking time for granted, it sounds ridiculous to talk of cause as itself contrite and hopeful. It is more than ridiculous. It is inconceivable. And if a whole society is built on the assumption that it can take time for granted, it is not only inconceivable. It is forbidden. But once we allow ourselves to be surprised by time, really surprised by time, then the idea of cause as itself hopeful and contrite is suddenly very obvious, something we know already, something we have known always. It is just another way of saying that life is bound by promise, that time is in our keeping.

Time is in our keeping. This is the moral conviction which gives the creative imagination its purchase on the doings and happenings of everyday. And it works through the memory of how, in a time which is always upon us, imagination makes what it now reflects.

One of the things I do with my patients is to teach that this memory is present in our dreams.

How we interpret dreams can only be demonstrated by example. But here I just want to make some general points to link my approach to dreams to the theory of imagination I have outlined.

If we assume that time simply passes, that the present is merely specious, then the images of our dreams can refer only to the past and future. Recognising no other kind of time, we see evidence of condensation and displacement, and take it that this must refer to the repression of past memory or to anxiety lest the future fail to realise our almighty wish. A whole theory of dream interpretation can be constructed accordingly.

But if time does not simply pass, if it is also fulfilled between a beginning and an end, then it is natural to expect that our dreams should be about that fulfilment as well as about what passes. Instead of condensation and displacement, we see evidence of how imagination works to reconcile change and completion. Instead of distinguishing between latent and manifest content, we distinguish between two kinds of work: the work imagination does in passing time, and the work imagination does in drawing on the time which is always upon us.

This is at the heart of what I do in interpreting dreams. I distinguish between two temporal modes of imagination. This means differentiating hope from wish fulfilment, contrition from guilt. In the particular case, everything seems to depend on making that distinction as accurately and as justly as possible.

With some of my more clear thinking and hard headed patients, I have found that it helps to persuade them of the gravity of this distinction if I introduce into our arguments a technical term of the kind which sounds to them rigorous and scientific. Perhaps there are similar hard thinkers among you who will appreciate it too. When statisticians analyse their data, in terms of all manner of 'grids', made up of vertical and horizontal axes, they use the adjective 'orthogonal', meaning 'at right angles', to describe how information has to be interpreted by reference to its proper place in relation to the two axes. I think we need a similar'orthogonal' discrimination in analysing our dreams.

Dreams speak a language which has been learned during the passing of time, whose meaning is always tending toward exhaustion. They also speak a language which is promised, whose meaning is always tending toward completion. The one is orthogonal to the other. We need to discriminate

them. This is not easy. Their interpretation is complex, and we can probably never succeed more than partially. But what matters is whether we try.

The interpretation of dreams can exercise our imagination in reflecting on its orthogonal obligation to two different modes of time. Or it can be used to collapse any sense of such obligation. We have the choice. I find that the tension of this choice informs all my use of dream interpretation. One of the things I do with my patients is to work on this tension.

Let me summarise.

I have tried to say something about the 'what' of psyche, and the 'how' of analysis. We can draw together the various threads by referring to the transference.

What I do begins and ends in the transference. Here it seems we are all agreed. But then there is immediate disagreement because we do not mean the same thing by transference.

In various relationships, with patients and with colleagues, I have worked on this disagreement by distinguishing between an interest in transference, and an interest in psyche. It seems to me that analysts are always in danger of allowing their interest in transference to swallow their interest in psyche. It is, perhaps, our chief occupational hazard.

In my own work, I try to make the difference between transference and psyche apparent through the idea of promise. Analysing the transference has a lot to do with explicit and implicit promises between us. These interact with the knotted bind of the problem or symptom which has brought us together. We work on this interaction. Resolution comes as our work opens into a more general awareness of the structure and dynamism of promise by which we are all bound.

The quality of this awareness varies from person to person. I try to work with this variety, not against it. In doing so, I watch for a sense of surprise: surprise of that special kind which I have called metaphysical, and which I have tried to describe with my themes of time, body and imagination. For surprise is how we are seized of the particular promise which is our life.

To do justice to the particularity of surprise in a person's life: that is what I like to think I do.

13

ALCHEMY, MARX AND THE CLINICAL IMAGINATION*

IN THIS SHORT paper I want to give you an idea of how my interest in comparing Jung's psychology of alchemy and the work of Marx affects my clinical practice. I want to describe an imaginal activity which is both alchemical and Marxist in its inspiration.

I start with the dream of a patient: a woman in her early fifties who worked with me over a period of four years while leaving a closed religious community in which she had lived since her late twenties.

> I am with a young man, near the Community. He is gentle, kind, a good friend, though by conservative standards he might be thought a long-haired drop-out. He invites me to visit the place where he lives, which is a kind of Commune. He explains that a number of his friends are under attack by hostile authorities, who want to drive them out of the Commune.
>
> As we go towards his house, I see a group of gunmen waiting to shoot someone. A young nun emerges from a house, and starts to walk down the street. The gunmen take aim. I see the nun duck, turn and run to safety, just as the men fire at her. This makes us realise how great the danger is, and we proceed with caution, even though my friend has told me he is not in danger himself.
>
> We get to his flat, where he lives communally with three other couples. We are all discussing the danger. We

*Paper presented in Rome at the 1977 Congress of the International Association for Analytical Psychology.

> realise that some of the gunmen, who are both terrorists and also secret service police, are at the rear door. We all have to leave. We let the two younger couples go first, then the old couple. My friend says I must leave now. I am worrying about him, but know I must obey. I listen as the footsteps of the gunmen pass our door, then I crawl along the floor to the door. But at the threshold I must risk being seen, and stand to open it. As I do so, I see one of our small kittens, and call to her, but use the wrong name, the name of another kitten that is male. I call: 'Come on...', and grab him/her, and dash out.

(In discussing the dream, the point was made that both the two kittens had been neutered, "so it does not matter which name I use".)

Now at the time when this dream was brought to me, I was studying the text from Philalethes' *Introitus Apertus* which inspired John Trinick to write his book *The Fire Tried Stone*, and which Jung discusses in Chapter III of *Mysterium Coniunctionis*. On reading the dream, my immediate association was with this text—the two seemed as it were to fuse in my imagination.

Let me remind you of the text.

> If thou knowest how to moisten this dry earth with its own water, thou wilt loosen the pores of the earth, and this thief from outside will be cast out with the workers of wickedness, and the water, by an admixture of the true sulphur, will be cleansed from the leprous filth and from the superfluous dropsical fluid, and thou wilt have in thy power the fount of the Knight of Treviso, whose waters are rightfully dedicated to the maiden Diana. Worthless is this thief, armed with the malignity of arsenic, from whom the winged youth fleeth, shuddering. and though the central water is his bride, yet dare he not display his most ardent love towards her, because of the snares of the thief, whose machinations are in truth unavoidable. Here may Diana be propitious to thee, who knoweth how to tame wild beasts, and whose twin doves will temper the malignity of the air with their wings, so that the youth easily entereth in through the pores, and instantly shaketh the foundations of the earth, and raises up a dark cloud".

When I asked myself why I was associating my patient's dream with this text, I found the link in John Trinick's vivid amplification of the text, where he imagines the worthless thief patrolling round and round, first in one direction, then in the other, but trying the door every time he passes. I was associating the winged youth-vile thief relationship of the alchemical text with the gentle,

kind friend—terrorist/secret police relationship of the dream. This association stayed with me, and I recognised that it was influencing my reaction to the dream, and in particular to the dream's lysis about the two cats.

This is the cluster of images, drawn partly from a dream and partly from an alchemical text, round which I want to suggest the imaginative field within which I worked with this patient. The particular clinical theme on which I want to dwell is the relation between projection and the body image.

Jung's analysis of the *Introitus Apertus* text is in ways similar to Trinick's. But its feeling tone is strikingly different. One reason for this difference is, I believe, Jung's clinical experience of projection. There is a two sidedness to Jung's analysis, a sympathy for psyche's resistance to the withdrawal of projections, which is lacking in Trinick's book. This contrast affected my reaction to my patient's dream.

Much of our work together had been about a certain quality in her spiritual life which we had both come to feel was sentimental and off-centre. This dream started me thinking about this quality within the context of the contrast between the feeling tone of Trinick's book and Jung's amplifications of the same text. As a result, I came to believe that I understood better what was wrong with her religious stance. I put this to her in terms of the relation between spirit, body, and psyche. I had been arguing with her for months that she was ignoring the reality of psyche, and as a result trying to make the spirit-body distinction do work for which it was not made. She had been responsive, but had been unable to understand what I meant by psyche. Following this dream, and the way in which it opened my own imaginal activity into the world of *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, I found myself drawing on alchemical symbolism in arguing for the reality of psyche as distinct from both body and spirit.

During the next eighteen months or so this theme was at the heart of the analysis. The work she put into it generated a middle field of interpretation between her understandings of spirit and body. But this dilation of her imaginal field to include the three realms of body, spirit and psyche, did not seem to be enough. There was recurring evidence, in dreams, in affect, and in the accident prone history of car driving, of some principle at work in her life which demanded a more radical reappraisal of the way in

which she understood the world and her embodied being in the world. This principle can only be described as one of terror.

Something of this terror could be located in events of her past life. But it retained a quality which stubbornly resisted interpretation in terms of her own biography. Waking and dreaming, she insisted that what she was afraid of could only be fully expressed in the imagery of Christian theology. Her terror had to do with some kind of crisis or drama between the Christian theology of creation and of incarnation. Between the act which created the world, and the incarnation of the creator as Jesus Christ, there was something which needed to be done. It was because she sensed a personal involvement in this need that she had gone into her religious order twenty years ago, and it was the same sense which was now moving her to renounce her vows.

The material through which we worked on her sense of personal involvement in this theological crisis organised itself round sexuality and money. In responding to the sexual expression of her theological concern, I found that alchemical symbolism gave me a standpoint outside her own conscious theological framework from which I could talk about her own imagery in a way she could use. But in talking about money, I found myself drawing on ideas which I knew were derived from a different source: the work of Marx.

I have tried to explain elsewhere how I understand Marx's work as 'about' the theological crisis of our modern technological culture. Here I limit myself to just one aspect of this crisis: how it affects the way we imagine the insideness and outsideness of body.

This metaphor of inside and outside is one which we use constantly with reference to the body. Our clinical use of the idea of projection depends on it. In the dream I have read you, being inside is represented both by Community and Commune. Being outside, by the street. The alternative male figures who made the link in my imagination with the *Introitus Apertus* text belong respectively to inside and outside. The dreamer is trying to choose between the containment of alternative insides. In the end, she must risk being seen on the threshold between inside and outside.

The immediate associations were with moving out of the closed community, finding somewhere to live, reactivating her previous professional

qualification. Money was involved. Her community were generous and realistic in helping her make the transition, but it was help which reminded her of earlier patterns of dependence. She had to assess and prove her own earning power, and deal with bewildering questions of taxation coding and social insurance. The ideal of simple communism exercised strong attraction.

But behind these, centred round her accident prone driving were more confused intuitions and sensations about the insideness and outsideness of bodies. Her car was like a second body. What happened to it compelled her to ask questions about the *whereabouts* of inside and outside. For months we worked on this. We came to admit that in talking of insides and outsides, and of projection between, we were making assumptions about the whereness of body which neither of us could justify.

To go further required a considerable dilation of our imaginal field. We had to find ways of imagining the whereness of body which allowed for our not knowing the difference between inside and outside. As a result, the relation between body and what I can only call the architecture of society became a central theme of the analysis. The work required us to admit the presence of two bodies: the personal and the social. Once this admission was made, we began to get a new understanding of the terrors which were proving so disabling in her life.

It was here that I found myself inspired by Marx. As we explored the space between the personal body and the social body, I drew on Marx's vision of modern man as alienated from his own nature by his own work.

Perhaps the best way of describing this to an audience used to psychoanalytical imagining of the body, is to ask you to attend to your hands.

Marx's theory of alienation is grounded in his analysis of how labour changes man's place in the world. Man's labour originates in the turn of his hands. It is grounded in the way our hands take things which are outside into their holding. Manufacture begins between the outside and inside, the back and front, of our hands. If we follow Marx through his historical analysis of what labour has done to both man and to the world, and of the alienation peculiar to our modern culture, we find that our mind returns again and again to that original and so easily overlooked turn between the front and back of

the hand. That turn constitutes the beginning of a new phenomenology of body.

Within this new phenomenology, the distinction between the inside and outside of our personal bodies opens the way into argument about the social body. This argument is centred on, and generated by, the sharedness of body. When we engage with this argument, our images of inside and outside take their place within more comprehensive symbolic systems. As the anthropologist Mary Douglas has written:

> Natural symbols will not be found in individual lexical systems. The physical body can have universal meaning only as a system which responds to the social system, expressing it as a system. What it symbolises naturally is the relation of parts of an organism to the whole. Natural symbols can express the relation of an individual to his society at that general systemic level. The two bodies are the self and society: sometimes they are so near as to be almost merged: sometimes they are far apart. The tension between them allows the elaboration of meanings.

Marx's theory of alienation was an early attempt to analyse the tension between the two bodies as we experience it in an advanced industrial culture. Since he wrote, much has changed, and we are now able to analyse this tension in ways which he never imagined. But for me, Marx is still saying something about this tension which I do not find elsewhere. He is saying something about the fear by which our shared body is terrorised.

He relates this fear to the bond between war and time. Standing as he did in the Jewish-Christian prophetic tradition, Marx taught that the body which we share presumes a war between opposing powers. This war issues from our failure to understand creation. Because it has to do with creation, this war stands in a double relation to time. It is both historical and dialectical. It both needs time for its completion, and yet proves its necessity in overcoming time. This is what revolution is about.

Marxism is how millions are today trying to remember what it is like to create. The tragedy, a tragedy whose consequences have yet to be realized, is that Marx denied the religious inspiration of his vision. As a result, he failed to realise that his revolutionary insight into the power located in the turn of

our hands required reverence for that special terror which obtains between creator and creature.

This was the imaginal field out of which I came to meet my patient in the accident prone body of her motor car. We met where flesh and metal are experienced as sustained by a common labour.

For years she had been trained to imagine the life of the spirit as a constant war of light against dark, a war whose conclusion can only be imagined as a victory of one over the other. This war, with all its consequences, was justified by the dependence of creature on creator. Together we talked of this war and of this dependence in terms of projection. On the one hand, the kind of projections which Jung describes in his interpretation of the *Introitus Apertus*. On the other hand, the kind of projections which underwrite the political bond between terrorist and secret police. As a result, she was introduced to imaginal activity of a new kind.

She began to imagine her own place in that war differently. Her place remained where it had always been: her body. But the whereness of the body was different. The testing of projections dilated her understanding of how body and world share a common cosmogony. Through this dilation, she began to realise that the war in which she was called to participate could be understood in another way: as the creature's obligation to prove the power of the creator. This proving emerged as equivalent within the realm of psyche to the idea of war within the realm of spirit. In recognizing the creature's obligation to prove the power of the creator, our work found its centre.

14

DREAMWORK AND PRAYER*

I WANT TO start by speaking both for myself and for Wendy Robinson. We hope that our two talks this morning will complement each other. The theme has been talked out between us over many months. It has also been given much of its form and content by work done in a group we have jointly led over the last year, some of whose members are here.

What we want to try to do is to move between dreamwork and prayer: to move ourselves and you. We think of this moving in terms of space, as movement within and across a field between two places which are not often visited together. We want to show that this field exists, and that it can be traversed. We think of this moving also in terms of emotion—the emotion of heart and bowel and mind. Movement across the field between dreamwork and prayer requires emotion. We must want and expect to be moved in that sense if we are also to explore a space.

In venturing on this movement our talks are held together by two structures and forms: a model, and a text.

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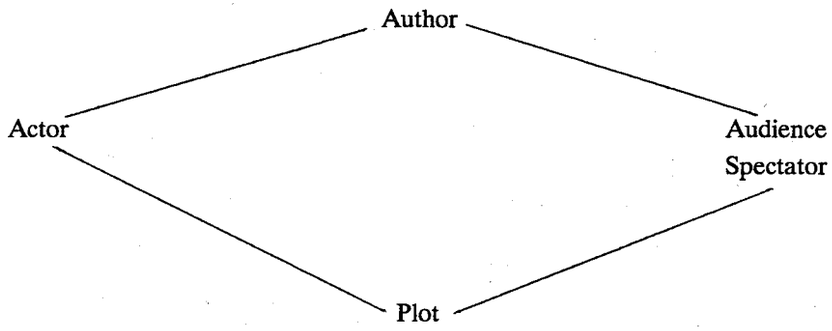
*This is the first half of a double lecture, given jointly with Wendy Robinson, at the 1978 Summer Conference of the Guild of Pastoral Psychology. The two lectures were dedicated to the memory of Irene Claremont de Castillejo.



The model is before you, drawn on the blackboard. It is a dramatic model designed to release and contain the energies which move between author, actor, audience, and plot. This is a model which I have developed over the last few years out of my need to relate my own practice as an analyst to my teaching, and in particular to my supervision work, at the Westminster Pastoral Foundation. We have been exploring some of its latencies in our group during the last year. We shall both be referring to it during our talks.

The text is large: a heavy, bulky, book, quite a weight. It has much to say on dreaming, but nothing explicit on prayer. Nevertheless, it seems to us to be written with the same emotion as inspires us to link dreamwork and prayer. It is Paul Ricoeur's great work on Freud, called in English *Freud and Philosophy: an essay on interpretation*, but in the French original *On Interpretation: Freud and philosophy*.

The French title is the more apt. Ricoeur's book is about interpretation, the kinds of interpreting open to us in the world today. He explores, and in doing so opens up, a vast field of tension and argument between two opposite beliefs as to what interpretation should be. At one pole interpretation "is understood as the manifestation and restoration of a meaning addressed to me in the manner of a message, a proclamation, or as is sometimes said, a kerygma; according to the other pole, it is understood as a demystification, as a reduction of illusion". Ricoeur is passionately interested in the interdependence of these two contrary movements of spirit within our contemporary interpretings. He takes Freud's psychoanalysis as an influential example of what seems at first reading to belong within the second

understanding of interpretation, as demystification and the reduction of illusion, and explores it through five hundred pages which have interested me in Freud in a way that I have never been before. He argues that Freud's explicit and thematised reductionism presupposes a contrary movement of interpretation, a movement that can only be understood as the response to a call. He relates this partly hidden dialectic between reduction of illusion and response to calling within Freud's system to other tensions within our experience of how language and being are related, and concludes that our culture as a whole stands between a Yes and a No of a peculiar kind.

But you do not have to read Ricoeur in order to hear what we have to say. Our use of this book as a text will be restricted to keeping it as a kind of backdrop to our more limited performance, setting the scene as it were, an indicator of where we believe our argument belongs, and where we hope it will be judged. If we are to compare dreamwork and prayer it must be within an hermeneutic, (a theory of interpretation), as wide and generous and resourceful as that which Ricoeur invokes in this book. We are trying to speak to the same Yes and the same No to which–or is it to whom?–Ricoeur addresses himself when he concludes his magisterial argument with these sentences: "Thus do I attempt to construct the Yes and the No which I pronounce about the psychoanalysis of religion. The faith of the believer cannot emerge intact from this confrontation, but neither can the Freudian conception of reality. To the cleavage the Yes to Freud introduces into the heart of the faith of believers, separating idols from symbols, there corresponds the cleavage the No to Freud introduces into the heart of the Freudian reality principle, separating mere resignation to Ananke from the love of Creation". And in so far as I succeed, and here I speak for myself, it will be because of how Jung has taught me to move between that Yes and that No.

I date my interest in the relation between dreamwork and prayer from a moment in one of my early supervision groups at the Westminster Pastoral Foundation. One of our counsellors was describing a meeting with a client, and I was sitting there, reasonably alert I hope and probably with a certain feeling of knowing it all, when I heard her say: so then we prayed together.

This abrupt mention of prayer in a context where I was not expecting it threw me into confusion. Being a well controlled supervisor, rather more so then than I am now, I managed to conceal my confusion, and responded with one of those exploratory, skirmishing, remarks with which supervisors and group leaders and analysts hide their embarrassment. But being also an honest man, I recognised my confusion, and took it away with me to look at and ponder.

What was I, as supervisor, to do and say about counsellors who prayed with their clients? Was this part of my business, or did it belong to a different sphere, which I should recognise and leave alone? What authority and competence I had derived presumably from my training as a psychologist. Did this give me any say in matters of prayer?

Well, being the grandson and great grandson of preachers, and the son of a successful entrepreneur, I don't suppose there was ever much doubt about the answer. I made it my business. I decided to take an interest, though not a controlling interest, in prayer. And the decision came easily because the question thrown at me that day back in 1972 fitted within a wider context of professional and personal doubt and exploration which had been maturing for many years.

This wider context defined itself in terms of imagination. For many years, since reading Owen Barfield's book *Saving the Appearances*, in 1957 or 1958, I had realised that my interest in psychoanalysis, in dream interpretation, in the telling of my own life story, were generating in me the need for a comprehensive theory of imagination. Well before I went to train in Zürich, I knew I would not be satisfied with Jung's, or anyone else's psychology unless I could relate it to a personally convincing understanding of the powers and limitations of imagination in general. This need had driven me to explore ground which proved relevant to my new, particular, interest in prayer.

I have already spoken to the Guild from this ground, in the paper I read in 1970 on Idolatry. What I want to do now is to relate my interest in a general theory of imagination to two particular aspects of dreamwork as they present themselves when we set ourselves to interpret dreams.

As my work as an analyst developed, and as I reflected on it in the light of my training, I found that in interpreting dreams there were two areas of

difficulty in which the teaching I had received seemed confused and inadequate. (I emphasise the phrase 'the teaching I had received'. I am not clear whether the confusion and inadequacy lay in the teaching or in my receiving of the teaching.) One of these areas was where we distinguish between a subjective and an objective interpretation of a dream image. The other was where we amplify a simple image in order to place it in a wider associative field.

I have already aired my difficulty with the subjective-objective distinction in dream interpretation in a paper on Projection which is published in Spring, 1975. How do we understand those dreams in which someone we know well appears as self-evidently themselves and yet also quite other? How do we know where to draw the line between the 'as it is' and the 'other than it is'? What right have we to say that 'the other' is the doing, the making, of the dreamer? For me, these questions cannot be answered with reference to dreaming in isolation from other forms of imaginal activity. They cry out to be opened into wider argument as to the relation between what can be imagined and what is.

The same need for an opening up of argument imposes itself on me when I work with amplification, with ideas of 'dreaming the dream on', or 'befriending the dream'. As we enlarge on a given image, warming and loosening and extending what begins as an image so condensed, so impacted, as to be without any meaning except its sheer giveness, until it 'says something', until it has narrative power and metaphoric tension, what is it that carries conviction so that at a certain moment we get a sort of 'set' or 'fix', between the original focus and the indefinite, apparently unending potential of an associative circumference that can always be extended further? The 'aha' reaction which sometimes carries conviction is, with me, more often absent. And there are times when the conflict between the dreamer's and the analyst's sense of the right set or fix remains unresolved, almost as if the intention of the dream were to cause such conflict. Here again I have been compelled to think more widely about how what can be imagined, and what is, are related.

In both these cases it seems to me that the teaching I received failed to admit, or perhaps to give sufficient weight to, the difficulty. To claim to be

able to move responsibly between subjective and objective interpretation, or to know when amplification is sufficient, is to claim to know something about imagination, its power and its limitations, in the face of what is. More is at stake here than a dialogue between consciousness and unconsciousness. What carries conviction in dream work has force behind it. To acknowledge this force we must use words like will and intention, and allow them to act as it were across our talk of dialogue between consciousness and unconsciousness. We are obliged to ask: how are will and intention related to the powers and limitations of imagination in the face of what is?

Ricoeur makes my point in the section on 'The Dreamwork and the Work of Exegesis', pages 88 to 102 of our text. He is taking us through the argument of Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*. He is beginning to delineate his Yes and his No to Freud's whole system, and is engaging with Freud's use of terms like regression, repression, distortion, condensation and displacement. Central to the argument is Freud's understanding of wish. In his theory of dreams as the expression of wish, Ricoeur sees Freud operating with what he calls "two universes of discourse", the discourse of meaning and of force. "To say that a dream is the *fulfilment* of a *repressed* wish is to put together two notions which belong to different orders: fulfilment, which belongs to the discourse of meaning..., and repression which belongs to the discourse of force."

How these two universes of discourse are related is my question as to how will and intention are related to the powers and limitations of imagination in the face of what is. The answer which Ricoeur reads out of Freud is that their relation involves both violence and compromise.

"The notion of *Verstellung* (transposition or distortion), which combines the two universes of discourse, expresses the fusion of these two concepts, for a disguise is a type of manifestation and, at the same time, it is the *violence done to meaning*. Thus the relation of the hidden to the shown in the notion of disguise requires a deformation, or disfiguration, which can only be stated as a compromise of forces."

This idea of violence done to meaning meets my sense of what is at stake when dreams carry conviction. Taking dreams seriously does not only enlarge our experience of meaning. It also enlarges our experience of the

violence that can be done to meaning. What we make of this enlargement depends, so it seems to me, on how widely we are prepared to open the question of imagination in general. How does meaning enforce itself? What are the powers and limitations of imagination in the face of what is? It is as I have allowed these questions to press upon me that prayer has imposed itself as a necessary occupation.

Since I was a child I have found it easy to prepare myself for prayer, but difficult to pray. What I used to call, at about the age of seven, 'my meditations' came naturally to me, and have provided me with the context within which, as an adolescent and adult, I have tried to pray. But prayer is difficult for me because of the *person* of God. My meditations came easily because they were addressed to myself. Prayer became difficult when I tried to imagine it as addressed to a person who, if He be truly Creator, must be wholly other. Prayer was talking to someone, to a person, and as I grew older, in my teens and twenties, I could not imagine how speech with a person who is wholly other could be effective in the world as it is.

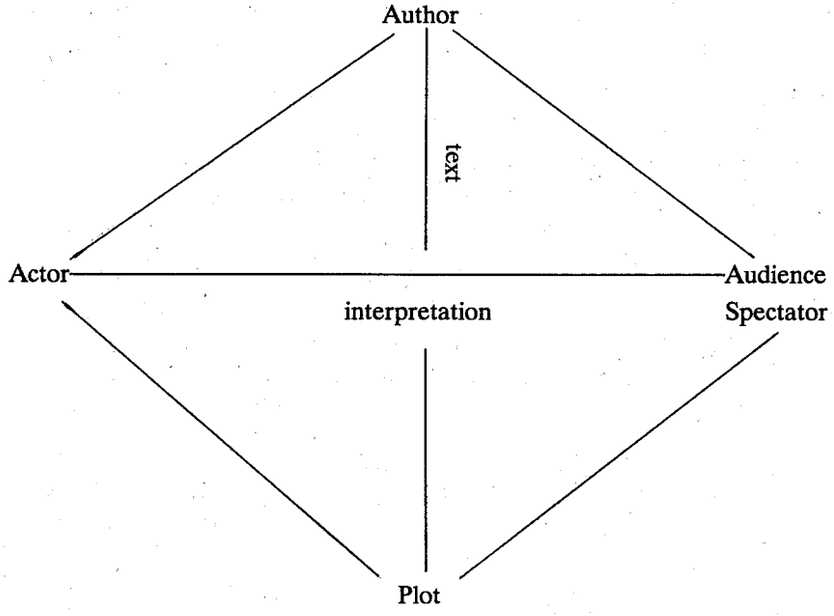
Another way of expressing my difficulty is to say that whereas I have found it comparatively easy to believe in creation, to believe that what is *is* because it is created, I have found it difficult to imagine how creation is related to the personal. Did I believe in God? Yes. Did I believe in a personal God? Well...there the doubts began which prevented prayer.

In a sense my difficulty remains. It remains as an enduring awkwardness in imagining how any words of mine could be effectively answered across a gulf which appears to be either absolute or illusory. But in another sense it has been moved—moved rather than removed. It has been moved by thirty years of working with dreams. Working within the dramatic structure and dynamism of dreams has exercised my imagination in a way that has enabled me to move more freely between my experience of the personal and my experience of creation.

In trying to understand and to share this new freedom I have developed this dramatic model, to which I now want to turn. Speaking in it, and through it, and by it, I want to move between dreamwork and prayer in exploring the dramatic field between the personal and the act of creation. My

exploring is in two stages. First, to distinguish between narrative and enactment. Second, to recognise the inter-dependence between the will to make believe and the will to let be.

This apparently simple model has, over the last years, come to be the point, or rather field, of reference for much that goes on in my practice and my teaching. But it is more than just a model. It is powerful. How powerful, both in the sense of how much, and also in the sense of how directed, how used, depends on our movement in relation to it. When we stand outside it, it can be simple to the point of silliness, and its applications are trite and giggling. When we step into it, experience suggests that we always lodge ourselves close to one of its four extremes, hoping to control it from that vantage point. When this happens, it imprisons mind, imagination, behaviour. But if we can learn to move round it, then something very different can happen. It can lend itself to an understanding of many and various places and events. It proves to be both stage and world, a laboratory, a workshop, a room with a view, perhaps even a mustard seed. Or so I appear to be finding.



I start by adding two lines. Between Author and Plot I draw a vertical line, which I call Text. Between Actor and Audience/Spectator I draw a horizontal line, which I call Interpretation. I want to explore the interdependence between those two lines, to dwell in, and reflect on, where and how and why they come together.

So let me start with the question: where, on this diagram, is 'I' in relation to dreamwork?

My dreams are my own. If I do not remember them, they are lost. If I do not tell them, if I do not write them down, they remain mine alone, as unknown to others as the plot which an author retains in his own imagining. I am here, in the position of the Author.

When I tell my dreams, I am more like an author reading a text which is mine. But in telling it, I am telling it not only because I have made something, but also because I have had something. The nature of this 'having' varies.

At the breakfast table: "I had a funny dream last night". In the dark, in the small hours of the night: "Oh mummy, I'm so frightened. I've had a terrifying dream". In the story: "And Joseph asked them why they were so downcast that day. They replied: We have each had a dream and there is no one to interpret it for us".

Where is 'I' now? The frightened child is mainly in the position of the Actor. The breakfast table bore over in the audience. But Pharaoh's butler and baker? Where can we locate their interest in their dreams, their concern for correct interpretation? "O Pharaoh, it is time for me to recall my faults. Once Pharaoh was angry with his servants, and he imprisoned me and the chief baker in the house of the captain of the guard. One night we both had dreams, each needing its own interpretation". How does our having a dream relate to the dream's needing its own interpretation?

When I consider the various ways I have related to my dreams over the last thirty years, and the surprisingly different ways in which other people work with their dreams, it seems that this is one of the more useful questions we can ask about dreamwork. On the one hand, our having of a dream, a having which as Jung reminds us moves in two directions as it were: our dreams have us as much as we have them. And on the other hand, the dream's needing of

interpretation, a needing which seems to vary enormously from dream to dream. How are the two related? If we are to understand dreamwork within a more general theory of imagination, and do justice to its extraordinary variety from person to person, we must be able to answer this question.

This dramatic model contains an answer, an answer concealed in the distinction between *narrative* and *enactment*. I want us to use this model to reflect on this distinction, and then apply it to our understanding of dreamwork.

In order to make this distinction between narrative and enactment, we need to remember the momentous transition in the nature of texts when they move from being oral to written. The nature of text changes radically when it no longer depends on a remembering and a telling and a hearing and a learning by heart, but becomes fixed, something which I can read to myself, something which can be lost but not forgotten. With this change in the nature of text, what we expect of interpretation changes too.

Think of it like this. An author conceives a story. He wants to tell it. As Narrator, he moves into the position of Actor. He tells his story, with words and gestures. His audience like it, and ask for it again. Other audiences gather, other actors tell the story. Until one day someone, probably in the audience rather than one of the narrators, because it is likely to be someone who is not good at remembering, writes the story down. For the first time, there is a fixed text.

Now, remembering that as soon as we make a habit of recording our dreams our dreamwork is involved in a similar change from oral to written, I want to ask: how does this new kind of text stand in relation to the original intention of the author?

It makes a difference, but not the difference we might expect, if the author be alive rather than dead. Disagreement as to interpretation arises. "It means this". "No, it means that". "Well, let's ask the author". The author may side with one or other of the various interpretations. But he may also say, perhaps rather tiredly, because he is no longer as interested in his text as the critics are: "No, I meant something rather different. What I had in mind was...". To which his public can reply with some justice: "But you said this. You haven't expressed yourself very well, have you, if we can disagree so violently?", and go on to make that distinction which is so crucial in the theory of hermeneutics between the meaning of the text and the meaning intended by the author.

It is important that we realise just how crucial that distinction is. Compare arguments over the interpretation of Shakespeare's plays, in which case all parties to the argument could agree that the author is dead, with arguments over the interpretation of the Bible, in which case it might not be so easy to agree as to whether or not the author is dead. Weigh that comparison, and you will have some idea of the scope and depth of the hermeneutic field which opens when we distinguish between the meaning of the text and the meaning intended by the author.

What do we do with that distinction? What do we make of it? It is here that the movement from narrative to enactment, from story to drama, can make such a difference.

If the text be merely narrative, then the distinction between its meaning and the author's meaning opens the way for a proliferation of new texts. One interpretation will give rise to another, one commentary necessitate the next. At its best, there is always a fresh alternative, as in the ramification of a great tree. At its worst, we are in the world of Franz Kafka's *Castle* and *Trial*.

But if narrative can move into enactment, then the distinction between the text's meaning and the author's meaning is taken up into exchange of a different kind altogether: the exchange between actor and audience. Argument as to the meaning of our story can be satisfied otherwise than by more and more detailed textual analysis, or by reaching after some grand synthesis. It can be satisfied by realising that what we are into is not merely story: it is enactment. The interpretation which our text needs is as much a doing as an understanding.

How does this distinction between narrative and enactment affect dreamwork?

Consider what happens to my two difficulties with dream interpretation in the light of this model, my difficulty with the subjective–objective difference, and with amplification.

In distinguishing between dream images as subjective and as objective, the crucial insight I have gained from this model has to do with projection. The projection between subject and object of which psychoanalysis has made so much obtains on both our axes. The exchange between actor and audience consists of an intricate web of projection and counter-projection. More than a web: an atmosphere, a happening. They are joined in shared interest in making, and believing in, projection. But there is also the projection by which the author objectifies his subjective imagining. How are the two different kinds of projection related to each other? How do we distinguish between the two? Where must we stand in order to see the difference?

The thrust and weight, and indeed the burden of these questions has been at the centre of my work over the last few years. They have moved me compellingly to wider reading and reflection on the whole theory and practice of hermeneutics. In particular, they have led me to, and left me with, this hermeneutic problem of how the meaning of a text, and the meaning intended by the author, are related. What happens between actor and audience may differ slightly or extremely from the intention of the author. Yet the two are in some way related. They cannot exist without each other, and yet their need of each other depends on their being across each other. In teasing out to what extent the dreamer should be taken as the author of the dream, and to what extent as "had by" the dream in the same way as an actor is had by the text he enacts, and in deciding how far the text of a dream is determined by the ongoing interest of dreamer and analyst in the shared exchange between them, this "being across each other" of these two axes of projection is where we must stand.

In considering what happens to my difficulty with amplification in the light of this model what I have said about the movement from narrative to enactment is relevant. There can be no end to the interpretations of a dream if it be taken as a narrative text. But once the distinction between dream and dreamwork is made and established, and dreamwork subsumed under a more comprehensive understanding of dramatic imagination, then the indefinite

openness to always more and more interpretation is controlled by the obligation to do.

This has implications not only for our work on a particular dream, but also for our more general interest in dreams and how we use dreams within a psychotherapeutic contract. In deciding, for instance, how far a dream can be taken as objective to the shared exchange between therapist and dreamer, rather than as influenced or even caused by that exchange, it is helpful to reflect on the different kind of interest which an actor, and a professional critic sitting in the audience, may have in a text. One is biased towards doing, the other towards analysis. A contractual interest in dreamwork should allow for and accommodate both.

This means that we must learn to listen for the author's voice from the positions of both actor and audience. Differences between actor and audience as to the meaning of the text must not be equated–though I suspect that we will always confuse them to some extent–with the other kind of difference which obtains between author and both actor and audience. Otherwise we are in danger of collapsing a distinction which is essential to all hermeneutic endeavour: the distinction between interpretation and realisation.

How do we learn this listening from the two positions? I think the radio metaphor of interference helps. From the position of either actor or audience, I am at times frustrated, tantalised, intrigued, furiously impatient, with the interference of the other, between myself and my understanding of the text. This interference is felt as an unwarranted violence done by the other to the intention of the author as I receive it. If we are to work with this 'horizontal' interference, we must try not to confuse it with the different kind of interference which can be present on the 'vertical': an interference between the intention and the expression of the author which makes his texts a source of controversy. If these angles here (the angles between the horizontal and the two sides of the upper triangle in the model) are to remain open, dream interpretation must move between an awareness of these two kinds of interference, and not expect to come to rest either in some text book know how, or in an "aha" reaction. This movement is active, to use Jung's word in relation to the imagination, but it is active in two different ways. It is active in

making, the vertical, and it is active in interpreting, in knowing, the horizontal. The two work together. They conjugate one another. But they are across each other. If the potential latent in our dreams is to be actualised in living, we must be able to work with this acrossness.

This is where I have found Ricoeur's analysis of Freud's *Traumdeutung* so helpful, with its emphasis on the violence done to meaning when imagination combines two universes of discourse: the discourse of meaning and the discourse of force. How does meaning enforce itself? How does the brute, given, is-ness of the world resist meaning? These are the kind of questions which have to be asked if psychoanalytic talk of projection and the withdrawal of projection is to be heard within a wider and more comprehensive hermeneutic. And I have found in this model the way which I want to take in answering them.

In the diagram, meaning and force are present on both axes. On the vertical, we have the meaning intended by the author. On the horizontal, we have the meaning which is both given and drawn out in the exchange between actor and audience. But each can do violence to the other, each exercises a force which is across the other. What the actor and audience make of the text between them can do violence to the author's intention. But the text also exercises its own force on the play between actor and audience. There are moments when a text is experienced as a strait-jacket enforcing intolerable limits on the free play of fantasy. There are others when it is the vehicle for liberating energies that have lain dormant. And there is the whole space between the two extremes.

To do justice to the complexity of these exchanges between meaning and force we need to understand in a way that is both general and specific what happens at that point of intersection in our diagram. That is the point where our mind must turn—and I am thinking of the New Testament word metanoia—if we are to move around this model. After some years of trying it out, I believe that this turn makes its movement felt if we allow our minds to dwell on two questions: what does this exchange between actor and audience presuppose?, and why does the author need this exchange for the realisation of the plot?

The answers which I propose each contain a word which I believe we must use if we are to do justice to the exchanges between meaning and force: the word Will. What does the exchange between actor and audience presuppose, what has to be there for it to take place? The will to make believe. Why does the author need this exchange? Because he wills to let be. The will to make believe: the will to let be. I want to turn between the two.

First, notice the semantic tension latent within the verbs chosen: to make believe, and to let be. I want make believe to resonate over a wide field of experience, from "I'm just making it up", "it's just pretence, really, isn't it, Dad?", through the kind of make believe we associate with our own contemporary theatre, to those rituals in which we believe because we know ourselves called to make our own world. I want us to remember any experience we may have had in which making and believing have been together. And similarly with to let be, I want us to hear the alternation between the two senses of: "Oh, let me be", in which the movement is towards "leave me alone, go away", and the other sense, which sometimes seems to be almost directly contrary, in which the movement is towards a call for help: "Come, help me be". I want us to remember how near and yet how far one kind of letting be is from another, how easily one can violate the meaning of the other.

Then return to our crossed axes: on the horizontal, the will to make believe; on the vertical, the will to let be. What is it like where they meet? How do they depend on each other? That is where we are trying to move.

I believe both dreamwork and prayer re-mind us of that meeting. I have tried to suggest how dreamwork can be understood as such a re-minding. I must conclude by trying also to show how this re-minding has moved me in my difficulty with prayer.

To do so, I want to move my position within our dramatic field here in this room this morning, and tell you something of my difficulty as author in writing this text. Last autumn, when I was beginning to turn over in my mind what I could say at this conference on our chosen theme of dreamwork and prayer, I was saying prayers one evening with my seven-year-old son. He was objecting to the practice, and in responding to his objections I got drawn into talking of how God's creation of the world involves the creation of time, and

can never be properly understood until we find ourselves wondering about why and how time is. In ways, the argument between us went quite well, and when I was telling my wife about it afterwards, I felt reasonably proud. But I was also aware that at one moment in the exchange with my son I had been embarrassed.

For eighteen months or so before this, I had become increasingly interested in embarrassment. In a profession where shame and guilt and shyness are said to play an important part, I had found myself attending to my own feelings of embarrassment–feelings which are often so transitory as to be easily ignored–as moments of awareness of a particular kind. It seemed to me that when I was embarrassed it was often because something was happening which I could not respond to, as if I were getting a signal and did not know what to make of it, what to do with it. Embarrassment was then, and is now, a mood to which I attend carefully.

Therefore I noticed that fleeting, momentary, shiver of embarrassment with my son, and I allowed it to stay around. And quite soon I realised that if I was to say something about prayer to this conference that was personal, and interesting, and true, then I would have to tell you about that exchange between father and son. Well, that was straightforward enough. Apart from a certain muscular hesitation over saying the word embarrassment, I would rather enjoy telling the story–imagining myself as the actor standing in front of you. But what was there to say about that momentary shiver that was relevant to the rest of my text?

Here I found myself blocked by a different kind of stammer. I knew it belonged within what I had to say about my personal difficulty with prayer. But it remained just narrative. I could not see it as part of any exchange between us. It remained something I didn't know what to do with, as if I'd been given a cue and did not remember what came after.

That was my state as author when I went on holiday five weeks ago. I had written the first three quarters of my text, but the conclusion eluded me. I was searching around for the extra theme, for the new idea, which would enable me to include the story of praying with my son. But it just wouldn't come.

The resolution came simply, and was, of course, "given". No outside voice, no dream, but a clear statement within that process we call turning it over in my mind: "what you have to say about it is already written. It is already there, in your text". And immediately after this a particular sentence in my written text was clearly before my mind's eye. It was a sentence, or rather part of a sentence, in that passage where I talk about the difference it makes to interpretation whether the author be alive or dead. I had written:

> But he–the author–may also say, perhaps rather tiredly, because he is no longer as interested in his text as his critics are...".

That was the phrase which came into my mind as the answer to my question: what do I have to say about that embarrassment I felt with my son?

It took some days to settle, as it were, but I knew at once that in the link between embarrassment and the idea of an author who has lost interest in his own text, I had been given whatever it was that needed saying. The first stage was remembering that when I had originally written that sentence it had itself come as a surprise to me. I had not intended to write it before. It had not been included within my intention. It had come to me in and out of the writing. This reminded me of much that I had read of the creative force which can move from the stuff, the matter, towards the author, rather than always from author into the matter. This reminder put me in a position of listening. Within my model, I had moved again.

An author who has lost interest in his own text, perhaps even to the extent of himself no longer believing in it. A public who are committed to that text, as actors and as audience, because it is all that there is. Can they meet? What is it like if they do? How do they look each other in the face? Suppose I, who am both father and son, were on both sides of that divide? I am not talking Christian theology. Nor am I talking about the Oedipus complex. But I am doing something with that embarrassment I felt with my son when he challenged me on prayer. I am praying, now, that I may be able to pray.

If 'I' were on both sides of such a divide, I would have to think again about the relation between make believe and letting be. If, as actor and audience I find that my ability to make believe is spoiled and prevented by the author's indifference, what can I do? Only appeal to some movement within the mind of the maker by which the "leave it alone" of narrative can convert

into the "*so* be it" of enactment. And if as author I hear myself addressed by a public asking that I remember an interest that is forgotten, where do I find the will to respond? Only in the text itself, my creation, speaking to me with a meaning I had not intended. Can 'I' move between the two?

That is where my interest in dreamwork and prayer arises. We move from a daily and nightly interest in how our having a dream relates to the dream's needing its own interpretation, into the difference between the meaning of a text and the meaning intended by the author. Working within that difference, our interest in dreams opens into a wider concern with the violence that can be done to meaning, and how this violence affects all our experience of subject and object, I and it, person and text. This concern then finds itself held by the relation of the hidden to the shown, held by the way they are across each other, not one behind the other.

What we do with our experience of that acrossness seems to vary enormously. It can move us to respond to a call. It can move us to the reduction of illusion. I suspect that in each particular case what we do with that acrossness of the hidden and the shown depends on how will is related to embarrassment. Remembering some dreams can be embarrassing. Telling them even more so. Asking for help with their interpretation can be the beginning of using that embarrassment. To admit that I have forgotten how to pray, or to admit that I do pray—I have found both on occasion very embarrassing. I believe that the cause of creation is helped if these various embarrassments acknowledge each other.

15

JUNG AND THE THIRD PERSON*

I SEE FROM the announcement of this lecture that it is billed as the last of three examining the relationship between religion and analytical psychology. My recollection of your chairman's invitation, a year or so ago, to talk on "Jung and the Spirit" is rather more specific: that the three lectures were to be thought of as related to the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, and that I should represent as it were the third Person of that Trinity, and try to speak of Jung's work from that position.

That at any rate was the idea which lodged itself in my mind, whether it was my own wish or yours, and has seeded my broodiness over the last few months. With what result we shall now hear.

In my understanding, the Third Person of the Trinity moves between the Father and the Son in ways which are controversial to humans. I also understand it to be prophetic, prophetic of what is to come as fulfilment of what has been done.

So I want to speak of Jung's work from a position which allows for movement between father and son, and for prophecy.

I shall speak to two themes. The first is Jung's distinction between extraversion and introversion. I shall try to give some idea of how this distinction moves me, in my work and in my life. I shall try to sound chords which are personal, mystical, social.

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*Paper read to the Guild of Pastoral Psychology, 1981.

My second theme is Jung's attitude to time. I shall propose that Jung's psychology assumes two views of time, and that there is need for work in bringing them together. I shall speak of that work as a "remembering of the createdness of time", and in doing so I will allow a certain, hesitant, note of prophecy to sound in my voice.

Together, I hope these two themes will leave us with a lively sense of *unfinished business with the number three*. For that, or something like it, would be what I would want to call this talk, if I were to have the choosing of my own title.

Extraversion, Introversion

Jung's book on Psychological Types was one of the first of his which I read while a student at the university. I remember how excited I was with the historical chapters, how much the extravert-introvert distinction seemed able to explain in the history of thought. But it remained outside me, a concept I could pick up and put down as I wished, not a reality in which I dwelt.

During the last ten years or so, perhaps longer, it has taken me over in a new way. I think of various moments when I have become seized of the extravert-introvert distinction in ways which I cannot now renounce. I want to mention some of them, in an attempt to strengthen understanding of what is at stake between extravert and introvert.

The first was in conjunction with the word honour, or rather its negation, dishonour. Someone was talking in desperation of an acquaintance who seemed to undermine and undo her, every time they met, in ways which seemed so slight as to be ridiculous, unworthy of attention: the choice of words, a gesture, the manner of listening. Ridiculous to make such a fuss over, "I know she means well, I know it is of my doing as well as hers, and yet"—in desperation—"it's as if she dishonours me".

We were both familiar with Jung's distinction between extraversion and introversion, and over months we found ourselves using it in our attempts to explore what was at stake in this experience of being dishonoured. It helped. It served as a compass, reminding us that we were not wholly lost even at times when we could see no way ahead. Yet, for me, something was missing. The word dishonour hung in the air, witness to some sense of violation which I could not yet associate with the ugly, latinate, words extraversion and introversion.

At that time I had come to imagine the movement and alternation between extraversion and introversion in terms of the centre and circumference of a circle. It seemed to me that, within the extravert mode of being, we feared introversion as if it could lead to the draining away of everything through a sort of plug hole at the centre of the world; while for the introvert, extraversion was feared as if it could lead to the loss of meaning through a sort of centrifugal evacuation or desolation of the world, everything being lost and scattered over the borders of the circumference. What did such an alternation between centre and circumference have to do with honour and dishonour?

The answer came in the language of mysticism. The moment in which I came to recognise how this alternation could represent something beyond itself, something which might account for the desperation and dishonour sometimes experienced in the personal encounter of extravert and introvert, was in reading Gershom Scholem's book on 'Jewish Mysticism'.

I don't know if I can even begin to convey how this happened. The particular moment was carried within the reading of the whole book, the slow and gradual becoming acquainted with a mystical tradition of which I knew nothing. It is that which I need to remember, to evoke.

For those of you who have the book, it was in the reading of pages 260 to 262, in the seventh lecture, the lecture on Isaac Luria and his school of Kabbala. Scholem is describing how Luria speaks of God's act of creation, and is contrasting it with the old Kabbalists who saw that act as God's projection of His creative power out of His own Self. Every new act following on that origin is a further stage in the process of externalisation, which unfolds in a straight line from above downwards, a process which is strictly one way and correspondingly simple. Luria's teaching, on the other hand, has nothing of this "inoffensive simplicity". He begins, and here I think I had better quote Scholem directly,

> by putting a question which gives the appearance of being naturalistic, and, if you like, somewhat crude. How can there be a world if God is everywhere? If God is 'all in all', how can there be things which are not God? How can God create the world out of nothing if there is no

> nothing?...The solution became, in spite of the crude form which he gave it, of the highest importance in the history of later Kabbalistic thought. According to Luria, God was compelled to make room for the world by, as it were, abandoning a region within Himself, a kind of mystical primordial space from which He withdrew in order to return to it in the act of creation and revelation...(so) the first act of all is not an act of revelation but one of limitation...More than that, every new act of emanation and manifestation is preceded by one of concentration and retraction. Every stage in the cosmic process involves a double strain, i.e., the light which streams back into God and that which flows out from Him, and but for this perpetual tension, this ever repeated effort with which God holds Himself back, nothing in the world would exist.

Those are extracts from the pages which transfigured my understanding of why the difference between extravert and introvert can matter so much. If the talk of inside and outside, of subject and object, which we use in expressing that difference refers not only to the relation between persons and bodies *in* space, but also to the act which creates space itself, then that experience of dishonour, of having the ground pulled from under one's feet, of being threatened by something almost like metaphysical annihilation, which characterises some of our close encounters between introvert and extravert, was suddenly seen in a new light. For what was at stake was no longer a difference in psychological type, but a difference in how we attend to the presence of God.

Once given, this conviction has not left me: that the psychology of extraversion and introversion is grounded in ontology, in how we attend to Being, in how we worship God. And if you say that the word ontology is not to be found in Jung's Psychological Types, read again the historical chapters in that book. They are integral to it, and essential to an understanding of the tenth chapter in which the types are described.

But what I miss in Jung, and in the kind of mystical tradition out of which Scholem writes, is any sustained interest in exploring the social implications and expressions of extraverted-introverted encounter and antagonism. Jung draws extensively on traditions which see the human body as microcosm to the macrocosm of the universe. I am interested in a middle world between the two, in analysing the ways in which society, the social body,

mediates between individual and cosmos, cosmos and individual. This, for me, is one place where the spirit moves in power.

For instance, in relation to symbols. The theme of man and his symbols is a leitmotif of Jung's work. How do we relate his archetypal understanding of symbols to the structural analyses of symbolic form and action which the social anthropologists are giving us?

There is a whole world to be explored here, a world which reveals itself to discovery from many directions. The metaphor of inside and outside features prominently in the language of various schools. I would like to see Jung's distinction between extraversion and introversion open into wider engagement between individual and social experience of the symbolic life.

A book which has influenced me deeply over the last ten years, and inspired me to reflect in new ways on man and his symbols, has been Mary Douglas's *Natural Symbols*. Her chapter on the Two Bodies, the personal and the social, is full of new, interior, perspectives on why the difference between inside and outside can matter so very much. It moves my spirit to hazard new translations between psychoanalytic and anthropological understanding of incarnation, of what it is like to be in a body.

The last sentences of the chapter have become for me a sort of text to be chanted, almost as a kind of creed, and though it is unfair both on you and Mary Douglas to quote them out of context, I shall do so. "The physical body can have universal meaning"—and that is what is claimed in the microcosm-macrocosm teachings to which Jung refers us so often—"only as a system which responds to the social system, expressing it as a system. What it symbolises naturally is the relation of parts of an organism to the whole. Natural symbols can express the relation of an individual to his society at that general systemic level. The two bodies are the self and society: sometimes they are so near as to be almost merged; sometimes they are far apart. The tension between them allows the elaboration of meanings".

I have known someone to be held together in a field of seemingly intolerable conflict by the comfort of that last sentence: "the tension between them allows the elaboration of meanings". Between self and society the fields of symbolisation are richer and more varied than we can imagine, because what is at stake is not just representation, but creation, the creation of cosmos.

But the symbols which move us between microcosm and macrocosm are always, and essentially, social. There will always be more at stake in the encounter between extravert and introvert than we are prepared for, because what is being hazarded in that encounter is creation, creation that is personal, mystical, social.

Jung and Time

Let me move now to my second theme.

In Jung's work two different philosophies of time exist side by side. He does not seem to have been uncomfortable with their co-existence. But I think it is left to others to find how they do co-exist in his work. One of the main arguments I want to advance this evening is that the difference between these two views of time is one of Jung's most valuable legacies to us. But if we are to inherit it, we must first recognize it for what it is: a legacy of unfinished business.

On the one hand, Jung seems to have subscribed to what we can call a Darwinian belief in evolutionary time. Such time is absolutely disproportionate to the lifetime of a human being. Compared to a person's lifetime, it is without beginning and without end, a wholly impersonal continuum in which the present is all but lost between the vastness of before and after. On the other hand, we have all those insights which he gathered together round the concept of synchronicity. I believe that one of the more urgent tasks facing students of Jung is to recognise how radically different these two philosophies of time are, to admit it among ourselves, to proclaim it, and to research into it. If we can do that, then the spirit of Jung's psychology, and the spirit of our times, will co-operate in new ways.

I am not going to develop this argument through a study of Jung's work this evening. That needs doing, but this is not the occasion. Instead, I feel that I am allowed by your gift of title to speak with a certain, hesitant, note of prophecy. I want to speak therefore of the createdness of time. I believe the spirit is calling us today, now, to remember the createdness of time. The call is heard in many places. One is from within Jung's work, in the dissonance between his varying assumptions as to the nature of time. But it is also heard in many other places. What I want to do now is to sound that call in a way

which will move us between our interest in Jung's work and some of those other places where the createdness of time is demanding and receiving attention.

How do we imagine that time is created? I shall take as my way into this question a myth which Jung might well have included in his amplification of pre-Christian Trinitarian motifs in his essay on the Trinity: the Greek myth of Cronus and Zeus.

I expect this story is familiar to some of you, not to others. I want to present it within the context of social anthropology, by referring to a short, remarkable essay by Edmund Leach on the *Symbolic Representation of Time*.

In this essay, called "Cronus and Chronos", Leach considers "one of the most puzzling characters in classical Greek mythology, that of Cronus, father of Zeus". He asks: why was Cronus taken as a symbolical representative of Chronos, Eternal Time? Etymologically, there is no close connection between the two words. Yet, from the very early days of Greek philosophical reflection on the nature of Time, the play between the two words was taken to both express and conceal a major issue of theology. Why?

Leach's answer is both simple and very odd. When I first came across it, I found it strangely familiar, as if I'd known it all along. Yet it was also surprising, almost shocking. It is that human interest in sexuality and death, and in how they may be related, creates time.

His argument is so concise, so dense, that it ought to be read in its entirety. I will not try to condense it. All I can hope to do is give you a taste of what Leach believes to be at stake in the story which tells of the procession from Father Cronus to Son Zeus.

Here is his summary of the myth.

> Cronus, King of the Titans, was the son of Uranus (sky) and Ge (earth). As the children of Uranus were born, Uranus pushed them back again into the body of Ge. Ge, to escape the prolonged pregnancy, armed Cronus with a sickle with which he castrated his father. The blood from the bleeding phallus fell into the sea and from the foam was born Aphrodite (universal fecundity).
>
> Cronus begat children by his sister Rhea. As they were born he swallowed them. When the youngest, Zeus, was born, Rhea deceived Cronus by giving him a (phallic) stone wrapped in a cloth instead of the new-

> born infant. Cronus swallowed the stone instead of the child. Zeus thus grew up. When Zeus was adult, Cronus vomited up his swallowed children: namely Hades, Poseidon, Hestia, Demeter, and also the stone phallus, which last became a cult object at Delphi. Zeus now rebelled against King Cronus and overthrew him; according to one version he castrated him. Placed in restraint, Cronus became nevertheless the beneficent ruler of the Elysian fields, home of the blessed dead.

It is a gruesome story. What can these bloody images of childbirth and castration have to say about how time is created? What does this confusion, this polymorphous confusion, of mouth and vagina, womb and stomach, strangely disturbing our sense of what passes between the inside and outside of bodies, have to say about the beginning and ending of time?

Leach's answer draws on an enviably wide field of anthropological research. He is interested in the structure of the myth, and in particular in the image of oscillation: the out-in, out-in, out-in oscillation as the children of Uranus are born and shoved back in again, the similar out-in, out-in, as the children of Cronus are born and then swallowed, and the reversal to in-out as the swallowed children of Cronus are vomited up again. Leach bids us attend to this oscillation, and to the function of the intervening third which breaks the beat (the castrating sickle, the swallowed stone), for an understanding of how and why the myth tells of the creation of Time.

He reminds us of societies existing today in which time is not experienced as a going on and on in the same direction, or round and round the same wheel, but as "something discontinuous, a repetition of repeated reversal, a sequence of oscillations between polar opposites: night and day, winter and summer, drought and flood, age and youth, life and death".

That is the first point to grasp. Instead of thinking of time as flow, whether in a line or circle or spiral, imagine it as oscillation, rhythm, beat. Let me repeat the crucial phrase: "something discontinuous, a repetition of repeated reversal". Musicians usually know what is being said here. Think of it musically, especially if you can imagine having the composing, conducting, rehearsing and performing of your own set piece!

Leach then goes on to show how "the notion that the time process is an oscillation between opposites–between day and night or between life and death–implies the existence of a third entity: the 'thing' that oscillates, the 'I'

that is at the one moment in the daylight and at another in the dark, the 'soul' that is at one moment in the living body and at another in the tomb".

It is at this stage in the argument that the relation between sexuality and death emerges as crucial for how we understand the createdness of time. Something is being said which, when I am in the right mood, I find extraordinarily exciting in relation to what we used to think of as the Freud-Jung split in the history of psychoanalysis, and also in relation to the wider encounter between psychoanalytic and biological understanding of sexuality and death. It is this: that what makes time both *go on* and also *repeat reversal* is human owning of an analogy between sexuality and death.

> When the Greeks conceived the oscillations of time by analogy with the oscillations of the soul, they were using a concrete metaphor. Basically it is the metaphor of sexual coitus, of the ebb and flow of the sexual essence between sky and earth (with the rain as semen), between this world and the underworld (with marrow-fat and vegetable seeds as semen), between man and woman. In short, it is the sexual act itself which provides the primary image of time.

But this is necessarily related to dying:

> In the act of copulation the male imparts a bit of his life soul to the female; in giving birth she yields it forth again. Coitus is here seen as a kind of dying for the male; giving birth as a kind of dying for the female.

The third which has to be if there is to be oscillation between opposites: when humanity owns this third, then time both goes on and repeats reversal. And by "own" I mean an activity which both claims and confesses.

Now if we are to take Leach's point, we must realise that what he is saying is incomprehensible from within a view of time as given in nature. What is at stake in any attempt to remember that time is created is a break with nature. An assumption is being made which is not, and can never be, reasonable, if by reasonable we mean natural. But it is reasonable if we are willing to invoke an authority which is over nature. And this is what we do when we take it on ourselves both to claim and to confess an analogy between sexuality and death in order that time may go on *and* repeat reversal.

I will try to illustrate what I mean by taking two themes out of my own practice, themes which will, I believe, be familiar to most of us. The first is our

interest in family trees, in genealogy, in what passes, or happens, between the generations. The second is our nightmares of doomsday. Can these help us imagine what it is like both to claim and to confess an analogy between sexuality and death in order that time may go on and repeat reversal?

Look please at these figures on the blackboard.

son	1
parents	2
grandparents	4
1900	8
1800	64
1700	512
1600	4,096
1500	32,768
1400	262,144
1300	2,097,152
1200	16,777,216
1100	134,217,728
1000	1,073,741,824

If I have worked them out accurately, these figures represent the biological ancestry of my sons, giving the approximate numbers at the turn of each century between now and the Norman Conquest, and assuming three generations to the century.

I first saw figures like these some years ago when Alistair Hardy was talking about what (I think) he called the gene pool, the pool of genetic inheritance which we all share and on which we all draw. Since then, I have found myself returning to them again and again, in a sort of wondering meditation. What is it that they are saying to me?

This figure here, of over 1000 million, certainly doesn't refer to actual men and women. The entire population of the world was probably about a quarter of that figure. Many hundreds of thousands of them were the same people (a reminder of the complex structure of cross-cousin marriage by which our seemingly exogamous choices of husband and wife are carried). So we have to ask ourselves, as my younger son reminded me when he loaned me his calculator to work out the figures: how many ancestors did I *really* have at the Norman Conquest, Dad?

Because what these figures are saying is that there is a difference between the sort of time assumed in the search for biological ancestry, and the

time of history. The time of family tree, and the time of history, are not real in the same sense. They cannot be measured by the same scale.

So where does the break between the two ways of measuring occur? Back here, in the 18th century, where most of us find that our lines of ancestry cease to be traceable? Or earlier, in the middle ages, at the time of the Black Death or Magna Carta, say, when the ancestral numbers are becoming, frankly, unimaginable?

I don't think so, I think the break between the two ways of measuring time occurs right here, at the beginning, (or is it the end?), between the last (or is it the first?) child and the last (or are they the first?) parents. The time of biology and the time of history intersect, and separate, in family, between the generations and between the sexes, when an exchange, an oscillation, between two requires the presence of a third.

Whether you accept that or not, I do earnestly recommend these figures for reflective meditation. You will find that they move the imagination in unexpected ways. What Freud has taught us to call the Oedipus complex begins to sound rather different when we allow that the time of biology and the time of history may not be the same. To me, the Oedipus complex begins to sound like a reminder that time is not given in nature, but assumes an authority over nature.

Or consider Jung's idea of the collective unconscious, and the entirely unresolved problem of how to relate it on the one hand to evolutionary genetics, and on the other to social environment. Does it help us if we question not only Jung's assumptions about time, but also those of evolutionary theory?

Listen to this passage about the 'inventiveness' of sexuality and death, from François Jacob's book *The Logic of Living Systems*.

> The notion that evolution results exclusively from a succession of micro-events, from mutations, each occurring at random, is denied both by time and arithmetic. For the wheel of chance to come up step by step, sub unit after sub unit with each of the several ten thousand protein chains needed to compose the body of the mammal would require far more time than the span generally attributed to the solar system....Evolution has become possible only because genetic systems have themselves evolved. As organisms become more complicated, their reproduction also becomes more

> complicated. A whole series of mechanisms appears...(and he goes on to list them, concluding)...but the most important inventions are sex and death...death not from without, as the result of some accident, but death imposed from within, as a necessity prescribed from the egg onward by the genetic programme itself.

Invention? Sexuality and death as inventions? What is this power to invent which moves between chance and necessity in this neo-Darwinian vision of how time and life are related? What kind of resourcefulness is being assumed by the theorists of evolution? Could it be in any way connected with the imaginal resourcefulness assumed in our dreaming, that resourcefulness which appears to be both original, for the first time, and also very old? If it were, then I think the call to remember time created may be sounding more insistently than we have yet realised.

But this call does not come only from our interest in the past, in beginnings, in family trees, genealogy, and evolution. It comes also, as it always has, from our interest in the future, in endings, in the last things. Today this means for many the fear of nuclear apocalypse, a fascination with prophecies of technological doomsday. Many are deeply troubled by such visions, and there are times when I have counted myself among them.

Yet I have come to believe that much of this anxiety is not so much about the future, as about the nature of time itself. I am constantly reminded in my work of the psychoanalytic warning that in the *fear* there may be hidden the unacknowledged *wish*, and I ask myself: what conceivable wish could be hidden in our fears of nuclear holocaust? The only answer that makes any sense to me is that we could be getting desperate in our wish to remember, for ourselves, how time is created.

So let me conclude with three different responses to the fear of Doomsday, each of which is, I believe, evidence of a call to remember the createdness of time. I will leave them to speak for themselves, asking only that you allow them their hesitant, faltering note of prophecy.

The first is a dream which I had in 1957, when the great powers were still testing their nuclear weapons by explosion in the earth's atmosphere.

> I and others are waiting in London for a possible end of the world air raid, just before dawn. We are very afraid—it is fear not so much of death as of change of state. The terror that somewhere They, the Lords who control our fate, may already have despatched the weapon that will alter us completely, making us something else.
>
> I ask others how it will feel to live with our senses in Einstein's space-time. How shall we ever be able to understand the normal, necessary, space-time of our pre-war world? I am told that chosen people are being trained for this.
>
> Then I find myself at the heart of our country's defence, like the War Cabinet in the first world war, with the Welshman Lloyd George as Prime Minister. A feeling of being at the centre of whatever plans are being made to restore continuity after the possible devastation. It is announced in awed secrecy that of 800 volunteers who have been given the 'disease' (like radiation) with which we are all threatened, only 730 odd 'took'.
>
> This means that some of us will not change state. There is statistical certainty of biological continuity for mankind, although the individual remains almost wholly at risk. It is said (in the dream) that this is an evolutionary development of a kind comparable with forgotten mutations in the limbo of archaeological and geological time.

The second is from a book called *The Conquest of Nature*. It was written some twenty years ago, in the early years of the world wide political debate about technology and its consequences. The author takes as his theme words of the then Secretary General of the United Nations, U Thant, that "it is no longer resources that limit decisions. It is the decision that makes the resources. This is the fundamental revolutionary change—perhaps the most revolutionary mankind has ever known", and argues over a wide field *against* the prophets of Doomsday. But it is the surprising last four words of the book which I want to quote, with their quiet suggestion that what is feared as still to come has already been done, if only we can remember. To put these four words in their context, here are the closing paragraphs of the book.

> The Indians on the West Coast of South America tell a folk tale which must be very old, since the scene it describes is depicted on a pre-Chimu pottery vase some 1400 years old. The story runs as follows: This has happened and it will happen again. Long, long ago the sun disappeared and the world was shrouded in complete darkness for five long days. This was the signal for the things to mobilise. The stones began to grind, the

> mortars and pestles marched against their masters, and even the llamas attacked their keepers in the stables.
>
> In our time there is a tendency to catch sight of that same frightening vision—to blame our tools for showing malice because our world has gone wrong in so many ways. It is tempting to sit in the midst of the strange and wonderful array of our modern technology and cry out with the sorcerer's apprentice:'How can I get rid of the spirits I have called up myself?' The question is whether we, who have dominion over the earth, shall act like Sisyphus and trust to our cunning only, becoming more and more self-reliant and self-involved, self-imprisoned and self-centred. Sisyphus became his own God and his own Satan, at war with heaven, embittered with earth, and contemptuous of hell. But this author, after contemplating three-quarters of a century of technology's marvels and horrors, has no doubt that Sisyphus has already been saved from himself. This happened at Easter.

My third example is from a recent Quaker meeting in the United States. I have it only at second hand, and it may be that the event has been altered in the telling.

The meeting was being held in the shadow of a particular expression of fear and anger and resolution in the face of nuclear technology. There had been a long silence, over an hour by the clock, when an old woman spoke. She said that she was over 80 years old, and that for the last 50 years she had been active in the peace movement. Looking around her, she saw the world now as a worse place than when she had begun, and that she sometimes asked herself if it had all been worth while. And then she remembered a poem, by the Irish poet James Stephens, or rather, she didn't remember it very well, so perhaps she had got it wrong, but it told of God standing at the edge of the Universe, the wind of space moving his beard as he contemplates our particular little world. He says: This has always been a troublesome star. I shall destroy it. And a voice speaks from the world: Father, I am still here. God replies: My son, I thought you were dead.

Conclusion

I have tried to speak of Jung's work in a way which allows for movement between father and son, and for prophecy: prophecy of what is to

come as fulfilment of what has already been done. And I have said that I hope to leave us with a lively sense of unfinished business with the number three.

I expect many of you have noticed that I have said nothing of the missing fourth, or of the missing feminine, ideas which are central to Jung's essay on the Trinity. The omission has been deliberate. I have tried to speak *across* Jung's argument about the quaternity, in order to sound a note of urgency about time, and about the need to bring together social and mystical experience of the body.

Because what matters is that there be movement between Creation and Incarnation, Incarnation and Creation. To be with that movement, we need first to shiver those naturalistic assumptions which make it appear to the uncircumcised as if the Trinity were a masculine preserve. I have tried to speak of such a 'shivering', an excluding which is also an including, confessing which is also a claiming.

I hope that I leave you with a *lively* sense of unfinished business with the number three. If I do, then I am satisfied that I have spoken, in part, to the title you offered me.

This doing I call plot. Living plot requires that we take scene and time for granted. Telling plot requires that we remember the fact that they are set.

I end with an example to show what it is like to change one's sense of direction when the fact that scene and time are set is remembered. The example tells of mood, and of flesh, body. If we are interested in mood, then we are interested in body. Without incarnation there can be neither where nor when, neither scene nor time. But in my work as a psychotherapist I am constantly reminded how difficult it is to imagine what being in the body is like. In using mood to reflect on this difficulty, I hope I shall be heard to speak of, and out of, the wider theme of this conference, parabolic imagination.

Mood and Where

'He was in an ugly mood'. 'You're in a funny mood today'. 'As he rose to speak, the mood in the hall was electric'. We can walk into a room where two or three are gathered together, and know at once that something is up by the mood which fills the space between the four walls. Mood settles round us like a fog. Or it crackles and sparks. In either consistency, it is outside us. I, we, are in a mood. Yet it comes naturally to ask of someone whose mood we are suffering: what on earth has got into you? Our bodies secrete mood like sweat. It can ooze out of us like some noxious gas. Or our bodies can shine, glow, with the blessing of some wholly unexpected epiphany of mood. Attending to mood involves us always in a questioning of the whereness of inside and outside.

In the fifteen years and more that I have been reflecting on mood, this question of the where of inside and outside has come to carry a latency, a richness of implication, which I find inexhaustible. The contrast between the inner and outer man, between truths which are inward and hidden, or outward and revealed, is so familiar that it is easy to pass over the question as to where outer and inner are. But the kind of work being done in the various psychoanalytic schools returns us to that question again and again. Ideas of projection from person to person, or person to thing, all invoke the distinction between an inside and an outside, all assume it as if it is something we can

understand easily. Yet if I ask myself *where* this inside may be, I have no answer.

When we talk about mood, this question of where outer and inner are is often expressed in terms of place. We talk of mood as having a right and a wrong place. *Dis*placement is one of the most effective concepts of psychoanalysis, and has attracted the attention of students of hermeneutics. In therapeutic work in groups, and in families and marriages, questions like: where does this belong?, or statements like: we can't hope to deal with this unless we get it in its right place, bear witness to the ease with which questions of place arise.

A mood is at issue between myself and another. Things have come to a stop between us. It hangs heavily in the air between us. We are both caught in it. Yet I can feel it coming out of me, or spreading out from the other. I can suffer acute bodily sensations of oppression and congestion, so that the inside of my body is affected in ways that cannot remain hidden. Blame is reciprocal. We both say: you are doing this to me. Can't you see? Can't you take it back into yourself and deal with it there, instead of projecting it out on to me?

How should we respond? How can we understand what it is like to get mood rightly placed? I believe our response is parabolic. In reflecting on this 'likeness', we are in the presence of parabolic imagination, as it works pervasively, unobtrusively, in the interstitial flux of daily living. Behind our talk of placing mood where it belongs, there is a more original questioning of what place itself is like. If we are to allow mood its proper power in the world, we must let it generate its own questions about place. And these are about the creation of 'where'.

Mood turns on itself when we look at each other and ask: where, oh where have we got to? Where in the name of all that's wonderful, or terrible, or banal, are we? The turn can happen in a group, with another individual, alone with oneself: the turn between inwardness and outwardness which 'raises' the question of where. In its arising, attention moves from self and others to scene. It is as if we address ourselves to the place, to the scene. What manner of place is this? The scene can answer, and in answering tell us something about the ground on which we stand.

I am trying to describe something very familiar, so familiar that it may be easy to ignore. It is a moment of insight and relief which not only allows, but calls for, re-direction. The call needs emphasis. The relief comes when we say of a mood: 'Ah, now I see where it belongs', and that 'seeing where it belongs' is not only a recognition, but a call to take a stand: 'Now I see where I stand'.

Mood questions our whereabouts in ways which allow the scene to affect the under-standing of the actors. We can think of it as the presence of place. We all know of certain special places which have a presence which seems to solicit dialogue and action. Perhaps this kind of presence is more common than we realise, so that we should think of mood as setting the scene in which we are soliciting dialogue and action. We are released from the stuckness of mood when we allow the setting its own reality independent of the persons involved, so that the figures, the players, who carry the action are no longer held directly responsible, either by themselves or others, for that which sets the scene.

But more of this later. Let us return to our insides and outsides.

When the question of the creation of 'where' arises in the turn of mood on itself, our talk of insides and outsides sounds with a new meaning. Instead of the surface between inside and outside we have a new awareness of presence, a presence which makes body and place inconceivable without each other. The question: where are we? turns our attention towards a circumference and towards a centre. There is a looking round, towards an horizon. And there is a looking closer at hand, a seeking of habitation, lodging. Presence indwells, and also makes manifest. Moods make allowance for both.

Negotiating with mood, with my mood, with your mood, with the mood of the party, with the mood no body will own, depends on making this allowance. When we do so, the questions: where does it belong? who is responsible?, open into a new sense of possibility and alternative. Placing mood is no longer simply, and usually impossibly, a matter of deciding between inside and outside, me and you. Instead, we have categories like near and far, home and abroad, familiar and strange, obvious and obscure, thick and thin, figure and ground, actor and scene. With these we can translate

more subtly, negotiate more cannily, between the restriction and the easement of mood, because the atmosphere, the stuff, the climate of mood, is being allowed its own effectiveness in making room, in setting the scene. Between you and me, them and us, another presence is being allowed for, a presence which is effective in creating 'where' we are.

But if this power of mood to create 'where' is to free rather than imprison, we have to be able to give it direction. Finding our way between the insideness and outsideness of mood requires of us a kind of double sense of direction. We need to encompass our atmosphere as well as finding a compass by which to orientate ourselves within our atmosphere. What this means for our sense of direction can be best suggested if we use our bodies as well as our moods to engender a questioning of whereness.

Body's Direction

If our experience of the insideness and outsideness of body is to turn our minds to the same sort of questioning of whereness as mood, our hands are a good place to begin. Hands hold and use the tools of craft, labour, art, and in doing so, externalise, objectify, and reify what is internal, subjective, imaginary. Hands reach out to order, service, enjoy, objects of their own creation, and in doing so discover new worlds of subjectivity and subjection. Hands direct our private interest in what is internal, what external, towards the public world of machines, technology, and political argument.

We speak of the front and the back of the hand. I find that I am in some doubt as to which side is which. I take it that the palm is the front, and the other side the back. I suppose that it is the usual distinction, though when I clench my fists in fight and lead as it were with my knuckles, then they seem to be more front than back.

How does this distinction between front and back compare with inside and outside? I suppose we could say that the inside of the hand is between the skin of front and back. But that is not what we mean when we say: I took it into my hand, or, He took it out of my hand. The palm, within which we grasp the tools to work on what is out there, evokes much of the same sense of container, softness, vulnerability, as we associate with the inside of our bodies.

Yet the palm also lends itself as an alternative to the clenched fist to fend off, to push away: 'You stay outside my boundary'.

As our hands turn between outward and inward they can teach us much as to how body and place are directed towards, and away from, each other. For example:

A few weeks ago I saw the play 'Children of a Lesser God'. This play is about people born deaf. Some of the players are deaf, others can hear but have learned the sign language of the deaf. The space between the players was quick with the movement of hands. Hands signed the projection of meaning between persons. Hands moved away from and towards. They took, they gave, they snatched and were still, breathing still. The fingers played with the insideness and outsideness of space, and that play signed a meaning to which there could be either assent or refusal.

The next morning I was sitting with a client. I was aware of watching his hands with an unusual sharpness, as a result of the play the evening before. He is an engineer, and was talking a bit about his work, a bit about his marriage. Then there was a silence, out of which he said: 'I get involved in nothing. But it's not that I don't get involved in things. I do. I get terribly involved in things. But I get involved in nothing', and he moved his hand out, palm flat, as if both feeling nothing, as if the hand's palm were signing: Look, there's nothing there (or was it: there's nothing here?), and also, at the same time, fending off, signing: keep away, keep your distance. As his hand moved so, he said: 'I grasp nothing'. Then, 'That's funny, isn't it? You can turn that round', and his hand turned, the palm now inward, and closed to grasp empty air, in towards his body, and he said: 'I grasp nothing'.

'I am involved in nothing, but I'm terribly involved in things'. The inside of a hand faced out, away, then turning, in, closing on emptiness, in towards the body. What is out there, and who is in–where? How can I help this man to a better understanding of where he is?

I believe that among many things he is asking for with that gesture is a sense of direction. He is asking both where he is, and where to go, and he is asking out of incomprehension as to what is outward, what inward. The answers which can help must comprehend that incomprehension.

If I have been able to help him, as I believe I have, it is in part because of an essay which I read some years ago, an essay which profoundly affected my perception of my hands and my hearing of what hands have to tell about body's direction. The essay is by Henri Corbin, a student of Islamic mysticism, and is commenting on a 12th century text. This text tells of 'the country of non-where', of the spiritual mount which is where you were at the beginning and to where you will return. In describing the ways to and from this where, a way that is true to a direction beyond this world, the author gives us an extraordinary image, the image of a drop of balsam which, distilled in the hollow of one's hand held up against the sun, trans-passes to the back of the hand. He writes that:

> He who has discovered the meaning of True Reality has arrived at the Spring of Life. When he emerges from the Spring, he is endowed with a Gift that likens him to the balsam of which a drop, distilled in the hollow of one's hand held up against the sun, trans-passes to the back of the hand.

It is an extraordinary image. Ever since I met it, I have listened differently to all the psychoanalytic and sociological talk about insides and outsides, wondering if I dare follow the directions hinted at by Corbin in his interpretation of this text. After making the point that what is hazarded here is our understanding of how the outer, the visible, the exoteric is related to the inner, the invisible, the esoteric, he concludes in words which say all I have tried to say about turning inside out and outside in:

> Strange as it may seem, once the journey is completed, the reality which has hitherto been an inner and hidden one turns out to envelop, surround, or contain that which at first was outer and visible...Henceforth, the spiritual reality envelops, surrounds, contains, so-called material reality. Spiritual reality can therefore not be found *'in the where'*. The 'where' is in it. In other words, spiritual reality itself *is* the 'where' of all things. It is not located anywhere and it is not covered by the question 'where'...Once we have understood this, we perhaps understand the most important thing enabling us to follow the topography of visionary experiences. We may discover the way (sens in French), both in terms of meaning and in terms of direction.

'Both in terms of meaning and in terms of direction'. That is the conjunction from which I have to be able to speak if I am to help my engineer

client. When we talk about the meaning of our lives, perhaps complaining that they are without meaning, or that they have lost their meaning, we are looking among other things for a sense of direction. The sort of questions we ask, and answers we give, and hear, will be of one kind if we assume that direction is to be found in a 'where' that is simply 'there'. They will be of another kind altogether if we believe that our lives may call for a sense of direction which *is* the 'where' of all things, that the sense of direction we need must be able to set the scene as well as find a way.

A mystical experience such as that described in the Sufi text I have quoted may seem a far cry from that engineer's hand, turning to touch the nothing in which things involve us. But it is a cry to which I am moved to respond. It is not easy to find words true to both mood and spiritual reality. Yet we must try. I don't believe we can account for what happens to us between the insideness and outsideness of mood unless we recover a sense of direction which can set scene as well as guide movement across scene. If the surface between inside and outside eludes definition, and if we read of experiences which affirm a presence which *is* the where of all things, why not at least try asking ourselves whether what eludes us is not a surface but a setting, a setting which is not just a noun, but a verb also?

But we are directed in time as well as in space.

Mood and When

Attending to mood involves us in questions about time which are famous, or notorious, in the history of philosophy, in the natural and human sciences. If we are to talk about mood, if we are to take mood as food for thought, we must be prepared to dare these questions, and to dare them from within mood, moodily. We have to dare to philosophise about time from our place in the rough ground of mood, which means confusedly, always tentative, groping, with our ears guiding us as much as our eyes as we seek for clarity of thought and expression.

Moods have rhythm. Clinically, the language in which we describe mood, with its highs and its lows, has much in common with the language in which we talk of music. But quite generally too, learning to attend and

respond to our moods, in their daily and monthly and seasonal occurrence, is learning to listen for, and to move with, rhythm.

To listen. Between persons, observe the change from 'Can't you see' types of expostulation and exhortation, to 'you're just not hearing me'. The change may seem to be a movement towards despair, into a deeper resignation. But that is not necessarily so. If we are willing to allow mood its own way of working, the turn from trying to see to trying to hear can take us closer to mood's proper responsiveness. In appealing to hearing–am I listening?, what am I listening for?, to whom am I listening?, the quality of our attention changes. The weight and oppression of what we were sure could never be said can resound with a rhythm which the eyes can never see.

But it is not only listening we have to learn. Our listening must intend response. There is a receptive willingness to listen for a rhythm. And there is an active willingness to move with a rhythm. To respond to mood, both must be present.

Much of my work is done between that listening for, and that moving with, the rhythm which is mood. And it is here that I have found continued reflection on time essential for relating theory to practice. How do we understand time in the presence of lived mood?

I work with the contrast between what I call the passing and the fullness of time. It is now eleven years since I first used this distinction, and in seminar teaching, supervision, and private practice, I continue to find that it speaks responsively and effectively into the presence of mood. I find that to speak of the passing and the fullness of time, and to contrast them radically, lays one open to critical dialogue with other disciplines, while also leaving one stuck in the rough ground where mood does its work. This is a position I want to maintain this afternoon.

Passing time is a notion which we share easily. It fits with the assumptions on which our public world is run. It agrees with our machines, with our technology, with our sense of history, with our belief in evolution.

But it doesn't only agree with them. It also underwrites them. Any serious doubt as to whether passing is the only, or most important, way in which we experience time would have consequences for our public world which are not easy to imagine. Which is perhaps one reason why the study of

mood is not entertained seriously by our public institutions. It would interfere with the clocks.

For mood is constantly reminding us that though time may well pass, it is also full. To savour mood, is to taste of the fullness of time. Joy, grief, happiness, sadness, gravity, levity, humour, misery, all bear witness to time which can stand still, pass in a flash, last an eternity, oscillate wildly in terror or laughter. How can we do justice to times like these if we think and talk only of a passing?

I don't think we can. If we are to entertain the reality of times like these in our public as well as in our private lives, I believe we need images of fullness and emptiness, and we need the conviction to say: '*This* is what being in time is like. It is not only a stream, an arrow, a passing. Time destroys and preserves not only as between past and future, but now, in a present which is full and empty'.

In coming to this conviction I have drawn confidence from much that I have read in the great intellectual traditions. But my own interest is in how we talk about time in our daily lives. If such contrasts as are made between chronos and kairos, profane and sacred time, diachrony and synchrony, are to help us in our moods, we need to be able to hear them sounding in ordinary speech.

The verbs which we use in talking about time are a good starting point: to spend, to save, to waste, keep, lose, take, make, find. Do we hear them? Do we listen to what they are saying about being in time, about what being in time is like? Sometimes. But I think we could learn to do better.

One of the most puzzling characteristics of moods is the contrast between how ephemeral they are and their immovable, unchanging permanence. A mood can vanish as if it had never been there. It can seem incredible that only a few hours ago it had been, and would be, there for ever, something which would never go away.

I want to suggest a connection between this characteristic of mood and how we listen to each other when we are trying to catch the rhythm of what is at stake between us in a mood. And to do this, I want to use a picture, a likeness.

I have in mind a scene familiar to every motorist. It is one of those road junctions, marked with criss-crossing yellow lines, with signs enjoining the driver not to enter the box junction until the exit is clear. In order that two streams of traffic can move across each other it is essential that they alternate. There is movement, and there is standstill, and there is alternation between. And to allow alternation, the crossing place must allow for emptiness as well as movement.

It is a scene which I find continuously suggestive when I try to imagine how the rhythm and the direction of time are related. And in listening to mood, I think often of those moments when I have stopped at the red light, and sat watching as the stream of traffic flows at right angles across my line of direction. Looking towards their exit road, I see the traffic slow to a standstill. Will the next drivers heed the sign and leave the central crossing clear, or will they move in to occupy and so block it? Ah: he's stopping. He's leaving the space. I look across at him. He looks at me. We wait, either for the lights to change so that I can move, or for his exit to clear, so that he can move. As we wait, something is exchanged, something acknowledged, between us.

As I try to listen to mood, I often think of that moment of exchange, of acknowledgement, before that precariously empty space. It speaks to me about what it is like both to listen for, and to intend response to, the rhythm of moods. There is a holding back, and a laying claim to. There is respect for alternation, a sense of whose turn it is. In the shared uncertainty between that holding back from, and laying claim to, the crossing space, I am reminded of how we negotiate with mood.

Remember those moments—blessed moments they can be—when two persons are trying to find words to express and to move a mood, and something is said which allows and enables the mood to change. If you reflect, I think you will find that what is said has a certain alternation in its tone. There is a tone of admission, perhaps almost of confession. And there is a tone of assertion, perhaps of defiant desperation, sounding as it were in spite of, against, the admission: 'but that is how things *are*'. When the two sound together, the reality of mood is being owned in a way which enables response. 'Ah, if you're prepared to talk like that, then I can...', and suddenly the talk

moves with a new ease but also with a new purchase, as if we have now got hold of what was the matter.

What has happened? With the picture of that traffic crossing in mind, I would dwell on the implications of that subtle alternation between admission and assertion. There is a holding back, even a withdrawal, as we leave the other's direction open. But that holding back goes together with a laying claim to, an assertion of, a right to one's own turn. What enables response is the sound of that alternation in another's voice, the signing of that alternation in gesture, in manner. It is as if when that alternation between admission and assertion is present, so that they sound together, then mood can change direction and we can engage with whatever is the matter.

This is one of our most common experiences with mood. It can happen in small ways, almost unnoticed in the flux of daily living together. Or it can happen more dramatically, to save or to end a close human relationship. But it remains very mysterious. If we are to understand how it works, with an understanding that can be applied, I think we must recognise that what is at stake isn't just mood, but our being in time.

So how does the contrast between mood as ephemeral, and mood as immovable, unchangeable, relate to that rhythm of admission and assertion which enables us to hear each other in our moods? I return to my traffic intersection, to that uncertainty between holding back and laying claim which preoccupies the crossing place of the two streams of traffic. It is reminding me now of a dance, of the tension between two bodies poised to catch the rhythm to which they can move together. They listen, they are intent to respond. But that intention to respond does not derive from the listening. It derives from a willingness to set the time.

Setting time. That's what we have to remember if we are to understand the rhythm of our moods, and to relate that understanding to the more public concerns of our social lives. Time is not just a medium of whose movement we can take advantage. There is a rhythm to be set, and we have a part in that setting.

If we listen, mood reminds us of this. Setting time takes no time. So mood is ephemeral. But if we forget to set the time, we lose the beat, we get out of time, and we are lost in an unmeasure that is without beginning or end.

Time can't just move forward. It has to alternate between being occupied and unoccupied. So it is to be set, and also to be taken advantage of. Moods, in their coming and going, here and gone, remind us inconstantly of a rhythm which we must learn so to take for granted that it can be forgotten if we are to move freely and consequently with it, and yet which has to be set. How we remember to set, while taking the setting for granted: that is what is at stake between us in our listening to mood.

But not only there. The same stake is there to be played for in the language we use in talking about time. How seriously are we willing to reflect on the verbal confusion between spending, saving, wasting, keeping, losing, taking, making, finding in which we talk of our being in time? That is where questions of mood can open into public questioning of political and historical time. And without that opening between our private and public timefulness, God will not find it easy to remind our technological world of a time setting which it, and we, seem to have chosen to forget.

Plot: Between Narrative and Performance

I want now to try to bring what has been said about scene setting and time setting to bear on our sense of plot. How does the notion that we participate in the creating of where and when affect our understanding of story which is both lived and told?

I will start from what I call the dramatic model. This is an heuristic device which I have been working on, with Wendy Robinson and others, for some years in an attempt to develop an ontological approach to psychotherapy. I want to say just enough about it to suggest how scene setting and time setting affect the turn between story as told and story as lived.

The dramatic model is made up of two crossed axes. On the vertical axis, we mark the upper limit by the word Author, and the lower limit by the word Plot. On the horizontal, we write the word Players to the left, and the two words Audience Spectators to the right–allowing both for ear and eye.

It looks deceptively simple, yet we find that it opens behavioural and psychological analysis to an awareness of creation, in ways which can be applied over a broad spectrum of human experience. It also has the virtue of

being difficult to idolise. If you try to make too much of it, it has a way of breaking.

For our purpose this afternoon we can think of the vertical line joining Author and Plot as narrative, and the horizontal line joining Players and Spectator/Audience as performance. I want to consider how this picture of narrative crossed by performance can help in understanding scene setting and time setting in relation to story. This will involve working from plot upwards on the model.

In thinking about the connection between story telling and living from within psychotherapeutic practice, I have found the idea of plot gives a useful stretch to the imagination. Plot, in the sense of a deliberate, malicious or criminal contrivance, with the avowed intent of causing harm or damage, of wounding or even killing another, does justice to our experience of those personal and familial illnesses in which some kind of gain, satisfaction, pay off, is being obtained from events in which there is also pain and suffering. In this sense, it is informed by moods which are problems, symptoms, burdens, things to be got rid of.

We also use plot in a more general sense when we speak of the plot of a novel or play. This seems to correspond to our experience of our life story as having purpose and direction. In this sense, plot is informed by moods which allow for choice, and also for celebration: celebration which may well be more sad than glad, but nevertheless allows for movement, response, reflection.

Much of my work calls for an ability to move between these two senses of the word plot, so that the knots and contradictions and perversities of plots which are sick can find a different, and perhaps truer, intentionality within a reimagined understanding of my life story. But they cannot be clearly distinguished. Moving between them we find ourselves in 'thickenings' of varying consistency.

Plots thicken. And their thickening is of varying consistency. Let us use mood to dwell for a few moments on that word consistency.

Moods have a consistency. They are sticky and viscous, light, smooth, open, granular, heavy, as a cook might use these words. The consistency of mood gives us the stuff of plot, the stuff which thickens. Owning a mood, in

that double movement of heart and bowel and spirit which both admits to it and also takes possession of it, requires that we participate in its consistency.

But moods can also be either consistent or inconsistent. We want to do more than participate in them. We want to judge them. When two persons negotiate a mood, one of the most crucial questions at stake between them is about one's right to a mood. Am I willing to concede that my right to this mood may be a bit shaky? Am I prepared to allow that my claim to it may be just a little inconsistent? In trying to make allowances for each other's moods, there has to be give and take as to their rightness and wrongness, and the language in which this takes place is full of play between consistency and inconsistency: No, I'm sorry, from where I am it just doesn't hang together, it doesn't ring true.

I believe this shift of meaning, the semantic stretch within the word consistency when we talk about mood, is well worth reflecting on. It certainly makes all the difference in responding to the moods of our daily living. An attitude which accepts the reality of a mood's consistency in the first sense, what may be called the cooking sense, while still doubting its consistency in the second sense, lends itself to negotiation. It owns that something is there. It takes mood seriously, allows it its own gravity, even though it may disagree passionately or desperately in its judgement of what is there. With such an attitude, there can be a meeting. This is very different to that non-negotiable attitude which, in questioning the consistency of the mood in the second sense, its rightness or wrongness, also denies the real presence of mood in the first sense: 'no, I don't feel anything. I don't see that there's a problem. As far as I'm concerned, there's nothing there'. The presence of mood is being denied, along with disagreement as to its interpretation. With such an attitude there can be no meeting.

But I think there is something of wider importance at stake as we move between these two meanings of the word consistency. If such negotiation works, the persons concerned are able to move in new ways between owning mood and reflecting on it. We perform better. But that is not all. Within the mood itself, there is also an happening. A state, a condition, is proposing the 'how' of its own performance. On the dramatic model, the lower triangle, between plot, players and audience/spectators, is quickening with

intentionality. Questions about the consistency of plot quicken with an awareness of author. What has been stuck on the horizontal between players and audience is suddenly suggestive of an author's intention as it engages with the resistance and potentiality of its chosen material. From out of the thickening of plot is born a sense of the hazard, the risk, of creation.

Happenings of this kind are the stuff of daily living. More consciously, and perhaps more contrivedly, they mark decisive turning points in psychotherapeutic practice. So that we can imagine connections between the two, between the apparent spontaneity of daily living and the (apparent) contrivedness of therapeutic intervention, here is an example from the story of an illness which remitted of its own accord.

It is taken from Sheila MacLeod's autobiographical book, *The Art of Starvation*, in which she tells the story of her growing up through adolescence and its accompanying anorexia – that illness in which the sufferer, usually a girl or young woman, starves herself to excess, sometimes to death. She is describing the three events or happenings which, in looking back some fifteen years later, she came to recognise as the turning points when the plottedness of disease referred itself back, or on, into the plottedness of living. I shall read only the third of the three, but I do not see why the three episodes together should not come to attract the same kind of philosophic reflection as the account of how Helen Keller began to understand the meaning, and the function, of human language.

We need to imagine a girl in her middle teens, weighing five stone eight pounds. She has been starving herself for months. But she doesn't think of herself as ill, or that anything is wrong with her. Wrongness would be to put on weight, to weigh for instance an unimaginable, horrid eight stone. But there have been two recent events which have made her unsure. In one of these her mother was closely involved, and it is her mother who is now to be responsible for the third and final step in the process of recognising that what she is doing to herself is ill:

> Plums were my mother's favourite fruit, and I suppose they are among the most sensuous and fleshy, the most feminine. It must have been a good year for plums, because the ones my mother bought were large and luscious and plentiful. One day she offered me one. But she did so in a manner which was at once casual and ritualistic. For a start, she was breaking the rule against eating between meals, and so engaging me in some sort of complicity with her, which excluded the other members of the family. What she did was to pick out what seemed to her the two choicest plums and show me the bluish bloom on their dark purple skins. Then she washed them both, handling them delicately, as if they were precious works of art. The bloom had disappeared, the purple shone, polished. Taking a bite out of one, she handed me the other. I accepted it. I think I accepted it because it hadn't been offered to me as food but as an aesthetic object, and my suspicion had been temporarily allayed.
>
> I held the plum in my hand, enjoying the look and the feel of it, and it wasn't until I held it to my mouth, and I could smell it, that I realised that it was food and intended to be eaten. At once I felt a wave of extreme nausea which I found myself trying to control or subdue. I couldn't let my mother down. And yet I had to. I thought, Oh, my God, there must be something wrong with me when the smell of a plum, a beautiful object, can sicken me so. My mother was watching me. She must have seen the sudden horror on my face because she asked me, 'What are you afraid of?' I remember staring at her rigid now with fear, torn and unable to move between two conflicting emotions. I couldn't answer her. 'It won't kill you', she said. I didn't know whether it would or not, but I had to find out. I was being challenged. Nauseated as I was, I bit into the plum. I forced myself to chew it, to swallow it, and, very slowly, to finish it. I don't know how many plums my mother ate during that time. But my nausea had vanished. To my surprise, I felt neither full nor fat, but strangely relieved, strangely comforted.
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> That moment marked the beginning of the end of my anorexic behaviour, but it should not be seen as the moment of my recovery from the disease. After recognition, the next step in the process of recovery is understanding, and I was very far from any such thing, as I was to be for years.

Fully to imagine that scene, we need to read it in context, within the developing story of the girl's relationship with her family, with food, with her own flesh, her body. But even as it stands in isolation I hope it touches chords which can sound for us between the apparent spontaneity of daily living and the (apparent) contrivedness of therapeutic intervention. In particular, the

scene setting, the time setting, without which no plot can respond to the call for performance.

Consider the difference, and the likeness, between plum as food and plum as aesthetic object. How subtly, but effectively, the play between the two creates a space in which the grounds for action change. 'I think I accepted it because it hadn't been offered to me as food, but as an aesthetic object'. 'I held the plum in my hand, enjoying the look and the feel of it, and it wasn't until I held it to my mouth, and I could smell it, that I realised that it was food and intended to be eaten'.

Everything which I have tried to say about insides and outsides comes together in this moment. As intimately and surprisingly as hands, taste bears witness to how our bodies use the difference between inside and outside to sense creation. Taste teaches us what to take in, what to spit out. Taste informs, directs and holds in check the work of art, both as externalisation of the author and internalisation of spectator/audience. How are the two kinds of taste like each other?

Sheila MacLeod gives us an answer. 'One day she offered me one. But she did so in a manner which was at once casual and ritualistic'. It would be easy to overlook the sentence. Yet if we are interested in how mood and imagination work on each other in our daily living, that sentence should give us pause. In that moment at once casual and ritualistic the plottedness of illness changed to the plottedness of living. How?

Because plot was recognised as calling for enactment. There was a call, and the call was answered. The anorexic girl's condition called to the mother. The mother's offer of the plum called to the daughter. The call was heard in a way which enabled response because it reminded the girl that both scene and time were in some way 'set'. So I take what she says with that word ritual.

In terms of the dramatic model I understand what happened in that exchange in two stages, as it were. First, the scene setting, the time setting. Ritual requires that the scene and the time be set. The casual requires that the setting (as noun) be taken for granted, even if that means that the setting (as verb) be forgotten. Both are necessary for enactment. Both were present in what passed between mother and daughter.

And second, there is a change in the performer who realises that something is being enacted, and in reflecting that realisation converts happening into event. When players and spectators/audience alike remember that the time and scene are set, they can own to the powers which mediate authorship. These are powers of production, management, criticism, as well as of direction. A call is heard as between narrative and performance, and plot is suddenly quick with surprising, perhaps even original, interpretation. From out of the thickening is born a sense of authorship, and with the coming of that sense the grounds of action are changed.

But I am left with the question why it worked like this with Sheila MacLeod, and never with some others. Perhaps it was because she was already set to become a story teller herself, and so had an interest in how story telling and story living are related.

Conclusion

I said at the beginning that my work is constantly reminding me how difficult it is to imagine what being in the body is like. I hope this brief reference to a remarkable book can stand as an instance of this difficulty, and of what the effort to overcome it can entail. For I am sure that if the grounds for action are to change, for many of us that change must begin in how we imagine our bodies.

In meditating on mood, I have tried to suggest how we participate in setting our time and our place. There is a crucial difference between taking that setting for granted as condition, as noun, and remembering the act, the verb, on which it depends. *How* the imagination plots stories between the two is, I believe, one function of parable.

My particular version of that 'how' is the dramatic model. To imagine what it is like to set our time and our place, while remaining free to take that setting for granted, requires that we hear, and answer, a call: a call to move between narrative and performance, performance and narrative. In that movement, living the story and telling the story may prove congruent. But they may not. For the proving involves us in a risk which is real and substantial: the risk that an author takes in willing to create.

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RIDDLEY WALKER AND GREENHAM COMMON*

Further Thoughts on Alchemy, Christianity and the Work Against Nature

Introduction

IN THE 1975 edition of *Harvest* I published a paper on 'Jung and Marx: Alchemy, Christianity and the Work Against Nature'. Eight years later I want to return to this theme, writing in the presence of the nuclear threat as we experience it today.

Nuclear war, the annihilation of species, genetic mutation, the end of human civilisation as we know it: the threat has been with us since 1945, and, for those with imagination, from long before that. At the time when the first atom bombs were dropped I was serving in a small aircraft carrier, very vulnerable to suicide bombing planes, a few hundred miles off Japan. I have to remember the relief, the huge relief, with which I heard the news of Hiroshima. A war which I had feared was going on for at least another eighteen months was over. I would be home for Christmas.

In the 1950's, I used to dream often of nuclear war. Now I don't. Some of my patients do. More do not. Neighbours are more actively concerned with the threat than I am. Supporting multilateral disarmament, I am opposed to unilateralism. I don't believe there is going to be a nuclear war.

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*An extended version of a lecture given to the Analytical Psychology Club, London, on 19 May, 1983, and published in *Harvest*, No.29, 1983.

But I realise there easily could be one. This paper is written to help prove that belief against the ease of that 'could be'.

First, a note of warning and of guidance as to the feeling tone of my argument. In my 1975 essay, I wrote:

> I want to emphasise the provenance of the ideas I shall be expressing. They derive primarily from a series of my own dreams. The earliest in the series which I remember dates from 1948, when I was twenty-two. The most recent was six years ago. The reading and thinking that lie behind these ideas originates in the need to understand dreams. What this says about the relevance of my argument for you, depends on what you make of your own dreaming. But I am sure that what I am saying this evening will mislead unless its provenance in dreams is borne in mind.

In this paper I am not going to tell those dreams. But I am telling two stories, which have developed out of dreams. In telling them, I put myself into that dangerous Jungian world which writers like Anthony Storr (1973) and Peter Homans (1979) have taught us to think of in terms of psychosis, narcissism and delusional transference.

Jung's psychology puts us at risk between the holy and the mad. It is its strength and its weakness. If it is to speak to our fearful fascination with nuclear holocaust we must be willing to accept that risk. The grandiosity which can mushroom between intimations of holiness and madness can be pretty awful. But it may be a necessary stage in finding how to talk about the unimaginable. If what Churchill called jaw-jaw is to prevent war-war, we will need to create a new vernacular, a vernacular in which we can admit and claim connections between our more private craziness and the public interfaces of politics and science. In learning to talk this vernacular, there will certainly be times when we'll sound clumsy and tasteless. We will have to help each other get through that to an easier way of speaking about experiences which are essentially unlikely.

Which is why I have chosen to pair *Riddley Walker* with Greenham Common in my title. I want to move between two voices. On the one hand there is a voice which speaks of the future. It says: there is an act of violence which must not be allowed to happen. We will not let it happen. That is the voice I hear coming from the women camped outside the cruise missile base at

Greenham Common. On the other hand there is a voice which speaks of a future which is already past. It says: there is an act of violence which has already been. Trying to remember it is what keeps us going. That is the voice I hear coming from Russell Hoban's book *Riddley Walker* (1982).

What I have to say will sound, if it sounds at all, between these two voices.

Riddley Walker and the Sharing of Alchemical Story

Riddley Walker is a story about the future. It is also about an attempt to remember. It is this movement between prophecy and remembering which has caught my imagination.

The time of the story is set more than two thousand years to our future. The place is Kent, in the country round Canterbury. More than two thousand years ago, that is, about 2000 A.D., the world had been devastated by nuclear war. Some sort of rudimentary human and social life has got itself together again, and the story is told through the person of a boy becoming a man. Biological mutants share the action and scene with people who appear to be biologically as we are.

The story is informed by the attempt to remember the act of violence which made the world in which Riddley and his fellows find themselves. One of these they call the Eusa story. Its telling is a blend of history, myth and ritual. Russell Hoban has derived it from the christian legend of St. Eustace. But in Riddley's world it has become a very different story, for it is trying to make sense of confused and broken memories of computers, atomic energy, and radioactive poisoning.

I was introduced to the book by two patients, one a man in his late fifties, the other a woman of thirty. They both feel strongly the threat of nuclear apocalypse. As I have said, this is a threat which I felt acutely in the middle 1950's, but though I am still aware of it, it has changed.

One reason for this change is that I have come to believe that we are projecting onto the future our fear of something which has already happened. If we can remember a past happening which corresponds to our fear of nuclear holocaust, we shall be able to reflect in ways which at present we cannot. We shall be able to take into our lives, to own and use, something

which at present we can only project onto the future, as still to come. Reflecting, we can perhaps separate fear from wish. If we can do that, then it may be possible to make a different kind of future for the world than that which Riddley and his fellows are trying to remember.

What is this happening which is both past and future?

I believe it cannot be understood apart from christianity. It is how christianity separates humanity from matter. There is an act, a deed of violence implicit in that separation which we, christians and non-christians, but for critically different reasons, are finding it difficult to own. *Riddley Walker* moves me in the way it does, and gives me hope, because it seems to be working towards such an owning.

It moves me especially on two levels. The first is in its language. Hoban describes it as a broken-up and worn-down vernacular. It plays the reading eye and the listening ear against each other in such a way as to remind us constantly how surprising words are. Being surprised at words is the beginning of realising what the gulf between humanity and nature is like. *Riddley Walker* is full of this surprise.

The second is in its remembering of machines. This remembering of what machines were like is from within a sort of neolithic sense of participation with the raw materials of which machines are made. I say neolithic because there is a quality in Hoban's imagination which reminds me of William Golding's stone age hominids in *The Inheritors* (Golding, 1950). Minds which have reverted to a pre-scientific bondedness with nature are trying to remember what computers and nuclear power stations were like. It is as if we are being taken in the flesh inside stone and wood and asked to imagine from their experience what happened to metal to make machines possible.

Machines have figured prominently in my dreams over thirty years and more. Trying to understand what they mean to me has contributed to my belief that the violence we are afraid of in the future when we think of nuclear apocalypse has already happened. Reading *Riddley Walker* makes me want to share this understanding in the hope that it might contribute to a wider remembering of forgotten experience. So I want to tell a story from my

analysis, the story in which my own experience of violence moves between narcissistic isolation and participation in history.

The story is in two parts. The first began in 1948, early in my analysis with Irene de Castillejo. I had had a dream, a dream of early adolescence, with sister and mothers and father present, a flight from guilt in which speech was strangled violently, and which ended with my father saying to me: 'Words with 'o' in the middle of them matter to you very much—now, *move*'.

Irene asked me to say some words with 'o' in the middle and as I said them, she wrote them down. At first, none came. Then, love. Another long wait, with no words coming to mind. Then, more easily, many more, of which I can now remember pool, dove, rock, blood, as well as the word from the dream, move. Irene gave me the sheet of paper on which she had written the words, and told me to go away and write a story, using them in that order, with some sense of the time which had elapsed between my saying them.

So I wrote what I have ever since thought of as the Clermont story.

Clermont is a town in central France, where I had spent a week in the previous summer. The love affair which took me there had subsequently ended, and the ending precipitated my going into analysis. I was also reading history at the university at the time, and my imagination was caught by the fact that the first crusade had been preached by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095. My story originated in this coincidence of place.

The scene was set in a mood of expectancy. Western Europe is resting after the years of attack and threat from the men of the north, resting and gathering its strength. Its feeling, in the union of mind and heart, is christian. The building of churches and cathedrals bears witness to a faith which had come, and conquered, from another quarter.

Outside Clermont lived a farming family, with the three sons that go with fairy stories. Their christian faith is simple, immediate, unquestioned. The gathering of the great Council of the Church is an event of excitement. With their neighbours, the whole family went to the field outside the eastern gate where the Pope was to speak.

Into the silence of an expectancy which by that time has become almost unbearable—the seconds long wait for my first word with 'o'—fall the words which tell of the Holy Places in the hands of non-believers, the sufferings of

the christians in the east, and the call to crusade, to bear witness in arms to your love of Christ.

Your love of Christ: that word love all round the three sons as they walked home. Suddenly, the world is filled with new meaning, a meaning that calls them from the fields and animals to fight. They are carried on the word. It envelops them.

But only the two eldest can go. The third must stay at home to work the farm, to care for the parents. The pain of that staying: its bitterness—there was much of that in my story.

Now the time is later, high summer a year or two after. The boy is working in the fields. The heat is intense. He thirsts, and thirsting goes down the sloping field to a corner where there is a pool. He stoops to drink, and sees coming to meet his mouth the face and mouth of a girl.

He is as if transfixed. Love turns round inside him. Christ is forgotten. All that he had learned to feel for Christ is turned to the girl. Love is here: no need to journey to the east, to war, to prove his love. The proving is here, in his thirst and what he is to do with it in the presence of that face which will be broken and vanish if his own lips once touch and break the surface of the water to quench its raging.

The story stayed for a long time with that arrest of all movement as the boy kneels by the pool, refusing in his love to quench a thirst born of his work in the fields. Tension builds in the surrounding fields and mountains. The noonday silence continues, unnaturally, into a more terrible silence of afternoon, of evening on which the sun does not seem to set. The stillness is absolute, awful, as if nothing will ever move again.

It is broken suddenly. So suddenly that it all seems to be done in a moment, so quick it might never have happened. The beating of wings, a dove settles out of nowhere on the boy's shoulder as he kneels. He sees it reflected in the pool, reaches up to seize it, tear it, to try to slake his thirst in its blood. As the bird is torn, and the blood runs in the boy's mouth, the landscape is wholly changed. The green is gone out of it. There are stones, rocks, stunted vegetation, a near desert land. But the girl is there, on the face of the earth, still in some way beyond the boy's reach (is it she or he who is bound to a

rock?), yet real, free to move with a volition of her own, no longer caught in reflection.

Such was the story I wrote for Irene back in 1948. From what I have learned since about interpretation and transference, it is really very sobering to think how many were the ways in which she could have responded to it. What she did do was to lend me a typescript of an early English translation of Jung's Eranos lecture on the Trinity. Which was quite an interpretation.

I've had this story, with its mixture of narcissus and gnostic imagery, around in my life for over thirty years. It has informed much of my analysis of oedipal and narcissistic material, and helped me to recognise something of the drama of my family of origin. But when I wrote it I was reading history at Oxford, and the historical context and associations have always contributed substantially to the affect which the story has for me. (My early reflections on the Clermont story were profoundly influenced by *The Intellectual Adventure of Ancient Man* by Henri Frankfort and others (1946).) It tells something about me and my family. But it is also about something which happened in history, so I obstinately believe. If I didn't, I would not be making it public. It has gone on helping me locate my own life story within a sense of the history of the world in which both I and my parents found ourselves and into which I have helped bring my children.

It has done so in moving me both forward and backward in history from the date at which it is set.

About its forward cast I tried to write in my 1975 paper. I wrote then of the scientific revolution of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and of how the human mind became seized of the very special 'objectivity' which separates creator and creature. I wrote:

> A thousand years of intricate and passionate reflection on the mysteries of christian faith and practice had separated mind from its original participation in nature. Within the space made by this separation man had room to experiment, and to sustain his experimenting, in a way that had never before been possible. He learned to enjoy putting nature to the torture.

When I wrote that I had the story of that boy seizing and tearing the dove, and drinking its blood, in mind. The whole movement of dream and thought and reading which has led me to bring together Marx's vision of human history

with Jung's work on alchemy has its origin in the affect of this Clermont story. For the human mind to become seized of the kind of objectivity necessary to sustain modern science a metaphysical act of violence was necessary. I believe that mankind is now trying to remember that act, in many different ways, from many different directions. I see that Clermont story of mine as just one such attempt.

But the Clermont story has moved me back in history as well as forward. It posed me with the question: if this is about something which happened in history, as well as at some time in my life, *when* did it happen? The answer has come gradually, unevenly, along various lines of reflection. Here are two of them.

The affect to which I returned again and again in the early 1950's was held between four corners as it were. There was what the story called love of Christ. Then there was the spell-bound love for the girl at the pool. Then the coming of the dove. And lastly the violence which tore at the dove, so as to get at the blood. For someone with a strong sense of history, it was probably inevitable that this affect should spread to colour and infuse my understanding of the christian story. This spread was of course furthered by much that I found in Jung, particularly in the essays on the Trinity and the Mass, and in the introduction to *Psychology and Alchemy*. In responding to this, and also to the open invitation to various kinds of inflation in the story, it became important to place this question of 'when' in relation to the gospel as it is written. If that scene by the pool at Clermont was in any sense about something which happened in history, was it foreseen, or in any way known of, within the gospel?

The second line of reflection was about machines. Machines, particularly in the engine rooms of ships, have been important to me. I owe much to the fact that my father's uncle was a successful marine engineer. During my childhood, I was often in ship's engine rooms with my father. The power, the noise, the smell, the gleam of oil on metal, were part of my father's world. In some way, they were subordinate to him. In another way, he was dependent on them. I was fascinated and afraid of the men who worked them. What were they thinking when they looked at me like that? I remember the grown ups commenting on all the ships laid up in the Liverpool

docks in the early thirties, all those idle, motionless, inanimate engines. And later, when war brought them back to life, I lived close to them, and to the men who worked them, for two years.

My father was married to his ships in a way that he was never married to my mother. In my dreams, it has never been easy to separate the business he had inside my mother's body from the engine rooms of his ships. The inside of the whale has been for me the engine room of a ship, and I dreamed once of a bird, not unlike a dove, as the soul of a large turbine.

Machines which stand idle, inert, dead. Machines which move, do work, give work, take work away. The inhumanity of machines which enslave; the humanity of machines which liberate. Our machines are certainly saying something to us. They bear witness to mind seized of a special kind of objectivity. But, being mute, that witness remains silent unless we, their makers, can find words to answer for how they have come into being.

Many dreams have called me to reflect on this mute witness of machines. Through such reflection, gradually, I found myself telling another story, a story which over twenty years and more has established a place for itself in my imagination over against the Clermont story, acting as it were as a sort of complementary pole to that scene by the pool.

It started with landscape. Jacquetta Hawkes (1951) and Kenneth Clark (1949) had taught me how landscape is made by history. Adrian Stokes (1951) had shown me landscape redolent of the mother's body. The landscape at the ending of the Clermont story took on a life of its own. It worked on my reading of the gospel stories. It affected my imagining of the places in which Christ lived and died, in particular the contrast between wilderness and garden, the wilderness in which Christ was for forty days, and the garden of Gethsemane. The memory of that scene, in which the girl found herself on the face of the earth, worked in my imagination to create as it were a new episode within the gospel story, set in a place and time between wilderness and garden.

Christ is walking alone in a land which is between desert and cultivation. It is farm land, working land, in danger of wilderness but responsive to man's labour, land in which people can settle and make a living so long as they do not take it for granted. As he looks round him, he sees

fields and animals and plants which bear witness to human labour, and also hills, rocks, streams, birds, clouds, which owe nothing except their being seen to man.

He is praying to the father. In prayer, the will of the father is being made known, the will that intends Calvary. As he prays, tension is generated within the landscape round him, tension similar to that by the pool at Clermont, and similar to what I have now experienced elsewhere and elsewhen in reading *Riddley Walker*.

How to describe that tension? I think of it as between inanimate things. It is a kind of at-tension held and holding between water and clouds, stones and earth, and moving from them to inform plants and animals. How do clouds and rivers, stones, plants, animals, attend to each other in the presence of a humanity which they must suffer but cannot comprehend? A Wordsworthian question filled with childhood memory of the call of curlews over Welsh bogland, but asked now also in memory of that mute knowledge of what is done to the raw materials of the earth to make machines.

Out of that at-tension a cry goes forth. It is like a whisper, a murmuring, all but inaudible. And yet it pierces the ears. I think of one of those whistles which dogs can hear, but humans not. A mute, inanimate cry from the fields and the rocks and the hills, from the movement of the waters and from the stillness of the sky: 'For the love of God, don't do this thing to us'. A cry from inanimate creation to the son of man not to go up to Jerusalem, not to set in train the sequence of events which would lead to crucifixion, resurrection, Pentecost.

In my story it is not told whether Christ heard that cry.

I first wrote down such a story in 1957. Since then, it has been exposed to a lot of criticism, criticism not particularly sympathetic to its D.H. Lawrence flavour. It has proved one of my main paths into what I understand as my personal oedipal situation. But it also belongs in history, so I believe, obstinately. It certainly has a history of its own.

It has changed since 1957. The change began in my analysis with Jacobi, as I began to allow that what I was trying to carry was already being carried. It has been furthered by my growing acquaintance with Jung's work

on alchemy, and the need to relate that work to psychoanalytic theory. The change is that that cry has become more *interrogative*.

To begin with, 'Don't do this thing to us' sounded like a refusal: 'You can't do this to us'. That softened, into something more like: 'Do you know what you are doing?', assuming that if he did know he would draw back, and not go through with it, with the father's will. This in turn opened into a wider interrogation, through reflection, prayer (especially in the context of the Eucharist), and analysis, so that the question: 'Do you know what you are doing?' became more shared, drawing others in: 'Does he know what he is doing?'. So that today, when I enter into that story, the cry I hear sounds more like: 'Do you really know what you are going to do?', asked in a tone that allows that he may.

This is a change. But it still leaves me with the original affect with which I wrote in 1957, affect born of wondering whether the Christian gospel foresees that act of violence by the pool at Clermont, the act in which mind was to become seized of the special objectivity which sustains modern science. This affect has proved difficult to express. At times, I have thought that I have neither the heart nor the stomach to try. When I did try eight years ago, I was left feeling thick, congested, over-determined. There was no resonance. The strings were there all right. But there was no sounding board.

Riddley Walker altered all that. In Riddley I have met someone with the same need to remember, whose need has drawn tens of thousands to listen. The sounding board is there. The rumour can be checked. There is a story to be remembered, however unlikely it may be, a history of events which have already happened, but which went untold at the time of happening.

Notes for Chapters on the History of Christianity and the History of Science: Foreword

When I first wrote those stories, the ecological and nuclear debates were not so developed as they are now. But in the 1960's and 1970's, the affect with which I wrote in private in 1948 and 1957 began to echo back at me in the public world, from press, radio, street demo and car stickers in French, German and English: You can't do this to us: no thank you. There is a connection between my stories and the ecological-nuclear debate, but to make

it a lot of historical work has to be done, work on the metaphysical foundations of modern science.

This, in my opinion, is where Jung's psychology of alchemy belongs. What I have got from Jung's work on alchemy is the belief that the christian hope of salvation and the experimental method of modern science are related. They are related through a debt. Jung's psychology of alchemy is trying to remind us about this debt, how it is incurred, how it may be redeemed, how it may be foreclosed. To take Jung's work further, we need to be sharing our own experiences of this debt.

This is not easy. It involves a confused matrix of personal associations to do with sex, time, waste, creation, which we cannot usefully talk about except in conditions of intimacy. I have presented my two stories, as a sort of confession, to suggest something of the stuff of which my own experience has been formed. Perhaps for some they already say too much, for others perhaps too little. Still, there they are. At least they allow for the idiosyncratic to be recognised and discounted. They can be talked about. They are just stories. They are there to meet other stories.

But talking about this debt also involves our reading of history. And it is to this that I now turn.

First, a warning as to the feeling tone of what I have to say. It is not possible to remain neutral in the presence of the hope of salvation. There is always the danger that such hope works out to be at the expense of others. It may leave something to be proved between those who have it and those who do not. Those who have it may try to convert those who do not. They may persecute them. Or, if they are not powerful enough to do either, they may choose to prove their hope by withdrawing into the punishing role of sacred victim. We have to keep asking ourselves: what is it that the hope of salvation is trying to prove?

If there are connections between the christian hope of salvation and the experimental method of modern science, there is a history to be written which at present exists only marginally, or between the lines, in the text-books. I see this history as having three phases.

First, there are some centuries of assimilation, say to about 700 or 800 A.D. This was a process of taking in, chewing over, incorporating and finding

words for, christian hope in salvation. There was Paul. There was the redaction of the four gospels. There were all the developments covered by a book like *The Formation of Christian Dogma* by Martin Werner (1957), followed by christianity becoming the official religion of the late Roman Empire, the century of the great councils, the definitive formulation of the creeds, the conversion of the barbarian conquerors of Rome, the growing estrangement between the eastern and western churches, the rise of Islam, the beginnings of monasticism and feudalism.

Within this period we already have the seeds of the second phase: the centuries of waking up to implications of christian conversion. I see this as covering a period of about a thousand years. It was a process of gradual realisation that, together with the experience of being saved, we had also gotten ourselves a new kind of freedom from participation in nature. There was more room for reflection. As a result, we seemed to have a radically new kind of 'edge' on matter. By the years between 1500 and 1700 A.D. this change became explicit, something which could be shared, admitted and laid claim to.

Then, the third phase: application. We use our new 'edge'. The scientific and technological revolution of the last four hundred years is a triumphant showing of what we can now do with, and to, the material world.

I think of these phases as existing on top of each other, rather than one after the other: like a vertical column, with the passing of the centuries adding to the height. So that where we now are is grounded in all three, and on the overlap and mixing between them. To have an effect on what is to come, we must realise what we are standing on.

Here now are some more detailed notes for some of the chapters of this history, suitable perhaps for chapters six, eleven, and thirteen.

Chapter six deals with events in the middle of the eleventh century, a generation or so before the first crusade was launched at Clermont. Indirectly it involves the church at Canterbury, round which Riddley Walker will some day be trying to make a living. It deals with the controversy between Berengar of Tours and Lanfranc of Bec about exactly what happens to the bread and

wine in the christian Eucharist. In what sense are they truly the body and blood of Christ?

This controversy is presented in the history books as the first major round in an argument that was to occupy a crucial position in christian theology right up to the seventeenth century, and continues to make itself felt today (see Stone, 1909). Two different movements of interpretation were making themselves felt with regard to the presence of Christ in the sacrament. The first is in the direction of naturalistic language and thought, and tends to suggest the idea of a physical, carnal presence. The second insists on the spiritual nature of the presence, even to the extent of impairing conviction that it was indeed the real body of Christ. In language with which readers of *Harvest* are perhaps more at home, though it distorts the distinction as they saw it then, the controversy was between a more literal and a more symbolic emphasis.

Argument on this issue had already a considerable history. What was new about the dispute between Berengar and Lanfranc was the use of philosophical terms derived, incompletely, uncertainly and with much misunderstanding, from classical Greece. In particular, the distinction between substance and accident, genera and species.

Here is how one historian describes this 'profound modification of the thought of the period'.

> Behind the world of appearances there were henceforth two worlds: the world of spiritual significances and the world of substance, genera and species. They could exist and to some extent had long existed side by side. But the first had long been rich with meaning and the authority of great names at a time when the second had done little more than provide material for classroom exercises. Henceforth it was to be different. The vitality of new discovery and revolutionary effect belonged to the second. By the third quarter of the eleventh century, the bearing of these philosophic ideas on long established theological doctrines began to be a pressing problem: the Trinity, the Manhood of Christ, the Sacraments, all invited and in part repelled the application to them of the idea of substance. The controversy between Lanfranc and Berengar was the first big scale theological dispute to be fought out under the dominance of this idea. It was not to be the last.
>
> (Southern, 1948, p.34)

This was a thousand years after the death of Christ, a thousand years ago. It was at a time when Western Europe was gathering itself for the first of those movements of conversion and conquest which were to culminate in the great colonial empires of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. What was happening?

Two streams were coming together. Both were concerned with what we call the withdrawal of projection. But the projections to be withdrawn were of different kinds. One was interested in God and human salvation. The other with human understanding of the material world. Both had centuries of passionate reflection behind them.

The christian stream had taken something like six hundred years to work out the implication of its experience of God. The centuries which produced the great christian creeds developed intellectual, reflective, analytic, concepts of a new kind. In particular, arguments about the dual nature of Christ, and about his relationship with his virgin mother and with the father by whom he was begotten but not made, developed distinctions between what is apparent and what real, between what is to be seen and what is hidden, of a kind previously unknown in human history.

The Greek stream drew on the minds of men who had lived before Christ. Over centuries, they had worked to detach idea, language, image, from an earlier state of participation with the material world. Their world was full of gods, but they remained immanent. The concepts they bequeathed to history were instinct with confidence in human ability to operate within the world by virtue of energies derived from the world.

As these two streams come together, something unprecedented happens. Power of a kind that had not been abroad before is loosed into the world.

If you have read *Riddley Walker*, try and imagine it from within the hart of the stoan in the wud as you contemplate the beaten metal of those incomprehensible prehistoric machines.

First there is the concentration of reflective power implicit in those centuries in which men struggled to define Christ's relation to his father. I was brought up to believe that all that hair-splitting nonsense belonged to the past. I believe now that it matters a great deal for the future. The humanity of the

power which creates the world is at stake. The humanity of the power lodged in our machines is at stake. To pick up the stake, we *have* to remember what those generations which produced the christian creeds were doing to human powers of reflection, the turn, which was also a break, which they gave to some spiral between mind and matter.

This christian power of reflection now conjugates with the Greek, 'inviting and in part repelling'. They conjugate over the body and blood of the maker who is both victim and saviour. The Greek derives from reflection on processes of change from within the world of becoming. But now it is being applied to the God-man who came into the world of becoming in order to save humanity from that world. Berengar and Lanfranc and their successors are using understanding born of submission to 'becoming' to serve a different cause altogether: the cause of salvation from 'becoming'.

That is what was so unprecedented. Man's understanding of matter is being called upon to help prove his escape from matter. Mind is being separated from teeth and taste and chewing and digestion as it had never been separated before. Reflection on the material world is being brought to bear on conversions which mark man off, once and for all, from that world, conversions which enable men and women (but not animals) to ingest into themselves the body and blood of the God on which all matter depends for its being.

I do not find this told in the history books. This reception of Aristotelian thought into Western Europe is related in the history books to the beginnings of the modern scientific attitude. Yes. It is also related to new distinctions and differentiations to be made in medieval christian theology. Yes. But surely if we take the Eucharist seriously what was at stake at the time mattered in a way which fused these two effects. It fused scientific and theological reflection together in a complexity such as had never been known before.

I came to the Eucharist through psychoanalysis. I cannot forget the anthropological associations of its cannibalism. The same influences which moved me to baptism and confirmation in my early thirties moved me to the study of societies in which eating the dismembered god was a usual way of celebrating human participation in the world about us. At that time in my life

I was reading widely in books which related the study of contemporary primitive societies with the origins of European thought in Mycenean, Homeric and pre-Socratic Greek culture. I was learning how ideas which we think of as philosophical are grounded in social experiences which are both economic and religious, in rituals which presuppose an easier conjugation between nature, man and God than we can imagine as likely, necessary, or even decent, today.

So when I try to reflect on what it meant to introduce Greek philosophical ideas to explain the christian Eucharist I have to go back to the origin of those ideas in prehistoric and preclassical Greece. They carry with them memories of participation between nature, man and God of a kind which the Biblical tradition treated as idolatrous. What happened to these memories when the philosophical ideas were so arbitrarily fused with christian teaching as to the presence of the body and blood of their Saviour in the consecrated bread and wine? Could they be simply forgotten, ignored, assumed to have no vitality any more? Or did they remain, latent within those newly potent ideas of substance, genera, and species, ready to suggest the possibility of new initiatives over matter to the minds of the recently converted Germanic peoples, as generation followed generation in testing the powers of thought against the social reality of religious rituals?

I am thinking of the work of people like Jane Harrison (1927), F.M. Cornford (1957), Werner Jaeger (1947 and 1948), George Thomson (1954), from an earlier generation; and of Gertrude Levy (1948), Onians (1954), Adkins (1770), Lloyd (1979), and Jean-Pierre Vernant (1982). Over seventy years and more, we have been learning more exactly how Greek philosophical ideas developed out of earlier levels of mythopoetic thought, in which human society, nature, and divinity, were experienced as an interconnected whole. At these levels, ideas of cause, energy, stuff, merit, responsibility, guilt, retribution, belonged within a common, polymorphous, matrix of experience. The Aristotelian concept of substance presupposes a grounding in this experience. To understand its effect on the christian understanding of the Eucharist, we must be open to the authority of anthropological traditions which the christian bible rejected as idolatrous. This is what I mean by the

fusion of scientific and theological reflection in a complexity such as had never been known before.

Why is it that no history of medieval science has more than a passing reference to the Eucharist, although the transformations taking place in it engaged the attention of some of the greatest minds of the time? Non-christian historians may think it irrelevant. But nor do christian historians seem to think that it mattered outside church. I think it is because our history books are written from within a failure of mythopoetic thought. They divide what was not divided at the time. They are written from within a culture which can no longer imagine what human participation in the material world was like before christians, in celebrating their hope in salvation, separated the literal and the symbolic in a way they had never been separated before.

Psychoanalysis makes us think hard about how what is real is both literal and symbolic. It opens our minds to anthropologies other than those easily accessible to our own culture. It is a difficult, teasing, frustrating, provocative exercise. We need more of it in our writing of history. We need to be able and willing to allow for interdependencies which can seem crude, ridiculous, even obscene, to the cultivated mind of today. All those forgotten controversies over what came to be known as the doctrine of transubstantiation would read very differently if they were allowed to be about something real. They would find a place in the history of science which could alter the direction of scientific research and innovation.

By about chapter eleven...One theologian and historian who allows that the Eucharistic controversy is about something real is Professor T.F. Torrance. In his book, *Space, Time and Incarnation*, he argues that the space time of modern physics has its historical origins in the theology of the Nicene Creed (Torrance, 1969). When that creed affirms that the eternal Son of God 'for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven', it asserts that God himself is actively present within the space and time of our world. The way in which this belief has been understood has a history. Our physical experience of space and time is conditioned by that history.

The middle chapter of his book is on 'The Problem of Spatial Concepts in Reformation and Modern Theology'. One of the main themes in his

argument turns on the question of the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, the same question which had been at stake between Berengar and Lanfranc. Torrance sees the theological argument involving radically different conceptions of space. One is of space as a receptacle, a container. The other is of space as open, differential, a system of relations.

Here are some extracts from his book, to illustrate the distinction he is making:

> Late medieval thinking about space was activated for the most part by problems that arose out of the idea of the real presence. How can the body of Christ be contained in the host, and how can it be in many hosts at the same time?
>
> (p.27)

> The receptacle notion of space was immensely important for Luther for it was his way of asserting the reality and actuality of the Son of God in our human and earthly existence, and so he concentrated his thought with a furious intensity upon the fact that the whole Son and Word of God is contained in the infant of Bethlehem and communicated to us in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.
>
> (p.30)

> It was largely due to Lutheran retention of the receptacle notion of space in the doctrines of the real presence and the incarnation that an alliance was made possible between Protestant theology and the new physics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which also operated with a receptacle notion of space.
>
> (p.30)

But in contrast to the receptacle idea of space, we also have the relational:

> Luther's treatment of the problems of space is...dialectical. On the one hand, he operated with a strictly receptacle idea of space in his doctrine of the real presence. This enabled him to lay stress upon the *hoc est corpus meum*, which became for him the ontological nail that held the two kingdoms together, and made possible real participation of one in the other. He knew that if ever there were to be substituted for the *hoc est* a *hoc significat*, the two kingdoms would fly apart and all that would be left would be an unbridgeable dualism with only a paradoxical and vague symbolic relation between

> them...On the other hand, Luther brought back the biblical conception of the living and active God which had tended to drop out of sight in the medieval world, but which now reintroduced a dynamic relation between God and the world that eventually helped to destroy the static conception of space that prevailed in the Middle Ages.
>
> (p.34)

Torrance sees the relational idea of space as the origin of the Einsteinian space of modern physics, in contrast to the container notion of space which

> came to be fully elaborated and built into the fabric of classical physics by Newton in a way which, as Einstein himself has admitted, was the only possible and fruitful one at the time.

The relational idea of space connects with eucharistic theology in the question: how is the bread and wine, which is the body and blood of Christ, related to the resurrected body of Christ in heaven? Can a body be in two different places at the same time? Answers which emphasise the dynamic activity of God not *in* space but as creative *of* space reject a receptacle or container view of space. Torrance finds the historical thread of such answers in the Greek fathers, in various medieval thinkers, and in Calvin. The question how Christ's body is both in many different breads all over the world, and also in heaven, breaks open all static conceptions of 'whereness', and replaces them with a sense of embodied place as dynamic, geometric and elastic. This, Torrance argues, is one source of Einsteinian space-time.

It is a difficult argument to follow, especially for those of us who have never learned to understand relativity theory. But if there are indeed connections between christian theology of incarnation and modern physics, it is an argument we have to dwell on. In writing of *Riddley Walker* I have referred to the mute witness of machines. It seems to me that the connection Torrance is encouraging us to make could help us to interpret that mute witness, and thereby to take part more effectively in the world drama which is being played out between our machines and our environment.

Here is a paragraph from Torrance's book in which he spells out some of the implications of embodied space as dynamic, geometric and elastic:

> Another way to express the co-ordination of divine and human centres of reference in the space-time of the Incarnation seems to be offered by the analogy of

> topological language in which physicists seek to represent the difficult elastic connections between the dynamical and geometrical aspects of things or between quite different kinds of space. An attempt was made in a similar direction by some of the Greek Fathers to connect up the different ways in which we must speak about *topos* or *place* in accordance with the human divine natures of Christ, physical *topos* and divine *topos*, and in which we must take into account a variational shift in the meaning and range of the concepts employed. The analogy used by John of Damascus for this purpose was that of 'mental place', *topos noeetos*, which he defined as place where mind is active and energizes and is contained not in a bodily but in a mental fashion. Apart from its special significance for him, in helping him to escape the toils of Artistotle's definition of place which he unfortunately adopted, this served a double purpose: in contrast to Euclidean space, which is void of energy, it offered him a way of linking up physical space with divine space through the concept of energy or non-observable activity, and it enabled him to express the fact that the physical space of Christ on earth is open to passage beyond the limitations of the body. While He became incarnate within the physical space of the body He assumed, Christ was not confined or circumscribed by it. He thus became man without leaving the bosom of the Father, and while He became flesh He did not abandon His own immateriality.
>
> (pp.81-2)

Readers of *Harvest* may compare this with pp.58-60 in Dr von Franz's book on *Projection and Recollection in Jungian Psychology* (von Franz, 1980). She is also concerned with the historical change between Newton and Einstein in their understanding of space. But Torrance has a different kind of commitment to the theological context, and is making a point about the historical relationship between body and space which eludes von Franz. When he writes of the fact that the physical space of Christ on earth is open to passage beyond the limitations of the body he is directing questions about space back into a more fleshly questioning of what it is like for bodies to be in space. The very nature of 'whereness' is being called into question. Space as a mathematical abstraction is being subordinated to the place of body, body as living and body as dead. 'Whereness' is being immediately related to body as both victimised and saving, meet for sacrifice and agent of resurrection.

That is the 'whereness' which sets the scene for what I have called the world drama being played out between our machines and our environment. We will be better able to take our part in that drama when we recognize the scene for what it is: a place that itself has body, a body open to passage beyond limits which are both internal and external to itself. Space is not just there, to be taken for granted. Space participates in the drama which sustains it. If we take it as given, irrespective of bodies, we may find that we have annihilated it. The alternative is to remember it as embodied, as dependent on a drama which is as much human as divine, as always requiring that we know how to replenish it.

Think of our cars, for instance. They go some way towards annihilating space. Yet they also provide a deceptively cosy and protected space to contain our bodies. Within that space, our bodies can remain at rest and yet move at speeds which are humanly impossible (a familiar example of what Torrance calls 'the difficult elastic connections between the dynamical and geometrical aspects of things'). How do our bodies relate to the bodies of our cars, those machines which temporarily environ us yet do so much to alter and in some cases destroy a wider environment? There is a whole macrocosmic drama of competing eco-systems being played out in the microcosmic frustrations, exhaustions and satisfactions of that familiar relationship.

Looked at through our dreams, this drama is of a richness and complexity which helps to explain how we manage life on our roads. Many car dreams carry some degree of 'projective identification' between body and machine. The two merge. There is confusion as to which comes first, which is using the other. In this confusion there are feelings of guilt, betrayal, vindictiveness. Servant becomes master, and the master is suddenly without power. A wider environment can be invoked to save us from a closer imprisonment. What we thought was a distance to be overcome turns out to be a place of rest.

How we interpret these dreams depends a lot on our understanding of space. If space is given, irrespective of bodies, then what goes on between us and our cars has to be understood as taking place within that container. But if space is itself embodied, then those goings on may be reminding us what it is like to participate in 'the difficult elastic connections between the dynamical and geometrical aspects of things'. And our dreams about those goings on may be a primary source for realising the feel of that elasticity.

Cars are not the most dangerous of the machines we have created. But they are familiar, and if we are to manage the more complex and impersonal machines on which our environment now depends, we must start with the familiar. How we manage life on our roads can help us manage life on our planet. The ecological debate has to be drawn into our national and international political process. There are balances to be struck, and risks to be taken, between innovation and conservation, between enjoying and replenishing resources. Sexual metaphors abound, metaphors of harmony, waste, consummation, exploitation, pleasure in pain. I believe that we have it in us to open this process into more responsive passion and experiment if we can remember its history, a history in which guilt, sacrifice, forgiveness and judgement have entered into the constitution of space itself. By this historical dilation of our understanding our political processes may come to participate more responsively in the drama being played out between our machines and our environment.

For christians and non-christians this historical dilation of understanding has to include the christian Eucharist. There is a 'where' on which eucharistic reflection is willing to dwell. It is a physical space, yet open to passage beyond its own limitations. It assumes that one is also, effectively, many. The way into that one-and-many effectiveness has been opened. The opening involves a breaking of a body into pieces and the pouring out of blood. If we have taken advantage of that opening in creating our modern world, we must either remember for ourselves the advantage we have taken, or it will be remembered against us. Which is why we need to be able to feel the full power of that deep antagonism which rightly exists between christian and non-christian. Without it, what we have done may not be believed until it is too late.

But it is not only 'where' on which eucharistic reflection is willing to dwell. It also questions our 'when'. Questioning the real presence of Christ in bread and wine involves time as well as space. How is the flesh and blood of which we partake now related to Christ's body when he lived on earth, and when will he come again?

*By about chapter thirteen, or perhaps later...*In the Church of England synod debate on The Bomb earlier this year, the Archbishop of York urged christians to remember the eschatological traditions which have informed so much of our history.

The Times reported him as follows:

> Dr. Stuart Blanch said this debate was about the end of the world and about how one might best delay it. The report was primarily concerned with the moral and political issues and gave only incidental attention to the theological environment within which the moral and political issues had to be discussed.
>
> But in this debate, as distinct from the report itself, the church ought to be seen to be concerned with the theological, not just moral and political, issues.
>
> The ancient world was haunted by the fear of universal disaster, less specific than present fears of a nuclear disaster. What was distinctive about the christian attitude to the end of the world was that it was associated with joy and not just with fear.
>
> The world will have to live forever now with the fear of nuclear disaster, either as a consequence of military action or of industrial accident. Nothing this synod can say or do can alter that situation. The secret of nuclear power cannot be disinvented; the research laboratories of the world cannot be dismantled. There is no system of surveillance, however extensive and exact, which can actually prevent the manufacture of nuclear weapons.
>
> So, while we have to do everything in our power to reduce the likelihood of nuclear disaster, we cannot again ever exclude it. From now on every generation will be aware that it could be the last generation on the Earth. So we are not dealing with just a moral or political issue, but with a spiritual and theological one: how to enable mankind to live with the fear, not just with the threat.

There is a special kind of reflection which christians have brought to the four last things: death, judgement, heaven and hell. We should not be afraid to use it. Indeed, perhaps it is what the world needs now from christians more than anything else.

Then there is the word obscene. It is said that there is something so obscene about the idea of nuclear war that it is immoral to make plans to survive it (see the letters in *The Guardian* early in 1983 following an article by Doris Lessing in which she advocated the building of nuclear aid raid shelters). The sermons I hear in church do not use the word obscene. But they do convey a sense of shame and dirt as being associated with thinking about nuclear war.

I want to bring our sense of the obscene, of shame and dirt, to bear on christian eschatology, with its curious mixture of joy and fear, in the belief that together they can help steady us in controlling our inventiveness. The effect may be disturbing. I would ask the reader to bear in mind my introductory remarks about holiness and madness.

A familiar expression of christian eschatological imagination is in Charles Wesley's hymn which we sing during Advent.

> Lo, he comes with clouds descending,
> Once for favoured sinners slain;
> Thousand thousand saints attending
> Swell the triumph of his train:
> Alleluia!
> Christ appears on earth to reign.
>
> Every eye shall now behold him
> Robed in dreadful majesty;
> Those who set at naught and sold him,
> Pierced and nailed him to the Tree,
> Deeply wailing,
> Shall the true Messiah see.
>
> Those dear tokens of his passion
> Still his dazzling body bears,
> Cause of endless exultation
> To his ransomed worshippers:
> With what rapture,
> Gaze we on those glorious scars!
>
> Yea, amen, let all adore thee,
> High on thine eternal throne;
> Saviour, take the power and glory,
> Claim the kingdom for thine own:
> Alleluia!
> Thou shalt reign and thou alone.

A hundred, two hundred years, before Wesley, that dreadful majesty, those glorious scars, could remind people of the rapture with which christians were burning each others bodies to save each others souls. D.P. Walker has written a book called *The Decline of Hell*, in which he records the history of growing

doubt, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, about the doctrine of the eternity of hell (Walker, 1964). The authors he quotes talk a lot about deterrence. Here is an extract from his discussion of the views of Jeremiah White, born in 1630, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one time chaplain to Oliver Cromwell:

> God's justice and anger, for White, are an aspect of His love. Nothing is more contrary to love than sin. When the infinite power of God's love meets sin, it burns it and kills it. This loving wrath is directed solely against the sin, not against the sinner...
>
> Thus love is a Death to everything that should dye. O, how kind is the cruelty of this Death! O, how faithfully cruel is the kindness of this killing love!
>
> And, finally this destructive love will consume all sin, purify all souls, and there will be no more suffering. White believes in the natural, inevitable connexion between sin and suffering. The suffering is the shame and remorse of the sinner when made fully aware of his own state. For the wicked this will happen only after the resurrection, when they will be 'enlightened' by seeing the glory and felicity of the elect. But the most terrible enlightenment will be the direct contact with God's love. The same burning love that will be bliss for the saved will be agony for the wicked, until their sins are burnt up:
>
> God himself puts forth himself immediately and naked upon them, at once to torment them, and also to sustain them for their Torments...O! who can express the riches of the Joy and Glory of those spirits, upon whom God shall appear immediately and nakedly as a Friend, as a Lover in Union with them? And who can express those Pangs, those Horrors, those unspeakable and nameless things which that poor Soul must then sink under, upon whom the same God shall appear with the same nakedness of his Godhead, in a direct contrariety to it, making his Glory itself a Fire upon it.
>
> (Walker, pp.112-113)

The identity of God's love and hell fire. It was real. Thousands upon thousands of fires had born witness.

Later in his book, Walker comments dismissively on this belief: 'a combination of love and vengeance, except in Freudian psychology, comes near to nonsense'. Those of us for whom Freud's work is more familiar may

prefer not to be so dismissive. We could try instead to move psychoanalytic insight into sado-masochism towards the public interfaces between politics and science. There is something peculiarly obscene about the conjunction of what Freud called the anal and the genital. But those of us who have found in owning that obscenity a new humour, patience and ability to tolerate contradiction can bear witness to a certain wry human truth within it. If we are to learn to live with the fear that we could be the last generation on earth it may be just that truth we need.

So let us stay with this 'near to nonsense' and see what happens if we allow the affect it arouses in us to influence our reading of the history of science. I would ask the reader to entertain a question, a question which I have not found in any of the history books. Could the combination of love and vengeance which we find in some expressions of Christian eschatology be one of the ingredients that gives our modern science its peculiar inventiveness, inventiveness of a kind which is unique to the last three hundred years of human history?

Fifty years ago the mathematician philosopher A.N. Whitehead wrote of this inventiveness in his book *Science and the Modern World*:

> The greatest invention of the nineteenth century was the invention of the method of invention. A new method entered into life. In order to understand our epoch, we can neglect all the details of change, such as railways, telegraphs, radios, spinning machines, synthetic dyes. We must concentrate on the method itself; that is the real novelty, which had broken up the foundations of the old civilisation.
>
> (Whitehead, 1928, p.120)

Whitehead is referring to what is called the problem of induction. The inventiveness of modern science is built on the testing of hypotheses. We frame an hypothesis, devise an experiment to prove or disprove it, and as a result are able to invent new ways to change or manipulate matter. But how and why does this method work?

Some scientists and philosophers of science seem to claim to have an answer. Others do not, and prefer to puzzle about whether we have got the question right. Fifty years ago Whitehead was prepared to admit that a very disturbing contradiction was at stake here. He described the invention of the

method of invention as grounded in a 'radical inconsistency at the basis of modern thought', an inconsistency which assumes that the future exercises an anticipatory pull over the present but acknowledges cause as working only from past to present:

> The enterprises produced by the individualistic energies of the European peoples presuppose physical actions directed to final causes. But the science which is employed in their development is based on a philosophy which asserts that physical causation is supreme, and which disjoins the physical cause from the final end. It is not popular to dwell upon the absolute contradiction here involved.
>
> (pp.94-95)

With the rise of the ecological and nuclear debates it is no longer unpopular to dwell on the effects of this absolute contradiction. But are we any nearer understanding it? 'The secret of nuclear power cannot be disinvented; the research laboratories of the world cannot be dismantled'. If we are to control the effects of our inventiveness we will need surveillance of a kind which can reach behind and beyond its effects into the method which makes them possible. We will have to be reflecting humanly, and that means socially, politically, on the invention of the method of invention so that under-standing of a new kind is possible. The problem of induction is pressing.

In the text-books, some of the most interesting attempts to explain induction are in terms of the theory of probability. Without probability theory we would have no quantum physics, no release of nuclear energy. Nor would we have insurance, bookmaking, annuities, weather forecasts, industrial quality control, population genetics, every form of statistical enquiry. Without it, our modern world would not exist. Probability theory, which can seem so obscene when applied to war games of nuclear deterrence, is necessary to the peculiar inventiveness of sciences on which we rely for our living.

What I have got out of my two stories, as they have been drawn out into a more public world through the reading of *Riddley Walker*, is the belief that the effectiveness of probability theory is related to christian eschatology, and in particular to what that eschatology has done to our relation to matter.

I am thinking of many passages in the book. Take sections 12 to 15 from the Eusa Story.

> 12. Eusa sed tu the Littl Man the Addom, I nead tu no the No. uv the 1 Big 1 & yu mus tel me it. The Littl Man the Addom he sed, Yu du no it Eusa its in yu the saym as its in me. Eusa sed, I doan no it yu mus tel it tu me. The Littl Man sed, Eusa yu no wut that 1 Big 1 is its the No. uv thay Master Chaynjis I doan hav no werd tu tel it. Eusa sed, If yu woan tel in 1 may be yul tel in 2. Eusa wuz pulin on the Little Mans owt strecht arms. The Littl Man sed, Eusa yu ar pulin me a part. Eusa sed, Tel.
>
> 13. Eusa wuz angre he wuz in rayj & he kep pulin on the Littl Man the Addoms owt strecht arms. The Littl Man the Addom he begun tu cum a part he cryd, I wan to go I wan tu stay. Eusa sed, Tel mor. The Addom sed, I wan tu dark I wan tu lyt I wan tu day I wan tu nyt. Eusa sed, Tel mor. The Addom sed, I wan tu woman I wan tu man. Eusa sed, Tel mor. The Addom sed, I wan tu plus I wan tu minus I wan tu big I wan tu littl I wan tu aul I wan tu nuthing.
>
> 14. Eusa sed, Stop ryt thayr thats the No. I wan. I wan that aul or nuthing No. The Littl Man the Addom he cudn stop tho. He wuz ded. Pult in 2 lyk he wuz a chikken. Eusa screamt he felt lyk his oan bele ben pult in 2 & evere thing rushin owt uv him.
>
> 15. Owt uv thay 2 peaces uv the Littl Shynin Man the Addom thayr cum shyningnes in wayvs in spredin circels. Wivverin & wayverin & humin with a hy soun. Lytin up the dark wud. Eusa seen the Littl 1 goin roun & roun insyd the Big 1 & the Big 1 humin roun insyd the Littl 1. He seen thay Master Chaynjis uv the 1 Big 1. Qwik then he riten down thay Nos. uv them.

I think something like that has happened in history. But to get it into our history books, into the public world of political debate on how to control the working of our research laboratories, we will need to mix religion and science, to cross passion with reflection, desire with calculation, in ways which may so stretch our present imagination as to threaten to pul uz a part.

For example, let us consider the event known as Pascal's wager.

This is to be found in his *Pensées*, in the section headed 'Infinity–Nothing'. It is written in the same generation as Jeremiah White wrote of the identity of God's love and hell fire. Pascal is addressing himself to the question of how the expectation of an eternity of life and happiness should influence us either to believe or not believe in God:

> 'God is or is not'. But which way shall we lean? Reason can settle nothing here; there is an infinite gulf between us. A game is on, at the other end of this infinite distance, and heads or tails will turn up. What will you wager? According to reason you cannot do either: according to reason you cannot leave either undone.
>
> (Pascal, tr. Stewart, 1950, section 223)

This wager is well known in the history of modern theology. But it is also described in the histories of science as a strategic moment in the emergence of probability theory in the seventeenth century. It is a critical moment of meeting, and perhaps of separation, between the history of christianity and the history of science.

A recent student of this emergence of probability theory has written:

> Pascal's wager is the name given to some game-theoretic considerations that concern belief in God. They were intended as a contribution to apologetics, and became widely known as such. But these fragments in the *Pensées* had an important byproduct: they showed how aleatory arithmetic [that is, the arithmetic of dice] could be part of a general 'art of conjecturing'. They made it possible to understand that the structure of reasoning about games of chance can be transferred to inference that is not founded on any chance set-up.
>
> (Hacking, 1975, Chapter 8)

Something out of the ordinary is happening here. Risk, randomness, and judgement are being brought together in an unprecedented combination. Human judgement about God's likely judgement of humanity is being related to the structure of reasoning about games of chance. Together, they make it possible for human reason to infer correctly where previously it has only been able to guess.

We must not hang it all on Pascal. He was one of many. The book from which I have quoted places his work in a wider context of seventeenth century thought, ranging from alchemy and medicine to the first mistakes made by governments in reckoning annuities for pension purposes. Over a wide area of human experience, what had been random was beginning to prove measurable, and therefore copyable. This ability to copy randomness is one of the factors that lie behind what Whitehead calls 'the invention of the method of invention'.

But Pascal's wager reminds us of what could be at stake here, if there is by any chance a creator God. In learning to copy the randomness of creation we may have appropriated to ourselves the arbitrariness of the creator. At the other end of an infinite distance a game is on. Heads or tails will turn up. In learning to reckon the odds, to anticipate randomness, we have dared to take on ourselves the risk of an arbitrariness previously born by the creator. This is the risk we have to familiarise ourselves with as we move into a future when 'every generation will be aware that it could be the last generation on Earth'.

Where did we get the daring to take this risk? It is a religious question. It is also a question of the history of science. The two must be brought together, however clumsy our first attempts may be.

The answer I am suggesting is that it arose in response to disappointment: disappointment at the apparent arbitrariness of an unrealised eschatology.

Christian eschatology derives from an expectation which was disappointed. To understand the invention of the method of invention, I believe we have to go back to the beginning of our era, to those generations in which Christ's second coming did not come, when future and past were torn apart as they had never been since the beginning, and we learned to dwell in that tear.

That hymn of Wesley's, that quotation from Jeremiah White, have a long history behind them: a history of disappointed anticipation. Christianity established itself in overcoming disappointment. Disappointment was converted into proof. Unfulfilled anticipation was turned back on the present so as to change the way people behaved. Over centuries, human thought and feeling and imagination were trained and exercised in drawing conviction out of a judgement that was promised but always postponed.

I think that what happened between about 1500 and 1700 A.D. was that we began saying to ourselves: if we can believe that God can do this to us, why can't we believe that we can do it to matter? A method which had been conceived and refined in metaphysical reflection was ready to be used physically. It was based on anticipation and experiment. It set up an hypothesis about the future. It exposed that hypothesis to disappointment by experiment. Anticipation was interrogated. The verdict of that interrogation

was accepted as effectively true. Francis Bacon called the new method putting nature to the torture, at a time when torture had an accepted place in legal interrogation to ascertain fact (see Collingwood, 1940, pp.238-39). Boyle wrote that science and religion were united in recognising that our limited human intellect can form right notions only with the help of the patterns offered in the works and the verdicts of God (see Hooykaas, 1972). The laws of nature as we understand them today were beginning to be ascertained by verdict of experiment. If God can do it to us, why cannot we do it to matter?

The arbitrariness of the creator appropriated by the human experimenter: this is what we have to own if there is to be effective political surveillance of the work being done in our research laboratories. Such owning needs passion of the kind we are familiar with in ecological groups and movements. It also needs understanding of a kind that can only come from historical recollection.

One precursor of hypothetical reasoning as it emerged in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was what is known as 'the method of annihilation'. For all its contemporary resonance of nuclear war games, this is a term from medieval scholasticism. It refers to a way of arguing about the nature of space. Greek philosophy bequeathed to its successors certain arguments as to whether or not there could be truly empty space, which received new urgency when they were taken up by christian reflection on the whereness of God. By the fourteenth century one of the accepted methods of arguing about the fullness or emptiness of space was to imagine what it would be like if God where to annihilate all or part of the matter within the material plenum of our world. This method, inconceivable apart from belief in a God who creates *ex nihilo*, was one constituent of the changed experience of space which gradually imposed itself on the minds of the new men of science. So that by 1655, for instance, Thomas Hobbes can say:

> In the teaching of natural philosophy, I cannot begin better than from privation; that is, from feigning the world to be annihilated.
>
> (Quoted in Grant, 1981, Chapter 8)

Scholars are tracing the passage of this idea from medieval theology to the physics of Newton, and on to the theories of relativity which underwrite our

nuclear physics. If they are right, it seems reasonable to accept that there is an historical connection between mystical experience of God's presence or absence, theological reflection on that experience, mathematical and physical ideas of space, and the hypothetical-experimental method. But does this connection mean anything outside the history books? Does it affect us in our anxieties about nuclear power, and more generally about that inventiveness which we both enjoy and fear? 'From now on every generation will be aware that it could be the last generation on the Earth'. We have to learn to talk more easily about our fascination with how nothingness and the infinite are connected. Their relationship has got into our mathematics and our physics. Now we have to take it into our feeling, into the exchanges between men and women and children where politics begin. For this, we need what Paul Ricoeur in his book on *The Symbolism of Evil* has called the language of confession (Ricoeur, 1969).

Judgements which connect nothingness and the infinite are essentially hazardous. Holiness and madness meet most dangerously in them. Yet we are making them, and there is evidence that some of us passionately enjoy being involved in the making. To draw them into our political processes we need to experiment with new ways of talking. We will need to be able to say things to each other which may sound silly or shocking, but which nevertheless witness to something truly present in our experience. We need a new kind of confidence in claiming a place in history for what Ricoeur describes as the blind, equivocal and scandalous.

For this we need a language which is vulgar as well as learned. We must not be ashamed of the pettiness of personal story. On the contrary, we should welcome it, as humanising both holiness and madness. Speaking the language of confession more easily and vulgarly is the only way we can ensure that the presence of religious guilt and retribution in the interrogations of science is taken up into the grass roots of political process.

Conclusion or Prognosis

In the discussion after I read this paper to the Analytical Psychology Club in May, someone referred to a remark of Jung's about the next fifty years of human history being perhaps the last. Is that how it is to be?

I have tried to listen to two voices, and in that listening to reverberate our fear of a violence which is mad and obscene, not to be thought of and yet compulsively planned for. Listening, I have wondered about the terrible interdependence of fear and wish. Psychoanalysis reflects long and painfully on this interdependence. Can we bring such reflection into the national and international political processes which determine our next fifty years?

Possibly, if there can be movement between various places and levels in our experience.

Between the research scientist and the politicians the question of invention is at stake. How is our inventiveness to be regulated? I recognise in myself and others a powerful movement of the spirit which would be glad to disinvent the method of invention. I believe it to be wrong. A powerful and articulate 'No' to indiscriminate invention is certainly needed, and has to be taken up into our political processes. But it has to be contained within a more comprehensive 'Yes'. We have to learn to understand our inventiveness in a way which will include the 'No' to particulars as proof of a more general 'Yes'.

This can be put in terms of power. Politicians deal in power. They know the power of scientific technology. They know it is necessary to our survival. If it is to be restrained and held in check they will listen to voices of caution only if those voices are saying an essential 'Yes' to the method of invention itself. There are balances to be struck, and risks to be taken, between innovation and conservation, between enjoying and replenishing resources, which will allow of our 'No' in some cases as long as that 'No' is carried on a confident 'Yes' to the underlying method itself.

For that to happen we will have to find ways of sharing and articulating among ourselves guilt, anxiety and fear of retribution. I have argued that the ecological and nuclear debate draws on anxieties which are specifically christian. These derive from our appropriation of the arbitrariness of the creator. We have to learn to talk to each other about this arbitrariness. We cannot expect to be taught how to do this by our rulers. The most we can expect from them is that they will keep their options open, as more diffuse political processes get the feel of the odds inherent in the risk we have taken on ourselves.

Here the attitude of christians to modern science and technology could prove decisive, as between a redirection of our inventiveness, or its conclusion in a dead end of our own making. Are we going to own our responsibility for the power of experiment over matter which has converted the world during the last three hundred years? To put the matter bluntly: the research laboratories of our present age would be inconceivable without the mystical body of Christ. How does this affect our christian worship?

But not only christians have to answer. Others worship too, from before and outside Christ. In my 1975 paper I tried to express the position as I see it between christian and non-christian responsibility for the work against nature. I ended with two questions:

> Can the non-christian heirs to christian technology accept that christianity guards the secret of their power over nature? And can the christian guardians—both living and dead—accept that there is, and always has been, a dimension to their faith which only non-christians can understand?

Since then, and particularly in the affect released in me and others by reading *Riddley Walker*, I have come to realise the depths of feeling which those questions are going to evoke as they raise themselves to our consciousness in years to come. Which is why I have written of violence and obscenity, cannibalism and the terrible mixing of joy and fear, love and vengeance. We need such soil if the deep and justified antagonism between christian and non-christian is to make itself felt within our political processes. In the history of that antagonism there is affect of a kind which we must own if we are to humanise the vast energies unlocked in the work against nature, and negotiate effectively with an inventiveness which is now servant and master of us all.

Jung's psychology of alchemy belongs with that affect. Those extraordinary volumes are much more than a new, or rediscovered, symbolism. They do much more than extend our imaginal resources in interpreting transference, dreams, symptoms. They revise the history of science and the history of christianity. We can ignore them. We can bracket them out of serious consideration, with slighting reference to their gnosticism, to hermetic and heretical traditions. Or we can allow them into the mainstream of historical reflection.

With few exceptions, Jung's work on alchemy is not mentioned in the histories of science. Why? Because it introduces a disturbing language into science—the language of confession. In Jung's work on alchemy, the language of confession as we know it in psychoanalysis takes on historical obligations.

As Ricoeur has emphasised, confession is the language out of which myth, gnosis, speculation, all grow:

> The experience of which the penitent makes confession is a blind experience, still embedded in the matrix of emotion, fear, anguish. It is this emotional note that gives rise to objectification in discourse; the confession expresses, pushes to the outside, the emotion which without it would be shut up in itself, as an impression of the soul. Language is the light of the emotions. Through confession the consciousness of fault is brought into the light of speech; through confession man remains speech, even in the experience of his own absurdity, suffering and anguish.
>
> (Ricoeur, 1969, p.7)

This is the language we need to get into the grass roots of our political processes if our scientific inventiveness is to be carried on a 'Yes' that contains its own 'No'. In alchemy, experiment and confession are yoked together, yet work across each. Interrogation is directed towards the human worker as well as the prima materia. It is conjugal. Experiment is related sexually to the inorganic world in metaphor derived from animal and vegetable. The mysticism of the body is materialised in cross examination. Alchemy has within it the makings of a vernacular: a vernacular in which we could talk to each other naturally about the religious satisfactions derived from scientific experiment.

Confessionally we can talk sense about the terrible interdependence of fear and wish. Terrible, and, let us always remember, seemingly *most unlikely*. How could it be possible that we should wish for anything so appalling as nuclear war? Just to say the question is to measure the unlikeliness of what is at stake.

This unlikeliness of the link between wish and fear is our greatest danger. This is what can make imagination seize up, prevent reflection, and commit us to totalitarian solutions, whether they be military, political, religious, scientific. To meet it, we need each other's help. There are

experiences to be shared which are blind and dumb, still embedded in a matrix of emotion, fear and anguish. To get them into politics, we have to get them into history, into a telling in which we have public as well as private parts.

Such telling requires that we be willing to give of ourselves so that others may have something to get their teeth into. Whatever the wish may be that mushrooms hiddenly in our fear of nuclear holocaust, it is unlikely to objectify itself in discourse if we are shy or embarrassed of appearing absurd, suffering or in anguish.

And the telling requires that we listen, listen as we may never have listened before. A mute witness waits to be heard, bound in our machines and in what we have chosen to call the inorganic. To hear its story, our ears should be attentive for something at least as unlikely as the word becoming flesh.

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18

SEX AND THE WOUND OF TIME*

LET ME START BY referring to my state of mind in that silence after our enactment yesterday evening. I was surprised at how sad I felt. I was comforted to remember how A.D. Nuttall starts his essay on the play, in the *Studies in English Literature* series published by Edward Arnold. There he writes:

> *The Winter's Tale* is the most beautiful play Shakespeare ever wrote. It is a less intelligent play than *Hamlet* (but not *much* less intelligent). It is less profound than *King Lear* (but not *much* less). It is not a pretty play, of "merely aesthetic" appeal. For it is far less elegant than *Love's Labour's Lost* and much more disturbing than *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The beauty of *The Winter's Tale* does not so much charm the eye as pierce the viscera. It does not divert the spectator, it turns him inside out.

I think many of us have been a bit turned inside out.

Bearing that in mind, I want to take two themes from the play—time, and the contrast between art and nature—and see how Shakespeare uses them in presenting the connection between sex and death. I don't see how we can seriously engage with our theme of the wounded healer unless we take the connection between sex and death into account. In relation to Jung's work

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more generally, I have tried to say something about this in a recent talk on *Jung and the Third Person*.

I shall look at this connection in *The Winter's Tale*, with an emphasis on timing, and on seeming–how things appear to be.

Time carries different meanings for us. Many of these are invoked in our play. We can take time for granted, as simply there, as part of "nature". And we can recognise time as in our keeping, as up to us, as a question of "art". Between the two we have some interesting choices. Between tragedy and comedy, for instance.

I want to use our text to tease out, to bring into relief, a sort of mosaic to show what being in time is like, when time is both given as part of nature and also up to us, in our keeping, a question of "art".

My second emphasis is on seeming. Our play is full of disguise and pretence. Art mocks nature, and nature art. Complexions change. People dress up. When two kings meet their countenances are so distracted that they can be recognised by their clothes but not by their looks. Desire can confuse a daughter with a mother, perhaps one gender with another. Looks aren't to be trusted. Things are not what they seem to be.

I want to see if we can get questions of timing, and of seeming, to sound across and through each other. To do so, I shall play, perhaps rather too much, with the word "consistency".

Some of you will have read my article on mood in last year's Harvest, in which I also play with this word. Consistency has a temporal reference. It suggests behaviour, attitudes, beliefs, which endure in time, which hang together in spite of change. It also has a material reference. If we mix a material to an even consistency, we trust that its surface and its inside, what we can see and what we cannot see, are the same.

My hope is that I can use this double meaning of the word consistency to get questions of timing and seeming to sound across and through each other. If we can hear them sounding together, I believe we will hear Shakespeare say something about sex and death which speaks directly to us all.

We start with timing.

The Winter's Tale is one of two plays of Shakespeare in which the nature of time is a central theme. The other is *Macbeth*. Here is how a recent critic has introduced her study of time in *Macbeth*.

> Time is a theme which is hard to discuss since the most casual speculation about time can plunge us out of our depth in metaphysical deep waters. In discussing Shakespeare's use of the time theme in *Macbeth* I am using as a lifeline the main distinctions of meaning drawn by the N.E.D. They are not philosophical, but they represent the universally recognised distinctions which would have, and still have, meaning for Shakespeare's audience. The dictionary, then, gives us three main definitions: a space or extent of time; a point of time, a space of time treated without reference to its duration; and the first and most important of various general meanings, "indefinite, continuous duration".

These three definitions apply helpfully to *The Winter's Tale*. We have the first, a certain extent of time, as the time of a journey, with its beginning and end and time taken in between. This is assumed in the exchange between Hermione and Polixenes at the start, when she is trying to persuade him to stay a bit longer, and also in the journey of Dion and Cleomenes to the oracle, a time twenty three days long. We have the second, a point of time that is without duration, in the statue scene when Paulina says: "Strike, 'Tis time". And we have the third, indefinite continuous duration, in the "ten thousand years together" that Paulina wishes on Leontes for his penance after Hermione's death, in the always-to-recur-again sense of the seasons in the pastoral scene, and in some, but by no means all, of the words spoken by Time at the beginning of Act IV.

All three are recognisable in our daily experience, I think. The bell on the cooker rings: it is time to look at the bread. But the baking time is about sixty minutes long. While the clock on the cooker goes on and on, as long as nothing interferes with the electricity, and even if it does, it is just interference in what we know goes on and on, indefinitely, continuously, time.

That's a fairly innocuous example of the different times by which we live. But this difference between kinds of time can hurt.

Time as bracketed between a beginning and end leaves us with the question of how beginnings and ends relate to befores and afters. This is explicit in times of bereavement. There are questions like: is there time after

death? There is also the problem of how we go on after the end of someone we've loved.

But I think this question is with us in less acute, more "chronic", ways. Think for instance of how some friendships end. The process can be what we call gradual. Then suddenly, a word, a look, a letter to which we get no answer, brings home to us that it is over. Only then, looking back, do we recognise that it actually ended three years ago, when we disagreed over so and so. What is the time like between the two endings, then and now? Has it flowed fully, or has it been a sort of hiatus, half empty?

We spend a lot of our time uncertain, oscillating, between a river sense and a circular sense of direction. What we make of that uncertainty determines how we respond to the immediacy, the abruptness of times which are without duration. Our play is all about that uncertainty. It tells us a lot about its consistency.

Here is a moment which illustrates what I have in mind. Watch for the word "affliction".

In the statue scene, as the play between nature and art approaches its climax:

LEONTES: The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

PAULINA: I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

LEONTES: O sweet Paulina
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

PAULINA: I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.

LEONTES: Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.

"For this affliction has a taste as sweet As any cordial comfort." This is the wound which heals, related to the pleasures of madness as compared to

settled sense, as duration waits in suspense–"make me to think so twenty years together"–for the strike of a time without duration.

Earlier in the play we hear speak of affliction in Act IV, when Camillo, Florizel and Perdita are discussing what to do in the face of Polixenes' anger. Here it is no sweet cordial, but a blight on the fresh complexion of the bond of love. Camillo is warning the young couple of the problems they face:

Besides, you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

PERDITA: One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

In the statue scene, we celebrate time as healer. In the earlier scene, Camillo warns the young lovers that time can destroy, while Perdita believes in a love that can triumph over time. It is all very familiar. We all know how much can be at stake. I think it helps us to pick up the stake if we can allow that there is a real sense in which time is not simply given, as part of nature. It is also in our keeping, up to us, a question of art.

We can sharpen the point.

The Arden editor of our play comments on the exchange between Camillo and Perdita that it echoes the main sentiment and some of the images of the famous Sonnet 116. But whereas the sonnet speaks of the effect of time, the present passage speaks of affliction. Time is itself an affliction. How then does it heal? And what is it like to love between the two?

Let's hear the sonnet.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

Who is the more right, Camillo or Perdita? If we are to look into the heart of Leontes' madness we need to ask the question, even if the answer eludes us. How is it that love can endure and also strike? How do we imagine the movement, the exchange, between that which bears it out to the edge of doom, and that which is content to be time's fool? How does love make the jump between indefinite, continuous duration, and the strike of that moment which is without duration?

Shakespeare has Time itself introduce the answer. It has been suggested that when the play was first performed he took the part himself. I like the suggestion. For those of us who work with the dramatic model it reminds us at once of the presence of the author and of what a difference it can make.

Here are the first seventeen lines of Time's speech. Listen for the words "growth" and "growing".

> I that please some, try all: both joy and terror
> Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
> Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
> To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
> To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
> O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
> Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
> To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
> To plant and o'erwhelm, custom. Let me pass
> The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
> Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
> The times that brought them in; so shall I do
> To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
> The glistering of this present, as my tale
> Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
> I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
> As you had slept between.

The hour glass, with its fullness and emptiness. The passing of time in which growth is tried. The turn of time in which growing is given. Let us hold that image in our minds, remembering how much excess weight the word growth can carry in psychotherapeutic circles.

I think that familiar image of the glass being turned can help us allow that time is both natural and art-y. Why shouldn't we "impute it a crime" when the hand which turns is so obviously responsible? It helps us realise how much

turns on the difference between time being natural, and time being arty, and prepares us for just how much beginnings as well as endings can hurt.

There is a hole which drains. It is the same hole which fills. Its action can cease, can come to an end. Its action can begin. End and beginning are joined in a turn. If duration is to be continuous that turn must be a moment without duration. For the flow to go on, the turn is essential. But if the turn were to go on, the flow would be arrested. Time flows like a river, with a beginning and an end separated by the flowing. Or it flows in a circle in which beginning and end join in the flowing. The hour glass helps us imagine how both may be possible.

But it does more than that. It evokes in us physical senses of fullness and emptiness. And it introduces the idea of an extra-temporal agent—the hand which turns the glass—as necessary for both the passage and the revolutions of time. Together, these can do much to dilate our understanding of time, so that we are more able to allow for its consistent inconsistency.

Think of fullness and emptiness in relation to our three dictionary definitions. Time as bracketed between a beginning and end seems full alright. When a job of work has been completed in its allotted time we feel satisfied. When time's up and the job is done, there is a sense of fulfilment. Perhaps that is true for some of us when we die.

But the time allotted can be wasted. Working against the clock can prevent completion. When the sands have run out there is nothing to show for it.

In the first case, the transition from bracket time to indefinite duration is a let down. After completion, we feel flat. In the second case, the transition can be comforting. After a failure to get it done in time, it is reassuring to realise that we can try again. Time does go on after all. There is always a tomorrow.

A lot depends of course on our attitude to the hand which turns the glass. One of the reasons why I am drawn to *The Winter's Tale* is the way Shakespeare personifies Time. It allows us to think of God, of fate, but also that it might be one of us. It leaves room for free will as well as for a sense of destiny. It makes sense of the thought that I might be able to give myself another chance.

Take that phrase: give yourself another chance, and compare it with the word accident which tends nowadays to mean something bad rather than good. How are chance and accident related? Can accident be taken as opportunity for another chance? Whether or not we can pick ourselves up again after a bad shock and make a fresh start depends on how we, and others, can imagine the transition from the point without duration to the continuity of indefinite duration. To be able to turn between the full and the empty, which is also to reverse heaviness and lightness, gravity and levity, can be just what we need.

Thus the hour glass can be used to dilate our dictionary definitions of time. There is really no end to its foldings and unfoldings. Time's inconsistency is richer than we can ever get down on paper.

But I think one generalisation is in order. As our understanding of time dilates, as we become more able to allow for its consistent inconsistency, the threefold division into past, present and future becomes less important, and the distinction between potential and actual becomes more important. It is as if past, present and future are taken up into the difference between the potential and the actual. Fullness and emptiness, and the turn between, give time a consistency which duration, bracketing and instant lack.

I want to move now from consistency of timing to consistency of seeming.

Remember what I said in my opening. Consistency has a temporal reference. It suggests behaviour, attitudes, beliefs, which endure in time, which hang together in spite of change. It also has a material reference. If we mix a material to an even consistency, we trust that its surface and its inside, what we can see and what we cannot see, are the same.

It is this second kind of consistency, the consistency of material which I want us to have in mind as we turn to consider how sex involves us in the world of seeming.

I take Act I Scene 2 as my text: the scene in which Leontes' sexual jealousy erupts into our tale. We shall look at two of Leontes' speeches, expressing the violence and violation of his feeling. Then I shall try and relate

these to what I have said about the consistency of time by looking at how Shakespeare places the irruption in the scene, before and after.

In the first speech, Leontes is partly addressing his son Mamillius, partly soliloquizing.

> Can thy dam? may't be?–
> Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
> Thou dost make possible things not so held,
> Communicat'st with dreams;–how can this be?–
> With what's unreal thou coactive art,
> And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
> Thou may'st co-join with something; and that dost,
> (And that beyond commission) and I find it,
> (And that to the infection of my brains
> And hard'ning of my brows).

The pathology of the wounding is familiar. Its expression is extraordinary.

The passage has been described as the most obscure in all Shakespeare, as the passage which no one has been able to read. The Arden editor paraphrases it thus:

> Can your mother be faithless? Is it possible? Lustful passions: your intensity penetrates to the very heart and soul of man. You make possible things normally held to be impossible, just as dreams do. How can this be? Lust causes one to associate in the mind with persons who are purely imaginary, who do not exist at all. Therefore it is quite believable that the most unthinkable lustful association can take place between real people; and lust, you have brought it about in this case, going beyond what is lawful–and I am the sufferer to such an extent that I am losing my senses and grow cuckold's horns.

The meaning of affection as lust is crucial, though elsewhere in the play it is used much more closely to our modern meaning. The Arden editor gives various examples from other writers of Shakespeare's time of affection as meaning lust. Professor Nuttall, whose essay is very helpful in opening up the sexual innuendo of the play, compares this use with a passage in *Othello* where the phrase "the young affects" is used of sexual heat.

Nuttall then goes on to make what I find a very suggestive comment. He picks out the word "nothing" as the turning point in Leontes' outburst. He sees the madness as finally asserting itself at line 142, when suddenly Leontes finds himself arguing that if the fantasies of passion can attach themselves to

unrealities, how much *more* probable it is that they will attach themselves to realities. "It may be significant that the revolution in his mind occurs at the word "nothing". There is a whole crescendo of "nothings" in the frightening speech later in the scene. Leontes seems to have intermittent intuitions of nihilism. One is reminded of Lear's terrified repetition of the same word as he stares over the edge into darkness in his encounter with Cordelia".

Let's make sure we recognise the moment in the speech Nuttall is referring to. He is suggesting that after saying

> how can this be?–
> With what's unreal thou coactive art,
> And fellow'st nothing:

There is a moment's pause, as Leontes hesitates over the implications of what he has just said, and then suddenly chooses to believe that Hermione is unfaithful– then 'tis credent...

Now let's hear the other speech from later in the scene to which Nuttall refers. It is when Leontes is trying to persuade Camillo of Hermione's adultery, arguing with the man who is both friend, courtier, confessor:

> Is whispering nothing?
> Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
> Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
> Of laughter with a sigh (a note infallible
> Of breaking honesty)? horsing foot on foot?
> Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
> Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
> Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
> That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
> Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing.
> The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,
> My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,
> If this be nothing.

The word "nothing" begins to sound a bit like hell.

It reminds Nuttall of that terrifying moment between father and daughter in *Lear* (a play in which there is no tell of mother) when Cordelia answers her father's question as to the extent of her love with:

> Nothing, my lord.
> Nothing?
> Nothing.
> Nothing, will come of nothing.

Think of that scene in *King Lear* if you can remember it together with what I said yesterday about the father-daughter relationship in *Pericles*, with

its context of explicit incest. Can we hear this "nothing" echoing and re-echoing in those other words addressed to "affection".

> With what's unreal thou co-active art
> Thou dost make possible things not so held

and then allow that sense of almost metaphysical panic to touch whatever we know of sexual desire?

If we can, then we know how sex and seeming are related, and why *The Winter's Tale* turns us inside out.

It is quite familiar really, but it requires a curious and uncomfortable shift in attention. It is what many religions teach about sex. Sex isn't simply biological. It is not just an action of blood, or even an affair of the heart. It is metaphysical. It is God's business. Which is perhaps why it is so close to nothing.

Something shivers in that moment when friendship, love, and lust trip over each other in Leontes' mind. It shivers into pieces. I think it is the consistency of creation that shivers into pieces, creation understood not in an aesthetic sense, but in that awe-ful and metaphysical sense which brings us to our knees in worship and prayer.

The sameness of what's on the surface and can be seen, and what's not on the surface and cannot be seen, can no longer be trusted. It is not just Hermione's truth which is at stake. The fit, the set, between appearance and reality is at stake. Lust reveals an inconsistency in the "set" of creation itself.

Our two meanings of consistency come together in creation. An author can so order things that they hang together in spite of change. An author can guarantee continuity, of a sort, between seen and unseen. How he does so becomes clearer when we hear these two speeches in their context. Let's look at one example of what goes before, and what goes after.

The opening lines of our scene, in which Leontes begins to try to persuade Polixenes to stay a while longer:

POLIXENES: Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burden. Time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher
(Yet standing in rich place) I multiply
With one "We thank you" many thousands moe

That go before it.

LEONTES: Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

POLIXENES: Sir, that's tomorrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence;

Time is invoked as both linear and circular. There is a passage and recurrence. Spending time calls up the sense of a debt to be paid for, which in turn provokes an image of qualitative multiplication of quantity. And there is reference to time not only as the medium in which events occur, but also as the agent of occurrence:

I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence...

Chance or breed: what kinds of occurrence do the two words call to mind? How do chance and breeding fit together?

Chance is frequently invoked in the play. In particular, chance, together with fortune and accident, are invoked in relation to sexuality as between parent and child, and in the coming together of Florizel and Perdita.

In casting forth the baby girl, Leontes says to Antigonus

As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commit it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it.

Florizel blesses the time when "my good falcon made her flight across thy father's ground", but Perdita trembles "to think your father, by some accident/Should pass this way, as you did". When what she fears has indeed come to pass, Florizel, in planning what to do next, says

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance.

Chance and accident of birth, exposure, survival, the encounter of lovers: such is the consistency of time at that point of intersection which I drew yesterday on the blackboard between the sexuality in which generation is joined to generation, and the sexuality of adult intercourse.

Breeding has wide spread of meaning in the play. It is used to mean sexual begetting, upbringing or education, and good manners. It is used of

behaviour to emphasise change and also unchanging condition. Thus Polixenes, when rudely ignored by Leontes, is left "to consider what is breeding, that changes thus his manners". While Florizel says of Perdita the shepherd's daughter "She is as forward of her breeding, as She is i' th' rear ' our birth".

Breeding is a word which tells easily of connections between sex and time. Breeding is a question of blood, but also of nurture. Nature and art are involved. Breeding can show them in conjunction. Perdita was brought up by the shepherd. They may mock each other. Breeding takes time. If it is in harmony with blood, it ensures continuity down the generations. But it knows about grafting, and is curiously adapted to change. Well bred behaviour is always "becoming".

How do chance and breeding fit together? In opening the scene as he does, Shakespeare reminds us how varied the consistency of time can be, and warns us that it is prudent to allow for this variety. I think that if we reflect on the incongruous assumptions about time included under chance and breeding we can understand the need for the sort of *joking relationship* I was talking about yesterday. Perhaps such a relationship is at times the only way we can behave to each other when the consistency of time is so knotted, so full of holes, consistent only in being surprising.

After the irruption of jealousy: Leontes is accusing Camillo of being wilfully blind to Hermione's adultery. The idea of a joke, of a joke in the worst possible taste, is not far away.

LEONTES: Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward.
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required: or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

CAMILLO: My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometimes puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of.

They are talking about something that may have been left undone, about the possibility of sins of omission, the non-performance of a duty. In more everyday exchange, it is like when we say to someone: you should have spoken *then*: it is too late now. You've missed your opportunity. The time has gone. What do occasions like these tell us about how time and performance, time and doing, time and action, are related to each other?

They tell us about potentiality and actuality, and how they underwrite duration, bracketing, and instant.

Take Camillo's sentence:

where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance...

The Arden editor paraphrases thus:

> If I was ever afraid to do something because I was doubtful of the outcome even though the unperformed task was simply crying out for action.

The Penguin editor:

> the carrying out of which showed how wrong it would have been not to have done it.

We are talking about hesitation and doubt in the face of consequence, of non-performance in the presence of a cry for action. This is the kind of occasion I was referring to earlier when I spoke of potentiality and actuality giving a consistency to time which duration, bracketing and instant lack. It is a familiar kind of occasion, and well worth reflecting on if we are to understand how our everyday behaviour is involved in something so grand-sounding as creation.

Hesitation. We hesitate because we are doubtful of the outcome. We know hesitation may cost us an opportunity. That costing we may regret ever after. Yet we hesitate.

In such moments we know that time and action consist of each other. Performance needs time. But there are times when time must wait on performance. That's what the difference between potential and actual is about. That's why on a weekend like this we can learn so much between rehearsal and going on live.

Camillo hesitates. Leontes is in a hurry.

One critic has commented on this scene, that if Leontes had given himself time he would have realised that his suspicions were groundless. Instead he goes against time. His speech patterns bring out the unnatural haste of his thoughts.

Unnatural haste: we all know it. But how is it unnatural?

Think about being in a hurry in terms of the availability of time and the consumption of time. The hour glass helps. When we are in too much of a hurry it is as if we can't let the sand run out, but have to turn the glass before it is either ready or necessary. As hurry intensifies, it is as if each running of the sand gets shorter and shorter until, in our exhausting hunger for time of which there is never enough, we are turning the glass so rapidly that there can be no running of the sand at all.

What then? Does time cease? Or are we changing time in some way?

Hesitation and haste are familiar. They have their differing consistencies. When time flies, it is sort of thin. When time drags it is sticky, dense. The value of the hour glass is that it enables us to imagine the difference as not simply one of speed. There is also a turn. A turn to be made, a turn to be waited for. In the making and the waiting, we allow time to alternate.

That's how we make the transition from time as flow, as indefinite continuous duration, to time as bracketed between beginning and end. We allow time to alternate. There is then beat without duration. Time's consistency is rhythm.

Music and dance allow beginnings and ends to beat out duration. Florizel says to Perdita: "When you dance, I wish you/A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do/Nothing but that, move still, still so,/And own no other function". Paulina speaks as the statue turns to flesh and blood: "Music, awake her, Strike! 'Tis time". Perhaps those sixteen years were paying for all

that hurry before, as well as giving Perdita time to grow up. We often speak of hesitation as a state of trembling. The actress who plays Hermione finds it hard not to tremble. She trembles into life, hesitantly, like a wave, moving still, still so, owning no other function.

Trembling, we feel the shiver in creation. We must allow time to alternate, so chance and breeding may find their fit. But if our *Winter's Tale* is to be believed, this may require that we seem to be other than we are.

There is a very obvious sense in which sex creates time. If we didn't have any children human history, lived time, would cease to be. The way sex sets time for our children is really quite awe-ful, perhaps even more so because it is so familiar. Trying in vain to get pregnant is one of the best introductions to the metaphysics of time that I know. Perhaps Hermione got pregnant too easily.

My attention was drawn to the link by a young Californian who associated a dream with Arthur Clarke's science fiction novel of the 1950's, in which an extra-terrestrial power decrees that there should be no more children born on earth. Suddenly, there is no more question of succession, no search for an heir. Everything is strangely still. There is absolutely no hurry any more. Hermione's sixteen years could have been like that.

But I wonder whether sex isn't involved in time creation in a more general and pervasive way. In my life, the conflict between the Biblical and Darwinian creation stories seems always to have been mixed in with what some of my colleagues would call oedipal fantasies of the primal scene. Anthropological reading suggests that this is to be expected. The two essays by Edmund Leach to which I refer in *Jung and the Third Person* argue succinctly for such an involvement.

But without death, this sort of talk is nonsense. Death is the other side of the activity in which sex is involved in time making. It is the death of his son, not the oracle, that surprises Leontes out of his madness. Death is the wound which sex and time have in common.

Death is also an instant reminder of how unbecoming creation is. We have to place the flat realism of that central scene in our play, where Antigonus is being eaten by the bear in the same moment as the baby is found,

alongside Leontes' terrible reiteration of the word nothing. Both are true to our human condition. Funerals and christenings happen in the same place, and we know that weddings of a sort ought to come between. Yet there are times when that knowledge shivers into inconsistency, and we can no longer agree on the sort.

When that happens we need each other. We cannot make sense of the connection between sex and death without society. We need sexual initiation ceremonies which relate adults to death as well as introducing children into an adult world. We have to be franker than we usually are about sexual economics. The problem of Act I Scene 2 is not only: how seriously is Hermione flirting with Polixenes? It is also about the connection between marriage, property and war. The daughter of the Emperor of Russia is quite a woman. As I quoted in my talk yesterday: "Again and again in the world's history savage tribes must have had plainly before their minds the simple practical alternative between marrying out and being killed out".

There is a wound between art and nature. It has various names. One is consciousness. Another is society. I have been much influenced by those who argue that Jung's psychology needs to be more aware of the middle, anthropological-social ground between what we call the personal and the archetypal. *The Winter's Tale* is as much about social problems of continuity, succession and regeneration, class, role and disguise, as about individuals and the seasons of nature. I hope that a weekend such as this can contribute to a more sociable understanding of the consistent inconsistency of sex and death.

19

JUNG AND HERMENEUTICS*

The Hidden Reality

I HAVE TAKEN the term *Hidden Reality* from Aniela Jaffé's book *The Myth of Meaning in the Work of Jung*. In her fourth chapter, we find this sentence:

> The differentiation between the hidden reality and its appearance in consciousness formed for Jung the essential epistemological foundation for his psychological thinking and his work.

The differentiation between the hidden reality and its appearance in consciousness: how can hermeneutics help us to read Jung with this in mind?

I'd like to dwell on the question for a few minutes, because unless you can hear it in terms of your own experience of Jung's work what I have to say won't mean much. So let's repeat it in words we use everyday, far too easily I suspect.

"The unconscious". We speak of hidden reality as the unconscious. Can we talk about "the" unconscious without slipping into a position which assumes that what we are talking about is *there* in the same way as other things are there when we point them out with the word "the"? If we can't, wouldn't it be better not to use the term?

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Jung was aware of the problem. He referred to the difficulty in that letter of 1946 to Pastor Max Frischknecht, where he wrote: "The concept of the unconscious posits nothing, it designates only my unknowing". In German: "Der Begriff des Unbewußten setzt nichts, er benennt nur mein Nichtwissen".

In studying Jung we recognise this as an important text. We quote it often in our teaching. But do we act on it?

Think of how we use the words "the unconscious" in practice. How often does a certain "knowing" note creep into our voices and our writing as we refer to the unconscious? It is so easy to use the concept to designate not my unknowing, but something I am getting to know about. Don't most of us speak as if we know more about the unconscious now than we did ten years ago, or than we did before we started our analysis, or before we began our training? When we use the words "the unconscious" to our clients, do we never allow them to assume that we know more about "it" than they do?

This lecture is about this "knowingness". I think we Jungians suffer from it rather badly. What I am hoping to do is to put our difficulty with it in the wider context of hermeneutics, the study of how we interpret texts.

I begin with autobiography: six occasions in my life when I have been seized of an interest in hermeneutics.

First Occasion

At school, age sixteen. We were being taught civics, or whatever the subject was called in those days. The particular subject for the day was law courts, how they work. What is evidence? How does one get at the truth?

The teacher made us do an experiment with which many of you will be familiar. Four or five of us were to perform some happening. The rest of the class were to write down what they saw.

When it was over, the written reports were compared. They did not agree. Nor could the performers agree as to which of the reports came closest to the truth.

That was my first adult experience of hermeneutics. Happenings do not agree with how they are reported. Yet they need to be reported if they are to be known.

That was a long time ago, and I don't want to read too much into the experience. But I am impressed by how often the memory of that classroom

comes to me when I reflect on my work. As I would put it today, the lesson I learned was this.

There's no such thing as an event without an interpretation. Finding out what really happened is a circular, or perhaps triangular, operation. There's a raw material, a sort of mix of subjective happening and objective circumstance. I like the new American word happenstance to describe this. Then there's evidence, how the raw material of happenstance is presented. Then there's interpretation. Taken together, happenstance, evidence, and interpretation, we have something which is both event and experience. (Compare later references to the German *Erlebnis*).

Or, to put it more generally, all the evidence we ever have to go on is representational. And that's as it should be. Because reality *is* representation. We don't have reality first, interpretation after. The real world is an interpreted world.

Second Occasion

I was taught to think harder about the representation of reality when I read history at the university. There I was deeply influenced by the philosopher-historian R.G. Collingwood, whose *Autobiography* was one of the half dozen books which formed my adult mind. It was through Collingwood's *Essay on Metaphysics* that I first came to read Jung (via St Augustine). I suspect that my reading of Jung has always been from a position established by Collingwood's logic of question and answer, and his teaching about the "ticklishness" of what he called our "absolute presuppositions", the largely unconscious believing in which knowledge is necessarily grounded. (Question: are Jung's archetypes ticklish?)

Collingwood was a practising archaeologist as well as a philosopher. He dug things up and turned them over in his hands and arranged them. He wrote what was for many years the standard history of Roman Britain. He was interested in how history is reconstructed from the evidence of broken pots, coins, excavated ruins, aerial photographs, as well as from written texts. How does evidence of this kind lead to our knowing about the Roman occupation of Britain? What are the mental processes that go on between the archaeological dig and the story as we read it in the history books? How are

historical events connected to the evidence by which they are known? How do we decide what evidence to accept as relevant and what to throw away?

My schoolroom experience of circumstantial evidence was opening up. Disagreement about evidence is endemic in history. But it doesn't prevent us arriving at a judgement. What it does do is to make us question the relation between evidence and fact. What do we expect a fact to be like? Facts cannot be separated from the evidence for them. But it is wrong to think of the fact as hidden behind the evidence. Facts don't prove anything. It is evidence that proves fact. It proves them by making them stand out. Facts stand out from the evidence when evidence is interpreted. Historical facts *are* interpretations.

So what lies behind the evidence? Not fact, but act.

Collingwood taught me to treat acts as prior to facts. Fact in history is fossilised act, act stuck in some kind of record. For the fossil to come alive there has to be interpretation. But the interpretation isn't extraneous to the act embedded in the evidence. It takes evidence as the way into act. It uses evidence to prize act out of fact. It uses evidence to get inside the act behind the fact, to represent it, and take it further.

We can get some idea of what Collingwood is saying about acts as prior to facts if we think of the common adverbial phrase "indeed". We use this phrase to emphasise fact. It underlines the realness, the assuredness, the positiveness, of fact. To emphasise fact, we refer to deed. By invoking deed, we substantiate fact. The implications of this are brought out in other uses of the word, as concessive or interrogative. When we say: Yes, indeed..., or: No, indeed..., the word is used to concede, or admit, something. Or when we use the word simply as a question: Indeed? In both these cases, we use the word from inside that process of getting behind fact to act which Collingwood calls historical consciousness.

Another way to recognise the priority of act over fact in history is through one of the central teasers about historical knowledge. This is, that although we weren't there at the time we claim to understand what really happened better than the actors in the events themselves. Take the French Revolution for instance. It is surely true that we can understand the events of 1792 better than the men and women who were there at the time. We have

more evidence in front of us. We are in a position to see the whole picture. Yet surely, they who were there at the time must have known what they were doing in a sense that we don't.

Or, turning towards the future rather than the past, we say things like: history alone can judge the meaning of the revolution in Iran, or what is really happening in the miners' strike. We admit that there is some hidden reality to the events in which we ourselves participate, which only time can reveal. Yet surely Scargill and Thatcher and even those of us watching on television must know about the strike in a way that no historian will be able to in a hundred years time?

What are we saying about "hidden reality" when we speak of the judgement of history, or in the familiar phrase "only time can tell"? In history, knowing is not independent of time. The future sort of folds back on the past. The future affects our understanding of the past even as the past conditions our expectation of the future. Historical consciousness, which is the collective memory of our world, is subject to time yet also constitutes our awareness of time.

Collingwood started me thinking about how historical consciousness and time are related. But is there any consciousness which is not historical? I was reading Collingwood when I first went into analysis. I have never been able to consider questions about how adult and child consciousness are related without thinking of history. The psychoanalytic triad of birth, death and sexuality has always turned in my imagination against questions about how consciousness constitutes history. If the hidden reality behind history is our responsibility for time, Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* tells a very different story to the one Freud read in it, while talk of timeless archetypes encourages the illusion that we can escape from history.

Third Occasion

Skipping now some fifteen years, I come to the thesis I wrote for my Diploma in Zürich. This was on *Persona and Actor*, with Shakespeare's two *Henry IV* plays as my principle text. Looking back now, it seems that in choosing to illustrate my reflections on the persona with the figures of Falstaff and Prince Hal, I took a more fateful step than I realised at the time.

Shakespeare and the Bible: the two books which the BBC allows us if we are cast up on a desert island. Between them we have the whole world of hermeneutics. As a discipline in its own right, hermeneutics began in the exegesis of the Bible. For many English speaking people, the interpretation of Shakespeare must be the obvious way in to hermeneutics. Reading Shakespeare, producing Shakespeare, watching Shakespeare, puts us firmly within hermeneutics as a discipline which is both contemporary and of our history.

For the last few years the focus of my interest in Shakespeare has been in our spring weekends at Hawkwood College in Gloucestershire. Two years ago I tried to summarise what these were teaching me about hermeneutics in general, and the interpretation of dreams in particular. Here are those provisional conclusions, which I shall try and relate to my opening sentence from Aniela Jaffé about the differentiation between hidden reality and its appearance in consciousness.

Let us take the text of our play as "appearance in consciousness". The text is immediately accessible. We can refer to it whenever we want to. It has arrived. It is not going to go away. And then let us ask: what is its meaning? Or, perhaps better, where is its meaning? We can probably agree that the meaning is both revealed, expressed, in the text, and yet also in some sense hidden in the text, in that it needs "getting at", "digging out", "researching". But can we agree that there is a true meaning? Is meaning one or many? Does it make sense to talk of the real meaning of the play? Thinking of Aniela Jaffé's phrase, is there a hidden reality behind the appearance of the text?

Playing Shakespeare (to use the title of John Barton's absorbing Channel 4 television series) has taught me to distinguish three ways of working between text and meaning.

First, we have the question of what the author really meant. When we read a text, are we trying to get at the author's intention? Is that the reality behind the appearance? If the author were alive and told us what he meant by the text, would that satisfy us that we had now got at the meaning?

Then there is the players' performance as evidence of the text's meaning. When one moves from reading into performance, it is as if a new

kind of judgement is brought to bear on the text. (Compare here with what is said later about Gadamer). The players are submitting to the authority of the text, but also discovering within themselves, and between themselves, the authority of the performer as interpreter. (The authority of the performer as interpreter: there are very important links between hermeneutics and behavioural studies to be developed from this phrase). The meaning isn't only in the text. It is also *in* the performers' talents and limits. Note the importance of the question: *where* is the meaning. Because the meaning is both in the text and in the performance, which is outside the text. A dramatic text, as also a musical score, is indefinitely open to interpretation. Yet for each performance the interpretation is final.

Thirdly, there is the audience's response as evidence of the meaning of—well, what? Does the audience respond to the text or to the performance? I would say both, but in varying mixes. Recognising the variable of that "mix" in audience response is a valuable lesson that the theatre brings to wider hermeneutic reflection. Audiences who know the text will respond to the performance differently to those who know only that performance. I shan't quickly forget the complexity of my son's outrage after first seeing *The Merchant of Venice*. He saw something in the play which I had forgotten was there because I knew it too well. Realising the meaning of a text is not necessarily the same as knowing the text well (we need more work between the hermeneutic and behavioural traditions to develop that point).

If we are thinking of a hidden reality behind experience, theatre raises the question: is the text the reality behind the performance, or is there a more original performance hidden behind the text waiting on our interpretation to be realised? (Compare, fifth occasion: on the originality of fresh minds). Our three ways of working between text and meaning move between these alternatives, crisscrossing, pulling against each other, drawing each other out. When we exercise ourselves between the three we find that any simple dichotomy between appearance and reality falls away. Reality *is* representational. It's that "is" which interests us. We don't need more. It's quite enough to be going on with.

Fourth Occasion

This was at the summer conference of the Guild of Pastoral Psychology in, I think, 1968. Fergus Kerr, a Dominican from Blackfriars, spoke in the discussion of Hans-Georg Gadamer's book *Truth and Method*. Whatever he said must have made quite an impression on me, because I got hold of the book and read it, in German, and it's a big book. (An English translation has appeared since).

"Truth and Method" is widely recognised as having extended the whole conception of hermeneutics. For me, it was important because it brought the early influence of Collingwood (Gadamer admires Collingwood, and has been instrumental in introducing his work to Germany) into the wider circle of hermeneutic enquiry and reflection to which I was introduced in Zürich. Let me try and give you some idea of how it has affected me.

Some time in the late 1950's I had a dream about taste. It was a long dream, and a big dream. It ended in a scene in which human flesh was being cooked and eaten, in an atmosphere which was partly one of celebration, partly one of punishment. Its lysis was a voice saying, in the peculiarly impressive way in which dream voices can speak: "It is all a question of taste".

I think it is fair to say that since that dream the question of taste has never been far from me. Taste is on our tongues, to enjoy, to disgust, to take in, to spit out. It can seem to be merely sensation. Yet taste governs some of our most rarefied and intellectual judgements, reaching into every branch of art and morality and religion. And, above all, taste raises the question: what is subjective and what is objective?, and won't let it be forgotten.

Gadamer's book spoke directly to my interest in taste. One of his themes is the contrast between subjective and objective judgement. He explores this in comparing aesthetic taste with the judging done in law courts. Taste can seem to be merely subjective. Yet it is objective enough to make money with in such diverse fields as the art world and the wine business. Law courts aspire to a judgement that is objective. Yet if justice is objective why do we imagine her as blindfolded? Jury service reminds us how subjective verdicts can be.

Gadamer goes into the whole question of judgement as subjective and objective at great length. He argues that the subjective/objective distinction is

misleading and unhelpful. In its place, he wants us to think more carefully about the relation between event and experience.

He takes the German word *Erlebnis*, rendered in English dictionaries as experience, adventure, and also occurrence, event. Experience is as it were the subjective side of the word, event the objective. An *Erlebnis* is something we have "of" the world, an experience. It is also a happening "in" the world, a concatenation of circumstances, an event. Gadamer urges us to think hard about this conjunction, for in it is contained the seed of hermeneutic understanding. (I believe there are valuable hints here of possible links between Jung's theory of psychological types, and psychoanalytic object relations theory).

Gadamer's analysis of *Erlebnis* reminds me of what Jung says about dreams and complexes: that they have us, just as we have them. I find that the various uses of the English verb "to seize" are helpful in following the German argument. To seize originally meant "to put in possession of", and still carries that sense in legal usage: "to be seized of" something is to have it put in one's possession. It also, and today more commonly, means "to take possession of". The difference is really quite striking. It is almost the difference between giving and taking. It suggests a common root of meaning behind what appears to be the clear distinction between reaching out my hands to take hold of a thing, and having that thing put into my hands. We say: he was seized *by* panic. We also say: he was seized *with* panic. The force and direction of that "by" and "with" are worth bearing in mind if we want to understand the familiar but elusive point that Gadamer is making about *Erlebnis*.

Perhaps we can get at it through the American word I used in talking about my schoolroom enactment of law court procedure: happenstance. How do the two halves of that word seize together: happen–stance? There is a happening, and there is a standing to, a taking up a position towards. How do they come together, how do they hold together, what do they make up? I think of the grammatical use of the word "conjugate", when we speak of conjugating a verb. An *Erlebnis* is a conjugation of experience and event. An experience seizes us, and in the seizing makes the happening event-ful. But without circum-stance we would have no surround from which to lay hold of the experience, no context within which to register. It would pass us by,

finding us unready, unable to take up a position towards it, unable to get a hold, or, to use the phoney English translation of Freud's hermeneutically rich word *besetzen*, unable to cathect.

We can take this further if we consider the two verbs comprehend and apprehend, together with their nouns and adjectives: comprehension, apprehension, comprehensive, apprehensive. Both refer to getting-to-know. But we recognise a difference between them. When we ap-prehend, the getting-to-know is more at its beginning, open to surprise, uncertain, hesitant, more a question of tasting what's there. When we com-prehend, the work of getting-to-know is closer to an ending, more rounded off, nearer to a final judgement which we won't want opened up again. The difference is sharpened when we turn to the nouns and adjectives. Apprehension has come to mean almost entirely a state of expectation, usually fearful, with very little sense of getting to know. Indeed, it can prevent any opportunity of comprehension. We can be too apprehensive to taste. It is as if getting-to-know is a fearful as well as enjoyable state of mind. We expect judgement to be comprehensive, to take all the evidence into account. But we are apprehensive that the judgement might cause us to be apprehended.

Rudulf Otto's *The Idea of the Holy*, which Jung refers to so often, makes much of the shudder of the numinous. Gadamer's book can be seen as a deep and extended analysis of comprehension, the completed understanding as contained within the shudder of apprehension. Instead of pursuing a false separation between subjective and objective judgement he reminds us that judgement, to be effective, must be apprehensive, apprehensive of its own seizure.

So we return to the question of taste. A false division between the subjective and objective leaves taste out of account as a "nothing but". "Oh, it's just a matter of taste", as if taste belongs to a private world of judgement free to indulge in whims which have no hold on objective fact. Against this view, Gadamer argues that in tasting we are appealing to what holds subject and object together. Taste is the texturing that holds experience and event together. Taste is apprehensive because we can't have an experience without being seized by circumstance. "Judge not, that ye be not judged" is turned

round. In tasting, judgement itself asks to be judged so that we may be reassured that it is not we alone who have to hold subject and object together.

This is a deeply religious view of our placement in the world. But it does not include the idea of a hidden reality behind appearances. What is hidden is the "seizure" of subject and object. This is what we are seeking. It is as if the *direction* of judgement is at stake between us and the world. The question of taste arises when judgement is aware of itself asking to be judged. In tasting, judgement solicits judgement in order to test how subject and object are conjugated.

Fifth Occasion

This was a dream. It was brought me about fifteen years ago. It was this dream which introduced the question of hermeneutics, in the strict sense of interpreting texts, into the heart of my clinical practice, in transference and counter transference.

The dreamer, a woman, dreamt that she was learning a new language from a man. The language was new and strange in every way: unlike any known language in phonetics, alphabet, grammar, syntax, vocabulary. When she had begun to understand it, her teacher handed her a text written in this language, and asked her to explain it to him, as he could not understand it.

This dream intrigued me immediately I heard it. In some sense it was probably dreamed for me. (The dreamer has more recently said that I always made too much of it—let that be heard.) It certainly spoke directly into my interest in hermeneutics. The distinction it makes between knowing a language and understanding a text, and the idea that an exchange of position between teacher and pupil is necessary if the two are to come together, started resonances which have spread backwards and forwards in my life.

What can we make of this dream now?

Let's start with the difference between language and text. Language can be seen as a kind of pool of potentiality. More than a pool: an ocean, an apparently unlimited resource to be drawn upon. Compared to the potential of language, a text has actuality. It is particular, with clearly defined limits and content. The text says what it says, and no more. Language can say anything, or almost anything, but says nothing until it is given a text.

This is something rather different to the distinction between unconsciousness and consciousness. We can think of it in terms of philosophical argument about potential and actual, of the kind that Victor White brought to bear on Jung's psychology. Or we can think of it in terms of the more modern "generative grammars" with their distinction between competence (an ability which is not necessarily realised) and performance (the actual speaking of a language). It is inviting us into a wider and more exact hermeneutic than can be accommodated between consciousness and unconsciousness.

Now think of the teacher handing the text to the pupil for an interpretation he cannot make himself. We are familiar with the idea that a fresh mind can often see the answer to a problem with which more experienced minds have exhausted themselves. Teachers do learn from their pupils. Perhaps teachers are strong on comprehension, pupils on apprehension.

But I think we can take the idea of "the fresh mind" further if we link it to hermeneutic interest in origins and originality. A text has an author of a kind that language does not. Texts have their origins with authors. But their interpretation requires that the author be let go. Instead of origin, it is originality which is called for. Texts rely for their interpretation on fresh minds becoming interested in them. Unless they can appeal to the originality of fresh minds, they get forgotten.

It isn't only that teachers learn from pupils. Authors learn from interpreters, from performers. If texts are to live, their authors have to let them go, have to send them off to seek their own fortune. There is a story told of T.S. Eliot saying to a poem on which he had been working for a long time, revising and improving and revising again: "There. I have done all I can for you. Now you must find your own place in a book". To use that legal word which I like so much: texts are seized of their own meaning. They turn away from their origins in search of originality. Apprehensively they invite comprehension.

But what is this saying about the language in which texts are written? If its texts are forgotten how will a language be remembered? Here I believe hermeneutics speaks into the heart of psychoanalytic research. Every analysis

is called to make certain interpretations again, and for the first time. Again, and for the first time. How that "again" and that "for the first time" are related, is the crux of our work. We have to get behind our teachers to why they were once the taught. We enter a tradition in order to appeal beyond it to an originality which is our own. Hermeneutics teaches me that this is how texts rejuvenate language. A language will be forgotten if its texts are forgotten. When texts turn away from their origins in search of originality, the language in which they are written is returned to its sources. We all know how to do it. When children learn to talk, words that have grown stale and flat in use are once again spoken for the first time. Psychoanalytic interpretation is only one aspect of a renewal of language which is going on all round us, and to which we are being constantly called to contribute. I want us to open our profession to that wider calling.

Sixth Occasion

The last encounter with hermeneutics I have chosen is Paul Ricoeur's book on *Freud and Philosophy*, subtitled *An Essay on Interpretation*. In its French original its main title is "*De l'interprétation*". That's worth emphasising. The book was conceived as a study of interpretation in general, with Freud's work as the vehicle. I think of this book, together with Ellenberger's *Discovery of the Unconscious*, and McGuire's edition of the *Freud-Jung letters*, as having essentially changed my understanding of the unconscious compared to when I graduated in 1966.

What I have to say about Ricoeur on Freud this evening turns on his distinction between a hermeneutics of suspicion and a hermeneutics of faith. When I began to understand what he meant by this my feelings were strangely mixed. There was a sense of relief. Perhaps I should say a huge sense of relief. And there was also resignation: resignation not in the sense of hopelessness, but more as a "Yes". "Yes, this has to be done. There is no way round it. It has to be gone through with".

I want to try and convey something of this mixture of feeling.

Ricoeur says that if we want to understand the many kinds of interpretation practised today the most enlightening way of approach is

through conflict. Find the place where the conflict is at its sharpest. He locates this in the area familiar to us in arguments about reductionism. He describes the conflict as a polarisation of the whole hermeneutic field.

At one pole, there is the hermeneutics of faith. Here the search for meaning accepts revelation, prophecy, imagination, as essential to the task. They are made welcome.

At the other pole, there is the hermeneutics of suspicion. Here the search for meaning is passionately sceptical. Revelation, prophecy, imagination are avoided as if they might carry some kind of plague. What we need is demystification, the reduction of illusion. Marx, Nietszche and Freud are three great architects of this hermeneutics of suspicion.

Ricoeur calls this polarity the truest expression of our modernity. To be an interpreter in our world today is to live and work and breathe within a field created by this double possibility. It isn't only a matter of what we think and feel. Language itself, the medium *in* which interpretations are to be found and *of* which they are to be made, comprises this double possibility. Ricoeur speaks of it as a double solicitation, a double urgency. We are being called from two directions. On the one hand, we are called to purify discourse of its excrescences, to liquidate idols, to go from drunkenness to sobriety, to realise our state of poverty once and for all. On the other hand, we are called to hear, to let speak, what once we said when meaning appeared new, when meaning was at its fullest, in the noonday midnight which lies just before dawn.

Hermeneutics today is animated by this double motivation. There is willingness to suspect, and willingness to listen. There are two vows to be taken. We can vow ourselves to the rigours of suspicion. We can vow ourselves to the obedience of faith.

This is a vision of our modernity which seems to me to fit the intensity, and the endurance, of the Freud-Jung quarrel, and all that that has meant for our work. Ricoeur's book on Freud takes psychoanalysis as aligning itself, explicitly, with the hermeneutics of suspicion but kept alive by a contrary movement of the hermeneutic of faith. It has opened Freud's work to me as never before. Perhaps we should try a complementary reading of Jung's work,

as aligning itself apparently with the hermeneutics of faith, but informed and infused by a contrary movement of the hermeneutics of suspicion.

But this evening I want to speak more personally, about the effect Ricoeur's book has had on me. It has led me to this mixture of relief and resignation. Why?

Because it has helped me let go of something which I was carrying as if it were too private to be shared with others.

Jung has a phrase in that odd essay of his on Joyce's *Ulysses* which helps get this into words. He speaks of the "hideous sentimentality" of our modern world. "Heillose Sentimentalität" in the German. Ricoeur has helped me realise that a sort of hideous sentimentality, moments of excruciatingly bad taste, which I thought were cutting me off from the world, belong in the world as much as in me.

"Hideous sentimentality" isn't quite right. But it approaches the feeling I wish to describe. It is located between faith and suspicion. Between the two there is a failure, a failure of will and imagination and heart that is *heillos*.

Ricoeur writes of our need to believe: "Beyond the desert of criticism, we wish to be called again". I do more than wish. I long. I yearn to be called by a faith I can hold.

And, together with that longing, I have doubts, such doubts. I suspect there is nothing to which my faith can hold. The suspicion stimulates me. I can taste it on my tongue. There are times when I say to myself: Surely this is what the real world tastes like.

The depth of that longing, the excitement of the doubt: somehow or other, round the back, they are joined. I have approached the join from various directions. There are psychoanalytic paths that lead through my family of origin to the belief systems which sustained it in its social and historical setting. There are other paths that lead through history and anthropology back into the private places of family and body. What Ricoeur has done is to define their joining in a new way as both cause and call. He says, in a voice I have not heard before: "That's how things are. This is where we are. This is where we are going. There's no way round".

It's that "we" which carries both relief and resignation.

There is a world of feeling behind the formidable intellectualism of Ricoeur's vision of the two hermeneutics. Doubt that destroys, corrodes. Doubt that provides the cutting edge of originality, that gives us pause so we can think again and start afresh. And the call: the call which misleads, terribly. The call without which there is no hope, truly no hope. There, between the two, interpretation has to pick its way.

To come closer to home. When Jung and Freud quarrelled, they opened a door into a whole new world of hermeneutics. Ricoeur is encouraging us to be more adventurous in exploring that world. It is high time that the historical distinction between psychoanalysis and analytical psychology is taken up into less constricted hermeneutic encounters.

When I trained, I used to hear a lot about something bad called reductive analysis. I can't ever feel the same about the dangers of reduction after reading Ricoeur on the hermeneutics of suspicion. And I am getting very bored with the Freudian schools' erasure of the work of Jung and his followers. We are so used to this that we forget how silly it really is. In what other contemporary discipline is there anything equivalent? Book after book bears witness to this erasure of Jung. For instance, a recent example, Victoria Hamilton's otherwise admirable *Narcissus and Oedipus: the children of psychoanalysis*. Some day this erasure will have to be owned, and taken up into the mainstream of psychological theory and practice. The sooner we open our work and disagreements to wider awareness of the hermeneutic polarities which Ricoeur describes, the sooner that day will come.

Conclusion

I have been trying to give you some idea of what hermeneutics means to me, by telling how I got interested in it. I want to leave what I have said as an episodic jumble, without trying to gather it neatly together, so that there are plenty of loose ends that you can catch hold of. I hope that an autobiographical approach like this will remind you of experiences of your own. I doubt if hermeneutics is at all interesting unless we approach it through our own struggles with interpretation.

I want to close by saying how this interest in hermeneutics is affecting my reading of Jung. So let's return to the question with which we started: how

do we use the concept of "the unconscious" in differentiating between the hidden reality and its appearance in consciousness?

Insofar as it admits the term, hermeneutics warns us that between hidden reality and its appearance in consciousness there is an extensive middle ground to be taken into account. This middle ground is occupied by a lot of linguistic, aesthetic, historical and social activity, which gets lodged in texts of many different kinds. These texts acquire an independent existence of their own. Interpreting them requires that we respect this independence.

This hermeneutic understanding of text does not fit into a psychology of consciousness and unconsciousness. It requires that we recognise the problem of the absent author. Getting-to-know the meaning of the text has to be clearly distinguished from the making of the text. I don't think Jung does this. Yet in saying that I know I am drawing on much that I have learned from Jung. There is no way by which I can separate my interest in hermeneutics from all that Jung has meant to me since I was twenty one.

I am beginning to wonder whether there are two directions, or levels, in Jung's writings. One is the epistemological, about knowing and unknowing. Aniela Jaffé has described this in her book. In the quote I gave you at the beginning, she writes "the essential epistemological foundation of his psychological thinking and his work".

When he is moving in this direction Jung can truthfully say: "the concept of the unconscious posits nothing, it designates only my unknowing".

But there is another direction in Jung's writings, on which talk about "the unconscious" is no longer about knowing and unknowing. It is about the kind of Being, with a capital B, that knowing is "of". Our Being, the world's Being. Jung's work isn't just psychology. A lot of it is a kind of ontology, a science of Being. It is about letting Being come through to us, as much as our getting-to-know Being. It is about how we *attend* to a making which is happily beyond our knowing. Note the word "happily". This kind of attentiveness is not a trying-to-get-to-know. It is best thought of as listening. Just listening. (It was what von Franz says about Projection in her book on Jung which first made me aware of this: page 98 of the German edition to be precise).

When his writing moves in this direction I don't think it is enough to say: "the concept of the unconscious posits nothing, it designates only my

unknowing". That doesn't do justice to the problem of the absent author. We have to recognise how easy it is to say we are not saying something, and yet to allow ourselves to be heard to be speaking *of* it. It's that "of" which trips us when we slip into speaking knowingly about the unconscious.

The study of hermeneutics can help us read Jung in a way that guards against this slipping. We have to make a distinction between getting-to-know and attending, and hold it. A "between" has to be allowed for. There is a kind of hiatus that has to be left as a gap. Just left, even if it is a bit shuddery.

Left, and then held. The leaving has to be recognized, has to be allowed to name itself. Otherwise the hiatus gets overlooked. The shudder begins to look solemn, and we slip into talking as if we know about a making to which we can, happily, only attend.

How can we allow that hiatus between knowing and attending to name itself? I am asking myself whether, in reading Jung on "the unconscious", it would help us assist at that baptism if we were to distinguish explicitly between an epistemological and ontological movement in his work. If we were to read his books with Ricoeur's contrast between faith and suspicion in mind, we might think of the ontological movement as expressing the hermeneutics of faith, and the epistemological as expressing the hermeneutics of suspicion.

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PSYCHOANALYSIS AND WITNESS*

Introduction

IN THIS ESSAY I shall draw on fourteen years experience in pastoral counselling, at the Westminster Pastoral Foundation and in the Institute of Pastoral Education and Counselling. For those of you who have never heard of this Institute, let me explain what it is. It was established by a number of us who were teaching at the Westminster Pastoral Foundation in the late 1970's, to be its professional body. We believed that the training we were developing there was *sui generis*, of its own kind, and needed to claim an authority and a voice of its own. We were particularly concerned that our training and our graduates should have their proper say in the wider discussions that go on to prepare the way for a possible statutory register of psychotherapists in this country. I intend what I say this evening as a contribution to the dialogue which is just beginning between IPEC, and all that it stands for, and the older pyschotherapeutic and psychoanalytic bodies.

I also want to make clear that throughout this paper I am using the word psychoanalysis in its wider meaning to include all psychodynamic theories and therapies, regardless as to whether they emanate from Freud or Jung or elsewhere. I know that this can be confusing, given the very real differences between the various schools. But speaking as someone who spent eleven years in the publishing business, I am sure that there are times when

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the similarities between the different schools are more interesting than the differences.

My talk falls into two parts.

In the first, I shall air some ideas on witness, from three points of view, arranged in a rough way autobiographically. First, from the position I was in before I got involved in analysis. Second, from within analysis. Third, from my reading of the French philosopher Paul Ricoeur on testimony or witness in his *Essays on Biblical Interpretation*.

In the second part, I shall try to relate these ideas to what I hope will be a developing exchange between psychoanalysis, pastoral counselling, and the behavioural study of human nature. I shall do this through the question: what kind of world allows for witness?

I shall end by saying something about the value of ticklishness.

Witness from the position I was in before I ever got involved in analysis.

1. It is 1942, I am 16, at school. My headmaster, Spencer Leeson, is taking us for a class in what I think was called civics. The subject for the day was law courts. How do they work? What is evidence? How does one get at the truth in arriving at a judgement?

Leeson made us do an experiment, with which many of you are probably familiar. Four or five of us were to perform some happening, a street scene, an incident. The rest of the class were to write down what they witnessed.

When it was over, the written reports were read out. They did not agree. Nor could the performers agree as to which witness came closest to what they'd been performing. The 'fit' between what they had believed themselves to be doing, and what they had been witnessed as doing, was not at all exact.

That was my first adult introduction to witness as an intriguing problem. It was a long time ago, and I don't want to read too much into it. But I am impressed by how often the memory of that classroom comes to me when I reflect on my work. As I would put it today, the lesson I was being introduced to was this.

There's no such thing as an event without a witness, and all witness calls for interpretation. Finding out what really happened is a triangular operation. There's a raw material, a sort of mix of subjective happening and objective circumstance. Then there is witness, a witnessing *of* and a witnessing *to* (something like the distinction the psychologists make between perception and apperception). Then there is interpretation. Taken together, the three constitute something which is both objective event and subjective experience: an event happening out there, an observable and recordable complex of incident and circumstance, and an experience in which we participate from within. Witness is essential to the whole. Witness is how event and experience are held together, made answerable for each other.

My interest in witness was taken further a few years later, when the war was over, and I was reading history at the university. There I was deeply influenced by the work of the philosopher-historian R.G. Collingwood, whose *Autobiography* was one of the half dozen books which 'set' my adult mind.

Collingwood extended my interest in witness from courts of law to the court of history. He was a practising archaeologist as well as a philosopher. He dug things up, and turned them over in his hands, and arranged them in order. He wrote what was for years the standard history of Roman Britain. He was interested in how history is reconstructed from the evidence of broken pots, coins, excavated ruins, aerial photographs, as well as from written records. What is it that makes some objects 'evidence', and some not? How does evidence of this kind lead to our knowing about the Roman occupation of Britain?

Collingwood's answer turned on the relation between fact and act. Historical facts are witnessed acts.

His argument goes something like this.

Facts in history aren't fixed. They are always being revised, reconsidered. They mean more and less than we thought. There is constant disagreement about them. But that doesn't prevent us arriving at a judgement. What it does do is make us question how fact and evidence are related.

Facts cannot be separated from the evidence for them. But it is wrong to think of facts as hidden behind the evidence. Nothing was hidden in that classroom scene. Facts don't prove anything. It is evidence that proves fact.

So what does lie behind the evidence? Not fact, but act.

Historical evidence is when acts answer to questioning. The broken pot in the archaeological dig was once the act of a potter. It is when it is recognised as such that it becomes evidence, and not just something turned up by the plough. Facts in history are fossilised acts, acts stuck in some kind of record. For the fossil to come alive we have to call on the original act to stand out and be questioned. History is when we call upon acts to bear witness.

Collingwood introduced me to a world in which getting at what really happened is a constant process of cross examining witnesses. Incidents beset us. Circumstances condition us, and alter cases. It can be very bewildering. Yet there are witnesses to be questioned, if we know how to find them, and in questioning them we do learn how event and experience can be made answerable for each other.

I tell you all this by way of introduction to make the point that I was already interested in witness before I ever came into the world of psychoanalysis. I don't want to suggest that my interest in witness arose out of analysis. The whole point of my argument this evening is that working with witness is a necessary ingredient of living.

With that point made, I want now to speak of witness from my second position, from within analysis.

2. The particular theme I have chosen is how witness can become either victim, or an effective agent: an agent that takes further the act witnessed. It is one very limited aspect of our practice, but I hope it has resonances throughout what we do.

There is a dream which I have heard so often that I no longer know whether it is an actual dream or an abstraction from many dreams. In this dream, 'I' comes upon someone killing another. The killer looks up and sees 'I' seeing him. Their looks cross. 'I' realises that the killer cannot afford to be caught in the act, cannot allow a witness. 'I' wakes in terror, knowing that the killer must now kill this new witness.

It is a scene of almost algebraic simplicity. There are three figures. We can call them Agent, Victim, Witness. What develops between them can be plotted in various ways, as they change their positions. When their looks

cross, which gaze will flinch first? It may be the witness who turns and runs. In that case, the Witness is on the way to becoming the Victim. Or the Agent, the doer of the deed, may be the first to flinch. The Agent may beseech the Witness: 'You won't tell on me, will you? Please. I'll make it worth your while if you don't'. In that case, the Witness has the choice between becoming a blackmailer or becoming an agent of investigation. Or what happens between Agent and Witness may not be as important as the condition of the Victim. The Victim may not be dead. In that case, the Victim remains able to bear witness.

Here are some stereotyped examples.

I see a mother playing with her child. There is something odd about the play. I look again. What she is doing is wrong. She looks up and sees 'I' seeing her. She smiles. Her smile says: 'You can't tell on me. No one will believe you'.

The same, from the child's point of view. Mother is playing with me. That look comes into her eyes, the look I am learning to be afraid of. I don't know what to do. Someone else comes into the room. They don't seem to notice anything wrong. So I begin to suppose that there is nothing I can do.

Or it can go something like this. Daddy is playing with me. I don't understand the game. I am frightened. Mummy comes into the room. I run to her, and she picks me up. She asks: 'Is anything the matter?' I say nothing. There is no way I can tell her about something I do not understand.

And then there's that other scene, which some take more seriously than others, when the child comes into the parents' bedroom and sees them making love, and does not know what to make of what it is seeing.

We are speaking of moments of confusion and fear which can slip over the edge into states of absolute bewilderment and sheer terror.

I am interested in what happens to the witness in moments like this. What happens between witnessing in the sense of simply seeing, and witnessing in the sense of doing something with what we have seen? This is what makes the difference between the witness becoming a victim, and the witness becoming an effective agent.

It is a crucial difference for what I am trying to say this evening, so let me emphasise it again. We speak of witness in a weak sense as simply seeing.

And we speak of witness in a strong sense as bearing witness, as doing something about what we have witnessed. How do we move between the weak and the strong positions of witness?

By testing believing against knowing, knowing against believing.

Take two of my examples: the smile that says: 'You can't tell on me. No one will believe you'. And the child that cannot tell even to itself what it has seen, because it can make nothing of it. In each case, the problem is how to move from witnessing as just seeing, to witnessing as a bearing witness. To make this movement, certain conditions have to be met. The setting has to be right.

The setting has to allow for incomprehension. It has to incorporate, as part of its modality, the admission that we do not understand. But it also has to allow for that voice which says: 'I just can't believe it'. That 'can't' carries both failure and refusal. I am unable to believe, and I refuse to believe. To move between witness in the weak and strong sense, our believing has to be exposed to both its failure and its refusal. This means painful questioning. Not just questioning in a polite and neutral sense. But cross examination, cross examination of a kind that can hurt.

Let us dwell on that for a moment. To move between the witness who becomes the victim, and the witness who becomes an effective agent, we need the right setting. It has to allow for our not understanding. That means it requires patience, puzzlement, curiosity, all to be held, together, through time. Patience, puzzlement, curiosity. But it also has to allow for the vulnerability of our believing. Vulnerable means woundable. Wounds hurt. So we are speaking of a setting in which believing is made hurtful.

What sort of setting combines patience, puzzlement, curiosity at our not understanding, with the hurtful cross examination of belief? This seems to me a crucial question for the organisation of our psychotherapeutic services. Some may say that psychoanalysis has defined and researched just such a setting. I would not agree. I think psychoanalysis is bedevilled by the language of knowing. Problems of belief are smothered in excessive use of the words conscious and unconscious.

I am trying to suggest an alternative, a way that will allow the release of witness within psychoanalysis to operate more effectively in testing knowing

and believing against each other. So I turn now to my third position, and speak of witness from the point of view of Paul Ricoeur's *Essays on Biblical Interpretation*.

3. In the Bible legal and religious ideas of witness are tested against history. We meet themes familiar from psychoanalysis. But they are played out and put to the proof in history rather than autobiography. For those of us who are concerned about the place of psychoanalysis in society, it is useful to compare our experience of witness with the Biblical.

Ricoeur's analysis of Biblical witness, or testimony as he more usually calls it, is complex. It involves a five-fold distinction between prophetic, narrative, prescriptive, wisdom and hymnic modes of witnessing. It recalls us to a time when people 'knew their Bible' in a way that is now rare. To speak to you this evening from within his argument I shall reduce it to a probably misleading simplicity. I shall leave aside much, including what he says about 'false witness', and just take the one question: how is the witness related to the unjust judge?

There are occasions when it is accepted that the witness should refuse to answer. Under certain conditions when a prisoner of war is being interrogated by the enemy he will refuse to say anything except to give his name, rank and number, and his refusal will be accepted. Under other conditions, he will be tortured to make him speak.

In times of war, it is clear: the enemy has no jurisdiction over me. That's what war says. If I am taken prisoner, and called on to testify, I refuse to accept the authority of my judges. In these conditions, my refusal to witness in the weak sense, by telling what I know of the disposition of our troops, for instance, *bears* witness, in the strong sense, to the fact that I am on a different side.

Our word martyr helps make the point. The Greek word from which it is derived means witness. Our use of the word recognises that there are occasions when the refusal to witness is justified, when silence bears witness to the unjustness of the judge before whom I stand. There is witness that constitutes evidence. But there is also witness that must fly in the face of any

evidence brought before *this* court, witness that has to take a stand against the right of *this* judge to be a judge.

The word martyr reminds us too that witnesses can be intimidated. It is not always possible for the witness to challenge the jurisdiction of the court. We may be involved in an undeclared war, in a war that has not been seen to 'break out'. It may not be as simple as when the judge can be recognised by his uniform as belonging to the enemy. If we are to be prepared for those occasions when belief has to be willing to be hurt if incomprehension is to be allowed for with patience, we must reflect on the intimidation of witness.

Ricoeur's *Essays on Biblical Interpretation* approach this question of the intimidation of witness from the point of view of suffering and our protest against it. How are justice and suffering related? What does the apparently arbitrary incidence of suffering do to our understanding of justice? Can we protest and protest and protest again at the injustice of suffering, and yet continue to believe in the possibility of justice?

Ricoeur's reading of the Bible proposes an answer. It turns on the relation between justice and meaning.

Faced with suffering, insistent, unpitying, indifferent suffering, we tend to equate what is just with what makes sense. Because suffering is meaningless therefore there is no justice. Or because suffering is unjustifiable, therefore there is no meaning. But in some cases we seem to go beyond that equation. We go beyond it, and our minds change. Like Job, we repent.

Ricoeur reads the Bible as a whole as the story of such repentance. It is a familiar reading, and will satisfy some, and not others. But what catches me in Ricoeur's analysis is his emphasis on supplication.

He sees repentance as carried on a voice of supplication, of beseeching. This is the voice which can continue to protest at the persistence of suffering while also proclaiming belief in the possibility of justice. Supplication and beseeching carry us beyond the equation of what is just with what makes sense. They carry us to a place where as yet unsuspected meaning lies open to a fresh start.

Ricoeur talks of that fresh start in terms of 'supposing'. Supplication and beseeching carry us to a place where both meaning and justice lie open to being supposed afresh. And they do so because they are willing to own how much believing hurts.

Supplication, beseeching which reach into the supposing of unsuspected meaning. This is what we need if witness is to negotiate its choice between becoming a victim and becoming an effective agent. We must be willing to cry: to cry in protest, to cry in supplication. Suffering is the most familiar place where knowing and believing are tested against each other. If witness is to look into the face of suffering and to *bear*, we need a court in which all other attributes of witness are carried on the welling voice of supplication that will not cease to cry. This is the voice in which we can point the finger of accusation at the unjust judge without falling into the impotence of: 'There's nothing I can say. No one will believe me'.

What Ricoeur is saying is that in the movement of the heart and will and imagination which carries us into the supposing of unsuspected meaning, the witness is more important than the judge. Not in the sense of making the judge redundant. No, not that at all. On the contrary, witnessing constitutes judgement. This is what it means for witness to become an effective agent. In its weak sense, witnessing is at the service of judgement, exposed to intimidation. In its strong sense, it wills justice. There are judges because there are witnesses.

An example may help. It is about being able to blame those who blame us, while taking the responsibility that is ours. It is about being able to suspect meaning in spite of injustice, and then to claim the right to have our say from within that suspecting. I am thinking of a recent exchange with a patient which began with the statement: 'I've spent the last forty years saying I'm sorry for things I've no call to feel sorry about', and ended some time later with: 'Yes, I know they did their best. But it simply wasn't good enough'.

That's what I mean by the witness negotiating its choice between being a victim and being an effective agent. What I have learned from Ricoeur is that there are occasions when things are so wrong that there is no telling what they are like unless those who hear are willing to join with us in protest that is carried on a voice of supplication.

That is what I have to say about witness from my three points of view. We now turn to the second part of my talk, the dialogue between psychoanalysis and pastoral counselling. Can witness contribute to that dialogue?

The pastoral counselling movement as I have shared in it brings its own kind of witness to problems of madness, breakdown, and suffering. It is witness that is grounded in, and called by, a special kind of attentiveness. It is expressed in prayer and worship, in communion, in community, in a sense of being members of the same body. In dealing with everyday life, it speaks to and of and perhaps with a presence that makes events and experience answerable to each other.

Pastoral counselling has recognised that it can learn from psychoanalysis. A lot of money has passed from the pastoral counselling movement into the psychoanalytic. It is not so clear whether psychoanalysts are willing, or indeed able, to recognise that they can learn from pastoral counselling. Since its inception, psychoanalysis has been driven by a kind of hermeneutic imperialism which does not take easily to the witness of alien cultures.

Exchange between psychoanalysis and pastoral counselling could contribute to a wider social testing of knowing and believing against each other. But for this to happen, attitudes must change. Analysts are too 'knowing'. Pastoral counsellors are too apologetic about believing. We are all too afraid of wilderness. There is a real danger that the original witness of communion and prayer will be lost in the labyrinthine corridors of the psychology of the unconscious.

This would be a social tragedy. A great opportunity would be lost. The pastoral movement brings with it something which we all badly need, whether we call ourselves religious or not. I would describe it as 'the transfiguration of common sense'. Religion teaches us an exact eye for the contrariness of human nature, a keen interest in rules of behaviour, in what Ricoeur calls the prescriptive modes of witness. But it doesn't stop there. It speaks always of transfiguration, the transfiguration of the everyday, the ability of everyday incident and circumstance to move us between different kinds of reality. To use that lovely word hidden within witness, religion teaches us the power of

'wit'. It teaches us that 'to keep our wits about us' is not only common sense. It is the beginning of wisdom, of finding our place in the world.

Working in pastoral counselling has given me a hope. I am told it is a wild hope. But then wildness belongs to wilderness. I hope that the religious transfiguration of common sense may help us to do something about the broken lines of communication between the physical/behavioural and the psychodynamic/interpersonal approaches to mental breakdown in our hospitals and communities.

This failure of communication is such a familiar part of our scene that we are in danger of taking it for granted. But it is a real social scandal. There's something very wrong about it. It represents a failure of imagination, intellect and will in which we are all implicated. At the grass roots, between patients and all kinds of professional, there are instinctive, groping attempts being made towards more humane methods and languages that can move between our institutional divides. Can we take that process further?

I hope so. Psychotherapy is in labour. It is in travail. A new sense of coherence, of congruence, between physical/behavioural and psychodynamic approaches is in gestation, is struggling to come into being. I am sure that a livelier sense of witness in all our work could contribute to this process.

So let me round off my talk this evening by considering the kind of world which allows for witness. Because I believe it is in that kind of world that the psychodynamic and behavioural traditions could feed into each other more effectively.

What kind of world allows for witness?

To find an answer I am sure we have to go outside the analysis of intra-psychic and inter-personal experience.. We need to turn to the ethologists and social behaviourists and see ourselves from their point of view. We have to turn decisively into the world that stands round us, the circum-stantial world, our surroundings, and look at persons as they always are, *in a setting.*

We are set in the world. To allow for witness we have to understand that 'setting' as 'act'. That is the beginning of my answer to our question.

Act is the word struggling to get into psychoanalysis. The psychology of the unconscious smothers it with an excessive use of words of knowing.

Consciousness and unconsciousness have their uses in our vocabulary. But we try and get them to do too much. If we are to allow witness to do its proper share of the work in the understanding of behaviour we must use them less. They must make way for words which celebrate Act as our way of being in the world.

We are all caught in an act. We call it environment, circumstance, world. But environment isn't just there. We are implicated in its setting up. That is the act we are caught in. That is the act we want to get in on.

The call to witness is not heard in a neutral environment. It is heard in an active world, a world in action. We witness *that*, we witness *to*, we bear witness *before*. To bear witness we are called before. When we bear witness we are in the presence of. The world in which witness holds event and experience together, making them answerable for each other, is an engaged world. We are before it. We are in its presence. Subject and object are present to each other. They are engaged in an act.

When I seek to imagine such a world I find that I have to revise my understanding of the part attention plays between me and my surroundings. Its direction isn't as simple as I had thought. It's not simply one way, from me onto my surroundings. Attentiveness is out there. Surroundings attend.

How to define this circumstantial attending? I ask myself whether the difference between attending *to*, and attending *on*, may be much more important than I had ever realised. Is there attention of a kind that sustains the difference between subject and object rather than being directed between? Psychoanalysis is full of insights into what happens if we fail to pay due attention to each other. But what if we all exist in a world which is itself caught in an attentiveness not of our making?

The question is religious. Which takes it into, not out of, the study of behaviour.

Consider the chain of being which extends through animal to vegetable and mineral. Animals are attentive. They watch each other. They watch us, not least when we hunt them. Domestically too. I've heard it said that cows look at us differently from how they used to. We are observed by animals. Until recently it is probably true that the great majority of people on earth

were aware of animals expecting, fearing, something of them. There was a real sense of an animal world of attentiveness out there in our surroundings.

But plants, stones, minerals? Does it make any sense at all to speak of them as attentive? Thirty five years ago, when that question first stirred in my mind in response to certain of my dreams, the only support I could find for an affirmative answer was in the work of mystics and pantheistic poets. But today, with the spread of ethological and ecological awareness, when the envelopes in my morning post carry the message 'No Trees were cut down to make this Envelope', when a Fellow of the Royal Society can publish a book like Jim Lovelock's *Gaia*, it is easier to admit that, however ridiculous it may seem to our subject/object consciousness, there is a voice which cries: 'Yes, animals, plants, minerals, stones, the whole environment, animate and inanimate—it is not indifferent. It's not just out there. It's here, in attendance. We are together, caught in the same act'.

But is this anything more than the crudest kind of anthropomorphism? This is where I want to see psychoanalytic object relations theory, and Jung's work on extraversion and introversion, opened into other traditions that treat of the continuing negotiation between subject and object. If we are to get in on the act in which we are caught there can be no limits to our wondering about subject and object and what sustains us between them.

To attend on. There is waiting, there is expectation. The waiting is simply that: waiting. Waiting may seem neutral, indifferent. But if it is attending on, then it is not so. Then there is *in*tention as well as *at*tention. The attending is *for*, for an occasion. The waiting is not indifferent. It is expectant. It a-waits. It is in waiting.

What am I talking about? It may sound good, but does it mean anything, as P.G. Wodehouse has someone say about Shakespeare?

I think we have to take the idea further if it is really to get hold of us and start to do work in the world. We have to arrive at a more comprehensive and more familiar sense of how our attention, in its directedness towards our surroundings, is met by an attention that is out there, in waiting.

Which is where we come to the word *likeness*.

Likeness is such a common word, such a common experience, we forget to wonder what is happening when we use it. 'Tell me what it was like'.

Likeness isn't similarity, if by similarity we mean the same. Likeness is the same, *but* different. Different *but* the same. We couldn't function without that 'but'. Yet it was not always so. The 'but' between same and different which gives us likeness has a history.

I got interested in that history through reading William Golding's novel *The Inheritors*. In a sense the whole book is about the dawn of likeness in the human mind, though it comes to a sharp focus in the extraordinary passage when he takes us inside the mind of the proto-human Lok, doomed to evolutionary extinction, as he momentarily grasps, and then loses again, the ability to see likeness, to make connections inside his head between objects and happenings outside, connections which are of his seeing and yet, miraculously, have a hold outside, independent of him. In that scene, Lok discovers likeness, then loses it again. It's the losing that brings home to one how completely we have come to take it for granted.

We take our recognition of likeness so for granted that we are unaware of it as an achievement. We have forgotten its history. We have forgotten how *telling* likeness is. Likeness tells us, day in day out, that our attending to the world is being met by an attentiveness that is out there, in waiting. Likeness is telling because it moves us between seeing which is only seeing and seeing that can compare. No, we must put it stronger than that. Likeness is telling because it replaces seeing with the making of comparisons. But we take this making of comparisons so for granted that we no longer hear what it is saying to us. Read William Golding's novel alongside Suzanne Langer's magnum opus on the evolution of mind, and there may come a shudder of apprehension at what we have forgotten: at what it means to be attentive to likeness, to be called to respond to likenesses that are telling.

If a rediscovered sense of our surroundings as attentive is to get hold in the world and begin to do work, 'likeness' must become a frightening as well as comforting word in our vocabulary. It is when it frightens that likeness works against anthropomorphism, towards the withdrawal of projection. The discovery of likeness makes the world new. But it also shivers our original participation in the world. We are thrown. Discovering likeness, we find ourselves in a world full of new possibility. Discovering likeness, we shudder as we have not shuddered before. If religious experience and behavioural

studies are to learn from each other, the fright carried by the word 'like' will be an essential go-between. Psychoanalytic study of projection will have much to contribute here.

We need to go back to our first naive questionings about likeness, and dwell with their disturbance. Likeness invites adaptation to circumstance. Likeness persists in being suggestive. It keeps us restless. It will not take No for an answer. As a guide between subject and object, likeness will serve us better than the word symbol. It leads us, for instance, into all the work on metaphor and metonymy which has been developed since Freud and Jung quarrelled about symbols, work which we should now be developing to connect learning and behavioural theory with the arts and with religious experience. Likeness is a familiar way into the transfiguration of common sense.

So I return to my question: what kind of world allows for witness?

It is a world of telling likeness. It is a story shaped world, where telling is born of likeness. Likeness is given to be told. Its first words are: Tell what I am like. That telling is what holds event and experience together, making them answerable for each other. The world puts us in mind of sameness in difference, of difference in sameness. Putting us in mind, it attends a response.

But our response is flawed. Or so we are told, by many traditions, from the Bible to Noam Chomsky. We forget the gap, the hiatus, between the telling and the hearing. Forgetting, we fall, imagining ourselves able to bridge a gap not of our making.

Witness is allowed for when we remember that fall. It's that fall which gives witness the choice between being a victim and being an effective agent.

Could the psychodynamic and the physical/behavioural traditions ever agree that we inhabit a world like that? It can seem a far fetched hope. Yet I believe it might come about, if we could all agree to be a little more *ticklish*.

Ticklish is a word I owe to Collingwood. It was he who first taught me to think about what happens when we try to test knowing and believing against each other. He spoke of the need to be open to what he called our 'absolute presuppositions', presuppositions that are so absolute that we are not even

aware that we make them. Collingwood's absolute presuppositions predated my interest in the psychoanalytic idea of the unconscious. Reading what he had to say about them accompanied my first recording of my dreams. He has cogent and humorous pages on how difficult it is to get our pre-supposing into words. It is difficult, because we don't like to be caught in the act, making assumptions of which we are not aware. Sharing our presupposing is difficult to the point of being impossible, because when 'I believe' and 'we believe' have to make room for each other, we are all inclined to be ticklish.

The word has stayed with me over nearly forty years. It is a good word. It has the right spread. Between I believe and we believe there can be giggling, pretty silly giggling at times. There can be one of those laughable misunderstandings of which P.G. Wodehouse is so found (to quote the master once again). Or we can be thrown into convulsions. Or we can be subjected to torment which we simply cannot bear. Ticklishness has that spread. That is what it is going to be like when people try to share their presupposing.

So how can we? This is where I see pastoral counselling having an essential part in the development of our psychotherapeutic services. Because I don't believe we can share that kind of ticklishness unless we make room for prayer, worship, and the ritual celebration of communion. When knowing and believing are to be tested against each other there is no room for give and take unless we can own how much the testing hurts. And for that we must be willing to join with each other in supplication.

Looking back, I can see that Collingwood prepared me for my reading of Ricoeur. Collingwood's ticklishness is how we experience the truth of what Ricoeur says about the movement of heart and will and imagination that carries us when we 'suppose unsuspected meaning'. We are realising that the witness is more important than the judge. Not in the sense of making the judge redundant, but because witnessing is what gives rise to judgement. We talk (perhaps rather condescendingly) of learning from our patients. I'd like to see that learning revalued in terms of witness. If we can do that, the way in which we arrive at judgements will be changed, and our clients will be better able to organise themselves to get the kind of treatment they need.

Conclusion

What I have tried to do in this talk is to suggest how the idea of witness can help us move more adventurously between psychoanalysis, religion, and the study of behaviour. I am asking for a psychology in which the verb to act is as important as verbs of knowing and believing. The psychology of the unconscious is muddled about the difference between knowing and believing. It can go to great lengths to wrap up the simple truth that believing hurts.

So when we hear ourselves using words and ideas that are not in the textbooks, whether with our clients, in supervision, or with our colleagues, let us remember how judge and witness are related. We may be speaking the language of the future, a happier language which will allow for the transfigurations of common sense in our training and practice. We want to improve the psychotherapeutic services on offer. My hope is that they will change in such a way that professional judgement can be more explicitly responsive to the cry of witness. And to that end I want to join with others to ensure that the original witness of communion and prayer in pastoral counselling speaks with its own voice, so that psychoanalysts may learn from us as we from them.

21

NARRATIVE AND PERFORMANCE*

IN THIS TALK I want to try and summarise what I have learned from these weekends over the last few years. I have recently celebrated my sixtieth birthday, and the time seems right for drawing conclusions as well as planning for the future.

I am thinking not so much of the ideas we have aired, as of the acting we have done. There is that moment in the groups when we stop talking and stand up to see what happens when we move it. There is the process in rehearsal which enables us to get something together in time for the performance. There is the difference between performance and rehearsal, the things that go better than we dared hope, the improvisations that surprise, the missed cues, the effect of an audience. And there is the reflection afterwards: what we share here on the Sunday, and the longer term thoughts and muscular twitchings and stretchings and contractions that come for weeks and months afterwards.

It is this *acting*, and what we have learned from it, that I want to reflect on.

And in doing so I have an ulterior motive. I wrote in the programme notes that "I will suggest that these weekends could contribute to better cooperation between behavioural and analytic/interpretive approaches to

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*Talk given in April, 1986, at Hawkwood College, Stroud, at the annual weekend of enactment and drama held under the general title of *Jung and Hermeneutics*.

psychotherapy". I will do that, but I want us also to bear in mind the differences between individual and group psychotherapy, and the systems approach to family therapy. I believe that our work here on what I have come to think of as "the theatre of behaviour" could contribute to useful experiment and innovation between these various disciplines.

What happens when we put a story on the stage? What happens when, instead of telling a story, we perform it?

It is the difference between telling my story and living my story. How do the telling and the living relate? Think of the sentence: "My life and what I have made of it". How about the word "and" in that sentence? My life is a story. It is also a performance. How are the two related? I believe that in exploring that relationship we can contribute to more cooperation between different kinds of psychotherapy and counselling.

I begin by introducing two technical terms from the study of narrative. They are taken from a book *Reading for the Plot*, by an American literary critic called Peter Brooks. In this book Brooks argues that *plot* is so basic to all our attempts to make sense of our experience, that we often ignore it as too obvious to be worth looking at. Working both from the psychoanalytic writings of Freud, with particular reference to the transference, and also from novels by Stendhal, Dickens, Balzac, Flaubert, Conrad and Faulkner, he brings the plottedness of story, and the plottedness of life, together in a book which has helped me a lot with that "and" in the sentence "My life and what I make of it".

Brooks distinguishes two kinds of organisation operating within narrative. One is interested in happenings, in events that follow on one after the other, in the flow of the story line. The other is interested in the questions thrown up by a story, the answering of which can then influence how the story goes on to be told. He calls the first kind of organisation "proairetic", from a Greek word meaning to choose one thing before another. He calls the second kind of narrative organisation "hermeneutic", to emphasise its interest in suspense, in partial unveiling, in temporary blockage, in intentional secrecy. The proairetic wants to get on with the story. Its primary concern is with what comes next, with moving the action along. The hermeneutic wants to know

what the story means. It is prepared to stop the telling, to pause in the study, to turn the pages back to what happened before in order to find answers to questions that have come up since. A picaresque novel like *Don Quixote*, or a straightforward wartime adventure story would be examples of the proairetic at its most pure. The detective story is the clearest example of the hermeneutic ordering of narrative.

Brooks sees plot as constituted by the interplay between the proairetic and hermeneutic codes present in every narrative. To oversimplify the rich texture of his analysis, we can think of two urgencies. One urgency is to get on with what comes next. The other urgency is to dwell on what's been left out, to make an issue of questions like: why is this included and not that?

I find Brooks' book suggestive in thinking about the reasons that bring us into therapy, and about the different kinds of therapy on offer.

In our lives there can be an "overcoding" of the proairetic function by the hermeneutic, so that we can't get on with our story because too much is being left out. Such an overcoding shows itself in symptoms of knottedness, entanglement, stuckness, what Freud called "overdeterminedness", and Jung "complexes". We go for help to get the proairetic mode functioning again, and when we feel better we say things like "I seem to be going more with the stream of my life now". Or there can be an excess of the proairetic at the expense of the hermeneutic. We say that life has lost all its meaning. It is just one damn thing after another.

The help offered can also be seen in terms of the interplay between proairetic and hermeneutic coding. All therapy that uses story telling as its vehicle has to decide how it is going to match its proairetic and hermeneutic coding across each other. Five times a week analysis, with holidays that have to be taken to coincide with those of the therapist, is heavily coded toward the hermeneutic. The systems approach to family therapy uses the hermeneutic code differently, in order to disturb and realign the proairetic. Those of us who think of our work as as much counselling as analysis are more interested in how the proairetic functions. We are alert to how the need to get on with the story can digest blockages. Work in marriage guidance, pastoral counselling, short term psychotherapy, has to be able to draw effectively on

the proairetic urgency of story. How this relates to the labyrinthine meanderings of long term analysis needs to be better understood.

So there is much scope for applying a proairetic/hermeneutic analysis of narrative to the sort of work many of us do. I shall be giving some seminars in London next year on Charles Dickens' *Great Expectations*, when I hope to take this further. What I want to do here is to apply this distinction to our question: what happens when we put a story on the stage? Because this is where I believe the comparison of narrative and drama can suggest new possibilities of cooperation and innovation between behaviourism and psychotherapy, between group and individual work, between analysis of systems and the analysis of intrapsychic states, or, quite simply, between talking and doing.

So: what does happen when we put a story on the stage, when, instead of telling a story, we perform it?

To answer, I want to enlarge on our existing experience of theatrical *presentation*, of what happens when we *present* action on stage. And here I want to introduce my other two technical terms, deixis and ostension.

When I step onto a stage I draw attention to myself. I do so in a way that includes the stage. Appearing before an audience on a stage I point to myself as being on stage. A stage appearance points at itself as being presented, shown, put forward.

This applies not only to persons but also to things. If, before the play begins, a stage hand walks on with a chair and sets the chair down on the empty stage, the chair points at itself. It stands out as significant. Not only the chair itself; the angle at which it is set, its whereabouts on the stage, they all point. A stage appearance points at itself as being presented.

Theorists of the theatre talk about this pointing as "deixis", from a Greek word meaning to bring to light, to point out. They relate it to "ostension", the showing, displaying, which is essential to theatre. They emphasise that together deixis and ostension have quite a crucial and fundamental function in drama. They are what distinguishes dramatic performance from narrative. The stage displays what is on it, what is within its space. Persons and objects on stage point at themselves. Together, ostension

and deixis energise theatrical presentation. They create an energy field that is both a showing forth and a drawing of attention towards, through, beyond and behind, what is being shown.

Here is what one student of theatre says about ostension. (I have altered the language slightly, to avoid the unfamiliarity of certain words.)

> Theatre is able to draw upon the most "primitive" form of signifying, known in philosophy as ostension. In order to refer to, indicate or define a given object, one simply picks it up and shows it...Thus, in response to a child's question "What's a pebble?", instead of replying with a gloss ("It's a small stone worn into shape by water") one seizes the nearest example on the beach or ground and demonstrates it to the child; or, similarly, in order to indicate the drink one desires, one holds up a glass of beer to whoever is doing the ordering.

Familiar ways of behaving. But perhaps not so familiar are the conclusions that can be drawn from such a "showing" when we allow an interest in theatre and an interest in behaviour to cross-fertilise each other. For what is happening in such cases is not that we are showing that particular pebble or glass of beer in itself, for its own sake. We aren't saying "Look at this pebble, isn't it interesting?". We are showing it as an example, as a representative. It is being used to point to, to refer to, the whole class of objects to which it belongs. My upheld glass is not referring to itself. It means "another of the same please". It no longer stands for itself. It stands for something else. It is no longer fully and simply itself.

This idea is the heart of what I want to say this morning. Let's dwell on it a moment. The chair that is there, yet no longer stands for itself. It is "not itself", yet "not not itself". It is de-realised in order to become de-monstrative.

This de-realising in order to become de-monstrative, is what theatrical performance adds to narrative. It moves telling into being through showing. This "showing" has been called (by Umberto Eco, the author of the best-selling novel *The Name of the Rose*, and one of the leading contemporary theorists of narrative) "the most basic instance of performance". Performance as exemplary, demonstrative, representative, performance as *moving telling into being through showing*: that is what I am trying to focus our attention on.

So let me now illustrate it with reference to our experience this weekend. I am going to say something about masks and faces, something

about movement, gesture and words, and something about taking turns, in order to enlarge on this central idea of performance moving telling into being through showing. Because it is here, so I believe, that the theatre can provide us with the link we so badly need between the literal matter of factness of the behavioural tradition and the world of symbol and imagination.

Charades, or On Keeping a Straight Face

It is quite possible to feel rather silly doing the things we do during these weekends. A neighbour in Oxford to whom I was describing these enactments two or three years ago spoke rather condescendingly of playing charades. I think he had a point, but he misconstrued it.

One of our more absurd performances here was when we enacted certain pictures from an alchemical text. Absurd, and, as it turned out, disturbing in a way that I have never been able to forget or to understand. I remember when we had divided up into our groups and went to our rehearsal rooms one man in my group turned to me and said "Are we really going to do this?" The look on his face combined disbelief with expectancy. That look stays with me in reply to the condescending reference to charades. For me, it is what these weekends are about. That mixture of disbelief and expectancy: what are we making of it?

Well, one answer is "melodrama". This word was used in my group last year, at a crucial moment in our rehearsal for *Measure for Measure*. We were at that stage when it seems as if nothing is going to happen, as if we are never going to be able to get it together. We were unsure of each other, weren't at all clear what we were supposed to be doing. Possibly what we were doing was really very silly indeed. Then someone said something like: "come on, this is just good old Victorian melodrama". The group eased. It was as if we had been given permission to behave in a way we knew how. Words and movements began to interact. We had more confidence with each other, putting each other into roles and positions which weren't silly any more, because somehow we were now sharing in traditional human exaggeration.

I thought much about the exaggeration of melodrama after the weekend. It sent me back to read one of my favourite books on the theatre, Styan's *Drama, Stage and Audience*. He has a chapter on Genre and Style,

which should be required reading for any psychologist interested in how mood and behaviour relate. He discusses tragedy, melodrama, farce, naturalism, comedy, burlesque. He has helped me realise how much there is that we could be doing, both here and in our lives and practices elsewhere, with that kind of exaggerated awkwardness we feel when we are caught between disbelief and expectancy.

Styan sees melodrama as one way of moving between tragedy and farce. He has this to say about the exchange between them (and as I read, think of how you felt yesterday if there were moments when you simultaneously wanted to surrender yourself to the intensity of the drama and yet were afraid–perhaps even terrified–of making yourself ridiculous).

> The farther drama leans towards farce and tragedy, the more the actor assumes the mask. It lends impersonality to the experience, frees the spectator from the need to sympathise, frees him to laugh, all without the tiresome restrictions of everyday life. A play needs only a germ of probability to begin, but once begun it can soar with the madness of hysteria or race faster than nightmare. Since at the extreme the movements of either tragedy or farce border on dance and its tones on song, the language of colloquial prose dialogue can barely satisfy the needs of its stage. Yet, either in tragedy or in farce, the actor immersed in its spirit stands outside his role while seeming to believe utterly in its reality: both are the drama of the straight face.

The drama of the straight face. I am reminded of the time we enacted the whole of the *Jacob and Esau* cycle from the Old Testament. I was playing Schechem the son of Hamor the Hivite, in the scene where he defiles Jacob's daughter Dinah, thus bringing on his people the wrath of the colonising Israelites. In an attempt to appease Jacob's anger, the Hivites agree to have their men circumcised. We were standing in a line waiting our turn to be done. I think I was at the end of the line. Three places nearer the action stood someone I know well. She turned and gave me a look of such reproach, as if to say "What have you got us all into!", that I could not keep a straight face. I had to laugh. I think that's the only time I've ever come out of role in one of our enactments here.

Think about keeping a straight face as you experienced it yesterday. Remember what I said about deixis, when I instanced how a pebble or a glass

of beer cease to be themselves and become an example instead. That's what we do when we keep a straight face on stage. We cease to be simply ourselves, and become instead an example through which something else is represented. That is the change to which we aspire when we go into role. To make that change we have to be able to keep a straight face, to make of our face a mask. Keeping a straight face is our most immediate and personal experience of what is meant by deixis and ostension, of de-realisation in order to become de-monstrative.

For me one of the most valuable things about these weekends is that we continue to be able to be shy about it. Those of us who have not done this sort of thing before may have been specially nervous yesterday. But I think it is important that experience hasn't led the rest of us to forget what that nervousness is like either. Because if theatre is to provide us with links between behaviourism and the world of symbol and imagination, the shyness and nervousness and embarrassment associated with going on stage is where the energy and spark will come from.

This is a very important point to take on board if we are to apply the lessons of these weekends elsewhere. Shyness and the energy of ostension are intimately related. Being shy is the ground in which our ability to be demonstrative takes root. I spoke of the germ of probability which is all that is needed to get a play moving. Shyness is where that germ can lodge itself between incredulity and expectancy to evoke performance. I would be suspicious of any performance from which shyness and embarrassment were altogether absent.

Let me try therefore to deepen our understanding of mask and of the shyness that goes with it by saying something about regression.

Regression

When I have talked about these weekends elsewhere I have often described what happens in terms of regression to pre-verbal childhood experience. I have said things like: "In our enactment we don't use words. This throws us back on the nervous tension of our muscles. We are thrown back on pre-verbal resources of expression. I believe it puts us in touch with infantile experience in a way that words never can".

Within the last two years or so, I've begun wondering whether this isn't a wholly inadequate account of the regression we practise here. What goes on here is as much social as individual, which is why it is fun as well as hard work. I believe now that to take it further we need to look to the work being done in social communication as well as to psychological studies of individual development.

Theatre is very much about bodies in movement. One of the books I've been reading in an attempt to take further my experience of these weekends is called *Kinesics and Context*. Kinesics is the study of body movements and gestures that convey meaning non-vocally. The author is interested in how babies, world-wide, learn the communication patterns of their particular society during the first six years of their lives. He has sections on becoming predictable, smiles, masculinity and femininity as display, on the family and its open secrets, on talk and motion at family meals, on tactile communication.

All this fits fairly well with psychoanalytic study of the human being. But the author, Ray Birdwhistell, is drawing also on work done in ethology, anthropology, physiology and information theory, in order to explain the body movements of both adult and child. He sees body movement, gesture, as both adaptive and creative. He sees it as adaptive to, and also creative of, all those social systems of communication without which we wouldn't have the *equilibrium* necessary for survival.

How does this reciprocal adaptive/creative exchange between body movements and social communication systems work? Birdwhistell argues that to understand this we have to get beyond the idea of society as created by interpersonal activity. Instead, we have to reverse the order. We have to be able to imagine social communication as prior to personality.

He makes his point with reference to the theory of evolution. He sees a significant change in our understanding of evolution as having taken place in the last thirty years, with the rise of ethology and information theory.

Birdwhistell contrasts two ways of ordering the stages of evolution

(1) inorganic–organic–higher organisms–animal species–man–society

(2) inorganic–organic–social structure of higher organisms–animal species–man

He argues that the first way, typical of the early days of evolution theory, is wrong. Society is not man-made. We are social from long before we emerged as a species, let alone as personalised individuals. The social belongs at that stage in evolution when the inorganic and organic are giving rise to the animal.

I have found that simple contrast between two ways of placing the social within evolutionary development extraordinarily suggestive. It helps me with what Jung has to say about archetypes and the collective unconscious. For someone who takes Jung's work on alchemy seriously, it helps make credible the idea that dreams of incest and kinship may reach directly into biochemical levels of our being.

But the point I want to make here is about our shyness and embarrassment on these weekends. Could it be that when we are feeling at our most clumsy, our most ape-like, our most petrified, like some ridiculous wobbly television triffid, we are regressing to that level of evolution in which social forms of being are emerging out of inorganic-organic substrata in preparation of animal species?

For those of us who shared in the 1980 work here on those alchemical pictures from Michael Maier's *Atalanta Fugiens* the idea is not so far fetched. It corresponds also to historical and anthropological research into the origins of theatre in social rituals associated with hunting and the cycles of vegetation. And it is echoed by modern voices. Here is Antonin Artaud describing the impact of the Balinese theatre brought to Paris in the 1930's:

> All of this is steeped in deep intoxication, restoring the very elements of rapture, and in this rapture we rediscover the dry seething and mineral friction of plants, remains and ruined trees...All bestiality and animalism are brought down to that dry gesture, striking sounds as the earth splits open, frozen trees, lowing animals.

"The dry seething and mineral friction of plants". What I am suggesting is that when we represent rocks and trees and rivers with our bodies, we are pointing to a likeness between ourselves and the inanimate world which cannot be fully expressed in terms of personal experience. It is essentially sociable. I am sure that is what some of our shyness and nervousness is about. It's not just personal. We are shy *for* others. There is a "likeness" to be expressed which requires a group willing and able to regress together. But

how do *I* know that *we* are able? I am thinking of those years when we have enacted here the stories of Amor and Psyche, Narcissus, and Medusa. There is a level of what we've been calling ostension and deixis which belongs with *species* rather than with individuals or even with groups. A species is pointing itself out in the face of nature. We are closer to the cave painting of Lascaux than to the play of children.

This is important for what we make of our experience of mask, of the drama of the straight face. At this "species level" of ostension, of showing forth, "we", not "I", re-member ourselves. It may not be too far fetched to say that we are re-membering how species may have originated. Certainly to say it like that helps us to be aware of the regression that can catch us. Some people were left deeply uneasy after our enactment of the alchemical pictures. I was dissociated after our enactment of the Narcissus story in a way that seemed more vegetable than human. Regression of this kind can be grotesque. Rediscovery of our bestiality in "the dry seething and mineral friction of plants" is no charade. It is deadly earnest. What we are presenting pre-dates us, but it also lies in wait for us. Decomposition is there, waiting to be remembered, whenever we allow an interest in the origin of species really to catch us.

On the face of it, acting Shakespeare may not appear to call for regression of this kind. But bear it in mind if you find yourself drawn uncomfortably, even dangerously, close to what may seem like an impossible choice between tragedy and farce. There are moments in our play when bestiality is not so far off. There are likenesses which do not lend themselves easily to human expression, when we can act only if we accept the formal limits, the de-realisation, of the deictic mask.

Movement, Gesture, Words

I want us to think now of the first half hour or so which we spend in rehearsal.

The group is trying to get to know each other. It is also trying to get to know the text and scene it is to work on. Out of that emerges the need to assign characters, and to create a scene or setting. This scene or setting is not simply an empty or neutral space in which the enactment will happen. It is an

inherent part of the self-presenting of the characters. It is *where* we are going to be called on to take our place. This is what we emphasise in using words like deixis and ostension.

What happens when we stand up and start to move, instead of sitting and talking? This, for me, is the recurring interest of these weekends. I want to amplify our experience of that moment when we say: "let's stand up and move it".

To do so, I am going to draw on ideas developed by the phenomenological psychologists. This phenomenological approach can, I believe, be helpful in linking the behavioural and psychoanalytic study of human being.

Our bodies experience many different kinds of movement. We impoverish ourselves if we try and reduce them to a common denominator. A falling body, a gesture of greeting, a grasping movement, jumping over a ditch, the contraction of the pupil to light, the peristaltic movements of intestinal muscles, automatic movements that maintain our equilibrium, these cannot all be described and understood by one set of principles. The movements of our bodies call on us to be constantly varying the ways in which we imagine the space in which we find ourselves.

But it is not only our bodies which call on us in this way. The call comes also from the objects which we come up against as we explore the space we inhabit. Inhabited space is constituted of the encounter between self and object. Movement and object adjust to each other. When I set my foot down, I do it differently on the pavement or on muddy ground, in a field or on a mountain, in the light or dark. I don't hold a pen as I grip an umbrella in a strong wind. How firmly I grasp something depends on its resistance, on its tendency to get away from me.

This is all very familiar. The trouble is that it is so familiar that we tend to overlook it. What the phenomenologists are urging on us is the need to recover a sense of *place* as more important, more original, than *space* if we are going to do justice to the variety of movement experienced by our bodies. In moving, our bodies are constantly in touch with place. This "touchingness" between movement and place is very precious to us. I want to emphasise it by talking rather grandly of "the enfolded openings of the interleaved enclosures

of place". That's the sort of setting in which we can recognise the touch between movement and place. It is a setting incomparably richer than empty space. Its richness is emphasised when we say of an action that it "takes place". Lived movement doesn't happen in a vacuum. It takes place.

"It takes place". To appreciate the importance of deixis and ostension in the theatre we must think about this familiar phrase, think about it in relation to gesture and words.

Gesture is how the body ostends itself. Gesture is how the body places itself within the field of deictic energy which constitutes its stage setting. Gesture is constant evidence of how theatrical the world is. Gesture gives body to space, and space to body. It energises the scene, creating the place in which action can "take".

Working in silence, as we usually have done in the past, we have learned a lot about the power of gesture. But gesture can move easily into words, and I believe the time has come when we should experiment more with the use of language in our enactment.

But do let us keep it related to gesture, to the energies of lived movement. Without gesture, words are always in danger of becoming disembodied. We want to experiment with words that can carry body with them. This is where this technical concept of deixis can be helpful.

If words are to register within the physical context of the stage, they must participate in the taking place of action. Watch for how they relate to gesture. Gesture is a prime vehicle of deixis, and to be really part of what takes place words must be deictic.

Here is an example from our play. Words which are especially deictic are personal pronouns like "I" and "you", adverbs like "here" and "now", and demonstratives like "this" and "that", parts of speech that behave differently on stage to how they do in narrative. In our play observe the force of the words "that" "thine" "you" "this" "his" in Portia's mouth as the court scene builds to its climax.

> A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,
> The court awards it, and the court doth give it.
>
> And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
> The court allows it, and the court awards it.

The personal pronouns and the demonstratives aren't merely indicating the persons on the stage. They *are* demonstrative. They are gestural. They draw attention to presence in such a way as to refer beyond what is immediately there. They point at the particular figures on the stage, and at the same time point beyond and behind them, making them examples of something more general: other merchants, other human flesh. It is this which enables us to observe them from without while also putting ourselves in their place. (Analysts may like to compare what is being said here with their experience of "projective identification").

So if we do wish to experiment more with using words, watch for the deictic potential of little words like *I* and *you* and *here* and *now* and *this* and *that*. They can tell us a lot about how words participate in the taking place of action, in moving telling into being through showing.

But there is more to be said about the taking place of action. If we do use words more, we'll discover more obviously what we already know from our silent enactment: that if action is to take place, the players must take their turn. It's no good all talking at once.

Taking Turns

In rehearsal we aren't only exploring the potential of lived movement. We are also having to find a place for each other in relation to the action. We volunteer for roles, putting ourselves forward to play a particular part. We also allocate roles. Within the group, there is often an uneasy, perhaps even tricky, process of negotiation between volunteering and being assigned, before we are variously lodged in our particular part.

I believe more is involved here than we realise in the confusion of rehearsal. My particular "place" in the action is being decided. I am in on that deciding, but I am also having to leave it to others. To begin with, I am one of many looking for a part, or trying to avoid a part. When the decision is taken, then I am made responsible for a particular character. From then on, I speak for him or her in talking about how we are to realise our scene. In being given my place I am also given a piece of the action. It is up to me to activate that piece.

This connection between "place" and "piece of action" is further worked on as we rehearse our performance. There are times when I am at rest, watching others move. I learn the difference between being "on" and "off". I am part of the background. Then suddenly there is no foreground. Is it I who should be putting myself forward so as to carry some part of the performance which is going by default? Whose turn is it to make a move?

I want to propose to you that what is happening here in our rehearsals is very important indeed for the study of behaviour and of human being in the world. If we are to get our act together, we have to learn to take our turn.

Now it seems to me that group psychotherapy and the systems approach to family therapy study turn-taking seriously, and have a lot to teach us about its importance in everyday living. In one-to-one therapy, with its emphasis on individual insight, turn taking is not of immediate concern, except in the analysis of transference. There is more emphasis on a solitary and heroic quest. I think experience in theatre and drama could help us make better connections between "going it alone" and turn taking.

The particular connection I want to suggest this morning relates to what I've said about lived movement. In insight therapy we talk a lot about insides and outsides. I think the study of turn taking could help us bring this kind of talk, and the work associated with it, more into the behavioural field.

As an example, I want to draw on the work of a social behaviourist, someone who has read widely in psychotherapeutic and psychoanalytic literature, but whose own discipline is firmly grounded in social events.

John Shotter describes turn taking as an "ontological skill". Speaking of what happens in complex social activity, he describes "long, interlaced sequences of exchange", as constituting the stuff of social intercourse. It is in that stuff that selfhood is made real. He argues that growing up in society, and the political processes which constitute society, depend on these long, interlaced sequences of exchange becoming established as activities people can themselves *do* rather than simply have happen to them.

What establishes them as activities we can do is turn taking. We have to learn to take our turn, that is, to submit ourselves to the influence of others while also initiating appropriate action ourselves. This learning involves the ability to change one's own mode of being oneself, from being a recipient of

an action to being an actor, from being a looker on to a doer, from being a listener to being a speaker. It is this ability that Shotter refers to as an "ontological skill".

This applies to children growing up in a more or less facilitating environment. It also applies to what goes on in the theatre. If turn taking is an ontological skill, this skill is one that we learn in the theatre. But there is a further comment Shotter makes which caught my attention in thinking about our rehearsing in groups.

He is talking about the need for every society to have certain operational procedures or devices to maintain reciprocity between the personal and the social. He speaks of this in terms of a kind of social ecology. "To the extent that a society remains in existence, these procedures must exist somewhere in its ecology, spread out in its constituent interrelations". And then he goes on with two sentences which have become for me a kind of promise for future bridges between behavioural and analytic approaches to psychotherapy:- "Thus irrespective of what goes on in people's heads, it seems both an important and a feasible endeavour to discover what these procedures are. Thus: ask not what goes on "inside" people, but what people go on inside of..."

"Ask not what goes on "inside" people, but what people go on inside of". When I first heard family systems work described I felt both excited and threatened. I knew at once that it was going to interest me. It appealed directly to my sense of theatre, of drama. But I also felt threatened. As an analyst of interior states and conditions of soul I realised that here was an approach with a confidence in exterior interplay that I lacked. The energy generated between that excitement and that threat has driven me to take my interest in theatre into the study of social behaviour.

Asking what people go on inside of does seem to me to fit well with what happens in our rehearsal groups, as lived movement begins to turn into acting. We do have an inside which we have to take into account. We want to express ourselves, some more than others. Yet we are constrained by the scene in which we are set. Expressing what's inside us means finding how we can fit into an inside. But what I am inside of is busy with other people

expressing themselves. To fit into it I must be able to take my turn. Taking turns generates action between insides and outsides.

It seems to me that we have here an important connection with what I said earlier about action taking place. Remember my phrase about "the enfolded openings and interleaved enclosures of space", and my talk of the "touchingness" between movement and place. As we rehearse, we are composing a scene by being in touch with other people's lived movement. This is how we make room for each other. But we aren't only making room. We are also generating action. Scene and action are a joint composition. Our performance is beginning to take place. This is what we mean by "getting our act together".

I think this helps us realise how much energy is represented by these technical terms deixis and ostension. Theatre puts us *into* parts in order to *ostend* the action in which character can be realised. Turn taking is how character and action are generated together out of lived movement. Turn taking both generates and releases energy, like music does. It is like finding the rhythm between pressures that are from the outside and initiatives that are from inside. Each character points to its own "piece" of the action, and does its "bit" in composing the scene in which action takes place. What holds the pieces together is a kind of field of energy whose rhythm is spelt out as we take our turn.

Jigsaws and Threads

So, once again, I ask: what does happen when we put a story on the stage, when we *present* the "and" in "my life and what I have made of it?"

I started us off with two technical terms, proairetic and hermeneutic, to describe two contrasting urgencies within story. One urgency, the proairetic, is to get on to what comes next. The other urgency, the hermeneutic, is to make an issue of what's been left out. I wonder if we can now think of these two different kinds of narrative urgency in more homely terms of thread and jigsaw.

Thread is a familiar image in thinking and talking of story. We get the thread of a story. Or we lose the thread. The thread is what the one-thing-after-another aspect of story is arranged on. Talk of thread goes with talk of

spinning. If the story is in danger of ending too soon we spin it out. The problem of where to begin is like that first teasing out of the wool that gives us the start of our thread.

Thread gives us the proairetic mode of narrative.

Jigsaw, emptying out, collecting, piecing together, the bits of a jigsaw puzzle, gives us the hermeneutic mode of narrative. Here we have all the bits potentially in front of us, even if some of them may be missing. The primary question is not: what comes next? but: which fits where? The way we proceed is in matching like with like. We choose one piece rather than another not according to an order of temporal priority, but according to various orders of likeness. "Fit" comes before "sequence".

How do thread and jigsaw relate?

Those of us who work in psychological counselling are familiar with the constant choice between the two. We speak of the need "to unpack", "to see what we've got", "to get it together". That's the jigsaw approach. We ask questions like "how did it start?", "what happened then?", or we say "well, we'll just have to wait and see". That's the thread approach. How do they play across each other? How do we conjugate one with the other, so that story goes on in a way that gathers all its bits together in the right fit?

Those are the questions with which the modern study of narrative is concerned. The theatre has, from of old, addressed itself to the same questions in a different way. In staging story, theatre turns narrative into action. Theatrical performance allows us to study action as it moves and hesitates and turns and twists between the pull of the thread and the broken up bittiness of the jigsaw.

Can we try and picture this together?

Think of our rehearsal yesterday. We are like the pieces of a jigsaw. Each piece is a character, a person or an object. Each piece wants to be part of the telling. It wants to make sense. It wants to find a place in the story, a share in the action. Or perhaps not. Perhaps some of us want to be left out. Perhaps we feel that we don't belong in this box, in this jigsaw.

Let's try and generalise from that, drawing on what I've said about lived movement and turn taking. I imagine something like a ball game, a place filled with throwing and catching between the various pieces or characters. If

I am to be in the story, I have to join up. I throw, I throw out from myself. I pro-ject. I am alert to catch the pro-jections of others.

As the balls are thrown, they draw lines or threads from one piece to another. It is easy to picture what would happen. The threads would criss-cross, double back, become hopelessly tangled, if the pieces were trying to join up any old how. They'd get thoroughly knotted—as many of us know from our experience. The story line can get hopelessly crossed.

Now what is the picture like if we imagine the thread as having a certain pull or hold of its own. Suppose the thread is not just thrown passively from point to point, but tugs and pulls and draws. The tug can be *in the thread* as it reaches our fingers, as when we fish. Or it can be *in our fingers* as we pull on the thread, as when we spin, or unravel our way into a labyrinth with its help. The play of a fishing line, spinning, the maze of labyrinth, are all familiar images for lived story. The thread has direction, although it is neither straight nor steady, and although we do not know what is causing the tug at the other end.

How can we picture threadedness of this kind working on a jigsaw? How can we imagine the pull of the thread as able to exercise some kind of influence on the joining together of the pieces? Or the disjointedness of the pieces affecting the spinning of the thread?

This brings us to my last point: *presentation and time*.

How does presentation, all that I've been saying about deixis and ostension, relate to the passing of time? To put it in the kind of word play I enjoy perhaps too much: how is the *verb* "to present" related to the *noun* "the present?" To understand how the disjointedness of the jigsaw pieces and the spinning of the thread can influence each other we must consider the timing of theatrical presentation.

Now you may be surprised to know that when we go to the theatre we get involved in five different kinds of timing. Yes, five.

The first is obvious. It is performance time, the time given in the programme when it says "the performance will last approximately three hours and a quarter including one interval of twenty minutes".

The next two are easily confused, but if we are to see how stage performance brings jigsaw and thread together it is vital that we distinguish them. They are plot time, and chronological time.

Plot time is the order in which events are shown or reported on the stage, the order in which one scene follows another. Chronological time is the order of events which the spectator reconstructs from what he hears and sees. Plot time and chronological time need not be in the same order. For instance, in our play the scenes in Venice and Belmont follow each other one after the other in plot time. But the order of events to which they refer, as we reconstruct it in our minds, is not the same. They can overlap, synchronise, be reversed. When did Tubal's visit to Genoa, when he heard of Jessica in flight from her father and of Antonio's losses, happen in relation to Bassanio's wooing of Portia? Was it before, or at the same time as, or after? We aren't told by the play. We have to work it out for ourselves.

Fourthly, there is what we can call historical time. This too can easily be confused with chronological time. But if we are to apply our experience in the theatre to how we live outside it, the distinction is essential.

Dramatic events refer in some way, if only by omission, to a "real world" outside the theatre. How does the timing of the story they tell compare to the timing of the real world that is going on outside in history? In Shakespeare's plays we are aware of this question most urgently in the historical plays. In *The Merchant* the point can be best made with reference to the theme of "usury". As we read or watch the play, we are aware of ourselves questioning how the different attitudes to usury and commercial credit or "thrift" compare with our own. What we make of the theme in the play depends on a sort of matching and comparing that goes on between our own attitudes today and what we know about Elizabethan England. The important general point to notice is that as we reconstruct the chronological order of events from the plot as it unfolds before us, there is also this matching and comparing going on in our minds with what we know of the history of the world outside the theatre.

That gives us four kinds of timing. We have the "frame" given by performance time. Within that frame we have plot time, the order of events as they are presented to us on the stage, scene by scene. Behind that, or in

front of it, we have our reconstruction of the chronological order of events to which the plot order refers. And influencing and interfering with both, is our matching and comparing with the time of the real world going on outside.

What gets them together? What gets them "in time" with one another? This is our fifth kind of timing, the most immediate of all. It is the dramatic present, the dramatic *now* carried by the action being presented.

The immediacy of this dramatic now is what gets all the other times ticking together. Throughout the performance this "now" remains a constant. On the stage it is always now. The action takes place in a perpetual present. But though perpetual, it is dynamic. It is not static. Dramatic action generates a "now" which moves the plot along, and in doing so coordinates the other timings to its own rhythm.

The dramatic present as integrating into one rhythm plot time, chronological time and historical time, within the frame of performance time: that's what we were exercising ourselves in yesterday. Can we relate it to what I have said about presentation, about the theatrical energy of pointing and showing forth?

Remember your experience as audience as well as of player. Remember what I said on Friday evening about the audience "hosting" the performance. And remember the shyness, the embarrassment.

When we dramatise our jigsaw we put the pieces on show. They are demonstrative. The parts of our plot display themselves as exemplary, as referring beyond themselves. The turn and turn about throwing and catching that passes the thread from cue to cue and from character to character is sustained and directed by the energy of that display between audience and stage. Performance draws the expectation of the audience into the action being presented. The story is threaded together by the energy of the display which draws into itself our expectancy.

But the process is also working the other way round. The display is being energised by the threading of the story. Think of one of those ball games in which it is essential to know when to pass the ball. Turn taking requires that we know when to pass. This need to pass is how timing gets into dramatic space. It fills the gaps between the pieces of our jigsaw, like a living,

vibrant cement. The energy of the proairetic need to get on to what comes next pervades and informs the space into which the pieces are gathered.

We need to be imaginative. Think of an empty stage in the moment before or after the players are "on". It is empty, yet it radiates presence. It is occupied, audibly occupied, by our still expectancy of what comes next, like the stretched invitation of an horizon gathered together into one place. That's what space is like when the dynamism of the dramatic present gets into it.

Then picture the need to pass. Imagine a dance that you can hear. Or a rhythm that you can see. That is the energy we go to the theatre to enjoy, the energy we evoke when we put a story on the stage.

I spoke earlier of performance as moving "telling" into "being" through showing. We are now in a position to enlarge on that definition. When we put a story on stage we frame lived time, and within that frame we present action as it twists and turns and hesitates between the proairetic and hermeneutic urgencies of story. This "presenting" is both spatial and temporal, both noun and verb. Dramatic performance gets our act together in both time and space in a way that narrative does not.

I think these Hawkwood weekends have been leading us, perhaps unwittingly, into study of how this is done. What I'd like to do now is twofold.

1. I'd like to focus our "theatre of behaviour" on the differences between the various kinds of psychotherapy which we have experience of, to include if possible the behavioural. This will depend on being able to find others to join with us.

2. And I'd like it if some of us could work in a more sustained way on how theatre might help us bridge the gap between everyday living and the strange performances that go on in our various consulting rooms. As a colleague said to me recently: what interests me more and more is how all those people manage who seem to get on alright without ever coming near therapy or counselling. I think the theatre could help us move more flexibly and imaginatively between professional consultancy of many kinds and the job of getting on with living the story.

Notes

Peter Brooks, *Reading for the Plot*, Oxford 1984. (The Notes give many further references into the theory of narrative, and its connections with psychoanalysis.

Deixis and Ostension. Here I draw on Keir Elam, *The Semiotics of Theatre and Drama* (Methuen 1980) also the same author's *Shakespeare's Universe of Discourse* (Cambridge 1984); J.L. Styan, *Drama, Stage and Audience* (Cambridge 1975); Ray Birdwhistell, *Kinesics and Context: Essays on Body-Motion Communication* (Penguin 1971); Antonin Artaud, *The Theatre and its Double* (1938) (Eng. trans. Grove Press, New York 1958).

In writing of regression and the origin of species in the way I have, I am aware of drawing both courage and inspiration from the confluence of three very different books.

Suzanne Langer's magisterial study: *Mind, an Essay on Human Feeling*, (John Hopkins 1972) which spells out in great detail the evolution of "act" through the inorganic-organic-animal species continuum. (For my argument, see in particular Vol. II, pp. 288-355).

Bruno Snell's, *The Discovery of the Mind* (Blackwell 1953), in which Chapter 9 examines the role of comparison (Golding's "likeness") in the development of consciousness in classical Greece.

Richard Schechner, *Between Theatre and Anthropology*, Univ. of Pennsylvania Press 1985; this book draws together very interesting work done in America in the last ten years by theatre people who have been drawn to the study of anthropology and by anthropologists who have turned to the study of theatre to help them in their field work. The idea of theatre as "the restoration of behaviour" is particularly relevant to my argument in this paper.

Movement and Gesture. I am drawing on Erwin Straus, *Phenomenological Psychology*, New York 1960, (trans. of work originally published in French in 1935-36) and David Michael Levin, *The Body's Recollection of Being* (Routledge 1985). Subtitled "Phenomenological Psychology and the Deconstruction of Nihilism", this looks at the psychotherapies of Jung and Freud and Carl Rogers in the context of the work of Merleau-Ponty and

Heidegger. The result is analysis of a kind that we are weak on in Britain. Gesture, motility and dance restore to body a qualitative dimension that is essentially and originally both social and transformative.

John Shotter, *Social Accountability and Selfhood* (Blackwell 1984). There is much more to his argument than my reference to "turn taking" suggests. His central theme of "accountability" could be very helpful in making connections between behavioural and psychoanalytic attitudes.

Presentation and Time. On the five times of theatrical performance: Elam, *Semiotics etc* (above).

On "**presence**" as both verb and noun: I like in particular what John Berger has to say about time, with its mixture of poetry, philosophy and common sense. For instance, his book *And Our Faces, my Heart, Brief as Photos*: Writers and Readers press, 1984.

On **audience**: the first part of Anne Richter: *Shakespeare and the Idea of the Play* (Penguin 1967) gives the English historical experience of development from ritual to theatre, with the gradual separation of audience and stage. Styan's book quoted above, and, of course, first and last and always: Peter Brook, *The Empty Space* (1968, and subsequent Penguin).

22

ON BEING WOBBLY*

IN THE SUMMER of 1984, Roderick Peters read a paper to the Club which included this sentence.

> It is my view, a view that I think is broadly shared by most analysts belonging to the Society of Analytical Psychology, that premature amplification of archetypal material with the adult part of the patient runs the risk of building a differentiated superstructure on top of splits which arose in infancy when the archetypal was mediated to a large and powerful extent via bodily experience.[1]

In discussion afterwards, he and I found ourselves in the same small group, in which interest focused on this question of how adult and infant differ in the bodily mediation of archetypal material. As the group talked, I felt exchange of a kind that I had not experienced before in London, exchange between Jungian positions that sometimes seem to prefer to lock each other out rather than entertain each other's differences. My aim this evening is to take that exchange further. I want to give it momentum and to encourage others to join in.

Let me start by making clear the wobbliness of the position from which I speak. This is important for setting the tone of what I have to say. It may also help in generating the kind of oscillating energy we need if there is to be depth of dialogue between different positions.

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*Paper read to the Analytical Psychology Club, London, on May 15, 1986.

I am wobbly because I am aware of having changed my own position substantially in the last ten years. If I have changed once, who is to say that I shall not change my position again? I have in mind two examples of this change. Both have to do with the word psychotic.

I have worked over a number of years with members of the staff of a residential community for very disturbed adolescent boys, much more disturbed than people I see in my own practice. This community works with ideas and methods derived from the work of Klein and Winnicott. Analysing with these staff members has therefore brought me into operational touch with the ideas of Klein and Winnicott in a way I was not before.

I remember one session in particular as marking a sort of watershed in my attitude to object relations theory. One of my patients from this community returned to analysis after a break of some two years. In the first session he laid Winnicott's essay on 'The Use of an Object and Relating through Identifications' on the table and said: 'That's my problem. That's what I want to work on'.

Over the months that followed, I read and re-read that paper. It has made me very wobbly indeed.

One passage in particular stands out.

> It is in the analysis of the borderline type of case that one has the chance to observe the delicate phenomena that give pointers to an understanding of truly schizophrenic states. By the term 'a borderline case' I mean the kind of case in which the core of the patient's disturbance is psychotic, but the patient has enough psychoneurotic organization always to be able to present psychoneurosis or psychosomatic disorder when the central psychotic anxiety threatens to break through in crude form. In such cases the psychoanalyst may collude for years with the patient's need to be psychoneurotic (as opposed to mad) and to be treated as psychoneurotic. The analysis goes well, and everyone is pleased. The only drawback is that the analysis never ends. It can be terminated, and the patient may even mobilize a psychoneurotic false self for the purpose of finishing and expressing gratitude. But, in fact, the patient knows that there has been no change in the underlying (psychotic) state and that the analyst and the patient have succeeded in colluding to bring about a failure.

That idea of a psychotic core protected by psychoneurotic organization has lodged itself firmly in my thoughts about my own years of analysis. It leaves me feeling unsure about attitudes which ten years ago I took as sure foundations of my practice.

The second occasion which has contributed to my wobbliness was the 1982 split in the Association of Jungian Analysts, of which I was a founder member. Living through this split was, and still is, really rather mad. I can think of few other experiences in my life in which the adult and the infantile have been in a state of such unmediated interaction.

There is one sentence out of it which speaks directly to and of my wobbliness. This was after it was all so to speak over, and I met with a close friend from the other side of the split to look at what was left of our relationship. At some stage in our talk she said: 'We behaved like a psychotic family'.

Again, that word psychotic. But this time linked to family, to group, rather than to individual.

So the position from which I speak is very unsure of itself. To use a word that James Hillman introduced with good effect in his seminars in Oxford last autumn, it is de-stabilized. It seems I am more exposed to madness than I had thought, like a kind of radiation to which I am exposed without being aware of it. Whatever else makes for continuity between infancy and adulthood, I have to take something called psychosis into account. Whatever I have to say about archetypes as mediated by bodily experience is located in deeply felt, recent, and persisting, unsureness about psychosis as effectively linking infantile and adult worlds.

Now this is a position of very precarious wobbliness. If I am to speak true I have to keep reminding myself and you of that wobbliness. So I am going to talk directly of myself and my life rather than of work with patients.

I know there are good arguments against this kind of confessional approach. But I have to speak from a place in myself that feels thoroughly destabilized. To do so, I think one has to be confessional. In his Introduction to the current issue of *Harvest*, the issue in which Roderick's paper is printed, the Editor writes that '*Harvest* is devoted to psychologists and the psychologically-minded who say what they actually mean'. On the subject of

how psychosis can mediate between infantile and adult worlds I think I am more likely to say what I actually mean if I talk about myself. So here are four short contributions to the confessional mode of discourse.

So Very Much More

My first child was born in 1957. To begin with I did my share of looking after her, bathing, changing nappies, wheeling the pram. Not the feeding, for which I was not equipped. When she was eleven months old her mother suffered a stroke, and in the time following I did a lot more of the looking after her, and her brother, including what I suppose has to be called some mothering—'make good and mend' rather than 'good enough' mothering.

I had been involved in the world of analysis for nine years when she was born. I'd read books about the life of childhood, and researched my own with fluctuating curiosity. Comparing our experience of the baby with the books, and with the theory of my own analysis with Irene de Castillejo and Edward Griffith, my predominant thought was something like: 'Yes, it's true! What the books say *is* happening. I can see it, touch it, smell it. How exciting. It is actually true. But...but, but—a big BUT growing bigger with every day and week—how much more, how very much more, is going on than gets into the books'.

It's that 'how very much more' which I have to speak up for in psychological debate. A lot more has got into the books since 1957. Fashions have changed in what we notice about babies. Yet for me that BUT remains. The immediate circle of holding and nurturing on which the baby depends and against which the infant begins to prove itself is constituted, saturated, driven, by so very much more in the adult world than we can ever put into words.

Thinking along these lines began simply back in 1957 in terms of jobs and the connections between the job world and what went on in the home. It was so evident that the kind of attention and patience and interest we brought to the baby was itself being informed, constituted, enabled, disabled, dissipated, held steady, caused to tremble most dangerously, by events and conditions that had nothing to do with the baby and which the baby, grown to adulthood, would never be able to remember. Any attempt to understand what was happening to the baby had to take into account something like the

climate of its environment. And of the factors influencing that climate there was no end. The matrix of which our handling the baby was part was indefinitely richer and more promiscuous than we could be aware of.

So what was my own infancy like? How does this sense of the 'so very much more' affect my adult approach to my own beginnings?

An Aspect of my Mothering

When she met and got engaged to my father, my mother was studying to be a doctor. Marrying my father meant that she did not go on to become a doctor. When I was small this was part of the con-text which gradually came to link my lifetime with that mysterious other time 'before I was born'.

When I was small, children's illnesses were more serious than they are today. I seem to have been ill often. Memories of being nursed while ill are among my earliest and most evocative. Part of them is always the figure of the family doctor we had.

When my children were small and got ill, I found myself comparing what happened with and around them with my memories of my own sickbed. The thought began to dawn on me, like a gradual process of infiltration, that the love and care and attention that I took for granted from my own experience of childhood illness was really something very exceptional. I talked about this with my wife, and my analyst.

When my mother died, she left me her papers, letters and diaries. I have been reading them gradually since: a man in his fifties reading a young woman in her twenties writing about her life and thoughts when her children were young. From these papers it is evident that the healing presence carried by our family doctor was very personal and even rather numinous for my mother. There was an intensity of feeling between them, the more intense for the correctness with which eroticism was denied, which helps place much that seems overdetermined in my memories of illness and the meaning of illness. I wonder now how much of my initial attraction to the archetypal dimension of Jung's psychology was because of that relationship.

But when my mother died she also made another bequest. She left her body to a teaching hospital. It took two or three years for the implications of this to begin to sink in on me. As it does so (and I suspect it is still only

beginning), I realize that it is going to entail radical revisioning of what I had naively taken as analytic insight into 'my' life story. My mother's body had been such an intimate part of the process by which my imagination and my body had come to participate in each other. As the implications of her choice sink in, it is as if I am having to make room in an intimate, private place for some hugely powerful, impersonal, 'interested party' that had been there all along without my realizing it. I have premonitions of shock of a kind that goes beyond any 'wounding of narcissism' I have yet encountered.

Aspects of my Fathering

I was born in Liverpool in 1926, a few weeks before the General Strike. It is clear from my mother's papers that the environment within which I was held in the first months of my life was saturated with concern about the strike and the conditions which caused it.

In infancy and childhood, my father's presence and absence reflected the economic realities of a trading nation. For instance, there was something called Free Trade. Free Trade mattered. It mattered like a physical presence. The house in which I grew up was full of that presence. The environment in which I came to call myself 'I' had concern for Free Trade in its atmosphere like static electricity. There was even a sort of God invoked, in an oft-told story of my father as a child being kissed by Gladstone in the same room in which we played and did our lessons.

And then there was something mysterious called 'the Gold Standard'. The South African statesman Jan Smuts was dining at my parents' house the day Britain came off the Gold Standard. He was called out to the telephone and returned to the dining table with the news. When I heard about it, I suppose four or five years later, that evening was still looked back on as a fateful watershed. Coming off the Gold Standard mattered. It mattered pervasively, weightily, both inside and outside the family circle. It meant something beyond my understanding. It spoke of powers and agencies beyond my ken, great powers, inscrutable agencies about which the grown-ups disagreed among themselves. It spoke of a world in which my father carried weight of a kind that I could only take on trust.

But gold meant something else, which was very much my *business*. And here I suppose it was in those days more a question of mothering than of fathering. Every family has its own language for speaking of the children's performance on the pot or visits to the lavatory. With us, the big stuff was known as Golden Star, the liquid stuff as Silver Star. When a grown-up wanted to ask me if I had shat that morning, she would say: have you done Golden Star this morning?

Coming off the Gold Standard, and doing Golden Star. Something which Great Britain had done—or Britannia, as my father called her—and something I did, usually with pleasure, sometimes with difficulty or even pain. What was this gold? There were gold watches too, and also Robertson's Golden Shred marmalade, made in a big factory out towards Aintree and the Grand National. Money and shit and jam to spread on my toast: a good preparation for psychoanalytic confusion of anal and oral and genital concerns, confusion out of which my later interest in Marx and alchemy could develop. But at the time? How did the word Gold move for me between such different parts of my living? Did it make connections? Did it draw on some sense of a common ground or *arche*?

To judge by my dreams over nearly forty years, I'd say that what mediating connectivity there was began in a sense of place, and then went on to try and root itself through place in a sense of history.

In the late 1940s and early 1950s, my dreams were often of my first home, our house, 52 as it was called, and all that went on within it, but always *in its setting* in Liverpool. Sefton Park, Croxteth Road, Mossley Hill, the slums, the dirt, the new Cathedral being built, India Buildings, the overhead railway, the docks: and always the river and the ships, and the sea beyond, those western approaches where the war I had known had been fought. The setting always meant, and still means, more than I can get hold of. Where that setting belongs in history, how to place it in time, these were the questions in which the presence and absence of father have been expressed.

Time

My career as a Jungian has been informed by the growing conviction that there are obvious yet fundamental questions about time that we fail to

'raise'. To make something of the so-very-much-more of my infancy I need questions about time to 'arise' in a way that I no longer believe can happen within analysis as we know it. Such 'arising' needs a different kind of social context to that allowed for by the profession of analysis. So let me refer to three authorities from outside the world of analysis, who have helped me in their different ways in raising questions of time.

The first is in direct connection with my stammer. Aetiologically, this stammer derives from something which happened to me when I was five, after which I was for some months dumb. Psychoanalytic exploration has linked this, very tenuously, by an extremely fragile thread, with my circumcision in infancy (which I have been told is very far-fetched). But the affective core of the complex to which it bears witness I have not yet been able to realize.

One time when it did open in a new way was about ten years ago when I was reading a book by George Steiner, *After Babel*. This book is about our need for different languages, different tongues, and the problem of translation between them. In it there is a chapter called 'Word Against Object', in which Steiner looks, from the point of view of a philosophical translator, at the relation between words and objects, something of the same area as interests the object relations school of psychoanalysis. In the course of that chapter there is this passage. I want to read it at length, to give you the flavour of his ornate style and to place one sentence in particular in context.

He is speaking of the contrasts between public and private language and of what he calls the 'contradictory coherence' between them.

> There can hardly be an awakened human being who has not, at some moment, been exasperated by the 'publicity' of language, who has not experienced an almost bodily discomfort at the disparity between the uniqueness, the novelty of his own emotions and the worn coinage of words. It is almost intolerable that needs, affections, hatreds, introspections which we feel to be overwhelmingly our own, which shape our awareness of identity and the world, should have to be voiced—even and most absurdly when we speak to ourselves—in the vulgate. Intimate, unprecedented as is our thirst, the cup has long been on other lips. One can only conjecture as to the blow which this discovery must be to the child's psyche. What abandonments of autonomous, radical vision occur when the maturing sensibility apprehends that the deepest instrumentalities of personal being are cast in a ready public mould? The secret jargon of the adolescent coterie, the conspirator's pass-word, the nonsense-diction of lovers, teddy-bear talk are fitful, short-lived ripostes to the binding commonness and sclerosis of speech. In some individuals the original outrage persists, the shock of finding that words are stale and promiscuous (they belong to everyone) yet wholly empowered to speak for us either in the inexpressible newness of love or in the privacies of terror. It may be that the poet and philosopher are those in whom such outrage remains most acute and precisely remembered; witness Sartre's study of himself in *Les Mots* and his analysis of Flaubert's 'infantile' refusal to enter the matrix of authorized speech. 'O Wort, du Wort, das mir fehlt!' cries Moses at the enigmatic climax of Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron*. No word is adequate to speak the present absence of God. None to articulate a child's discovery of his own unreplicable self. None to persuade the beloved that there has been neither longing nor trust like this in any other time or place and that reality has been made new. Those seas in our personal existence into which we are 'the first that ever burst' are never silent, but loud with commonplaces.

'Intimate, unprecedented as is our thirst, the cup has long been on other lips. One can only conjecture as to the blow which this discovery must be to the child's psyche'. When I first read that sentence I experienced a moment of recognition, of understanding, about my speech that I have never found in analysis. I felt a sense of relief, of gratitude, of companionship. This was where I had been. This was what I had known. Not continuity, but discontinuity: a discontinuity between different times, the time of my own growing up and the time of the language world which I was learning to inhabit, the time of autobiography and the time of history.

My second authority for 'raising' of the time question goes back to my point about the 'so very much more', but from the baby's rather than the grown-up's point of view. It came in reading Edmund Leach's 'Two Essays concerning the Symbolic Representation of Time', in his book *Rethinking Anthropology*. He makes the point that if we measured time by the rate of biological change in our bodies rather than by the movement of the stars, the amount of time we spend in the womb and in the first weeks and months of our lives would be vastly greater for the baby than for adults over the same period.

The thought now seems so obvious that I cannot imagine why it had never occurred to me before. Obvious, but surely fraught with consequence. It makes room for that so-very-much-more which draws psychoanalysis so powerfully towards the events of earliest infancy. But it also suggests that what we should be looking for in relating infantile to adult experience is not so much continuity as discontinuity between modes of temporal being.

My third authority, which I hope brings together Steiner's sense of the irreparably new with Leach's reminder of the different ways in which we can measure time, comes from a short book by the poet, critic, novelist John Berger, with the title *'And our faces, my heart, brief as photos'*. I shall read at length because, being a poet, Berger says what I want you to hear in a way that I never can.

> The life span of a hare on one hand and a tortoise on the other are prescribed in their cells. The likely duration of a life is a dimension of its organic structure. There is no way of comparing the time of the hare with that of the tortoise except by using an abstraction which has nothing to do with either. Man introduced this abstraction and organized a race to discover which of the two would reach the finishing post first.
>
> Man is unique insofar as he constitutes two events. The event of his biological organism—and, in this, he is like the tortoise and hare—and the event of his consciousness. Thus in man two times coexist, corresponding with these two events. The time during which he is conceived, grows, matures, ages, dies. And the time of his consciousness.
>
> The first time understands itself. Which is why animals have no philosophical problems. The second time has been understood in different ways in different periods. It is indeed the first task of any culture to propose an understanding of the time of consciousness, of the relations of past to future realized as such.
>
> The explanation offered by contemporary European culture—which, during the last two centuries, has increasingly marginalized other explanations—is that which constructs a uniform, abstract, unilinear law of time applying to all events, and according to which all 'times' can be compared and regulated. This law maintains that the Great Plough and the famine belong to the same calculus, a calculus which is indifferent to both. It also maintains that human consciousness is an event, set in time, like another. Thus, an explanation whose task is to 'explain' the time of consciousness, treats that consciousness as if it were as passive as a geological stratum. If modern man has often become a victim of his own positivism, the process starts here with the denial or abolition of the time created by the event of consciousness.

The sentence I want to emphasize is '...has increasingly marginalized other explanations...'. I believe that we suffer from that marginalizing of alternative experiences of time in a way that cannot be exaggerated. The worlds of analytical psychology and psychoanalysis have not taken this fact on board. We have Jung's concept of synchronicity. We have, in Winnicott's essay on *The Use of the Object* to which I referred earlier, the wonderful sentence: '...in the rules of the game we all know that we will never challenge the baby to elicit an answer to the question: did you create that or did you find it?' But I don't believe that what is being said in that sentence or in Jung's work on synchronicity can be properly developed unless we break with those cultural influences that marginalize questions of time. We have to make reflection on the quality of time one of the central concerns of our work.

Conclusion

I have tried to speak from a destabilized position in myself about the so-very-much-more of both adult and infantile worlds, in a way that I hope can generate depth of dialogue round questions about how infancy and adulthood meet and mix and make sense of each other.

I would like us to get away from this contrast between archetypal and developmental thinking which is being talked about so much in Jungian circles in this country. When I think of the kind of experience I have touched on this evening, the picture I have in mind is of a three-dimensional matrix, a matrix characterized by both continuity and discontinuity. It is a three-dimensional field or continuum, punctuated with holes and fissured with faults. In trying to do justice both to the continuity of the field and to the holes and faults, I believe that the problem of time has to be at the centre of attention and argument, however destabilizing this may prove to be for our professional standing.

It is here that I find the archetypal/developmental contrast unhelpful. It seems to raise the question of time, and then to leave it on one side. If we need some such contrast in order to develop depth of dialogue (as I suspect we do), I would prefer to talk instead of *the actual* and *the potential*. This contrast seems to allow better for how profoundly destablizing the so-very-much-more must always be to any simple and singular understanding of time. The actual in our lives will always be so very much more real than what remains potential. Yet there will always be so very much more of, and to, the potential than ever gets actualized. How does what we make of life compare with the raw material made available to us? I am wondering whether that is perhaps the question which we are trying to get at in the contrast between archetypal and developmental emphases.

Notes

1. The full text of Peters' paper is published in *Harvest*, 1985, pages 97-110: 'Attacks on Analysis, Attacks in Analysis'.

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ALCHEMY: JUNG AND THE HISTORIANS OF SCIENCE*

READERS OF *HARVEST* will know that over the years I have been interested in placing Jung's work on alchemy in relation to the history of science and of scientific ideas. In this extended Review-Article I want to take this 'placement' further by looking at the coverage of Jung's alchemical work in one of the leading Journals, *Ambix*. (*Ambix* is the Journal of the Society for the Study of Alchemy and Early Chemistry, and was first published in May, 1937).

My aim is primarily to provide a first reference guide to the historical literature for those who have become interested in alchemy through Jung's work. As such, this article is necessarily only an incomplete beginning, since it is limited in the main to one Journal. But I hope it will encourage others, younger and more energetic than myself, to take the cross-disciplinary work further.

I also have a secondary aim: to contribute to a wider and more comprehensive public sounding-board for the crazy, difficult and (I believe) immensely powerful matters contained within Jung's books on alchemy. I have therefore included certain reflections within the reference guide, in the hope of encouraging others to contribute to a wider orchestration.

The article is divided into five sections. The first looks at two *Ambix* papers, one by Jung and the other by Dr von Franz. The second lists *Ambix*

*Originally published in *Harvest*, 1987.

reviews of Jung's alchemical volumes. The third covers reviews of other, related, books. The fourth considers the papers of H.J. Sheppard, a consistent exponent of Jung's ideas. The fifth looks at other *Ambix* papers which include references to Jung.

A concluding section attempts to put the *Ambix* coverage in a wider context, and suggests how the dialogue on alchemy between Jung and the historians of science can be taken further.

The one contribution by Jung himself is in Vol. II, Nos 3 and 4, published in December 1946. It is titled 'The Bologna Enigma'. The General Bibliography of Jung's works (*CW* 19) lists this paper on page 78 as incorporated in a different translation in *Mysterium Coniunctionis*. This refers to section 3 of the second chapter of that work. Comparing the *Ambix* article with the considerably longer section in the *CW*, it is interesting to note that in *Ambix* Jung introduced the argument with a paragraph that explains the idea of projection with reference to the Nazi period in Germany, and to the post war problem, as seen by Jung, of the victors' danger of projecting their shadow onto the defeated Germans. Alchemy for Jung was not simply an historical problem.

Dr von Franz's paper was published in February, 1965 (Vol XIII, No. 1). Its title is 'The Idea of the Macro- and Microcosmos in the Light of Jungian Psychology'. Her argument follows lines which will be familiar to readers of *Harvest*, but it is interesting to hear them as presented to a different audience. When Dr von Franz's various books and lectures on alchemy are collected together in one volume it is to be hoped that this paper will be included.

The early reviews of Jung's alchemical works are by Gerard Heym. Heym was a founder member of the Society for the Study of Alchemy and Early Chemistry. Born in Leipzig in 1888, the son of a physician, he emigrated while still a child with his family to the US, where he was educated. He graduated at Harvard in 1914, and subsequently studied at several European universities before settling in England in the early 1920's.

From his reviews in *Ambix* it is clear that he was in sympathy with the so-called 'traditional' or occult interpretation of alchemy. But, and I now quote from his Obituary (1972, Volume XIX, No. 3):

> It would be an unjust simplification to assume that, like occultist writers, he was ignorant of, or disdained the importance of historical origins and of primordial ideas in the growth of alchemy. His perceptive reviews of the writings of Eliade and of Jung, in particular, show the importance that he attached to the scholarly approach. From his writings it can be inferred that Heym concurred fully with the interpretation of alchemy as a process of spiritual ennoblement; in conversation he suggested that he was inclined to believe in the possibility of transmutation by alchemical means, and in another age he would doubtless have become an Adept.

In Vol. II, Nos. 3 and 4, the same issue as carried 'The Bologna Enigma', Heym reviewed the German edition of Jung's *Paracelsica: Zwei Vorlesungen über den Arzt und Philosophen Theophratus*. Here are some extracts.

> This important book should be read by every serious student of Paracelsus...No modern authority before Dr Jung has been able to interpret the abstruse and obscure vocabulary of our author...Dr Jung perhaps has unduly stressed that aspect of the philosophy of the great physician which appeals least to the modern mind, the intuitive and subjective conclusions that are incapable of experimental proof. Dr Jung insists quite rightly that Paracelsus' theory of the new medicine was based strictly on experiment as opposed to the old text books; but what is new in this book is Dr Jung's attempt to show how Paracelsus' subjective conclusions, based on a subjective metaphysical–we might almost say 'occult'–system, were brought into complete accord with experimental results.

In May 1948, volume III Nos. 1 and 2, Heym reviewed the 1944 German edition of *Psychologie und Alchemie.*

> There are...only three books written since the 17th century which can serve as an introduction to a speculative interpretation of the ideas underlying what is called Alchemy; these books are written by scholars and give the student a sincere, even though highly subjective, view of the methods of work of the alchemists. The first book is Michael Maier's *Symbola Aurea Mensae duodecim nationum*, Frankfurt 1617; the second is Mrs

> Atwood's *Suggestive Inquiry into The Hermetic Mystery*, London 1850; the third is Dr Jung's book.

Heym goes on to say that, in his view:

> ...the alchemists were...acquainted with certain 'technical secrets' which induced in the subject a kind of trance state, during which the subject was fully conscious and was able to direct his will along certain prescribed patterns of meditation, and this produced positive subjective results. In this procedure the effect of sound was important...and certain positions of the body appear to have been used. All this is mentioned in the texts and can be seen in the symbolical pictures.

(Compare with this, the book by Fabricius discussed below, with comparisons with LSD induced states of mind.)

Of Jung's book he says:

> Dr Jung, we believe, is the only modern scholar who has taken the trouble to read numerous alchemical texts. He has, therefore, not neglected the physical experimental side of alchemy; he recognised the fact that the alchemist in the past did actually perform chemical experiments in the modern sense as far as his knowledge would allow him to do so...
>
> 'If we accept the definition that alchemy is a system of thought which attempts to teach a way of cooperating with the First Cause, in order to become aware of the process of generation and thus raise man to a higher state, we can only be grateful to Dr Jung for contributing more than any other modern scholar towards an understanding of what was in the mind of the alchemist...

The long, favourable, review ends:

> ...the soul of man can never change; the symbolic content of alchemy is important, for it describes the progress of the soul. However, modern man is faced with an entirely new situation, and therefore a change in his attitude towards alchemy has taken place, and this is described by Goethe in his *Faust*, the last great alchemical work. Modern man is faced with something that he has not as yet been able to define, and it is for this reason that Dr Jung's book is of the greatest value: better than anyone else he can analyse the individual and describe the strenuous path of individuality; if an effort is not made, he says, the danger of losing one's 'self' today is greater than it ever was before.

Readers of *Harvest* should compare the tone of this review with the other scholarly reaction to *Psychology and Alchemy*, also published in 1948, which appeared in the American journal, *Isis*. This was written by Walter Pagel, and the feeling is more distanced. This more distanced feeling tone is one to which we must accustom ourselves if psychology and history are to come together in a wider orchestration. (It is perhaps worth noting that in 1983, in Volume 5, Part V, page 14, of his magisterial *Science and Civilization in China*, Joseph Needham says of this review that it 'still best represents the views of historians of science on the work of Jung'.)

Pagel writes (*Isis* 1948, pp.44-48):

> Jung took great pains to collect his evidence from first hand sources. There is hardly an alchemical treatise or manuscript which he left unturned during many years of industrious research. Consequently his representation is extremely well documented, impressive by the breadth of its scholarship and inspiring by the depth of its vision...
>
> A vast literature on alchemy has been accumulated and a number of books produced. They all leave a feeling of frustration in the reader, none of them achieving more than a well illustrated catalogue of what appears to be yet another human folly. Jung's is the first (and largely successful) attempt at understanding it. It obviously succeeds: (1) in placing alchemy into an entirely new perspective in the history of science, medicine, theology and general human culture, (2) in explaining alchemical symbolism, hitherto a complete puzzle, by utilising modern psychological analysis for the elucidation of an historical problem and—vice versa—making use of the latter for the advancement of modern psychology; and all this in a scholarly, well documented and scientifically unimpeachable exposition. If not the *whole* story of alchemy, he has tackled its 'mystery', its 'Nachtseite', i.e. the problem most urgent and vexing to the historian. Engaged in this enormous task, he is prone to belittle the role of alchemy as a precursor to science and its actual foundations in serious philosophical, notably neo-Platonic, speculation. Everything seems to be psychology and symbolism. Yet, however much they explain, they fail to explain everything. They may, if over-emphasized, lead to a lopsided and unhistorical interpretation of what remains after all one of the essential chapters in the history of science...

With particular reference to Paracelsus and van Helmont, Pagel goes on to stress the importance of Neo-Platonism and then continues:

> On the other hand, Jung's exposition lays bare the faults and fallacies of the construction of scientific progress, as shown in stepladders of continuously progressive and 'correct' results which are extricated and juxtaposed today, regardless of the philosophical, psychological, and historical background from which they sprang. Jung's work, therefore, deserves special attention by the historian of science, not only as an encyclopaedia, atlas and new interpretation of alchemical symbolism which will be fundamental for all future studies on the subject, but also as a monumental reminder of the part played by non-scientific motives in the History of Science.

To return now to the pages of *Ambix*: nine years later, in 1957, Heym devoted five pages to a detailed review of the three volume German edition of *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, which included as Volume 3 Dr von Franz's book on *Aurora Consurgens*. Written with evident awareness of the attitude of scholars like Walter Pagel, it is worth reading in full (Vol. VI, No. 1, August 1957). Here are some brief extracts.

> By reading innumerable texts, by means of cross-references and the careful study of the old alchemical lexicons, Professor Jung has, certainly more than any modern scholar, 'contacted' the minds of the alchemists and the method of their logic; for the alchemists *were* logical and through the centuries did their best to erect an edifice of what can be called today 'parapsychology'; but it is more than what we mean by this modern word, which is still in its technical infancy...
>
> We have in this work for the first time a detailed exposition of the central problem of alchemy, the mystery of conjunction. Perhaps, it can be argued, the metallurgic results have not been sufficiently emphasised, but that criticism would be beyond the point here.

Later reviews of Jung's books are by H.J. Sheppard. In 1981, Vol XXVIII, No. 3, he reviews the second edition of *Psychology and Alchemy*. This is introduced by two paragraphs on the history of alchemy, and then goes on:

> In the seventeenth century the wealth of symbolism displayed in the texts made it very evident that they were to be interpreted in other than a chemical way; the occultist view prevailed, that, somehow, man was the subject of the art, while the object was his spiritual redemption. This was expressed very clearly by Ethan Allen Hitchcock in 1856 and in greater length in his book *Remarks upon Alchemy and the Alchemists* (Boston, 1875). It was this work that was to inspire the first attempt to explain the alchemical work in psychological terms which accounted for the production of symbolism in myths and dreams. In *Probleme der Mystik und ihrer Symbolik* (Vienna, 1914) Herbert Silberer, one-time pupil of Freud, put forward his psychological interpretation of alchemy which Jung once told the present reviewer was 'a bit twisted through Freudian onesidedness...a collective phenomenon like alchemy or Gnosis cannot be dealt with by a personalistic psychology, since it is in reality less based upon experiences than upon collective ideas, or Lévy-Bruhl's *représentations collectives*'.

Sheppard continues with a clear and simple exposition of Jung's views, emphasising the importance of the concept of 'projection' and of the hypothesis of 'the collective unconscious'. He concludes:

> Despite the assertions of certain modern 'alchemists', it is safe to say that no gold or Philosophers' Stone were ever produced by the generations of alchemists working with an almost total ignorance of the nature of Matter; glib hints of sources of immense energy available only to initiates do not hold up to examination, for we would expect to have historical evidence of vast quantities of gold, such is the cupidity of man. That being so, alchemy appears as a symbolic quest—though whether that quest is explicable with certainty in the way Jung suggests depends upon the acceptance of the depth psychology of the great scholar. To the reviewer it seems the most satisfactory explanation to date.

Sheppard's reviews of the 1983 paperback edition of *Alchemical Studies* and of the 1984 reprint of *The Secret of the Golden Flower* (Vols. XXXI, No. 2 and XXXII, No. 2) are important. He sees Jung as being more at home in the European Gnostic than in the Chinese tradition. Particularly interesting is his criticism of Jung and Wilhelm's interpretations in *The Secret of the Golden Flower*. He writes:

> Ingenious as was Wilhelm's and Jung's interpretation of the contents of both works as meditative and exercising a psychic influence which 'strengthens, rejuvenates and normalises the life-processes', (p.4 of the 1931 edition), it has been left to Dr Needham to show that they have largely misinterpreted the nature of both works, through their ignorance of the existence of Chinese physiological

> alchemy (*nei tan*). The processes described, such as 'flow' and 'counter flow' refer, not to a movement of psychic energy but to the movement of actual body secretions, such as saliva and semen. Indeed, circulation diagrams in the *Hui Ming Ching* show this clearly: the reversal of the flow of body secretions was thought to be essential in reversing the ageing process, which was the aim of *nei tan*. As Dr Needham points out in his discussion of the texts it was 'a strange situation that it was a Buddhicised (and, indeed, bowdlerized!) text of late physiological alchemy which stimulated the construction of the whole edifice of research on the psychological or allegorical-mystical interpretation of alchemy in Europe'. Surely, it is seldom that a plausible explanation of one subject is produced through the misinterpretation of another!

(The reference to Needham is to pp.23 and 255 in Vol. 5, Part 5, of his monumental *Science and Civilization in China*. This is required reading for the critical study of Jung's alchemical work. Needham is describing a whole tradition of *physiological* alchemy that has to be distinguished from, and related to, both the metallurgical and the philosophical/mystical. This tradition can be of help in suggesting clinical connections between say masturbation or the activity of our taste buds, and the kind of symbols presented to us in the illustrations to Jung's alchemical volumes. There is a great deal of work to be done here, work that will require us to give up any exclusive 'Jungian' or 'Freudian' or indeed 'psychological' claim on the symbolism of our bodies.)

I have selected three reviews of books related to Jung's approach to alchemy, two of which are probably already familiar to readers of Harvest.

1. Gerard Heym's review of Eliade's *Forgerons et Alchimistes* (published in English as *The Forge and the Crucible* in 1956).

This is in Vol. VI, No. 2, 1957. I quote only enough to make the connection with Jung, and with the wider problem of bringing an esoteric tradition into the realm of public scholarship.

> In this remarkable book Professor Eliade strips the alchemical myth of its literary embellishments and takes us to the origins, to the world of archaic man. We find that the miner, the smith, the worker in metals in their relation to their respective crafts were dominated by a complex system of rituals always leading to an 'initiation', whose purpose is what might be termed the 'redemption of matter'...The relation between the initiate-craftsman and the 'sacralité de la matière' is never broken; as Professor Jung rightly stresses, there is a close relation between the alchemist and the process of obtaining the Stone, there are two parallel and interchangeable processes leading to perfection, dominated by the 'initiate', the alchemist: one is the redemption or sublimation of the alchemist himself; the other, the redemption of matter through him, which reflects externally his own subjective transformation...
>
> The tendency of the modern reader of alchemical texts to look upon them as a purely scholarly problem, or as the sources of hidden knowledge that can improve one's way of life, is beside the point. In alchemy we have the archaic world still with us, and this world can teach us much. Professor Eliade in a masterly fashion discusses the archaic point of view as contrasted with modern man and his seemingly insoluble problems. The alchemist is the substitution for the time factor; that is, he, by his art, can accelerate greatly the gestation of metals and minerals in the earth womb; he can transform and perfect them. Modern man has become the time-substitute in the wrong sense: what to do with time is the fateful problem today. Work has become secularized, whereas in archaic times it was 'sacralisé'.

Heym also picks out a theme which I have found important in my work on Jung and Marx: the connection between metallurgy and the alchemical projection onto matter of the initiation function of suffering.

> An interesting detail here is a discussion of the 'torture' of metals, as clearly mentioned in the 'Turba'. 'Torture' always leads to 'death', to *mortificatio, putrefactio, nigredo*—there is no possibility of 'resurrection' to a transcendent state without first the experience of 'death'. In the chapter 'Arcana Artis' Professor Eliade further shows how the *opus alchymicum* is perhaps not a continuation, in the strict sense of the word, of the metallurgic path of initiation of archaic man—continuation need not mean identity—but it follows the same pattern exactly, it uses the same 'technique mystique', it describes the same 'terrible experiences' of the novice...

With Needham's discussion of Jung's views in mind, it is interesting also to note Heym's comments on Chinese alchemy.

> Professor Eliade shows how during the neo-Taoist epoch the alchemist endeavoured to rediscover the 'ancient wisdom'...The Chinese Taoists, more than their alchemical counterparts in other countries, helped to prolong a tradition that was beyond time, and this is why Chinese alchemy is so important from the point of view of uncovering the archaic origins of alchemy itself. The three elements that belong to the cultural heritage of protohistory—the traditional cosmological principles; the myths that are related to the idea of the elixir of immortality and the Immortals of the Taoist legend; and the technique of acquiring long life, beatitude and spiritual spontaneity—are strongly emphasised in Chinese alchemy.

2. In Vol. VIII, No. 3, 1960, Heym reviews Titus Burckhardt's *Alchimie: Sinn und Weltbild* (published in English in 1967 by Stuart and Watkins as *Alchemy: Science of the Cosmos, Science of the Soul.*)

This is an important review for Jungians, because of Burckhardt's implicit criticism, from an esoteric point of view, of the depth psychological approach to alchemy. If, as I have argued in my *Riddley Walker and Greenham Common* paper (*Harvest* 1983), alchemy is to help in establishing middle ground between clinical depression, paranoid delusional systems, and the world of nuclear science, there are suggestions here as to how it is to be done. I quote at length, to give an idea of the alternative visions of alchemy available to us.

> At last we have a book that places the alchemical problem into a proper focus. The learned author, an eminent scholar and intimately acquainted with the philosophic and mystical writers of the Islamic consensus, looks at alchemy from within, as it were, and not from without. Since Descartes and Leibnitz the alchemical tradition has been subject to the scrutiny of the rationalistic mind and the result has been disastrous. On the one hand, we have many books on the subject written from the 'esoteric' point of view by authors whose ignorance may be pardoned because they mean well; and, on the other hand, we have the 'scientific' approach. The excellent and informative books of Dr Jung and his associates are written, quite naturally, from the point of view of modern psychological interpretation; Dr Burkhardt, however, stands in the middle of the stream of alchemical tradition, his views are not obscured or deflected by the 'modern scientific approach' because he has had the advantage of living for some years among thinking men in whom the ancient tradition of alchemy could not be influenced by our modern superficial way of thinking: I refer here to the Sufi orders, one of which admitted our author to its membership. It is time that we revised our judgement of the great philosophers of Islam; they are not 'stuck fast' in the mediaeval tradition, which deals always with fundamentals; they have merely never renounced the fact that certain fundamentals of the human mind and of the spirit are here for ever and must be recognized as being present in the progress of human life, and especially if this life is regarded as the Great Experiment. This is exactly what alchemy professes to be, an experimental ontology with certain rules and a certain technique. It is the philosophic aspect of the rules that Dr Burckhardt discusses in his book.
>
> To begin with, it stands to reason that a tradition, such as this alchemical tradition, that has lasted for several thousand years and can be found under almost identical aspects in every civilized country, ancient and modern, such a tradition simply cannot be based on self-deception. The researches of Dr Jung and his school, for which the serious student must be eternally grateful, seem to miss the point when they place alchemical symbolism into the 'subconscious'. These symbols should be regarded as ingredients of the 'superconscious', which allows the spirit unlimited possibilities, and where there is no danger of confusing morbid phenomena with the milestones of Light along the path to fulfilment. It must be said, however, that in the *Mysterium Coniunctionis* Dr Jung has considerably modified his former point of view; especially in his masterly interpretation of Dorneus, a forgotten metaphysician of the 16th century

The review continues for a further three pages. But I have quoted enough to make the essential point, that there is a dimension to alchemy that we will not understand unless we are willing to respond to the call of Being. 'An experimental ontology with certain rules and a certain technique': that is what we have to come to terms with if Jung's psychology of alchemy is to play its proper part in establishing a middle ground between madness and our nuclear sciences.

3. In Vol. XXIV, No. 3, 1977, H.J. Sheppard reviewed *Alchemy, the Medieval Alchemists and their Royal Art*, by Johannes Fabricius (published in Copenhagen, 1976).

'Next to the works of Jung himself, this appears to be the most explicit that has been written on alchemy from the viewpoint of depth psychology. It

is of major importance for historians of alchemy'. Sheppard expresses reservations about 'the lack of detailed historical background which would clarify the outward meaning of the symbols', and he quotes a private communication from Jung about Silberer's *Probleme der Mystik und ihre Symbolik* that Silberer's interpretation 'had some very good ideas, but he suffers from the fact that he uses only very late literature, tainted by the decadent *Schwärmgeister* (Enthusiastikes) of the eighteenth century. Unfortunately, he has not studied the classics!'.

But Sheppard's review is in one way misleading. He describes Fabricius' book as a Jungian exposition. It is much more than that. It draws on Freud, Klein, and Rank for vivid and persuasive interpretation of alchemical regression, and also on LSD experiences of intra-uterine memories to give a biological and bodily basis to alchemical symbolism. For readers of *Harvest*, this is a very valuable book. It establishes alchemical symbolism as a field in which different psychoanalytic schools could find common ground.

H.J. Sheppard's papers in *Ambix* have been consistent in their friendly, critical, exposition of Jung's ideas. More than any other single contributor, he has been concerned to place them in their proper historical context. In summarising them here, I want to draw out their implications for our reading of Jung and for our professional practice.

Vol. VI, No. 2, 1957–*Gnosticism and Alchemy*
This looks at the history of argument between exoteric and esoteric interpretations of alchemy. How old is the mixing of the two? Have both kinds of interpretation always been made? For instance, how was the technological process of tinting metals to simulate gold and silver, developed in Egypt between 500 and 200 BC, related to the gnostic and stoic ideas which followed?

Sheppard pushes the question back further: which do we think of as 'first' in human experience: the metallurgical or the mystical? Which affected which? He refers to the visions of Zosimos, with acknowledgements to Jung's essay on *Transformation Symbolism in the Mass*, and draws the conclusion from them that 'the stage had been reached when exoteric alchemy was surely

regarded as the practical manifestation of an esoteric process. The result was the transmission of a dual art, accompanied no doubt by a vestigial practical craft, which was to provide the pattern for that which arose in Europe in the late Middle Ages'.

On the reception of alchemy in the Latin West in the 11th and 12th centuries, he is suggestive but leaves big questions unasked. He has argued that Christianity was assimilated through Gnosticism in the eastern Mediterranean in the first four centuries AD, and that this process provided a favourable context for the spread of alchemy. But he says nothing about how Christianity may have been assimilated into the Germanic and Celtic cultures between 700 and 1100 AD, just before the reception and spread of alchemy in Western Europe in the 12th century. But if we are to understand the influence of alchemy in 'seeding' the scientific revolution of the 16th and 17th centuries it may be precisely here that we need to research further (see my *Riddley Walker/Greenham Common* paper in *Harvest*, 1983). There is here an as yet unwritten chapter in the history of ideas.

Vol. VI, No. 3, 1958–*Egg Symbolism in Alchemy*
This again raises the question: which came first, the concrete 'sign' or the 'symbol'? Sheppard writes that 'in alchemy the Egg symbol occurs in such different forms and contexts that in the early texts, at any rate, it was probably a conscious representation of an egg, i.e. in the terminology of Jung, was a sign–a representation of the real thing. In later works only would it appear that a true symbol arose by the psychological projection described'.

How should we understand the historical problem here posed? I am reminded of Winnicott's pregnant sentence in his essay on *The Use of an Object and Relating through Identifications*: '...in the rules of the game we all know that we will never challenge the baby to elicit an answer to the question: did you create that or did you find it'? It is as if a similar problem of priority applies in the history of culture. Between hand and brain, between technology and imagination, there is a problem of priority: does invention (creating) or discovery (finding) come first? If we are to apply Jung's concept of projection to the history of alchemy there is much work to be done in exploring how this difference between invention and discovery is related to that other difference

on which Jung (and Sheppard) lay such emphasis, the difference between sign and symbol.

Vol. VII, No. 1, 1959–*The Redemption Theme and Hellenistic Alchemy*
This is a short paper with the aim 'to establish the earliest link between alchemical texts and those that are truly gnostic or Hermetic in character'. Sheppard emphasises the breakdown during the Hellenistic period of the local, social sense of religious participation, and its replacement by a search for experience that was both personal and universal, in those centuries which saw the increasing rejection of the obvious meaning (the sign) in favour of a far-fetched esoteric explanation (the symbol).

I believe this historical argument has important implications for our contemporary application of Jung's psychology of alchemy. As I have argued in my paper *Alchemy, Marx and the Clinical Imagination* (*Harvest* 1978), we need to think of two bodies, the personal and the social, and of the interaction of the two, when using alchemical symbolism in clinical interpretations. The dualism in alchemy, represented by the technological and the mystical traditions, can only be integrated when individuals have a strong sense of social *incorporation*, when the personal and social bodies are experienced as congruent. The question Jungians have to ask themselves is: how can a psychological understanding of alchemy contribute to a more wholesome sense of social incorporation? It is as much a sociological as a clinical question.

Vol. VIII, No. 1, 1960–*A Survey of Alchemical and Hermetic Symbolism*
This paper attempts to show how problems peculiar to alchemical symbolism could be related to wider argument as to how 'symbol' is to be compared with 'sign', 'allegory', 'metaphor'. Jung's work is listed as 'indispensable'.

It is useful, but I suspect that for Jungians the frame of reference is too cosy. It does not stretch us as it should. There is, for instance, no mention of modern work on the difference between metaphor and metonymy. I will refer in my concluding remarks to this as one way ahead in developing our historical understanding of alchemy as both technological/metallurgical and mystical.

Vol. X, No. 2, 1962–*The Ouroboros and the Unity of Matter in Alchemy: a Study in Origins*
The intention here is to place the earliest use of the image of the ouroboros. Five inscriptions are reproduced and examined. Sheppard's comments are of more general interest. For instance: 'To understand the nature of alchemy we cannot, as was formerly attempted, separate the exoteric and esoteric aspects, a course which indicates a complete misconception of the subject. What has to be grasped is the fact that certain fundamental concepts–the idea of a *prima materia*, the Unity of Matter, Cosmic correspondences, the development of opposites, etc.–of early appearance in Greek philosophy, persisted, to reappear vigorously in the eclecticism which marked the period during which alchemy arose'. (This theme is well developed in Chapter 6, 'The Redemption of Matter', of *The Architecture of Matter*, by Stephen Toulmin and June Goodfield.)

Sheppard concludes by referring the reader to Jung's work:

> ...the witnessing of experiences undergone by proximate materials as they were transformed, first to *prima materia*, then through succeeding stages to the state of perfection, in some way induced in the operator a mental condition appropriate to that possessed by one who had shared in the experiences of a religious initiation. The attainment of this condition was akin to the receiving of inner illumination, and in this respect alchemy resembled Gnosticism; why the adept should feel the urge to seek his redemption in this way is, perhaps, better sought in terms of the depth psychology of the late C.G. Jung.

Vol. XVII, No. 2, 1970–*Alchemy: Origin or Origins?*
This is an important paper for students of Jung. It raises the question: how do we understand 'the collective unconscious' as manifesting itself in history? In trying to decide between one or many origins for alchemy, Sheppard looks at the differences between Indian, Chinese, Greco-Roman (Hellenistic), and Islamic alchemy. He concludes that the evidence points to an independent origin for Hellenistic alchemy, which 'was fundamentally different in aim and development from that of India and China'. He sees Jung's theories as supporting the hypothesis 'for a multifocal origin of alchemy'.

But this historical argument poses a question for Jungians. How do we understand the collective unconscious in relation to history? Do we, following Sheppard's argument, understand it to be singular or plural? If singular, how can it help explain a multifocal origin? If plural, what then do we mean by 'collective'?

I suggest that Jung's hypothesis of the collective unconscious has to be included *within* the historical problem Sheppard is examining. It cannot be invoked as an independent, outside witness to help in deciding between singular and plural origins for alchemy. I will return to this point in my concluding remarks.

I turn now to other *Ambix* papers which include references to Jung. These vary in tone from the friendly through the neutral to the critical. To place them in context, it is also important to realise that other contributors make no reference to Jung, although writing on the same kind of themes. I refer to these absences of reference again in my concluding remarks.

Vol. XVI, No. 3, 1969–Walter Pagel and Marianne Winder: *The Eightness of Adam and Related 'Gnostic' Ideas in the Paracelsian Corpus*

There are two references to Jung's work: to *CW* 14 paras 552-3, and to *CW* 12 paras 209-210. The first is about why Adam should have been selected as a symbol for the *prima materia*. The second is about the problem of three and four, seven and eight.

For Jungians, this paper is a good example of the emphasis on historical accuracy of detail as compared to Jung's emphasis on the timelessness of archetypal motifs. Does it matter whether Paracelsus himself 'invented' the Eighth, as Jung says, or whether he derived it from other historical sources? The question is not just scholarly nit-picking. It concerns our understanding of how synchronicity and historical process are related. At the very least it requires that we take up a position towards it.

For a wider public interested in relating Jung's work in alchemy to other psychoanalytic traditions, Pagel's reminders of the 'excremental' Gnostic interpretation of the world are helpful.

Vol. XXII, No. 1, 1975–Luther H. Martin: *A History of the Psychological Interpretation of Alchemy*

This looks at 'the comprehensive and provocative work of C.G. Jung' in relation to his two predecessors: Major-General Ethan Allen Hitchcock, and Herbert Silberer. (There is no discussion of Mary Anne Atwood or of A.E. Waite.) He picks out the principle of synchronicity as 'the most difficult of the implications to arise from Jung's study of alchemy', and compares it with Hitchcock's description of the circularity of the alchemical work; '...that the end is in some sense the beginning also, which perhaps, as the single point, *is the greatest secret of the whole matter*...We are in the midst of the universe and know nothing either of its beginning or ending, except as both are contained in the present...'.

I find this comparison suggestive. In commenting on one of Sheppard's papers I asked the question: how do we Jungians understand 'the collective unconscious' as manifesting itself in history? This is surely related to our experience of synchronicity and it is good to hear a historian recognizing both its importance and its difficulty. We for our part have a lot of patient work to do in clarifying how history and synchronicity relate. The quote from Hitchcock, with its reminder of our human irresolution between linear and circular experience of time, may help sustain us in that work.

Vol. XXIII, No. 2, 1976–Jost Weyer: *The Image of Alchemy in 19th and 20th Century Histories of Chemistry*

This studies the standard German language histories of chemistry to show the development of a more serious interest in the philosophical and religious tradition in alchemy alongside the technical. It demonstrates the importance of the historical'middle ground' between psychological and metaphysical interpretation. Of particular interest are the references to Hans Eduard Fierz-David's *Die Entwicklungsgeschichte der Chemie* (1945), which was dedicated to Jung, as emphasising that important chemical knowledge was gained as a result of those projections by which chemical reactions became living illustrations of the unconscious human soul.

Vol. XXIX, No. 3, 1982–Raphael Patai: *Maria the Jewess: Founding Mother of Alchemy*

This is a very interesting example of the difficulty between Jung and historians of alchemy. In a detailed and absorbing paper, there are two references to Jung. Both are critical. Both seem to rest on a misunderstanding of his position.

The first is the more weighty. Patai is discussing the utterance of Maria that 'one becomes two, two becomes three, and by means of the third the fourth achieves unity; thus two are but one'. He refers to the importance Jung attributes to this formula, and he describes Jung's interpretation as 'Christological'. He goes on to say that 'while this interpretation may or may not hold good as far as Christian alchemy is concerned, I am afraid that it cannot be applied to Muslim alchemical schools which were ignorant of, or unconcerned about, Christian dogma. Nor can one assume that Maria, who, as we shall see anon, was a devoted and fervent Jewess, had Christian dogma in mind when coining her famous axiom'.

Whether Christian theologians would agree that Jung's interpretation here is Christological I doubt. But the more general misunderstanding here is on 'to have in mind'. Psychologist and historian have very different approaches to states of mind. The question as to how religious dogma and psychology are related, which is central to Jung, appears not to arise for the historian.

The second may seem trivial, but it does highlight the deliberate imprecision of Jung's associative and amplificatory method, and the difficulty which this presents for exact scholarship. Discussing the various Marias mentioned in gnostic literature, Patai has the sentence: 'If this Maria mentioned by Epiphanius is identical with Maria the Jewess (as Jung unquestioningly assumes)'...The reference is to *CW* 12, para 209, where the relevant sentences are: 'In alchemical literature this prophetess is taken to be Maria Prophetissa, also called the Jewess, sister of Moses, or the Copt, and it is not unlikely that she is connected with the Maria of Gnostic tradition. Epiphanius testifies to the existence of writings by this Maria'...Jung leaves the question more open than Patai suggests. A small point, but typical of the sort of difference that can cause irritation and distrust between Jung and those to whom the associative and amplificatory method can only be a source of confusion.

Vol. XXXI, No. 3, 1984–Rainer E. Zimmermann: *The Structure of Mythos: on the Cultural Stability of Alchemy*

This is a very interesting paper. It is based on a lecture delivered at a seminar on *Science and Technology in the Middle Ages*, in 1983, at the West Berlin University of Technology.

Drawing extensively on Jung, the author looks at alchemy from various points of view. First, the differences and similarities between Chinese and European alchemy. His summary is important in the light of Needham's attitude to Jung, as referred to under Sheppard's review of *The Secret of the Golden Flower.*

> European alchemy is a secret art which has to be developed separately from the main stream of philosophical thought of its time. In view of the European instrumentalization in thought–originating, as we have said above, from the Christian idea of man ruling over nature (so far as he remains in his domain)–alchemy is something outside the general attitude; it is a completion and a complement at the same time. This complementary aspect (or dialectical structure) of alchemy in the context of European philosophical thought is very basic and results in its seclusion. In contrast, alchemy is an integral part of Asian thought: because it does not transgress the *Gestalt* character of Asian philosophy, it is not complementary to the latter, but a 'logical' result of it.

Secondly, with reference to Eliade's book, he emphasises the connection of alchemy with suffering. 'They projected onto Matter the initiatory function of suffering'. Suffering is the link between the technology and psychology of alchemy.

Thirdly, he develops the comparison between alchemistic transmutation out of chaos into *prima materia* with the development of childhood. This leads into suggestions as to how the opus can be visualised as an action which stabilises the exterior environment–a kind of cultural object relations approach.

The overall effect of the paper is to confirm how much work there is to be done in establishing the historical and social context within which Jung's

alchemical studies can be taken further. For instance, what kind of sociology must emerge if the history of science is to open into the psychology of suffering?

The same issue of *Ambix* also includes the paper *Alchemy and Eschatology in Seventeenth Century Poetry*, by Stanton J. Linden. This richly detailed study includes an appreciative reference to Jung's work on the lapis-Christ parallel. (If the author had been aware of Eliade's book he might have taken the argument round eschatology considerably further).

Vol. XXXII No. 3, 1985—Noel L. Brann: *Alchemy and Melancholy in Medieval and Renaissance Thought: a query into the mystical basis of their relationship*
The reference to Jung is appreciative, but slight (to *CW* 16, para 479, 'it is not immediately apparent why this dark state deserves special praise'...). But in the context of the rest of the paper it is rewarding. Our clinical approach to depression can only benefit from the much wider understanding of melancholia which is available to us if we would turn to sources such as those on which Brann draws. 'Kept within its prescribed bounds melancholy...was viewed by the Christian alchemist as more than simply a beneficial expedient of their art. It was conceived as a *sine qua non* of alchemical sublimation without which it was condemned to sterility and fruitlessness'. The thought may be familiar to us, but the many examples are full of suggestion as to how it could be applied in particular cases, especially perhaps when that case happens to be ourselves.

Conclusions

What can this study of *Ambix* contribute to the dialogue between Jung and the historians of science?

First, to repeat a note of caution. This summary may well give too favourable an impression of how the historians regard Jung. There are papers in *Ambix* where one might expect reference to his work, and there is none (for instance: Walter Pagel's *The Wild Spirit (Gas) of John Baptist van Helmont and Paracelsus*: Vol. X, No. 1, 1962; or, more strikingly, Allen Debus' *The Significance of Chemical History* Vol. XXXII, No. 1, 1985). This absence can be put into a wider perspective with reference to some of the other literature

on the subject. Pagel's book on *Paracelsus* (Basel, 1982) has many references to Jung, all appreciative, all in footnotes. The index to his book on van Helmont (Cambridge, 1982) has many references to alchemy, none to Jung. Debus' two volume *Paracelsian Science and Medicine in the 16th and 17th Centuries* (New York, 1977), has no mention. Nor has his *Man and Nature in the Renaissance* (Cambridge, 1978). More surprisingly, Carolyn Merchant's *The Death of Nature*, subtitled *Women, Ecology and the Scientific Revolution* (Wildwood House, 1982) carries just one reference (to *CW* 13, the final parts of 'The Spirit Mercurius'). For an earlier period in history, Edward Grant's *Physical Science in the Middle Ages* (1971, in the Cambridge History of Science Series) in the bibliographical essay under Chemistry and Alchemy, refers only to Dr von Franz's *Aurora Consurgens* 'a companion work to C.G. Jung's *Mysterium Conjunctionis*'.

These examples are sufficient to show how comparatively favourable the *Ambix* coverage of Jung's work has been. The strong reservations felt by many historians are expressed by Robert Westman in his essay 'Nature, art and psyche: Jung, Pauli and the Kepler-Fludd polemic' (included in the symposium *Occult and Scientific Mentalities in the Renaissance*, edited Vickers, Cambridge, 1984, from the ETH in Zürich). He writes (pp.209-210):

> At first glance, many of Jung's writings would appear to be of enormous interest and relevance to historians of science and ideas. With monumental erudition his books integrate perspectives from mythology, folklore, history of religion, alchemy, and ethnology. But Jung's work has failed to capture the sympathy of either internalist or externalist historians because his aim is an 'introverted' one (somewhat like Fludd's ubiquitous discoveries of interpenetrating pyramids), namely, to study religious, alchemical, and early scientific texts for evidence of archetypal patterning. In much of Jung's writing culture is a *repository of the universal*, and its purpose is thus to deepen the hermeneutics of the self. No wonder that his discourse is an amalgam of early philosophical and religious languages: A Gnostic discourse of equal and opposite principles, Light and Dark; a neo-Pythagorean discourse of circles, squares, triangles, and special numbers; a Christian-Platonic terminology of God images and archetypes; an Eastern mystical terminology of mandalas and mana; an alchemical language of spiritual weddings and mysterious unions of opposites. This rhetoric of the psyche allows Jung to 'amplify' meanings by passing back and forth in search of parallels

> between the inner images of dreams and the outer images of alchemy and theology, in quest of 'bridges' and 'doors' to the unconscious psyche.

The tone of a passage like this is very different to most of the articles in *Ambix* that we have looked at, also to the more temperate judgement of Joseph Needham in *Science and Civilization in China*.

So: how can the dialogue between Jung and the historians of science be developed further?

First, as to strategy. We have to make room for three areas of research and argument. One is about what I think we should call soul stuff. The second is about technology and metallurgy. The third is about ontology.

Soul stuff is better than psychology to express the intellectual difficulty posed by Jung-the-physician's work. It emphasises the inert, clammy, quality of *prima materia* when applied to psychic states such as depression, paranoia, compulsion. It reminds us of the links between Jung's psychology of alchemy and Freudian emphasis on such terms as anality or id. It serves to remind us that the metallurgical tradition also involves the artisan's experience of the intractable fusion of his own toil with the resistance of matter to human labour, experience which has given the teaching of Karl Marx such worldwide appeal.

This is an area in which the historians are not particularly adept. But the second, the metallurgical and technological, is an area in which we Jungians also badly lack proficiency. We need help in recognising connections between work done in a psychic laboratory and the history of what Stephen Toulmin called (1962) *The Architecture of Matter*.

The third area, ontology, will I believe prove the most difficult to admit into research and argument. The anti-metaphysical positivism of so many of Jung's followers is active in denying the implicit ontology in which his work rests, while few historians are interested in the kind of doubts about time necessary for the recognition of Being. But if soul stuff and chemical technology are to be admitted into research as kindred subjects it will only be by way of an historical interest in the science of Being.

How could we further a strategy of bringing together these three (at present so widely separated) areas of research and argument? I suggest that two changes of position are necessary. Jungians will have to relate their

understanding of projection and synchronicity to the history of the *social body*. Historians will have to risk contact with those polymorphous experiences of the *personal body* to which psychoanalysis has given us access.

Let us begin by taking two steps: substitute the word negotiation for dialogue, and admit the word feeling into our exchanges. Between the psychology and the history of alchemy there are profound and far reaching differences of feeling awaiting negotiation. Think for instance of the idea of 'the initiatory function of suffering' picked on by two of the contributions we have looked at, Heym's review of Eliade's book, and Zimmermann's 1984 paper. If an idea like this is to become usable currency on both sides of the argument between psychology and history, feelings of a painful, and I mean painful, kind will have to be negotiated. They will touch us in what R.G. Collingwood called (many years ago in his *Essay on Metaphysics*) our 'absolute presuppositions'. And as Collingwood warned us, that can be unbearably ticklish.

Move then to consider what I have called 'The Two Bodies' (see my comments on Sheppard's 1959 paper on *The Redemption Theme and Hellenistic Alchemy*, and my 1978 *Harvest* paper on *Alchemy, Marx and the Clinical Imagination* which acknowledges my debt to Mary Douglas and her book *Natural Symbols*). Jungian interest in alchemical *individuation* must learn to explore what this may imply for our experience of *social incorporation*. We should be on the look out for common ground between this kind of exploration and historians who are studying the sociological context of alchemy. In *Harvest* 1985 I reviewed a book by Francis Barker called *The Tremulous Private Body: essays on subjection*, which looks at changing perceptions of the subjectivity and objectivity of the body in the 17th century, a crucial age in the transition from alchemy to chemistry. If Jungians could allow sociological analysis of this kind into their understanding of projection, and historians like Keith Thomas (whose magnificent *Religion and the Decline of Magic* contains much on alchemy but no mention of Jung) allow such immediacy of corporeal reference to affect their examination of sources, we would be on our way to establishing some sort of common ground.

What is essential is that we all become more curious about corporeality, about incorporation, about what it is like to be body.

From both sides much will depend on what we can do with our ideas about time. We Jungians will have to ask ourselves how history and synchronicity are related (see my 1980 *Harvest* review of Dr von Franz's *Alchemy: an introduction to the symbolism and the psychology*). One important strand linking alchemy with modern technology is woven out of the human ability to speed up the time of mineral change. What does this imply for our responsibility for history, and in particular for the history of the scientific revolution of the last four hundred years, for what A.N. Whitehead called the 'invention of the method of invention'?

I suggest it would help in our negotiation if Jungians were to consider the idea of time as 'in our keeping', and to ask themselves how this fits with Jung's talk on the one hand of timelessness and on the other of synchronicity.

There are historians for whom time is simply a given, a neutral continuum within which events are situated awaiting study. I doubt if they will ever be sympathetic to Jung's concept of synchronicity. But there are also historians open to what we can call the Biblical experience of time, open to a sense of the terror of time, of time as consummation, of time as initiating us into suffering. For them, Jung's talk of the timelessness of alchemical imagination is not helpful (compare my comments on Sheppard's 1970 paper on *Origin or Origins*). But is 'timelessness' the right way to talk about the ground of synchronicity? Isn't it closer to what we are trying to express when dream or complex suddenly and overwhelmingly flood us with archetypal imagery and feeling to speak of time as being 'in our keeping'? I believe that if we were talking about time in that way there are some historians who would pay attention.

But if questions about time from within psychology and from within history are to come together so that we can both research more effectively into our responsibility for the *opus contra naturam* we must admit questions of ontology into our discourse. The personal body and the social body share a common experience of time as in our keeping when birth and death and sexuality resonate with questions about the social constructions of cosmology. To hear this resonance we need a sense of metaphysical wonder, a sense that can exclaim with Wittgenstein: 'Not *how* the world is, is the mystical, but *that* it is'. Can we allow for such a sense within our negotiating procedures?

Only if we shift our ground on projection and symbol. I want to suggest a connection here with the challenge I have thrown down to the historians, that they should be willing to risk contact with those polymorphous experiences of the personal body to which psychoanalysis has given us access.

In summarising Sheppard's papers on *Egg Symbolism* (1958) and *Alchemical and Hermetic Symbolism* (1960) I referred to recent work on the difference between metaphor and metonymy. This is work which studies processes of selection and combination in language and imagination, seeing them as opposed to each other, because generated according to opposite principles. It contrasts 'likenesses' we project *into* things (as resemblance between parts and wholes) with 'likenesses' we project *between* things that are never going to be joined. (A good introduction is given in David Lodge's *The Modes of Modern Writing: Metaphor, Metonymy and the Typology of Modern Literature*, 1977.) I believe such differential analysis of likeness applied to social processes of selection and combination could help us acknowledge, and then work with, a sense of metaphysical wonder in linking our experience of the Two Bodies.

For instance: can we translate psychoanalytic experience of the polymorphous transformations of the personal body into a language accessible to those who have not themselves 'done an analysis'? To do so, we need to bring the fathomless fecundity of our bodies as agents of symbolisation into relation with other systems of selection and combination. Our bodies act as changing systems of parts and wholes in selecting and combining bits and pieces of the world given us so as to create order that is both public and private. If we could organise the study of that selecting and combining within a more comprehensive sense of wonder '*that* the world is', the unsharably secret character of psychoanalytic projection would touch off a new kind of sociological and historical inquiry, inquiry which allows for what Peter Berger has called 'a Rumour of Angels'. (See my 1978 *Harvest* paper on *Alchemy, Marx and the Clinical Imagination* for an attempt in this direction.)

I believe this is where Jung's psychology of alchemy could lead us. Alchemy is one chapter in the history of the Two Bodies. To understand and to make use of its symbolism today we must allow that what relates the Two Bodies is more than personal projection. What we call projection is an

attenuated recognition of Being (see my article *Projection, Presence, Profession*, in Spring 1975). It is where psychoanalysis and ontology could be meeting, if only we would take the risk. It is how we participate the that-it-is-ness of the world. It works through varying matrices of imaginal and linguistic selection and combination which are as much social as personal. We select what presents itself as significant, and combine what we select into larger wholes, according to rules which we are partly inventing, partly taking over from what is given.

To negotiate more productively between the history and psychology of alchemy, allowing for the painful, embarrassing and sometimes shameful feelings that may be at stake, we must make this shift in position as regards projection. At least as far as alchemy is concerned, Jung's explanation of projection in terms of the collective unconscious is only helpful if we are allowed to criticise it from within the history of ontology (see my comments on Sheppard's 1970 *Alchemy: Origin or Origins?*). And this entails that we accept the historians' criticism of Jung's 'timeless' approach to alchemy.

Jung explained the projections of the alchemists with reference to Lévy-Bruhl's concept of *participation mystique*. Anthropological use of the metaphor/metonymy distinction enables us to analyse and criticise this concept in ways that introduce questions of timing into our recognition and manipulation of 'likeness'. (See Lévi Strauss, *The Savage Mind*, 1966, for various demonstrations of how diachrony and synchrony—temporal succession and simultaneity—relate to metaphor and metonymy, in 'particular intellectual operations whose weakness as well as whose strength is their capacity to be logical while remaining firmly rooted in the qualitative'). We need to bring this kind of analysis to bear on our interest in alchemy. It will involve relating Jung's concept of synchronicity to other questionings of our naive and unreflecting experience of time. It will involve sociological as well as personal research into the widespread contemporary loss of any real sense of wonder in the presence of Being.

Alchemy is about revelation *and* manipulation. To incorporate its insights into our world we must leave room for both. When we do so, alchemy can find its proper place within an historical ecology of the Two Bodies, and we will find that some (but by no means all) historians will come to meet us,

asking for our help in learning how it is that human bodies, with their bewildering genius for polymorphous experiment, participate both the recognition and the invention of the vegetable, animal, and mineral that-it-is-ness of the world.

24

MAKING AN APPEARANCE*

The Hazard of Being a Person and our Stake in the Theatre

Introduction

THIS PAPER is conceived as a meditation on face and mask. I want us to ask ourselves: which is the more reliable, which is the more interesting, face or mask? And I want this questioning to lead us into metaphysical reflection on what being a person is like.

It has two sources: one is in the thesis I wrote for my diploma at the Jung Institute in 1964-6. I took as my theme *Persona and Actor*, and studied Jung's concept of the persona in terms of classical and Shakespearean theatre. I was struck by one possible etymology of the word "persona" in a pre-Latin Etruscan word "phersu", meaning death mask. The idea of death as the identity behind the mask has grown on me in the years since I wrote my thesis, and is one source or spring to my meditation this morning.

The other is sexual attraction. Like many others, I am endlessly intrigued by the part played by the face, and the infinite forms of its masking, in sexual attraction. How does that relate to the stillness of death?

The raw material on which I shall be drawing for my examples is from the annual weekend on Jung and Hermeneutics which we hold each April at Hawkwood College in the Cotswolds. For the last ten years this has included

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enactment of various stories and plays. Here my interest in Persona has been exercised, extended, made more critical. What I am planning to do this morning is to take two themes from our Hawkwood work, the relation between movement and text and what happens when we represent objects as well as persons, and use them to open up metaphysical reflection on "likeness". That will, I hope, prepare the way for what I have to say about making an appearance.

Movement and Text

In our Hawkwood enactment we work with texts such as Shakespeare's plays, but we work on the whole without words. The result is that our movement is energized by text, but also uncoupled from text.

This combination, or is it contradiction?, is my starting point. It has given us a field of experience and experiment that stretches from theatre to play. Reflecting on our work at Hawkwood has led us to study how actors engage with text in the creation of character, space and also a kinaesthetic empathy between actor and audience. It has led me too into hermeneutic study of how text survives performance. Critics sometimes speak of a "definitive" performance. There is no such thing. The text survives every performance. It remains in its own world inviting fresh performances.

But in uncoupling movement from text our Hawkwood weekends have led me also into the world of dance, of kinaesthetic activity for its own sake, and of sound as expressive in ways which words are not. This is the world of infancy and childhood play. It is also the world of adult ritual. Movement uncoupled from words is fluid yet aspires to and is limited by a kind of non-verbal text. It is muscular and nervous, yet also skeletal, jointed. How the nervous muscularity is related to the skeletal jointedness has become of increasing concern as my body has aged from 52 to 62.

Sound as expressive in ways which words are not takes us into music or song. Also into breathing, with its rhythm of in and out, which can draw us out into dance or inwards into yogic meditation. And for some of us who live with stammer, breathing raises questions about its own arrest. What happens when the rhythm is arrested? How does that stop relate to the possibility of speech?

Between movement and text many variations are possible. In exploring these variations I have come to talk of "the three fallacies", three approaches, three perspectives, all of which are necessary, any of which becomes a fallacy if taken in isolation from the other two.

First, we have the intentional fallacy. This is when we rely too heavily on the author's intention for our interpretation of a text. What the author intended the text to mean is indeed relevant to our interpretation. But texts also have a life which is independent of their author's intention. We need to be attentive to that independence.

Second, we have the affective fallacy. This is when we rely too much on the audience's reaction to a play. How an audience experiences a text in performance is certainly relevant to its meaning. But audience and critic are seated together, and between text in performance and the reading of a text our affective reaction has to be open to reflection and doubt.

Thirdly, there is the performative fallacy. This is when we allow too much importance to the kinaesthetic excitement of the actor. As we move into performance on stage our bodies can be carried by their own conviction of the meaning of the text. But this conviction has to be persuasive if we are to hold an audience, and to be persuasive performance has to allow that audience has its own access, independent of us, to the meaning of our text.

Representing Objects as Well as Persons

At Hawkwood we play at being persons. We also play at being trees, rocks, buildings, rivers, boats, animals.

This combination has a pervasive and lasting effect on how we experience personality in relation to environment, character in relation to scene. Our experience of the scene in which characters find and define or express themselves becomes animated. The distinction between thing and person is relativized. Things become attentive. They participate the action. When a ship is lost in a storm at sea oarsmen, oar and hull participate the same wrecking.

On one level, initially, this just adds to the fun or to the foolishness. It is all part of the charade. But over the years such participation of person in

thing and thing in person has had a lasting effect on how I experience personality in relation to environment.

I would describe this effect in terms of the (old) Gestalt psychology of perception. There is a classic study by E.H. Gombrich called *Art and Illusion*, with the subtitle: A Study in the Psychology of Pictorial Representation. Our work at Hawkwood (and elsewhere) has served to dramatize many of Gombrich's descriptions and arguments.

For instance, he returns again and again to the distinction between figure and ground. Perception depends on an energized distinction between scene, setting, context—the "ground" (which can be both background and foreground), and discretenesses, separatenesses, which stand out, make their appearance felt from within, but also against, that ground. These separate, discrete, figurations are not perceived, they are not perceiv*able*, in isolation. They appear only within, and against, a ground. And by virtue of the same reciprocity the ground owes its interest to the figures which, as it were, take advantage of it.

Gombrich's book studies the various ways in which the distinction between figure and ground can be energized. That is what *Art and Illusion* is about. Our work at Hawkwood has encouraged me to apply the same kind of distinction not only to the psychology of perception but more comprehensively to our experience of being a person.

The starting point is when we allow ourselves to play with the distinction between subject and object. Psychoanalytical study of infancy and childhood teaches us, if we needed teaching, how familiar such play is to us all. But when grown ups allow themselves to be drawn into play of this kind, play in which object is careful for subject just as subject is careful for object, how is it energized and what energies does it make available?

First Example: From A Midsummer Night's Dream

This was the play on which we worked this year. I found myself in the group which was enacting "the play within the play"—the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe—which the Athenian mechanicals present before the ducal court in the final Act of the play, actors who are presented to their audience as

> Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
> Which never laboured in their minds till now,
> And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
> With this same play, against your nuptial.

Until I came to work on *A Midsummer Night's Dream* I had always thought of this play within the play as added on at the end, comic relief—often very funny indeed—of a different order to the comedy of the main play. Studying the text in preparation for enactment I came to see it very differently. As a commentary on art and illusion it is part of the fabric of the main play and tells us, or shows us, about the energies necessary to sustain the distinction between subject and object, word and thing.

In Pyramus and Thisbe the actors have to represent two non-human objects or agencies: the moonlight (which is itself a persuasive influence within the "ground" of the main play), and a wall. Here is how Shakespeare's Athenian mechanicals approach their task in rehearsal.

QUINCE [who is the director]. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

SNUG Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOTTOM A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine!

QUINCE Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOTTOM Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUINCE Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOTTOM Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some roughcast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

QUINCE If that may be, then all is well. Come sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.

"If that may be, then all is well". I have come to feel over the last few months an extraordinary, or very ordinary, metaphysical profundity in that comic exchange between the mechnicals in rehearsal.

When we came to do it we did not have the help of words. Movement, the movement of individuals and the confused choreography of the group, was energized by our memory of the text, but it was also uncoupled from the text. The problem of how to resolve "the two hard things" was thrown back into our bodies. There could be no "explanations".

My job, with two others, was to present Wall. I think we did it rather well. I want to try and describe to you two things that happened, one in rehearsal, one in performance.

In rehearsal we discovered that the wall had also to become the tomb–Ninus's or Ninny's–tomb, at which the lovers later meet. In Shakespeare's text, when the Wall has played its part by providing both barrier and chink between the lovers, it exits.

> Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
> And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

But in our rehearsal, as we stumbled clumsily among ourselves to produce both scene and character, ground and figure, we realized that the text made no provision for presenting the tomb. As Wall, when we had to get ourselves off stage, we fell down, collapsed. (Perhaps there were memories of Humpty Dumpty in our minds). Our part discharged felt a bit like being dead.

The group as a whole began to experience a lot of diffuse grief as we went into the burlesque of the lovers' deaths. Some of us were certainly thinking of Romeo and Juliet, which we knew Shakespeare had written within a year or two of our play. From my position as fallen wall on the floor the need to represent the tomb became apparent. The figures of the lost lovers needed placing. I gathered up the rest of the wall and arranged them as two carved stone figures on a tomb, showing them to be such by kneeling in prayer at their feet and head.

A happening such as this is typical of enactment without words when we play at being things as well as persons. It is easy to pass it off as a more or less agreeable charade. Yet there is much more to it than that. One part of a scene-setting has called to another. Sympathy is reaching out to include ground as well as figure. Our sense of place is personified. And this is not

magical. It is theatrical. But it is not only that place is personified. There is a reciprocal effect on our sense of what constitutes character. We may have realized before that there can be no character without context, without what Shakespeare calls a "local habitation". Enactment of this kind helps us realize in what ways the locus or habitat of character lies within our responsibility. It isn't simply that there is no character without context. What we call character or personality is context-making. It responds to, and is indebted to, an attentiveness, an expectancy, which awaits us *out* there *in* our environment.

My second experience with the *Dream* was in performance, when the five groups into which we divide on these occasions perform their respective scenes in front of each other.

In presenting the play within the play we were performing before two audiences. There was the general audience of everyone participating in the weekend, and there was the audience on stage as it were, made up of Theseus and Hippolyta, their court, and the four young lovers whose affairs of the heart provide the plot for the main play. This differentiation of two levels of audience, one very much more participatory than the other, gave performing a quality I had not experienced before. It was as if the reciprocal, inside/outside dynamic of performance got hold of me, demonstrating itself to me in my acting. "Making an appearance" and "being attended to" were two beats of the same energy.

What happened was something like this. I knew from my study of the text, and of various critical commentaries on the text, that the exchanges within the court audience during our performance were making various points about illusion and reality and the nature of acting, which were evoked by our performance yet served to negate that performance. I was also aware that, seen within the context of the whole play, these exchanges served to raise a kind of ironic doubting of the reality of the four young lovers now playing at being audience. Textual knowledge of this kind was energizing my acting.

But, not using words, our performance and that of the audience on stage was uncoupled from text. The result was peculiar. The nuances, the politeness, the disagreements, of the textual audience were not to be heard. Yet we were acting to the audience as fellow actors, expecting responses and waiting for cues in a way that I had never experienced before. The result was

to build up a peculiar kind of tension between the seriousness, the earnestness, which I was bringing to my performance and what I experienced as the stupid mockery of my audience. I might appear to be playing the fool but I knew more about the difficulty of *being real* than they did. I had got inside Wall in a way that was beyond their comprehension.

The effect was to make the performance, for me as actor (I do not know how it appeared to either of my two audiences), into a kind of political manifesto. When we discussed it the next day in our group the name of Artaud was invoked, but I prefer to think of Marx. It is many years since I read *Capital*, but I found myself thinking of that theological-political treatise as the tension built up in me between the high seriousness of my performance and the stupidity of my audience. It was as if through the labour of acting I had penetrated through to, and accepted, the obligations of the real world, while they, safe in their distance as audience, were alienated from it, to be pitied perhaps but certainly not to be bothered with unless they should repent or come to see the error of their ways. Yet, I needed them. They were part of my performance. The act wouldn't be the same, it wouldn't even stand up, without them.

Second Example: From Measure for Measure

I hope I can assume that you share my interest in how the human face contributes to sexual attraction. Working with Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* in 1985 left me with an experience of the human face as *hidden* which altered my understanding of sexual attraction. Or, to put it perhaps more exactly, made me begin thinking about sexuality, and the face and its masking, in new ways.

The section of this play for which my group was responsible included a scene which is planned in advance, and referred to in retrospect, in Shakespeare's text, but not presented on the stage in its occurrence. An advantage of our uncoupling from the text is that scenes like these become available for enactment. I refer to the scene in which Mariana goes to bed with Angelo in the nighttime darkness of his garden, pretending to be Isabella. It is the familiar, amusing and essentially unlikely (amusing because it is so unlikely) motif of many romantic stories, that it is possible for desire to

confuse the person and the body of the desired under cover of darkness. In our performance of the scene I played the part of Mariana, opposite and under a memorably handsome and female Angelo.

To describe my response to this play-acting I must remind you of the central features of the plot.

The Duke of Vienna has handed over his authority to his deputy Angelo, on the pretence of going on a long journey. In fact, he remains in hiding and in disguise in the city to observe events. Angelo is intent on strict enforcement of the city laws against sexual license, and to this end sentences young Claudio to death for having got his betrothed pregnant before they were married. Isabella, the sister of Claudio, is about to enter a holy order as a nun, but agrees to leave her nunnery (she has not yet taken her vows) to plead with Angelo for her brother's life. She does so, and the strict and apparently asexual Angelo is fiercely and consumingly attracted to her. In the second of two interviews he tells her he will reprieve her brother if she goes to bed with him. Horrified, Isabella refuses. When she explains Angelo's offer to her brother, Claudio pleads with her to accede to Angelo's wish, to sacrifice her virginity to save his life. As brother and sister fall apart in mutual recrimination, the Duke emerges, in disguise, to begin to straighten things out. The plan he proposes is that Mariana, who was once betrothed to Angelo, then rejected by him when she appeared to have lost her dowry, but who nevertheless continues to love him and want him as her husband, should substitute herself for Isabella in the darkness of the night, so that Angelo makes love (if that's the right word) to her, thinking that she is Claudio's sister, the nun-to-be for whom he has conceived so sharp a desire. This plan is agreed to by both Isabella and Mariana, and it was the subsequent sexual encounter between Mariana and Angelo which I was called on to enact.

We were therefore energized by a text of sexual desire: desire as free and fruitful outside the law, desire as worthy of sacrifice, desire as something to be tightly and if necessarily cruelly circumscribed, desire as able to penetrate and turn round even its most dedicated enemy. And, in the scene which was ours, desire that could be playfully, ludicrously, perhaps maliciously but also forgivingly, confused as to its object.

What did we make of it? In terms of production the two important decisions were to cast a woman as Angelo and a man as Mariana, and to represent the darkness by having Angelo blindfold. The effect was to make the scene both comic and deadly serious. The obviousness of the gender reversal made manifest sexual ambiguity of a kind we associate with the circus or the burlesque theatre. The blindfolded groping, the intensity of the hidden gaze, brought something terrible into the performance, responding to its setting within the wider plot of the play in which sexual desire and death are crossed in sado-masochistic imagery; for instance, when the Isabella whose part Mariana has taken can reject Angelo's proposal with

> ...were I under the terms of death
> Th'impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
> And strip myself to death as to a bed
> That long I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
> My body up to shame.

The memory of that performance has stayed with me for three years now, as comfort and as incitement. As long as I can remember, sexual desire has involved for me more or less insistent intimations of gender reversal. And the extraordinary effect of that blinded gaze as I led my lover on, served to introduce memories of acting the Oedipus story, thus drawing into relief the many hints of incestual desire in Shakespeare's text. To have acted all that, to have *shown* it to an audience, had made me more bold in owning to experiences for which previously I had no name. Perhaps it is possible to be confused as to the object of desire without necessarily being as peculiar as I used to fear. More: perhaps such confusion is closer to the true nature of sexual desire than society finds it possible to imagine.

On Being Like

With these examples in mind, I want now to return to my earlier questions and propose an answer. I asked: what happens to our experience of being a person when we allow ourselves to play with the distinction between subject and object, and how do "the three fallacies" help in exploring variations between movement and text? The answer I want to propose, which will draw on the examples I have given you, arises out of a dilation, or amplification, of the word "likeness". The thesis I am putting forward is that in being a person likeness is given into our keeping. Being a person makes us

responsible for likeness. Theatre acknowledges and celebrates that responsibility.

I realise that I am treading on ground that has been much worked in the last few decades. Much that I have to say on likeness overlaps with what Jung says about symbol, and again with what has been written on metaphor (for instance in Murray Cox's excellent new book on *Mutative Metaphors in Psychotherapy*).

But I prefer to talk of likeness rather than of symbol or metaphor because it lodges both the familiarity and the urgency of what is at stake more surely in everyday language. And from its position in everyday language I think likeness reminds us more immediately of a problem to which "archetypal psychology" needs to pay more attention. I refer to the metaphysical problem, of the One and the Many. How is it that the world is both One and Many?

1. My interest in dilating or amplifying the word "likeness" began to constellate many years ago when I read an essay by the classical scholar Bruno Snell called "From Myth to Logic: the role of the Comparison". (It is printed as one chapter in his book *The Discovery of the Mind*: Blackwell, 1953)

In this essay he is considering Homer's use of simile. He addresses himself in particular to a passage in the Iliad where Hector, wanting to breach the ranks of the Greeks, presses his attack where he saw the largest crowd and the best arms. But he was unable to disrupt the line...for they endured *like* a tower...just as a rock in the sea endures despite wind and waves.

He comments on this simile of the square of soldiers enduring like a rock in a stormy sea as follows. I will read you what he says in full, both as opening up our understanding of "likeness" and also as commentary on my question about what we get into at Hawkwood when we represent trees and stones and rivers as well as persons.

> The source of each of these comparisons is a figuratively used verb: "to drive on", "to rush forth", "to roll against", "to refuse to be broken". (It would be a mistake to suppose that these similes answer only to the notorious *tertium comparationis*). Their implications may extend far beyond the nucleus of the explicit comparison; as a matter of fact the art of the Homeric simile often consists in its wealth of correlations, in the beauty and the aptness of its less obvious and more remote

> implications. But this does not contradict the fundamental rule that the story—in this case a human action— requires the comparison to achieve full expression.
>
> If the rock contributes to the understanding of a human attitude, i.e. if a dead object elucidates animate behaviour, the reason is that the inanimate object is itself viewed anthropomorphically; the immobility of the boulder in the surf is interpreted as endurance, as a human being endures in the midst of a threatening situation. It appears, therefore, that one object is capable of casting fresh light upon another in the form of a simile, only because we read into the object the very qualities which it in turn illustrates. This peculiar situation, namely that human behaviour is made clear only through reference to something else which is in turn explained by analogy with human behaviour, pertains to all Homeric similes. More than that, it pertains to all genuine metaphors, and in fact to every single case of human comprehension. Thus it is not quite correct to say that the rock is viewed anthropomorphically, unless we add that our understanding of the rock is anthropomorphic for the same reason that we are able to look at ourselves petromorphically, and that the act of regarding the rock in human terms furnishes us with a means of apprehending and defining our own behaviour. In other words, and this is all-important in any explanation of the simile, man must listen to an echo of himself before he may hear or know himself.

Snell is reminding us of a time when the human mind took an extraordinary leap. That leap is what we get into when we allow ourselves to play with the distinction between subject and object. Rocks are like humans because humans are like rocks. There is a principle of reciprocal comparison at work which takes us behind and beyond our distinction between I and it:

> our understanding of the rock is anthropomorphic for the same reason that we are able to look at ourselves petromorphically...the act of regarding the rock in human terms furnishes us with a means of apprehending or defining our own behaviour.

This is all-important in any understanding of likeness: "man must listen to an echo of himself before he may hear or know himself".

In the play within the play in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, when the Wall exits from the stage, the audience comment:

THESEUS	Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.
DEMETRIUS	No remedy, my Lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.
HIPPOLYTA	This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.
THESEUS	The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
HIPPOLYTA	It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.
THESEUS	If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.

Play the wall yourself, and you will know what lies behind the sophistication of such teasing: the power of likeness, a power of which we are all seized, a power that puts us at hazard behind and beyond our distinction of subject and object.

2. Many years after reading Snell's essay I was reminded of his phrase about "listening for an echo of ourselves" by another formidable and scholarly study of the evolution of mind. This was in Suzanne Langer's three-volume *Mind: an essay on Human Feeling*, a great work in which she sets out to trace the evolution of feeling, imagination, language, thought, within the whole context of inorganic and organic, inanimate and animate worlds. Chapter 17 is titled "Symbols and the Evolution of Mind". In it she links the recognition of *likeness* in waking life with the imagery of dreams, and the emergence of speech with the eliciting of an *echoic* answer in dance and song.

I find her argument rich and exciting. It took my interest in likeness out of the world of literature and aesthetic and into the worlds of evolutionary theory and animal behaviour. But let me give you one extract, in which she refers to echoic answer, the idea which I first got from Bruno Snell—out of which I want to draw my sense of our hazardous, personal, stake in the theatre.

> One could undoubtedly make more guesses at the first sources of language, and still have no measure to apply to their relative probabilities. The only extreme improbability seems to me to be that language arose from some kind of previous communication by improvements that had survival value. Animal contact is not communication; animals may perform joint acts,

> even pick up an act one from another at some juncture, as bees seem to pick up the food-getting act in a round, without asking or telling anything. Suggestibility and a general community of feeling are enough. It is human mentality that does not remain in the animal pattern. The great individuation made by subjective activity, the symbolic finishing of excessive nervous impulses within the nervous system itself, breaks the system of instinctive responses and begets the first processes of ideation, which eventuate in wild expressions, dance, magic, then the wishing of curses and blessings on other creatures and investing implements such as arrows, fishhooks or weapons with potency and luck by solemn rites, and hallowing the places for dancing or feasting with sacrificial bloodshed. Speech was born, I believe, in such high reaches of proto-human activity, and gathered form when one individual knew by the symbolic utterance of another what that other was thinking about. For with such concentrated expression came real envisagement, the beginning of reflection, thought.
>
> With that achievement, everything really was given. The intuition of meaning was no longer an elusive sense of import, giving emotional value to non-practical vocalizations and gestures, but became comprehension of the idea in the head of the utterer. Such insight probably elicited an echoic answer; the accompanying act was understood, since the articulated phrase itself could be repeated faster than the overt gestures and manipulations; they were called up in imagination by the formula, instead of performed; and that is mentioning, naming.

Our Hawkwood method of acting takes us into that. Energized by text, but uncoupled from the spoken word, we learn to explore kinaesthetically that break in instinctive response that begets "likeness". Likeness becomes as it were reflexive. It is quite a common experience really, if only we would pay it some attention. The kind of echoic response I got in playing the wall was the feeling play-back even as I acted of "so this is what being like something is like". That is the reflexivity, the reciprocity, the echo, out of which language arises. But the very familiarity of words can conceal it from us. Perhaps we need to uncouple ourselves more often from the spoken word if we are to recover that original ek-stasis in which "instinctive response" is broken so that suddenly, in its place, there is echo of a different kind altogether, an echo in which we are seized of likeness.

3. Nowhere that I know of is this moment of original ek-stasis caught so well as in a famous passage in William Golding's work *The Inheritors*. Many of you are probably familiar with it. The book tells the story of a group of proto-human beings as they return to their summer food gathering lands and are disturbed by the presence of another group with powers strangely different from theirs, a group of beings whom we call homo sapiens.

The story is told through the experience of one member of the proto-humans group—Lok. Here is Golding's evocation of the transitory moment in which Lok discovers, and then loses, "likeness".

> The noise of the people diminished a little until he could hear no more than the voice of the old man when it rose in command or fury. Down here where the forest changed to marsh and the sky opened over bushes, straggling willow and water, there was no other sign of their passage. The woodpigeons talked, preoccupied with their mating; nothing was changed, not even the great bough where a red-haired child had swung and laughed. All things profited and thrived in a warm windlessness. Lok got to his feet and wandered along by the marshes towards the mere where Fa had disappeared. To be Mal was proud and heavy. The new head knew that certain things were gone and done with like a wave of the sea. It knew that the misery must be embraced painfully as a man might hug thorns to him and it sought to comprehend the new people from whom all changes came.
>
> Lok discovered "Like". He had used likeness all his life without being aware of it. Fungi on a tree were ears, the word was the same but acquired a distinction by circumstances that could never apply to the sensitive things on the side of his head. Now, in a convulsion of the understanding Lok found himself using likeness as a tool as surely as ever he had used a stone to hack at sticks or meat. Likeness could grasp the white-faced hunters with a hand, could put them into the world where they were thinkable and not a random and unrelated irruption.
>
> He was picturing the hunters who went out with bent sticks in skill and malice.
>
> "The people are like a famished wolf in the hollow of a tree".

He thought of the fat woman defending the new one from the old man, thought of her laughter, of men working at a single load and grinning at each other.

"The people are like honey trickling from a crevice in the rock".

He thought of Tanakil playing, her clever fingers, her laughter, and her stick.

"The people are like honey in the round stones, the new honey that smells of dead things and fire".

They had emptied the gap of its people with little more than a turn of their hands.

"They are like the river and the fall, they are a people of the fall; nothing stands against them".

He thought of their patience, of the broad man Tuam creating a stage out of coloured earth.

"They are like Oa".

There came a confusion in his head, a darkness; and then he was Lok again, wandering aimlessly by the marshes and the hunger that food would not satisfy was back.

To get the full effect of that extraordinary moment you need to read the whole book. But I hope that short extract gives you the excitement, the memory of familiar ek-stasis which I am trying to evoke in this amplification of the word "likeness". That is the moment to which Bruno Snell refers when he says "our understanding of the rock is anthropomorphic for the same reason that we are able to look at ourselves petromorphically..."

That is the moment which Suzanne Langer is describing when she writes of "the great individuation made by subjective activity" when "the symbolic finishing of excessive nervous impulses within the nervous system itself breaks the system of instinctive responses and begets the processes of ideation".

That is the moment to which I want to refer my experience of acting, so as to develop my thesis that in being a person, in assuming a persona, I am acknowledging and celebrating responsibility for likeness.

Making an Appearance

Which brings me finally to my title. I want us to consider how "making an appearance" both acknowledges and celebrates our responsibility for likeness, and how this acknowledgement and celebration requires that in facing each other not only we, but also the world in which we find ourselves, should play with masks.

"Making an appearance" is often spoken in a pejorative sense. We assume a kind of falling apart of appearance and reality. Appearances are deceptive. They are something to get behind so as to find the real. It is the same assumption that takes, without question, the face as more real than the mask.

But there is a different philosophical tradition in which appearances are allowed to speak for themselves. (It was concisely, beautifully and powerfully evoked thirty years ago in a book by Owen Barfield called *Saving the Appearances*.) Appearance is how the world comes to meet us, and we come to meet each other. It is the *presence* of what is real—presentation, representation. What separates it from the real is that we forget that both appearance and reality are *made*. One reason why theatre is good for us is that when we *make* an appearance we are reminded that appearances have to be kept up because reality has to be kept up too. To represent a wall or a tree or a rock as a person is to be reminded how making enters into both appearance and reality. Another such reminder is the face of the dead.

Making an appearance and making reality. It is the same kind of effort, yet there is a distinction to be made which is of the same order as the distinction between life and death, face and mask. And that is where our word "likeness" can carry such weight, such gravity, together with such lightness, such levity.

The likeness which Lok discovered is not just a matter of aesthetic comparison. It has a metaphysical, or I would prefer to say ontological, reach to it. It makes possible the recognition of the "suchness" of things, and of how that suchness allows for other suchnesses. It grounds the "howness" of things in the "thatness" of things, and the "thatness" of things in the "howness" of things. It is this reciprocal grounding of howness and thatness which Golding describes when he writes that Lok, in a convulsion of the understanding, found

himself using likeness as a tool. Likeness seizes on our understanding and in so doing enables us to seize on appearance with a maker's hand. As Golding puts it: "Likeness could grasp the white-faced hunters with a hand, could put them into the world where they were thinkable and not a random and unrelated irruption". Or as Snell puts it: "the dead object elucidates animal behaviour". Because of likeness, those early representatives of homo sapiens made their appearance.

To realize "likeness" on this ontological level we need to start from a strong sense of *sameness* and of *difference*, and of the gulf between them. Sameness allows of no difference. What is different can never be the same. I am not using the word "likeness" as equivalent to "the same ". Likeness combines similarity with difference without collapsing, or indeed bridging, the gulf between them. Fully to appreciate the gift of likeness we have to come face to face with the irreducibly and unforgivably "other".

Likeness of this ontological kind is shy, hazardous, rare, precious. It trembles, or it is always uncertain. And yet it is binding. It binds like some interstitial glue or cement, holding everything together in relation to everything else. To bring the trembling and the binding together we have to think of the old metaphysical problem of the One and the Many. How is the world both One and Many? Likeness is what makes multiplicity and variety singular, and saves singularity from the entropy, the boredom, of sameness.

This is the likeness for which we take responsibility in making an appearance. The form of that responsibility is given us in words like show, make manifest, epiphany, present. The "isness" of the world is a showing, a making manifest, an epiphany, a presenting. Being in the world is an invitation, an invitation which comes to meet us. In making an appearance we take part in the invitation by taking part in the coming to meet. I think that's what we do when we act. This is what I mean by putting ourselves at hazard behind and beyond the distinction of subject and object.

Let me illustrate with reference to my experience in acting the part of Mariana in that scene from *Measure for Measure*, and to my more general questioning of the place of the human face in sexual attraction.

In describing my response to the Mariana scene, I said earlier:

> perhaps it is possible to be confused as to the object of desire without necessarily being as peculiar as I used to fear. More: perhaps such confusion is closer to the true nature of sexual desire than society finds it possible to imagine.

I want to relate that thought to what has been said about likeness and the making of appearance. Is sex, sexual differentiation, sexual desire, an example of the trembling and the binding of ontological likeness?

There is a lot in the Bible, from Genesis on, which says that it is. I think there's a lot that goes on in the theatre which says so too. Certainly sex makes great play with the gulf between sameness and difference. We say, or at least I hope we say, "vive la différence". But we also dream of booted feet stamping on male and female genitals "so that the difference will be obliterated", and wake in a state of high sexual arousal. Mariana waits in the dark, welcoming, for the unseen, unseeing, groping phallus. There is indeed a blindness to sexual desire. The object of desire remains always obscure. If we see the face we may know ourselves to be betrayed. Yet faces light up, and desire can recognize in the trembling of the irreducibly and unforgivably other the binding of like to like.

The Bible relates sexual desire to the Godhead's creation of man and woman in its own image. Thinking of my experience with *Measure for Measure* I would like to be able to use the phrase "making an appearance" both within that theological tradition and also as invoking the spirit of charade. Something was at stake in my acting of Mariana which was both far more serious than I had expected, and also absurd. I am trying to make sense of both together.

What I am suggesting is that in playing with gender reversal we are playing with ontological likeness. When we set out to confuse the object of sexual desire we are playing with that binding-trembling in which "likeness" is given into our keeping. It is dangerous, because sex—sexual differentiation and sexual desire—is an example of the "likeness" which makes it possible for the world to be both One and Many. But that danger also makes it recreational, re-creational, in every sense of the word.

To appreciate just how recreational such play can be, I return to what I said earlier about movement and text, and to the threefold perspective I gave you for analysing the energy between author, audience and actor. Think of

sexual desire as movement, gender as text. Sex involves creation, affect, performance. But so also does "likeness". The likeness which Lok discovers irrupts in the "Ah, so it is" of creation. The affect was like a seizure. And it gave to the performance of his mind new hands with which to grasp and move what was "other". The way in which sex makes its appearance in *Measure for Measure* is like that. It presents us with what can happen when intention, affect and performance no longer agree what sex is like. Or, to use the words of the Bible, what sex is made in the image of.

Conclusion

In reading through what I have written, I realize there is one major omission to my argument which has to be acknowledged. That is about time. What I have been trying to say about likeness and making an appearance does not hang together intellectually or affectively unless it is combined with discussion of time. Likeness as given into our keeping goes together with time as given into our keeping.

That omission acknowledged, what have I said about face and mask?

I think the one idea I want to leave with you is that it is not only we who play with masks. The world does too. What I have been trying to say about making an appearance stands or falls with the idea of a world in which objects can be careful of subjects, in which likeness is *out* there *in* my milieu, an invitation *coming* to meet us. To do justice to my experience of theatre, there has to be a sense in which the world out there is "put on" in the same way that a play is "put on".

So my question as to the face and the mask: which is the more interesting? which is the more reliable? has to be answered by the world. In my essay on *The Winter's Tale* I say that death is an insistent reminder of how *unbecoming* creation is. I like the play of meaning in the words becoming and unbecoming. They help us conjugate time with likeness, likeness with time. Likeness isn't the tool Lok thought it was unless it can get into the world of becoming. Yet how much likeness is thoroughly unbecoming. If the world is to make its appearance we have to be able to imagine how much it is hiding even as we look it in the face. That's what the choice between face and mask is about. So in making that choice I think we do well to remind each other

(as we did with the *Commedia del'Arte* yesterday evening), just how unbecoming the world can be. The hiding and the showing are both here, on the face, in its masking.

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ALCHEMY AND PSYCHOSIS:*

Curiosity and the Metaphysics of Time

THIS ESSAY is conceived as an extended gloss on some ideas I sketched out in my paper on *Alchemy: Jung and the historians of science*. I am interested in possible connections between psychosis and metaphysics, connections of a kind which would enhance rather than deny the importance of both. Alchemy has been my way into exploring such connections. How it relates to Jung I am not sure. In his work on alchemy, was Jung a psychologist, a physician of the soul, or was he also a metaphysician, a man working within a tradition much older than psychology, working within and on the science of Being, often known by its Greek name of onto-logy?

The paper is in three parts.

The first introduces the word metaphysics. What do I mean by it? How do I use it in relation to Jung?

The second is autobiographical. If alchemy is indeed about the process of individuation, an autobiographical approach is surely justified. This will introduce the theme of psychosis. I recapitulate some of my own engagement with Jung-on-alchemy over forty years, so as to illustrate how psychology can overflow into metaphysics. This overflowing gives the paper a peculiar quality. The question is whether this is evidence of psychosis in a clinical sense, or of the kind of feeling which comes naturally when we find ourselves in the presence of Being.

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The third part is about curiosity. I want to suggest the effect that metaphysics (of a kind which allows for psychosis) can have on scientific curiosity. I do so by looking at Jung's ideas on synchronicity and the timelessness of the collective unconscious in relation to my own alchemical dreaming. A key theme will be of a metaphysical connection between time and sexuality.

The one abiding thought I hope to leave with the reader is that Jung's work on alchemy can contribute to a kind of scientific curiosity which is *sustainable* rather than self-consuming.

Introducing the Word 'Metaphysics'

In *Jung and the Historians of Science* I introduced this word with reference to a possible future dialogue about alchemy between Jungians and the historians of science. I said that if such a dialogue was to develop we would need to make room for three areas of research and argument. One would be about what I wanted to call 'soul stuff'. The second would be about metallurgy and technology. The third would be about ontology or metaphysics (I am using the two words interchangeably).

So as to put this word metaphysics within the context of a wider agenda of research, let me repeat what I wrote about these three themes.

Soul stuff is better than psychology to express the intellectual difficulty posed by Jung-the-physician's work. It emphasises the inert, clammy, quality of *prima materia* when applied to psychic states such as depression, paranoia, compulsion. It reminds us of the links between Jung's psychology of alchemy and Freudian emphasis on such terms as anality and id. It serves to remind us that the metallurgical tradition also involves the artisan's experience of the intractable fusion of his own toil with the resistance of matter to human labour, experience which has given the teaching of Karl Marx such worldwide appeal.

This is an area in which the historians are not particularly adept. But the second, the metallurgical and technological, is an area in which we Jungians also badly lack proficiency. We need help in recognising connections between work done in a psychic laboratory and the history of what Stephen Toulmin called (1962) *The Architecture of Matter*.

The third area, ontology, will I believe prove the most difficult to admit into research and argument. The anti-metaphysical positivism of so many of Jung's followers is active in denying the implicit ontology in which his work rests, while few historians are interested in the kind of doubts about time necessary for the recognition of Being. But if soul stuff and chemical technology are to be admitted into research as kindred subjects it will only be by way of an historical interest in the science of Being.

That is the agenda I have in mind for future dialogue between Jungians and historians of science. Before we can arrive at it, however, there are two questions which have to be addressed. Are Jungians prepared to own the implicit ontology in which Jung's interest in alchemy rests? And would non-Jungians be able to make more sense of Jung-on-alchemy if his work were presented as a contribution to the history of metaphysics as well as to psychology?

The first difficulty is that Jung himself frequently insisted that he was not a metaphysician. This problem has been discussed by others as well as myself. This is not the place to go into it at length. I simply want to say that I believe that Jung wanted to distance himself from the kind of metaphysics associated with German 19th century thought, but that in his interest in the numinous, the archetypal and in what he called '*participation mystique*', he was through and through a metaphysician. Which is not to say that he wasn't also a scientist. He was that best kind of scientist, one who knows that all sustainable knowledge has to be grounded in, and answerable to, respect for Being.

But is 'respect for Being' something which anyone, Jungian or non-Jungian, is prepared to acknowledge nowadays?

My first attempt to talk about this was in a paper on *Projection and Presence*, read to the Analytical Psychology Club in 1973, and published in *Spring* 1975. More recently, I came back to it in two lectures on *Jung and Hermeneutics*. Neither attempt has evoked any response in Jungian circles. For my present purpose a more impressionistic, anecdotal, approach may prove more suitable.

When my son was about four, we were in the garden together one summer afternoon. There were butterflies about, and he asked some question

about them. I told him what I know of their life cycle, the length of time spent as a caterpillar compared to the brief life span with wings and flight through the air. His response was immediate, angry—a concentrated anger with the force of an explosion: 'What's the point then?'

I would say that that response shows 'respect for Being'. It is there in immediate affect when we are suddenly brought up against the transience of beings with a small b. It is there when our attention is caught not by how things look or behave but by the fact that they simply *are*, when their *presence* explodes or bursts with the question: 'What's the point of my/you/it being here at all?'

With that question in mind, I want now to recapitulate various stages in my own engagement with Jung-on-alchemy. What I hope to do is to make the word metaphysics more familiar to Jungians by relating it to dream material. I want to suggest that the dangerous, disreputable, psychotic, depressive, aspects of alchemy can introduce us to metaphysics, to a serious 'respect for Being', by raising certain questions about the nature of time.

Autobiographical

I start with a dream, a dream of 'aluminium in the bug'. It dates from 1955.

> I am in the company of people who are all in some way tainted, rotten. One man especially is very short of money, and in an attempt to raise cash, he involves everyone he knows in a lying, false, dishonourable and utterly inhuman relationship. On a deeper level these people are Frenchmen, and this man exploits some 'thing' they have all seen during the 'time of horror', which I associate with the war, the German occupation and the concentration camps. I am now watching on a film. This peculiarly poisonous man persuades these foolish rotten people that in their experience of horror, each one of them had seen the only true value. So they return, feeling under the compulsion of some religious pressure, to a rocky hilltop which is significant to them because it is shaped like the beast of the horror that they once saw. When they are all collected there, there comes the hideous apocalyptic end of the world. First all the monsters of the prehistoric primeval swamps before man had evolved pour over the hilltop. Then in hideous power of wind and fire and cold black ferocity the Beast itself, the Apocalyptic Beast tears raging across the screen. I am now partly lying on the ground in the scene on the screen, cowering in terror. Everywhere there is shrieking, the terror and obscene fear of men after the hideousness of atomic war, blaspheming in their irreligious terror. French sailors pour over the darkened plain yelling in their terror that there is 'aluminium in the bug'—as if their bodies were involved in chemical change by which they were becoming one with the metals of the earth. As partly an observer of this scene of utter physical desolation and human bereavement I feel beside my horror, that the only hope is to believe in God, however painful, Who comprehends within the Godhead both the Beast and humanity.

That was one of a number of dreams I had round about the age of thirty, which confused metals, and sometimes chemical elements, with viruses and other low forms of biological life. Dreams like these seemed to talk a language which predated the distinction between inorganic and organic chemistry which chemists began to make towards the end of the 18th century. They were frightening dreams, often touched by what I would today call a hint of psychosis. They combined a sense of history with the inventiveness of a science fiction writer. When I talk about 'soul stuff' in relation to alchemy, I have dreams like this in mind. Such soul stuff can feel very mad, and it can also seem to be telling a story that matters.

Working on dreams like this within the framework of analysis drew me towards an interest in body as well as in psyche. This emphasis on body as much as on psyche is something which I have found difficult to accommodate within the Jungian tradition. One of my motives in writing this paper is to try and make room for it.

Development of an interest in body was a gradual process which I only began to put into words after twelve or fifteen years. It seemed that if I were dreaming about the interaction of the human psyche with the inorganic, mineral world, the place where that interaction had to prove itself was the body. Not just my own personal body, but other peoples' bodies too, our bodies, and beyond 'us' a wider and more comprehensive experience of what I now call 'the social body', that nexus of bodily interdependence to which money, sexuality, eating, drinking, excretion, and much else besides including our invention and use of machines, all bear witness.

My first attempts to say something in public about this nexus of interdependence was through the theme of money. In 1967 I read a paper to the Jung Club on *Money and Power*, which was followed in 1969 by a lecture on *Man, Woman and Money* given to The Progressive League. In both these papers I found myself arguing for the importance of the work of Karl Marx for an understanding of the *metaphysical* role of money in the world today. Gradually I was realising that for me there were vital links between Marx on money and Jung on alchemy.

This came to a head in a paper I read to the Jung Club in 1974, which is published in the volume *In the Wake of Jung*. I called it: *Jung and Marx: Alchemy, Christianity and the Work Against Nature*. It was while working on this paper that the conviction began to constellate within me that I was dealing not so much in psychology as in the history of metaphysics.

The point round which this constellation took place was the word 'virgin'. It happened something like this.

Comparing Marx's historical analysis of the development of capital with the alchemists' experience of spirit and matter in conjugation I found myself making a distinction between nature as virgin, and nature as used for a purpose outside itself. Between the two there was need for some kind of sacrifice. How that sacrifice could be understood became a focus for intense reflection. My interest in sex, in money, in worship, fed into this common nucleus of feeling.

As I immersed myself in this, trying to draw out of it some conclusion, something happened which I certainly had not expected, and which I was not aware of having 'got' from Jung. It was as if the adjective *virgin* personified itself, and then divided into two. Christian teaching about the mother of Christ, Marxist teaching on the alienation of human nature from nature, psychoanalytic awareness of an untouched (and possibly untouchable) 'itness' within myself, came together in my reading of Jung on alchemy to produce this doubling of a virgin figure.

On the one hand, we had the well known Christian celebration of Mary's 'be it unto me according to thy word', which opened the way for the maker into the body of the made. This was the way to be followed sixteen hundred years later by the experimental sciences as they learned the secrets of

nature. On the other hand, we had the relatively unknown figure of an alchemical virgin who resisted and questioned the visiting angel, in order herself better to enquire into the transformation of metals. Between the Yes of the Christian virgin, and the No of the alchemical virgin, so it seemed to me, we had an unwritten history of science and religion, of which Marxism was perhaps a confused, inspired and in some ways disastrous, first draft.

This doubling of the figure of the virgin has been a central theme for reflection in the last twelve years or so. In one direction it points me towards the likelihood of something like a 'psychotic anima' in my family of origin. In another direction it points me towards the possibility of some hard-to-imagine metaphysical splitting process within our human experience of curiosity.

The first stimulus to reflection came from colleagues. After my paper was first published in *Harvest* 1975, I was asked if I could describe clinically what I had in mind in comparing Jung on alchemy with Marx. I responded with a paper on *Alchemy, Marx and the Clinical Imagination*, which I gave at the 1977 Jungian congress in Rome.

In this paper I took a dream of a patient, a woman in her early fifties who worked with me over a period of four years. This dream compared a religious community with a political commune. I compared the dream with a 17th century alchemical text from Philalethes' *Introitus Apertus* (a text which has the advantage of being discussed both by Jung, in chapter III para 186 of *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, and also by John Trinick in his book *The Fire Tried Stone*–Stuart & Watkins, 1967).

I used this comparison to reflect on my patient's experience of what was inside and outside her body as being at times interchangeable. This was particularly evident in what kept happening to her through that second 'body', her motor car. It was as if her ability to respond to what was inside her and what was outside her was confused, deliberately confused. In order to deal with questions of money and sexuality as they came up in her life we had to get into that deliberate confusion.

Working on this paper, I found that Marx's theory of alienation, and alchemical descriptions of conjugal warfare between spirit and matter, were more apt in describing my patient's experience than the kind of 'object

relations' theory which some of my colleagues might have preferred. They were more apt because they seemed to do justice to social and historical as well as to personal realities. Reflecting on the implications of this moved me a decisive step further in my engagement with the metaphysics of alchemy.

This decisive step was to recognise the importance for metaphysics of 'The Two Bodies'.

I take this term from the work of the social anthropologist Mary Douglas. It is a chapter heading in her book *Natural Symbols*. In that chapter she argues that while psychoanalysis may be very much to the point in its approach to the symbolism of the personal body, it is largely content to ignore the symbolism of the social body. She insists that to understand our symbolising activities we need both.

> The physical body can have universal meaning only as a system which responds to the social system, expressing it as a system. What it symbolises naturally is the relation of parts of an organism to the whole. Natural symbols can express the relation of an individual to his society at that general systemic level. The two bodies are the self and society: sometimes they are so near as to be almost merged: sometimes they are far apart. The tension between them allows the elaboration of meanings.

I refer to this theme of the Two Bodies at various points in my paper in *Harvest* 1987. I am arguing now that if we are to place Jung's interest in alchemy in its historical setting we have to place it within that tension between the Two Bodies. Between microcosm and macrocosm we have to allow for society. We have to learn to relate what Jung called 'the collective unconscious' to what Mary Douglas is calling the social body, and to do that we are going to have to research (among other things) the history of metaphysics. Alchemical symbolism helps clinically in the elaboration of meaning when it is invoked to sustain and articulate and develop the tension between the personal and the social body. That is what I am trying to do in this paper. It is in that tension that I hope to find others able to help me with the *metaphysical contradictoriness* of the Yes and No of the Christian and alchemical virgin.

But to do something with metaphysical contradictoriness we have to get the feeling right. Metaphysical contradictoriness is not just a matter for debate among philosophers. It is about splitting of a special kind, cosmogonic

splitting. To approach splitting of this kind with the right feeling we need to imagine a fracturing of the air we breathe, a distortion of the light by which we see, a rupture in the rhythm of our breathing, a breaking of the word which makes human communication possible. In the beginning was the word, and the word was broken.

I have come to believe that one place where we may find both the feeling and the imagination necessary for such an approach is in our experience of the psychotic in our own nature.

Various influences have moved me over the last ten years to look again at my own psychotic potential. I have tried to reflect on these in various papers given to the Jung Club. I will refer to two of them. One has been printed, the other not.

The first was given in 1983, and had the title: *Riddley Walker and Greenham Common: Further Thoughts on Alchemy, Christianity and the Work Against Nature*. This paper was released in me by reading Russell Hoban's novel *Riddley Walker*. Like nothing else I had ever read, this extraordinary book spoke the language of my alchemical dreaming. For me, it made possible public owning of material which I had previously felt to be too crazy to share with others.

Riddley Walker is a story about life two thousand years after a nuclear war. If we follow one line of argument, the release of nuclear energy can be seen as achieving the alchemists' goal for the transformation of matter. If that is so, then *Riddley Walker* is through and through alchemical.

It is about the future. But it is also about a past that has been forgotten. This movement of imagination between prophecy and memory spoke into my sense of some unwritten history of which we are part. It encouraged me in the belief that my story, our story, might make more sense within the context of that unwritten history.

The paper which *Riddley Walker* enabled me to write was a mixture of autobiography and historical fiction, woven round a work of what Jung calls 'active imagination' which I had done nearly forty years earlier when I was myself in danger of breaking up. It had two themes. The first was the Christian Eucharist, and how that cannibalistic eating of flesh and blood may

have contributed to the metaphysical origins of experimental science. The second was about apocalypse, and how Christian concern for the relation between time and eternity may have contributed to what A.N. Whitehead called 'the invention of the method of invention'.

Among my colleagues, the paper had a mixed reception. One said she thought I was committing professional suicide. Another, famous for never writing letters, wrote to say he was proud to be published together in the same Journal. But the historians on whom I tried it were more sure. They could make no sense of it. In a friendly letter, one of my former Oxford tutors, whom I had quoted, wrote:

> I confess to being rather bewildered by what I read: 'crazy' it was not; but certainly bewildering—chiefly, I suppose, because you start with a foundation of experience, which (so far as I can see)—vivid though they are—tell us nothing about the past experiences of the human race—or at least nothing on which we can build.

Though I was deeply disappointed by his reaction, I have to admit that it was understandable. Certainly it is of a kind that is shared by most of the historians of science who have commented on Jung's work on alchemy. Those of us who have found meaning for ourselves in that work must accept that a heavy burden of persuasion and proof lies with us if it is to become more widely studied as relevant to the present experience of the human race.

Looking back now on my *Riddley Walker* paper, and the responses to it and the effect of those responses on me, it seems to have moved me towards owning the need for a more comprehensive 'placement' of my psychotic potential. On the one hand, I am seized with something between hunger and reverence for history. On the other, I am afflicted with metaphysical scepticism about time. Between the two I have always had difficulty in feeling what is real.

The second attempt to research and place my psychotic potential to which I want to refer was in a talk I gave at the Jung Club last year, at a day conference on *History and Holocaust*, which I shared with Wolfgang Giegerich from Stuttgart. I called my talk: *How Can Feeling Respond to Images of Annihilation*? In it, I was trying to reflect with feeling drawn from my own experience, both on the Nazi German near annihilation of European Jewry

and on our present fears of genocide through nuclear war. This led me to include reference to one of the central themes of alchemy, the sacred marriage, and to say something about how for me this has been inextricably involved with the taking of pleasure in pain.

I began this with reference to a dream. It dates from 1962, and must have come within weeks of my first taking communion within the Christian Church. It began with scenes set in some city like the London of George Orwell's novel *Nineteen Eighty Four*. This was related to the Liverpool of my childhood, and to the cathedral which was being built there in the 1930's, also to my father's recent death. It then continued:

> There are two young women, the feminine counterparts of the Orwellian 'proles' of the earlier sequence. One of them has children, but because in some way she is totally unable to accept the shadow side of marriage, its destructiveness, its metaphysical collapse as a result of the dissolution of the incestuous marriage between Christ and Church which is the archetype of human marriage, therefore she must destroy her children. She has no understanding, and therefore relies on her companion, who is literal minded and idolatrous, to tell her how to react to this uncomprehended situation. This second girl counsels the revolting cooking of her children. Deep down in a vastly deep hole in the earth I came upon them by a glass-fronted stove, with the children inside heated almost to their destruction. The mother seems a bit distraught and uncertain of what she is doing, nothing more. But the other woman is diabolically certain of what she is doing. I feel the unbearable pain of the tiny bodies. I am trying to persuade the mother that she must confess all. This means trying to persuade her to pour out to her father-confessor how totally destructive her experience of marriage is: her vision that marriage is not one of the essential foundations of society but a centre from which the Spirit of Destruction works its demonic power on men and women as individuals and as members of society.

That is the kind of thing I mean by 'soul stuff'. However psychotic a dream like that may be, it is not one you forget easily. In relation to alchemy it has coloured everything I read on retorts and ovens, the homunculus, or the sacred marriage. But what I have to say about it here has to do with The Two Bodies.

One of the most powerful links between the personal and the social body is the whole nexus of transaction between male and female. How we understand marriage, what we expect of marriage, is influenced by, and in turn influences, our understanding of society. If there is something wrong with one, there is something wrong with the other. Much of Jung's writing on the sacred marriage in his alchemical volumes appears to assume a harmonious archetype of marriage. This is the model of reconciliation to which the alchemists' intercourse with the mineral world aspires. But if our experience of marriage at a transcendent level includes deliberate pain and the operation of some kind of spirit of destruction, how does this affect our understanding and expectation of the work against nature?

What I want to suggest is this. We have grown familiar over the last few decades with the idea that ecology and sexual behaviour are intimately related. What are we going to do about this relationship? How does it touch us? Is it just a question of management, of social engineering, or does it affect us in quite different ways, ways both here and beyond which we rightly call metaphysical? I suggest that alchemy is about the history of that question, one chapter in the history of the metaphysical relationship between the Two Bodies, and that it may bear witness to experience which is more cruel than we can imagine.

Unless...unless we are more willing to own our private cruelties, and to bring such owning into the dialogue between the Two Bodies, however ridiculous, nasty and perverse it may make us appear.

The second passage from my *History and Holocaust* paper takes up this 'unless'. I was reflecting on the insane cruelty in that dream, and relating it to my own experience of taking pleasure in pain. This returned me to my theme of the two virgins, and of the place of the Christian Annunciation in the history of metaphysics.

I spoke about a man with a taste for sadomasochism. He lived with a woman whose inclinations complemented his own. He was fortunate in being able to develop and explore his pleasure in receiving pain within a relationship where humour, affection, even perhaps love, allowed for shared reflection on what they did together. In what he told me I was struck by how extensively religious language was used in their rituals of domination and submission.

I remembered in particular a session in which my patient described to me an exchange of looks between him and the woman during one of their rituals. He was kneeling at her feet, waiting in a state of intense sexual excitement, to be whipped. She ordered him to look her in the eyes. He described what then happened as an extraordinary opening of some imprisonment within him. He said that as their gazes held each other, it was 'as if desire stood still in turning on itself'. In one attempt to amplify the moment he compared it to the old image of the arrow and the bowstring. He said that it was as if an arrow, shot from the taut, stretched, bow was caught in midflight and then held still, still in flight, by the tension from which it sprang. In another, he described it as like what a flower must feel when it opens for the first time.

Now strange things happen in the counter-transference. My work with this man was touching me in places which I came to feel I had never explored properly in my own analysis. I had real difficulty in owning my projections into what he brought me, so that I was dealing with them myself and not relying on him to help me. What helped steady me in reflection on my counter-transference was all the work I had done a few years before on the two virgins.

I found myself thinking of that look which he described so vividly and to which he returned again and again, and re-imagining it in ways that allowed me to work on my own projections. I found myself imagining it in relation to the extraordinary spatial vibration achieved in some of the great paintings of the Annunciation between the figures of Mary and the angel Gabriel. And then later, as weeks and months passed, I came to imagine another picture, in which the Christian Mary and the alchemical Isis might face each other, their gazes meeting in the space between the 'Yes' and the 'No' as they tell of their different response to the desire present in that visitation: on one side, Mary's 'be it unto me according to Thy word', on the other, the alchemical Isis with her determination to inquire further into the transformation of metals. And I began to wonder, thinking of my analysis, and of the desire between myself and mother and father and the space between them, whether I had once been present at such an exchange of Yes and No. If I had, what had I made of the metaphysical excitement of it, and how had that excitement influenced not only my sexuality but also perhaps my reading of history?

Such wondering is now at the heart of my interest in Jung's work on alchemy. When I read the introduction to *Psychology and Alchemy*, or the more historical parts of *Aion* and *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, I am wondering whether there was in Jung's experience anything comparable to my oscillation between those two contrasting moments of Annunciation. And when I consider Jung's rediscovery of alchemy within the wider context of the history of the Two Bodies, I wonder about the place of the Annunciation in the future of our world. The Annunciation is a turning point in human history. It marks the transition between the Old and the New Testaments, the change over from BC to AD, the separation of Christian from Jew. But what has it done to the time of the inhuman world, the animal and vegetable and mineral world that has no conception of the terror, the excitement, or the consolation, of history?

Curiosity and Respect for Being

This autobiographical material should give some idea of the personal context within which my interest in Jung-on-alchemy has developed. It is evident that I have not been moved to intimations of wholeness or of the *unus mundus*. The emphasis has been rather on depression, more or less denied, and on the dangers of delusional psychosis and idealised omnipotence. Such is the soul stuff which has interested me in alchemy. It is also, so I believe, soul stuff of a kind that can contribute to recovery of 'respect for Being'.

I want to suggest how this may come about by looking at some connections between curiosity and the metaphysics of time. Jung's understanding of time in his psychology of alchemy, and the way he links it with the idea of projection, is my starting point.

Jung believed that the presence of alchemical themes in the dreams of modern people is evidence of a *timed timelessness* at work in the world. He talked of this in terms of projection, synchronicity and the collective unconscious. The picture of time which we get from his works has two emphases. One is like a great ocean, a reservoir, vibrating with the partially realised energy of the archetypes. The other is of impingement and constellation, the impact of the significant occasion, an impact which has a quality to it which overrides our distinction of accident and cause. Between

the two, the phenomenon of projection is responsible for the connective tissue of our being-in-the-world.

The problem for me, and for many others, in understanding this picture is how to relate this timeless ocean and this constellating impingement to our experience of time as flow, whether that flow be linear or circular.

I have come to agree with those historians of science who judge Jung's work on alchemy to be in a critical sense un-, or anti-, historical. They say that he does not pay enough attention to changes that occurred over the centuries, or to differences between Chinese, Middle Eastern, and European alchemy. I think this criticism is justified, and that those of us who think of ourselves as followers of Jung should take it to heart and to mind.

But I also think that Jung is on to some truth about time which the historians seem to have forgotten. I prefer to talk about this not so much in terms of synchronicity or of the collective unconscious, but rather in language I have learned in the tension between the Two Bodies, the kind of tension I have aired in the more autobiographical part of this paper.

The easiest way into this language is through music. We have to be able to think of time as both independent of us and yet also of our making, in the way that musicians do. Time has an objective existence independent of us, into which we are thrown and to which we have to adapt. But it also depends, absolutely, on us. It is of our making. This is the paradox in which what I call metaphysical scepticism about time is grounded, the paradox which pulled so sharply at my son's heart strings as he imagined the brevity of a butterfly's existence. There is no point to time unless we have a say in its making. But how can that be?

Historians for whom a metaphysics of time is nonsense are deeply suspicious of any such musical approach to the making and keeping of time. For them, it is important that time be objective to their own researches. The objectivity of time is what guarantees their discipline.

But there are traditions within the study of history which do allow for belief in time as not only given to us, but also as something in whose making we participate. The Biblical and Marxist approaches are examples of this. I think that Jung's work on alchemy belongs with those traditions. It just doesn't make sense unless we can entertain belief that time is something we

make as well as something we are given. I want to translate Jung's talk of the timelessness of the collective unconscious, of synchronicity, of *participation mystique*, into the language of that belief in time as made by us as well as given to us. I sum it up in the sentence: Time is given into our keeping.

If we are to take account of the kind of personal experience I have been describing, however, we will have to allow that belief a reach which is lacking in the Biblical and Marxist traditions. It has to be able to take in evidence which neither of those traditions accepts. We have to make room for connections between past and future of which at present we can only dream. Waking, they make no sense at all.

In October 1986 Mary Warnock reviewed various books on the future of nuclear energy in *The Times Literary Supplement*. The review was titled: 'The Future since Chernobyl'. In it, she had this sentence: 'We have to think about what is good or bad for a future infinitely more remote from ourselves than any we have been accustomed to consider'. Jung's psychology of alchemy is as much about that future as it is about the past. In working with it we are learning responsibility for times which are infinitely remote. Yet, as the examples I have given show, they are as close to us as death and sexuality.

In working with the kind of material I have described, it seems to me as if three different 'time scales' overlap. Or, in order to emphasise better the participatory, musical quality of time, we should perhaps better speak of 'timings' rather than 'time scales'. There is the timing of my personal life story. There is the timing of history. And there is the timing of evolution.

I wonder whether psychoanalytic argument about dream interpretation isn't much more about the problem of how these three timings relate to one another than we have yet realised. If we think in terms of timescales, we tend to want to reduce all three to one homogeneous line, with personal life time as a barely visible segment of historical time, which in its turn is a barely visible segment of evolutionary time. If we are thinking in terms of participatory, musical time, we experience them as acting upon one another. This acting-upon-one-another of personal, historical and evolutionary timing has a quality to it which is somewhere between a beat and a rub. Sometimes this beat, this rubbing, can be soothing, infinitely comforting, like the notes of some great organ or a particularly sensuous massage. Sometimes it can be more like

some intolerably painful oscillation, a state of agitation wholly without rhythm in which every appointment is always a disappointment.

If we are to relate Jung's work on alchemy to the future of science we are going to have to make room for that acting-upon-one-another of personal, historical and evolutionary timing. For instance: the alchemists believed they could *speed up* the transformation of metals being incubated within the earth, and *prolong* the lives of mortals. It has been said that 'one important strand linking alchemy to modern technology is woven out of the human ability to speed up the time of mineral change'. Mary Warnock warns us that we must take responsibility for times which may seem infinitely remote. How do we get a sense of our participatory responsibility for evolutionary timing into our understanding of history so that how we behave now owns such responsibility?

This is where I want to introduce *curiosity* into my argument. The nature of scientific curiosity is going to have to change. It is going to have to own an interest in time creation.

One economic and political response to the problems touched on by Mary Warnock in her review is to plan for what is called *sustainable growth*. With more or less reservation, it is accepted that we must have growth. But growth must be subordinated to a respect for the environment. It must allow for the renewal of the resources on which it feeds.

I believe that alongside sustainable growth we should also be thinking and talking about *sustainable curiosity*. If it is to be sustainable, scientific curiosity has to allow for the renewal of the resources on which it feeds. It is going to have to include within its own self-understanding respect for Being.

To do so, it must make room for all kinds of curiosity about time. It has to listen to evidence present in the tension between the Two Bodies that time is as much a human project as a natural phenomenon. Understanding science requires that we are trying to understand that project. Without such understanding, the institutionalised experimental curiosity of modern science (what Whitehead called so well 'the invention of the method of invention') will exhaust the resources on which it feeds. With it, it may find rest in a more comprehensive ability to 'let Be'.

Jung's work on alchemy contributes to such understanding. The key idea that we Jungians have to take on board is that time is itself a project. In

this paper I am trying to illustrate some implications of this from my personal material.

The alchemical Isis, whom I have placed opposite the Christian Mary, was curious as to the preparation of metals, and therefore resisted the advances of the angel. Mary was accepting. She allowed for curiosity of an altogether different kind, curiosity that opened the way for the maker into the body of the made. Many of my alchemical dreams seem to be about a kind of fusion or collapse of the difference between those two positions. The result of this collapse (perhaps 'short circuit' is a better analogy) is that curiosity becomes devouring. Faced with this devouring curiosity my dreaming wakes me in terror,

I have come to associate this devouring curiosity and the accompanying terror with ecologists' warnings as to the effects of scientific exploitation of our environment. The sense they can give us of being caught in a process, or possessed by a spirit, which is destroying our habitat, corresponds with the kind of panic in which I have woken from nightmares like the two I have told. But, because of the nature of my material, I have also come to wonder whether this devouring curiosity is in some way the result of the Annunciation. Has the Annunciation exposed the animal, vegetable, mineral worlds to curiosity of a kind for which we are now beginning, perhaps too late, to feel responsible?

This is where my interest in Jung-on-alchemy is now located. I think that Jung's alchemical books can be read as part of an overall shift in our understanding of the curiosity which links the human and the inhuman worlds. They are about biochemical participation in the sort of time keeping which contains and sustains curiosity within respect for Being.

My own material is a particular and limited illustration of how such participation works. One of its major themes is of our involvement in a metaphysical linking between sexuality and time.

Consider the idea of incest as it is used in Jung's writing about the *coniunctio* or sacred marriage, and the significantly different use of the idea in the Freudian tradition. Most thinking about incest is within a context that assumes time as 'just there'. Parent-child incest is then something that takes

place between the generations as they exist strung out on a linear chronology. Such incest devours time. It swallows up the future.

But incest as *wish* can also be understood as a project. It projects, or intends, synchronisation of linear and circular experience of time. This is particularly true of brother-sister incest of the kind Jung writes about so extensively. Incest of this sort can be seen as generating time rather than devouring it.

Now if we are open to the idea of time as *given into our keeping* this synchronising project or intent of incest can lead to a more comprehensive and more demanding experience of sexuality and time as sharing some kind of common metaphysical ground and direction. I think that is what that dream of mine about Christ and the Church was about. But to analyse it, to make it real, to do something with it, we need the tension between the Two Bodies. Time as within, and of, our generation is something we suffer and something we enjoy. There is a breaking point, and there is celebration. For the two to come together we need the company of others in owning as much as possible of what is going on in the tension between the Two Bodies.

Looking back over forty years of dreaming, I would say that that is what my alchemical material has been about. Trying to make sense of it is not so lonely as it once was, though it can still seem pretty hopeless. Between those who can talk easily, oh so easily, of the timelessness of the collective unconscious, and those for whom time raises no metaphysical questioning, it can seem extremely unlikely that it will ever be possible to join with others in social celebration of time as within, and of, our generation. Yet I believe, with a conviction that is growing to meet me from out of the root of my dying, that the time for such celebration is already set, ready for us to pick up, in the tension between the Two Bodies.

To be ready for it, we have to get the feeling right. Owning the creation of time in the tension between personal and social experience is not something abstract or mathematical. That is not the kind of metaphysics I am asking for. Nor is it even something musical, in spite of the use I have made of the musical analogy. It involves us together in hope that is not of this world. It involves us together in fear that is not of this world. It is energised by activity

we call worship and prayer. And that is where I have a problem which I cannot work out alone.

Worship and prayer have a history. They are subject to time even as they celebrate time's creation. In the history of our culture, worship and prayer in the tension between the Two Bodies have been inspired by the Bible. The guardians of the Biblical traditions have been responsible for our personal and social hold on time-creation, and for its hold on us. As we have repudiated those traditions (or as they have failed us), that hold has gone slack. It has become easy (facile) for whole generations to grow up believing that time can be taken for granted, that there is really and truly nothing we have to do to ensure it.

The feeling that *I* have had to take on board in grappling with my alchemical dreams is that *we* have lost our key to time creation. To recover it, I need the help of others in owning to feelings of panic, annihilation, and omnipotence, which at present can find no expression in which the social and the personal come together.

My dreaming suggests to me that this will require two movements of the heart and mind and spirit. One movement must come from within the Biblical traditions (I am thinking of Jew and Christian in particular, and of the absolute terror which the 20th century has shown to be at stake between them) to own the *deeply depressive* sense of historical failure. I doubt if it is possible to exaggerate the depth and influence of this 'depressive position' within our culture. An appointment was made which has not been kept. Our confidence in our ability to keep time has been disappointed where it hurts most—in the well-springs of worship and prayer. How are we to comprehend that disappointment?

I see such comprehension coming out of a second movement of heart and mind and spirit. I have described it as the rubbing or beating of personal and historical and evolutionary timing against each other. That, it seems to me, is what much of our dreaming is about. We are trying to remember what time being given into our keeping is like.

But there is a problem of feeling involved in this remembering which is in danger of splitting us irreconcilably. Even as we acknowledge the deeply depressive failure of the Biblical traditions we have also to acknowledge that

the Bible has been right to insist on a metaphysical link between time and sexuality. Can we hold those two truths together?

That is a feeling problem with which I need the help of others. Our history is in travail with time. The direction and intent of curiosity is changing. It is like living along the line of some geological fault. What is splitting us is an overall realignment in our understanding of the curiosity which links the human and the inhuman world. We are having to allow for this splitting in order to make room for biochemical participation in time keeping. Without such participation, curiosity of the kind we have come to rely on in the last four hundred years will not be sustainable.

The depressive, psychotic, soul stuff which draws some of us to alchemy tells of splitting, disintegration, the decomposition of personality. It tells also of attempts to imagine biochemical participation in time keeping. Between the two I have despaired of finding any common story. Jung encourages me to go on being curious as to how the two may hold together. There is a suggestion (I can put it no stronger) that if we can bear it they may hold together in work that is against nature yet respectful of Being.

Conclusion

At the beginning of this paper I wrote that the one abiding thought I wanted to leave with the reader is that Jung's work on alchemy can contribute to a kind of scientific curiosity which is sustainable rather than self-consuming.

I hope my autobiographical approach has put some flesh and blood on that statement. I want to emphasise again how much this approach of mine depends on two kinds of energy. First, the tension between the Two Bodies, the symbolising energy of the social body as mediating, confusing and translating between what an alchemist would have called the microcosm and the macrocosm. Second, energy which is coincident with metaphysical scepticism about time, and with the feeling (worship and prayer) which sustains such scepticism.

To bring those two kinds of energy together we need more than psychology. We need a history of metaphysics which is also a history of the social body. That is the context within which I would place what Jung says about projection and *participation mystique* in his alchemical books.

The link with clinical practice (as I argued in my *Spring* 1975 paper) is given in the word 'presence'. We need to watch for the word presence when it is applied to persons, objects, places. We need to watch for experience in which the world comes to meet us, turns its countenance upon us, makes itself apparent to us. These are the experiences which we need to share, to foster, to study, if psychological curiosity is to contribute to respect for Being.

Psychoanalytic study of projection has a lot to say about experiences of this kind. But to relate this to what Jung says about projection in alchemy psychoanalytic research must be brought into feeling contact with the history of metaphysics. I believe that feeling contact of this kind could help change the direction and intention of scientific curiosity. But to achieve it we will have to be asking questions about time and its creation which are not made explicit within psychoanalysis, and which do not seem to have meant much for Jung either.

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SADO-MASOCHISM AND SOCIETY*

CAN WE SHARE more of what it is like to enjoy the control of pleasure and pain? Sharing would help to create a more public culture or identity for the large, but unseen, SM world which exists in our society. I want to suggest three themes around which the creation of such a culture could develop: taste, ritual, and social attitudes to death.

Taste

Skin Two looks interesting, different, as if it actually savours taste and style for its own sake. Taste is not just an extra bonus—it is essential. Taste and turn-on go together. Taste makes the difference between sado-masochism working and not working.

In her excellent book, *Masochism: a Jungian View*, Lyn Cowan has a lot to say about taste, the aesthetic element, in sado-masochistic fantasy and practice. She takes us back to the man who gave SM half its name, Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, to his novel *Venus in Furs*. She comments that in this novel, Masoch ranks ordinary sexual intercourse as quite different from the SM attentions the main character receives from his mistress and that these depend for their full effect upon the tastefulness of the setting in which they happen.

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*Adapted from paper written for the fetish and SM (sado-masochist) magazine *Skin Two*, Issue No. 9, 1989.

In setting the scene, Masoch's attention to detail is striking. The hero must enter the room at a certain time, certain clothes must be worn—even the furniture and paintings must be arranged in a certain way. And there is a mirror. Masoch, like all good masochists, knows how important it is to capture the moment. A glance in the mirror arrests the moment, detaching and etching the image like a work of art to which we can return again and again and savour afresh. The total effect which he creates is of aesthetic arousal. Anticipation, sensuality and fulfilment are combined together by the tastefulness of the setting. This aesthetic element is all important. Only when everything is beautifully in order is the time right, the stage set, the play ready to begin.

Taste is essentially sociable. Taste is both highly subjective ('one man's meat is another man's poison') and also something we like to share ('oh you must just have a try of this'). It is important to stress that a successful sado-masochistic partnership involves a lot of negotiation about taste. Taste defines the particular kind of scene which turns me on but it also reminds me that I need to make allowances for the tastes of others—tastes which I might not share at all, which might even repel me.

We need to compare notes on taste in sado-masochistic experience. The same kind of negotiation that goes on within an SM partnership could also develop between society and the sado-masochistic culture as a whole (rather like the centuries-old process of negotiation between the worlds of fashion and fetishism). If other people experienced us as committed to cultivating a critical taste in our goings-on, they would be less afraid of us. Being less afraid and better informed about us, they would be less inclined to view us as some sort of vague threat.

Taste is a discipline, and we like to exercise discipline. We could and should consciously build the discipline of taste into our enjoyment of SM pleasures, as an integral part of it. From society's point of view, if we were more committed to the cultivation of taste, it would be an expression of self discipline. Taste is always checking up on itself. That's what makes it so catching, it's what draws people in to try something fresh. Taste is a kind of self policing. But it is more than that. Taste is censorship turned creative,

censorship which is actively interested in invention and innovation (compare the world of fashion once again).

I think we could change the whole sado-masochistic scene for the better if we learned more about the kinds of creative censorship that go on inside various partnerships and private fantasies. But we must think in terms of taste rather than censorship. Because taste is a word with a wide band of meaning. It is animal-physiological, aesthetic and moral. We need to be in touch with all three kinds of taste if we really want to socialize sado-masochism.

Taste is animal. It decides whether licking results in a biting and chewing and taking inside me, or in a spitting-out rejection. Food is all about taste, and in all the complex psychological linkings between hunger and thirst and sexual appetite, taste helps us in translating one into the other. Taste is also physiologically close to smell, one of the animal senses most completely lost to us which can nevertheless excite us in ways we simply do not understand.

But taste is not just a private matter, as many people seem to assume. Taste is as private and public as money. You can make a good living out of taste—in cooking, fashion, wine or pictures. Taste is a matter of constant negotiation between what is private, intimate, close to my body, and what is public, exposed, inviting debate. And this negotiation is always on the move. Taste doesn't stand still. Both public and private tastes change. Developed tastes should be willing and able to work on, and with, whatever it is that makes for change. Because taste isn't something we can just take or leave, like or dislike. It is also, as any good cook knows, a challenge to do better.

The sado-masochistic world should be more confident in taking up that challenge. Questions of taste could become a meeting place between our world and the fears and suspicions of society. Taste links us with the politics of repression. We need to realize that the discipline of taste is a part of our world, in order to negotiate effectively with the forces of social censorship.

Think of taste as a severe taskmaster, or a strict mistress. We know how it excites to serve such a mistress, or, if we are the more sadistically inclined, to play her part. We could socialize that excitement, showing how censorship and creativity need each other. The more we can show that, the

more society will want to negotiate with us. The forces of law and order are always interested in what turns people on. It is what makes government possible. The more we can be seen to be committed in bondage to serving Mistress Taste, the more the fearful forces of repression and censorship will want to learn from us.

Am I being too optimistic? Certainly nothing like the negotiation I am proposing is possible unless we from our side can really appreciate the full force of public disgust at sado-masochistic practice—disgust and fear. To appreciate the public position, we have to understand and enter into what has been called the 'paradox which alienates society' (I take the phrase from the well researched book by Dr Chris Gosselin and Glenn Wilson, *Sexual Variations*).

We have to understand that those who do not share our tastes simply cannot realize that what seems painful—or at least uncomfortable and extremely silly—could possibly be erotic. It is not easy to believe that the victim is enjoying the whole thing immensely, that the sadist can be acting at the express wish and for the gratification of the supposed victim. This is the paradox which alienates society. This is what is at stake between the sado-masochist and the public.

If there is to be serious political negotiation about sado-masochistic taste, we have to start by addressing ourselves to that paradox. We have a lot of explaining to do—and it is explaining about experiences that are not simple or easy to get the hang of. I think that it is possible, but only if we are willing to engage with what has been called the religious intensity of sado-masochistic behaviour.

Ritual

Most readers will recognize the importance of ritual in their erotic experience. Dressing up is of course the most obvious first example. We know that clothes are not merely incidental to what we do. They are an essential ingredient, providing not only decoration but also energy. What we do is energized by our clothes in a very special way.

An example of this which I met with recently was illuminating. A couple, in late middle age, who were feeling their way for the first time into

sado-masochistic sharing, had developed a ritual for the man as submissive, woman as dominant, which depended upon being played out as if they were strangers. But when they wanted to try it in reverse roles, with the man as dominant and the woman as submissive, it didn't 'work'. The woman felt that she could not revel in the masochistic role, as she longed to do, unless the man would meet her—even in the heart of the sado-masochistic exchange—as her loving husband.

Nevertheless, the drive between them was so strong that they decided to try it, at the risk of failure (you need your sense of humour when rituals fail to 'catch on'—keeping in mind that experimenting together is part of the relating/negotiating). He told her she had to dress smartly and then leave the house, leaving her house key behind. She had to take the car for a 20 minute drive while he prepared the scene for her reception. When she returned, it had to be as if she were coming to an assignation at a strange house. It worked out differently from the ways either had expected.

When she rang and he opened the door to her, he was intending to play the scene as if she were a stranger come to visit a professional. Immediately he saw her, he knew it was going to be different. She had dressed far more strangely than he had expected. Not kinkily, just strangely, as if she were a different person. As a result, there was a kind of theatrical 'space' between them which he wasn't prepared for. When they talked it over afterwards, they agreed that it was her choice of clothes, her total outfit, that made it possible for her to be both stranger and wife in one.

Clothes create a particular kind of space or distance. They also contribute to the energy released into that space. Theatre people know this well. What is true of clothes is also true of ritual more generally. Ritual is not just an external form. It is energy as well. Psychological and anthropological study of ritual returns to this combination again and again. Ritual is compared to the channel down which energy can be directed. But ritual is also the energy which cuts the channel. It is this double aspect of ritual that we need to get into if sado-masochistic practices are to generate their proper culture.

This is much easier said than done. Because in sado-masochistic ritual, the connection between the 'channel' and the energy which both cuts the channel and flows through it is made by feeling of peculiar intensity. I want to

suggest that it may also be religious. For many readers of *Skin Two*, it is natural enough to consider that while sado-masochism is on one level an erotic taste, it can—particularly when you add love—be a moving religious experience. This is an idea we should take seriously. If we are to speak with confidence out of the heart of the pleasure-pain nexus, religious intensity is something we've got to reflect on. Society feels threatened by sado-masochism for the same reason as it feels threatened by some other kinds of religious experience—because it doesn't understand it.

One reason why it is so difficult to recognize religious feeling in sado-masochism is that most of us have such a dispirited and anaemic idea of what religion is about. I use the term 'religious' not to denote any particular church. Churches today—like other power structures—don't like to admit to sado-masochistic energy within their traditions and have developed some skill in playing it down. In spite of that, churches are probably more receptive to the general human truth of pleasure-pain experience than are other social institutions. Many priests know, in ways that law courts can never grasp (because to do so would be to question the whole purpose of punishment), how easy, how ordinary, it is to seek out pain in order to enjoy it.

Religious history and literature is full of flagellation, confinement and punishment of every kind, often inter-dependent on a heightened state of communion with one's God. One active church-goer with SM tastes tells how she ordered her lover to kneel and confess his subjection; after their ritual was over, she realized with a shock that the words her ritualized slave had used to her were uncannily similar to the ones she spoke herself every year in her church's service of renewal of vows. The religious feeling in sado-masochism is not always easy to recognize. In our most intense moments, we are not inclined to make these observations. It is only afterwards, on reflection, that we can realize how 'worshipful', how 'prayerful' our ritual has been.

But let us remember that many sado-masochists, fetishists, transvestites (anyone who thinks they may be unusual) are, or have been, lonely and unhappy. Sometimes desperately so, believing themselves to be isolated with desires shared by no one. The relief of finding a partner with whom to share can be a turning point in our lives. But to move on from there to a more general engagement with the fear and suspicion in society at large seems at

times impossible. The paradox which alienates is too much for us. Is it any help to think of that paradox as at least partly religious?

I believe that it is. I would like to see a religious feeling find its way onto the pages of a publication like *Skin Two*. To make the necessary connections, we will need a further link. The link I am suggesting is in our attitude to death, and to make that link, I want to compare the masochist with the martyr.

Masochists, Martyrs and our Attitude to Death

There are close connections between masochism and martyrdom. Both embrace the role of victim. Both glorify punishment. So as we think about our role within society the masochists among us have to ask: do we perhaps want to be martyrs?

There is fear that the forces of authority will forbid our activities, restrict our publications, prosecute us, call us before a stern judge to be sentenced. But don't we also crave for something very similar to this? How does our fear of social persecution relate to our private rituals of submission and humiliation? One of the key psychoanalytic insights into human behaviour is that where there is fear there is likely to be wish. Just as those who persecute us do so out of fear which indicates their latent wish to share our pleasures, does our fear of official punishment likewise denote a wish to be martyrs? Perhaps sado-masochism is trapped within a kind of 'Catch 22', driven by energies and desires which actually wish to be forbidden, so that even as we try to move towards greater public acceptance, we are also secretly inviting censorship and prosecution?

We can think of this as another example of the paradox which alienates. The way we behave can invite punishment, even as we ask for recognition. The sadistic policeman, the finger-wagging governess on television with her elaborate phallic coiffure, are called up by our own desires. We shut ourselves inside a circle of our own making. To reverse that self defeating process we need to understand better what being a martyr is about. If there is something in us wanting to be a martyr, let's make some sense of it.

The sense I'm suggesting is about our attitude to death. Martyrdom draws on a particular kind of enjoyment: the enjoyment of death in the

presence of life, and life in the presence of death. This confusion is what is at the heart of our paradox which alienates. Let me try to explain by spelling out some connections between religious initiation into the meaning of death and sado-masochistic practice.

Lyn Cowan, in her book, refers to a series of ancient frescoes at Pompeii. These show a woman's initiation into the mysteries of the God Dionysus. In one scene near the end of the series, the woman initiate, semi-nude in a loose falling robe, kneels beside a clothed, seated woman, her head resting in the seated figure's lap. Behind her stands an angel-like feminine figure, winged, feet placed wide apart, her right arm holding an upraised whip. The scene conveys a sense of anticipation and imminence—not unlike many of our own masochistic punishment fantasies. The suggestive nakedness of the submissive, her kneeling posture, her total lack of resistance to the poised whip compose a supreme visual image of complete submission. She is waiting, ready, to receive what is coming to her, to take what is going to be inflicted on her.

What is it that is coming? What exactly is about to be done to her? In our SM rituals, when the naked submissive is kneeling in subjection, there is usually an assumed crime for which he or she is being disciplined. In our fantasies, we create all manner of rules so that they may be broken, so that we may be punished. Whether we act out these fantasies or keep them to ourselves, they provide us with constant rediscovery of the comfort of inferiority and disobedience leading to absolution and re-affirmed love from the one to whom we submit.

This constant activity of rule-making so that rules may be broken, so that punishment may follow, always tends toward the theatrically extreme. From the judge's robes and wig to our own thigh boots, whips and the dominant's haughty tongue, the effect is the same. In order for them to work, there must always seem to be something inhuman and cruel about our rituals. If we compare this sort of experience with the scene on the fresco at Pompeii, certain suggestions can be made about what it is that we are acting out. The whole series of frescoes is about initiation into the meaning of life, especially sexuality, in the face of death. I believe this gives us the key to the social understanding of sado-masochism.

How do we deal with death while we are living? Most of the time, most of us try to forget about it. We treat death as something to be ignored, marginalized, confined to the attention of certain professions. But is that the only way of treating death? Could death be made part of the experience of life? And, if so, could it be that perhaps sex can help in making death part of the enjoyment of life?

Questions like these have, over the last 15 years or so of getting older, been pressing on me. Sexuality has always been associated with sado-masochism for me, and observing how that association has changed between my twenties and my sixties, it seems to me that a kind of interest in death has been becoming more and more obvious. It is as if my sexuality is intrigued with death, a bit fascinated by it. Although sex is clearly about the enjoyment and procreation of life, I think it may also be a way of celebrating the attractions of death.

Perhaps it is far-fetched, but try the idea out. Think of what I called the Catch 22 situation, by which we may secretly wish for what we most fear. Does it help to think of this as a kind of incorporation of death's attractiveness into the present enjoyment of life? Isn't that just how the whole of us, the whole of our organism, programmed as it is towards dying, might wish to be?

Consider whips. In the Pompeii scene the whip is probably what is called a thyrsus, a sacred branch used in the worship of Dionysus. The god is present in this thyrsus, which is therefore the vehicle of dangerous, natural, yet also supernatural forces. Its use in the ritual is an act of controlled violence, an attempt to subdue these natural forces to a religious purpose. Compare this religious attitude to the high value given to the instruments of pain in our masochistic fantasies and rituals. We know the close attention we pay to them, how fascinating they are. Their range seems limitless, yet the choice has to be just right.

With our instruments of punishment, we are in the presence of worship. Reverence and awe are there, together with degradation and humiliation. Ritualization of pain in this way restores religious meaning to the objects through which it is inflicted. Some instruments take on a character which is almost personal. Even in the most common beating fantasies we can hear the sharp hiss—or hymn—of the holy thyrsus as it swishes down onto the

supplicant's naked body. The kneeling slave is ordered to kiss the strap, commanded to describe the sweet smell of the leather. The crop is held up high to command the adoration owing to it.

There is worship too in the rhythm of a punishment session, in the throbbing compulsiveness of masochism. We are in ecstasy, unable to escape the ritual, the punishment. The rhythm brings us into a state of adoration. Repetition is used—we are commanded to 'beg for it' in a voice that brings us to our knees. We beg, we beseech, we make supplication, we cry for mercy, we pray.

If sex is indeed a way of celebrating the relationship of life to death, it is in experience of this kind that it shows. If we are to do anything with the paradox that alienates, we have to make something of this sort of worship and prayer—however unlike the worship and prayer of the churches it may be. In moving from 'perversion' to 'culture', the first step has to be to recognize that what we are trying to do in our rituals is to incorporate a relationship with death into a present enjoyment of living. This is the shareable paradox through which our cultivation of punishment can find its proper place in society.

The first step has to come from us. We are the ones who know what it is about. We are the ones with experience. It is up to us to show that it is possible to do something with the contradictory feelings that surface when once we admit to ourselves that reverence for life and reverence for death both have to find a way of expressing themselves through and in our sexuality.

27

RE-MINDING, LETTING BE, SHOWDOING: THE ORGANISATION OF PSYCHOTHERAPY*

IN THIS PAPER I want to air my scepticism about analytical psychology as a profession.

So that my argument can stand on its own feet, let me begin by saying where it comes from. First, from my interest in theatre, which began with my Diploma thesis in Zürich in 1965-6, on *Persona and Actor*. Theatre has given me an interest in performance which I don't find catered for within analytical psychology. Second, from my experience at the Westminster Pastoral Foundation between 1971 and 1982. The seemingly irresistible takeover of the pastoral by the analytic started me wondering what kind of historical moment and sociological process I was caught in. Third, work with people employed by the National Health Service. There is a problem about the relation between physical and behavioural approaches to psychotherapy, and transference centred interpersonal approaches, with which it seems to be impossible to get to grips. There are times when the ex-newspaper man in me finds this a public scandal. Untended, this problem can become institutionalised in ways which prevent dialogue. I want the freedom and energy to address myself to this.

Experience within the Jungian community in England has certainly contributed to my present position. I have talked about this at the Jung Club

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(Holt, 1986). But I don't think I am denying its importance when I say that it has been secondary to more general pressures on me, pressures deriving from times in my life, both past and future, which aren't in any particular way Jungian.

Thinking about how I would like to see psychotherapy organised and taught I have come to identify three movements or modalities. I think of these as movements of the mind and heart and intellect which are both spiritual and technical. I call them the re-minding, the letting be, and the showdoing. I believe that psychotherapy should be so organised and taught as to allow for the fullest possible exchange between these three modalities.

Re-minding is of two kinds. One is about memory, the recall of times past. The other is associative, it makes comparisons, it employs our human sense for likeness. How these two kinds of re-minding are related is a question about which we are very confused. The psychology of the unconscious has led us to experiment with the therapeutic effects of combining them, so that memory is enriched by metaphor, and our powers of mental comparison and association are energised by story. Much remains to be done to clarify what happens when we encourage combination of this kind.

Letting be is about enjoyment and suffering. It can be active as well as passive. It can sound with the deep affirmation of a religious Amen, and with the bitter note of querulous self-pity. Letting be takes things as they are. It draws on connections between habit and spontaneity, freedom and inevitability. It accommodates boredom. It is about courage, staying power, endurance. But such endurance can allow us to re-cognize, for the first time, that things *are* indeed *as they are*. This links it to re-minding.

Showdoing moves, as its awkward name implies, between two verbs, to show and to do. Show me what to do. Show me how to do it. Here, let me show you. Showdoing is bringing up children, education, apprenticeship. It thrives on demonstration. It is the properly human power that energises the behavioural sciences.

In trying to spell out the connections between these three movements of technique and spirit and what I have learned from Jung, the first step has to

be to drop the term analytical psychology. In its place I shall use the expression (psycho)analysis.

The name analytical psychology had its historical purpose, clearly to differentiate Jung's work from that of Freud, while allowing resonance with their community of interest. But if the organisation and teaching of psychotherapy is to encourage the fullest possible exchange between re-minding, letting be and showdoing, we need to be able to talk easily of the Freudian and Jungian traditions together, while continuing to own their historical differences and their abiding need on occasion to bracket each other out.

Jungians have tried to use the words analyst and analysis on their own to carry their sense of professional identity. There are times when I use them of myself. Perhaps we are now stuck with them. If so, it is a pity. Because they are wrong. They obscure those influences in his work which led Jung to prefer the term 'Komplexe Psychologie'. They evade the question of what it is that we analyse. And in doing so, they cut corners and suggest too easy an accommodation between shamanism and accuracy.

The expression (psycho)analysis is awkward. But in being so it re-minds of awkward facts, and might make it both easier and more profitable for us 'to wash our dirty linen in public'. (Psycho)analysis re-minds us constantly of the Freud-Jung split. We need this re-minder if we are to profit from the energies released by their quarrel. Freud and Jung are finding their respective places in history. Ignorance of Jung in the Freudian tradition continues to be surprising if not scandalous. We need places where the study of Jung is encouraged and furthered. (I am struck by the way I have returned to the close study of Jung's books since publicly distancing myself from his profession.) But in teaching psychotherapy, in training psychotherapists, we have to be reaching out for a language that can comprehend both traditions without denying the reasons for their falling apart and the many ways in which we have benefited from the consequences of that parting.

(I don't think I am saying anything particularly new here. My Zürich training in 1961-6 included extensive study of Freud. Most contemporary practice and writing in analytical psychology assumes the need for sustained interest in the work of Freud and his successors. What I am saying is that it

would stimulate more searching study of Jung's books, and more fruitful debate with other traditions, if what we called ourselves made it clear that this is what we are up to).

We use re-minding constantly. 'Does it re-mind you of anything?' 'What does it re-mind you of?' Re-minding is how we explore, probe, cast about for a scent, amplify, call up a context. What is peculiar to (psycho)analysis is the emphasis placed on the concept of the unconscious in trying to explain what happens when we are re-minded of. Although there are different theories of the unconscious, they all have in common an extensive use of vocabularies of knowing and awareness, unknowing and unawareness. If we submit to them we become immersed in a language world in which mind is assumed to be about knowing and unknowing, awareness and unawareness. Other views of mind are blanketed out.

There is a perhaps rather old fashioned English expression: 'that puts me in mind of'. People do sometimes use it instead of 'that re-minds me of'. It is worth thinking about: the verb *to put*, *me* as object of an action, and *mind* as both a place and an attribute, the 'what' in which I am put is 'of' something else. We have here the intentional or object-relatedness character of our mindedness.

Is this kind of mindedness best thought of in terms of consciousness and unconsciousness, or is it better thought of in terms of being and doing? How does mind as a 'knowing of' relate to mind as a 'showing up', an 'acting on', a 'doing to'?

We can approach the question through 'interpretation'. Problems of interpretation figure prominently in the history and current state of (psycho)-analysis. They move between what I am calling the three modes of re-minding, letting be, showdoing.

(Psycho)analytic interpretations make extensive use of sign, symbol, metaphor. Some of our most deeply felt and enduring separations have been occasioned and sustained by differences in understanding of how one thing can be 'like' another. There seems to be a need for fairly small groups sharing agreed assumptions as to the nature of metaphor, who can work intimately with each other in scrutinising the use of likeness, and in developing a

teachable approach to how to use similarity, resemblance, representation, to effect psychological change. There is also need for these groups to be able to converse together. When this is successful, it is because we are able to suspend belief in our acquired metaphoric habitat and to entertain the possibility of other ways of experiencing and applying likeness. We move from a first degree intimacy with the uses and abuses of symbol to a more suspended state of metaphoric animation within which it may be possible to *compare* what works for us with what works for others without *agreeing* with them. (It sometimes seems as if it is impossible to sustain such a state of suspension without losing our ability to make metaphor work in our clinical practice. There are case discussions which can be physiologically deeply disturbing (as well as perhaps in some unacknowledged way exciting) but which can make it very difficult to go back into our practice the next day).

But (psycho)analysis also uses interpretation in situations of what we call transference and countertransference. I think the organisation of psychotherapy would be improved if we learned to study transference and countertransference in terms of what I am calling showdoing. This is already happening through the influence of group work and family systems work on (psycho)analytic satisfaction with traditional approaches to one to one work. Listening to some of the more relaxed, off the record, exchanges between (psycho)analysts when they meet in a shared interest in theatre I hear talk of transference and countertransference which seems to me to herald a root and branch revisioning of (psycho)analysis as we know it.

The distinction between showdoing and re-minding in our approach to transference can be approached through secret.

For re-minding, secret is something to be got at. If I am 'to be put in mind of' a secret there are codes to be broken, clues to be solved, pretences to be seen through, riddles to be guessed, censors to be outwitted. Working with a secret is a progression from the known to the unknown, so that what is unseen becomes seen, what is unspoken is said.

Within the showdoing modality, secret is in the play between the two verbs. We apprentice ourselves to learn the secrets (or mystery) of a craft or trade. We apply for the master class to learn the secrets of performance. We are accepted for the class if we are judged to have what it takes, to be able to

use what is going to be shown to us. The secret is 'for showing'. What makes it inaccessible is the way it is lodged between a showing and a doing. There is a 'show me *what* to do' and there is a 'show me *how* to do it' to which all education is a response. The secrets of adaptation, of learning, of skill, of culture, are lodged between the show me what and the show me how. That lodgement is got at in doing.

What (psycho)analysis sometimes seems to be trying to do is to persuade us that this showing and this doing can, and indeed should, be defined in terms of knowing. The power of (psycho)analytic discourse, its attraction, its fascination, its outreach and its inscape, its ability to convert and to make what began as a method into a way of life, these are all generated between words of knowing and unknowing. A language of consciousness and unconsciousness turns with missionary and colonising zeal on all human life as its domain. Showing and doing are translated into problems of knowing and unknowing, and secrets which could be dealt with simply if showdoing were allowed its proper function become the stuff out of which strange, expensive and sometimes exhausting tapestries are spun. As a cultural phenomenon it is amazing. I doubt if from within it we can even begin to imagine the aberration we may be caught in.

Or perhaps we are beginning to. Take the last two paragraphs of the Laplanche-Pontalis discussion of 'Acting out'.

> One of the outstanding tasks of psycho-analysis is to ground the distinction between transference and acting out on criteria other than purely technical ones—or even mere consideration of locale (does something happen within the consulting room or not?). This task presupposes a reformulation of the concepts of *action* and *actualisation* and a fresh definition of the different modalities of *communication*.
>
> Only when the relations between acting out and the analytic transference have been theoretically clarified will it be possible to see whether the structures thus exposed can be extrapolated from the frame of reference of the treatment—to decide, in other words, whether light can be shed on the impulsive acts of everyday life by linking them to relationships of the transference type.

To clarify the relations between acting out and the analytic transference we are going to have to demote our words of knowing and unknowing and allow the verbs to show and to do more power and more room. What we expect of interpretation has to be able to allow for the different modalities of imaginal likeness and physical representation. Criteria on which the distinction between transference and acting out can be grounded will have to take into account what theorists of the theatre call 'deixis', the energy released when persons and objects on a stage point at themselves. Deixis is what energises theatrical presentation. But it also energises all behaviour-in-a-context. It is not something to be got at by interpretation of an imaginative, reflective kind. The interpretation it calls for is, quite simply, performance. (Holt, 1985)

Sometimes it seems as if (psycho)analysis just forgot this. It is as if somewhere along the way we met with someone who persuaded us that the secret of performance was to be found in knowing what to do and we could dispense with any showing. So for many years we went in search of that secret in lands where the only performance of interest took place between our knowing and our unknowing. Then we remembered something called object relations, and suddenly counter-transference was as, if not more, interesting than transference. Showing is become important again. Behaviour can point to secrets more economically than reflection, meditation or exegesis. How to energise that pointing is an important question for psychotherapy. We'd learn more about it if transference work and behavioural studies could find ways of talking to each other.

The energy of such pointing is close to what I mean by letting be. Performance is active, demonstrative, interpretive. Its interpretations—in the theatre, in the concert hall, in the workshop—are always open to another go. There is always room for another try. But they are nevertheless complete in themselves. They stand or fall on what is shown in the doing, done in the showing. There is a concentration of effort that is content to let its case rest.

This ability of performance to let its case rest is something we are going to have to think about if the behavioural and interpretive sciences are to learn from each other. What does it tell us about the relation between action,

interpretation, and being-minded-of? The answers I work with have to do with letting be.

Like showdoing, letting be moves between two verbs, to let and to be. It is about permission, both in the sense of making possible and of leaving alone. And it is about what there is simply no other word for than Being. Aristotle called it 'that which is'. Wittgenstein pointed to it with his remark 'Not *how* the world is, is the mystical, but *that* the world is'. Being. The given presence of what is. The verb that sustains all nouns and adjectives that we can think of.

How 'to let' and 'to be' are related is a constant question in living. It is one to which psychotherapists have to address themselves in every consultation. The course I started at the Westminster Pastoral Foundation on 'counselling and ontology' was an attempt to work out how this could be taught. I abandoned it, faint of heart, in the face of the seemingly irresistible attractions of the (psycho)analytic alternative.

Teaching how to let be brings us into conflict with re-minding. The crucial point is that while being-minded-of can often assist at the recognition of Being, it can also work against it. Experience with counselling and ontology has convinced me that feeling is at stake here of a kind which the (psycho)analytic schools simply do not comprehend, (though perhaps what *divides* them does). We must try and get this feeling into the organisation of psychotherapy.

If we give ourselves over too much to re-minding we can find ourselves possessed by a spirit which knows no rest. The cultivation of memory, symbol, metaphor, imagination, becomes an addiction which cannot let be. At its best, re-minding is a call to explore all available likeness. But if we follow that call we must realise that likeness has no reason to let Being rest. Likeness is restless to translate, to transform, to compare. It is impatient of the givenness of what is. It finds something defeatist in 'that is how things are. So be it'. It knows there has to be a behind and a beyond and a besides. There must be a way through or round. How things are is always open to conversion.

(Psycho)analysis has appropriated this restlessness in the presence of Being, and intends to make of it a profession. The strategy is in two stages. First, to harness this restlessness to our unknowing. This can lead in very

different directions, depending on how unknowing is defined. If, with Jung, there is a tendency to identify our unknowing with the ground of Being, it can lead towards an enlargement of symbolism at the expense of Being. If, with Freud, our interest is in unknowing as denial and privation, then it leads towards what Paul Ricoeur has called a 'hermeneutics of suspicion'. All attribution of meaning is suspect. Being is left alone. Its grounding is not presumed on. (Which may come closer to true recognition of Being than the Jungian way, which sometimes seems perilously close to a collapse of ontology into symbolism.) But though the directions are different, the essential strategy is the same. Unknowing, as a kind of resourceful absence awaiting cultivation, is harnessed to our restlessness in the presence of Being. Our unknowing, our unawareness, is what carries the theoretical and practical weight. Doing and showing are of interest only in relation to states of mind, so that re-minding becomes an activity in its own right.

The second stage is to apply this activity to our own life story. A special kind of telling-about-ourselves is generated. Our ability to re-mind, and to be re-minded, is brought to bear on our partial knowledge of our story. The fact that we are ignorant of most of our story is taken as a resource. Inexhaustible ignorance of our infancy and childhood is played off against ignorance of a future which is still to be revealed. A two way dynamic, like a pulse, is set going. In drawing on ignorance-as-resource we exercise our ability to be re-minded of. And in exercising that ability we confirm the resourcefulness of unknowing. We begin to feel that we are getting inside the generation of our own story, becoming pregnant of our own cause. It is as if we get in between cause and effect in our lived story, and in gradually discovering what they have in common begin to feel the beat of a secret pulse, the pulse which causes my life to be as it is.

The result can be fascinating. It has created an absorbing profession, albeit a profession which can be quite extraordinarily rude. It can appeal to the same sense of discipline and self sacrifice as has inspired great spiritual and ethical movements. It has an effect far beyond its own borders, not least among other hermeneutic disciplines concerned with the discovering and keeping of secrets. But what does it do to our ability to let be? Letting be can be mute resignation. It can be world weary cynicism. It can be resentment;

resentment that eats into the soul, hardens the heart, exhausts the spirit and paralyses the imagination. Yet it can move from that to a position where 'making do' is possible. Make do and mend. There can be a moment of relaxation in which amendment and compromise become possible. We say, 'Oh, let it go', and a hopeless argument in which we are stuck moves into conversation and exchange. We say, 'Well, yes, I can live with that', and signify a willingness to take what is given as making a fresh start. How is such movement possible? How is it helped and hindered by re-minding?

We have to think about time (always remembering that to think about time truly requires that we tread tenderly, for we are stepping on the wings of butterflies). Ontological tradition teaches us that respect for Being goes together with puzzlement about time. To understand what (psycho)analysis does to our ability to let be we have to ask how (psycho)analytic causality relates to what I have called the consistency of time (Holt 1982, 1983). Are the causes which (psycho)analysis searches out and recapitulates to be found *in* time, or are they also, or alternatively, *of* time?

I have spent much effort in the last twenty years trying to air questions about time in Jungian circles, with little response. I confess to being surprised at my failure. I would have expected a community interested in a concept like Jung's synchronicity to be more eager to enter into debate about time. I begin to suspect that (psycho)analysis as a whole may depend for its existence on a collapse of metaphysical time-questioning. Which would be a pity. Because (psycho)analytic research into sexuality, and particularly into the relation between sexuality and death, is itself calling urgently for a re-awakening of just such questioning.

The causing *of* time is all round us. We celebrate it in worship and prayer and festival. We draw on it in hope. We invoke it in promise. We struggle with it between the generations, as we measure up to each others' vitality. It permeates social intercourse. It is like the sap in what sociologists call 'the social construction of reality'.

(Psycho)analytic theory is very weak on the social construction of reality. (Psycho)analytic practice is constantly trying to make good that weakness. Work in groups and families reaches out towards recognising how

persons are socially constituted. Many (psycho)analysts realise that here lies the challenge, if not the crisis, of their future (see, for instance, the urgency of Isabel Menzies Lyth in her interview for *Free Associations* No. 13, 1988).

Work of this kind would receive a great impetus if it were to allow for the social causation of time. This is indeed meta-physical, but not in some pejorative sense of inaccessible rumination. It is, as I have said, all around us. In 1985, Channel 4 Television in England carried an excellent series of programmes on its 'all around us'-ness. The Series Consultant, John Berger, wrote of the intention behind the programme.

> It wasn't that we thought we knew what ought to be said. We have all discovered the trap which St Augustine described so succinctly: 'What then is time? If no one asks me, I know; but if I wish to explain it to he who asks, I know not'!
>
> No, it wasn't that we knew what ought to be said. It was simply that, through our different experiences and lives, we had come to the conclusion that the notions about time which are embodied today in formal education, the current assumptions of news bulletins, political promises and moral sermons, are patently inadequate. What we wanted to do was to clear a space that could be given over to other, more intimate, less rhetorical and more far seeing intuitions and questions which cluster, for the most part unacknowledged, around everyone's experience of time, and then to let these intuitions talk with science and history.

To clear a space...The organisation of psychotherapy as a profession needs such space. If we are to understand what (psycho)analysis does to our ability to let be, how it can undermine it with the concept of the unconscious and then dedicate itself scrupulously to its rediscovery, we must set it within an organisational context which does justice to the intimate and far seeing intuitions and questions which cluster around our everyday experience of time.

It helps to imagine what such a context would be like if we think of our problem with 'how many times a week'? Will it ever be possible for five times a week and once a week (psycho)analysts, and all the positions between, to talk to each other truly?

One of my most marked experiences of (psycho)analysis has been of the peculiar unease when any attempt at such talk is made. There is a strange

feeling of discomfort. It is as if what we are trying to talk about is in bad taste. Value systems are being compared in a way that threatens dishonour.

I used to explain this to myself in terms of money. If people had committed themselves and others over years to a course of five times a week analysis they would have no choice but to regard once a week analysis as of inferior value. While once-a-weekers would similarly need to regard five times as wasteful. Less acutely perhaps the same would apply to the four timers and two timers. The three timers might seem to have got it just right: except that it is still a bit second best, or unnecessarily expensive, seen from other positions.

But explanations of that kind leave a lot out. They don't really seem to touch the feeling of dishonour, nor do they help in identifying the effective differences (because differences there certainly are). There are many spiritual and moral disciplines and techniques which require a seven day week commitment, and which recognise various degrees of initiation. Presumably (psycho)analysis merits comparison with these. And it is against such comparison that the various timings have to test their position.

The statutory organisation of psychotherapy will require a time-questioning context in which these various positions can prove themselves. That is one of the tasks which the Standing Conference should set itself: how to develop such a context. The social constitution of time will have to be on the agenda. So, for Jungians, would the timing of the collective unconscious. (I would want to argue that the collective unconscious is contemporary long before it gets old.)

But above all, if psychotherapy is to honour our ability to let be as well as to remind, the agenda will have to include argument about *givenness*. Our understanding of causality has to take into account our experience of gift. Causation *binds* us to 'keep in time'. Causation is also the *gift* of time 'into our keeping'. We have to be able to talk about the difference between the binding and the giving.

This difference may escape us, but it is pivotal. Letting be is hinged upon it.

The meaning of causation and the givenness of time go hand in hand. The cultivation of causality is an attempt to get hold of givenness, to make

givenness work for us. But as soon as we do that, givenness is lost. That is what makes it so difficult to let be. There is a sense in which the givenness of Being repudiates causality. (I think Jung recognises that in much that he has written on synchronicity). In searching for causes we forget givenness. We are thrown into time, and grasp after cause to keep afloat, to secure the connections by which we live. When the connections fail us we forget that it is the grasping that may be at fault. But that might also be the moment in which we are re-minded that what *binds* us to keep in time may be the *givenness* of time itself, that what is required of us is not only the search for causes but the ability to let causation be.

How can such re-minding coexist with the excitement of the (psycho)analytic chase, a chase in which the pursuit of causality into the heart of pain can be productive of so much meaning?

I don't believe it can if we assume that what is given is necessarily meaningful. (And here Jung's influence can mislead in ways that Freud's does not.)

(Psycho)analysis is in danger of claiming too much for meaning. Over against (psycho)analysis we need a reassertion of givenness as a category which may be meaningful or not. Givenness has great spread. There is the givenness of religious experience in which meaning bursts upon us from the most unlikely quarters. And there is givenness of the kind we associate with the Latin words datum, data: the given facts, things as they are, discrete, separate, items to be gathered and accumulated, open perhaps to the attribution of meaning but open also to be discarded as irrelevant, as void of meaning, as just so much noise. The reassertion of givenness as against the power of meaning needs the whole spread between epiphany and data. The whole point about givenness is that it doesn't have to mean anything at all. It may, but that is neither a plus nor a minus. In terms of givenness, meaning is simply beside the point.

Many (psycho)analysts recognise the need for some such category as this. But for (psycho)analysis it remains a limit, an horizon, a privation. If we are to profess the ability to let be, to teach it, to include it within our training programmes, givenness—in all its spread from epiphany to data—has to be

much more than that. It has to emerge as a field of study in its own right, a field in which performance can tell us all that needs to be told.

This is where our third modality comes in. Showdoing is how givenness reveals itself as indifferent to the attribution of meaning. It is an altogether different movement both of spirit and technique to the search for meaning which informs (psycho)analysis.

The most obvious characteristic of showdoing is that it gives precedence to body over mind. What is to be meant is pointed at. Demonstration precedes cognition. The example is what matters.

(Psycho)analysis has pushed all this into transference and counter-transference. If (psycho)analytic imagination and (psycho)analytic ability to get in touch with the generation of plot are to talk productively to the behavioural sciences we are going to have to unpack transference theory into a more comprehensive study of showdoing. (This may already be happening in psychotherapeutic work with groups and families.)

This unpacking can be helped if we grasp two aspects of showdoing as experienced in the theatre. One is about appearance, the other about character.

For showdoing appearance is to be made, not seen through. We make an appearance. We all know how. But that kind of know how gets forgotten in the excitement of the chase after some reality behind appearance. Object relations theory in (psycho)analysis is trying to recover the know how. But as Jung taught us long ago in his work on extraversion and introversion, the contrast between appearance as made and appearance as to be seen through takes us into the great traditional problems of ontology. Appearance is how Being both invites and resists our participation. Theatre has always been necessary, and is today particularly urgent for psychotherapy, because it enables us to exercise and to play and celebrate both the invitation and the resistance. Theatre has much to contribute to the coming dialogue between (psycho)analysis and the behavioural sciences.

Our understanding of character is also affected by theatrical showdoing. In the theatre, character is to be performed. It is shown in the

doing. It is made in the showing. Any inwardness it may have belongs with the audience not with the actor.

This has implications both for plots and contexts.

In performance, character is the vehicle of plot. Characters don't come first, and plots after. Plots call on character. The more familiar we are with this theatrical commonplace the easier it will be to develop connections and exchange between (psycho)analytic transference work and psychotherapy with marital and family systems.

Similarly with context. If we stay as observers, characters move within a context. But if we participate in showdoing, it is more as if context 'gives off' character. The givenness of the scene is not inert. It energises. It gives rise to. It calls forth. There is a meeting place here for (psycho)analytic object relations theory and the work on the genesis of personality being done by social constructionists like Rom Harré and John Shotter. (Holt, 1989)

Showdoing affects us most intimately when we 'try'. Psychologists of earlier generations talked much about conation. Conation is the Latin word for trying: the familiar 'give it a try', 'can't you try harder'?, 'all right, I'll have a try'. Conation is defined as 'the exertion of willing that desire or aversion shall issue in action'. We talk a lot about desire and aversion. But where are such exertion, such willing, such issuing in action, to be found in the organisation and teaching of psychotherapy?

I offer two suggestions as to where to look. First, wherever we talk of mind in terms of performance, of doing. For instance, when we say: 'I need time to make up my mind'. Before decision can issue in action, there is a familiar process we describe as a making up. How does this compare with re-minding? There is some connection, but the modality differs. Re-minding is contemplative, reflective, associative, it scans horizons, searches in corners, returns on itself. Making up mind gathers to a point, it is intent towards conclusion. We practice it in counselling, social work, education. The tendency for (psycho)analysis to belittle counselling as a kind of watered down version of what would be better done by itself is mistaken. Work is being done in counselling, and in other fields where 'guidance' is not a dirty word, which shows us the mind in action. Work of this kind is what interests the cognitive psychologists, the social constructionists, the ethologists. My interest in

theatre has convinced me that it is possible to relate this work on mind in action to problems of (psycho)analytic transference (compare what I wrote above in commenting on the Laplanche-Pontalis quotation).

Second, sexuality. Certainly there is plenty of desire and aversion around here. Could showdoing help us more than it is with 'the exertion of willing' that issues in sexual action?

Again, I would recommend the idea of performance. Sexual performance in a biological sense is closely related to sexual performance in ritual and social contexts. (Psycho)analytic discovery of infantile sexuality is an essential element in its fascination. It leaves us with the problem of connecting very different kinds of performance. Infantile and adult sexual performance are not all that alike.

Many of us have broken, and have perhaps broken others, in trying to make this connection. We are helped by anything which enlarges, dilates, amplifies, our experience of performance. Certainly there is a pejorative sense in which we can say of sex: 'oh, what a performance'. More emphasis on the value of showdoing in general helps to offset such occasions with others in which the need for performance is not only privately recognised but publicly willed. Behaviour that is ridiculous, obscene, compulsive, can be transformed by performance into the kind of showing (theatrical deixis) which charges our animal skin with social significance. There can even be strange hints of religious epiphany, carrying with them the risk of divine disfigurement. Such hints are the stuff of madness when left in the mind. Performed, they are social re-minders of the power of alien cosmologies.

I would hope that (psycho)analytic interest in sexuality is now well on the way to being taken up into a wider cultural awareness of the crucial role which sexuality can play in the social construction of reality. Behavioural work being done in the field of sexual guidance seems often to be to the point in a way that personal and archetypal mythologies are not. Like mind, sex is an act. It calls for enactment. People need help in moving between rehearsal and live performance. More psychotherapeutic interest in showdoing would make it easier for us to offer that help.

The Application of Jung's Work

The published emphasis of Jung's contribution to psychotherapy lies between the re-minding and the letting be. There is also a not to be underestimated contribution to the showdoing modality, for which we rely on anecdotal evidence and the tradition which has been handed on by those who worked with him.

Jung's published work emphasises questions of meaning and its articulation in the course of a person's life. This interest has been taken up into the teaching of analytical psychology. It leads us into exploring the relationship between re-minding and letting be. The relationship is one of mutual stimulation and reciprocal limit-setting.

Jung's contribution here is important, and has had an influence far beyond the bounds of psychotherapy. Some of us believe that it may mark a turning point in the history of Western culture. I don't believe we have yet assessed it properly. There is still a lot of unpacking to be done. For that it needs careful study within its historical context.

Two lines of study interest me in particular. The first is about our confusion between the two kinds of re-minding. How are the 'that re-minds me of' of memory, and the 'that re-minds me of' of symbolic activity, related? The field of argument which has opened up between developmental and archetypal approaches to Jung's work can be expected to enlarge our understanding of possible answers.

The second is perhaps more difficult. Certainly it is not so widely recognised in Jungian circles. It concerns the feeling tone of research into Being (ontology, metaphysics).

Metaphysics tends to be a dirty word for analytical psychology. Its place is taken by what at times seems to be an idolisation of psyche. Yet as Jung's work finds its place in history we shall come to recognise that it is as much about ontology as about psychology.

Clinically, this will mean study of the interdependence of empirical observation and metaphysical curiosity (curiosity which is always ticklish and often as disconcerting as the questions of children). Many of our most strongly felt disagreements belong here. To take that feeling on we will have to learn how to ask metaphysical questions. With respect to Jung, the fact that

such questions do not allow of answers is no reason why they should not be asked. On the contrary it is their asking which sustains what we call scientific curiosity, a curiosity with which Jung was richly endowed.

For study of this kind it makes sense for those interested in Jung to organise themselves. But let us be clear as to what we can expect of such organisation. We have to work with the grain of the wood. Jung has not founded a self contained, self-sufficient, profession. In his own life he risked mixing Psyche with Being. He survived. And he left behind him a great corpus of work describing how it can be done.

This work needs to be read, researched, taught. It has more, possibly much more, to tell us about the relationship between minds and Being than we have yet realised. Jung has introduced ontology and imagination to each other in many new contexts. He has familiarised us with ways of imagining that are as fragile as the wings of butterflies yet reach into the matrices of our biochemistry. His work on individuation makes it possible to relate the events of our personal lives to what used to be called 'The Great Chain of Being'. Possibly epochal reassessments of the relationship between history and evolution will follow.

But the kind of personal and clinical difficulties we come up against in our work between re-minding and letting be, difficulties with which we need each others' help and criticism, have to be approached within a context which includes other (psycho)analytic schools. I have every sympathy with the formation of Freud-Jung groups. I enjoy the kind of interchange with Kleinians possible at the Oxford Psychotherapy Society. I have found Bion's work on groups helpful in understanding psychotic family splitting processes in Jungian groups. (Holt, 1986). From all directions experience is pushing and jostling us towards closer association with other streams within the (psycho)analytic movement. And rightly so.

But what are the longer term goals of such closer association? Are they to develop a more powerful and cohesive (psycho)analytic profession? Or are they to allow the essential differences between Jung and Freud and others to open the (psycho)analytic enterprise into a wider field of endeavour, a field within which it would be possible for the various schools, and for

(psycho)analysis as a whole, to confess their aberrations, and to seek help with our failings from outside the circle of 'those who have been analysed'?

If our intention is the former, then I agree with those Jungians who suspect that Freud-Jung groups and all that sort of thing will lead to a watering down and evasion of the difficult truths of Jung's work. (I think of Esther Harding's magisterial reply to one of the papers at the 1962 Congress of the IAAP in Zürich). But if our intention is the latter, then I believe there is enough experience among us of living with the opposites, of tolerating the paranoid-schizoid position, of putting our wounded narcissism to work, for us to be able to take our quarrels and our deeply felt differences with us into the wider world in which re-minding and letting be are trying to accommodate each other better.

For instance, the (psycho)analytic critique of religion is not something which can be taken further from within a primarily Jungian or Freudian tradition. Study of *Answer to Job* requires study of books like René Girard's *Violence and the Sacred*. The deeply felt (and let it be said that the feeling involves much, much more than envy and gratitude: it involves worship and what happens when worship fails) differences within (psycho)analysis require to be exposed, in all their painfulness, to the tolerance and scepticism of religions that have lived and suffered for centuries with schism, confession, martyrdom. In the last fifty years more work has probably been done in this country within the Guild of Pastoral Psychology to further a true engagement between (psycho)analysis and religion than in any body of analytical psychology. The Guild knows about the risks of such engagement. There is a wealth of thought and feeling in its publications. Work of this kind can help us all in a more sustained reassessment of (psycho)analytic success and failure when confronted with 'the unbearable lightness of being'.

But reciprocal limit setting between re-minding and letting be must include showdoing. The work of remembering and of amplification finds rest in the presence of Being when it allows for translation into action. When Being knows itself to be shown in deed the mind can be still. Distortion and failure in doing and showing are what drive us to seek help in never-ending processes of re-minding. Confidence in showing and doing has to be taught alongside the researching of memory and symbol.

I guess that in Jung's own practice showdoing played a much greater part than would appear from his published works. Here the memories of those who worked with him are precious. They help us to read between the lines.

How did the short term therapy he practised 'work'? Was his attitude to the transference grounded in confidence of a kind we have lost? I suspect he was at home between letting be and showdoing in a way that is more difficult for us today. Doctors of earlier times did have confidence in their hands, in what could be done and shown by touch. In reading Jung in German I have found the word 'Behandlung' suggestive. Somewhere between management and treatment, it carries much of what I mean by the showdoing modality. How is it translated in the English edition? (At least twice—I have not been able to find the reference—by 'analysis'. Thus do keywords acquire their semantic halo).

But the obvious example of showdoing in Jung's work was in his interest in painting, spreading out later to include music and dance, theatre and sandplay. Many have long recognised a natural affinity between Jung's psychology and the various body therapies. Organisations like the Champernowne Trust are working well within Jungian tradition in furthering interest of this kind. All this I see as showdoing. There can be no re-minding without embodiment. The body remains, till death do us part, our most familiar acquaintance with Being.

What I hope will happen is that as we come to speak more easily of the ontological dimension to Jung's work we shall be able to contribute to new links between the body therapies and the behavioural sciences, by introducing between them a sense of imagination as act. Patients of all kinds are being encouraged to monitor the performance of their bodies, to participate more imaginatively in treatment programmes. We can enlarge the context within which this is happening by re-minding showdoing what it is like to let be.

Here I speak from my experience with theatre. There is a kind of interpretation which disables performance by claiming to see through it. This is what many of the physical therapists suspect psychotherapy of. And in many cases I think they are right. There is something in what (psycho)analysis has done to psychotherapy which is chronically envious of the deictic energy of live performance. If prefers to keep us rehearsing.

In the theatre, when we have to go on, there is another kind of interpretation waiting for us. This introduces behaviour and context to each other. It gives performance priority over anything we can say about it. The aim of interpretation of this kind is not to milk performance of its meaning but to renew its confidence in itself. It does this by marking out horizon and ground, energising density. It draws breath. It introduces what is actual to what could be, what could be to what is.

The difference between these two kinds of interpretation is a crucial growing point in the organisation of psychotherapy. Research into it should be high on the agenda of the Standing Conference.

One contribution Jungians can make to such research will be a renewed interest in *Psychological Types*. Studying interpretation in the theatre has given me a new kind of enthusiasm for Jung's distinction between extraversion and introversion. I believe it carries the potential for new research into how showdoing, re-minding and letting be, are relatable. (Indeed, at times while writing this paper I have felt that all I am trying to say is already to be found in *Psychological Types*, especially in the early editions with the Translator's Preface by H.G. Baynes. The book also needs reading in conjunction with the letters Jung exchanged with Hans Schmid-Guisan in 1915-16, unfortunately not yet published in English. These show to what extent extraversion and introversion were difficult for Jung to manage. We should not expect them to be easier for us).

Think simply of the words subject and object as Jung uses them in *Psychological Types*. Think also of the word object as it is used in 'object relations' theory (for instance, in Winnicott's essay on 'The Use of an Object and Relating through Identifications'). The words have a special valency. They are familiar, yet their very familiarity seems to interfere between us and what Jung is getting at. It is as if the contrast between them is being used to set up an oscillation or disturbance about what being in the world is like. A state of uncertainty is being created as to where subject and object are located, and as to which owes its being to which.

Ontology is grounded in that state of uncertainty. The questions about Being which make some kind of metaphysical reflection urgent arise within that state of uncertainty. Jung knew it well. It was his habitat. Others are determined that it does not exist, or that if it does, it is pathological, evidence of cultural immaturity or clinical inexperience.

There is a problem of 'organisation' here which is not going to go away. Feelings are at stake which cannot even be entertained without entering into lived metaphysical argument. What we make of Jung's typology depends on how far we are ourselves prepared to go in owning to connections between character or temperament and the being not only of ourselves but of the world too. If it were merely a matter of psychology, then it could perhaps be dealt with in tests and plotted on scales. But it is much more than that. It disturbs us where we are at our most edgy, shudderingly uncertain as to whether subject and object can ever be relied on to make sense together.

If analytical psychology were the whole world then it might be able to contain such uncertainty. But surely it is crazy to imagine it so. Jung's typology does not merely describe. It is closer to the I Ching than to the kind of testing done in psychology laboratories. It appeals to a ground behind the subject-object distinction. The appeal is like a launch. It launches us into Being. Or we can think of the verb to throw. Our type is how we are thrown into Being.

We can't use Jung's typology as a container. The difference between extraversion and introversion is too hazardous. We should allow it to be so. It is a way of putting ourselves at risk in the presence of (before) Being. The risk is what introduces us to givenness.

The typology is about the complexity of givenness (how much better if we had stayed with the term 'Komplexe Psychologie', still used in the German in many places, for instance in the opening sentence of *Psychology and Alchemy*). Metaphysics used to refer to it as the problem of The One and the Many. How do I remain myself in being so variable? My argument is that it helps to manage this complexity if we allow that givenness asks not only that we be mindful, but that we claim our performance rights as well.

Agenda

The organisation of psychotherapy has to take account of the tension between private practice and public service. There is an extensive field of anxiety and embarrassment, a sense of unequal opportunity. Freedom of choice, clinical authority, and the needs of administration come into conflict. There is suspicion of what farmers call 'luxury uptake' (the excessive use of fertiliser), and of professionals who prefer prescription to negotiation. Questions of what is affordable cut across personal and clinical judgement on constantly changing frontiers between risk and security. Unpacking all that is at issue here into a workable agenda is a task for more than one generation.

More exchange between our three modalities will help get us started. To summarise my argument, here are various ways in which developments already in train could be taken further.

1. Work with transference and counter-transference can be exposed to the demonstrative energies of performance. At first this may seem to threaten entrenched positions at the heart of (psycho)analysis in a way that is unacceptable. But there may be more willingness to negotiate than seemed likely a few years ago. The mooted re-translation of Freud will help. There is more demonstrative *pointing* in the German words 'deuten' and 'Deutung' than in the English 'interpretation'.
2. Group therapy could experiment more with movement.
3. Body therapies could experiment with more talk about what they do.

Between movement and talk we need to be working towards more understanding of how communication and communion differ from each other while also presupposing each other. How do silence and breathing mediate between movement and word?

4. Dream interpretation should embrace the study of hermeneutics as it has developed since Freud and Jung.
5. We should continue to scan horizons and till ground common to ontology and imagination. But we must stop expecting to arrive at conclusions. To expect finality in questions of Being is to invite foreclosures of feeling. Instead, we should:–

6. Research our time-keeping. We have a major problem with our incongruent theories of causation. We have to open them to scrutiny from outside our profession. This will involve us in philosophical argument about time, and the feelings that go with it.

For instance, limiting ourselves only to the (psycho)analytic field: feelings have been touched in our arguments about causation which have led generous men and women to despair of ever being able to talk to each other. We must not deny this. In psychotherapy, argument about causation will always overlap disturbingly with argument about absolution or forgiveness (Holt, 1988).

To open feeling of this kind to public debate we have to relate it to metaphysical argument about time. What is the order of causation between adult and child? Which comes first, and how does one affect the other? We are familiar with the hard-to-believe-in feelings of omnipotence lodged in that question. We need a frame of reference in which feelings of this kind can engage with linear, circular or alternating, random/statistical, and field, theories of causation. At present we lack such a frame of reference.

Research into the social constitution of time will help create one. Our experience of cause presupposes the social constitution of time. (Psycho)analysis has to take this into account, even if it means the disintegration of the profession. Between child and adult the social constitution of time is up for testing. Between the generations: is it a passing or is it a gap? Whichever it is, our social grounds for going on are at stake. (Oedipus and Jocasta know how they are related. But their marriage is required for the going on of the city, and that going on is given into their keeping).

There is talk of regulating psychotherapy by Act of Parliament. If such regulation is to be helpful, it is urgent that we find ways of getting our stake in time-keeping, and the feelings that go with it, onto the agenda of our own 'parlement', the Standing Conference. The enactment of time and the enactment of law go together. That is what cause is about.

7. So we need to bring into the mainstream of our teaching programmes work which is at present widely recognized, but peripheral. For instance, there is work which touches on what Milan Kundera has named 'the

unbearable lightness of being'. Over thirty years I have heard (psycho)analysts of various persuasions invoke lyric poetry in describing their methods. Lyric poetry is a familiar instance of the lightness of touch with which Being claims our attention. To teach the recognition of Being, we have to get that lightness into our training programmes (compare Cox and Theilgaard, 1987).

8. But, as Kundera reminds us in the title of his novel, that lightness can be unbearable. It belongs together with an unbearable gravity. If the feelings of absolution touched by (psycho)analytic argument about causation are to be taken up into wider political debate about time-keeping, we will have to put worship and prayer high on our agenda.

How do we bear the cost of time? In witnessing to each other what it is like to be both apprehensive of, and grateful for, its creation. Between that apprehension and that gratitude there is a whole world of feeling, ontological feeling, calling for recognition and research.

We can't bracket out religion. Religion, with all its failures, has an essential contribution to make to the organisation of psychotherapy. If we leave it out, we can busy ourselves as *professionals* with various strategies of displacement. But as *patients* our ability to let be is marginalised, uprooted from its feeling context as the time we live by is drained of our witness to its creation.

9. There is an important sense in which recognition of givenness and professional zeal are at odds. We should allow for this. It would help if we paid more attention to connections between psychotherapy and the D.I.Y. ('do it yourself') factor in health care in general. I am thinking of the self motivated behaviour modification programmes of diet and exercise, of political interest in environmental health, medical initiatives to involve patients in the monitoring and management of their own treatment, of the way we and our friends and neighbours learn to live with the chronicity of illness, disablement, ageing. This is where we can study how *patients* can, and do, become *agents* in making something of what is given, irrespective of whether it means anything or not. More awareness of how people respond to disease as irreversible datum is at least as important for the organisation of psychotherapy as the cultivation of meaning.

Notes

Cox and Theilgaard. *Mutative Metaphors in Psychotherapy*. Tavistock Press, 1987.
Holt, 'Mood, Plot and Parabolic Imagination', *Harvest*, 1982.
Holt, 'Sex and the Wound of Time', talk given in April 1983.
Holt, 'On Being Wobbly', paper read to the Analytical Psychology Club, 15 May 1986.
Holt, 'Narrative and Performance', talk given in April 1985.
Holt, 'Review of Hogenson: *Jung's Struggle with Freud*', *Harvest*, 1988.
Holt, 'Texts of Identity' in *Shotter and Gergen*, Sage Publications, 1989.

28

HISTORY AND HOLOCAUST*

How can Feeling Respond to Images of Annihilation?

IN THE SUMMER of 1989 two of our members, Andrew Samuels in England and David Wilde in Germany, expressed the wish to air the question of Jung's attitude to the National Socialists in the Club. A number of us have met over the winter to discuss how we can best do this, and as a result I hope the Club will be having a meeting next year to talk about 'Jung and the Nazi Era'.

These discussions have led me back to thoughts I developed three years ago in the talk I gave together with Wolfgang Giegerich at our Club day in 1987 on *History and Holocaust*. As it has not yet been published, I am offering it now as background to the judgement, both of thought and feeling, which I shall be bringing to our meeting next year.

It is in three parts. First, the longest, the paper I read to the Club in May, 1987. This is followed by 'afterthoughts', written in the weeks immediately following. And thirdly, in 'three years later', I have added some more recent reflections.

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*Originally published in *Harvest*, 1990.

Further Thoughts on Riddley Walker and Greenham Common

I would like this paper to be a contribution to a new genre of writing, a blend between psychoanalytic report and historical imagination. (And I am using the word psychoanalysis in its wider meaning, to include ideas derived from Freud or Jung or Klein or elsewhere).

Many people when they analyse find that there is an overflowing from autobiography into history, as their personal story opens into their family story, and their family story into social, economic, and political antecedents and expectations. For some, this opening up constitutes one of the enduring results of the analytic experience. I believe there should be more sharing of these overflowings from psychoanalytic autobiography into history. If we are to make sense of the world in which we live, we need a new literature, a new kind of story-telling. What I am going to say this morning is a contribution to this new kind of story-telling.

The threat of self-annihilation which hangs over us gives such story-telling a special urgency. As I argued in my *Riddley Walker* paper, our greatest danger is the link between fear and wish. I shall refer to this as the at-one-ment, or atonement, of fear and wish. (Holt, 1983.)

However unlikely it may seem, we may harbour within us a wish for annihilation. This linking of wish and fear can make imagination seize up, prevent reflection, and commit us to totalitarian solutions, whether they be military, political, religious, scientific. To meet this conjunction of wish and fear, to respond to it with feeling, we need each other's help. There are experiences to be shared which are embedded in a matrix of emotion where fear and wish are indistinguishable. We need to share experience of this kind so that it can contribute to a common currency of social argument and reflection, to the small change of political process. To get such experience out of the consulting room and into the social body, we have to get it into history, into that shared story-telling and story-living in which we have public as well as private parts.

So I am going to share with you certain images from my own analysis, drawn from the 1950s and early 1960s. I want to show how these have entered into my reading of history. My main theme is that there is a link between splitting—splitting of the self, splitting of the psyche—and the creation of time.

This will involve an attempt to relate psychoanalytic exploration of the 'madness' where infantile splitting is supposed to take place, to adult metaphysical surprise about time. For us adults this means we have to take on the notoriously difficult task of trying to imagine the creation of time, an act that doesn't take place in time, but itself makes time actually possible. That is what my mixing of psychoanalytical report and history is leading up to.

What I hope to do is to evoke a sense of *time as in our keeping*. We have an investment in the ending of time, we wish for apocalypse, we contribute to Final Solutions, because we have an investment in the beginning of time. The stories we have to tell, both in history and psychoanalysis, are about what holds those two investments together. Splitting is what happens when that 'hold' fails. It may also be how we remember that that 'hold' is in our keeping.

But please remember that my main interest is that we should share in more story-telling. This is why I have chosen as my title: How can Feeling respond to images of Annihilation? I want to encourage others to feel that it is worth trying to share their stories that move between history and psychoanalysis. It is worth it because people are listening. They are listening because we know in our hearts that time depends on us and that we need each other's help in telling how endings and beginnings join together to make time actually possible.

The plan of my talk is as follows.

I start with some notes on feeling, the feeling between us here this morning.

Then there is a section on my experience of family and marriage in relation to Christianity. This includes a dream which links extreme cruelty of parent to child with the breakdown of the marriage between Christ and his Church. It is round that dream that I want to vibrate feeling into and across the at-one-ment of wish and fear.

I do so from two directions. First, the relation between Jew and Christian. Second, sado-masochism between man and woman.

I conclude with some suggestions as to how our experience of time is in labour. The key idea here is of oscillation. Between psychoanalysis and

history a fresh perception of time is trying to get into our public understanding. If we are to own our investment in endings and in final solutions through remembering our investment in beginnings, we need to share more fully with each other our experience of time in oscillation.

We have to start with a question of feeling between us here this morning.

Some of what I am going to say may seem too private to be sharable, too private to carry the public weight I am giving it. I have felt that myself many times while composing it. What moves me to go on is a sense of something which is itself unutterable but is nevertheless crying out to be spoken of. This is what leads me to want to talk about Holocaust.

I think of one moment in Claude Lanzmann's great film of the Nazi German extermination camps, SHOAH. A witness, I think it was one of the neighbouring Poles, recalls overhearing the talk of the well dressed, prosperous looking Western European Jews in their train as they arrived at Treblinka. They were in two minds, and they spoke with two voices. They had been systematically deceived, in being told that they were being moved to work in factories where their special skills were needed for the war effort. So some of their talk was about their skills and qualifications, talk to reassure themselves that something tolerably normal was happening. But they could also guess that something quite different was happening. So, alternating with the reassuring talk, were words and sentences of quite another kind, telling of the end of the world and the Angel of Death.

I think too of the TV showing of the American film *The Day After*, of the aftermath of nuclear first strike in a small mid-western town in the United States. We joined with another family in our road also with early teenage children to watch it together. I remember the evening chiefly for the feeling between the grown-ups and the children. There was something between the generations that could not be said. Thinking of it afterwards, it was like embarrassment, almost a sexual embarrassment, but screwed up to an extraordinary pitch by images that made absolute nonsense of the normal world in which we both wanted to believe.

This is what I mean by a sense of something which in itself is unutterable, yet which cries out to be spoken of. I think of it as a hiatus or gulf, a huge hiatus, a shuddering gulf. I want to approach this hiatus through the idea of splitting, splitting in myself, splitting in the world. And this presents us, here this morning, with a problem of feeling.

Splitting is hostile. Can we really share such hostility without simply contributing to further processes of splitting and dissociation? Splitting is mad. Sharing splitting is like trying to be friendly with madness. Is it practical? Is there any way in which friendliness and madness *fit* together? Can we express our own experience of being split in a way that attracts response rather than repels?

I believe we have to try. In 1933, the year Hitler came to power, the psychoanalyst Edward Glover wrote: 'The first promise of the atomic age is that it can make some of our nightmares come true. The capacity so painfully acquired by normal men to distinguish between sleep, hallucination, delusion and the objective reality of wakened life has for the first time in history been seriously weakened'. If we are to respond together to such serious weakening in our hold on reality we have to try to make splitting attractive to shared reflection. (Glover, 1933.)

Within weeks of my first going into analysis almost forty years ago, my dreams were describing my experience of family in terms of the Christian Holy Family. In a way this was surprising. I had been brought up within a Unitarian religious tradition, which explicitly denied central Christian beliefs as to the divinity of Christ, and there had been no strongly felt reverence for his person in my childhood. On the contrary: at my Anglican boarding school I had taken considerable satisfaction, of a not very pleasant kind, in the fact that I was the only one of my contemporaries who did not get confirmed or recite the Creed in chapel.

My dreams were interested in three versions of family in the Christian story. There was the family of Joseph and Mary and Jesus, the family of the annunciation, the birth in a manger, the flight into Egypt. Then there was the family of the Trinitarian creed, of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. And there was the marriage of Christ to His Church. In my *Riddley Walker and Greenham*

Common paper I have given some idea of how the confusion and crossing of those three families related to what psychoanalysis might describe as my narcissism or my relation with the anima.

During the 1950s connections between these various family structures in the Christian story and my own sexuality and family of origin were frequent and of many kinds. One theme which recurred was of sadomasochistic and occasionally cannibalistic exploration of the human body. How feelings of this kind related to love and affection and the reliability of marriage and family was a constant concern. The need to bear witness to this, to give it a social connection beyond the consulting room, was a major influence in moving me first towards baptism and then to confirmation. It seemed to me that the only place in the world around me where anything at all resembling certain features of my inner life was actually being recognized as real and socially relevant, was in the Christian Eucharist. Becoming a communicant of the Church was a necessary extension of my attempt to make something of images that were powerful, terrible and on occasion ecstatically obscene. It was a matter of owning roots which were both historical and autobiographical, social as well as personal.

It is difficult to convey how contradictory all this was, and indeed still is. On the one hand, my dreams were constantly drawing on Christian imagery as if it were the only way of expressing whatever it was they were trying to say. On the other hand, they were usually, not always but more often than not, using this imagery to express a sense of something being very wrong with Christianity. It was as if my world was only explicable in terms of Christianity, but of a Christianity that was wrong rather than right.

The dream which I shall now read you was typical of its kind. I must have had it within weeks of taking my first communion.

It began with scenes set in some city like the London of George Orwell's *1984*. This was related to the Liverpool of my childhood, and to the cathedral which was being built there in the 1930s, also to my father's recent death. It then continued:

April 2, 1962

> There are two young women, the feminine counterparts of the city proles of the earlier sequence. One of them has children, but because in some way she is totally unable to accept the shadow side of marriage, its destructiveness, its metaphysical collapse as a result of the dissolution of the incestuous marriage between Christ and Church which is the archetype of human marriage, therefore she must destroy her children. She has no understanding, and therefore relies on her companion, who is literal minded and idolatrous, to tell her how to react to this uncomprehended situation. This second girl counsels the revolting cooking of her children. Deep down in a vastly deep hole in the earth—hundreds of feet down—I come upon them by a glass-fronted stove, with the children inside heated almost to their destruction. The mother seems a bit distraught and uncertain of what she is doing, nothing more. But the other woman is diabolically certain of what she is doing. I feel the unbearable pain of the tiny bodies. I am trying to persuade the mother that she must confess all. This means trying to persuade her to pour out to her father-confessor how totally destructive her experience of marriage is: her vision that marriage is not one of the essential foundations of society but a centre from which the Spirit of Destruction works its demonic power on men and women as individuals and as members of society.

That is the sort of imagery I have in mind when I talk of something which is only explicable in terms of Christianity, but of a Christianity that is wrong rather than right.

I have talked about that dream at length with four people during the last twenty-five years. Two were my analysts, two outside analysis. Some have been urgent in insisting that it has to be understood in terms of my own pathology. It does not refer to history. To imagine that it does, is to fall into inflation and delusions of omnipotence. Others have been more willing to allow that it may in some way refer objectively to the state of marriage in our world. For me, it remains one of the most problematic dreams I have ever had, and comes to mind immediately when I ask myself: is it possible that I could actually *wish* for something as fearful as nuclear war?

So I am using it to try and vibrate feeling into and across images of annihilation. It stands out in the sequence of my dreams as bringing together the theme of Christian marriage with images of burning flesh which featured also in dreams of atomic warfare and of the Nazi extermination camps. What was so horrible and so shocking at the time—and still now—was the bringing together of these images with the insane cruelty of a mother locked into some

kind of specifically Christian unconsciousness. The question I have had to try and answer is whether imagination of this kind cuts me off from the world, or relates me more closely to the world. Can it be friendly to try to really share images of this kind?

Events in Germany have given me my answer. They loomed large in my life from well before the last war, during what psychoanalysts would call my latency period. They were talked about a lot at home. The aristocratic Austrian refugee who taught me to play the piano and my mother singing, and with whose daughters we played quartets and had our first lessons in German conversation, turned out in 1940 to have been an important agent for German intelligence in Liverpool. Kurt Hahn, the founder of Gordonstoun school, was a frequent visitor in our home and would always speak with passion about what was happening in Germany, the kind of passion that got through to the children. Sometimes he spoke with an incisiveness that could be surprising. I remember him saying to me when I was about 15, in 1941 or 1942, that if I had been a German boy of the same age I would have had just the kind of idealism which would have drawn me into the Nazi movement. It was not surprising that a few years later my dreams should have been filled with reference to Germany and to the fate of the Jews, or that when they referred to events in the Middle East, as they did in 1948 and 1949, they should be anti-Semitic.

But what began to emerge in my dreams in the 1950s was something different. It was a sense of the Jews as carrying some secret that was necessary both for my own self-understanding, and for the salvation of the world. This secret was related to atomic energy, to human sacrifice, and, as so often with the powerful secrets in my dreams, to my stammer.

Here are three examples, from 1954, 1956 and 1959.

December 19, 1954

I go to a public film performance designed to present imaginatively all the physical material, moral, spiritual horror of the modern world. The disintegrating vision of modern art, the lonely unrelatedness of the literary nightmare, and perhaps worst of all, the failure of the imagination of the man in the street to apprehend the significance of fusion and fission bombs. At one stage there is produced a long telegram which has been sent from Jews in Eastern Europe and Israel, Jews who have been through all this hell, to their 'more fortunate' brothers in England. This telegram is written in strange oracular form containing 44 allusions to Jewish prophecy, mysteries and Law, and it appeals to English Jews to recognize the unique demands of the present.

After reading this telegram I am taken by a friend on a pilgrimage to show me where Kafka worked and lived when he was in England/Liverpool...and the dream continues.

February 11, 1956

The scene is set in the centre of London, on a Sunday afternoon. There is a new, mysterious, unknown bridge crossing the Thames, allowing for a new central flow of traffic. We are planning to hear a special select concert of little-played Beethoven music. There is a strong sense of the house in which I was brought up for the first thirteen years of my life.

At the culmination of the dream, through papers dealing with the shipment of Jewish goods across this central river bridge, I am initiated into a central secret on which the world is based—I am shown how to link my hands together backwards, curving the knuckles round each other, and making the small finger a ring through which grains of corn can be poured. This most wonderful sign is the making of all the KNOTS...(and associations with other dreams).

Having been shown this, I and a woman/girl and others are in a group, in the Presence of Mephistopheles. I then wake in grandeur of terror and horror. But I doze off again, and half awaken when men bring to us bills of lading for this Jewish shipment to persuade us to return it. I send the others off, saying I must deal with this, and with a feeling of almost unbearable constriction, say to him, in French because in English I cannot get it out, as with stammer, 'Tu es le Diable Chrétien'—Gaberwocchus—and with this act of identification of the Christian Devil seeking to take back our hidden knowledge of this sacred Jewish secret, in the back entrance of my early home, I wake in great awe.

August 20, 1959

> I am marked off from my brother and a whole world of hopeful blind people who refuse to face that what 'They' intend is to use our corpses, our bodies, as sacrifices to a greedy Moloch. We are in a long passage underground, planting tree cuttings in a narrow cleft. We have been doing this for ages, and there is a pretence kept up by some that soon 'They' are going to release us. My brother and those like him will not accept the truth because it is too much. If they did they would go mad, as who wouldn't, imprisoned inside the earth to be made a sacrifice? (Association within the dream with the boy hunted at the end of *The Lord of the Flies*). But I *know*, and as I watch the narrow tunnel ahead become smaller as I go on planting these strangely enfolded trees, I ask myself in conversation with my mother: 'Won't I go screaming mad too when my knowledge of what is intended for us becomes being-experience of it?'
>
> Here is my ultimate sense of being cut off from 'the others'. It is because St Peter and the Jewish fathers at Jerusalem did not accept St Paul's mission to the Gentiles. They wanted to hold back the spirit in check, and have ever since been lurking, waiting, to catch the expanding explosive Western Christian world and trip it up by its shadow.
>
> I wake with an extraordinary sense of imprisoned strength at the root of my tongue, as if all the generations were caught up, folded back and entrapped in the cavity beneath and at the root of my tongue. This is the enfolding back of the word as distinct from its waste and expense in a desert.

There is a lot that could be said about these dreams. They are pathological. Their contents allowed of many associations into my personal life. They were certainly as much autobiographical as historical in their interest. Nevertheless, the historical remains, reminding us perhaps that history too is pathological.

What they have given me over the years is the differentiation of two kinds of antagonism or splitting which could easily be superimposed on top of each other. One is the antagonism between Jew and Christian. The other is the antagonism between a Christian 'call' and a Christian 'diabolism'.

It is this differentiation of two easily confused kinds of splitting which I want to emphasize. It opens the way to feeling which remains as difficult to express as it was within the dreaming, yet which does respond to images of annihilation. It vibrates with a sense of unspeakable holiness together with a passionate conviction that I have not been told the truth about God. It seems equally silly to deny either the holiness or the untruth. But when I can hold them together I have come to recognize them as belonging as much to the world as to myself.

For instance, in the public world I feel the same vibration in reading Hyam Maccoby's book *Revolution in Judaea: Jesus and the Jewish Resistance*. (Maccoby, 1973). This reconstruction of the Gospel story is written with the conviction that the Holocaust has proved that something has been radically and absolutely wrong with the Christian understanding of Jesus from the beginning. In its culminating thesis, that the trial before Pilate can only be properly reconstructed from the texts available by assuming the identity of Jesus of Nazareth and Jesus Barabbas, the book picks up vibrations in me that sound into and out of a splitting in my nature, that is reflected only weakly in the contrast between Peter and Paul given in the dream I read you.

I feel the same vibration in reading some of the contributions to the 1984 issue of *Concilium*, devoted to 'The Holocaust as Interruption'. For instance, in Arthur Cohen's paper: *In our Terrible Age: the Tremendum of the Jews*. Cohen takes the holocaust of the Jews in this century as possibly previsaging the final holocaust of our planet, and he asks: How do we respond when the God of ransom and redemption does not ransom nor redeem? Language fails us. The time has come when we may have to admit that we are locked into an almost infantile understanding of the divine-human relation. To which I want to ask: can psychoanalysis, with its professed access to infantile experience of splitting, help us grow up in our understanding of that silent God who allows holocaust to be, of what Cohen calls 'the surpassing suffering of its victims and the unbearable guilt of the history that perpetrated it'? (Cohen, 1984.)

So I move now to my second perspective on the at-one-ment of fear and wish. This is more clinical, concerned with sexual feeling between men and women.

In that dream of the mother cooking the living bodies of her small children we meet cruelty of a kind that may seem insane. How can we feel for such cruelty? The answer is not so inaccessible as we sometimes think.

From an early age I was drawn to descriptions of cruelty. The books in my father's library were a starting point. I remember what I believe is something of a classic: a two-volume Memoirs of a Protestant as a slave in the galleys of some Catholic power in the Mediterranean. Also a book called *The Pleasures of the Torture Chamber*. And, more normal reading for a boy of eight or nine, in the historical adventure stories of G.A. Henty, which I devoured avidly, I remember *The Lion of the North*, a story of the Swedish King Gustavus Adolphus, a Protestant champion during the atrocities of the Thirty Years War. A description in that book of living, mutilated bodies hung over a fire is my first conscious recollection of the conjunction of sexual disgust and excitement—a conjunction with which I am now sure we have to be familiar if we are to risk disturbing the at-one-ment of fear and wish.

Perhaps because of my own experience in that direction, I have counted among my patients a number of men and women actively involved in pleasure-pain, sado-masochistic, practices. I have learned much from them, for which I am grateful. I think in particular of a man, some fifteen years younger than myself, who lived with a woman whose own tastes complemented his masochism.

To relate what I learned from him to our feeling for cruelty, I want first to remind us just how extreme the physical pain can be in sado-masochistic practice. Here is an extract from a sober clinical study by two doctors at the Institute of Psychiatry, University of London.

> A number of theories have been put forward to account for why the masochist should value the pain that turns him on, but very few explanations have been advanced as to how such intensely painful stimuli seem to be transmuted into pleasure by certain people. As an elderly neurologist (himself a masochist) has put it to us: 'When a person such as myself visits a sympathetic lady so that he might obtain pleasure by her inflicting what most people regard as pain on him, a curious thing happens. With me at any rate, the stimulus must be applied at a very modest intensity at first. As my ritual is carried out, the intensity may be increased without my finding it distressing. By the time climax occurs, the woman is beating me with an intensity that, were it done outside the situation we have arranged, would probably give me a heart attack, whilst my cries would be heard far away. It is by no means easy to explain how such high levels of pain can be not only tolerated but enjoyed'. It is no doubt this paradox which alienates society, making it difficult to accept sado-masochism as just one of those things that people enjoy. It seems hard to believe that the sadist might be completely harmless and that the 'victim' might be enjoying the whole business immensely.
>
> (Gosselin & Wilson, 1980.)

If we are to risk disturbing the at-one-ment of fear and wish, that paradox is one we are going to have to get familiar with.

My patient was fortunate in being able to develop and explore his pleasure in receiving pain within a relationship in which humour, affection, tenderness, love, allowed for shared reflection on what they did together. It was striking how extensively religious language was used in their rituals of domination and submission.

I remember in particular a session in which my patient described to me an exchange of looks between him and the woman during one of their rituals. He was kneeling at her feet. She ordered him to look her in the eyes. He described what then happened as an extraordinary opening of some imprisonment within him. He said that as their gazes held each other, it was 'as if desire stood still in turning on itself'. In one attempt to amplify the moment he compared it to the old image of the arrow and the taut bowstring. He said it was as if an arrow, shot from the taut, stretched, bow, was caught in mid flight and then held still, in flight, by the tension from which it sprang. In another, he described it as like what a flower must feel when it opens for the first time.

Now if you are to follow me further, please remember what I have said about the difficulty of sharing our experiences of splitting. Splitting is both hostile and mad. If it is to be shared we have to make room for feelings of both kinds. We don't know whether it can be done.

Strange things happen in the counter-transference. My work with this patient touched me in areas which I came to feel I had never explored properly in my own analysis. I had real difficulty in owning *my* projections into what he brought me so that I was dealing with them myself and not relying on him to help me.

One factor which helped me do so was the work I had been doing recently on the Jung and Marx paper (Holt, 1975), out of which *Riddley Walker and Greenham Common* emerged eight years later. One of the sources drawn on in my work on Marx was my feeling for similarities between sexual and economic patterns of domination and submission. Out of the work I put into writing the paper an image developed which I did not have in mind when I began it. This was the contrast with which the paper ends, between a Christian and an alchemical virgin.

On the one hand, there was the Christian Mary, with her 'be it unto me according to thy word' response to the Annunication. On the other hand, there was the alchemical Isis, with her 'No' to angelic desire, a 'No' grounded in her determination to inquire further into the transformation of metals. Since delivering the paper, this contrast had begun to generate a field of energy and significance for me in which something of what had been locked into my sexual fascination with pleasure-pain began to move out into history.

This field, and the movement which it made possible, helped steady me in my counter-transference with my patient. I found myself thinking of that look which he described so vividly and to which he returned again and again, and re-imagining it in ways that allowed me to work on my own projection. I imagined it in relation to the extraordinary spatial vibration achieved in some of the great paintings of the Annunciation between the figures of Mary and the angel Gabriel. And then later, as weeks and months passed, I found myself imagining another picture, in which the Christian Mary and the alchemical Isis might face each other, their gazes meeting in the space between their 'Yes' and their 'No' as they tell of their different responses to the desire present in that visitation. And I began to wonder, thinking of my own analysis and of the desire between myself and my mother and my father and the space between them, whether I had once been present at such an exchange of a 'Yes' and a 'No'. If I had, what had I made of it, and how had that making been influenced by history and in its turn influenced my reading of history?

I am bringing that wondering here today, in this mixing of psychoanalytic report and historical imagination. It brings me back to my earlier question: can psychoanalysis, with its professed access to infantile

experiences of splitting, help us grow up in our understanding of the tremendum of that silent God who allows holocaust to be?

My answer is that I believe it can, but only if we are able to imagine the creation of time. Psychoanalysis and history share a common interest in how beginnings and endings hold together. Between them we are reminded that that 'hold' depends on our ability to imagine an act that does not take place in time, but itself makes time actually possible. Psychoanalytic exploration of infancy helps us to realize what happens when our imagining of that act fails: a murderous annihilating splitting. We need to bring that realization to bear on our reading of history. To do so I believe we must recover a sense of time as oscillation. Oscillation is the word we need to set alongside splitting, if psychoanalysis and history are to work together in imagining the creation of time.

The Annunciation is a turning point in the Biblical theology of time. It marks the separation of Christian from Jew, the transition between the Old and the New Testaments, the change over from B.C. to A.D. For those who say 'Yes' to the Annunciation, it is the beginning of a new time. But what does that new beginning do to the time of those who say 'No' to the Annunciation? Does it mean that their time is over? And what if we all are heirs both to the 'Yes' and the 'No'? These are questions where for me psychoanalytic interest in sado-masochism and historical interest in final solutions have come together.

The response which is gathering within me arises out of the oscillation or alternation between that 'Yes' and that 'No'. A conviction is growing in me that such oscillation is how our responsibility for time-making feels today. The more we can own such oscillations the more likely we are to realize that time is in our keeping.

Consider our responsibility for the future. We are concerned not only with the threat of nuclear war, but also with the threat implicit in the peaceful use of nuclear energy. In October last year, the *Times Literary Supplement* published a long review by Mary Warnock of various books on the future of nuclear energy. The review was titled: 'The Future since Chernobyl'. In it there was this sentence: 'We have to think about what is good or bad for a

future infinitely more remote from ourselves than any we have been accustomed to consider'. (Warnock, 1986.)

How do we take responsibility for a future that is *infinitely* remote? How are we going to *feel* that responsibility? And how are we going to articulate and deploy such feeling in viable economic and political processes? Many of the dreams brought to me are about questions like these. Something is being called for urgently, but in spite of the urgency it seems to be unimaginably remote from where we are now. This remoteness can be very appealing. It is flattering to feel that times so remote expect something from us. It can also be cause for resignation and despair. Something so far off is surely no business of ours. Between the appeal and the despair wish and fear fall in on each other, imagination seizes up and reflection is prevented. Such is the breeding ground of totalitarian solutions.

But dreams have a different attitude to future remoteness than that of waking life. In dreams, expectation of what is to come, and recollection of what once was, are confused. It doesn't seem to matter very much whether what is infinitely remote belongs to the future or the past. What matters much more is whether we can draw on that remoteness now.

One way I approach time in dreams is to think of three different kinds of timing. There is the timing of my personal life. There is the timing of history, as my personal life is set within a more extended sense of parents and ancestors and social continuity. And there is an evolutionary timing, with its sense of kinship with animal, vegetable and mineral worlds.

How these three kinds of timing relate is a constant problem in dream interpretation. If we think of time in terms of our public clocks, we tend to flatten the different kinds of timing into one homogeneous line, with personal life time as a barely visible segment of historical time, which in its turn is a barely visible segment of evolutionary time. But the feeling tone of dreams resists such flattening. To do justice to the feeling for time in dreams it is necessary to think not only of a line or a stream, but also of an ocean, or of a self-regenerating circle, or of a layering of presents on top of each other. The infinitely remote can be pressingly present. Such a present can fill us with a sense of perpetual new beginnings. This can be reassuring. It can also be disruptive, disturbing, destabilizing. Or it can fill us with the imminence of

ending, and endings can vary between the vertiginously terrifying and the satisfyingly, even ecstatically, complete.

We can think of it in terms of waves. There are long waves, the time of evolutionary change, the time of the infinitely remote. And there are short waves, agitating from day to day, the time of our personal lives. To get them synchronized, so they effect each other, the medium waves of history must resonate with both.

How are we going to get resonance of this kind into our public life? I put the question like that, rather than asking 'can we?', deliberately. It is not a question of whether we can or not. The means are available. Our dreams are full of the know-how. The question is one of application, of translation.

In our public life we have available both the Biblical and Marxist views of history. Both are informed by an urgent resonance for times that are infinitely remote yet pressingly present. They are part of our tradition, and I am sure we have to take them into account. But they are not the whole truth, and if we take them as such they seriously mislead.

I have no grand synoptic vision to put in their place. What I do have is a sense of a kind of time which we have lost but which is trying to get back into history so that it can influence what comes next. The characteristic mode of this time is oscillation, and its rhythm is familiar to us in the beat between sexuality and death.

To describe it, I turn from Biblical Annunciation to the classical Greeks and their myth of Cronus and Zeus. It is a gruesome story, as gruesome as any we find in the Bible.

Cronus, King of the Titans, was the son of Uranus (sky) and Ge (earth). As the children of Uranus were born, Uranus pushed them back again into the body of Ge. Ge, to escape the prolonged pregnancy, armed Cronus with a sickle with which he castrated his father. The blood from the bleeding phallus fell into the sea and from the foam was born Aphrodite (universal fecundity).

Now Cronus in his turn begat children by his sister Rhea. As they were born he swallowed them. But when the youngest, Zeus, was born, his mother Rhea deceived Cronus by giving him a (phallic) stone wrapped in a cloth instead of the new-born infant, so Cronus swallowed the stone instead of the

child. So Zeus was able to grow up. When Zeus was adult, Cronus vomited up his swallowed children. Zeus now rebelled against King Cronus and overthrew him. According to one version he castrated him. Placed in restraint, Cronus became nevertheless the beneficent ruler of the Elysian Fields, home of the blessed dead.

Do these bloody images of childbirth and castration say anything about time? Does this confusion, this polymorphous confusion, of mouth and vagina, womb and stomach, strangely disturbing our sense of what passes between the inside and outside of bodies, say anything about the connection between the beginning and ending of time?

The anthropologist Edmund Leach argues that they do. In an essay on 'The Symbolic Representation of Time' he considers why this mythical figure of Cronus was taken as a symbolic representation of Chronos, Eternal Time. There is no close connection between the two worlds etymologically. Yet from the early days of Greek philosophical reflection on the nature of Time, the play between the two words was taken to both express and conceal a major issue of theology. Why?

Leach's answer is not so very different to that of the Bible. It is that human interest in sexuality and death, and in how they may be related, is what keeps time in being.

Drawing on a wide field of research Leach looks at the structure of the myth, and in particular at the image of oscillation: the out-in, out-in as the children of Uranus are born and shoved back in again, the similar out-in, out-in as the children of Cronus are born and then swallowed, and the reversal to in-out as the swallowed children of Cronus are vomited up again. Leach bids us attend to this oscillation, and to the function of the intervening third which breaks the beat (the castrating sickle, the swallowed stone), for an understanding of how and why the myth tells us about the creation of Time.

That intervening third is what I mean by a fresh, oscillatory perception of time which is trying to get into our understanding of history.

Leach reminds us of societies in which time is not experienced as a going on and on in the same direction, or round and round the same wheel, but as 'something discontinuous, a repetition of repeated reversal, a sequence of oscillations between polar opposites: night and day, winter and summer,

drought and flood, age and youth, life and death'. This is the point I want to emphasize. Instead of thinking of time as flow, whether in a line or circle or spiral, we have to imagine it as oscillation, rhythm, beat. Let me repeat the crucial phrase: 'something discontinuous, a repetition of repeated reversal'.

It is here that the relation between sexuality and death emerges as so important for our apprehension of time. In that relation we are *given* a responsibility for time. We participate in an intervening third whose oscillations *are* the rhythm of time.

This is how the infinitely remote and the agitatedly present, the long waves and the short waves, synchronize. They are taken up in an oscillation sustained by discontinuity and the repetition of repeated reversal. Our responsibility for the future is given us in the beat of that mortally sexual Now. Our hold on times that are infinitely remote, and their hold on us, is given in the rhythm of that beat. History should resonate with that rhythm. But it has lost the beat. How do we pick it up again? (Leach, 1971.)

My thesis is that we need to be looking for every opportunity to bring together with feeling our experience of splitting, and our experience of oscillation.

Through some dreams of mine, through reminders of the unimaginable abomination of the Nazi German extermination camps, through reference to the shocking, or perhaps ludicrous, compulsions of sexual behaviour, I have tried to share with you some of my experiences of splitting, splitting in myself, splitting in the world. Alongside it, I have placed this mythical, musical, perhaps rather abstract view of a new, or very old, perception of time which is trying to get into our public understanding of history.

Between the two I am trying to make it more possible for us to imagine the creation of time itself, an act that does not take place in time, but itself makes time actually possible. I am saying that there is a link between imagining that act, and being split, so that if we are to share in responsibility for time it is essential that we learn to share our experience of splitting. That is where psychoanalytic access to infantile experience can help us grow up in our understanding of that silent God who allows Holocaust to be.

Let me therefore conclude with three suggestions as to how the Jungian tradition could contribute to more bringing together of splitting and oscillation.

First, with reference to the timing of our lives. Jung's work on synchronicity cannot stand alone. It has to be brought into relation with other questionings of the nature and consistency of time. If we are to be responsible for the powers of modern science, of genetic biology as well as of nuclear physics, we are going to have to feel differently about time. Responsibility for an infinitely remote future will not take root within a haphazard democratic political process unless it is felt vibrating in the everyday lives of the voters. This is going to require a lot of disturbance and realignment in our familiar, common or garden, assumptions about time. One contribution that psychoanalysts could make would be to relate Jung's work on synchronicity to Freud's work on the compulsion to repeat. Synchronistic experience is full of the metaphysical surprise without which we will never be able to imagine the creation of time. Repetition compulsion underwrites the monotony of habit which takes time for granted. It would make a difference to how we feel about the present in relation to the future if we could get the surprise and the monotony more resonant with one another.

Second, with reference to how we understand our part in creation. Here I am thinking of that dream of mine about the collapse of the marriage between Christ and his Church. Jung's work on alchemy has to be taken further. One problem we could be working on is how the sacred marriage of two bodies, and the sacrificial dismemberment of one body, can *both* be effective images of creation. Mircea Eliade has drawn attention to how important this distinction is for our understanding of alchemy. But it is not found only in alchemy. The story of Cronus and Zeus is full of it. Sado-masochistic rituals of the kind I referred to celebrate it. Psychoanalytic fascination with the story of Oedipus, or with the ravaging of the ravenous breast, revolve round it. What is now necessary is that we try to relate this problem to our environmental, political, ecological concerns. Is what we are doing to our planet bound in with some unrealized contradiction in our metaphysical understanding of how our bodies participate in creation? (Eliade, 1971.)

Third, with reference to male and female. Jung has familiarized us with the idea of the missing fourth, of the need to add a feminine fourth to the masculine Trinity of Christian teaching. I feel this is only a beginning, and that if we stay with Jung's way of putting it we are making a mistake. For two reasons. Because talk of the fourth as resolving the problems of the three can easily collapse our hold on the tension and energy of Trinitarian modes of being which have been worked out within the history of Christianity, and without which we cannot hope to comprehend the powers of our scientific technology. And, secondly, because it ignores the dilemma posed from within the feminine by the irreconcilable 'Yes' and 'No' to the Annunciation. What I believe is being cried out for now, what we are in labour with, is a fully Trinitarian development within the feminine. That is where our perception of time is being made new. That is where we are being called to renegotiate the metaphysical grounds for marriage. That is where the future of our planet is presently known.

In ending, I want to repeat what I said at the beginning. What I have been trying to do is to mix psychoanalytic report and historical imagination. In doing so, I hope I have spoken of my own experience of splitting in a way that is not unfriendly to yours.

Psychoanalysis calls to mind the nuclear fissions and murderous dismemberments of infancy. We need to relate this to the more public calling-to-mind which goes by the name of history. One response we could all be making in the face of holocaust would be to speak out about our own experience of how moments of private, familiar, terror can resonate with the beat of history. But we need to listen too. I am sure from my practice that there is much more historical resonance around than gets into our journals and books. We need a new kind of psychoanalytic listening in which an ear for history takes up some of the time at present given to personal development or family or myth. The particular themes I have spoken of today are important for me. They may not be for you. What I do hope you can take away with you is a fresh stimulus to bring your psychoanalytic and historical imaginations together, to let them mix, and then to further that mixing by stirring and by the application of heat, sometimes gentle, sometimes fierce.

Afterthoughts

I want to expand on two themes in my paper, in the light of the discussion at the Club, particularly of various informal exchanges over lunch.

Imagining the creation of time. I talked about this in terms of splitting, and of human interest in sexuality and death. What I am trying to say is difficult, and I suspect from what some people said afterwards that I 'lost' my audience here. Probably the ground needs preparing more thoroughly.

(a) We live in a culture that feels no need to imagine the creation of time. Time is a given. The question of its creation, if it 'arises' at all, is felt as infinitely remote.

Against this remoteness, I am trying to evoke a sense of an Act which is always Now. This Act is (inconceivably) outside time, yet also both source and guarantor of time. Without it, the apparent givenness of time is exposed as absolutely unreliable. In its place, there is something more like vertiginous terror.

If this seems far-fetched (as it does to some people all the time, and to all people some of the time), then the first stage in preparing the ground must be to own just how *way-out* the idea being put forward is.

(b) But it is not only way-out. It is also locked in—locked in to our history.

Imagining the creation of time is not something abstract or mathematical. Nor is it even something musical, in spite of the use I have made of the musical analogy. It involves us in hope that is not of this world. It involves us in fear that is not of this world. It is energized by activity which we call worship and prayer.

In our history, imagination of this kind has been inspired and then institutionalized by the Bible. The guardians of the Biblical traditions have been responsible for our hold on time-creation, and for its hold on us. As we have repudiated that tradition the hold has gone slack. It has become easy (facile) to really believe that time can be taken for granted, that there is truly nothing we have to do to ensure it.

We have thrown away our key to time-creation. To recover it, two things are necessary. One is a movement from within the Biblical traditions to own their *deeply depressive* sense of historical failure. I doubt if it is possible to

exaggerate the depth of this 'depressive position' within our culture. The other is from outside the Biblical traditions, and has been recognized for a hundred years and more as raising questions about our place in time in a wholly new way.

(c) The Darwinian discovery of evolutionary time appears at first sight to have moved the question of the creation of time into an infinite remoteness. But it may be that what it has really done is to pose that question in a new way: how can the Now in which time has human meaning hold its own in the face of such an unimaginable abyss of pastness?

I suggest that psychoanalysis, originating about a generation after the Darwinian unveiling of evolutionary time, is one way in which we are trying to arrive at an answer to that question. Psychoanalysis and the theory of evolution are to be understood together. They are both about recovering a sense of Now as active in creating time.

(d) Psychoanalysis developed within a culture that feels no need to raise questions about the present creation of time. When we observe babies and small children most of us are taking time as a given. What we see is governed by the assumption that what is going on in the baby, and between the baby and its environment, is simply taking place *in* time. But what would happen to psychoanalytic observations of infancy if we were looking for evidence that time may actually be being created now?

Psychoanalysis can be used to defend our cultural assumptions about the givenness of time. Or it can be allowed to raise doubts about those assumptions. I am on the side of doubt.

That is where my interest in infantile (Kleinian) splitting is taking me. When we ceased to pray by the cot what we saw happening in the cot changed. Because we have ceased publicly to celebrate the creation of time (celebration which requires of us sacrifice and repentance as well as a certain licence) what happens in infancy is expected to carry a kind of metaphysical responsibility for which we can no longer find a place in our adult world. Instead of asking God how we are to account for time, we talk of paranoid schizoid positions and delusions of omnipotence.

My doubts about Kleinian interpretation are grounded in the metaphysics of time. Yet I have to own a sado-masochistic fascination with

the breast which her work is helping me turn into something I can place in history. But what she has written about the breast doesn't seem able to touch some part of the consuming hunger that I know. It is as if what I want to imagine is the full and empty breast as the two halves of an hour-glass, and the panic between the two which frightens me with madness as the turn (oscillation) which makes time actually possible.

Which is why I am grateful for the split between Freud and Jung, and for the strength of feeling which that split released into the psychoanalytic enterprise. We need all the affect released by that split if we are to research infancy in a way that contributes to, rather than displacing from, adult responsibility for time.

Doubt about time is also where my interest in the connection between sexuality and death is taking me. A recent history of genetic theory has spoken of 'the inventions' of sex and death as having made evolution possible (Jacob, 1974, p.309). Between sex and death in our own lives we encounter the power of that inventiveness, a power that is not just *in* time, but is also creative *of* time. There are all kinds of ways of getting stuck, trapped, arrested, between that 'in' and that 'of'. But that 'between' can also be when we take responsibility for inventiveness of a kind that calls the very existence of time into question.

What we have to do is to get our experience of that inventiveness out of the consulting room into the body politic. Psychoanalytic imagination is at work on our understanding of evolution, linking it through history to metaphysical traditions which our culture has forgotten, traditions in which a human responsibility for time can be both acknowledged and celebrated.

It works for instance in dreams like this.

March 24, 1956

> The scene is partly Oxford, partly a primitive Pacific island, where are gathered the modern magnificence of the British Navy and a whole civil service ministry from Whitehall (query testing an atomic bomb). There is a lengthy process by which I return to school in my adolescence for sexual initiation, and then am joined by present-day publishing colleagues to be taken into this ministry place. There is a book showing the conjunction of a ceremony of these Eastern Island primitives (eighteenth-century British opening up the Pacific) in their mythological paint, and the marvels of the modern navy. At the entrance gate there is a huge snake, with its vast tongue spread out on the ground in front of it, a three-pronged tongue. I am told this is an ant catcher, and 'because its forked tongue is rooted under the tongue and not on the roof of the mouth', it is safe. It is not dead.
>
> Various pornographic books show pictures of obscene rites associated with Osiris. Almost all these pictures show the god-goddess as a figure only partially carved out of rock, so that the figure of obscene majesty is as it were only half emerged from rock.
>
> As the conjunctive ceremony of primitive and modern comes to a point, it is set now in Oxford, near the martyrs' memorial, the day before a seasonal holiday-ceremony rooted in the tradition of English soil. George Orwell has written a book in which he describes the abandonment of the people in the streets to wild licence during this Maypole-Easter ceremony. With my publishing colleagues I am now at the centre and top of the ceremony, and realize that I am being broken up, my legs and arms, so that I can be tied to the weathercock or clock hands or crucified, so that my utterly broken body will be a sign to the assembled peoples that both the primitive Easter Islanders and the British Navy and the Oxford crowds will understand at once a man of broken limbs crucified and telling the time to a whole city and as weathercock defining the orientation of the wind.

My second after thought can be put more briefly. Someone said to me at the end of our meeting at the Club that for him the figure of the crucified Christ could carry all that I had been saying.

For me, that is not so. Within the Christian tradition, the Eucharist, with its memories of orgiastic cannibalism, is as important an assurance of communion with the world as the crucifixion, and includes within it experience that I do not feel in the presence of the Cross.

But neither crucifixion nor Eucharist is sufficient for me if the figure of a sacrificed and sacrificing God is to stand in the place of Holocaust. There has also to be some recognition of what it is like to be consumed by desire. Fire and hunger and sexuality, and their wasting: without these I can neither pray nor worship. People who are close to me have suggested that this may be what we Christians mean by love. I doubt it. But if that is so, then I think we

should ask ourselves whether our use of language isn't contributing more to the dissociation of feeling than to the recognition of reality.

Three Years Later

My interest remains as it was: to contribute to a new kind of story telling, to a new kind of psychoanalytic listening in which an ear for history takes up some of the time at present given to personal development, family, and myth.

The story I have to tell is about microcosm and macrocosm. It is about how the make up of my body, and the make up of the world, correspond. That correspondence is not easy to speak of. Words blow themselves up into absurd conceits, or are suddenly emptied of all meaning. Sometimes it seems to be too private to carry public weight. Or so wholly other, so alien, as to exclude me from having any say in it.

If I am to tell my story, it has to include what I have called the social body. Between microcosm and macrocosm there has to be a third term, the social. And if there is to be a middle between the end and the beginning of my story, that social body must have a history.

So here are some further thoughts on that history, arranged round two books which I have been reading during this last year.

The Body in Pain, by Elaine Scarry was published in 1985, to critical acclaim in the United States and a more muted reception in this country. It is subtitled *The Making and Unmaking of the World*. The first chapter studies the structure of torture. Drawing widely on recent reports on the torture of political prisoners the author analyses what she calls the conversion of real pain into the fiction of power. The second chapter studies the structure of war. Here she takes historical examples, and contemporary discussion of the effects of nuclear warfare, in order to analyse what she calls the juxtaposition of injured bodies and unanchored issues. Together, these two chapters, one on torture and the other on war, constitute Part One of the book, on *Unmaking*.

Part Two, on *Making*, has three chapters: on pain and imagining, on body and voice in the Judaeo-Christian scriptures and the writings of Marx, and on the interior structure of the artifact. Here she as it were inverts the

argument of the first Part. In torture and war pain deconstructs. Its inexpressibility marks the ultimate senselessness of the world. But pain also has a part to play in creation. The relation between maker and made is inherently painful. In trying to understand that relation, to incorporate it into our social and political processes and to test the workings of our imagination against it, we need to be constantly reminding ourselves of the undoing, the unmaking, present in torture and war.

The argument of these chapters takes us into the same historical and theological questions as I have looked at in my work on Jung and Marx and alchemy. Scarry's fourth chapter is about projection in the time-full, intentional sense in which Jung uses the term. It relates Biblical accounts of projection as between Maker and Made to Marx's analysis of the human position as both master and slave, creator and artifact. The section headings give some idea of the range and density of the argument. 'Behold Rebekah: the human body and God's voice in pregnancy, reproduction and multiplication'. 'Scenes of wounding and the problem of doubt'. 'The interior structure of made objects'. 'The construction and deconstruction of making within the material realm'. Biblical reflection on the purpose of suffering and Marxist analysis of man's exploitation of himself come together to demonstrate how the body in pain succeeds and fails in making sense of the world.

I have written in various places about machines and their relation to flesh. Much of our feeling response to images of annihilation today is located not so much in ourselves as in our machines.

On the one hand we have the mechanisation of slaughter. Our killing fields are dehumanised. The thought of death is replaced by the thought of the overwhelming power of our machines. Their power to destroy us makes us strong. As long ago as 1905, a British colonel, reflecting on the effect of modern fire power on the battlefield, wrote that 'the true strength of an Army lies essentially in the power of each, or any of its constituent fractions, to stand up to punishment, even to the verge of annihilation if necessary' (Keegan, 1987, p.247). But we do not have to go to foreign fields to experience the mechanisation of slaughter. The same fascination with the superhuman strength of our machines is with us as we drive our cars down the fast lane in

the fine frenzy of motorway madness. Annihilation beckons invitingly from within the projective field that bonds us to our machines.

On the other hand there are machines which not only save life but make life possible. Our hospitals pulse with the power and exaltation of machines which earlier generations would have found simply miraculous. Many of us owe our lives to machines. Without them our bodies would have been buried or burned. And now they are standing ready to replace both fatherhood and motherhood in the creation of flesh.

Scarry's book can be read as an historical analysis of how flesh and machines are related. Its argument begins and ends with the body in pain. But its middle is the problem of how unmaking and making mirror each other. Her last chapter, on 'the interior structure of the artifact', takes us inside the consumer society. She analyses our dependence on the objects we have manufactured for ourselves, and shows how our success as makers carries within it our own unmaking. The pleasures of shopping, the satisfaction of the new consumer durable, the washing machine, the cooker, the car, carry with them their own deconstruction. If we are to continue in our enjoyment of them we are going to have to remember the hurt whence they come, the hurt whence our power as makers is derived.

The Body in Pain locates that hurt in Biblical experience of the 'break' or 'fault' between maker and made. In that sense it gives a central historical place to passover and crucifixion. But not perhaps in a way that will satisfy either Jew or Christian. For Scarry does not follow the Bible in taking God as Maker. In her reading, man is Maker, though needing God to recognize himself as such. From the point of view of traditional theology this may be a weakness in her argument. Yet in trying to give what I call social body to our dreams about machines, I find it deeply heartening. Because it gives religious value to human manufacture. It makes it possible to imagine machines as representative of human pain, and thereby perhaps to recognize what they have to tell us about the world and our place in it. *Anima mundi* is present in our machines, and if we wish to talk with her we must talk with them. (For those who can only be persuaded to dip into Scarry's book, let me recommend pages 297 to 304, in which she describes how our legal system deals with the pain inflicted on human flesh by a domestic gas explosion.)

The effect of Scarry's book on my understanding of the social body can be summed up as follows:

1. Where I spoke three years ago of splitting I would now put the emphasis on pain. I think her analysis of pain in relation to unmaking and making tells us more about the social body and its discontents than psychoanalytic ideas of splitting.
2. Social analysis of unmaking as the 'ground' of making gives our experience of insides and outsides more purchase on reality than if we start with subjects and objects. 'Projection' is allowed its ontological status, as constitutive of being as well as of knowing. The painfulness of being turned inside out by the projections of others serves to connect us to, rather than cut us off from, the social construction of reality. ('Forgive us our projections onto others, as we forgive those who project onto us').
3. And in relation to recent history and to our fears of annihilation let us not assume that recent events in Eastern Europe have shown Karl Marx to have been simply a mistake. His work remains an indispensable *feeling link* between Biblical theology and the world of manufactures. If we are to relate our technological images of annihilation to Biblical theologies of creation *ex nihilo*, Marx, and the passion of Marxism, remains an essential opportunity for the transference of feeling between different worlds of thought.

The second book is Louis Marin's *Food for Thought*. This English title is catching, but it misses the point of the original French, *La Parole Mangée*, with its emphasis on speech, utterance, 'word' in a sense that embraces promise and the tongue that we can both lose and find, and the act of eating. It refers to his opening essay (the book is a collection of essays) in which Marin describes how the French Jansenist theologians of the second half of the 17th century construed the sacramental eating of Christ's body in the Eucharist as performed through the grammar of the sentence 'This is my body'.

The story I have to tell lays a heavy emphasis on the place of the Christian Eucharist in the history of the last two thousand years. I have this obstinate belief that the Eucharist, with its repetitious, prescribed, ingestion of

the redemptive body of the creator into the food chain of our earth, has had an effect which has not got into the history books. I believe this effect shows itself in the scientific and technological changes of the last three hundred years, and in Marx's analysis of the early stages of those changes. This effect is written about and argued about from many points of view. But, for want of an adequate history of the social body, its macrocosmic/microcosmic location in the Eucharist is not recognized.

Marin's book is directed towards such recognition. It is not easy reading. Its style is dense and abstract, drawing heavily on the technical vocabulary of post structuralism. But even for a non-specialist such as myself it is clear that we have here detailed analysis of a seismic shift in the 'hold' of word on body, of body on world, and of world on word.

Marin writes about fairy tales and Biblical narrative, about the divine body in the Eucharist and the body of Louis XIV as described in his physicians' journal, about recipes for cooking and animals that talk. He focuses on the relationship between verbal and oral functions—speaking and eating, boasting and gluttony, lying and cannibalism. The recurring theme is of the word made flesh, and therefore of the word made reflexive on itself, and therefore of words able to turn the world inside out. Language assumes a new mastery, and the ground of that assumption is the annihilation of matter. Bread and wine cease to be things in order that they may become signs. The prescribed repetition of the Eucharistic formula has broken the participation of word and thing. Real pain is being converted into the fiction of power, and that fiction works.

Marin's book tells only of short moments in the history of the social body. There is nothing in it which applies directly to the wider historical processes I referred to in my *Riddley Walker* paper. But the emphasis he lays on the Eucharist, and on the part played by logical reflection on its formulae in raising language-as-fiction to a new mastery over the world, encourages me to be bold in my intuition.

I wrote in my 'afterthoughts' three years ago that perhaps the Christian use of the word love contributes more to the dissociation of feeling than to the recognition of reality. What has the 'love' given us in the Eucharist done to our world?

The question has to be studied from many points of view. My interest in it involves time: time's hold on us, our hold on time. The Christian Eucharist is distinguished from other such sacrificial meals by its purchase on time. The body of the creator which we bite and chew and ingest redeems because of its hold on beginning and end. The personhood of that body is itself the cause of time. It holds in its gift whatever passes between beginning and end. That is what Christ 'bought' on the cross.

So we can rephrase our question about love. What happens to time when the body of Christ is eaten, by repeated prescription, again and again and again? That is the question I want to get into our history books, into the public story-telling we call history. In public our newspapers are full of economic problems of the timing of consumption and consumption of time, of runaway inflation and rates of growth and exhaustion of resources. In private we are aware of terror that joins hunger with time, time with hunger, and of how that terror is fuelled by sexuality. To bring public and private together, to experience them as congruent rather than as tearing us apart, our social body has to recover a sense of time as in our keeping. And for that the history of the Eucharist is a necessary memory.

Without that memory we can never hope to research and analyse the deeply depressive position which the Bible has bequeathed to us. Because in the Eucharist the failure of the Biblical promise as well as the promise itself has got into the food chain and so into the body of our earth. That's what we are dreaming about. The economy and ecology of our manufactured world are saturated in the failures of religious expectation. When we begin to take that seriously we will realise that it is not mad to imagine that the earth itself may now be fearful of its own annihilation.

How does my imagination respond to what the Nazis did to the Jews? All that I am clear about is that the question belongs as much to the future as to the past.

Recording one's dreams over forty years and more makes one aware how idiosyncratic, unfashionable and absolutely surprising imagination can be. Dreamwork familiarises us with dissociation of feeling for which the waking imagination is ill prepared. Holocaust has been associated with sexual

excitement (at times of a quite revolting kind–but the excitement remains). There have been visions of apocalyptic waste accompanied by a terrible satisfaction. There are nightmares of erasure, in which memory is lost for all time in the corridors, filing cabinets and computers of bureaucracy. Holiness is equated with cleanliness, and hideous punishments seal the equation.

To bring waking imagination to bear on dreams such as these has required the help of many others. In one case, extraordinary help was given, and then withdrawn, so that bereavement remains an essential part of any response I can make. The gaps in feeling are truly fearful. To meet such fear we need the intimacy of small circles of exchange, penitence, curiosity. But we also need the offence of strangers. A Muslim wrote on Friday, April 20, 1990: 'Western Christianity, fixated on love, has no appreciation of the religious significance of fear' (Akhtar, 1990). How can the stories we tell each other help us learn to be truly afraid?

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