

Conversations in the Gap Between Mind and Soul: Grammatical Reflections ‘In (the) Place(s) of Thinking’

Robert Romanyshyn

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Conversations in the Gap Between Mind and Soul: Grammatical Reflections ‘In (the) Place(s) of Thinking’

Robert Romanyshyn

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In December 2013, the Dallas Institute of Humanities and Culture sponsored a conference to celebrate the life and work of James Hillman. My article is an open letter to a colleague and friend that continues conversations we had over the years on the issue of the language of psychology and the logos of soul (ψυχολογία). In my letter, I suggest to James that psychology has a monumental problem in its addiction to nouns and, alongside him, I explore the possibility that the soul’s speech is a verb the moods, tenses, and voices of which configure psychological life and its style of discourse in ways that offer an alternative to the dominant scientific paradigm and the mode of discourse in psychology today. This letter in memory of James compliments the article I wrote in memory of my mentor, friend, and colleague, J. H. van den Berg, that appeared in these pages last year. Over a period of 35 years, each has been a companion for me in the dialogue between phenomenology and depth psychology. 5
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Dear James,

It is a pleasure to be with you again amidst many of your friends and colleagues who have gathered here at the Dallas Institute of Humanities and Culture to celebrate your life and work. You are present with us today in your absence, and in your absence you linger in your presence as a mood or an atmosphere, clothed in the rich garments of our memories and images. 20

As I wondered about how to be with you this day, I wrote three drafts of some remarks about language and soul, themes about which we had occasional conversations, particularly in the last few years. But the words lacked rhythm. I was not inside the words; they were inside me. And as you so well said in *The Dream and the Underworld* (Hillman, 1979), we miss the dream when we forget that we are in the dream and believe it is in us. And so it was with the words I was writing. They were without animation, groaning and laboring under the burden of all my years in academe. Too much of the rigorous mind—the rigor mortis mind?—and too little of the passionate heart! 25

What to do? A deadline was fast approaching. 30

The time of soul and that of mind are so different, as our mutual friend Gaston Bachelard so well knew. For soul deadlines are dead lines. Soul moves slowly and never in straight lines. It drifts and meanders, drawn to edges and margins, pausing at thresholds and loitering at the lip of an abyss trying to hear who whispers from below. It cultivates the ability to wait for the right

moment, the alchemical *Kairos*, to linger in the gap between the experience and the unfolding of its meanings, to cultivate what the poet John Keats described as negative capability, that capacity to linger “in un-certainties, Mysteries, doubts without any irritable reaching after fact and reason” (1973). Patience, slowness, the capacity to pause and to linger in ambiguity are not, however, virtues that have a place in the wired world where one is on 24/7. Nor are they virtues that have a place in our discipline of psychology, which, as a STEM discipline, embraces the virtues of science, technology, engineering, and mathematics. Nothing amiss about STEM as a perspective on soul, but problematic and dangerous when its language is taken up quite literally. In that place of thinking, its words are deadly serious and can make one seriously dead.

Suppose, however, we imagine another acronym for psychology and its language! Let us call it HARMM to describe a psychology whose virtues would lie in the humanities, arts, rhetoric, myth, and movement. This psychology would be one whose harm(m) would be full of mischief, as you were James with your love of words and their plays and puns, twist and turns, and whose mischief would wound the bloody fact-mindedness and ideological mindset of psychology and send it to hell, where it would learn to see in the dark light of the underworld. And, steeped in the imagination, its language would not be so deadly serious. On the contrary, it could be reimagined as if it were a psychology that is seriously playful.

So, considering how to be with you today, I suggest we play. Here are some words that are seriously playful.

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
 And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
 Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
 And Eternity in an hour. (Blake, 1977, p. 506)

These words of William Blake are neither sensible nor reasonable, and yet how they do delight. They stir the imagination, which is the root of your archetypal vision. And indeed, they are visions, other ways of seeing and being in the world. They are, to borrow your phrase, ways of seeing through. A grain of sand that is a world; a wild flower that is a heaven; a hand that can palm infinity; and an hour that is an eternity are poetic ways of seeing through the thick density of things without falling into the airiness of thin thoughts. They are images that animate the place between facts and ideas. They are, to be as bold as one might be as a psychologist, ontological surprises not only to the too reasonable mind, but also to the despotic scientific eye that takes the world’s measure from afar (Romanyshyn, 1993). And such ontological surprises require an equally bold epistemological revolution

A poetic basis of soul in mind is a signature hallmark of your revisionary psychology. Such a psychology cultivates a metaphoric sensibility attuned to the reality of the image as the third domain of soul that spans the gap between an eye that would explain, for example, depression in terms of physiological facts, and ideas of mind that would tie it up within some theory, like, for example, repressed anger. In the gap, a metaphoric sensibility holds a tension between what is and what is not the case. In the gap, the metaphoric sensibility of a psychology rooted in a poetics of soul would, then, understand the physiology of depression as a perspective, as a way of talking about that logos of soul that presents a way of being in the world in and through its suffering. The physiology of depression, then, is true because it is not true. It is an allusive response to a presentation of soul that slips the net of that allusion and remains elusive. Allusive

and elusive are words that reach into their roots in play and thus they describe actions that create a place where we are drawn into soul's playful seriousness.

But what does any of this matter? Are we just fooling around, playing with language, amusing ourselves? So be it! The poet is a fool and being such he or she fools us, tricks us into another vision. Amused we are a-mused, inspired, by a kind of madness, a poetic madness that for the Greeks was one of the four manias, one of the ways of being possessed by the gods. The delight of Blake's four lines is that they open a place for those epiphanies of the invisible, those showings of what is ordinarily not seen, those extraordinary moments peeking out from within the ordinary, those miracles of everyday life when soul's artful displays erupt as a world where wild flowers, grains of sand, and body and time are and are not what they are. If we are all in one way or another like the wedding guest in Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, then the poet is like the Mariner who interrupts our journey.

The gap! That is where poets hang out. A psychologist who works within a poetics of soul's epiphanies loiters nearby, a kind of second cousin to the poets, finding now and then a crumb that might nourish for some time his or her imagination. Such a psychologist is closer in spirit to the poet than he or she is to the scientist or philosopher. In the gap, such a psychologist does find out, as John Keats said, that the world is the vale of soul making. In the gap, hanging around with the poets, the psychologist with soul in mind might discover a use of the world that differs in kind from how science and philosophy understand its use. In the aftermath of 9/11, I found Keats' advice to glut our sorrow on the morning rose strangely comforting. Not very practical advice, but it is a kind of practice that typifies soul's style of education, in this case an education through the trauma via grief and the sudden, and too often unnoticed, ordinarily extraordinary epiphanies of beauty that stun us and halt us in our tracks, turning us around and taking us down into the depths where in a different light, in the half light of twilight, in the dark light of the underworld, we learn to see in another way, *subspecies aeternitatus*.

In a letter to Aniela Jaffe in response to a book she had sent to him—*Der Tod des Vergil* by Hermann Broch—Jung, recalling the sacrifice he made to make his psychology respectable, added a PS. In that afterthought, in a thought that came in from the margins carrying the feeling tone of his words, he asked this question: "Anyway why did it have to be the death of the poet?" (Quoted in Romanyshyn, 2004).

You, James, who have shown the way to the gap; you who have cultivated the friendship of the poets have shown that psychology does not require the death of the poet. Are you and Jung at this moment chewing this issue over? I like to think so.

I found my way to that gap through the poetic phenomenology of J. H. van den Berg, and over these last 40 years I have eavesdropped on the imagined conversations between you and him. I am still there and, having lingered in that place for so long, I have met Orpheus, the eponymous poet whose name is the very name of poetry itself, who lingers in the gap.

Orpheus is, and has been, a wonderful companion and from him I have come to understand something else about the language of soul for a psychology of the gap. As another poet, Rilke, a modern incarnation of Orpheus, notes, Orpheus is the one who comes and goes, the one who has to vanish for us to grasp him. If he lingers, it is enough if he just barely overstays the fading of the rose.

Might we, James, stay for a few moments longer before we say goodbye? Might we linger and play for a bit with this question between us: How would psychology speak of soul if it were to speak from within the gap? The question expresses a wish, a hope, and a desire. It expresses a dream of possibility.

Orphic singing would bring language to its knees; to those joints of our embodiment that articulate speaking that is always on the way, a singing of words in motion. Entwined in mythic tales of love and loss and of descent and transformation, Orphic singing would accompany psychology on the way to the underworld where its words would be written in water and not in stone. In the Orphic gap, psychology would undo itself as it holds onto its words by letting go of them. In that place of thinking and saying soul, psychology would craft words that in their coming and going allude to possibilities that remain elusive. In the ambience of the image and dwelling on the edge of facts and ideas, an Orphic psychology would cultivate a metaphoric sensibility that would, riffing on Wallace Stevens, have at least 13 ways of saying soul.

Q5

Speaking of the gap in the gap would lead psychology into those places between darkness and light, to those bridge places that connect the underworld of dreams and the upper world of reason, to margins and edges, to pivotal thresholds where the dreams in our reasons, the complexes in our concepts, the fantasies in our facts, the myths in our meanings, the images in our ideas turn round each other, leading us to the abyss where psychology comes home to itself as an abysmal science.

All these between places would be places for the mind in exile, where it would be unbecoming to become a psychologist in a psychology whose addiction to nouns is a monumental problem. These between places would be alchemical vessels that would hold a place for a psychology whose *linguaging* of soul would attend to the verb and its moods, especially the subjunctive as the mood of soul that speaks in terms of possibilities, wishes, and conditions contrary to fact. A psychology of the gap, cured of its monumental addiction to nouns, would also attend to the tenses and voices of soul, and to its persons and numbers.

From its place of exile on the margins, a psychology of the gap would also be a *linguaging* of soul in the alchemy of gerunds that would dissolve the fixed rigidity of psychology's nouns, as you did in the title of the four chapters of *Re-Visioning Psychology* (Hillman, 1975) where you spoke of soul in terms of *personifying*, *pathologizing*, *psychologizing* and *dehumanizing*. Imagine a psychology that spoke of *egoing*, *complexing*, *shadowing*, *animating*, and even, as barbarous as it might sound, *animusing*. Such a psychology would be a process psychology, always on the way along the edge between time and the timeless.

In addition, might we also imagine that a psychology in the gap would undo psychology's monumental problem of being addicted to nouns through a liberal dose of adjectives and adverbs modifying, shading, and qualifying those monuments, which again was the move you made from archetype to archetypal. Such a psychology would give itself up as a specialized discipline for the sake of being psychological, modifying, qualifying, and shading all our ways of engaging the world. No discipline of psychology, then, but psychological perspectives on being a physician or a grave digger, a physicist or a weapons maker, a politician or a thief, an economist or a swindler, a professor or a con artist, cracking monuments in service to soul's subjunctive trick of playing with possibilities, its way of being in the mood to turn stones into water!

An impossible dream so contrary to the state of psychology today? A quixotic quest? Perhaps! But it is a challenge you have left us, and one that inspires, breathes life into, psychology, and is still inspiring me. Indeed, I must agree with my other mentor and companion, J. H. van den Berg, when, near the end of his long life, he said that he must confess that psychology got on his nerves and when he called for a new grammar for psychology. Without a radical shift in our way of being responsive to soul's subjunctive mood, as well as to its passive voice that challenges the hegemony of the egoic mind's active voice, even depth psychology would be pouring new wine into old skins.

If, therefore, there were to be a psychology of the gap, its subjunctive mood would be the bridge between soul's instinctive imperative mood and psychology's indicative mood. Such a way of speaking psychologically would soften and shade psychology's facts and theories as possibilities, as ways of soul dreaming itself not only as a psychology, but also as a psychology that is in the mood of and for soul. 170

So, let us dream just a bit longer this dream of a gap psychology.

DREAMING IN THE SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD IN THE GAP BETWEEN SOUL AND MIND

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Who dreams? In sleeping, one is being dreamed. Waking up, one says, "I had dream last night." The translation from the passive to the active voice generally goes unnoticed. The translation is also a shift in moods, which does go unnoticed.

Being dreamed is soul addressing the dreamer in the imperative mood. It says, "Pay attention!" Saying upon awakening, "I had a dream" captures the dream for the ego mind's active manipulation of it. Where the id was there shall the ego be, and where the ego is the dream's imperative mood is measured, tailored and made to fit the mind's facts and theories about the life of dreaming. 180

This tailoring of the dream to suit the mind leads to all kinds of neglecting the dream on its own terms, from the claim that a dream is the disguised expression of a repressed wish to measuring and reducing it to brain function. It might very well be the disguised expression of a repressed wish. That is an intriguing perspective and an ingenious possibility, one of many ways of looking at a dream. And, it is beyond doubt that specific brain waves register the dreaming sleeper. But the reduction of dreaming to brain function is where the ego mind's indicative mood becomes a tyranny. Causality replaces meaning and in this translation of a perspective into the explanation, the dream as another way of being in the world is lost. The posture of dreaming in which the vertical and horizontal polarities of being in the world are reversed and the vertical dimension of what lies above and below life is framed within the horizons of the upright posture of being awake and moving in and through the world. The strange country of dreaming and its mood is translated into the mood of waking life, where the dream is put to use. 185 190

But in the gap between dreaming and waking, in the gap on the way from dreaming and waking where one neither has a dream nor is being dreamed, *languaging* the dream would *subjunct* the indicative mood and the active voice that proclaims, "I had a dream," and the imperative mood of the passive voice that says, "I was dreamed." One would subordinate the imperative and indicative moods to the subjunctive mood. The subjunctive mood would bridge the gap between these two moods. On the bridge and in the gap, a poetic basis of soul in mind with its metaphoric sensibility would be a psychology fashioned in the subjunctive mood. Indeed, it would have to be if the poetic basis of soul in mind were not to be betrayed. 195 200

Mood is a way of disclosing a world. It is a style, which tints the world in a specific fashion and colors one's way of perceiving the world. We might imagine mood as a perfume that scents the world in a particular way and lends an aroma to one's thinking. In this regard, we might then say that all thinking is moody. One thinks from within a mood. Mood discloses how the world is present and presence precedes meaning. We smell the perfume's scent before we know its name. 205

If there were a psychology in the subjunctive mood, then its subjunctive mood would disclose the dream in a different way from how it is disclosed in the indicative mood, and it would color

the *linguaging* of the dream in a unique way. In the gap, therefore, one might say, “If I were to be as I am dreamed, I would be as though I were that figure in the dream.” Or, framing the subjunctive mood in the present tense of soul’s epiphanies, one might even say, “I wish I were as I am being dreamed,” inviting a dreamer not only to be as he or she would be in his or her dreams, but also to be the dream *now* in the moment of the saying, incarnating it in the spiraling time of soul where it re-collects the past and imagines a future in the eternal animating present tense of soul. And, keeping in mind the number and person qualities of the verb, one might find oneself through a dream being addressed by a plurality of figures in the third person and might then reply, “Would that I were as I am being dreamed by them.”

James, is not the subjunctive mood the way of *linguaging* the dream that is the most appropriate response to its landscape, which you described *The Dream and the Underworld* (Hillman, 1979)? Even as you contest the reduction of the dream to a repressed wish and persuasively argue for the underworld as an autochthonous landscape, is it not also necessary to insist that the dream’s imperative mood calls attention to possibilities that are contrary to the factual life of the dreamer and, therefore, require a change of mood? Perhaps, then, a dreamer, on his or her return from a descent into the underworld and on the way to the gap, might tell its tale as if it were the case, which indeed it is.

Then, on the edge of waking and dreaming, a dreamer would be like the figure of Eurydice whose steps, as portrayed by Rilke (1989), are uncertain, gentle, and without impatience. Like her, a dreamer would still be deep within himself or herself. In this depth and in the light of the gap, which is neither the full darkness of the underworld nor the bright light of the world above, a dreamer might echo what Eurydice, herself, might have said to Orpheus: “If I were, my dear Orpheus, to speak faithfully of where I was and of what I have witnessed, then I would tell you things that are beyond your will and reason.” And her tale would certainly be beyond his wish to drag her back into the upper world.

Although these words are not said by Eurydice in Rilke’s (1989) poem, they are spoken in the field of their gestural bodies. Indeed, throughout the poem the subjunctive mood colors the journey of Orpheus to the underworld as a wish that would contradict the virginal state of Eurydice’s condition in her death by returning her to the upper world. He would take her back into the light and thereby deny the specific mood of Eurydice’s underworld existence. He would change her underworld mood to suit the mood of his upper-world existence. So when that pivotal moment of the poem occurs when Orpheus turns to make certain she is following his lead, Eurydice fades back into the underworld. That is where she must stay and where she belongs when the mood is not right for her voice.

James, I would suggest that psychology suffers from an Orpheus complex. In the underworld, Eurydice is in the land of dreams and psychology would drag, and has dragged, the dreams of night into the light of day. In that too-bright light, psychology has betrayed the dream in its way of speaking about it. In its indicative mood, it has shackled the imperative mood of the dream to its facts and theories, and in doing so has ignored and leaped over the gap between them, where a dreamer would echo the words that Eurydice might have spoken if Orpheus had been in the mood to listen.

Psychology does not speak faithfully of the dream. The scent of its indicative mood within which it languages the dream has an off-putting smell to it which the dreaming soul rightfully resists, properly preferring to stay in its place of exile.

But would that there be a psychology speaking in the subjunctive mood that would be faithful to the dreaming soul! Would that we might learn from its place of exile that the dream does

matter precisely as a possibility contrary to fact! Then we might have a psychology in which the soul as a possibility of possibility and the many expressions of its imperative mood—its wishes, fantasies, images, symptoms, emotions, symbols—might find their place. Would that there be a psychology speaking in the subjunctive mood that would be faithful to the dreaming soul! 255

Oh!, but the chorus of critics already cries out. The example of dreams, they might say, is already loading the dice in favor of soul. Did you, James, once say that having fought many of these battles, you have lost the war? But like you, I love a good fight, and so let me continue with another simple example for the critics. 260

Let us invite these critics to imagine the possibility of an introductory text in psychology written in the subjunctive mood. In such a text, the chapter on vision, for example, would have to qualify its explanation of perception as a matter of what meets the eyeball as a perspective, as a metaphor of soul's visionary possibilities, one of which, as we saw, makes it possible for a poet to see a heaven in a wild flower. 265

In addition, it would have to change its way of *linguaging* its perspective. It would not be enough simply to call attention to the *is/is not* metaphoric tension of its claim that perception *is* a matter of what meets the eyeball because it *is not* that. The metaphorical sensibility of a psychology in the subjunctive mood needs its appropriate language. One, then, would have to language this visionary possibility of soul in the following way: "If perception were to be imagined in terms of the physics of light and the anatomy of the human eye, then perception would be a matter of what meets the eyeball." This way of *linguaging* the claim would not dismiss its factual basis. But it would *subjunct* that fact as a possibility of soul's way of embodying the eye that might and at times can see a world in a grain of sand. And in so doing, it would nourish the imagination and cultivate the capacity to wonder about other possibilities. 270 275

Finally, in a psychology that is in this mood, a warning would have to be attached to its claim that perception is a matter of what meets the eyeball. Such a warning might go something like this: 280

It is dangerous to one's psychological health to ignore the subjunctive mood that would bridge soul's imperative mood, where perception begins with the appeal of the world as a vale of soul making that makes its claim with the simple command, "See! Look!," and psychology's indicative mood, where perception is reduced to a matter of what meets the eyeball. It is dangerous because such ignorance would and must inevitably lead to the absurd conclusion that voyeurism is an ophthalmological problem. 285

Taking things to this extreme might be a way toward pointing out the dire necessity for a psychology in the mood of and for soul, because the extreme nature of that conclusion would relegate not only a poet's imaginative vision to the realm of a subjective fantasy, it would also imperil the fundamental quality of perception that makes it human: its capacity to transform nature into culture. 290

Even Newton's prismatic eye, which in a darkened room saw through a filtered ray of light the spectrum, was not just a matter of what meets the eyeball. It was a creative act, imaginative, inspired and no less poetic in its own way than Blake's visions. But we have dismissed Blake's vision and made Newton's vision a foundation for what is real. And, we have taken up his way of *linguaging* the world, the language of science whose indicative mood has severed fact from fantasy, reason from dream, mind from soul, and has privileged the former over the latter. 295

The discipline that we call psychology is the offspring of that privilege. But it is a strange offspring, one that is woefully incomplete, a discipline that has lost its soul and now is even in danger of losing its mind under the spell of becoming a STEM science. Under this spell, it is deaf to the imperative voice of soul and like Victor Frankenstein, whose deafness with regard to the appeals of his creature spawns a monster consigned to the shadows, psychology in consigning soul to the shadows has created an image of humanity that is monstrous. In a discipline that is incapable of speaking in the gap between mind and soul, in a world where voyeurism as an ophthalmological problem would be the unacknowledged logical outcome of a psychology not in the mood of and for soul, the image of what it is to be an embodied and soulful human being in a human world is imperiled.

Q6

This possibility not only gets on my nerves, it also alarms me. Psychology as it now stands is dangerous to all living things. We are, for example, already at that point where the absurdity of psychology is present in the *DSM* manual, whose diagnostic categories are increasingly managed in a partnership between pharmaceutical companies and the insurance industry. No psychology in the subjunctive mood in those pages! Indeed, within those pages a psychology in the subjunctive mood is not just an inconvenient truth; it is also impossible. The subjunctive mood has no place in a psychology rooted in and as an agent of a culture of the bottom line profit and the quick fix.

Given what is at stake now when we are capable of imagining that psychological crises are not separate from ecological crises, we need a psychology that in place of being dangerous to all living things might become more subversive in its service to soul. For that our discipline needs more than to change its mind. It needs a change of mood because, as it now stands, it does have a mood disorder.

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE A STAGE

The subjunctive mood is no longer as important a mood in English as it is in other languages, like French and Spanish, which happen to be more subtle and discriminating in hypothetical, doubtful, or wishful expressions. Indeed, we are programmed at our terminals to be wary of the subjunctive, as if it were somehow subversive, which it is because it subverts the hegemony of the ego mind. And yet in the world as the vale of soul making, we live in the subjunctive mood. In the gap where the world does display itself as the vale of soul making, the subjunctive mood animates the world.

James, I would suggest that the subjunctive mood is the natural condition of a human way of being in the world where, indeed, all the world is a stage. In the mood of soul, we are all theater-goers, and it is no accident that Freud's psychoanalysis finds its plots and characters in Greek drama. At the theater, one falls quite naturally into the gap between the indicative mood of the fact-based world of the reasonable mind and the imperative mood of the play. On this side of the theater's invisible fourth wall, one falls without knowledge of, or conscious intention into, the poetic virtues of Keats' negative capability and Coleridge's willing suspension of disbelief. Each of these virtues discloses the world in the mood of subjunctive possibility. In this mood, one is taken up by soul's *animal faith*, as it were, that what is displayed on the stage is what is, even as it contrary to fact. When Philip Seymour Hoffman, as the most recent incarnation of Willie Loman, slouches onto the stage, one is claimed by that presence. One feels the tired despair of that salesman in one's bones and perhaps even the more invisible sorrow of one

who knows he is defeated. In the gap where time slips the net of ordered hours, one is Willie Loman because one is also not him. Without explicit words one has become that possibility. 340

Oh, would that all the world were a stage! Imagine how different we would be. In the presence of van Gogh's *Starry Night*, for example, we would not perceive a subjective impression of what the sky objectively is, as a fact, in itself, amused perhaps and even for a moment inspired by his vision, but then disappointed to return with a secret sorrow to the quotidian world where, for example, the magic of the rainbow in the sky is reduced to the physics of light. Indeed, if all the world were a stage, then van Gogh's vision would not even be just a symbol. On the contrary, if one were in the subjunctive mood, one would perceive the night sky in one of its many possibilities, and one would appreciate the painting as a responsive presence to one of its appeals. One would know that that possibility is there on the canvas just as real a sky as the sky above. And, like Magritte's painting of a pipe, *Ceci n'est pas un pipe*, one would celebrate the sky of van Gogh that is there and not there, there because it is also not there. One would marvel again at a momentary presence displaying itself in the blink of an eye, an epiphany realized between the painter and the sky, an image of a sky as it would hope to be, painting itself through the painter who is painting it, a creative chiasm in which who paints and what is painted inspire and expire into each other. One would look at that painting and perhaps on occasion hope that he or she would not forget that sky. 345

Hope, that strange and elusive capacity of the human heart to think and to dream of possibilities. To dwell poetically in the world is to dwell within the possibility of possibility, to dwell within the subjunctive mood in the gap between soul and mind. One would be humbled in the presence of those (blue?) moody disclosures of the world. 360

Lately, James, I am not in the mood for that STEM science that psychology has been becoming and is today. It goes against the instincts and rhythms of soul. How often in those years when you would be at Pacifica did I enjoy the many ways that you challenged psychology? Your passionate joy always got me in the mood for a good fight, and although, again, it seems most of those battles are still being lost, the effort brings blood to the discipline. In this spirit, I am still trying to unbecome the psychologist I have spent years becoming, because it is increasingly unbecoming to be one. It is an on-going education that leads me from the center to the edges and margins of the discipline. There, at times, I get a glimpse of the good company of poets who dwell there, and on occasion find myself close enough to eavesdrop on those like Rumi who knows what hurts the soul: 365

When merchants eat their big meals and sleep
 their dead sleep, we night-thieves go to work. (Rumi, 1994)

Q7

I imagine that now you are in the full presence of their company, a night thief still doing his work.

In fond remembrance,
 Robert

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AUTHOR NOTE

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