

# Countertransference and the Self

By Ann Ulanov, Ph.D.

Jung's notion of the Self adds a major dimension to the therapeutic enterprise, both in theory and in practice. If we know the Self-dimension, we live our lives differently, fundamentally changed. It is awkward to be writing about something that operates silently, and to sound as if it is something we do as analysts which is so important when in fact it is this other presence we name the Self that does it and is in the doing of it. But it is the analyst's witnessing to the silent workings of the Self that makes the Self's eloquent presence audible to both analyst and analysand.

We all share amazement at the psyche's particularity in reaching us. For example, we feel that frisson of recognition of the new when a youth in his twenties, still locked into fantasy, sees for himself how his aggression stalls when the psyche gives him an image of a particular Civil War general whose campaigns he had memorized and modeled with toy soldiers. This general waited too long for reinforcements instead of attacking, and hence lost the battle.

When a person comes for a consultation to discover if he or she will begin analysis, I usually say at the end of this

first meeting that the goal of analysis, as I understand it, is to establish an ongoing, vital conversation between that person and the unconscious, and that the analyst's role is to act as translator and maybe even mediator. When a person establishes that conversation, he or she can be done with the analyst. This is all I say about the process of analysis, but I am after what happens in a successful treatment: personal experience of the reality the Self makes a bridge to.

## The Self

The Self manifests as both process and content, as ordering principle in the midst of chaos and as disordering force that defeats and breaks down our ego when we hold too tightly to our constructed schemes. Any of us working in analysis knows that the Self feels like the sacred that can break into the humdrum at any time. We hope that the rituals of analysis we construct with each analysand contain these break-ins and transform them into break-throughs.

Jung's word "Self" offers a vocabulary to speak about a fact of the psyche, not just my psyche, or yours, but what the psyche shows and speaks of itself. An objective, given path or way exists for each of us. But to reach this objectivity, we must go into intimacies of our subjective history, not just what we claim and know but also what we have buried, hidden, put into another room, what terrifies us and makes us ashamed. We cannot find our path without creating it.

The Self makes a bridge to a reality that exists far outside our psyche and yet

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also deep within it. We contact this objective reality pointed to by this odd word “Self” (which is not a very good term to refer to something beyond ourselves) only if we subjectively construct relationship to it. Paradox looms. Operations go on in the psyche (to which dreams, religious visions, and alchemical imagery attest) not just when our ego initiates them or participates in them, but these operations do not exist for us unless we help make them, assemble them, pay homage to them.

The Self and the reality it points to needs to be felt, received, and known by us for us to participate in it. This reality, which deconstructs every human form we invent to receive it, calls for our human welcome and our assembling of forms to respond to it. Thus our relationship to this reality always begins in a muddle, a formlessness, a meandering around until the new germinates, incubates, gestates, slouching toward Bethlehem to be born. (As analysts we often experience this blankness in a session when we realize we haven’t a clue what is going on, what the analysand’s dream means, or what the transference dynamics are, and wonder if we should give the patient’s money back.)

The psyche tells us about itself and about the reality it witnesses to. It grips us with inner intensity, so that a poet like Rilke dedicates his whole life to speaking this first thing, this paramount presence which forces itself with “unremitting vibrations” into his being, changing, he said, his body into soul, so that even a nearby flower fills “with boundless meaning” and a birdcall transforms into “an event of...deepest consciousness...inexplicably uniting outer and inner worlds into one uninterrupted space by not stopping...at the confines of his body.”<sup>1</sup>

Jung too marks the moment when he consented to this other, closer than his heartbeat, and it changed his life: “It was then I ceased to belong to myself alone, ceased to have the right to do so....It was then I dedicated myself to the service of the psyche. I loved it and I hated it, but it was my greatest wealth.”<sup>2</sup>

As analysts we know such moments that quicken our blood, or make our breathing hasten as if we are running to greet some ineffable presence. This is what got us into analysis in the first place, and enabled us to survive training. This sense of the other addressing us particularly (like the youth with the image of the general) sustains our going on being analysts, keeping us alive and excited in the work, for me now over thirty years. Each of us may describe those moments with Self somewhat differently—sometimes including different body experiences of energy or excitement, a watchful stillness, or feeling plugged in, or even ignited—but we share the sense of something there, pushing, pulling, or absorbing us, requiring our response. For without our response, it remains anonymous and a defeat for the ego, instead of a greeting such as Rilke described: “a feeling that the infinite was gently penetrating him from all sides and that the stars were resting in his breast.”<sup>3</sup>

Countertransference covers vast areas. I want to focus specifically on the analyst’s countertransference to the Self as it constellates in analysands’ material, in the transference-countertransference field, and in our own experiences of the Self. I also want to focus on what we make of these experiences in living our lives, for that brings a background into the treatment from the analyst’s side that influences

the field and our vision of the analysand's material.

### Theory: Jung and Others

Most theorists assert that the transformative agent in therapy invariably comes down to the analysand's new introject of the analyst. Jung anticipates this insight into the crucial importance of the personal object relation: "The psychotherapist...must be absolutely clear that the treatment of the soul of a patient is a *relationship* in which the doctor is just as much involved as the patient," and "The personality of the patient demands the personality of the doctor."<sup>4</sup> But other schools of depth psychology stop there, with the new object relation as the fulcrum for transformation of the analysand.

Although other theorists notice something bigger going on in clinical treatment and even employ religious language to describe it, they deny its referent. Words like ontological (Laing), sacred (Winnicott), prayer (Bollas), faith (Bion), and resurrection of the body (Milner)<sup>5</sup> are increasingly used to describe psyche while jettisoning the reality of God or of a transcendent realm of Isness, All, Source, and Goal to which the psyche belongs. This exclusion is proper insofar as psychodynamic theorists do not see themselves as investigating what used to be called metaphysics. Furthermore, the displacement of passion in official religious bodies from the bedazzlements of the divine to the administration of doctrine, ethics, and politics that flow from such a vision has invested religion with such a hortatory tone that analysts want to eschew it altogether. But in clinical terms, this means emphasis falls on the personal as the agent of change, to the

exclusion of what Jungians call the archetypal and all that it mediates of reality beyond the psyche.

We find, then, the transcendent hiding in analysts' vocabularies and the relationship between analyst and analysand carrying all the weight of transformation.<sup>6</sup> The open rejection of religion by Freud shifts transformation to his illusion of a future effected instead by psychoanalysis, where, for all his impassive neutrality, the analyst lends out his ego—and sometimes money as well—to his patients, as a source of greater vision and freedom.<sup>7</sup> Even in Hans Loewald's application of Freudian ideas to religion, where primary and secondary process mentation balance in a sense of living time in eternity, it is our relation to our analyst in the present which shows us how to reorder and respond anew to our past.<sup>8</sup> We cannot interpret what Lacan calls *le mot* from the other language of unconscious drives and biology without our analyst mediating the reconnection of desire and word, what Kristeva calls "bonding," that makes a place again for the soul in our world of opulence and misery.<sup>9</sup> Even with Klein repudiating religion as squashing intellectual freedom and personal authority, we reach our most intense knowledge of good and evil and the moral ambiguity of life and death in accepting the good and bad breast operating in ourselves and the analyst.<sup>10</sup>

When we agree with R. D. Laing, quoting Heidegger, that "the dreadful has already happened" in the loss of our soul by a divorce of our behavior from our experience that empties life of all meaning, only the therapeutic relationship blasts through this void to restore self to self, and with it a sense of purpose.<sup>11</sup> Being thrown into exis-

tence rouses us to a vision of our own creativity, which Edith Weigert says we forge with the therapist by authentic choices to become active guardians of our own existence.<sup>12</sup>

With emphasis on the environment to reach the creative living that Winnicott counts as more valuable than health, we need playful freedom with an analyst who lends us her being as a subjective object by holding us and reflecting back to us our sense of I-am that links up with the I-am of monotheism.<sup>13</sup> If the curative effect of treatment comes down to the personal relationship of the therapeutic couple, as Guntrip concludes, then transcendence locates in the human person.<sup>14</sup> The analyst recreates the role of what Bollas calls the transformational object, which our mother once played, so we can unfold our true self idiom that was foreclosed by trauma or neglect and restore our inalienable human right to ecstasy.<sup>15</sup>

Whatever the school of depth psychology, the weight of psychoanalytic cure falls on the analyst functioning as what Kohut terms the “selfobject” for the analysand, who then can recover narcissistic energy that, through phase-appropriate optimal frustrations with the analyst, transmutes into worthy ideals supported by sturdy self-esteem and into resources of wisdom, compassion, and humor.<sup>16</sup> The analytical couple operating within the intersubjective system, as emphasized by Stolorow, Brandschaft, and Atwood, acts as the agent of change in the analysand.<sup>17</sup> Working successfully with clients whose distress displays nonverbal, somatic forms of communication and often requires hospitalization depends, many authors agree, on analysts’ registering countertransference reactions in their own bodies and minds, which locates the source of relief in the

analyst as a new object within the client’s psyche, like a new planet whose beneficent gravity rearranges the whole orbit of suffering.<sup>18</sup>

Jung, and Jungians, do not quibble with these excellent points made by many analysts. Yet, if we take the Self seriously, we must also take seriously the difference its presence makes in the clinical work of analysis. This is not theory, but experience, and one I understand to be the source of transformation for the client in analysis. Just as anima or animus forge a bridge to the Self, the Self functions as a bridge to what transcends the psyche and from which healing flows.<sup>19</sup> Thus, to experience the Self means a process of what an analysand, recovering from three suicidal attempts, calls “really living, not just surviving.” She did use me, often ruthlessly, as the new introject the psychoanalysts describe. But she used this introjected me to reach through to something else. That something else is Self-country and the reality it witnesses to. Her dream sums it up: she awakes in the dark but is not afraid because she now possesses on her bedside table a small, delicate, feminine, silver flashlight that she can turn on to look around in the dark. Associating to the dream, she said to me: “That’s you. You are the flashlight. The flashlight is you in me; it’s mine, to use as I need.”

When I say to a person the goal of analysis is to establish a sturdy conversation between you and your psyche, I am meaning an experience will happen if we succeed in our work that will change your whole life. It may relieve you utterly of symptoms; or you may retain symptoms but the carrying of them acquires a different meaning that makes the whole venture worth it.<sup>20</sup> For this woman, the flashlight, howev-

er valuable, was not the point or the goal, but rather what it illuminated was the goal. She could now see into the dark that three times before nearly killed her. The image of the flashlight making light in the dark made a bridge for her to what she felt was central, her picture of God, though she eschewed any religious belief. She called this central territory “a dappled world,” neither the glaring light that left her parched and isolated and drove her to suicidal attempts, nor the thick dark of her depression, but a play of light and shadow, of good and bad, of others and self, of sorrow and sweetness.<sup>21</sup>

### **Absolute Knowing**

The added dimension Jung brings, and calls archetypal, reaches to the facts of the psyche, already there before we create them, but which become real to us only as we create and find them. When we connect to this archetypal world, and especially to the archetype of the Self that orders and centers the archetypal world of the unconscious, we come into another kind of knowing that Jung calls absolute. There we just know something, or something in us does. The knowing goes on outside the ego. Jung calls it a knowing that is a “‘perceiving’ which...seems to consist of images, of subjectless ‘simulacra.’”<sup>22</sup> It delivers itself to us. We do not invent it, think it up, create it out of wish or will. Fact arrives and bestows authority.

When we experience this absolute knowing, like the poet Rilke our usual ego dualities of inner and outer, subjective and objective, body and spirit, time and space dissolve. The stars take up residence in our breast too. A self-sub-sistent meaning shows itself to us;

through the impact of synchronistic events, we know the *coniunctio* of the large and the small, the macrocosm in the microcosm of our particular limited individuality, our body shimmering into spirit and the spirit luminating into body. To arrive here extends the transformative effects of analysis. Transformation does not arise only from the analysand’s new introject of the analyst. For who is to say the analyst is so much better an object than the original parent, an assumption that amounts to a shadow of hubris in our analytical profession, and that also disregards the value of relating to one’s destiny. Transformation occurs as the analysand comes into relation to the Self, which yields moments of absolute knowledge about reality well beyond, as well as lodged deep within, the depths of the psyche. The isolated patient, the one, becomes the many; the lowly individual coextends with the totality. We need each other to reach this depth. We depend on personal relationship to reach relationship to the transpersonal. But we do not create the transpersonal out of a new introject or object relation.

To arrive here reverses the aim of analysis. Jung says: “Thus you can not only analyze your unconscious but you also give your unconscious a chance to analyze yourself, and therewith you gradually create the unity of conscious and unconscious without which there is no individuation at all. If you apply this method, then I can come in as an occasional adviser, but if you don’t apply it, then my existence is of no use for you.”<sup>23</sup>

This perceiving of facts of the psyche, this absolute knowing that goes on in us, is not connected to our ego. But we cannot know about its presence in

us unless our ego connects to it.<sup>24</sup> Jung's method of approach helps. We submit our ego to the chaos of emotions. We find the images that express those emotions, images whose resonance inhabits our body as well as our soul. Then we translate those images into the language of analytical psychology, which grants us sufficient distance from them so that we can collect and compare them, and thus map the objective psyche as it intersects with our personal experience.<sup>25</sup> We achieve, then, a many-layered experience of our own self in relation to the Self. We acquire aid for our problems at the same time as we are ushered into a bigger space of the objective psyche and the reality of which it too is a part. Psychology includes ontology.

### **Three Levels of Countertransference**

When we examine our reactions to the Self, we must keep in mind the three levels of countertransference. On the normal level, we are referring to our personal style, to the natural rhythm of our responses crafted out of our own history of object relationships and experience with the numinous. For example, some of us always register the animal level of Self as important. I found myself spontaneously greeting an analysand whose sessions for the previous month were conducted on the phone because he was recovering from a traumatic illness that left his vision impaired: I put my face next to his, kissing his cheek hello, which I had never done in all the years of analysis beforehand. Uncertain whether he could see me, I wanted him to smell my nearness, much as an animal does, to scent our glad and durable connection

to each other, which had survived intact despite his being pitched onto the borders of life and death. Later, I brought up my behavior for his analysis.

Abnormal countertransference hits our own complexes that need more analysis, the ones that send us back to "Go" without collecting an extra two hundred dollars. The complex monopolizes our freedom to see clearly by reintroducing old wounds into the present relationship with the analysand. For example, if a patient adorns me with the idealization that bespeaks the Self, I must wrestle with dogged wounds to self-esteem and try to tolerate the transference without changing the subject or prematurely interpreting this splendor as belonging to the patient or the Self. Analysands often see us as so much better than we are, as more whole, more faithful to the center, more vitally living. But if our personal complex of inferiority intervenes, we detour the analysand's process. Part of our burden consists in carrying this numinous figure, much like the ass on which Christ sits. On the other hand, no comfort comes from being seen as much worse than we are. I remember perceiving in a first interview that if treatment were to succeed, the person's entire constructed worldview would have to be dismantled in order to reach the original traumatic rupture from the Self for which the worldview compensated. And the agency of destruction was going to be transferred to me. I was going to be the target. I fought against the negative transference and countertransference, trying to explain what was happening and going to happen. My naiveté and cowardly wish to duck out were firmly punished by months of icy control of me under a facade of niceness, all of which made

me suffer the deadness within myself that communicated the repressed deadness in the patient.

Objective countertransference, so named because induced in us by the unconscious in the analysand, gives us valuable information about what is making its way to consciousness in the client. Again, we may be asked to carry intimations of the Self the analysand has yet to realize. This can be a positive or a negative experience. For the Self leaves clues for us to find, much as the bread crumbs in the forest lead to the witch or to the healing fountain. What stands out as important is the analyst's capacity to spy the Self beckoning to the analysand. It may be buried in the client's personal complex, or lying around in full view like the generosity of *prima materia*. For the analyst to point to the Self changes the client's capacity to see it.

For example, one woman suffering from grave self-doubt and self-loathing felt compelled nonetheless to show me pages of her journals, while dismissing them as mindless meanderings. What I read there, however, amounted to conversations with the Self that she had carried on for a long time. I said as much, which galvanized a tremendous reaction. What she thought was worthless in fact gave evidence of connection to something deep within her that also transcended her. Some of her aggression then sprang loose from being frozen into repetitious self-attacks to being of use for the task of seeing the Self and not superimposing her personal complex between it and her. I said consciously what was making its way from her unconscious. The psyche, through my remark, reframed the issue confronting her. Her focus shifted from how meager her efforts were to

what did she make of this other she had been conversing with all these years, and what did this other make of her?

We must keep these levels of countertransference in mind when we look to see Self-events in our analysand's material, to see Self-dynamics in the transference-countertransference field between us, and to see how the work with an analysand touches our own living toward the Self.

### Countertransference to the Self in Analysands' Material

To spy Self-dynamics in material analysands bring to a session of course reflects our personal style of doing analysis. To be alert to countertransference means we explore our physical responses, our conceptual framework, and the sigh of our souls too deep for words. Does our body temperature rise? Do our whiskers twitch? Do we descend to a place of spacious calm? Do tears come to our eyes? Are we moved into a response beyond words? For me, I register a quickening, an excitement, a sense of pulsating energy that focuses my attention acutely. On the negative side, I must watch not to get carried away by excitement and pounce or pronounce about the Self-material. What the client is saying gives information, but it is something through what is said that seems to signal an added presence. I see or hear something through the material, often grim material.

For example, a woman of fifty was describing her activity as a six-year-old child: "I was a serial doll-killer. I took off their heads and then their arms would come undone and then their legs." The dismembered parts left around the house alerted the adults to

her wanton destruction. They warned her off other children's dolls, forbidding her to touch them. While listening to her, I was remembering her receiving letters from the serial killer Ted Bundy when he waited in prison on death row, and her willingness to answer them. She also had dreamt some years before of a Ted Bundy figure jumping on her back, threatening to break it. At the time she said of the dream: yes, he is sadistic, but also he embodies a terrific force of energy (which, in the dream, she imagined she could harness for creative living). Listening to her story about beheading dolls, I heard myself asking, "What were you looking for?" She surprised herself when she answered: "I wanted to see what made the eyes see, or not see. My mother had beautiful blue eyes, like the dolls, but she never saw me when she looked at me. This was important scientific research I was doing. But when I snapped that one central rubber band back of the eyes, the whole doll fell apart, and I could not figure out how to put it together again."

The two of us, then, in our session saw through her sadism to a steadfast persistence to understand the cause of her mother's inability to see her. Beheading dolls, which looked like horrendous behavior, in fact harbored a hidden task of self-repair. For her mother succumbed to psychotic fits and beat her little daughter. It helped the daughter immensely in surviving those beatings to speculate that her mother could not see her, even though her mother appeared, like the dolls, to be looking right at her, and that she did not intend to kill her when she beat her but instead fell apart like the dolls and could not put herself back together again.

What was it that made me see she was she looking for something and spy

in her sadism the compassionate effort to understand her mother's absence of seeing? Something was silently nosing into my mind; it elicited an answering activity from the analysand who then uncovered a deep intent in herself. Self-dynamics arose between us and communicated to us from the shared field, but were triggered by my angle of vision, which changed her view. Spying Self-activity keeps us young in our profession, excited and amazed, for its presence enlivens the work. We do not know what is going to happen. The session may turn into an adventure, into primary research, just as the six-year-old girl conducted with her dolls.

When that something comes into a session, or when we discover its presence there all along, it frees us from burdens of overconscientious responsibility. We see that we do not have to be doing all the work—the understanding, the uncovering, the putting together, even the interpreting. Something else is rustling, fluttering, scouting, advancing into visibility. *It* does the work. We need to be alert to this *It*, to find the ego-attitudes that allow us to perceive its begetting. Usually, we think three of us exist in a session—the analysand, the analyst, and the psychic objects communicated back and forth arising out of the field between us. To our astonishment, a fourth resides here as well, in which the whole work takes place but which also does the work. But we only see this presence initiating and synthesizing the work if our consciousness is involved, actively alert, working as hard as it can, yet capable of being surprised and gladdened.

This seeing unearths our collective context as well, bringing to the surface what sort of hermeneutic shapes what we find and construct. In the case of

our Jungian clan, the existence of the Self comprises one of our basic ontological premises. Among our different Jungian tribes, we debate what we mean by Self. We must be mindful of our own assumptions, the premises of our method, for they shape not just our interpretations but our angle of vision. We accept our moments of not-knowing blankness, for example, if we acknowledge the existence of objective, invisible, psychic forces doing their work. Our ego moves over for the Self. Yet if we hold that the Self constitutes a process as well as content and does not drop ready-made into our awareness like a guiding parent, but rather that we construct conversation with it, then we see our ego also must contribute something to our moment of perceiving it. For example, with the serial doll-killer, the concept of completeness as distinguished from perfection shaped my seeing, so that the goal was not for her to put aside her sadism in dismembering the dolls, her mother, and, in the transference, me, but instead to include all the parts, bad and good. Listening to her, I discovered I was gathering bits and pieces—as if drifting on the ocean floor to see what swam by. Ted Bundy swam into my view, and the threat of a broken back in her dream, and her seeing that violent jumping as energy crammed into too small a package of sadism. Those bits assembled and rose up in me as enthusiasm for her six-year-old child-self embarked on scientific research into the origin of perception.

### **Countertransference to the Self in the Transference-Counter- transference Field**

In the clinical field of interaction between client and analyst, Self-

dynamics arrange both parties to see the unseeable. Synchronistic events occur that startle both parties. For example, an analyst I was supervising brought to our session a painting his patient brought to him that depicted the patient's gripping experience of the Self. The painting amazed the analyst because it presented an image that the analyst himself had been working on, unknown to the patient, that embodied the Self for the analyst. The patient's painting looked like the alchemical pictures of the *Sol Terrenus*, the sun in the depths of the earth, a fiery bright disk blazing out behind a blackest dark center.<sup>26</sup> At the center of the earth, this solar light illuminates the unconscious, bespeaking an earthy masculine arising from the depths in contrast to the heights of the heavenly solar Apollo. The patient's painting emerged from his work helping AIDS victims in a residence for homosexual men, hence bearing on the chthonic masculine.

He painted a huge, densely black circle from which emitted thousands of tiny bright rays almost spermlike with their energetic, whipping tails. I gasped when I saw the picture and heard what the analyst made of it in terms of his own image of the Self, because both pictures portrayed a vision of dark and light that had imploded into my consciousness when a little girl and stayed with me over many decades since. The image of deepest dark with brightest light coming from behind it presents the ambiguity of light and dark, of good and bad, each being either and both, and neither one overcoming the other. Here were we three—the analyst, the patient, and the supervisor—unbeknownst to each other, each in our own lives beholding a shared image of the fourth. This

fourth was a Self-image conveying the numinous nature of reality, its mixture of opposites, which had emerged in this particular form in our separate lives and joined us in this synchronistic moment in the here and now.

Such synchronicity carries authority to say the unsayable. We are given an image of what belongs not just to this trio of analyst, patient, and supervisor but to everyone. This Self-image points to reality to which we all belong, and ushers us into its precincts, moving us to feel its presence infiltrating each of us, binding us together. To glimpse what objectively holds us in our work as analysts buoys our strength, gladdens our hearts.

### **Countertransference and Absolute Knowing**

Penetrating to archetypal layers of the psyche, and especially to the centering archetype of the Self, arranges a field between analyst and analysand that can prompt spontaneous behavior that surprises both people. Legal dangers of malpractice and ethical transgressions of another's integrity, if they threaten at all, usually lurk here, I believe, because we cannot always tell whether this behavior speaks more of our countertransference complex needing additional analysis or of our genuine risk to respond to the Self with the new, with what colors outside the lines. Usually, alas, a mixture of the two prevails. Thus rules for analysts prove invaluable aids, like a home base in a game of tag, or delineated boundaries in a swimming hole. We know on paper what not to do. Do we know what to do, when to say yes to an impulse that nonetheless breaks the rules?<sup>27</sup>

What helps us is familiarity with

the ontological premises of our method. Our hermeneutic makes a container for the shining presence of reality. Part of our theory derives from Jung's discovery in his descent into psyche that opposites comprise the unconscious.<sup>28</sup> When neurosis unbalances us, consciousness carries some of these opposites in conflict with their counterparts in the unconscious. Treatment amounts to gathering into consciousness the opposites split between conscious and unconscious so that we suffer consciously what before warred interminably between our conscious reason and our unconsciously derived symptom, our conscious resolve and our unconscious compulsion. To gather all the tension of opposing forces into consciousness, to suffer unappeased desire consciously, to survive the devastating intimacy of exuberant affect versus steely refusal ignites the transcendent function, which, *Deo concedente*, yields a creative solution that houses the whole.

On the way to such expanded consciousness, moments arise in the field between analyst and analysand that illumine the reality that holds us in being. We are transplanted to a depth where we see the radical congress this reality conducts with us. We still keep mindful of the tasks of analysis and the inequities of power in the relationship, as that is our ego working along like a good donkey.<sup>29</sup> But coming through this ego-work is a spark of the divine come into the human, a tiny fish eye in the vast dark of the cosmos that yields glimpses of unending light existing there in the depths and in the heights all the time. One is moved to act in surprising ways.

Such surprising events happened in the analysis of a woman I will call

Kate, who maintained relation to her aggression at the expense of splitting off her dependence, when she confided a trauma from her earliest two years of life. Her distress over the trauma compounded because she did not know entirely what had happened, only something hurtful and horrible that left her standing in the hospital crib, holding onto the top bar of its railing looking out into the dark, feeling utterly alone. This event occurred before her ego existed intact, so she never metabolized it, suffered it, and integrated it. Nor had she words to capture and represent to herself what had happened,<sup>30</sup> but only body feelings, disparate images, and odd behavior expressing injury and her response to it. The event stood dissociated from her sense of self, always existing apart, threatening to invade her with feelings of madness as well as acute pain. In that split-off space existed emotions of desolation, utter aloneness in a vast world, and more frighteningly still, a sense that intense destructiveness threatened to kill her.

She remembered waking up crying out for help in the dark. She cried out, needy, hurt, afraid. Someone finally came, she said, but “the one who came hurt me. So I knew then it was dangerous to cry out for help. Don’t call out! They’ll hurt you. I remember standing there feeling utterly alone, no one to depend on, so I’d better depend on myself, I’d better take care of myself.” She remembered a big face, disconnected from a body, looming over her and blotting her out and everything else too. Behind the face, just thickest blackness. The face seemed to lack a mouth, or a hand was held over her own mouth. She couldn’t breathe and thought the words she later crafted, “I

am going to die,” described her suffocation. Hearing this, I commented that for an instant, and hence carried in her body forever after, she experienced a blotting out of self, an annihilation, “a psychic state of ‘notness.’”<sup>31</sup>

Was she touched? She remembers wearing a hospital coat, open, with no pants. Was she invaded in her tiny, most private womb of femininity? Yes and no. Before ego, without consolidated language, only terrifying wisps of ghostlike memories remained and odd behavior that took her several years into analysis to confide: she slept all her life, single and married, mother of four grown children, a woman with some experience of sexual affairs, in soft white cotton underwear, like a child’s underpants. She slept with her hands folded between her legs, the left in a fist, which expressed fury and fear of the energy that might annihilate her, and the right protectively over her vagina.

We worked on this trauma bit by bit over the years, not all at once but with steadiness as we made our way down to its core. The day after the trauma, she went home from the hospital. “The first effect,” she said, “was I cut myself off from my mother. I would not let her mother me.” Her mother had not mothered her much before her trip to the hospital, or after. Being too nervous to take her daughter for her tonsils operation, she enlisted the aunt to do so. Also, when the next year she took the client’s older sister to first grade, she discovered that the school provided a kindergarten as well, and, even though my client was only three, her mother convinced the school to admit her because she was so bright. This made my client feel her mother had gotten rid of her. Kate said she became her mother’s mother after the hospital: “I went round

to her side; I became empathetic to the other's need." Through these keen empathic skills she developed exceptional gifts in her first adult career as a psychiatric nurse aiding psychotic adolescent patients, and later as hospital chaplain, and finally as spiritual director. But her own dependency needs went into hiding, to be relieved only vicariously through helping those of others. She knew this and said that we must watch not to repeat this pattern in our relationship.

With her dependency needs split off, what stood in front of them was ruthless aggressive energy, which she used to shield the undefended hurt child within and to size up safe places without. She went to a rough city school and made it clear to others they could not mess with her. In her church, which enraged her with its rejection of women, she spoke up against injustice in the world. She developed a masculine toughness that would not let her, as she put it, "sacrifice myself for relationship"; however, this energy was not strident either, but full of love of life, humor, and sexual passion. She baptized this energy "Arnot," and dreamt of it as a big thug who threw "suburban mommies" out of her car. But she refused to let this Arnot energy destroy her, so in the dream she jumped in the driver's seat and ran him over!

Arnot stood in front of her dependency needs, protected her, and allowed her to create with other men what she could not find in her own marriage. She developed sexual and emotional intimacy outside her marriage with lovers, one at a time, who remained lifelong friends after the affair was over. Her husband was absolutely bound to her—hence she projected her dependency into his own

and could not leave him without leaving behind her own un-lived soul-piece of emotional need. But he did not want emotional closeness, did not want to know about the possible combination she yearned for, of the Arnot-energy and her dependency that she and her mother abandoned, of sexual excitement along with spiritual surrender. Other men found in her their own link between sex and spirit, acceptance of dependency and passionate excitement. But she did not find it in herself, though perceptive men could see it in her. One of her hospital patients, whom she helped through a disabling disease, said to her with surprise, "Why, you're a sheep in wolf's clothing!"

The image of a clenched fist, which she felt in her solar plexis (the power chakra), gradually melted into energy that went all through her body and broke down the compartments she made of her life—job, home, children, friends, lovers—which dreams early on in the analysis represented through her living in big buildings with many separate apartments. But the melting of the fist also brought to the surface that dense blackness behind the looming hospital face, and she suffered terror that it would annihilate her, dreaming of herself crawling in the subway, weak and helpless, with her husband standing by, not helping. She said, "I am the Ayatollah toward the needy me." In that gap between her aggression and loving dependency she felt congealed, immobilized. She said: "It's a place of suicide and overwhelming energy. When I gave up on someone being there, I became everything—subject and object, all-powerful. When I went home from the hospital, I thought I must take care of myself and I started having tantrums to get my way. That was Arnot."

As she gave up the protection of the Arnot thug-energy, she said she felt that that renunciation tossed her into the darkness, to be shot like Anwar Sadat. The gap of unorganized energy and swirling neediness opened. Panicked, frozen, powerless, she also felt something more lurking in the black energy behind the looming hospital face. For the energy had a scent to it that she linked to Christ, who, in her religious belief, meant less to her than God. Her dependency shifted more overtly onto me, but she feared I would not want to go there into that black energy, to be in it with her.

It was then she confided that she had worn the child-type underpants at night for over forty years. She felt tremendous shame that she had needed to do so, felt shame for sounding full of whiney self-pity, and shame that somehow she had deserved what happened in the hospital. She felt she was being punished for being different from her mother and sister, who appeared as a nervous symbiotic unity, whereas she thrummed with all this aggressive energy.

In the midst of our interaction in this field of despair and shame, energy and terror, sorrow and rage, I spontaneously offered to her a catalogue picture and order-form of an adult woman's soft white cotton underpants that I found wonderful. I surprised myself as well as her. I did not know or plan to do this and later worried over my impulsiveness. It just felt right to do and I hoped I had caused no harm.<sup>32</sup> Something sure in me knew and carried me along with its knowing, but not my own will or thought-out strategy. I went with it, trusted it.

When we analyzed it, she said, "I knew you broke a rule. I've broken rules all my life. It was that someone

broke them for *me*. You felt like a mother to me. I never had anyone to tell the truth of the underpants to or to receive it myself. It's when you broke the rules that broke it open for me. I did not believe it (that someone exists I can depend upon) until then." Clearly we dwelt in the archetypal field of the Mother. But it broke open something else that led to the experience of absolute knowing that Jung writes about. For, following my action, the gap between her aggressive energy and loving dependence fell into her consciousness, instead of one opposite staying conscious, striving against the other in the unconscious. She suffered the whole tension consciously. We shared it between us as a field of circulating energy that rearranged her personal conflict and revealed through it a decisive God-image.

She had dreamt almost a year before of a Self-image: a huge whale swimming toward the ship where she stood at the railing with her daughter. It was clear the whale would severely cut itself on the ship's propellers and wreck the ship. The whale was the abysmal dark that carried Jonah, or swallowed Christ. In the dream, she hands a baby to her daughter and goes to rescue the women and children. The ship and its crew sink, to which she associated that her usual way of running things was over: "Business as usual is finished." She said standing at the ship's railing was like standing in the hospital crib.

She felt so much concern for the cut-up whale she engaged it in active imagination, and felt it saying to her it sacrificed itself so she could discover compassion, that even though it will get hurt in the process, it never dies, only gets scarred, and that she too will

bear scars for helping the whale. She wanted then to live hidden in the whale, in her own cut-up, wounded place of unmet dependency. The whale lets her stay for a while and even return there occasionally, for it will always be there if she needs it. But the whale insists she return to live in the world. Unexpectedly, some months after this active imagination, she found herself in a town whose name meant Whale. There she accepted a gift of a bodywork session where, through her body being touched, she felt all of herself held, and the gap between energy and dependency, heretofore separated into compartments, bridged. She said, "The whale brought me to an experience of external holding." But what was left out was the murderous aspect of the energy that also inhabited the wound.

After the underpants incident, she and I lived out in our relationship her dependency and, when I failed to match it with attunement, her fury. For example, she got up the courage to call me once when in need between sessions, something she had hotly resisted until that point, and I did not immediately recognize her voice on the phone. I was as surprised as she was, because I usually do hear voices accurately. She sounded so different to me on the phone that I registered shock when she said who it was. We surmised that maybe it was the voice of her dependency that I did not know well yet. In another session, when we reached the little girl, I was so engrossed that I let the time run over five minutes, and it was she who had to notice and call us to conclude. Because she had to assume a management role to contain the vulnerability, the role she usually took for others, it impeded her from really leaning on me. Though express-

ing murderous feelings toward me, she nonetheless was less interested in prosecuting my limitations than she was in exploring her experience of dependency and being let down. Hence we endured a fruitful process of what Kohut would call optimal frustration, which allowed her to build structure inside herself, a structure that she bemoaned lacking when she said "I have no way to keep connected, alive. I am missing something inside."<sup>33</sup> Slowly, she built up in herself what she felt was missing. I was amazed and grateful, on top of being sorry for failing her, that my limits proved so profitable to her, that she made so much out of them to her own benefit.

A few months later she returned to the underpants incident and said, "I don't need you anymore in the mother spot. That finished with the underwear." Right after this an odd synchronicity occurred that clinched her full experience of dependency. Although objectively unrelated to Kate, this event touched her most vulnerable spot. A medical emergency blew up in my family that necessitated rearranging the times or places of clients' sessions for a few weeks. I did not explain to Kate any details of the emergency, which turned out to be pivotal because it strengthened her efforts to resist falling into her usual role of taking care of the other person and retreating into self-holding of her own dependency needs.<sup>34</sup> This was the old pattern she had warned against our repeating in the beginning of the analysis. She would exercise her well-developed compassion to give to the other person while holding herself up until the emergency passed. She would withdraw her own dependency on the other person in order not to overburden them in their

crisis. But she could not do this with me because she knew no details, nor even whose emergency it was. And she wanted to bear the strain and avoid repeating her old pattern.

Her dependency intensified because, though she knew I was harried as my emergency persisted, our relationship went on as usual with my continuing presence to her in our sessions. She leaned her full weight upon me to keep in touch with her, regardless of what else was happening to me. During that whole Spring she was aware of this—that our continuity endured because of me, not because she could use objective information about my situation to withdraw into self-holding and minister to me and hence vicariously to her own need. She recognized I went on being there with her even though something urgent and demanding called my energies elsewhere.

The combination of these transference-countertransference dynamics around the mother archetype and the underpants incident breaking the rules made Kate feel the gap close in herself between dependence-denied and ruthless energy exploited as armor. Proof of that mending was her dream of me on our summer recess: a bubbling spring of healing energy arises between my right toe and the one next to it. I had told her I would be briefly inaccessible because of foot surgery that summer, but not the precise nature of it. Her dream pictured the precise toe that was to be operated upon. She said she saw through the dream that there was an objective connection through the psyche, that she did not have to befriend me to make it happen.

Because of the safety the whale image of the Self offered her a year and a half before, she could bear with a

new, frightening image that arrived that summer. The image was of a vortex of violent, churning energy that threatened to pull her down and under, to kill her by moving her to kill herself to escape its power. This spot was acutely painful because she felt so helplessly and felt murderous impulses toward herself to escape from the pain. She felt the utter inability of her ego to control this energy, and she was terrified to submit to it.

This phase of her analysis put her into what we might call the dark side of the Self—knowing no way out, not wanting to escape, but not knowing how to stay faithful, all markers gone. The strategies her ego had perfected, of vicariously getting her dependency needs met through meeting those of others while holding her self up and refusing to lean on others, all went by the wayside. These ego-crafted containers were too small for all this energy. The Self defeated them. They either crashed, or something in her moved her to renounce them.

It was at this time she gave up the possibility of lovers; she wanted to face this murderous energy in the gap directly and not detour it through helping a man mend gaps in himself. She made use of an interpretation I made of her distressing symptom of vomiting after sexual intercourse with her lover. I said the little girl in her wanted someone to depend upon; she was too young for sex. She said it was fraudulent: the man thought he was getting a woman and he got a little girl. But she had no replacement yet for this defense, and in giving it up felt menaced by an immense energy she felt she might not survive because she could not house it in herself. She felt in danger. As Jung says, in such darkness there is nothing we can

do but wait, “with a certain trust in God, until, out of a conflict borne with patience and courage, there emerges a solution destined—although I cannot foresee it—for that particular person.”<sup>35</sup> Kate did trust in God, but she still felt I did not get what a struggle it was to survive because she, Kate, made it look easy. She said she was doing her best not to do anything and see what happened to this self-destructive energy.

When we try to live toward the Self, unexpected, unique creativeness happens.<sup>36</sup> For Kate a dream inaugurated the new. A new image of the Self appeared that ushered her into the reality to which the Self makes a bridge. She dreamt she finally gets rid of her mother, and then at the beach a female photographer appears who dismisses a piece of jewelry Kate’s lover had given her and instructs Kate instead to lie down. Kate obeys. A female deer appears and at first licks her toes; then the deer lunges onto Kate, as if for sexual intercourse, even though the deer is female, and Kate is terrified the deer will suffocate her with its weight.

To the female photographer, Kate associated the capacity to take a picture, to get an image of tumultuous emotions, to reflect on immediate experience. To the deer, she said it was the abandoned Bambi, and her urge to reunite, carried by sexuality. The deer image would not let Kate alone, so she engaged it imaginatively. Its mixture of sexuality, femaleness, and suffocating energy united all the bits of her previous work in analysis. In imagination she climbed down a deep canyon to the river beneath and, though terrified, lay down and submitted to the deer, which covered her. The smell of the deer permeated her whole body with “a heavy, rich, earthy scent,” she said. “The deer’s

eyes are the same as mine,” she reported, “and the deer understands, gets it all.” The scent of the deer flows into Kate’s body, everywhere, like a current, like an essence, “like feeling a smell,” she said. The deer gives her the gift of its presence to reside now in her. Then the deer gets up and is gone. Kate rests and then sees that she has changed the location from which she lives. She had climbed down to the river to meet the deer, and she sees now she can live next to the river and need not climb back up the high canyon to where everyone else lives; she can live from this new depth.

After admitting the deer, Kate said its scent stayed with her every day, like a tremendous energy in her body. Her manner of living changed as well as the location from which she lived. She felt inwardly directed to resign her hospital job and singly pursue her career in spiritual direction without guarantee of salary. She felt opened to receive from others, not just to give to them. She received her own gifts and people’s acknowledgment of them without flinching, which she had done regularly before. She now felt able to name these gifts, which she had avoided before, seeing this naming as a use of masculine energy rising out of the indwelling, female deer scent. She communed with the deer and felt its gentleness as a presence in her body, pulling her into a process that told her to wait, trust, not act out sexually again. She felt, finally, that with both these masculine and feminine energies, she could survive.

The female deer, what we might call an image of the Self, connected Kate with the reality that transcends the psyche. In this way a Self-image functions like a God-image,<sup>37</sup> for the female deer carried all the force of the holy for Kate, filling in as well the missing fem-

inine lost with her mother. The Mother archetype led to the Self-image of the deer, which functioned like a God-image. She said the deer was the part she could not receive in the past, “the soft, feminine part which I switched off and received by giving.” To give up the sexual part, which Kate felt she did in renouncing the possibility of a lover, was handing over something very precious that she had fought to preserve. She neither wanted to give up the sexual part nor to act it out. “So what am I to be doing with it?” she asked. The deer always answered her: Wait, trust, the scent will transform it, let it be, fear is part of the process.

Archetypally, the deer symbol carries a large range of meanings, stretching all the way from the Paleolithic cave drawings of a revered animal to representing, through its horns, the tree of life and the eternal waxing and waning of life; the deer symbolizes the role of true psychopomp, an intermediary between earth and heaven. The deer also represents sexual passion and the power to trample on Satan. Sometimes Christ is pictured as a deer. That Kate’s deer is female accents the mythology of Lapland, where the doe embodies the sturdy feminine spirit that can traverse thousands of miles of snow-covered land, always uncovering food. In the Siberian Samis’ creation myth, the creator creates the world from the body of the female deer, selected as the favorite because of her loving heart. How was Kate to live this energy, this spirit that uncovers nourishment and makes a passage between earth and heaven?

One place she felt most able to stand all the energy was in celebrating the mass. There she felt safe, she said, present in a sacred encounter with ordinary others as well as with Christ.

“That enables me,” she said, “to be in the scent process.” A synchronistic event strengthened this impression of living this energy in the midst of life. The newspaper reported that a live deer turned up in her old city neighborhood, wandering around the park she played in as a child. She felt the deer related to a goddess part of the divine that she felt in the midst of everybody celebrating the mass together, or that turned up unexpectedly where she lived, or was like the scent of energy running throughout her body, as a part of the spirit. She connected the scent to the energy of Christ that she had intimated several years before.

Because Kate submitted to and embraced this new God-image, I could go after the last bit of the trauma that had split love from power, and dependency from aggression. Now we could look at her previous refusal of the other because now she had accepted otherness in the deer, who was so remarkably unexpected, so surprising in its behavior towards her, and so different from her conscious religion. The hospital trauma happened to her; injury was done to her. She was one of the innocents who suffer what Ricoeur calls the scandal of sin that can never be reduced to the sin of fault.<sup>38</sup> But in any trauma each of us must also ask: How did I respond to what injured me?<sup>39</sup> Kate responded by resorting to self-holding, and to receiving only vicariously through generous giving to others because her dependency went into hiding. Now, by receiving and naming the deer-goddess image, she faced all her prior refusals of receiving that had arisen out of fear of the gap of swirling energy that would consume her when she gave up the Arnot-protection or the sexual detour. That battle was over.

Kate said, “The work now is how to go away and come back. I never came back to my home. In accepting my energy, so different from my mother’s, and accepting my talents, the question expands from, Will the other stay in relation to me when I own all that is mine, to, Will I stay in relation to the other? And what is the ethical obligation after I get what I want?”

We see here that our most personal receiving of the Self means simultaneously sharing it with others.<sup>40</sup> The personal conducts the collective into consciousness. Like the spokes of a wheel, as St. Dorotheus said so many centuries ago, the closer each of us proceeds to the Center, the closer we live to each other.<sup>41</sup> For Kate, closing the gap that separated her loving from her aggression and her dependency from her power meant housing energy in her body. Receiving the gift of the deer meant receiving the power of her own gifts that propelled her to devote her energy to others looking for their way to the center. Consenting to our personal fate allows us to feel we have a place in the universe.<sup>42</sup> Kate said she knew that the pain of the gap from the hospital bred her skill in empathy: “I feel gratitude for the pain; it was my fate and gave me my place in the cosmos.”

### **Countertransference to the Self in Our Own Lives**

We come round to the last question: What sort of ego-attitude do we as analysts need in order to see what the Self is engineering in our analysands’ material, in the transference-countertransference field between us, and in our own lives that bears upon our work with clients?

We need a consciousness of consent. This means several distinct atti-

tudes. Humility before the Vast that the Self hoves into sight results from our being rubbed down to our bones by suffering the opposites now in consciousness, and no longer split between conscious and unconscious. We experience defeat and unknowingness in response to some big presence that increasingly takes on the tones of a central I-am and I-am-with-you. We do not know whether this presence mirrors us or we mirror it or both processes go on simultaneously, because this type of consciousness ushers in a steady sense of circulating energy all the time, from little to big and big to little, from outer to inner and inner to outer, from self to others and others to self.

Willingness characterizes our proper ego-attitude, willingness to see, engage, smell, open up to, fight with, put our case before, listen into silence, envision an answering procession of the new into our horizon. We go on being willing to ask in our life and in our work: What is the Self engineering? When I say at the beginning of each person’s analysis that the goal is to establish a vital conversation between you and the psyche and the reality the psyche opens onto, I experience the Self as the fourth in the session that already is made up of the three—the analysand, the analyst, and the psychic material between us. The fourth, the Self, must enter the analytical encounter if it is to work. But at the end of the analysis, I see the fourth as our consenting consciousness, as our creaturehood that is willing to provide a residence for the transcendent to manifest under the limits of time and space.

That humble willingness leads us to gain a new discourse that falls between the logic of directed conscious thinking and the prelogic of nondirect-

ed unconscious fantasy. Our new language partakes of both, for we need to converse with the Self and the reality it bequeaths us, images as well as words, affects as well as reason, smell and touch as well as sight and hearing. Who knows how the unknown will choose to greet us, and in what form?

Consenting brings double vision. We observe that we are slung back and forth between clashing opposites while we endure it. We live paradoxically. We remain nonattached while at the same time devoted to life here and now. Planted in our own particular identity, our roots touch the All that shines through our identity. Capable of commitment to methods of analyzing, we also can be called out onto long voyages into unknown territory requiring unknown methods to make intercession for the lost sheep of the shameful perverse habit, the imprisoned mad bit, the part that has never yet been found and loved.

If I am correct in believing that the Self functions like a bridge to reality that transcends the psyche as well as dwells in it, then consciousness of consent summons a religious dimension, what Jung called that “decisive question” we each must answer: Are we related to the infinite or not?<sup>43</sup> For, whom are we consenting to? We must name that other who advances into our consciousness.

As a tribe of Jungians with our shared language, we speak of the bridge to that reality as Self. Good enough. But for each of us in the living of our lives, we must go further and name it concretely, personally. Otherwise, we do not go across that bridge to the other side, nor know when the other side crosses to greet us. As von Franz pithily puts it: You can’t talk to a ball of

fire.<sup>44</sup> If the ball of fire symbolizes what lies beyond the Self, it must come into more conversational form.

Kate, for example, persisted in seeing the unseeable. She uncovered the hospital trauma, the underpants, the whale, the vortex of energy, and finally the deer that stands in for the unknown, which offers her this image of itself. Kate consents to the particular way the reality makes itself known to her, even to lying down and submitting to the deer scent entering her body. What she gets in return is the generosity of spirit she gave to everyone else, now for herself. And not entirely for herself. For, touched by the transcendent, she devotes herself to helping others go deep down and look, not to obliterate what is threatening, but to make a residence for its transformation. And Kate must go on traveling the gap back and forth between this deer-goddess and the traditional mass, just as the patient with the silver flashlight that enabled her to see the dappled world must go on stepping into that dappledness to find out how, for her, light and dark dwell together. Such efforts on the part of people build up what we might call a metaphysics of psychology.

We each must find the names of our personal God-images the Self opens us to, for they conduct us to the reality beyond the psyche. If we do not, our relationship to the transcendent remains impersonal, unhoused in the bodily limits that bring it into the here and now of time and space. We may have known a thrilling experience of the immediacy of the transcendent in our analysis or our training, but if we do not go on relating to it, speaking to it, naming it and hearing its answer, then the relationship becomes an artifact, a relic of a

splendid happening in the past. Or, it fades. We may even come to doubt the importance of what so transfixed our gaze when it occurred. The relationship to the Self and to what the Self opens to then remains a time-limited event that happened once or twice, operating in the well-developed, short-term limits of analysis itself.

If we do struggle to name what addresses us, what transcendent presence advances into visibility, our names fall far short of its reality. We know that, and we know that the fanaticisms of the political left and right stem from trying to foreclose the gap between our tiny subjective names for the objective realities to which they point. We make symbolic equations and lose both reality as real and our own subjective footing. We drift into the archetypal world and realize too little in this life from its advent into our consciousness. Or, we try to dragoon that huge energy of transcendent reality into our ego plans. Insisting our view is the only one, we foist it onto others, sometimes at the end of a gun. The huge power of the transcendent, when piped only through our little voltage wires, either blows up our whole world or captures us in a power-complex we act out upon our neighbors.

How do we speak in public of this transcendent reality that our counter-transference to the Self points to, especially when so much of our witness of it goes on in silence? Because we live in a body which means definite form, we live committed to what our particular images of the Self reveal of reality. Our personal images of the transcendent make it really real to us. This is what we bring to the end of our lives as the stone that we dug out of our complexes and that endured the fire. This is

the love we really have loved, the truth we have served. These are our little glimpses of the long-range, the real that outlasts time out of time, long after we finish with analysis. This view, whatever it is, this exposure to the territory that the Self shows us and that our rituals of analysis witness to, imposes upon us the ethical obligation to live differently, to live with the door open to this transcendent reality.

We live in a specific space with the door open to the far-flung immensity; we live in this body with its mortality with the door open to multiple bodies; we live with the sequence of events in our lifetime with the door open to the simultaneity of all events. The ego-attitude that allows us to see what the Self is engineering springs from unending appreciation, a glad gratitude for the generosity of reality that pours out on each of us as much of the other as we grow equipped to permit and survive.

## Notes

1. R. M. Rilke, "Erlebnis," in *Duino Elegies*, trans. D. Oswald (Einsiedeln, Switzerland: Daimon, 1923), pp. 118-119.
2. C. G. Jung, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, ed. A. Jaffé (New York: Pantheon, 1963). (Hereafter referred to as *MDR*.)
3. Rilke, "Erlebnis," p. 120.
4. C. G. Jung, "The State of Psychotherapy Today," *CW 10* (1934), paras. 338, 352.
5. See R. D. Laing, *The Divided Self* (Baltimore, Md.: Penguin, 1969), pp. 39ff.; D. W. Winnicott, *Playing and Reality* (London: Tavistock, 1971), p. 5; Christopher Bollas, *The Shadow of the Object: The Unthought Known* (London: Free Association Press, 1987) pp. 17, 31; Wilfrid Bion, *Attention and Interpretation* (London: Heinemann, 1970), p. 32; and Marion Milner, "The Concentration of the Body," in *The Suppressed Madness of Sane Men* (London: Tavistock, 1960), p. 238.
6. A. B. Ulanov, "Needs, Wishes, and Transcendence," in *Picturing God* (Cambridge, Mass.: Cowley, 1986), pp. 47-

- 61; see also my *The Functioning Transcendent* (Wilmette, Ill.: Chiron, 1996).
7. Sigmund Freud, "The Future of an Illusion," *Standard Edition 20* (1927), pp. 3-58; and Paul Roazen, *Freud and His Followers* (New York: Knopf, 1975), pp. 310, 329, 422, 423, 425, 435.
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  10. See M. Klein, "Notes on Some Schizoid Mechanisms," and "Some Theoretical Conclusions regarding the Emotional Life of the Infant," in *Envy and Gratitude & Other Works, 1946-1963* (New York: Seymour Lawrence/ Delacorte Press, 1946).
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  12. E. Weigert, "The Goal of Creativity in Psychotherapy," in *The Courage to Love* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1970), pp. 239-248.
  13. Winnicott, *Playing and Reality*, chap. 4. See also his "'Sum' I Am," in *Home Is Where We Start From* (New York: Norton, 1986), p. 57.
  14. H. Guntrip, *Psychoanalytic Theory, Therapy and the Self* (New York: Basic Books, 1973), pp. 180-184.
  15. C. Bollas, *Forces of Destiny: Psychoanalysis and the Human Idiom* (London: Free Association Press, 1991), pp. 21, 44, 111.
  16. H. Kohut, *The Analysis of the Self* (New York: International Universities Press, 1971), pp. 50, 64, 172, 197; and *How Does Analysis Cure?*, ed. A. Goldberg and P. E. Stepanky (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1984), pp. 81ff.
  17. R. D. Stolorow, B. Brandschaft, and G. E. Atwood, *Psychoanalytic Treatment: An Intersubjective Approach* (Hillsdale, N. J.: Analytic Press, 1987).
  18. Ibid. See also A. Alexandris and G. Vaslamatzis, eds., *Countertransference: Theory, Technique, and Teaching* (London: Karnac, 1993).
  19. Ulanov, *Functioning Transcendent*, chap. 3.
  20. Jungian analyst Marion Woodman writes of her gratitude for a food disorder: "I have had an eating disorder all my life, but I have reached the point where I thank God for it because it brought me into such close connection with Sophia. I would never have known anything about the feminine principle if I had not been forced to my knees....I rely on the dreams to guide us to the real trauma, the place where the soul went underground" (excerpts from an interview by Dorothy Reichardt in *The Round Table Interview*, May/June 1995, part two).
  21. Ulanov, *Functioning Transcendent*, chap. 10.
  22. C. G. Jung, "Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle," *CW 8*, p. 493. . See also M. L. von Franz, *Creation Myths*, (Zurich: Spring, 1972); and R. Aziz, *C. G. Jung's Psychology of Religion and Synchronicity*, (Albany: SUNY, 1990).
  23. C. G. Jung, *Letters*, vol. 1, trans. R. F. C. Hull, ed. G. Adler and A. Jaffé (Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press, 1973).
  24. A. B. Ulanov, *The Wisdom of the Psyche* (Cambridge, Mass.: Cowley, 1987), chap. 1.
  25. Jung, *MDR*, pp. 181, 186ff.
  26. C. G. Jung, "Psychology and Alchemy," *CW 13* (1953), pp. 94, 99-100. Geological research confirms the alchemists' intuitions of a fiery sun at the center of the earth; see Keay Davidson and A. R. Williams, "Under Our Skin, Hot Theories on the Center of the Earth," *National Geographic*, Jan. 1996, pp. 100-111.
  27. Jung, *MDR*, pp. 192-193. Jung writes of the collision of the yea and nay of conscience, when we must choose between two goods (Jung, "A Psychological View of Conscience," *CW 10* [1958], paras. 839-843, 854, 856).
  28. C. G. Jung, *Septem Sermones ad Mortuos*, trans. H. G. Baynes (Dulverton and Somerset, England: Watkins, 1925/1963), pp. 11-14.
  29. A. Guggenbuhl-Craig, *Power in the Helping Professions* (New York: Spring, 1971); see also L. Ross and M. Roy, *Cast the First Stone* (Wilmette, Ill.: Chiron, 1995).
  30. Kristeva, *New Maladies of the Soul*, pp. 7, 29.
  31. J. Olney, *The Language of Poetry: Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, Gerard Manley Hopkins* (Athens, Ga.: University of Georgia Press, 1993), p. 56.
  32. Other examples of this spontaneous knowing are these. Another patient also slept all her

- adult life in underpants, but for a different reason: not to protect but to reject the body area her mother called “down there,” which harbored gushy and ghastrly fluids that left her wet and would not get wiped away if she got up at night to pee. I found myself spontaneously getting soft kleenex tissue from the box on the table and showing her how to fold it to wipe herself dry. A third example is taken from my book *The Wizards’ Gate: Picturing Consciousness* (Einsiedeln, Switzerland: Daimon, 1994). There my analysand was dying from a terminal brain tumor. Near the end, a spontaneous idea came to me: to spend our last few sessions reading over to her the notes of our work since her tumor was diagnosed that recorded what she had done to face her coming death.
33. Kohut, *Analysis of the Self*, pp. 50, 64.
  34. D. W. Winnicott, “Ego Integration in Child Development,” in *The Maturation Processes and the Facilitating Environment* (New York: International Universities Press, 1962), p. 58.
  35. Jung, *CW 13* (1953), p. 31.
  36. M. L. von Franz, *Alchemy: An Introduction to the Symbolism and Psychology* (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1980), p. 159.
  37. Jung says, “This ‘self’ never at any time takes the place of God, though it may perhaps be a vessel for divine grace” (“Good and Evil in Analytical Psychology,” *CW 10* [1959], para. 874).
  38. P. Ricoeur, *The Symbolism of Evil*, trans., E. Buchanan (New York: Harper and Row, 1967), p. 341.
  39. N. Symington, *Narcissism: A New Theory* (London: Karnac, 1993), pp. 35-37, 47-49, 65-71, 74-77, 81-82.
  40. Jung, “Psychological View of Conscience,” p. 452; and *MDR*, pp. 192-194.
  41. G. Every, R. Harries, and K Ware, *The Spirit of the Time* (Crestview, N. J.: St.Vladimir’s Press, 1984), p. 80.
  42. F. O’Kane, *Sacred Chaos: Reflections on God’s Shadow and the Dark Self* (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1994), p. 55.
  43. Jung, *MDR*, p. 325.
  44. von Franz, *Alchemy*, p. 29.