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Episodes and Scenes:

VIGNETTES OF HOW I BECAME WHO I AM, WITH THE VISION THAT I LIVE PRACTICE AND WISH TO PRESENT

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Episodes and Scenes: Vignettes of how I became who I am, with the vision that I live, practice, and wish to present

§1. Scenes and Episodes

At the primary level, the truth of experience for human beings can only be enacted, not stated. It is primarily event, not information. So far as stateable, or processed as information, in any way, this can only be secondarily, on the basis of secondary enactments, told as scenes, symbols, and stories. This is part of the primary logic of human communication, (c.f. e.g., Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations*, 1967, §244, 245, 256 et seq.), the fundamental concept, in my view, for psychotherapy as a Profession, and the background for this self-presentation, in ways which will gradually become clearer.

It has been said of me that I am a 'visionary practitioner': not merely a practitioner - not merely a visionary! Along with my sense of my craft, my 'visionary' vocation involves me in the attempt to enable the psychotherapy field to realise its own vast latent ambition, and its own uniqueness, on the basis of its fundamental concept, instead of trying to be all sorts of things it is not, or is only secondarily. Hence my inveterate need to define what I am doing at the fundamental level, as opposed to merely doing it! Here I cannot help trying to combine both!

§2. Evolution of this paper illustrates how I understand my craft

In such a short space it is doubly true, both pragmatically and in principle, that I can only offer snapshots, fragments, make a virtue of incompleteness. How did I evolve into, create myself as, this person, this practitioner, this advocate of this concept? The first episode I present, - as both joke and epitome! - in making sense of this, is simply just the process of presenting this REPL! This is probably, conservatively, somewhere around at least the 30th draft of this paper! I mention this, to consider psychotherapeutically the implication of the fact that this drafting process, which dates from 2003, has been a creative catalyst for all manner of things for me, both in relation to the Doctorate and beyond it. And hence I am not impatient with the process, which has its own inevitability – both on my own side, and on Metanoia's!

My point is that this *typifies* the indirectness of the effects of our craft. For, how would one explain that catalytic effect? No systematic explanation could be possible! It is an *episode* of my life, with all sorts of unsystematic aspects. So, then, to make sense of it, one would, as we do in psychotherapy sessions, simply have to both tell sub-stories, stories of sub-episodes, offering partial explanations and conjectures, and criss-cross back and forth, until some partial picture emerged which reached the point of satisfaction, of 'getting it', making sense of it, - and that satisfaction would consist in 'realising the nature' of the enactment involved in these many repetitions!

This is the model of explanation I consider primary in psychotherapy; there is nothing other than this I can offer in this paper; so I am also, reflexively, using it to explain how I got here, got to this point of offering an account in 'episodes and scenes'.

So, only one element of this explanation is, that the process has forced me to name, and greatly clarify, precisely *this* sense of what it is I am about, and to put this sense of the uniqueness of what I do, and understand, squarely on the table! (Particularly it forced me to name the fundamental concept, of enactment, which I started with, which underpins my 'literary' concept.) This saga of the RPEL itself, then, becomes for me one such episode, one small drama or scene in my growth and evolution; episodes are required to make sense of it; it too is an episode! Such episodes are enactments and, as enactments, creative shapings/re-shapings of lived perspective; the human existence we encounter in psychotherapy is *constituted*, as well as explained, by such creative shaping of lived perspectives.

§3. Writing in 'scenes' in Boswell and Freud

Episodes are commonly scenes. This is, here and there, recognised in an epitomising way, in both literature and psychotherapy. The biographer of Dr Johnson, James Boswell, important both in my own story, and as one of my paradigms, writes about composing his great biography in 'scenes', scenes as dramatic episodes (*Boswell, Laird of Auchinlech*, 1993, p.260). Freud, bringing out the other element in the meaning of 'scene', cites Fechner saying that the scene of action in dreams takes place in a different psychic location, and this is the key to dreams (Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*,1900/1954). Such enactive scenes have the sense both of dramatic episodes, and as the frame-based locale or context or setting or situation of action; the two aspects are inseparable.

My concept of the irreducible 'scene' is what enables me to do justice to the recognition, which has more and more emerged in my praxis, that actual interaction, the idiosyncrasy of process, takes precedence over ideology and structural systematic explanation, (these do have significant partial validity, regarded as constantly deconstructed narrative framings and metaphors), in psychotherapy.

Accordingly, I tell my story; illustrate my practice; illustrate key elements of my vision, and explain them - through the relating of such scenes and vignettes.

Psychotherapy is the potential inheritor of 2500 years of literary and ontological tradition, as it emerged fragmentarily out from underneath the collapsing dwelling of the Christian framework. Psychotherapy's special focus on the enacted 'scene' gives a unique experimental-poetic window, giving it its special role in the human evolution of consciousness at this time, intimately related to the unique window literature gives. This makes it ontological, a matter of being, not reductive. Psychotherapy has from time to time glimpsed, but hardly realised, this ambition, instead constantly drawn back towards ideology.

§4. Jokes and Stories: the 'Groucho Marx principle' in psychotherapy
This illustration of my ontologically based approach is quite representative of my
practice, and indeed of my own situation and script (surprise!). I have for at least ten
years now, (as I moved out from under residual superego residues of psychoanalytic

methodology!), often made jokes in a session, or illustrated through a brief parable, or both together. Thus, I retell the well-known story of how Groucho Marx successfully applied for membership of a prestigious American club, then replied to their letter of acceptance by resigning, on the grounds that he would not want to belong to any club that would accept him as a member. As it is an epitome, I nickname this the 'Groucho Marx principle'.

Now, there are many many variant, and profound, applications of this 'Groucho Marx principle' in psychotherapy (as outside it): 'A training that would take me on as a student can't be very high standard'; 'You would say that, its your job, I'm paying you'; 'Your acceptance of me must be insincere if you claim to accept me' (or) 'You must be blind to what I am really like if you think you can accept me'; and also 'Any client who comes to see me must really be mad', etc, etc; there are almost infinite, and infinitely subtle, variations on this theme. Indeed, I am aware that a version of it contributes to my script inhibition on making myself as intelligible as I can in writing, viz: 'If someone thinks they have understood me, that shows by definition they cannot really have understood me'!

Invertedly, in many ways also it expresses the peculiar 'transferential' frame illusion of psychotherapy, that an ordinary person is temporarily turned into a god or goddess or sage or medicine woman in the crucible of the work, then later has to be stripped again of all that be-glamouring. The Groucho Marx parable is a scene which is generative; emblematic of a thousand situations; suggestive of a thousand situational framings; being, as it were, almost a micro-archetype. Archetypes are, indeed, 'scenes', in my sense, made iconic, or epitomising.

Obviously, one can make many points as to how this 'joke-parable' might be effective; it's alliance-creating; multi-faceted; down to earth; wry enough to partly dissolve the impression of 'technique' in the work; and so on. It would have to be a very naïve, - or ironic, - client who thought 'the Groucho Marx Principle' was to be found in a psychotherapy manual!

My point is a different one, that this *both* narrates a real event, unless it is an 'urban legend' – which possibility would simply reinforce my point (!) – and yet it is 'literary', it is in a certain genre of double-bind jokes and situations, and it works so vividly by touching off our universal sense of double-binding. It is 'art'. It's a story and a scene

Now, psychotherapy within an ontological frame creates scenes, *is* art, and exploits art, in an analogous way. I have gradually discovered it as a kind of experimental theatre, the framing of the further development of which is *literary*; thus it realised a convergence of the two strands of my pathway, the literary and the vocational. In a manner, what I do is Literary Therapy, - with a dimension of Philosophical Practice!

§5. An unexpected comment: a comedy of seduction

The 'literary' dimension, - in the form of the genre of 'comedy of seduction'! - is also evident in the next vignette, a 'live' epitome from my practice. Exposition of my vision is largely the 'negative theology' of refusing to get caught in any ideology, and simply offering instead scenic reminders (the analogy with the later Wittgenstein, and with deconstruction, is obvious). In this illustration of my creative-relational use of

psychoanalysis, I focus on and deconstruct psychoanalytic lop-sidedness, whilst affirming deeper elements in it of huge value; but it can be easily turned the opposite, or another, way.

An abused and agoraphobic client, who had progressed well, had made the decision to move to another part of the country, and see me more infrequently periodically on trips to where I work. Then she came to a session, when she seemed very stuck, and 'back to square one'. I was curious, decided not to get drawn in, just waited, listened, and tracked my response. I became aware of emergent desire, of feeling subtly hypnotized and seduced. It was rather pleasant, cosy, much belying the ostensible communication content, which was despondent and had returned to old preoccupations and patterns. I remarked to her — (perhaps, to her mind, right out of the blue) — 'You'd make a great seducer'! Then I explained the route by which I had got to the point of saying that, and what emerged, in the dialogue, was that she was feeling abandoned by me, and, out of consciousness, felt she needed to convey that she was 'no better', thereby to hold me in, to continue to see her in the new situation. (She the common tendency to believe she could only see me if she had 'real problems', and any progress was felt by her as a loss! 'If I'm better then I'm worse.' Another variation on Groucho Marx!)

The element of enactment, timing, and subtle enmeshment went way beyond a simple verbal interpretation of a verbal fantasy, for instance: 'you are feeling abandoned by me'. That would have been lifeless and stereotyped. Of course, good interpretation is not merely interpretation. But enactment was at the heart here. The element of seduction, and then of mutual amusement, when we both had the 'aha', and 'got' what was going on, were all there, and essential to the 'scene'. The element of timing, connected to the periodicity to which Freud attached such importance, is one enactive element of 'good interpretation', irreducibly present even on the classical model, and cannot be accounted for by it. Indeed, interpretations themselves are in fact a particular, perhaps a unique, type of performative utterance, (JL Austin, *How to Do Things with Words*, 1975, makes the philosophy of speech acts tantamount to a branch of literature!); the ideal form even of the classical model collapses into the literary right at the outset, therefore.

The verbal response was an epitomisation (condensed! homeopathic! both 'homeopathic' and 'real'), an enactment which participated in the interaction, a combined total communication partaking as such of the nature of implicit or phenomenological 'knowing' in the Daniel Stern/Merleau-Ponty sense. (But it is the dimension of enactment, not the sheer complexity, which primarily accounts for why 'implicit' knowledge can never wholly be made 'explicit'.) If one were to try to account for all the dimensions of this interaction — body; eros; attachment; eyecontact or absence of it; mutual delight in the countertransferential turnaround; the element of logical paradox which comes into such situations; the withdrawing to a meta-level perspective which makes such an intervention possible; the element of 'prescribing the symptom' in it; etc, etc, — the analysis would be endless (one gets a little sense of what it would or might be from *Being and Time*, Heidegger, 1962). Any attempt to account for this, in terms merely of a verbally articulable content, is a non-starter. Its multifacetedness is encapsulated, condensed, overdetermined, above all enactive, and therefore through and through scenic, both thoroughly mimetic (Girard,

et al., *Things Hidden Since the Foundation of the World*, 1993) and thoroughly poetic, a symbolic or condensed enactment through and through.

§6. An organisational scene; an experimental institution

The next illustration, taken from training through groupwork, illustrates the irreducibility of frame and metaphor in my work, enactments, and reflection on work. It is an exercise based on an artificial institution constructed according to certain rules, which I first devised several years ago (it grew out of the attempt to devise a version of Jane Elliott's well-known 'blue eyes brown eyes' exercise, which would have the possibility of an element of evolution built into it).

It essentially involves splitting those responsible for looking after a third group (of those whose social control has become disordered), into two groups (the managers, with overall responsibility, and the carers, who have the 'hands on' responsibility). These two groups have communication with one another only through the mediation of a sister/charge nurse, and, unless and until they override the initial instructions, don't have direct physical interaction and oral contact. It rapidly and graphically generates individual 'scenes' and episodes, working through the effects of role, frame (Goffman, *Frame Analysis*, 1974), systems, and 'mimesis', in the form of mimetic identifications. It is a truly mad-making exercise, needing to be broken off before it has more than scratched the surface of its possibilities, if it's not to be actually emotionally harmful.

In discussion afterwards I realise this enactment in the exercise offers a dramatic realisation in concrete process, the emergence, from scenes and situations, into a metaphoric system, something like the later Freudian metapsychology, with the Vulnerable Persons as the uninhibited, or socially disordered, 'It' (Id), the Carers as the beleaguered 'I' (Ego as personality), and the Managers as the 'Over-I' (Super-Ego). The Sister/Charge Nurse can either, firstly, embody, according to temperament, and skill, the mediating 'Hermes' Trickster 'I' 'consciousness' function (with a 'persona' element, in Jungian terms). There is a link here both with the Freudian metapsychology of consciousness, as indicated in A note on the mystic writing pad, and with the Jungian mercurial-alchemical vision of consciousness and the unconscious; we can see how 'archetypes' are directly the encapsulations of scenes or situations, and how close, beneath superficials, the Freudian and Jungian systems are. The I/It/Over-I (Ego-Id-SuperEgo) metaphor is indeed a generalised scene, a miniarchetype. Or, secondly, the Sister/Charge Nurse can embody a very split disintegrated function, in whom the conflict in the psyche often brings about, in terms of the simulation, mental collapse or impairment (enacted in this particular simulation).

So here the experience reveals that, in the situation and the scene, the metaphoric dimension is at work, in a close relation to frame, even before we have named it. The Freudian metaphor is itself a social-political-mimetic model of the psyche, a miniarchetype, derived once more from innumerable scenic or 'script' interchanges, valid in certain contexts, though almost certainly not universally valid, as a model. That metaphor was originally derived from the social-political, and here it is now reapplied to, or re-evoked by, a social simulation, and is accordingly modified in enactment (which is the nature of psychotherapy models and metaphors, which are inherently reflexive and interactive). This interactive mimetic oscillation of scenic metaphor

between contexts, however, is poesis, poetry in action, enactment embedded in metaphor, not reducible to anything else (in particular, not to a pure unthematised event, pure presence)!

The mediating, consciousness-raising, integrating function is analogous to the 'hermetic' or mercurial role of the internal 'therapist' or 'analyst' in the psyche, the scenic-functional aspect of the therapeutic self, reliant on its/their implicit grasp of the mix between Story and Process to exercise its/their mediating function.

The generalisation, here, is that the psyche is *defined and created* by its continual scenic-metaphoric oscillation between Story and Process, the more so, the more reflexive its process becomes. In research jargon, we might say the psyche itself, as scenic and mimetically-poetically interactive, is, and defined as, a vehicle of continuous 'action research'. *Action Research is a matter of scenes*. Psyche is expressed in, exists in, the cycle between process, and its encapsulation in scene, realised as story and metaphor.

§7. The dimensions of my praxis in these vignettes

In the episodes linked to my practice, so far, we have the following recognitions: The inherently indirect and episodic character of psychotherapeutic explanation; The centrality of enactive scenes;

The recognition that 'the scene' has an Ontological background;

The literary character of 'the scene' brought out by the 'Groucho Marx principle';

The multi-dimensional, enactive, character of interventions;

The primacy of metaphor in enactive process, the dimension of poesis;

The way the psyche is *defined and created* by its continual scenic-metaphoric oscillation between Story and Process;

§8. The Primacy of Enactment

The reason for the primacy of enactment is that no content of experience is ever repeatable, or transferable. An experience in a situation is not a kind of object which could ever be captured in words and transferred by words. We are inclined to think that if these negatives are true then experience is incommunicable. But it is communicated in the way of enactment, which is why also it can never be 'summed up', because each enactment is unique, and a new creation of a moment of, and in, human existence. Becoming is being, sheer coming into actuality, no less. This is why every client relationship is unique and untransferable, why 'manualisation' of the content of sessions is destructive of therapeutic creativity (Gilbert and Evans, An Introduction to Integrative Psychotherapy, 2005), why training is a matter of imparting 'rules of thumb', and of the learner's gradually acquiring their own unique wisdom in their work.

But enactments are expressed in symbolic form, through words and other media, and because we re-participate in them when we apprehend them understandingly (they are always RE-enactments) they may be factual *or* fictional, and we may learn as much and as personally in either case. We express our uniqueness as much in what we *make* of what we have received, as in our own enactments; indeed what we make of what we receive *is also* an enactment. My 'literary' experience is as much me as my 'personal' experience.

§9. John Keats as pioneer of enactive understanding

John Keats, whom I discovered in adolescence, grasps the nature of the uniqueness of enactments as the very nature of poetry, though he hints at a further realm which is not an enactment:

I have no doubt that thousands of people never heard of have had hearts completely disinterested: I can remember but two-Socrates and Jesus-their Histories evince it. ----------Even here though I myself am pursueing the same instinctive course as the veriest human animal you can think of-I am however young writing at random-straining at particles of light in the midst of a great darkness-without knowing the bearing of any one assertion of any one opinion. Yet may I not in this be free from sin? May there not be superior beings amused with any graceful, though instinctive attitude my mind may fall into, as I am entertained with the alertness of a Stoat or the anxiety of a Deer? Though a quarrel in the Streets is a thing to be hated, the energies displayed in it are fine; the commonest Man shows a grace in his quarrel-By a superior being our reasonings may take the same tone-though erroneous they may be fine-This is the very thing in which consists poetry; and if so it is not so fine a thing as philosophy-For the same reason that an eagle is not so fine a thing as a truth. (Keats, 1819, Letters)

In my language, here, Keats is writing about the primacy of enactment, as irreducibly being, more primordially than value or knowledge. Why did this passage so profoundly impact me when I was learning English in the sixth form at school? It affected me with the force of revelation, and I am still unpacking its significance for me. It seemed to me Keats had his finger on the principle of the realisation of *life itself* in writing, yet also writing's dissociation:

This entering into the character of something, which is of course the basis of empathy, is mimesis, equally at the heart of poetry, as Keats conceives it, and of psychotherapy. It is what makes all such creativity an enactment or a re-enactment. The contextual expression of the enactment against a background (however achieved) of totality is poesis.

To grasp this reality is also to grasp that the being, the actuality or 'is-ness', of human reality does not have to be *good*; it comprehends *all* possibilities. How did I come to acquire that beyond-good-and-evil sense, which became instinct with me?

§10. How I became the practitioner of 'totality vision'

My childhood was a cherished one, though, as only child of elderly parents, I was unduly exposed to my mother's too needily loving psyche, and a variety of experiences led to my being isolated, having much time to contemplate the world of nature and of myself, but remaining innocent of, and unimpinged by, the full cruelty of which life was capable.

It was when the contemplative observer self in came to be combined with the discovery of evil that the need for an overview of good and evil, such as Keats's, whom I discovered during adolescence, became paramount for me. Hence the significance of the following, at the dawn of puberty, what for someone else might have been quite a minor episode. This contributed to my being an anti-authoritarian 'outsider', but also 'observer', ever since.

I was fooling around in the dormitory, and was caught, and taken to the housemaster's study, where I was caned. The housemaster's wife was a harsh unfair woman. She was standing on the landing next the dormitory; as I walked back past it, having 'taken my punishment', in agony I put on a brave face and smiled at her, not in a hostile or mocking way, but desparately, because this was the culture of 'putting on a brave face' (which she would have supposedly endorsed), - and her response was 'wipe that smile off your face you disgusting boy'. The humiliation and injustice was the central aspect of this, far more than the caning, which was 'honourable'. I still dream of this.

This brought home to me, for once and all, not to assume that people in authority are honourable in their intentions. Some refusal to submit was born in me then. I learnt in that moment not to trust, unless I am sure of the person on an individual basis. I ceased forever to trust institutions, at some level. In a way, I lost hope in life. And, thus, I became confirmed as a 'relator'/story-teller, someone who observed, ascertained what the narrative was, figured out 'what was going on', instead of an unreflective truster.

In a sense, at this moment I discovered Auschwitz was possible. Not much later I became, and remained, deeply preoccupied with the Hitler and the Nazis' European genocide movement, and the Shakespeare tragedies, 'King Lear' in particular, Keats, and later the novels of Dostoievsky, and Melville, which all seemed to recognise the abyss of that kind of evil (and its mimetic, contagious, aspect). By a reciprocal and multiple compensation, that evil was implicitly placed in the context of a Manichean dramatic 'relating'. I discovered 'story' as I discovered mimetically contagious evil. I also thereby discovered the hypocrisy of authority, as I was drawn, - though with reservations, - more to Christianity during my adolescence.

§11. Searching for a hero and a Titan

I was searching for someone in whom I could find a titanic capacity to simultaneously comprehend, yet contain, the perception of the world as a gigantic vortex of indiscriminate being, in which good has no providential mastery over evil. What I comprehended, was gripped by, and feared, is expressed in Samuel Johnson's words about Shakespeare:

Shakespeare's plays are not in the rigorous or critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of

sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolick of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design. (Johnson, *Preface to Shakespeare*, 1765)

In Samuel Johnson I did find someone with a titanic Himalayan capacity to affirm life in the face of evil. And in James Boswell the biographer of Dr Johnson I found the arch-exemplar of the capacity to convey that teeming life of process itself, mimesis as creativity, and the enactment of it in narrative 'relating'. I mimicked that process myself in relation to someone who, for a time, I located in the 'Johnson' role and myself in the 'Boswell' role. Eventually, through my path through to psychotherapy, I found another way to combine mimetic immersion in process, with a spacious capacity to contain. Boswell, in this work, the *Life of Dr Johnson*, profoundly transcends the fact/fiction opposition, offering me the prototype for the 'experimental theatre' scenic, non-reductive, dimension of my understanding of psychotherapy.

Boswell's account of Johnson's conversational satire on Bennett Langton's will, in 1773, illustrates supremely the kind of dramatic-mimetic genius, and existential encompassing, in question. In the Keatsian fashion, he is both inside, and outside, the Johnsonian tragic burlesque he presents as dramatic poem here. In the space I have I can only allude to the part his art plays here.

Johnson, on the other hand, is here the 'superior being' of Keats's passage, 'relating' it all, scanning novelistically, as possessor of totality-vision, his gaze upon the vanity of human existence, with a preternatural, pitiless, and panoramic clarity, and comic satire and mimetic mockery (implicitly, of his two hearers included, but also his own illness and mortality), whose mighty mimetic-symbolic sweep – together with the huge Homeric upsurge of his sheer animal laughter! - reminds us of the great Dickens, as it is caught, in turn, in *Boswell's* dramatic eye!

I have known him at times exceedingly diverted at what seemed to others a very small sport. He now laughed immoderately, without any reason that we could perceive, at our friend's making his will; called him the TESTATOR, and added, 'I dare say, he thinks he has done a mighty thing. He won't stay till he gets home to his seat in the country, to produce this wonderful deed: he'll call up the landlord of the first inn on the road; and, after a suitable preface upon mortality and the uncertainty of life, will tell him that he should not delay making his will; and here, Sir, will he say, is my will, which I have just made, with the assistance of one of the ablest lawyers in the kingdom; and he will read it to him [laughing all the time]. He believes he has made this will; but he did not make it: vou, Chambers, made it for him. I trust you have had more conscience than to make him say, "being of sound understanding;" ha, ha, ha! I hope he has left me a legacy. I'd have his will turned into verse, like a ballad.'

This enacts, at several inexhaustible levels, in its unification of multiplicity, the principle of 'symbolic totality', inextricably entangled with the mimetic elements. As we engage with such a passage, the poetically opposed intersecting frames and frameworks are interwoven in our flesh and gut; one instance, the chasm of mimetic contrast between the imagining of Langton's sense of his own 'amour propre', and dignity, and lofty 'spiritual seriousness'; and Johnson's exploding perception of the banal and fear-engendered egoism of Langton's actual motivation.

So thus I learnt to see, experience, enact, every moment of existence as an aweful, yet sacred, moment, in whose good and evil the wider context of totality was implicit, as vehicle of containment, and yet in which the minutest idiosyncratic subtlety of the moment was to be brought into perspicuous view. (Other Titans who were huge paradigms for me were the musical conductor Otto Klemperer and my teacher the great critic FR Leavis. But I must be selective here.)

§12. Regaining Hope and Becoming my own Person

But I still had to become my own person in all this. One more 'scene' epitomised this. As I moved away from being perpetual student, towards becoming a psychotherapist, through my twenty years in adult and child psychiatry, and nurse teaching, having first rejected 'analysis' on the traditional blank screen model, which failed me at the level of relationship, I found a therapist (a psychodynamic college counsellor she was! I am eternally grateful to her!) who gave me space, with intuition for my way of being, without being a pushover for me.

Early in that work I had a dream – the only 'double' dream I have ever had. I met 'myself' (the location was a significant childhood scene), and talked with great pity and compassion to this 'Heward', who was caught up and locked into a scholastic-academic, retarded and intellectualising, mode of being. Only when I awoke did I realise with huge excitement that I had glimpsed the possibility of hatching out of the chrysalis of my old being, that I did not have to be a penitent who lived life vicariously forever, that I could once more hope. That was sixteen years ago. The journey since ran parallel with my strange love affair with what became UKCP, in whose genesis I have had no small part. There is no space for that here; the Institution Exercise gives a tiny microcosm of my praxis at that level. Nor is there space for developing the special importance Jung, Nietzsche, Wagner, Heidegger, and Derrida, in particular, have come to have for me in psychotherapy, as I move towards this novel-based doctorate, though implicit in what I have written.

I have many flaws not overcome. But I live my life with hope now. And my praxis, now, indissolubly fuses the literary-creative poesic dimension of me, in the narrative-relational, ontological, therapist.

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