

C.G.JUNG ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY CLUB LONDON

Saturday, October 4 1997

“Fifty years on: how Jung has influenced my christianity”

- an example of Jung’s psychology in practice

DAVID HOLT

Introduction

1. In celebration of the Club’s 75 years - 1922 to 1997

My fifty years

2. My text from Jung’s 1935 lectures at the Institute of Medical Psychology, later the Tavistock Clinic, in London

- “My problem is to wrestle with the big monster of the historical past, the great snake of the centuries, the burden of the human mind, the problem of Christianity” (CW 18 para 279)

- among those present at the Tavistock in 1935, taking part in the discussion

H G Baynes

E A Bennet

Wilfred Bion (with his patient Samuel Beckett)

Hugh Crichton-Miller

James Hadfield

E Graham Howe

Eric Strauss

Ian Suttie

- read Beckett’s report of Jung’s remark after the lecture, in Ricks’ *Beckett’s Dying Words*

- our text in context: Discussion Four, the question being answered, earlier refs to “snake”

3. Irene de Castillejo

- one particular analytic session in March 1948

- her book *Knowing Woman*, Jung’s idea of the animus, feminism, and the last fifty years

Morning

LIKE IT OR NOT, WE ARE ALL CHRISTIANS NOW

Christianity - the success story that won't stop

Science, modern science as it has developed over the last five hundred years, is essentially christian. By science I mean both pure and applied science, the science of research laboratories and science as applied in our technology.

With applied science I include the economic forces which drive that application, which make it profitable to invest in scientific research. In short, capitalism. Both are essentially christian.

In science and its application christianity has succeeded in converting the world. Whether we like it or not, in living off modern science we are all christians. In profiting and in suffering from the effects of science we all experience what it is like to be converted by christianity.

But christianity has failed to understand its own success. We are being driven by a story that has lost any sense of its own resolution. To find that resolution we must reconsider our history.

These ideas are not new. The development of modern science and of capitalism have been studied in relation to the protestant Reformation, and to the earlier christian schism in the eleventh century when the western and eastern churches disagreed about the procession of the Holy Ghost.

I believe we need to take these studies further, in admitting both far greater success and far greater failure than are yet allowed for. We have to try and understand how christianity's success in converting the world goes together with its failure to comprehend that success.

This morning I shall be approaching this autobiographically. I shall present my "apology of a lapsed unitarian" as explanation of how I find myself caught up in both the success and failure of christianity.

This afternoon I shall try something more difficult. I want to address the feeling problem raised by our christian success story. I think this is huge.

On the one hand we have the christian call to sacrifice and to forgive, to love mercy, do justice and walk humbly. On the other hand we have the world conquering effectiveness of christian science. How do they relate?

To my feeling they don't. There is an hiatus between them. If we are to move into that hiatus we will need a theology of creation, incarnation, and *experiment*, rather than a theology of creation, incarnation, and *redemption*.

If I am to explain what I mean by this you are going to have to help me. We have to share feelings of which we are afraid, feelings that can blow the mind. I call this "owning the psychotic". By which I mean we have to admit, take responsibility for, inhabit, the madness of the world we are making, while at the same time recognising its connections with the christian mysteries of virgin birth, crucifixion, resurrection, eucharist, and trinity.

So: this morning, the apology of a lapsed unitarian. This afternoon, owning the psychotic.

February 1926 to October 1997 - APOLOGY OF A LAPSED UNITARIAN

1. Unitarian conception and upbringing

Families of origin: for example - mother's father, father's mother
Bible and morality
Genesis and evolution
Mother and her interest in medicine
Haunting presence of "The Great War"
Father's attitude to his ships - Capital and Duty
Father at school - Christ not God: same feeling for Trinity, Virgin Birth, Eucharist

2. Teens

Virtually only non anglican at my public school - the anglican liturgy
Introduction to St John's Gospel references to The Comforter
Aged eighteen: Russian and Atlantic convoys

3. Reading history at Oxford - introduced to Jung's psychology - the "Clermont story"

R G Collingwood: *The Idea of Nature* gives place to *The Idea of History*
Collingwood's discussion of Trinitarian belief in his *Essay on Metaphysics*
St Augustine's *Confessions* as introduction to Jung; but also *On the City of God*
Dreams - psychoanalysis and the three Holy Families: theology and the idea of a psychotic secret

1948: the "Clermont story": my personal myth - family caught in history
Analyst's response: Jung's 1940 Eranos lecture on the Trinity [some "interpretation"!]
Gilson's *Spirit of Mediaeval Philosophy*: "Clermont" and the history of metaphysics
Marx on Capital, coming after experience in the navy: understanding the father - family "secret" as opening into history

4. Ages 24 to 36

Dreams of corn, and flesh eating, and interest in the Eucharist
Following on from the Clermont story, interest in christianity and the history of science
Feelings for the German-Jewish holocaust
Dream of April 10, 1954: stammer, sexuality, and change in the direction of creation
Sir Henry Dashwood and the licence for my Anglican marriage in 1955
History and the church of England: 16th century royalty, sexuality, judicial murder
Baptism 1960, confirmation and first communion 1962

5. Caught between history and nature: papers from the second half of life

1974 *Jung and Marx: Alchemy, Christianity and the Work against Nature*
"Can the non-christian heirs to christian technology accept that christianity guards the secret of their power over nature? And can the christian guardians - both living and dead - accept that there is, and always has been, a dimension to their faith which only non-christians can understand?"

1981 *Jung and the Third Person*

Incarnation and the question of time. "The time of biology and the time of history intersect, and separate, in family, between the generations and between the sexes, when an exchange, an oscillation, between two requires the presence of a third". Extraversion, introversion, and Jewish mystical theology of creation.

1983 *Riddley Walker and Greenham Common - further thoughts on Alchemy, Christianity and the Work against Nature* (first publication of Clermont story)

The metaphysical foundations of modern science: christian hope of salvation and the experimental method. Transubstantiation in the Eucharist and "the invention of the method of invention" (A.N.Whitehead)

1988 *Alchemy and Psychosis: curiosity and the metaphysics of time*

Being in two minds: the Yes of the christian virgin, and the No of the alchemical virgin. The future since Chemobyl: scientific curiosity and the cost of time. How are we going to pay?

1994 *Sacred Hunger: Exponential Growth and the Bible*

Eucharistic hunger, sexual cannibalism, and the making of history. The Third Person of the Trinity has escaped from the understanding of the Church, and is now operative in the workings of modern science and technology and in the fear and greed of our financial markets. Is there any way by which we can reach It, in prayer, thought, or political action?

“words with an o in them”

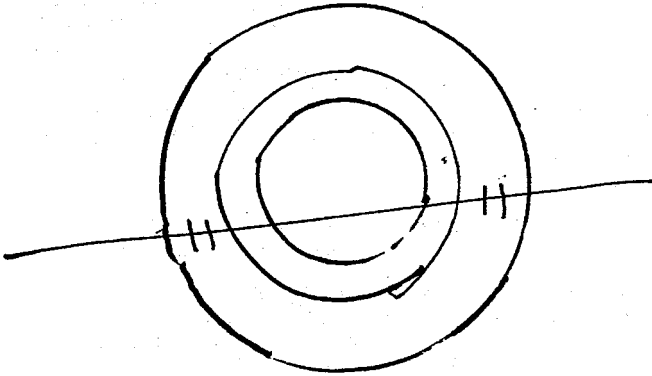
the dream which led to

“THE CLERMONT STORY”

Feb 27 1948

A story which I am telling second hand.

I have shown to person to whom I am telling it a plan of the story. A certain number of circles dissected by a straight line. Not certain whether the line went through middle of the circles. The line is marked with segments showing two days of the week.



Story: a girl and I have been living together in some open country, say South African veldt. We have been living together since birth or since extreme youth. My sex early on seems vague - the boy says to me cynically:

“Anyway, I’ll be seeing you more and more with less and less clothes on”.

I chide him for this.

A lot of old women in the tribe begin to get suspicious of our “goings on”. One night we ride out into the veldt, turn our horses loose to graze, and then walk into some trap set by all these women.

I am now male definitely. This trap is very sad. We were living beautifully and then all is wrecked by these spiteful hags, two of the ugliest of whom are to sort of chief judges.

Girl and I are left alone - she now seems to be on the side of these hags. We are inside a tent. In order to lull her suspicions in order to escape, I - or another older man who may be Father - talks.

He says after something else:

“In that case, O is the most important vowel, letter”, and later says many words with O in them. Then “Move”.

At this, I catch the girl by her throat and bend her head back to the ground so that she cannot speak while I - or other man - escape.

But I, or he, only gets short start, and when I am caught and brought back the girl is definitely hostile and I fear she may hurt me in some way.

The Clermont Story - as told at the Jung Club in London, on May 19, 1983

Clermont is a town in central France, where I had spent a week in the previous summer. The love affair which took me there had subsequently ended, and the ending precipitated my going into analysis. I was also reading history at the university at the time, and my imagination was caught by the fact that the first crusade had been preached by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095. My story originated in this coincidence of place.

The scene was set in a mood of expectancy. Western Europe is resting after the years of attack and threat from the men of the north, resting and gathering its strength. Its feeling, in the union of mind and heart, is christian. The building of churches and cathedrals bears witness to a faith which had come, and conquered, from another quarter.

Outside Clermont lived a farming family, with the three sons that go with fairy stories. Their christian faith is simple, immediate, unquestioned. The gathering of the great Council of the Church is an event of excitement. With their neighbours, the whole family went to the field outside the eastern gate where the Pope was to speak.

Into the silence of an expectancy which by that time has become almost unbearable - the seconds long wait for my first word with 'o' - fall the words which tell of the Holy Places in the hands of non-believers, the sufferings of the christians in the east, and the call to crusade, to bear witness in arms to your love of Christ.

Your love of Christ: that word love all round the three sons as they walked home. Suddenly, the world is filled with new meaning, a meaning that calls them from the fields and animals to fight. They are carried on the word. It envelops them.

But only the two eldest can go. The third must stay at home to work the farm, to care for the parents. The pain of that staying: its bitterness - there was much of that in my story.

Now the time is later, high summer a year or two after. The boy is working in the fields. The heat is intense. He thirsts, and thirsting goes down the sloping field to a corner where there is a pool. He stoops to drink, and sees coming to meet his mouth the face and mouth of a girl.

He is as if transfixed. Love turns round inside him. Christ is forgotten. All that he had learned to feel for Christ is turned to the girl. Love is here: no need to journey to the east, to war, to prove his love. The proving is here, in his thirst and what he is to do with it in the presence of that face which will be broken and vanish if his own lips once touch and break the surface of the water to quench its raging.

The story stayed for a long time with that arrest of all movement as the boy kneels by the pool, refusing in his love to quench a thirst born of his work in the fields. Tension builds in the surrounding fields and mountains. The noontime silence continues, unnaturally, into a more terrible silence of afternoon, of evening on which the sun does not seem to set. The stillness is absolute, awful, as if nothing will ever move again. *

It is broken suddenly. So suddenly that it all seems to be done in a moment, so quick it might never have happened. The beating of wings, a dove settles out of nowhere on the boy's shoulders as he kneels. He sees it reflected in the pool, reaches up to seize it, to tear it, to try to slake his thirst in its blood. As the bird is torn, and the blood runs in the boy's mouth, the landscape is wholly changed. The green is gone out of it. There are stones, rocks, stunted vegetation, a near desert land. But the girl is there, on the face of the earth, still in some way beyond the boy's reach (is it she or he who is bound to a rock?), yet free to move with a volition of her own, no longer caught in reflection.

(See pages 257 to 259 of my : *The Psychology of Carl Jung: essays in application and deconstruction*, The Edwin Mellen Press 1992, where it introduces the argument of my paper *Riddley Walker and Greenham Common: further thoughts on alchemy, christianity and the work against nature.*)

LOVE IS A WORD WITH AN O IN ITS MIDDLE - christian theology, the psychoanalytic family, and the question of time

1. The dream out of which the Clermont story came

The plan of the story: time as circular, time as linear

Association: 1931 and the tear across the mother's tummy

2. Love, family and the christian plot

The crucified son

The father's promise: the broken body, the broken word

What does the mother feel for the father?

Where is the father?

Who is the mother's husband?

3. The crisis of the story

Projection, thirst, and the narcissistic freeze

The dove: what is it?

The Holy Ghost, generation, and the loop in time

So - what is being killed? what blood is being drunk? what does the killing do to time?

4. The end of the story (the "lysis")

"The green is gone out" and "The girl is free to move with a volition of her own"

The act which causes them, causes them *together*.

5. Irene's response

Jung's essay: "a psychological approach to the dogma of the Trinity"

The pre-christian parallels: God and masturbation. So **rude**

6. Telling the story in public

The thirty four year wait till *Riddley Walker and Greenham Common*

RELIGIOUS FEELING AFTER CLERMONT

“There is something wrong with christianity, and the only way I can do anything about it is in being christian.”

From its beginning christianity was filled with expectation of the future. Christ is going to come again. There is a promise that is going to be fulfilled. The last judgment is something to be taken into account, to be lived by, *now*.

Two thousand years have passed. What has happened?

I believe that instead of a Second Coming there has been a Second Fall. Christ's death made possible the coming of the Spirit, the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Trinity, the Comforter. Then something went wrong, like the Bible says went wrong at the beginning, in Genesis, when Adam and Eve tasted the forbidden fruit. We took that Holy Spirit into ourselves, appropriated it to our own use as if it belonged to us. As a result we became invested with power of a kind new to our species.

My religious calling seems to be about responsibility for that power, about how we explore, inhabit, suffer, work with, connections between the power of modern science and the sacrificial tradition from which it derives.

I believe there is a problem of feeling here which is huge, too huge. There's something mad about the world we are making. To get at that madness we are going to have to ask ourselves questions that get lost in a void or hiatus, or an 'o', between those who call themselves christian and those who do not.

For those questions to "arise" we have to return into the heart of the christian mysteries in search of something that's been overlooked. What is it in the christian mysteries that makes possible this Second Fall? What is there hidden away in the complex system of virgin birth, crucifixion of an only begotten son, resurrection, eucharist, trinity, that could make possible the scientific conquest of nature during the last four hundred years?

I have no revelation as to what that something might be. I am stuck with a problem of feeling that is huge, too huge. And that's what I want to try and share with you this afternoon.

Afternoon

This afternoon I want to try if we can share some feelings about madness and how we respond to madness. I have spoken of the madness of the world we are making. I want now to talk about our own madness, to see if that can help us own, inhabit and take responsibility for, our world. Can we move between our little madnesses and a big, world size, madness?

OWNING THE PSYCHOTIC

People whose judgment I cannot easily ignore have spoken of the Clermont story as psychotic.

The psychotic is always a possibility to watch out for with Jung.

Jung's psychology is madness friendly. Jung felt able to work with the insane. Which has its dangers, as well as opening up the possibility of extraordinary changes in our state of mind.

Jung is also friendly to the holy. Which has its dangers too, dangers in which few of us are trained.

The dangers get worse if we confuse the mad and the holy, as we easily can in working with dreams.

So in talking about what I have made of the Clermont story it may be helpful to define what I mean by psychotic. I think of it as:

- a shattering, shivering, breaking into bits, of mind
- an emptying out, evacuation, of the mind that allows an alien entering in
- a fixed stare in the face of the incomprehensible: the memory of that "fix" remaining as a shadow across the mind,
(with "mind" taken to include feeling as well as thought)

I think my Clermont story is an attempt to respond to, to reflect on, some such experience.

But what is it experience "of"? Is it experience "of" anything? Or is it simply delusion, a vain imagining, a mis-understanding, a private heresy that is best left to die in private?

I am presenting it to you now as an experience of something real. And I am calling that something "the christian hiatus".

That's what I'm offering you as an example of Jung's psychology in practice.

THE CHRISTIAN HIATUS - suggestions for feeling our way into

Remind of what was said this morning.

On the one hand we have the christian call to sacrifice and to forgive, to love mercy, do justice and walk humbly. On the other hand we have the world-conquering christian effectiveness of applied science. How do they relate?

To my feeling they don't. There is an hiatus between them. If we are to move into that hiatus we will need a theology of creation, incarnation, and experiment, rather than a theology of creation, incarnation, and redemption.

I want now to suggest to you that this hiatus is something you are already familiar with.

1. Science

My understanding of science assumes that science is problematic in a way that science itself cannot address. Science needs something else for its understanding. How can I open this assumption to argument? I suggest we try a contrast.

"Science can solve all our problems. Just give it time and it'll find the answer".

"Science is out of control. We are caught in something that doesn't know where it is going".

If we feel both to be true, and I believe most of us do, then how do we mind (as in the synchronised voice on the London Underground that warns us to "mind the gap") the two facedness, the contrariness, of that feeling? - ("mind the hiatus")

Is such "minding" *necessarily* psychotic?

Example: the motor car - travel, traffic, and environment.

2. History and hope

Christianity is about trying to make sense of history. How do we feel about this?

As a way in, start by asking ourselves a general question:

- do we expect history to make sense?

- if so, what does that expectancy feel like? how does it affect the way we live our lives?

(It may help to consider the negation:

- can we *not* expect history to make sense?

- if so, what does the *not* expecting feel like? Does it affect the way we live our lives?)

Then ask ourselves how history and hope are connected. How does hope for ourselves, for our children, for our grandchildren, relate to what we expect of history?

What I am trying to air here is a sense of hiatus, of sustained dissociation, between short term and long term views of our place in history, a fault in the beat of time. I know that something in my mind and heart can seize up when I allow my feelings for my family and my feelings for history to come together.

3. Body and world

(a) Christianity is not the only religion to make much of the relation between incarnation and creation, body and world.

Some sort of exchange between how we imagine our bodies, and how we imagine the world, is going on all the time. It influences how we behave. It makes things happen.

How far are we aware of this exchange? Do we share our awareness, talk about it together? If it excites us, if it frightens us, do we come together to try and do something with the excitement or the fright?

This is what religion is about.

(b) Think of the body in the christian mysteries: sexuality, killing and being killed, our hands and the work they do, hunger, thirst, eating flesh and drinking blood, biting, chewing, swallowing, the separation of food from waste, breathing. Whether we call ourselves christian or not, our bodies do and suffer these things.

Are we aware of exchanges between this doing and suffering of our bodies and the big world all round us: not only the natural world, but the world of science, of industry, of manufacture, of consumption?

On the one hand incarnation, on the other creation. And between them, some sort of exchange. That's what I'm trying to feel our way into.

(c) So if we can agree that our experience of our bodies, and our experience of the world, are connected, then ask ourselves:

How is that connection energised?

Is it under control or out of control?

How far, and in what ways, do we feel responsible for it?

What I am trying to make room for is a sort of three cornered, triangular, relation between body, the natural world, and the world our science is making. How is that triangular relation sustained?

I think there are feelings, religious feelings, involved in this triangle which we find it very difficult to own. I'm not sure whether we even want to.

I suspect that if we really wanted to own them we'd have to allow our minds to split. "Owning the psychotic" catches us out, incriminates us, between body and world.

INSIDE THE HIATUS - trying to get the feel of an experiment that may fail
(summarising the papers listed at the end of my Apology)

Suffering and intelligence

First, let me risk a simplification. Christian feeling is organised round the power of suffering. Scientific feeling is organised round the power of intelligence. If they are to find a common language we have to do justice to both.

For this I believe we will need a theology of creation, incarnation, and *experiment*, rather than a theology of creation, incarnation, and *redemption*. This is the proposal I am putting forward in response to the Clermont story. A theology of experiment rather than a theology of redemption. To my feeling, christian theology of redemption can foreclose on history. Talk of salvation can anaesthetise our sense of risk. Which is what history has to deal with.

Experiment and sacrifice

Our culture is powered by experiment that is effective, inventive, generative. We embody that experiment, as both object and subject. But experiments work, they prove something, *because* they risk failure.

That "because" is crucial. It is what joins science and christianity. If we are to find our feet and our heart and our voice within the christian hiatus we have to attend to this join.

It's like a trapped nerve. The risk of failure that underwrites the experimental method derives from christian experience of sacrifice. If science is to understand its limits it has to make that sacrifice its own. Experimental trial and error involve suffering as well as intelligence.

So what does it feel like to embody experiment that is sacrificial, that works, is effective, inventive, generative, *because* it can fail?

The sacrificial body

The sacrificial body is essential to christian experience of history. From virgin birth to crucifixion to resurrection and eucharist, christianity preaches the sacrificial body as maker of history: the sexual body, the crucified body, the risen body, the body that gives to eat and eats and is itself eaten.

My belief is that in science christian experience of the sacrificial body has been taken further. As a result of what I am calling the Second Fall it has been translated out of christian control.

It has been translated into laboratory, machine, manufacture, and the marketing of capital. So that laboratories, machines, manufactures, and the marketing of capital, partake of incarnation. They *are* the sacrificial body.

We are learning what that body feels like.

Take Chernobyl and Saddam Hussein's Iraq, the link between oil and the arms industry, mad cow disease and genetic engineering, and refer our feelings about them to our domestic politics of energy, jobs, goods, taxation; to our dependence on, and enjoyment of, the generative hunger of our capital markets as they profit from the inventiveness of science. Is any body answerable for those markets? What is it that we come face to face with in our chemical laboratories? What does the experimental method know of mercy? Can the "method of invention" differentiate between creation and destruction? Is there any body to call it to account? When science invites us to feast its success, what voice cries, or howls, "Take, eat, this is my body"?

Christianity's failure to comprehend its own success is a world problem. It is the world, not the church, that now constitutes Christ's sacrificial body. An experiment with incarnation has been translated into an experiment with creation. Everybody and everything carries, and is carried on, the real possibility that it may fail.

THE CLOCK THAT BREATHES

I would like to end on a more hopeful note, but I don't know if I can. As I said at the beginning, I need your help. Sharing feelings about madness is not easy.

I am wondering what my Clermont story may have to say about breathing.

Think of that dove, and of the word spirit, whether it be holy or not. Spirit is to do with breathing, surely? When we die and stop breathing, the spirit goes out of us. Isn't breathing at any rate part of what we mean by spirit?

Since my stroke two years ago I have been having help with my speech, first in hospital with exercises for my tongue and cheeks and lips, more recently with a man whom I would warmly recommend, who is teaching me about breathing and voice production, lessons which I wish had come my way fifty years ago.

One of his exercises is this.

Demonstrate

I like doing it. It reminds me of the breathing exercises in T'ai Chi classes, of how my teacher taught us first, to still the mind, then, to listen to the body, then, to catch our breath. But there's something about that out reach of the arms and hands and fingers and breath which excites me more than I can understand.

In particular, it has taken me back into a dream I had more than forty years ago, in 1956. This dream is already in print, in my *History and Holocaust* paper, based on a talk I gave here at the Club in 1987, on a Saturday shared with Wolfgang Giegerich from Stuttgart. I repeat it now, at the time of this 75th birthday of the Club, as an example of the truth that there is no such thing as a finished dream, and as such a contribution to the unfinished history of the Club.

Here it is.

March 24, 1956

The scene is partly Oxford, partly a primitive Pacific island, where are gathered together the modern magnificence of the British Navy and a whole civil service ministry from Whitehall (query testing an atomic bomb). There is a lengthy process by which I return to school in my adolescence for sexual initiation, and then am joined by present-day publishing colleagues to be taken into this ministry place. There is a book showing the conjunction of a ceremony of these Easter Island primitives (eighteenth-century British opening up the Pacific) in their mythological paint, and the marvels of the modern navy. At the entrance gate there is a huge snake, with its vast tongue spread out on the ground in front of it, a three-pronged tongue. I am told this is an ant catcher, and 'because its forked tongue is rooted under the tongue and not on the roof of the mouth', it is safe. It is not dead.

Various pornographic books show pictures of obscene rites associated with Osiris. Almost all these pictures show the god-goddess as a figure only partially carved out of rock, so that the figure of obscene majesty is as it were only half emerged from rock.

As the conjunctive ceremony of primitive and modern comes to a point, it is set now in Oxford, near the martyrs' memorial, the day before a seasonal holiday ceremony rooted in the tradition of English soil. George Orwell has written a book in which he describes the abandonment of the people in the streets to wild licence during this Maypole-Easter ceremony. With my publishing colleagues I am now at the centre and top of the ceremony, and realise that I am being broken up, my legs and arms, so that I can be tied to the weathercock or clock hands or crucified, so that my utterly broken body will be a sign to the assembled peoples that both the primitive Easter Islanders and the British Navy and the Oxford crowds will understand at once a man of broken limbs crucified and telling the time to a whole city as the hands of the clock move and the weathercock turns with the wind.

That was my dream in 1956. The cross as clock, and as weathercock. The crucified body able to move so that it may tell the time.

And now, in 1997, there are new thoughts (evidence of the fact that there is no such thing as a finished dream):

What if the body which is the weathercock were to catch its breath? What if the time telling body were to begin to breathe?

That's where I can feel hope.

You see, I am stuck with this conviction that the experimental method which powers our world is in some way connected to the christian cross. It is a method which is proving itself blessedly and terribly effective. It is also sacrificial, which we easily forget. What if that method were to learn to breathe, to catch its breath, and in that catching to reflect on its sacrificial origin?

CONCLUSION

I believe with Jung that a self regulating psyche is at work, in us and in the world. By psyche I understand something that is chemical as well as physical, vegetative as well as spiritual, social as well as personal, inherited as well as learned. And I believe with Jung that the working of psyche manifests itself in our dreams.

I take my Clermont story, and the effect it has had on me, as an example of the self regulating psyche at work. I have placed it within the history of this Club, referring to my work with Irene de Castillejo forty nine years ago, and to talks here at the Club in 1983 and 1987.

What I hope we can do now is share some thoughts and ideas and feelings on its theme, science and christianity, and on this problem of owning the psychotic.

There is much to share. We have the great snake of the centuries, christianity, and how it affects us. And we have our dreams. What experience have you had of their mixing?

And let's not be afraid of sharing what seems like raw material. It's in and through its raw material that the self regulation of psyche works.

Sharing raw material is not easy, as I have found in preparing this talk. But if we are to allow for and respond to the psychotic that's what we need. If we can't or won't share the raw material of psyche we leave the way open for our little madneses to beget great madneses.