

Deconstructing Psychological Metanarratives

Suzann Kole-Berlingieri

Repetition, a rehearsal without a spectacle, makes no sense unless it is a language (in)itself.

-- Nichole Brossard

The language of the psychological forum, though often reduced to a generic by systems of symbology and interpretation, is itself a complex and evocative phenomenon. The acoustic, visual and associative capacities of language reveal themselves in relationship to a spatial and temporal formatting which is idiosyncratic to each and every utterance. Hence, therapeutically, language exchanged in the clinic can at once describe *and* display increasingly detailed and intimate information concerning the psyche. One way this may occur is through considering the therapeutic narrative in relationship to the immediacy of its textual circumstances. Textual detail is thus able to arise from, *and* reconsider itself phenomenologically within, the contours of its literate origins.

In much the same way that individuals are often more available to a deepened psychological dialogue during times of "break down" or "dissociation," words can also reveal striking "truths" about their in/tent(s)ions and their constituent parts when broken down into their elemental phonemic (sound) equations. Similarly, when dissociated from their generic, contextual locations, words begin to expose intentions, suggestions and images which reach far beyond the assumptions of everyday meaning. The vulnerability of this fragmentation-- though often ignored as im/potent in therapeutic arenas-- allows for a penetration into the sub-textual aspects of thinking and imagining for *both* individuals and words. Consideration of the potency found in this state of "break down" can catalyze novel thoughts regarding the equation of images which com/poses the often formidable presentation concealing our constituent emotions. Hence, it is this area of "breakdown" and "verbal fragmentation" which is a primary focus throughout this work.

This shift in phenomenological/psychological focus toward *the language of dissociation* is often occluded by the patient's *and* therapist's identification with his/her flux or suffering (*pathos*), and a subsequent desire for a therapeutic "fix" (relief). The *pathos* or "pathetic" voice is thus dismissed for so-called *therapeutic* interjections of "wellness," quiescence. Herein exists the covert assumption by both patient and therapist that "something is wrong and in need of fixing." Hence, the psychological morass is insidiously re/in/forced through the therapy's biased responses of "help" and "fix"/atives to the state of "breakdown." The specific ideational or imaginal formations which may have lead to intricate wisdom regarding the patient's suffering and confusion, is subsequently dismissed or neglected in exchange for the immediacy and generic security of a fix/ating balm (in the form of

medication or clichéd interpretation). Thus, the collusion of intent within the therapeutic relationship--a collusion between therapist and patient--acts "fixative-ly" to relieve the "breakdown" state which is imagined to imply that something is *broken*. This fixating action, may, in fact, be entreating the suffering to which the psyche already feels in bondage, rather than affording an alternative perspective from which to view the confusion.

Although certain therapeutic "techniques"/texts may afford some individuals "relief" at propitious moments, could this "relief" often be merely a palliative, occurring at the expense of certain imaginal and psychic wisdom contained within the pluralities, breadth and intimacy of the patient's expression of *pathos*? Therapeutic "techniques" may contextualize a patient's emotional mires, offering the questionable solace of "acknowledgment" and interpretation. Techniques may also invite the patient to liberate his/herself from identification with those mires, risking the "sur/vival" of that which the patient has *held* as "true," "real" or "self." In so doing, however, is there not an implicit collusion with the patient's *imagination* of being objectified by their suffering? (Please note that everything is assumed to be "imagined" within this psychological framework--even "reality" is an imagined concept.) Similarly, wouldn't this collusion confirm the patient's "fixity" and narrowed subjective reality such that the therapist is compelled and *impelled* to save the patient from his/her own expressive mode? And, in the final analysis, was psyche actually calling for liberation/relief from the *fixity* with the image and limited subjective reality? Or, could psyche have been *calling attention* to a point of vulnerability which had been previously sealed from view *through* the image of "breakdown"?

Throughout the following narratives, a patient, "Roman" (i.e., a patient individual), offers a text which seems to yearn for lingual/linguistic considerations (wordplay); a *play* that could possibly *tease* apart images and emotion which may have been concealed to consciousness in a thicket of therapeutic presumption and emotional fixity. Without this breadth of conscious consideration, therapy runs the risk of pushing forth with its lament-- tragically and ignorantly only traversing the surface of the patient's texts with the habituations of its own rote tomes. Hence, the reader is asked to consider the following texts, bearing in mind the urgency of this linguistic "play/ful/ness" inherent to psychological discourse.

Re/specting *play* as an integral part of the therapeutic or "breakdown" experience, one might be moved to ask if there has been an artificial demarcation made between psychoanalytic/insufferable, and, aesthetic/playful experiences? If so, is this demarcation a result of a split which is made between "suffering" and "beauty"; i.e., the *interiors* of the clinical work serving as a place of *pathos* (in other words, suffering), as opposed to the aesthetic realm of creative play and beauty, which is considered to be *outside* of the realm of *suffering* ? How/would suffering and the

"breakdown" experience be handled differently if aesthetics was considered an operational mode which was integral to psycho/analysis? Similarly, how/would clinical work be viewed if it were considered an act of beauty, or, a creative act in and of itself (rather than simply an act of utility)?

(P)laying with the text and entering it as though through a dream-- through a permeation of its "shell-of-assumptions"-- both liberates *and* invites psyche to speak not merely "in other('s) words," but in its organic text-ing. Breaking these word-shells is a way of "releasing nourishment from the words" (Lockhart, 1983, p. 83). Psyche enters, one-to-another, and allows for a *coursing* of experience through patient and therapist--an *inter-coursing*, one text *through* another; *with* an "other." Dreaming with the words of suffering, as well as regarding the clinical text as inherently aesthetic, is a way of "quieting the ego," suggests analyst, Lockhart, ". . . such that psyche is afforded in/vocative and e/vocative expressive potency" (Lockhart, 1982, p. 25).

The text of this article-- both grammatically and theoretically-- attempts to dismantle conventional forms of viewing and considering psychological/clinical texts. Its movement impedes a flow of language that so often can disguise, in a stylized form, the disjointed and dysfunctional expressions and experiences, as well as the ironies and double entendres linguistically characteristic of psychopathology.

Intrinsic to this text is the premise that any stylized response to the psyche might be considered a betrayal of its unique and particular phenomenology. For, contained in the nature of *generalized* psycho-logical "treatment modalities" or "techniques" are implicit and measured "di/stances" (as well as tacit agreements regarding them), which shift a focus away from the *particularities* of psychical expression and onto *generic* expectancies. Subsequently, this di/stance suggests a precedence and focus of attention onto the details of the "treatment," "technique" and "clinical *rescue*" rather than onto the nuances of psycho-/pathological image and an expressivity organic to the patient's suffering.

What you find in the following pages is a narrative text which has been transcribed from a clinical session with "Roman," an individual who has chronically been burdened by the identity of "schizophrenic" throughout his adult life. Additionally, you find a "companion piece" to this narrative text, which attempts to explore the intimate, linguistic interstices of the patient's words, phrases, images and neologisms (and indeed, there are many). The particular "thera-peutic companionship" implied in the work is formed and animated through an incessant offering and interrogation of text. That is: the *meaning* of the patient's text is constantly being brought into question in order to dismantle any conclusive or interpretive pronouncements. The presentation of a textual "companionship" attempts to inspire optional con/texts within which the reader, the patient and the therapist might consider the phrases and images of clinical

discourse, and, subsequently, the contours of human suffering. (All names have been changed to preserve the anonymity of the individuals mentioned in the text).

Hence, as you, reader, move through the following soliloquies, you are asked to *dream* with them. Contour yourself to the disjunctures, inconsistencies, ambiguities and contradictions inherent in the language of the therapeutic forum. Know here, in these words-of-suffering *and* words-of-compassion, that psyche is attempting to draw the reader through a labyrinth such that he or she begins to experience frustrations, doubts, duplicities and suspicions in regard to the inexhaustibility of psychological interpretation. In this sense, you begin to recapitulate, with more exactitude, the *play* of subtleties and pluralities found in the text of the clinic (the text of suffering)--texts, as with individuals, which have all too often been dismissed as societally and therapeutically irrelevant.

Brossard, Nichole. 1990. *Picture Theory*: New York: Roof Books. Page 5.

Lockhart, Russell Arthur. 1983. *Word as Eggs: Psyche in Language and Clinic*. Dallas: Spring Publications, p. 83

ROMAN

She is importunate, indeed distract...
Speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearer to collection: They aim at it,
and botch the words up to fit their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
-- Gentleman (describing Ophelia) in Shakespeare's *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*

Roman, 6/12

When the Indians bum money, they bigotate your mind; yourself. It's a masquerade. I wanna go to a Halloween Party. Do you know any? Are you having one? I wanna go to art school ... art classes. I want art. Ehhh. Too many dreams. That's why I liked California. Oakland. They locked you up, but they let you draw. A whole room of colors and paper. Draw all day. But I never should have drawn things over there -- you know -- at Las Vegas. They take your spirit and your clothes. Confiscate your memory. I never should have left it....

I've been thinking about paper lately; how old paper is; my paper; my deed. Or is it called a title? ... "How My Brother and Mother Just Ripped Me Off." They were burglars ... came in stealing everything. They were the organisms to a liquor license. Destroyed everything. Except my face.

I've been hearing these voices lately. Something locked up; stuck in me. It's lobolotry stuff. They said that my brother wanted me to eat old, old sausage, and that my mother and my brother both aborted me ... right after I left. Then, somebody said, "Go over there (to Suzann's) and eat the sunflower seeds." Did anybody molest your house while you were away? I told somebody about it ... that you were going away; that there was stuff -- drums, seeds, things people would kill for. But then it was the dog. I remembered that big, ferocious dog you have. But I kept hearing Earlinger say, "Eat the seeds." And then with you and I both in a mustard seed -- the one your sister gave you ... I have to say ... it was on my mind.

It's all because of this black guy -- the one who chiropractors your mind. He wants to burn me. I had this dream. I woke up in the middle of the night and looked in the mirror and my hair was perfectly combed. Real fine. I already looked buried. A cadaver. It gave me the chills ... to look that fine. I thought I was gonna die when you had your baby. Did you know that? I thought I was your baby -- your only baby ... and that I'd died after you had your Caesarean. I'd sit outside the window here and look in. You know, I've lived the same life as you. I've sat in that chair. I've drunk from that cup. I've painted that picture. I've dreamed the same dreams. All in another life before, I guess. That's how I know about the palette out there -- the metal one next to the door. I lost it once a long time ago ... in the yard out there. Your husband must have found it. It's mine.

Once, I even fell asleep. I was upstairs. I slept for a day ... like an adoption. It was sooo comfortable, I could hardly rest at first. I could hardly adjust to such comfort. It was the most comfortable place I'd ever been. So soft. I was so happy. Geez ... it was such a nice bed. Then, they moved me. They came in the morning and took me.

You know, right after you left, I mean right after, I had to bleed myself. They had to sew me up. Oh, nothing suicidal. It was just a process. The neighbors had entered my system and I had to purge myself. Then, I got real angry at the hospital. That black guy was there asking me questions -- razoring my spirit. I even broke a window. Then, they had to sew up the other side.

I'm ashamed about something. Don't tell. I got the needle and powder -- the Prolixin -- from the pharmacist and used it ... just a little. I just wanted to take a little bit ... about that much ... less than he usually gives me. Where did I put it? I'm embarrassed ... it was right here ... in my pecker. I know. I'm ashamed ... don't say anything. It just happened -- right after you left. Then, everything was in the emergency room. The guy asked me what I wanted. I told him, "A vacation ... I don't want to go home." So he sent me to Cerrillos for two days. Groups and nice couches. He was OK. They wanted to send me to Las Vegas, but he protected me. I'd still like to go to Oakland, though. But my mother took that piece of paper. You know -- the one I told you about where they asked me to come back ... where they had the whole room of paints and paper and no locks. She never gave it to me. I feel like I'll never get out of here.

Companion to Roman, 6/12

He begins with an image of Indians. In a more literal sense -- *and* figuratively -- there are many Native Americans in this "state" ... in his "state." There are many things *native* to his *state*. Indians bumming money figure into his mind -- figure into his *state* of mind; into *your* mind; into *your* self ... prominently ... in a bigoted way; in a *big* way. "Indian" is derived from [L.] *Indos*, "river." Hence, "Indian" [L. *Indos*; Skt. *sindhu*] is "of the region traversed by a particular river" (Partridge, 1983, p. 308) -- a river of thought, of memory, of imagination. Thus, he "flows" with images and feelings when he sees things *native* to *this state* (*his* state) which are bumming money ... or, *native* to this state of bumming money. There might be an intolerance (bigotedness) -- of Indians; or of a self; or of himself; or of bumming money ... there might be an intolerance of anything that's not like him: i.e., he might be a bigot. He might beget bigoting thoughts. "Money" [L. *moneta*] derives from the same Latin root as does "mind" (Partridge, 1983, p. 404). Thus, bigotry (intolerance) might be on his *mind* ... jarring his memory. When he sees the Indians *bumming*, a river of memories of something bigoted or begotten occurs. He might be *flooded/flowing* with thoughts of bigotry (intolerance). Thoughts of this *region* of experience or imagery or *mind* might be *intolerable* to him and cause feelings of bigotry. There might be a *big* intolerance. It might be *your* intolerance -- you bigot ... you beget something(!) -- or *their* intolerance, or *his* intolerance. It's a situation which creates bigots. Like "begetting something," it produces, causes or fathers a particular progeny; a particular kind of progeny. The offspring of "Indians bumming money" might be bigotry. It also might be a river of memories which are intolerable.

When Indians bum money, they make you feel like you're a bigot ... or you feel like you're a bigot because *they* cause you (him) to ... or they make your mind or you seem bigger ... or it's bigger than it seems ... or they make your mind or your self a victim of bigotry ... or you feel like a bigot because you can't *tolerate* their bumming of money ... you've got to beget a sense of bigotry in order to tolerate the Indians bumming of money. You-- or they-- can't tolerate races or practices that are not your own. A response to Indians bumming money makes you feel bigger than they are, or they make you nervous, and hence they end up seeming bigger than you. You've got to make yourself a bigot (or big) in order to respond to them bumming money; in order to respond to yourself not giving them money (*mind*); in order to justify not giving them money (*mind*); in order to justify them bumming money (*mind*) from you (him) who is already broke and broke down; mentally broke down. Any way you look at it, it's bigotry; it's a *big* deal. It's a *bummer*. It takes up a big part of your mind. Basically, they're bumming your *mind* and your *memory*. Your self gets lost in the bigness of it. It flows through a *region* of your mind that you can drown in ... and *that* region of your *mind* is *native* to your *state*. It bums you (him) out.

It's all a masquerade; a falsity; a masking-- like Halloween. The way the Indians bum money is a masquerade ... and the way your (his) mind or your (his) self responds is a masquerade-- like Halloween, nothing hallowed about it. It's as superficial as a p/arty.

Perhaps there are even false pretenses-- a masking. Maybe it *is* a p/art(y). Maybe it's art(y). Maybe it's an art. The "I" that wants, wants a party ... and art. A way to articulate. Maybe it's a dream ... something art-iculating itself. Too many dreams. Dreams in another *state*. California dreaming ... locked up in a dream ... in another (leased) you could draw. At least you could draw on things; draw them out ... colorful ... and on paper. Images on paper. You're locked up and there's a kind of commitment to being locked up ... it's all on paper. There's a kind of commitment to put images down on paper. A kind of commitment to draw on images that have been put down on paper. A kind of commitment because of images that were drawn out in a different *state*-- say in an hallucinogenic state; say in California; say as a father. It's a *state* that begets something. In another state, he begot a child, a family, a profession and a different self-image. Different images. There's a *kind* commitment, and a not-so-kind commitment. He ("I") drew things over there; drew them out over there ... with regret. The "I" that drew things over there-- in the other *state*-- has regret. Over there, in another state, the "I" feels he should never have drawn things. He had a commitment to being locked up, and then the "I" drew things out-- too graphic. He let things out, even though he had made a commitment to himself to keep them "locked up." Too much was disclosed, dispirited and taken. Lesson learned: When things are too graphic, too much of his "I" is exposed ... and then it's taken. Therefore, stay *locked-up* in another *state*.

[Comment: it's interesting to note that a year or so before his break-down, the patient drew his family to another state-- the state of California, of drugs, etc. Then, he got bummed, broke and harassed by in-laws. He got broken down by his lifestyle; by the hallucinogenics. He used needles. There were opiates too. He got broken physically by his in-laws-- beaten to a critical state of unconsciousness. And he broke down and was committed to an asylum. His marriage broke up. He lost his child. He changed *states*, but was still committed to an asylum. It was in Las Vegas State Hospital that the information about the experience was drawn out of him. He left files of drawings recording the experiences he'd had in Oakland. He experienced severe losses of memory after the beating and breaking-down-- memory losses which have continued to the present. He felt "dispirited and broken," he told me. He feels "dispirited and broken often," he continues to tell me. He feels "it will never be the same." He often wants to leave. It all feels so false and futile to him. He used to be a jeweler ... he faceted rare stones.]

What he held in *memoria* was drawn out of him. What he held in *memoria* he shouldn't have drawn from ... it didn't pan out. It didn't pan-handle ... no one gave. Now, pan/handlers [handlers of Pan] are intolerable. They want to take from you what you haven't got. They bum you out. They remind you what's been left and what's been confiscated. No one's given to you ... why should you give to them ... what do you

have left? You should confiscate your memory, he warns, because *they* take your spirit and the things that cover you. Everything gets washed away-- even your state of mind. They take the things that mask you; protect you; your defenses. The drawn-out "I" has regrets and has been left-- regrets about what it's left; about what's been left out. *They* take your memorabilia and your worth. You should confiscate your memory or it might be confiscated by someone else ... by some "they" ... like the Indians who are always bumming money-- confiscating your memory like a river drowning your mind. Or like how the in-laws might beat it out of you; or the asylum might draw it out of you; or the images you commit to paper might be left somewhere ... left out ... left out of you. It all gets left; left out; left without you. You're left without anything. You're removed from a colorful state-- an oak land. You might be left feeling naked and unclothed (unclosed). Open ... and without *memoria*. Drawn out and drawn upon all day ... it's very colorful ... perhaps even black and blue. There's even a space (a whole room) for it. There's a wholeness about the space ... and there's paper to commit the images to-- the colorful ones that have been drawn out ... like "your" (his) image has been committed to paper. But you end up with regrets-- like you're not held in *memoria*; like you don't hold yourself in *memoria*; like nothing about you or anything else is hallowed. They've locked you up. Now, the whole thing's a masquerade ... the whole space. What's been locked up is very masked.

He ("I") never should have left something-- this state, that state (California; the state of being drugged; the state of the familiar or the family; the state of not drawing out or of not drawing in). He never should have left his memory, his daughter, the drawing over or drawing from. He never should have left what he held in *memoria*, for it was confiscated. He should have confiscated what he held in *memoria*, for he was left without it ... in another *state*. He was left dispirited and disclosed. He was left without what clothed him; what cloaked him; his mask; his *memoria*; his familiar; his family; his color; his images. Defenseless, the "I" that draws, left with regret. The "I" that left regrets leaving what he drew; regrets leaving his spirit, clothes, memory, images and progeny.

There are images of paper in his thoughts ... paper-thin thoughts; paper-thin commitments like marriage, family, the asylum, his dealings and deeds. Paper with images. Papers which are titled. There are papers he was entitled to. Papers he was committed to; papers that committed him. There are papers which have names ... his name. And there's something about the ages of paper ... and a deed that the paper is associated with. There's a deed given or performed which is captured on paper and tells something about his age; about the ages he's passed through; about the deeds he's entitled to. His deed. He *did* something. His deed for some space. Something was done for or to him and it's captured on paper. His title, he thinks, could be related to this doing-- related to what he *does*. There's something about a deed or a doing being

his title; being called his title; that *gives* him a title. And he feels he's been "ripped" of it. He feels that what *mothers* and *brothers* him has ripped his "me" off. The "me" had a title. They came in as though he was unde-fended. They came in *while* he was undefended. They had a license which caused them to come stealing in. What he was entitled to and who he was titled, got ripped off. It was a feeling of maternity and fraternity which did this. The "me" got ripped-off and the "I" has no title.

He (his "I") was left naked. "They" burgled and destroyed everything. The only thing they didn't do was efface him. He didn't lose face. What he faced was not destroyed or stolen. He still had to face it. But he was left naked-- ripped-off. Some maternity and fraternity steals into him. What he couldn't face was the license they took ... with him and everything else. He felt like they had a certain license to rip into him ... and in the process, destroy everything else. There was something about that license they took - - it's as though they embodied a form of life that liquor might give license to. With the exception of saving face, he sensed everything as being stolen by what *mothers* and *brothers* him. With the exception of being effaced, they organized around a certain license and stole or destroyed everything.

What he's left with is what he has to face. What he's faced with is what's left -- i.e., how what *mothers* and *brothers* him ripped him off. All he's left with is what he's facing. So much for motherly love and brotherhood.

So he's been hearing voices which are stuck in him. The hearing "I" has been hearing voices. He's been hearing voices which are locked up. Something in him is locked up, and the "I" that hears knows they're stuck in him. It's the stuff you get lobotomies for -- a surgical division of nerve tracts. A division. A surgical division ... like a Caesarean section. The locked-up stuff is so disturbing that you get lobotomies for it; you get *divided* for it. It's stuff for the laboratory. It's a clinical thing. Something's locked up and the hearing "I" even hears its voice talking to him ... it's lobotomy stuff ... to hear a locked-up voice talking; art-iculating itself. It's a kind of mental thing that's hard to handle -- a splitting sort of thing that unintegrates you ... and your *mind* (your *money*; your worth). What's locked up is voicing out and it says there was an old, long "porker" that his brother wanted him to eat. "Eat it" ... and hence it gets locked up in him. "Eat it." The fraternity told him to eat it. There's a kind of inbred thing here; an ingested thing -- he's full of it (!). An old brother with a long porker asks him to "*eat* it" ... he wanted him to eat that old sausage ... and then abort it right after that. It's brotherly love. Then, what *brothers* him and *mothers* him got rid of the seed right after he'd left; right after he checked out; right after left; right after he'd *eaten* it. Imagine eating that porker, then having the seed gotten rid of! There was some seed that he may have eaten that was aborted by what *mothers* and *brothers* him right after the "I" took leave of things. The voices say that right after he left -- left for somewhere or got left out -- some mothering instinct aborted the whole experience, this whole baby, the whole seed of the experience, this forced ingestion. Things that could have been inbred got aborted when the "I" left. Something maternal was able to get rid of that seed. Right after he left -- right after he was *moved* -- something got aborted.

Then a "somebody" -- distinct from the "voices" -- told him to go to Suzann's/the therapist's, and eat seeds. "Eat it!" Eat the sunflower seeds at Suzann's -- a different seed, a molestation of a different housing, seeds from a different housing ... sunny ... heliotropic. The seeds eaten at the therapist's weren't "aborted," but they catalyzed thoughts of molestation. What's not inbred catalyzes thoughts of molestation, feels like molestation. There's been a lot of inbreeding in his family. What's ingested could feel like molestation or rape. He's been forced to "eat it" a lot. He wonders about molestation in conjunction with eating the therapist's sunflower seeds. *Conjunctio*. He wonders about molestation with these thoughts. There's a certain flowering and *enlightenment* regarding the seeds of this ingestion -- they're *sunny*. There's a molestation of a certain housing he's familiar with when the therapist is away. Something familial that pertains to a housing -- perhaps *his* housing; his structure -- fears molestation when the therapist is away. Thoughts of molestation molest him. He wonders if the housing has been molested while she's away; if *his* housing has been molested while she's away ... or *hers*; her structure. There's a molestation of the therapist's housing while she's away. Or more, is it a molestation of *his* thoughts or structure? In his thoughts, he ponders this molestation. In his thoughts, his somebody molested her housing. He's planted a seed about molestation in somebody's thoughts. Somebody has implanted a molesting seed in him -- in his thoughts -- regarding the therapist's housing. Some *body* molests *his* thoughts regarding *her* housing. "Eat it" ... eat it at her housing; in her housing. What is seeded (in him), at the therapist's feels threatened while she's away. It's as though there's been a division between *his* thoughts and *some* body. *His* body? He's having molesting thoughts about her. The "her-ness" and the "his-ness" -- the housing, the title, the identity found in the therapeutic forum/in the therapeutic housing -- are threatened with the seeds of molestation thinking; are molested with a new conception of something -- with a new idea, a new image, a new feeling, a new hunger, a new desire, a new fear, or perhaps the new baby.

Somebody knew about the therapist being away and got "told" about the *stuff* of the housing. Some *body* feels her being away ... and can *tell*. The "I" that told, told about a going away; told about a stuff the housing -- a *stuff* that people would kill for. There is the *stuff* of a housing at the therapist's. People would kill to know the *stuff* of their housing -- what they're made of; what their structure contains. There was a drumming in the housing of the therapist even though she had left. Something was being *drummed* into him about the *stuff* of *housing* at the therapist's. "I" drummed it in about the seeds ... the seeds that people would kill for. People inside him would kill for the drumming -- the beating; the rhythm; the heart-beating -- that occurred inside that housing. Some seed was being planted -- a new conception -- about the housing that occurred at the therapist's. Something was *seeding* his thoughts; eating him. "Eat it." Some *body* told about stuff and seeds and a housing that a "you" was away from. Some body told and was told. Some *body*, or somebody's thoughts got planted with that seed. Some body could have killed for the seeds in that housing -- the therapist's housing. When the "you" had left the "I," molesting thoughts began to occur ... the housing was threatened; his structure was threatened. *Somebody* was left when the therapist was away. [Interesting to note that there *was*, in fact, a sense of *somebody* when the therapist was away ... and that some body could have killed for her seed ... but they were too dogged; he was dogged by a ferocity]. There was a prompting to eat her seed when she wasn't there. However, there was a ferocity that dogged him;

that dogged his memory; that dogged what he held in *memoria*. When he remembered the ferocity of being dogged, he couldn't eat the seed at the other housing; at the therapist's housing.

And in conjunction with this ferocity was a husband [my husband] -- an *Earlinger*, a "bear in the field" (Teutonic). The husband prompted him to "eat the seeds." There was a "husbandry," a ferocity, a bear, a subsequent doggedness. The husbandry cultivates a kind of *animation* in him -- as husbandry does (!). Though associated with a ferocity and subsequent dogged-ness, the husbandry breeds a thought which *animates* the "I." It prompts the "I" to feel a certain potency (with the therapist), and seeds an image, a desire. Many aspects of animality are bred by this husbandry; many aspects of animism, animalism and animosity. The "I" subsequently sensed himself in a mustard seed -- in a kind of *potential* -- with the therapist. And potential was on the "I"'s mind. Potency. And sorority gave way to *that* potential. Sorority had seeded the image -- it had given the *mustard* seed. There was a seeding that he imaged them to both be in. And what *had* to be said by the "I" -- what had to be confessed -- was that it was minding this image and this "potential" (Biblical association with mustard seed). This image of being together in something has seeded his mind ... his thinking ... his image. But in this case with the mustard seed -- as compared with the sunflower seed -- the seeding has been given way to by the therapist's sorority ... and animated by a certain husbandry. Something is seeded when he and the therapist are in "it" together. Something, perhaps, "springs-off" from that union. There's a certain image of potency that's been planted when the therapist and his "I" share a housing together; a hull; some commonality. And the thoughts *springing off* from the patient when that hull is somehow disturbed are seen and felt as "molesting." A structure, a way he structures his life, his very structure feels to be molested.

All this seeding is due to a dark personage -- a dark "guy." Black ... a black "guise." It's the same personage who keeps "bending" and "cracking" his mind; manipulating his *structure*. It's the same guy (guise) who cracks (chiro-practs) his mind. This darkness; this dark guy; this dark guise challenges his spine -- adjusts it; causes him to adjust his *posture*. He's posturing differently ... equivocating ... around this "guy." What kind of *spine* does he have around this dark area? This dark personage wants to burn him; wants to fire him up; wants to make him hot. It's hard. And this black personage appears in conjunction with a dream; it's like a dream -- the black personage and the middle of the night. It bends his mind to contend with darkness; blackness -- a state of many questions and not being enlightened at all. He's not enlight-ened as to what's going on when his mental posture is adjusted by this dark guy (guise). And when he wakes up in this dark (*in this very dark personage*), he looks real fine ... like death ... like death looks fine. There's a fineness with death; there's a fine line with death. It's chilling that death looks so fine to him; that there's such a fine line; that it could appear so attractive; that death is reflective; that he could see his death and his *wake* ... and that death *mirrored* something to him ... something *fine*. It's chilling that there could be a fineness about waking up in the middle of this darkness with a guy who wants to know about him.

It's chilling that death looks in the mirror. It's chilling that he looks in the mirror and sees death reflected -- that death looks back ... and that it looks so fine ... and that he's got to bury the fineness of death -- the delicate-ness or detail. Or that he's got to bury the reflections of/on death -- *that* image ... the delicacy of that image. Delicious. Or that he's got to bury the fineness

that he feels when he's in this darkness; when he wakes to find himself in the darkness of this guy (guise). To bury the thought of what it's like just to wake in this dark guy ... or in the wake of this dark guy ... the buried images that he sees; that he's in view of. The fineness of waking in a dark guise. It's chilling when he has a little death [*petit mort*: (F.) orgasm] in the wake of this dark guy ... *his* darkness ... the darkness of that *petit mort* -- such a fine death. The darkness questions things about him. It bends his mind to question these things. It's chilling ... there's a grooming about it ... and something gets buried under the grooming ... something *looks* buried under the grooming. Something gets groomed in a way that puts to death something else. There's a lifeless body that gets buried under a grooming. There's a body of thought and desire that gets buried under a certain grooming.

Some real fineness about his image -- about his reflection -- gets buried. That fineness -- buried as it is -- renders him lifeless and cold. To look at those fine details is chilling. To see what's buried there in the middle of the night -- in that dark -- the fineness of those details -- is chilling. It bends his mind. To look that finely bends his mind. It finally bends his mind to awake -- to have his "I" awake -- buried in the middle of this darkness -- seeing such fineness. It bends his mind to think it's *fine* in the middle of the night; to be unenlightened and yet still ... still feeling fine. It bends and cracks his mind to exhume such images. Perhaps it's something he'd die for - - like the seed ... or have a little death (*petit mort*) for -- like the seed ... a seed that comes from a little death ... a seed that comes ... ahhhh.

People don't just die for the seed, they *kill* for it, he's said. There's the fear of being killed for a seed coming in the midst of that great darkness; that very darkness; that colorlessness -- the seed of some thought, or perhaps some body. Or perhaps he becomes lifeless or *cracked* in the midst of some great darkness that he's felt *burned* by or doesn't understand ... or that's taken the vitality out of him ... drawn it out of him. The darkness questions things that he's felt burned by. There's a dark guy and it bends his mind to awaken to the fineness of being buried in him; to being buried in the things he ques-tions; to the fineness of being made hot by him; to the fineness and chills of the little deaths he sees in reflecting on this grooming. There's a delicacy; a fragility; a fineness about awakening to being groomed differently; to adjust-ing the way he postures; to challenging and manipulating his spine -- his very structure. Perfect ... and with seed. He sees himself already having come ... a *petit mort*. It bends his mind to question his desires. There's a fineness, and yet a blackness -- an unenlightened sense about it. Where there's death involved with this guy or guise, there's an animation that's bred with the husbandry.

There's an association between death and birth -- between the death of the "I" and the birth of the therapist's baby. The "I" that thinks thought it was going to die when the therapist had her baby. He wants to know if that knowledge is known by the therapist. The thinking "I" wants to know ... wants to be a knowing "I." Maybe it was part of the dream ... or part of the seed ... or part of the death of the seed -- the mustard seed; the potency. Subsequently, perhaps part of the death of the seed is a death of a kind of childhood -- or of a childlikeness he's afforded with the therapist ... or, the fear of that loss. Perhaps its a feeling of impotence or loss of womb. Some hull or shell or defenses that gave him a sense of housing -- of structure -- had been cut into and changed. There was a certain comfort and *potential* about being em-bedded in that pod with the therapist. Now

it's been penetrated -- conceived (of) differently, and something has grown in a way that's changed how he's seeded his thinking; his housing; his very structure. Maybe it is all a part of a waking up ... in the dark ... like the way he sat outside the window of a "here-ness" and looked in -- in the dark -- looked into a "thereness" ... like the way he finds himself in the midst of a confrontation by the darkness. In several instances he wakes up to find himself on the other side; to find himself reflecting on the other side. He's left defenseless, yet reflecting. He's able to *adopt* a different view, seeing the fineness or delicacy on the other side -- seeing through a transparency ... even though it can be chilling ... or shattering. Maybe there's a certain *outlook* that's *come out* of the experience ... or, that's been *cut out*.

The thinking "I" thought he was the therapist's *only* baby. Then, he awoke to find himself in the dark ... reflecting on something that felt like death. Nevertheless, it seemed in one instance perfect and groomed, then delicate like a baby -- the therapist's baby as distinct from *his* babyishness. It was a fineness similar to that which he'd seen in a previous image ... when he'd awakened in the middle of a blackness; in the midst of a night ... to see something *chillingly* pristine about himself. It was an awakening that bent his mind. After the Caesarean, he felt like he was outside the window ... looking in. It was like he had been cut out. Something now stood in the light; something had been brought to light ... within him; within what surrounded him. Something had been brought out. Something was standing on its own now which was out in the open and brought to life. *Separatio*. Something *had* to be cut out. The therapist and the "I" weren't in a seed any more -- no mustard seed, no more potential. They were on opposite sides of the window, of the reflection, of the trans/parency [trans/parent/see]. He ("I") began to look *in* after the therapist had her baby. After I (the therapist) had my baby, his "I" began to look in. He was looking in to something. Something had been cut out of what we were in together -- the baby; his babyishness. Something had been cut out of the potential he felt himself to be in with the therapist ... and he was looking into it ... from the outside. He had a different view of things. He felt he had been removed; his "I" felt removed; something felt removed ... like an outsider. His structure and potency had been challenged. And there was a trans/parency between them that had to be contended with.

There's a sense of a [past?] parallel life with the therapist. The "I" that lives, experiences a sameness with the therapist's life; a coincidence. There are images, dreams, satiations, settlings and unsettlings which the patient feels to have lived as has the therapist. Perhaps the "I"'s intimacy has been experienced as a clone ... until now ... when he wakes to find himself in the dark ... on the *other side* ... separated and looking in. He feels separated from something -- from a self, from the therapist and a familiar housing. Frag-mented, perhaps. He feels separate, separated. Intimacy has meant "same-ness" for the "I." Now, suddenly, there's "anotherness." He's dreamed the same dreams in *another* life, in *another's* life. And now there's another -- a baby, *anotherness*. Now, there's also a sense that his life -- the "I"'s life -- was before the therapist's. The "I" is moved to an awareness of time as he has suddenly felt *removed*; re-moved. Thus, he "guesses" that in his death (the death of his "I"), in his *after life*, he has gained an intimate knowledge of the therapist's living; i.e., it's a way for him to get *inside* in *another* way; in *another's way*. It's a way for him to get inside another's life. To experience a little death (*petit mort*), offers a kind of separation for him -- a *kind* separa-tion. He can separate himself from that which is too close through *petit mort*. He can also get *inside* -- the images which help him to

a *petit mort* get him inside another's life, get him inside the images he has of another's life, get him inside in *another* way. They're penetrating, and they somehow offer him access to the therapist in a way aside from *sameness*, in another way, in a way that coincides with *anotherness*, with suddenly having another -- the baby, another perspective, another self, another structuring, another view.

And there's a palette out there -- some place to mix colors; a range of colors; an old spade; a shovel -- a palette he knows about. He's been meddling with it next to the therapist's door, next to some door. This palette, which he knows about from another (*another's*) life, finds him next to some door ... he's been meddling in something; he's been meddling in *another's* life. *Out there*, there's a palette that got lost some time ago, and he finds it next to the door where the therapist is; next to a door that he finds near the therapist; next to a door that he finds when he's near the therapist. The palette at the therapist's leads him to a door. The door near the therapist gives him an image of a lost palette; of *his* lost palette. There's a range of color he finds next to the door where the therapist is ... and it was lost ... once. In a "yard" -- in a designated area -- the therapist's husband finds that which has held color for him; finds that which was lost ... once, and has held color for him. It's a meddling memory; an old spade: a dark figure like an inverted heart; something to play with. It's a husbandry -- a meddling husbandry -- which finds *that* with which he (the patient) has made images. That with which the knowing "I" has once made images, is found by a husbandry at the therapist's. The husbandry meddles with the knowing "I"'s loss. The husbandry finds a meddling loss of the knowing "I." The "find" is next to a door at the therapist's, and the patient knows it to be *his* "find" ... even though it's where the husbandry is ... and it's where the patient meddles with what once was lost. It's meddling to be at that door ... with that meddling husbandry ... breeding feelings and memories.

Once, there was an asleep "I" who fell. The fall and the asleep happened upstairs -- in what housed him; in what housed him *upstairs*; in what housed the therapist ... in his mind; in what housed the therapist and himself ... together ... upstairs. This day of sleeping adopted a different *feel*, a difference. It adapted to a different feel. The "I" felt adopted/adapted in the sleeping day; in the *difference*. In the sleeping day, the "I" could move ... and was moved to adoption; was moved to adopt something. The "I" was/is *moved* in sleep. The "I" seemed to *adopt* something when he fell asleep *upstairs* and was subsequently *moved*. The "I" is moved *upstairs* when he falls asleep. Something about the vigilant mind -- when it falls asleep the "I" can be moved. Sleeping in a different image of what *housed* him, his "I" adopted a sense of great comfort that was hard to adapt to. He adopted an adjustment disorder which has shown itself as "hardness" and unrest. It was difficult to adapt to being comfortably *hard* and restless. In conjunction with great comfort, there was hardness and unrest. It was hard for the "I" to rest with this new feeling; hard for it to adjust to a new sensibility. It afforded the "I" more comfort and softness than had previously experienced. In this softer housing of his "I," he felt solid and yet comfortable. New feelings. He felt comfortable and *hard* at the same time ... "undivverentiated," undivided [or, his adjustment to such comfort was to get "hard"].

Upstairs in some comfortable housing -- in some housing that he didn't (or did) *mind* -- there was something embedded ... but it was nice, soft, happy. He fell asleep in an upstairs place that had a nice, happy embedding. He *homed* in on something comfortable in an upstairs place in his

mind. "I" softened -- or was soft -- and was happy. "I" didn't need to be hard in this place ... but was. "I" was moved to "me" in this place upstairs ... and then was taken. When "I" is moved to "me," then something intrudes and takes him. "I" was moved in this place by "they" ... and in a time of morning (mourning), was taken ... as "me." "Me" was taken from the embedding. Perhaps "I" was mourning before "me" was taken ... and "me" was vulnerable to being taken in that mourning. Or perhaps it was the coming of mourning (morning) that caused "me" to be taken. Or perhaps it was the coming *in* the morning (mourning) that caused "me" to be taken by "they." Something's taken away or divided in or because of a mourning (morning). "Me" is divided from "I"; "I" is divided from the embedding; "I" is divided from the comfort, happiness and adoption. Morning (mourning), thus, seems a time of tremendous movement -- by "they"; by some *other*. When the "I" was asleep, it was embedded differently. In the morning -- when enlightened -- something got taken. In the mourning -- when soft and feeling -- something got taken. When the vigilant mind *comes* to *light* (morning), something is taken -- like a *vigilante* takes things. In the morning (mourning), something softly embedded was moved. Something that *had* been happy got moved ... and taken. Like the way they came in stealing everything ... or destroying it. There was a *coming* in the morning ... a letting go of seed ... a moving ... a taking of "me" simply in the way "they" moved ... or *moved* "me." When "I" is soft and happy and comfort-able -- and perhaps adopting something new -- he is vulnerable to a change (change to "me"), and to a stealing in (by "they").

Right after the therapist left, he (the patient) bled. Right after left [kind of like "tripping" ... like going some place; like moving or being *moved* (sexually?)], he leaked over the edge. It was something salty -- like blood or semen or desire or tears or fear. Like being wounded. He bled himself and he had to be sewn up. Like wounding himself, the "I" had to bleed the "self," and the "they" had to sew him up. *They* who steal everything or destroy it, *they* also sew him up. "They" come stealing and sowing (sewing) in many ways. Like something locked inside; something stuck in him -- it has to bleed then be sewn back up again. A kind (of) purging ... then a kind of binding. Boundaries brought together by "they." *They* won't let it stay opened up and flowing. *They* who come stealing in, also want it sewn back up. A kind of salty process ... but not suicidal. It's the process "I" goes through right after left; right after the therapist's left. It's a way of getting something neighboring out of his system. It's a way of purging neighboring thoughts or images from his system. It's a way of getting something that entered and got too far in -- too close -- out of his system ... out of his system of behaving or thinking. It's a way of purging neighboring memories or feelings that are unwanted. Nosy neighbors. It's a way of dealing with unwanted entry. It's a way of making space; or getting back to himself; or getting back *at* himself. It's a way of moving -- seeping over the edge. Bleeding. It's a way of shedding that which could have been seeded. It's a way of not conceiving with something "stuck in"; with something that *stole* in. It's a way of dealing with penetration. It's a way of not be/ing able to *conceive* of something *stuck in*. It's an in/conceivable situation [im/potent?]. The therapist's leaving him is a situation of which he's out of control -- one which he can't conceive of. It cuts into him and he's bleeding. It's a mess, and there are some things he has to get out of his system.

Then, in the process of hospice, which he experiences as a result of the bleeding, "I" got real angry. In the process of being sheltered or treated (hospice), the darkness was there again ... with his inquiry ... the *blackness*. *His* inquiry. The inquiring darkness -- a sense of hospice is

overshadowed by a darkness. The dark male personage with his unwanted entry was there again. Inquiry as forced entry. In a darkness, there was an unwanted entry ... a process he couldn't see was slicing/splintering his spirit. There's a sharp shaving-away or slicing-in by unwanted neighbors which brings on the process of hospice (hospitably) ... in a systemized/systemic kind of way. Subsequently, this brings on a kind of intrusive darkness which makes him question things; which intrudes into what animates him: he doesn't feel *dogged* any more. It bends his mind; questions his mental posture. There's a male/maelstrom in this quizzical darkness. Bleeding seems the only response to it ... bleeding and shattering ... shattering a transparency or a reflection or a reflectiveness or a barrier or a viewing that the "I" is compelled to break down; that the "I" feels defensive in light of.

The "I" rebels against a transparency right after the therapist leaves. There's a glazing which must be shattered ... a glazing-over. The "I" must shatter a certain view of things in order to get *even*; in order to bleed the *other side*; and, in turn, in order to have it sewn back up. He must bleed in order to have *them* sew it; in order to have them sow the seed. The "I" wants to shatter that which divides him from the *other side* in order to get even; in order to even himself out. Subsequently, "they" also must sew up the "other side" to even things out after a certain transparency has been shattered; after a certain view of things has been *seen through*. There's a certain transparency about the situation, about his feelings, about the relationship with "them." He's always feeling transparent, *trans-parent*. When he's left by the therapist, for example, this *trans-parency* seems exacerbated. The familiar/the familial becomes the only place he has to *emerge* in this instance. Hence, the seed is sown familiarly in this *emergence*. It's a kind of inbreeding.

Right after the therapist left, he's bleeding -- oozing over the edge ... and something gets shattered. Neighboring things are intrusive -- they steal in. "They" -- the neighbors, the maternity, the fraternity, the thoughts, the Indians, the images, the memories, the feelings, the darkness, the *leftness*, the ubiquitous "they" -- "they" bleed him. He, in turn, bleeds and purges "I." "I," in turn, bleeds them ... for things ... such as hospice, emergence, and hospital-ity; for contact with the *blood line*. And everything gets sewn back up *hospitably*. He could be doing it to *get even*. He feels he must bleed in order to both purge himself *and* access things of the blood -- i.e., familial things, blood lines -- in order to be sewn up hospitably. He's got something in his system that he's got to get out; he's got to go over the edge for a while. He gets in touch with what's really relative through blood, now that the therapist has left. How relative is she by blood? And if not she, who is; who is left? He gets in touch with who his blood relatives are -- by bleeding himself; by sharply cutting into something; by removing something of his blood ... something salty. His relatives take him to the hospital; to the room of emergence. What's relative takes him to the room of emergence. He gets in touch with what's relative to his situation and to himself by cutting-in and bleeding-over. It's reminiscent of the cutting and removing involved in a Caesarean -- very bloody. A primal sectioning.

A certain view must be shattered in order to attend to the *other side*." The *other side* must be attended to after contending with this sharp and inquiring darkness. The darkness "razors" him.

It's cutting. The blackness that penetrates him, making him question himself and slicing into his spirit, also may be "razing" (raising) it ... causing some view of things to be shattered. It's a brittle view. But this view is not allowed to stay opened up very long. Things are sewn up, and a similar brittle transparency replaces the shattered one. There's a view that's related to the *other side* ... but a transparency binds it which must be shattered. And because of the way the transparency is confronted, it must be sewn up, replaced. When the spirited "I" is raised to a shattering place, it *must* be sewn up, *re-placed*. A place that could be seen-through-to or seen-out-of -- something that offers reflection -- was shattered; penetrated. What was glazed-over was penetrated. A view -- an image -- that was penetrated, drew blood ... and subsequently had to be sewn up. What was penetrated drew him to his bloodline, his line of descent. It drew him to the place where he descends, though the "I" was spirited to a *shattering* place. It drew him to a place where he gets raised ("razed") *and* descends. It was the family, or the *bloodline*, who were instrumental in getting him sewn up ... hospitably. His bloodline, his family, was hospitable and aided him in being hospitable when he bled.

There's something about a penetration and his *bloodline* that draws him, that draws blood. There's a raising ("razing"), then a descending. There was a wounding in that penetration. The *other side*, though passionately penetrated, *had* to be sewn up by "them." *Coitus interruptus*. "Them" again. Being penetrated by a darkness caused him, in turn, to penetrate a certain view of things. There was a purging, then a sewing up. It was a salty and wounding experience. It was also spirited. It had nothing to do with death or the killing of a "self." It was a process, an exuding, a paying out, a *drawing out*, a trimming back, a showing through, a *going over the edge*. It was a process of letting out some salt and letting "them" deal with it. It was a process of opening up his other side ... then sewing it up again. There's a blood-letting that gives him a sense of hospitality -- either *letting* "them," or them "letting" him. Like renting (letting) space. He lets a little salt out with his bloodline.

There's shame about something that can't be told -- it's about a needle and a powder and a use ... just a little use. The shamed "I" and the telling "I" collude. There's a desire and simultaneously a shame about a little use in his pecker; about a little pecker being used; about a little use of his little pecker; about a little needle being used as a pecker ... penetrating. There's a little story here about a little penetration ... and a little medication ... and maybe a little excitement. Although, it's less use than *he* usually gives him -- less excitement or less medication. Nevertheless ... there's a little something about penetrating his pecker ... a little ... his little pecker. There's a little shame about his little pecker. Maybe there's just a little shame in needling his pecker with the Prolixin. It was right there -- the shame ... and the little bit of pecker (and Prolixin) [... and the little use for the little bit of pecker]. When he was left, the "I" that knows went right -- right here -- a little -- in the pecker. The embarrassed "I," the ashamed "I," and the knowing "I" understand each other right after left; right after the therapist left ... and they were *moved* ... like right-after-left moves things. And the wanting "I" just wanted to take a little bit less than usual this time. There's something about the little wanting "I" ... the little wanting "I" that was bleeding. There was a bloodletting involving *neighboring* intervention. He went to his bloodline to find hospitality when the therapist left. A penetrating to the *other side*, draws the bloodline into a hospitable place with him after he's felt left, right after left, after he's felt moved.

Certain things went into a space of emergency after the therapist left; certain things emerged for a while. It was a salty yet familial experience ... like semen or blood or tears. The "guy" in that space -- the space where things *emerged* -- addressed the wanting "I"; the little wanting "I." And the wanting "I" *told*, but the therapist is told not to: "Don't tell." Telling involves the pecker and where it was penetrated (a little); it involves *where* it emerged. It involves shame -- the little bit of shame and the little bit of pecker; the little bit of Prolixin and the little bit of giving - - *that* emergence; the emerging of that. The shamed "I" wanted to take less than is usually given "him." It's shameful, but then everything moved into a space of emergency; a space of hospitality with the bloodline; a hospitable space to take *less*. Shame emerged along with the little wanting "I." And when things were moved to a space of emergency, he could "tell." No telling what to say when things are in another space ... like with the therapist -- another space. "Don't tell," he says. Telling is something that happens when he's left ... left by the therapist ... and goes into the space of a hospitable and emerging bloodline where the shamed and little wanting "I" is. However, in another(s) space, he can't "tell" as much. There are "guys" (guise) who help him get into a space of emergency, and help protect him there. For example, the pharmacist helps him ... just a little. There are *guys* who help him emerge; there's a guise that helps him emerge into a hospitable bloodline. There are guys (guise) that protect him from *and* surround him in the hospitably emerging space. It's all a blackness, and yet it razes (raises) his spirit.

The "I" that wants, didn't want to go home ... from the space of emergency. He wanted a vacation -- two days in Cerrillos with groups and nice couches. It's a nice place to couch things ... in groups. The telling "I" made it clear ... to the guy (guise). He wants things nice and couched in familiar/familial groups. And the OK guy in a space of emergency protects him after the therapist's left. The OK guy in the hospitably emerging space attends to the "I"'s desires. The OK guy protects him (the patient) from "them." It's no wonder that *things* in him get *raised* surrounded by *guys*; sur-rounded by a *guise*, as it seems they're quite protective in comparison with the *maternity* and *fraternity* which want him to go to Las Vegas (Mental Facility). All in all, the place he *really* wanted to go was another *state* -- perhaps another state of hospice, of hospitality. He wanted to go to Oakland to draw -- to draw things out -- but the mothering took the paper. A mothering takes the paper which permits him to go to an oak land to draw. It's colorful. It's a paper which entitled him to go *there*; to go back. When he goes back (*there*), he gets out of *here* and goes to something whole and unlocked.

The images in Oakland are whole and appealing. There's hospitable space *there*, and the telling "I" feels welcomed; welcomed *back*. It's not an emerging space like *here*, it's a hospitable *back* space, a space in the back -- his back, his past. There's a medium in another state, and the images don't have to stay locked up, sewn up, stuck, *stuck in*. However, what *mothers* him took the paper -- she came in stealing or destroying everything. She's *in* him; in his space. What's familial penetrated his space and took what he was entitled to. *They* asked him to come back to another state where there's space and no locks; where the space is whole and the images have a medium. There's a piece of [at peace with?] paper -- a ticket -- that the *mothering* took and never gave back to him. He wants to go back. It allows for a wholeness of hospitable space, and a medium for images. It allows for another *state* where he doesn't have to be locked up; locked in; locked out. It's a state where "they" don't have to stay locked in *him*; where the *maternity* doesn't have to stay *stuck* in him. It's a space where he can "come back,"

they said ... and she can't come in; where he can *come* ... comfortably. It's a hospitality he holds in *memoria*. To *come* on his back -- on his past -- unlocks something. It's a way he can *get off* on his past. But because of the way the *mothering* comes steal-ing in, he can't seem to find a "giving" of the ticket.

The therapist has been told about this state; but, even so, something maternal won't give him the ticket. As though "telling" the therapist would offer him the ticket to a *giving maternity*, he looks to the therapist for a ticket to another *state*. *That* paper isn't given. What he wants *stated* can't be given by the therapist. He currently feels to be in something he'll never get out of -- a space, a state. Though he has spoken of waking in a different space -- one of fine darkness where his spirits may have been raised (razed) or sharpened (razored) -- the feeling "I" feels to be *in* something it'll never get out of. Trapped. Something's in him that will never get out. It needs to be *re-stated*. There's a deed or a title associated with this paper. It's something he feels he's entitled to. It's a piece of paper which affords wholeness and image and medium -- a welcoming and hospitable state without locks. A vacation. The paper where he's asked to come back to a certain state is taken by a mater-nity ... and the feeling "I" is left frustrated in a *hereness*. There's a paper [L. *papyrus*, "wicking" (Partridge, 1983, p. 468)] he feels he'll never have access to. There's a kind of *burn* that he can't sustain without this *wicking* -- a *burn* which offers access to another (and *hospitable*) state. The medium and the freedom and the wholeness is in the *thereness* of that state. And the *thereness* -- where the thinking "I" finds its title and a sense of doing (deed) is ripped-off, stolen, or destroyed throughout by a maternal "they" which sews things up and moves him into a state of mourning (morning) ... and coming ... and the losing of his seed. It's a state of maternity that comes stealing in and takes things *in*, in his state of mourning (morning). It moves *in* him. He's *moved* in *this* state by a maternity that has license to rip-off stealing ... a maternity that seems to be *stuck* in him ... a maternity that is accompliced by a fraternity. Perhaps he feels *dogged* by being stuck in a certain state with her. A stuck dog - - not very animated -- but very *hard* ... a "razored" spirit.

The bloodline offers a kind of *hospitality*, but it doesn't allow things (him, "I") to stay *unlocked* and *salty*. What's drawn out must be sewn *right* back up again ... and *left* alone. Semen, blood, tears -- they must be sewn; the *seed* must be sewn the *familial* way. The way the spirit may be raised ("razed") by the shatterings of another -- possibly a blackness -- must be sewn up again. There's no lingering access to the *other* or to his *other side* through the bloodline. There's no access to *another*. It's *hard* to have *space* to spill over. Everything is always sewn at the bloodline, in the bloodline. A kind of incest. Even small forays of penetration to the other side -- those shatterings -- must be sewn *right* up again. There is no *drawing* with the familial ... just a "burgling" maternity ... and an occasional space of emer-gence; emerging space ... which ends up being sewn. His emergence is always in conjunction with unwanted intrusion - - that *conjunctio* ... rapacious. But it's also in conjunction with a bloodletting; a "razoring" (sharpening); a "razing" (raising); and a questioning darkness. There's an *emergence* that coincides with an *intrusion* for him. He attempts to draw from himself when he's *left* with the familial, but all he does is encounter his own bloodline -- *incestus*: nothing's pure; always a kind of penetration with the familial. Only in another state can he draw things out other than the bloodline. He wonders how old the ticket and the "wicking" is which held a little light for him -

- the invitation to draw things out and unlock. It's been a little light for him in the back of his mind. He wonders how long it has been withheld. And he wonders about a space of coming and "coming back," which a maternity *here* has never afforded him. It all needs to be re(in)stated.

、