

I take away all the defences - the drugs, the technology, the computers that process the data - and tell the professor that I have knowledge of a 'cure' for both him and his patient. Both will be incarcerated in a very small place of asylum. Food, light and warmth will be provided, but no drugs and no visitors. They have each other - the 'sane' professor and his 'psychotic' patient. And when they have gained enough insight into themselves and each other, and discovered how they can relate, they can come out. (Unless, of course, one has killed the other by then). A gruesome fantasy? I think not. The only gruesome part is that 'cure' has been forced upon them by my use of the phallus-as-weapon.

This brings me again to the question of choice. For the chronically depressed there seems to be an inbuilt belief that there is no choice; and little motivation to make a choice even if alternatives were available or presented. The

outer circumstances mirror the inner ones. Within the closed system as well as the more open alternatives, doctor and patient, therapist and client move as in a dance. They either create in relation to each other, and increase their capacity for more life, or they collude with each other's defences against that capacity for more life. In the former relationship that creativity stands a very good chance of being internalised and self-perpetuating - an inner marriage between masculine and feminine modes of doing and being, thinking and feeling, penetration and receptivity - with all the implicit tension that makes for creativity. In the latter, the dependency upon one mode, to the detriment and suppression of the other, becomes that which binds patient to drug and doctor to patient.

By all means let us dialogue and exchange, but let us also fight and love.

AND THEIR SWORDS SHALL BE MADE INTO PLOUGH-SHARES

My therapist was nearly done for once;
Murdered
Almost, but not quite.
The wound was bungled
And the foetus survived
And was born out of rage.

I was nearly done for once;
Used up
Almost, but not quite
The love was bungled
And the child did not grow,
Was never quite born.

My therapist and I have been in constant combat;
She has cried - 'Life and War'
I have cried - 'Death and Peace'.
She has brandished the knife
and I the olive branch,
Or both have sat in silence at the centre
To discover who and where we are.

And in that place of silence
I submit to knife and she to olive branch.
Her rage, white hot, refines the blunt tool
To surgeon's knife; steadies her hand
For swift and accurate incision.
My festering rage released
Feels like a gift of life,
And I reach out to her for love.

After the struggle comes the peace,
After the death the life.
She, being wounded, has learned to heal,
I, being healed, have learned to wound.
This is the redemption; this the joy -
The journey back is the journey forward;
This time it was not bungled.,

Greta Palmer

