PSYCHOANALYSIS AS SPIRITUALITY

Patrick Lee Miller

What are our modern moral and spiritual sources? In his magnificent and magnanimous recent book, *A Secular Age*, Charles Taylor investigates a wide range of modern worldviews that are "sources of fullness," worldviews that enrich our lives with meaning, arrange our activities to serve higher goals, and thus motivate us at times to act beyond our narrow interests. They are, to borrow from the title of his earlier work, sources of the self. More precisely, they are sources of our highest self. As such, psychoanalysis should be among them. In this form of therapy, after all, individuals find new meaning in their lives, become able to arrange their activities finally to serve this meaning, and are often thereby motivated to perform creative and noble actions. At the very least, when it works, it frees them from enervating repetitions. Taylor, however, denies that psychoanalysis is a genuine moral and spiritual source. His personal source is Christianity, but his catholic understanding of it encourages him to permit the existence of rival but valid sources, even elaborating them into attractive alternatives no more problematic and susceptible to dilemmas than his own. Psychoanalysis he nevertheless dismisses after a brief and partial examination (Taylor 2007:618–23).

This paper will begin by calling his brief examination into question. The goal of its first section is not so much to criticize Taylor's misunderstanding of psychoanalysis—although it is common enough even among philosophers of his stature to merit our critical attention—as to elicit his principal criterion for a genuine moral and spiritual source. According to Taylor, as we shall see, such a source must transform and heal character through a growth in wisdom. But there is every reason to think that this is just how psychoanalysis works, which is not to say that precisely how it does so is clear; on the contrary, the so-called therapeutic action of analysis is controversial, even among analysts. Subsequent sections of this paper will thus present an account of the therapeutic action by coming at the problem from an unusual direction. The American existentialist philosopher, Robert Solomon, spent much of his abbreviated but fertile career articulating a theory of the emotions neglected by psychoanalysis but rich with possibilities for its enhancement. We shall thus consider, with Solomon, the relationship between the emotions and meaning in the second section of this paper. In the third section, we examine the specific polarity of the emotions of love and resentment, and in the fourth we integrate this specific examination into a new account of the therapeutic action.

With this new account in hand, we then turn in the fifth section to discuss psychoanalysis as a moral and spiritual source. As it turns out, Taylor requires of a spiritual source not just that it transform character through a growth in a wisdom, but further that this wisdom respond somehow to the *désir*

d'éternité, that inexorable human "desire to gather together the scattered moments of meaning into some kind of whole" (Taylor 2007:720). This criterion for a spiritual source is as sound as the first, and should likewise preoccupy analysts, who not only work to extract meaning from apparently senseless behaviors and feelings, but must deal with the event that seems more than any other to fragment the scattered moments of meaning: death. Psychoanalysis can respond to the *désir d'éternité*, we shall argue, with a broad understanding of its therapeutic action. The aim of the subsequent sections is to elicit this understanding, which becomes most clear after exhuming some of its ancient philosophical legacy. For the ancient Greek philosophers not only dwelt explicitly on death, time, eternity, and the meaning of life, but they also integrated their theoretical meditations with practical techniques for acquiring the wisdom they professed.

Retrieving insights from the most unlikely of places, Stoicism, we find Marcus Aurelius anticipating many of the techniques and doctrines of psychoanalysis, putting them in the service of Stoic spirituality. As we shall see in this sixth section of this paper, he seems to make metaphysical assumptions that would be unacceptable to most analysts nowadays; in a seventh section, however, we argue that these metaphysical assumptions are unnecessary to reap the spiritual rewards of his philosophy, let alone of psychoanalysis. For at the root of their shared philosophical tradition lies a philosopher—Heraclitus—who proposes an immanent spirituality that makes no such assumptions. Indeed, Heraclitean philosophy has the twin advantages that it remains a viable worldview today while also appearing to complement psychoanalysis more than any other philosophy. In light of it, the eighth section of this paper presents a response to the *désir d'éternité* that is available, therefore, to psychoanalysis. The ninth and final section makes clear that this response is an immanent spirituality, arguing that it is not just a rival to transcendent spiritualities, but superior to them for the very reason that is often advanced in their favor. None more than psychoanalytic spirituality, we conclude, enriches the meaning of life.

1. Growth in Wisdom

Taylor's critique of psychoanalysis borrows from Phillip Rieff's earlier critique of the "triumph of the therapeutic" (Rieff 1966). Thus, despite its brevity, Taylor's critique is complex. The therapeutic suffers from three related problems, he argues, all reducible to a shift from the notion of sin to the notion of illness. First of all, Christianity sees sin as a normal condition with a certain dignity, since it is the preference for an apparent, albeit illusory, good. By contrast, in illness there is no apparent good, only "pure failure, weakness, lack, diminishment" (Taylor 2007:619). Secondly, whereas Christian redemption is achieved by conversion, therapy's "healing doesn't involve conversion, a growth in wisdom, a new, higher way of seeing the world; or at least, these are not the hinges of healing, though they may be among its results" (619). Thirdly, whereas the Christian conversion from sin, like the original fall into it, must be

freely chosen, illness and then its cure may arise without any choice at all. "The original fall," when it is a fall into illness, "is entirely in the nature of compulsion, or modes of imprisonment" (619). In sum, Taylor argues that secular humanism's effort to rehabilitate the body and everyday life ends with the therapeutic triumph denying it a dignity it once had. "What was supposed to enhance our dignity has reduced it," he concludes; "we are just to be dealt with, manipulated into health" (620).

All three of these criticisms mistake psychoanalysis for other, more popular treatments. Behavioral and pharmaceutical therapies, for instance, seek no meaning in illness, robbing it of any apparent good to which it might be responding. Nor do they effect cures by growth in wisdom, although new wisdom may become accessible after their alleviation of symptoms. When it comes to freedom, however, we must be careful to pinpoint where Taylor thinks it should be if a therapy is to count as a spiritual source. Must there be choice in the earliest origins of the illness, its daily preservation, or its possible cure? All three, it would seem, and Taylor is right that the more popular therapies fail to satisfy this high standard of freedom. Many illnesses treatable by them arise by compulsion, and the behaviors that deepen these illnesses become compulsive too. Similarly, pharmaceutical cures require little or no choice, save to follow a prescription. But other illnesses best treatable by these popular therapies are arguably the products of choice—alcoholism in some cases—and daily choices do worsen the condition. Also, behavioral treatments of any illness require the daily co-operation of the convalescent, usually demanding great will-power to surmount painful obstacles. Yet none of these choices are robust enough to satisfy Taylor, nor should they be.

Contrast them with the choices involved in psychoanalysis, which sees every treatable illness as at some level the product of choices, at some level maintained by daily choices, and cured ultimately by choices at another level. Most often these original choices have been infantile; since then they have remained unconscious but operative in daily life; now psychoanalysis promises to bring them into consciousness, submitting them to re-evaluation and the higher powers of adult decision. If it be objected that the original choices discussed by analysis are involuntary because infantile, it must be said that they are no less voluntary than the choice inherited with original sin. If it be objected that the daily choices discussed by analysis are involuntary because unconscious, it must be said that their voluntary status enhances human dignity by expanding rather than diminishing the ken of its freedom. If it be objected that the final choices of cure are involuntary because suggested by the analyst, it must be said that were it so it would be no less voluntary than the necessary intervention of divine grace. But it is not so: suggestion is an ever-present danger of analysis, to be sure, yet it is a perversion of its most essential aims. What are these aims?

Psychoanalysis strives, first of all, to reveal the meaning of symptoms (not to mention dreams, slips, free-associations, transferences, and anything else mysterious in someone's mental life and

behavior). But this meaning is none other than the apparent but illusory good sought by the analysand. He may inquire, for instance: “What is the meaning of my coming late to sessions every day?” The hard-won answer will be something of this form: “I want my analyst to feel as though I don’t need him; I want him to feel worthless, to snub him, so that he will know how he makes me feel.” When such an apparent good comes to light, it reveals itself as illusory: “My analyst doesn’t make me feel unworthy, he’s waiting there patiently for me every day; I think the person I really want to snub is my father; he’s the one who made me feel worthless.” When the analysand exposes such illusion himself, he grows in wisdom, not least by the acknowledgment that he unconsciously chose that illusory good and has clung to it all the while. He grows further in wisdom when he recognizes that his boss, and no doubt many others besides, have been victims of his illusion, since he has sought its apparent good from other relationships as well. His character changes, finally, when he can relate differently to these others, seeing them not as ghosts of his father—or his mother, or his siblings, or whomever—but instead as the unique individuals they really are.

To avoid the objection of suggestion raised above, a proviso becomes essential at this point: the growth in wisdom will not be the content of these statements, or others of the same form, since he could have accepted them from a suggestive analyst without really understanding their significance for him. No, his growth in wisdom will be the way his character changes as a result of these recognitions. Psychoanalytic healing comes not from accepting as true certain interpretations of our lives, but rather from seeing our unconscious choices at work ubiquitously in our lives, distorting our perceptions of reality and thus our relationships with others. One result of a successful analysis, then, is the analysand’s recognition that he has chosen much of his life, especially the frustrating repetitions that have formerly appeared to him as inevitable. By bringing unconscious choices into consciousness, in the end, the analysand can now choose otherwise. Far from neglecting freedom, and thereby reducing human dignity, as Taylor argues, psychoanalysis augments it.

This is why analytic clients are *analysands*, properly speaking, not *patients*. The Latin suffix of the first means simply someone who is to be analyzed—whether by himself or another is not specified by the term, though in psychoanalysis it is: he analyzes himself with the help of an other, the analyst. By contrast, the second term (also from Latin) means someone who is suffering passively. The persistence of this inaccurate term is just one of the many obstacles—theoretical, stylistic, institutional, economic, to name a few—that psychoanalysis has inherited from its medical ancestry. To be fair, Taylor recognizes that “psychoanalysis may seem, and partly is, an intermediate phenomenon,” that is, between spirituality and medical treatment. For unlike behavioral and pharmaceutical treatments, “it involves a hermeneutic, an attempt to understand the meaning of our unease” (Taylor 2007:621). But according to him its goal is nonetheless the same: symptom-relief, not understanding.

> The hermeneutic delves into the unavoidable, deep psychic conflicts in our make-up. But these have no moral lesson for us; the guilt or remorse points to no real wrong. We strive to understand them in order to reduce their force, to become able to live with them. On the crucial issue, what we have morally or spiritually to learn from our suffering, it is firmly on the therapeutic side: the answer is "nothing". (621)

This is the nut of Taylor's criticisms of psychoanalysis as a spiritual source, but it is just an elaboration of the second of those canvassed above: even if analysis involves a conversion, a growth in wisdom, a new, higher view of the world, this wisdom will be an effect rather than a cause of the therapy. After all, there is nothing morally or spiritually to be learned from our suffering itself. Taylor discounts psychoanalysis as a spiritual source because whatever growth of wisdom occurs in it is not among "the hinges of healing." A spiritual source, in sum, must change someone by some new wisdom it generates in those who step into its waters.

This seems a very good definition of a spiritual source. Accepting it, then, we should count psychoanalysis as one only if a growth in wisdom is among the causes of the transformations it effects. As it turns out, the precise cause of psychoanalytic healing—the therapeutic action—is even more controversial now than it was when Hans Loewald first introduced the term of art (1960). (The history of the controversy and its present state are summarized in Greenberg 2005.) Most analysts still believe that a fully successful analysis requires not just the relief of symptoms, but also a deeper understanding of their causes—an interpretation, or rather, a series of interpretations. Of these analysts, many still believe, as Freud did, that these interpretations are the *causes* of this symptom-relief. The most prominent of the analysts who hold this *cognitive* position on therapeutic action nowadays is Peter Fonagy (1999). Yet other analysts believe that the cause of psychoanalytic healing is not interpretation but the relationship with the analyst, arguing that this relationship engenders emotional changes which in turn enable intellectual insights. The first to propose this *affective* position on therapeutic action was Freud's colleague, friend, and then apostate, Sandor Ferenczi (1924), but it has been developed since by a disparate group of analysts up to the present-day. Most notably: James Strachey (1934), Franz Alexander (1950), Heinz Kohut (1979), and Daniel Stern (1998). Now, Taylor seems to adopt the affective position—or at least neglect its cognitive rival—without an argument. To complete his case against psychoanalysis as a spiritual source, however, he must provide such an argument.

Awaiting this argument, we should meanwhile introduce a third position on the therapeutic action: cognitive and affective changes happen in tandem, each causing the other, or, properly speaking, neither causing the other, since they are in fact one. Here is a provisional way of defining this alternative by contrast with its rivals: the cognitive position holds that knowledge is therapeutic; the affective position, that it is emotion (and especially love) which heals; according to this third position, in their highest form love is knowledge and knowledge love. For this third position, in short, the therapeutic

action is their unification. Perhaps this is what Freud meant by once calling psychoanalysis a "cure by love," eventually invoking Plato's *Erōs*, only later to exalt the work of "our god *Logos*." This way of stating the position is vatic, but the next three sections of this paper aim to make it clearer. In the meantime, we may catch of glimpse of this elusive position from our pat example earlier. The analysand understands that he has been seeking to snub his father, but this understanding is no mere interpretation; it is a change in his character, a change in his relation to the world, particularly to other people he loves. Put the other way round: this change in his relation to others he loves is his newly acquired knowledge. If this synthesis of knowledge and love, cognition and affection, can be made clearer, psychoanalysis would have a special claim to be a spiritual source, especially on Taylor's terms, since it would effect transformation by the highest sort of wisdom: love-knowledge.

This peculiar synthesis is already arguably at the heart of Freud's obscure notion of *durcharbeiten*, or "working through." If some of the obscurity of this notion can be dispelled, then Taylor cannot maintain his stark contrast between the spiritual outlook, on the one hand, from which our "unease needs to be further understood, worked through, perhaps in prayer or meditation" (Taylor 2007:621), and the therapeutic outlook, on the other, from which this unease "needs to be got rid of, or at least rendered mild enough to be lived with" (621). For from the inception of psychoanalysis, when Freud first distinguished it from cures by suggestion (like hypnosis), this therapy has aimed to work through our unease, to understand it, not simply to get rid of it. With a better account of its therapeutic action at hand, psychoanalysis can propose a hermeneutic that—no less than the hermeneutic of Christianity, and with considerably more empirical evidence—grants even flawed human action the aura of freedom, the luster of apparent good, and thus the dignity of responsibility.

With a richer theoretical account of love and knowledge, psychoanalysis can also make more explicit the approach to the world that has been implicit in its practice from the beginning. Finally, with an account of the moral and spiritual lessons it generates within this practice, psychoanalysis can take its place alongside the modern worldviews that enrich our lives with meaning, arrange our activities to serve higher goals, and thus motivate us at times to act beyond our narrow interests. Psychoanalysis is uniquely poised to do so, since it carries into our own times—without yet recognizing this, but with many innovations to contribute—the best tradition of ancient philosophy: the quest for self-knowledge, producing the recognition that this quest is itself our highest self.

2. Emotions and Meaning

At last abandoning Freud's affective hydraulics, with their obsolete quanta of force and mechanistic displacements, psychoanalysts now largely believe that the emotions are (largely unconscious) strategies for engaging the social world. Unwittingly, then, they have adopted an understanding developed in

opposition to Freud's mechanism, the understanding of Sartre, which had ancient roots in Plato, Aristotle, and especially the Stoics, but which found its first American champion in Robert Solomon (1976/1993), then later in Martha Nussbaum (2003). According to Solomon, "emotions are judgments": of apparent good most broadly, but more specifically the apparent good of one's dignity. Situating you within your environment, particularly your social environment, they aim to maximize this dignity by regulating your self in its relations with others. Emotions thus have an ineluctably narcissistic component. This component is obvious with the emotions that exalt the self and degrade others (e.g., vanity and contempt), but it is no less present in the ones that exalt others and degrade the self (e.g., guilt and shame). After all, guilt may precipitate depression and self-loathing, but only by its failed effort to maximize dignity with the apparent good of moral rectitude.

Although they are extremely subtle tools, the emotions often fail in some such way. The fit between them and the occasions of their use must be quite exact for success, whereas the ways of erring are infinite. Individual constitutions and circumstances are infinitely varied: sometimes fear is a prudent response, other times sorrow; sometimes in this measure, other times in that; and so on for most of the other emotions to one degree or another. Despite its dangers, even guilt has its prudent use. Many nowadays consider it a worthless emotion, and psychoanalysis is sometimes summoned to warrant the general opprobrium, but psychoanalysts have long recognized that to the child who cannot tolerate the fantasy—let alone the fact—that her parents are hostile to her, guilt may maximize her dignity when nothing else can. In the religious analogy of Ronald Fairbairn (1952/1994:66–67), which is altogether fitting for our discussion of psychoanalysis as spirituality, it is "better to be a sinner in a world ruled by God than a saint in a world ruled by the Devil." Adopting the first, guilty, strategy, the child imagines herself with the power to repent and win reprieve, whereas choosing the second, vain, strategy she must accept that she is powerless, awaiting her doom with an intolerable fear and trembling. However prudent her childhood guilt may have been, though, once she has grown to adulthood it becomes obsolete, a stumbling block. Now capable of tolerating—the fantasy or the reality—that her parents were hostile, since she no longer depends on them for her life, she can now exchange her groundless guilt for, say, a grounded pride (that she had the strength, after all, to survive such an upbringing). But how to make the exchange?

How, first, to loosen the grip of a dominant passion, especially when it has become the substratum since childhood of a whole way of being-in-the-world? How, next, to substitute another more fitting? How, finally, to do this many times over? Every emotion is present in every individual, to a greater or lesser degree, and every character is a tapestry of their interwoven threads. Removing defective ones well after the weaver's work is under way, then exchanging them for others that are stronger and more vibrant: these tasks are even trickier in the analyst's office than they are on the weaver's loom. For

each of the emotions in someone's particular tapestry, according to Solomon, "involves a judgment of both one's Self and his surreality" (1976/1993:128). 'Surreality' is his term for the totality of someone's lived experience—inspired by Heideggerean precedents such as 'Being' (as distinguished from 'beings') or 'worldiness'—and he argues persuasively that it acquires its unique structure for every individual from the emotions and their interwoven judgments. As Wittgenstein observed, a depressed man lives in a depressed world. An individual's emotions create together their own idiosyncratic hierarchy of value, thereby bringing some objects to the forefront of his experience, while allowing others to recede into oblivion. From the surreality and self they together constitute in this way, the emotions even create evidence for the validity of their judgments, thus perpetuating a circle that often becomes vicious, but occasionally virtuous.

The moral terms are wholly appropriate, although most psychoanalysts would shun them. Psychoanalytic discomfort with morality has arisen for several reasons, some better than others. Freud first insisted that psychoanalysis was a science, describing the world rather than prescribing its norms, and his misunderstandings of both science and his own craft persist in the moral and spiritual tradition he founded. Analyses have never been entirely neutral inquiries: an analysis which terminates with the analysand still unable to love, for instance, has always been considered incomplete—and rightly so. Psychoanalysis is not just "a cure by love," but a cure *to* love. A common impediment to this outcome is the rigid morality of a punitive super-ego, to be sure, and a common step in successful analyses is its moderation, but these analyses no less than all others aim toward emotional health, to which the ability to love has always been considered essential. However emotional health and illness be characterized, though, they must be characterized somehow in a fully explicit account of analytic practice. Yet any characterization will manifest a particular understanding of the goals of psychoanalysis, which is to say its teleology, or ethics. "It abjures 'thou shalts' and 'thou shalt nots,'" writes Jonathan Lear, "but it *is* concerned with the fundamental question, 'How shall I live?'" (Lear 2003:174). Ethics tries both to raise and answer that question; in its own way, so too does psychoanalysis. The pretense that psychoanalysis is not an ethics has therefore been a most ironic instance of communal self-deception, blinding analysts not only to the implicit norms of their practice, but also to its proper place among the modern worldviews that offer moral and spiritual sources.

These worldviews are above all sources of meaning in life, and yet the emotions elicited in psychoanalysis above all are the very sources of meaning. Woven together into complex patterns, the emotions produce a unique fabric of value and meaning for each life, each self and its surreality. To threaten this fabric, even in the effort to improve it, is therefore to threaten the value and meaning of a life. No wonder every step forward in psychoanalysis meets with resistance: the analysand is fighting for the unique meaning of her life, at least as she has known it hitherto, and she deploys any number of

defenses to preserve it. Indeed, the defenses themselves eventually become an integral part of her lived experience, so that they become extremely difficult—in rare cases, impossible—to distinguish from the meaning they have been deployed to protect. In psychoanalysis, this tangled skein of meaning is known as the transference: so cherished, so ingeniously defended, and thus so often out of the analysand's conscious awareness. It is "an idiosyncratic world" in the words of Lear, who is significantly both philosopher and analyst, reader of Heidegger as well as of Freud (Lear 2005:124). Agreeing with Solomon's notion of surreality, not surprisingly, Lear adds that transference "is not a phenomenon in the world"; instead, "it is more like the structuring condition in which phenomena show up for us" (Lear 2003:196).

3. Love versus Resentment

Nothing short of a full case-history, not to mention a novel, will do justice to even one structuring condition, one idiosyncratic world, or one transference. But we may simplify for the sake of illustration, and provide two opposing paradigms: one of a vicious character, another of virtue. Not forgetting the theoretical anxieties of psychoanalysts about such moral characterizations, we must nevertheless recognize the implicit ethics of their practice. For by possessing even a brief description of the analytic *telos*—as we shall argue, love—we can see the spiritual nature of psychoanalysis more clearly. In order to explain its therapeutic action, furthermore, we should begin by contrasting love with its antithesis. This is not hate, as is commonly thought, nor anger, but what Solomon calls the "the villain of the passions": resentment. After all, anger arises when someone believes that he—and thus anyone or anything he counts as his own—has been insulted. There is a sense of something independently valuable about one's self or world that must be protected (namely, whatever seems to have been insulted). Hatred arises when the offense is extreme, the threat existential. In both anger and hatred the goal remains victory for oneself against the offender's specific challenge. Resentment can disguise itself as hatred, anger, or even love—it is also the most wily of the passions—but whatever its pretenses to independent value, there is nothing specific to be protected but one's own power. It aims not so much to be victorious as to defeat the opponent. Anger and hatred wish precisely to win; resentment wishes vaguely, first to humiliate, then to annihilate.

Imagine, then, someone whose transference is dominated by resentment. Nietzsche warned that "nothing on earth consumes a man more quickly," and its voracious appetite for souls comes from the fact that it is all defense, without any independent meaning to defend. It would be more accurate to say that its only meaning is its defense. It is like the tyranny described by Plato (*Republic*, Books 8–9): totally dedicated to preserving its power, it has altogether lost sight of anything worth defending beyond the battle for power itself. The resentful transference is thus preoccupied with eliminating rivals. And since

every transference is a surreality, the social environment of the resentful person becomes populated with enemies, eerily resentful ones, who then confirm this self's hostile judgments of the world. What it knows, as a result, is almost totally a world of its own creation. In this way, the circle of vice is closed, its battlements steadily constricting as allies inevitably betray the vague and ultimately unspecifiable cause. In the end, none but the resentful self stands victorious over its own scorched earth. Its ultimate goal is the negation of others, after all, and such a strategy always fails to maximize one's dignity. It is self-defeating as an emotion, just as tyranny is self-defeating as a politics, which is why no emotion escapes conscious awareness more stealthily than resentment. Rarely appearing naked, lest it expose its futility, it comes usually in the disguise of another emotion: anger and hatred of course, but also fear, humility, even a deceitful love. As Solomon observed, it is the Richard III of the soul (Solomon 1976/1993:290).

Now imagine someone whose transference is dominated by the opposite emotion, genuine love. Whereas resentment was nearly all defense guarding little or no independent meaning, love is nearly all meaning with minimal defense to protect it. Without such defense, how does it endure? By creating its own supportive surreality. For whereas resentment filled its social environment with enemies, love finds friends, makes them of strangers, and goes so far as to redeem amenable enemies for friendship. Resentment confirmed its judgment of the world by the creation of a world that confirms it; love does the same, but by affirming others where resentment would negate them. As a strategy for the maximization of dignity, love is most often prudent: it swells the border of the self to encompass all those who return it. It is an emotion requiring great strength, needless to say, just as a nation with porous borders must be strong enough to trust its survival to the caprice of its neighbors. But with such strength and open-ness it becomes rich with the rewards that trust welcomes and diffidence precludes. What it knows is no less the world it has created than was the world known by resentment, but since love's world widens rather than shrinks, it comes ever closer to knowing the world as it is *in itself* (if any sense can be made of this notion); it thus comes ever closer to *objectivity* (if any sense can be made of this ideal). Whether or not new sense can be made of this notion and ideal, now comprehending the role of the emotions in both, we can at least see how the world known by love is more complex.

Interpreting Freud's *Erōs* as the drive toward this complexity—both in the self and its world, since the two grow or shrink in tandem—Lear concludes that love pushes the analysand "to reach out to this worldly complexity and develop in relation to it" (Lear 2003:170). Correlatively, the analyst is someone who has achieved these higher levels of complexity, through both her life and her own analysis. She now works to draw her analysands upwards toward these higher levels sought by their very selves. Her own love is not the sentimental variety celebrated in Hollywood movies; it is instead the passionate objectivity that is open to the individuality of others, affirming their differences by her patient investigation of their intricate patterns. "The more subjective one becomes," writes Lear, "the more

objective one can be." He dispels some of the paradox by adding that "it is precisely as one deepens onself as a psychoanalyst that one can ever better reach out to one's analysand's in their objective particularity" (Lear 2003:58–59). Love is a psychic force—shared by both, and by every self that strives to exceed itself—aiming toward complexity, development, and affirmation.

Resentment, by contrast, prefers negation, regression, the simplicity of perfect solitude. Is resentment also a psychic force? Is it an Empedoclean rival to love, and thus something like the death drive of Freud's final, dualistic metapsychology? Answering these questions is not our concern for the moment. As we investigate whether psychoanalysis heals by fostering wisdom, and if so, what is the nature of this wisdom, our concern is instead the way in which love's knowledge—to borrow Martha Nussbaum's (1990) title—surpasses the knowledge of resentment, or for that matter the knowledge available within any other transference. Emotions are more or less defensive, but none matches love's porous interactions with its world, its consequent objectivity and creativity. Love's knowledge deserves the name given it provisionally in the first section: wisdom. Psychoanalysis heals by fostering this wisdom.

Psychoanalytic spirituality thus turns out after all to be a "cure by love," and Freud was right to invoke "the *Eros* of the divine Plato." But he was also right to join Plato by invoking "our god *Logos*." Wisdom in its highest form—as Diotima taught in *Symposium*—is this unity of love and knowledge, no more mystical than that rarest achievement of this highest virtue. As for the analyst—who is ideally such a saint, but need only be higher in the ascent to be good enough to help another who climbs—she now imitates the midwife Socrates, in some ways, whose conversations with the Athenians aimed to bring this wisdom to birth. She makes this aim her own, attempting to deliver this special wisdom from the analysand, though she is far more aware of the difficulty of doing so, thanks largely to the philosophical legacy Socrates bequeathed to Plato and his subsequent disciples. But how can she circumvent those difficulties—the defenses, and most of all the resentful transference—that Socrates ignored, to his demise? How to convert resentment's ignorance to love's knowledge?

4. The Therapeutic Action

Analyzing the myriad defenses that support and to some extent constitute a transference, subjecting first them and then the unique meaning they protect to the scrutiny of adult rationality, all this work takes several sessions a week, for years; there is no getting around it. Like natural parturition, where the work is more the mother's than the midwife's, analytic work is more the analysand's than the analyst's. Like natural parturition, furthermore, it demands great courage. But so too does every great moral and spiritual quest. Were Christianity or Judaism at the mercy of insurance companies, measured daily against gilded behavioral and pharmacological treatments, they would be suffering a similar identity crisis. Perhaps they

too would alternate between the allure of competing for attention with false promises, or the despair of promising nothing at all. Along with its religious rivals, however, psychoanalysis must struggle against the current of modern culture that would prefer to be relieved of suffering (quickly, cheaply, painlessly), even if relief requires surrendering the quest for meaning. For analysis to offer hope of solace *by* an intensive investigation of meaning, though, it must explain how this is possible.

Our understanding of emotion permits us to bypass the battle between cognitive and affective understandings of the therapeutic action. In psychoanalytic circles, this false dichotomy has stalled progress on this paramount question. But once it is bypassed, and emotions are seen as judgments, the following straightforward way of understanding the therapeutic action becomes available: by bringing a formerly unconscious emotion before the tribunal of conscious reason, the analysand brings one judgment (the emotion) before another (a judgment of a judgment); judgments—whatever their limits—can revise other judgments; and in this way the failed strategies of some emotions can be replaced with the successful strategies of others. Lest this seem too intellectual a portrait of analysis, consider the everyday example of unjustified anger, the mistaken judgment that you have been slighted. Such an emotion can survive only so long as it remains outside your awareness, for once it comes before the tribunal of your reason (where it is judged baseless), it dissipates. The procedure sounds simple in theory, but practically speaking there are many difficulties. Defenses always prevent just this sort of exposure, especially when the emotions at issue structure a transference, and most of all when the dominant passion is resentment. To lose one's dominant passions, whatever their nature, is tantamount to losing the meaning of one's life. But in psychoanalysis, as in Christianity, one must lose one's life in order to gain it. Sometimes only the despair sighed by a lifetime of failed emotional strategies suffices to motivate the conversion to better ones.

Aside from the practical difficulties of the defenses—which psychoanalysts have spent a century developing subtle techniques to detect and disarm—there are also theoretical complications in making some unconscious emotions conscious. Many of our powerful emotional judgments are infantile, relics of infantile surreality, and thus lacking the propositional structure that would make them fit to appear before any tribunal. (Nussbaum [2003] and Lear [2005], as well as C. D. C. Reeve [2005], have discussed this.) For example, the infant who has been held tentatively from birth, and thus grown in a surreality structured by fear for its safety, will grow into the adult with a vague fear that at any moment he may be "dropped." The analysis of this unjustified fear will not proceed according to the simple logic of the unjustified anger above; very few do. This anxious adult is not likely to bring to consciousness a specific unconscious judgment that he may be dropped by his parents, unless this judgment functions as a condensed symbol for his whole lived experience. What is more likely is that "dropped," or other words metaphorically

connected with it, will emerge often in his free-associations, forming intricate patterns that his analyst will help him to map.

George Lakoff and Mark Johnson (1999) have done so much to describe the typical metaphorical patterns of embodied life; the analyst and the analysand must do similar work to elicit the idiosyncratic metaphorical patterns of this unique experience. For if the unconscious is structured like a language, as Lacan famously claimed, this structure should be metaphorical. As odd as it sounds, then, every analysand must learn to translate, and then finally to speak, his own idiolect. Taylor concludes his book by celebrating the "subtler languages" of Charles Péguy (745–55) and Gerard Manley Hopkins (755–65), among others who have opened new spiritual surrealities in modern times. Psychoanalysis similarly invites the articulation of "subtler languages," a unique one for every analysand. By mapping an idiolect's peculiar associations, a psychoanalysis does not simply expose infantile judgments, such as the one imagined in our example. Just as the poet rarely crafts his poem by exposing something already formed within, but instead takes whatever is inchoate within and renders it more sophisticated by the act of writing, so too does the analysis help inarticulate emotions—even infantile ones—to develop into more complex forms. In this way, analysis resumes the interrupted function of parenting, educating even the most primitive passions. This action, whether in analysis or the childhood home, is the force of love, seeking and likewise evoking complexity, sophistication, and maturity.

The time, tact, and wisdom required for this education cannot be overemphasized. Traps are also hidden at every step. For instance, there is an omnipresent danger of creating a false self in a hasty or blunt effort to rationalize the emotions rather than truly educate them. The analysand who has begun to detect her own vanity, say, could adduce many instances of her boastfulness, her cravings for praise, and so on, offering clever and even true interpretations of her motives each time, but only in a covert effort to win the praise of her analyst. This defensive strategy thus ingeniously uses the analysis itself as a defense against truly acknowledging the depths of her vanity. Were such a ruse to escape the notice of an inexperienced analyst, or were its interpretations to be embellished by an inept analyst, a false-self would develop, one that presupposed that it had analyzed its vanity, submitting its emotions to rational correction, when in fact it had only used rationality to escape that submission. The variations are endless. Indeed, as the successful analysis approaches closer and closer to the dominant passions of a character, and the stakes increase proportionately for the analysand, each defense becomes more devious than the last. Consequently, the analyst must be vigilant that the analysand use the analysis properly—to achieve greater contact, rather than greater distance, between her conscious self and her own sources of meaning, her emotions.

Some of these sources will have become polluted, whether by constitutional deficits, failures of parenting, or any one of the infinite variety of mismatches between strategy and circumstance. But even

polluted sources, if their wellspring be located, can be redirected and purified. The wellspring of the emotions is the longing for dignity. The most prudent strategy for achieving dignity is love, and the highest satisfaction of this longing is wisdom: love's knowledge. Wisdom thus emerges as the supreme educator, both of infantile passions and their primitive relics in the adult unconscious, whether first in the person of a parent or later in the office of an analyst. Wisdom, in sum, is the therapeutic action of psychoanalysis. Only this surreality of love and knowledge united fulfills the erotic drive toward complexity, development, and affirmation.

5. A Moral and Spiritual Source

Philosophical misunderstandings have obscured the therapeutic action of psychoanalysis for too long. The emotions have been mistakenly considered infections to pure reason, physiological hydraulics, mere habits and feelings, certain regions of the brain 'lighting-up'...or whatever else has conveniently encouraged us to forfeit our responsibility for them. Such misunderstandings have also underwritten the false dichotomy between cognition and affection, dividing accounts of the therapeutic action into unnecessary rivals. Bypassing this false dichotomy, now, and seeing the emotions as judgments, we have instead understood the healing available in psychoanalysis as their education. Concentrating in each unique case on the emotions most integral to the meanings of our particular lives, the ones we have protected from revision by placing them outside our awareness, the work of psychoanalysis assesses their rationality and corrects them accordingly. Making possible at last a harmony between their judgments and reason's judgments about them, bringing thereby a new unity to the soul, psychoanalysis sees our strategies functioning alike in the major events of our lives and the apparently trivial events of daily existence, the past we remember and the future we expect—but first of all in the present moment, in the transference that discloses itself most readily in the asymmetrical conversation of the analyst's office.

This conversation now appears to be a moral source, properly understood. Explicitly it prescribes no laws, nor does it carve any commandments in stone, but implicitly it answers the question of how to live: by love, and thus openly, consciously, creatively. Such an implicit answer lacks the explicit regulations of other moral sources, but this is to its credit, since these regulations are so easily twisted against their original intent, serving resentment, and thus exclusion, insensibility, and repetition. Also, in the thickets of regulation and authority typical of these alternatives, there are many opportunities to forfeit freedom and responsibility, a perpetual human temptation. Rival moral sources sometimes preach against the dangers of this temptation, and occasionally go so far as to make this warning their primary goal; more often than not, however, the very form of their homilies invites the surrender their content rejects. The Kantian pursuit of conscious self-reflection, for example, can become an obsessive defense against genuine investigation of oneself and how one should live, as Lear has shown (2005:11).

Psychoanalysts have been guilty of such hypocrisy themselves, especially in their fawning over Freud, which persists in attenuated forms to this day, but reached its apogee in the mid-twentieth century, when a cult of personality encouraged by Freud himself mixed with a conservative political climate to subvert what was best in the tradition he founded. Lear has again written more fully about this unfortunate development (2003), but also about the resources within analytic practice that mitigate it. Psychoanalysis, more than any other modern moral source, has embedded in its very practice a safeguard—though nothing so sure as a guarantee—against such hypocrisy. Ironically, the analyst's defense against the temptation to surrender freedom and responsibility defensively is the perpetually recurring question: "What might *this* be defending?" With such a question ready-to-hand, psychoanalysis resembles nothing so closely as the ancient spiritual tradition of Pyrrhonism. Like the Pyrrhonist who was ever vigilant against perverting his skepticism into a new dogma, so too must the analyst beware lest analysis itself become her new defense.

So much for psychoanalysis as a moral source. Is it also a spiritual source? It effects transformations of character by wisdom, as we have seen, and this wisdom is as affective as it is cognitive, as concerned with the present as it is with the past, as constitutive of the self as it is causal in its healing. In sum, this wisdom is love's knowledge, which has more claim than any other to be a "source of fullness," since it expands the self to encompass an ever richer world. Herein lies the beginnings of a response to Taylor's final demand of a spiritual source, that it respond to the *désir d'éternité*, that inexorable human "desire to gather together the scattered moments of meaning into some kind of whole" (720). The whole into which Christianity gathers together the scattered moments of meaning is of course God, who encompasses the whole world, past, present, and future in his transcendent life. The whole into which psychoanalysis gathers the moments of meaning, by contrast, is the immanent self.

This transposition of wholeness from transcendence to immanence can easily be confused with a deification of the self, a narcissism of cosmic proportions. Similarly, immanent spirituality can easily be ridiculed as a desperate ploy to preserve human dignity in a secular age. This confusion and ridicule have obstructed other varieties of immanent spirituality, in some cases justifiably, but in the case of psychoanalytic spirituality they are unjustified. The confusion of this immanent spirituality with narcissism arises only when the immanent self is mistaken for the resentful self, the finite and shrinking self that psychoanalysis seeks to heal, rather than the loving self, the infinitely expanding self that psychoanalysis seeks as its *telos*. Were the resentful self to imagine itself encompassing the whole world, on the one hand, it could do so only by projecting outward its simplistic surreality, denying difference in its effort to make over the world in its own image. When the loving self encompasses the world, on the other hand, it does so by introjecting it, affirming difference in its effort to absorb complexity and thereby become more complex itself. At the risk of confusing psychoanalytic spirituality with supernaturalism,

the confusion of it with cosmic narcissism can be avoided by joining Solomon in naming its immanent alternative to transcendent divinity the 'Self.'

Metaphysical majuscules are unfashionable nowadays, about as unfashionable as the philosophical heritage from which the immanent spirituality of psychoanalysis descends: most immediately from Hegel, and before him Spinoza, but behind them both the Stoics, and beneath them all: Heraclitus. Thanks to the scholarship of Thomas McEvilley (2002), moreover, it is plausible now to trace this lineage back even farther, to the Upanishads, whose spirituality can be epitomized by the recognition that *Atman* is *Brahman*—roughly, that the Self is the Cosmos. If psychoanalysis is narcissistic, solipsistic, or lacking in any sense of community, as some critics have objected, then so too are Buddhism and Stoicism, sources widely recognized for fostering moral and spiritual wisdom, drawing their initiates beyond narrow interests and thereby inspiring noble deeds. One might describe these deeds accurately as selfless, expressing thereby the dissolution of the self sought explicitly by Buddhism. But a similar 'seflessness' was the goal of Stoicism as well. For although "it has often been held that Stoicism was fundamentally a philosophy of self-love," as Pierre Hadot has written, "the fundamental tonality of Stoicism is to a much greater extent the love of the All" (1992/2004:212). When the Stoic self comes to identify with this All, the distinction between them collapses, thereby opening "the self to all cosmic becoming, insofar as the self raises itself from its limited situation and partial, restricted, and individualistic point of view to a universal and cosmic perspective" (1992/2004:180–81).

A similar self-expansion, as we have argued, is also the goal of psychoanalytic spirituality. Freud's Socratic and Platonic ancestry has already been mentioned, and Lear has explored it more fully elsewhere (2003, 2005). We have also had occasion to mention its resemblances to Pyrrhonian skepticism as well as the dualism of Empedocles (a debt which Freud himself acknowledged). To the ancient genealogy of psychoanalysis, now, we must add Stoicism, noting its multiple anticipations of both psychoanalytic techniques and doctrines. For this comparison, there is no better text than the intimate meditations of Marcus Aurelius.

6. Longing for Eternity

Marcus's diary has gained its title, *Meditations*, as if intended for publication and the counsel of others, but in fact they were daily spiritual exercises, and bore no grander title from Marcus's own pen than "For Myself." In them, he reminds himself often of death (e.g., 9.21; Grube 1983) and the impermanence of all things (e.g., 5.23). This is not melancholic obsession, as it is sometimes taken to be, but rather the work of mourning so common in a psychoanalysis: Marcus is working through the passing of time, the inevitable death of all people, things, and moments, so that he may invest his thought, desire, and action in the world as it is, rather than as he would fantasize it to be (e.g., 7.29). He thus struggles to analyze his particular

fantasies about the world, always in order to "see things for what they really are" (6.13, 12.10). As in a psychoanalysis, indeed, he makes a special effort to do this whenever strong passions color his judgment: "continually, and, if possible, in the case of every mental image," he writes to himself, "consider its nature, realize its emotional content, and judge it rationally" (8.13).

Bringing emotional judgments before the tribunal of reason, Marcus thus analyzes himself—somewhat as Freud would do many centuries later, with some important differences, as well as the same limitations. Stoic self-analysis has been confused with obsessive intellectualization, a rationalistic contempt for the emotions and embodiment that some passages do regrettably encourage (2.2, 5.26). But on the whole the Stoics try to work through the emotions, not against them, educating them according to the judgments of reason, rather than repressing them as impure. In the Stoic view, the emotions are primitive judgments, requiring review by higher-order rational judgments (i.e., judgments of judgments). As Nussbaum, Lear, and Reeve have shown, this view need not be rationalistic, so long as room is made within it for emotions that are truly primitive, infantile judgments without propositional structure. As psychoanalysis maps the patterns of fantasy and behavior determined by such primitive emotional judgments—often apparent only in idiosyncratic metaphorical associations, as suggested above—Marcus similarly elicits such patterns in his own life (Hadot 1992/2004:263–75). He is aware that these patterns of judgment, whether emotional or rational, constitute his unique surreality. Of course he uses nothing like this term, instead writing: "Everything is as you think it to be, and the thinking is within your control" (12.22; cf. 2.15, 9.32). Stoic spiritual exercise, like psychoanalysis itself, is a method for enhancing this control.

Central to the Stoic method is a meditation on time. Often Marcus strives to "circumscribe the present" (7.29), to focus his attention on what is happening now, the moment over which he has some control, instead of dissipating his thought or desire on what has happened or what may happen. For over the past he has no control any longer, and he believes he has no real control over the future (a remarkable admission for a Roman Emperor). Similarly, in psychoanalysis, the most important work is done by focusing attention on the present moment of the transference, simultaneously feeling whatever it manifests in the analytic office while nonetheless judging the appropriateness of the feeling to this unusual circumstance. After all, it is in the present more than any other time of one's life, in the analytic office more than any other place in modern culture, that one may experience together both primitive emotional intensity and cool rational analysis, judgment of the moment and the judgment of that judgment. About the past or the future one may feel, to be sure, but never with the same intensity as when one believes that the object of one's feeling is in the room. Only in the present, at any rate, can one achieve the self-coherence—the harmony of emotion and reason—that is the shared *telos* of Stoicism and psychoanalysis.

Despite the Stoic injunction to circumscribe the present, Marcus also invites an apparently contradictory contemplation of the whole of time and space. “Let the whole of time,” he writes, “and the whole of substance be continuously present to your mind” (10.17). The immediate purpose of this contemplation is to recognize everything as ephemeral and insignificant. For from the cosmic perspective, it seems, “things are, as to substance, like a fig seed, and as to duration, like the twist of a gimlet.” Recognizing each particular thing as ephemeral and insignificant, moreover, the Stoic diminishes his attachments, beginning with his possessions, but extending ultimately to his own life and the lives of those he loves. To this end, Marcus invokes the notorious words of Epictetus, who advised the Stoic parent, upon kissing his child, to think to himself as he does so: “You will perhaps die tomorrow” (11.34). This spiritual exercise of detachment, so closely resembling Buddhism, not to mention the neutrality of the psychoanalyst, has given Stoicism a reputation for frigidity. But again, a mistaken impression of this spirituality has arisen from a common misunderstanding of its view of the emotions. Properly understood as judgments, Stoicism enjoins not emotional insensibility but instead the appropriate emotions, which is to say appropriate judgments. The Stoic does not love his children any less because he recognizes their mortality; arguably, he loves them more for that very recognition. What matters to him, in any case, is that his love has met with the approval of his reason. Understood not as an ardent passion, but properly as an affirmation of life and the world, love almost always meets with the approval of Stoic reason.

The goal of Stoicism is to harmonize one’s judgments, desires, and actions with the whole universe, and so Marcus exults: “The universe loves to create what is to happen. Therefore I say to the universe: ‘I join in your love.’” (10.21; cf. 7.31). This love is no abstract doctrine, but a daily discipline which Marcus occasionally reveals in his diary. For example, he strives to see cosmic beauty even in the humblest corners of the cosmos: in the cracks on a loaf of bread, in ears of corn bending to the ground, or in the foam flowing from a boar’s mouth (3.2). It is all part of the Whole, after all, and the summit of his spirituality is to love it wholly—not just the obviously good and beautiful parts of it, but also what appears evil or ugly to the resentful eye. Chief among these evil appearances is the death of a child, but Marcus knew its grief well, having lost four of his five sons. Nowadays, were an analysand who had known such loss to endeavor to love the cosmos, her analyst would naturally suspect denial, and in the manner of Fairbairn, not to mention Freud, would investigate tactfully and in due time whether the fantasy of providence were a defense against intolerable grief. And that is as it should be. But there is a difference between a worldview adopted defensively, in order to exclude reality, and the same worldview adopted from strength, in order to encompass an ever expanding surreality. We cannot know the spirit in which Marcus made the providential worldview of Stoicism his own, but we can notice how its porous surreality of affirmation, growth, and creativity would also become the moral and spiritual *telos* of psychoanalysis.

Herein lies the Stoic response to the *désir d'éternité*. At the summit of Stoic spirituality, adopting the cosmic perspective as his own, the Sage affirms everything he envisions, past and future. By reaching out to the world in this altogether loving way, defending himself minimally against its diversity and complexity, he opens himself to absorb whatever it presents, enriching his self. "You will secure a large field for yourself by embracing the whole cosmos in thought," Marcus writes, "by reflecting upon everlasting time" (9.32). With supreme wisdom, in the end, the Sage's surreality—if we may borrow this modern term—becomes indistinguishable from the Whole itself. This is the perfect unity of individual reason with cosmic Reason to which Marcus aspires (5.21, 8.54). For according to Stoicism, and however difficult it may be to recognize in daily life, cosmic Reason is present to us all in our individual shares of it (3.4, 4.29). With this first metaphysical assumption, Marcus can inquire alternately into the cosmos or the self, the macrocosm or the microcosm, since the apparently two are really one. The phenomenological insight—whether in Hegel or Heidegger, Sartre or Solomon—that self and surreality are really one affords the same indifferent inquiry. Nor is Marcus far from psychoanalytic thought, such as Lear's, that acknowledges transference not as one phenomenon in the world but instead as the structuring condition of phenomena for a world. Nevertheless, Marcus seems to make a metaphysical assumption that moderns, who are more skeptical of Providence, let alone cosmic Reason, have trouble accepting.

He believes cosmic Reason also to be present in any individual moment, so that "he who has seen the present has seen everything, all that from eternity has come to pass, and all that will come to be in infinite time" (6.36; cf. 11.1). Without exploring his reasoning behind this second metaphysical assumption, we can nonetheless see how he resolves the paradox between his two meditations on time—one circumscribing the present, the other encompassing eternity. Whether the Sage focus on the present or embrace eternity, and whether he turn inward or outward, his self dissolves into the Whole he contemplates, loves, and affirms. This Sage, however impossible an ideal he represents, and however many metaphysical assumptions must be granted his practice, nonetheless resembles the loving self of our earlier discussion. This self too expands infinitely to encompass an ever richer surreality, affirming what he contemplates. More than any other, consequently, he would satisfy that inexorable human "desire to gather together the scattered moments of meaning into some kind of whole" (Taylor 2007:720). But to satisfy this *désir d'éternité*, must he make metaphysical assumptions unlikely to attract many adherents nowadays, least of all among skeptical psychoanalysts (Gay 1989)? Can the ideal of wisdom developed in our earlier discussion incorporate the Stoicism it so closely resembles without compromising its scientific credibility?

Psychoanalysts are familiar with circumscribing the present, in close-process analysis and the analysis of the transference, but they are likely to balk at the correlative Stoic exercise, the embrace of eternity. Making the metaphysical assumptions it does, the exercise seems too religious, too super-natural,

altogether inimical to the objective and naturalistic inquiry prized by the scientific and therapeutic stance. Although this stance has often been exaggerated (beginning with Freud himself), there is nonetheless a commendable movement among analysts to bolster the neuroscientific credentials of their theories (Solms and Turnbull 2002; Kandel 2005), underwriting the view of Eric Kandel, nobel laureate in physiology, that "psychoanalysis still represents the most coherent and intellectually satisfying model of the mind." Yet both the naturalism and the objectivity of psychoanalysis are already compatible with the immanent spirituality of Stoicism, so long as it be properly understood. For despite sometimes using the religious language of their times—a rhetorical temptation Freud also indulged—the Stoics were naturalists and monists, believing "all things are interwoven with one another" (7.9). As for loving this interwoven cosmos, and the surreality structured by love's knowledge, we have argued that no transference is more objective—although, again, objectivity must be properly understood. If so, the worldview of Stoicism is far from unscientific super-naturalism and defensive sentimentality; surprisingly, it agrees with the naturalism and objectivity prized by psychoanalysts. This agreement is still more evident in the philosophy from which the Stoics self-consciously derived their own, the philosophy of Heraclitus. Without any need for untimely metaphysical assumptions, as we shall now argue, Heraclitus's aphorisms promise the same spiritual rewards in terms that are as fresh now as when they were written, a century before Socrates.

7. Exceeding oneself

The enigmatic book of Heraclitus, which survives only in tantalizing fragments, seems to have begun by invoking the *logos*: "Although this *logos* holds forever, men ever fail to comprehend, both before hearing it and once they have heard" (B1). Already a puzzle arises: if the *logos* is something to be heard, it would seem to be speech; but since it is something men do not comprehend even before hearing it, it would seem to be something outside of speech, something in the world, something they should comprehend before hearing it spoken. This first of many puzzles is solved by the polysemy of *logos*, a Greek word ambiguous between dozens of English terms, including the following: 'word,' 'statement,' 'speech,' 'language,' 'explanation,' 'account,' 'ratio,' 'thought,' 'reason.' Deliberately exploiting these ambiguities whenever he invokes the *logos*, Heraclitus is able simultaneously to mean both his own statements and the account of the world—the reason—that these statements aim to convey. Consistent with this complex meaning, the best Heraclitean aphorisms exhibit in their form the very account their content attributes to the world. This is more than literary finesse; it is the essence of Heraclitus's approach, without which his philosophy degenerates quickly into dogmatism and cliché. For with this unity of form and content, he can demonstrate the identity between individual and cosmic *logos*. If the account described by his

aphorisms is the very same account inherent in these aphorisms themselves, then the *logos* really is at work alike in individual reason and the reason of the world.

When the Stoics speak later of Reason, they wish to evoke this same elusive Heraclitean *logos*, but they have lost sight of its polysemy—just as we do in our English translations of the Heraclitean aphorisms themselves—thereby neglecting to embody it in the form as well as the content of speech. One wonders constantly while reading the Stoics: Whatever is this cosmic Reason they love? What reason do they give that it exists? Why should anyone believe, finally, that individual reason is somehow identical with it? The reduction of the Heraclitean *logos* to Stoic Reason invites this distinction between the individual and the cosmos, at the same time that it renders dogmatic the assertion that there is such a Reason. One way in which Heraclitus surpasses his epigones, consequently, is that he demonstrates what he claims as he claims it: the *logos* is everywhere—in speech, speaker, and world.

As an example, take the most famous of his aphorisms, the so-called river fragment. "As they step into the same rivers, other and still other waters flow upon them" (B12). The Greek is artful in several significant ways. Before the comma it is as sibilant as an uninterrupted stream, whereas afterwards its harsher assonances signal the step's noisy interruption of its flow. More importantly, though, we should note how the Greek word for 'the same' could be associated with either 'rivers' or 'they' or both. In this particular translation, Charles Kahn's (1979), it is associated with 'rivers,' agreeing with the popular version of this thought. "You cannot step into the same river twice," goes this version, so that you, the stepper, are assumed to be a stable thing, but the river's waters flow so quickly as to pass by the moment you step into them. The form of Heraclitus's own aphorism, however, encodes a far richer content (Kahn 1979:166–68). The subjects of the stepping are plural, as are the rivers into which they step, so that the subject of the interaction need be no more unified than the object. In other words, reprising the popular version to voice this alternate meaning, "the same *you* cannot step into the river twice."

Whenever there is ambiguity in Heraclitus's prose, as Kahn argues (1979:87–95), he intends simultaneously the whole range of possible meanings. In the case of the river fragment, then, Heraclitus seems to intend instability in both subject and object together, and he does so with an aphorism that exhibits the same instability. As you step into a river, in short, both you and the waters of the river flow on, for you and the river are what you are—in a word, the same—only by this flowing. So too this aphorism, like so many others of Heraclitus: it steps into our thoughts and disrupts their flow, creating new currents and eddies, new appearances of stability, new surrealities and transferences, which is to say new selves. Since new selves bring fresh perspectives to old texts, furthermore, this aphorism also catalyzes new interpretations of itself. If this is right, the *logos* of self, aphorism, and river—or, more abstractly: thinker, thought, and world—reveals itself as identical: "By changing, it rests." This is one

way of summarizing—and thus distorting—the elusive *logos*. Another way emerges from the aphorisms on fire, which Heraclitus gives the same cosmic role as the *logos* itself: "The ordering, the same for all, no god nor man has made, but it ever was and is and will be: fire everliving, kindled in measures and in measures going out" (B30).

The Stoics and many Heraclitean scholars since them have taken this doctrine for a physics, believing that fire was for Heraclitus the prime substance of the cosmos, just as water or air were proposed by his immediate predecessors. But whether or not Heraclitus had a physics, he is certainly using fire as a prime example, a paradigm of the paradoxical pattern he sees everywhere. "Fire is need and satiety," he seems to have written (B65), and this aphorism among others has given him a reputation for flouting the hallowed principle of non-contradiction. "It is impossible," writes Aristotle, "for the same thing both to belong and not to belong at the same time to the same thing and in the same respect" (*Metaphysics,* 1005b19–21). Indeed, Aristotle goes so far as to call this "the firmest principle of all things," claiming that if one fails to heed it—as many even in antiquity thought Heraclitus failed to do—then one cannot have any knowledge at all (1005B23–24). Sympathetic philosophers have thus tried to resolve the paradoxes of Heraclitus, including this one about fire. For if fire were needy and satisfied at the same time (now), with respect to the same thing (its fuel), satisfaction would both belong and not belong to it, as would neediness, and it would flout the principle of non-contradiction.

The Stoics were obviously sympathetic to Heraclitus, and saved him from contradiction by making his fire—which became their prime substance, and thus their whole cosmos itself—oscillate between conflagration and extinction. At one time, according to them, the cosmic fire is satisfied and there is a holocaust; at another time, it becomes needy and is extinguished. Imagining a perpetual cosmic cycle between these extreme stages, the Stoics anticipated in some respects the doctrine of the Eternal Return found in the writings of another Heraclitean, Nietzsche. But no such elaborate cosmology is necessary to save Heraclitus from contradiction; in fact, cosmologies of any kind distract attention from the deep lessons available upon careful contemplation of everyday fire. "Most men do not think things in the way they encounter them," Heraclitus sighs over such misunderstandings, "nor do they recognize what they experience, but believe their own opinions" (B17). Consider the humble candle flame: even it is need and satiety with respect to the same thing (its fuel). After all, if it were not satisfied—having insufficient fuel to continue burning—it would be extinguished; likewise, if it were not needy—not consuming the fuel necessary to continue burning—it would also be extinguished. Its burning thus requires it to be needy and satisfied, a contradiction, at each moment. The point is difficult to grasp, but only because it demands that we freeze the flame in a moment. Fire cannot be frozen in a moment, since it is above all a process.

More than anything else, except perhaps a river, fire draws our attention to the fact that time is not composed of moments. Ironically, both Aristotle (*Physics* 4.10, 218a9–30) and certain Stoics (*SVF* 2.509) acknowledged this odd truth: time is infinitely divisible, so there are no atomic nows from which it is built, anymore than infinitely divisible space is built from atomic points. Instead, time is more like a river, into which you can step, so to speak, delimiting a now if you like, but thereby generating contradictions such as the simultaneous need and satiety of fire or the stasis of a river. More than any other philosopher, before or since, Heraclitus acknowledges this nature of time, not just in his aphorisms on the world, but also in his aphorisms on the self. For the same paradox that arose for fire arises also for the self, most clearly when he declares: "I went in search of myself" (B101). If Heraclitus is searching for himself, at a moment, he must both be himself and not be himself, since he is both the searcher and the sought. As searcher, he must be present to himself; as sought, he must be absent, lest there be no need for a search (Kahn 1979:116). As with fire, however, the paradox can be resolved by refusing to freeze self-inquiry in a moment. The search for self-knowledge, like the burning of a fire, is a process. Indeed, if Heraclitus be believed, it is never ending: "You will not find out the limits of the soul by going, even if you travel over every way, so deep is its *logos*" (B45). But why should Heraclitus be believed? Why is the *logos* of the soul so deep?

Like a fire that grows with the addition of fuel, the Heraclitean soul grows with the addition of knowledge. Marcus would later make this analogy himself, twice comparing the strong soul—the soul that is open to the world and its obstacles, with their opportunities for growth and learning—to "a bright fire that appropriates whatever you throw into it and from it produces flame and light" (10.31; cf. 4.1). By contrast, the weak soul, like the weak flame, is overwhelmed by almost anything the world throws upon it. Lest it be extinguished by contact with the risky world, it erects defenses against it, thereby suffocating itself slowly. The strong soul, however, expands by this same contact, drawing additional strength that enables it to expand still farther, always exceeding itself. "To the soul," Heraclitus therefore adds, "belongs a *logos* that increases itself" (B115). A soul is thus like a fire, but still more excessive, since it can go in search of itself. When it does, and succeeds in gaining self-knowledge, it augments itself with this new knowledge. Whereas a fire must burn fuel from without, the soul can burn fuel from within. Indeed, if the soul or self and its surreality are ultimately indistinguishable, as was argued earlier, whether it burn fuel from without or within, it is always to one degree or another burning itself. Its fuel is its own *logos*—as discernible in the river, or the fire, or even in the aphorisms themselves, as in introspection—and the self augments itself by any inquiry that reveals it. If the self augments itself by inquiring into itself, however, then the self creates itself by its quest for self-knowledge. By searching for itself, in short, a self becomes itself.

As the fire just is its activity of burning, so too is the self just this activity of self-inquiry. This is a difficult activity to grasp, more difficult even than the activity of fire, and for the same reason: grasping it seems to demand that we freeze the self in a moment. Were we to do so, as it inquires into itself, we would generate the following contradiction: since the self as subject of the inquiry investigates the self as object of the inquiry, the two selves must be different for there to be a genuine inquiry, but they must also be the same since the self inquires into itself. Yet this peculiar contradiction disappears, as it did with fire, once we acknowledge that the self, like fire, is an activity. To freeze it in a moment is to denature it; time is of its essence. But the self is a more complicated activity even than fire, it would seem, since its activity is self-referential. Its activity involves introspection, turning inward, as well as expansion outward. "The way up and down is one and the same" (B60): the investigation turns wherever it encounters the selfsame *logos*, expanding its engagement with the world, and thereby exceeding itself. No wonder, then, that Heraclitus speaks also in the plural of those who step into rivers. There is no nugget of self within, no nugget that persists unchanged through time as though outside of it. Instead, the self is as impermanent as a river, as active as a fire, as embedded in time as both.

Unlike them, however, the self comes to know this impermanence and activity in the impermanent activity of self-inquiry, the inquiry that is indistinguishable from itself. In this inquiry, it encounters its own self-exceeding *logos*, which turns out to be the same self-exceeding *logos* of the cosmos itself. A virtuous self will therefore be the one that inquires well, remaining open both to itself and the cosmos, with minimal defenses obstructing its inquiry, ever exceeding itself in wisdom about self and world. Though Heraclitus says little about the emotions, his Stoic successors do, and we may recall our earlier discussion of Solomon also to warrant naming this the loving self. Recognizing the logical identity of self and cosmos, this wise self regards death of self as calmly as cosmic death. By contrast, the vicious self—which we may name resentful—has no such consolation. It will inquire poorly, concealing itself from itself and closing itself to the cosmos, erecting defenses to frustrate its inquiry, ever shrinking in ignorance of self and world. Heraclitus seems to have begun his book with a litany of warnings against such vice, which he saw as typical of humanity. "Although the *logos* is shared," he wrote, "most men live their lives as though their thinking were a private possession" (B2). "Sleepers," he calls them (B1); "absent while present" (B34). As for the summit of virtue, which Heraclitus calls wisdom, just as we did in our account of psychoanalytic virtue, he famously declares from it that "it is wise, listening not to me but to the *logos*, to agree that all things are one" (B50). With far greater subtlety than his Stoic heirs, but with no fewer lessons for the immanent spirituality of psychoanalysis, then, Heraclitus too enjoins an affirmation of the whole world.

8. IMMORTAL MORTALS

Many aspects of this world are hard to affirm: conflict, suffering, death. Heraclitus does not ignore these aspects, nor does he dismiss them with the sort of pat theodicy that has given other immanent spiritualities a deserved reputation for insensitivity. Instead, he makes them integral to his worldview, albeit in a way that is easy to misconstrue as bellicose. "One must realize that war is shared," he thus writes, "and conflict is justice, and that all things come to pass in accordance with conflict" (B80). Although the Greek of this aphorism deliberately evokes the bloody war and greedy conflict denounced by his epic rivals, Homer and Hesiod, Heraclitus has in mind a universal principle according to which every unity is to some extent a tension of conflicting opposites. His best examples are bow and lyre, since both are tightly stringed instruments that must strain in opposite directions just to be the unities they are. But their unity in opposition reverberates further. The lyre, for instance, needs the initial opposition of its frame and strings not just to be a lyre but to produce a higher opposition of notes, which together form a harmony (Kahn 1979:197–99). This harmony, in turn, may oppose the voice of a singer to achieve a still richer unity from additional opposition. And so on. The bow, for its part, needs the opposition of its frame and strings not just to be a bow, but to produce the unified flight of an arrow, which kills. This killing—in hunting for food, at least—has its own role in the unity of opposites that is organic life. As it turns out, *bios* is Greek both for life and for bow. Thus exploiting an opportunity to show the *logos* of conflict at work in language as well as the world, Heraclitus draws attention to this ironic unity in opposition: "The name of the bow is life; its work is death" (B48). Exploiting another opportunity to show the *logos* of conflict at work in narrative as well as the world, Heraclitus relies on familiarity with Apollo, whose twin accoutrements were bow and lyre, weapon of war and adornment of peace. Inscribed over Apollo's temple at Delphi was the motto that could with equal justice hang over the office of a psychoanalyst: *gnōthi seauton*, know yourself.

One cannot validly conclude from these few observations about bows and lyres, let alone about a forgotten god of antiquity, that every unity is the harmony of opposites. That said, Heraclitus invites his readers to extrapolate from them to everything else. Bemoaning the negligence of most humans, he says that "they do not comprehend how a thing agrees at variance with itself: an attunement, reverting on itself like that of the bow and the lyre" (B51). Two sets of allusions make this aphorism especially resonant. First of all, by alluding to other aphorisms about cyclical reversions (B31a, B94, B120), this aphorism reverts to them, characteristically exhibiting the very *logos* it describes (Kahn 1979:199). Again, literary art serves not merely to attract our admiration, but more importantly to demonstrate in speech (*logos*) the account (*logos*) of the world the speech describes. Secondly, and more importantly, by alluding to the first sentence of his book, where he rebuked humans for failing to comprehend the *logos* that surrounds them, he associates the *logos* with this new point about unity in opposition, deepening our understanding of it:

everything is not just in time, but all exists thanks to conflict. Indeed, it is situation in time that renders everything a unity of opposites. Consider again fire, the paradigm temporal process, both need and satiety, destroying as it creates. Heraclitus sometimes hints that this fire is his god (B30, B64, B65, B66), just as he gives to war the epithet of Zeus ("father of all and king of all," B53), but the one aphorism that defines this god makes clear that he is celebrating not fire or war in particular, but rather the temporal unity in opposition that they exemplify: "The god: day and night, winter and summer, war and peace, satiety and hunger. It alters, as when mingled with perfumes it gets named according to the pleasure of each one" (B67).

The first sentence lacks a verb, or any syntax at all; it is nothing but a series of nouns. The second sentence, at least in the Greek, has no subject, and is nothing but syntax (Kahn 1979:276–77). "Grammar," wrote Nietzsche, "is the metaphysics of the people" (*The Gay Science* 354). On the one hand, nouns more than any other part of speech trick us into thinking of things in the world as static: 'fire' and 'self' seem to refer to stable things, to nuggets, although we have seen how they misrepresent their referents by doing so. Heraclitus destabilizes this implication ingeniously by listing only nouns that are polar opposites, suggesting that the god is no one stable thing to which any of them refers, but instead the process of opposition between them all. Verbs, on the other hand, convey processes, and Heraclitus has written the second sentence to highlight this virtue. Not content to rest there—as if to ossify the verb, which can trick us equally into thinking processes too are stable—his two sentences stand in perfect grammatical opposition. The *logos* he hints at with this aphorism, then, is not in one sentence or the other, but rather in the unified tension of the two together. As so many other aphorisms, then, this one exhibits the *logos* it conveys: the immanent god is the unity of all these opposites, never static but always exceeding itself, the very process of their opposition at work in thought, language, and the world alike. This god redeems us neither from time nor from conflict; on the contrary, the celebration of this god promises to immerse us more deeply in time and conflict. This immersion nonetheless responds to our *désir d'éternité*, although the response is very difficult to accept, so difficult that it must be worked through affectively as well as cognitively: "Immortals are mortal, mortals immortal, living the other's death, dead in the others' life." (B62)

If our selves really are like rivers, sustaining themselves only by the patterns of their flows, then the interruption of these flows is tantamount to their death. But we have already noticed how just an aphorism may effect such an interruption. Heraclitean aphorisms thus have murderous power, but so too do psychoanalytic interpretations—alongside great works of literature, religious liturgies, the traumata of childhood, and so many other unpredictable events of this marvelous world. Even in our everyday lives, within every moment, within our very selves themselves, old selves die and new ones are born. These births and deaths are not inconsequential. After all, psychoanalysis often deals with the mourning of these

mini-deaths: the moments irretrievably gone, their selves lost with them. As in psychoanalysis, however, so too in Heraclitean philosophy: mourning death properly retrieves new vitality for life. Mini-births are no less cause for jubilation than are mini-deaths occasions of grief. Consolation is available, therefore, in the carefully focused recognition that every moment brings the birth of a new self as well as the death of an old one. If this consolation be sufficient for everyday life—and in those whom it consoles, like Marcus, its cultivation by daily meditation is no easy task—when we face the death of a beloved we may bring it to a higher level, rising above the quotidian flow of selves to see a higher-order pattern, the macro-deaths and macro-births of macro-selves. The *logos* is the same.

The same *logos*, in fact, can be iterated infinitely: to mourn the deaths of whole families, communities, and nations; to mourn intellectual and artistic traditions lost, civilizations in decline, and the inevitable demise of humanity itself; indeed, at the outermost reaches of this spiritual exercise, the Heraclitean would contemplate the demise of this universe, the succession of universes of which it is a part, the succession of this succession, and so on. With each iteration, to be sure, the *logos* becomes more difficult to maintain, both emotionally and intellectually, since wisdom requires both cognition and affection to rise together to achieve love's knowledge. To those who have not begun by cultivating the micro-perspective, each iteration of this *logos* will appear more absurd than the last. But to Heraclitus and Marcus, who now appear more plainly to aspire to the same wisdom, the daily meditation on time and conflict—whether upon a river, a fire, or the instantaneous exchange of selves—aims to produce a vertiginous wisdom. With far greater subtlety than his Stoic heirs, but with no fewer lessons for the immanent spirituality of psychoanalysis, Heraclitus too enjoins an affirmation of the whole world—not a fantasy of it, free from the passing of time and its conflicts, but rather all of it. Heraclitus celebrates time, conflict, and the meaning they make possible, as we shall see in the next and final section. This celebration is his *logos*, and with this *logos* he responds to the *désir d'éternité* so deep within the human heart.

9. Immanent Spirituality

Mourning the dead more deeply than anyone who believes in an immortal soul, since they acknowledge that death is an irredeemable end, Heracliteans escape their melancholia and seek no more consolation in the incoherent fantasy of transcendent redemption from time. Rather, they affirm this temporal world. Rich in conflict, suffering, and opposition, considered from an ever higher level it appears nonetheless a marvelous unity. This Heraclitean response to the *désir d'éternité* is also available to psychoanalysts willing to recognize their practice as a spirituality; indeed, this paper has argued that the practice of analysis—with its special therapeutic action of wisdom, love's knowledge—commits them to this response. For without the opposition and conflict, this life and world would bear no marvel at all, but

would instead be a sterile bore. The love we know in this life, like everything known in this world, is woven with finite threads. When these threads come to an end, and the weaving must stop, we hurt, want to weave on, and so dream of infinite—which is to say eternal—threads. But remove finitude, and the fabric of everything we know comes apart.

Try to imagine a baseball game with an infinite number of innings. Even if the glorious bodies of the eschaton could play without fatigue forever, the deepest problem with this alluring fantasy—at least for baseball enthusiasts—is that there could never be a winner. No matter how wide a gap in score opened up during such a game, the losing team would always have the promise of other innings in which to close it. From so specious a consolation, however, would disappear all the meaning and drama of the game. Or, if the drama of sport has never gripped you, try to imagine Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire dancing to a song of infinite length. Their technique would remain as dazzling as the talent of the resurrected Lou Gehrig, and it is just as tempting to fantasize about them dancing forever as it is to imagine him playing his last game one more inning, and then another....But what was most valuable in their art, as in his play, would then be lost. Without a sense of the end, and thus of the shape of their movements, the beauty and drama they achieved in finite time would become the eternal and thus meaningless repetition of technique. And so on for every activity we know. Life itself, as the activity of activities, requires the finitude imposed on it by death to preserve its meaning.

The Homeric gods were dimly aware of this, despite their contempt for mere mortals, since in truth they need nothing more desperately than the human drama they have created—especially the tragedy of Troy, where their mortal offspring risk their ephemeral lives—to lend their otherwise repetitious and senseless lives both drama and meaning. Zeus fights with Hera from time to time, but there is no quarrel so serious that it cannot be remedied with another round of ambrosia. Without Sarpedon to mourn, what drama would remain to him? Without Paris to punish, what drama would remain to her? Nietzsche first recovered this tragic wisdom for modern Europe in his celebration not just of the birth of tragedy (by his account, before Socrates killed it), but also of philosophy in the tragic age of the Greeks (by his reckoning, the period before Socrates). In this age, one philosopher more than any other captured this wisdom, with its sensitivity to the passing of all things but passing itself. “The world forever needs the truth,” wrote Nietzsche, “hence the world forever needs Heraclitus” (Nietzsche 1873/1998:68). This Heraclitean truth is very difficult to maintain alongside the *désir d’éternité*, but no less true for that: death is the prerequisite of meaning. The contrast with the “ethical insight” Taylor mistakenly infers from Nietzsche’s refrain that all joy longs for eternity could not be starker: “death undermines meaning” (Taylor 2007:722). Nor could this contrast be more important to our everyday existence.

Transcendence, on the one hand, promises to redeem both lover and beloved alike from the finitude imposed on time by death. The practitioner of transcendent spirituality thus tries to cultivate a

perspective—by prayer, liturgy, and works of mercy—from which love appears bathed in the light of eternity. Immanence, on the other hand, sees promises of redemption as seductive tricks, not so much because there is no redeemer, but because there *cannot* be one. Or, to put the point too bluntly, if there were a redeemer, it could only be Satan, for to redeem us from death, were it even possible, would rob us of the meaning and drama that make us the envy of the gods. The practitioner of immanent spirituality thus tries to cultivate a contrary perspective, one from which these seductive tricks appear as such, and from which love appears always in the shadow of death. The goal is not pessimism, any more than the goal of transcendent spirituality is optimism. Rather, the goal is meaning. The problem typically laid before those who forego transcendence—the problem of meaninglessness—belongs instead at the feet of those who advocate it. The special problem for immanent spirituality is rather how to respond to the *désir d'éternité* to which transcendent spirituality has such a ready answer.

Since the longing for eternity seems truly inexorable, it cannot be simply denied, the way so many anti-clerical and utopian fantasies of modernity have tried to do. These denials have produced, as we all know, no paradise but instead hell on earth, "a victory for darkness" (Taylor 2007:376), where the longing for eternity found perverse expression in guillotines, concentration camps, and gulags. What is needed from an immanent spirituality, then, is a way not of denying this desire but of working through it. Psychoanalysis, more than any other modern practice, offers a way to do this—and more so when it reconnects with its ancient heritage. For if psychoanalysis is to flourish as a spiritual practice, properly understood, it must have a clearer account of what this working-through, this *durcharbeiten*, requires, and it must also ensure that this account is broad enough to encompass rather than dismiss our deepest longing. The goal of this paper has been to provide just such an account.

According to its argument, in sum, psychoanalysis transforms and heals character through a growth in wisdom. This wisdom is as affective as it is cognitive, as concerned with the present as it is with all time, and as constitutive of the self as it is causal in its healing. It is a self-exceeding surreality, love's knowledge, an ever richer affirmation of the world. It thus responds to the *désir d'éternité*, gathering together the scattered moments of meaning into a whole, namely the creative and immanent self. This self is not narcissistic, since it absorbs the diversity of the world and enriches itself with its complexity, rather than projecting upon it omnipotent or resentful fantasies. Neither is this self super-natural, since it inhabits the temporal world of conflict, recognizing risk as integral to its drama, opposition as necessary for every unity, and death as prerequisite for any meaning in life. This self reveals itself as nothing other than the self that inquires into itself and its world. No worldview, no practical technique, no modern spiritual exercise, finally, appears better equipped to promote this inquiry than psychoanalysis.

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