

they are not attended to daily can take on alien infections and then disease a whole personality. Again, I will be forced to pay attention to my own sufferings and needs, if I am to be of service to anyone else.

Of all the obstacles which come in the way of any encounter, curiosity deserves special notice. I do not mean the morbid or perverted curiosity of which we each have our share as part of the evil or original sin without which it is inconceivable that we exist at all. Curiosity is not only sublimated scopophilia or voyeurism, the lubricity of vicarious living through another's dirt and thrills. Anyone engaged in work involving privacy has to come to terms with this side of his nature. Curiosity can indeed be nothing more than a nose for gossip arising from un-lived life and life lived through others.

But curiosity is also a deeper failing. To St. Bernard of Clairvaux, whose *Nosce Te ipsum* describes the spiritual discipline of self-knowledge, the primary step off the path in the wrong direction was not pride, not sloth, not lust—but *curiositas*. St. Bernard speaks mainly of its destructiveness in regard to oneself, of the harm the curious mind can have upon peace of soul and spiritual enlightenment. The ego, with its light, attempts to ferret out causes in hidden recesses of the personality, searches for detailed childhood memories, promotes sweet sessions of silent introspection. We are curious to know who we are and how we got this way, whereas the religious attitude would recognize from the first that we are God's creatures and we are what we are owing to His purpose working in the soul rather than to accidents of upbringing and circumstance. Interpreted in terms of depth psychology, St. Bernard's caution means allowing the unconscious to come in its own way at its own time without trying to piece together in a curious fashion a case history as an explanation in answer to the question "why."

So, too, *vis-à-vis* the person in the other chair, curiosity

awakens curiosity in the other. He then begins to look at himself as an object, to judge himself good or bad, to find faults and place blame for these faults, to develop more super-ego and ego at the expense of simple awareness, to see himself as a case with a label from the textbook, to consider himself as a problem rather than to feel himself as a soul.

In practical work, curiosity manifests itself in questions. I am asked: "Do other people have dreams like this?" Or a person reads Klein, Horney, Fromm, in order to find out how "other schools" would treat the same problem. This is often called "intellectualization," but it is rather a problem of feeling. Curiosity springs from feelings of doubt and uncertainty; one needs to find others to confirm experience rather than having faith in oneself. Curiosity destroys trust in the analyst or counselor by continual comparisons, by attempts to get outside the situation and judge it, decide about it, from a so-called objective point of view. The objective point of view is a place on the hillside where one is out of the feeling-maelstrom. But there is as much objectivity plunged into the center of the turning wheel as there is far and high above looking down.

Curiosity not only hounds and ferrets; it badgers and hangs on like a bulldog. Once some secrets have come out and been confessed they do not need to be referred to again and again, built into cornerstones for a psychopathology. The aim of confession is lustration; what is washed away is gone, carried off by the river to a far sea. The unconscious can absorb our sins. It lets them rest, giving the feeling of self-forgiveness. Curiosity wants to find out what the sins are doing now: are they really gone? isn't there something else? In this manner curiosity does not let a complex wither. Instead, it feeds the complex, bringing to it new possibilities, increasing guilt. Nothing can lead an encounter more astray—and under the illusion of progressive therapeutic discoveries—than when a person gripped by the urge scrupulously to confess falls into

the hands of a counselor of insatiable curiosity. Curiosity is negative introversion, narrowly introspective rather than openly contemplative. Thus *The Cloud of Unknowing* considers curiosity a part of activity and not fitting to the contemplative life—that is, the listener's attitude. Also that great director of souls, Fenelon (1651-1715), in his *Spiritual Letters*, declares that curiosity is overactivity. He describes how the conversation between two people in two chairs takes place. In brief, he finds it necessary that one turn to someone from time to time (a confessor, a counselor, an analyst). And he says,

It is not necessary that such a person has arrived, or has better behaviour than you. It suffices that you converse in all simplicity with some persons well removed from all intellectualization and all curiosity. (*Letters* ¶ 156.)

That "some person," the counselor, according to Fenelon, need not have specially good behavior, need not be a moral paragon or the exemplary man, but he would have stilled his curious and inquiring mind.

Modern forms of curiosity show themselves very well in analysis, especially where much attention is paid to psychodynamics. Analysis of this sort, whether concerned with early childhood, or with transference reactions, goes by way of prying and inquiring, as if the depths of the soul could only be penetrated through curiosity about them. Then we find the endless tracing of associations, the figurings-out of mechanisms, and diagnoses which lead to the amateur use of clinical language as a popular pastime (the epithets "neurotic," "paranoid," "manic"). Who can figure out another person? Who can figure out himself? Who can add one cubit to his stature with worrying introspection? God alone may know us, but this knowledge surely is not the result of His having figured us out, solved us like a puzzle. Especially misleading is the notion that if we assiduously gather the details of a case

we can piece together the mystery of a person. Details of life's accidents, unless they be representatively symbolic, are never essential to the soul. They form only its collective clutter and peripheral trivia and not its individual substance. The person who comes to counseling comes to be freed from the oppression with accidents, to find truth by stepping clean out of banalities which he himself recognizes as such but is obsessively trapped within. The task at this point is to leap qualitatively into the unknown, rather than to find out more by inquiring into the bits and pieces for the sake of finding a pattern. How much time old people give to their reflections and memoirs and how little pattern they can discover after all their long lives! The longer and better one knows another, as in a deep analysis extending through the years, the less one can say for sure about the true root of the trouble, since the true root is always the person himself and the person is neither a disease nor a problem, but a fundamentally insoluble mystery.

Curiosity in psychology today shows itself also in psychological testing. There are now thousands of standardized and copyrighted psychological tests, and there are professional people who make their living by the use of these tests. Curiosity for them has become a refined technique and a good source of income. Testing is a respected professional work; there are Ph.D.'s in curiosity. Tests attempt to treat the psyche or soul as a puzzle that can be solved, taken apart, put together, counted, labeled, known. Tests make us curious about ourselves, our traits and tendencies. Besides making us competitive, they take us outside ourselves as experiencing subjects, splitting us apart into an observer and an object. A question calls for an answer; the subject demands an object. Curiosity does not unite. It raises doubts and gnaws at self-confidence, my faith in myself. Where I am being tested by someone else, that table and pad and questions are between us. There is no connection, no encounter.

Pastoral counseling is not necessarily spared the effects of test psychology, for when a minister interviews someone with an attitude borrowed from this sort of psychology, when he asks for school and work and sexual data, when he attempts to tabulate results or score another for achievements, his little psychological knowledge has become a dangerous thing.

Psychodynamic analysis and test psychology are only two of the ways curiosity has affected our work today. There is another: behavior analysis or the microanalysis of communication. This method records, and even films or views through one-way mirrors, a meeting between two people in order to analyze it, to find out what goes on and what goes wrong. Every gesture, posture, inflection, pause, interruption, is studied for the clues it reveals. A great deal of the unconscious can be made conscious in this manner. Someone watching me for my foibles and listening to the way I speak rather than to what I am saying will pick up much evidence for habits that are unconscious to me and be able to tell me much about the way in which I express anxiety and communicate uncertainty to another person. We do not always know that we tend to hold our thumbs clenched inside our fists, or frown worriedly, or sit slumped disinterestedly.

All these current methods of getting to know the other person, of using curiosity through psychodynamic analyses, projective tests, or tape recordings, have recently been pushed on us who are engaged in human problems as aids to our work. But does knowledge obtained at the expense of splitting observer and observed even further apart, and splitting the individual within himself from himself, aid in the care or cure of souls? And what of this knowledge can be realized and integrated by the developing personality whose suffering is part of his growth? We might ask why these methods have appeared and whether they are not rather substitutions for the immediate and vulnerable human connection. It is as if we had become so isolated and trapped in our ego defenses

that an entire psychological spy apparatus had to be invented for communication between the keeps of our interior castles. The city and nation divided against itself is a symbol of our times, and where there is no human connection through the wall between East and West or North and South, then the curiosity systems of the spies proliferate. "Watch yourself," "Look out now," become the words, rather than "Listen, and give ear. . . ."

All methods of curiosity of mind block the meeting of minds. Where they would get through defenses, they only succeeded in causing alarms that tighten security. Spontaneity and the free-told tale gushed forth helter-skelter are stopped. One's account of oneself becomes cold mutton, for all emotion is being kept in reserve lest one give oneself away.

In other words, the first block to knowing another is wanting to know another. Here is where my needs come to my aid. If my need to be an analyst or a counselor is genuinely rooted in my being as a call to be what I am, part of my own realization of personality, I can express that need to fulfill myself without pressing forward professionally into the domain of the other. My questions then will not arise from curiosity, nor will my knowledge derive from detached observation. Rather, my questions are part of my own quest to explore human nature, myself included. Questions of this sort have no answers; but they do evoke responses. And these responses are a spontaneous movement on the part of both toward the essence of the matter at hand. Curiosity about fact and detail gives way before the open contemplation of what is, just as it comes. By abandoning techniques of interrogation, the questioner frees the answerer from being identified with his answers, trapped into his case history, his accidental life, guilty for what he has said. The interview, redeemed from the inquisitorial model, transforms into an encounter.

"Prudens quaestio dimidium scientiae." The imprudent question arising from curiosity not only infringes upon secrecy and a person's inner worth and world. It also fractures distance. All animals have a natural sense of distance. When birds sit on a telegraph wire, or gulls on the railing of a pier, they sit a certain distance from each other. When a stray cat crouches on a wall as I pass, it stays fixed watching until I come to a certain invisible line, then it flashes off. Circus animals are trained through the manipulation of psychic distance. The lions are let into the arena one by one and sit each on his stool, not too near one another. If the trainer moves in too closely with his whip or chair, which are extensions of himself, he sets off the flight-or-fight reaction in the animal. It must either flee from its position or slap out with a paw and snarl. A sign of taming an animal is the gradual diminishing of its natural distance. Trust is shown by the animal when it lets another animal or trainer overcome its "critical distance" and move in closer and closer without the instinctual reaction of flight-or-fight.

In the encounter between humans these same animal patterns operate. Through the course of civilization we have been able to separate physical distance from psychological distance. We can stand in a crowded elevator or be examined naked by a physician without feeling that our psychological distance is invaded. We have psychological defenses at our service behind which we can protect ourselves. But in an encounter between two people, deep reactions of natural distance nevertheless still do affect the connection. The problem of distance, of how near to get, comes into every meeting. Some people about whom the word hysteria is used seem to come too close too soon. Others called schizoid seem remote even as they describe their feelings. In a situation where one moves in too quickly with tests or interviews or requests for confession, natural distance may easily be fractured, releas-

ing the flight-or-fight reaction. After one interview, the person never comes back. Unable to fight you, he has taken flight.

Each person has his own space; moreover, one cannot expect a complete display of a basic problem until there is space for it. A basic problem is a painful confusion. It seems to fill a person's whole life, being of enormous weight, trailing off-shoots and attachments throughout his growth. It has neither beginning nor end, and it cannot be dealt with unless a great deal of psychic space has been allowed it. It is, as well, kept in a psychological space of its own characterized by an atmospheric tension, a mood of depression or nervousness, of bitterness or longing. No one can take up a basic problem except by going into and living within this atmosphere in which the problem is kept.

If someone has distance to his problems and shows this by describing them clearly, using diagnostic categories and reporting freely traumatic incidents, it is a rule of thumb that an essential part, the very key to it all, has been omitted. Since problems in psychology are not something people have but something people are, it is not uncommon to work with people for many weeks—even as long as a year—before getting close to what the real matter is, near to the reason why the person has come to therapy at all.

When the great circus cats enter the cage, they follow each other according to feelings of sympathy and antipathy. Some lions will not follow others, some will side with others in a struggle, some will identify with the strongest, or with the trainer. The relevance of this in group work is evident. In all cases the lion-tamer occupies the cage first; it is his space and the lions recognize this. So, too, the analyst or counselor is in his office first, it is his room, his space. The tiger occupies his new cage at a zoo by urinating in all its corners. He makes his mark at the boundaries of his existential space. The analyst or counselor puts his little objects around, hangs his tokens on the walls, paints the woodwork his favorite color.

In receiving a person into my room, the animal pattern of the cage is just below the surface. The bush is a world of territories patterned according to scents, crisscrossed by tracks, organized in hierarchies. There can only be room within my office for another if I make room, if I cease to occupy enough space so that the other can come in, not dissolved before my power and authority, but encased in his own atmosphere. For the other person to open and talk requires a withdrawal of the counselor. I must withdraw to make room for the other. To call this client-centered therapy is not enough, for as long as he is the client and it is my room, he is never the center, and his transference projections upon the therapist keep him certain of his inferiority. This withdrawal, rather than going-out-to-meet the other, is an intense act of concentration, a model for which can be found in the Jewish mystical doctrine of *Tsimtsum*. God as omnipresent and omnipotent was everywhere. He filled the universe with His Being. How then could the creation come about? Not through emanation, God issuing forth from Himself, for there would be no space, and if there were space it would imply an imperfection of God, a place empty, where He was not. Therefore, God had to create by withdrawal; He created the not-Him, the other, by self-contraction, self-concentration. From this doctrine many mystical speculations arose concerning the hidden splendor of God, and its parallels for mystical man, who through intensification, withdrawal, and exile from the outer world aids the creation. On the human level, withdrawal of myself aids the other to come into being.

St. John of the Cross states the paradox of distance simply as "*sin arrimo y con arrimo*": without approaching, approaching.

Where the analyst only exceptionally meets with his analysand outside of his consulting room, and the physician makes house calls ever more rarely, the minister has the unique opportunity of entering the home and performing his

pastoral function within the natural habitat of his charge. The discussions which take place about "visits" of the minister, whether he may telephone a member of the congregation if he is worried about him, whether he ought to call on a woman when her husband is at work and she is alone, whether the children should be allowed in or not—in short, the entire question of managing the spatial problem of the human connection, may better be seen as one of attitude rather than as one of technique. Under the influence of psychotherapy and the medical model of the analyst, ministers tend more and more to see their troubled parishioners in their studies ("dens," "lairs," "retreats"). This only cuts the ministers off further from their charges, turning parishioners indeed into patients, owing to the anxiety of the minister about handling the human connection on the spot, where the action is. The minister has a unique opportunity of entering the home, the family itself, where the soul goes through its torments. The tradition of pastoral care shows that the minister not only may make visits, he must make them. The shepherd looks after his flock; his dog follows up strays, has an ear cocked for trouble, and puts its nose in everywhere. This is possible if the shepherd understands distance and does not feel reduced and subdued entering the space of the other.

Keeping distance touches on the nature of secrecy and the respect which secrets demand.¹ The soul not only has secrets but is itself a secret, or, to put it another way, the flight-or-fight reaction in the human protects his most vital psychological truth. His soul is at stake just as the animal feels his life threatened. Of course, secrets wrongly kept act as poisons and the psyche wants to be purged of them through confession. But not all secret life is pathological, nor all shame and shyness due to sins. Secrets shared build trust and trust

¹ The reader might refer to C. G. Jung's illuminating paragraphs on secrecy in his autobiography *Memories Dreams Reflections* (New York, 1963), p. 315f., and also to "Medical Secrecy and Analytical Mystery," the last chapter of my *Suicide and the Soul* (New York, 1965).

tames the flight-or-fight problem of distance. No wonder that there is no such thing as short psychotherapy where the soul is fully involved.

Distance is very often confused with coldness, just as closeness and nearness with warmth. We all do so want to be warm, loving, and open people! The reproach of coldness is one of the most difficult to take—and it is a very common one. Yet often it is not that the counselor or therapist is cold, but that he keeps his distance, keeps contained within himself. This has several effects on the other person. Primarily it constellates the other person as "other," as different, separate, with its painfulness of being himself, alone. If the other is of the opposite sex, my distance emphasizes the difference between us, which is symbolized at its most basic as sexual polarity. Distance creates us into man and woman; fusion makes us both or neither. So, of course, the polarity is experienced as attraction or repulsion and we are caught by the phenomena of transference. Emotion appears and deep counseling begins. Secondly, my distance gives the other person a chance to come out, to make a bridge, to bring into play his own extraverted feeling and emotion, even if only at the wordless level of weeping. Thirdly, it constellates dignity and respect for the problems. Nothing gives the soul more chance than quiet; it cannot be heard above noise. This may sound grave and pious, and any attitude when put on as medical coat or clerical collar or analytical beard can be misused. But above all we do not want to rouse fear, and there is always tremendous fear—flight-or-fight—where the soul is concerned. The danger of its loss, of damage to it, of its being misled, falsely advised, judged, damned—all are present during the therapeutic encounter. And it is mainly in fear and from fear that we are sought out. The fear may be projected upon us so that we represent the unconscious as threat and enemy. Since only "perfect love casts out fear," fear must at least be banned from the setting until love can equal its

power. As long as fear is present, the space of counseling may best be regarded as a temple preserve or *temenos*, a permissive sanctuary giving refuge from fear. Active love cannot redeem from fear, whereas stillness, coolness, darkness, and patience may provide the cave in which to hide until the night is over. First shelter, only later the fire which warms and gives light. Active love cannot redeem from fear since the deepest core of fear—as religious and psychological observers concur—is the fear of love itself. Love's imperfections so long suffered from childhood onward have led to this fear in which love lies hidden, a complex of excruciating sensitivity. To touch this complex even with loving counseling can be therapeutic only when fear abates and only when issuing from one whose love is "perfect"—however that may be understood. Only such love casts out fear, but such love is none of our doing, not of our making. It is beyond the direct touch of counseling which lies in its shadow; as if every human encounter lay under the wing of the dove, as if the shadow of all counseling is the darkness of love.

Theologians take every opportunity to affirm that God is Love. Analysts spend much of their writing time on aspects of love in family, in sexuality, in transference. Why must we do so much preaching and writing about love since we are always immersed in it in one form or another? Why is it so necessary to state that the greatest of the virtues is love and why so necessary to prove that neuroses are imperfections and vicissitudes of love? If love is so ontologically fundamental for theology and psychology why can we not just let it be? Why does it not just happen and why are we not aware of its utter uncomplicated simplicity as we are of other ontological fundamentals which just happen? If love is the essence of man and of God, from whence the impediments? Why its darkness? Why the terrible troubles of love?

Questions of this sort have no answer; nevertheless, an-

alytical experience does tell us something about why loving is so difficult and why distance and secrecy and coolness all may be necessary. They give protection against love—and love wounds. The myths say love is experienced through the arrow of Eros. In Plato, it is a divine frenzy, a *mania*. Jesus' love led to the cross.

The human encounter is difficult because it leads to that wounding experience, that *mania*, that exhaustion of the only-human. At a distance, separated by interview techniques, we are less easily reached and touched; the arrows may fall short. Curiosity excludes the heart. In a group, we are not so soon singled out, chosen, encountered. Alone, there are no eyes to meet mine. But in the human encounter of two people in two chairs meeting each other we have a primary situation of loving. Alone in a room, face to face, in secrecy, the soul laid bare, the future at stake—does this not constellate the archetypal experience of human love? We come no further in our understanding by pejoratively naming the experience "projection" or denigrating it as "transference." Two people committed to each other and to the course of their involvement in the sufferings of the psyche are at once played through by the archetypal force of love. This is yet stronger where they together hope through their encounters to create a new life as a result of their union. We do well to bear this reality in mind from the beginning as a given of the situation, else it may hit from behind and we may fall in it; we may fall in love, regardless of the sexes, the ages, the conditions. Then it is well to remember the *Song of Songs*: "I adjure you that ye stir not up nor awaken love until it please."

Love does not please until we can somehow cope with it, and we cannot cope with it as long as it is an affect rather than a state of being. Love as a state of being, as Tillich describes it, belongs perhaps to the province of theology. In analysis, we encounter love usually as an affect, an emotional *tubuh*. And in counseling love resembles more the affect

of analysis than the state of being taught by Paul, Nygren, and Tillich in theological school.

The opposites of desire and inwardness, of action and being, are reflected by two opposing traditions of loving which for simplicity's sake can be called Oriental and Western. Holding to the depth and inwardness of love alone is quietistic. Somehow it is inhuman; it negates the living reality of the object of longing by feeding him or her as an image into love as a state of being to be buried there within. On the other hand, Western charity with its reaching out in contact, its programs of Christ in action and the Church in service of the community, its movement and mission, soon empties the well, a vain gesture beating the air. If depth without action is inhuman and action without depth folly, then the solution to the split between these two ancient notions of love—as desire or as state of being—may depend on the individual analyst or counselor: to what extent he is able to connect within himself his impulse to extraverted action with his introverted depths. These two opposing movements form the individual cross of love, psychologically seen. For the sake of finding the center, one or the other direction may have to be sacrificed for a time. I may be able to come to my depths of loving solely through following the impulse to action, living love to the fullest as an affect, forsaking all that I have learned that such love is not the real thing, only a *mania* and a disorder. Or I may have to renounce a powerful involvement in order to take love back into myself, even though I know this withdrawal betrays personal commitment.

In general, our danger in counseling and in analysis is that of having too short an inward axis to bear the range of our extensive involvements. Indeed, I may love to the uttermost outwardly, but should the vertical connection to the ground of being within myself, to my love of myself, toward myself, by myself, not yet be formed, I will have stirred up a love that cannot please. All the issues we have discussed so far turn on

this point: the human encounter depends on an inner connection. To be in touch with you I need to be in touch within.

If I am not connected within myself and you come along and throw a bridge over the distance between us, it may make me rush across through the power of attraction (magnified by the lack of inner ground) to fall into your arms and lose my identity; or I may panic at your invasion. The human connection is an extraverted encounter to be sure, and the communication between people unites through interchange, interview, interpersonal relations. But there is as well the intrapersonal relation, the vertical connection downward within each individual. If I have established this axis, I am present with my feeling, listening, open to myself within myself to whatever comes, anchored, rooted, a fixed and turning pivot which no faery lights from far can fetch away. From the outside this may seem withdrawn, distant, uncurious, closed, and cold; yet this may be only the counter-pull to the horizontal attraction of the encounter. Besides, as I withdraw downward, more space is allowed you to express yourself.

Moreover, two people each inwardly connected are communing with each other as well. Two people may be in the same psychological place, constellated by the same state of soul, in communion without demonstratively sharing. Communion is not only communication. The inner connection is the contact two can have with each other from within, from below; for if I am connected to this moment just now as it is I am also open and connected to you. The ground of being in the depths is not just my own personal ground; it is the universal support of each, to which each finds access through an inner connection. We meet one another as well through reflecting the collective unconscious as we do through expressing ourselves in personal communications. Healing takes place in the same way, depending not so much upon my effect on you or your effect on me, but upon the effect of critical moments, archetypal events, welling up from within and re-

flected in our meeting. In each such moment some need of the common human soul is being expressed, and my needs and your needs are being reflected and met without a busy interchange on the personal level. Thus crises are healing just because they take one below personal communications and commiserations into the archetypally signal event. Astonishingly one finds oneself engaged in a Biblical parallel—conniving for a birthright, thrown into a pit by envious brothers, setting a daughter against her mother; or a whale waits to swallow one in midnight depression, and Rahab and Potiphar's wife come calling. Plunged suddenly to this level of the impersonal and ever-recurring one-time-only moment, the turning point at the crossroad, two people stand together experiencing the event, together attempting its meaning.

As communion of this sort differs from communication, so does intimacy differ from community. The attempt to re-establish the Christian community through groups—for all its achievements, which are not my task to question—perhaps does fail in regard to intimacy. Here analysis still points the way. In intimacy, I am intimate first of all with myself, allowing myself to feel just what I feel, fantasy just what I do in fact fantasy, hear my inner voice true to life. Through my inner connection I can experience shame, misery, and new pleasures, too. I can come to know myself by revealing myself to myself. In an analysis, the intimacy grows between two people less through the horizontal connection than through the parallel vertical connections of each within himself. Each listens as much to the effect of the other within and to these inner reactions as to the other. Each takes the other in. Each meets the other also in his own dreams and fantasies. From this intimacy, this knowledge from within, community can grow, as some analysts expand their analytical relationships into groups and friendships. But the nucleus remains the intimacy developed within the analysis. For the minister to program intimacy, expecting it as a result of sharing and

participation in the community, is to presume that the vertical movement is an offshoot of the relationship between people. Forced intimacy, in groups for instance, usually drives into deeper concealment those parts of the soul which can be shared only where two or three come together, not a multitude.

If the human encounter stirs love as an archetypal force, then the counselor will be glad of the barriers which spring naturally between people, for these are spontaneous defenses. They are not made by the ego; they are rather the ways in which the unfolding growth of the psyche protects itself in shyness and secrecy, in distance and coolness, in reserve and dignity, until it has established the vertical pivot within, that human connection which must balance the developing outer connection between humans. Only when this exists, when this access to my love of myself as I am, fills me with faith in myself as I am and hope for myself as I am, can there be an encounter in the numinous sense of the word. Only then is somebody there, somebody with access to his own vitality, through whom reactions sound and blood-feeling responds, all there, without flight-or-fight, or curiosity.

The movement downward and inward shall occupy us particularly in the next chapter, where the reality of the unconscious is the theme. The human encounter, as the first level of counseling work, leads to the inner connection within the counselor and the counseled. The inner connection leads also to the general problem of what is "inside," that is, the nature of the unconscious. The remaining pages shall explore this inner space.