

Educating the Quixotic Imagination

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Synopsis

Cervantes's text is an excellent example of what Jung calls a visionary work of art. Written in the spirit of the times, Don Quixote appears to us as a foolish knight errant, perhaps even mad and delusional in his attacks on windmills that he perceives to be giants. And yet, in this visionary book, Quixote's quest is rooted in the spirit of the depths where he dreams what seems to be an impossible dream. It is a dream we are still dreaming, a dream that is dreaming us, a quest that now in our time has become, perhaps, even more crucial. In his dialogues with his humble squire Sancho Panza, we are eavesdroppers, as it were, who, line by line, page by page, chapter by chapter are slowly but irresistibly drawn into questioning fixed beliefs about who is mad and who is sane, be they windmills or be they Giants, what is true and what is false, what is real and what is unreal, what is familiar and what is strange and estranging in its strangeness. This is the stuff that psychotherapists are made on, and Cervantes's visionary masterpiece is an indispensable guide for the education of the imagination. For, it is only through imagination that one can imagine windmills as giants, a possibility so unreasonable that our fixed dichotomies can be dissolved to reveal possibilities still to be dreamed.

Introduction: Don Quixote is not Quixotic

I am reading Cervantes's text as a collective cultural-historical dream that is still dreaming us. Attending to the characters of Cervantes' dream, we are taken to the margins of his prophetic and visionary text, which, in its

time having already envisioned the world that has become our own, can unsettle us with its questions about who is mad and who is sane—be they windmills or be they Giants, or is that dichotomy itself a piece of our own cultural complex?--; what is true and what is false, what is real and what is unreal, what is familiar and what is strange and estranging in its strangeness. For it is on the margins, and I would say only on the margins of our shared and individual lives, where the walls of our dichotomies might become more porous gates of transformation. Might become, I said, because nothing is certain when individually and collectively an education into a Quixotic imagination invites us to trust what speaks to us from the margins and seems so impossible. To trust even in the face of the fact that the character of Don Quixote has become an adjective to describe and dismiss what is dreamy, impractical, romantic, starry eyed, capricious, unreliable, and unpredictable.

Don Quixote is dreaming what seems to be an Impossible dream, and, as I noted above, I am reading Cervantes's text as a collective dream that is still dreaming us. From this perspective, 'his' seeming impossible dream, while coming through him, is more than personal. We might even say that Quixote is dreaming for all us who fall into the enchantment of that dream when we cross the threshold into the place where the one who is reading Cervantes's book encounters Don Quixote.

In my psychotherapy practice over nearly fifty years I have on more than a few occasions witnessed such collective dreams and have come to appreciate this type of dream as a calling that is pregnant with the spirit of the depths that lingers below the spirit of the times in which they occur. They have a visionary and we might even say, a prophetic quality.

Quixote's impossible dream shows us that such prophetic dreams present a vision of a life. They underline a quest that is like a myth

that informs the destiny of one's life, that seeds a vocation, a dream, which, like a polestar, guides the direction of one's life and which at times modifies, supplements and even corrects one's path.

These corrections seem to arise especially in those moments when one might have unknowingly lost one's way. Or they might arise in moments when doubt or discouragement weigh heavily on the person. In this regard, Sancho Panza's repeated questioning of Quixote's actions is a brilliant psychological step, which illustrates the power of what is called a paradoxical intention. His questioning of Quixote simultaneously suggests the folly of his master's quest even as it reinforces Quixote's vision.

In Cervantes' day the character of Don Quixote's impossible dream is one that embodies and enacts the values of a noble, chivalrous, courtly knight whose world has passed away. On the surface of things, it is easy to dismiss him as quixotic, a mad fool, as someone who is insane. And yet, the character of Quixote beguiles us so much that we begin to wonder if there is meaning in the apparent madness, wisdom in the seeming folly of the fool. Mounted on Rocinante, lance in hand he even disarms us, wounding us as the tip of his lance blesses us with the gift of imagination that bridges the divide between sanity and madness.

Visionary dreams are not as uncommon as they might seem and I have found them to be of singular significance in listening to the seemingly impossible dreams of patients, And to confess, such dreams have played a major role in my life.

I would add here that the mood quality of such impossible dreams is often one of longing for something that seems lost, or forgotten, or left by the side of the road which, if not given a place in one's reflections lingers as a kind of low level depression, or maybe

melancholy to use a less clinical term. In addition, such dreams often carry images of the orphan figure, the one who is, not literally an orphan, but one who does not feel at home. Our impossible dreams, these polestars whose dark light still light the way, might very well be dreams of homecoming.

Imagine that! Don Quixote still lives within our collective imaginations as a guide home.

Part I: The Art of Psychotherapy

This phrase holds a key insight honed over fifty years of practice, teaching, supervision and writing about the necessity of the humanities and the arts in the education of psychotherapists. It is an insight that dawned on me in my work with actors. As I wondered about that magical pivot, so taken for granted and seemingly natural, where the person of the actor on stage would become increasingly invisible as the character being portrayed became increasingly visible, this pivot, I realized, was also the magic and mystery of psychotherapy. Thus, I would emphasize to my students that the threshold of the therapy room is a boundary where the quotidian world of *the person who comes to therapy* is transformed into a stage where *the figures who came for therapy could tell their still untold tales*. The primary lesson in the education of a psychotherapist was to learn how to differentiate the visible person from the subtle, invisible characters in the room.

My reflections on educating the Quixotic imagination addresses this point. It also addresses two key implications of this lesson.

First, a psychotherapy that does acknowledge this difference takes place in a dramatic field with its cast of characters.

Second, to work within this dramatic field requires a thorough education in the humanities. Richard Hougham in his article on the Duende cites the Jungian analyst Rafael Lopez-Pedraza:

‘Psychotherapy not founded on culture, or a psychotherapist who does not have a cultured view of life and is unaware that

sickness has its roots in cultural complexes, is
inconceivable' (Hougham: 2015)

But it took me quite some time to realize and work through the implications of this first lesson, to learn that the craft of psychotherapy required a kind of education that could appreciate the healing power of making a place for the silenced stories of the figures to be told and felt in a dramatic, embodied way; and as well time to appreciate that the untold tales were part of larger stories, strands of the psychic DNA of the collective unconscious of humanity, imagined and depicted in myths, dramas, paintings, literature and film. As a patient and as a psychotherapist, I have witnessed how these larger stories contain and provide perspective for one's life and, as such, are therapeutic. The actor Mark Rylance makes the same point about drama:

"We need larger stories—mythological stories which touch upon the soul's need for experience in life, something deeper, something more mysterious. If you keep in contact with the older, more mythological stories, they are not productive, they are not functional, they are not going to get you a job, but they keep the road curvy and spirally, rather than making the road as straight as possible from A to B. That's a quick journey but it's a terribly boring journey and you'll be very sad when you die." (Rylance)

Does this not suggest that what still lives in psychotherapy is a hunger to tell one's story and find where it belongs in the community of stories that bind each of us to a tradition?

Does not this need persist even in the age of straightening out the patient in the quickest possible time?

Therapy is a kind of theater and theater is a kind of therapy. Both exist within the frame of a dramatic reality, which Salvo Pitruzella notes "is a basic theoretical construct in drama therapy." In theater and therapy a shared space is created, which is "a different level in respect to what is commonly

perceived as everyday reality.” (Pitruzella, 2017: 107) It is a reality that I describe as the poetic realism of the world.¹

In my own practice, the distinction between the person and the figure has defined the process of psychotherapy as the transformation of space into a place where the figures stage their stories. More often than not, the therapy room has been a place for a gathering of ancestors leaning in to listen to the untold tales being told by the figure(s), as if drawn to this moment by an emotional affinity between fellow wanderers.

In addition, there have also been on occasion fictional and historical characters through whom the untold tales of the figure have been presented.

One very dramatic example was a patient whose untold tale unfolded over a series of sessions through the story of Merlin. A drama major in an arts and humanities program where I taught, she suffered under the weight of her partner’s criticisms. A professor of German philosophy, he routinely ridiculed and dismissed her work as mere fantasy. Leaving aside for this presentation, the important clinical issues regarding transference, counter transference, and the dynamics of the power shadow of Eros in the story of Merlin, I offer this example to show how in the theater of the therapy room, the person of the patient spontaneously lived into and embodied the figure of Morgana through whom her untold desires were given a place.²

Today we are witnesses to the tale of Don Quixote, the knight of the sorrowful countenance, the dreamer of impossible dreams, and his companion Sancho Panza. While part one of Cervantes’s visionary masterpiece was finished in 1605 and part two in 1615, the story of Quixote and his squire is not done. They linger with us.

What might we learn if we attend to their presence?

Part II: Imagining Windmills: Absence and Presence- A Phenomenology of the Empty Bench

Have you ever stopped, even for a moment, beside an empty bench? Such a pause can be an invitation to something more than ordinary. As you linger there, maybe not even knowing why, you might discover that

unexpectedly you have been stopped in your tracks by a question as if posed by the empty bench: 'Can you linger for a moment to hear a story'?

In the daily mundane world, such a moment is like a miracle because there is no one who is present who has posed the question that has stopped you in your tracks. And yet, if you pause, perhaps feeling a bit foolish, you might discover that a curtain in the everyday world has been drawn aside and that there on the empty bench is a presence that is present in its absence. One day it might even be Don Quixote and his squire who are present in their absence even while absent in their presence. In such moments the everyday world of things and thoughts becomes a stage and life itself becomes a drama with many stories within which you play your parts.

An empty bench is like Don Quixote's windmills and pausing to attend to who/what is present in its absence reveals an-other domain of reality—let us call it the imaginal-- which is neither a matter of things nor thoughts, neither a matter of fact nor one of mind. An ordinary empty bench can be an extraordinary education into the Quixotic imagination. It can be an occasion where and when you are led out of yourself and drawn into an-Other world.

Part III: Bench Reveries

When Don Quixote accompanied by Sancho Panza sets forth on his first adventure, he and his companion are clearing a path into a new style of education. To e-ducate and to be e-ducated is to be drawn or led out of oneself. Education is a journey that proceeds from what is known and familiar to what is strange and unknown. Or, at least it should be. If it is, it can be a transformative experience, even an estrangement from who one is and has been.

The one who educates in this way does not simply impart information. On the contrary, he or she raises the disturbing possibility that what is might be otherwise than how it appears. This type of teacher is kin to Socrates whose way of teaching is characterized by the mood of irony and the mode of the question. This mood and mode of education, which turns things upside

down and inside out can have a satirical, humorous, dramatic quality when one's beliefs are cracked open by what is unbelievable. It is also very often painful as attested to by Quixote's tale when his body suffers the blows from others for his seemingly unbelievable visions. The one who does educate in this way is, therefore, a fool, a dangerous figure because he or she challenges familiar, unquestioned, comfortable ways of being. Socrates was forced to drink hemlock for his educational improprieties.

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza complement each other, and both are foolish, dangerous figures. Indeed, their education is a seduction. It has an enticing even erotic appeal that can make you lose your head as it were, taking you away from yourself and leading you deeper into unfamiliar depths. Bench reveries with Quixote can lead you into those seemingly mad parts of yourself, to those unknown but beguiling places where you are paradoxically most sane even as it might appear to others you are not normal.

Bench work with Don Quixote is like waking up and being addressed by him and his squire whose tales of seemingly impossible encounters show you as other to yourself. As you read his story you fall into it as line by line, paragraph by paragraph, page by page and chapter by chapter you discover that the constant spoken and silent dialogue between Quixote and his squire is becoming a dialogue between the sane, normal, reliable and responsible parts of who you believe yourself to be, and those unknown, seemingly mad parts that you might never even imagined becoming.

Dare we trust such moments?

Dare we not trust such moments?

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza companion us into a dramatic and therapeutic education, not only stimulating our minds, but also whetting the appetite of our imaginations, feeding it with the nourishing food of their story. That is the genius of the knight errant and his squire, its terrible beauty, which lingers to this day. It is a complex tale that holds the tension between madness and sanity by refusing to split them into an either/or dichotomy.

In the deathbed scene, Quixote's housekeeper says to him: "Stay at home, attend to your affairs, go often to confession be charitable to the poor..." While her voice is the voice of reason that would seem to dismiss her master's escapades as mere folly, Samuel Putnam argues that her words do not necessarily suggest an unquestioned acceptance of things as they are. Rather they are a counterpoint that underscores the wisdom and value and even necessity for Quixote's impossible dream. Indeed, Putnam argues that Quixote had to become the knight-errant; it was, we can say, his vocation, his destiny. Reminded of the housekeeper's words, Putnam quotes the following passage from the diary of Kathe Kollwitz, German painter and print maker in the late nineteenth through the middle of the twentieth century:

'I am not only allowed to finish my work, I am bidden to finish it. This, it seems to me, is the meaning of all the talk about civilization. It can exist only when each individual fills his own personal sphere of duty.'

While such words might seem like "a homely, prosaic lesson," one "may have to go through hell to learn it." Moreover, a thinking person, Putnam adds, "may have to draw aside a curtain that had best be left undrawn, since the tragicomic spectacle revealed is one that can only lead to madness in the eyes of those who remain on the other side." (Putnam, 1949: 34). Drawing aside that curtain lifts the veils that cloud our vision making the Quixotic therapeutic education a revelation. Indeed, a Quixotic education is in the root sense of the term an *apocalyptic* vision, a parting of the veils.

If a Quixotic education is truly apocalyptic, a parting of the veils, it is, in large measure, because it cultivates the *as if* quality of imagination as a legitimate and even necessary way of knowing and being in the world.

Part Four: The Image Quality of the Quixotic Imagination

Would Don Quixote be who he is without Sancho Panza?

Would the story be what it is and what it has become without this interplay between them: a visionary text that speaks to us from the depths of the collective, archetypal imagination?

Does not Sancho Panza reflect back to Don Quixote that necessary element of disbelief that deepens and enriches the character of Quixote, allowing us, in fact to pause along the way with them to wonder about the primary question in this story: what is sanity and what is madness?

They twin each other which is the same dynamic in Mary Shelley's visionary text, *Frankenstein; Or, The Modern Prometheus*. Indeed, in my recent book, *Victor Frankenstein, The Monster and the Shadows of Technology: The Frankenstein Prophecies*, that twining is brought into sharp relief, because the twin in Victor Frankenstein's story is the figure of the Monster, who is a rather more disturbing presence compared with Sancho Panza.

And yet, as difficult as it is to attend to the Monster's side of the story, the story of Victor Frankenstein could not be the cautionary tale it has become. The Monster's story, which my book explores in terms of eight questions he poses to us as readers, reveals the hubris of his creator's dream to be a new god of creation and the consequences of his denial of responsibility for what he has created. For Victor Frankenstein the scarred and disfigured devil, as he calls his creation, is an abomination to be exiled to the margins of humankind, ignored, a dark shadow of a flawed god, whose dream has become our nightmare. Attending to the Monster's tale on the margins allows us as readers to face a question that is haunting us today: Who is the Monster?³

But, of course, I am not saying Sancho Panza is a monster. He is, however, the other to his master as the 'Monster' is to his creator. The point

here is the issue of *the otherness of the other* that reflects back unrecognized and even unwanted aspects of oneself. Quixote and his squire mirror each other, and in that mutual reflexivity each presents an uncanny image of the other. A few remarks on the experience of the mirror reflection are in order here if we are to uncover some of the qualities of the Quixotic imagination.

First, the mirror reflection is an image that throws back to the person looking in the mirror not a duplicate or carbon copy of him/herself, but another.

Second, the experience poses the question of who that strange yet hauntingly familiar other might be.

Third, whomever he or she might be, the mirror image is a piece of magic that displays oneself as he/she is seen by others and/or reflects how one wishes, imagines himself or herself to be.

Fourth, while the optical explanation places the image in the mirror, the experience of the reflection appears to be on the far side of the glass, as far perhaps from the surface of the glass as is the person on this side of the mirror. The mirror image is not a surface phenomenon. It is no superficial matter. On the contrary, the image matters as the depth of the person on this side of the mirror. Insofar as Jung says psyche is image, might we say that the mirror image is a deepening of mind into soul?

The mirror image that seems to regard you from afar dissolves the fixed sense of who one is. It is a piece of alchemy that the cover image of the 1958 edition of Jung's *The Undiscovered Self* suggests is an ongoing process of dissolution.

The image is not merely a negation of who one is. Rather, the image is a claim that asserts one is always who/what one is not, a journey that is always on the way.

With this brief excursion into the phenomenology of the mirror, I am suggesting the mirror can be an encounter with Quixote's windmills. As with his windmills

—Be they windmills or be they
Giants?—

the mirror is not an object there in the world defined by its physical measures. It is a threshold, a doorway. The mirror, like Quixote's windmills, is a magical portal into a different domain of reality, the subtle reality of the image that is neither a matter of fact nor an idea of mind.

We are all mirrors for each other!

Portals of Possibility!

Quixote is for Sancho Panza, as Sancho Panza is for Quixote, an image of possibility. As such, each undoes the fixed identity of the other. Each is for the other a deepening of who and what each of them is. For each of them, the other is the one that gives flesh to the story and carries its dramatic action. We cannot and should not say, then, that Sancho Panza is the one who only carries the reality of the windmills as a given fact in the world. He is not an image of the conventional ways of the world. That would be a serious misreading of the story because it would set his view as the arbiter of what is truly real. Measured against that stubborn fact, Don Quixote would have to be regarded as mad, and then we would miss how, through his squire, Quixote is an image of necessity, courage and vocation to journey beyond the given norms, three values according to Jung that are essential features of the individuation process. And then, I would add, sadly for ourselves today, we would regard this magnificent tale as a prophecy of the diagnosed psychiatric patient and the DSM as the text, which, purporting to know the true and real story of Quixote, would spoil the story.

So, let us stay in the realm of the image and celebrate that while Sancho Panza does carry the lapidary reality of the windmills, his view is leavened by the magic of his master's visions. The stony gravitas of the windmills takes on some of the wispy fragments of Quixote's dream. Sancho Panza is changed through his relation with Quixote

In like manner let us celebrate that Quixote too is changed. While he does suffer his exploits in a very direct, embodied way, he is able to continue because Sancho Panza makes a place for the stories Quixote fabricates to make sense of his misfortunes. When Sancho Panza tells Quixote that the windmills are not giants, he is not a critic who would dismiss Quixote's

experience. He is, rather, the com-panion who, as the word suggests, breaks bread with his master. He is the other who feeds and nourishes the imagination of his master.

Together, Quixote and Sancho Panza embody and enact the Quixotic imagination as a journey of soul making.

Together, they infuse the Quixotic dramatic, apocalyptic imagination with the qualities of a poetic sensibility, which Keats described as negative capability and Coleridge as the willing suspension of disbelief.

Is not such a poetic sensibility essential to an arts therapy education?

Part Five: The Mood Quality of a Quixotic Imagination

As Quixote and Sancho Panza set out on their adventures, they are enveloped in a specific mood, an atmosphere of possibility:

As if windmills were giants!

It is the mood that grammarians call the subjunctive, which expresses a condition that is contrary to fact. It is a mood that is also used to express a wish, or a suggestion, or even a regret, as if, for example, I were to say: 'If only I were a poet and not a psychologist.'

But be that as it may be, the subjunctive mood highlights the power of the human imagination to see and say things as they might or could be and not just as they are. The subjunctive mood is, as it were, the gentle breeze of an angel's wing, which, uplifting the human condition, situates it in that domain between the material animal and the spiritual angel that Rilke (2009) describes so movingly in his *Duino Elegies*.

The mood of possibility is not only a key quality of the Quixotic imagination, it is also the salient feature of Quixote's character, the knight whose sorrowful countenance has the elegiac cast of one who, dwelling within the possibility of possibility, bears the lament for what is not while celebrating what might be. ⁴

Quixote's mood is infectious and so delightfully infectious that the story, as I noted earlier, not only transforms Quixote and his squire. It also e-

ducatates them (and us today), leading them out and beyond themselves (and us today) into the possibility that the ordinary might itself be extraordinary. That is the wonder of this tale, the miracle of the mundane that is there, if one be in the right mood.

If one be in the right mood and something more: the embodied enactment of that mood!

Quixote acts in a way that accords with his mood. He is dramatic in his speech and his gestures, extravagant if you will, elegant, charming in their excess, and seductive in their appeals. To be in his presence tugs at his squire, Quixote's gestures transgressing the boundaries of the physical body and impregnating the flesh.

Part Six: The Dream of Don Quixote

In the beginning of my presentation I indicated that I would approach the tale of Don Quixote as if it were a cultural-historical dream that is still dreaming us. I return now to my starting point to show that the dream puts us in the right mood for an arts therapy education.

A phenomenology of the dream deals with the dream in the subjunctive mood. It stays with the mood of the dream as a possibility of possibility. In this context, education in dream work begins with a shift from making sense of a dream to sensing it, as if one were attending a performance staged in the night theater of soul. In this context, I regard the dream as a dress rehearsal of possibilities to be played out in the waking world.

It is also a shift from talking about a dream to becoming the dream, enacting its characters as if they were dress rehearsals for who or what one might be in the light of day

In this regard, each of us imitates Quixote's tale!

In this regard, each of us every morning has the opportunity to 'tilt at windmills.'

Part Seven: Final Thoughts

In the context of the theme of this conference—Imagining Windmills: Trust, truth and the unknown in the arts therapies—I am persuaded that the cultivation of the mood of possibility is essential to balance the tyranny of the real, to educate therapists in the value of trusting what is unknown, and to recognize and applaud the truth of imagination. I hope that the examples I have given in relation to the text have shown that Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are exemplary teachers for an arts therapy education, and that my remarks are at least a preparation for a continuing dialogue between my work as a psychotherapist, which has been formed by my education in the traditions of phenomenological and Jungian psychologies, and the tradition of arts and drama therapies.

I conclude now with three questions:

Is it not vital to our world today that Don Quixote and his squire remain, like, I might add, Victor Frankenstein and the Monster, alive today as companions?

Indeed, what might we become if we do not insist on an education that not only fosters and feeds the literary and dramatic imagination, but also gives it a central place?

And as a corollary to the second question, what happens to the human world when and if imagination is no longer available to sustain the poetic realism of the world, a reality where outside the boundaries of convention, windmills can be imagined as giants, and where the world in its cultural and natural wonders display themselves and seduce the creative power of the human imagination, the spark of divinity gifted to us in our expulsion from paradise?

Notes

1-1-A defense of a poetic realism has been the primary focus of my approach to phenomenology, which is very much indebted to the phenomenological psychology of Jan Hendrick van den Berg and the phenomenological philosophy of Maurice Merleau-Ponty.

In Van den Berg's work, one finds the foundations for a poetic realism that undercuts the dualism of empirical realism and idealism. Through numerous

examples, he describes how a poetic realism displays the world neither as matters of fact nor ideas of mind but as images, which are not things to see but are ways of seeing. Seeing through the image, a poetic realism is the foundational landscape of human life where the world truly is a stage upon which one embodies and enacts the characters with other players that inform the dramas of a life.

A poetic realism is a portal, as it were, through which one steps into a world that is otherwise, a world not just of possibility but of the possibility of possibility. On that stage one is invited to regard the world that would be the case if one were so inclined to lend oneself to that possibility. It is a possibility which uncovers the fictional quality of reality as a subtle world of the image in that place between our fixed ideas of the real and the unreal, the true and the false.

For Samuel Taylor Coleridge a poetic realism is a poetic faith that requires a willing suspension of disbelief. It is the kind of practice that naturally happens as one crosses the threshold into a theater. In that space, the willing suspension of disbelief is not merely a conscious commitment to believe for a while in the drama. Quite the contrary, willingly or more or less spontaneously one falls into a condition to not disbelieve. But however it happens, more or less spontaneously for a theater goer, or willingly with regard to one's dreams, this suspension of disbelief is receptive to the epiphanies of imagination without either denial or affirmation of their real existence. It is a receptivity to the epiphanies of the imagination that would be impossible if measured by words and facts of known and absolute truth.

Don Quixote asks us to regard him with this willing suspension of our disbelief. He beckons us to ride along with him and his squire into that landscape of a poetic realism.

It is an invitation which seems perhaps even more necessary now than when he first sallied forth on his quest to recover the reality of imagination between the dichotomies of madness and sanity, the real and the unreal, the true and the false.

For a comprehensive discussion of these matters, especially regarding the relation of a poetic realism to the subjunctive mood, a metaphoric style of discourse and the reality of the image, see 'Phenomenology as a Poetic Realism' on my website: Robert Romanyshyn.com Home Page/Publications and Multimedia/Articles.

2- In this drama that unfolded within the theater of the therapy room, the clinical work, of course, required that the vehicle of this larger story had to be made conscious by the patient in her life. Insight into the inner traumas had to be made into an-other way of living in the world. This move is the ethical obligation of therapy, which poses these two questions for consideration:

What is the place of the ethical dimension in arts and drama therapy?

How might education in arts and drama therapy align with a Jungian clinical perspective?

In this regard, I find myself very much in agreement with the remarks of Jean-Francois Jacques (2017) regarding how dramatherapy is well suited to think about a relational ethics that is defined as one between a witness and the witnessed and is embodied.

I would add that the work of Paul Ricoeur (1974) regarding the challenge of unconscious dynamics for any philosophy takes the same path regarding the witness-witnessed relation.

3- Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein; Or, The Modern Prometheus* is also a visionary work in which the spirit of the depths is a current that runs beneath the spirit of the times in which it was written. What interests me about both texts is that Don Quixote like Frankenstein's so called 'Monster' address us across time from the margins of collective consciousness and its conventional belief systems. Riding alongside Quixote raises the question 'who is mad and who is sane?' Attending to the Monster on the margins raises the question, 'Who is the Monster.'

Both figures educate us. They draw us out of ourselves, turn us upside down and inside out. Both are prophetic figures whose stories speak to contemporary issues.

Both texts also indicate not only the value of and necessity for stories in educating the quixotic imagination in the therapy room and the theater, but also their healing power.

4- Perhaps it is not Don Quixote who is mad but us who insist on seeing the world only as it is; us who have forgotten how to dream.

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