

“Remember the Yucatán”

The whole world –
no, all of the universe,
known of as well as not,
unknowable –
is mirrored in
each grain of sand,
as William Blake might say,
in each and every atom –
also each of those
that we are made of –
you, yes, *you*, you, too –
and me, of course.

Correspondingly,
we might well imagine
that all of time,
aeon after aeon,
is mirrored,
thus contained,
in each and every moment
of the eternal
Now.

There is one moment
I can think of
which thus mirrors
and contains,
so it seems to me,
all of history –
at least that part of it
that is about
the ruler and the ruled.

Just come with me,
back,
way back into the past:
1519, it is spring,
Cortés, conquistador-to-be,
and his men,
a mere handful of them, really,
have just reached
what became much later
mainland Mexico.
He, Cortés,
has ordered
some of his men
to bring aboard one of the natives,
so that he can ask him –
of course, what else?
in Spanish! –
“¿Cómo llamas a esta área aquí?” –
“What
do you call this place ‘round here?’” –

Imagine, now,
just bear with me,
that native,
who
has never ever seen before
men like these,
white,
as possibly
only the dead can be,
yet these
are obviously alive!
Think of his terror,
as he freezes,
his eyes filled
with tears of fear.
And they make sounds,
strange sounds,
through lots of facial hair!

Whereas Cortés,
already on the verge
of losing patience,
is repeating
with exasperation –

like talking to a child,
or an imbecile,
someone hard of hearing,
repeating every word,
with his voice raised a notch,
this time,
and very, *very* slowly,
"WHAT - DO - YOU -
CALL - THIS - PLACE -
'ROUND - HERE?!"
Certain now,
that, of course,
this savage here, before him,
must have understood!

Now, at last,
he does respond,
thank Heavens!
"Ma c'ubah than",
which Cortés hears
as "Yucatán"
"That must be it",
he thinks,
("why on earth
did you not tell me straight away?!") -
and he proclaims,
now that at last he's got the *name*,
that this land *Yucatán* -
(weird name, indeed!) -
and all the *gold*, of course,
that it undoubtedly contains,
including, certainly,
the *whole* of its population,
not to mention women, children, dogs,
now belongs
to the Spanish crown.

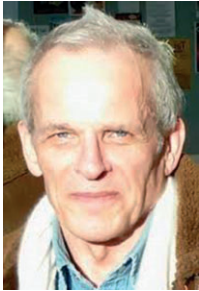
Only *today* we know,
a mere 400 years,
almost to the day,
after that encounter
that "Ma c'ubah than"
means, "I
don't
understand you".

Gottfried Maria Heuer
London, UK

Correspondence

Dr. Gottfried M. Heuer, 13 Mansell Road, London W3 7QH, UK.
Email: gottfried.heuer@virgin.net

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY



Dr. Gottfried M. Heuer is a Jungian training psychoanalyst and supervisor, and also a neo-Reichian body-psychotherapist with some 40 years of clinical practice in West London. An independent scholar with more than 70 published papers, he has taught and lectured internationally in many European countries, North, Central, and South America, Africa, and Australia. His books include 10 congress proceedings for the International Otto Gross Society (which he co-founded), *Sacral Revolutions* (Routledge, 2010), *Sexual Revolutions* (Routledge, 2011; Russian edition published 2017) and *Freud's "Outstanding" Colleague/Jung's "Twin Brother": The Suppressed Psychoanalytic and Political Significance of Otto Gross* (Routledge, 2017). He is the founder and keeper of the Otto Gross Archive (1995), London, and recently initiated the International Association for Otto Gross Studies (see <https://ottogross.org>; he also presents filmed discussions about Gross at these websites, <https://vimeo.com/196609212> and <https://youtu.be/zxEkj9SsAKw>). In addition, he is a published graphic artist, photographer, sculptor, and poet. The above poem was written between 11 September (9/11!) and 28 November 2018.