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## COMMENTARY

### Powers of two

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This commentary is based on Gottfried and Keith's article, 'On Style', published originally in 2017 (<https://ojs.aut.ac.nz/psychotherapy-politics-international/article/view/506>). The title of this commentary is in reference to John Schenk's *Powers of Two: Finding the Essence of Innovation in Creative Pairs* (2015, John Murray).



Gottfried Maria Heuer (assemblage/photograph, Iona, Scotland).

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The invitation to comment on our exchange on style exchange immediately made me associate, in the words of the popular song, 'you are the wind beneath my wings': I feel filled with gratitude for our co-operation within the framework of *PPI* for as long as you have been its editor! *Never before*, during some 60 years of publishing—I started in my teens at my school's magazine in Germany—have I received as vital and generous a support as the one that has come from you. The way I have experienced a text of mine to actually evolve and grow—I'm especially thinking of my review of the film *A Dangerous Method*—has been such a gift, as I could welcome your suggestions and your help. The same, of course, is true to our discussion on style in the above text: that you *actually* gave space to have opinions discussed some of which were opposite to yours, and to have both presented publicly, was an honour as well a privilege—so much more than a stroke of luck: it was a blessing. For me to comment any further on this would be unfair and not appropriate on this occasion, because by necessity it would remain one-sided—and I think we both had sufficient space to express our respective perspectives.

We only met once face-to-face in person, some years ago on a sun-drenched summer's evening in London by the Thames—I'm associating the old Kinks song, 'Waterloo Sunset'... What a memorable evening!

I also most gratefully remember an occasion years ago, when some information about me was leaked to you inappropriately—and you most generously simply ignored it, because its source was unethical. I shall never forget that either!

I very much hope that *PPI*, under a new editor—or editors—will continue to give space to artworks and poetry, as you so wonderfully did. A picture so often can say more than a thousand words—and poetry... Well, I have always been aware of the philosopher Adorno's statement that poetry after Auschwitz was barbaric. Yet, by contrast, I am thinking '*what else in the face of catastrophe?*' As far as dark aspects of the future are concerned, which I believe we are facing—and hopefully be able to prevent together—do we not need to muster all we can? I deeply believe that life-changing, revolutionary politics do need to include both arts and poetry—as well as spirituality.

So, in this spirit, and, as this is, of course, by no means a eulogy but instead *a celebration of both your past and future achievements*, I'd like to offer you this poem—for an ever more glorious future to you, dear Keith!

*I had ideally wanted my poem to be headed by a news photograph of the white stag mentioned, which shows him trotting in between cars on a road lined by private houses. Unfortunately, for copyright reasons, this is not allowed. But the image can be found at: <https://www.gbnews.uk/news/rare-white-stag-shot-dead-by-police-in-liverpool/133682> I am aware that, synchronistically, this prohibition can be perceived as being in tune with what my poem is about. G.M.H.*

**'Star of Redemption'**

I

'Resurrection Blues'

is almost

Arthur Miller's final play—

he worked on it

right up until his death:

It centres on a man

who has been taken prisoner,

and who may

or may not be

the Second Coming

of Our Lord.

(Oh, I am quite sure the Jewish writer

did not mean the Christ

of the Christian church—

and nor do I.)

The ruler of the un-named country,

is preparing

a second crucifixion—

no doubt, if asked,

'in order to protect the public' . . .

Almost exactly mirroring  
the subject of the play  
a review of its London run  
concluded, 'nothing  
was so disastrous  
as the debacle  
surrounding 'Resurrection Blues'.  
Following 'horrendous reviews,  
the play was forced to close'  
one week earlier than planned.

I, then, in 2006,  
had experienced the play  
as maybe the most deeply moving  
I had ever seen on stage—  
raising the question,  
'What would actually happen,  
if the Messiah came again,  
today,  
into this,  
our world?—

Would I be able then  
to welcome Him?  
The almost presence of the Holy  
sent shivers down my spine—  
it was if an angel had  
just outside of my conscious vision,  
passed by—

and touched me with its wing . . .

II

Last Sunday in September:

Autumn Equinox,

as we almost can envision

Covid to relax its grip,

'a rare white stag appeared

in full daylight

in Bootle, Merseyside',

near Liverpool—

remember, 'All you need is love, love, love'?—

'roaming the town's very centre'

for nearly one whole day.

Hearing of this

moved me close to tears,

put a lump into my throat—

and, again,

there was that angel,

touching me

with a feather of its wing . . .

The presence of the Holy.

In the end,

against advice

from the RSPCA,

'to leave the deer,

as it would make its own way home',

the deer was killed by the police—  
    ‘to protect the public,’  
    a senior policeman said,  
    adding that he was proud  
    of the officers involved . . .

### III

(One day, having offered  
an earlier version of this poem,  
a man came up to me and said,  
‘There’s been another White Stag—  
somewhere in the south of England;  
it had been famous, locally—so  
some poachers then decided  
to kill and to mount and sell its head,  
    as a trophy. . .  
So, they just shot the stag,  
    Yet—  
it had been thus famous thereabouts  
    that the poachers realised  
    that it would be impossible  
to sell the White Stag’s antlered head.  
    So—  
    a few days later,  
    people came across  
    the whole dead body  
    just thrown into a ditch . . .’  
I imagine that the ones who found Him,  
were shepherds in the fields nearby,

tending to their flock . . .)

#### IV

About a month before the murder

of the Bootle-White Stag,

I had a dream,

a particularly vivid one:

I am high up

on an indoor balcony

of a light and wide

serene hall,

white walls with golden ornaments.

Looking down with others,

I can see UK's Premier,

surrounded by the faithfuls,

standing

opposite a small crowd

open for questions

from the public.

He does not fare well in this—

I almost feel some pity:

He just cannot handle

the questions posed to him.

Then I see a friend of mine

calling to him from the back,

'It would be so good

if at least you'd listened

to a Bach Cantata!—

*'Rejoice, redeemed crowd!'*—  
I've actually got one here with me!  
And from one person to the next,  
he passes on a tiny music-player  
until it reaches the PM.

And he—  
refuses  
the pure and holy music!  
The people close to him  
try to persuade him—  
but to no avail:  
he is adamant,  
yet does become uncertain, shifty,  
and retreats on shaky legs.  
The crowd, restless,  
first in low murmur,  
then loud and ever louder  
is shouting, 'Out.  
Out! OUT!'  
I, in the meantime,  
go downstairs  
to find my friend  
so that we can embrace  
and I congratulate him.



**V**

What would it really do to me,  
how would I react  
if Christ, really,  
were to come  
a second time?  
—And you???

Dare we, together,  
*hope*  
to give birth to the Christ,  
another time—  
resurrecting  
the Divine?

**VI**

Or:

What if Arthur Miller's play  
wants me—us—to realise  
that there only, truly  
is a single prison guard,  
and that it's up to me  
and all of us  
to crucify Him  
or to set Him free?—  
Of course, today,  
the Holy  
just as likely  
may be  
a woman or a girl.

What if the White Stag  
wanted me to know—  
police or no police—

‘I am here

*all the time,*

in fact,

*I have never been away!*

Is, what my dream is telling me,

as Bach, in his Cantatas

*jubilates—*

*‘Arise in joy:*

*I know where my Redeemer Lives!’—*

that we all shall know,

that darkness

shies away from light

and that in each and every Messianic moment

the longed-for Divine

is right *here,*

*Now!*



**Gottfried Maria Heuer 'Let us know, Beloved, that there is only Light' (Hafiz).**

(Feathers/stones/sea snail shell; photograph; Iona, Scotland).

## **NOTES**

The title, 'Star of Redemption', is borrowed from theologian Franz Rosenzweig (1886–1929).

*Resurrection Blues*, by Arthur Miller (2006, Methuen).

RSPCA: Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty towards Animals.

Excerpts from *Cantata No. 30, 36, and 160*, by Johann Sebastian Bach.

## AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY



**Dr Gottfried M. Heuer** is a Jungian Training-psychoanalyst, supervisor, and teacher in London; a Neo-Reichian/Biodynamic body-psychotherapist, supervisor, and teacher; has been in clinical practice for over 45 years in London, UK; has worked all over the world, in most European countries, including Russia, North, Central, and South America, Australia, and Asia; and is an independent scholar with some 70 published papers in English, German, Finnish, French, Russian, Portuguese, and Serbo-Coat in the major analytic journals, including *Analytische Psychologie*, *Biodynamische Psychologie*, *Cuadernos de Psicología Biodinâmica*, *Energy & Character*, *Erich-Mühsam-Magazin*, *Harvest*, *International Journal of Jungian Studies*, *International Journal of Psychoanalysis*, *Journal of Analytical Psychology*, *Juni*, *La Vouivre*, *Psychotherapy and Politics International*, *Psychoanalytic Perspectives*, *Spring*, *Theory, Culture & Society*, *Transformations*, and others, as well as in a number of books. His own books include *A Translucent Turtle Ascends to the Stars*, 10 congress proceedings (LiteraturWissenschaft.de, 2000–2015) for the International Otto Gross Society (in Berlin, Dresden, Graz, Moscow, Munich, Vienna, Zurich, etc.), which he co-founded, and of which he is the past president; *Sacral Revolutions: Cutting Edges in Psychoanalysis and Jungian Analysis* (Routledge, 2010); *Sexual Revolutions: Psychoanalysis, History and the Father* (Routledge, 2011; Russian edition 2017); and *Freud's 'Outstanding' Colleague/Jung's 'Twin Brother': The Suppressed Psychoanalytic and Political Significance of Otto Gross* (Routledge, 2017). He is also a published graphic artist, sculptor, and poet (*Crow of Minerva*, *Indelible*, *Self & Society*, *The Ekphrastic Review*, *The Rose in the World*, and others, as well as in some of the journals mentioned above).

Interviews: <https://vimeo.com/196609212> and <https://youtu.be/zxEkj9SsAKw>

On beauty: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wK5HSUgngQE&t=165s>

Artwork: <https://youtu.be/fha4jiiN2MI>