

In the Beginning

In the beginning, the earth was chaos and void
And darkness was on the face of the deep

And the spirit of God hovered on the face of the water.



—Genesis 1: 1-2



Right from the beginning, Dr Priestly drove me buggy. Hovering, pressing me forward, setting limits left and right, speaking in a language that was totally new.



She was always throwing her weight around, always trying to pin me down. On the one hand, I wanted to be pinned to her. But on the other hand, I didn't want to be stuck by her.




She infuriated me—acting like a Sphinx or Moses on the Mount. Who did she think she was? That indecipherable bitch

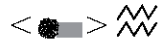


But in time, I came to adore her. I felt held in her (parenthetical) embrace, her parental embrace. And I concluded that psychoanalysis is (parenthetical) love.

A land of milk and honey

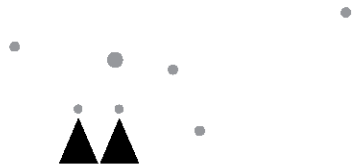
 Pharaoh said to the children of Israel:
Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river.

So the infant Moses got put in an ark of bulrushes and laid by the river's brink



Pharaoh's daughter found him there and adopted him into her royal family


Later, God promised Moses:
I will bring you up out of Egypt, land of affliction, across the Sea, and unto a
land flowing with milk and honey






—Exodus 1:22; 2:3, 10; 3:8

A plague of fees

I concluded that psychoanalysis is much more than a plague of fees.    

Not raised up right, how else—but under the direction of Dr Priestly—could I be
contained in a secure hold? How else could I reach the promised land of love? 

Since in the beginning I was a basket case  I needed guidance and
protection.

So that was why she was always lording   over me—carrying on about
how recalcitrant I was and what a spineless pile of mush I was. How all I wanted
was to be taken care of. All I wanted was a lullaby.

But one thing I knew for sure: If she fucking cared so much about me, she
should adopt me.

And another thing: there was simply no way, NO WAY, for me to start out
reclining on the couch facing up. I'd be too lost at sea, I'd have been drowned.



No. I didn't get put on the couch until I had my crazy canoe dream.