

FOREWORD

Russell Lockhart

In my encounter with John Layard's *Stone Men of Malekula*—some forty years ago—what first impressed itself upon me was a photograph (Plate VIII) picturing Layard recording in his notebook the tribal history narrated by an aged elder. This scene was the “intended” image—what Barthes calls the *stadium* of a photograph. However, what stood out, what I was drawn to, what “punctured” my consciousness—and what Barthes calls the *punctum* of the photograph—was Layard's nose! It is a monumental nose. Here was a man of enormous intuition, a thought I dismissed as simple-minded association of nose and intuition without significance, until, some 700 pages later, I came to the end of Layard's prodigious effort, and saw the last illustration (Figure 87). This picture shows Layard's informant scarifying her daughter's shoulder to preserve a memento of his visit with a mark the exact length of Layard's nose, his nose having been measured precisely with the aid of a dry pandanus leaf.

Scarified in my memory, Layard's nose became a permanent fixture in my psyche and came back vividly when Anne Bosch asked me to write a foreword to *The Snake, the Dragon and the Tree: An Analytical Psychology Case History*. I instantly agreed, partly because I have felt that Layard is one of the most undervalued and neglected voices in psychoanalytic history. Reading this “new” work—for it seems fresh and new even though written a half-century ago—has only strengthened my esteem for Layard. This is the story of his analysis of a young woman, “Mary,” medically diagnosed as “mentally defective,” a person one would not usually consider a candidate for depth psychological treatment. Yet, despite an impossibly impoverished childhood, raised in the confines of a rectory with a schizophrenic mother, several equally disturbed aunts, and a dysfunctional father, we witness Mary's dramatic recovery through the vehicle of her imaginal processes as expressed in dreams, fantasies, and paintings, all elucidated by Layard's penetrating understanding of the psyche and his capacity through “tough love” to engender the genuine healing of a deeply injured psyche. As a testament to the healing process, Mary went on

to become a head nurse in a psychiatric hospital where she exhibited extraordinary sensitivity and relatedness to her charges.

This volume, like Layard's *The Lady of the Hare: Being A Study of the Healing Power of Dreams*, is a significant contribution to the impoverished literature of case study in depth psychology. But more than this. This work truly is interactive, by which I mean not only the stunning richness of Layard's intended material, but the inevitable puncta the reader will experience in brooding on his profound text and gazing into Mary's primitively potent paintings. The reader will gain enormously by attending to and then tending the unintended, the numinous experiences this work has the power to engender. I encourage the reader, layman or professional, to go slow, to take time, to mull over the text, to gaze with agendaless vision into the paintings and the illustrations. Let the material in. Let it dwell within. I can't resist noting my memory of Layard's nose, because this volume's text and images are immensely psychoactive!

Layard is a fascinating figure in the history of psychoanalysis. Few, if any, have had the range of experience and passion he brings to his work. At the time when Jung was deep in his numinous encounters with psyche that formed the bedrock foundation of the analytical psychology to come, Layard was deep in the Islands of Melanesia, all alone with the stone age natives who had previously killed the missionary priest. There followed many bizarre twists and turns, analyses and trainings with Greer, Lane, Steckel, Wittles, Baynes, Adler and Jung; his writings (much still unpublished); his suicide attempts; his involvements with Auden and Isherwood and Ayerst; his training in child observation and development at the Davidson Clinic; marriage; deep affairs; a child who would become a famous economist and a British Lord. Layard aroused deep passions in everyone. He was greatly sought after as an analyst, and in this volume we can see why.

I can think of no one who combines the love of work, the love of all the traditions of psychoanalysis, the love of patients in the manner we see laid out before us in this book. He is equally at home in all the psychoanalytic traditions and his work shows the fruit that such love of the opposites brings. He had an intuitive grasp of the essential aims of eros, to truly embody in the work, the spirit that animates the full potential of depth psychology.

This embodiment is evident in his analysis with Mary. He took her in to live and work in his household. When needed he gave her the physical contact she needed, including her sucking on his fingers, whereby he came to the realization that underneath Mary's incestuous wishes for her father lay the

yearning for the mother's breast that had been so denied her. Layard argues that all pathology contains the cure and in explicating this, he distinguishes between “ego consciousness” and “psychic consciousness” and does not reduce the aim of development to a singular consciousness, but always consciousness as relationship between the two. This is a key idea and helps to make clear the meaning of Layard's most provocative assertions, many of which will turn some present-day ideas upside down. Be prepared to be shaken not only by the visceral clarity of Layard's intuition, but by the extraordinary insights borne in Mary's fantasies and stories, the progenitor being not Layard the external analyst, but Mary's internal analyst, the analyst of her psychic consciousness. Layard says that love without the critical faculty is blind, but the critical faculty without love to temper it is blinder still. Layard tells us that the truth will heal, however bad it is.

If you are new to what can be gleaned from the imagination through dreams and fantasies and paintings, then you are in for a treat. If you are a seasoned professional used to working in these ways, be prepared to learn something new on almost every page. Of particular value is the degree to which Layard's work reveals the spiral nature of the work through time, how later pictures reveal ever more fully what was inchoate in the earlier. This book truly is an education in psyche.

I would be remiss if I did not thank Anne Bosch for her most welcome invitation to write this foreword and for the opportunity to thank her for shepherding yet another of John Layard's masterpieces into print

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