

One of my earliest memories is from the summer I turned two. I remember sitting in the back seat of a car surrounded by boxes of fresh blueberries and raspberries that my Grandpa Richard and I had just acquired from a farmer’s roadside stand. I remember the feel and the smell of the leather seat and my desire for the berries which I was not allowed to eat until we got home. I knew that everyone would be happy when we returned with the berries—that they were something everyone would enjoy. I have been told it was a source of relief to the adults in my family that summer when I learned the word tomorrow. I was apparently always after people to go get berries, but learned to be patient when, after they would say “no” to my requests, if I then said “morrow?” they would say “yes.”

My Grandpa, Richard V. Gilbert—a New Deal economist and a speechwriter for FDR—was married to a child psychologist, Emma C. Gilbert.¹ Emma believed that even very early incidents in the life of a child were revealing of personality. She told me that when I would suckle at my mother’s breast as a very young infant I would draw in too much milk to handle and it would come out my nose as I tried to cope with the abundance. For good and for ill, pursuit of abundance is at least as much a part of my constitution as patience.

The twentieth century philosopher Karl Popper, and the neuroscientist John Eccles, famously spoke of three worlds in their brilliant 1977 book, *The Self and its Brain*: World 1, the world of physical reality, World 2, the world of psychological reality, and, World 3, the world of ideas and its reality.² I’ll talk more about what these mean in relation to wellness, but I would add a World

4 which may be considered in part as a realm of objective shared emotional and socio-cultural realities—in Popper’s sense of the word objective meaning subject to public discussion—grounded in shared spiritual realities that are uniquely accessible to each individual as well as (to some extent) commonly accessible to humanity and its many subdivisions, and that may also (to some extent) be articulated. Perhaps the most obvious evidence of the existence of these spiritual realities is reflected in the ubiquitous presence in every known culture of the conscience.³

Popper as an agnostic or atheist formulated his theory of three worlds in part to grapple with the mind-body problem, and especially with the debate between philosophical monism and philosophical dualism, without reference to any spiritual realities, although he certainly viewed ideas about such as part of World 3. And the transcripts of his discussions in the book with Eccles, who is a believer, are fascinating. I am adding World 4 both because I believe it is real, and important for our discussion tonight, and to contribute in some small way to a rejection of the spirit of our times; a spirit which I hold responsible for diminishing the delight we might otherwise take in the humanities and in religious faith.

The great novelist and essayist Marilynne Robinson has argued that the spirit of the Reformation involved a deep desire to make both the Bible and the best of what the humanist tradition has to offer available to everyone. She traces this spirit back to John Wycliffe and the Lollards in fourteenth century England. How very different from our current economic zeitgeist. It is this latter spirit, Robinson elaborates, that is the cause and not the consequence of a state of affairs in which many of us are preparing ourselves and our children to be means to inscrutable ends that are utterly not our own. In such an environment the humanities—with their

exploration and celebration of the human mind and its works—seem to have little place. “They are poor preparation for economic servitude,” Robinson notes.⁴ The same goes, I would add, for religious faith.

Popper and Eccles called their approach interactionism, or philosophical pluralism. The contemporary philosopher Tu Weiming has championed the emergence of what he calls “spiritual humanism,” an approach rooted in many different faith traditions, in which each faith involved advocates what is living within its own heritage, and from its own more particular context, while seeing itself and all the others as seeking to contribute to the well-being of humanity as a whole.⁵

As Tu conveys the Confucian tradition in this regard:

The virtue of loving is called humanity, that of doing what is proper is called rightness, that of putting things in order is called propriety, that of penetration is called wisdom, and that of abiding by one’s commitments is called faithfulness. Those who are in accord with their nature are called sages. Those who return to their nature and adhere to it are worthies. And those whose subtle emanation cannot be seen and whose goodness is abundant and all-pervasive without limit are humans of the spirit.⁶

That is what wellness is all about: the cultivation of the virtue of loving until we become “humans of the spirit.” Both spiritual humanism and philosophical pluralism involve approaches to understanding wellness that are at odds with the most prevalent approaches to understanding mental illness. In the latter, such illness is understood, first, as an expression of something gone wrong in the brain—a biological determinism often expressed in terms of that scientific equivalent of phlogiston: “chemical imbalances”—or, second, in more civilized circles, as an expression of something gone wrong in terms of a psychological determinism that, at its best, acknowledges the role of an individual’s social relationships and interactions as well as biology in the constitution of well-being.⁷ Neither of these approaches, as the historical sociologist Liah

Greenfeld has observed, can shed any light on the dramatic appearance of what Greenfeld claims are distinctively modern illnesses—bipolar-depression and schizophrenia—over the past few centuries and much less their dramatically increasing incidence over even the past few decades.⁸ Between 1987 and 2007, those so disabled by mental illness as to qualify for benefits from the federal government increased from one in 184 Americans to one in seventy-six.⁹ Anyone who is a parent, or who has taught students recently, is at least somewhat aware of the extent of what has been likened to a modern day plague. “From 1994 to 2006, the percentage of students treated at college counseling centers who were using antidepressants nearly tripled, from 9 percent to over 23 percent.”¹⁰

The World 3 stories we tell about ourselves—to ourselves and to others—especially in the memories we share are, in my opinion, part of the constitution of who we are. As Popper puts it, “our personalities, our selves—are anchored in all the three worlds, and especially in World 3.”¹¹ And, I would add, anchored also in World 4 and, in part, in the stories that others tell about us, even if we do not hear these stories directly. This is also true of collectivities—moral persons in the language of the eighteenth century—as it is of individual human beings, in other words true of the groups to which we all belong. An individual’s mind and culture—or the mind and culture of a group if you will—is a distinctive individuation drawing on a broader shared common culture and subtracting and adding elements; a unique filtering of possibilities and preferences and the establishment of patterned and familiar as well as distinctive ways of engaging others. I would say of the Chicago Literary Club, for example, that we are “a group of eager speakers and attentive listeners united by a love of literary culture”—that is part of our shared mentality, our shared culture. Although, I would hasten to add, we do not all agree on what constitutes “literary

culture.” From my perspective, “literary culture” is akin to the learned culture that sustains the pursuit of the liberal arts and sciences at a great university. It begins with curiosity about the truth of some aspect of reality, including truths that can only be conveyed in works of fiction. It is often, particularly in our Club, expressed in the literary form of an essay. We are, by disposition, pluralists, and open to multiple definitions and perspectives. I hope we can be objective about what I will eventually present as the spiritual realities in which our selves are truly grounded in the sense of being open-minded and willing to discuss their existence.

There are a myriad of distinct interior and exterior dimensionalities to existence.¹² Many flocks being gathered into one fold, if you will. I say this in such an abstract way because I have a PhD, but I have a PhD, because I flunked sandbox. Every individual is a center of relationships, a point from which a world is determined, and my stereotype here is that individuals who strive for and obtain PhDs are more attuned to World 3—the world of ideas—and less to World 2, the world of individually experienced emotional and other internal psychological realities, than others in their relationships. Think of the figure of Casaubon in George Eliot’s *Middlemarch* as an extreme example of flunking sandbox and you will know what I mean. In the sense of the spiritual value of playing well with others, passing sandbox is essential to a life well-lived and to mental wellness.

To quote the British psychologist Donald Winnicott: “A sign of health in the mind is the ability of one individual to enter imaginatively and accurately into the thoughts and feelings and hopes and fears of another person; also to allow the other person to do the same to us.”¹³ The emphasis on “accuracy” here is problematic (who ascertains what is accurate and how?), and yet what I want to add to it may be more problematic still. For I believe that we all have, for those

of you who know fish, something akin to the lateral line by which fish detect movement, vibration, and pressure gradients in the surrounding water—a World 4 organ that helps us navigate our shared emotional, socio-cultural, and spiritual space. I will call this World 4 organ, for lack of a better term, our “heart”—though it should not be too closely connected with the pulsing object in all of our chests. Even the microbiome we host—the foreign cells within our bodies—have something of a voice and a vote in the constitution of who we are, what we feel, and how we think.¹⁴

World 4 includes collective—or shared—minds.¹⁵ It includes the ways these minds think about claims to legitimacy—appeals to tradition and to law, to love and to charisma, as well as to various and more particular material and ideal interests. All of these are part of the shared emotional, socio-cultural, and spiritual space—the moral topography of World 4—that our selves seem to be continuously navigating while we are in time. In this context, I am tempted to talk about spiritual realities by reference to the intentions behind those claims to legitimacy that are valid. Certainly, I would speak of loving conduct in terms of the heart’s perceiving with clarity and our selves responding with accuracy.¹⁶ Loving conduct happens at many different levels within our selves and the worlds we inhabit: at the deepest level what I would call the witness within us always perceives clearly and always responds accurately. This is an article of faith on my part grounded in my conception of World 4. Indeed, I am tempted to say that the witness simply knows, as opposed to perceives, what is loving. At more superficial levels, there are often conflicts or tensions among what might be termed our true self, our false self, and our ego, yielding complicated mixtures of motives in our intentions.

Our true self—what an earlier age might have called our soul—is that part of us that seeks to cultivate the fullness of our humanity and ultimately, I believe, our oneness with our neighbors and with God. It can be injured by our misconduct. It can receive moral injury at the hands of others. And it can also heal. Our false self seeks to pursue what is adaptive or believed to be adaptive to success in the society, or to “buying time” for awaiting more suitable conditions in which to engage either in such activity or in the more genuine pursuit of the fullness of our humanity. “To sin,” as the Dominican theologian Herbert McCabe puts it, “is always to construct an illusory self that we can admire, instead of the real self that we can only love.”¹⁷ Our ego seeks to manipulate our desires and our conduct on the basis of its fear that we are merely our vulnerable bodies and that as such we are ultimately permanently separated from each other and, if God even exists, from God.¹⁸ The witness is that part of our true self that is always in communion with God, even when the personal self of whom we are aware feels no such connection. As the seventeenth century English mystic Thomas Traherne suggests—it is possible for our selves, certainly for the witness within us, to see things rejoicing with God’s joy in them:

To sit in the Throne of God is the most supreme estate that can befall a creature. It is promised in the Revelations. But few understand what is promised there, and but few believe it. To sit in the throne of God is to inhabit Eternity. To reign there is to be pleased with all things in Heaven and Earth from everlasting to everlasting, as if we had the sovereign disposal of them. For He is to dwell in us, and we in Him, because he liveth in our knowledge and we in His. His will is to be in our will; and our will is to be in His will, so that both being joined and becoming one, we are pleased in all His works as He is; and herein the image of God perfectly consisteth.¹⁹

Speaking before the American Psychological Association, on 1 September 1967—and focusing not on eternity but on our shared temporal reality—Martin Luther King, Jr. claimed that

“There are some things concerning which we must always be maladjusted if we are to be people of good will. We must never adjust ourselves to racial discrimination and racial segregation. We must never adjust ourselves to religious bigotry. We must never adjust ourselves to economic conditions that take necessities from the many to give luxuries to the few. We must never adjust ourselves to the madness of militarism, and the self-defeating effects of physical violence.”²⁰ And, I would add, we must never adjust ourselves to an anti-spiritual framework that tries to deny the reality of the sacred in human life.

Unfortunately, any community of psychologists that I have ever encountered has been poorly equipped by its own traditions to assist any individual with a strong and distinctive sense of what is sacred.²¹ Affect affects attention. And strong affect can appear to those who do not share it as psychosis—think of the reaction of many to Martin Luther King Jr.’s militancy to say nothing of Malcolm X’s. Indeed strong unshared affect is—by my definitions at least—a form of psychosis, even if sometimes—and even at the same time—a form of wellness. One thinks of all the martyrs bearing witness at least as they are viewed within the community of believers. Or think of Dietrich Bonhoeffer returning from America to Germany in 1939 to oppose Hitler and help prepare for a post-Nazi Germany—psychotic wellness if ever there was such, admirable and courageous madness, if you prefer. As Winnicott suggests, madness is a call for shared belief and “we are poor indeed if we are only sane.”²² And yet, if we place too much strain on the credulity of others, trying to bring them into a sharing of faith unwillingly, we can wind up in a mental hospital or worse.

There is another aspect of psychosis I wish to introduce you to before talking about my own case. According to the psychologist Daniel Kahneman if you rig a roulette wheel to stop at 10

and at 65 and half the people you show it to see 10 and half see 65 and a little while later you ask them whether the percentage of African nations among UN members is larger or smaller than 10 or 65, and what that percentage is, those who saw 10 guess low and those who saw 65 guess high.²³ There are, in other words, many seemingly extraneous bits of information floating around our fields of perception that our minds can latch on to as we think about apparently unrelated issues and that can affect what we think of as “our” decisions. It just seems more obvious that the information is extraneous when this is what is going on with someone we choose to label “psychotic.” If you think of a newborn infant curious about and alert to everything, the process of their becoming an adult is the process of their brain and mind learning to filter out what they learn to think of as extraneous information and of their heart and mind learning to engage with the people behind distinctive flows of information in loving ways. In psychosis, that filtering mechanism appears to others to break down at the same time as the individual’s intense affect is directing their attention away from consensually approved objects of attention and consensually approved ways of expressing love or calling for it.

The heart and the mind—in Chinese it is one word: *xīn*—perceive what is sacred and what is loving in every moment of every situation. These perceptions help give rise to the conscience’s exercise of what may be called the moral sense. The existence of the moral sense has been denied by some philosophers, its authority attacked by others, and the certainty and uniformity of its decisions complained of by others still. The claim is made that it varies in different countries, and different ages, and under different governments and religions, some going so far as to assert that it is as much the effect of custom, fashion, and artifice, as our taste in dress, furniture, and the modes of conversation.²⁴ But it is sufficient for our purposes, as the American founding

father James Wilson has observed, to note that the dictates of reason are neither more general, nor more uniform, nor more certain, nor more commanding, than the dictates of the moral sense.²⁵ People always maintain that an approved action will promote their own interest, or be conducive to the public good, or is required by the Deity. In truth, it may have all the contrary properties. But, if so, to what cause is this to be traced? “Does it prove the nonexistence of a moral sense, or does it prove, in such instances, the weakness or perversion of reason? The just solution is, that, in such instances, it is our reason, which presents false appearances to our moral sense.”²⁶

When we feel and respect the emotional, socio-cultural, and spiritual realities that others prize we are being friends at a deeper level than when we are merely sharing verbal pleasantries and civilities, though in both cases we are connecting however tenuously to the love that constitutes being. When we feel and respect a shared emotional, socio-cultural, and spiritual reality such as devotion to the pursuit of truth we are being good citizens as well as friends.

Civility, according to the social theorist Edward Shils, is more than good manners—it is the virtue of the citizen: the virtue of concern for the common good.²⁷ I first met Shils in the spring semester of 1982 when he came out to Reed College—from the University of Chicago where he had taught for nearly half a century—to offer a seminar on the political sociology of Max Weber. He would say things to our seminar like: “I no longer know where Max Weber’s thought leaves off and mine begins.” He could be very generous with his time for students he liked, inviting me over to his apartment to share a homemade pasta and fresh pesto dinner on more than one occasion. My favorite story about his generosity is told by another of his students, Liah Greenfeld, who I cited earlier, and who arrived on his doorstep in graduate school one day to be

greeted as follows: “Mrs. Greenfeld, I disagree with everything you write. If I did not, I would have to reject my own conclusions of the past ten years. But I think that what you have to say is very important, and I want you to write and publish an essay on this subject.”²⁸ She reports that Shils then guided her through three drafts of her essay, polishing and strengthening an argument designed to prove that he was wrong. As she comments, “I was already then struck by the exceptional generosity of spirit, and selflessness, exhibited in this reaction. I understand now that it also reflected his dedication to the thing beyond him, the ideal that he served and a particular tradition of inquiry which was to achieve the knowledge of this ideal. He welcomed every honest effort to carry on this tradition. What mattered for him was not whether he was right or wrong, but the Truth.”²⁹ This dedication, I suggest, is grounded in a World 4 reality, by name: a calling.

At issue in Greenfeld’s essay was Weber’s theory of charisma and charismatic authority—of the authority that comes from perceived close relationship to what is deemed sacred, at least as I understand Weber. I would say that the capital “T” truth that Greenfeld recounts Shils as serving, was for him a sacred spiritual reality. The loyalty he felt toward this spiritual reality was felt in turn by his students and contributed to his personal charisma. Shils had modified Weber’s concept to include both concentrated and diffused forms of charisma—presenting charisma in the seminar I took with him as both “a universal glue and a universal solvent” in human affairs. Where Weber had suggested the attenuation almost into nothingness of the charismatic religious fervor of a sect as it settled down into becoming a church with its own habits and rules, Shils saw a continued charismatic presence even within traditions and bureaucracies.³⁰ Greenfeld’s suggestion that what Weber was really thinking of in “pure” or “genuine” charisma was closer to

a biological phenomenon—closer to the overtly expressed extreme excitement generated by a “berserk” warrior—was a very different take on the question.³¹

For Shils, what was most distinctive about modern society was the diffusion of charisma into the mass of the population from its former concentration in the hands of the elites, or the *center*—to use his preferred term. Center and periphery, Shils maintained, enjoyed closer and friendlier relations as a result in modern society than in any of the societies of the Middle Ages or the Ancient World in the West, or in the history of other large great civilizations such as those of India and China. What had formerly been the “dangerous classes”—i.e. dangerous to society, had become more fully part of the society.³²

The growth and diffusion of civility that has come with the dispersion of charisma—the dispersion of the sense of the spark of divinity in every human being—and the corresponding ongoing change in moral sensibility characteristic of modern society, was not, for Shils, an unalloyed good. He spoke to me often of what he deemed the “abdication” of the center—its loss of self-confidence in the rigors and norms of some of its own best traditions as well as its sense of responsibility for the common good of the society as a whole.

As the cultural critic Philip Rieff—another of Shils’ students—has suggested, the dispersion of charisma—while softening some of the demands modern culture imposes—has arguably given rise to a new character type. What previous culture, Rieff poignantly asked in 1966, has ever attempted to see to it that no ego is hurt?³³ This is, according to Rieff, the focus of “psychological” or “therapeutic” man for whom nothing is at stake beyond a sense of well-being with which to pursue “impulse release” and the psychological adjustments that facilitate it.³⁴ In contrast with the more “religious” man of the past, who knew that the human soul is restless until

it rests in love of God and love of neighbor, “psychological” man dispenses with the idea of the soul altogether. “Religious man was born to be saved, psychological man is born to be pleased. The difference was established long ago, when ‘I believe,’ the cry of the ascetic, lost precedence to ‘one feels,’ the caveat of the therapeutic.”³⁵ As a result, “the dialectic of perfection, based on a deprivational mode, is being succeeded by a dialectic of fulfillment, based on the appetitive mode.”³⁶ With this development, a “sense of well-being has become the end, rather than a by-product of striving after some superior communal end.”³⁷

A serious question is what meaning, if any, forgiveness can have for the modern therapeutic personality type. “Sigmund Freud said we cannot love our neighbor as ourselves. No doubt this is true,” Marilynne Robinson comments, “But if the reality that lies behind the commandment [is] that our neighbor is as worthy of love as ourselves, and that in acting on this fact we would be stepping momentarily out of the bog of our subjectivity, then a truth is acknowledged in the commandment that gives it greater authority than mere experience can refute. There is a truth that lies beyond our capacities. Our capacities are no standard or measure of truth, no ground of ethical understanding.”³⁸

An even more difficult contemporary question is whether the atonement of guilt is even possible or whether reconciliation is an illusory hope and all that can be accomplished in time is recognition.³⁹ This is a question to which I will return. The German Jewish philosopher of religion, Jacob Taubes, has indicated that this is by no means a modern question, though his writings and his life testify to its importance in contemporary German-Jewish relations as well as in contemporary Jewish-Christian relations:

Religion [Taubes writes] is a Latin term, which originally designated the civic cult of the Roman polity. Biblical literature does not know the term. Still the congregations whose experience is reflected in the books of the Old Testament as well as in the writings of the New Testament are classified as ‘religions.’ This is not a small philological detail, of interest only to the linguist or to the exegete. The fate of Christianity is embedded in this shift of language as in a nutshell. What was once a way of salvation, a hope for the redemption of man, has become an established religion in the realm of the world. In the term *religio* Rome was victorious over the hope of redemption. It is impossible at this stage of history to break the ambiguity in the term religion that comprises two contradictory elements: religion as a civic cult, and religion as a way of salvation, redeeming man from the authority of the powers and principalities of the world.⁴⁰

All of the above is by way of necessary background. My first encounter with serious mental illness came in December of 1983. I had pursued economics as an undergraduate major because the only requirement for the junior qualifying exam was a senior thesis proposal and so I was fairly free to take the courses I wanted to take in history and anthropology and sociology and physics while doing the minimum necessary in economics, or so I thought. Taking the GRE, the Graduate Record Examination, before applying to graduate school, I knew that I was failing it while taking it. Depressed, I returned to my dorm where people were partying and someone offered me wine. I knew at some level that it was a mistake, but drank anyways. Then my girlfriend came over and offered me hallucinogenic mushrooms. I had never done anything of the kind before and, again, at some level, I knew it was a mistake—particularly in combination with the alcohol—but took them anyways. Then she wanted to go outside and experience a broader environment than just a dorm room. I did not. We quarreled and she left. A short while later I passed out on the bed without realizing that I had passed out.

From my experience—which was soon filled with horrific images—including sights and sounds and even smells from the Holocaust (undoubtedly drawing on the newsreel footage of the

death camps that I had frequently seen as a child in Hebrew School)—the only thing that had any stability to it in my perception was my perceiving self. Everything else was in flux and horror. If things improved for a while and I found myself in conversation with someone and I reached out to touch them, they would dissolve and disappear. I had a vague memory of a universe that had been different—and much better—than the universe I was in but no way to get back. I had no memory that I had taken mushrooms. Time and space themselves appeared increasingly unreal—in a sense were increasingly unreal—as I drifted farther and farther away into universes of unpleasant abstractions and sensations. When my girlfriend returned and woke me up after what she said was five hours, but which felt to me like an eternity, I was afraid to touch her lest she disappear. You cannot imagine the joy and comfort that can come with being able to turn on and off a radio. My sense of gratitude to God for the created world—though I did not yet express it in a religious idiom—was unbounded. I said and felt that I would not wish what I went through on my worst enemy. The experience I now see as flowing both into a lifetime of struggles with mental illness as well as into what has become my Christian faith.

Ultimately, I have come to think that the only thing that is really real—in the sense of ultimately enduring—is God’s love and the love we share. In a blink of cosmic time—several hundred thousand years, say—this building and all of its furnishings and all of our bodies will have returned to dust. Our souls and the love they have shared—or so I believe—will continue in ways I cannot pretend to know now except through a glass darkly. It is Love in whom we live and move and have our being, even if it sometimes appears to us in other forms. Including the forms of more or less durable illusions made for our benefit such as those a nineteenth century physicist might identify as “matter.”

The brain is far more than a computer—and the mind is far more still—nevertheless, an analogy might be drawn between a forcible reboot of a computer and the way most “interventions” against people with mental illness are conducted. These interventions usually involve getting the intervenors all on one page and then confronting the person struggling with a united front and a demand for compliance. Sufficient resistance is then met with escalation to deception and force, usually in the form of hospitalization such that one is stripped of one’s abode and possessions and confined—for greater or lesser lengths of time—in a restrictive environment where the “reboot” can be accomplished with the assistance of medicine, manipulation, and, if necessary, further coercion. Traumatized by the judgments and actions of others, one searches in vain for a way to “prove” that one is “sane enough” not to be treated this way—as though anything one could say or do might suffice. Perhaps the worst of it is the fear that the existence of a mental illness stirs in others, particularly if there are any overt symptoms. It is a stigma from which there is no release. To say that such fear is an injurious expression of stereotypic profiling would be accurate, but who is to make such a statement and would it change anyone’s thinking and feeling or conduct? Far from being likely to commit violence, people suffering with mental illness are likely to be the victims of violence by others.⁴¹ It is, I can assure you, having gone through the process of “rebooting” several times, most unpleasant. I am a slow learner—as I say, I flunked sandbox—and about all I have gained from repeatedly going through this process, aside from a thick skin that has inured me to certain kinds of violence against my self and its integrity (a violence that is always framed as being in my own best interest or as a form of defense against my intensity and intrusiveness) has been knowledge of the futility of attempting to reason with those bent on intervention. Resistance is no more, and

really undoubtedly even less, efficacious, but it seems more honorable and more in keeping with that self-respect that is necessary if one is to have any genuine respect for others.

My next experience of mental illness was a manic episode beginning a few months before I got married in 1987. The stress in my life was considerable as I had accumulated through perfectionism and procrastination eight incompletes at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. In other words, I had a full year's worth of academic work to do on top of everything else that I was doing. And my "functionality" was limited by what I would term psychosis (although I have had much worse). I found myself sleepless and fascinated and easily distracted by primary colors. I had enough self-awareness to know that this was not "normal" and to not discuss the odd coincidences I tried to search for meaning within. I became curious about God and I remember praying that room temperature superconductivity—toward which major strides were being made at that point—not be realized until humanity had reached a greater level of political maturity (I was then possessed of a rather naive faith in political progress). And I was worrying about such things rather than more practical matters and responsibilities.

A "reboot" having been accomplished, and my "mood" stabilized with medicine, I was released from a mental hospital a few weeks after my wedding. My wife and I went camping immediately afterwards and harmony was soon restored between us. I would remain on lithium for the next nine years. These were among the happiest years of my life. They were the years when my son was born and in which I completed my Master's degree in law and diplomacy and my PhD in history. In the published version of my Master's thesis I sought to show how British sympathy for the Greek nationalist cause contributed decisively to the creation of the modern

state of Greece.⁴² And in my dissertation—and later in my first book—I expanded the argument to show how a combination of sympathy for the national sovereignty of others in tension with a sense of democratic solidarity had led American officials, on balance, to do the democratic cause in Latin America more good than harm during the administration of President Harry S Truman.⁴³ At a more abstract level, I was trying to suggest that nations—like individuals—could successfully express affinity for one another by respecting each other’s autonomy and by offering to cooperate in common undertakings on the basis of shared values. I was pushing back against established traditions that took it for granted that “interests” governed the behavior of states and that the United States had always been unusually exploitative and oppressive in its pursuit of its interests in Latin America.

During this period, I also published an article on American wartime planning for the occupation of Japan in which I showed how an ascendant faction among the planners came to reject the idea of revenge and to search instead for programs and policies—such as a massive land reform—that could win the support of the Japanese people for a reorientation of their nation’s approach to the wider world.⁴⁴ The contrast between the civility of most of the American officials I studied and the bullying behavior and brutal rhetoric of the Trump administration years later would help me decide to run for Congress in 2018.

As a Visiting Assistant Professor at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, from August of 1996 to July of 1998, I taught American history survey lecture courses as well as seminars in some of my specialties. These years, too, were a delight and in the midst of them my daughter was born. Having gone off lithium when I arrived in Vegas—for no better reason than the hassle of finding a prescribing doctor and my sense that I no longer needed it—I did fine without it for

two years. Returning to Yale as the Director of Undergraduate Studies for International Studies in August of 1998, however, I was soon faced with a horror that challenged my stability when one of the students in the major was murdered in December of that year. I came to suspect a colleague of the crime, my suspicions became public knowledge, and I became obsessed with them. I went back on lithium, but it seemed to me to make no difference. I also tried an antipsychotic medicine called olanzapine which I found hateful—it was very difficult to stay lucid and awake under its influence—and I soon ceased to take it. It was also during this period that I came to keenly feel God’s presence in my life. This was a deep source of joy and comfort. It was also a challenge as I began to think that a guiding benevolence in the world that I felt and thought of as “the president” might be Jesus Christ.

During the next year and a half, I would go to synagogue most weekday mornings for morning prayer—and especially to sing the Sh’ma as the sun broke over the horizon. Sunlight became for me a metaphor for the love of the creator of light—a poetry, an imagery, and a sense of presence that would resonate deeply when I finally got around to reading the gospel of John. Yale, to its enormous credit, renewed my one-year contract for a second year in spite of the suspicions I had raised. And it is a source of pride to me that my work continued to meet professional expectations. Two of the seniors whose essays I was supervising in the spring of 2000 won university wide prizes for their work. That said, Yale did not renew my contract for a third year.

Unemployment and mounting student loan and credit card debt added to the stresses in my life. My family and I moved to Seattle. My wife and I started to quarrel and then separated which further contributed to a profound depression tinged with psychosis on my part. I wound

up in Washington, DC, staying with good friends—Liz McPike and Dick Wilson—and working in a large gardening and florist’s center. The work was deadly dull as the store was empty for hours at a time and we were allowed neither to sit nor to read. Just before Valentine’s Day of 2003, things got busy. I was filling plastic tubes with water and capping them so that roses could be stuck in them the next day and live a few hours longer than they otherwise would. My co-worker and I had filled about 10,000 of these tubes, when he said to me: “You’re never going to believe this but I went to college and got a BA.” Of course I believed him. But I couldn’t bring myself to tell him what I had done. I quit my job, determined to write another book and get back into the academic world. I soon realized that this was a mistake as it deprived my days of structure and intensified my depression. I had been plagued by suicidal ideational activity for several years and antidepressant medicines had proved useless. Believing that Christ would welcome me into Heaven that day I jumped in front of a subway train. The instant after the train hit I felt aware of the miracle of His love and of my being alive. I felt happy for the first time in years and have hardly felt depressed since. A guy from behind the train who had presumably seen me bounce around the front of it called out: “Hey buddy are you alright?” To which I replied: “Yes.” Then I looked at my right hand and saw all of the bones and gore and thought: “Oh well, they’ll fix that in the hospital,” and passed out.

When I woke up in the hospital the hand was gone, but I really didn’t care—I was grateful to be alive. Although I no longer felt depressed, I was still sleeping twelve to fourteen hours a day, and still—despite my ambitions—unable to do serious academic work. Eventually, thanks to the great generosity of my mother’s older brother—Walter Gilbert, and his wife Celia, and with some help from my ex-in-laws, Max and Jean Bell—I wound up at the Austen Riggs Center, a

unique open-setting mental hospital in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where patients are free to come and go as they please.⁴⁵ There was an Episcopal church across the street from me, that I would look out my window at every morning when I woke up, and I just sort of knew that this was more than a coincidence. I started attending services and immediately felt at home. When I was baptized, in addition to the priest's application of water, and the classic trinitarian formula, and chrism, every member of the parish who was there that Sunday made the sign of the cross on my forehead and welcomed me into the body of Christ. In conversation with a fellow parishioner at a coffee hour one Sunday I was talking about my book when he asked me if his father was in it. "Oh," I said, realizing who he was, "you're *that* Peter Berle. Your father is the subject of my second chapter." As I say, everything about that community felt right. For Easter of 2007, Lila Berle—Peter's wife—brought a lamb to church that had been born that morning on their farm.

The community at Austen Riggs felt right as well. There was a spontaneous sense of solidarity and mutual understanding among the patients—all of whom had been through or were enduring some sort of Hell—and the staff was more respectful of the humanity and rights of the patients than at any other such institution in the country. One week, I was accepted for a part in a production of *Henry V*, went up to a 100mg daily dose of the anti-seizure drug lamotrigine, and received an acquaintance's dissertation in the mail. Instead of sleeping most of the time I—all of a sudden—didn't sleep at all that weekend. During that time I finished reading the dissertation and wrote six pages of single-spaced commentary which my acquaintance later told me was the best feedback he received on the work. Having beaten myself up for years for what I had seen as

gluttony and moral weakness in the form of excessive sleep and failure to write with rigor, I was astonished at the transformation.

We consider our desire to be good, and to do good in the world, as of tremendous importance—at least I think we do, and certainly should, so consider it—but we should also be aware, or so I have come to believe, that things are much less under our control than we sometimes imagine. A Buddhist friend of mine once said that we should act as if everything depended on our conduct while laughing at the idea we have any influence in the universe at all.

On returning to Chicago in late 2008, I joined the Episcopal church in Lincoln Park—Church of Our Saviour—and again found a loving community that gave me warm welcome. Here I encountered a small group program called Education for Ministry (EfM) associated with Sewanee University that met weekly.⁴⁶ The first year one studied the Old Testament, the second year the New Testament, the third year church history, and the fourth year issues in contemporary theology and ethics. Each year began with people recounting their spiritual autobiographies and each session involved a theological reflection on a passage of scripture or a cultural artifact as well as a discussion of the readings. I found it a very nurturing environment and could never have learned to tell my story in public without having first learned how to do so in the safe space that EfM provided. It was an extraordinary program in which to come to know others and to come to be known by them. I would recommend EfM to anyone interested in pursuing wellness.

During this period I taught classes at the Newberry Library in the history of US foreign relations, including one devoted to Latin America and one devoted to East Asia, and in 2010 became the Building and Office Manager at my church. This was an opportunity to give back to a community that had warmly welcomed me—and that I had come to love—while being paid for

the privilege. The job was only three days a week, at least on paper, which gave me time for research and writing.

I also joined the Chicago Literary Club at this time. My papers for the Club have included two drawn from a book I am writing on the fight against Cherokee Removal in the 1830s—the fight to try to prevent what became the Trail of Tears—in which I emphasize the integrity, eloquence, and devotion to international law of the opponents of removal in both the Congress and the Supreme Court and the self-deluded self-righteousness of the advocates of removal and their appeasers and their belief in “states’ rights.”⁴⁷ As a matter of constitutional law, I show how John Marshall—one of the appeasers—betrayed the intentions of the framers of the Constitution, and the “original public meaning” of the text, in his wrongly decided opinion in *Cherokee Nation v. Georgia*; a betrayal we are all complicit in sustaining. A paper called “Drunk with Western Doctrine” examined the way the West’s seventeenth and eighteenth century mythology of its own dynamism and of China’s allegedly unchanging past was absorbed by Chinese intellectuals in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and became the foundation for an extraordinarily destructive radical iconoclasm that only in recent decades has begun to give way to a cultural renaissance. A paper called “America and the Kingdom” seeks to encourage a moral revolution as a necessary foundation for the political revolution that I believe our country and our world needs.

A healthy society, I believe, should know that it rests on the fellow feeling that its nationals have for one another and know that this feeling—this affinity—is in its own dim way part of the love out of which the universe is made. Such a society should seek to avoid acting out of fear and, to the extent possible, act instead out of a concern for the common good—including the global common good—whose advancement will ultimately best serve its own interests.

I was very active in high school in the late 1970s, and college in the early 1980s, with a group called Social Democrats, USA, of which the great civil rights organizer and strategist Bayard Rustin was the National Chairman.⁴⁸ I had even considered pursuing a career in politics before being persuaded by Edward Shils' example to pursue an academic career instead. In 2015, I found my political interests in electoral politics reawakening under the influence of Bernie Sanders campaign for the presidency. I went canvassing door-to-door for Bernie in Iowa and Wisconsin and then went back to Iowa to canvass for Hillary in the fall. Even before the November 2016 election, I keenly felt that I was not doing enough and needed to double down on my spiritual and political commitments. I had heard great things about the preaching at the UCC church in Lincoln Park—St Pauls—and became a parishioner there as well as at Church of Our Saviour. And I began to think about running for Congress. At about this time Church of Our Savior began the process of interviewing for a full-time business manager. I assumed the position was mine for the asking and was surprised when I was asked in the interview what I would do if I didn't get the job: run for Congress was my reply. I didn't get the job, but I did run for Congress garnering the endorsement of the Illinois Berniecrats and 4% of the vote in the primary.⁴⁹

Shortly after the election, I remember praying at length about what to do next and finding myself discerning a life without psychoactive medications. While I had been able to function well without them for two years in the late 1990s, it proved not to be possible in 2018. I am still seeking to discern God's purpose in the course of action I chose to undertake; to discern what I am meant to learn from the experience. As it appears in retrospect, even to me, as "psychotic," this is rather difficult. Overwhelmed by a flood of feelings, particularly of love for a woman

who did not care for my attention, I pestered her until she obtained a no contact order. Mistakenly believing that I had not been properly served notice of the order, I may have sent her one or two emails afterwards. This was sufficient for me to be arrested and placed in jail awaiting trial. Initially, I had foolishly thought not to ask anyone to bail me out in solidarity with the hundreds of thousands of people who are languishing in our nation's jails because they don't have enough money to post bond. After I was inside, and discovered that the phones didn't work, I would reconsider. By then it was too late. It was more than a month before I could even reach anyone on the outside by phone. Within a day of arriving, I had been physically attacked and had to fight back. With luck, I got the stump of my arm under the chin of my attacker and ran his head along the wall towards the corner—which would have been bad for him—when, fortunately, the door opened and we spilled out into the hall as the guards arrived. Whether because we were seen as threats to others, or for our own protection, each of us was then placed in solitary confinement. I was there for two months. Allowed out of my box for only one hour in twenty four. This, I can assure you, was a form of torture. It was also an extraordinary learning experience and even an opportunity to see beauty. I remember one day that I spent in bed from sunrise to sunset simply watching the light of the sun—framed by the shadow of the window's bars—as they travelled together around the walls of the room.

A friend I made in a neighboring cell named Eric taught me a valuable lesson about the costs and the courage required for successful resistance. His toilet had been backed up for several days and the guards—on the grounds that he had been throwing junk in it—had refused to call the plumber. Eric flushed his toilet repeatedly till it flowed out into the hall. The guards, referring to this as “gas warfare,” promptly called the plumber.

In late January 2019, thanks to the skill of the lawyers in the public defender’s office, I was found “not guilty” on a technicality and released from jail. I might have died of the cold that night as the police—as a matter of policy—destroy or sell the unclaimed property of prisoners after sixty days and so I was released at 26th and California around midnight without a winter coat, or keys, or credit cards, or cell phone. Fortunately, my 85 year old father and a family friend—Chris Cohen—met me on my way out. A few days later, still trying to process my experience, I sent an email to the lawyer of the woman with the no contact order. This was viewed as an illegal effort to make contact through a third party to which I pled guilty in April 2019 receiving a sentence of supervision—akin to probation—until late October 2020.

In these circumstances, I thought it improper to run for Congress in 2020 and have devoted my time and attention to finishing my book—which is currently being considered by Rowman and Littlefield—to reconnect with my friends, and to draw joy and comfort from such wonderful works as Thomas Traherne’s *Centuries of Meditations*. Traherne—the seventeenth century English mystic whom I quoted earlier—can be hard to follow. I encourage you to let his words wash over you:

Eternity magnifies our joys exceedingly, for whereas things in themselves began, and quickly end; before they came, were never in being; do service but for few moments; and after they are gone pass away and leave us for ever, Eternity retains the moments of their beginning and ending within itself: and from everlasting to everlasting those things were in their times and places before God, and in all their circumstances eternally will be, serving Him in those moments wherein they existed, to those intents and purposes for which they were created. The swiftest thought is present with Him eternally; the creation and the day of judgment, His first consultation, choice and determination, the result and end of all just now in full perfection, ever beginning, ever passing, ever ending with all the intervals of space between things and things: As if those objects that arise many thousand years one after the other were all together. We also were ourselves before God eternally; and have the joy of seeing ourselves eternally

beloved and eternally blessed, and infinitely enjoying all the parts of our blessedness; in all the durations of eternity appearing at once before ourselves, when perfectly consummate in the Kingdom of Light and Glory.⁵⁰

When Pope Francis was asked who he was, in 2013, he replied: “I am a sinner.”⁵¹ I agree both with Traherne’s vision of the Kingdom—in which we should all see ourselves as beloved children of God—and with those who sense that while we are in time we are also all sinners. As Alexander Solzhenitsyn put it in *The Gulag Archipelago*: “Gradually it was disclosed to me that the line separating good and evil passes not through states, nor between classes, nor between political parties either—but right through every human heart—and through all human hearts.”⁵²

I feel particularly blessed to be part of a religious community that welcomes me, sinner that I am, and even for an adult lifetime of struggle with mental illness that—while it has sometimes alienated me from neighbors—has also brought me to a deep and intense love of God. The prophet Jeremiah reports the Lord as cautioning the wise that they should not boast in their wisdom, nor the strong boast in their strength, nor the wealthy boast in their wealth; “but let those who boast boast in this, that they understand and know me, that I am the Lord; I act with steadfast love, justice, and righteousness in the earth, for in these things I delight, says the Lord.”⁵³

I noted earlier Jacob Taubes’ question whether the atonement of guilt is even possible or whether reconciliation is an illusory hope and all that can be accomplished in time is recognition.⁵⁴ For myself, I can only say that my hope is quite tangible: I believe in a Kingdom of God that is both already here and still coming into this world.⁵⁵ I have no answer as to whether the Jewish people can ever forgive Germany or whether the Native American peoples can ever forgive the United States. It is difficult to imagine what a genuine reconciliation would

look like. All I can say for myself, as Traherene writes to the Lord we share, is that: “I had never known the dignity of my nature, hadst not Thou esteemed it: I had never seen or understood its glory, hadst not Thou assumed it. Be Thou pleased to unite me unto Thee in the bands of Individual Love, that I may ever more live unto Thee, and live in Thee.”⁵⁶

Speaking of himself in the third person, but perhaps in language that can apply to all of us, Traherene claims that: “If he might have had but one request of God Almighty, it should have been above all other, that he might be a blessing to mankind. That was his daily prayer above all of his petitions.... Though for this he was not to be commended, for he did but right to God and Nature, who had implanted in all that inclination.”⁵⁷

I would like to close with a quote from scripture—from St Paul’s letter to the Romans—and I ask those who do not consider themselves Christians to forgive any unwanted intrusiveness in the language:

Therefore, since we are justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have obtained access to this grace in which we stand; and we boast in our hope of sharing the glory of God. And not only that, but we also boast in our sufferings, knowing that suffering produces endurance, and endurance produces character, and character produces hope, and hope does not disappoint us, because God’s love has been poured into our hearts through the Holy Spirit that has been given to us.⁵⁸

¹ See Benjamin Hav Mitra-Kahn, “Redefining the Economy: How the ‘Economy’ was Invented in 1620, and has been Redefined Ever Since” (City University London: PhD Dissertation, 2011), especially pp. 236-273. See also Hugh J. Schwartzberg, *The Invisible Advocate: Richard V. Gilbert* (Chicago: The Chicago Literary Club, 1984) available as #92 online at: https://www.chilit.org/content.aspx?page_id=86&club_id=11539&item_id=25713 (accessed 17 October 2019).

² Karl R. Popper and John C. Eccles, *The Self and its Brain: An Argument for Interactionism* [1977] (London: Routledge, 1983), especially pp. 36-50, 548-561.

³ See Marilynne Robinson, *What are we Doing Here?* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2018), especially pp. 3-16.

⁴ Marilynne Robinson, *The Givenness of Things* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2015), p. 4.

⁵ Tu Weiming, “Spiritual Humanism: An Emerging Global Discourse, 18 December 2015, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ya-jsyg6c_I (accessed 30 January 2020).

⁶ Tu Weiming, *The Global Significance of Concrete Humanity: Essays on the Confucian Discourse in Cultural China* (New Delhi: Center for Studies in Civilizations, 2010), p. 242.

⁷ See Anne Harrington, *The Mind Fixers: Psychiatry’s Troubled Search for the Biology of Mental Illness* (New York: W. W. Norton, 2019), especially p. 275: “Given its very mixed record with pursuing a narrowly medication-based approach to the care of this population, one of the first things psychiatry could do would be to step back from its current biological habits of mind and ask what might help most, even if all the answers do not necessarily feel medical. There is good social science research, for example, showing that many people with serious mental disorders often benefit far more from being given their own apartment and/or access to supportive communities, than from being given a script for a new or stronger antipsychotic. In 2016 Shekhar Saxena, the director of the World Health Organization’s mental health unit, was asked where he’d prefer to be if he were diagnosed with schizophrenia. He said he would choose a city like Addis Ababa in Ethiopia or Colombo in Sri Lanka, rather than New York or London. The reason was that in the former, he had the potential to find a niche for himself as a productive if eccentric member of a community. In the latter, he was far more apt to end up stigmatized and on the margins of society.”

⁸ Liah Greenfeld, *Mind, Modernity, Madness* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2013). See also Ethan Watters, *Crazy Like Us: The Globalization of the American Psyche* (New York: The Free Press, 2010).

⁹ Greenfeld, *Mind, Modernity, Madness*, p. 10.

¹⁰ Doris Iarovici, “The Antidepressant Generation,” *The New York Times*, 17 April 2014, <https://well.blogs.nytimes.com/2014/04/17/the-antidepressant-generation/> (accessed 15 November 2019)

¹¹ Popper and Eccles, *The Self and its Brain*, p. 108.

¹² I am sympathetic to conceptions of the universe in which there is assumed to be an interiority in the form of a rudimentary consciousness or capacity for intentionality even in electrons. See Gareth Cook, “Does Consciousness Pervade the Universe: Philosopher Philip Goff Answers Questions About ‘Panpsychism,’” 14 January 2020, *Scientific American*, https://www.scientificamerican.com/article/does-consciousness-pervade-the-universe/?fbclid=IwAR1-zUjuYOk6im4vRqLJz_kx9zIx44dUrJwqkcyISkckszIyjT0UhKhXcQA (accessed 29 January 2020).

¹³ Quoted in Adam Phillips, *Winnicott* [1988] (London: Penguin Books, 2007), pp. 12-13.

¹⁴ See “How your gut bacteria influences your behaviour, emotions and thinking,” on “Quirks and Quarks with Bob McDonald,” CBC Radio, 22 March 2019, <https://www.cbc.ca/radio/quirks/july-27-2019-shopping-for-souvenirs-on-an-asteroid-new-cambrian-explosion-fossils-and-more-1.5065927/how-your-gut-bacteria-influences-your-behaviour-emotions-and-thinking-1.5065955> (accessed 17 October 2019).

¹⁵ I have found the following work helpful in thinking about collective minds: Hans Freyer, *Theory of Objective Mind: An Introduction to the Philosophy of Culture* translated and with an introduction by Steven Grosby (Athens, Ohio: Ohio University Press, 1999). But see also: Jerry Z. Muller, “Carl Schmitt, Hans Freyer and the Radical Conservative Critique of Liberal Democracy in the Weimar Republic,” *History of Political Thought*, Vol. 12, No. 4 (Winter 1991), pp. 695-715.

¹⁶ Writing about five hundred years ago, the Chinese scholar Wang Yang-ming declared: “The great man [for our purpose, it should be read in the gender neutral sense of a broadly minded ‘profound person’] regards Heaven, Earth, and the myriad things as one body. He regards the world as one family and the country as one person. As to those who make a cleavage between objects and distinguish between the self and others, they are small men. That the great man can regard Heaven and Earth and the myriad things as one body is not because he deliberately wants to do so, but because it is natural to the human nature of his heart-mind that he do so. Forming one body with Heaven, Earth, and the myriad things is not only true of the great man. Even the heart-mind of the small man is no different. Only he himself makes it small. Therefore when he sees a child about to fall into a well, he cannot help a feeling of alarm and commiseration. This shows that his humanity forms one body with the child. It may be objected that the child belongs to the same species. Again, when he observes the pitiful cries and frightened appearance of birds and animals about to be slaughtered, he cannot help feeling an ‘inability to bear’ their suffering. This shows his humanity forms one body with birds and animals. It may be objected that birds and animals are sentient beings as he is. But when he sees plants broken and destroyed, he cannot help a feeling of pity. This shows his humanity forms one body with plants. It may be said that plants are living things as he is. Yet, even if he sees tiles and stones shattered and crushed, he cannot help a feeling of regret. This shows his humanity forms one body with tiles and stones. This means that even the humanity of the small man necessarily has the humanity that forms one body with all. Such a heart-mind is rooted in the Heaven-endowed nature, and is naturally intelligent, clear, and not beclouded. For this reason it is called the ‘brilliant virtue.’” Quoted in Tu, *The Global Significance of Concrete Humanity*, p. 253.

¹⁷ Herbert McCabe, *God, Christ and Us* (London: Continuum, 2003), p. 18.

¹⁸ My thinking on the ego has been influenced by a book in which belief in the existence of the ego is presented as the great antagonist of knowledge of who we really are: Helen Schucman, *A Course in Miracles* third edition [originally three volumes in 1976] (Mill Valley, CA: Foundation for Inner Peace, 2007), especially 100-103.

¹⁹ Thomas Traherne, *Centuries of Meditations* edited by Bertram Dobell [first published in 1908] (n.c.: Pantianos Classics, n.d.), p. 124.

²⁰ Martin Luther King, Jr., “The Role of the Behavioral Scientist in the Civil Rights Movement,” 1 September 1967, text available online in American Psychological Association, “King’s challenge to the nation’s social scientists,” <https://www.apa.org/monitor/features/king-challenge> (accessed 17 October 2019).

²¹ This despite there being fine individuals who can and resources in the traditions informing their field that could be helpful such as William James, *The Varieties of Religious Experience* (London: Longman, Green, and Company, 1905).

²² Quoted in Phillips, Winnicott, p. 81. See also D. W. Winnicott, *Playing and Reality* (London: Routledge, 1971), especially p. 3.

²³ Daniel Kahneman, *Thinking Fast and Slow* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2011), p. 119.

²⁴ James Wilson, “Chapter III. Of the Law of Nature,” in Kermit L. Hall and Mark David Hall, editors, *The Collected Works of James Wilson* in two volumes (Indianapolis: Liberty Fund, 2007), Vol. 1, p. 515. This paragraph as a whole is a close paraphrase of Wilson’s writing.

²⁵ Wilson, “Of the Law of Nature,” p. 517.

²⁶ Wilson, “Of the Law of Nature,” p. 518.

²⁷ Edward Shils, *The Virtue of Civility* (Indianapolis: Liberty Fund, 1997).

²⁸ Quoted in Liah Greenfeld, “Praxis Pietatis: A Tribute to Edward Shils,” in Liah Greenfeld, *Nationalism and the Mind: Essays on Modern Culture* (Oxford: Oneworld Publications, 2006), p. 131.

²⁹ Greenfeld, *Nationalism and the Mind*, p. 132.

³⁰ See Edward Shils, “The Concentration and Dispersion of Charisma: Their Bearing on Economic Policy in Underdeveloped Countries” [1968] in Edward Shils, *Center and Periphery: Essays in Macrosociology* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1975), pp. 405-421.

³¹ Liah Greenfeld, “Reflections on Two Charismas,” in Greenfeld, *Nationalism and the Mind*, pp. 5-6.

³² See the essays in Shils, *Center and Periphery*. The implications of Shils’ vision of center and periphery relations for our understanding of the mind have just begun to be traced. Greenfeld offers one path in linking modern mental illnesses to the rise of secular nationalism. I am intrigued by what we may ultimately learn by comparison between our own consciousness and that of what we can learn of the more obviously center-periphery consciousness of the octopus. See Peter Godfrey-Smith, *Other Minds: The Octopus, the Sea, and the Deep Origins of Consciousness* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2016). For myself, I am aware of being both a professional historian, and as such closer to “the center” of the society, and someone with a history of mental illness, and as such someone closer to “the periphery.” My scholarly work and my political interests both reflect something of this tension. I have also learned much from Christian Wiman with whom I very much agree that: “I would be writing about matters of faith had I never gotten sick ... but I also suspect that without the impetus of serious illness, my work would not have taken the particular form that it has.” Christian Wiman, *My Bright Abyss: Meditation of a Modern Believer* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2013), p. x.

³³ Philip Rieff, *The Triumph of the Therapeutic: Uses of Faith after Freud* [1966] (Wilmington: ISI Books, 2006), p. 21.

³⁴ Rieff, *The Triumph of the Therapeutic*, pp. xii, 10.

³⁵ Rieff, *The Triumph of the Therapeutic*, p. 19.

³⁶ Rieff, *The Triumph of the Therapeutic*, p. 40.

³⁷ Rieff, *The Triumph of the Therapeutic*, p. 223.

³⁸ Robinson, *The Givenness of Things*, p. 100.

³⁹ See the discussions of recent South African history, and of the history of some of the relations between one of the native peoples—the Cheyenne—and the United States, in Lewis Hyde, *A Primer for Forgetting: Getting Past the Past* (New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 2019), especially pp. 169-186, 237-250.

⁴⁰ Jacob Taubes, “Religion and the Future of Psychoanalysis” [1957], in Jacob Taubes, *From Cult to Culture: Fragments Toward a Critique of Historical Reason* edited by Charlotte Elisheva Fonrobert and Amir Engel (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2010), p. 336. See also Jacob Taubes, *The Political Theology of Paul* [1993] edited by Aleida Assmann, et al. (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2004).

⁴¹ This is less true where there are co-occurring substance abuse problems. See Elizabeth Walsh and Thomas Fahy, "Violence In Society: Contribution Of Mental Illness Is Low." *BMJ: British Medical Journal* 325, no. 7363 (2002), pp. 507-08. See also Steven Raphael and Michael A. Stoll, "Assessing the Contribution of the Deinstitutionalization of the Mentally Ill to Growth in the U.S. Incarceration Rate." *The Journal of Legal Studies* 42, no. 1 (2013), pp. 187-222.

⁴² Steven Schwartzberg, "The Lion and the Phoenix: British Policy Toward the 'Greek Question,' 1821-1832," *Middle Eastern Studies*, Volume 24, Numbers 2 and 3 (April and July 1988), pp. 139-177, 287-311.

⁴³ Steven Schwartzberg, *Democracy and US Policy in Latin America during the Truman Years* (Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 2003). [Paperback: 2008]

⁴⁴ Steven Schwartzberg, "The 'Soft Peace Boys': Presurrender Planning and Japanese Land Reform," *The Journal of American-East Asian Relations*, Volume 2, Number 2 (Summer 1993), pp. 185-216.

⁴⁵ The therapist I worked with has written an interesting account of our work together in which I appear under the pseudonym "Philip": Marilyn Charles, "Working with a Patient Claiming a Direct Relationship with God: Encountering Otherness," *Journal of The American Academy of Psychoanalysis and Dynamic Psychiatry*, Volume 37, No. 1 (2009), pp. 21-34.

⁴⁶ <http://efm.sewanee.edu> (accessed 17 October 2019).

⁴⁷ These papers can be found online by searching for my name alphabetically at: https://www.chilit.org/content.aspx?page_id=86&club_id=11539&item_id=25713 (accessed 17 October 2019).

⁴⁸ See John D'Emilio, *Lost Prophet: The Life and Times of Bayard Rustin* (New York: The Free Press, 2003); Michael G. Long, ed., *I Must Resist: Bayard Rustin's Life in Letters* (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 2012); Devon W. Carbado and Donald Weise, eds., *Time on Two Crosses: The Collected Writings of Bayard Rustin* (New York: Cleis Press, 2003).

⁴⁹ See <http://www.schwartzbergforcongress.com> (accessed 17 October 2019).

⁵⁰ Traherne, *Centuries of Meditations*, p. 138.

⁵¹ Quoted in Antonio Spadaro, "A Big Heart Open to God: An interview with Pope Francis," 30 September 2013, *America: The Jesuit Review*, <https://www.americamagazine.org/faith/2013/09/30/big-heart-open-god-interview-pope-francis> (accessed 30 December 2019).

⁵² Quoted in Martin Malia, "A War on Two Fronts: Solzhenitsyn and the Gulag Archipelago," *The Russian Review*, Vol. 36, No. 1 (January 1977), p. 62.

⁵³ Jeremiah 9:23-24.

⁵⁴ See Jacob Taubes, "Religion and the Future of Psychoanalysis," *From Cult to Culture*, pp. 340-341.

⁵⁵ For a wonderful discussion of some of the implications of this belief for ethics, see Herbert McCabe, *Law, Love and Language* [1968] (London: Continuum, 2009), especially pp. 104-173.

⁵⁶ Traherne, *Centuries of Meditations*, p. 26.

⁵⁷ Traherne, *Centuries of Meditations*, p. 112.

⁵⁸ Romans 5: 1-5.