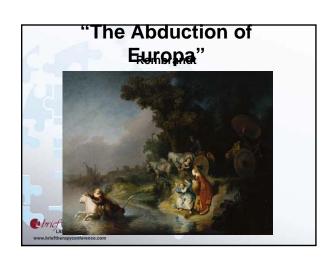




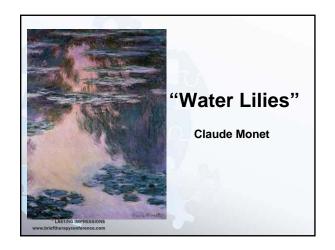
Thesis We under function We do not use the medium to its fullest extent. Poetry or Structure We can access more "states." Change leads to insight. Treat components not categories



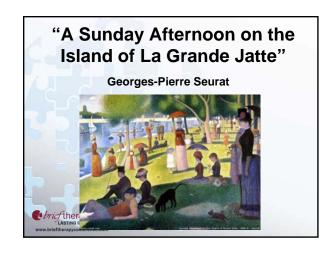




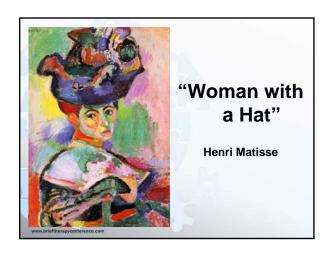




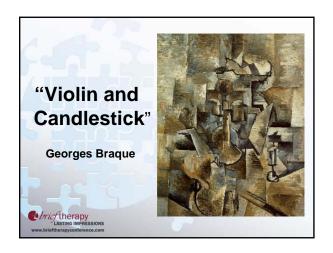




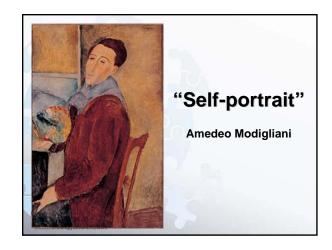




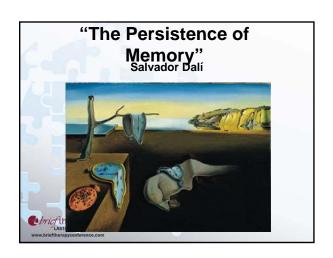




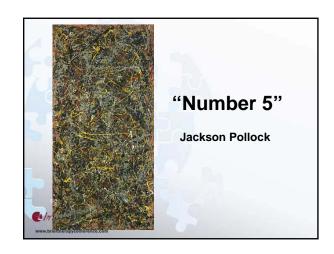


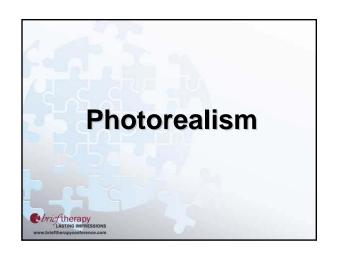






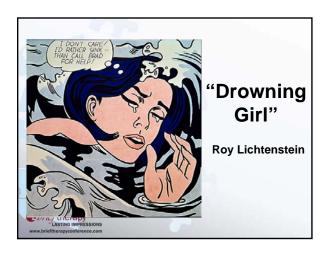






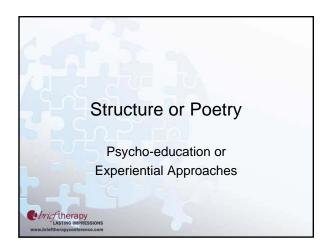


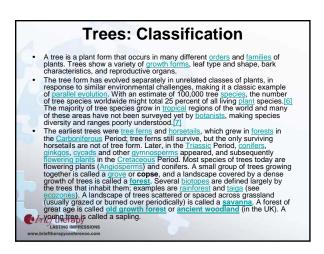


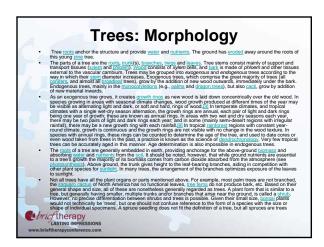


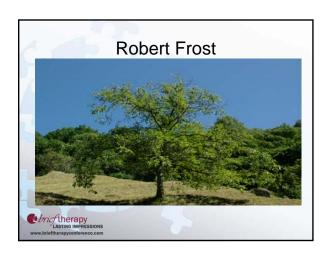












Robert Frost Tree at my window, window tree, My sash is lowered when night comes on; But let there never be curtain drawn Between you and me. Vague dream-head lifted out of the ground, And thing next most diffuse to cloud, Not all your light tongues talking aloud Could be profound. But tree, I have seen you taken and tossed, And if you have seen me when I slept, You have seen me when I was taken and swept And all but lost. That day she put our heads together, Fate had her imagination about her, Your head so much concerned with outer, Mine with inner, weather.



Therapist "Roles" Conservationist: Utilization Farmer: Set-up, Intervene, Follow-through (SIFT) Poet: Orient-Toward—Create not connect dots. Be wierd Miner: Resource Elicitation Tailor Neurosurgeon: Precision Artist—Especially a Visual Art Movie Maker—Multilevel "Good Humor" Person Shape-shifter—flexible Dancer--resonance Anesthetist—no surgery without anesthesia



