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Saturday AM

Jonah Schein – Columbia Psychoanalytic Center
Robert Paul – Emory University
Jeanine Vivona – The College of New Jersey
Juliet Mitchell – Cambridge University
Discussant – Elizabeth Young-Bruehl – Columbia Psychoanalytic Center
Audience Participation

Saturday PM

Deena Harris – Columbia Psychoanalytic Center
Krin Gabbard – SUNY Stony Brook
Jim Herzog – Boston Psychoanalytic
Luisa Ferder – Psychoanalytic Society of Puerto Rico
Discussant – Karen Gilmore – Columbia Psychoanalytic Center
Audience & Afterword – David Ott – Columbia Psychoanalytic Center

Sunday AM

Andreas Kraebber – Columbia Psychoanalytic Center
Adriane Leveen – Jewish Theological Seminary

Panel

Panel Chair – Alicia Guttman
Rosemary Balsam – Western New England Psychoanalytic
John M. Ross – Columbia Psychoanalytic Center
Helen Meyers – Columbia Psychoanalytic Center
Discussants – Juliet Mitchell – Cambridge University
Audience & Afterword – Ted Kenny – Columbia Psychoanalytic Center

WATCH FOR EARLY REGISTRATION DISCOUNTS

Margaret Morgan Lawrence: The Center's First Black Graduate

Wynn Jackson

When Dr. Margaret Morgan Lawrence received her Certificate in Psychoanalysis in 1951, she became the first black graduate of the Columbia University Center for Psychoanalytic Training and Research. All of us who are candidates or graduates of the Center know how long and arduous analytic training is and how difficult it is to combine that training with family life. Imagine how much harder it was for the first black candidate, who was also the mother of three young children when she began her training. The resilience and vitality that saw Dr. Lawrence through the rigors of medical and analytic training in a segregated world are still evident today. At age 93, Dr. Lawrence follows news about psychoanalysis from her study and retains her life membership in the Association for Psychoanalytic Medicine. In fact, until three years ago, she was seeing patients in her home office in Rockland County.

This is the second article about Dr. Lawrence published in the *Bulletin*. The first article recounted an interview with Dr. Lawrence conducted by Joanna Chapin exactly 20 years ago, at the time of publication of *Balm in Gilead: Journey of a Healer* (1988). This was a well received biography of Dr. Lawrence written by her daughter, Harvard Professor Sara Lawrence Lightfoot, as part of the Radcliffe Biography Series of "Lives of Extraordinary Women."

I visited Dr. Lawrence at her home in Pomona, Rockland County, New York, on March 28, 2008. She greeted me with a warm smile at the front door of her one-story house in a forested cooperative community. She then ushered me into her living room, which was comfortably furnished and filled with plants, African sculpture, a grand piano, and an antique organ. Her white hair, with a few lingering strands of dark brown, was wound around her head and clasped with a turquoise-encrusted clip. Still slim, she was dressed in a subtly patterned green jacket which matched her blouse and slacks. Sometimes she walked with the aid of a cane, but her movements were quick and her step sure. Although she has some help with housekeeping and shopping, she has lived alone in her

house since her husband, a sociology professor, died twenty years ago.

Apologizing for her slight hearing loss, Dr. Lawrence invited me to sit down and chat. "This is an historic year," she remarked. "A black man and a woman running for President!" Dr. Lawrence's own life has been punctuated by historic firsts and by overcoming racial and sexual discrimination. It was striking that in my interview with her, Dr. Lawrence minimized the discrimination she had faced. Her daughter's book was more informative about the hurdles she had cleared in order to develop her medical career. Raised by an Episcopal priest father and teacher mother in segregated Vicksburg, Mississippi, she came to Harlem in 1928 to attend Wadleigh High School, a public girls' school. She recalled: "I fit in. It was a classical high school." She was mentored by the Dean, who gave her private Greek lessons and expected her to perform at a high level academically. Upon graduation with multiple academic honors, she was accepted with a full-tuition scholarship at Cornell University, where she was the only black (termed "negro" in that era) student in Arts and Sciences during her first year. At that time, black students were not allowed to board in the dorm, so she worked as a live-in servant for two families in Ithaca. Although she did well as a pre-medical student and on the medical school admissions test (the precursor of the MCAT) she was denied admission to Cornell Medical School. The Dean told her that a "negro" man had been admitted twenty years before but had developed tuberculosis and quit. Stunned by this statement, she called her father, who contacted the National Council of the Episcopal Church; with the help of the Council she was admitted to the Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons, where she was the only black student and one of ten women in her class. Graduating in 1940, she was denied a pediatrics residency at Babies' Hospital because the supervisor of nurses refused to let her live in the nurses' residence. Instead, she became a house officer at Harlem Hospital. I asked her what in her background or temperament allowed her to persist despite these difficulties. She replied: "I can't say what made me persist. I guess I wouldn't know that, would I? But I can tell you that it never occurred to me not to work, not to keep going. I just went on. I liked what I did, and I just kept going." After completing her pediatrics residency, she served as the only woman on the faculty of Meharry Medical School in Nashville. She

had just had her first child when she joined the faculty, and she had two more babies in quick succession. She returned to work after short maternity leaves and attracted attention, both positive and critical, for combining motherhood with her career so gracefully.

In the course of her clinical work and teaching, Dr. Lawrence became interested in the "whole child" and in the family interactions of her young patients. She commented: "The students would often ask me questions related to child psychiatry, which I was not trained to answer." Attending a course taught by Benjamin Spock at Cornell Medical School in New York increased her interest in this behavioral aspect of pediatrics. In *Balm in Gilead*, Dr. Lightfoot speculates that Dr. Lawrence's interest in emotional illness stemmed from her early family life. Dr. Lawrence's mother was a dedicated teacher who came from the North to teach in the South, where she met and married her husband, Dr. Lawrence's father. The young couple's firstborn son died in infancy and the young parents were, of course, distraught. Dr. Lawrence commented: "My father would say to me, 'If the boy had lived, he would have been a priest of the church.' In my days, I have heard that psychoanalysts often have priest fathers." Dr. Lawrence, born less than two years after her deceased brother, grew up with her mother's suffering at least two episodes of what we would likely call depression, during which she spent much of her time in bed. At the end of these episodes, she would rise from bed and resume her teaching with vigor. Dr. Lawrence commented that the resumption of teaching was her mother's "ego strength." Several times during my interview with her, Dr. Lawrence commented that understanding the inner life of each child was integral to her work as a child psychiatrist and analyst. One might hypothesize that her wish to understand her mother's inner life and connect with her might have sparked that drive to understand and connect with others.

Having decided to train in psychiatry, Dr. Lawrence was introduced by a mutual friend to Dr. Viola Bernard, who was serving on a committee working to attract a "negro" student to the Columbia Center. Dr. Lawrence recalled that she and Dr. Bernard "stayed up all night talking about psychiatry. She wanted to convince me that if I went into psychiatry I should go into psychoanalysis." In keeping with her history of developing long-standing relationships with mentors, Dr. Lawrence remained friends with Dr. Bernard during her residency and analytic training. Later,

she moved to Rockland County, where Dr. Bernard owned a second home, and the two analysts remained "lifelong friends."

After her all-night discussion with Dr. Bernard, Dr. Lawrence met with Dr. Nolan D. C. Lewis, the director of the Psychiatric Institute. She recalls: "I put out my hand, and he opened the window." I asked: "He didn't shake your hand?" She answered: "No, but we did talk. I discovered that a newspaper reporter for *PM* (a leftist daily newspaper in New York City in the 1940s) had been traveling by train and found himself sitting next to Dr. Lewis. He knew who Lewis was, but Lewis didn't know he was a reporter. He said to Dr. Lewis: 'I understand you don't have any negro doctors or patients at New York State Psychiatric Institute.' Lewis said: 'I don't think the faculty would like that.' The next day, the newspaper carried [an account of] that conversation." Dr. Lawrence added: "When the newspaper reported that conversation, Dr. Bernard went to see Dr. Lewis…She said: 'Wasn't that a terrible thing that was in the paper about the Institute?' She said: 'I happen to have somebody who could fill this need.' And she called my name. He said: 'It is too late for this year.' She said: 'I'm sure she will be willing to wait.'" After her interview with Dr. Lewis, Dr. Lawrence was accepted for psychiatric residency at Columbia. During the intervening year she worked as a fellow at Babies' Hospital and became board certified in pediatrics. She was the first black woman to earn board certification in that specialty and in fact may have been the first black person of either sex to win pediatric board specialization.

After Dr. Lawrence talked with me for a while in her living room, she enthusiastically led me on a tour of her house and office, where she has lived and worked since the 1950s. Her home was filled with pictures of her late husband, her two daughters and her son, and her grandchildren and her new great-granddaughter. The daughter who wrote her biography is a Harvard education professor; her other daughter, Paula Lawrence Wehmiller, is an artist, teacher, and former principal who became an Episcopal priest; and her son, Charles Lawrence III, is a law professor at Georgetown whose interest in his mother's field is demonstrated by his article "The Id, the Ego and Equal Protection: Reckoning with Unconscious Racism" (Lawrence III 1987). Dr. Lawrence's children attended Quaker colleges (Swarthmore and Haverford). In fact, Swarthmore played a key part in the genesis of this article. A few years ago, Dr.

Lawrence was the commencement speaker at Swarthmore, the year Dr. Lila Kalinich's son graduated. Dr. Kalinich was so impressed with the speech and with Dr. Lawrence's accomplishments that she suggested that I interview Dr. Lawrence for the *Bulletin*. Each of Dr. Lawrence's children is married to an equally successful spouse. She commented that her children had seen her work and raise a family at the same time, so melding family and work seemed natural to them. I asked her how she had managed to raise three children and pursue demanding medical training and employment. She looked sharply at me and asked: "Do you have children? Do you have a husband?" When I answered "Yes," she said: "It was my husband. He did so much for the children. He was there when I couldn't be…He was as much a part of the children's life as I."

Dr. Lawrence commented that she admired her children's close friendships with their peers: "I didn't have that, and I wish I had." I replied: "I would imagine you didn't have much time for friendship during those years." She agreed. She did tell me that, in addition to her very close family relationships and strong collegial relationships, she had cordial relations with the other members of her cooperative and with fellow members of her church, where her husband was a leader and traveled internationally in the service of that work.

I asked Dr. Lawrence whether raising her children had aided her in her work as a child analyst. She looked at me piercingly and said: "I would say it was the other way around— that being an analyst helped me to understand my children, to be able to interpret their inner worlds." She told me that her psychoanalytic training at Columbia was very helpful, and that an especially valuable aspect of that training was her supervision with child analyst David Levy, who taught her how to "make plays," which she distinguished from play therapy. She explained that she would give her young patients parent dolls and child dolls and a play house. The children would then, with the aid of the dolls, enact the conflicts they were consumed with. Recalling Dr. Levy, she said, "He taught me to let the child tell the story…He was very active in the play room…You learned to listen to the child's feeling life." I remarked on the art supplies she had in her playroom and the figure drawings by her daughter and granddaughter in her waiting room. She said that her patients gravitated towards the art supplies, and she found these tools helpful in their therapies. I asked: "So the art and play were

like free association?" She replied, "Yes, and the child therapy helped in my work with adults…I don't find it that different, working with adults and children."

Although Dr. Lawrence's analytic training was tremendously helpful to her, she had a difficult time exiting from it, an episode recounted in *Balm in Gilead*. During her training, Abram Kardiner, a prominent faculty member, was writing a book on the "negro psyche," a book later published as *Mark of Oppression*. He asked Dr. Lawrence to travel to the South with him for several months as his research assistant to help him interview "negroes." She refused, citing her obligations as a wife and mother as well as her reluctance to interrupt her analytic training. Dr. Lightfoot wrote in her book: "She was also suspicious of his perspective and his methods, and worried that in his research negroes might be portrayed as powerless and inarticulate. But she did not mention these apprehensions." Dr. Lightfoot added: "Kardiner was furious that this black trainee — the only one available to him — would dare to refuse his offer. He needed her to make his work legitimate, and she had the nerve to decline the chance to work with him. From that moment on, he stopped talking to her" (Lightfoot 181). At the end of her training she "took the oral examinations required for the final certificate of graduation," wrote Dr. Lightfoot. Afterwards, the director of the Center, Dr. Sandor Rado, called her into his office and told her that the committee had decided that she "should have a consultation with Dr. Abram Kardiner to see if you need further analysis" (Lightfoot 179). Dr. Lawrence asked why this consultation was necessary, and Dr. Rado said he would not tell her. Dr. Lawrence refused to meet with Dr. Kardiner but offered to consult with her analyst Dr. Eugene Milch and her supervisor Dr. Levy. Dr. Rado accepted this compromise but said that if Dr. Levy and Dr. Milch weren't satisfied, she would have to meet with Dr. Kardiner. During the agreed-upon appointment, Dr. Levy said to her: "'Someone told Rado that you had said that you didn't want to work with Negro patients…Is that true?'…She shot back: 'Absolutely not!' Levy's reply was both relieving and deeply troubling. Almost casually, he said: 'Well, just forget it then. I'll take care of it.'" (Lightfoot 183) Once again, Dr. Lawrence's strong relationship with her mentor helped her negotiate a difficult situation. This time, her steadfastness in refusing the interview with Dr. Kardiner may have been crucial. She later learned that Dr. Kardiner was her analyst's analyst.

After graduating from analytic training, Dr. Lawrence combined hospital psychiatry with a growing private practice in Rockland County. She worked at Harlem Hospital for 25 years, until she retired at age 70, the mandatory age at that time, and continued to see private patients until she was 90 years old. When I asked her what she thought of as her greatest achievement, she said it was starting the therapeutic nursery at Rockland County Mental Health Center, a facility she and two psychoanalytic colleagues founded. She added that she felt that the nursery contributed much to the community and that she was glad that she was able to train social workers and nurses who contributed to the welfare of patients.

Dr. Lawrence ended our visit by serving me a delicious green salad topped with avocadoes and peppers and coated with her homemade olive oil dressing. She spoke animatedly with me as she prepared the salad in her kitchen, whose windows overlook a tree-filled yard with no houses in sight. She had brewed a pot of green tea, which she favors for its health benefits. She said a short grace before we ate. As we lunched, she chatted with me about her travels through five countries in Africa and about the people she has met during her life, including Archbishop Desmond Tutu. She noticed my Southern accent and commented that blacks and white Southerners have a strong kinship.

Dr. Lightfoot's biography of her mother noted that Dr. Lawrence considered the concept of ego strength central to her psychoanalytic thinking. I would say that Dr. Lawrence epitomizes ego strength. Overcoming tremendous odds, she obtained stellar medical training and credentials and developed a successful career in psychiatry while raising three successful, solid children with her beloved husband. We should all strive to accomplish as much as she and to remain as vital and charming at age 93.

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WHY PSYCHOANALYSIS?

Section Editors, Deborah Cabaniss and Justin Richardson

Introduction

Throughout his life, Sigmund Freud struggled with his professional identity. Was he a medical doctor? Was he a psychologist? Could he be both? In the past few years, I have found that this struggle resonates powerfully with medical students, particularly as they make their way towards careers in psychiatry. In the past two years, several students have joined me for a month-long elective in which we read Freud's "Project for a Scientific Psychology" and *The Interpretation of Dreams*. For these students, this reading has been an exciting, eye-opening experience in which they have met Freud as a fellow traveler on the path between psychology and neural science. Matthew Erlich, a 4th year medical student at the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, explores some of these issues in his paper "Freud's Irma Dream or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Field of Psychiatry."

D.C.

Freud's Irma Dream or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Field of Psychiatry

Matthew Erlich

PROLOGUE: FINDING COMFORT IN FREUD

As a fourth-year medical student, I was a recent convert to psychiatry. Until my neurology rotation in my third year, I was sure that I would be an anesthesiologist specializing in pain management. Once in neurology, however, I found that the field of Charcot fascinated me, in particular the allure of neural plasticity, learning, and the science of brain versus mind. As I continued my rotations I realized that psychiatry, even more than neurology, had a particular appeal to me as a humanist and aspiring medical detective. Unfortunately, choosing psychiatry as a specialty has its perils. I asked myself (and was asked by many others at the medical center), whether I was no longer going to be a "real doctor".

Eager to move from the bedside to the couch, I had the good fortune to spend a month as a fourth-year medical student reading Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*. Together with a fellow student and a psychiatrist/psychoanalyst preceptor, we examined the work in Talmudic fashion, scrutinizing imagery and text alike. Having read Freud in college, I had a limited understanding of his ideas but was aware of his *supposed* obsolescence in these postmodern, deconstructionist, and critical times. Admittedly, as a soon-to-be physician, I was even more skeptical of reading Freud, as studying psychoanalysis can seem at times like leaving Western medicine for more mystical terrain.

As I began to read Chapter One (which my preceptor had, ironically, instructed us to skim), I was immediately hooked. Freud deftly leads the reader through the craggy landscape of his dream research. At times he is a historian cum tour guide, reviewing prior (inferior) dream research; at other times he is Charon, ferrying the reader towards the realm of the unconscious and the mind's darker places. Most interesting to me, Freud is a Sherpa, lugging his own psychic baggage, which he often humorously, poignantly, or

defensively shares with the reader. I was particularly struck by Freud's frequent mention of the divide between medicine and psychiatry, and his concern that by embracing the study of the *psyche*, he runs the risk of neglecting the *soma*.

Reading Freud's personal analysis of his "Dream of Irma's Injection" reduced my uncertainty and discomfort. Here, in the most analyzed dream ever, I found solace in reading about Freud's fears of inadequacy as a *medical* physician (overlooking a simple infection) and his anxiety over concentrating too much on Irma's psychical infection. His interpretation resonated with me as a nightmarish "morbidity and mortality weekly report" with Freud at the lectern, defending his actions as both a psychiatrist and a medical doctor. Ultimately, he was pointing his finger at fellow physicians, as I will explain in this paper.

Reading "Irma" stirred up my own fears about choosing psychiatry — or rather, leaving "medicine". My own conflicts concerning the field of psychiatry emerged like a mushroom bursting through its mycelium. Freud's anxiety about Irma helped me articulate my own fears: Were medicine and psychiatry mutually exclusive? Would my reliance upon the verbal interview dull my skills as a physical diagnostician? As a psychiatrist, would I be taken less seriously by physician-peers who specialize in the procedure-rich fields outside of the mind? These are questions that many medical students confront and, as I will examine below, that I believe Freud also struggled with.

WHY IRMA?

Freud's early writings can be seen as his attempt to reconcile the workings of the human mind with those of the body. In the unpublished *Project for a Scientific Psychology*, he tried to explain the dynamics of the psyche, or "the psychical," using terms from physics such as energy, resistance, and flow. His essays on hysteria, co-written with Josef Breuer, represent an initial attempt to separate the physical from the psychical. Finally, in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900), he produced a revolutionary text that unequivocally declares the independence of the psyche from the soma in the realm of dreams, which he terms "the royal road to the unconscious." With this bold stroke, he simultaneously separated himself from his peers in the Viennese scientific community and publicly declared his theory of dreams and the psyche.

Freud mentions over 200 dreams in *The Interpretation of Dreams*, many of which are his own. The dream of "Irma's injection" — a dream that Freud initially labels as his "specimen dream" and refers to later in his text as a "revenge fantasy" — is of special interest regarding the mind-body connection. First, it is the first dream to be fully interpreted by Freud, who carefully dissects his specimen to uncover latent symbols, unconscious desires, and, above all, repressed or suppressed wishes. Second, the dream is Freud's own, and his personal interpretation of it vindicates his own point of view on the psyche versus soma debate of his day. Third, his interpretation reveals his grandiose desire to be a famous man of science.

Why did Freud choose the dream of Irma's injection as his specimen dream? Or, why is this night's dream more important than all other nights' dreams? I would argue that the specimen dream fulfills two of Freud's not-so-repressed wishes: to be taken seriously as a scholarly psycho-biologist and, more importantly, to declare the independence of the psychical from the tyranny of the somatic. In other words, the psyche has energy of its own and is not driven by somatic stimuli. Thus, dreams are of psychic not somatic origin.

ASSUAGING A FEAR

The specimen dream of Irma's injection has the distinction of being one of the most thoroughly analyzed of Freud's writings. Freud himself interpreted it in part as the expression of a doubt still familiar to psychiatrists today: Is it possible that an organic etiology might be contributing to the patient's behavior? In contemporary parlance, Freud was worried that he might not have effectively ruled out affective disorder due to a general medical condition. Freud was first and foremost a physician. Therefore, the dream can be interpreted as showing a conflict between somatic and psychiatric origins of mental illness. Not surprisingly, the debate was settled in Freud's favor.

There are three important themes in the specimen dream which underline Freud's wish to defend his belief in psyche over soma: 1) My medical peers are critical of my work in psychoanalysis; 2) I am not responsible for Irma's current somatic maladies; 3) In fact, the shortcomings and hastiness of my peers are to blame for her deteriorated condition. It is no wonder that Freud will later refer to the specimen dream as a revenge fantasy, for it demonstrates his

anger towards skeptics who focus on the somatic and deny the workings of the psyche.

Freud saw critics everywhere. The dream begins with Freud as host, welcoming guests, including Irma, to his home. Irma, displeased with his focus on the talking cure, reproaches him for his neglect of her physical ailments. Moreover, other figures in the dream, such as Otto (a stand-in for Freud's family physician, Dr. Oscar Rie) and Dr. M. (a stand-in for his colleague Dr. Josef Breuer), are equally critical and disapproving of him. In real life, both of these men were skeptical of Freud's belief in the independence of the psyche. In fact, his dream intimates that they were convinced that Freud had missed an organic cause for Irma's illness. While admittedly not paranoid, Freud's analysis is a response to the perception that his ideas were under attack.

Criticism, after all, was not new to him. In later chapters of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, Freud complained that his own father had wounded him as a boy by telling him that he would amount to nothing. By 1900, he had already explored multiple areas of biology and neurology and had achieved neither fame nor fortune in the process. Many of his discoveries were unorthodox. In *The Project for a Scientific Psychology*, he attempted, but failed, to explain psychical thought in terms of neuronal cathexis and energy discharge. In the analysis of the dream of Irma's injection, he mentioned that his work on the anesthetic properties of cocaine in 1884 had "brought serious reproaches down on me." (Freud 1900, p. 111) Curiously, he mentioned that his friend Ernst Fleischl von Marxow's death was partly his responsibility, as Fleischl's overdose was due to Fleischl's misuse of the drug. But Freud quickly shrugged off criticism by claiming that Fleischl's mistake was his noncompliance, not unlike Irma's refusal to accept Freud's solution. Freud's earlier theories of hysteria were also met with disapproval.[1] Thus, the impetus of the dream is simple: I want to be taken seriously by my ever-critical peers.

Admittedly, Freud expressed concern in the beginning of the dream that he had missed something organic. He wrote:

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[1] In the preface to "The Aetiology of Hysteria", James Strachey writes that after delivering his presentation on hysteria to the "Psychiatrischer Verein" in April 1896, Freud wrote to Fliess that "the donkeys gave it an icy reception" and that the chairman, Krafft-Ebing, remarked that his theories were akin to a "scientific fairy tale". (Freud 1896, p. 189).

> *I was alarmed at the idea that I had missed an organic illness*. This, as may well be believed, is a perpetual source of anxiety to a specialist whose practice is almost limited to neurotic patients and who is in the habit of attributing to hysteria a great number of symptoms which other physicians treat as organic. On the other hand, a faint doubt crept into my mind—from where, I could not tell—that my alarm was not entirely genuine. If Irma's pains had an organic basis, once again I could not be held responsible for curing them; my treatment only set out to get rid of hysterical pains. (Freud 1900, p. 109)

The role of the organic as part of the etiology of mental illness is a sticky topic for Freud. Though he was wary of somatic origins, he needed to characterize Irma's physiological symptoms as innocuous in order to explain his theories of the psyche. It is not that the somatic is unimportant, Freud argued; it is merely a contributor to the content of dreams and not their *guardian*. "The suspicions of the psychiatrists," Freud counseled, "have put the mind, as it were, under tutelage, and they now insist that none of its impulses shall be allowed to suggest that it has any means of its own." (Freud 1900, pp. 41–42) The unconscious, he said, was at work dispensing psychical energy; the somatic stimulus was contributory at best.

The shifting of blame from Freud to his colleagues takes up the rest of the dream. In fact, the bulk of the specimen dream really constitutes systematic defense of Freud's technique and a harsh condemnation of his colleagues. He defends himself not by elevating his own importance but by deflating his patient and his colleagues. The disapproving Irma is to blame for her own illness, for she was "foolish because she had not accepted my solution." (Freud 1900, p. 111) Breuer suggested that she was suffering from dysentery, missing the true diagnosis. Rie received the brunt of Freud's criticism. Like Irma, he foolishly discredited Freud's techniques; he was the purveyor of cheap gifts (a bottle of "poisonous," cheap alcohol that Freud wouldn't dare give to his servants); and, more importantly, he hastily injected an inappropriate substance into Irma with a dirty syringe that was the source of her current infection.

To sum up, Freud reasoned that Irma's current condition was Otto's fault and was therefore independent of Freud's treatment. Furthermore, Freud added that he had been *especially* conscientious

when he performed medical procedures: "I was proud of the fact that in two years I had not caused a single infiltration; I took constant pains to be sure that the syringe was clean. In short, I was conscientious." (Freud 1900, p. 118)

This tendency to rebuke others surfaces in later dreams: the "yellow beard" dream of Chapter 4, where he slanders his competitor R. as a numbskull; a scatological dream in Chapter 6, in which Freud publicly shows his contempt for a sycophantic student by urinating on piles of excrement; throughout the book, his relentless attacks on the incompetence of Count Thun; and so on. Freud fights fire with fire, heaping reprimands and critiques on those who stand in his way. In all of these dreams, however, Freud takes the utmost care to maintain the primacy of the psychical.

Thus, Freud both exonerates himself (and perhaps exculpates his friend, Wilhelm Fliess, according to biographer Peter Gay) and champions the role of the psychical in this dream.[2] *His* syringe is clean, *Otto's* is dirty. Freud's ideas of the psychic origins of Irma's hysteria are clean too; her infection is iatrogenic and the fault of sloppy medicine. Freud is hesitant to progress from medical (read *somatic*) science to his theories of the psychical origins of dreams, but his anxiety is assuaged in the dream of Irma's injection. The dream dethrones his medical peers and buttresses his psychoanalytic therapy.

NOT YOUR GARDEN-VARIETY MUSHROOM

As previously mentioned, Freud refers to the dream of Irma's injection as a specimen dream. To continue the metaphor of the laboratory specimen, Freud's personal dream material is being offered up for diagnosis in *The Interpretation of Dreams*. The dream has been partially interpreted by Freud, who openly admits: "I will not pretend that I have completely uncovered the meaning of this dream or that its interpretation is without a gap." (Freud 1900, pp. 120–121) Multiple scholars have attempted to infuse further

[2] Peter Gay convincingly argues that the Irma dream is an exoneration of Fliess, whose medical malpractice and iatrogenic error were the source of Emma Eckstein's nosebleeds, not the hysterical symptoms that Freud had initially surmised. It is important to note, however, that Freud continued to believe that her nosebleeds were psychogenic ("wish-bleedings") and also remained in denial about his dear friend's incompetence. (Gay 1988, pp. 82–86)

meaning into the specimen dream. I would argue, however, that if the specimen dream of Irma's injection is viewed under the microscope, it is now necessary to *decrease* the power of the objective lens to a more macroscopic view, and interpret the dream in relation to the book as a whole. What is Freud's motive for selecting this particular dream as *the* specimen dream?

If dreams are like mushrooms that sprout from the mycelium in the dark, then the dream of Irma's injection sprang up in the semi-lit environs of Freud's nursery. This dream is not a spontaneous vision that stemmed merely from Freud's concern over his patient's well-being; rather, it is a well-positioned fulfillment of his wish to have the psyche understood as distinct from the soma.[3] For Freud, the specimen dream is not neutral material.

The dream enables Freud to place his method of interpreting dreams on a scientific footing. The dream itself is dissected into multiple fragments that are meticulously biopsied. Freud displays his medical prowess through his understanding of infectious diseases, his description of his careful medical practices, and his assertion that the duty of the physician — psychiatrist, pediatrician, or ENT — is, above all, to be conscientious.

As mentioned above, the dream of Irma's injection serves to advance Freud's psychical theories and criticize his detractors who focus upon the somatic. Thus, it is the perfect dream to open up his discourse on the power of the unconscious. Freud realizes that Irma's physical ailments are merely manifestations of incidental medical malpractice, and that her hysterical symptoms remain independent from her physical ailments. Above all, Freud uses this dream to dramatize his revolutionary notion that the somatic stimulus is innocuous in the origin of dreams.

The specimen dream itself functions as bridge between Chapter One, in which Freud gives an exhaustive summary of dream theories throughout Western history, and the remainder of the book, where Freud discusses dreams as workings of the psyche. Chapter One details the futility of ideas attributed to magicians,

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[3] In writing about Freud's carefully positioned and censored specimen dream, I am reminded of how this contrasts with the lore of Archimedes' "Eureka!" moment, when he realized that his weight displaced a proportional volume of water in his bathtub. Archimedes' realization was so spontaneous and exhilarating that he supposedly ran through the streets of Syracuse naked, aglow with satisfaction. Freud, in contrast, is only somewhat naked in his personal reflections and discoveries.

pseudo-scientists, and philosophers. Dreams have been viewed as an important part of our cultural milieu, as portents of the future, as symbols strung together, and most importantly, as disturbances of the sleep by "external (objective)" and "internal (organic)" stimuli. Chapters Two through Six of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, "after passing through a narrow defile", systematically discredit each of those assertions, building to Chapter Seven's famous, post-*Project* exposition of his theories of the psychical stimulus for dream formation. (Freud 1900, p. 122)

Freud thumbs his nose at the physician-scientists who believe in somatic stimuli as the source of dreams by recounting his own dream of riding on "high on his horse" despite the fact that he "had been suffering from boils which made every movement a torture; and finally a boil the size of an apple had risen at the base of my scrotum, which caused me the most unbearable pain with every step I took." (Freud 1900, p. 230) In what must have given Freud perverse pleasure, he proves his critics wrong by showing that his perineal pains could be denied in his dreams. One might infer that Freud's skeptical critics resemble an unbearable pain in the perineum, with Freud ignoring them by riding his high horse. He writes:

> Either the mind pays no attention at all to occasions for sensation during sleep—if it is able to do this despite the intensity of the stimuli and the significance which it knows attaches to them; or it makes use of a dream in order to deny the stimuli; or, thirdly, if it is obliged to recognize them, it seeks for an interpretation of them which will make the currently active sensation into a component part of a situation which is wished for and which is consistent with sleeping. The currently active sensation is woven into a dream *in order to rob it of reality*. [Italics are Freud's.] (Freud 1900, p. 234)

Somatic stimuli such as pain can be associated with unconscious wishes that have been repressed, but pain is never the sole stimulus for a dream. Thus, we can return to the premise of Freud's concern with the well-being of his suffering patient Irma: her somatic ailments were innocuous and incidental to Freud's treatment; rather, her psychical symptoms alone were the cause of her hysteria. The specimen dream, therefore, serves as a perfect primer for Freudian psychoanalysis.

THE NAVEL

Freud writes, "So far as I know, the experiment has not hitherto been made of using this method of dissection in order to investigate the way in which the mental instrument is put together, and I can see no harm in it." (Freud 1900, p. 536) Like Newton and Darwin before him, Freud writes *The Interpretation of Dreams* with the expectation of launching a scientific revolution. He unabashedly wishes that his theories concerning the workings of the unconscious in dreams be taken more seriously by his peers — this is the spirit of the dream of Irma's injection. However, in order to launch his revolution, Freud must conquer the prevailing notion of the somatic origin of dreams.

Strachey notes that Freud, upon visiting Bellevue (the country house where he had his specimen dream), wrote to Fliess, "'Do you suppose', [Freud] writes, 'that some day a marble tablet will be placed on the house, inscribed with these words? — In This House, on July 24th, 1895 the Secret of Dreams was Revealed to Dr. Sigm. Freud. At the moment there seems little prospect of it. '" (Freud 1900, p. 121) Moreover, in other dreams in the book, Freud equates himself with Hannibal, Napoleon I, and Brutus, to name a few. He even reveals that, when he was a child, "an old peasant-woman had prophesied to [his] proud mother that with her first-born child she had brought a great man into the world." (Freud 1900, p. 192)

Indeed, his ambitions are grandiose and his desires are somewhat megalomaniacal. However, his little dream-book *was* revolutionary. Early in *The Interpretation of Dreams* Freud writes about the current state of psychiatry:

> It is true that the dominance of the brain over the organism is asserted with apparent confidence. Nevertheless, anything that might indicate that mental life is in any way independent of demonstrable organic changes or that its manifestations are in any way spontaneous alarms the modern psychiatrist, as though a recognition of such things would inevitably bring back the days of the Philosophy of Nature, and of the metaphysical view of the nature of mind. The suspicions of the psychiatrists have put the mind, as it were, under tutelage, and they now insist that none of its impulses shall be allowed to suggest that it has any means of its own.

His prophetic words continue, explaining what I would argue is the true essence of the book:

> This behaviour of theirs only shows how little trust they really have in the validity of a causal connection between the somatic and the mental. Even when investigation shows that the primary exciting cause of a phenomenon is psychical, deeper research will one day trace the path further and discover an organic basis for the mental event. *But if at the moment we cannot see beyond the mental, that is no reason for denying its existence*." [Italics are mine.] (Freud 1900, pp. 41–42)

Of course, it is the specimen dream that follows this discourse. And his dream analysis (of which the dream of Irma's injection was his first) beautifully illustrates his point. The main thrust of the specimen dream is to establish the primacy of the psychical over the workings of the unconscious.

To Freud, somatic stimuli — pain, shortness of breath, thirst — are physiological symptoms, but they are not the source of dreams. Rather, the soma is innocuous as to dream content. Dreams are composites of the residues of the day, our past traumas, and unconscious associations. Physiological sensations contribute to the residue of the day, but the genesis of the dream is within the unconscious. The dream of Irma's injection is the navel of his dream book, as it links the past theories of dream research outlined in his first chapter with his subsequent theorizing about the psyche, and helped to link my soma-based medical training with my future as a psychiatrist.

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DEEPENING THE CONVERSATION

Section Editor, Philip Lister

MOURNING

Introduction

On January 8, 2008 at the scientific meeting of the Association for Psychoanalytic Medicine, Otto Kernberg spoke, sharing "Some Observations on the Process of Mourning." He drew on his own experience and a series of interviews he conducted with spouses bereaved after many years of a happy relationship, all known to him personally. Vamik Volkan served as discussant, efficiently summarizing Dr. Kernberg's key points. He then shared a personal story of his own response to the loss of a close friend who was like a brother to him, illustrating some of his thoughts about the mourning process. The meeting was well attended, and I sensed that many in the audience had thoughts they wished to contribute to deepen the conversation on this important topic. Dr. Kernberg will be writing further on the topic and he did not elect to add anything for this forum. Dr. Volkan's discussion is excerpted below.

P.L.

An Excerpt from Vamik Volkan's Discussion

I was born in Cyprus, a Mediterranean island. After completing my high school education there I went to Turkey for my medical education. In the summer of 1956 I finished Ankara University's School of Medicine and six months later I came to America, where I remained. During the last two and a half years of my life in Ankara, first as a rather poor medical student and then as a newly graduated physician, I shared a small room in an apartment complex with another Cypriot Turk named Erol. He had come to Ankara, as had I, for his medical education and was two classes below me at the same medical school. He called me "*abi*" meaning "my big brother." Since I only had sisters and no brother, I considered him to be my brother. During the time we were roommates, ethnic conflict began between the Cypriot Turks and Cypriot Greeks.

Three months after my arrival in the United States I received a letter from my father. In the envelope there was a newspaper article with Erol's picture describing how he had gone to Cyprus from Ankara to visit his ailing mother. While trying to purchase medicine for her at a pharmacy he was shot seven times by Cypriot Greek terrorists. These people killed Erol, a bright young man with a promising future, in order to terrorize the ethnic group to which he belonged.

After receiving the news of Erol's death I felt numb. I did not cry. I was in Chicago in a foreign environment in which I was close to no one, so I did not share the news of Erol's murder with any other person. Even when I was undergoing my personal analysis some years later, I did not dwell on losing Erol. My "hidden" mourning process, I believe, largely remained just that—hidden. As a young analyst I felt close to the late William Niederland and, in a sense, I thought of him as a mentor. At the time it never occurred to me that my seeking out Bill, who had coined the term "survivor syndrome," as a mentor might have something to do with my losing Erol and my own "survival guilt." In 1979 I published a book called *Cyprus: War and Adaptation* in which I briefly described Erol's murder. During the same year I began, by accident, my involvement in international affairs. Then, after working with Arabs and Israelis

for over six years, I was involved in bringing together Soviets and Americans and later Russians and Estonians to find peaceful solutions for their large-group conflicts. At the same time I was trying to understand the psychology of ethnic, national, religious or ideological conflicts which are associated with massive losses. During these years I also visited Cyprus on many occasions, but it never occurred to me to visit Erol's family or find out where his grave was.

Thirty-some years after Erol's death I once more visited Cyprus. One summer night some friends took me to a garden restaurant, and one of them who knew Erol's story pointed out a bearded man behind the bar and told me that this man was Erol's younger brother. I spontaneously got up from my chair and approached this man and said to him: "My name is Vamık. Does this name mean anything to you?" He began to cry and I found myself also crying out loud, right in the midst of people dining, with soothing classical music playing in the background. This event activated my mourning process, which lasted many, many months. This time I was very aware of it.

I do not know if my reaction to Erol's death can be called pathological or if it would be considered as normal. My focus here will be on the fact that it included many elements that are described in Kernberg's description of normal mourning after the death of a spouse.

The first of Kernberg's observations is the fact that a mourning process is not time-limited. Erol's death obviously induced elements of survivor guilt in me. Furthermore, when we were sharing lodgings, there were times when I treated him as a younger brother and ordered him around, and now he was no longer available to forgive me.

Losing him also initiated reparative efforts in me. I became fully aware of this after my mourning process was activated in the restaurant. I realized then that the main reason for my choosing to study the topic of mourning in individuals and societies was connected with my previously unconscious response to Erol's death. I was fascinated with my new understanding that my spending considerable time in conflicted areas of the world and refugee camps where victims constantly deal with losses was connected with my reparative efforts. I can say that I felt, using Kernberg's terms, a "moral obligation" or a "mandate" to work on behalf of Erol's wishes. In my mind his main wish was to remain alive and not to induce guilt in me. I wished that people under the influence of ethnic, national, religious or ideological conflicts would not kill

others belonging to opposing large groups. Instead, I wanted them to make peace. I became fascinated with the realization that I had chosen a Greek-American psychiatrist, Demetrius Julius, as my primary co-worker in our international efforts. For decades Demetrius and I presented ourselves as a Greek and a Turk working together to tame aggression between warring parties. I also realized that I was partnering with a Greek in another arena as well. I co-chaired the American Psychoanalytic Association's so-called Sexual Deviations Study Group with the late Charles Socarides, another Greek-American, for ten years. I was not fixated on the past; I was able to find other "brothers," and some of them were even Greeks.

If we consider my "moral obligation" and "mandate" to work on reversing Erol's murder as sublimated activities, it will be difficult to call my long mourning process pathological. I wish to believe that Erol would appreciate my efforts to find peaceful solutions to massive human aggression.

Recently I spent three months in Turkey teaching political psychology and psychoanalysis. While there, I was also involved in a major meeting that brought together American, Turkish, Iranian, Israeli, Jordanian, Russian, Northern Irish, Austrian, and Indian representatives for unofficial diagnostic work on the so-called Western World-Islamic World split. I was also on various television talk shows, and during one such occasion I mentioned Erol's story. The next day a woman called me and told me that Erol was her uncle. We had an emotion-filled meeting. She told me that she was four years old when her uncle was murdered, and she wanted to know more about him and his life in Ankara as a medical student. A few days later she came to see me, accompanied by a much younger woman, her niece, who also wanted to know about Erol and his world. During my moving encounters with these two women, Kernberg's reference to trans-generational transmission [see note below] was certainly at work. Furthermore, my meeting with them, combined with an invitation to be the discussant of Kernberg's paper, reactivated my mourning process.

Note

Dr. Volkan summarizes one of Dr. Kernberg's points as follows: The mourner may feel an obligation to transmit what the lost person

knew about his or her world to new generations. Thus, a normal mourning process is connected with the concept of transgenerational transmission of psychic contents.

Elena Lister comments:

I think that Dr Kernberg has done a great service for our community and psychoanalysts in general by making use of his personal experience to bring this difficult topic to the foreground. The conversation needs to be further continued in order to address our lack of adequate attention to a universal life event, loss. I think we should extend his initial foray to consider the shape of the normal mourning process for other kinds of losses than a long-term romantic partner. How, if at all, is that process different in the setting of the loss of a parent, a child or a sibling? How is it different, if at all, when the death is the result of suicide, murder, accident, sudden catastrophic illness or disaster?

I wholeheartedly agree with Dr Kernberg's observations that the normal mourning process is not completed in a year. In my clinical work with grieving patients, I have developed a term to address their feeling pressured by family and friends to "move on". Often this pressure is felt by people who are indeed deeply engaged in ongoing life but, as Dr Kernberg suggests, still have unbidden memories of the person who died, still ache with missing that person. I talk about "moving along with" to incorporate the idea that life can continue to be embraced while the person mourns, while they struggle to find ways to bring the deceased forward with them. In other words, one does not have to give up attachment to the lost person in order to love more deeply those in one's life already, or even to find new love. When the loss is of a child, we speak of "parenting the memory"; the parent continues to be a parent to the child who died and perpetuates their existence in adaptive ways by nurturing the memory of that child. As long as the parent is able to be in the present, available lovingly for family, work and friends, I believe that this is not an indication of pathological mourning. The pressure to "move on" arises as a result of people's discomfort with the mourner's pain. In a sense, they cannot bear witness lest they have to confront their own prior losses and fears of upcoming losses.

This brings me to a crucial point made by Dr Volkan. He referred to his analyst's difficulty dealing with his own mourning, as part of the reason he did not fully analyze Dr Volkan's experience with Erol. I cannot emphasize enough how important this is for us to heed as analysts ourselves. We must become more aware of, and willing to talk and write about, the powerful counter-transferences that mourning evokes. I believe that is possible to conduct a deep and seemingly complete analysis and yet never fully analyze the patient's past mourning, fears of loss and, importantly, fear of death. Our own under-acknowledged fears of loss and our beliefs and fantasies about death impede our free-floating availability to pick up these themes in the material of our patients. This can be especially true when there is no loss during the analysis, but can even occur when a death does happen in the patient's life during treatment. I believe that this is far more common than we have realized. We must understand our counter-transferences in order to explore unflinchingly our patients' fears and fantasies about loss and death.

Our American society is one of the least well prepared to deal with loss and this leads to far more disorder in response to it. In Rwanda, when a child dies, it is very rare for there to be parental or sibling dysfunction. Initial attempts to understand this posited that childhood death was so much more common in that country that it was less traumatic. Further study has shown this not to be the case at all. Rather, it is because the surrounding community allows for ongoing, open grieving by the family, and embraces the family and the need for ongoing memory, so that those mourners re-engage more easily in a full and rich inner and outer life.

Fred Lane comments:

I have two points to add to a discussion:

1. The paper by Otto Kernberg presented "mourning" as a passive process in which certain identifications were formed, etc. In the readings that I have done since I lost my wife three years ago, following her seven-year struggle with breast cancer, the process was not described as "mourning", which has certain religious and ritual connotations. It is described as "grieving," or "the work of grieving", an active process, both conscious and unconscious. I suppose the active elements of that "work" are

acts of memorializing the lost person (I cannot use the term "object" when thinking about my wife), often religious (the unveiling in Jewish tradition), including the lighting of memorial candles or the saying of prayers of mourning, which observant Jews can do and which are available in other religious traditions as well. The many conversations about experiences shared with friends or relatives regarding the lost person, the visiting of the grave, the private recollections of personal moments, are all elements of the "work of grieving" and are consciously done. There is a feeling of relief from the sadness and, I am sure, unconscious diminution of the bond with the lost person, with accompanying relief. In the literature on grief it has been mentioned that one can feel the loss in bodily terms, as though there has been a loss of part of one's body (not necessarily castration equivalents). I have occasionally felt this as a vague sensation.

2. I have experienced a second period of loss as grieving goes on. The sharp memory of the lost person's face, of their voice, of their appearance, begins to fade and they become harder and harder to summon up in memory. I think that this is a second experience of loss, accompanied by sadness when one reflects on this. The lost person recedes into the dim of forgetfulness (mercifully), but that is a sad second loss. I know this is a personal feeling, and I wonder if anyone else has experienced anything similar. It would be helpful for those of us coping with loss to share this experience.

Herb Schlesinger comments:

The term "pathological mourning" is an oxymoron that I would banish from our lexicon if I could. Mourning is a "natural" process; it is the way humans, and some animals (see Darwin), come to terms with loss. If the process in question is pathological, it is to that degree not mourning. And what the patient (or non-patient) engaged in that process is doing should be described in its own terms, rather than in terms of what he or she is not doing. From this point of view, what Vamik Volkan described so beautifully was his way of mourning the death of his friend; for years, he devoted himself to carrying on the work he thought his friend would have

done and so could keep from full awareness of his loss. Only many years later, when he encountered his friend's younger brother, did he begin (or rather, I suppose, to continue) to grieve, and with that, I suppose, could resume a more usual (note that I avoid the expected term, "normal") form of mourning. Although the usual order of grieving and mourning was inverted, I see no mandate to call the inversion pathological. I think we have enough pejoratives in our vocabulary and can spare a few.

Five Favorites

George Makari

Coming Through Slaughter by Michael Ondaatje (1976) is a gorgeously lyrical and formally dazzling work that hovers between prose poem and novel. It tells the (inner) story of Buddy Bolden, the New Orleans trumpet player often credited with inventing jazz. Bolden's life is shrouded in legend and mystery; no recordings of his remain, and he spent his last decades in a mental hospital. Through a great feat of imagination, Ondaatje creates a Bolden and an early 20th century New Orleans that swing with all the frenetic gusto of a Dixieland band.

Another novel-by-a-poet that I greatly admire is *Angels*, the first prose work by Denis Johnson (1983). An American original, Johnson has spent the last three decades searching for transcendence among the unsung and the riffraff; his work falls into a long tradition of homegrown seers like Walt Whitman. *Angels* follows the lives of a host of economic losers, trailing them as they board Greyhound buses and hitch-hike, searching for a way out of a destiny they do not understand. But the power in this work comes from Johnson's muscular use of language; his vivid use of simile and metaphor makes Angels, like his later book of stories, *Jesus' Son* (1993), impossible to forget.

Talking about poets and America, I am deeply attached to William Carlos Williams's undefinable prose masterpiece, *In the American Grain* (1925). Along with D.H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature* (1923), I think Williams's book gets closest to the psychic core of our strange, frightened, and beautiful country.

Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* (1952) is the coming-of-age novel of America, a place in which lack of recognition is endemic, since everyone comes from some other homeland. Ellison's underground man tells the story of American racial relations between master and slave, Northerner and Southerner, African and European, but it also speaks on a lower frequency for all of us, black, white, and gray.

My final ballot is cast not for a book but a press. Under the stewardship of James Laughlin, New Directions published so many neglected, modernist masterpieces that my bookshelves are lined with the NDP logo. To pick one of the many forgotten masterpieces published by this exemplary small press, I would name *How German Is It* by Walter Abish (1980), one of the finest novels written in the last three decades that I have read. Like the great W.G Sebald (whom New Directions also first published), Abish masterfully conveys a paranoid landscape, a Germany that cannot look back but remains ever haunted.

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Five Lives

Hilary J. Beattie

Autobiography is one of the most satisfying of literary genres for the curious, or voyeuristic, reader, and one I became addicted to even before I had any idea of becoming a psychoanalyst. Perhaps, in retrospect, my interest was prophetic of a life choice. The author of a memoir (and to some extent the diarist or the self-conscious letter-writer) has chosen to make a wider public, and posterity, privy to his or her intimate musings on the development and the struggles of a life, whether humdrum or renowned. He or she may profess a desire for scrupulous, historical accuracy, to set the record straight, but given the highly variable motivations of the autobiographer and the limitations of individual memory and subjectivity, that can never be what we get and that is what makes memoirs such fun. They are invariably highly selective, even tendentious, aiming at explanation or self vindication; the record of a spiritual or material struggle (Saint Augustine was the prototype here); sometimes confessional in a seemingly self-denigrating but also self-justifying way (think of Rousseau); sometimes competitive, vindictive, entertaining or outright bragging, but always seeking to enlist the reader's sympathy and understanding. And increasingly, from the Romantic period onwards, which ushered in the great 19th and 20th century heyday of the genre, they may be preoccupied with the Wordsworthian notion of "the child [as] father to the man", and attempt to recapture some of the intensity and freshness of childhood experience. This is what makes "child time" (as Doris Lessing has observed) seem so much longer and more eventful than "grown-up time", and usually makes the earlier parts of a memoir so much more compelling than the later ones.

When I look at the by now hundreds of autobiographies on my shelves, I have to ask myself what prompted their selection. Other than, sometimes, an interest in a historical period or controversy or the literary works of a particular author, it is something highly subjective, a sense of attraction, or engagement with the opening paragraphs or pages, which develops into the sense that this is someone I would have liked to have known or at least met, even if

they may hardly be conventionally likeable, or famous. To find a "good" memoir is in a sense to make a lifelong friend, who also tugs at something in one's own experience. Of this crowd I have chosen five, all English, four of which form two contrasted pairs, treating somewhat similar themes from different perspectives and in different periods and places.

I

My first two are both essentially efforts to make sense of a powerful father-son relationship, in one case oppressively present and in the other, tantalizingly mysterious and absent. Edmund Gosse (1849–1928), author of poetry, literary criticism, literary history and biography, became one of the most distinguished men of letters of his day, urbane, sophisticated, the friend of R. L. Stevenson, Henry James, Thomas Hardy and many others. Yet this could hardly have been predicted from his beginnings as the only child of the marine biologist Philip Henry Gosse and his wife Emily, both of whom were fundamentalist, Calvinist Christians who had found refuge in the sect of the Plymouth Brethren. After Emily's early death young Edmund was left in the sole care of his bereaved father whose only aim was to dedicate him to God, in fulfillment of his dying mother's wish. The ensuing conflicts were too painful even to be alluded to in Gosse's conventional biography of his father (1890), and it was only on a friend's urgings that he eventually wrote *Father and Son: A Study of Two Temperaments*, which appeared anonymously in 1907. This gives a vivid picture of an isolated and lonely childhood, with no playmates, few diversions, and no reading of fiction, on the grounds that "invented" stories were untruthful and therefore wicked. The future literary critic had to nourish himself mainly on the Bible, and works of natural history and travel. In compensation, Edmund developed a precociously introspective intelligence which led him to many surprising discoveries, first and chief of which happened after he experimentally made a hole in the water pipe which fed their garden's fountain. This ruined their rockery and led his enraged father to attribute the deed to some workmen recently employed there.

> In the first place, the theory that my Father was omniscient or infallible was now dead and buried. He probably knew very

> little; in this case he had not known a fact of such importance that if you did not know that, it could hardly matter what you knew. My Father, as a deity, as a natural force of immense prestige, fell in my eyes to a human level… But of all the thoughts which rushed upon my savage and undeveloped little brain at this crisis, the most curious was that I had found a companion and a confidant in myself… it was in this dual form that the sense of my individuality now suddenly, descended on me, and… it was a great solace to find a sympathiser in my own breast.

The rest of the book is in a sense the further chronicle of this Fall, as the Son struggled to find some intellectual and emotional independence (eventually aided by boarding school, the discovery of Shakespeare and poetry, and the acquisition of a sympathetic stepmother) in the face of the Father's relentless but ultimately futile efforts at control. Yet there emerges throughout a painful sense of love and longing, especially in the Son's lyrical accounts of his accompanying the Father on scientific expeditions to the tidal rock pools of the Devonshire coast, magical "living flower beds … exquisite in their perfection [with an] infinite succession of the soft and radiant forms, sea-anemones, sea-weeds, shells, fishes, which had inhabited them undisturbed, since the creation of the world". "Those pools were our mirrors, in which, reflected in the dark hyaline and framed by the sleek and shining fronds of oar-weed, there used to appear the shapes of a middle-aged man and a funny little boy, equally eager…" Such fleeting moments of closeness and tranquility were less frequent as the Son grew up, despite his efforts to embrace his Father's faith, and literalist belief in the "immediate coming of the Lord", which led ever and only to disappointment. Finally, from being "a bird fluttering in the net-work of my Father's will", he took wing at 16 for London, and even there endured the torments of the Father's "postal inquisition", until he finally rebelled, with "violent and hysterical" demands to be let alone, to think for himself at last. This was the definitive emotional rupture, yet even some 50 years later the adult Gosse was still to reflect, sadly and wistfully, "what a charming companion, what a delightful parent, what a courteous and engaging friend, my Father would have been… if it had not been for this stringent piety which ruined it all".

II

The other father-son pair, presented in J. R. Ackerley's *My Father and Myself* (1968), could in most respects hardly be more different, yet this ironic and acerbic (and highly entertaining) memoir is also suffused by a poignant sense of loss and regret as its author struggles to recapture and, belatedly, to understand, the father whom, after his death, he realized he hardly knew. Joe Ackerley (1896–1967) was another distinguished man of letters, a playwright, poet, novelist, memoirist and outstanding literary editor, who for 25 years recruited the likes of E. M. Forster (a close friend), Leonard and Virginia Woolf, Auden, Isherwood, Spender and many others to write for *The Listener*. He came from an affluent and, apparently, impeccably bourgeois background (his father, "the banana king", was a partner in the well-known fruit importing business, Elders & Fyffes), yet the opening sentences of the posthumously published *My Father and Myself* alert us to the fact that behind the façade lurked a bizarrely — often comically — unconventional story: "I was born in 1896 and my parents were married in 1919. Nearly a quarter of a century may seem rather procrastinatory for making up one's mind, but I expect that … as the years rolled by my parents gradually forgot the anomaly of their situation". Just how anomalous that situation was does not emerge until the latter part of the story when, just after his father's death in 1929, the strange woman who had visited him at his hotel in Southsea turned out to be his father's long time lover and mother of his three grown daughters. Thus, as Ackerley belatedly realized, until 1919 (when his mother's sister had urged the marriage) his father had been simply a bachelor keeping two mistresses, each with three children, all of whom were apparently "accidents".

Ackerley had been shocked, not so much by this double life, but at the way his father had chosen to reveal it, in two letters to be opened "Only in the case of my death". Why was he kept out, when all his father's "men pals" were in the know? He was convinced that the secret would have been shared with his older brother, Peter, the favorite, who had been killed late in World War I. But Peter, "a chip of the old block", would have fulfilled all their father's desires for a business partner and grandchildren, whereas Joe, in spite of his own distinguished war service, tended to devalue himself as a homosexual with at first vague literary ambitions, who consumed a

good part of his adult life in a vain search for the “Ideal Friend”. This elusive being was pursued mainly among the ranks of lower class men, policemen and sailors, but also among the Brigade of Guards, which had “a long history in homosexual prostitution”. One wonders here how explicitly Ackerley realized he must have been pursuing some idealized image of his lost father who, as a young, tall and exceedingly handsome man, had served in both the Royal Horse Guards and the Household Cavalry. By the mid 1930s he had begun a more active search into the numerous secrets of his father’s checkered early life, which included being the protégé of two wealthy older men in succession — perhaps even, as Ackerley liked to surmise, their lover? This complex story, told in a brilliantly elliptical, suspenseful fashion, only partially masks the underlying loneliness and sadness of this gregarious, accomplished man, who eventually found emotional solace in love for the Alsatian bitch to whom the book, his masterpiece, is dedicated.

III

The next two memoirs are alike in being the record of growing up, as a child of English heritage, in remote, even primitive, parts of the world, but in adulthood succumbing to the gravitational pull of London and the literary life. Yet in other respects, how different! The first of these authors is W. H. Hudson (1841–1922), who in *Far Away and Long Ago: A History of My Early Life* (1918) left a lyrical account of his boyhood on the pampas of Argentina that has outshone his many other works, mainly of natural history and of fiction, such as *Green Mansions* and *The Purple Land*. William Henry (or Guillermo Enrique) Hudson was born in Quilmes, south of Buenos Aires, to settlers of English stock who had come in the 1830s, via the U. S. A., to raise cattle and sheep in Argentina. He came to London in 1874 and remained there, often in poverty, for the rest of his life. When bedridden for six weeks with a serious illness during the First World War he was astonished to find that his partially forgotten childhood came back to him “as if the cloud shadows and haze had passed away and the entire wide prospect beneath me [was] made clearly visible”. Feverishly, he began to write, to try to preserve these visions from oblivion. “It was to me a marvelous experience” — to be dangerously ill in bed, with wind howling and rain lashing outside — “and at the same time to be

thousands of miles away, out in the sun and wind, rejoicing in other sights and sounds, happy again with that ancient long-lost and now recovered happiness!"

Rather than a linear narrative, Hudson gives us a series of vivid pictures of the sights, sounds and smells, the flora and fauna, and the people, of a totally vanished world. Everything comes alive: the old, low mud-brick house on the pampas, made famous locally by its 25 enormous *ombú* trees; the cattle being driven home in the evening, at sunset, lowing and bellowing, raising the dust with their hooves as the galloping herdsmen urged them on with wild cries; the mysterious lame dog, Pechicho, who suddenly appeared one day to drive their sheep into the fold and became the author's inseparable playmate, giving him his first riding lessons; the other old dog, Caesar, master of the pack, whose death and burial gave Hudson his first intimation of the horrors of death (at first relieved by his mother's explanations of God and the afterlife, but re-aroused every time a bullock was slaughtered or a bird shot). There are memorable vignettes of the strange, often eccentric characters who populated their lives: Mr. Trigg, the schoolmaster, who roamed the pampas on horseback with all his possessions in his saddlebags, hired by the month to teach the children of the English settlers, and who "hated and despised teaching as much as children in the wild hated to be taught" but thrilled them with gloriously histrionic readings of Dickens; the insane old Hermit, dressed in a kind of mattress full of sticks and stones, in fulfillment of some unknown penance, who begged his way from one ranch to another until found, years later, "dead on the plain, wasted by old age and famine to a mere skeleton, and … still crushed down with that awful burden"; the fierce old gaucho, Barboza, a great knife-fighter who was also famous for composing and singing ballads about his exploits, in a voice "inexpressibly harsh, like that … of the carrion crow". There are also occasional glimpses of Buenos Aires in the 1840s and '50s with its narrow streets and huge cobblestones; its religious festivals attended by elegant ladies with their escorts, dressed in black broadcloth with scarlet waistcoats "like a flock of military starlings"; the washerwomen by the River Plate, gabbling and shrieking "like a great concourse … of noisy waterfowl"; and, on the outskirts, the immense, stinking killing-grounds where thousands of cattle and sheep were slaughtered. Bird metaphors abound in Hudson's writing, and it is in his descriptions of birds and other wildlife that

we sense his true passion, as he recounts boyhood expeditions to shallow lakes abounding in coot, painted snipe, storks, wood-ibises, marsh hawks and, above all, the deep purple and chestnut marsh troupial, whose flocks would "all sing together, producing a marvelous and beautiful noise, as of hundreds of small bells all ringing at one time". Recalling these scenes, since vanished under the onslaughts of commercial agriculture, Hudson was glad to think he would never revisit them, yet their memory was to sustain him through many later years of poverty and exile under a grey northern sky and help him create one of the most compelling, beautiful memoirs in the English language.

IV

The other exile's memoir, equally compelling but in different ways, is by Doris Lessing (1919-), too famous as an author to need much introduction. In *Under My Skin: Volume One of My Autobiography, to 1949* (1994), she tells the story of her growing up in Africa, ending it with her arrival in London in 1949 with a young son and with the typescript of her first novel in her suitcase. Doris Tayler was born to English parents, both casualties of the First World War; her father had lost a leg in the trenches and her mother, the nurse who looked after him, had lost her great love, a young doctor drowned at sea. Depressed and disappointed, to escape grey, traumatized, post-war England they moved first to Persia, where Doris's father became a bank manager in Kermanshah and where Doris and her brother were born, and then, when Doris was five, via a harrowing train trip through post-revolutionary Russia and a few months in England, to Southern Rhodesia, where they started a farm in a thousand acres of untamed bush.

Lessing's is one of the most sophisticated and highly crafted of autobiographies, framed by reflections on the nature of self, identity, memory and "truth": how to tell what is "real memory" and what is "made up" by spinning a tale "out of some fragment of fact". Yet some moments she does trust, because "I spent a good part of my childhood 'fixing' moments in my mind. Clearly I had to fight to establish a reality of my own, against an insistence from the adults that I should accept theirs." Like the young Gosse, she evidently developed an observing "personality", a place of "*ultimate and inviolable privacy*", from which she could look out on the perplexing,

adult social world, and which results in an equally brilliant depiction of a child's evolving consciousness. Her early memories are intensely physical, of "a tiny thing among trampling, knocking careless giants who smell, who lean down towards you with great ugly hairy faces"; "enormous pale bodies" splashing about in a swimming tank full of cold water and rotting leaves; the "disguised bullying" of her father's tickling; the nagging and complaining of a mother forever disappointed in her daughter and yearning vainly for the lost London life of parties and nice clothes, all of which makes Lessing wonder: "But I was born with skins too few. Or they were scrubbed off me by those robust and efficient hands." Yet in Africa, despite the hardships, there were moments of intense pleasure, described with a vividness that almost rivals Hudson's: hearing, on a rainy night, the dry thatch of the house whisper as it swells and fills with water, the distant frogs and toads "exulting with the rain"; the shock of seeing for the first time a chameleon seem to vomit its insides, as it shoots out its club-like tongue; the shooting stars in the immense night sky, or the "drumming, deep-singing of the wind" in the telephone wires; a breathless early morning encounter with a koodoo buck amid the ant heaps. Lessing depicts a curious, often troubled, angry child, who once accidentally burned down their thatched storehouse through her experiments with matches, but who by the age of twelve could boast a list of accomplishments unusual in a future novelist: "I knew how to set a hen, look after chickens and rabbits, worm dogs and cats, pan for gold, take samples from reefs, cook, sew, use the milk separator and churn butter, go down a mine shaft in a bucket … and a lot else. Doing these things I was truly happy…" The rest of the book charts, with equal intensity, her later development: via boarding school; voracious reading; sexual awakening and adolescent conflicts with her mother; jazz and popular song (hence the title); two early marriages and three children; and an absorption in left-wing politics, all before her escape to London at the age of thirty, to begin the rest of her life. There can be no more enjoyable glimpse into the mind of a great writer, and for me it excels even the best of her fiction.

V

Since we were asked to tell about five favorite books I have chosen one more memoir, in some way the most purely pleasurable

of all, Gwen Raverat's *Period Piece: A Cambridge Childhood* (1952). Raverat (1885–1957), an accomplished British woodcut artist, was born Gwen Darwin, the oldest child of George Darwin, Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, and his American wife Maud Du Puy. She was one of the many grandchildren of the great Charles Darwin, and thereby heir to a family tradition of immense intellectual accomplishment and striking eccentricity. *Period Piece* was written towards the end of a rich, but in many ways difficult and painful life, in an attempt, reminiscent of Hudson's, to recapture the highlights of childhood in a vanished world, in this case late Victorian Cambridge (populated by fauna, human and otherwise, every bit as exotic as those found on the pampas of Argentina). Like Hudson's memoir it is less a narrative than a series of pictures, "all going on at the same time, sticking out like the spokes of a wheel from the hub, which is me". But unlike his, and the others, it is copiously adorned with the author's own witty illustrations, of people, places and incidents, both real and imaginary; ranging from boating expeditions when the ladies had to look into the depths of their parasols to avoid the sight of naked boys bathing from the river banks, to The Habitat of the British Tiger, that fearsome animal which was supposed by the children to lurk on the tops of bed canopies to devour the unwary sleeper below.

Here is a child's-eye view of the grown-ups' world and their strangely rigid ideas of social propriety, ameliorated by the unselfconscious and often hilarious behavior of so many of the Darwin relatives, hypochondriacs to the core. "In my grandparents' house it was a distinction and a mournful pleasure to be ill. This is partly because my grandfather was always ill, and his children adored him and were inclined to imitate him; and partly because it was so delightful to be pitied and nursed by my grandmother." Worst of all was Aunt Etty, who at 13, with a "low fever" was told to have breakfast in bed for a time, and "*never got up to breakfast again in all her life*"; always relishing the least sign of illness in others, she warded off colds with a kind of gas mask of her own invention, made of a wire kitchen strainer stuffed with antiseptic cotton wool, which reduced visitors to fits of suppressed laughter. There are pen (and ink) portraits of all the aunts and uncles and, best of all, sketches of Down House, in Kent, her grandfather's home, where he had conducted experiments and written *The Origin of Species*, and where "a faint flavour" of his ghost still "hung about the whole

place, garden and all". Raverat's descriptions of their summer visits to Down have a sensuous lyricism to rival anything in Gosse, or Hudson or Lessing, evoking her childish passion for the big, black, shiny pebbles in the front path, "stuck down tight in moss and sand", for the foxgloves, for the stiff red clay in the clay pit, for "the beautiful white paint on the nursery floor", all things which she worshipped and which gave her an early, mysterious intimation of her calling as an artist. I discovered Raverat's book when I was myself an undergraduate at Cambridge and not only did it provide a fascinating historical counterpoint to the everyday surroundings of my then life, but perhaps alerted me for the first time to the myriad pleasures of autobiography. The memoirs I have chosen here might not prove to be your favorites but I am sure we can all find our own "Ideal Friends" from among the endless ranks of the genre.

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Reflections on a Decade as Director

Robert Alan Glick

Henry Schwartz has invited me to offer some reflections on my decade as Center Director. His goal, a grander one than I would have allowed myself, was to archive a piece of Center history for the future, on the grounds that it might be of some interest and possible use to those who follow us. In the spirit of placing a bit of me in a virtual time capsule, I offer the following reflections.

From the most personal perspective, I am currently "a workaholic in recovery". For ten years the Center was a consuming focus in my life, and the high point of my academic career. Leaving is both a very great loss and a significant (and perhaps a greater) relief. My professional attention returns to my practice, teaching, and writing.

This opportunity came at a great time in my life. My kids were grown and busy with their respective lives. Vivian, my wife, enthusiastically encouraged me to seek the Directorship. My career at the Center had been moving in that direction for years. When my tenure began, following Roger MacKinnon and Ethel Person, I anxiously recognized that I would carry the mantle of the Center's authority transferences. So I grew the required, authoritative beard in an effort to look like a wise psychoanalytic elder. But I was told by friends, alas, that I merely looked older, but no wiser. After a couple of years I realized that what I actually needed was more youthful energy, and the beard was history.

Once settled in the office next to Joan's, I went into high gear primarily as ambassador of the Center to the Department, the Medical School, the University, the American, the International, and to anyone who would listen.

From the outset, I drew considerable comfort from the knowledge that we had a superb Faculty and an outstanding Candidate group. I formed an Executive Committee that would thrive on meaningful discussion and active debate, and would be unafraid to disagree on issues crucial to the Center. Having an open forum to address serious problems from diverse perspectives was invaluable. We grew to be a team capable of heated and respectful argument, problem solving, and innovation.

It was obvious that, while we were a strong and successful institute with great talent, simply resting on our strengths and achievements would be fatal. Psychoanalytic institutes remain very fragile eco-systems that rely deeply on a shared passion for psychoanalysis and psychoanalytic education, and dedicated analysts are an endangered species.

As I saw it, the Center needed to maintain a leadership role in psychoanalytic education and research. To realize this vision, I wanted to create a working atmosphere open to constructive critique of the theories and practices of analysis and analytic education, as well as to foster an environment where psychoanalytic theory and practice could be challenged and new approaches explored and supported. Like those who knew me well, I felt it was essential for the Center to be a place where people would enjoy themselves in their work. I believe that we achieved a great deal during these ten years and generally had a good time doing it.

I had grown up professionally in the Psychiatry Department at Columbia and P. I. As a candidate in the early and mid 1970s, I had been taught that, through the creation of a psychoanalytic institute within a medical school and university, Sandor Rado's ambition was to challenge "received wisdom" and to open psychoanalysis to knowledge from biology, medicine, brain and social science. In so doing, he hoped to place Freud's vision of a scientific psychoanalysis on a firm empirical footing. Every Director has had stewardship of this mission. The pursuit of this vision has involved both an ever-deepening understanding of the relationship of mind and brain, and an academic environment where open, critical, intellectual inquiry, rather than dogma or ideology, was prized.

As Director, I have to come to appreciate Columbia's uniqueness. Living within a department of Psychiatry in an outstanding medical school and university gives us a rare opportunity to further the collaboration between clinical psychoanalysis and cognitive neuroscience, between the life of the mind and the nature of the brain.

Now this distinctive and precious opportunity must be continuously earned, not assumed. For many years the Center was the voice of psychodynamic psychiatry in the Department and I sought to preserve and strengthen its role. The Center has sought to participate in the Department's educational, clinical, and scientific programs. Teaching students and trainees how to listen to and

understand the people who are in their care remains an essential clinical, psychiatric skill. The Center needs to maintain its position in providing this component of psychiatric education.

During my tenure, there has been a profound and accelerating shift in the Department with a deepening commitment to neurobiological research and research training. New knowledge should shape clinical practice. This is the Department's basic mission and the Center can and should be a contributor to this mission.

Roger MacKinnon recognized, during his tenure as Director, that renewed attention must be paid to the *Research* component of the "Center for Training and Research". We could not expect our strength as an analytic center to rest solely on our excellence in training future psychoanalysts. Our creative contribution to the field of psychoanalysis, its place in modern psychiatry and psychology, and its role in the Department and the University demanded a robust research and scholarship initiative. Roger asked Steven Roose to move this process forward. During the last ten years, Steven developed a very productive research group, unmatched in other psychoanalytic institutes. We created a research assistant position at the Center to enhance this effort, a position which has been filled by a series of remarkable people, all of whom have gone on to graduate school in psychology after their two year stint at the Center. The Research Group has mentored young investigators from the Center and the Department, suggesting projects, finding funding, getting the research done and the papers written. The efforts of this group are the reason people were constantly saying: "They are studying that at Columbia!". The Center's Research team has written more papers, obtained more funding, and fostered more investigative careers in psychoanalytic research than any other institute. Some of its members, like Eric Fertuck, Bret Rutherford and Andrew Gerber, have careers in both the Center and the Department. The group has inspired and collaborated with institutes around the country and in Europe. Its projects are unique in the field. The first prospective outcome study, comparing psychoanalysis and other treatments, is an exciting and much needed effort to demonstrate the unique effectiveness of psychoanalytic treatment. Sabrina Cherry is principal investigator of the Post Graduate Careers of Psychoanalysts Longitudinal Study, now in its fifth year of data collection. This vital project provides the

field with the first empirical data on the careers of graduate analysts and the place of psychoanalysis in their clinical and professional lives. Eve Caligor's studies on the characteristics of patients entering psychoanalysis provide the first systematic investigation of whom we are treating and have important implications for outcome studies. Some of the most fascinating new projects, under the direction of Brad Peterson, involve using imaging techniques to demonstrate unconscious processes such as transference and structural and functional changes associated with psychoanalytic treatment. It is clear that the Center's future rests on its scientific, intellectual and clinical contributions within the Department and the field.

We have had other challenges. The Center was able to recruit Karen Gilmore to resurrect our struggling Child Analytic Program. With tremendous commitment and energy, Karen, who had trained at both the NY Psychoanalytic Institute and the NYU Institute in Adult and Child Analysis, built a team of outstanding scholars and teachers. They created a multifaceted program which included our Parent-Infant Psychotherapy Training Program, under Susan Coates's leadership. Columbia is one of the programs participating in the new pilot "Child Only Programs" endorsed by the American. We now have graduate child analysts at Columbia, an Infant Psychotherapy Training and Research Program, an exciting Development curriculum at the Center, and an ongoing collaboration with the Child Analytic Programs at NY Psa, and NYU Psa.

While we were generally pleased by Columbia's excellent education and training, we also recognized that we needed ways to assess and enrich the effectiveness of our teaching. We required clear learning objectives for our curriculum and supervision, and also had to pay serious attention to the problems of immersion and case development in candidacy. We began an "internal site visit" which generated several important projects. These included Deborah Cabaniss's Learning Objectives project, which established clearly defined goals for candidate progression. Elena Lister and her team developed the Writing as Pedagogy program to deepen and improve the integration of didactic and clinical learning. Both projects have become models for institutes around the country.

At the American Psychoanalytic Association, I had served on the Committee on Institutes years before my directorship. By visiting institutes around the country and participating in collective discussions of psychoanalytic education, I learned how others faced

similar and different challenges. This reinforced my sense of Columbia's unique situation and opportunity. While Director, I represented the Center as a Fellow of the Board on Professional Standards, and got to see more vividly how open and fortunate we are, and how Columbia represents the best of psychoanalytic education in this country, if not the world. It felt as if our initiatives were always coming up for discussion. The constant refrain was: "At Columbia, they studied this, and created that…", which always made me proud.

As Columbia's Director, I served on several task forces and major educational and program committees of the American. I worked with many terrific people who shared our enthusiasm and our efforts to strengthen the best in psychoanalysis and psychoanalytic education. These are dedicated analytic educators, many of whom remain friends and valued colleagues. However, there is a difficult and thankless aspect to the workings of the American. Moving good ideas forward remains an enormous challenge. The future of the profession's identity, boundaries, educational foundation, and clinical definitions is unclear. Whatever happens in the near term, our profession, like all professions, needs a responsible and responsive professional membership organization. It also needs a structure for assessing and maintaining the standards that define the profession. Without them, we are lost. Our profession's leaders need to maintain a constructive vision of what psychoanalysis is and can be as a field and as an intellectual/scientific discipline. Post directorship, I have been invited to rejoin the Committee on Institutes to continue to pursue my interest in psychoanalytic education.

Here in New York, I participated in several collaborative efforts among the three major New York psychoanalytic institutes: New York, NYU, and Columbia. We accomplished some useful changes, all aimed at functioning more effectively together, and less competitively (if possible) for the sake of the field. Good collaborative relationships among these American Psychoanalytic -affiliated New York institutes, in education, research, and scholarship, remains an important goal for the future.

For me, the hardest part of the job was fund raising. Psychoanalysis, while extremely helpful to many, is a very hard sell. At my first official meeting with Herb Pardes, then Dean, he made it clear that he understood the role of the Center in

psychiatric education, the need for research, and the importance of creating endowments for financial support of our educational and research goals. As I was leaving, he wryly suggested that "about $25 million" would give the Center a strong foundation on which to build its future. Herb helped with a variety of educational events, with the aim of establishing an advisory board of Center supporters, modeled on the Department's scientific advisory board which supports research efforts in various psychiatric disorders. This remains an extremely worthwhile and very challenging goal. He is right about our future. It does depend on financial as well as personal commitment. I was tempted to buy lottery tickets to get that $25 million for the Center, but resisted the impulse.

We did have some surprising, very generous gifts. Probably the most innovative was the Glass Fellowship for Researchers in Psychoanalytic Training. We created an original, model program to offer support to younger investigators who would combine Department based research training with psychoanalytic training. It was and is a marvelous idea, but unfortunately the Glass Foundation support was time-limited. We created modest research grants to encourage faculty and candidates to turn questions and ideas into researchable studies. The Research group was constantly getting new members with new projects to pursue. I only wish we had been able to find more funding sources to create an endowment for an ongoing fellowship program and project grants within the Center and the Department.

Not every day of my tenure was glorious, full of fun and excitement. Fortunately, there were no scandals (as there have been at other institutes) and no political crises. There were tragic losses of friends and colleagues, as well as various problems due to illness and aging. We are family and we come together at sad and painful times. On the other hand, having the stewardship for an organization like ours, with roughly two hundred faculty members, around fifty candidates, and others in the landscape, there are inevitably hurt feelings and disappointments. We are a pretty resilient lot and I believe that, despite disagreements, all of us worked in the best interests of the Center.

My major hopes for the future of the Center include:

- Maintaining the passion and energy of our faculty. We must continue to make participation in the life of the Center both exciting and rewarding.

- Enriching clinical immersion. Our faculty needs to do analysis as much as possible. We should develop creative and effective ways to meld psychotherapy and psychoanalytic training, with a particular emphasis on conversion to analysis.
- Continuing research in analytic process and outcome, in analytic education, in analytic scholarship, and interdisciplinary studies.
- Expanding collaboration in the study of the brain and the functions of mind.
- Generating financial support. As I learned, raising money for psychoanalysis is one of the more difficult jobs of the Director. The Center has been effective in managing its modest finances. This remains an ongoing challenge. Finding support for research and training requires a great deal of effort.
- Maintaining our collaboration with the other major NYC institutes. We should continue to "work and play well with others". We have much more to gain by collaboratively supporting the field than by wasting resources competing.

The Center must maintain its leadership in the intellectual and scientific life of psychoanalysis. The Center has a strong new Director in Eric Marcus, and he and his excellent team have the wisdom, the talent, and the dedication to embrace this responsibility. I wish them well.

I can never adequately express my gratitude to Joan Jackson and Judy Mars for all their efforts, day in and day out, to keep the Center alive and well. They made it possible for me to do my job.

I truly loved serving as Director of this remarkable Psychoanalytic Center for a decade and I am immeasurably indebted to all who have been a part of the experience. Thank you.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND CULTURE

Section Editor, Jules Kerman

Hilary and Jackie: A Sibling Drama

Hilary J. Beattie

Late last year I was honored with an invitation to be the discussant for the APM's annual "Movie Night", on February 8, 1908. This time the event had special significance, as it was decided that it would inaugurate the APM's "year of the sibling", which is to culminate in a two day symposium, "Missing: Siblings in Psychoanalysis" in November 2008. This required Movie Night's organizers, Bonnie Kaufman and Edie Cooper, to select a film which took a sibling relationship as its major theme, not an easy task, as it turned out. Though many films may feature siblings, it seems that it is unusual for them to focus in depth on the dynamics of the sibling relationship. Why this should be the case is unclear, and one wonders if the reasons may be akin to those which have made the topic relatively neglected by psychoanalysis, e.g. a privileging of "vertical" (parent-child) relationships, or of individual struggles in the world (even if the typical themes of romantic or career rivalries may actually draw on sibling dynamics). Some of the rare films which foreground siblings are in fact based on literary works, like Kurosawa's *Ran* (1985), a Japanese version of *King Lear*, with the three daughters replaced by sons; or Ang Lee's *Sense and Sensibility* (1995), based on Jane Austen's novel of the same name. It is not easy to think of examples from mainstream Hollywood, other than perhaps Barry Levinson's *Rainman* (1988), or the rather ponderous horror movie *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* (Robert Aldrich, 1962). The latter provided a vehicle for two aging divas, Joan Crawford and Bette Davis, to play out rivalry, guilt and hatred between fictional movie actresses who are sisters. Perhaps the topic's cinematic rarity may serve as a challenge for all of you to search for more examples, or to come up with some convincing reasons for such apparent neglect of one of life's most formative and enduring bonds.

Fortunately, Bonnie and Edie were able to find a good film, perhaps even tangentially related to *Baby Jane*, about two sisters

who were both musicians, one phenomenally more successful than the other. This was *Hilary and Jackie* (1998), directed by Anand Tucker and starring Rachel Griffiths and Emily Watson as the real-life du Pré sisters. It tells the story of Jacqueline du Pré (1945–1987), who emerged from a musically gifted, middle class English family to become one of the great cellists of the 20th century but whose amazing career was tragically cut short when she was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis at the age of only 28. Her life and loves are shown to be passionately intertwined from the very beginning with those of her sister Hilary, three years older, and a fine flute player, who chose a different path, largely sacrificing her own musical career to marriage and family. The film is actually based on a memoir by Hilary and their younger brother, Piers (originally titled *A Genius in the Family*, 1997, but then given the same title as the film to coincide with its appearance in 1998). This fact, plus the film's largely realistic style, perhaps lures us at the outset into the illusion that what we are seeing is a veridical account of the "real" Jacqueline du Pré. This notion should be firmly resisted. Any work about a famous person, whether memoir, biography, fiction or film, inevitably presents, to varying degrees, a highly selective, condensed, often very subjective and, above all, artistically re-arranged treatment of a life, or lives. Though *Hilary and Jackie* offers some enormously rich and complex material pertaining to sibling bonds and rivalries, I think we have to approach it basically as a fiction about life and art, and the sometimes tortured relationship between them. One further fiction: it is not even Jacqueline du Pré whom we hear playing in the film (with the exception of three clips of the Elgar cello concerto) but Caroline Dale, the principal cellist of the English Chamber Orchestra. Though Emily Watson gives a bravura performance as Jackie, to my mind she is too much the anguished neurotic throughout, and her rather histrionic stage posturing does not at all convey the intensity, the beauty, and the humor of the Jacqueline du Pré whom we can still see performing on film (notably in the BBC documentaries of 1967 and 1982, now available on DVD).

DISCUSSION

My aim in discussing *Hilary and Jackie* was not so much to provide an in-depth analysis, as to give some of my thoughts and

reactions as a way of stimulating further input from the audience. At this point, I hope I can prompt the reader to see and enjoy the film. First of all, I see this film as not just about the intense, evolving relationship of the two sisters, which dominates both their lives, but equally about the relationship of Jackie with her art, with music, with the performing career which takes her over. This is represented both by the mysterious woman on the beach in the opening scenes and later by her cello, the Davidoff Stradivarius, with which she has to make a Faustian bargain. It will "give her the world", as her teacher tells her, but she must "give it her self". The other immediately striking thing about this music-filled film is its structure. I don't know if the director thought of it this way but it seems to me that it is constructed from first to last like a piece of music, with themes and leitmotifs which are taken up and developed from one movement to the next. The work starts with an expansive prelude or overture, the opening childhood idyll on the beach which hints at later themes. The first movement tells of the gifted sisters' growing up in a musical household, with early signs of triumphs and dissents. The second movement, told from the older sister's perspective, recounts the divergence of their lives, as Hilary renounces a performing career for the safe haven of love and family while Jackie roams the world in pursuit of her gift and a fairy-tale romance with another musician even more driven than she is. But she is eventually compelled, by forces we here don't understand, to seek refuge, in vain, with her sister and brother-in-law. The third and final movement, seen from Jackie's perspective, shows us her triumphs as well as her increasing loneliness, ambivalence, sense of abandonment and eventual terror, as she is gradually taken over by malign forces she cannot control. It is her illness, ironically, which does end up separating her from the cello she sometimes hates, but which has come to represent her whole identity. At the end of this movement there is a coda, a reprise of the opening themes of the film's overture. This gives us an elegiac climax and resolution, accompanied by the music of the Elgar cello concerto (the work with which Jacqueline du Pré was most associated), reaffirming the sisters' love and unity in the face of death.

OVERTURE

The overture presents an idyllic scene of childhood exploration and fantasy in a setting of boundless sand, sea and sky. It

portrays the sisters' teasing delight in each other, and their intimate communication via the "secret" message, a presage of all the telephone calls, both completed and interrupted, to come. But already Jackie is marked by a separate destiny, the forces symbolized by the "Chimborazu, Cotopaxi" of W. J. Turner's poem "Romance", which inexorably draw her away towards the mysterious woman with her implied promise of both pain and consolation. Hilary can only watch in puzzlement, then hug her sister convulsively to counteract the dizzying effect of the viewers' circling and widening perspective.

I

The first movement introduces us to the family, above all the dominant mother, who eclipses the ineffectual-seeming father as she shapes and directs both sisters' musical careers, in her role as composer, pianist and conductor. At first the tone is still playful and cooperative, as they play the "Holiday Song" with the older, protective Hilary correcting Jackie's wrong note to B flat. But soon the devouring (maternal) shark of ambition and competition intervenes to separate them, as Hilary is singled out to play in the broadcast of Haydn's Toy Symphony and Jackie insists on being included, then angrily breaks her drum as she misses her cue (the first of many later breakings). She already resents coming second, and when scolded by their mother for not taking her performing seriously enough, sets herself single-mindedly to perfect her cello technique, oblivious to all else but her own inner music (as the close-up shots of her ear indicate). Now, when they start to win music competitions, it is Jacqueline who is mentioned first, culminating in the scenes of the Purley music festival. Here, despite Hilary's well-deserved win on the flute, it is Jackie's performance that mesmerizes and enraptures the audience, to the point where the photographer does not even realize that Hilary has played and won also. Now we start to appreciate the development of Hilary's character, as her earlier protectiveness of Jackie begins to shade into withdrawal and self-effacing masochism, to mask her own pain, disappointment and, perhaps, rage. (We wonder what happens to Hilary's anger throughout the story.) At Purley she runs away unnoticed down the long yellow corridor (the first of many, symbolic, corridors in the film) that has led Jackie to triumphant

success and herself, despite her very real talent, only to a more constricted, secondary role. This divergence is further underscored when Jackie finds the ideal teacher, her "cello daddy", who immediately perceives her latent genius and takes over from her mother in promoting its development, while Hilary sits literally out in the cold (and this is the first of many such scenes for Hilary). At the teenaged Jackie's debut recital her minor mishaps and flaws (the slipping of her A string and her seemingly uncontrolled head movements, both sinister presentiments) cannot detract from her triumph and the launching of her public career. This is sealed by the gift, from another "daddy", of the Stradivarius cello which is from now on to be her closest companion. Nonetheless, the movement closes with the two sisters deliriously united when Jackie plays at a society wedding in Italy. In a sense this first of three weddings in the film is *their* wedding, as they dance together (note, with Jackie in the lead), giggling as they make up private Italian gibberish. Then they lie in bed together in the dark, drinking champagne to flash-lit illumination of the frescoed ceiling. Truly, they are "in heaven", until a sharp voice tells them to "put out the bloody light" — a harsh warning that this happiness cannot continue.

II

From now on the narrative is divided into two sections, as the sisters' lives take different directions. In the second movement, HILARY, their divergence is further emphasized by repeated scenes of Hilary's abandonment, often in dark, stormy weather and lashing rain, her natural exuberance increasingly curbed. Her masochistic suppression of her own needs is suggested by her submission to a "bad father", *her* teacher, the sadistic Mr Bentley. He criticizes her body movements and eventually reduces her to playing one note, the fateful B flat again (which we hear as "be flat", flatten yourself), while he has only praise for the absent Jackie. After the crowning disaster of her final exam, and lacking a sense of identity and direction other than in her music, it is hardly surprising that the still teenaged Hilary lets herself be carried off by the enthusiastic and domineering Christopher or "Kiffer" Finzi, son of a well-known composer. He has the boundless merit of loving her for herself and not just her musical talent, and is not at all overawed by Jackie. He bursts into their family and, as a musician and conductor himself,

completely usurps her mother's place with Hilary (he even says "Shall I be mum?" as he pours the tea). He also eclipses her father, whose role as always is reduced to carping from the sidelines or helping her brother (another marginal figure) secure good radio or TV reception of Jackie's distant concerts. Jackie returns from Russia to find her own place with Hilary threatened, when she is not allowed to go on their date and is unable to forestall their marriage with the proposal that she and Hilary move out and live a wild life together. Here we sense Jackie's own lack of identity and direction, which has been completely subsumed in her musical career. She desperately needs Hilary, her emotional twin, to give her some sense of secure foundation (something their ambitious, narcissistic mother cannot provide, absorbed as she is in Jackie's career). Jackie's jealousy and bitterness at being eclipsed, at now not being the star and coming first, are expressed in their gloomy night-time scene where she projects her own sense of insignificance into the taunt: "You're not special". Jackie's sudden solution, after her rather grudging, sulky performance at Hilary's modest wedding, where Hilary is in the starring role, is to find a man of her own. And she outdoes Hilary by finding a famous musician, a pianist and conductor who for her too can replace her musician mother in her life. Daniel Barenboim can furthermore give her a new identity (one that upsets her stodgy family) as a Jewish, trendy, international jet-setter. She even immediately adopts his accent, which is a major statement in an English family. The crucial scene here is at their glamorous wedding in Jerusalem, where Danny's breaking of the glass symbolizes not only Jackie's attempted rupture with her past but also the future rupture of both her somewhat fragile emotional equilibrium and her health, foreshadowing scenes of breakages to come.

After this some time elapses, as Hilary and Kiffer bury themselves on a farm in the country, far from London, and start a family. Images of fertility abound, and even the family car (unlike the cars that transport Jackie, alone with her cello, from one distant venue to another) becomes an enclosed space of intimacy and passion. Now follows in some ways the most puzzling episode of the film. Jackie interrupts their love-making by turning up unannounced, with cello, and reasserting her old intimacy with Hilary. As they play musical mind-reading games, she asks Hilary to guess her whispered request that she wants to sleep with Kiffer (here she

echoes the whispered secret message of the prelude, and blows the same childish raspberry). Even for the self-effacing Hilary this is at first too much but events conspire to change her mind. Jackie, when thwarted, decompensates and regresses to a state of naked and self-lacerating infancy, screaming for love, and then Danny, well-meaning but completely baffled by his wife's behavior, abandons her to their care. Hilary's guilty, desperate need to save her sister overcomes her better judgment, as well as Kiffer's. What are we to make of this? Is it really Kiffer that Jackie wants, or by usurping Hilary's place in bed with him does she want to *be* her, to merge with Hilary and restore their lost unity, to become a part of their family, loved for herself alone and not her music? And why does Kiffer agree? After Kiffer finally rebels and again sleeps with Hilary, Jackie is driven back to the companionship of her cello, whose sexual imagery is made very clear here. As she leaves she is haunted by visions of lost bliss, of the two of them as children on the beach, or in bed together, "in heaven" after "their" wedding. Now it must feel to her as if the light is really about to go out.

III

In the third and final movement, entitled JACKIE and presented from her point of view, we begin to piece together the meaning of all these events to her, and to understand behavior that up to now has seemed monstrously selfish and irrational. Rather than callously abandoning her sister in Italy after that first of the three weddings we see her pulled away, into a dizzying maelstrom of successful international engagements, where she feels increasingly lonely and cut off. She is reduced to speaking mocking German or Spanish gibberish with uncomprehending fans or hotel maids, unable to get through to Hilary on the telephone, unable even to get her dirty laundry done except by sending it (and with it herself) home to London in paper parcels. The images of empty hotel corridors and impersonal, crowded airports culminate finally in her trudging through the empty, icy cold and snow in Moscow dragging her only companion, the cello, until in desperation she declares to her greatest "cello daddy" of them all, Mstislav Rostropovich, that it was all a mistake, she doesn't want to be a cellist. Met with incomprehension again, Jackie angrily leaves the priceless cello, her

jailer, out in the snow, while she curls up in the fetal position on the bed, smelling the essence of home in her freshly washed laundry. But on her return home she is immediately confronted with a further abandonment, as Hilary deserts her for a man who seems immune to Jackie's powers and Jackie is made to feel even more that without her cello to prop her up she is nothing. True, she successfully uses it as an instrument of seduction in her wooing of Daniel Barenboim, winning him from another woman, but he is a compromised trophy. His own dedication to music is total and in joining his fast-paced life and career with hers he is unable to conceive of her as anything other than a musician. (Most marriages of musical superstars require one person to be in the supporting role, and we could imagine that Jackie might have been better off married to the equivalent of a Hilary.) There follow some of the most moving scenes of the film, as we begin to sense that something is going wrong, at first signaled by Jackie's "cold", numbed hands, then her dropping her bow, or knocking over the water glass which shatters on the floor. Now we see that her sudden flight back to Hilary is triggered by terror as well as by Danny's incomprehension. To her agonized question "Would you still love me if I couldn't play?" all he can do is distance her with a quote from Yeats: "How can we know the dancer from the dance?" As she makes her frantic effort to be re-absorbed in Hilary's "ordinary" life and family we also begin to surmise that some of her depression and disinhibition may be associated with an insidious, progressive neurological disorder. Our suspicions are confirmed by her loss of bladder control before a concert, her grim, effortful playing, Danny's anxious looks, and her final paralysis as she is unable to leave the stage unaided, while the shocked audience and musicians file out in silence.

The second part of this movement also marks the beginning of the end, as we witness Jackie's own reactions to the diagnosis of her MS (which isn't actually named in the film) and the evolving reactions of all around her. Most striking perhaps are her initial relief, cheerfulness and denial, as she seeks refuge with her famous friends and rather callously devalues her once again pregnant sister, the "country bumpkin". The tensions with her well-meaning but uncomprehending parents are deftly captured, especially the mother's refusal to grasp the full meaning of this death sentence and her clinging to memories of Jackie's past triumphs, as hostility

flares between her and the daughter who will never any longer fulfill her dreams. Danny is portrayed more sympathetically, as when he at first helps Jackie with her exercises, but he is increasingly absent as the demands of his career draw him away. After their poignant scene in bed, where she is unable to move without his help, and their sex life is clearly over, he leaves her for a job and residence in Paris, their distance symbolized by the telephone which she is soon barely able to hold or dial. His secret new life without her is represented by the crying baby whose existence she has to deny, attributing it to her failing hearing. Hilary too is absent, still feeling rejected and unneeded. For both of them, Jackie's abortive drum performance in the Toy Symphony is a painful recapitulation and reminder of the point where their musical careers, and lives, began to diverge. Gradually Jackie slips into a kind of living death, increasingly disabled, alone, her cello silenced forever and her golden concert dress an empty shell stirred by the breeze. Now she is tortured by hearing her own sublime rendering of Elgar's autumnal concerto, the crowning achievement of his — and her — musical career.

In this dark hour, as the storm breaks and Jackie fends off all attempts to reach her, Hilary is abruptly summoned by some inner premonition of her need. On her arrival she finds Jackie in bed, unhearing, unseeing, thrashing convulsively. Since Danny, her husband, is utterly unable to calm or feed her, Hilary now, finally, takes his place in bed with Jackie, in a recapitulation of "their" original wedding scene. Here Hilary fuses the roles of selfless sister and loving mother, as she gets Jackie to drink, calming her with a moving evocation of their blissful childhood idyll on the beach, while again a society gathering goes on in the next room. We are left to imagine whether Jackie actually dies then in Hilary's arms, but the finality of her loss only hits Hilary when she hears it on the radio, on her drive with Piers away from London in the aftermath of the great storm. The coda gives us a moving recapitulation of the film's opening themes (just as the Elgar concerto recapitulates its opening theme at the very end, and is heard here at the conclusion of the film). Hilary in momentary flashback relives her own abandonment and lonely return to London after that wedding, but then she too is calmed and consoled by the memory of their convulsive, childish embrace on the beach, as Jackie's spirit, now at peace, merges with the widening sea and sky.

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Two Poems by Kenneth Koch: A Short Introduction

I have always thought myself a recipient of good fortune to have found myself in Kenneth Koch's section of Freshman English at Columbia College in 1960. During that very first class, when he came in and introduced himself as a poet, I was taken with his informality, unpretentiousness and very evident quirkiness. I thought him odd, in fact. He was certainly not what I had imagined a college English professor to be, so I had a lot to learn besides how to write acceptable prose, but that's another story.

Koch, true to his calling, became for me one of those people who change the way you see things and whose mind not only flashes brilliance and originality but does it with an infectious playfulness and *joi de vivre*. I am one of the very many who have been markedly and positively affected by him and his work.

I chose these two poems because I thought they would be of special interest and enjoyment to the psychoanalytically inclined. They were taken from one of Koch's last collections, *New Addresses* (2000), in which he revisits and addresses various aspects of his life as if they were separate persons or friends. As readers, we can look on as someone confronts an Other — a transient introject? — and feelingly reflects or confronts what that Other has meant to him. In "To Experience" we observe Koch actually conversing with Experience and questioning his value, asking how essential he might be to having a sense of meaning and being in the world. Experience seems a teacher, a sage, even something of a guru, who has given Koch something formative and who, like many things in life, comes and goes and comes back. It was on reading "To Psychoanalysis" that I thought of my psychoanalytic friends and how appropriate this poem would be for the Bulletin. Koch's description of his analysis conveys with great poignancy what the analytic experience and relationship can be like while they are happening, and then afterwards. Of course this was an especially short analysis by the standards of these days, even for the hey-day of the Fifties, and Koch's experience sounds almost hypo-manic. Yet there is a seriousness that runs through it

as it turns into a meditation on loss and the irony of self-absorption.

J.K.

To Experience

You hung out with me till I was eleven years old
And then you started going elsewhere.
At noon I came upon your shining face
Clearly in an opposing situation.
Oh, Experience, you've become "experience with girls"
I said. Later you were "experience with jobs," "experience of travel" "experience of the world"
And then you again became just plain Experience.
Do you have any experience? people said
Or Have you had much experience? Or
The great thing is experience. Have you had
That kind of experience? I said to myself well I have you
But are you adequate, to which you said
In reply, It's more or less up to you. I remember being proud of having gotten married
And also of being psychoanalysed and of having spent two years in France.
These were experiences
No one could deny. But you were subtle, asking
But are you having me REALLY or have you had?
I am never so deceiving as when alone
With an accepted cultural artifact, say, like marriage
Or living in France. What REALLY happened to you, was it
Real? Was I with you, even when you were sleeping, all the time?
I don't know, Experience. I don't know, I guess you were.
And through the long woods come the short dresses of the trees—
THAT was an experience. No, you said, Then, yes.
People may be going to study us like rooms
Of a known palace but minor titillation is all that they will find.
Is the mole's experience but the stone's not?
Aspect in which you make us stale and weary,
Aspect in which you make us very happy

As when climbing over mountains. To have covered the whole range—
Well, what is it? To have gone down that long hill with one's love
Making out in the car—because dangerous was more experience?
You are a bringing of outside into inside but also I have to say
It's the other way around. Around and around we go
And we want you to be new. They come in from the suburbs to find you
And go out on the ocean and into the war zone.
We know we're starting to get you when "pop! pop!" we hear!
Is it always best to have you, or not? It is by far the best to have me.
What about innocence? don't you destroy that? It comes and goes.
I'm not just physical, mind you. I am also love—
And moral judgment and decision amidst indecisions
And the sheer crack of the look of the mountains on the soul.
You know all that. Yes I do. Is there a way to NOT have you?
No, but when repeated, insolently, neurotically perhaps, I tend to roll up,
Coil into a ball and you won't feel anything there
Although you know you possess me, like a fascinating rock. Of which the secret—
Is that I need the present in order to breathe.
Without new consignments of me I might as well not be. Angel, farewell!
I'm no angel. I'm with you if you ring or if you crack the bell.

To Psychoanalysis

I took the Lexington Avenue subway
To arrive at you in your glory days
Of the Nineteen Fifties when we believed
That you could solve any problem
And I had nothing but disdain
For "self-analysis" "group analysis" "Jungian analysis"
"Adlerian analysis" the Karen Horney kind
All—other than you, pure Freudian type—
Despicable and never to be mine!
I would lie down according to your
Dictates but not go to sleep.
I would free-associate. I would say whatever
Came into my head. Great
Troops of animals floated through
And certain characters like Picasso and Einstein
Whatever came into my head or my heart
Through reading or thinking or talking
Came forward once again in you. I took voyages
Down deep unconscious rivers, fell through fields,
Cleft rocks, went on through hurricanes and volcanoes.
Ruined cities were as nothing to me
In my fantastic advancing. I recovered epochs,
Gold of former ages that melted in my hands
And became toothpaste or hazy vanished citadels. I dreamed
Exclusively for you. I was told not to make important
decisions.
This was perfect. I never wanted to. On the Har-Tru surface of
my emotions
Your ideas sank in so I could play again.
But something was happening. You gave me an ideal
Of conversation—entirely about me
But including almost everything else in the world.
But this wasn't poetry it was something else.
After two years of spending time in you
Years in which I gave my best thoughts to you
And always felt you infiltrating and invigorating my feelings
Two years at five days a week, I had to give you up.
It wasn't my idea. "I think you are nearly through,"

Dr. Loewenstein said. "You seem much better." But, Light!
Comedy! Tragedy! Energy! Science! Balance! Breath!
I didn't want to leave you. I cried. I sat up.
I stood up. I lay back down. I sat. I said
But I still get sore throats and have hay fever
"And some day you are going to die. We can't cure everything."
Psychoanalysis! I stood up like someone covered with light
As with paint, and said Thank you. Thank you.
It was only one moment in a life, my leaving you.
But once I walked out, I could never think of anything seriously
For fifteen years without also thinking of you. Now what have we become?
You look the same, but now you are a past You.
That's fifties clothing you're wearing. You have some fifties ideas
Left—about sex, for example. What shall we do? Go walking?
We're liable to have a slightly frumpy look,
But probably no one will notice— another something I didn't know then.

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POLITICAL AFFAIRS

Section Editor, Vivian Pender

An Interview with Vamik Volkan

Last December 2007, in order to explore how psychoanalytical concepts inform international work, I interviewed Vamik D. Volkan, M.D. Dr. Volkan is an international scholar who travels extensively to contribute to the health of societies. In 1987, Dr. Volkan founded the Center for the Study of Mind and Human Interaction at the University of Virginia School of Medicine. He is a Professor Emeritus of Psychiatry, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, VA; Senior Erik Erikson Scholar, Erikson Institute for Education and Research of the Austen Riggs Center; and Training and Supervising Analyst Emeritus, Washington Psychoanalytic Institute, Washington, DC. For the past few decades he has led interdisciplinary teams of professionals and academics around the world to try to engage both civil societies and their leaders in dialogues. He has developed new theories about large group identity and behavior in times of peace and war. Dr. Volkan's books, papers, reports, letters and other documents can be found at the Historical Collections of The Claude Moore Library: http://www.healthsystem.virginia.edu/internet/library/historical/

V.P.

Vivian Pender: You sent me some information about what you've been doing. What is the most interesting thing to you?

Vamık Volkan: Let me tell you about the most pleasurable thing I've experienced in the last few years. The Austrian government declared 2006 as the Year of Freud (as well as the Year of Mozart). During that year I was the Fulbright/Sigmund Freud Privatstiftung Visiting Scholar of Psychoanalysis in Vienna and was given a very small office in Freud's house. I taught political science at the University of Vienna for one semester that year, and my focus was on the psychology of large groups, meaning ethnic, national, or religious groups. Since I had students from eleven different countries, my classroom became a laboratory for studying large-group identity. Abstract concepts—such as I am Austrian, I am Turkish, I am Catholic—came to life. I loved it. Last year I repeated the same program at Bahceşehir University in Istanbul. This time I had students from five different countries.

VP: Do you have a curriculum?

VV: Yes. I'll send you my curriculum from the University of Vienna. What I learned about human nature from these young people can be applied to the psychological processes shared by large groups composed of tens of thousands or millions of persons.

VP: Yes, every observed group could be a laboratory.

VV: I would like to do some more of this type of teaching in different universities around the globe and I think that I have a chance to do so. Obviously, after September 11th the United States changed. I don't want to make political statements, but we didn't know how to handle some key large-group psychological issues that arose after this tragedy. We did not study large-group identity issues in general and we did not try to understand the "psychic realities" and diversities among the Moslem large groups. My students in Vienna and Istanbul could teach a few things to the politicians.

VP: Every country has its own culture, but culture is very much unconscious. People don't think about what they're doing or why they're doing it. How do you make them more aware?

VV: When our interdisciplinary team from the University of Virginia's Center for the Study of Mind and Human Interaction (CSMHI) brought together enemy representatives every four or six

months for years-long unofficial diplomatic dialogues, we used a kind of medical model. We paid great attention to making a "diagnosis" about culture and related issues before suggesting "treatment."

Let me give you an example. After the Soviet Empire collapsed we tried to play a role in separating the Russian Federation from the Baltic Republics in a peaceful fashion. There were many problems and a potential for violence. First we needed to "diagnose" the situation in the Baltic Republics, which had just become independent. Take Estonia, for example. One and a half million people live in Estonia, but half a million of them are Russian speakers who are perceived by Estonians as Russians, the former rulers. In fact most of them are Russians. When Estonia became independent the Estonians were very happy, but only on the surface. After independence we spent a year there conducting psychoanalytic interviews with hundreds of persons, observing them under different circumstances, reading their newspapers, and visiting "hot places." I use the term "hot places" to describe a physical location that individually and collectively induces (or re-induces) immediate and intense feelings among the members of an ethnic, religious, national or ideological large group. It typically is a place where people have been recently killed and/or humiliated by "others." "Hot places" are important because they induce shared active or passive feelings of sadness, rage, and victimization, a desire for revenge, and other emotions associated with complicated grief or mourning, like Paldiski in Estonia or "Ground Zero" in New York. Visiting hot places with representatives of the victimized group, as well as representative perpetrators, is to large-group psychology what recounting dreams is to an individual undergoing psychoanalysis.

We made an assessment that independence made Estonians extremely anxious. They began (unconsciously of course) to share the idea that they might disappear as an ethnic group. They saw the Russians living in Estonia as like a dragon's egg, which could hatch and eliminate Estonians. There was a boat named Estonia, and about a week after the Estonians replaced the experienced Russian speakers and Russian seamen with their own people as its crew, the boat sank. Many lives were lost. It was a big tragedy. This accident became a symbol for what would happen to them as a newly independent state. Accordingly they made rather difficult and unrealistic conditions for giving citizenship to the Russians living in Estonia who had no other place to go. This created an

atmosphere for possible violence. After making a "diagnosis" through our fieldwork, we were successful over the next few years in facilitating unofficial diplomatic dialogues between Estonians, Russians living in Estonia and Russians from Moscow. As facilitators, we did not make decisions for the opposing "enemy" groups, but borrowed techniques from clinical psychoanalysis. We dealt with their anxieties and fantasies and tried to remove resistances so that they could know each other's shared "psychic realities" and then have more realistic discussions and political agreements.

VP: Can you say more about your methodology?

VV: This methodology, which I named the "Tree Model," has three basic components or phases: (1) psychopolitical assessment of the situation (representing the roots of a tree); (2) psychopolitical dialogues between members of opposing groups (representing the trunk of a tree); and (3) collaborative actions and institutions that grow out of the dialogue process (representing the branches of a tree).

As I stated earlier, the first phase of the Tree Model includes in-depth psychoanalytically-informed interviews with a wide range of people who represent the groups involved. Through them, an understanding begins to emerge concerning the main aspects, including unconscious ones, surrounding the situation that needs to be addressed. The unofficial diplomatic dialogues between influential representatives of opposing large groups are conducted under the guidance of a psychoanalytically-informed facilitating team and take place in a series of multi-day meetings, as often as possible, over several years. As these dialogues progress, resistances against changing the large group's "pathological" ways of protecting its identity are brought to the surface and articulated, so that fantasized threats to large-group identity can be interpreted and realistic communication can take place. In order for the newly-gained insights to have an impact on social and political policy, as well as on the populace at large, the final phase requires the collaborative development of concrete actions, programs, and institutions with official governmental and grassroots support. This multi-year methodology allows several disciplines—including psychoanalysis, history and diplomacy—to collaborate, to articulate and work through underlying psychological and historical aspects of existing tensions. What is learned is then operationalized so that more peaceful co-existence between the large groups can be

achieved, and threats (especially the fantasized ones) to large-group identity coming from the "other" can be tamed. This leads to a progression within the large group.

VP: Is this somewhat similar to an individual who develops beyond dependency? Or do you use Bion's basic assumption of a dependency group?

VV: I describe a large group as tens, hundreds of thousands, or millions of individuals—most of whom will never meet during their lifetimes—who belong to a large group from childhood on. Revising Erik Erikson's description of individual identity, I define large-group identity—whether it refers to religion, nationality, ethnicity or some political ideology such as communism—as the subjective experience of thousands or millions of people who are linked by a persistent sense of sameness while also sharing some characteristics with others who belong to foreign groups.

The ethnic group is not like a 15-person therapy group. It has its own history. Ethnic identity and small-group identity are not the same things. Our aims in helping them are different. So, I need to take a fresh look at what we did with the "enemy" groups without tying myself down with theoretical positions. In fact, we tried and are still trying to understand large-group psychology in its own right.

I use the analogy of a tent. From the time we are children we learn two layers of identity. The first layer, the individual layer, like clothing, fits each of us snugly. It is one's core personal identity that provides an inner sense of persistent individual sameness. The second layer, like a canvas tent, is large and loose fitting, in which we share a sense of sameness with others. The common large-group tent holds many people and symbolizes one's core large-group identity. These two layers are interconnected. Some threads that are included in the formation of the individual identity and large-group identity come from the same source. I also include in the analogy the leader of the large group, who is like the tent pole that keeps the tent standing, and thus the tent's canvas (large-group identity) can be understood as protection for both the leader and the group.

Think of a man—let's say he is German—who is an amateur photographer. If he decides to stop practicing photography and take up carpentry, he may call himself a carpenter instead of a photographer, but he cannot stop being a German and become a Turk. His Germanness is part of his core large-group identity, which

is interconnected with his core individual identity. Both core identities evolve in childhood and become intertwined and crystallized during the adolescent passage. Only through the influence of some long-lasting historical events may a group evolve a new large-group identity, like, for example, a large section of Slavs becoming Bosniaks while under the rule of the Ottoman Empire.

The psychodynamics of ethnic, national or religious and some ideological, large groups are different from the psychodynamics of small groups, groups composed of 30 or 150 individuals, or crowds. For example, a crowd in a football stadium becomes a group and remains so just before, during, and perhaps soon after the sports event. On the other hand, in an ethnic or religious large group, like Hungarians or Catholics, the membership, as I already stated, begins in childhood and endures through adulthood. During the unofficial diplomatic dialogues, participants held on to their large-group identities and constantly tried to repair and maintain them.

Estonians, even the most intelligent Estonians, seemed to believe that if you put four Russian kids in a class with 16 Estonian kids, within a few months the Estonian kids would start talking in Russian and the Russian kids would not learn Estonian. This reflected a fantasy due to their history. So we received money from an American foundation and took over, in a sense, a classroom where four Russian kids were placed among 16 Estonian kids. We experimented.

VP: They allowed you to do that?

VV: Yes, at that time they were desperate, in a sense, to find practical solutions that would lead to peaceful co-existence. The kids got along very nicely and the Russian kids learned Estonian. It was unbelievable. And the kids kept their large-group identities separate. Russian mothers and fathers wanted to put their children in the same kind of classrooms so their children could learn the Estonian language and have an easier life in Estonia. Soon after our experiment, the government took over this teaching system and made education a tool for a more peaceful existence there.

Now, after September 11, we hear every day: "Iranians are bad; Iranians will do this or that." Maybe they will do this or that; I really don't know. Do we talk to them? How do they perceive us and the world? Earlier you asked me what my most interesting work has been. I told you what was the most pleasurable, so now let me suggest that the most important activity now would be to bring Americans and

Iranians, and in more general terms, Islamic world representatives and Western world representatives, together for a series of dialogues so they can begin to understand each other's shared "psychic realities." For the last 29 years I've been doing this type of work, helping the "enemy" representatives talk, and now I'm retired. But I didn't know how to start a Western-world/Islamic-world dialogue. For the last 29 years of this work not one person left our team, even though no one was paid for the international work we had done.

VP: What kind of people?

VV: Psychoanalysts, historians and political scientists/former diplomats. These three types of professionals were always part of the University of Virginia's *Center for the Study of Mind and Human Interaction* team. We had one former assistant secretary of state, Harold Saunders. One, Nathaniel Howell, was the ambassador to Kuwait when Saddam Hussein invaded that country. We had a prominent historian, Norman Itzkowitz, from Princeton University. We had psychoanalysts such as Maurice Apprey from the University of Virginia and psychoanalytically informed psychiatrists such as Demetrius Julius and Anderson Thomson. That was our team.

VP: So how many were there?

VV: About 12. When it was needed, we would add more people, also from different disciplines, such as Joyce Neu, a linguist who was then working at the *Carter Center* in Atlanta. She now heads a brand-new United Nations team created to mediate between enemies within conflicted areas of the world.

VP: I think that having an interdisciplinary team is very important.

VV: Yeah. Initially, as we expected, we experienced some competition between disciplines in the process of getting a team going. Then we became a working team. While in the field sometimes we would stay up until two a.m. going over what happened during the previous day, debriefing among ourselves, going over perceptions and what we would do next. Then we could help digest the borrowed and modified techniques of psychoanalysis. We began seeing certain things repeat themselves during the dialogue series, and we began defining and naming them. I wrote about such observations for the first time in the *Journal of the*

American Psychoanalytic Association in 1987.[1] Later, I described our work concerning international relationships in a series of books.

Nathaniel Howell, to whom I referred earlier, is a tall man who used to play basketball. He describes a good diplomatic process as a basketball game: when it goes well, it's so beautiful to watch. Now, let me ask you, "What happens if someone spills a barrel of olive oil on the basketball court?" You have a problem. Without cleaning the spilled olive oil first, you cannot have this beautiful diplomacy. Our team's work can be seen as an attempt to clean the basketball court.

VP: I wanted to ask you, what is your personal interest in large groups, in international relations. Is it because of Cyprus?

VV: Yes, my being a Turk from Cyprus has played a big part. When I was a child on the island there was not much conflict, but Cypriot Turks and Cypriot Greeks were not integrated. My father was a teacher, and a Greek family lived next door to us. They had a daughter, and I played with her until we reached pubertal age, at which time a Turkish youngster being friendly with a Greek youngster would be as bad as incest. We then, without being aware of it, halted our developing friendship. Ethnic groups have their own rituals, which I have described in some of my books. During peaceful times, you follow the rituals and everything is fine. A person belonging to one group visits and enjoys the other group's drinks and food, but as soon as things get stressful, the rituals may become bloody.

VP: Yes, neighbors can turn against each other.

VV: There are many things about my life in Cyprus that inform me as to how history influences personal psychology. Two years ago I gave a talk at the Austen Riggs Center called *Intertwining of Internal and External Wars*. Next month I will give a similar talk at the Michigan Psychoanalytic Society in Ann Arbor about the role ancestors' history plays in clinical practice.

My mother's story is like a novel. Her grandfather, after whom I am named, was the last Ottoman *Kadı*, which is an Islamic religious Supreme Court judge, of Cyprus. Cyprus was an Ottoman territory for about 400 years. He was married to the daughter of

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[1] Volkan, V. D. (1987). Psychological concepts useful in the building of political foundations between nations (Track II Diplomacy). *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association* 35:903-935.

what we would call, in today's language, the Minister of Agriculture, then called minister [*nazır*] of vineyards. The Minister of Finance was another member of the family. They were Ottoman elite. Soon the Ottoman Empire began slowly receding, and the Ottomans leased the island to the British. After the First World War the British stopped paying the rent and made the island a British colony. I was born in a British colony. So one day the British came to Cyprus and overnight the ancestors on my mother's side lost all their power. Overnight! There were no wars. Can you imagine? A historical event directly changed my family's fortune and fate.

VP: Yes, hand it over.

VV: Hand it over! And much happened to my great-grandfather. First my mother's brother was named after him, and when my uncle died very young, I was given the task of carrying on the family's name and the tasks that go with it.

When you have a family like that, it makes you understand the importance of history in terms of personal psychological issues. When I was in Cyprus last year, my older sister and I were talking and she said to me: "You know how our mother never washed dirty clothes?" First, I was shocked. What did she mean? And then I remembered: my mother never touched dirty clothes. According to my sister, when my mother married my father, the first educated member of a village farm family, she made a deal with him. She would marry him with the understanding that she would not wash dirty clothes. I now understand that her "symptom" was in the service of finding a link to her grand background: as long as she did not wash dirty clothes, she could still be a member of a "noble" elite. I was given the unconscious task of repairing what my mother's family had lost. During the last three decades I have tried to repair international conflicts. I'm just now putting all these understandings together.

VP: That's a beautiful way of putting it, that you were given the task. Because all children feel that they are given the task to repair whatever happens in their world. Your work now is making peace between different socio-economic levels and different cultures.

VV: Even without me knowing it, when I was analyzing people in Virginia somehow I heard the connection between their personal issues and the Civil War, slavery, the British nobility and related events. The ghosts from the past were speaking through my analysands.

VP: Yes, you mentioned that it can go back hundreds of years. We think that we're just the products of our parents, but we really have remnants of generations and generations; hundreds of years of history affect us. And the naming, it's interesting how we name our children and the meaning of naming. It's very common to name a child after an important person. And then, whatever the burden, the responsibility of that name is transferred to the child.

VV: We give them tasks, and the child has no idea. So in a sense I'm a replacement child.

VP: Isn't everybody in one way or another?

VV: Everybody, to one degree or another. So here I am, a Turk from Cyprus, and, during my professional life I studied Holocaust-related issues and wrote a book on these topics with the late William Greer and a German psychoanalyst, Gabriele Ast. This weekend I'll go to Germany to the tenth anniversary of PAKH (Arbeitskreis für intergenerationelle Folgen des Holocaust, loosely translated, Working Group on Intergenerational Consequences of the Holocaust). Ten years ago, some German-Germans and Jewish-Germans, psychoanalysts, and also some psychotherapists all got together and figured out that when they put a patient on the couch, the issue of the Holocaust or what happened to their ancestors never came up. They decided that they wanted to do something about this, to open it up. "The end of speechlessness," they called it. They got together—this was ten years ago—to make plans for a major meeting on this topic. But when they got together, the whole Nazi German-Jewish situation was re-created among them. They could not make even simple decisions. They wouldn't go to France, they wouldn't go to Britain, and they wouldn't go to America for help. They looked around for someone to help the situation. So they asked me to go to Germany, and I had several intense meetings with them over the next two years. They ended up having a meeting called "The End of Speechlessness." You can read about this meeting in English and in German in books of this title. During the last 10 years PAKH members have done important work. In fact now they are collaborating with some South Africans who plan to do a similar kind of work. I'm going to be with PAKH members in Germany next week.

VP. One last question. Did you ever feel you were in danger during your international work?

VV: Twice I was almost killed. The last incident took place in Tskinvali, South Ossetia. After the Republic of Georgia gained its independence from the Soviet Union, wars broke out between Georgians and Abkhazians, as well as between Georgians and South Ossetians. After Georgians captured the cemetery in Tskinvali, the South Ossetians had to bury their dead in a high school yard. There they also built a statue called "Crying Father". In South Ossetia fathers don't cry, so the name of the statue was a statement of how deeply hurt they were. This place was a "hot place," as I described earlier. Once when visiting Tskinvali I wanted to go see this place to pay my respects. I was very experienced at that time, and I knew that you don't go to such "hot places" without having a government escort. But nevertheless, I took my team without an escort. Suddenly we were surrounded by paramilitary South Ossetians with machine guns, and they were prepared to kill us in a minute. Thanks to the calm behavior of Nodar Shevernadze who is a Georgian, an "enemy," and who was with us during this incident, the South Ossetians allowed us to leave the place without harming us. This incident stays with me as a reminder to never underestimate the depth of feelings that evolve from situations such as this.

I hope that my work on international relationships will continue. Lord John Alderdice from Northern Ireland who is also a psychiatrist and I, with the help of colleagues such as Edward Shapiro and Gerard Fromm from the Austen Riggs Center in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, are making efforts to bring together representatives of Islamic and Western worlds for a series of dialogues and to look for "entry points" for future actions that may tame enemy images, remove irrational thinking, initiate empathy between the opposing groups, and begin to erase the severe split.