

Critical thinking, creativity, and contemporary
issues in psychoanalytic practice and theory.

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The Future May Be Distant

By Bruce Weitzman, PsyD, MFT

I'm moving to San Diego.

I turned 60 this past August, and my husband and I made a spontaneous decision to uproot our lives to Southern California. As my new decade begins, we are reorganizing around family. At 85 years old, my aging parents just sold their house and are also moving there. My older brother and his husband already live close by.

COVID has removed the necessity of staying in place. The patients in my practice will join me virtually. Many of my San Francisco patients have already migrated to places outside of the Bay Area. Of the ones who have stayed in San Francisco, most prefer the convenience of meeting virtually and do not intend to come back to the office.

I love seeing patients in person. However, like many of my patients, I can see advantages in not meeting face-to-face nor being tied to a particular location. Since the beginning of the pandemic, I have added six new patients to my practice. Only one resides in San Francisco. Three are from out-of-state. Teletherapy has increased my geographic reach, and I am grateful for that.

Nor do I feel as though the quality of my treatments is suffering because of virtualization. I agree that I am in receipt of much more information when a live body is present in the room. However, my patients seem nonetheless to bring their transferences, connect emotionally, and work consistently through the virtual media in as committed a fashion as they did in person.

Life around us is changing. People are not staying put. I often must ask at the start of a session, "Where are you today?" Tahoe? Palm Springs? Honolulu? Mexico City? COVID seems to have freed many of my patients from their ties to a work location, as well.

There is room here to consider whether location independence and virtualization will be the new normal for psychoanalysis. In a profession that has, for so many years, insisted on the necessity of in-person

treatments on the couch, I wonder to what degree we will stay in-step with the cultural changes taking place. Will, for instance, the IPA continue to accommodate virtual sessions after COVID? What of the couch itself in our understanding of the psychoanalytic frame? Are we prepared to consider the possibility that these aspects of our practice may be optional or even unnecessary?

As I think about PINC and our evolution as a community, I must consider the impact of this new location independence. I will move to San Diego but hope to be as involved in my PINC community as I have been as a San Franciscan. Several of my PINC colleagues have migrated from their Bay Area perches during COVID. We may already be a more dispersed community than many realize. Our directory lists 380 members (including Community Members). Of these, I note conservatively that 62—or 16%—live well outside of the Bay Area. (I count San Jose, Campbell, and Los Gatos as within the Bay Area.) As our Distance Learning Program grows, our geographic identity as an institute will likely lessen. This year, five of our ten newest candidates come from beyond the Bay Area.

Location independence through virtualization has also had a remarkable impact on our programming. During the last academic year, a record number of people attended our programming on Zoom, from Visiting Scholars to the South Bay Reading Group. Just to give you a sense of the numbers, PINC's

Event Revenue was about \$20K higher this past year than in our last pre-pandemic academic year—an increase of just under 30%. No doubt more people are attending our programs because of the convenience and greater geographic reach that virtualization permits. This comes at a loss—we don't get to see one another in person. But there is also a gain—we are accessible to many more people.

Ironically, the name of our institute ties our identity as a community to Northern California. Nearly all psychoanalytic institutes are named after their geographies. But times are changing. We are changing. As PINC's first distance president, I hope that our community will work hard to make a welcome place for those of us who live wherever.



Editorial Notes

Carolina Bacchi, Psy.D.

Our voices, our world.

Welcome to our Fall 2021 Issue of Critica! During 2020, many countries and cultures have been trying to navigate a world transformed by a Global Pandemic. From uncertainty to a steady state of curiosity, the authors in this issue grappled with the varied manifestations of a Covid life: inequalities, privilege, fear, masks, remote work, trauma, dreams, breakthrough infections, dystopian feelings, hope, among others. Internationally, necessary conversations regarding social and cultural influences in our current clinical thinking are expanding. A global pandemic hits and reminds us about the inevitable interrelation between self and the outer world. We are living under incredible pressure and enormous potential.

As I engaged with our submissions to create Critica's flow, I felt deeply touched. Laurito presents us with a forgotten Brazilian land and community, living "between dystopia and hope" while Anderson's words open our issue as she poetically invites

us to "tremble still in the face of heart and spleen love and courage" as we "cradle our own otherness." From empty pockets, Gerhart opens the door to a haunted house, and wonders "out loud about what lies hidden in plain sight in the being and bearing of the house next door." Marino asserts that "we never stopped being a presence" and considers the "post-something" we are immersed into. McLarnan Lonely Lady strolls through an empty room, as Shifreen-Pomerantz invites us into a masked life, masked self, and the fragile protection layers we have been living with, reflecting on glitches, disruptions and visual overload. McLarnan declares his allegiance to the most ordinary things. Taymor ponders about the therapeutic mirrors of our clinical practice. Franey considers the pandemic as she reminds us "to reflect upon the viral threat outside, but also to reflect upon the threat of the terrorist within" while Butler expresses that the "psychoanalytic thinker's challenge is (not to forego safety but) to play at the edges of virulence."

We were offered several reflections on 52nd IPA Congress panels that considered current issues of psychoanalytic practice: group discussions as offering protective permeable boundary to engage with difficult emotional experiences; the essential role of social psychoanalysis in our current analytic enterprise; the creative dreams of Achuar, independent indigenous people who have never been conquered or colonized; the need to accept the legitimacy of values of others in responding to ethical questions in psychoanalytic institutions; the different training models and current issues in psychoanalytic training.

Our book reviews considered two aspects of our work: the need to, now more than ever, “remain internally vigilant over our own primeval dragons” (DiDonna) during termination; and the emotional complexity of “how painfully sad, angry, relieving, joyous it is to begin to reconcile with one’s past.” (Perna)

Our online issue offers four extra pieces: Sandler ponders about vaccination, breakthrough infections, and transitioning to in-person work; Mann reflects on how fairy tales support the development of children’s characters; Marcacci present us a beautifully animated interview with the artist Ester Grossi in which they “grasped something of the place and represented it, unconsciously, even without thinking to this: the depth of time, condensed in a glance”; and Asok embraces us in her poignant reflections around covid, loss, inequalities, prejudice, and the

nuances of speaking up or not when facing the double-damaging impact of privilege. We end our online issue with the new vice-president of the IPA Adriana Prengler’s Closing Ceremony Speech, in which she addresses the opportunity for international dialogue that IPA offers us, highlighting the enrichment brought to us by diversity, and reminding us that in a world “in an acute time of troubles, the mind is in the line of fire, and we, as analysts, have much to offer.”

I feel extremely grateful to the many voices on this issue. I am also very pleased to have John Mclaughlin join our Committee. John is a founding member of the California Circle of the Ecole Freudian du Quebec, and continues to attend yearly seminars given by analysts of GIFRIC. He is a very knowledgeable clinician, who brings to our committee his involvement with aesthetic expression. As always, I am deeply thankful to our hard-working Committee, who beyond offering many volunteer hours of their time, also engaged emotionally throughout this process as we visited and revisited the intense experience of a pseudo-post-pandemic life.

I hope you feel as touched by this issue as I did.



Editorial Notes

Luca Di Donna, PhD.

Fragmented thinking in a fragmented world.

First, we would like to welcome the new candidates, the new community members and friends to the Psychoanalytic Institute of Northern California. To all the contributors who were able to express their intimate feelings in this particular moment of our lives we are grateful beyond words. Critica, would also like to thank the PINC Board and community for their support. A special congratulation to the many members who presented at the International Congress of Psychoanalysis in Vancouver. In this issue we have published some of the summaries of their panel contributions and papers presented. Are we “Post Pandemic” or not? Unfortunately the crisis continues, fuelled by political and economic interests. Historians, political scholars and economists are largely in agreement on this. The pandemic is still in our minds in both conscious and unconscious ways. The fear of death or getting sick is still present in our daily work. Most of us are still working remotely via Zoom and phone and there is a shifting state of uncertainty about our future. These issues have been taken up in the current psychoanalytic literature. When the pandemic started Margulies (2021) in a review of Warren Poland’s work lucidly captured our experiences: “But then pandemic hit ... Everything slowed down, time seemed distorted and life became fragile in new and strange ways. There was no living precedent for plague – the last worldwide pandemic of such scale was a century ago. World history suddenly seemed clearer to me, as if I had missed something essential in my own limitations of empathy to those in the past. And new reviewer questions came forward to meet me: What are the necessary underpinnings for creating a psychoanalytic space in a world that is changing the very essence of how we encounter one another? What now is the place for witnessing?..... but one sharply interrupted by the enveloping uncanniness of a world overrun by unchecked plague, social outrage over racist violence, and existential threats to democracy. A mirror to life during turmoil, the stakes heighten in a search for what is enduring and valuable about the psychoanalytic process itself” (p.619).

The pandemic has stimulated a vast literature in psychoanalysis and the social sciences, as well as in medical fields. The focus is mostly on clinical issues and interventions. The reader is referred to the International Journal of Applied Psychoanalytic Studies. Almost two years have elapsed and we are still in a pandemic state. On October 11th I watched the Blue Angels flying over the City. The show was beautiful and the acrobatic pilots made us forget another reality. The roofs of the buildings on Washington Street were crowded with people without masks drinking and eating. The weather was like a summer day. It was a day to remember. Everything resembled our past. Yet, when I returned home and read the NY Times magazine of that day I saw that the cover story was on attacks on the Asian population and the change of identity taking place in Asian communities across America. The next article was about a young woman, aged 13, who had to leave her home in order to survive. The news was not reassuring. The pandemic is still rampant in many states, where hospitals are unable to contain it. Nurses and doctors suffer from 'residual work', meaning that the stress at work continues when they go home: a form of depression. Many colleagues are discussing new forms of depression such as frozen depression, disassociated states of depression, a dead zone, feeling like zombies. Some speak of the force of Thanatos. For me, both patients and analysts are experiencing the same depressions. The intersubjective field, in the broad frame introduced by the Barangers,

has collapsed. The pandemic has entered into our offices and we must work with both what is communal and what is internal.

Fragmented music and hope.

On Friday night October 12th, I was in my garage, a museum with vintage electronics and a large collection of music. I was able to find a CD that I think conveyed musically our feelings during this pandemic. The music, by the Kronos Quartet and Astor Piazzolla, was entitled "Five Tango Sensations". The tangos are Asleep, Loving, Anxiety, Despair and Fear. Piazzolla plays the bandoneon, a small accordion that produces a dynamic, nostalgic sound. The music (available on Youtube) is complex, dark, romantic, and intense. Listening to Piazzolla's music brought to mind Maureen Franey's paper and Rosalinda Taymor's painting from this issue. Both inspire hope in the world. Maureen suggests that we must work in a way that we are connected with each other. We are not islands unto ourselves. I agree that psychoanalytic ideas cannot be transformative if we are an island. We must work in a collective manner to change this fragmented and difficult world. Rosalinda's painting - "Hope" - is of a young psychiatrist, expecting a child: our future, perhaps a better future. Margulies, A. (2021). *Alongside: Regarding the Otherness of Warren Poland*. International Journal of Psychoanalysis. Vol.102, No. 3, pp. 618-629. The International Journal of Applied Psychoanalytic Studies. Special issue: Psychoanalytic Contributions to Understanding the Covid 19 Pandemic, June 2021.



Título: "Distopia e Esperança" - Chris Laurito



Título: "Nossa terra" - Chris Laurito

Dystopia and Hope

Chris Laurito

Since I discovered photography as a form of language and expression, I have been traveling through isolated Brazilian Communities to connect with the people and photograph their lives. The photos published by Critica were taken in Bahia and Minas Gerais. This part of Brazil remains barely visible, neglected by public policies, and subject to power relations that oppress, threaten and reap human rights. In my travels, I hear stories marked by deprivation and suffering. Beyond their pain, I also find delicate hidden beauty. Beyond poverty and scarcity without perspective for change, I encountered generosity, laughter, hugs, and affection revealing the richness of human existence. Those forgotten Brazilians are synonymous with resistance, as they tirelessly struggle and fight in order to guarantee their piece of land, source of their livelihood, work and belonging. In the midst of societal oppression, they struggle to maintain dignity and build hope. With these images I aimed to register the impactful experience we had together, caught in between dystopia and hope, which led me to again re-encounter the power of dreams, the ones that once dreamed collectively, may unite us towards a hopeful future.

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PATCHWORK OF ALMOST HOURS

Melissa C Anderson, MFT, PhD Neurobiology

how deeply lungs extend
beyond their expandable alveoli
oxygenating lives who've taken up residence
in striated muscle
interstitial spaces
nestled into peritoneum, rendering me nauseous

other intimate details of inner chaos
belonging to or originating from, yet another
inhabit my inner ear
as if listening weren't enough
as if listening could ever be enough
dizziness now accompanies this nausea

my body as receptacle
for disturbance more nuanced than pain
meaning more profound than distress
you, unnamed, stand-in for many everybodies
who enter this realm
seek atonement, release, clarity

petition, beg for delivery
or cure but what would it mean
if I could, as impossible an ask as it is,
remove your sadness, despair
lifelong companions—
who is ready for that kind of absolution?

instead, we settle in
begin unloosening gently
infractions, distractions
unnamed stuff straight from the gut
finds a way outside of you
lands softly at first
on me, intruding at times but with a tacit invitation
mingling with my own confusions
assaults, misgivings
and care

more than container, this body
a catalyst bends, breaks, changes, too
no return to the magical pretend time
called before
from neuroanatomy to astronomy
the one consistent truth:
every part affects every other

we tremble still
in the face of heart and spleen
love and courage
unfamiliar beside neurons
and gray matter
cradling our own otherness.

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Dear Reader:

Luca asked me to submit something to Critica. I said no. My pockets are empty. He said yes. I bet they aren't. His smile, warmth and wisdom were infectious: he was my first supervisor at Mt. Zion when I made the transition from academics to clinical work -- so here's the beginning of a paper on which I'm working.

Julie G.

Working from my home office Or, Giving shape to loss: The haunted house and the humming bird: Absence transforming into sorrow

Julie Gerhart, Ph.D.

“The house was low, was once white with a deep front porch and green shutters, but had long ago darkened to the color of the slate-gray yard around it. Rain-rotted shingles drooped over the eaves of the veranda; oak trees kept the sun away. The remains of a picket drunkenly guarded the front “swept” yard that was never swept-where johnson grass and rabbit-tobacco grew in abundance” – Harper Lee from To Kill a Mockingbird

And then the virus came and we all stayed home. And then the virus came and those of us who could, those of us who had homes, comfortable wifi-connected homes, worked from home in the containing comforts of our personal lives. We worked from home because we were able to work from home: the well worn truth of caste. The impact of the pandemic has

not been equally distributed amongst us. Not at all. While caste privilege has destined some of us for longer, healthier, more creature comfort lives, “our most economically challenged, marginalized and otherwise vulnerable populations” (Kuchuck, 2021) haven't the same protections from trauma and the multiple intrusions, disasters, ruptures in life's going-on-being caused by Covid.F or most of us here, guilty expenditures were smuggled into the daily routine under the cover of home improvements: catching up with long delayed home projects. Dogs bark! Announcing the Amazon deliveries which often happen more than once a day. I ask Steve to unbox the overly packaged items as a way of avoiding the surplus waste. I can hardly face the self-revelation: the indulgence of my awakened, curated appetites. A more thoughtful confession, of

course, would include mention of the desperate attempts at self-restoration in the face of despair and the many ongoing, overwhelming threats to life – another-round of the COVID pandemic, ravaging out of control wildfires and deadly hurricanes as embodiments of the looming climate crisis, the reckoning with centuries of racism-white privilege as well as the sudden disconnect from self-defining, reassuring everyday routines. We find ourselves inhabited by states of fear, isolation, loss and loneliness in which we are siloed by the virus. Homesick for domestic routines, friends, colleagues, family. Missing terribly those we love and need. Our roots wrapped around their beloved bones. So we joined book groups and read Camus, Baldwin, Barry, Wilkerson, Lourde ... and began our mornings with MSNBC and the latest assemblage of data from Fauci: the effigy of science-based knowledge, wisdom, caution and compassion. Facts, truth, data, statistics: the model of predictive science took on its erstwhile glory. Indeed, an anxious repurposing of a positivist frame of mind: masks, social distancing, hand-washing and, of course, vaccines all “proven” to be highly effective shields against disease. In the fall of 2020, the history books will proclaim, kids were sent to college to study science. Enrollment in STEM majors soared refocusing attention away from the inexorable drum roll of death within the sanatorium in Mann’s Magic Mountain or the virulent decay in Death in Venice. As we now realize, caste privilege needs our thoughtfulness, our commitment. Self-absorption is no longer a legitimate rationale for mindlessly indulging our habits and routines. This is

a time of reckoning, of soul-searching through the many layers of our denial and self-deceit. Fortunately, our reflexive uptake of our privileged access to many unearned opportunities has been searingly interpellated by the imploring internal voices of white guilt so compellingly articulated by Baldwin (1962), Guralnik (2010) and Caflisch (2020) to name a few.

With this in mind, let me think out loud about what lies hidden in plain sight in the being and bearing of the house next door. The shabby, dilapidated, somewhat ominous eye-sore next door. Indeed, it announces itself as a proud performative with its TAX THE RICH poster emblazoned on the splintered, rotted front door. The following essay is catalyzed by my unease when patients remark on the house next door.

The Haunted House

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WE HAVE MOVED

OR : IT'S JUST A POST-CODE



ME: how are you keeping, my friend. I can see you moved

YOU: it's been acting out, they'd say, maybe we needed it. Or a natural consequence of these times, these post-pandemic times. If we have at all a such "post".

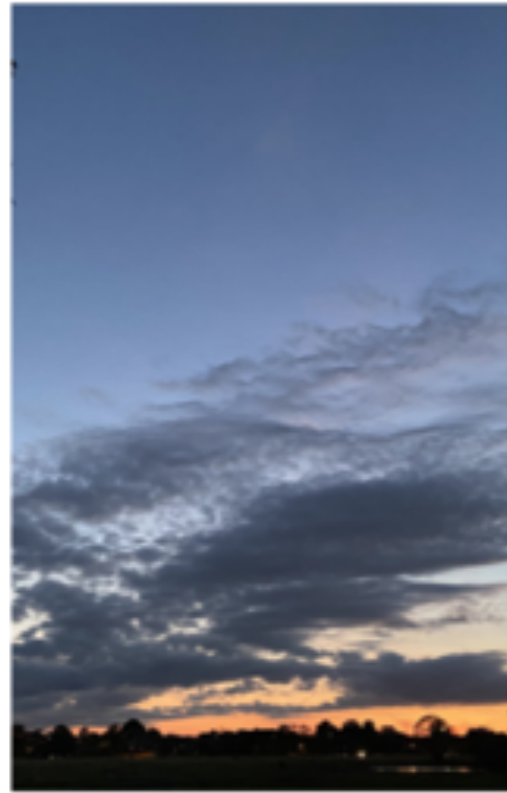
ME: so not much of an actual wish to move. Rather an impulse

YOU: to avoid implosion I suppose. Too soon for a proper wish for a better fall. It's not in or out, it's not distance, an on-line or in-presence. I only wish to meet my loved ones, the rest to come, to build again, a slowing gain

ME: shouldn't we all move on? some have not fully resumed working in presence, a hybrid they call it, like a car, it's a wise call.

YOU: We never stooped being a presence. I hope. A presence. well. part

A pic from the other
day, after the move



***“Surely we are
post-something.
More likely, we’d
say, we are post-
traumatic”***

- us two

Sunsetting the
other day in our
new post-code.

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The Infantile and the Creative in Dreams and Culture: A Film Panel at the 52nd IPA Congress

Charles Fisher. MD

Beth Kalish and I presented our film, "The Achuar in the Amazon," at the 52nd IPA Congress. Beth chaired the program. The film records interviews and experiences from our 2018 journey into the Amazon Rainforest to meet with the Achuar, an indigenous people who live along a remote section of the Pastaza River in Ecuador and Peru. They are an independent people who have never been conquered or colonized. Of special interest to psychoanalysts, the Achuar live by their dreams. Each morning, they arise before dawn to discuss and interpret dreams from the previous night. Dream interpretations are the basis upon which they make crucial decisions and plans for the day. Since 2008, at the invitation of the Achuar, Beth and I have been involved in research to study the ways that the Achuar use dreams. Our goals are to compare their practices with the methods of North American psychoanalysts, and to explore what psychoanalysts might learn from the Achuar. Proud of their knowledge, the Achuar wish for us to document their use of dreams and present that information to the wider world, as we were able to do in the Congress.

In the film, we interview shamans and other Achuar adults, meet with a group of

women, travel by canoe from village to village, and participate in a "Wayusa" dream-sharing ritual. In one segment, Beth and I discuss what we have come to call the Wayusa Dream Space with Daniel Koupermann, our non-Achuar Ecuadorian mentor and guide. The scene shifts from footage shot in the rainforest to scenes in Beth's living room in Los Angeles, where we discuss what we have learned. The film is narrated by Paul Goldsmith, the videographer who accompanied us on our 2018 journey and who created the film. We were told that people from 37 countries attended the presentation at the Congress.

For the Achuar, dreams are more real than waking reality. When interpreted, they are a more reliable guide to action than waking thoughts. It is difficult for a person raised in North American culture to comprehend this worldview on a practical level. However, the Achuar perspective provides a useful orientation to psychic reality. Beth and I now look at "reality," as presented in analysis, as being in itself a product constructed like a dream.

The Achuar see dreams as predicting the future. This concept, dismissed by Freud as primitive folklore, has meaning to Beth and me in relation to our own work. We see our patients'

dreams, and our own, as reflecting wishes and predictions involving the dreamer's unconscious intentions, expected consequences of acting upon those intentions, and unformulated perceptions about the world – the “unthought known.” Thus dreams predict emotion and action.

For the Achuar, dreams are interpreted in a social context, consisting of both the immediate dream-sharing group and the larger social reality of the community. The social context in which the dream will be reported enters into the dream itself, because the dreamer has the anticipated audience in mind (as preconscious day residues) forming background material for the dream. Beth and I have come to see that psychoanalysts (as well as our patients) are participants in thought collectives that actively guide our clinical work. Like the Achuar, our interpretations are also group interpretations – dreamer and interpreter are engaged in the shared meanings of a small group (of two), within the shared meanings of larger psychoanalytic and cultural groups.

Our first discussant, Mark Solms of South Africa, focused on the fact that the Achuar world is densely populated by spirits. Freud wrote in Totem and Taboo that the projective creation of spirits is essential to culture, including religion and other cultural institutions. Why, then, is religion waning in industrial societies? Mark proposed a “bridging concept,” relating the spirit world in human hunter/gatherer societies to hierarchy, patriarchy, and sharply defined gender roles. These same

characteristics are also found among groups of non-human primates. Is there greater continuity between species than Freud believed?

Our second discussant, Susana Vinocur Fischbein of Argentina, approached the topic of Achuar dreaming through semiotic theory, developed by Charles Sanders Peirce and others. The narration of a dream is an act of intersemiotic translation, creating a triadic relationship between an object of representation, a sign, and a thought through which the sign and its object acquire meaning. The narrated dream is a communicative sign and a symbolic matrix for the Achuar and in psychoanalysis.

Beth and I appreciate these responses, which open new avenues for our research.

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Return of the Repressed

Carolina Bacchi, Psy.D.

In conversation with the poem:

Dissociation

By Forrest Hamer, Ph.D.

(published by Critica, issue 1, Spring 2021)

All everything home
By Carolina Bacchi, Psy.D.

Slowly back.
Yesterday,
beginning of a time when
beginning and end would mash together.
This celebration, same one year before,
but absence and silence now.
We are almost there.

Hoping normal will be happening
Don't you remember?

Your normal will never be what it was.
She left and she won't be back;
My skin feels embraced by the warm wind
a promise while landing quietly,
the distant sounds of the airplane announcing forbidden travels
Normal will never be the same.
Life stopped and in the middle of it

Fear and care and focus
The dining room where we had my last lunch together while visiting
I never knew it would be the last time

You worked so hard, and now you are building a new normal
Within still path, we exchange recipes never tried before
As you navigate forbidden lands
Feels like when I first moved out
Small ways in which the new emerged
Because an unmade bed was never allowed
before.

And then, you realize that cooking a meal a day
Is work but also... maybe... joy!
And sleeping on an unmade bed feels uncomfortable
As you find what you keep and what you will let go.

Return of the Repressed

You cook as you try to find her again
Her food was her treasure
Something she would never share.

Grief has its own uncomplicated ways
Infiltrating the cotidian with small
details of what we miss

I also cherished her recipes
And resented how she held on to them as precious:
Ways to feel loved.

Her absence is real in your life
I imagine you moving into her house, taking over, occupying it
Without noticing that you are trying to break free
Carrying her inside but not merging
As her desire to merge almost killed you.

I wish your path was less painful,
While you learn to feed yourself you
teach me hope

You guide the way into loss
As you weave your pain into the explosion of flavor
I fear, when I come to visit,
she won't cook for me any longer
Dining room and dining table

Forever.

Empty.

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52 nd IPA Congress: Infantile: its Multiple Dimensions Reflections on Pre-session COVID and Trauma

Nancy Goodman, Facilitator
Sharon Neuwald Dr.PH Consultant.

At the last minute, I decided to attend the IPA pre-session workshop on COVID and Trauma facilitated by Nancy Goodman. In retrospect, I wondered whether my ambivalence was defensive, knowing that life during COVID has altered previously held magical assumptions around collective caretaking and responsibility. This latest round of the Delta variant with the intensive outbreak of new rounds of polarization have further eroded what now seems like fanciful considerations.

So it is with deep satisfaction that I report on my reactions to this workshop. Overall, it felt like a group witnessing of analytic cases and subsequent discussions about the impacts of traumatic conditions worldwide. This reaction served as a counterweight to what has been referred to as "disorders of humanization" (Peskin, 2012, p 193). The cases presented showed in the analytic work, where the analysand, over time came to rely on his or her mind to understand the reality of the experienced trauma. As important, the analysands in these examples came to trust that they would also be believed by their analysts. In

our group there was a parallel process where individuals expressed their own traumatic experiences, with the confidence that it would be confirmed and held in a profoundly sensitive Winnicottian manner. What set the stage was the beginning presentation by Arlene Kramer. She provided a primer of intergenerational transmission of trauma with a litany of its psychological consequences. Rather than starting with a Holocaust narrative, long researched and known by psychoanalysts, he spoke in depth about the longstanding history of trauma experienced by the Chinese people. With this beginning, Goodman bypassed any hierarchical status around grief where "more highly-ranked mourners may appropriate another's grief by claiming a stronger sense of entitlement, conferred by felt ... social standing" (Peskin, 2019, pp 477). Starting with this case reinforced what I intellectually knew about the cruelty of such rankings as well as the reality that trauma is ubiquitous, whether acknowledged by society or not. It is like "No ethics can claim to exclude a part of humanity, no matter how unpleasant or difficult that humanity is to see". (Agamben,

1999, pp 63-64) Kramer talked about the devastating impact of the Chinese Cultural Revolution on her analysand. External success was at risk of being derailed by devastating repetitive acts paying homage and keeping alive the catastrophic history of earlier familial generations. Remembering allowed, over time, a shift away from real and fantasized self and family destructiveness. This presentation opened up a floodgate of participant reactions from around the world: Germany, Mexico, Panama, Peru, South Africa, Russia, and the United States to name a few.

In the afternoon, Felipe Matamala presented his work on people who suffer political trauma. He too stressed the importance of serving as a witness to transform the traumatic experience. Joanna Galimony demonstrated her analytic use of photographic images. One could see the infant pain of her analysand in a photo, overriding what initially appeared as an idyllic Madonna/baby union. Day two began with Ira Brenner drawing on his work with Holocaust survivors. He began with his family history, which recalled my own. When growing up, I felt like there was a veil of “impossible understanding” with “too much and not enough dialogue” leaving no opening for a more believable narrative. Brenner’s comparisons with the 1930’s in Germany were chilling. He underscored the close proximity between real and constructed contamination, traumatic images appropriated by abusers, and projections onto created “others”.

Day two of the workshop closed with a presentation by Luisa Masina. She talked about the corporeal absence she had to face with remote work, where she mourned the lack of, in her words, “the flesh and blood” of in person sessions. Her case, of profoundly disturbing proportions, rendered us mute: described by one participant as a group metabolization process on her behalf. Throughout the two days, participants openly expressed what they had internalized. The free-floating discussions encased the group in what felt like a protective permeable boundary, holding us and allowing a digestion of its contents. There were moving testimonies throughout the two days. I felt a surreal intimacy as well as an aliveness, similar to what I sometimes experienced in the “here and now” experiences of group relations conferences. It resided at a somatic level, where words seemed unnecessary and inadequate to convey what was happening. Nancy Goodman’s leadership through her collaborative, non-intrusive stance created a framework in which this could be held. I feel intellectually and emotionally richer for attending this workshop and am grateful that IPA made this possible

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Dawn Shifreen-Pomerantz, MFT
Titles: "Self Portrait" "Delta Blues" "Pandemic Self-Portrait"



Dawn Shifreen-Pomerantz, MFT
Titles: "Self Portrait" "Delta Blues" "Pandemic Self-Portrait"

In the Time of Covid

Dawn Shifreen-Pomerantz, MFT, Psychoanalyst

Twitter of wings
Ruffle of feathers
Petite gray brown song swallows
Flitting from tree to feeder
Strutting crows scavenging
Arrive at a time
You can set your watch by
Yellow bellied finches
With regal crowns
Fly from bough to chair
The blue winged hummingbird
Comes so close
I think he will alight my head
Thinking it is a nest
The Bushtits
Who conference in the fig tree
Jabbering in hushed voices
Waning sun
I have come to know them
In the time of Covid

In the millisecond
When Covid slammed
Into us like a meteor
Unexpected
Time expanded
Contracted, stood still
Like a heart and lung
Forgetting to beat, breathe
In regular intervals
Gone were the familiar
Demarcation of spaces
Providing meaning
Delineation
Variation
Intimacy altered
Missing the presence
Essence of being with
Two bodies
In a containing environment
In the time of Covid

We adapted
To virtual reality
Or voices without bodies
Sometimes unraveling new meanings
New Intimacies
Sometimes bearing
Glitches, disruptions
Awkwardness, visual overload
Staring into each other's faces
As well as our own
Creative adaptations
Given our limitations
By text, phone, zoom
Masked
Unmasked
Indoor, outside
At times encountering
A deafening yearning so painful
It cut flesh
I have come to know these
In the time of Covid

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SUMMARY OF IPA PANEL RE: SOCIAL-CULTURAL FACTORS IN CONSIDERING “THE INFANTILE”

Stephen Seligman, DMH

Margarita Cerejido, Karim Dajani, Orna Guralnik and Klaus Poppensieker presented papers, followed by a discussion by Stephen Seligman. This panel reflects some of the richness of the current move to assert a “social psychoanalysis” as fully central and legitimate as an essential part of the analytic enterprise—theoretically and clinically. All of the presenters stressed the priority of thinking of culture and social influences in our theories of personality organization, intrapsychic life and psychopathology and development. This also means that social, historical, political-economic and cultural matters—past and present—deserve a central role in our interventions, to be taken up explicitly and specifically— not as secondary to some other set of dynamics (such as conflict, family history, fantasy). This was applied specifically to “the infantile.” Historical observations, clinical implications and case material were included.

Central questions about cultural matters such as gender, race, political tyranny and other kinds of power inequities were raised. How can we best rethink our own theories to take the problematics of our cultures and political economies into account? How can analysis contribute to the general understanding of these issues? What does, or should “psychoanalytic activism” mean? The historical-cultural perspective was also applied to our own

institutions. What are the obligations of analytic institutions and practitioners, and also analysis as a theory, to consider our social position and our effect on social welfare, including our relationship to prevailing social orders? The panelists referred to various examples, including the German analytic organizations grappling with the history of Nazism that Klaus and his colleagues have shown us, the Caberniti affair in Brazil, the US (and other analytic groups) exclusion of LGBTQ applicants and patients, etc.

All the presenters currently live and practice analysis in the US, but have come to this country from other regions— Israel/Palestine/Lebanon, Western Europe, South America. This likely contributes to a cosmopolitan sensibility and creative perspective on cultural and sociopolitical influences. The strength of the panel thus suggests the vitalities of cultural diversity and the formidable and creative potentials and effects of immigration.

The complete papers will be published in an upcoming issue of the *International Journal of Applied Psychoanalytic Studies*.

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Once Again

Terrance McLarnan, MFT, PsyD

I must begin my good friends
with an admission:
that I must depart
under a pseudonym
despite this full heart, as there
is a need
to slip out
of this dis-ease
go into the wilderness
once again
and pretend to disappear
from life around here.

All will go on without me.

I will tilt into the wind
it is coming from where I'm going,
crossing borders
from one set of coordinates
to another,
as the sun goes up
and as goes down,
as the sun goes up
and as it goes down
around and around
as the past continues to argue with itself.

I know a different name
won't bring a new life, as
there's been so many tragedies;
their silhouettes still have my ear
my shadow carries their sorrows;
why they had to go to the other side
in the chill of the autumn,
is something,
I still do not understand.

Even today,
I survive by incantations
such as this
and declare allegiance
reverently,
to the smallest
most ordinary things.

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IPA Training Models and Some Current Issues

Leonardo Siqueira Araújo
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PSO President 2017-2019

During the 2021 IPA Congress, which took place virtually, IPSO (the International Psychoanalytical Studies Organization) an organization for the IPA Analysts-in-Training) had a program containing a discussion on the different training models contained in the IPA and some current issues in training. Here I will try to summarize some of the main points that were presented prior to the discussion.

Psychoanalytical training within the IPA is primarily based on what we call the Eitingon Model, the first to offer a structure based on the “tripod”: personal analysis, supervision, and theoretical seminars. Two other models have been accepted since, the French and the Uruguayan model, but it is important to stress that they can be considered more as variations of the Eitingon model than models that offer a different basic structure. I will try to offer some basic comparisons between them.

The Eitingon model is the classic institution of the tripartite model, comprising personal analysis, supervision and theoretical seminars. It is by far the most widespread model. It is also subject to some smaller or larger differences between individual Institutes, in

the sense that we could almost talk about Eitingon “models’ ‘ in plural, more than a single structure. The so-called French model is also based on the tripartite model, however with a key difference: that is, that personal analysis is required but “outside” the boundaries of training. The Uruguayan model is also based on the tripartite model, and it was conceived as a reaction to the concentration of power in Psychoanalytic Training Institutes, attempting a more egalitarian approach.

On the theme of Personal Analysis, within the Eitingon model it is considered an important part of the training process. It must be conducted by a Training Analyst, and should start some time prior to Seminars. Apart from that, there are requirements for duration and frequency mandated by the Education Committee.

In the French model, personal analysis is to be conducted entirely or mostly before the admission; there is no Training Analyst requirement (although in some cases there are requirements for the analyst to be an IPA member); and there are recommendations for length and frequency, but actual arrangements are between the analyst and the analyst in training.

As for the Uruguayan model: personal analysis is recommended to have started some years before admission; it is conducted by a member of the Analyst Group (different structure than Training Analyst, more on that later); and there are also recommendations for length and frequency but arrangements are made privately.

Considering Supervision. In the Eitingon model, Supervisors can be chosen among the Institute's Training Analysts; one must be supervised in at least two different cases; the frequency requirements usually follow those of Personal Analysis; and there are also some individual requirements as to in which "stage" the analysis must be for the supervision (depending on the Institute).

Within the French model, supervision is a particular focus (and subsequently a center of power); supervisors are also Training Analysts; the minimum frequency of supervised cases is three sessions, but other arrangements are made upon clinical indication; and one must go through at least two supervisions, one of them being a group supervision.

In the Uruguayan model, supervisions work mostly according to both previous models, with the small difference that the supervisor is chosen from the Group of Supervisors.

I would also like to say some words about Power and Institutes. In the Eitingon model, Societies have an Institute of Psychoanalysis and an Education Committee within that Institute. The status and power of the Training Analyst role is a source of conflict, due to their central roles in the Analysis and Supervision of Analysts in Training. In the French model, there is no independent Institute, the Training Committee is a part of the Society. However, there are still Training Analysts, and so there is still some concentration of power. It is important to notice that in many institutes following the Eitingon and French model, the Training Analyst position is being abolished. In the Uruguayan model, and this is what it offers as the most different, training functions are organized as "groups" (e.g. Analysis Group, Supervision Group), not as an individual status or function. Analysts request admission to any one of them, but can be members of only one group at a time.

There are many other issues to be taken into account, and in my presentation I tried to offer some questions regarding the different models and other difficulties that Analysts in Training go through that are not necessarily related to the models per se, but this short account could help to raise curiosity in Societies and Institutes about the theme of Psychoanalytical Training.

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Mirrors of the Pandemia
Rosalinda Taymor, MD.

The Pandemia has mirrored to us a very painful and striking reality. It has mirrored a debilitating illness and the image of an economic crisis that has occurred in our society due to severe viral infection/illness, lockdown, fear, lack of energy or tiredness, isolation and depression.

Byung-Chul Han a South Korean-Born professor of Philosophy and Cultural studies at the University of Arts in Berlin, writes about the psychological disorders of “Depression and Burn Out Syndrome” represents a deep crisis of human freedom. The concept of freedom has turned into a compulsion of achievement, instead of giving us satisfaction it translates into a persistent need to achieve more and more and has led us into self-exploitation and burnout. “We are optimizing ourselves unto death”.

What is uncanny he says; “Is that those who catch Covid-19 may suffer from an illness that presents with extreme tiredness and fatigue, however healthy individuals are also suffering from tiredness, fatigue, isolation and depression, and many of them are experiencing a “Chronic Fatigue Syndrome” expressing that “their batteries no longer charge” even when they are not infected

In his book “Pandemic ! Covid-19 shakes the world, Slavoj Zizek a Lacanian Psychoanalyst also a professor of Philosophy at the University of Berlin, studies the effects of the “Burnout Society” in Third World

Countries and stresses that the exploitation at the hands of others is as important as self-exploitation or even more important.

Slavoj Zizek and Byung-Chul Han both explain that Social Media is producing an “Ego Culture” that erodes both community and social interaction. We are always on display and this constant “being-on-display” of the ego, is making us tired. During the Pandemia we have developed our Psychotherapy offices at home with telemedicine and it is the solitude that begets us and begets our patients. We are tired because we are not getting distracted by social contact.

We are seeing our patients and colleagues through the reflection of Zoom mirroring meetings and we constantly look at ourselves in the mirrors of our zoom meetings, increasing our narcissism. This looking at ourselves in the reflection of the Zoom has led to an increase in cosmetic surgery procedures !!

There is even a new diagnosis “Zoom dysmorphia” defined by an increased perception in our observed physical flaws during our zoom meetings that leads to despair. We can't look at each other in the eyes, so that the concept of the gaze in Winnicott's terms is gone. The absence of the “others gaze” interferes with our emotional validation, development and stability.

Our Rituals are disrupted and there is evidence of a social fault line. We can't attend concerts, funerals or graduations. We are more and more interested in survival than in making contact with each other.
“Every age has its signature

afflictions, Byung-Chul Han says. “The Bacterial age” existed and it ended with the discovery of antibiotics, The Viral Age with illnesses like Influenza and Covid now have vaccines.

The twenty first century is defined by Psychoneurological Illnesses like Depression, ADHD, Personality Disorders and Burned Out Syndrome”. Medication, Psychotherapy and Psychoanalysis are the current forms of treatment and intervention.

In our consulting rooms we are hoping to restore our therapeutic mirrors into our practice. “The concept of mirroring for both Winnicott and Lacan is crucial to emotional stability” It plays a critical role in the person's notion of self and others.

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PINC's Ethics Committee Proposes Rethinking Psychoanalytic Ethics at IPA Congress

Chuck Brandes, PhD
Chair, PINC Ethics Committee

Three members of PINC's Ethics Committee joined the Chair of IPA's Ethics Committee to present a panel entitled Beyond the Rules: Integrating Ethics and a Psychoanalytic Sensibility at the 2021 IPA Congress. The PINC members were Billie Lee Violette, Carol Bayley and Chuck Brandes.

Billie Violette introduced the panel and served as moderator. She began by stating that the intent of the panel was to share some thoughts about how analysts frequently hold ethics in mind and how we at PINC have embarked on a project to foster ethical thinking among our Institute's members.

She noted that, unfortunately, we have learned from difficult experience that formal ethics complaints can lead to serious splits in a community and have long lasting, detrimental sequelae. We have come to believe that thinking ethically and applying a psychoanalytic sensibility to the situations that come before the ethics committee increases the possibility of a resolution based on psychoanalytic values. We also believe that integrating an analytic understanding of group dynamics, particularly a "group as a whole" perspective will help build reflection and self-awareness in our community members.

Altamirando Andrade then presented his view of how ethics lives in the minds of analysts and an intriguing theory regarding the difficulty of keeping ethics in mind. Further, building on Chetrit-Vatine's work, he argued that an adult's ethical capacity is based in the feminine maternal existing in every human subject and that psychoanalytic ethics are "related to something enigmatic and fundamental to the human condition." Finally, he described his surprise when he recently discovered that his home Institute did not have a set of Ethics Guidelines at all and that he had not thought about that despite being the Chair of the IPA Ethics Committee.

Carol Bayley followed with a presentation on three main schools of philosophical thought regarding ethics: Aristotelian, Deontological/Kantian, and Consequentialism/Utilitarianism. She augmented her talk with clever graphics that focused the audience's attention on her main points. Carol concluded her presentation by reinforcing that ethical questions and ethical thinking is best done collectively.

Chuck Brandes presented the final paper tracing the development and historic place of Codes of Professional Conduct (such as PINC's Ethical Guidelines) and differentiating the use of such codes from thinking ethically and from applying an analytic sensibility. He argued that thinking ethically requires an awareness that what most of us think of as 'ethical' is determined by a set of values that we tend to hold as universal and beyond question. Further, that appreciation of the power and effects of unconscious group forces can foster a culture in which a diversity of values and the legitimacy of the values of others is accepted and utilized to respond to ethical dilemmas

For us presenters the experience of the IPA Congress was quite unusual. The panel presentation had been recorded in advance and was aired at our assigned time during the days of the Congress. We had no idea of the number of people who watched the presentation when it aired, or the number who watched it after the Congress. The video was available for viewing for 30 days). At the conclusion of the airing of the panel there was a real-time Zoom in which approximately 15 analysts from a number of institutes

around the world actively participated. The attendees often linked the presentations to ethical violations that had occurred at their institutes. We mentioned the IJP paper describing PINC's experience and sent a copy to those who requested it. There was considerable concern about ethical dilemmas and the group congealed in a very enthusiastic and thoughtful way.

A review of Glen O. Gabbard's paper *"The dragons of the primeval days": Termination and the Persistence of the Infantile"*.

Luca Di Donna, PhD.

Dr. Gabbard, presented this paper to the plenary panels at the International Congress of Psychoanalysis in Vancouver and published it in the International Journal of Psychoanalysis. My aim is to summarize aspects of the paper and offer some of my reflections. The author introduced the main theme of his work saying "In passing Freud offered the following thought: "One feels inclined to doubt sometimes whether the dragons of primeval days are really extinct" (1937, 229).

Freud was openly acknowledging that the infantile dread of being ignored, rejected, scorned, hated, unwanted, despised or abandoned is a force that lives on despite positive experiences later in life that theoretically might mitigate against it. p. 595. Freud's paper is complex and pessimistic in nature accentuating the strength of the drives and the infantile longings that cannot be tamed.

Gabbard, forty years ago, when he was in training at the Menninger Clinic, attended many conferences on interminable cases. He was perplexed and intrigued by some comments made by the senior analysts. One of his puzzlements was that one supervisor advised him that the termination phase had to be equivalent to the years of analysis. He was sceptical about prevailing views about termination and outcome of analysis. He felt that some discussions had mythical aspects transmitted from one generation to the other.

In (2009) he published a seminal paper to demystify the many aspects of termination. This research contradicted the many myths proposed in the literature. Briefly, many patients, when ending their analysis, felt abandoned during the termination. This differed from others where their major dissatisfaction was feeling forced by the analyst to stay in treatment. For some their level

of dissatisfaction led them to begin a second analysis. Most of the time the analysis did not finish in a collaborative manner. Gabbard also found a group of patients who did not want to finish the analysis. These patients were “therapeutic lifers”, a term coined by Wallerstein in his book *Forty-Two Lives in Treatment*”.

Many reasons emerged why patients did not want to terminate. One aspect was the function of transferences, the patient was attached to the analyst who was the best relationship he/she ever had. Another aspect was linked to a particular form of object relatedness that started early on in the patient’s life. These patients maintained a link to the object, a stubborn wish to not be separated in order to maintain an infantile attachment. Gabbard, in a skillful manner, introduced a theoretical – clinical idea that emerged from the British Middle School. He stated “Winnicott’s description suggests that, in some cases, the intensity and pervasiveness of the infantile in our work may best be glimpsed by studying the defences against the infantile. The prospect of painful losses, troubling experiences in the maturing process, the obligatory recognition (and terror) of ageing and the inevitability of death may reactivate the darkest nether-regions of our unconscious. Moreover, the prospect of termination may awaken long-buried traumas, bringing patients face to face with unmetabolized experiences of complicated efforts to separate from their parents that were fraught with conflict and tears. Many analysts harbour a fantasy that the

analytic dyad will create a form of reparenting that will replace the disappointments with their own parents. We analysts may unwittingly encourage this view.” p.598. The author, integrating the work of Ogden, Winnicott, and Loewald, articulates an intersubjective model that also takes into consideration the defences against the infantile.

In synthesis, Gabbard’s idea is that the infantile is very present in our life. An important point is that the analyst, like the patient, also has to tame his own dragons. Gabbard recalled that in his second analysis during termination his own dragons came to light with many painful memories that helped him to understand the pain of loss.

The paper concludes with some suggestions. The author does not believe in strict rules or techniques on how to terminate an analysis. The analyst must have tact to finish an analysis, an idea which is not clear. One is left to conjecture: Is it kindness, respect, humility, harm mitigation? All come to mind. Given its ambiguity, Gabbard calls on the analyst to extend a form of elasticity that respects a patient’s limitations and resists imposing any form of “idealized” myths.

This paper is a must read. It is written in a clear and engaging manner and could open a new vision in teaching the termination phase in analysis.

My comments will be brief. The vast literature suggests a change from a dogmatic stand on termination to a more flexible way, emphasizing the

unpredictable and surprising.

Michel Gribinski (2002) in "Les Separations Imparfaites" (Imperfect Separations) thinks that every separation and ending is imperfect. The patient must leave his past dragons; the analyst must alter his theoretical thinking creating new words that will bring a certain kind of aliveness in analysis.

From another angle Paul Ricoeur (2020), the eminent Freud scholar, focuses on mourning and loss. For Ricoeur, the loss of the object recaptures the history of the subject and thus the loss and history are elaborated again. At the end of an analysis there is still suffering but is more tolerable with greater self-awareness

In the age of the pandemic, I think terminations will be more powerful. The loss of our own mortality as well as the loss of people around us has accentuated the magnitude of this catastrophic event. We live in an unpredictable state of mind with much uncertainty. It is important for us to remain internally vigilant over our own primeval dragons, minimizing their potential to intermingle and influence the work of termination in unexpected ways.

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I would like to thank Dr.PH Sharon Neuwald for her editing and suggestions.

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Title: " I can't breathe because...".

Book Review: *If I Kept a Record of Sins* by Andrea Bajani (translated from the Italian by Elizabeth Harris, Archipelago Books, 2021)

Scott Perna, Psy.D.

A young Italian man, abandoned by his mother as a child, travels to Romania for her funeral. This is the deceptively simple story of Andrea Bajani's beautiful, unsentimental, haunting, and haunted novel, *If I Kept a Record of Sins*. First published in Italian in 2007, Bajani's novel, his first, was highly lauded, winning a number of literary prizes. Against the backdrop of formerly communist Romania, with Ceausescu's palace looming in the background, Lorenzo uncovers the story of his mother's ambitions, her disappointments, and her disgrace. Narrating in first person, Lorenzo describes his present journey, meeting with his mother's friends and associates in Romania, while witnessing the influx of greedy Italian capitalists into the "Wild West" of a demoralized, exploited Romania. In alternate chapters, Lorenzo chronicles his childhood memories of his mother, but speaking to the reader as if the reader were his mother: "The way you left that last time, it was clear you wouldn't be coming back. Just hearing you say, I'll be back soon, your way to avoid explaining yourself [...] I didn't go to you, like I always did when you were leaving, running to you, partly a declaration of war, partly begging you to take me along [...] I knew I had

to stay. So I stood beside the couch, watching you leave [...] I stood there, not moving, a few meters from you, staring, like a dog that knows it has to stay home. And like a dog, I stared at the closed door, when you were no longer there." (pg. 153-154) By implicating the reader in Lorenzo's drama, Bajani heightens the feelings of longing, loneliness, joy, sadness – the erotics of the mother/son relationship – and the anger and despair of abandonment. In the simple direct prose and construction of this slim novel, Bajani connects an historical moment with these most painful, intimate emotions. The progress of the novel juxtaposes two opposing movements: Lorenzo's moving toward his mother and her world, with Lorenzo's mother moving away from Lorenzo and his world. Through these overlapping movements, Lorenzo begins to pull together the threads of his life, allowing him a greater understanding of, and identification with, his mother's ambitions and with her tragedy. As he progresses through his journey, Lorenzo's moral sensibility sharpens as he experiences the demoralization of Romania while learning about his mother's humiliation. In this not quite 200 page novel, Bajani interweaves moral, emotional, and political themes, revealing connections between

the personal and the historical. The progress of the book fuses Lorenzo's political and psychoanalytic insights, gained through his reflection of his past as he gradually realizes the moral bankruptcy of the world his mother left him for. This allows him, at the climax of the novel, to make a choice, a real choice, as an adult, honoring himself and his mother. Lorenzo achieves a wary maturity through the gradual realization of the reality of his mother, not just the maternal figure who abandoned him, but the ambitious, rebellious, self-destructive woman who wanted more than what she got. Bajani expresses this through writing that is itself mature; that is, without sentimentality or melodrama. Rather, he evokes the emotional complexity of Lorenzo's situation with a poetic sensibility, writing simply and directly, showing us (not telling us) through combinations of images how painfully sad, angry, relieving, joyous it is to begin to reconcile with one's past. And how that reconciliation clears one's moral confusion. This is a beautifully, painfully written book. That it took fourteen years for it to be translated into English, that we are just now being able to read this marvelous writer, indicates how much great untranslated literature there is waiting to be discovered in the English reading world.

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Reflections on the Pandemic.

Maureen Franey, Ph.D.

The irony of putting my thoughts about the pandemic into words on the 20th anniversary of 9/11 does not escape me. We can never return to life pre 9/11 - a life protected by omnipotent phantasy in which we were a nation immune to attack. We believed we were protected within the walls of a safe-enough USA. On 9/11 our bubble burst and our phantasy of immunity crashed and burned along with the twin towers. We all knew it - nothing would ever be the same again no matter how much re-building took place, no matter the eventual resumption of our "normal" daily routines - there would always be the presence of two black holes. We would forever breathe the toxic smell of the presence of the absence. Any remnant of omnipotence or immunity from our vulnerability went up in smoke with the nearly 3,000 lives lost on 9/11/2001.

Fast forward 20 years to 9/2021 where we find ourselves almost two years into a pandemic, another terrorist attack. A viral terrorist called COVID 19 has broken through our protective barriers. Our freedom to travel has been restricted, our lives imperiled. Through my psychoanalytic lens I see the parallel between internal psychic reality and external reality. We want to be infants again, living in the illusion of omnipotent control. We never really controlled the “breast”, protector of life, but we needed to believe we did, for a time. If we are to engage in any form of psychological growth we must slowly come to terms with the fact that we are completely and utterly dependent on one another. Our life depends on their good will - their bond and desire to return to us. We are not islands unto ourselves.

And so...this is where we are. Our 9/11 pandemic reality mirrors a stage in human psychic development. We cannot stay alive by ourselves, we need each other now more than ever. This virus is a symbolic representation of primordial destruction, decay and death. We need all citizens of the world to be vaccinated to keep each other alive - to face destructiveness with creativity and solidarity yet we find ourselves divided. We are in a battle between good and evil in which we have regressed to our most primitive nature, living in a paranoid/schizoid reality. It's terrifying.

I am used to living in this world in my psychoanalytic consulting room (however virtual that may be these days!), but the work of psychoanalysis is about differentiating between

internal and external reality, to strengthen the ego so we can move fluidly between both worlds and know the difference between the two. It's gripping to watch this regression play out so concretely in our world right now. It's a theater in which you are politically either red or blue, right or wrong, a believer in facts and science or delusion. How do we collectively move into the depressive position where we come to understand that the very person we fear is bad is the very same person who is good and on whom our life depends and that those who want to give us the “bad” vaccine are just trying to keep us alive? It's not easy to get there. It involves trusting each other and being able to bear the truth of our interdependency and a capacity to live in the unknown, something this pandemic has forced us to bear. Plans change moment to moment, rules and guidelines are constantly changing. We are all subjects in a grand experiment that none of us signed up for.

I don't know why our world has regressed to the level of psychotic primitivity, but I can only hope that it is, as in all psychic growth, a necessary regression. We go back in time to retrieve and experience lost parts of ourselves because we need them to build a stronger, wiser, more complex and unified self.

During the early days of the pandemic, when we were all on lock down, so many memes and jokes were in circulation. The one that struck me the most was, “It's as if God sent us all to our rooms to think about what we've done!” COVID 19

gave us this time to reflect upon the viral threat outside, but also to reflect upon the threat of the terrorist within - our human capacity to destroy all we love and cherish - and to ponder the connection between the two.

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Pandemic Time: From Demos to Demon

Daniel G. Butler, LMFT

The question of whether we are post-pandemic hinges on some understanding of what the time of the pandemic is. If pandemic time is something like pandemonium – or, etymologically, the place of all (pan) demons (daimons) – we might ask who or what those demons are. The term pandemic, however, does not refer to demons (or daimons in the pre-Christian Greek) but to all (pan) people (demos), which has led some to assume that pandemic temporality disturbs in a global, uniform, or democratizing way. Some imagined the pandemic to be a great equalizer and potential cure to late-industrial entropy and social fragmentation; but, to invoke Plato's pharmakon – that mythical and medicinal substance that is both cure and poison – the wish for such equalization invariably harbors a certain violence. Political contests ensue over the seemingly magical power that the pharmakon represents (e.g., vax/anti-vax, mask/maskless, etc.), and that representation becomes a totem through which such contestation legitimates itself, sometimes by any means necessary. In short, our desire for a newfound demos may inevitably give way to a hunt for demons, which, in the interest of an imaginary safety, gratifyingly promises – at the very least – to make all demons visible.

Early on, certain intellectuals picked up on the pandemic's incendiary potential, some of which was realized in activist uprisings and/or terrorist insurgencies on the left and the right. The seeming undecidability of uprising and/or insurgency speaks to the "unpast" character of pandemic time (Scarfone, 2015), or to how the un- or primally repressed thing that both attracts and repels the earliest iterations of the ego is unleashed into the liminal, ritual space of culture. Paranoid-schizoid attempts to transform this enigmatic thing into a repressible object beget a flurry of scapegoating, as if locating and gripping this thing-cum-object would relieve us of the torments and enticements of psychosomatic life, torments which both threaten the psyche-soma's coherence and yet summon the psyche-soma to cohere.

While the notion of post-pandemic might point to an afterlife of the virus as a bio-psycho-political thing, psychically this thing is absolutely negative and thus defies transformation into an object; it never quite ends, as it is never quite an object of history. Such negativity is more like a psychical virus, a virulence, that emanates from the infans, that formless and helpless being who is not, that formlessness from which we emerge and to which, in death, we return. Culture insulates us from the infans, in part by engendering transitional space that transforms tormenting helplessness into (sometimes tormented) play, ritualizing it into becoming a metabolizable affect out of which emotional life is born. For clinicians, such ritual now manifests in hybridized (i.e., virtual and in-person) settings where filters become the norm. For better and worse, filtering is thought to ensure the safety of the patient-clinician microcultures we clinically create. Notions of (sometimes romanticized) intercorporeality are filtered by the screen, and air filters neutralize the (bio-medicalized) virulence of our offices.

Pandemic time highlights how clinical and cultural relationships to the unconscious are changing; the enigmatic and uncanny lure of the primally repressed is becoming even more intolerable to bear. Protection against the virus psychically doubles as annihilation anxiety in the face of virulence (I can see this in myself). Safety risks becoming a virus of its own, and its excesses, however necessary, demand our ruthless interrogation. Psychic death (or life sans virulence) is increasingly preferable to biological death (Sexton,2021).

Such is the de facto mission of our late-industrial Entropocene (Stiegler, 2018), and pandemic time – or the unpast of our originary helplessness – has already shown its potential to intensify this entropic mission. Absolute negativity is and has been racialized, classed, gendered, and so on; certain social and biological phenomena become (carriers of) the thing (e.g., black, queer, woman, child, virus, etc.). Such things are not, but instead potentiate being for others. For those kept from normatively being and becoming in civil society, such lawful prevention is not simply social; it is ontological, which is to say that it is less the victimization of a social identity at stake, than it is the command over historical, libidinal, and economic conditions that facilitate the self's being and becoming. The mirror of selfhood would tell us that those conditions must be unconditionally preserved so that the oppressed might someday benefit from them too, but some of us uncannily sense how the promises of recognizable selfhood are too often a ruse, and how the reassurances of social life only do so much to assuage the self's constitutive alienation. Such alienation is hard to stomach; hence widespread disavowal that enshrines the self as sovereign, thereby protecting it from the seemingly nihilistic threat of an unapologetic virulence, which, like the drive, operates at the borders of psyche and soma, culture and politics.

Despite real and fantasied progress, 'humanity' has yet to escape these aporetic and often insidious loops. As such, the pandemic is a time when calls for a new demos may precipitate the hunt for demons inside and outside the consulting room. Perhaps the psychoanalytic thinker's challenge is (not to forego safety but) to play at the edges of

virulence, where helplessness augurs a demonic threat and the uncertain potential of a newfound demos, and where the primally repressed thing must somehow penetrate every filter, haunting and enchanting life from the cradle to the grave.

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Papers should **not** include clinical material and have no more than 4 references. Authors are responsible for organization, clarity and conciseness; for all statements made in their work and for obtaining permission from copyright owners.

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A Minnow's Moment

Terrance McLarnan, MFT, PsyD

My dear
sweet minnows
of all sizes & stripes
please gather close.

I must let you know
it is my time leave
our shoreline
our homeland
to search deeper waters.

We spawned together
in one great cloud
we are siblings
of the same stripe,
I shall not forget.

Do not think me as brave.
I am not bigger, faster nor agile
than any of you,
perhaps only
more foolish
more naïve.

If fate treats me kindly
I will return
& hope
I will be recognized.

From within the cloud
rises a voice.

Our Dear Minnow,
I am just one
&
believe I speak for many.

Do not confuse the depth of our waters
for shallowness.
Do remember our shoreline
it will continue to hug you
it is where our love and tears
mingle & keeps us afloat.

We who stay behind tend to those who are left.

We will greet you at the pink of each dawn.

In the depths of your swim
look for those who will help you
there are many
of all stripes & sizes.

We understand you will not live
unless you go.

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“Cheios e vazios” - Chris Laurito

This picture captures the dialectic between hope and hopelessness. An empty bucket symbolizes all the struggles and lack of what is needed for a basic survival while the full ocean points to resilience and persistence.

Jeff Sandler's reflection on emergence of delta variant of Covid -19.

Jeffrey L. Sandler, M.D.

The following is excerpted from the PINC Topicbox on August 6, 2021. The issue had been raised as to how PINC community members were responding to the emergence of the delta variant of Covid-19 in terms of conducting in-person sessions. Jeff Sandler's contribution is included below along with a question posed to him by Michael Korson asking for documentation supporting Jeff's initial posting. At that time, persons had been returning to in-person treatment as there had been a significant waning of infections following the third wave of Covid-19 along with an enhanced sense of security afforded by the advent of highly efficacious vaccinations. Jeff Sandler The delta variant is surging across the country and in the Bay Area. Being vaccinated does not prevent individuals from becoming infected and infectious. Becoming infected even if vaccinated can result in severe illness and lingering symptoms (perhaps long Covid or ailments that the medical profession has yet to recognize that emerge and persist beyond any acute infection and illness or even when the acute infection has been completely asymptomatic). The delta variant is extremely contagious which means it gets transmitted much more readily with much less exposure required resulting in many more persons becoming infected. We don't know just how widespread the delta variant is among vaccinated persons since so many more of them who become infected will be asymptomatic or only mildly symptomatic, but these persons are spreading the virus covertly to others, vaccinated and unvaccinated. Many unvaccinated persons who become ill with the delta variant are appearing more ill compared to illness severity in those infected by other variants. Hospitalizations and deaths are occurring among younger persons and healthier persons in much greater numbers with the delta variant, which is another indication that this variant is more pathogenic. I suspect many of us have a somewhat erroneous belief that taking the same precautions as we have from the beginning of the pandemic will provide the same level of protection; while being vaccinated is a major game changer in substantially lowering the risk of becoming infected overall, the delta variant by being so contagious diminishes the degree of prophylaxis offered by the vaccination. Everyone must determine for themselves how essential meeting in-person is, but the above provides a sense of the risk involved and what is at stake. Michael Korson Thank you Jeff. One question: Can you point to the data that suggests breakthrough cases are now leading to "severe illness"? My understanding, as it is now, is that breakthrough cases (such as that of a friend of mine) are leading to mild to moderate illness and for the most part not requiring hospitalization. Is there data to suggest that has changed now? Of course, as immunity from the vaccine wanes, it is likely that severity of illness will increase. Jeff Sandler As for Michael's question about the basis and data

for my referencing severe cases in vaccinated persons, this is largely anecdotal and impressionistic based on the following. There has been a shift in public statements and various news reports, etc. away from saying that vaccinated persons with breakthrough cases can essentially expect to be asymptomatic or mildly symptomatic to saying that being vaccinated practically (but not absolutely) guarantees prevention of being hospitalized or dying. I have heard of anecdotal reports suggesting that some persons with breakthrough cases describe the illness as the worst viral illness ever experienced. One person said they felt so ill they could not imagine surviving had they not been vaccinated. The following is excerpted from a recent article in the Guardian: "There is very little data on long Covid in breakthrough infections. What little data we do have comes largely from a New England Journal of Medicine study by researchers in Israel, who found 19% of people with breakthrough infections had "persistent" symptoms." In my mind, an occurrence of persistent symptoms of 19%, even if these are only mild symptoms, is an indication of a severe case. We know very little about long Covid and the long-term health implications that may accompany it. This is from a Kaiser Family Foundation report: "Importantly, not all hospitalizations and deaths of those fully vaccinated and diagnosed with COVID-19 are due to COVID-19 or have a known cause at the time of reporting. The CDC reports that as of July 19, of 5,601 hospitalized breakthrough cases, 27% were asymptomatic or not related to COVID-19

and of 1,141 fatal cases, 26% were asymptomatic or not related to COVID-19. States differ in whether they provide this detail. DC, for example, reports that as of July 11, 50% of hospitalized breakthrough cases were due to COVID-19, 19% were not, and 31% were of unknown reason. However, few states made these distinctions. Where they did, we only included breakthrough hospitalizations and deaths due to COVID-19. In other cases, some of these breakthrough events may be due to causes other than COVID-19." As a percentage of breakthrough cases leading to hospitalization and death, the number of cases reflected above is a very small fraction. Yet in terms of absolute numbers, ie thousands, it is clear that there is a very real, albeit very, very low risk of breakthrough illness leading to hospitalization and/or death. From the same report, "The share of hospitalizations among those with COVID-19 who are not fully vaccinated ranged from 95.02% in Alaska to 99.93% in New Jersey. (Note: Hospitalization may or may not have been due to COVID-19.) The share of deaths among people with COVID-19 who are not fully vaccinated ranged from to 96.91% in Montana to 99.91% in New Jersey. (Note: Deaths may or may not have been due to COVID-19.)" This implies that the rate of hospitalization or death in vaccinated persons could be as high as 5%. So as a statistical matter, being vaccinated provides a tremendous amount of protection and security. But if you or one your patients or someone else you or they have contact with becomes infected and suffers some form or severe illness, it doesn't

matter for that person that they were the one in 10,000 to have such bad luck. I'll repeat what I said in my prior post, everyone must determine for themselves how essential meeting in-person is, but the above provides a sense of the risk involved and what is at stake. Everyone wants to put this horrible pandemic behind us. We all need to be aware of how powerfully we can be pulled into deceiving ourselves that the situation is better, more resolved, and less threatening so that we can return to living our lives in the more meaningful ways we used to and have had to relinquish. Clearly the desire to return to working in-person with our patients is a powerful influence on our thinking and feelings in this regard. Michael is correct that breakthrough cases are leading to mild-to-moderate illness and for the most part not requiring hospitalization. I am highlighting that there are those statistically rare cases that are not following the prevailing trend and we need to be careful not to minimize that dimension of this crisis.

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Emphasizing the International Nature of the IPA

Closing Ceremony Speech by the
New Vice-President of the IPA

Adriene Prengler, LMHC, FIPA

As Virginia Ungar and Sergio Nick pass the torch of administrative responsibility for the International Psychoanalytical Association to Harriet and me, we are humbled by the importance of the work entrusted in us and grateful for all that has been done by the administrations that came before us. This history of those administrations goes all the way back to the founding of the IPA in 1910 and the way the IPA endured through the world crises of the First World War, the Spanish Flu, the Great Depression, the Second World War, the Cold War, the rise of authoritarian regimes, and now the COVID-19 pandemic. I want to thank President Virginia Ungar, Vice-President Sergio Nick, Treasurer Henk Jan Dalewyk, the entire board and all our fantastic staff, for the frankly heroic work they have done in managing the IPA in its various capacities during this time of crisis.

I want to add a special note of thanks to Sergio Nick for passing to me, the torch of the Vice-Presidency. He has been so very generous with his time and available to me whenever I reached out to him for

guidance in preparing for my role.

I also want to recognize all the members of the IPA who have, under very difficult circumstances, made themselves flexible enough to help their patients in some very creative ways. Many of you have contributed to your local society, regional organization, or participated in IPA committees. The promise of the Ungar-Nick administration was to bring psychoanalysis to the community and they more than fulfilled that mission. Now it is time for this new administration to carry this work forward.

The COVID pandemic has foreclosed the possibility of meeting in person in Vancouver and limited us to an online conference instead. I am very honored to be with you today, closing this extraordinary and quite successful IPA Congress. Who could have imagined that Freud's heirs would be gathered today in a virtual congress, each of us in our own homes, in so many different countries, speaking about the infantile in its multiple dimensions, in different languages, from different theoretical perspectives, while overcoming the adversities of this terrible pandemic? But here we are! Our passion for psychoanalysis made this miracle possible. Thank you so much, to all of you!

The history of IPA administrations meeting the challenges of world crises goes all the way back to the founding of the IPA in 1910 and the way the IPA subsequently endured the world crises of the First World War, the Spanish Flu, the Great Depression, the Second World War, the Cold War, the rise of authoritarian regimes, and now the COVID-19 pandemic. I want to join Harriet in thanking Virginia Ungar, Sergio Nick, Henk Jan Dalewyk, the entire board and all our fantastic staff, for the frankly heroic work they have done in managing the IPA in its various capacities during this time of crisis.

The promise of the Ungar-Nick administration was to bring psychoanalysis to the community and they more than fulfilled that mission. Now it is time for the new administration to carry this work forward.

Harriet and I ran for office with the goal of continuing the development of the IPA for the benefit of its members and for the benefit of the world. Communication is an important function of the IPA and its importance has grown significantly in recent years, and especially during the pandemic. We want to be sure that the work of the members is conveyed in our communications to all of our members, to the mental health community at large, and to the general public, in order that we may amplify our voice in the world.

The IPA is an international association dedicated to the development and promotion of psychoanalysis. It is not a local or regional association but an international one. It is dedicated to promoting psychoanalysis as it is practiced in different ways and in different lands. If we think of psychoanalysis as a tree, it has a core theoretical and clinical structure we might see as the trunk of that tree. But it also has diverse theoretical and technical branches reaching out to different psychopathologies, populations, and cultural contexts. Our

Closing Ceremony Speech by the New Vice-President of the IPA

goal is to maintain the trunk and support the branches so that the IPA can continue to grow and bear fruit.

To the new administrative team taking the reins, I join Harriet in welcoming aboard all the regional representatives. Together, we will work and dedicate ourselves to achieving the goals of the IPA.

For the last two years Harriet and I have been working to assume the leadership of our organization and prepare our programs related to IPA for the “Benefit of its members and the World”. We restructured some of the main committees, while assuring their continuation. I am very grateful to have the opportunity to work with Harriet Wolfe. She has great integrity, receptivity and a confident while flexible leadership style, and during these two years of working as officers elect, she has become a very close friend.

The IPA is at the heart of our psychoanalytic identity. The benefits of belonging to the IPA are multiple: It gives us the opportunity for international dialogue, meeting colleagues who share our professional interests and yet think differently about them. In this way, we come together around our common interests and are enriched by our differences. This diversity is a treasure that assures our on-going growth and development.

The benefits of belonging to the IPA are multiple, but at its core is its international nature. The IPA gives us the opportunity for international dialogue with colleagues who share our professional interests and yet think differently about them. In this way, we come together around our common interests and are enriched by our differences. This diversity is a treasure that assures our on-going growth and development.

When Freud created the IPA in 1910, there were only a few dozen members and yet there were many differences between them, resulting in splits that could not be reconciled. Of course, out of these splits a number of very creative analysts left the IPA to establish new schools of thought. Today we are not just a few dozen. After more than 110 years of work and creativity, we have established an association with 13,000 members and 7,000 candidates, in more than 50 countries around the world. Our association draws together analysts from diverse backgrounds. Reconciling our differences is not always so easy, as it means we need to find ways to stand on our common ground, while leaving ourselves open to learning from others with whom we may disagree. That is why today, more than ever, we need to be able to own the identity of being “citizens of the IPA”, just as we are citizens of the world. We certainly encourage you to participate in the psychoanalytic goals of your local and regional associations, but involvement in the IPA means setting aside local and regional interests, while working with an international mindset, to achieve a different set of specifically international goals. When we leave the bubble of our offices and approach the world psychoanalytically some worry that we might be at risk of losing our psychoanalytic identity - losing the soul of psychoanalysis. Being psychoanalysts and entering the world does not threaten our analytic identity. It challenges it, by requiring us to face the external reality

in which we live and discover how the world inevitably expands and reshapes it.

Our psyches were all shaped by our early childhood experiences, by the “infantile in its multiple dimensions,” but world history is also etched into each of our lives.

I went through the experience of having to emigrate twice, first from Argentina to Venezuela and later from Venezuela to the United States. I mention this because being a member of an IPA recognized institution opened the possibility for me to apply to another IPA society on a different continent and I am very grateful to NPSI, my society in the US for welcoming me with the same status I held in my society of origin. In the event you may want, or need, to emigrate, the possibility of reintegration into another IPA society is one of the benefits of belonging to the IPA.

Another important benefit of belonging to the IPA is the opportunity to share and exchange ideas concerning theory and practice with colleagues all around the world, serving to open the frontiers of our minds.

It is also a unique experience to participate on one of the IPA's many committees dedicated to clinical issues, education, research, governance, scientific matters, publications, community outreach, the establishment of new societies, and so much more. There are now 111 committees. Participating on an IPA committee gives you the opportunity to share with colleagues from all around the world and maximize your impact on an area of special interest to you.

In addition to our IPA committees, we also have our international congresses. Psychoanalysts from so many cities around the world meet once every two years in a big congress and share not only our theoretical, clinical, and scientific interests, but also strengthen the bonds of friendship that we make and grow from Congress to Congress.

To enjoy this benefit of belonging to an international institution like ours, I want to invite you all to come to our next two international events: The next Asia-Pacific Conference in New Delhi, India, will be from January 4th to January 6th 2023. Having this conference in India will mark the culmination of the Indian Psychoanalytical Society's centenary celebration. The theme will be “Containing Diversity, Bridging Difference”. This theme invites us to explore notions of diversity and difference in psychoanalytic theory and practice, in our clinical work, and in our communities. India is one of the most socially, culturally, ethnically, and linguistically diverse nations in the world, so it is well acquainted with the challenges and benefits of dealing with differences.

The program committee, chaired by Louise Gylter, is working hard to create a very interesting and exciting program. After having to cancel our Asia-Pacific Conference in Sidney due to the pandemic, we look forward with great optimism to meeting in person in New Delhi.

Closing Ceremony Speech by the New Vice-President of the IPA

And for the next IPA Congress in 2023, we are very pleased to invite you to Cartagena, Colombia. Colombia is in the northern portion of South America bordered by Venezuela, Brazil, Peru, Ecuador, Panama, and the Caribbean Sea. We plan on being there live and in-person to discuss psychoanalysis in the warmth of the tropics. It's a colorful city, full of poetry. Cartagena's beauty and historical significance was recognized in 1984, when it was named a UNESCO World Cultural Heritage Site. We know you're going to love it.

The venue we chose is a charming space only a few steps away from the old walled city surrounded by restaurants, shops and colorful streets with flowers hanging from the balconies. It is also located directly on the port from which you can take a boat to visit Caribbean islands with white sands and transparent waters.

For the Program Committee we are counting with Adrienne Harris as chair, Harvey Schwarz as co-chair for North America, Claudia Spadazzi as co-chair for Europe, Ruggero Levy as co-chair for Latin America and Erika Lepiavka as an IPSO member representative. The Program Committee will be working for the next two years organizing a fascinating program on the theme of "Mind in the Line of Fire," which will give us the opportunity to develop our proposal of expanding our commitment from the IPA in the Community to the IPA in the World.

The local arrangements committee will also plan fun and interesting social and cultural activities. We invited Fabio Eslava, Maria Ines Nieto, and Luz Maria Orejarena from the three IPA societies in Colombia, to co-chair this committee.

I am so happy to be able to count on Karina Gutierrez, our event manager, in helping us in each step along the way.

Colombia as well as Mexico, was home to the Nobel Prize Laureate in Literature, Gabriel Garcia Marquez. He lived in Cartagena, a place that inspired him early in his career as a journalist and a writer.

In one of his books, he wrote the story of a seven year old boy who was desperate for his father's attention, while his father was busy trying to solve some important matters. Eager to get the boy out of his office, he pulled a page out of a magazine with a picture of the world on it, cut it up into pieces with a pair of scissors, and said to the boy. "You like puzzles. Put this map of the world together and come back when you're finished." The boy did like puzzles and immediately set to work. His father figured it would take him days to complete it. But only a short while later the boy announced he had put the world together. His father was shocked. "How did you do that, son?" he asked. The boy replied, "It was easy, Papa. When you cut up the map, I saw there was a picture of a man on the other side of the page. So, all I had to do was put the man together and the world came together with him."

As analysts we help our patients to come apart and then reconstitute themselves and their worlds in a new way. At this moment in the 21st century, the world is in an acute time of troubles, the mind is

in the line of fire, and we, as analysts, have much to offer. Come to Cartagena, we have a great deal to discuss and share.

Harriet and I hope that all of you will be increasingly able to see that the IPA is YOU, YOU are the IPA, and that we ALL need each other for the ongoing growth and development of psychoanalysis. We are very much looking forward to working together!

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Fairy Tales and their impact on children's development

Mali Mann, M.D, F.I.P.A

Mali Mann, a child, and adolescent psychoanalyst & psychiatrist, reminds us of the power of fantasy. All of us who work with young children have witnessed first-hand the role of fantasy in young children's lives. For example, we all know how many young children these days are fascinated by the story, *Frozen*, a story that depicts sibling love and rivalry, bonding within a family and venturing out into the world. Other children, particularly boys, are endlessly fascinated by superheroes. She illustrates how fairy tales and myths teach children the dos and don'ts as well as the customs of their communities. She comments on other writers who stress that the myth of the hero represents masculine success. "Can we conjecture that myths glorify men's accomplishments,

while fairy tales focus on women?" She highlights various psychological states depicted in the story of *Little Red Riding Hood*.

Since Bruno Bettelheim, in The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales stressed the value of fairy tales, myth and enchantment, there has not been enough interest in the importance of fairy tales on children's development. This article directs our attention to the ubiquity of fairy tales in children's literature and their influence on identity formation. Fairy tales depict a variety of social constructs and attitudes. The story of "Little Red Riding Hood," for example, which I will highlight, warns of the dangers that can befall young women if they stray too far away from safety.

Fairy tales portray a variety of experiences that support the development of children's character. They suggest that, despite adversity, a rewarding and good life is possible, if one does not run away from the hazardous struggle. These stories promise that if a child courageously engages in a taxing search, benevolent powers will help them succeed. The stories also warn that those who are too fearful may risk having to settle for an ordinary life. Today many children meet fairy tales in film and TV where they are depicted in a frivolous, beautified, and simplified manner that masks their deeper meaning.

The myth of Oedipus, for example, highlighted by Freud, dramatized age-old problems inherent in our complex, ambivalent feelings about our parents. In fairy tales, internal processes are externalized and rendered more comprehensible as represented by characters of the story and their challenges. Fairy tales do not describe the world as it is, nor do they instruct children what they ought to do. Rather, fairy tales are helpful because children can find their own solutions by contemplating what the story implies about their own inner conflicts.

Fairy tales, folk legends, and myths embody the collective experience of a society, transmitting past wisdom to future generations. In fairy tales, figures and events personify and express universal inner conflicts. They offer in a subtle manner how conflicts might be solved.

A child learns from fairy tales that figures who seem threatening, parents or strangers, might magically change into helpful friends. Belief in the truth of fairy tales inspires courage and hope, despite the ominous appearance of strangers. For example, the hero of many fairy tales succeeds in life because of their courage in befriending an unpleasant figure. Fairy tales both delight and instruct children by allowing them to project their need for protectors in the stories. This allows children to create their own versions of tales out of the chaos in their own minds or family situation.

However, fairy tales can also be damning: For instance, the evil queen from *Snow White* demands the secret murder of her stepdaughter after a magic mirror proclaims the younger woman's beauty. The stepmother from *Hansel and Gretel* sends her stepchildren into the woods because there is not enough to eat. Cinderella sits amid her fireplace cinders, sorting peas from lentils, her ash-speckled body appeasing a wicked stepmother who wants to dull her luminosity with soot. Joseph Campbell observed in *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* that the accomplishment of the mythic hero represents macrocosmic human triumphs. On the other hand, the protagonist of the fairy tale achieves a domestic, microcosmic triumph that appears to be a personal victory. Can we conjecture that myths glorify men's accomplishments, while fairy tales focus on women? According to Otto Rank, mythic heroes are never female. Campbell limited his early analysis to male heroes, although many of his examples were female. He acknowledged childbirth as one form of heroism.

Little Red Riding Hood is one of the fairy tales that potentially has various effects on children's ego maturation and their fantasy world. The original folk tale depicts an unnamed peasant girl who meets a werewolf on her way to visit her grandmother.

The wolf asks the little girl whether she is taking the path of pins or needles. She indicates that she is on her way to becoming a seamstress by taking the path of needles. The werewolf quickly departs and arrives at the grandmother's house, where he devours the old woman and places some of her flesh in a bowl and some of her blood in a bottle. After the peasant girl arrives, the werewolf invites her to eat some meat and drink some wine before getting into bed with him. Once in bed, she asks many questions until the werewolf comes close to eating her.

She insists that she must go outside to relieve herself. The werewolf ties a rope around her leg and sends her through a window. In the garden, the girl unties the rope and wraps it around a fruit tree. Then she escapes and leaves the werewolf holding the rope. In some versions of this folk tale, the werewolf eats the girl. But the girl proves that she can fend for herself.

In Perrault's version Little Red Riding Hood appears spoiled and naïve. She wears a red cap - in older versions the story is called *Little Red Cap*. Red symbolizes violent emotions, including sexual impulses. The tale - in its many versions - expresses a warning: girls who invite strange men into their parlors deserve what they get.

Little Red Riding Hood offers a variety of archetypes: the contrast between the evil wolf and the innocent girl. She is human and thereby represents the civilized world, while the beast is wild. She is young, her grandmother old. The forest represents the unknown, and their home represents safety, society, and family. The narrative also demonstrates the emerging sense of independence. Our identity, and [sense of self changes with time and, as the fairy tale intimates, inversions are part of human nature.

Fairy tales run through us like a current from one generation to the next. They communicate, often unconsciously but powerfully, psychological truths and struggles. Our intuitive understanding tells us what it means to be a wolf, grandma, woodsman, and Little Red Riding Hood. Fairy tales, like Little Red Riding Hood, offer lessons in safety, vulnerability, and the need to exercise wise choices in the face of danger.

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Speaking Up

Kalpna Asok, M.S., M.A., LMFT

After a most difficult month when many major events in my personal life shook me up, I was looking forward to an hour at the local nail salon. My hands would be immersed in warm water, and I would be forced into putting away my mobile phone and unplug from the world. I had been in constant and crisis-mode contact with various family members for several weeks. I was looking forward to letting my mind wander and be aware of the physical and emotional worlds in a different way.

I had returned from a brief vacation that was filled with worry about my father's health and my mother's inability and unwillingness to address anything beyond the most immediate of worries. The day after I returned from the vacation, I became ill with what was quickly diagnosed as the Delta variant of the Covid-19 virus - a breakthrough infection - that left me fatigued and unable to resume my normal life. Then my father's health took a serious turn for the worse. I was unable to travel to India to join my family through his rapid deterioration and eventual death a few weeks later. I tried to stay connected with my family by phone, WhatsApp, and video calls during this difficult time. These were poor substitutes, but we all had to make do in this extraordinary time. All in all, it had been a brutally difficult month and I greatly looked forward to some rest, if only for an hour.

I took my rings off to prepare for the manicure remembering with sorrow that the simple gold band with a starburst pattern had been my father's. That ring itself was symbolic of so many difficult emotions for me. My father had only been seven years old when his father died, and he underwent the Upanayanam, the Brahmin rite of passage to become "twice-born" or initiated into bachelorhood of a Brahmin male. This was a ceremony that was denied to women in the caste. Since that age, he had had to perform yearly rituals to safeguard the family's well-being and keep his father's soul at peace. This gold band was given to him on the day he was supposed to have become "twice-born" at only 7 years old. Women, excluded from many of the Hindu ceremonies and rituals, were second-class. I had been an angry teenager as I became aware of the in-built sexism in the religion. I had since avoided attending the many male-centric and patriarchal ceremonies after speaking up within my family brought no changes in their practices. And, yet, I had started wearing this ring after my last visit home to India eighteen months ago when I had an intuition that I would not get to see my father in person again. A child's ring of responsibility now sits on my grown-up but little finger. I have tried to protect myself from rituals, rites, and relatives who are steeped in them. The three "R"s, as I came to regard them, were painful to me. While some of my family saw only the good

that came of the Rs, (comfort, prayer for the health and well-being of the family and children, as well as a belief that all these helped process grief) I saw only sexism, racism and the role of entrenched privilege of some classes of people in India. In my adult years, even though I had managed to avoid many events and ceremonies in the larger family system, I could not help trying to speak up about how my father's death ceremonies were to be performed. I tried to have my mother understand how my brother-in-law would feel about being excluded from some of the death ceremonies because of his belonging to another and lower caste. My sister had married outside of our caste, and I fumed inwardly at the unfairness of excluding him from some of the death ceremonies simply based on his caste. He is a central figure in our family, holding that role as a naturally compassionate and connected leader. Yet, if my mother were to blindly follow the rites and rituals prescribed by the priests, they would exclude him from some of the ceremonies. My father had also not wanted elaborate rituals for himself, but my mother made her decisions based on her spiritual beliefs as well as those who pressured her to do so. As the family's only son in a male-centric culture, my brother bore the pressure of the older generation's need for all the rituals, and, the major brunt of the "R"s. I was secretly embarrassed by my relief at not having to take on the "R"s by being physically present there even as I was consumed by sorrow over my father's death. After dozens of phone calls, I gave up. I felt all my speaking up was in vain as the elders inexorably went ahead with whatever rituals they were

attached to, ignoring all my protests.

About a month after my father's death, I made an appointment for a manicure. I went into the salon and was greeted by Anna, the lady in charge who asked why my daughter was not with me today. "Big girl. Tall girl. I remember her. Very polite. Very kind," she nodded approvingly. The salon had installed plastic barriers between the pedicure thrones. Plastic partitions helped stop the direct flow of air between the nail technician and the client. The front and back doors of the salon were open to have as much air flow as possible. I picked out a color to amuse myself. Even if I did not intend to get my nails painted, I loved looking at the shiny bottles and reading the evocative names on them. Sahara Sands, Monaco Moonshine, Sand n Champagne, Rocky Romance, Burnt Sienna, Maui Blue, Green Envy, and Grieving Gray all held the promise of more than mere color.

I stood around while they prepared the nail station. Anna motioned me into the chair. This salon was relatively new to me. Although I am usually friendly and try to engage in some small talk, I was mostly silent that day. Many of the women working and running these nail parlors look like they are from Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos or other Southeast Asian countries having settled into this profession with its minimal requirement for English fluency.

There was a big and prominent sign on the door asking for all patrons to please wear their masks whether they were vaccinated or not. I noticed that all the technicians were

masked as I was, given that the Delta variant was now on the rise. The one other client in the chair next to mine was rakishly wearing her mask over one ear, and it dangled like an earring not covering her mouth or nose. She noticed me looking in her direction and pulled the mask up over her nose and mouth and avoided further eye contact with me. She continued talking on the phone. Her nail technician was masked and worked on the customer's feet. I looked away for a bit and after a while I noticed that the woman was back to her rakish look with the mask dangling from one ear. I tried not to look in her direction anymore but called her Just Peachy in my mind.

My father had a habit of giving people nicknames that suited their personalities or described unusual traits and behaviors; in naming her perhaps I was wondering how he would have named her. He affectionately called a cousin who would suddenly jerkily gesticulate Sam the Sudden (after a comic book popular at the time), and he did it with charm and love. So many people responded to his unreserved warmth. He used to point things out to me when we sat in the car waiting while on errands – “See that person with the red shopping bag? Look at their face. See the droop? Maybe they had Bell's Palsy.” As a neurologist, he had a way of noticing and looking deeply. Perhaps this was one of his legacies to me – I always pay close notice to the people around me. Another new customer walked right up to Anna. She wore no mask and came and stood really close to Anna, not observing the 6-foot distance rule we all seem to have internalized after the start

of the Pandemic. Anna flinched but did not step back – she shuffled back a few inches. In-Your-Face asked Anna if she could be helped at once. “Yes, yes. Have a seat. Lily is almost done there. Lily, Liz is here please,” Anna moved away, tapping young Lily on the shoulder to get her complete attention. Anna was deferential to Liz-In-Your-Face. A very different Anna from the one who greeted me at the door earlier nodding approvingly about my daughter. Anna's face even covered by a mask was clearly embarrassed by Liz-In-Your-Face's behavior. Neither Liz-In-Your-Face nor Just Peachy wore their masks the rest of the time they were in the salon. Just Peachy dropped her voice a bit after Liz-In-Your-Face arrived (perhaps she deferred to Liz-In-Your-Face, but it had not mattered when I had come in, or she had decided I would not mind her loud conversation) and now felt emboldened to not even keep her mask hanging from her ear. In fact, she tucked it away in her bag. Having become a majority of two seemed to sway the balance of behavior and power. I idly wondered what they would all have done if I picked up my phone and loudly spoke to an imaginary friend. “Yes yes, I only got diagnosed last week. Muffled?” I would shift to mask-as-earring mode. “Better now? See, who wants to wear that all the time, no? My symptoms are better now. But 10 days in bed. I am supposed to be safe to go out as of today. Yes. Really bad. But you know, I am healthy. Only 50 years.” (Now boldly lying and taking away at least 10 years from my age, astutely estimating that Liz-In-Your-Face as well as Just Peachy are at least 65 years old.) “No. No! Really? (Now in Tamil),

What do these fellows know?" Now making sure mockery and condescension dripped, I would drop in words like: Serious, Hospital, FDA, What! Who died? Really! Tch-Tch. I entertained myself with these imaginary monologues, mixing up Tamil, and enough English to alarm them, my anger now rising as comedy and spite. I wondered if these inconsiderate clients would pull on their masks after listening to my imagined conversation. I had to slam the brakes on this very quickly as I imagined the shock of Anna and the ladies who worked in the salon. I left the salon after silently paying, nodding my thanks to Anna and having let my imaginary conversation evaporate into sullen resentment as well as a sense of shame.

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"I would have left immediately!" exclaimed my immune compromised friend when I told her about the incident the next day. "Places that do not enforce the rules do not deserve our business," she said. "I am working on speaking up," I said lamely to my friend. I did not have the energy to discuss the issue further. Perhaps I also wondered if she could see this as a class and race issue or was too focused on health and safety only. "We have to speak up," she continued, "or else, these businesses will not enforce the rules. They are part of the problem. They should have asked the women to wear masks or leave. Or you could have left." She seemed to know exactly what she would do.

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In a way, this writing is the more complete conversation I

wish I could have had with my friend.

I felt like I was on the horns of a dilemma. Speaking up would endanger the livelihoods of the women working at the salon. Not speaking up would empower the clients to continue abusing their position of privilege.

I felt anger at those endangering others' health, and concern for those powerless to challenge the rule violators. I felt stuck. I did not speak up at the salon. I did speak up to my family when they were inconsiderate and hurtful. I had not been stuck, had known clearly what was right and who would be hurt by continuing to uphold traditional rituals. My speaking up with my family had not led to changes I had hoped for. For better or worse, I felt good about speaking up to my family.

I may not have spoken up at the salon due to some intuitive limbic system response, because speaking up did not feel safe at that moment. Or I was unwilling to trust myself to know exactly what I was thinking and feeling at a moment when I might have made a difference. Or, perhaps I have deeply felt reactions to race, color, privilege, class and my status as an immigrant that I am sometimes unaware of. In the situation with my family, I knew I had some privilege as the elder sister to my brother. The two of us could have joined forces and together countered some of the prejudices. However, he was hobbled by his health difficulties, and chose not to resist her decisions. My speaking up in that situation did not lead to any change. I spoke up for my father who was no longer there, and even that was not enough to

have my relatives think about what was right. These arguments drained and saddened me, and I began to feel an outsider in my family.

As I think about it more, I know I did not speak up in the salon out of a mixture of emotions including exhaustion, hope for a quiet space of relaxation, conflicted feelings about being outspoken and failing to make a difference, resentment about privileged people, hesitation about a possible confrontation, and recognition of the financially difficult position of the women who worked at the salon. In some ways, I felt like a wounded warrior who had nothing left to give. It felt less my fight compared to the pressure I felt to speak up in my family.

Perhaps this part is all rationalization. I understand that the Asian women who run the salon are in a difficult situation. So many people have lost months of income. The technicians are balancing making an income, staying safe, keeping their customers happy, and not alienating their less cooperative but long-term clients. They are trying. They are working. They are dealing with the privileged on whom they are dependent for business. Perhaps my mother was similarly dependent on her relatives and on her own spiritual beliefs for her continued sense of well-being.

I could not speak up and risk the women in the salon getting financially “punished” for my outspokenness. I am aware of my privilege, know more clearly why privileged people don’t always speak up for those who are put-down, and more

aware of the dissonance and anxiety created in me by the idea of a potentially unpleasant confrontation. I feel at peace with my decision or impulse to not speak up that day. I knew at some level inside me that my silence would result in the best outcome. I had gone to the salon for a little touch of luxury, and to find a space to be quiet. But that day there was no respite from noticing, reacting, and thinking about responding. It didn’t feel too different from my trying to speak up with my family in India, my failing to convince them to look at their privilege and take up a position against the bigoted old rituals that were so entrenched –their need for old comfort won out. There was, and is, no respite for me from considering the act of speaking up, and perhaps my need for comfort and safety won out that day. Those who have voices can call out for others who don’t. Whether they do or do not, and why or why not is a more nuanced decision.

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Line, space, time. Encounter between an artist and a psychoanalyst.

Thomas Marcacci. **CREDENTIALS**

My intention with this paper is not to propose a subjective reflection on a piece of art, looking for various perspectives of meaning from a psychoanalytic point of view. Nor is the intention to interview the artist with pre-established questions, soliciting her in the exposition of her individual reflections, and of the meanings she has already been able to think of.

My aim is rather to meet an artist and play together through a dialogue of free associations, starting from her works or from some considerations that strike us in the “here and now” of our encounter. Thus, without a pre-established goal, but with the purpose of living an experience of a fertile meeting, we could make new images, emotions and reflections flourish, along with further meanings not yet thought of by us.

In this script I tell about a meeting with Ester Grossi¹, an Italian artist who has lived in Bologna for years dedicating herself to painting, exhibiting her works in Italy and the U.S. and collaborating frequently on multidisciplinary projects with musicians, designers and video artists.

We met one evening in July. In seeing each other again for the first time after the lock down of the previous months, we remain uncertain for a few seconds on how to greet each other, whether at a distance or by touching skin to skin, cheek to cheek, as was natural for us Italians before the forced social distancing. A situation which many people could have shared in these odd months.

Touching each other skin to skin rather than just being close together, something intense and different happens between two people.

With a selection of works under the arm, carefully protected by a bundle, we went to the hills above Bologna, to escape the heat of the season and to have a drink in an outdoor venue where we let our thoughts play freely.

The cue of our meeting was an implicit mutual curiosity. I think she was amused to find out what a psychoanalyst wanted from her and

¹*instagram; estergossi.com*

her works. I was struck by a strand in her works, where she searches for the essential form, removing as much as possible of the details, while leaving its representation.

Ester immediately tells me that the line has main importance in her works, before any research and experimentation. The line is an element that gives stability, allowing the identity of what is contained by it.

This reminds me of the importance, even for human beings, of the surrounding surface: the skin (Bick, 1968²; Anzieu, 1985³). I tell her that the process which, through conception, birth, the first months of life, leads oneself to recognize his or her own body and its boundaries as Self, distinct from the surrounding environment, is an evolutionary movement that constitutes the foundation of feeling the consistency and continuity of being.

Esther continues our flow of thought and adds that although the line in a painting can serve to demarcate and distinguish, just like the skin, to contain a person's individuality, this does not necessarily lead to separation or closure. On the contrary, the line, from her perspective as an artist, is not a border that precludes the relationship between forms but rather allows it.

I follow her path, commenting that precisely the perception of the consistency of the boundaries of one's Self, of one's contour line, we could say, allows one to meet the other with greater confidence, without the fear of losing one's personal identity. Perhaps we can reflect that on the one hand, the encounter with the otherness, whether between people, between cultures, or between elements in a work of art, can be sustainable and give rise to a fertile contamination if each subject has been able to take shape in a sufficiently solid identity. On the other hand, the outline is not only the limit that separates but it is also the point of contact between two surfaces, which could enhance each other's identity and specificity precisely through their encounter.

Touching each other, line with line, something intense happens to the figures, which is different than simply being close to each other. Just like the two of us, at the moment of our initial greeting.

Esther associates with this, saying that her current research goes towards the most essential representation of the subject's form through a progressive abstraction. She proposes that maybe she can feel confident in doing this precisely having passed previously from a more delineated figuration. Our thoughts play together, reflecting

² Bick, E. (1968). *L'esperienza della pelle nelle prime relazioni oggettuali*. In: *L'osservazione diretta del bambino*. A cura di V. Bonaminio e B. Iaccarino. Bollati Boringhieri, 1985.

³ Anzieu, D. (1985). *L'io pelle*. Raffaello Cortina Editore, 2017.

about the search for a balance: between pure abstraction and lines which give a figurative anchoring; between the expressiveness of colors, on the one hand, that create dynamism, of moving shades that make the gaze get lost inside them and, on the other hand, edges that contain, which offer a handhold for reasoning, reassuring and allowing a perspective. Sensoriality and instinctual emotionality, that arouse vibrant tension, intertwined with a meaningful reasoning that transforms into symbol and measure, giving space to a reassuring awareness. Indulging in evocative words, we could think of this as an incessant game between Dionysian and Apollonian, seeking a sublime balance, both in art and in psychic dynamics.

The evening is moving towards the night, the welcoming coolness of the hills, which previously could have been a pleasant background of our chatter, has become cold, catching us off guard. In the meantime, the garden around us has filled with people, vitality and excitement. We move, asking for a decentralized and solitary place inside, in the rooms that are now closing. We find a suitable light to observe Esther's works and a more intimate place to let our ideas emerge.

Finally we untie the package that protects the works, "Red Hook Lines",⁴ which now reveal to be alive: seen as photo images they seemed more opaque, while meeting them in person the lines light up with color and move, pulsing with the light they capture from the environment, emerging from the rough canvas of their background. At a glance, it comes to me like a tactile sensation, right before perceiving any representation.

Ester tells me about the months she spent in Red Hook, a neighborhood in northwestern Brooklyn. Through her words, she takes me in a journey with her, telling me about the history full of contradictions of that place, which went through moments of prosperity in the twentieth century, being the largest port of New York in the post-war period, then years of decay, as a degraded and abandoned area at the end of the century. Today a new sophisticated and avant-garde residential area, where the old abandoned port structures have nonetheless remained: an industrial archeology, witness of the past.

She tells me that the lines are the dominant element in the Red Hook horizon: at the horizon the line of the sea bathing the docks but also the intertwining of countless electric threads across the streets, or the vertical lines of the metal structures of the hoists and cranes that overlook the port, where the profiles of modern buildings are intertwined with the lines of old disused structures. She says that this constant element of the landscape, the line, struck her with intensity and therefore she had the will to highlight it in her works.

⁴ *The project Red Hook Lines started during Ester Grossi's residency at De-Construkt in Brooklyn in December 2017, and continued with the exhibition Souvenir (CRAC Gallery, May - June 2018), and Esseziale (Spazio Testoni Gallery, April - June 2019).*

While I listen to her, I look at her canvases. I feel that in my mind Esther's words evoke intense sensations: I can see clearly in the foreground some rational meaning but also I recognize in myself something more, a feeling to which I still cannot give thought or words. I am struck by the vastness of what she has made me guess with her description, but which I still cannot imagine. She makes me think of the different layers of the history of that place: past, present, future. I feel that many words, multiple stories, contradictory perspectives, are expressed together in the painting I am looking at, far beyond its manifest content. This reminds me of the work of dreams, royal way for the unconscious (Freud, 1899⁵): condensation of many meanings into a single representation; memories of different life periods that overlap, expressed as the same moment. Absence of a temporal continuum, coexistence of contradictory opposites: intuitions that subtract the unconscious from the rules of positivistic reasoning.

I propose this thought to Ester. This activates immediately an association in her. Hearing the word "dream", it occurs to her that while she was in Red Hook to create her first piece, she had the intuition to turn the canvas, painting not on the prepared white side but on the back, on the raw canvas. She says she had never done that; it was a natural gesture, done without thinking. I follow her in the association and I realize that the rough canvas gives me a sense of warmth, it offers my gaze a reassuring base, a sort of natural substantiality, where the fluorescence of the line can stand out and find containment at the same time. On a white background it would have fallen into the void.

Ester continues the flow of free associations, saying that from Red Hook one can see Manhattan from a decentralized perspective, different respect to the more well-known images. Perhaps this is also why she felt the push to paint on the back side. One can see the skyline of the glittering skyscrapers of Wall Street in the background, further west the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island, while in the foreground the intertwining lines of the old and new layers of the harbor.

So! These words bring me the intuition of something that was pressing on my mind, inchoate. I propose to Ester: "Maybe, with your gesture of overturning the canvas, you have grasped something of the place and represented it, unconsciously, even without thinking to this: the depth of time, condensed in a glance. The rough canvas has a flavor that refers to the past, it evokes something unsophisticated, rough bricks, oxidized iron, an immanent component of time. The fluorescent color, on the other hand, captures the vitality of the light and drags it into the perspective of the straight lines, which give direction to space and to the flow of time. Here you have not only painted a panorama: by turning the canvas, using fluorescent colors on the rough part, you have given thought to the feeling of time. You gave representation to the contradictions and the coexistence of different eras which that neighborhood put you in contact. Yours was a "reverie" (Bion, 1962⁶): you caught something of the atmosphere you were in, something that was not yet thinkable consciously; a

raw feeling. Unconsciously, by welcoming it, you offered a first transformation, turning it into something to fantasize about later on, as we are doing now. Only now, we are giving words to that atmosphere, and this finally leads us to think of a new meaning for all that experience you lived there.

I don't know if this has anything to do with something "true" about Red Hook, but at least our free play with our ideas has brought a fertile evolution of thought."

This brief report of this playful encounter between an artist and a psychoanalyst, highlights, in my opinion, how somatic and psychic aspects, different moments within a continuum, are in a constant and fertile exchange. They put us in contact with the environment in which we are immersed and influence it in turn, intertwining perception and symbolization, emotion and meaning, in a movement of mutual transformation.

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