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CRITICA



VISIBLE-INVISIBLE

FALL 2023 / VOL. 4, NO. 2



CRITICA

CRITICAL THINKING, CREATIVITY, & CONTEMPORARY ISSUES
IN PSYCHOANALYTIC PRACTICE

FALL ISSUE 2023
VOL. 4 NO.2

Critica is an inclusive and transdisciplinary publishing platform that focuses on offering a reflective and aesthetic space to consider complex social and cultural issues through psychoanalytic and creative lens. We invite dialogue while offering the possibility of expression and creative expansion of our understanding of contemporary cultural and collective issues in the hopes of promoting social change.

Critica is published online twice a year, in the Fall and Spring. Previous issues can be found in our archives, and printed on demand. The publication receives submission of essays, literary and artistic pieces, and book/film reviews in response or in conversation with contemporary collective/social experiences.

PINC (Psychoanalytic Institute of Northern California) News and Notes Newsletter transitioned into Critica in 2020. The idea of Critica naturally evolved from shifts in the content of our Newsletter that reflected the search for new languages to address and understand the many layers of emotional experience evoked in a world in transition (and crisis). It was born from a need for contemporary explorations of the interplay of the psychic, the social, the cultural and the political.

Critica aims to offer a space for social, political and cultural critical thinking while promoting social change. Our objective was to broaden the impact of psychoanalytic critical thinking beyond PINC and establish a cutting-edge contemporary reflective space. In this sense, Critica functions as an informative, opinion forming, outreach opportunity and container for thinking through our emotional and social realities.

If you would like to know more, you may contact us at critica@critica.press

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President's Remarks

Dear PINC Community,



Kali Hess, MFT

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It is impossible to know what the state of things will be by the time you read this, as it is now early November, a month after the October 7 terrorist attack on Israel. At the moment the world is a frightening place: events in Israel and Palestine are creating tremendous pain and conflicts for everyone, and it is hard to have faith in a peaceful and just solution. It's a lot for us all to carry, and, of course, we carry the pain of our patients along with our own.

Many of us have been thinking for some time about how we at PINC might reclaim our sense of community. This is a particularly important question in this moment amid the intense feelings of alienation some of us have with each other around world events. How can we listen to each other and hear each other's pain and fear?

In the face of this, we carry on with teaching and learning, with preparing for our facility move in November, and all of the other behind the scenes work that keeps PINC running. As I've written in numerous letters over the past year, we are at in a period of transition, facing the retirement and stepping back of many in our most senior generation who have kept PINC thriving since its inception. At the same time, we are looking to the future as we put forward a vision and a plan to make the training we offer more equitable, accessible, and affordable. And as some things are progressing while others are ending, we are tasked with finding a reinvigoration of our communal experience, as well as people to help with our future Development.

Some of the disconnection that began during COVID has left us more vulnerable to disruption and with an uncertain path to repairing relationships. I urge everyone to be kind – to yourself and to others, at this time. At PINC, we have a lot to celebrate, as we continue to attract excited and diverse candidates, to revise and modernize our curriculum and policies, and to work together to bring a better psychoanalysis into the future.

Perhaps words from Leonard Cohen can help:

Ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack, a crack in everything
That's how tthe light gets in
Let's work together to find the light in the cracks that have opened.

My best to you all, with hope for a peaceful world.

-Kali Hess, President, PINC

A Fragile Tread

by Carolina Bacchi, Psy.D.

Visible-Invisible is the theme of our current issue. The visible and invisible in psychoanalysis. The erasure of knowledge and/or consumption of fake knowledge. The many facets of belonging/not belonging. The unrepresented. The ones who we see and the ones who we don't. Inclusion and exclusion. Reflections on race, gender, class and/or disability. The return of the repressed. Analytic listening. The invisible in the arts. Psychoanalysis and discovery.

Our contributors engaged with those topics, while we faced, once more, collective ruptures and turmoil. How can one hold a space for dialogue at times in which thinking cannot be held? How can we engage with this constant tension between visible/invisible, what we know and what is unknown? In times when life is held by a thread, and respite feels unattainable, we are left with the difficult task to attend, contend with, and find ways to embrace the horrors and possibilities inherent to our fragile human existence. Here is our invitation once more to the reader - let yourself be carried, be touched, be welcomed by our pages and their fleeing attempt at offering you something to see that unquestionably hides and uncover what cannot yet be seen and known.

On another note, we are excited to launch our new website, which will offer access to Critica's archives and more. Our deepest appreciation for Elijah Allen, our graphic designer, who imagined our vision and made it real for our readers. Our Editorial Board is looking forward to joining the online world of interdisciplinary psychoanalytic publications!



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Dark Times

by Luca Di Donna, Ph.D.

As I was writing this brief editorial I heard the news that Palestine and Israel were at war. The pictures on the TV were horrific. Children, old people, and young people were killed. It was unbearable to look at and listen to the news.

I was surprised that many friends did not say or write any comments. My impression is we are afraid to speak or write because of fear of retaliation. I also had another thought that in these catastrophic situations, we became invisible to the world and ourselves. A protection, perhaps an illusion that everything will be okay? Or is it another denial on our part?

To survive collectively we must speak and write about our feelings and emotions. Critica is a good avenue for reflection, a space to think about the suffering in the world. We chose as our theme "The Visible and The Invisible." In this issue, we show our visibility via essays, philosophical ideas, poems, and visual images. I think that images and words are important to preserve the survival of history. Perhaps with these images, disturbing as they are, we can learn how to preserve the past, not the historical past but a past that resurges through violence and madness.



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The Thing Is...
by Stephen Mosblech

The Thing is...
It can't be hidden
Because It can't be seen.

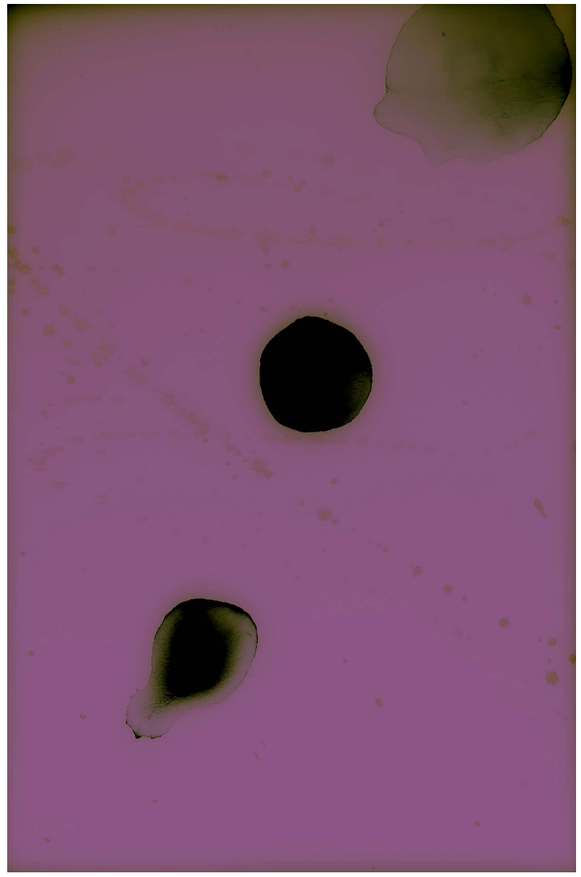
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Stephen Mosblech, Phantom[b]nal
[Digitally eroded painting]



Stephen Mosblech, Id-Crypted
[Digitally eroded painting]

RETURN OF THE REPRESSED

A CONVERSATION WITH

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Carolina: Sabemos que o seu trabalho fotográfico tem focado em viagens a comunidades quilombolas e outras comunidades tradicionais no Brasil, com o intuito de dar mais voz a essa comunidade. Você poderia nos contar mais a respeito desse seu trabalho?

We are aware that your work focuses on traveling to traditional and ***quilombola*** *communities in Brazil with the goal of giving them a voice. Could you tell us a little more about your work?*

Christiane: Sempre gostei muito de viajar pelo Brasil, e quando chegava a algum destino, tinha muito vontade de conhecer as pessoas nativas da região, saber como viviam e os desafios que enfrentavam com os avanços do turismo e maior acesso da população a ambientes que, até então, poucos anos antes, eram territórios ainda pouco explorados. Dava sempre um jeito de conversar com os pescadores, com os trabalhadores rurais, com os funcionários das pousadas onde me hospedava. A vida foi seguindo, fui trabalhando na minha área de formação, cuja trajetória foi sempre marcada pela psicanálise, e nos últimos anos eu voltei a me dedicar a uma paixão muito antiga: a fotografia. Saí para praticar, fui estudar e durante um curso de Fotografia Documental, conheci um profissional incrível, o João Roberto Ripper, que vem dedicando o trabalho de toda uma vida para as comunidades tradicionais do Brasil, colocando sua fotografia a serviço dos Direitos Humanos. Desde a primeira vez que o ouvi falando de seu trabalho, fiquei arrebatada! Entendi, imediatamente, que era isso que eu queria fazer com a fotografia. Não apenas porque ele dá visibilidade a comunidades relegadas ao esquecimento e todos os tipos de negligências de nosso Estado, que lhes retira acesso aos direitos mais básicos, mas especialmente porque ele desenvolveu uma maneira de documentar essas populações de forma a dignificar esses sujeitos. Aprendi com ele, tendo o privilégio de o acompanhar durante viagens para algumas dessas comunidades, que o mais importante é se ambientar no lugar onde eles vivem, compreender a realidade deles, ouvir suas histórias, acolher suas alegrias e suas dores – e somente depois disso, depois de tornar-se um pouco parte daquela realidade, junto deles, é que tomamos a liberdade de fotografá-los. Os registros que surgem disso carregam consigo os laços de afeto que criamos com essas pessoas, o profundo respeito que sentimos por suas histórias de vida, suas raízes e seus tantos saberes. É isso que espero que as

pessoas enxerguem na minha fotografia: as belezas dessas pessoas que são, geralmente, invisíveis para o próprio povo brasileiro, que desconhece, assim como eu também desconhecia, nosso próprio país, os muitos "Brasis" que existem.

I have always enjoyed traveling in Brazil. Usually when I go somewhere, I have a desire to know the native people of the region, to know how they live. I am also curious about the challenges they may face in response to the advances in tourism and greater access to territories that used to be unexplored before. I always tried to talk to the fishermen, rural workers, and even owners or workers of the pousadas where I stayed. As my work as a psychoanalyst evolved, for the last few years I decided to dedicate more time to an old hobby and passion: photography. During a Documentary Photography course, I met an incredible professional, João Roberto Ripper, who has dedicated his entire life's work to the Brazilian traditional communities, dedicating his work as a photographer to the defense of Human Rights. Since the first time I heard him talking about his work, I was deeply touched! I understood, immediately, I would like to follow a similar path as a photographer. Not only because it gives visibility to communities that have been forgotten by all types of negligence of our government, which removes access to the most basic human rights, but especially because Ripper has developed a way to document these populations while offering back their sense of humanity and dignity. I have learned with him, while I accompanied him on trips to some of these communities, that the most important thing is to set the scene in the place where they live, understand their reality, listen to their stories, cherish their joys and their dreams – and only afterwards, after becoming somewhat part of that reality, together, we take the freedom to photograph them. The pictures then carry with them all the bonds of affection created, and the deep respect that we feel towards their life stories, their roots, and their knowledge. I hope people will find in my photography the beauty of these communities that are generally invisible to the Brazilian people at large, who are unaware, like I once was, of the many "Brazils" that exist within our country.

Carolina: Qual tem sido a sua experiencia em fotografar essas comunidades?

Can you tell us more about your experience in photographing those communities?

Christiane: Tem sido as experiências mais ricas de minha vida, e, ao mesmo tempo, das mais desafiadoras. Primeiro porque tenho que tentar, ao máximo, suspender aquilo que carrego da minhas próprias origens e condições de vida, em muitos aspectos, tão diferentes do que encontro nessas comunidades. Nasci numa condição privilegiada social e economicamente, então minhas referências são diferentes das deles. Nunca passei por privações, nem sofri discriminações.

CRITICA



Sei o abismo que nos separa nesses aspectos. É um desafio se abrir para o novo, para aquilo que vou encontrar em cada um desses lugares, desde a forma de organizar a moradia, o tipo de alimentação, os hábitos de vida, as prioridades. Um exercício de realmente se abrir para a alteridade, e, pouco a pouco, encontrar aquilo que também pode nos unir enquanto sujeitos, e a partir disso, criar laços de afeto com eles. Foram tantos aprendizados...eles têm conhecimentos muito diferentes dos meus, que sempre vivi num grande centro urbano. Sem contar o fato de eu adorar ouvir suas histórias de vida, a maneira que encaram as dificuldades, a força para persistir diante de tantas adversidades. Foram muitos os momentos de encontro com muitas dessas pessoas, encontros marcados por abraços, olhares amorosos, admiração e trocas genuínas de afeto.

Uma das descobertas mais linda têm sido testemunhar a relação que eles mantêm com a natureza que os cerca: é dela que extraem alimento para suas refeições, e também o seu sustento, com a agricultura e a pesca, por exemplo, que lhes permite a venda de alimentos. Mas, ao mesmo tempo, são os principais guardiões dessas riquezas naturais: eles sabem que a preservação dessas áreas ambientais são fundamentais para a manutenção da própria existência da comunidade, e também, do nosso território brasileiro. Eles preservam os rios, as matas, os peixes, e outros animais, sem o interesse de exploração comercial destes, sem ganância.

Além disso, é de um aprendizado ímpar a possibilidade de testemunhar nessas comunidades o que pouco se encontra nos grandes centros urbanos de nosso país: os laços de solidariedade entre as pessoas e a maneira de buscar soluções coletivas para os problemas que enfrentam. São inúmeras as dificuldades que sofrem, no campo da saúde, da educação, do saneamento básico, e de outros recursos, uma dura realidade. Mas eu presenciei muitos exemplos de resiliência, de saídas criativas para os problemas, e, especialmente, de ajuda recíproca entre os moradores das comunidades. Há um senso de coletividade que vem se perdendo cada vez mais na nossa sociedade, mais e mais individualista, e almejando conquistas que priorizam os interesses pessoais, em detrimento do bem maior de uma comunidade. Junto aos quilombolas, percebi que temos muito a aprender, se quisermos evoluir como sociedade, e para isso, talvez tenhamos que voltar e conhecer melhor as nossas próprias raízes como povo brasileiro, e o que ainda se mantém dessas tradições, como marca de nossa(s) identidade(s).

Those have been the richest experiences of my life, and at the same time, the most challenging. First and foremost, I have to engage with my own privileged upbringing while recognizing how deeply different it is from the people who live in those communities. I am socially and economically privileged and therefore my perspective and references are necessarily diverse from theirs. I never experienced deprivation nor discrimination. I am aware of the abyss that separates us. It is a challenge to open oneself to what one will find in each of these places, beginning from the organization of the houses, the diet, the lifestyle habits, and even the priorities. It is an exercise in truly opening oneself up to otherness, and, little by little, finding something that can also unite us as subjects, and from there, create bonds of affection with each other. I have learned so much. Their knowledge is so different from mine, who always lived in large urban environments. I, however, always loved to hear their life stories, the way they face difficulties, and are forced to persist in the face of so many adversities. I have had many encounters that were marked by hugs, caring gazes, admiration and genuine exchanges of affection.

One of the most beautiful discoveries has been to testify to the relationship that those communities maintain with the nature that surrounds them. Nature provides them food and livelihood. Beyond eating they also sell what they grow or fish. At the same time, they are the main guardians of these natural riches: they are aware that the preservation of these environmental areas is fundamental for the maintenance of the community and the Brazilian land. They preserve rivers, forests, fish, and other animals without the interest of commercial exploration or need for profit.

Furthermore, it has been a unique learning experience to witness the ties of solidarity and collective problem solving that we find in these communities and rarely find in large urban areas. There are countless difficulties those communities face like the lack of basic sanitation or access to health care and education, which makes for a very harsh reality. However, I witnessed several examples of resilience, creative solutions, and, especially, reciprocal help among the inhabitants of the communities. They maintain a sense of collectivity that has been lost more and more in our individualistic society, leading to prioritizing personal interests at the expense of the community's improvement. With the Quilombolas, I realized that if we want to evolve as a society we still have a lot to learn. We may need to return to our roots as Brazilians and the traditions that mark our own identity.

Carolina: Qual o contexto das fotos "Lascívia", "Alento" e "Partidas e chegadas" publicadas na Critica?

What is the context for the pictures "Lascívia", "Alento" e "Partidas e chegadas" published inon the Spring 2023 issue of Critica?

Christiane: Antes de tudo, fiquei muito contente com o convite de publicá-las na Critica. Essas fotos aqui mencionadas não foram realizadas em nenhuma comunidade tradicional, fazem parte de ensaios com outros temas, fotos que fiz durante minhas experimentações e meus estudos no campo da fotografia. Mas entendo que a fotografia nunca é um retrato daquilo que vemos, não é mera reprodução da realidade externa. É aquilo que vemos, a partir daquilo que existe no nosso mundo interno, nos nossos sonhos, fantasias, e também conflitos, dramas, enfim, questões que estão em busca de elaboração. Entendo que sempre têm partes do fotógrafo nas imagens que ele faz com a câmera. As lentes são como um intercâmbio entre o interno e o externo, uma brincadeira nesse espaço; é assim que entendo, por exemplo, o espaço potencial teorizado pelo Winnicott. Então, quando fiz as fotos (que foram publicadas na última edição), eu estava em pleno processo de questionamento a respeito do significado da fotografia na minha vida, querendo entender o que de fato me movia nesse campo, o que eu queria fotografar...e achando que teria que me distanciar da minha profissão, que não poderia conciliar essas duas coisas. Estava num período maior de silêncio, de um retorno para mim mesma, pensando nos meus dilemas entre ir para mundo, desbravar outros territórios, e ao mesmo tempo, querer ficar onde há segurança, alento, onde há o sentimento de pertencimento. Isso foi antes de começar a fazer as viagens pelas comunidades tradicionais, mas foi lá, com esses povos, que fiz a relação entre minhas próprias questões e esse tema tão caro a eles: o pertencimento, onde eles encontram lugar de morada. É preciso se conhecer muito, se conectar profundamente com aspectos mais obscuros, mergulhar nos nossos silêncios, estar só com nosso corpo e nossa mente, para então dar abertura para aquilo que é mais verdadeiro do nosso desejo. Acho que essas três fotos falam um pouco sobre isso. E nesse processo todo entendi que a fotografia pra mim, especialmente conhecendo pessoas que tem um modo de vida tão diverso do meu, é uma forma de me conhecer, de construir minha(s) identidade(s), pois acho que somos muitos em nós mesmos.

I was very excited about the possibility of publishing those pictures with Critica. The pictures published in Critica's Spring 2023 issue were not taken in a traditional community. They were actually taken as part of my studies in photography. I believe that photography is never only a portrait of what we see, or a mere reproduction of external



reality. A photograph is actually what we see emerging in our internal world, our dreams, fantasies, and also conflicts that are in search of further elaboration. The photographer is always sharing parts of themselves with their audience. The lenses capture this exchange between the internal and external, the area of play - the picture emerges in the potential space as it was conceptualized by Winnicott. When I took the photos (which were published in the last edition), I was in the middle of the process of questioning the meaning of photography in my life, trying to understand what really moved me into this field, or what I wanted to photograph... and fearing that I would have to distance myself from my profession, that I would not be able to reconcile photography and psychoanalysis. I was in a major period of silence, of a return to myself. When I was thinking about my ambivalence between the desire to explore new territories while not wanting to let go of what is predictable and secure and what would give me a sense of encouragement and belonging. All this was before starting my trips to the traditional communities. However, it was with them that I realized that my deepest dilemmas overlapped with what mattered the most to those communities: the sense of belonging and a feeling of home. In order to find that, one needs to connect deeply with darkness and silence, be in connection with one's body and mind, in order to find our deepest desire. I believe those pictures speak to that experience. Through this process I understood what photography means to me - it is a way, especially through meeting people who have an experience so diverse from mine, of knowing myself, of building my own identity(s).

Carolina: Como você entende o link entre o impacto social do seu trabalho e a psicanálise? Você poderia nos falar mais do seu trabalho fotográfico atual e do link com o seu trabalho como psicanalista?

How do you understand the link between the social impact of your work and psychoanalysis? Could you tell us more about your work as a photographer and its link with your work as a psychoanalyst?

Christiane: A psicanálise tem muito a contribuir para o mundo, não somente no tratamento clínico, dentro dos consultórios. A psicanálise extramuros tem alcances muito importantes no campo social, em diversas instituições (escolas, hospitais gerais, judiciário, etc). E não se trata de usar a psicanálise para, necessariamente, atender pessoas nessas situações, mas de pensar que o psicanalista tem uma leitura de mundo atravessado pela maneira como apreendeu a psicanálise; e, portanto, a maneira como um psicanalista estabelece relações com os outros, seja lá em qual ambiente for, pode produzir mudanças.

Para explicar melhor o que quero dizer, posso afirmar que tive a alegria de presenciar, mais de uma vez, o impacto nas pessoas fotografadas ao verem seus próprios retratos nas imagens impressas. Entendo que isso é um efeito subjetivante, na medida em que meu olhar de fotógrafa acabou por produzir um investimento libidinal no outro, que, por vezes, modifica a imagem que a pessoa tem de si mesma.

Lembro de uma mulher quilombola que estava bastante recolhida em sua dor quando cheguei a sua comunidade, num projeto que envolvia outros fotógrafos. O marido a havia deixado para se casar com uma moça muitos anos mais nova,

com quem já havia tido um filho, recém nascido. Ele abandonou a casa, a liderança da comunidade, que até então era exercida por ele, deixando também seus pais, já idosos, aos cuidados da ex mulher. Ela estava muito entristecida, se sentindo desvalida, e bastante solitária. Pouco se cuidava, destinando a energia que ainda lhe sobrava para cuidar dos pais, dos sogros e dos netos, que a visitavam algumas vezes. Durante o período do nosso projeto fotográfico, ela foi se aproximando e quis contar a história da sua vida, envergonhada por ter sido rejeitada e mostrando uma visão de si mesma muito negativa. A nossa presença em sua casa, minha e de outras duas fotógrafas bastante sensíveis, começou a ocupá-la, querendo cozinhar pra gente, conversar e nos levar para conhecer a região. Ela contou que adorava ir nadar no igarapé, uma espécie de rio daquela região. E nos convidou para acompanhá-la. Naquela ocasião, seu sorriso voltou a aparecer: virou um dia de festa para as crianças, ela se divertia e nos convidou para voltar lá com ela nos dias que se seguiram. Fizemos muitas fotos desses momentos, e também de seu cotidiano e das pessoas que a cercavam. Havia algo se modificando nela. A transformação mais impressionante foi quando, antes de irmos embora, lhe pedimos para escolher sua melhor roupa para fazermos retratos dela, em sua casa, a qual arrumava e cuidava com todo o zelo e capricho. Ela mesmo se surpreendeu completamente com o resultado das fotos. Não só porque havia se enfeitado, mas porque sua expressão estava diferente, algo nela foi revitalizado, e era notável que estávamos vendo as fotos de uma mulher bela, altiva, vivaz. Era outra mulher, estava potente. Então, entendo que a psicanálise me permitiu fazer uma leitura do momento que ela estava vivendo, de luto e tristeza, e até mesmo, de certa melancolia. E como psicanalista, sabemos escutar as dores humanas de modo a legitimá-las, sem a preocupação de que isso seja logo superado. Saber esperar para falar, saber esperar o tempo daquilo que o outro precisa atravessar. Faz toda a diferença alguém se sentir, de fato, escutado. Nessas conversas com ela, e também durante as fotos que fazíamos, entendo que ela foi recuperando partes de seu self que estavam numa espécie de adormecimento. A força dessa mulher diante de tudo o que aconteceu em sua história, desde antes desse casamento, era algo muito impactante. E, pouco a pouco, acho que ela foi percebendo que nós, fotógrafos, enxergávamos esses recursos dela, e que nossas imagens retratavam isso. Fomos revelando as belezas, onde até, então, ela só via feiura.

Nessa situação, e em muitas outras vividas nessas andanças nas comunidades tradicionais, a fotografia dialogou com temas muito caros à humanidade, como a questão das origens, do enraizamento, do pertencimento, de se sentir existente/visível no mundo. Assim como o oposto disso, que joga essas pessoas no isolamento, no preconceito, na invisibilidade. E a psicanálise tem muito a pensar e contribuir com tudo isso.

Psychoanalysis has a lot to offer beyond our consulting rooms. Community psychoanalysis has a significant impact on the social field (schools, hospitals, hospitals, judiciary, etc.). This impact is not only through offering treatment to individuals in those institutions. It is not about using psychoanalysis to, necessarily, offer treatment to people in need, but rather the psychoanalyst's view of the world is traversed in by psychoanalysis; and, therefore, the way a psychoanalyst establishes relationships with others, regardless of the environment they are immersed in, may produce changes.

To better explain what I want to say, I can affirm that I have had the joy of witnessing, more than once, the impact on the people photographed of seeing their own portraits in the printed images. I believe that my libidinal investment revealed through my lens is communicated, and at times, has produced an effect of changing the person's photographed self image.

I remember one experience that was very meaningful to me and reflects what I am trying to convey. When I arrived at the community, there was this woman who was withdrawn and stayed in her bedroom. Her husband had left her for a younger woman who recently had a baby. He abandoned his home, the leadership position he had had in the community, and his elderly parents, whom she was taking care of. She was very sad, feeling helpless, and quite lonely. She had no energy to take care of herself, allocating what she had left to take care of her parents, her in-laws, and the grandchildren who visited once in a while. During the period of our photography project, she approached me slowly, wanting to tell me the story of her life, embarrassed by having been abandoned and showing a very negative view of herself. Our presence in her house offered comfort, and she wanted to cook for us, talk to us, and show us around. She told us she loved going swimming in the Igarapé, a river in the small village. She invited us to accompany her. During that afternoon, her smile appeared again: children joined us, she had fun and invited us to come back on the days that would follow. I took many photos of those moments, of her life and the people she was close to. I noticed that something was changing.

The most impressive transformation was when, before we left, we asked her to choose her best clothes to make her portraits inside her house, which she cared for with all her zeal and whim. She was completely surprised with the photos when she saw them. Not only because she had groomed herself, but because her expression was different, something in her was revitalized, and it was noticeable that we were seeing the pictures of a beautiful, confident, vivacious woman. She was another woman, empowered by her own image. I believe that psychoanalysis allowed me to understand the moment she was experiencing, of mourning, grief and sadness, and beyond that, melancholy. And as a psychoanalyst, we learn how to legitimate and recognize others without an expectation or need to surpass it. We learn how to wait while allowing the other to traverse what they need to on their own terms. It makes all the difference if someone can be truly heard. Through our conversations and photo shoots, she was able to recover parts of herself that she had lost and were in a state of numbness. Her strength in the face of her story, even before her marriage, was inspiring. And, little by little, she realized that we, photographers, could register her emotional resources, and our images portray them. We revealed the beauty, where she



only saw ugliness.

In this case and so many others, I experienced in my journeys through traditional communities, I found that photography allowed a dialogue with themes deeply foundational to our human condition: our relationship to our origins, our need for roots and sense of belonging, our profound need to be seen by others and our collective. When one can't have those, one is thrown into isolation, prejudice, and invisibility. Psychoanalysis has a lot to offer as a way of theorizing and intervening on those issues.

Carolina: Como você vê o impacto social do seu trabalho? E o impacto artístico?

How do you see the social impact of your work?

Christiane: Entendo que dar visibilidade a esses povos tradicionais é uma forma de defender a existência deles, já que vivem sob constante ameaças, especialmente no que diz respeito ao risco de serem retirados de seus territórios, de suas moradas. Essa é a maior luta deles... apesar de haver muitas comunidades tradicionais pelo Brasil (não somente de quilombolas, mas de indígenas, vazanteiros, seringueiros, marisqueiras, caatingueiros, ribeirinhos, e outros), ainda não há garantia de demarcação de suas terras, conforme previsto pela lei e pela nossa Constituição Federal. E o que ouvi de diversas pessoas das comunidades que conheci foi o desejo de permanecer onde nasceram e sempre viveram. Ainda que os jovens saiam para buscar estudo em cidades próximas, a ligação com as tradições e o seu povo continua forte, é para lá que querem voltar, muitas vezes trazendo contribuições para a própria comunidade a partir de seus novos conhecimentos adquiridos fora. Então, retratar e documentar as comunidades tradicionais é um compromisso social, ético e político. É mostrar ao mundo o cotidiano deles, a relação que mantêm com a natureza, com o trabalho que lhes dá identidade. É também mostrar as tantas belezas desse nosso povo, desconstruir a ideia de que a vida que levam não pode ser definida só pela privação e necessidades que passam: há enorme riqueza no seu modo de viver, marcado pela sua religiosidade, suas tradições, suas festas e rituais, a arte, o artesanato e tantas outras expressões da nossa cultura popular.

I believe that giving visibility to communities is a way to give them a voice, considering they live under an ongoing threat of being removed from their lands and homes. This is one of their greatest struggles. Even though there are many traditional communities in Brazil (not only Quilombolas, but indigenous people: vazanteiros, seringueiros, marisqueiras, caatingueiros, ribeirinhos, and others), there is still no guarantee of demarcation of their lands , as provided by law and our Federal Constitution. What I heard repeatedly from various people in those communities was their desire to remain where they were born and always have lived. Even when young people leave to study in nearby cities, their ties with traditions and their people continue to be very strong, and they always want to return and many times they make contributions to their own community based on the new knowledge acquired abroad. In fact, portraying and documenting traditional communities is a social, ethical, and political commitment. It shows the world their daily life, the relationship they maintain with nature and their work, and gives them back their identity. It also shows so many beauties of their world, deconstructing the idea that their lives may only be defined by deprivation and need. There is enormous wealth in their way of living, marked by religiosity, traditions, festivities, rituals, art, craftsmanship, and so many other expressions of our Brazilian popular culture.●

LUISA MARINO-COE
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for Critica Fall 2023

(in-visible) words, places and the global IPA psychoanalyst that moves



New Zealand, Everywhere 2012

Luisa Marino-Coe

Reflexions on the experience of the *moving in-visible* psychoanalyst

A psychoanalyst that migrates may prefer to stay at the margins, if we are going to be invisible in a the new place, why not making ourselves invisible first.



Padua, Italy, 1990-2009, Canal and Astronomy Observatory

In this lines of mine, I'm presenting you

CHANGE.

The one after a relocation of a certain psychoanalyst, and the making of these changes (those that follow a massive SEPARATION process) less of a traumatic experience. A paradox, an oxymoron in itself, for sure, as we are bound to fail.

None can prevent someone else from perceiving an experience as traumatic or along its spectrum of cumulative traumas dislocated in space and time.

I am no "migrant" = I am no "victim" therefore I will not be the recipient of negative judgement, discrimination, rejection and so on.

We stay **INVISIBLE, we fly low.**

How is it called contemporary pop jargon? Internalised racism.

It's to be said that 'others', even when in terrible personal and environmental situations, did not leave the 'Mother-land'.

there we are it's also about **THE MOTHER-LAND SEPARATION PROCESS.**

What land? where do we fall when we fell "abroad".

This relocating-migrant is maybe trapped between having left/abounded the mother-land and feeling/becoming the victim (due to his unconscious sense of guilt for this notorious act of daring separation), when arriving in a new land.

I'm going far and fast.
I'll step back.

How are we received and perceived by the new soil we land on, we squick like oil.



Bologna, Italy, 1998-2011, tower view

Why you left a place of origin as an established psychoanalyst?

At times, we will be **WELCOME!**

My daring IPA psychoanalyst - that moved and left the training of origin (the Mother-Land), family and possibly patients - **why did you *really* move?**

Please, note that the history of psychoanalysis is plastered of stories of founders analysts that were themselves migrants,

and they have been perceived and welcomed or not,

depending on how they themselves were able to feel visible, or preferred invisibility, or where they seen.

Also depending on other conflicts happening within those same countries they landed onto.

A letter at your arrival.

The Receiving Society Factor (RSF) and the Migration Invisible Disease (MID).

Dear relocating-migrating IPA Colleague and Friend,

you are welcome*!*

As much as we all wont retreat into fight or flight,

due to ***the narcissism of the smallest and the biggest differences****, me, you and those like us dealing with accepting me, you*

within my own and their country and IPA Institute.

You will need this welcome, to achieve a 'full recovery' from the ***Migration Invisible Disease (MID****).*

Pause.



London, Embankment, 2012

I am now taking some time off while writing, I may have arrived.

I go outside for a bicycle ride on the river.

As usual I put on a podcast, a music or a book to listen to.

I bumped into this article I red during the pandemic - walking in a semi-deserted London, I remember while listening the places, the doors, the buildings, the parks the gardens I was walking through.

Everyplace visible but invisible of its people, all were indoor.

I was touched, felt it was relatable, slightly sad among those many deaths of that time.

This colleague is talking from 2017 to my pandemic rides about their journey between guilt and visibility during two migrations processes, back and forwards.

Please, share more! we should be able to support you more nowadays!

We have all being lying on a couch for many hours and several days we lost count of.

How much can this be different, yours to my experience?



London, Soho, 2012, practise-office hunt

I am still cycling.

I bump into this new little caffè.

It is next to my usual route, I have never seen it, must have been **blind**.

It is New.

I decide to seat there and write down these thoughts, be aware, therefore they are permeated by this place, the words I am listening to, the then and the now while editing these reflexions, between us and the river, the now and then.

This coffee is strong but sweet not bitter.

As it should be from my Italian memories, but it's a flat white, with oat milk, all new ingredients to this deliciously invigorating brew.

The breeze is robust.

The sun a blast and sky as blue as it gets.

I could be anywhere.

Italy, France, LA but I am in London by the way.

I feel the privilege of the Visible.

And have to escape those guilty feels.

I think about the *bar in the desert*, my italian training.

It's been already more way than 10 years - a far away journey to today.

I don't really think about it anymore

immersed in the local psychoanalytic brew, it's been long.

Tolerating co-multiple-presences and different identities and being myself.

Is assimilation still necessary? we could contain and remain the same -> become all those new identities (the previous and the new) and another, ***a third and a quarter***.

Mirror neurons are crucial for assimilation and integrative capacities.

My accent is not very much recognisable.

Dear Friend and Colleague,

Feel the welcome - feel what's in your background and new at the same time, dislocated and together again, depending on the moment of our life, work, inner and outer world, the virtual and the real.

There is a music coming from the caffè, not sure why but the music is a Latin mix.

A Chinese ethnic senior man passes by with his ping pong rackets.

This is what it is.

Everyone carries their tools and their faces, their origins within their everyday lives.

We are the first having to accept it and feel comfortable at sharing these using all those tools with no guilt for having left and the perils of landing and developing in a new space.

Have to admit, a little help from the local brewery - their kindness with clear boundary in minds is not irrelevant.

We migrate everyday to today, need to stay up to date.

We become ‘the other/stranger’ -



London, Thames, 2023

[1]

My friend, be no stranger! you are welcome.

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[1] All the pictures are by Luisa Marino-Coe

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Visible-Invisible
By Dawn Shifreen-Pomerantz

I look for you
But you are not there
I can still hear
The soft murmurs of our voices
Rhythmic hearts beating
As real as any visage
Our tears, our laughter
Co-mingled
Deep in conversation
You are missing
And you are here
Indelible
And diaphanous
A phantom limb
Felt, experienced
Absence
Presence
Visible
Invisible
All at once



Dawn Shifreen-Pomerantz, “Life Line”, Encaustic on wood panel, 20”x24”

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MONSTERS

By Lisa Koshkarian, Ph.D

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Immediate and violent backlash from the audience unfurled as soon as Paul B. Preciado, scholar, writer and philosopher, began to articulate the monsters which psychoanalysis has made of all of us by confining us to binary boxes, intolerant of ambiguous manifestations of the infinitesimal shades which intrinsically comprise our gender and sexuality. The reaction was so unhinged, he was only able to get through a quarter of his speech before he was told his time was up, but not before being subjected to mocking snickers, boos, and hostile silences, as well as this comment, audible from the rostrum: "We shouldn't allow him to speak, he's Hitler" (Preciado, 2020, p. 11). Preciado was invited to give this speech in November of 2019 to 3,500 psychoanalysts in Paris who had gathered as part of the 49 th Study Day of the École de Cause Freudienne on the theme of "Women in Psychoanalysis", knowing full well that he is a trans man and a prolific gender activist. In a continued act of fortitude and in response to misleading fragments of the lecture being reposted worldwide, he proceeded to publish the entirety of the lecture under the title of, "Can the Monster Speak? Report to an Academy of Psychoanalysts" (2020).

This event and its reverberations have stunningly illuminated and consolidated what has been invisible about my own lived experiences and observations. Holding deep gratitude toward Paul B. Preciado, whom I have never had the honor of meeting, I dedicate this autoethnographic essay to him. As an androgynous, non-binary person attempting to live and speak my subjective truths that are intrinsically at odds with the prescriptions of the oppressive, hypernormative heteropatriarchy, I have also been exposed to various versions of being told my time was up. In reaching for freedom to exist in all of the queer grays which constitute who I am, I have been obstructed by the socioculturally-appointed proprietors of power who paradoxically, Preciado writes, "are as imprisoned as they whose movements are hobbled by the knotted ropes" (p. 28). I was surrounded by said proprietors in psychoanalytic communities from the beginning of my life, born in Topeka, Kansas, where my father was engaged in his psychiatry residency at Menninger. I learned very young that as a female-presenting person, I would be treated like a prescriptive object, only allowed to exist if I conformed to the presumed gender and sex-based expectations and projections. There was neither spaciousness to exhibit the full range of what it meant to be a human outside of the severely limited gender parameters designated to me, nor fostering of a uniquely applicable understanding of my evolving

gender identity. Preciado dedicated, “Can the Monster Speak? Report to an Academy of Psychoanalysts” to Judith Butler, which indicates a shared sense of liberation which they/she has offered to the world regarding their seminal paradigms around gender and sexuality. Preciado pays it forward, as I am attempting to do here and elsewhere.

Growing up and traversing the broader society epitomized these same knotted ropes. I privately came to define myself as a “wild animal” because that is how I have been responded to when I have stepped outside of the normative regimes in voice, appearance, or action. Discovering Mary Oliver’s (1986), “Wild Geese” poem later in life offered validation: “You don’t have to walk on your knees for a hundred miles in the desert repenting. You only have to let the soft animal of your body love what it loves”. Because some of what I love includes equal value, respect and freedom for all humans, acts which advocate for these ends within hierarchically-organized systems have often been met with threat-induced backlash analogous to the audience response to Preciado.

Psychoanalysis, when utilized responsibly and fairly, has much to offer in navigating the complexities and multiplicities of humanity, and helping people to process and transcend painful hardships toward greater aliveness. This is why I chose to immerse in its abundance, primarily through curation of independent group study with selected psychoanalytic scholars, which has and continues to feed and grow my soul. However, when I have taken my desires to learn and teach to institutional settings, I found myself at times painted as a controversial object when I attempted to advocate for vulnerable people based on their socioculturally oppressed gender identities. Within these hierarchies constituted by a small but pivotal subset of individuals, there sometimes appeared to be a greater commitment to clinging to power than behaving respectfully toward women, trans, and non-binary individuals, particularly those representing multiple intersectional identities. Preciado describes this juncture where non-dualistic subject meets colonial system, leading to mutation and othering of the self. He also explains that he transitioned to a different gender as a way out of the cage that he had been living in as a female lesbian. He acknowledges that he was well aware that he would be entering another cage, at least this time of his own initiative. In other words, both the encaged as well as the encagers become socially constructed monsters.

I can imagine that Preciado’s willingness to share vulnerably in a public space a subject so personal to him was fueled

by fervent determination to repair problematic systemic dynamics and give voice to marginalized peoples, which aligns with my impetus to do the same. One of my recent projects involved interviewing American psychoanalytic practitioners and academicians, most of whom represent subordinated sociocultural gender identities, for a special journal issue on academic freedom of expression. My intent was to illuminate the differential experiences these ambassadors have with freedom itself, given their socially presenting identities. How fortunate I feel to have collaborated in this intimate way with such brilliant, sensitive, self-possessed, talented individuals. It wasn’t until I clicked “submit” of the first draft on the journal website that palpable tension came flooding in. Widely discussed in the interviews were the negative reactions that implicitly resulted from sharing their ideas simply as who they are. Transgressing norms by being and living something other than what is contained within boxed parameters and outing what has been forced into invisibility by patriarchal structures is a risky, tedious and exhausting business. And it always involves anticipatory anxiety, consciously registered or not, about the potential reactions of others. I can only attempt to empathize with what Preciado must have felt before, during, and after his speech that day. But I wonder how many of the audience members or those who saw reposted snippets attempted to accurately appreciate his subjective experiences? I would venture to guess only a small fraction, because he had been othered as a monster, and therefore placed as a receptacle for people’s unmetabolized psychic shards and bad objects.

These projections and places of captivity exist in large part because those who are granted cultural power often prefer not to explore their own gray areas, and therefore are unable to be open to the same in others. To do so endangers their monistic dominance status. It also risks putting them in contact with sequestered reservoirs of psychic pain, guilt and loss. I maintain, however, that choices to take roads less or never traveled can always be made, and have found queering to represent a facilitative space for those choices (Koshkarian, 2023). To partake in queering, one must be able and interested to hold ambiguity, uncertainty, and an oppositional relationship with normativity. The journey constitutes questioning mainstream assumptions about the expansive nature of being human and shepherding congruent relational emergence of iterations and reiterations of the self. Identity evolution, including that related to gender

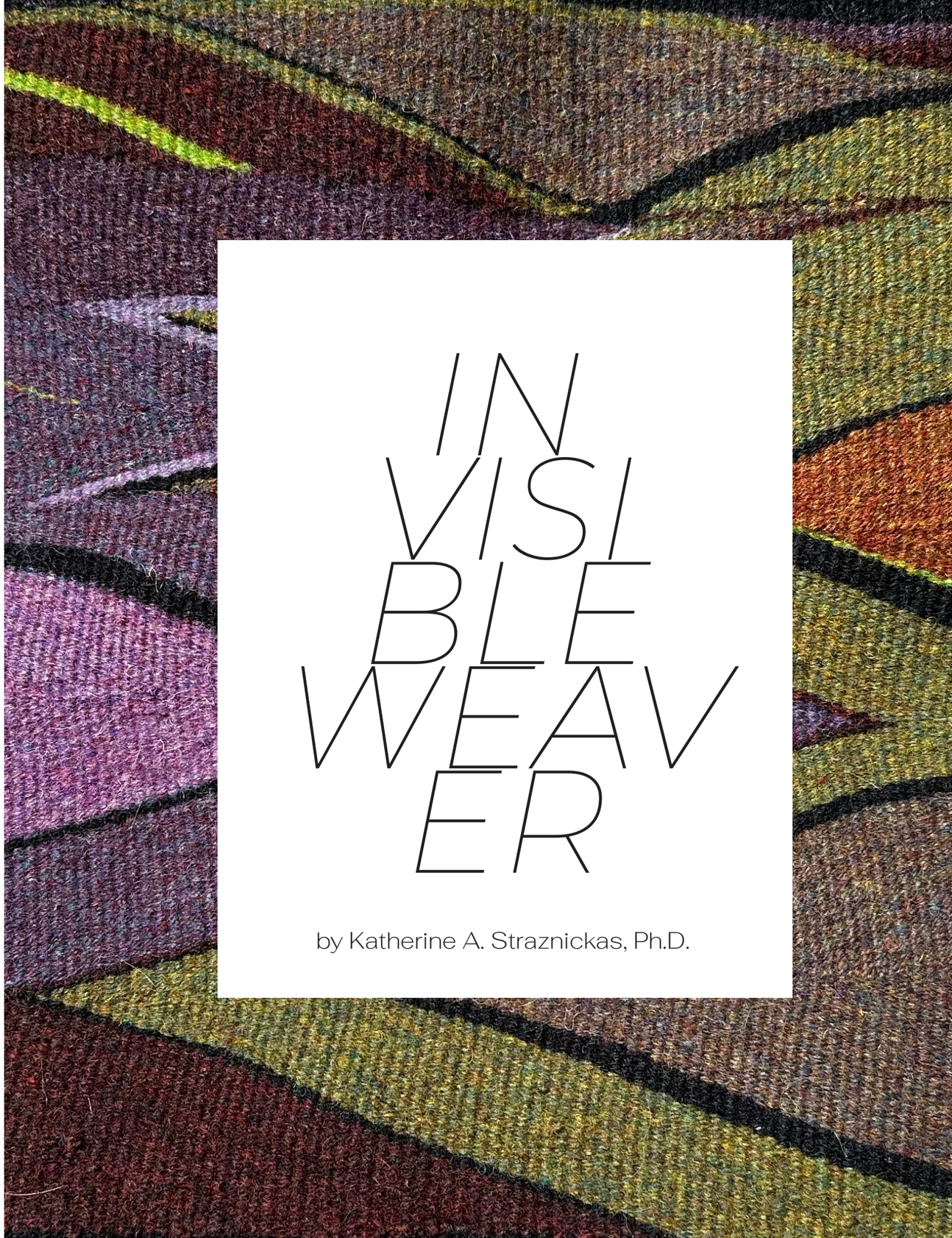
and sexuality, is naturally fluid and ongoing, if we are afforded loving, egalitarian room in which to flourish. A big if, in the context of a society that perpetually places people into binary boxes. Let us not underestimate the consequences: "Violence is wreaked by the sexual, gender and racial norms" (Preciado, p. 96). These norms mutate humans into monsters. Colonial society, and institutional psychoanalysis by extension, places us in a do or die dilemma: comply with the white, heteropatriarchal parameters of the prescribed cages, or come out with all of the shades of our subjectivity and risk being treated like an animal who has gotten loose at the zoo. Some of the confines of the coop I have been coerced into due to gender prescriptions include imperatives to put other people's comfort and aims before my own; organizing around existing power structures; defining, expressing and living myself reductively and dualistically; and disavowing my own authority while never questioning that of others. This has been all the more disorienting for me because my gender and sexuality are non-binary. I believe all of us are non-binary. But no matter whether a person defines themself as woman, trans, or non-binary, it is cruel and unethical to restrict their freedoms and safety to access all ways of presenting as and being human. Or to pathologize and punish them when they don't comply with the expected norms. May we all take initiative to break free from our cages, to transition to living as the multi-faceted animals that we are. Let's keep working together to mutate all of the monsters back into full-fledged, emancipated beings

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Katherine A. Straznickas, Ph.D.,
“Invisible weaver: loom”,
Wood, brick,
September 2023



Katherine A. Straznickas,
Ph.D., “Invisible weaver:
tapestry”, Linen, wool, brick
September 2023

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On the Visible-Invisible in the Work of Aby Warburg

BY LUCA DI DONNA, PH.D.

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During the week that we decided on the title of this issue, I had a dream about the concept of the visible and invisible. The dream seemed linear but unclear at the same time. Bion was giving a lecture about a letter from Freud to Lou Andreas-Salomé Freud (1916) where he said "I know that in writing I have to blind myself artificially to focus all the light on one dark spot, renouncing cohesion, harmony, edifying effects." (p. 312.) Freud was articulating the invisible, the unconscious, that can become visible following such a dark spot or something irrelevant.

The second aspect of the dream was an image of the surrealistic Mexican painter Remedios Varo. She illustrated her method by saying Ebert, G. (2023) "I deliberately set out to make mystical work, in the sense of revealing a mystery, or better, of expressing it through ways that do not always correspond to the logical order, but to an intuitive, divinatory, and irrational order," (pg. 1).. She opposed linear thinking in searching for the unknown, the invisible, the mystical. She was a great visionary painter.

The last person in the dream was the art historian Aby Warburg. I was intrigued by his emergence. Why Aby Warburg? I knew he was a Renaissance scholar interested in a new methodology in art. Searching the literature, I found two issues of the Italian Rivista Engramma (2022) dedicated to "Aby Warburg: His Aims and Methods" and an issue of his Bibliography and Secondary. In the research, I was intrigued to find a book by Davide Stimilli and Chantal Marazia,"Guarigione Infinita, The Infinite Cure" (2005), which covered the clinical notes on Warburg when he was in a mental institution. I liked the book and decided to write a brief commentary about Warburg's illness and some of his ideas.

Warburg described himself as: "Amburghese di cuore, ebreo di sangue, d'anima Fiorentino" ('Hamburger at heart, Jew by blood, Florentine in spirit'). He was born in Hamburg (1986 -1929) and brought up in a wealthy German Jewish family who were in the banking business. In Germany, he studied with the best scholars in art history and related fields. He came to the United States in 1895 to attend the wedding of his brother Paul. This visit shaped his ideas and thinking about history and he became fascinated by the myths and culture of American Indians.

He then moved to Florence (1897) with his wife and lived there for almost five years. Bernd Roeck's book, "Florence 1900 –The Quest for Arcadia" (2009) described in depth the life of the city and its history. Florence was a place to escape and dream. Warburg was well known among scholars for his thesis on Botticelli. One of his passions was collecting books and photography, all paid for by his family through a contractual agreement.

It was during World War I (1914 –1918) that Warburg experienced changes in his personality. He started to collect photographs and articles from journals about the war. He kept notes in a diary about the war including the people who died. Many of these photographs have recently been found. The photographs give a vivid sense of the tension that took place during those years. The war was devastating with many soldiers hospitalized experienced shell shock traumas. Volker Ullrich) in his book "Germany 1923" (2023), quoted Stefan Zweig: "I have a pretty thorough knowledge of history, but never, to my recollection, has it produced such madness in such gigantic proportions"(p 9) .

The madness affected many people. Bion, who was in World War I, stated that the war was something that could not be described. His memory of it and its traumas lasted all his life. The reactions written by these authors seem to reflect the conditions that influenced Warburg's personality changes. However, Warburg's madness did not prevent him from working and refining his methodology. To convey his ideas I draw on the work of a leading Warburgian scholar, C. Wedepohl (2022),who states:

"Aby Warburg's main achievements are the widening of the field of art history to include all types of artifacts and the transformation of the preexisting study of styles and schools into a transculturally oriented historical discipline. He called this discipline Kulturwissenschaft (science of culture), himself a Bildhistoriker (image historian), and his method iconology: literally a combination of the study of word and image that relied on merging a historical with a meta-historical approach to various forms of visual expression. Warburg's pioneering meta-historical turn of the study of art owed much to contemporaneous psychology, anthropology, and the analysis of religious beliefs. At the same time, he promoted a historical turn that relied on close attention to the political and social ramifications of culture." (p.1.).

The above paragraph reflects the work of a passionate man, a brilliant scholar who had in-depth knowledge of many disciplines. Warburg's ideas changed continuously, with further refinement and amplification. One of his crucial ideas was the survival of antiquity, the surviving image of the past.

His work also has attracted many important thinkers such as George Agambem and George Didi Huberman (2007). Huberman wrote a major work "The Surviving Image" from a psychoanalytic point of view, linking the work of Freud and Warburg. According to Preta (2023), Huberman stated: "Warburg replaced a non-natural and symbolic model, but with a cultural model of history in which times were no longer traced on biomorphic stages, but were expressed through layers, blocks, hybrids, rhizomes, specific complexities, returns... a phantasmal model of history. This is perfectly suited to reproducing psychic functioning, which gives an account of what is there, not 'behind' or 'before' the image, but what, through the juxtaposition of the oldest images, for example, the Greek ones to the Renaissance ones, identifies 'anniversaries' of the individual 'recurrence' of survivals, unconscious forms that cross time." (p. 28). (Google translation from the Italian edition with some modification)

This paragraph reveals a new way to understand history. I liked his work very much but I find some of his assumptions were maybe improbable?

I ask, what was Warburg's madness? The clearest view of his illness is in the book "Guarigione Infinita, The Infinite Cure", (Stimilli, D. and Marazia, C., 2005). From 1921 to 1924, he was in Krueuzlinger Hospital followed by Ludwig Biswanger. The book covers both German psychiatry and diagnosis, as well as the hospital's view of mental disorders. The most interesting chapter contained the medical staffs' clinical notes vividly capturing Warburg's illness and behavior. Warburg suffered from a mixed state of mania. He was afflicted by many delusional ideas about his body. He was obsessive with repetitive behaviors. During his stay in the clinic, there were periods when he was violent and had to be medicated. At the same time, he was able to have tea and discuss his ideas with many scholars who visited him.

One of the most interesting aspects of his manic state was that he screamed during the night for hours creating a state of madness in the hospital. He believed the family was going to be killed along with a plot to murder him. The killing entered into the delusional transference. The theme of antisemitism also was very present in his delusions and writing. This aspect is very important because it relates to the external reality that he understood very well.

Reading the clinical notes, I had the impression that Warburg was not only expressing his personal paranoia and delusions but also commenting on the madness enveloping Germany. Recent books by German historians focused on the madness and despair of the German population from 1923 to 1933. Immigration and exile were the major topics of everyday discussion. How to escape the madness surrounding them became an existential dilemma.

Clinically, it seemed Warburg had the feeling that his body was dissociated from his mind. Perhaps many memories were encoded in his body and I speculate that the screaming during the night represented the fragmentation of his internal objects' world, his early and late traumas. How does the process of recovery take place in Warburg? This is most intriguing and difficult to understand. Warburg said "My illness consists in the fact that I lose the ability to connect things in their simple causal relationships." (Centanni ,M. 2004). Giorgio Pasquali underlines that once he emerged victorious from the battle with his monsters, Warburg translated his intense psychic experience into the search for the Atlas and thus accomplished his feat as a man and scholar.

The recovery was part of his treatment with Binswanger who helped him look at his work and his future. Also, the psychotic transference changed into a real relationship. One sees this in the beautiful exchange of letters between them. In reality, we do not know when one is in treatment. I wonder whether Binswanger, being influenced by Husserl and phenomenology, played a role in his psychoanalytic work with Warburg.

Warburg left the hospital after he presented a paper that was well accepted. In this paper, his work about American Indians was used to show the forces that dominated the cultural ethos of Native Americans. He ultimately returned home and continued his work as an art historian and labored over his library and museum. He died in 1929.

I read many books and commentaries to enter Warburg's world of ideas and his suffering. In my reading, I found a new book by Clio Nicastro, (2022). Nicastro represents a new generation of scholars whose work is to rediscover and amplify

Warburg's work. I quote one paragraph of her work dedicated to the recovery of Warburg illness: "The process of symbolization of the world arises in fact from the recognition of the difference from that primary mechanism with which the human being places himself in relationship to its environment, i.e., the phobic impulse (meaning a certain fear).

The latter forces the individual to face what is unknown, dark, and indistinct to him, but at the same time foresees an imaginative leap that pushes him beyond the immediate, thoroughly experienced. (I think that there is an energy force , a drive. Warburg loved mechanical and electronic forces that were stored and activated.)

A human being is capable of ways to cure phobic automatism, carrying out an energetic conversion of what he perceives as dangerous.In the progressively extendable suspension space between the stimulus and the reaction takes shape the dimension of meaning and although he is not able to completely cancel the phobic reaction, he opposes it to the paralysis of thought."(Clio Nicastro, 2022,p. 85). (Google translation with modifications.)

My understanding of Nicastro's work is that there are forces that act as a resistance to the progress of the cure, that is the phobic impulse. Parallel to that is a counterforce that opposes the paralysis of thought. (The paralysis of thinking is important to comprehend Warburg's ideas) . Warburg said, "My illness consists in the fact that I lose the ability to connect things in their simple causal relationships."

Another version is by Binswanger:"To our bafflement [...] it appeared that these deviations, also the psychoses that we have studied to the present, should by no means be understood only in a negative way—i.e., contrary to the norm—but that they correspond to a new norm and a new form of being-in-the-world." E, Barth,T#6 Binswanger (From a Goole search)

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN HIS THINKING STOPPED?

We can say that in the mind there is an oscillation of forces that works in a dialectical manner with no final resolution as its aim. Perhaps the mind is a music infinita, a process that is always in motion. In Warburg's work, there is a term called denkraum, a space to reflect, breathe, and create distance, possibly organizing another vision of the image or the world. I have simplified Nicastro's excellent work.

From 1923 to 1929 with the help of his colleagues Warburg presented his project in Rome 1923. The project he presented was Mnemosyne, a Picture Atlas devoted to the resonance of classical antiquity shown in panels . It is a mix of images, photographs, and other objects attached to panels . The view of the panels stimulated in the observer many different images and feelings opening a space for thinking. To appreciate this important phase of Warburg's work the reader is referred to: *The Warburg Institute; https://warburg.sas.ac.uk › aby-warburg-bilderatlas-*

To conclude, the library and museum in Hamburg was moved to London in 1933. In London,, the work of Warburg was a thing of the past, rendering him invisible. However, his work resurged again in the late sixties. Currently, Warburg's opus is considered one of the most important works in intellectual history.

What can psychoanalysis learn from Warburg's work and method? I think psychoanalysts must try to change, refine, amplify, and expand the psychoanalytic model, to retain its aliveness and increase its visibility. It is a timethat calls for a social psychoanalysis that opposes violence and terror. It requires a discipline that is open to understanding from other fields and visions of the world in the present and in the past.

I would like to thank The British Psychoanalytic Institute Library and the Warburg Museum for their help. I would like to especially thank Dr. Clio Nicastro for providing me with her book in which she expored her understanding of the recovery of Warburg. I would also like to thank Dr. Sharon Neuwald for her assistance in editing this complex commentary on Aby Warburg. I have tried to explain in a simple manner a body of work that has baffled many. Despite his apparent folly, I believe Aby Warburg was a genius as was his ambitious foretelling of a needed redirection of thought in the twentieth century.

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HALOPHILIC 2: ON A MOLECULAR LEVEL

by Christine Lorenz, MFA

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Where do the boundaries lie between the visible and the invisible? Our sense of the visible is shaped by the limitations of our physical perception, as it is by the scope of where we choose to direct that vision. Photography has extended the capacity of human vision on both counts since its origins.

In my photography, I work with commonplace things that shift in and out of visibility, and I'm particularly interested in salt and plastics. These photographs are part of a project that looks at salt and plastics up close, through methods that dodge some of the limits of human perception. The shapes seen here are salt crystals, illuminated with polarized light, which is filtered through layers of transparent, disposable plastics. Wildly unpredictable colors result from the way plastics bend the polarized wavelengths, and sometimes make visible patterns within the plastics themselves. In the process, salt and plastic collaborate in refraction, creating shimmering, gravity-defying fields that evade our sense of scale.

The title of this series is Halophilic 2: On a Molecular Level. The word "halophilic" is used in the natural sciences to describe creatures that thrive in a saline ecosystem. In terms of geology, salt deposits in the earth are often near neighbors of petroleum; the entanglement of these two materials moves into new levels as they are extracted and processed for our use. We're all as familiar as we can be with salt; it brings to mind appetites, tears, sweat, and the sea, and references to salt abound in our poetry and figurative language. The flow of salt through our bodies is essential to our health. In our time, plastics are as ever-present as salt, and nowhere near as benign, or as well understood.

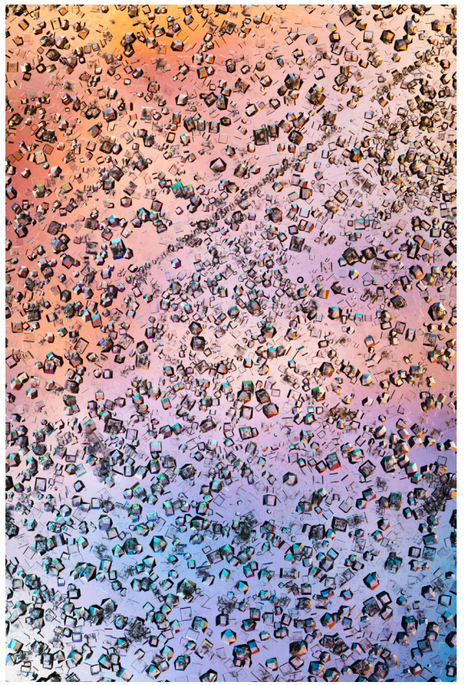
Salt and plastics intermingle as they pass through our systems day by day. We know salt as a material of the earth and the sea; plastics are likewise an end-product of industrial-scale extraction. By the time they reach our hands, processes of production have removed any trace of the earth from which they came—the earth in which they remain entangled far beyond the moment of use. These materials are part of our world at every level, from the geological to the most minuscule we can imagine. Today, the exploitative practices that created the modern era have positioned us in a ravaged earth where "forever chemicals" suffuse the water and the air.

How can we imagine a future in a world that is infused with plastics at every level? Our human senses, and our personal frames of reference, are limited. Photography can bring us ways to bypass those limits.

Images can reorient our perspective on our place in the earth and in a history that we participate in, which stretches beyond our threshold of perception. From where we stand, the materials of our lives can become reminders to be open to the light as it reaches us—and to seek a poetics of transformation that can keep us looking forward with hope.

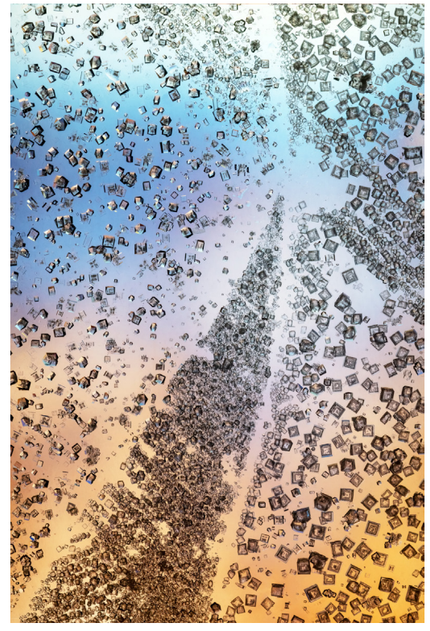


Halophilic 2-2444, Christine Lorenz, MFA

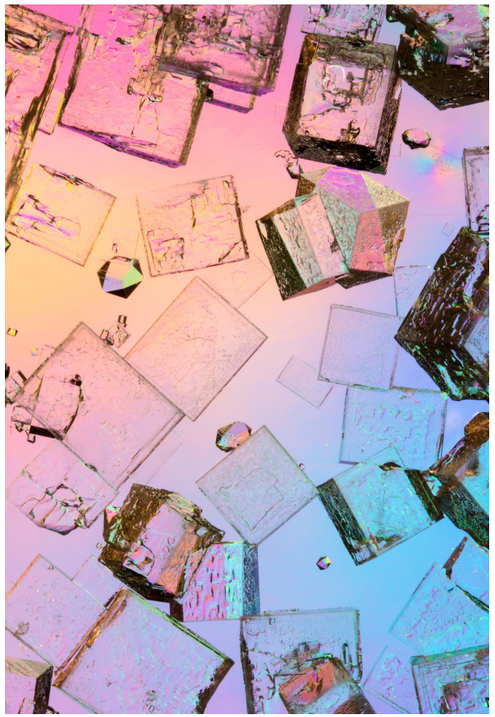


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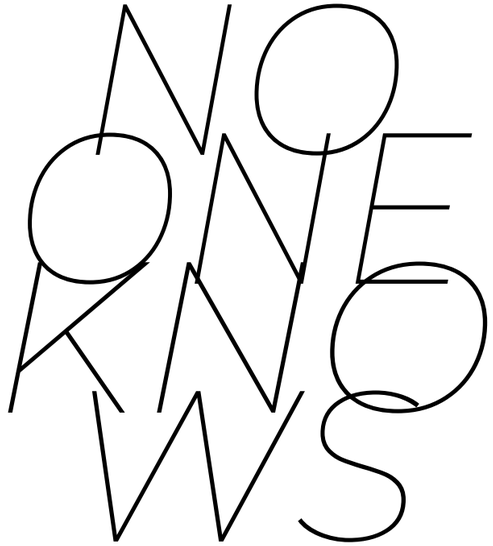
Halophilic 2, Christine Lorenz, MFA



Halophilic 2, Christine Lorenz, MFA



Halophilic 2, Christine Lorenz, MFA



A POEM BY

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Positioning as gatekeeper
what is and is not proper.
who should be in or to be out
The dismissed is labeled
‘uninformed’!
so, it won’t turn into
a distraction for the rest.

the perspective stands out,
being legitimate and informed
and the assumption that the othered
is not learned enough,
must need a reminder
for not being aligned.

the belief comes
from a guiding expert,
an enlighten savior.
with a normative looking standard
that measures who should stay
and who should leave.

and the dismissal prevails.

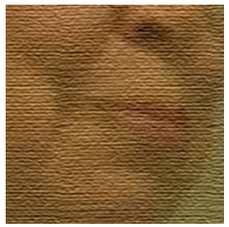
The one who should leave.
must be deviant.
should be silent
for the greater good
a voice, the one in one’s mind
asks a question
wants you to listen

is there a time and place
that tells everything is
going to be alright.
Because it’s not.

and there comes another voice.
Why bother? Why care?
You don’t want to listen to
You are trapped.
you sit there and cry.
and no one knows.

THE WAKEUP PROJECT *(OR HOW CAROL WOKE US UP)*

by BRUCE WEITZMAN PSY.D., M.F.T.



Carol was in her fourth year of seminar when I began training at PINC. My cohort was the last to start in the cramped quarters on Fillmore Street before the big move to PINC's current location on Bush Street. Ginny Pizzardi and I used to arrive early for our Tuesday night class, just so that we could meet up with Carol at Starbucks a few doors down the block. We knew she would beat us there. She used to sit regally in a club chair against the south wall of the store, holding court, playing welcome wagon for whoever would show up early. Her laughter would fill the café just as surely as her presence lit up the room. My initial impressions of PINC are still refracted through the lens of these welcoming weekly encounters with Carol at Starbucks.

I got to know Carol through the Wakeup Project, a group that grew out of the 2012 PINC Retreat. That year's retreat theme concerned the question of how to represent the benefits of psychoanalysis to people who had not had the experience. A small group of us concluded that psychoanalysis is itself an experience that cannot be summed up through a description of its process or an inventory of its results. The idea emerged to make a YouTube video with a group of us speaking openly and powerfully about our experiences as analysands.

Five of us, those who constitute the Wakeup Project—Carol Cleland, Luca Di Donna, Cheryl Jacques, Scott Perna, and me—met monthly for a year to engage one another in detailed discussions about our analyses. We met at my house on Sunday mornings, each member bearing pastries, fresh fruit or cheese. I usually had a frittata in the oven for the

group, sometimes an Italian sausage strata. My husband played the role of barista, making espressos or lattes for the group, bringing to mind my initial encounters with Carol at Starbucks. Our group was warm and earnest in speaking with one another about the intimacies and upsets within our analytic processes. We built trust with one another, and some of us struggled greatly with the idea of taking such intimate stories beyond the protective enclosure of our small group.

The following year, at the 2013 PINC Retreat, we presented the Wakeup Project video consisting of a series of interviews, whereby each of us told the stories of our analyses—our successes and failures, gains and losses—as well as described the arc of who we had become, and were becoming, as a result of this most personal investment of years on the couch. I was surprised to learn that most of us had had more than one analyst; most of us struggled to find our voices in our analyses; we all had traumas that impaired our capacities to speak. After viewing the video, many retreat participants complimented our efforts and expressed to us that they were moved by our testimonies. It was clear, however, that we had shattered a wall, transgressed an unspoken taboo in the psychoanalytic world: one's analysis is a private matter. Not everyone felt comfortable with our sharing such intimacies.

The Wakeup Project continued to meet monthly. After making our video, the group struggled with the question of what next? What should be the work of the group? We read and studied together. We debated initiating various projects. Three of us wrote graduation papers and became analysts during this time. Nothing specific took shape immediately to replace our project of creating this film. Yet, our monthly meetings felt vital, personal, and deeply relational. So, we just kept going.

Eventually, life intervened. Several of our members struggled with significant life-threatening illnesses. We met sporadically, though our connection through these painful life experiences seemed to deepen. Bad news does that. Paradoxically, it has the potential to hide us from one another and bring us together more closely at the same time.

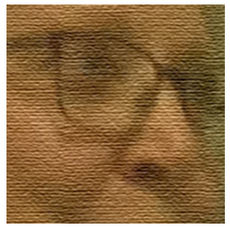
When Carol shared her diagnosis with us—Multiple System Atrophy—a rare degenerative disorder, she knew she was dying. Our group doubled down to be involved in her process,

meeting monthly at her Palo Alto home, talking with one another about aging, illness and death. Our group expanded to include my husband, Steve, who had over the years become a dear friend to each of the members of the group, as well as Carol's husband Alan. Steve and Alan folded seamlessly into the batter of our group, as necessary ingredients to the clan we were becoming. Carol began to write about her life and share these vignettes with us, intimate reflections of her earlier self.

Carol's health deteriorated more rapidly than any of us would have wanted. Immediately after one of our meetings at her house, a bad spill left Carol in chronic pain for three months and limited her ability to have us over. We continued to meet on ZOOM. We added Scott's husband, Jonathan, to our tribe, who brought with him a dear love of literature, a deeply reflective mind, and warmth. Once again, a new ingredient, renewing our bonds as a family. We, as a group, now eight of us, have spent time this past year reading poetry and prose, discussing our newly reordered lives under COVID, and more and more, taking in the approach of Carol's mortality, our own frailties in aging, and contemplation of our own life limits.

For nearly a decade, the Wakeup Project has been what I hoped psychoanalysis and PINC would be: an open and deeply rooted soul-connection. While the potential for such a meaningful connection seems always to be present, especially in environments such as PINC, so committed to psychoanalytic exploration and group process, it is nonetheless a rare experience for such connections to become so deeply personal. Carol's initial arms-wide-open greetings at Starbucks 11 years ago presaged a continuing motif: a joyful, welcoming invitation exuding wisdom and safety. Carol now offers the members of our group a new experience, one that tests the depth of our capacities to stay in contact with and alive to profound loss and approaching death.

CAROL CLELAND'S EULOGY *by* CHERYL JACQUES



Carol Cleland has generously provided a living and legacy trust to PINC. For those of you who do not know her or remember her, allow us to introduce her again to you. In April 2016, Carol Cleland graduated from PINC. She established a full analytic practice in Palo Alto from which she just recently retired as her health is in decline.

Carol was an original member of the WakeUp Project established in 2019, a group of then candidates and one analyst, all of whom continue to meet some eight years later. We wanted to "break the rules," we wanted to talk together about our personal experiences in psychoanalysis, we wanted to transcend the barrier of what we now realize was an implicit monoculture of psychoanalysis. We unconsciously resisted assimilation. We produced a film that challenged psychoanalytic thinking. Half of PINC liked it, the other half not too much. The WakeUp Project members were Carol Cleland, Bruce Weitzman, Scott Perna, Luca diDonna, and Cheryl Jacques.

The title of Carol's paper was, USING INTUITION: "A nurse, a priest, and a psychoanalyst walk into a bar together, and...."

I, Cheryl, had the honor of introducing Carol and her graduation paper. What follows is my introduction and Carol's paper. We want all senior members of PINC to know that we see them, we thank them, we remember them and we value their time, history and presence in our lives.

It's my great pleasure to introduce Carol Cleland on her graduation day. It's been a privilege to know Carol, to learn more about her, to see her devotion and feel her reverence for psychoanalysis, her patients, her friends, and most of all, for Alan, her husband of 50 years.

A nurse, a priest and an analyst go into a bar together and... the world rotates, shudders, shifts. Carol says: "As a priest, who am I to say? There's lots of room for people to come from their direction and then arrive at their own intuition - which is the unconscious. The activities of daily life - chores, changing baby's diaper - become deeply resonant. There's mutuality: you bring yourself to an experience and the experience brings itself to you. Something new, like a 3rd, like a birth - a moment of transcendence happens. It's bigger than we are."

In the bar...across the bar is Carol: highly accomplished, deeply sourced, and quietly radical. A woman who moves fearlessly to those who need her, whether known to her or not.

Allow me tell you about Carol's journeys in nursing and priesthood. Using facts from her life and in her words: her journey, her impact in the bar, in the hospital & clinic, in the church, and in her office.

Carol is a Boston native. She lived with her parents and her severely disabled sister, Marsha. While resources were directed

toward Marsha's care, Carol went on to earn a bachelor in science from BU, a Masters in English language and literature at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey, a Master of Divinity from The Church Divinity School of the Pacific in Berkeley, and an MA in psychology at USF.

While at Fairleigh-Dickinson, Carol was the head of student health services and on the board of Planned Parenthood in NJ. In the early 70s, in a conservative Catholic community, Carol fearlessly taught college students about sexuality.

This quiet radical went about her business, integrating who she was and what she stood for. Carol might have appeared conservative, with a Wall St. husband, living in a posh part of town, but in retrospect, she considers that she was a radical feminist. At that time she did not put herself forward as a radical, she just quietly was unafraid and talked openly with students about their sexuality and sexual practice, whether heterosexual, homosexual, transexual. As Carol says, "I was not an overt trailblazer but I got the job done." Alan was supportive of her radicalism and also tried to warn her: He said, "you're going to get into trouble!" She said, 'How can you live in this world today and not put condoms in the waiting room?" Looking conservative she turned conservatism on its head.

Continuing in nursing, Carol worked at McLean hospital as an assistant head nurse for inpatient adolescents and adults. At that time McLean had psychoanalytic tenure and was part of Harvard medical school. Alan's work took him and Carol to Texas for a year and a half. There, Carol worked in community mental health: she ran groups as the head of day treatment programs at a hospital community center.

Carol and Alan moved to the Bay Area in 1984, after living in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Texas, & Minnesota. Carol decided to enter the priesthood, in an evolution of desire from 11 years of age. Confirmed as Episcopalian at age 11, she had an early sense of wanting to be a minister. As she thinks about it now, Carol says she had an unconscious knowing, a psychic sense of holding, and a natural presence as in a laying on of hands. As a nurse, Carol had dealt with the body and mind. Now she knew that the psychological and the spiritual were inseparable. Being and practice are the continuum of intuition, of Unconscious life. As Carol says, there is no split between religious/spiritual and being. How can you take an experience apart by doing, she asks? It's all spiritual.

Carol already had a deep synchrony beyond understanding. In facing the pain of the world, she simply asked, "How can I help?" And, "How could that have happened to Marsha or anybody who suffers to that degree. It's an aberration, this degree of suffering. How could God let that happen?"

In 1990, Carol earned a Master of Divinity. This quiet dissident with a deep questioning mind waited for the right time for ordination. As usual it was a struggle for women's equal rights; most divinity students were men and few were women. From her class, 86 men were hired as heads of churches, while only two of six women were hired. Out of seminary Carol walked into a rector job at 2 consecutive churches, an exemplary accomplishment at that time. But she discovered that when you are a woman rector, more than 50% of the congregation doesn't want you precisely because you are a woman. Carol experienced tremendous resistance, even a fight to get rid of her, as a first woman rector. She insisted that she and her congregation face these dynamics together with respect and care. This painful experience was turned around and the community became a caring spiritual one under Carol's guidance.

Do you hear the themes? a quiet activist, firm, honest, caring, fair, a visionary. Carol placed herself into dissent. This capacity is linked to intuition. She asked, how do you go into the unknown mess, see something bigger, intuit what could be? There's a kind of disruptive growth good

for the human soul, leading to a greater sense of community wholeness. She said that people could be more than they thought they could be, could grow toward a shared vision of community. Carol was an extraordinary pastor and priest for 25 years. She retired at age 65.

Here's another thing to know about Carol that won't surprise some of you: her humor, her irreverence, her ribald jokes. She startles and delights her listener. She says, it's like swimming in the deep and then coming up for air to have a chuckle. The flip into humor follows a manifestation of some awareness, some insight, an unexpected commentary - and then she is funny, startles, is irreverent. Carol says, "I can do that since it is all of one whole... emotionally and spiritually integrated, like the Eucharist and the Seder."

Carol will tell you she's an atheist. She's never the authority. She does not take position of the one who knows. She does not cure, and would never lie. She tells it to you straight and direct. She is a rare friend and comrade, uniquely compassionate, and tuned in to the entire range of human experience.

Carol became a therapist at age 65, and went straight to PINC. She currently has a full analytic practice in Palo Alto. She is a consultant to other therapists.

A nurse, a priest and a psychoanalyst went into a bar....to share stories, ponder her intuitive development, and have a few laughs in the presence of a painful world. Carol, the psychoanalyst, in full possession of her gift of intuitive knowing, stands before us, to share with us her beautiful paper about her psychoanalytic journey and the meaning of her arrival here today.

Losing farther, losing faster...

The poet Elizabeth Bishop intuits the heart of trauma and loss (in One Art). A nurse, a priest and an analyst live it. Carol Cleland brings us the evolution of her intuitive gift. As Carol says, the evolution of her intuition is founded in life and death - from a childhood with Marcia who could not be comforted, from a dying child's confidence in her, from a priest circling children around her, creating space for their true voice. From a psychoanalyst deeply compassionate and offering unreserved full range of intuitive knowing to her patients, friends, acquaintances. Carol seizes moments, breaks rules, moves nimbly toward the intuitive edge of the unspeakable, the heart, the core, the center.

Not only in death but life. Bion writes about embryonic intuitive knowing that lives in us and persists throughout life. In the working of intuition, of dreaming, of sensual unsymbolized experience, Carol embodies deep sustained attention, repeatedly lost and repeatedly found, thereby never missing a moment. Hearing Carol, watching her, her softening and broadening moments, we feel the shift from duality into her unity of container as thinker, as sensory bearer of unspokenness, of sorrow, of loss, the moment of darkness after a spark in the air.

Losing harder...

Carol is dying. Losing her is a disaster. Her impending death reminds us that what can be taken from us, will be taken from us. The poet John Murillo adds, "This you can bet on without losing" (in Variation on a Theme by Elizabeth Bishop).

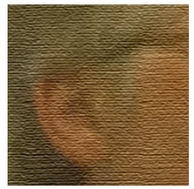
The WakeUp Project has met for nine years. We became fast friends, sharing talks, opera, tears, laughs, and psychoanalytic writing and thinking. We are losing her. We cannot master this. We want you to know who she is, that she is unforgettable, that she is a rare friend, nurse, priest, psychoanalyst.

By Cheryl Jacques
March 29, 2021

Cheryl Jacques

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TO CAROL CLELAND *by* LUCA DI DONNA PH.D.



It is very sad to say goodbye to a friend: a friend who for a long time was part of my life.

Carol was part of the Wake Up Project; I liked her from the start of our relationship. She was lively, outspoken, a music lover who also loved poetry, literature and psychoanalysis. Carol had many careers: she was first a nurse, a priest, then a psychoanalyst.

I would like to write about Carol's work as a psychoanalyst, especially her interest in the concept of intuition in the psychoanalytic process. I hope to capture some of Carol's fascinating ideas on this topic.Carol believed in the unconscious and she tried to understand the dark aspects of our mind, which produced suffering and pain. Intuition for her was the royal road to the unconscious. Intuition was not a mystical concept or a form of wild analysis. For Carol it was a creative process, a challenge, to bring to life aspects of our internal life that were unreachable or untranslatable.She embraced the gift of intuition from her early life helping her very sick sister. . Later on, she applied her intuitive aspect in working with children and lastly, in her psychoanalytic practice, she refined and elaborated her views of this concept.

Carol's graduation paper clarified many perspectives on intuition summarizing elegantly the work of Bion, Reik and the contemporary analysts. Her artistry was her ability to convey her emotional intuition while linking it to theoretical models in a fluid and moving manner. I liked Carol's idea which I call, "The Working of the Intuition. " For her, that state of mind developed gradually in analysis. The mind of the analyst combined many ideas and feelings in a form of

gestalt that would emerge in an intuitive moment opening up the analytic work. She felt that intuition was not only a mental phenomenon but also was activated in the body and in silent communications. She followed Bion's later work in which he used intuition as an impetus to bring to life new psychic ideas.

Bion wrote a great deal on the concept of intuition. It is very difficult to follow his work. It is a bit mystical, especially his concept of O, the supreme unconscious. In Nicola Able Hirsh's book, "Bion's 315 Quotes", the author found 24 references on intuition in his collected work. Bion, however, did not write a single paper on intuition and, in Freud's work, the word "intuition" is cited only once.

In the current literature, I found a paper by Dr. Maria Eugenia Cid Rodriguez, from Spain, that can be linked to Carol's ideas. Dr. Rodriguez pointed out that intuition appears in both the patient and analysts in catastrophic states of the mind and in the depressive position. It is suggested also by Dr. Rodriguez that intuition is a process that takes place in the mind of the patient and analyst.

Carol's work is innovative and original. She introduced an analyst who creates, who can contain his wish and desire and has faith to use intuition without fear. Carol presented a psychoanalytic "viva," (alive) human, daring and passionate.Carol's death is a big loss for us all. It was an imperfect separation, but there are no perfect separations in life or in psychoanalysis. Perhaps, we, the psychoanalytic community, can mourn and internalize Carol, thus keeping her spirit alive. She was inspirational and she will be in our hearts for a long time. She will not be forgotten.

Addio. Carol. Luca

Luca Di Donna PhD

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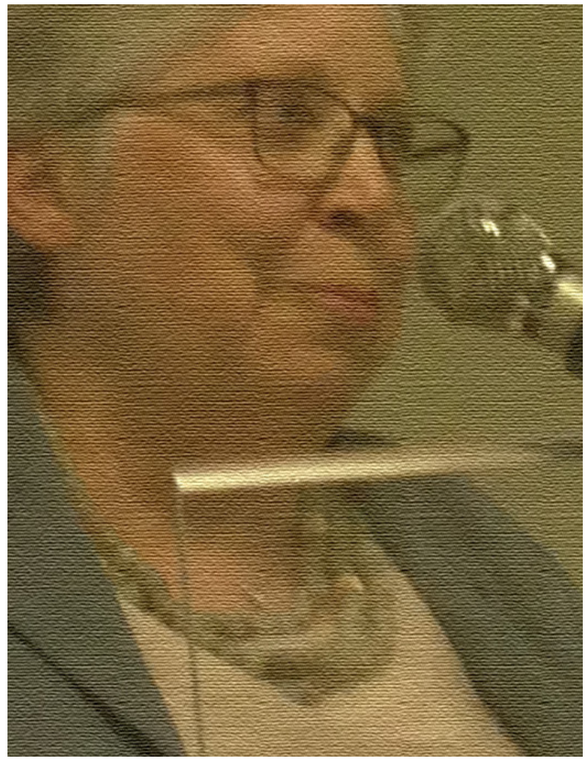
For Carol Cleland By Scott Perna, Psy.D.



The following was written on *March, 24, 2021:*

Death is ordinary, natural, and generally unexpected. It is present all around us in leaves underfoot, in the butcher's display case, in newspapers, in the dramas we watch and read, in the traps we leave for the critters we don't want in our homes. It resides in metaphor and exaggeration: our hopes die, our love dies, the car dies, we die from embarrassment, our feet kill us. We personify it and make light of it. We even make it into a drive. It happens all around us, dwelling in everyday language, without notice or concern, until it happens to someone close to us. Metaphors dissolve and fracture in the face of facts. Startled, we wake up to death's reality.

Carol revealed to our Wake Up group in January 2019 that she was suffering from a disease of the autonomic nervous system, the course of which was "rapid and fatal". At each subsequent meeting, she detailed the increasing debilitation of her symptoms candidly, straightforwardly, and not without humor. As all of us in the group have reached middle age, we have all experienced the deterioration of our aging bodies. Some of us have had scary diagnoses ourselves. But Carol was the first in our group to receive the definitive pronouncement of the end of life. For the most part, we don't get to pick how or when or by what manner we die. Often enough, we don't even get a warning. But Carol did get advance notice and she has demonstrated to us how one can prepare for death forthrightly, and can face death directly. But facing death directly is a complicated affair: it doesn't exclude pain, dread, sadness,



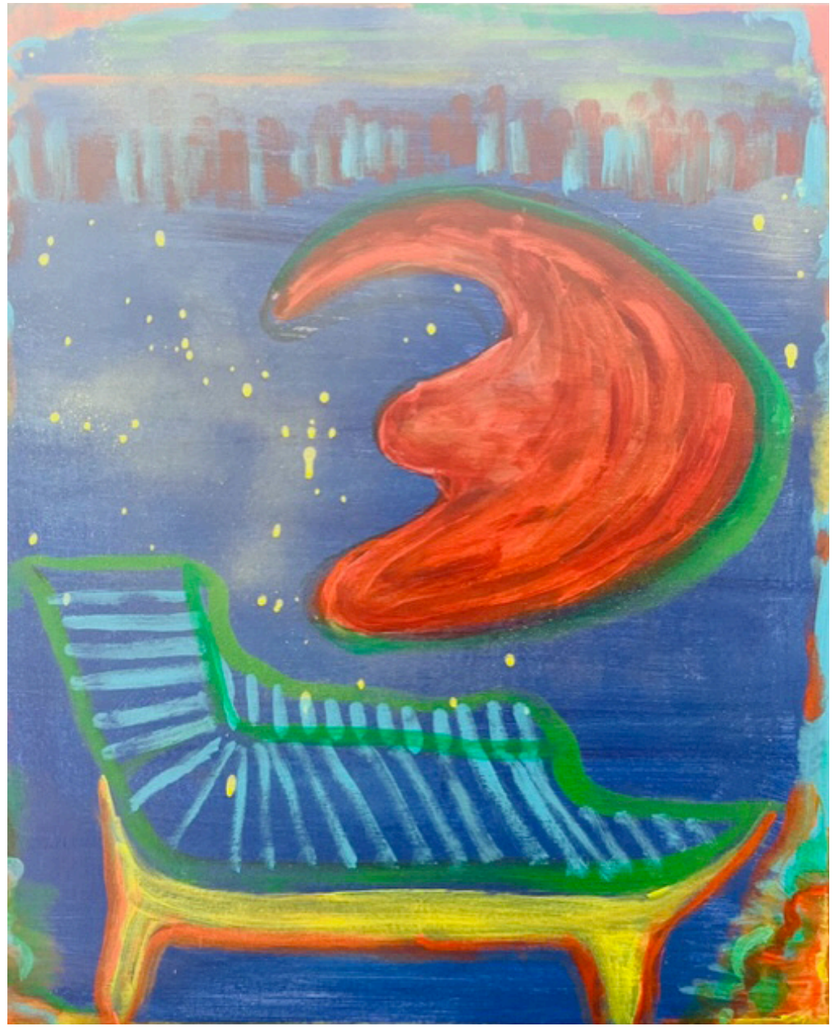
despair, fear, regret, but encompasses all of them. You are born alone and you die alone, goes the cliche. But in between, you discover (hopefully) that your life doesn't just belong to you, but belongs also, and just as much, to the people who love you. This is one of the things I've learned from Carol about dying: in the midst of the great losses you experience as you die, it is vital to remember how much of you lives in the people you love and who love you in return. In our meetings, I watch Carol light up the room with her warmth and humor, even as her body betrays her. Her liveliness wakes us up with the delight she expresses in the complexities of living.

She passionately embodies the core of this group: the belief that understanding (understanding others, understanding ourselves) is messy and complicated, never really settled, but remains the greatest of endeavors. She radiates life and it is our group's great fortune to be hit with the force of that radiation, imbuing our lives with her tenderness, wit, and grace, gifts that now live inside us, too.

It may not last forever and ever
But it never will be done
"God is in the Roses"
Roseanne Cash

Scott Perna, Psy.D.

Critica contributor
scoper67@gmail.com



Dawn Shifreen-Pomerantz
"the Murmurs of Our Voices"
Acrylic on Canvas
20"x24"

AN ATTEMPT AT UNTANGLING

BY LUBA PALTER

Luba Palter, MFT

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www.lubapaltermft.com

An Attempt at Untangling
by Luba Palter

Our words are not enough to describe you
Tiny, little crickets
That chirp and jump away
There are so many
I ran after them but I can't see
It's too dark, I have no flashlight
Your words try to catch up with my running
Fragile, translucent pieces
Like slippery fish fall to the ground, out of my hands
Gasping for breath
Bulging, scared eyes that the end is near
There is no more water
This air is too much
Too suffocating
Too harsh
Violent
I want to wrap your skin and bones in my arms
And breathe fat back into you
Juicy, plumb mass
Fill you up with thick, gooey body so that when you fall, you won't break into minuscule pieces
of skull, legs, and arms
I keep looking for words
There are no words
I have no thoughts
No feelings
I have been stuffed with wads of cotton and all I can do is open my mouth wide and smile
I keep pulling, gagging, choking on thick strands of cotton
It is coming and coming
You stare at me with your eager eyes and say: more, more, more
I give you my cotton
Here, it is all I have
You take it and put it inside your mouth
I'm hungry, you say
So hungry
I have not eaten since I last saw you
Oh, what shall we do now, I say?
Feed me, you say
I'm scared



Brief Essay On Maurice Merleau-Ponty The Visible-Invisible

By Rosalinda Taymor, MD

Maurice Jean Jacques Merleau-Ponty (1908-1961) was a French existentialist philosopher and a strong proponent of phenomenology in post-war France. His work focuses on embodiment, perception and ontology. He was interested in clarifying the relationship between mind and body and made important contributions in the philosophy of art, history, language, nature and politics. He sought to integrate phenomenology with Gestalt psychology, Psychoanalysis, Marxism and Saussurian linguistics. He was influenced by Bergson, Heidegger, as well as Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, with whom he contributed in " Les Temps Modernes". He in turn was a strong influence on Michel Foucault, Gilles Deleuze and Jacques Derrida. But by far, his major work was "The Phenomenology of Perception". In his last work, "The Visible and Invisible", he introduces the concepts of "chiasm" and "flesh" which both become important philosophical tenets.

THE QUESTION OF THE VISIBLE -INVISIBLE

He moves away from Rene Descartes famous quote of "I think therefore I am" to the in "the body" primacy site of perception where the body is the primary site of knowing the world. Consciousness and the body can't be disentangled from each other in the process of knowing and perceiving. Consciousness, he tells us, is not located in the brain or heart. It is also not located outside of the body. Consciousness is the interplay, the action. Simone de Beauvoir's states in dialogue with Merleau Ponty, "The body is not a thing, it is a situation: it is our grasp on the world and our sketch of our project." My focus is on how perception is an aesthetic experience and how the perceptual experience can be analogously applied to psychoanalysis as well as to painting. Both psychoanalysis and painting are explorations. They are attempts at articulating the many aspects of human life. "Essence and existence, the imaginary and the real, the visible and the invisible" are all perceptions that unfold In our lives seeking meaning. It is not only in our minds but it is also in our bodies that these perceptions interact with other minds and bodies in an exchange of energies which brings us to the concept of "Chiasma". In the work of Merleau Ponty, the chiasma describes a pattern that is five-fold. The conceptualization moves away from an ocular visual metaphor to a tactile immersion through the chiasma and into the body. The chiasma connects the visible with the invisible, or the perceptual with mental phenomena, which creates a perceptual experience in second place. This experience may be translated as a tactile experience, touch in the third place, and subsequently in the fourth place, and through a linguistic flux, we can give meaning to the process in words. Two people or two experiences may interact in this dynamic experience. Merleau Ponty's analysis centers on bodily presence, representation and feelings in the context of experience. Similarly, the artist/psychoanalyst experiences the world through the body and draws the world in its totality. This cosmic model of representation is known as "Gestalt". Embodiment has its own energy and feedback between sites in patient and therapist and the therapy itself/ or painter and his model and his artwork. Sensory experiences are grounded in the body. For this paper, I'm focusing on a painting of children running into the ocean, an image that gives a feeling of a tactile experience, the bodies become mirror images of each other with an invisible connection and vibration. In psychoanalysis, the same can be experienced by an analyst putting into words the latent communication between patient and therapist, giving meaning to the communication and making the connection vibrant.

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SCHEMA

by DAVID SHADDOCK, PH.D., MFT

For Mary Main and Erik Hesse

David Shaddock Ph.D., MFT

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Schema

For Mary Main and Erik Hesse

So we think there is something
inside us that talks
through our talking.

I push you away when I mean
to pull close, feel freest in the either.
Turn just a smidgen

when you come to kiss me.
It's a broken spirit level, a GPS tuned to a falling
satellite. It traces a face

in the failing light, not your face
not, or not exactly
these fingers.

Gravity

b
y

Max Kellenberger

Ever since early childhood, when my older brother explained the phenomena of gravity to me, I have been captivated by the idea of it. This triggered a lifelong love and interest in physics, of the soul of things, and how our physical reality is bound by immutable laws.

A few years ago, I started to photograph simple objects being subjected to and competing against the forces of gravity. Over time ideas for more pictures kept coming and by 2018 I had a set of twelve images. The scenes were all constructed in my studio as depicted in the final image, with no digital trickery involved. All these photographs were shot on film with an 8x10 view camera, contact printed onto traditional silver gelatin paper.

To see more of my work:
http://www.maxkellenberger.com

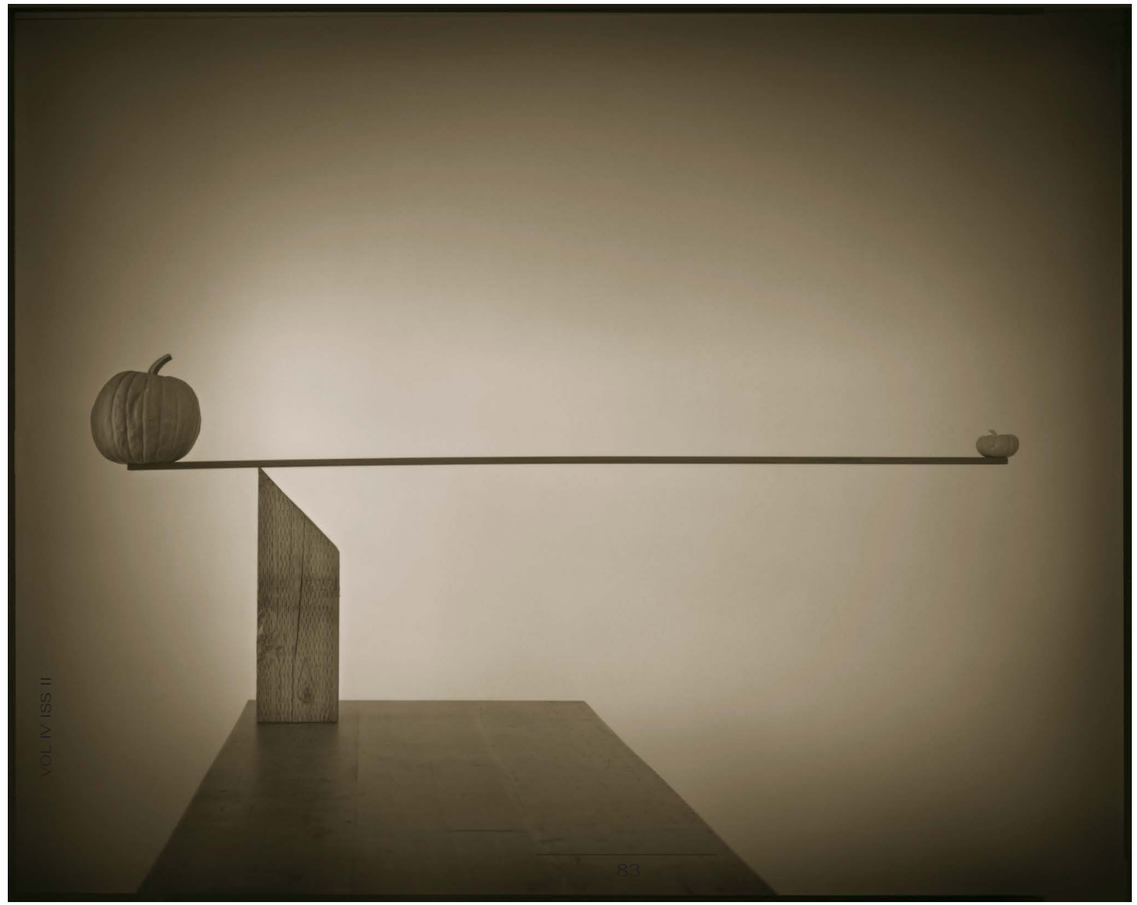
For more information contact:
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https://www.rickwesterfineart.com

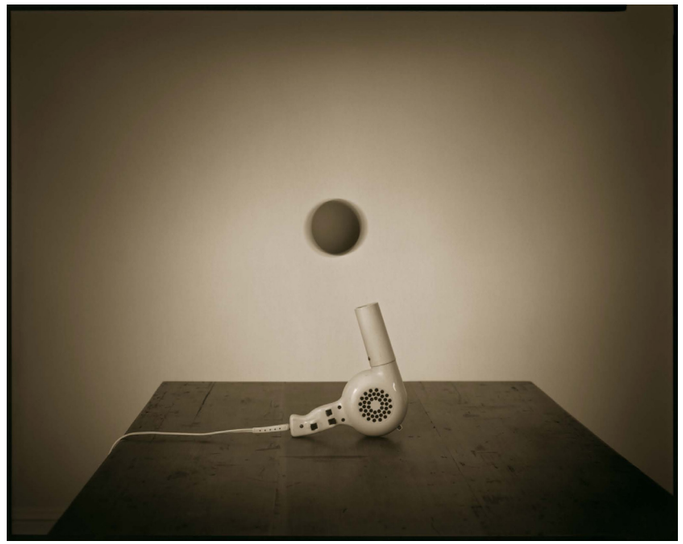
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Six selected photographs from the series “Gravity.”







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TARA HAYES

Tara Hayes

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At Arm's Length
Tara Hayes
2023

Acrylic, thread, embroidery floss, gouache, colored pencil, stitched canvas on shaped frame, 66" x 36"



Stranded
Tara Hayes
2023

Acrylic, thread, embroidery floss, colored pencil, charcoal, graphite, ink, stitched canvas on shaped frame, 60” x 36”

I make abstract work reflecting the physical landscape with uncertainty. I encode my works with visual elements of physical mapping, boundaries, rules of play, and elements of spatial distortion, constructing spaces through multiple opposing perspectives. I create my work by painting, drawing, carving, collaging, and sewing—cutting and tearing pieces of canvas and then stitching them back together. This process mirrors the way I navigate the world as someone with epilepsy—coping with memory loss and needing to repetitively retrace my steps. The resulting works do not entirely resemble any legible map of a physical space nor of the mind. Instead, these abstracted paths are fragmented and mimic blurred feelings. They create areas of questionable spatial stability and reflect on the recognition that no space can ever be experienced the same way twice.

REPORT FROM CARTAGENA:

Collaborations Working Under Fire:
A Community Psychoanalysis International Working Group

By Lee Slome, Psy.D.

Lee Slome, Psy.D.

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The multiple crises of contemporary global life demand mobilization within psychoanalytic institutions and organizations to utilize our learning and resources to the benefit of the many. In June 2022, a group of community psychoanalytic practitioners representing various projects across the US and within Colombia began meeting to plan a pre-congress international workshop at the IPA meetings in Cartagena, Colombia. Our goal was to explore the depth and breadth of analytic involvement outside of the traditional consulting room around the globe, hoping to expand the repertoire of community-based psychoanalytic practice and pedagogy. At its heart, the workshop proposal was based on our conviction that psychoanalytic community work is not only sustained but is actually made possible by fostering the community of those doing the work.

The planning group met over zoom for six months and through creative, collaborative interchange an organic process unfolded with each member volunteering to facilitate different aspects of the workshop. The workshop came to fruition in vibrant, hot, alive Cartagena where color and music and seafood and the Caribbean Sea added yet another layer to the complexities of Colombian history.

A primary goal of our two-day pre-congress workshop was to create an international network of analysts and community clinicians interested in and practicing community psychoanalysis. While our planning group felt initial disappointment when we learned that not as many participants registered for the workshop as we had expected (the total was around 25), this feeling quickly gave way to an appreciation for the more intimate connection that the smaller numbers made possible.

The workshop included presentation of projects in Colombia and within the USA, experiential reflections, moderated group discussions and self-study exercises. Participants were able to speak in the language they were most comfortable using, with other group members acting as translators (primarily between English and Spanish). The fully bilingual nature of the workshop slowed the process and enriched the experience as we all listened binocularly to the conversations in two languages. From the initial moments of the group, a sense of vulnerability, connection, emotional depth, and group solidarity was active. All participants seemed ready for a less intellectualized process where the conditions for reveries and heartfelt openness could be brought forward in the group. Initial group introductions took place using a painting as a stimulus for each participant to associate to. This exercise set the tone for aesthetic, creative interplay as all voices were encouraged to enter the room.

The first day included presentations by three Colombian clinicians describing their community psychoanalytic projects. Using photographs and images, they began with a description of the setting -- the context, culture, and country where we all were. We heard about the diverse people that constitute Colombia: its geography, history, wars, race/class dynamics, colonialism, guerrilla warfare, cartels, bandits, organized groups, paramilitary groups, and generations of sociopolitical unrest.

The first clinician described her work with indigenous communities in the Colombian Amazon basin. She embodied the humility necessary to work within a non-western perspective and to learn from traditional bases of knowledge. In the indigenous communities, the shaman or spiritual leaders are the stewards of the community. Within their philosophical beliefs, there is no distinction between organic body and psychic body. And there is no division between internal

and external life. Healing rituals are scheduled according to the ecological calendar where nature and its rhythms are primary.

Another presentation described the aftermath of a landslide in the Andean region of Colombia. The analyst presented a case example of traveling to the site of the landslide destruction with her patient. The patient recounted the terror as she stood on her front porch with her children and "waited for death" as the landslide approached. She lost her mother in the landslide and many community members died as the mud and rocks rolled over homes. The analyst followed the patient on foot as she silently moved through the massive granite boulders pointing out where members of her community once lived. No words could capture the trauma so the story was told primarily through sensations -- vision/touch/sound -- as the analytic dyad moved through the space, the analyst bearing witness to the horror.

The third presentation highlighted community psychoanalytic work in the Sierra Nevada territory of Colombia. Four diverse indigenous groups cohabitate in these mountains. The project was an intervention to address the trauma to a community caused by a governmentally-built dam that displaced indigenous groups from their homes. The flood from the dam not only displaced the people but also destroyed sacred sites that represented fertility and sexuality. It not only perpetrated ecological violence, but also spiritual and sexual violence against the people, assaulting the body of mother earth and the body of the women from that community. From this perspective, corpography is in dialectical union with cartography, reflecting the belief that the collective body is in unison with nature/geography. After the flood, there was a sharp increase in forced marriages and domestic violence within the community. The analyst worked with a multidisciplinary team to build trust with women in the community through reparation and recognition of the trauma. They used dance, music, and joining in with the women's healing rituals. The work involved respecting the permanent contradiction between the analyst's perspective and a shamanic world view. This project highlighted the intergenerational tensions between indigenous communities and the state of Colombia.

On the second day, several new conference participants (from Vienna and Peru) showed up for the group. The group acknowledged the disruptive feeling, noticing the instinct to preserve the ethos of the first day and instinctively wanting to reject the new arrivals who felt like "outsiders". We reflected on the necessity to iteratively disrupt and accommodate, flexibly inviting in any/all those that show interest.

Presentations on this day focused on community psychoanalytic projects in the United States, including a description of PINC's CPT track where we shared both the track's structure and model as well as examples from one community project. Another presentation highlighted the Harlem Family Institute's outreach efforts in New York offering acute trauma response services, the Harlem psychoanalytic renaissance talk series, and discussion groups that bridge the institute and the community. The final presentation described APsaA's DPE Psychoanalyst in the Community workgroup that over many years has organized bridging courses that bring psychoanalysts and community clinicians together. This group is currently planning a community psychoanalytic hybrid conference in Washington DC on March 16 and 17, 2024. To build the network of providers, we created a Whatsapp group to enable on-going



collaborations. Following the workshop, there has been regular activity on the Whatsapp group with participants sharing resources and connections as more international interest grows about this community psychoanalytic network.

The workshop attracted people from many different locations, cultures, and positions, all eager for the potentials for cross-pollination and reciprocal learning. The large and small group inquiry, self-study, and experiential exercises allowed us to model building community within the workshop by "doing community" right there. The feeling of connection and vulnerability had a profound emotional impact on me (and many others). The "vibe" of the workshop was unlike any other psychoanalytic event I have attended, with active, intimate, authentic and emotionally impactful group solidarity. I returned from the conference wanting to bring to life the concept of community in the multiple groups I am involved in here – hoping to propagate the broad, open, humble spirit of the workshop group.

Planning group: Paola Contreras (Boston), Francisco Gonzalez (SF), Camila Gutierrez (Bogotá, Colombia), Jany Keat (Athens, Georgia), Paula Kilger (NYC), Lizbeth Moses (Washington, DC), Rachael Peltz (Berkeley), Silvia Rivera (Bogotá and Sierra Nevada, Colombia), Maria Cecilia Sanchez (Mitú, Colombia), Lee Slome (Oakland)



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Paul Ransohoff. DMH, Refugees, after Daumier; walnut ink on paper,
11 x 15 inches



Paul Ransohoff. DMH, Lost Refugees, after Goya; sepia ink on paper,
10 x 14 inches

Paul Ransohoff. DMH, Lost Refugees, after Goya; sepia ink on paper,
10 x 14 inches



A Conference in the Mangroves of La Boquilla

BY CAROLINA BACCHI, PSY.D.

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Our flight landed in Cartagena. Beautiful Colombia, I thought, while invaded by Gabriel Garcia Marquez descriptions of this country that I am about to encounter. The town he considered his own was the background for the many stories he narrated. The humid hot air reaches my nostrils, and I experience a simultaneous sense of comfort and discomfort, my body immersed in a very intense heat that squeezes sweat down my face right away. I enter in the taxi, and we have a conversation in Spanish while local music is playing. We arrived at the walled city, and the colors, sounds, heat, and people seemed familiar and overwhelming. We were greeted by a friendly and welcoming hotel staff, offered a cold local beer as we walked into our air conditioned hotel room. The protected cold atmosphere felt like a respite, and yet I was still drawn to the vibrant town around me. It was the middle of the day, and I wanted to explore the town for a couple days before the IPA conference would take me into a different landscape. As we walked around, people approached us trying to sell souvenirs or adventures, and we could barely walk without interacting with someone who insisted beyond our 'no, thanks'. As we crossed the big entrance door, we stopped to watch a group of street dancers and musicians perform. My body vibrated with the loud drum sounds; my heart beat finding the world's heartbeat. I was immediately transported to Salvador da Bahia, where I watched a roda de capoeira no Pelourinho when I was still a teenager. Colombia and Brazil united for a minute, held by the melodic pounding of the drums, our African Heritage so alive and deeply shared. I felt excited, and calmly curious. My Latin American deeply held experience

came alive while the dancers stepped strongly on the floor, and moved their hips in a coordinated and sensual way. I wanted to join them, their colorful clothes, their powerful movements held by the deep and rhythmic drumming. Carnaval, after all, had a similar feel to me. Feeling strangely at home, I also noticed the tourists walking around in their swimming suits, big hats, nice clothes, being offered goods by locals. I wonder about the many facets of colonization, and the subtle ways in which it creeps up into our psyches normalizing and making invisible exchanges of exploitation and oppression.

Later in the day, we took a walking tour of the town. Our fun and friendly Colombian guide told us many stories of the main Spanish port for trafficking enslaved Africans, while describing the Barco negreros and its inhumane conditions that killed many Africans on their way. Standing there, I was transported to a time when slaves arrived and were offered to be examined, chosen and purchased. Deep sadness invaded my heart, as I listened to our guide telling us to treat the street vendors politely, refusing three times as they insisted on selling us their goods, and reminding us that they are working to raise their families. She told us about the big wall that was constructed to protect the town from pirates, as the town stored the gold extracted from the Spanish colonies. I find it ironic that the wall was built to protect stolen goods from robbers...

The heat was intense, I felt tired and sweaty, thirsty and carrying sorrow for the past still present. I don't feel I know all about Cartagena, or can speak about the colonization experience of Colombia. I can only relate to it, frontiers between Colombia and Brazil merging in the big Amazon they each hold a piece of. The intense story reminded me of the way I experienced a sense of being robbed when visiting Portugal, and noticing the ways they take pride in their conquests of the world and their colonies, Brazil being one of the biggest ones. Our gold, their wealth. Their king, our king, one crown. Their language overimposed the many languages our Native people spoke, their culture erasing the culture that existed before.

During my Cartagena trip, as I usually do when traveling, I excitedly brought a new book to read. This time it was "Salvar o fogo" by Itamar Junior Vieira. I was captivated by this book and its main characters - Moises, Mundinho, e Luzia. Living in a small rural community in the inner landscape of Bahia, Tapera do Paraguacu, they suffered the deep destructive effects of

colonization that invaded the collective and subjective growing like weeds. Tapera's Afro-Indigenous population endured generations of exploitation, in the shadows of the power of the Catholic Church. Luzia, unable to find a way to exist in a community that was forced out of their cultural beliefs, suffered the effects of being made invisible while unable to integrate the many parts of her ancestral narratives. Luzia was the daughter of an African mother and Indigenous father. Throughout the book, we notice her attempts to navigate an imposed catholic faith that turned her into a feared 'witch' in her community. She endured a hunchback that grew from the abuse and oppression she had to withstand. With Luzia, we discover that haunting ghosts of a family are intertwined with haunting ghosts of the country, in this tale that uncovers the dilemmas of colonization. Following her steps, I experienced deep sorrow for the subtle ways in which she tried to belong and appease. The church at the center of the town held a school - place where the children would be initiated in the Catholic faith while being convinced to let go of their 'primitive, native' cultural beliefs, clear manifestations of the devil. Enduring a tragic destiny, Luzia tried to contend with the colonial power while being dehumanized in the process. Junior Vieria walks us through the intense ways in which the colonizer's power infects relationships and subjectivity, their control becoming invisible and without possibilities of resistance. The assault on cultural beliefs is deep and normalized, justified through the dehumanization of the colonized, who in a desperate attempt to be included either assimilate or attack each other.

In and out of Luzia's journey, we booked a mangrove canoe tour. Our animated taxi driver Luis told us the story of the small village we were going to. The fishermen's village Boquilla located at the northern point of Cartagena holds its Afro-Caribbean roots. La Boquilla was first settled in the 18th century by runaway slaves who organized camps known as palenques. Slavery was abolished in Colombia in the 19th century, and the population in Cartagena during the 17th century was more than 20% enslaved people from Africa. As we drove towards La Boquilla, we encountered tall buildings while Luis told us about gentrification that meant property taxes became too expensive for the villagers. After Colombia enacted the 70 Law, which officially recognized Afro-Caribbeans as a distinct ethnic group and offered a legal foundation for the defense of Afro-Caribbean territorial rights, the town was divided. La

Boquilla community did not have to pay the high property taxes allocated to the inhabitants of the big buildings, which helped maintain the community.

The fisherman village focused on eco-tourism to maintain itself and to protect its natural resources and mangroves. We entered the village through the long beautiful and quiet beach, in opposition to the crowded experience in the streets of walled Cartagena. We finally arrived at the small house where our canoe driver waited for us. The silent canoe rode smoothly into the mangroves while I was held by the melodic voice of our guide, telling us about the ecosystem and showing the animals and birds that thrived in the landscape. We encountered men fishing, and animals hiding. Coconut water was waiting for us when we arrived back, and I noticed some kids playing in the dirty road. The village was calm, and inviting.

On our way back, the village felt like a distant dream as we walked into the crowded walled city and out of it in the direction of the Cartagena Convention Center, where the conference was going to be held. I wondered about this separation, the wall to protect the riches that were accumulated and the invisible La Boquilla, resting at the margins fighting hard to build protection around it. As I entered the air conditioned Convention Center, relief from the heat provided some comfort while I wondered about the walls dividing psychoanalysis and the community. The walls between my privileged life and La Boquilla residents' experience, which are marked by the colors of their history and ancestors.

As I connect with my experience in Cartagena, I am painfully aware that I cannot remember the names of my guides and drivers. Even though we held animated conversations and I still remember their voices and faces, I realize their names landed in a forgotten area of my mind, making me notice the powerful and deep impact of colonization in which others are made invisible in our collective sphere and even more in our minds. Deeply sad, I was invaded by a thought and a fantasy about a psychoanalytic conference that would reach the world and be in contact with the community around us, beyond and outside the air conditioned Conference rooms. A conference that would honor names and heritage by coming close. I felt uncomfortable noticing the discrepancy of our moving from one conference room to the next, in Cartagena but also not. I heard some conversation about the discomfort with the ways in which keynotes were focusing so much on the social, and how about the intra-psychic? Shouldn't we be talking about that, isn't Psychoanalysis the intrapsychic after all?

There is more to tell you about Cartagena, Colombia, Brazil and the artificial divisions that we collectively create. I realize my experience at the IPA Conference belonged to the encounter with La Boquilla, the mangroves, and its community. A community inaugurated as resistance, and that fights back and runs away from oppressive control. A community that survives beyond walls and its false sense of protection. A community that honors their ancestral history, maintains contact with nature, and finds ways to protect the earth and its richness, at least for now. A community that resists invisibility, even when my mind cannot hold them fully.

It also was amplified by my dialogue with Luzia and her difficult journey through the Brazilian disguised/forgotten colonizing history. Subjectivity exists in the precarious contact with others and the narratives that orally hold us together. The intrapsychic was never disconnected from the social. Without recognizing and giving voice to domination and oppression, to the ways in which we collectively create walled cities pushing out and dehumanizing through social dynamics of othering, we are unable to make sense of our subjectivity and each other. We are unable to make sense of the intergenerational stories that hold and limit our psyche and define our unconscious. The invisible calls us, showing its faces and screaming its voices, if only we are open to listen.

More than ever, psychoanalysis needs to attend and engage with the mangroves, the palenques, the Luzias, the unnamed other, all of us (psychoanalysts included) who are subjectively constituted within collective and social constraints.

References:

Junior Vieira, I. (2023). Salvar o Fogo. Todavia: São Paulo.

A WHITE MAN SPEAKS

by TERRANCE MCLARNAN

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A White Man Speaks

I write to you as a white man.
I write to you as a dare to myself.
I write to you in the only way I know.
I write as I do not want to disappoint myself.
I write to you from a history where the whiteness did not melt with the snow.
I write to you as a white man married to a brown woman with brown children.
I write to you as a white man who has not heard the hurtful comments made to my brown wife.
I write to you as a white man who is sometimes slow to recognize the pain of racism brought into my home as I am a white man and I have been told this.

WHAT IF

by LISA KOSHKARIAN

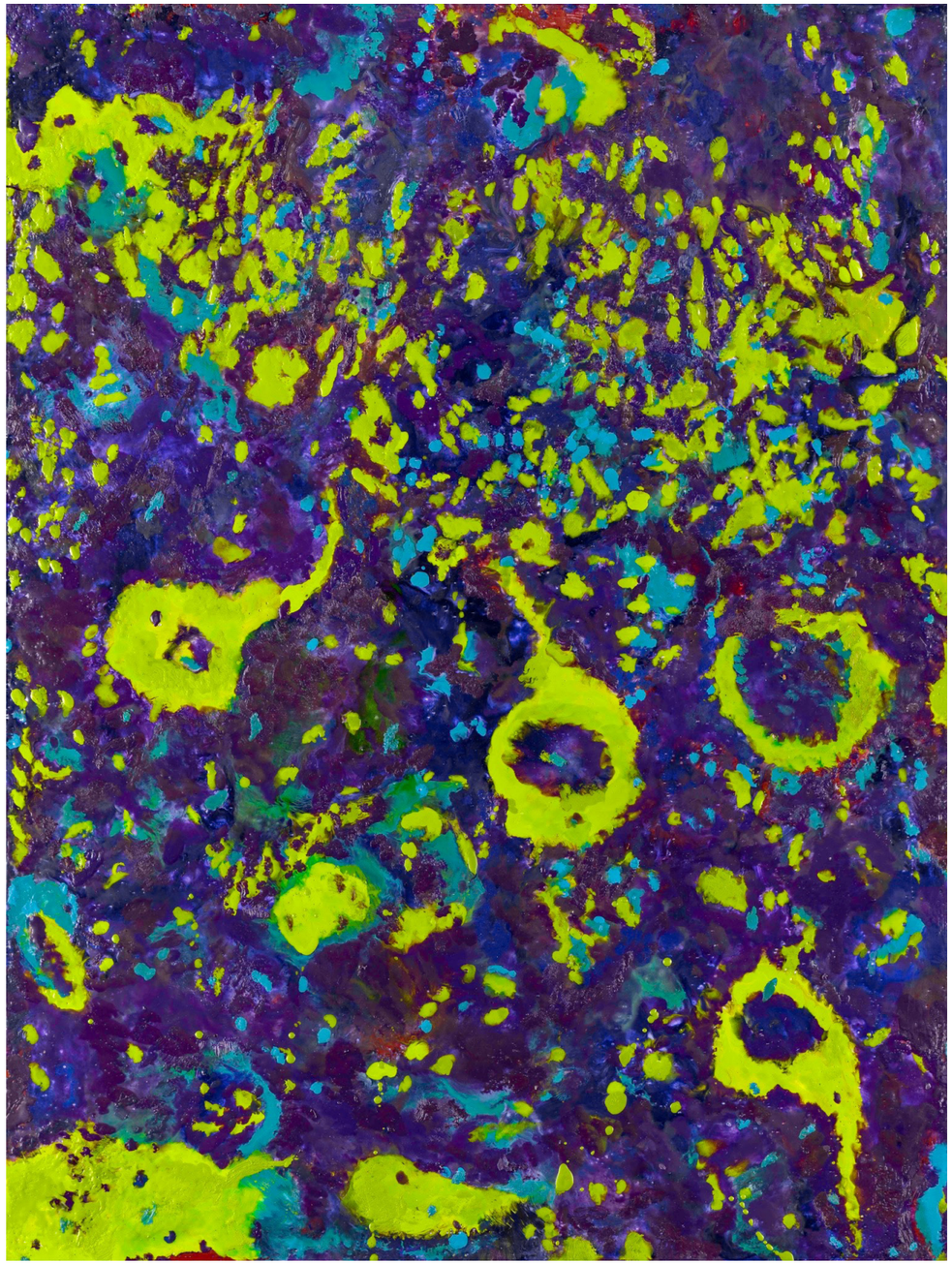
PH.D.

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8/21/23

What if

a tree fell in the forest
and everyone was there
but no one could hear it.
Why
make a sound.
How to
create meaning.
Where
to exist.
When to stay
and when
to go.
Who
cares.



Dawn Shifreen-Pomerantz
"The Presence of Music"
Encaustic on wood panel
18"x24"

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Shattered Peaces

- What does living in troubled times do to us emotionally, socially, politically and collectively?
- How do we contain the uncontainable?
- How do we create a space for dialogue when thinking collapses, when reality intrudes, when horror is too much to hold?

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- Essays, memoirs, papers, reveiws: in English max 1500-2000 words.
- Poetry and short stories - formats: written, video, and/or mixed media.
- Paintings and Photographs - For photographs and paintings, the images submitted should be bigger than 1700px by 1700px (pixels) and have enough light (not too dark or not too bright).
- Submissions should include the paper title, author's name and degree, author's address and email for publication, and a short 2-3 sentence bio.
- Papers should not include clinical material and have no more than 5-6 references in IPA Style.
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