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BULLETIN

OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR PSYCHOANALYTIC MEDICINE

THE SOCIETY OF THE COLUMBIA CENTER FOR PSYCHOANALYTIC TRAINING AND RESEARCH





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Change and Challenge at the Columbia Psychoanalytic Center: Town Hall Meeting

Susan C. Vaughan

October 30, 2017

Reporter: Hilary J. Beattie

Since this has been a momentous year for our Institute, dominated by the search for a new Director to succeed Eric Marcus, but also by the doubling of Faculty dues to the Department of Psychiatry, and the lack of an incoming analytic class for the first time in our history, it seemed appropriate to give an account here of the main events and their implications for the future. Our new Director, Susan Vaughan, made this easier for us by hosting a Town Hall meeting on October 30th, to explain what happened and why, and to give us an opportunity for discussion. To make it all go down more easily she illustrated it with aptly chosen cartoons, befitting the night before Halloween. Here is a summary of what she said.

She began boldly by addressing the difficult relationship between Dr. Lieberman, the Chairman of the Department of Psychiatry, and the Center. Dr. Lieberman's book, *Shrinks: The Untold Story of Psychiatry* (2016) was widely criticized (and not just at Columbia) as an unfair and distorted representation of psychoanalysis in an effort to celebrate biological psychiatry, but it resonated also with our loss of office space to the Department and the raising of the Dean's tax on the faculty. Rather than indulge in animosity, it would be better to try to understand the pressures Dr. Lieberman is facing, as well as to educate him about what we do for the Department (especially in training residents and psychologists), and try to get him more involved with the Center's activities (inviting him to this fall's Welcome Dinner was a first step).

The center originally did not impose dues on faculty, who for years subscribed only to the APM. Faculty dues were inaugurated under the Directorship of Roger McKinnon and have increased since then to the point where they effectively total \$2280 (including dues

to the Center, the Department, the APM, and the two annual dinners), When the current Dean, Lee Goldman, took office in 2006 the Columbia Medical Center was deeply in debt, but he got it into the black by imposing a business model, with financial transparency and strict cost controls, making Departments account for the space they used, and so on. Psychiatry, perhaps because of its complex relationships with New York State, the University and the Medical Center, was the last Department to be taxed, with the rate set at \$500 in the first two years, and then \$1000 in 2017.

This covers administrative expenses, email accounts, Library databases, and website support, among other things. These costs are likely to rise, and since the Center and its Director have no ability to negotiate them every faculty member will have to decide for him or herself what it is worth to be a part of the Columbia community, and to transmit knowledge to future generations.

One further problem is that Psychiatry has by far the most voluntary faculty of any Department in the Medical Center, prompting the question of why we need so many to educate relatively few students. This will mean an end to the almost automatic appointment of Center graduates to the faculty, and those who are appointed will have to give more service, especially for Associate and Full Professorships. In effect, the dues increase is supposed to push out some voluntary faculty, although those who do leave may be able to do some teaching under the title of Invited Guest Lecturer. It may be possible to bridge this gap and foster other career paths, perhaps by encouraging a closer alliance between the Center and the APM, or developing the Friends of the Columbia Psychoanalytic Center (which has separate funds) as a real social and educational organization, promoting things like last year's very successful conference on the impact of modern technologies on analytic practice.

In view of these pressures it has sometimes been suggested that the Center leave Columbia, either by joining with some other institution, or becoming a freestanding entity. This seems unfeasible for many reasons, primarily financial, but also because of all the real benefits of belonging to Columbia, not just prestige but access to world class research facilities, especially in psychiatry and neuroscience. It therefore seems best to adopt a positive attitude and go "all in" for now.

Finally, there was the complicated story of the search process to appoint the new Director. One year before the end of Eric Marcus's

term he initiated the composition of a six person search committee under the chairmanship of Deborah Cabaniss, to recommend two candidates for Dr. Lieberman to choose from. Dr. Lieberman however eventually decided that he wanted Deborah herself to lead the Center. At this point it would have been appropriate to form a new committee and reevaluate all candidates, Deborah included. Since time was too short for this she agreed to take the position, but later stepped down after Dean Goldman insisted for the first time that the new Director of the Center should be a member of the Faculty Practice Organization. (Under the widely used Johns Hopkins model, clinical track faculty are expected to pay for the benefits of their affiliation by joining the FPO, while voluntary faculty are taxed.) A new search committee was then convened under the chairmanship of Steven Roose, to evaluate both old and new applicants for the position and recommend two of them to Dr. Lieberman. Some additional funding was also obtained to offset the financial burden of joining the FPO.

Dr. Lieberman's eventual selection of Susan Vaughan as Director might have seemed surprising, given that she is a member of the LGBT community known for her outspoken and progressive views, and not a Training Analyst. But she has done successful fundraising in other contexts, has a strong interest in neuroscience and psychoanalysis, and above all represents change. And Dr. Lieberman, to his credit, has always been inclusive when it comes to racial and sexual minority issues.

As to the future, Susan asked for our help and support as she looks for ways to advance the Center in this new and challenging environment. She pledges to maintain honesty, transparency and integrity and to listen carefully to all perspectives, so as to minimize group splits; and to work hard for creative solutions to our collective problems. This evening's meeting, with its ensuing lively discussion, was an excellent first step in that direction.

The Analyst As Parent

INTRODUCTION

This delightful chronicle of Hillery Bosworth's journey through the world of Maurice Sendak with her daughter, Jane, inaugurates a new section: The Analyst as Parent. This was suggested by Hillery herself, and hers is the first of what we hope will be many contributions to the Bulletin, by both faculty and candidates, on what it is like to be an analyst-parent, and how each of these important roles can and does influence and often inform the other.

We would love to hear your feedback, and hope this story will remind you of your own stories, and that you will share them with us.

The Analyst as Parent

Jane and I Read Maurice Sendak's *Higgledy Piggledy Pop* or *There Must be Something More to Life*

Hillery Bosworth

As much as I love Maurice Sendak, I wasn't ready to delve into *Higgledy Piggledy Pop* when my daughter received it as a gift just before her first birthday. Maybe it was the reproachful look on the face of the infant in the luminous, eerie illustrations. "Weird gift for a baby!" I thought, and stuck it back on the shelf. Four years later, perhaps when my daughter's facial expressions had moved more reliably in an adoring direction, I sat down with her and tried it again.

A terrier looks out of a window, a suitcase beside her. "Once Jennie had everything. She slept on a round pillow upstairs and a square pillow downstairs. She had her own comb and brush, two different bottles of pills, eyedrops, eardrops, a thermometer, and for cold weather a red wool sweater." Yet she decides to pack a bag and run away. A potted plant reminds her of her comforts, which include "a master who loves her." Jennie acknowledges her good fortune, and the plant asks, "Then why are you leaving?" Jennie explains: "I am discontented. I want something I do not have. There must be more to life than having everything!" Then Jennie eats up the plant, leaf by leaf.

Hmm, I thought. Talking plant, dog ingesting plant to silence its uncomfortable questions. Jane was five and well into secondary process. I glanced over to see how she was taking in this surreal turn of events. A cryptic smile. Slight surprise that the plant was allowed both to talk and to be eaten. Otherwise unfazed.

As we proceeded through the dreamlike plot, my expectation of an apologetic switch to *Clifford the Big Red Dog* faded. Jane seemed intrigued by this idea of something adorable walking away from its caretaker. Not to mention the advantages of a world where you can simply eat annoying creatures who remind you to appreciate what

you have. From my end I also felt jolt of identification with Jennie and her existential dilemma. Safe and well cared for but getting a little restless. Was this dog terminating her analysis, or was she just ready for college? Or maybe having a midlife crisis? According to the date on the inscription, my cousin was forty-two when she gave the book “to Jane,” my exact age as I opened it again. Odd! I forgot about the creepy baby awaiting us, and read on.

Jennie packs her bag and heads out into the world. She meets a pig seeking a Leading Lady for the World Mother Goose Theatre. The job comes with *Plenty to Eat!* As Jennie wolfs down every sandwich on his tray, the pig rejects her application, citing insufficient “experience.” Jennie, artistic ambition awakened, sets out to gain it.

Then she meets a cat delivering milk. Still ravenous, she climbs into the back of his wagon and devours all of his dairy goods. Jane noted that the cat did not complain about this. “What a nice cat!” she pronounced.

I myself had pried many supposedly inedible substances from Jane’s mouth as an infant. She had not only the typical grasping baby’s inclination to put everything in her mouth, but also a special fondness for nearby pieces of paper. She was preternaturally cagey about this, waiting to pop in the mailing flyer while the grown-up carrying her was looking away. Out of the corner of my eye I would see her jaw working on it, savoring the mushy texture, the inks and chemical bleaching agents. But the moment she noticed my noticing her (who says an eight-month old doesn’t have a theory of mind?), her jaw would still and she would lock eyes with an inscrutable expression. This was just the look on Jennie’s face on the opening page, staring straight at the reader with a portrait of the Mona Lisa in the background.

Cat mentions that a nearby Baby needs a nurse, though previous nurses who failed to “make Baby eat” had been fed to a lion. Expecting that this challenge will lead to “experience,” as well as a call-back, Jennie takes the job. A parlor girl leads Jennie to the nursery with a tray of food. It’s clear from Baby’s expression she is going to be difficult.

“What’s the matter with that baby?” asked Jane, mirroring the suspicious look on Baby’s face. “Maybe it’s mad about being forgotten?” That made sense to Jane. We had learned that Baby’s parents had moved away to a castle, leaving Baby behind. No one even remembered her name.

“NO EAT!” Baby screams. Jennie sips some orange juice encouragingly. “Yum, Yum.” “NO YUM” shouts Baby. Jennie starts to get frustrated, and reminds Baby she needs to eat to grow. “NO EAT! NO GROW!” Baby smashes Jennie’s few possessions. Eventually things devolve to the point where Baby has Jennie’s tail in her jaws, Jennie has gobbled up Baby’s food and their eyes are locked, both “growling and showing their teeth.”

Jane was now laughing uncontrollably, and so was I. She had a baby brother and we were both very familiar with this scene of parental food-cajoling. Add on the ambiguity of what is edible, what gets pushed in the mouth and what gets pulled out, and the slap-stick violence of the temper tantrum, and we had a scene as *heimisch* and *unheimlich* as they get.

When the lion shows up, bored with nurse flavor and ready to eat Baby instead, we are surprised when Jennie shows her first sign of genuine concern for others. She begs the lion to return Baby to her parents. Does she feel compassion for this abandoned infant? Having abandoned her own master, does she guiltily identify with Baby’s parents? I did: I’d stuck that disagreeable book on the shelf for four years! Whatever her reparative or masochistic motivations, Jennie resolves to make the ultimate maternal sacrifice, and sticks her head inside the lion’s mouth as a substitute. But the lion spits out Jennie, snaps Baby up in its jaws and heads out the door. “I want a lion,” Jane commented. “But a baby lion.”

Disheveled and bereft, Jennie wanders into the woods. There she meets an ash tree, as verbal as the opening houseplant. Echoing that plant, Jennie observes that the Ash has everything, so why is it complaining? Ash responds: “Winter is nearly here and I am discontented. The birds are gone, my leaves are dead and soon I’ll have nothing but the empty, frozen night.”

Characters in Sendak stories are often threatened with gruesome demise. Hitlerian chefs put a boy into the “Mickey oven;” an infant is carried off by goblins. Yet reading this with my daughter, I was pierced by the sadness in this representation of ordinary loss, old age and death. The ash tree seemed an incarnation of Jennie’s dying self, the one who gave up possessions and love for adventure and self-expression, but who instead found herself attached to a child whom she failed to nurse or protect. Now Jennie has nothing, not even her appetite. She curls up in defeat in the grass. The ash buries Jennie in its falling leaves.

At the time, I read the ending pages of the book as Jennie's last living dream, or perhaps, more brightly, her afterlife, with guilt and death all resolved. Of course Sendak presents these events as simply the next thing that happens. That's how my daughter experienced them. A full moon rises and morphs into Mother Goose, who reveals herself to be none other than grown-up Baby! The lion had not eaten her. (Jane was very relieved to see that, though she had been more distressed by the idea of the lion eating the dog.) The cat, pig, and parlor maid show up, like the uncles at Dorothy's bedside in the *Wizard of Oz*. They are all players in the Mother Goose Theater and hire her as leading lady! They go on tour with a production of the nonsense rhyme "Higgledy Piggledy Pop," in which Jennie eats a mop made of sausage at least once a day. The lion makes a cameo. Jennie, now with a better developed conscience, sends a letter to her old master, reassuring him that she is a famous star, "so don't worry." Unlike Max in his wolf suit, this runaway never returns home. She either found failure and desolation, or had a baby, career and sausages on a regular and satisfying basis.

Who else but Sendak could condense in a child's story literal and metaphoric representations of such a range of human states? The desires to devour and abandon, the fears of abandonment and being devoured, conflicts around safety, love and self-realization across the span of life? I can enjoy my analytic, associative train while reading even the most inane, "in the style of H. A. Rey," *Curious George* sequels. But Sendak's book about the insatiable desirousness of the baby, the artist, and the mother provided a particularly delicious parallel experience. Jane and I both felt satisfied by this mysterious tale. We had opened it at the right time. Any earlier it would have ended up in her mouth.



APM Movie Night

February 5, 2017

Film: *Gattaca* at 20: Narcissistic Striving in an Era of Eugenics

Discussant: Edward Kenny

2017 marks the 20th anniversary of *Gattaca*, directed by Andrew Niccol and first released in 1997, shortly after Scottish scientists announced the cloning of Dolly the Sheep. The setting for this science-fiction film is not a flamboyant, manically-driven extravaganza like *Star Wars* or *Star Trek*, replete with exotic aliens, quasi-magical spaceships and grandiose villains. The technology of the film rather purrs along unobtrusively in the background like the Citroën cars on the set¹. The pace of the film resembles the carriage of the protagonist; it's measured, subdued and essentially mournful. The music by Michael Nyman underscores the emotional tone of melancholy. And the two main technological changes from the present time are simply that rockets travel farther and genetic engineering has progressed to the point where so-called "eugenics" is possible.

Advances in science and technology, as we know too well, can cut both ways. Werner Von Braun was the chief engineer not only for the Saturn V rocket, the workhorse of the Apollo program, but also for the V-2 rocket of Nazi Germany. The genetic technology that sets the stage for the film, enabling the *diktat* that only the perfect shall prosper, is now under development. Michael Specter in 2015 wrote in the *New Yorker*² about CRISPR technology (an acronym

¹ With his keen eye for vintage automobiles, Frank Yeomans pointed this out.

² Specter, M. (2015). The Gene Hackers. *The New Yorker* 2015/11/16: 52–61.

for Clustered Regularly Interspaced Short Palindromic Repeats), a genetic engineering technique that holds the potential for altering human DNA. He mentioned that a leading researcher in the field, Jennifer Doudna of Berkeley, confessed a nightmare to him: She was summoned before a powerful, piggish man to explain the potential for CRISPR — he turned out to be Adolf Hitler. She awoke in a cold sweat, haunted by what such a man might do with the technology.

In addition to the issue of the warping of societal ethics in response to new technology, other themes in *Gattaca* have been explored myriad times in literature and film. Among them are: The struggle to pull oneself up by one's bootstraps; the tension between societally-imposed conformity and the drive for individual freedom; love and attachment versus achievement and independence; and the fate of justice at the scene of a crime. The merits of the film lie not so much in originality as in execution, in the lyrical rendering of these themes and conflicts. My comments will focus on the character of the protagonist, played by Ethan Hawke, and how his relationships with others in the film affect his on-going internal object relations and character development. I'll refer to him as "Vincent" for the sake of simplicity, although his alias through much of the movie is "Jerome." This film provides us with another Rorschach test whereby we may project our psychoanalytic theories into the silhouette of the main character and those in play with him.

A venerable Latin expression is *Per aspera ad astra* — "Through hardship to the stars." The protagonist of *Gattaca* embodies this maxim as he pursues his own dream of a "starry, starry night," to use Don McLean's lyrics from his song about Vincent Van Gogh³. The Vincent of *Gattaca* strives to redeem himself in a near-future dystopia with a *de facto* caste system in which those without perfect genetics are invalidated, and a high-status crown jewel of that sick society is an exclusive, regimented space academy. The name *Gattaca*, composed of letters signifying the nucleotides that form the structure of DNA, is just a few base pairs away from, and rhymes with, *Attica*, the scene in 1971 of the infamous prison riot where mistreated inmates fought for improved living conditions.

So, inter alia, the film depicts a Horatio Alger, rags-to-riches story of a successful underdog. Vincent is disadvantaged because he

³ McLean, Don (1971). *Starry Starry Night*, in *American Pie*. United Artist Records.

is short, myopic, and doomed by a heart condition to a foreshortened lifespan. Despite the asperity of Vincent's life and upbringing, or because of it, he forges a dogged character to battle the odds. His is an *Everyman* story, a retro-future morality play depicting what is required to attain salvation so as truly to become a Free Man, and the essentially solitary nature of this quest.

But what do we conclude about a man who presents a misleading façade, lies about his identity to his peers and his lover, and breaks the law by resorting to violence when his path is blocked? Usually, we call him a sociopath. Yet we are loath to do so — we excuse him and his deceptive use of a false self because of the sickness of the society in which he must make his way.

Vincent shows strong obsessional and narcissistic character traits, as he engages in a no-holds-barred pursuit of his goal, where the end justifies the means. His persona is a compromise formation with both adaptive and defensive aspects. To accomplish his dream of becoming an astronaut, he works meticulously, methodically, ceaselessly. He encapsulates himself in an obsessive cocoon as he spins out his karma. In addition, though, he uses obsessionality to establish a psychic retreat like those described by John Steiner⁴, allowing him to hold in abeyance the pining and regret of the Depressive Position. His brief love affair with Irene may be only a momentary deviation from his inexorable and lonely trajectory.

Vincent's admirable attention to detail, to schedule, to the rigors of physical and technical training, and to necessary deceptions are all in the service of relatively healthy narcissism, not exploitation of others. He perambulates the grounds of Gattaca with hands clasped primly behind his back, a priestly accountant in a cathedral of numbers. Here he is comparable to the subject of Edward Arlington Robinson's poem "Richard Cory:" "...a gentleman from sole to crown, clean favored and imperially slim."

As the character Dr. Lamar (played by Xander Berkeley) monitors Vincent — whom he refers to by his assumed name of "Jerome" — he comments on the hero's seemingly imperturbable heartbeat during a workout. He intones onomatopoeically, "Jerome, Jerome, the metronome." Lamar is perhaps not fully aware that be-

⁴ Steiner, J. (1993). *Psychic Retreats*, London: Routledge.

hind that apparent steadiness lies a wildly beating heart, symbolic of Vincent's fragility and also of his passionate core.

What then of Vincent's capacity for attachment, for dependency, for emotional vulnerability? He wants, above all, to go somewhere *else* in a rocket, a vehicle that is now our clichéd symbol of phallic narcissism — an unyielding carapace, propelled by anal fire, touching nothing, fleeing mother earth, flying solo into nothingness.

We can weigh further evidence for his character and relational capabilities by looking at three major intertwined relational dyads that are reworked in the course of the film. These are: Vincent and his father; Vincent and his mother; and Vincent and his brother.

Let's take the first of these object pairs. In the developmental preamble of the film, we witness Vincent's definitive rejection by his biological father. Like Oedipus, it is the founding myth of his character: the father who rejects his son at birth. Aware of the boy's imperfection, Anton senior (played by Elias Koteas) refuses to allow his first-born son even to carry his name, but bestows it later on Vincent's younger brother. He also attempts to crush his son's aspirations: "Look, for God's sake, you gotta understand something. . .the only way that you'll see the inside of a space ship is if you were cleaning it!" So the director of the film, Andrew Niccol, sketches an archetypical narcissistic father who repudiates his son for not meeting specifications: Vincent is not what his father ordered.

In a complete turnaround, Vincent later earns the sincere respect of at least two significant surrogate fathers at Gattaca. One is Director Josef (played by Gore Vidal), for whom Vincent is the favorite son. He comments not on Vincent's presumed genetics, but rather on his track record: "I reviewed your flight plan. Not one error in a million keystrokes. Phenomenal." The planned mission to Titan is Director Josef's ultimate dream, one for which he wants Vincent at the helm, and for which he is willing to kill and *does*. Josef sacrifices his own professional life so that Vincent may fly. But while Josef sets the stage for the subplot murder mystery, his place as a father is relatively minor.

Another father-figure in the adult Vincent's life provides the final validation in the dénouement of the film. That man is Dr. Lamar, and his sympathy for Vincent is multilayered. Early on, we witness a humorous interaction between Vincent and him in the course of

a “routine” physical examination: In the subdued exchange, Lamar comments admiringly on Vincent’s penis: “You’ve got a beautiful piece of equipment there, Jerome. Have I ever told you that?” Vincent responds wryly: “Only every time.” Here’s a sample of the passion and excitement veiled behind a screen of obsessive factualism. Whether the sexual aspect of Lamar’s remark is reciprocated by Vincent is secondary; more importantly, Vincent receives a vital libidinal injection of praise. A potential backstory is the possibility that Lamar’s desires *too* must be kept under wraps in this discriminatory society where homosexuality may be judged as evidence of failing.

Later on, we are brought to the brink of disaster when we think Vincent’s cover has been blown, his hard work stymied, just as he is on the verge of boarding the rocket for his mission. In a final unexpected urine test, we think Lamar has now uncovered Vincent’s true genetic identity, only to learn that Lamar has known it for quite some time. He was in fact a covert accomplice in Vincent’s renegade activity. Here is another milestone in the reversal of Vincent’s status. Rather than exposing him as an impostor, Lamar implicitly lauds Vincent as a role-model for his own genetically imperfect son: “Unfortunately my son’s not all that was promised. But then who *knows* what he could do.” Perhaps Lamar hopes that Vincent’s example might help change the rigid and limiting social order; I could imagine Lamar taking up the refrain from that same Don McLean song: “They did not listen, they did not know how. . . perhaps they’ll listen now.”

The final touch in the restitution of the good father-son dyad, and an emotionally satisfying moment for us, occurs when Vincent realizes that he is *known* — Lamar warmly calls him by his real name: “You are going to miss your flight, Vincent.” Vincent takes a few steps in the direction of the rocket, then turns back and stares, his wordless attention expressing the affective intensity between them. This scene of intimate emotional connection between our Oedipus and his finally-approving Laius occurs poignantly at the exact moment of their parting. It remains unclear what has been established in Vincent’s mind.

A second reworked object-relational dyad is that of Vincent and his mother. As opposed to his biological father, his biological mother seems nurturing to a degree. The evidence is scant, but we are left with the impression that she tries to open doors for her son,

as when she approaches a kindergarten where Vincent is refused entrance. However, she is impotent in protecting him from the devaluation he suffers both in the outside world and at home with his father and brother. When Vincent rips his own image from the family photograph, he leaves her too. What does this portend for his future love relations? The sequelae remain unclear.

In his initial courtship with Irene (played by Uma Thurman), Vincent proceeds coyly. In fact, she may be the one kick-starting the romance. At first, the interplay between these two is still restrained. However, things heat up considerably after they flee the nightclub, sprint down an alleyway, duck for cover and then, finally, embrace. Belying his usual abstemiousness, Vincent kisses her thirstily, like a parched man drinking at an oasis. As they take each other in, I associate to Freud's contention that sexual and romantic love begins at mother's breast. But can Vincent sustain this intense connection, the fulfillment of a core desire for emotional and physical contact that he has deferred for years? Perhaps not, because after they first make love, he steals away and crouches naked on the seashore, scrubbing himself clean. Here, the procedure does not just function to dispose of bodily matter that might betray his genetic identity to her; it is also an anguished ritual cleansing to rid himself of the painful intimacy of human contact, of dependency, of the dangerous desire for another. Here his inner gravitational pull towards protective solitude reasserts itself.

From the film, I see nothing very problematic in Irene's character. Initially, she seeks verification of her romantic choice through the covert but culturally accepted route of a "sequencing," to determine his genetic pedigree. Later on, however, despite his deception and violence, she is won over by him. So when he offers a real hair from his head for another genetic evaluation, she repays his earlier favor in kind and lets it blow away: "Sorry, the wind caught it." Irene accepts Vincent, warts and all. For her part, she vows to play the faithfully patient Penelope to his wandering Odysseus; she's willing to mark time until his return from Titan. "A year's a long time," says Vincent, to which she replies, "Not so long, just once around the sun." To this generous offer he never responds; for his part, he does not promise to return. Vincent's final soliloquy is ambiguous. He says, "For someone who was never meant for this world, I must confess I'm suddenly having a hard time leaving it. Of course they

say every atom in our bodies was once part of a star. Maybe I'm not leaving. Maybe I'm going home."

Thus, psychological resolution for him is only partial, and an essential ambivalence remains at the end of film. Having achieved dramatic breakthroughs in the vital domains of love and work, he cannot pursue both simultaneously. He faces an unresolvable Schaferean Tragic Knot: He has to choose between the culminating act of his professional, astronomical success and the on-going consummation of his love relationships with Irene and others. His words at the film's end leave us wondering. Vincent lives out a neurotic compromise, displacing his desire for erotic fusion with Irene onto merger with the inanimate. Is he here expressing an anti-libidinal nihilism, an entropic Death Wish? Does he see himself as destined to leave Irene, just as he left his mother, his father, his brother?

Having speculated about his paternal and maternal object relations, I'll turn finally to his fraternal objects. Early on, Vincent tries to cement his relationship with his sibling by becoming blood brothers, only to be rejected. His biological brother Anton (played by William Lee Scott) is infected by the twin serpents of a socially condoned devaluation of "invalids" and of a hateful competitive envy. After Vincent's desire for kinship is thwarted, he at least bolsters his self-esteem by finally besting his brother in a swimming contest. But there is no finish line in this race, no substitute brothers or admiring crowd waiting to embrace Vincent. Later in the film, there's a rematch of that seagoing marathon, featuring the two brothers both physically and psychically naked. Here is literally *Sturm und Drang*, Storm and Drive, with Vincent's bare desire pitted against the elements and the enmity of his brother. Outstripping his brother once more, Vincent repeats his triumph and again rescues Anton. Before he surrenders, Anton cries out: "Vincent! How are you doing this? How have you done any of this?" Vincent responds, "... This is how I did it, Anton: I never saved anything for the swim back." Unsurprisingly, Vincent tastes only another pyrrhic victory — his fraternal love, his desire for reparation, are still one-sided. His sole consolation is that Anton is removed as an obstacle.

In contrast, the drama between Vincent and his *Doppelgänger* Jerome evolves to a more caring place, though it too ends tragically (Here, the "Jerome" I'm referring to is the character played by

Jude Law, who is also called “Eugene.”⁵). While the relationship between the two begins as a mere business deal, with Jerome agreeing to lease his genetic identity to Vincent in exchange for money, it quickly evolves into something deeper. Initially, Jerome is a bitter and cynical narcissist who, having won only a second-place medal in a swimming competition, attempted suicide but crippled himself instead. Confined to a wheelchair, he lives in a limbo of dissipation. As the film progresses, though, Jerome invests heavily in Vincent’s aspirations. We see this in what is arguably *the* iconic scene of the film. Here is the lead-up to it: Anton, the detective and brother of Vincent, decides to pursue the investigation of the murder at the space academy by visiting Vincent at home. It’s a fraught moment since Vincent risks exposure. Alerted to the impending visit, the wheelchair-bound Jerome must struggle his way up a spiral staircase so as to greet Anton and fool him. Crippled with non-functional legs, Jerome clumsily and agonizingly makes the ascent. Here in poetic condensation we have the essential narrative battle of the film. Jerome acts for himself, but he also symbolizes Vincent and *all of us* as well — castrated, imperfect, struggling for survival. The spiral staircase, a *double helix*, is the symbol of our genetic destiny, our imperfection, our battle with the cards we are dealt⁶. The helix is the thing that winds us up and screws us. But we can fight it, and the way we live our limitations is strongly influenced by how our society views us.

Of course, we could read Jerome’s act in a cynical way: He might be simply protecting his own self-interest, because if their cover is blown he will lose income and face penalty. I imagine rather that Jerome is motivated more by his sympathy for, and identification with, Vincent and his project. As such, Jerome’s grit and physical courage are in service of attachment to another human being, an altruistic sacrifice for another person whom he loves. However briefly, he breaks open his narcissistic character armor. It is the single most heroic act of the film.

⁵ Independently, both Fred Pine and Luke Rosnick (Lyle’s son) pointed out the irony of the pun contained within this name: Eu (good) + Gene.

⁶ The symbolism of the staircase and the altruistic aspect of Jerome’s struggle in this scene were brought to my attention by Elaine Stern, L.Ac., M.S.

Unfortunately, this breakthrough does not last. When Vincent's journey into space is finally assured, Jerome prepares provisions and informs Vincent lightly: "I'm travelling too." At the film's end, we see some brilliant cinematic juxtapositions. As Vincent blasts off in a rocket, Jerome simultaneously immolates himself. As the flames consume him, we see Jerome's old second-place swimming medal: It depicts two men in mid-stroke, one close behind the other. This symbolizes his connection to Vincent, the fraternal twinship they share, as well as the loss of grandiose preeminence, encompassing both his, and Anton's, status relative to Vincent. Togetherness and separation, success and failure, are all alloyed in this oxymoronic emblem. The same passionate fire that propels Vincent's success also fuels Jerome's annihilation. We can conceptualize Jerome's suicide as a fragmentation of the self because of his loss of an essential self-object, the deprivation of his spiritual lover, or as the final ascendancy of his innate destructive aggression, fueled by rage and envy towards his more successful sibling.

However we view this tragedy, some remnants of human warmth remain after the inferno. Hair is another central symbol of the film: Its meaning ranges from damning evidence of imperfection, to the loving and lyrical, as seen in the exchanges of hair between Vincent and Irene. As a symbol of love, it counterbalances the fatalism of the helix. In the space capsule, Vincent discovers that Jerome has bequeathed him a lock of his hair, a sensuous reminder of Jerome's affection. Here is another understated, potent moment.

For our flawed protagonist, the developmental progression from a narcissism rooted in the paranoid-schizoid position to the perils of depressive connectedness is unfinished. Vincent is embedded in a society that values an illusory perfection, leading to a central paradox and ambiguity both in the dramatic arc of the film and in his character. Do his accomplishments represent a triumph over the psychotic strictures of a perfectionistic society? Or are they merely a capitulation to its demands, external evidence of an internalized value system that is itself still pathological?⁷

If his fragile heart and the dangers of the voyage allow it, perhaps Vincent will return to Earth. We do not know if his success will remain a private affair, or if he will eventually choose to contribute

⁷ My effort to articulate this ambiguity was influenced by discussion with Frank Yeomans.

to the repair of the larger social world. Will he reconnect with the tenderness of his imperfect loved ones? Or will he stay in suspended animation, an isolative psychic death as in the great expanses of sea and space? We don't know. We don't really know if Vincent has saved enough for the swim back.

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Psychoanalysis in the Future: Introduction

Cheryl Foo Yunn Shee is originally from Singapore, where she graduated with distinction in Humanities from the Raffles Institution in 2012. She continued her studies in England, at Cambridge University, where she obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree with Double First Class Honors in Psychological and Behavioral Sciences in 2016.

Currently, Cheryl is a doctoral student in Clinical Psychology at Teachers' College, Columbia University. For a course entitled *Dynamic Psychotherapies*, taught by our colleague, Edie Cooper, she wrote this thoughtful and stimulating paper on her immigrant experience. It is a pleasure to print it here.



The Immigrant: Psychodynamic Perspectives

Cheryl Foo Yunn Shee

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

When I first moved to England for my undergraduate years, I was careful to say to my friends there that I was “going back to my apartment,” or that I “stayed in the house.” The word “home” lingered on the tip of my tongue, unable to be said, for the simplicity and singleness of its meaning had been lost. Following the move, the word “home” was now a placeholder for the four walls of my apartment that I felt inclined to “make home,” at the same time as it held my identity as a Singaporean and my connection to my family “back home.”

For migrants, ideas of home and identity have to be continually redefined and reconstructed with every move between spaces of belonging and un-belonging. From the first physical departure from away from one’s home – perhaps tracing back to one’s first sleepover – there is also a psychological departure from the premise of “home.” As the writer John Berger (1984, p. 67) suggests, immigration “involves an ontological and psychological severance which is irredeemable. After migration, identities, habits and personal memories and social histories can no longer be embraced within the four walls of a home.” Migration, which challenges the stability of the individual’s psychic and family organization, can be said to produce a discontinuous state of being, shaken by loss, conflict and ambiguity. The immigrant, a liminal subject always in transformation, is thus caught in between negotiations of his/her past, present and future, and his/her abandoned and adopted selves.

The immigration process is often described as occurring in stages, including pre-migration (preparing to move), migration/transit (the physical relocation) and post-migration and resettlement into the new society (Bhugra & Becker 2005). However, this process is experienced differently by different immigrants, thus producing different outcomes with regard to psychological functioning and integration. For example, immigration can be temporary or

permanent. The distinctions between “immigrant,” “refugee” and “exile” thus also open or preclude the possibility of return to or revisiting the home country. Immigrants have different degrees of choice and reasons for leaving. They leave home at different ages, and consequently also have differing intrapsychic capacity for separateness prior to immigration (Akhtar 1999). Finally, the ways in which the host culture receives the migrant, and the magnitude of cultural differences between the adopted and the home country, are important factors that determine the immigrant’s narrative of change and continuity. Thus, a confluence of dynamic factors – intrapsychic, interpersonal, cultural and societal – all interact to contribute towards the immigrant’s understanding of his/her self.

While no two immigrations are the same, some writers, like Akhtar (1995), have suggested a “core migratory process” and a central conflict that characterize the psychic development of an immigrant. This essay will first acknowledge the losses that accompany the immigrant and the grief that needs to be worked through in the process of acculturation. Conceptualizing relocation as the loss of the primary object, the motherland, I shall use Object Relations theory, particularly Mahler’s separation-individuation developmental sequence and Winnicott’s transitional space, to understand the immigrant’s disruption and the route to self and object constancy, that is, how he/she can find a psychic home in the duality, or multiplicities, of his/her selfhood.

RESIDENT ALIEN

I come from a country situated one degree north of the Equator, where there are no seasons. The days are the same length year-round, with no turning backwards or forwards of clocks, and everything operates according to this schedule. The sun always sets at 7:00 pm. Moving to a country with seasons, it took a while for my brain and stomach to synchronize their schedules. I got hungry as it got dark (earlier in the winter, later in the summer) but I was still stuck on the fact that dinnertime had to be 7:00 pm. It took a while for me to get used to why the British always talked about the weather – simply because it was always changing, temperamental. The first blizzard in New York, which blanketed the city in white, erased all my sense of familiarity, and left only the profound realization that it does not

snow in my country. The change in landscape, the change in times – one would think one would get used to it, but because of memory and our instinct to compare past and present, there remains an unshakable sense of dislocation and displacement. A “resident alien,” I walk through Harlem with a sense of familiarity but not of belonging.

Moving from one location to another involves loss. The reaction to losses resulting from immigration has been termed “cultural mourning” (Ainslie 1998), or “cultural bereavement” (Eisenbruch 1984); Volkan (2007) characterizes immigrants as “perennial mourners.” These losses might include the loss of mastery over surroundings, loss of family networks and support, loss of language and the loss of everyday patterns of existence (Imberti 2008). As a consequence of cultural relocation and the loss of the primary object (mother/home-land), the individual is deprived of the “holding functions” (Winnicott 1953) that in the native country provided a feeling of safety, connectedness and importantly, identity. Bowlby (1961) had described a three-stage process of grief among adults, which mirrors the “shock and anxiety” commonly experienced by children when separated from their mother. Applying it to the immigration experience, in the first phase, the immigrant might experience disappointment, anxiety and grief due to separation from the original object, and focus their energy on recovering this lost object (i.e., hypercathexis). In the second stage, psychic disorganization, emotional pain and despair may occur as one slowly withdraws his/her energy from the lost object. According to Volkan (1993, p. 65) “the extent to which the individual is able intrapsychically to accept his or her loss will determine the degree to which an adjustment is made to the new life.” “Cultural mourning” therefore leads to a variety of strategies to repair the sense of loss, to deny it, or otherwise attenuate it.

In psychological theory, the mourning and adjustment process proceeds through the process of acculturation (Berry et al. 1992), that is, the extent to which one incorporates or repudiates aspects of the new culture in relation to the self. This process can take a number of forms, including “selective acculturation” whereby the immigrant picks and chooses cultural beliefs and behaviors (Berry et al. 1992; Bhugra & Becker 2005), and “additive acculturation” (Gibson 2001), when new skills, cultural knowledge and language are added without replacing existing ones. The possible outcomes include different degrees of: assimilation (abandoning the original culture and

accepting the new culture); integration (keeping aspects of the original culture, and accepting aspects of the new culture); separation (keeping the original culture and rejecting the new culture); and/or marginalization (rejecting both cultures). As in Bowlby's description of the final stage of grief, mourning processes are completed and a new self-state emerges whereby energy can be directed towards new objects, people and places.

However, to conceptualize it in this way, with a stark duality between the new and the old that requires reconciliation, means that acculturation always comes at the cost of some sort of dissociation (Boulangier 2015). Boulangier further notes that a stage-based account of "cultural mourning" and "acculturation" gives rise to the misconception that there are milestones to be completed. She argues, rather, that the acculturation/assimilation process for an immigrant is the project of a lifetime, where "we move back and forth between self-states identified with different cultures, eventually living 'in between.'" Eng and Han (2000), for example, capture the contradictory and complex assimilation processes faced by immigrants of Asian origin in the United States by characterizing their "racial melancholia" as a "suspended assimilation." The American Dream was both "compelling fantasy and a lost ideal," and thus the immigrant had to confront feelings of both betrayal by and longing for the new country, as well as the country of origin. The "culture shock" in the initial stages of immigration (Garza-Guererro 1974) is thus not only a reaction to external environmental changes, but also the beginning of necessary confrontations and negotiations with repressed, disavowed, lost, idealized and emerging versions of the self (Pederson 1995).

RETURNING TO THE MOTHERLAND

Falk (1974) suggests that countries or territories on the two sides of a border often unconsciously symbolize early parental figures. One country, usually the country of origin, might come to represent the mother, and the other country, the father. This creates fertile ground for Oedipal fantasies and enactments on the part of the immigrant. For example, Falk states that "many immigrants to America had fantasies of it being like a great good mother taking them in her embrace," but when they arrived the reality was different, a

“rejection” that was experienced as a narcissistic injury. Undeniably, we experience and form versions of ourselves through interactions with our environments (Winnicott, 1971).

Torn between two or more lands and corresponding experiences of self, the immigrant is thus vulnerable to the splitting of self and object representations. For example, the country of origin and adoptive country are alternately idealized and devalued. Closeness and distance from one or the other culture is negotiated along a spectrum of “ethnocentric withdrawal,” at one end of which the immigrant affiliates almost exclusively with people and traditions within their own cultural group, while at the other end, that of “counterphobic assimilation,” the immigrant identifies completely with the adoptive culture in order to renounce their original one (Akhtar, 1999). These splitting and compromise formations are used defensively to protect a destabilized self and object constancy (Mahler 1971).

This psychic restlessness and internal strife are reminiscent of the separation-individuation process (Mahler et al. 1975). In Mahler’s theory, separation is a psychological process whereby the child forms a representation of the self that is distinct or separate from the representation of the object (mother/home). Individuation is a psychological process through which the child develops specific characteristics, so that the self becomes not only distinct from the object but also unique and autonomous. Recent research has sought to explore the applicability of separation-individuation theory to immigrant situations. Marlin (1992, p. 41) analyzed unconscious motives for immigration, arguing that leaving the homeland can facilitate intrapsychic separation processes and may be an “unconscious expression of distancing, abandoning, and vengeance on parents.” At the same time, immigration can also offer additional opportunities for establishing autonomy and renewed psychic growth and maturation (Mirsky & Yael 2006).

In an iteration of the rapprochement sub-phase, where the child experiences conflicting desires for dependency and autonomy, as well as feelings of omnipotence and vulnerability as he/she develops a sense of him/herself as a separate individual, Akhtar (1995, 1999) describes a “third individuation” among immigrants, where there is “a reorganization of identity, a potential reworking of earlier consolidations.” He delineates four journeys (“psychic travels”) as characterizing identity transformation in immigration: the transition

from love or hate of country of origin and the new country to ambivalence; from feelings of near or far to optimal distance from the country of origin; from past or future to present day; and from separate social affiliations (“us-them”) to mutuality and identifying as “we” in the new country. Each of these journeys mends a split across temporal, spatial and emotional dimensions, resulting in a “hyphenated” and bridged identity. The partial self and object become a whole, integrating both good and bad representations in this process of synthesis, hybridization and hyphenation, in order to achieve eventually a “continuity of personal character” (Erikson 1959).

One method of hyphenation is through the affective and imaginary “return home” through nostalgia and fantasy. Akhtar (1995) suggests that nostalgia and fantasy serve a defensive function in coping with ongoing frustrations in the adoptive country, a regressive search for symbiosis. I imagine returning home “someday,” in summer and many years later – what would have changed and what would have stayed the same? Which friends would I have continued to keep close and what would they be doing? One also fantasizes, idealistically: “If only I had not left. . .” (Akhtar, 1996). As Volkan (1999) suggests, nostalgia serves as a “linking phenomenon,” allowing for an ongoing dialogue with the past and future. With every actual and imagined interaction, fantasies of one’s home country and adopted country are solidified or negated (Tummala-Narra 2009), thus recreating one’s understanding of “home” and where one fits in the “in between.” Put differently, nostalgia, fantasy and memory attempt to restore distance in the “in between” space of imagined past and future, such that a “third individuation” can occur with the symbolic restitution of the motherland.

Optimal distance from the internal representation of the motherland during the “third individuation” phase is also facilitated by the use of transitional objects and transitional spaces to close emotional distances caused by separation. For example, Akhtar (1999) speaks about “refueling” by reconnecting with the home country through visits, phone calls, speaking in the mother tongue, eating ethnic food and so on, in order to maintain ties to his/her cultural community. This transitional space allows the immigrant to cope with feelings of alienation and opens up space to play with the possibilities of reconfiguring identity.

Finally, the transference relationship between analysand and analyst is also a potential space for the intersection of past, present

and future experiences. Boulanger (2015) and Tummala-Narra (2009) give rich accounts of the therapeutic relationship between two immigrants. The therapist too may have dreams, images and memories of her own country of origin, which then become a backdrop for imagining the patient's return home. The interaction between each other's uprootedness is an important ingredient for empathy and the provision of a transitional home/containing environment in which there is a parallel process for both analyst and analysand to explore the roots of their past, hopes, regrets and unrecognized and emerging selves.

▣: FINDING DWELLING

Modernity has become a condition of immigration and exile, characterized by dis-attachment, uncertainty and fragmentation. Our identities are uprooted and transported into new locations to play out within the continuing tensions of belonging and displacement. Even in the history of psychoanalysis, the quest for home was founded on the experience of exile.

As illustrated in this essay, immigration is experienced as a backward and forward movement – the closing and widening of distances, the shifts in real and imagined past and future, psychological regression and maturation. This oscillation leaves one ambivalent, without bearings. However, even without permanence of home, the achievement of self and object constancy might still be possible.

Writing about her experience as a lesbian Chicana (Mexican-American), Anzaldúa echoes the Kleinian depressive position and the “third individuation” described in this essay: “The new *mestiza* (hybrid) copes by developing a tolerance for contradiction, a tolerance for ambiguity. . . She has a plural personality, she operates in a pluralistic mode – nothing is thrust out, not the good, the bad, or the ugly, nothing rejected, nothing abandoned. Not only does she sustain contradictions, she turns the ambivalence into something else. In attempting to work out a synthesis, the self has added a third element which is greater than the sum of the severed parts. That third element is a new consciousness. . .” (1987, p. 101). It is the consciousness, not of a monolithic self, but a hybrid, hyphenated self that accepts and sees growth in commensurable multiplicities rather than fragmentation.

Allow me here to use my mother tongue – after all, it is one of the earliest maternal imagos – a linguistic world that connects me sensuously and emotionally to home (Amati-Mahler et al. 1993). The Chinese character 回 (huí) means “to return,” but it would be mistaken to say that our first home – our motherland – is the irrevocable condition we would want to return to. As John Berger (1984, p. 67) insightfully suggests, “every migrant knows in his heart of hearts that it is impossible to return. Even if he is physically able to return, he does not truly return, because he himself has been so deeply changed by his emigration.” Rather, if you consider the character pictorially, one sees a whole within a whole, reflecting the possibility of two self-consistent entities *dwelling* with each other. An invitation to create a home in one’s own self.

The potential that we will 回 (ancient Chinese bronze script for 回) to

“...the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.”

T.S. Eliot, “Little Gidding”

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Soul Machine: The Invention of the Modern Mind

George Makari

Discussant: Jerome Wakefield

October 4, 2016

Reporter: Angela M. Hegarty

Dr. Makari's presentation and Dr. Wakefield's discussion explored the human mind through the lens of the history of ideas, both by developing an overarching narrative, or big picture, but also allowing for more in depth discussion of specific areas of the discourse. Less talented speakers could have easily lost or overwhelmed the audience, but not so on this evening! My own notes ran to over fifteen pages. The topic was nothing less than the nature of the human mind as understood through nearly three millennia of human thought. From the time of Aristotle and Aquinas the human mind was understood as an immortal soul, but starting with Mersenne and the mechanical philosophy of the 16th century, the mind was seen as a machine. The title of Makari's new book *Soul Machine* (2016) represents an intriguing synthesis of the two concepts. What follows is a brief overview and sampling from an exciting and memorable evening.

Given so serious a topic we might have expected a serious beginning, but Makari's playful teaching style upended our expectations. To introduce some of the thinkers interested in the question of mind, he began with a famous Monty Python sketch: the football (soccer) match between the Greek and German philosophers. For those few who do not remember it, the German side includes luminaries like Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, Wittgenstein, Nietzsche, Heidegger and Schopenhauer, and also, surprisingly, Franz Beckenbauer (who actually was a famous player). The Greek lineup is equally impressive, including Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Sophocles, Archimedes and Democritus. The referee is Confucius while his linesmen are St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas. When the

game begins the philosophers wander off, ignoring the ball and, at times, one another. Nietzsche gets into trouble with the referee and Karl Marx is brought in to replace Wittgenstein. At last, in the final minutes of the game, Archimedes cries “Eureka!” and kicks the ball, leading to a goal, but the Germans object, questioning the basis of what is called “reality.” The video drew knowing laughter from the audience.

Following this “strange interlude,” Makari took us through what has come to be known as the Enlightenment project of reason and empiricism, without naively idealizing science and reason nor accepting objectivity on its face. Woven through this history were themes that emerged from the critiques of Adorno and Horkheimer, and others of the Frankfurt School, as well as of Foucault and post-colonial theorists. Science in the 19th century was seen as liberating human beings from the irrational, from prejudice and superstition, while its seemingly objective “truths” offered closure and certainty in an era of disruptive change. For Freud, objective Enlightenment science would forever dispel the subjective, irrational superstition of religion, and became the rock on which he would found the house of psychoanalysis.

Even so, as Makari noted, the first discipline to emerge from Enlightenment science was phrenology, a supposedly scientific method for discerning innate biological characteristics of mind and character, which provided “proof” of the racial superiority of one group and the tainted inferiority of another. These ideas, that race was measurable, objective and verifiable, also influenced Freud’s thinking. As many critics have pointed out, the apotheosis of the Enlightenment, the movement that began in the late 18th century, lay not in some great discovery that liberated humankind, but in the Holocaust of Nazi Germany. Since we no longer hold concepts like science, reason and objectivity to be somehow immune to bias and distortion, Makari asked how, if not through science, do we approach the human soul or mind?

Makari then discussed two competing discourses concerning the human mind: the idea of the soul as immortal, as developed by Aristotle and Aquinas; versus the idea of mind as machine, as posited by Mersenne, a 16th century Jesuit priest and philosopher interested in the development of mechanical philosophy. The latter concept came to predominate but has been challenged by numerous critics across the centuries, mostly from a perspective that psychoanalysts

well understand: that the inner life can never be conquered by entirely rational means, be they mechanical philosophies or science. To put it another way: when it comes to the science of mind, what can be measured is not always important and what is important cannot always be measured.

As I listened I began to wonder what the physicians of the time made of all this. As if on cue, Makari broke the unfortunate news that while philosophers like Locke came up with early versions of psychotherapeutic interventions, physicians clung to knowledge handed down for over a millennium, namely, Galen's theory of the four humors. Doctors apparently felt that human understanding and consciousness had nothing to do with doctoring. By the end of the 18th century it was a treatment based on the ideas of Locke, not those of the doctors of the time, that was thought to have cured the madness of King George III. On the continent, physicians were not as reluctant to engage with new ideas as in the Anglophone world. In France, Pinel and Mesmer studied what we would now consider both neurological and psychological phenomena in actual human beings, in dialog with the philosophical discourse of mind and consciousness. In Germany, Kant, in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, asserted that mind and body are not reducible one to the other. If mind were in fact reducible to brain (an idea implicit in phrenology), what point would there be in a cure that involved only talk? When Freud was born, in the Austro-Hungarian empire, the only study of mind was from the perspective of neurology, but Freud's early years also saw the parallel development of psychology. During Freud's lifetime both would become integrated into psychiatry, especially in the German-speaking world.

After this tour de force, Wakefield's commentary brought us to Freud and to his early education. He discussed at length the influence of Franz Brentano, whose works on intentionality, perception and judgment, begun in his seminal text *Psychology from an Empirical Standpoint* (1874), inspired Freud and influenced the development of psychoanalysis.

At the end of the evening I had the sense that for most of the audience the time was far too short and the conversation was only just beginning. I bought the book the next day and I am glad I did. Reading it confirmed that Makari and Wakefield are two passionate scholars from whom we have a great deal to learn.

The Kardiner Award Lecture

Shamanism and Psychoanalysis

Presenter: Michael Taussig

November 1, 2016

Reporter: Bonnie Kaufman

Our 2016 Kardiner Award lecturer was Dr. Michael Taussig, Professor of Anthropology at Columbia University, who was introduced by the Kardiner Lectureship chairman, George Sagi. The Kardiner Lectureship was established in 1978, in memory and in celebration of the work of Abram Kardiner, one of the founders of the Columbia Psychoanalytic Center and of the APM. Kardiner was internationally known for his work in the application of psychoanalysis to the study of culture. The lecturer is chosen from those who have significantly furthered knowledge in the social sciences and the humanities through the application of psychoanalytic understanding, or, if not specifically using a psychoanalytic approach, have made outstanding contributions having special relevance to psychoanalysis.

Dr. Taussig's work fits interestingly into this rubric, as he looks at psychoanalysis, a process of cure, from the perspective of anthropology and magic. Born in 1940 in Sydney, Australia to German and Czech-Jewish parents, he received his MD degree from the University of Sydney, and later, a PhD in Anthropology from the London School of Economics. As noted above, he currently teaches at Columbia, where some of his students have referred to him, only partly in jest, as a shaman.

What follows is a summary of some of his work, taken partly from his presentation, with added material from two intriguingly relevant scholarly studies he has published. Although Dr. Taussig has written in the area of medical anthropology, he is actually best known for his ongoing interest in the Marxist idea of commodity fetishism, fertilized for him by the work of Walter Benjamin. Two works stand out here, especially with respect to this lecture.

The first is *The Devil and Commodity Fetishism* (1980). This volume is both a polemic about the nature of anthropology, and an analysis of a set of seemingly magical beliefs held by rural and urban workers in remote areas of Colombia and Bolivia. Dr. Taussig argues that the principal concern of anthropology should be a critique of Western (capitalist) culture. People living on the fringes of the capitalist economy have a critical vantage point from which to assess capitalism; they articulate their critiques in the terms of their own cultural idioms. Anthropologists need to look at peoples living on the periphery of the world capitalist economy, not as quaint, fascinating denizens of a primitive world, but as sources of critical insight into our supposedly superior world order. Thus, he repositions the supposed objects of critical study as valuable critical thinkers, if we take the time to learn the “language” in which they speak.

In the text we find two interesting beliefs with which Taussig grounds his argument. First, a belief among semi-proletarianized sugar cane cutters in Colombia (analogous to that found among Bolivian tin miners) that a cutter can make a contract with the devil, whereby he will earn a large sum of money for his work but will only be able to spend it on frivolous consumer goods, and then will pay for it with an miserable early death. Such beliefs have been viewed as magic holdovers from a primitive culture, but Taussig translates this into the peasants’ recognition that capitalism itself is based on the magical belief that the capitalist structure is productive, when in fact it actually breeds poverty, disease and death. The second belief is that some people can use magic to engineer a switch that results in a peso coin, rather than a baby, being baptized. Thus, the money is seen as being given life, and will return to its original owner no matter how it is spent, and will bring more money back with it. This metaphor, with its contemporary relevance to the one per cent, and the widening wage gap in the current day United States, is intriguing.

Taussig’s later book, *Shamanism, Colonialism and the Wild Man: A Study in Terror and Healing* (1987), is even more connected to the lecture we heard. It concerns the time Taussig spent working with, and studying the healing treatment of a shaman named Jose Garcia, an indigenous man (in)famous as a healer in the Putumayo region near the Amazon. Taussig focuses on the role of myth and magic in colonial healing as well as in colonial violence, and in the ways that healing can and must mobilize terror in order to subvert it, through

the tripping up of power. The healing process involves not only facts, but, even more importantly, the politics of the interpretation and re-presentation of those facts. He recounts the painful history of the region: British rubber barons imposed a capitalist mode of production upon an indigenous “wild” population, which functioned according to a very different economic system. The indigenous resistance led to violent acts of terror perpetrated upon the minds and bodies of the native population — what Taussig terms a “death space.” But the powerful force of healing develops from this same space. This is graphically illustrated in many details of his time working with Garcia. The place of healing was a remote, decrepit hut more than an hour from a tiny village, approached by crossing over a high rickety bridge, to a dirty, primitive “hospital.” Both peasants and colonials came to this man for help. Although whites denounced the shaman as unreliable, they still came to him in their hour of need. Taussig sees it as both subordination and supra-ordination, likening it to the way women are often treated in the West, degraded and yet also put on a pedestal. All this was part of the culture of colonization.

The primary drugs were hallucinogens, which caused copious vomiting, diarrhea, sweating, and delirium. Dr. Taussig describes other bizarre behaviors — singing, dancing, screaming — which had a quality almost of improvised jazz. Dr. Taussig took these drugs himself in order to understand the experience. He associates the process, interestingly, to his interest in the European *avant garde* — specifically to the Dadaist idea of sustained fragmentation.

Dr. Taussig grew up in Sydney, but his parents emigrated as refugees from Austria, so he is no stranger to the experience of exploitation, atrocities and genocide. The indigenous healers were able to harness these terrors, in his view, to create a process of cure. They tended to focus on the illness embedded in one small group or family — a sort of case history. The process involved using terror to cause the dissociation of a self. This partial self would then, in its turn, be overwhelmed by the illness. The drugs and the “magic” would lead to continued dissociations, each in turn sucked back into the death space, until the illness was, apparently, exhausted. This was the process of cure, perhaps metaphorically analogous to the “working through” of the psychoanalytic process. The shaman, like the analyst, may exorcize the demons. Shamanism developed in the ninth century, as a magical practice for both healing and killing; the drug is ingested for the sense of connectedness it engenders. Are

the sorcerer's actions tricks, or are they rooted in reality? In the indigenous culture there is a sense both of deceit and of authenticity. Mythical practices work best when they are rooted in local history and culture.

Dr. Taussig referred to the poet H.D., who was one of Freud's patients and wrote a memoir of her work with him. In some ways, she experienced the analysis as a magical game, associating to all the "magical figurines" that resided on his desk. The picture she painted reminds Dr. Taussig of the practices of the shaman. Levi-Strauss emphasizes the idea of abreaction in shamanism, but here it is the shaman who talks and acts, while the patient says nothing. So this, unlike an analysis, is a linguistic performance before a watching and listening patient, which orchestrates a move from chaos to order. For Dr. Taussig, the shaman's cure leads the patient from one chaos to another, one illness to another, over and over again, until the "cure" is accomplished.

Here the story ended. The audience, filled with many references to anthropology, semiotics, Marxist politics, and other issues with which most were unfamiliar, did not have many questions for the speaker. One person did ask whether Dr. Taussig had encountered the concept of a soul in the work of the shaman, and in the minds of the suffering patients, but he said he had not experienced anything that might be characterized in this way.



Working Well with Others: A Panel on Joint Psychoanalytic Treatment with Other Modalities—CBT, DBT and EMDR

Panelists: Brenda Berger, Robin Gibbs, Anna Schwartz,
Tiziano Colibazzi, Lisa Napolitano
Moderator: Michele Rosenberg

February 7, 2017

Reporter: Hilary J. Beattie

The idea for this panel came from Brenda Berger, who has long been interested in the problem of how to offer the benefits of symptom-focused, behavioral treatments, such as CBT (Cognitive Behavioral Therapy), DBT (Dialectical Behavior Therapy), and EMDR (Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing), to patients in psychoanalysis and psychodynamic psychotherapy, whether by calling in an outside specialist in one of these modalities, or else having the psychoanalyst incorporate behavioral work into his or her treatment of a given patient.

Three of the panelists, Brenda herself, Tiziano Colibazzi, and Anna Schwartz, are faculty members at the Columbia Institute, while Robin Gibbs is a psychologist in private practice and a long-time specialist in EMDR, and Lisa Napolitano, also a psychologist, is the founder and director of CBT/DBT Associates. The moderator, Michele Rosenberg, was formerly the Director of Psychotherapy Training for the Psychiatry Residency at NYU.

Dr. Rosenberg began by noting factors common to all therapies that predict positive outcome, with the caveat that the use of multiple models of mind in the same treatment, while offering flexibility, may be complicated to navigate for patient and therapist alike. There are many opportunities for enactments and countertransference responses which, if not adequately explored in both parties, can sometimes lead to the failure of the treatment. The aim of the panel was to explore the benefits and hazards (what works and what doesn't) in order to suggest thoughtful ways of combining treatments. In her

questions to the panel, Rosenberg drew particular attention to the countertransference experience of the analyst when he/she wants or needs help from another modality, and how this plays out in the treatment and for the patient.

The panel was structured as follows. Berger began by presenting an analytic patient whom she eventually referred to Dr. Gibbs for treatment of PTSD, which had threatened to stalemate the analytic work. Gibbs then described how she used EMDR with this person, and how it worked to share the case with Brenda. Dr. Napolitano discussed the use of CBT to treat patients with symptoms related to conditions like phobias, anxiety disorders or eating disorders, and DBT, which has proved helpful to patients with severe personality disorders and problems of impulse control. She also described her experience with the benefits and challenges of sharing cases with psychodynamic clinicians.

The other two presenters described carrying out more than one type of treatment with the same patient. Dr. Colibazzi reported on doing CBT with a patient who was primarily in psychodynamic treatment, but separating these modalities by doing them in different time periods rather than simultaneously. Dr. Schwartz, on the other hand, presented a case in which she combined CBT/DBT interventions within the setting of a psychodynamic treatment.

There were breaks for discussion in between the first three presentations, and then again after the last two, with discussion between panelists and with the audience.

Reporter's note: This brief account cannot do justice to the richness of the presentations and the discussions, since unfortunately it was not possible to include more substantive details. It appears however that one size does not fit all, and that a degree of experimentation may be necessary before the right mix of treatment modalities is found. (Sometimes group therapy along DBT lines may also be a useful adjunct treatment.) But in all cases, trust, respect, and open communication between collaborating clinicians are essential in order to avoid splitting the treatment and worsening resistances. And clearly, all participants have much to gain if the collaboration is carried out with maximum sensitivity to the patient's needs, rather than simply theoretical assumptions.

The Liebert Award Lecture

Embodied Readers, Narrative Texts: Literary and Psychoanalytic Perspectives

Anne Golomb Hoffman

March 7, 2017

Reporter: Hilary J. Beattie

This year's Liebert lecturer was Dr. Anne Hoffman, Professor of English at Fordham University and a former Research Associate at the Columbia Analytic Center. As a scholar interested in "bodies and books, embodiment and textuality," she proposed to explore representations of the body in literature, theory and art, as well as the impact of the reader's embodiment on the experience of reading.

She began with a striking instance of the conjunction of body and book in Freud's dream of the Botanical Monograph. His associations led him back to his favorite flower/food, the artichoke, and to an early childhood memory of when he and his younger sister blissfully pulled the "leaves" out of an illustrated book, as if devouring an artichoke. This scene appeared to be a "screen" for his later passion for collecting and devouring books. Freud was just then at an impasse in developing his dream theory, but worked through it by connecting the child's erotic play to the pleasures of scientific inquiry, exploring (like a "bookworm") both body and text, via a dream space that is both corporeal and intersubjective.

Much of the revolutionary impact of psychoanalysis can be traced to its recognition of the persistence of the primitive body in all areas of human activity. Infantile sexuality comprises the successive inscription of bodily experiences and fantasies over time, and thereby becomes part of the pre-history of reading and writing. Thus if words carry the impress of bodily experiences, then the concept of textuality connects the sensations of amplitude and depth encountered in reading and writing to the infantile body as their archaic source. This is not to reduce writing and reading to their infantile

determinants but to acknowledge the vitality of the infantile body as an energizing resource in later forms of expressive activity. Infantile sexuality can be thought of as a history of the semiotic body, which in a clinical setting emerges through work with free association, dreams, symptoms and the manifestations of transference. Aspects of this process are also present in the imaginative engagement of the reader with a text, whose language is a medium for feelings and experiences that may predate language itself.

Psychoanalysis and literary criticism are both profoundly intersubjective. Freud could not have come to understand the role of fantasy in hysteria without himself participating in the unconscious as a theater of the body. By letting the symptom speak “through” him, thereby dissolving the polarized relationship between doctor and patient, he could elucidate the intersubjective space in which this confusion of subject and object occurs. The bodily symptom could thus be seen as a dense text full of accrued meanings, to be gradually decoded by working through layers of interwoven events and feelings, fantasies and dreams. When Freud remarked that his case histories read more like short stories than like science, he was incidentally testifying to the scientific value of narrative.

Dr Hoffman illustrated these ideas with reference to the more or less contemporaneous late writings of Henry James, which evidence a particular preoccupation with the recurring subtext of a child’s encounter with a realm of adult sexuality both frightening and alluring. This is already visible in three novels of the 1890s, *What Maisie Knew*, *The Turn of the Screw*, and *The Awkward Age*, and by the early 1900s, when he wrote his last trio of major novels, *The Ambassadors*, *The Wings of the Dove*, and *The Golden Bowl*, he seemed remarkably free to recognize the child in the adult.

The Ambassadors (1903) offers a striking example. Lambert Strether, a middle-aged bachelor, has been asked by his employer, Mrs. Newsome, to find her son, Chad Newsome, in Paris and persuade him to return to the family business in America. The naïf Strether, after meeting Chad, and his slightly older friend, Mme. de Vionnet, is soon seduced by the charms of the city, both tactile and sensual (corresponding to the pleasure-body of infantile experience). One Sunday he takes a random train ride out into the French countryside, and as he walks into the rural scene he has the delightful sensation of walking into the framed universe of a landscape painting, by a 19th century French painter of the Barbizon school, that

he had once wanted to buy and missed out on. Strether sees in the distance the figures of a man and a woman in a boat on the river, and as they come nearer he finally recognizes what he had perhaps already unconsciously intuited, that is, the sexual nature of the relationship between the two people, who turn out to be Chad and Mme. de Vionnet.

Strether's whole afternoon excursion is depicted in terms of that picture, which had been yet "but a land of fancy for him — the background of fiction, the medium of art, the nursery of letters." But the picture also contains the child's encounter with sexuality, a realm of erotic possibility which the adult man has largely refused to know, even as it continues to absorb his attention and his desire. (There are parallels here with the space of an analytic session, which marks off a different kind of reality and evokes, through the "illusion" of transference, past scenes of fantasy and desire in the life of the subject.) In this case the narrative of Strether's experience highlights the network of relationships linking Henry James the writer, the anonymous narrator, the character Strether, and the reader, and thus may resonate with the infantile unconscious in each of us, drawing us into the scene.

Henry James's novelistic strategy here can be compared to the composite portrait of child in adult that we find in Freud's *Three Essays* (1905), where adulthood emerges as the uneasy container of infantile sexuality, only tentatively resolved through the intervening transformations of puberty. Having renounced the seduction theory in 1897, Freud eventually attempted to account for the onset of sexuality in the child as originating in the excesses of feeling that attach to life functions and in the stimulation that is inevitably a product of adult physical care-giving. Likewise, Ferenczi was later to note the "confusion of tongues" that results from the adult's imposition of love on an immature child. Laplanche more recently characterized the adult's enigmatic messages as a form of seduction that stimulates the child's sexuality and the development of the unconscious, in that the seduction is repressed by the child at the time, only to be "translated" later through the mechanism of *après-coup*. Like Freud, Henry James captures the conflict between seeing and not-seeing that attests to the presence of infantile fantasies and conflicts in the adult.

In this connection Dr Hoffman turned to the title of *The Ambassadors*, which remained unnamed longer than any other of Henry James's late novels. It may derive from Holbein's celebrated painting

of that name, which had been acquired for the National Gallery in London in 1890 and was the subject of a book in 1900 by Mary F. S. Hervey. She was the first to identify its subjects, the two men who stand proudly surrounded by the best scientific equipment of their day, a sumptuous array connoting wealth, learning, and the arts. But in the lower center of the painting is a strange, diagonal object which turns out to be the anamorphic image of a skull, which to be decoded requires the viewer to shift perspective. Thus death is subliminally thrust into the vibrant scene, in much the same way as the specter of sexuality erupts into James's "picture."¹

Dr Hoffman ended with a brief discussion of a novel by the 20th century Israeli writer, S. Y. Agnon, which enabled her to return to the confusion of bodies with books seen in Freud's dream of the Botanical Monograph. Modern Jewish literature offers many examples of the intersection of textuality with embodiment, most strikingly in response to 19th century racial stereotypes of a pathologized and feminized male Jewish body. Agnon's *Shira*, left unfinished, and published only after his death, is a testament to his youthful infatuation with German language and culture. Set in Jerusalem in the 1930s, it is a collective portrait of émigré scholars, German Jews who identified with its classical ideals, or *Bildung*.

The novel is studded with books and objects whose complex histories of ownership register the contradictions of European Jewish life. Examples include: the history of a "reliquary" whose successive contents condense the history of Jews in Europe; the main character's tactile and erotic experience of bibliophilia as he enters an antiquarian bookshop; cigarettes as containers made from newsprint; and pages of a rare first edition used for "personal needs" (i.e., as toilet paper). These books and printed papers, whether eroticized or defiled, participate in a chain of substitutions suggestive of early attachments to body parts, functions and products. The novel's embrace of everything that Germany was just then bent on annihilating makes a powerful claim for "abjection," which, according to Julia Kristeva, offers a way of naming that which is expelled (dirt, bodily excretions) in order to establish and maintain coherent selfhood. Agnon's fiction exposes what culture covers over, restoring

¹ Images of the painting, and of the skull, can be found online, e.g., at [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Ambassadors_\(Holbein\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Ambassadors_(Holbein))

body to text and grounding text in embodiment. For Agnon — and Freud — abjection becomes the grounding for a new conception of human being, in that the body, or even the Jewish body, reminds one of the child's body as experienced in fantasy.

In closing, Dr. Hoffman invoked Freud's concept of *Nachträglichkeit* to consider reading and writing as forms of deferred action in language, in that they allow earlier experiences and fantasies to reach expression indirectly, via the displacements and substitutions of literary communication. *Nachträglichkeit* (*deferred action* or *après-coup*) refers to a later experience of falling ill because of the mind's inability to process the impact of an earlier event at the time of occurrence. Laplanche observed that Freud first used the term in a determinist sense to indicate the impact of the past on the present, but that it can also be read in a hermeneutic sense, moving from the present to understand and interpret the past. In this broader sense *Nachträglichkeit* indicates a central principle of mental life, which involves a continual return to and reworking of earlier experience.

Similarly, the domain of Literature is not limited by empirical experience, but offers both writers and readers the possibility to roam through time and space, unconfined by the constraints of everyday life and traumatic events. The principle of *Nachträglichkeit* offers a way to conceptualize the dynamic coherence of a moment of utterance, whether speaking or writing, that brings the past into the present. Literary experience thus brings writer and reader into a transitional space that is neither wholly outside nor wholly inside the self, a space in which language offers the replay of early experience in ways that do not require full recognition on the part of either participant.

Dr. Hoffman is also an accomplished artist and illustrated her lecture with some of her own drawings, which she sees as different, parallel ways of approaching the problems of embodiment in narrative structure and in literary experience generally. We reproduce one example below.



The Rado Lecture

Triangulation and Analytic Thirds: Working in the Transference

Nancy Kulish

May 2, 2017

Reporter: Bonnie Kaufman

The 2017 Rado Lecture was given by Nancy Kulish, a Training and Supervising Analyst at the Michigan Psychoanalytic Institute.

She began by noting an apparent waning of interest in the Oedipus complex and sexuality in contemporary psychoanalysis while, at the same time, more and more ideas that appear to be related to Oedipal triangularity have emerged. The reference is often to a type of “third” — the one in the third, the third in one, the moral third — to name only a few. She thinks that while many of these are interesting and useful concepts they are sometimes wrongly equated with an actual triangular Oedipal (or Persephonal, which she prefers to use for women) transference; these analytic thirds and true triangular transferences rest on different frames of reference. Conceptualizations of analytic thirds often refer to abstract processes within an analysis, aspects of the relationship or ways of thinking about it. Oedipal triangular transferences, on the other hand, refer to whole people (or their internal representations), with bodies and strong passions. Analytic thirds, therefore, cannot be equated with them.

Kulish was drawn to the idea of thirds by a case in which the patient concretely constructed a third by actually drawing a third person — another analyst — into the dyad, resulting in intense Persephonal transference/countertransference knots with which the analyst struggled. In the course of this work, she explored the literature; what follows is a summary of many ideas she found.¹

¹ To protect confidentiality, details of the case have been omitted.

She started by noting an early, under-appreciated contribution from Richard Sterba in 1934, who noted a split in the ego, separate from defensive operations permitting self-observation. As the patient identifies with the analyst's observing ego function, there is an increased capacity for self-observation, a kind of third.

Isakower was one of the first to use the concept of the analytic third as we see it currently in the literature; his idea was of an "analyzing instrument" which he saw, not as a permanent structure in the analyst, but, in its activated state, as a composite structure with a contribution from both analyst and patient — therefore, a kind of third.

Kulish noted that in a successful analysis, the two-person psychology — the transference/countertransference dyad — will generate a triadic, Oedipal/Persephonal experience which is worked through in detail. Different psychoanalytic schools and theoretical perspectives describe this process differently. She then discussed some of these ideas, noting the relational theory of the White school, especially the work of Greenberg and Mitchell, in which the transference is constructed in terms of the intersubjective experience of both analyst and patient.

Intersubjectivists also focus observation on the field between analyst and patient, which adds a third facet to the dyad. This third entity, although named differently by different theorists, is created of parts of both parties of the dyad, and has a life of its own.

Kulish focused on the work of Ogden, Benjamin, and Britton to illustrate some of the concepts she found in pursuing these theoretical positions. Ogden, a "Bionian," coined the term "analytic third," which exists both inside and outside the intersubjectivities of the analyst and patient, and is about feelings which are very specific to the analytic context. The third, in essence, is created by mutually exchanged projective identifications, an idea which Kulish finds compelling. Because it is so specifically created within the analysis, it seems to privilege the unconscious experience of the analyst in order to assist in understanding the analysand's experience. Thus, although jointly created, it is not symmetrical, and, for Kulish, it is not synonymous with transference per se, although it may function as a part of an Oedipal transference.

Benjamin, who is affiliated with the relational school, has developed several different ideas about thirdness. Firstly, One in the Third develops in the mother/infant dyad, and is a shared rhythm

and attunement, the part of the third that is oneness. This idea is in keeping with developments in current infant research. The space is maintained by the mother as she sustains the tension between her own subjectivity and the needs of the child. Benjamin goes on to later forms of thirdness; the Third in the One, where the mother can be in tune with her baby, yet also maintain awareness of, and attend to, her own needs; and still later, One Within the Third, an emotional attunement that involves the capacity for empathy, without which self-observation, as posited by the Kleinian school, would not be possible.

Kleinians link thirds with Oedipal dynamics and triangulated mental processes. Kulish used the work of Britton to illustrate. The triangular space is bounded by the three persons in the Oedipal relationship and all their potential relationships. When the child is able to tolerate the love relationship between the parents, it becomes a prototype for a relationship of a third kind — that of a witness, rather than a participant. This third position is a place from which such relationships can be observed, when one can also imagine being observed, or observing oneself. It establishes the possibility of entertaining another point of view while retaining one's own. This accomplishment both opens the way into the Oedipal phase, and is the result of mastery of the Oedipal conflicts. Kleinian theory postulates that interpretations designed to help the patient deal with Oedipal triangles are themselves thirds — a symbolic third mediated through language. Some Kleinians equate these operations with the Oedipal situation itself, whereby the patient is made aware that the analyst and patient are separate, and that the analyst has links to internal objects not under the patient's control — a rudimentary Oedipal situation.

Kulish then turned to Lacan, whose third is the prohibiting Oedipal father, with the law of the father as the symbolic third. For all, the analysis enables the development of both a cognitive capacity and an emotional awareness that allows working through of Oedipal issues, and achievement of post-Oedipal functioning. Here, triangular space — thirdness — is the ushering in, a part of, or a consequence of, Oedipal transferences, and may function in the service of helping patients in the process of working through. For Kulish, once again, they are not synonymous with the Oedipal transference itself.

The mastery of the Oedipal phase signals the child leaving narcissistic attitudes behind, recognizing and accepting its position in

the family, and through this, its position in the wider world; triangulation signals the subject's initiation into a social contract.

In the interest of time and brevity, Kulish omitted discussion of other thirds that she had come across in her study of the vast literature on this subject. Her summary of her thesis was that these concepts were often quite elusive. Many analysts agree that there is often a need to find a way out of difficult dyadic situations, such as the one in which she had found herself with her patient. Often the answer seems to be finding a third position from which to maintain the capacity for self-reflection in stormy and regressive treatment situations. She did note one more third — Wilson's moral third — that place towards which the analyst's actions should strive. Difficult dyadic knots may in fact turn out to be triangular in nature. Part of the problem of conceptualizing the Oedipal transference is the fact that the analytic situation is dyadic; it is hard to bring a triangular picture alive within a two-person field.

For Kulish, excessive focus on the here and now enhances the dyadic at the expense, perhaps, of the triangular transference, especially if the analyst's theoretical focus is elsewhere, as it often seems in our current theory and practice. This is particularly problematic where complex, incestuous fantasy is involved. A true triangular transference must consider a third person or internal object, not just a third position, attitude or space. It cannot be a dis-embodied phenomenon. Here, she referred to a point made by Ogden — the idea of “the father in the mother's mind.” It is an object representation of someone outside the analytic dyad; it can be located in the mind of either the patient or the analyst, and constitutes the third point of the triangle.

Kulish closed by reiterating her criteria for an Oedipal (Persephonal) triangular situation in an analysis: an Other in the form of an internal object representation is present to form a threesome in either the mind of the patient or the mind of the analyst. This Other is not a part object, but the representation of a whole thinking, feeling other person.

Ruth Reichl: Chef, Food Writer, Memoirist: A Conversation with Susan Scheftel

June 6, 2017

Reporter: Bonnie Kaufman

After listening to Ruth Reichl's fascinating, and often poignant, discussion with Susan Scheftel at our June 6th meeting, I went home and pulled out my copy of Reichl's first cookbook, published in 1972, and entitled *mmmmm... a feasty*. Its cover (mine a bit tattered, but still intact) is an extraordinary, overdetermined, cartoon-like image — a marching band of fruits and vegetables, playing instruments. Its smiling leader, toque on head, and wielding a wooden spoon as baton, is Ruth herself. The cover was designed by her first husband, with input from her father, both of whom had connections to graphic design, and the book contains many line drawings illustrating chapter headings and aspects of specific recipes. The enterprise seems like a creative “family affair.”

A few details take us still further into the psychic world of the author. One of the edible band members on the cover (a melon, perhaps?) is playing a large brass instrument — tuba-like, or maybe a horn. Out of its bell come three musical quarter notes, followed by the “mmmmm”s of the title. We start with an image that refers us to sound — a musical reference — followed by a linguistic reference to food that is evocative of smell and taste. And then inside, just after the table of contents, is a similar line-drawn cartoon of a vegetable playing out the notes and the mmmmm's, which this time fall into a skillet on a stove, part of a photograph of the perhaps eight-year-old, and very serious-looking Ruth at the stove in her family kitchen. She is hands on — and with this, the book covers all the senses! The image of the little girl cooking a dish in that skillet clearly signals the relationship with food that will become such an enormous part of her life, and probably, in a real sense, save her life. This determined little girl became a survivor, turning her desperate connection to food and cooking into both a successful career, and the path to an ultimately satisfying personal life.

The discussion between Reichl and Scheftel, who have long been friends, filled in much of the emotional history of how that all came about. Scheftel began by observing that Ruth was a foodie before the term existed, and worked in many parts of that universe, as cook, waitress, writer and critic. She then asked Reichl to speak about the family in which she grew up. Reichl noted that her father was a book designer, and her mother had attended the Sorbonne. Both were highly accomplished intellectuals. Her mother, however, also suffered from severe bipolar disorder. Reichl remembers her being in bed, severely depressed, for what seemed like months at a time, a state which alternated with “crazy manic episodes” during which her mother would exhibit classic symptoms such as painting their apartment with crazy designs in bright colors, and go on spending binges. As Reichl memorably put it “she took up all the air in the house.” Her father was not able to compensate adequately for her mother’s disability when it came to child care. She has a memory of her father taking her when she was two years old, to a nearby nursery school; he instructed her to wait outside (sitting alone on a swing, for an hour) and tell the teachers she was enrolled there (she wasn’t). In later years, her father proudly told this story about how beautifully his little daughter was able to cope. Clearly his own inadequacies as a parent were compounded by the stresses of his marriage. Most of the time he vanished into his work, all of which led his daughter to conclude: “I always knew that, as for my father, work was going to be my safe space” and: “no man was going to take care of me.” Scheftel sympathetically noted that she was prematurely independent, with which Reichl concurred.

The discussion moved to meals at the Reichl home. Reichl labeled the topic “moldy snails and rotted toenails.” She has an early memory of sitting in her highchair, being given horribly spoiled food and spitting it out. Her mother took a taste and pronounced it delicious. “I knew I had to be very careful about tasting anything at home.”

She notes that her parents were intellectuals who were involved with art, literature and music — but “food could belong to me alone.”

In first grade she began to cook by making a Dutch apple cake. “I was *doing* food, not yet realizing what it meant to me.” When her mother, in the throes of mania, would invite dozens of friends to impromptu parties, she cooked to be sure the guests weren’t

accidentally poisoned. Mother would clean out closets minutes before the guests were to arrive, and she and her father would run around the house cleaning up the ensuing debris.

After Reichl enrolled at Hunter High School, her mother decided to take her out of school in New York and brought her to a French Catholic boarding school in Montreal, where she spent several years, isolated and unhappy. Yet the French culinary traditions she learned there stayed with her, and further intrigued her about the world of food. Reichl claimed that her greatest talent is translating that world for other people, and that this transcends what she has accomplished as a chef.

After returning to New York from Montreal Reichl spent much of her time alone at their country house in Norwalk, Connecticut, while her parents held forth in their Village apartment. Reichl then escaped again, to the University of Michigan, where she met her first husband. At age 21, she wrote the aforementioned cookbook, her first. There she notes that cooking begins in the market, where we look at, smell and touch the food.

When Scheftel asked Reichl if she remembers things through sensory channels. Reichl responded: "I think we all do," citing Proust's story of the *madeleine*. She noted that English does not do well at describing tastes and aromas, so she likes, in her writing, to connect those things to other sensory/emotional experiences. (See the cover of *mmmmm!*) She translated her parents' passion for music into her own passion for food.

Reichl then talked about her years as a food critic and food writer, first on the west coast, and then in New York. In order not to be recognized and given special treatment in a restaurant she was reviewing, she would often go incognito, and believes that some of the alter egos she created were based on her mother's manic "characters." She recalled going in one such disguise to Le Cirque several times and being treated very badly; then going as herself, and being given royal treatment. She wrote about this in her review, much to the dismay of her editor at the *New York Times*, but was redeemed when the famous Walter Annenberg called to congratulate her, as he had once been subjected to the same treatment. Reichl wondered if going in costume to restaurants was also a way for her to be like her mother without identifying with her, since self-preservation had long demanded that she be as unlike her mother as possible.

As editor of *Gourmet Magazine* for a decade, Reichl for the first time had a staff of people working for her, and after *Gourmet* folded she stayed close to virtually all of them. She spent the next year cooking, and wrote about the therapeutic value of that experience. “It is important to learn to find joy in ordinary things, and for me, that happens in the kitchen.” She ended by adding that, as a young woman, she was overweight, but learned over the years to replace overeating with cooking, thinking and dreaming about food.

In the discussion that followed, someone observed that the haughty behavior at some restaurants was countered by a different attitude elsewhere. André Soltner of Lutèce, for instance, liked to have ordinary out-of-towners feel comfortable in his restaurant. When asked how she thinks social media have affected food criticism, Reichl responded that years ago, a food writer like Craig Claiborne had a virtual monopoly in the field, but now there are many opinions from people at all levels of sophistication. Similarly, reality food shows on TV have had an influence; for one thing, children who never see their parents cook at home now can watch adults who enjoy cooking meals themselves. Reichl was also asked if being a food critic, with newspaper deadlines, prevented her from enjoying the meals. The answer was a resounding “No!” When asked to comment on the rudeness of restaurant patrons towards restaurant staff, Reichl noted it was a phenomenon that was played out in many other areas of our culture as well.

I asked if, during her years growing up, her mother was ever in remission from her illness long enough for Ruth to get to know the actual woman beyond the debilitating and off-putting symptoms. She answered that that rarely happened. Her mother’s illness predated the widespread use of Lithium and other psychopharmacological treatments. She did however spend many years in psychoanalysis (clearly not the treatment of choice), but was finally somewhat stabilized on Lithium. “At the end of her life, I got a chance to see her diary. In it, she had written that she could finally see that her symptoms ‘weren’t my fault.’ She lived with that guilt all her life — that she was to blame for being so sick. When I read that,” said Reichl, “it broke my heart.”

BOOK REVIEWS

New Foundations for Psychoanalysis. By Jean Laplanche. Translated by Jonathan House. New York: The Unconscious in Translation, 2017.

It is said that Freud, commenting on the first translation of his work into English by Brill, pronounced it a very good translation except for three problems: one, Brill didn't know German; two, Brill didn't know English; three, Brill didn't know psychoanalysis! In this edition of Jean Laplanche's *New Foundations for Psychoanalysis*, translator Jonathan House ably demonstrates his mastery of all three (substituting French for German, of course) and his erudition is essential to render this material, finally, really useful to an Anglophone audience. To make an accurate translation is difficult enough, but to do it readably and engagingly is even harder. Our own Jonathan House has done well on both counts!

Aside from basic problems of translation, Jonathan has a deep understanding of the concepts behind the language, and he presents them more clearly than I have ever seen them rendered. French psychoanalysis is dense and Jonathan has taken on the burden of translating a pillar of French analysis. Laplanche's writing tends to be clearer than Lacan's, but is still often difficult and unfamiliar. Laplanche has made major contributions to the development of theory, without revolution and without the chicanery that often blocks our ability to access Lacan, but his complex language and his use of familiar Freudian terms in unfamiliar ways can still be quite off-putting. Jonathan translates so clearly and so directly that some tangled French becomes straightforward English and a pleasure to read. This is a real contribution.

Laplanche raises a number of issues that are emblematic of French theory, and we Americans should think seriously about them. The first is their use of the term *sexuality*, which for them coincides with Freud's broad term *libido*. Rather than expanding the idea of sexuality to conform to Freud's broader concept, however, the French do the opposite, by reducing the concept of libido to a narrower, more specific concept of sexuality. Second, Laplanche raises the question of how the French concept of sexuality relates to attachment in infancy. In Jonathan's capable hands, Laplanche's particular version of these two French perspectives becomes clear.

The issue here is the French use of the word “seduction” and its role in psychic development. They believe that the sexual unconscious of the mother seduces and overwhelms the unconscious of the infant, implanting the confusing and unknowable, and that this is the beginning of attachment and its ambivalence. Romance therefore becomes the search for an intense experience of fusion that is both arousing and confusing, adored and feared. That this maternal, unconscious sexuality should be the main driver of conflicted growth and development of the self is something that many American analysts find absurd, and in Lacan’s hands it does tend to read that way. But the work of our own Dan Stern and Beatrice Beebe shows, albeit from a relational view, how connected the infant-mother dyad is, and in far more complex ways than just the sexual.

I found particularly interesting, because of my own work with psychosis, the section on language and word presentations, language’s relationship to thing presentations and the unconscious, and Laplanche’s critique of Lacan in this regard. Laplanche makes clear that he breaks with Lacan on the issue of the unconscious as language (as do I), but rather takes Lacan to mean language as word presentations. He points out that Freud had the opposite view, that for him the unconscious means thing presentations. Here, Laplanche is certainly in agreement with our Freudian understanding of the issue.

This brings us to the nature of the French “commandeering” of Freud. It is always of early Freud, and always of libido or drive theory. They never explain why they treasure this part of Freud and why they claim that this is the true Freud. Freud evolved theoretically over many years, and the later changes have as much right to be called the true Freud as the early work. To justify one over the other requires an argument that is never made explicit or comprehensible by the French. They imply that theirs is a description of the way the unconscious works. But Freud also contributed other descriptions, of aggression, object relations, mental conflict, and a more general psychology of the mind. French theorists have a right to dismiss these later formulations, but scientific, even philosophical, discussion requires a more elaborated argument.

You can explore all these issues, directly and indirectly, in Jonathan’s masterful translation. It helped me understand the French

more clearly and deeply, and this in turn helps me understand psychoanalytic theory more clearly and deeply.

Hats off to Jonathan!

Eric Marcus



BOOK REVIEWS

The Status of Women: Violence, Identity, and Activism. Edited by Vivian B. Pender. London: Karnac, 2017.

This fine collection of essays, that are by turns horrifically painful, inspiring and hopeful, is the most recent offering in the Psychoanalysis and Women Series of the International Psychoanalytical Association.¹ It was edited by our friend and colleague, Vivian Pender, who has impressive international experience in these areas. Vivian is Clinical Associate Professor of Psychiatry at Weill-Cornell, as well as a training analyst at Columbia. At the United Nations she represents both the IPA and the American Psychiatric Association, chairing committees relating to women and women's physical and mental health. In addition, she is a volunteer asylum evaluator for Physicians for Human Rights and has authored numerous articles, and a book chapter devoted to women's issues. Last, but surely not least, she has produced four documentaries about United Nations' conferences on mental health, human rights and violence.

In her introduction Vivian refers to specific experiences which led to putting this volume together, such as helping women avoid imprisonment and torture, and working to raise awareness of human trafficking. She asks some cogent and painful questions. How is it that women must often resign themselves to using their bodies to perform sexually for men, in order to ensure their survival and that of their children? How can we understand a state that condones and accepts such treatment of women? How can girls be raised to survive, even flourish, in a patriarchal society where violence against women is condoned and all too often abetted?

The individual essays are designed to reflect the heterogeneity of female experience in the world, as well as the cultural, political and professional diversity of the contributors, whose expertise covers many different areas. In addition, their numerous references offer the reader an even more detailed picture of the progress, or lack thereof, in ongoing attempts to grapple with these vital human problems.

What follows is a brief summary of their contributions, which move from specific stories of particular women, to more general,

¹ A previous volume in the series, *Myths of Mighty Women*, was reviewed in the *Bulletin* two years ago.

conceptual studies of women in different societies, and then the struggles of entire disadvantaged populations against discrimination and violence, culminating finally in several essays (one by Pender herself) that summarize achievements to date and the work which remains to be done.

In the first chapter Niamey P. Wilson chronicles her own experience of the stresses and discrimination felt by a woman daring to enter the “man’s world” of surgery. She documents how, even now, in a supposedly more egalitarian society, and with the advantages of growing up in a medical family in the USA, a woman who wants to become wife, mother, and surgeon encounters prejudices and obstacles that engender inner anxieties and difficult choices. Yet even so, Dr. Wilson ends on an optimistic note, concluding that “surgery made a woman out of me.” Her essay, with which readers can easily identify, offers a counterpoint to the very different, less hopeful situations addressed by the writers in the chapters that follow.

Next, Sargam Jain explores the costs, one hundred years ago, of sexism and discrimination in the life and career of Simone de Beauvoir, focusing on her difficulties in separating herself, as a woman and as a philosopher, from her mentor and lover, Jean-Paul Sartre. These problems derived in part from prevailing societal norms, as well as from her own ambivalence about her value as person and professional.

In chapter three, Vera Camden, in an essay on new wave feminism and popular culture, returns to the 21st century United States, introducing the reader to her young college students and her innovative teaching techniques, which make heavy use of social media as tools for educating and empowering current and future generations of powerful women. Students taking her course, entitled *Pure Heroines: Historical Feminism and Popular Culture*, were encouraged to contribute to what Camden called a “Dropbox,” a shared, online storage space into which they could deposit materials from blogs, new articles, social media, and the like, which were relevant to class discussion. A major focus of the class was the exploration of graphic comics celebrating female empowerment, such as *Wonder Woman*, and graphic narratives, such as Alison Bechdel’s *Fun Home*, and *Are You My Mother?* A final project was the creation by several of her students of their own graphic narrative of their experiences in the development of their own identities as feminists.

Chapter four is devoted to the clinical and cultural experience of pregnancy in the Middle East and in North America. Shabnam Shakibaie Smith discusses problems in the developing world, where reluctance to discuss female sexuality, and, often, denial by a woman of the fact that she is pregnant, combined with the exploitation of women as baby-making machines, result in high levels of infant and maternal mortality. In one painful encounter, a woman is told that her severe anemia would endanger her life and that of any child she might conceive, and that she should therefore consider birth control. The distraught woman responds that her husband will simply discard her and take another wife who can bear him more children. Such cultural issues greatly complicate efforts to empower individual women in many societies.

The next three chapters discuss the position of girls in various societies. In chapter five, Alexander Kalogerakis explores the effects of migration on children, both those who leave their home and those who stay behind, with or without their parents (particularly the mother). He focuses especially on the vulnerability of girls, who may in some cases be sacrificed to “finance” an escape from torture.

In the sixth chapter, a developmental perspective on women and power, Ruth Fischer returns us to the western world with an overview of the issues that color and shape the experience of the girl from early childhood through latency, adolescence and young womanhood, with particular attention to the cultural icons that saturate her environment.

Next, in an essay on maternal genealogy and narcissistic identification, Johanna Mendoza Talledo recounts her work with three generations of women in one family, around the birth and early development of a baby girl, and how her therapeutic interventions helped to mitigate some of the consequences of inter-generationally transmitted pathology.

The final chapters present an overview of the devolution of the status of women worldwide — devolution as the antithesis of evolution. In so many societies, it seems that politics, religious beliefs and sociocultural factors thwart the efforts to empower women and enable them to take control of their lives. In chapter eight, on the abuse of women, Vivian Pender outlines six factors that relate to the abuse of women and girls, and the ways in which these reflect a universal maternal representation. She challenges societies to examine the ways in which they fail to provide human rights, or even

actively remove them, abuses to which women and girls are particularly vulnerable.

Atrocities against mother and child as represented in the psychoanalytic space are the subject of chapter nine. Here, Sverre Varvin recounts his work with two women who had been profoundly damaged by prolonged imprisonment and torture. The treatments were often excruciatingly difficult for both patient and analyst, and Varvin courageously explores his countertransferential struggles with enactments as he labored to engage with and contain his patients' profound pain. He explains his sense that, for severely tortured, traumatized patients, the analyst may become "part of the emerging, trauma-related scenes that, hitherto, the patient has struggled with alone." As difficult as such experiences are for both analyst and patient, they may represent an opportunity for these experiences to be symbolized and to become accessible for reflection and some degree of mastery.

In chapter ten, on machismo and the limits of male heterosexuality, Isaac Tylim discusses masculinity as identity and defense, via the concept of "machismo." He explores how the image of the mother internalized by the developing boy may be connected to these problematic aspects of masculinity, as well as how they might relate to the need of patriarchal societies to denigrate women.

In the final chapter, on the long and complex history of women and activism, Adrienne Harris discusses the historical development of feminist movements, and how they may have both furthered activism, yet at the same time also hindered advancement. Focusing on the issue of human trafficking, she concludes with a series of questions that amount to a call for action — for example, does the effort to help abused women amount to a "rescue" industry that is ultimately demoralizing? Is work involving sexual use of body different from other work, and, if so, how? Is the trafficked person fatally distanced from his or her community and family? Finally, what are the links between trafficking and pornography, and how might these links be analyzed and serve as grounds for activism?

This thought-provoking volume provides both cause for despair, and cause for hope. Many readers will be encouraged to know that there are opportunities for work at individual, community, and even global levels, and will applaud the ongoing efforts of all the people represented here. I myself was particularly impressed by the work of Talledo and Varvin, which reminded me that sometimes

profound changes must be accomplished one person at a time. We must also remember, however, that seeing and documenting larger trends may often be the only way to get the attention of organizations and governments, who have the power and the resources to make things change for the better.

In conclusion, here is Vivian's moving dedication:

This volume is in memory of my mother, and all mothers, and in honor of my daughters and granddaughters, and for all daughters and granddaughters. It is also dedicated to all women and men who have served as models, and who will provide new models for new futures.

Bonnie Kaufman



IN MEMORIAM

Roger MacKinnon

We regret to inform you that Dr. Roger MacKinnon died this morning.

This announcement, sent by Psychoanalytic Center director Eric Marcus on the morning of July 24, 2017 to members of the Columbia Psychoanalytic community and the APM, was followed by an outpouring of feeling and grief from many who had known, respected and venerated Roger, who had trained and inspired so many of us for decades.

Someone who knew Roger best and longest is Robert Michels. He and Roger together wrote the book that has been the bible for generations of psychiatry residents, *The Psychiatric Interview in Clinical Practice* (1971, 2006, 2015). Here are his thoughts about his teacher, mentor, colleague and friend:

Roger MacKinnon was a giant! He had the uncanny ability to focus on a patient, listening to every word, observing every behavior, and synthesizing all with the patient's symptoms and history into an understandable whole. He never wasted a moment, and his attention never wavered. He defined clinical excellence for generations of Columbia residents, teaching them the difference between chatting with a patient and conducting a psychiatric interview. Knowledgeable about theory and respectful of research, Roger saw their value in what they contributed to the clinical process. How lucky we former Columbia trainees are to have had Roger ever-present at our shoulder, perhaps whispering in our ear, and reminding us that there are no irrelevant details or meaningless moments — that conducting a psychiatric interview is an all-consuming, full-time, fascinating and immensely rewarding task.

In tribute to Roger's memory we present this and other wonderful reminiscences — some sad, some quite funny — from many members of our community, all demonstrating the impact that Roger MacKinnon has had on us. A selection (gently edited) follows.

Roger MacKinnon was, and will always live in memory as, a truly great clinical psychiatrist, and educator. He was one of a kind, but in his singular insistence on excellence, compassion and morality in clinical work he inspired many others. He led by example. Those of us who had the privilege of learning clinical interviewing from Roger have the obligation to keep the glowing embers of clinical wisdom alive.

Richard C. Friedman

Susan Vaughan, the new Director of the Columbia Psychoanalytic Center, wrote:

Roger is one of those people who are with me daily as I work. His famous “Tell me what to say to the patient,” the pressing question of every resident, was one he was always able to answer, and he always had a reason for what he said and did. Although I have evolved and shifted my focus in my clinical work over time, it has always been invaluable to have him on my shoulder whenever I wanted or needed him, and to be able to picture so clearly what he might say and why. He also had a remarkable capacity to grow and change in his opinions and attitudes, something I greatly benefited from as a person and clinician. I would literally not be part of Columbia Psychoanalytic without his leadership and encouragement, his belief in the importance of research, and of seeing where we were wrong and changing our minds about long-held beliefs. I can only hope that, when I go, I will leave such a substantial piece of myself behind with the next generations the way he did.

Lisa Mellman, now a Dean at P&S, wrote:

Presenting our MacKinnon Long-Term Therapy case to Roger was a rite of passage in the Columbia residency. His influence was enormous, and we are the beneficiaries of his love for psychoanalysis and teaching. He will indeed be missed.

Dionne Powell, Chair of the Columbia Center Training and Supervising Analyst committee, agreed:

Roger will truly be missed. Like others, my first words on hearing of his death were “Oh, no!” How many of us learned psychiatric interviewing from his book and lectures? To say nothing about his moral compass. In a time of transition, we will honor his legacy as we move toward the Center’s future.

Some of the emails were more personal, anecdotal accounts — some serious, and some, to my mind at least, hilarious. Here are a few more:

On the evening of July 25th, at the psychodynamic psychotherapy meeting, we all raised a glass in memory of Roger MacKinnon, and then proceeded to tell stories of our experiences with that remarkable teacher, mentor, and clinician. I remember Roger interviewing a young sociopathic man who had conned his way into an extended PI psychiatric admission to avoid arrest by the police for credit card fraud. Roger got the young man to spill the whole story to us of his lucrative scams and how he had carefully researched the symptoms of schizophrenia to facilitate his admission. Roger said: “Imagine if you applied those same smarts to legal ways of making money.” You could almost see the light bulb go off in his head. I know without a doubt that I chose to come to train at Columbia because of my interview with Roger. I have such vivid memories of that day, a quarter century ago, entering his office, seeing his black-and-white photos of Yosemite on the wall, and then having the remarkable experience of meeting with a previously unknown person who somehow seemed to fully perceive who I was.

Christopher J. Allegra

Next is a long excerpt from Adele Tutter, who in the past few years has written captivantly about psychoanalysis and art. It seems fitting that she has captured in language an indelible picture of two encounters with Roger:

Roger MacKinnon’s death marks the end of an era, one that was over years ago, but is still very much “alive,” perhaps immortally so, in the minds of those who passed through the Columbia residency program. I recall first seeing him when he walked into our PGY-2 classroom that day in 1992. He looked straight ahead and made no eye contact with any of us as he took his place at the head of the long conference table, after the chair — *his* chair — was hurriedly vacated by the resident who had ill-advisedly claimed it. He then proceeded to tell us that during our years of training at NYSPI we would all develop intense transferences to him. Having done my internship year outside of the city, and thus having no awareness of the complex lore surrounding this new instructor, I whispered to the person next to me, Craig Tomlinson, I am almost certain: “What’s the deal with this dude?” He answered, with a mixture of awe and terror: “it’s *MacKinnon*.”

Adele then moves forward in time to a graduation gathering she held at her home in Brooklyn Heights in honor of MacKinnon:

I do remember that nearly everyone in my residency class not only agreed to do it, but also came (no mean feat). And MacKinnon came too, with his beautiful wife (neither first or last). We were all in shorts, while Roger emerged from his Lincoln wearing freshly pressed seersucker. I told him he might want to take off his tie. He looked at me and said, with that crooked smile and that voice that sounded almost exactly like William Burroughs (my imitation of which was the only tried and true way I could get a laugh out of my analyst): “It’s a beautiful day.” His wife, who was the epitome of class and grace, swooned over a framed picture of Goethe hanging in my dining room. “Looooohk, Rrrhojay! She hazuh a peeecture of za Poet!”

Rrrhojay noticed that I had real furniture, in an ostensible reference to my great-grandmother’s sofa. “What did you expect, Rrrhojay, that we sat on the floor, Parisian style?” I quipped. It was fun to see Rrrhojay off-guard, disarmed. Then it was time to bring him up to the roof deck where the party was already happening. Mackinnon stepped into the bright sunlight and took in the view of New York Harbor, the Brooklyn Bridge, and almost all of the graduating class applauding him, and I think I saw a tear in his eye. He was bewildered that I hadn’t forgotten what he considered an obscure fact, that he liked Middle Eastern food. His wife liked the yoghurt balls in olive oil so much that she made me promise to share my recipe. Roger didn’t much care for the yoghurt balls (too garlicky); naturally his favorite was the plate of brownies that I presented to him in a moment that is preserved in a photograph. Roger’s fondness for brownies was legendary. He always made sure that they were served, along with coffee and soda, at the back of the room during APM meetings, a tradition that sadly expired along with his directorship. It made sense that MacKinnon loved brownies, because at heart he was an old softie, and it was nowhere more apparent than at this party, when his rather stony edifice began to melt, and he demonstrated just how unexpected was our real affection. Maybe all he expected was transference. At some point in the afternoon he exclaimed: “It’s just like *Babette’s Feast!*” While I did not share his enthusiasm for the movie, he got the sentiment right. As complicated as our relationships to him were, just like the song from *My Fair Lady*, we’d grown accustomed to his face.

Can anything follow this delightful story? Yes!

All these reminiscences are forcing me to remember that it was EXACTLY 20 years ago that I sang “My Heart Belongs to Roger,” in silver stilettos, a platinum wig, and a little black dress at the residency graduation party. His

post-show interaction with me was vintage Roger. He took the trouble to come up to me at the dinner, my make-up still showing after a hurried face wash backstage, and gave me a look that said: "This is way past my comfort zone but I am still a gentleman." He then said, in a valiant attempt at polite conversation, "So...you have a background in theatre?"

"And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance."
Hope you're dancing now, Roger!

John K. Burton

Finally, David Lindy summed up what we all know about Roger, the all-knowing Roger MacKinnon:

I can just see Roger regarding all these lovely and loving comments with that quintessentially Rogerian wry smile. He'd be enjoying this immensely. I will miss him.

So will we all. Thank you, Roger.

Bonnie Kaufman

IN MEMORIAM

Morton Aronson	June 22, 2017
Robinette N. Bell	August 17, 2017
Anne Bernstein	October 31, 2016
Thomas Butler	July 8, 2017
Roger MacKinnon	July 24, 2017
Daniel McMenamin	March 17, 2017
Ray Raskin	April 8, 2017