OUTWRITE

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O U T W R I T E

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Contents

Drawings, photographs and illustrations: Front cover: *Oedipus' Finest Moment*, drawn from the memory of a Greek bas-relief seen in Palermo, Walter Morgan; Inside front cover: *Old Woman*, Sian Morgan; illustration accompanying *Felix Baumgartner*, Antoinette Fox; *Silence* and *Interpretation*, Margaret Farrell; photographs taken in a Maison Verte, Sian Morgan; illustration for *Black Butterfly*, Vicky Lacey; Back cover: photograph of Bixia Temple on Mount Tai, Debbie Ford

Editorial

We are pleased that this issue of Outwrite, like previous issues, celebrates and exemplifies at least two of the Outfit's core principles of learning and practicing psychotherapy. We are a learning community and believe we can all gain something valuable from each other, including from those who have most recently joined. In this edition we have contributions from three of our current students and a number of more experienced members as well as cartoons from a founder member. We also actively welcome engagement with diverse aspects of life. Here, alongside articles on psychoanalytic topics and contemporary culture, we have poems, stories, photographs and drawings.

We hope that the journal is a vehicle for communication and an occasion to think through, articulate and share ideas to a different extent from the opportunities offered by the Newsletter or the proposed members' forum on the website.

It has been three years since the last number, and we are keen to promote contributing to Outwrite as a fluid, ongoing process, and an integral part of our lives as psychotherapists. To this end, we would especially like to encourage, as well as experienced writers, those who haven't written in the past and those who feel they can't write or who lack confidence. So if you have an idea, but are uncertain how to take it further and turn it into a finished article, the editors would be happy to engage in discussion even at a preliminary stage.

We thank all those who have contributed to this edition and Elitian Printers.

Antoinette Fox, Lucy King and John Mason
March 2013

Isobel Urquhart

A talk on Radicalism in Psychoanalytic Psychotherapy: Then and Now

I would like you to think of this talk the way you might find yourself, nothing better to do, on a rainy Sunday perhaps, visiting an art exhibition entitled 'Radicalism in Art'. In the gallery you are about to enter hang or stand several exhibits – think of them as pictures or installations or objects. You choose. The curator has selected each one from her personal collection to represent some aspect of radicalism in art – each, she thinks, is interesting in its own right for what it contributes to our understanding of the topic. She expects some accumulative process to be derived from seeing them together but hasn't any fixed idea of how the arrangement might strike the picture-goers. Some gallery-goers, she knows, like to think about what is in the curator's mind – why did she pick these exhibits in particular, what's missing, what does the totality tell us about what radicalism might be? All visitors will also bring to the exhibition their own images and mental representations of radicalism in art, and some come to compare, to augment, to challenge, to enrich their own ideas. Some prefer to experience the art-work 'without memory, desire or preconception' as Bion recommended we start every session with our patients (Casement, 1990:10). Some welcome some quiet reflection, an encounter with the unexpected, or simply welcome a chance to step out of the rain. There are many ways of visiting an art gallery. You choose.

In this particular gallery, there are only four exhibits. There might have been others and there might have been more, but today, there are only four. The exhibition is, of course, not about Radicalism in Art but Radicalism in Psychoanalysis (or psychoanalytic psychotherapy). All four exhibits are essentially about freedom, the question of emancipation and how radicalism in psychoanalytic psychotherapy has engaged with this question at different periods of history and in different modalities and locales – clinical, political and personal.

The potential for psychoanalytic thought to contribute to radical change in the individual and society has captured the political imagination for the whole of the history and development of psychoanalytic psychotherapy. We might consider that this is inevitable, given its fundamentally ethical stance on what conditions are necessary for people to live a good life.

Nevertheless, despite the argument that psychoanalysis has often shown a capacity to be a politically conscious, critical engagement with the plight of those who wish desperately to be free from their misery, it has also long been criticised for having become an "anti-deviancy mechanism" (Rozmarin, 2011:322), a movement of once-revolutionary

ideas that turned away from its own emancipatory ambitions, no longer interested in depicting and intervening in the ways state and economic power shape and constrain what is often experienced as an estrangement from our selves and the world we live in. Psychoanalytic psychotherapy has instead become more and more institutionalised, technicised and medicalised, and consequently has betrayed its unconscionable truths about the workings of the human mind, putting itself more and more at the service of social normativity. Lacan, who announced that his mission was to restore Freud's truths, was not alone in missing a sense of the excitement of ideas that set people free (Lacan, 1977). We ourselves, members of the Cambridge Society for Psychotherapy, belong to that tradition of radicalism in the training of psychotherapists, so it seems appropriate to include a reminder of our own radicalism and the questions it continues to ask of us. In September 2007, Peter Lomas wrote in our Newsletter, September 2007, 'In Defence of Freud':

> During a recent conversation with a GP the subject of psychoanalysis arose. He asked, "Are there still psychoanalysts?" rather in the manner that someone might express surprise that flat-earthers might still exist. Such a viewpoint reflects the degree to which the profession has dropped in the eyes of the public. Freud is certainly besieged at present.
>
> The GP's attitude gave me a feeling of uneasiness about my own writings for I have spent much effort in criticising Freudian theory and practice. I still stand by most that I have written but now I find myself wanting to celebrate Freud. There is a distinction between the errors of the Freudian approach and the central thrust of his work. Nowhere outside psychoanalysis is the unconscious taken so seriously or studied with such rigour. Time and again in practice I realise the healing power of an insight that appears to have emerged from the depths of the psyche. An interpretation can save a life. At what point in the degree of disagreement would it be reasonable for a follower of Freud to cease to declare his allegiance? And does it matter?
>
> Certainly it mattered to the early psychoanalysts. This question dominated those years causing emotional anguish and wrecking lives (see Paul Roazen, *Freud and his Followers*, *Brother Animal*, etc.). Freud himself must take some of the responsibility on account of his strict demand that disciples do not deviate from his theories.
>
> Where does the Outfit stand on this matter? We have never (except me!) belonged to the Freudian Institute nor, so far as I know, had a problem over whether we call ourselves psychoanalysts or not. But we still have to come to terms with Freud. We have in a sense stated our collective position by joining the analytic section of the UKCP but this is not an action which carries much emotional weight. I would not wish the emotional anguish of the early analysts on anyone but, having escaped this, are we in danger of missing out on the sort of passionate drive of those analysts that generate creativity?

I responded in the same Newsletter:

> Peter's words are timely. In an article called "After Strachey" in an edition of the London Review of Books, (4 October, 2007) the wonderful and far too talented Adam Phillips justifies his new edition of Freud's writing. He explains: "*Now that the Freud wars are over it seems a good time for a new translation. This is certainly a good time for psychoanalysis: because it is so widely discredited, because there is no prestige, or glamour, or money in it, only those who are really interested will go into it. And now that Freud's words are so casually dismissed, a better, more eloquent case needs to be made for the value of his writing.*" In Reddick's Introduction to the new edition of 'Beyond the Pleasure Principle and Other Writings', he writes that Strachey's poor translation had meant that "*Freud's writing [was] presented not as a hot and sweaty struggle with intractable and often crazily daring ideas, but*

> *as a cut-and-dried corpus of unchallengeable dogma."* This seems to chime with Peter's suggestion that we should find again for our own work the passionate drive and creative genius in Freud's work.

A year later, (Newsletter, July 2008) another member, Catherine Snelson, commented (p. 7):

> When I was a first year undergraduate I had pinned on the wall of my student room a postcard depicting a Napoleonic soldier on rather a wild looking horse with a caption coming out of his (the soldiers) mouth that read 'which way is the revolution?'. Looking back, I'm not even sure that I knew why I liked this image but I expect it represented myself as an angry young woman looking for a cause. I hope that I have become a bit more focused over the years and I recognise a cause I want to fight for when I see one. The opposition of State regulation is one such cause but, going back to the postcard, I can see that the lone soldier is flailing around in a rather ineffective way. In order to have a proper charge you need a whole battalion of horses. Who is with me in the charge?

So, let's enter the gallery. There are four exhibits. They are called 'History', 'Theory', 'In the Therapy Room', and 'Now and In The Future'.

History: Photomontage from the History of Radical Psychoanalysis

(1) Psychoanalytic psychotherapy for the masses

Right at the start, back in Vienna after the First World War, people quickly realised that Freud's revolutionary psychoanalytic ideas should have an emancipatory effect on people's lives. Psychoanalysis, they said, should set people free as individuals, just as 'the people' had been set free from the hated Hapsburg Empire, from the Russian Tsars, and the German Emperor. Psychoanalysis should set people free from the repression that was the inner mirror image of the political and social oppression they had suffered for generations. They should be freed to engage in a healthy enjoyment of their sex lives, to experience their aggression and other appetites in ways that allowed them safe expression and did not lead to war; to be frank about the amorality of their desires and not fear society's censure and contempt. The young – everyone worried about the young – how were they to be offered a better world than the bloodbath the adults were emerging from, refugees and returning soldiers flooding into Vienna, bitter and hungry.

Many young intellectuals – students and graduates in Vienna, politically on the left and radicalised by war and revolution – were taking matters into their own hands. Freud's frequent expressions of social conscience, and notably his stirring comments at the International Congress in Hungary in 1918, as well as the inspiration of the Marxist ideas that had led to revolution in Russia and a bloodless election of a Socialist municipal legislation in Vienna, led to a practice of psychoanalysis that was heavily influenced by a social democratic political ideology. Young activists embraced the possibilities of the new 'science' of psychoanalysis as the next logical step towards establishing a socialist society. Freeing people's minds from the repressions brought about by obsolete, bourgeois, values was, for them, essential to lifting the oppression of working people and creating a new, classless society. Could not Marx and Freud together, they asked, bring about a better society for a new breed of human beings – the *neue menschen* that they read about in contemporary Russian revolutionary literature? Individuals such as Fromm, Adler, Bernfeld, Fenichel and Reich were socialist psychoanalysts who aimed to open up to working class people the benefits of psychoanalysis, typically interpreted as redressing the effects of sexual repression. This first 'heroic period' of psychoanalytic radicalism, as Adorno (1966/73: 272) described it, was thus characterised by its preventative impulse and practical interventionism – starting schools, training

teachers, running public seminars, setting up institutions for the study of child development, organising committees, and doing what Reich called 'social work' (Danto, 2000). In some ways, the Occupy movement has the same activist impulse.

So, for example, under the direction of Freud, psychoanalysts opened the Ambulatorium, a free out-patient psychoanalytic clinic which ran from 1922 until March 20, 1938. Later, and again with Freud's cautious approval, Reich set up a series of Free Clinics that established low cost and free psychoanalysis in various districts of Vienna.

As Elizabeth Danto (2000) writes, "Reich and his team of psychoanalysts and physicians would drive in a van out into Vienna's suburbs and rural areas, announcing their visits in advance. They would speak about sexual concerns to interested persons gathered at a local park. Reich himself would talk with the adolescents and men, the team's gynecologist with the women, and Lia Laszky [Reich's lover] with the children (Reich, 1922). Upon request, the gynecologist also prescribed and fit women with contraceptive devices. Though chased away or arrested by police for illegal activities, the group still distributed pamphlets with sexual information door to door. In the evening Reich would give political talks. Calling for a ''politics of everyday life,'' he focused on broad social issues while addressing the more personal problems people had brought to the team that day."

(2) Free love: Marcuse and the Sixties

Let's switch our focus from Reich giving psychoanalysis for free from the back of a van in the 1920s and turn our gaze, instead, to the Frankfurt School whose significant influence on politically radical social theory in the middle of the last century drew heavily on psychoanalysis and to another Utopian Freudian, Herbert Marcuse.

We have already commented on the tension within psychoanalysis between its critical and its conformist tendencies. One aspect of the psychoanalytic tradition has as its task the necessity to unsettle and disturb the smooth surface of things by revealing the unconscious elements that lie beneath. Another has the propensity to back off from what is revealed. As a consequence, psychoanalysis has a tendency to adopt a 'conformist' attitude to its own discoveries.

Marcuse (1970) criticised earlier politically-engaged psychoanalysts, including Reich, for their Utopian naivety in assuming that true happiness could ever be achieved in the 20th century because, he argued, in a repressive society, any *solutions* to repression – individual sexual liberation, individual happiness and productive development – are in contradiction to society. Were they, by some miracle, to become appropriated as values by such a repressive society, they would themselves become repressive. The pain and alienation at the heart of society was thereby ignored. I can get my head around Marcuse's argument when I think about how a good idea, with reformist intentions, with a liberationist ideal, becomes something else when it becomes part of government policy. Care in the Community is one example; emotional well-being another, perhaps, the Big Society another? There are different types of repression, Marcuse wanted to say. Sexual freedom was not the panacea that Reich appeared to think it could be. For Marcuse, some sort of restriction on the free flow of sexuality was a given in defining civilisation, and this basic repression reflected the way in which people internalised restrictions on their desire in order to attain individual autonomy. But, drawing on a Marxist concept, societies impose more repression than this process requires – 'surplus repression' – and this surplus repression largely serves to dominate and exploit classes of people, and is the primary cause of their unhappiness. Sexual repression was, for Marcuse, an inevitable consequence of capitalism

because for capitalism to go on existing it has to go on growing and therefore has to continually postpone gratification in the work process – because most work is tedious and routine. Furthermore, the repressive and suffocating conformity of the family was to be rejected because it was the source of repression of all forms of sexuality other than total genitality, resulting in the drastic reduction of humans' potential for sexual pleasure and leaving the body more free to be harnessed to the demands of exploitative labour. What was radical about Marcuse's position was that he argued for the re-sexualisation of humans, that repression of sexuality served the death instinct and only with a freer rein given to Eros could this be redressed. He also argued that the so-called 'perversions' expressed a desirable rebellion against the hegemony of procreative, genital sexuality, a great 'refusal' to be forced into normality. A key aspect of Marcuse's influence on the Sixties therefore was his view that – via 'polymorphous' sexuality (over simplified as 'free love') – sexual liberation would free people from repression. Perversions offered the possibility of a new community of humans, that would be characterised by spontaneity and the release of hitherto repressed human possibilities. Repression and sublimation should be replaced by authenticity, playfulness and expressive freedom – remember how people danced before the 1960s? These were revolutionary ideas, replacing the post-war greyness of the 1950s with a bigger space for the instinctive id. And this also entailed rejection of the achievement ethic – work should satisfy the individual, not simply serve as a means to earn a living. Marcuse also revolutionised the concept of narcissism by contrasting primary narcissism – oceanic, self-less – with the 'essentially aggressive, offensive [ego], whose thoughts and actions were designed for mastering objects.' Primary narcissism, by contrast, allowed for the eroticisation of the whole body, a preference for art, play and narcissistic display over the instrumental rationality of capitalist society. By now, his view was probably even more Utopian than Reich's! Its radicalism gave voice to the lived critique of people who moved out of mainstream society, it expressed a new connectedness with nature, and attempted to liberate sexuality from conformism to the limitations imposed by total and heterosexual genitality.

Another war loomed and then flooded over the United States of America – and everyone worried about the young. What kind of a world were we offering our children, they asked – our children who feared and despised our adult world, who wanted, it may have seemed, to stay forever young, innocent, flowers in their hair.

By the late 1960s, Marcuse's view had darkened. People seemed no more free despite the excitement of new technologies – automation – and working conditions seeming to offer a more liberating environment. In fact, people seemed more than ever bound to the status quo. As in the question about why no revolution in the West, why no revolution amongst the people of America? People seemed merely to have re-repressed themselves in what seemed to be an illusory sidetrack of sexual freedom, without it leading to the unrepressed society a different view of sexuality was intended to instigate. Marcuse pinned his hopes for revolutionary resistance instead on just those who were already outside the mainstream of civilisation – the counter-culture, the revolt of the marginals.
As to his relevance today – we have seen since the late 1970s rearguard actions by capitalism to counter the revolutionary supposed-hedonism of the 1960s. How often do you hear 'hard-working families' held up for praise? Hard work (made tedious and routine to maximise surplus value for the ruling classes) and families (the site of normative repression) were two things that were seen as the problem for the counter culture. How often are we encouraged to hate and envy those who we suspect of getting something for nothing – of being able to play and enjoy their lives – when we cannot!

And how do we now deal with dissent? Here is Marcuse (1965):

> Surely, no government can be expected to foster its own subversion, but in a democracy such a right is vested in the people (i.e. in the majority of the people). This means that the ways should not be blocked on which a subversive majority could develop, and if they are blocked by organized repression and indoctrination, their reopening may require apparently undemocratic means. They would include the withdrawal of toleration of speech and assembly from groups and movements which promote aggressive policies, armament, chauvinism, discrimination on the grounds of race and religion, or which oppose the extension of public services, social security, medical care, etc.

(3) Psychotherapy on the streets: Zizek on violence

And that leads nicely to a very brief hat-tip to Zizek, leaving out – outrageously – the revolutionary contributions of Lacan, Althusser, Delueze and Guattari, feminist and queer and literary theorists and philosophers. Zizek like so many others identifies the process of state regulation as effectively leading to the absorption of psychoanalysis into the "'scientific' cognitivist and bio-chemical therapies" before exploring alternatives. As with Reich, as with Marcuse, Zizek, in 1998, continues to want to find an answer to why working people persist in their enslavement rather than rise up against the conditions that make revolution justifiable and necessary.

For the sake of discussion, we will look at Slavoj Zizek's (2008) treatment of the topic of violence, out of interest in what it means to protest, to violate social norms. Three types of violence haunt our media, Zizek says – so-called 'irrational' youth outbursts that we in Britain may think of purely in terms of last summer's events, but which also occurred, if we remember, in the *banlieus* of Paris in 2005; our anxieties about terrorist attacks and the impact of those anxieties on our freedom as individual citizens; and the chaos that follows a major disaster such as Hurricane Katrina or the Japanese tsunami.

But violence is not only what we usually recognise as 'subjective violence' – the news of acts of crime and terror, civil unrest and international conflict that flood our daily lives through mass media, violence with a clearly identifiable agent. It's also the violence that is embedded in the language we use – its imposition of a certain world of meaning that Lacan and feminists have particularly emphasised. But it is also what Zizek calls the 'systemic violence' – the sometimes 'catastrophic consequences' of the way our economic and political systems function. Never one to avoid courting controversy, Zizek begins by excoriating the hypocrisy of those who deplore subjective violence while committing the systemic violence that generates the violence they hate and grieve over. He lays the blame at our fear of the other – *notre semblable* as Baudelaire might have put it – that other who is also our neighbour: the benefit scrounger, the mentally ill, the immigrant – it has become increasingly acceptable to blame the poor and the helpless for their plight. At the same time as we may sign up to a *duty* to be tolerant to others, Zizek says, this coincides with our obsessive fear of too much proximity – our right to remain at a safe distance from others. In particular, Zizek challenges our liberal assumptions about tolerance, about its self-contradictions that I mentioned earlier, and gives the example of how two completely opposing stories about, say, the Danish caricatures of Muhammad, both convincing and well argued, can be told without any possibility of mediation or reconciliation between them. He asks why we seem to perceive so many of today's problems as problems of tolerance – which I think begs a question as to whether we do – rather than as problems of inequality and exploitation and injustice. Why is tolerance the answer rather than, say, emancipation or political struggle? In answering himself, he says that we have

culturalised politics. That differences of political inequality or economic exploitation have been neutralised into cultural differences, ways of life, that cannot be overcome, only tolerated. He opposed to this a notion of 'divine violence', not as condoning revenge attacks but as a refusal to normalise one's anger and resentment, to give it an explanation that allows things to go on as before. Zizek says that when punishment, revenge and reconciliation are all pointless and futile, what one has left is to persist in the 'unremitting denunciation of injustice'. He concludes with three lessons

1. To condemn violence outright is to obscure its meanings and to make us insensitive to the most brutal forms of violence that are often disguised in humanitarian sympathy for victims.

2. Being really violent – such that you might change a system – is really difficult. Whether it is Travis Bickle of Scorsese's *Taxi Driver* cleaning up the corruption of the city of New York but recognising his own complicity in it, as shown in his aggressive-condescending suicide in the mirror – "You talkin' to me?" - or whether it is the violence of the Red Guards in China's cultural revolution compared to the attempt to permanently get rid of all the processes that capitalist reproduction demands.

3. And finally, violence is not a property of some acts and not others – it depends on the context. A smile timed to devastation in the final row you have with your lover might be more violent than any physical blow.

What does this radicalism of thought have to do with us as psychoanalytic psychotherapists? Zizek ends with an account of people abstaining from voting, saying that this act of violence is actually the effective overthrowing of the government by the people. In psychoanalytic terms, he says, the voters' abstention is like the psychotic *Verwerfung* (foreclosure; repudiation) and that this is a far more radical move than the usual *Verdrangung* (repression) because, unlike the repressed which can be intellectually accepted by the subject when it is named, but is then negated because the subject refuses to recognise it, foreclosure radically rejects the term from the Symbolic level entirely. For Zizek, this can be translated into a refusal of the urge to act, that it is better to do nothing – to wait and learn, learn, learn as Lenin used to say – than to engage in pseudo-acts which ultimately function to keep the system and its systemic violence running smoothly – e.g., get students through their exams. The urge to be active, to participate, can conceal the nothingness of what is going on. I'm reminded here of Stevie Smith's poem about the Cat who exclaims, "Oh I am a cat that likes to/Gallop about doing good" for its evocation of the cat's busy conviction in acting out. Abstention therefore – as in the refusal to vote – is not neutral. Doing nothing can be the most violent thing one can do.

Theory: Freedom, Critical Thought and the Superego

History shows us that tensions have always existed in psychoanalysis between revolution and conformity, in parallel with the fundamental dialectic that exists in the self-conscious, post-Enlightenment being between choice and inevitability, social norm and instinctive desire, whilst all the time we attempt to make our way in a world whose material, social, and historical nature remains ever elusive to conquest by our power of reason. Why did she become the outcast in her family, told not to return, the young woman at the Occupation asks me. How, I ask myself, did she come to feel reassured that we, 'the experts', were secretly watching her in a benevolent experiment we were conducting and she had to trust that we had planned a good destiny for her.

The tale is incomplete that tells of early revolutionary excitement in psychoanalysis in Europe being smashed by the Nazis. In that account, told mostly

by the émigrés themselves, its radicalism was never to return, somehow failing to thrive in the new world to which so many of those early psychoanalysts escaped, America being, especially at that time, fundamentally conservative and insisting on an increasingly medicalised psychoanalytic establishment.

In fact, the contribution of mainly European philosophers and psychoanalysts, Lacan, Althusser, Deleuze and Guattari, Habermas, Laplanche and Kristeva, to name but few – and a more complete awareness that the personal is the political and that a new sense of our otherness is the fundamental characteristic of our subjectivity – has ushered in for some a new radicalism, a renewed invitation to be experimental with our psychoanalytic ideas and practices.

In his later work, Adorno examines most thoroughly the idea and the reality of freedom, arguing that freedom is the historical and ethical promise of the Enlightenment, the overthrow of the king and the interiorisation of a new answer to the question of how not to be governed. For the newly dominant bourgeois subject, rule passed from the person of the external king to the epoch of self-rule. Processes of discipline and punishment, said Foucault, are replaced by internal processes of normalisation and self-regulation, the obligation to be normal, no longer as a coerced subject but as a conforming one. However, also interiorised are all the problematics of rule: the inner resistances, disavowals, evasions; the displacements and compensations, so that we are not happy in our new self-governing world – torn, uncertain, imprisoned by our own norms, threatened by our secret desires, and discontented with the civilisation we have made. The question of how not to be governed goes inwards – how not to be governed by a power that now lies inside us, so can't be overthrown or murdered because our survival and our sanity depend on it.

For Adorno, the interiorisation of social power was conceptualised by means of the superego by which he understood all that opposes our singularity – society, ideology, history. It functions like a trace of the old king, in what has become a matrix of social institutions, including that oppressive family that Marcuse thought should be repudiated. Adorno said that it was like living under a spell – the individual was imprisoned, unfree, under the superego's enigmatic power. But his use of the term also implied its solution – spells can be broken, the enchanted can be set free. Adorno was surprised to find that psychoanalysis seemed ambivalent about whether it either could or should lift the spell when its object had been the ruthless criticism of the superego in its earlier 'heroic' period. Ferenczi, he noted, had said, "A real character analysis must do away ... with every idea of the super-ego, including the analyst's own ... the patient has to be freed from all emotional ties that go beyond reason ... Nothing but this sort of dismantling of the superego can bring about a radical cure" (Ferenczi, Contributions to Psychoanalysis, in Rozmarin, 2011: 326). However, Adorno was also disappointed to find that psychoanalysis failed to follow its own promise that reason would break the spell and take freedom to its ultimate conclusion: the renunciation of that unconscious internalised social power and thus the liberation of the subject from its power. It was obvious to Adorno that a critique of the social power would have to turn into one of the society that produces it, but Ferenczi himself backtracked somewhat when he said, "So long as this superego is moderate and sees to it that one will feel as a civilised citizen and behave accordingly, it is a useful institution that should be left alone" Ferenczi, Contributions to Psychoanalysis in Rosmarin, 2011: 326). And so, once again, psychoanalysis approaches the radical solution and then steps back, accepts the social order and considers freedom only within the norms of its contemporary society. Adorno leaves us in no doubt about his view that the retreat to normativity is an act of repression: "As soon as it puts the brakes of social conformism on the critique of the superego ... psychoanalysis comes

close to that repression which to this day has marred all techniques of freedom" (Adorno, 1973: 273 in Rosmarin, 2011: 326). To do this is to leave the subject trapped in misery since much of what confounds the subjective life will then remain unconscious, hidden and unchallenged – both in the therapy room and in theory.

Nevetheless, Adorno's criticism omits to mention that Ferenczi had said that the renouncement of the superego had to be undertaken by both participants. Unlike almost any other area of debate, psychoanalysis is confronted by a concrete dialogue – carried out in real-time, physically intersubjective presence. Our interlocutor is there, sitting in the room with us, anxious, helpful, hopeful, hostile ... In that dialogic encounter, the responsibility for the therapist to critique her own authority is pressing – our patient presents a self before us in immediate need, and we are called to address it. This presents the therapist with a dilemma of renunciation – to renounce her authority but not her responsibility and power to help.

Adorno sees in this dilemma a dialectical inevitability in the ambitious emancipatory promises that psychoanalysis makes, and its betrayal of the same. There can be no real distinction between the individual outside society nor of a social power that does not require the individual subject. So ideas of absolute freedom or absolute power are meaningless – so what kind of freedom can there be? Perhaps the superego itself holds the key – if it represents all that is other, present within the self, then it also represents the needs and interests of others, and the needs and interests of society. For Adorno, this holds out the promise of human solidarity, of transcending personal interest and need in an apprehension of shared oppression. He concludes that the individual is not necessarily in theoretical antagonism with society, and that freedom is not a condition of the individual subject but a description of a relationship between one subject and another, and between one subject and the collective. It is a freedom of reconciliation, one that uncovers the subject's desire for intersubjective and social living behind the resistance to what so often feels like total abject submission. It is a freedom that requires our increased awareness of our condition, and our willingness to forego one ideal of subjectivity – total autonomy and revolt – but which also requires of theory and practice a willingness to critique the social forces and conflict that we are born into.

In the Therapy Room: Where did Class Go?

Interesting to note that when Wilhelm Reich was offering psychoanalytic treatment to ordinary working people, what he noticed was that as his patients' therapy unfolded they became less willing to accept working in boring and exhausting jobs, less willing to stay in miserable relationships, and less willing to obey orders without questioning them. There is a radical tradition within clinical practice too.

Over the last thirty years, the question of where social class has gone as a topic of discussion has been asked of psychoanalysis with increasing frequency. While gender and ethnicity are still vital topics of concern and we are alert to the ways in which our practice might reproduce oppressions that are structural to our society, social class no longer seems to be visible – at least in the scholarly world of training textbooks and scholarly articles. And yet, just as the impact of neoliberalism was beginning to have tangible and emotionally felt effects on social communities in America and other Western economies, Hoggett and Lousada (1985:125) argued once again, as if it could never be said often enough, that the social relations engendered by advanced capitalism [are] harmful of human relationship because they commodify and diminish the exchanges between people, penetrating not only the outside world of social interaction but "the internal (psychic) world of every one of us."

Twenty years later, Nick Totton (2005: 83) argues that psychotherapy, as a form of social critique, should bear witness to the oppression of body and spirit in advanced capitalist society; and, by supporting the inherent processes of resistance and creative expression in the clinical work with individual clients, necessarily encourage their *de*-adjustment to the system that oppresses them.

Joanna Ryan (2006; 2009) specifically criticises the omission of social class in formal psychoanalytic debate. Not only does she find that class differences in the therapeutic encounter between the person of the therapist and the patient are rarely discussed or theorised, neither are the bourgeois values and assumptions that structure and theorise that practice sufficiently challenged in clinical discussion and interpretations. And yet, she testifies to a wealth of informal evidence, largely reported in discussions with supervisors, that as practitioners we are in fact acutely aware of its presence in the therapy room, both in the relationship in the therapy room that is itself socially bound, and in the nature of the client's engagement with both her or his inner and outer worlds. For Ryan (2009: 27), this absence amounts to a thought that is both known and yet unknown: a process, first described by psychoanalysis itself, of disavowal, in which 'two incompatible positions" are simultaneously held, and an incapacity to hold in conscious awareness the reality of something that it is impermissible or unbearable to 'know'. Zizek warns that the disavowal of class and capitalism as excluded categories of analysis then allows for the successful functioning of mainstream political thought to continue, something which, some would argue, is precisely what prevents the emancipation of ordinary people wishing desperately to be free from their misery.

Ryan claims that this disavowal of social class can be detected in Freud's own work. She argues that, as he developed the concept of the Oedipal situation, he universalised a process of child development which was bound by class and culture to a specific Viennese bourgeois family constellation. In addition, he elided from his understanding of the functioning of the Oedipal situation the servants, especially the working class nurse who would normally have brought up the bourgeois infant. Ryan (2009: 34) found evidence of this disavowal in Freud's account of The Wolfman. In particular, Freud's supposition that the Wolfman's adult sexual fantasies stemmed from his having witnessed his parents having sex *a tergo* glossed over comments made by the Wolfman about his excitement as a child when watching Grusha, the servant, cleaning floors on her knees with her buttocks in the air. As Freud himself reported, while not giving it much emphasis, it was not just Grusha's physical position but also her *occupation* that the Wolfman as a young boy found so arousing, and which structured his later sexual fantasies. Disavowing the presence of the servant or nurse in the care and development of the child denies the often very close, even intimate bodily and emotional relationship between children and household employees. It excludes her from theory. Oedipal theory elides the working class woman to suggest that it is a theory free of any economic or class structure – and thus implies that it has a 'natural' and 'universal' claim. The implications of the invisibility of class in the therapy room might, Ryan suggests, entail the repudiation of the working class other, the 'expelled object'. Furthermore, the Wolfman's story reveals the power-relations between classes, and to the 'intention to debase' that is linked to social class differences.

On the other hand, studies from outside the psychoanalytic world, such as Diane Reay's examination of social class and education (Reay, 2008: 238), think of social class as a total configuration, not just the earlier academic traditional focus on the lives of the working class, and consequently the focus of study is on the processes whereby all class positions are

maintained and reproduced relationally. That is, class is reproduced in a complex dynamic between classes, with each class being the other's Other. Reay (2005:911) also identifies the disavowal within discussions of educational policy concerning the affective aspects of social class which she describes as "feelings of ambivalence, inferiority and superiority, visceral aversions, recognition, abjection and the markings of taste [which] constitute a psychic economy of social class. This psychic economy, despite being largely ignored in both everyday commonsense understandings and academic theories, contributes powerfully to the ways we are, feel and act."

Now and in the Future

What does the back-of-the-van radicalism of Reich, the counter culture values of Marcuse or the challenge of Zizek's view of violence tell us about how psychoanalytic psychotherapy might express its radicalism today?

Are there ways in which we can, individually, as a Society and as part of wider society show the human solidarity that Adorno felt was the true freedom that psychoanalysis might assist?

What insights into radicalism are generated in the therapy room that could inform the public domain?

How do we show respect for the radicalism of simply doing psychotherapy when we live in a society that so often repudiates it?

How does the political world change when we introduce into it our deep knowledge of the personal, day to day experiences of living that we encounter in our work.

Would it be radical for the CSP to develop a public voice?

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SILENCE
... Car due for MOT – Forgot Hester's birthday again – have to email The Institute ... phone plumber ... electr...
... recipe calls for 4 eggs but if I double it, should I use 8 or could I just add more milk and if I leave out the cinnamon, I could use .....
MF

Antoinette Fox

Felix Baumgartner – Jumping, Falling or Being Pushed…?

As a child I was one of the many desperate to fly, quite literally. On holidays in Pembrokeshire I would gaze into the distance, focus on the horizon and will myself to rise. I drew pictures of myself with wings or magical dust wafting around me. I was captured by Tinkerbell, the Flower Fairies and anything tiny that flew, not because of their cutesy, girly prettiness but because they could twist their bodies in the air and spin, turn and spread out in unashamed freedom without the constraints of matter, physical or metaphorical. Flying represented, to me then, the most ideal and ultimate release from all the constraints around me. It was the perfect defence against the physical and metaphorical controls that I was subjected to as a child. Of course, as with others in my position, I didn't fly literally. I flew in other ways – usually with the aid of a good book or paper and a pen.

As a teenager I was one of those with a vague, superficially simplistic and sentimental interest in 'space'. Black holes, galaxies, space travel, 'the concept of relative atmospheres' really captured my imagination. I was crap at the actual maths and physics behind the realities (in fact I felt I was crap at everything and space seemed so tantalising an idea; perhaps I would have been different in a different dimension), but the concepts held a beautiful fascination – the unknown, the possible transitions, the mystery and the life beyond five senses.

So, as a young adult it seemed perfectly obvious that I would study Theology and Philosophy.

As an adult during my strange (and admittedly quite short) phase of running I would only want to run home. My husband would, at my request, dutifully drive me somewhere two or three miles away so that I could run home. I like to think that as home had finally become a good place to be, I was proving this to myself by running there and returning. Home was a place where I could be held physically and symbolically and I liked to show this to the world and myself.

I suppose it was inevitable therefore that Felix Baumgartner would hold a particular fascination for me (beyond the mere fact that he is extremely handsome). Perhaps the fact that there seem to be some parallels between the pair of us is what interests me. Now of course, I immediately hear you ask "what parallels?" and in answer, it is simply our shared desire to fly that is similar – our shared motivation to jump, to fly or perhaps just fall. This is where it ends of course, because I have not plummeted to earth from 24 miles above. But what, I ask myself, has made him do that and has prevented me from doing so?

The Event

On 14th October 2012 Baumgartner ascended alone 128,000ft (nearly 24

miles) above the earth in a small capsule suspended from a helium balloon. From this capsule he jumped in free-fall. His descent back to the earth took 4 mins and 19 seconds and saw him travel at speeds of up to 833.9 miles per hour and reach Mach 1.24, thus breaking the sound barrier. Baumgartner also holds records for jumping from the lowest height and landing safely with an open parachute, a particularly difficult and dangerous feat.

If you didn't watch 'the jump', then can I suggest that you do so before you read the rest of this? By seeing some of the images, you will be able to understand the symbols I am interested in more fully. You can find a shortened version with irritating music here: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dOoHArAzdug, and a better version including the ascent here: http://www.ibtimes.com/felix-baumgartner-space-jump-video-live-stream-red-bull-stratos-continues-third-record-breaking.

Initial Thoughts

Initially I was confused by the multitude of meanings which I began to ascribe to what I had seen. A massive dose of steroids and the inevitable insomnia which follows an MS relapse helped untangle my thoughts. There were a plethora of literary and Biblical links chiefly associated with falling – both the Fall of Man and the fall of Satan in Milton's *Paradise Lost* sprang to mind immediately and I couldn't help but be reminded of the following words as I saw the images of Baumgartner on the edge of his capsule:

> Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
> Stood on the brink of Hell and looked a while,
>
> Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
> He had to cross.
>
> (*Paradise Lost*, *II*. 917-20)

However, my countertransference, in overdrive, was primarily linked with vivid sexual imagery. What I thought I had seen was a huge sperm (the massive helium balloon), slowly and gracefully drifting out of the boundaries of the human atmosphere, then, a still pause before a tiny potent mini-sperm man fell, plummeted and at stages spun uncontrollably towards the egg-earth, hoping to impregnate it with his testosterone, heroism, virility and manly powers of dare-devil stuntery (perhaps that was just my hopeful, yet possibly sordid imagination!).

After closer and more careful thought, I began to think quite differently about the events and was full of theories to do with holding, fear of falling, being cast out, casting oneself out, the desire to test oneself and, particularly reminded by what I had once read about oceanic feelings, unification, fear, desire and pursuit of the whole. My initial responses to Felix, the handsome sexual daredevil, were replaced by images more associated with weakness and fear. And, upon starting to think like that, I suddenly felt very sad for Baumgartner and didn't fancy him quite so much anymore.

Could it be that 'Fearless Felix', someone who dreamt of flying and the freedom of wings as a small boy, was simply a sad child trapped in an adult body, a very damaged and regressed ego, a man who as a child had suffered some basic fault, some rent or absence in his early caregiving which had been sublimated into a desire so strong that he had actually hurled himself off an unmanned capsule twenty four miles above the earth? It certainly began to seem possible, and with that possibility his potency seemed suddenly more vulnerable and fragile.

Most significantly I wondered how conscious or unconscious Baumgartner was of his motives in jumping and his desire to fly. I have certainly managed to make my motives more conscious, to release and understand what my desires were tied up with, and no longer dream so often of flying and twisting and turning.

My Analytic Speculations

Death and Risk of Death

I have never been persuaded by straightforward accounts of overcoming fears, the leap of faith, the psychology of the daredevil, and have never been particularly interested in explanations to do with the mere bravery and courage of the bungee-jumping crew. I have always felt that there were some more basic and primitive urges going on, which, when reduced to discussions of overcoming fears and proving ones virility, were too simple, too crude and ignore the complexity of (probably unconscious) thought which goes on in the heads of those who BASE jump, skydive, abseil or bungee jump.

The sheer risk of Baumgartner's actions does on an obvious level seem like an attempt to challenge his mortality and play with his own sense of life and reality. How profound a symbol of the instinctual mastery of the death instinct this is, to put your life at such risk for a four minute experience! Through this experience Baumgartner actually risked physical disintegration: there was a significant chance that his blood would boil, seep out of his eyes and that his brain would explode. Such a death would have rendered Baumgartner utterly annihilated and disintegrated. He would have returned to the inorganic state of which Freud writes.

What ultimate proof of his mastery Baumgartner describes in the desire to fly as a child when he asks "What more omnipotent feeling can a person have than to fly?" (*Space Dive*, 2012). Like Icarus, he attempted to defy the very elements of the world and achieve power over the most basic – gravity. Is this a more male desire than female? (That discussion is for another paper.) One analyst I spoke to recently talked about her work with a young man who rock climbed to 'stay sane' and went on to talk of young men who bungee jump almost as a rite of passage, to show command, bravery and defiance in the face of the fundamental laws of physics.

In a more complex show of omnipotence Baumgartner states 'I want to be an aeroplane not a bomb'. He clearly thinks that he is on a brave and death-defying *journey*, but I am curious to know how much his unconscious desire is actually to be like the bomb which causes death to others as well as to himself potentially. I am also curious to know more about Baumgartner's desires to twist and turn and spin and wonder how closely these two sets of desires are linked in a sado-masochistic way: the tension between the fantasy of flying and the reality of plummeting; the mastery of gravity yet the submission to the threat of atmospheric pressure. The language used about such flying, bodily freedom and autonomy is also very sexual and reminds me of the amount of literature written on the concept of sexual consummation as equating with death.

The media interest afterwards seemed to concentrate only on the issue of his 'bravery'. 'Fearless Felix' is the most oft-quoted strap-line accompanying articles on the jump. At no time did anyone question his motives or look at how he managed to pull people in with his project (the costs spiralled massively out of control and Red Bull has refused to confirm the actual final cost). It seems easier for us to assume the 'brave' explanation rather than get into the difficult territory of 'why?' It also feeds our own sado-masochistic appetite as armchair consumers of risk. None in the media appear to have questioned why many of us were so gripped by the event. YouTube recorded their biggest audience ever (8 million) for a live-stream event. There was a 20 second delay in case something went wrong, yet despite this I wonder whether viewers watched, full of anticipation and greed that something would go wrong. Would anyone be willing to admit their *schadenfreude*? I wonder if we were all actually full of

(unconscious?) desire to see such a man have his omnipotence quashed, Fearless Felix forced in a humiliating turn of events to return to the state the rest of us are in - namely at the mercy of the elements.

Often people who enjoy the thrill of sky-diving talk of the moment when they make the decision to pull the cord and open the parachute, a split second of risk, desire, ecstasy and the thought of not pulling the cord. In *Solitude* Anthony Storrs gives plenty of examples of such journeys which carry with them the risk of suicide, and goes on to write:

> The association of ecstatic states of mind with death is understandable. These rare moments are of such perfection that it is hard to return to the commonplace, and tempting to end life before tensions, anxieties, sorrows and irritations intrude once more. (p. 40)

Baumgartner went into a dangerous spin soon after he stepped off the pod, he knew logically that he either had to fight the spin or release a parachute in order to regain control of his body to stay alive. He talked about the decision he made not to release the drogue chute (which would have prevented the spin, but would also prevent his attempt to be the first to free-fall through the sound barrier) and the fight to regain control of his spinning body. I wonder whether this was actually a more profound moment for Baumgartner than he is able to articulate, the moment of real unification, the nearly uncontrollable instant on the border between life and death, and the attainment of a truly blissful state. It is believed that one of the other men who had attempted to jump from such a height years before, Nick Piantanida in 1966, opened his visor on purpose when on the edge of the capsule and preparing to jump. He survived the fall but later died in hospital. It seems that the temptation to test one's supremacy or achieve a sense of absolute oneness with the silent world around is too much for some people.

The Search for Oneness/The Oceanic

The actual event – the jump - and the time preceding it were utterly solitary. Baumgartner floated up for three hours in an objectless expanse in a tiny fragile capsule on his own until he was twenty four miles above the earth. The only connection with others being an earpiece connected to another man, Joe Kittinger (who seemed to take on a father-type role) who was the previous record holder for jumps of this type (he jumped from 19 miles in 1960). Thinking about such an environment prompted me to read *Alone: The Classic Polar Adventure* by Richard Byrd. Byrd talks about his desire to test his own powers of endurance and in his diary records the following:

> I paused to listen to the silence… Here were imponderable processes and forces of the cosmos, harmonious and soundless. Harmony, that was it! That was what came out of the silence – a gentle rhythm, the strain of a perfect chord, the music of the spheres perhaps…. In that instant I could feel no doubt of man's oneness with the universe… man was part of that whole and not an accidental offshoot. (pp. 62-63)

Hearing Joe Kittinger talk of his experiences of jumping from 19 miles reminded me of Byrd's sense of oneness "It was black, fantastic, beautiful yet hostile, bright yet black, I couldn't get my breath, I had to ignore the pain. I couldn't define the speed and there was no visual. The further I fell the safer I felt" (*Space Dive*, 2012). Baumgartner did *not* describe his experiences of being on the edge of space or of the distorted sense perception – particularly what it was like to fall faster than the speed of sound.

Beyond being a mere test of strength and courage I have come to question whether Baumgartner's jump was a primitive desire to seek an experience that he is not yet able to fully articulate, one of mystery, something enigmatically powerful and potentially addictive, the sense of which

he has chosen to keep private, yet which others might recognise as oceanic.

We know that Freud and Romain Rolland corresponded regarding the nature of this oceanic feeling, and that they disagreed about the nature of these feelings and whether or not they became the source of religious feeling or triggered the need for religion as an illusory defence for regressive feelings against reunification with the breast (Freud, 1930). Although Freud could not 'discover' in himself this oceanic feeling, he was happy to consider the 'views expressed by the friend whom I so much honour' and accepts that, as Rolland states, the oceanic feeling is:

> a peculiar feeling, which he himself is never without, which he finds confirmed by many others, and which he may suppose is present in millions of people. It is a feeling which he would like to call a sensation of 'eternity', a feeling as of something limitless, unbounded – as it were 'oceanic'. (p. 64)

Freud describes this regressive state as 'a feeling of an indissoluble bond, of being one with the eternal world as a whole' (p. 65) and he goes on to state 'that the 'oceanic' feeling exists in many people, and we are inclined to trace it back to an early phase of ego-feeling' (p. 72). I like Freud's interpretation of the oceanic feeling and believe that the quest for a return to the states described by Byrd and Kittinger are indeed primal desires to return to a state of oneness in the womb, or shortly after, when union has been reached at the breast or in meeting the gaze of the mother's eye. In the context of Baumgartner, the images of him on the edge of his capsule surveying the curvature of the earth, the expanse beneath him and the dark, quiet, beauty around seem to me to be an attempt to merge subject and object, external and internal, self and other very literally.

However, I would like to take this a stage further and question whether seeking an oceanic feeling is a primitive example of the desire to merge with, or to merely bond with other? The two are different. Was Baumgartner hoping to create a bond between himself and the world/mother, or was he hoping to merge with it?

Before he jumped Baumgartner uttered two important statements: "Sometimes we have to get really high to see how small we really are" and "I'm coming home" (*Space Dive*, 2012). I am interested in both comments because the first implies some sense of context – the realisation that he is a mere grain of sand - and the second seems an attempt at something relational. Much like me running home - to a home with people. Baumgartner felt enough he was a part of something to feel that he had a place to return to. Perhaps, after all, he did not desire the endless spinning, twisting and turning, he was instead seeking his place in the world and a way home to it. As he landed he fell to his knees and said he wanted to hug the whole world. Is this merging or bonding? I suspect that Baumgartner fears merger and sees it as the threat of losing himself and being subsumed by something more powerful. In the immortal words of The Spice Girls, 'When 2 Become 1' is not a risk free situation to allow oneself to enter. Dependence upon, giving oneself up and merger with the world/mother can be painful for many reasons. However in bonding with the world/mother, Baumgartner can Velcro himself to the other and as quickly as this has happened he can unpeel himself and start again, constantly testing this bond. One look at Baumgartner's biography gives us ample evidence that he has constantly jumped and tested himself and his body, changing only where he jumps from and where he jumps to. There is a very real sense of addiction here and the repetitive and cumulative nature of the jumps implies to me that he is trapped in a cycle of constantly re-enacting a paradox of desire that is, for him, irresolvable. None of these jumps have fully satisfied his real desire or sated his craving and so he goes again, higher, faster, lower, breaking this

record or that in the hope that eventually something will change.

The Philobat

In this context I have found the work of Balint very interesting. In abandoning ego-psychology Balint asks us to question more specifically theories of primary love and primary object relationships. In what I believe to be a natural development from Winnicottian theory Balint proposes the 'basic fault' as the consequence of a damaging early relationship between a child and the parent/caregiver (Balint 1968). Balint describes his theories of the very primitive relationships mankind has to objects, and coins two terms for two classes of people: for the philobat 'objects are considered as indifferent, or even as deceitful and untrustworthy hazards, better to be avoided' (p. 70) for the ocnophile the 'object is felt as a vitally important support' (p. 70). When thinking about Baumgartner I suspect that his primitive fears of the object (like that of the philobat) are so profound, that rather than wanting to merge with the environment/object/world/mother, he experiments at bonding with it – hence the display of falling to his knees *after* he had landed so gracefully and upright, steady on his legs. Balint describes how the philobat copes with his fear of the object:

> the individual must develop some personal skills – that is his ego – in order to retain, or regain, the freedom of movement in, and harmony, with, the objectless expanses, such as mountains, deserts, sea, air etc., all of which belong to the class of potentially primary objects – or more correctly primary substances – but *pari passu* his object relationships may become thwarted.'(p. 70)

So, crudely put, can we see stepping out into an objectless expanse 24 miles above the earth, not knowing if he would live or die, an attempt at development of ego? Was Baumgartner attempting to show to all that he could cope alone with no object? Was he trying to create a state for himself that necessitated no cathexis of primary objects? (Or was it actually a gross overstatement of his ocnophilic desire to merge absolutely?)Balint goes on to describe the adult philobat saying:

> I must be loved and looked after in every respect by everyone and everything important to me, without anyone demanding any effort or claiming any return for this. It is only my own wishes, interests and needs that matter; none of the people who are important to me must have any interests, wishes, needs different from mine, and if they have any at all, they must subordinate theirs to mine without any resentment or strain; in fact it must be their pleasure and their enjoyment to fit in with my wishes. If this happens, I shall be good, pleased and happy, but that is all. If this does not happen, it will be horrifying for both the world and for me (pp. 70-71).

After having watched the documentary on Baumgartner (*Space Dive,* 2012), and seen him in action with other people, it all seemed to fit. The relationships which Baumgartner appeared to have with the team of engineers, scientists, and a variety of other experts, was one where he demanded attention and love absolutely. They were to fit in with him unconditionally. Their job was to subordinate any of their own feelings to his. Comments from the team included: 'The challenge is to keep him alive', 'My biggest desire is to keep Felix safe', 'His life is in my hands', 'I don't want to kill my friend'. Baumgartner showed little understanding of adult relationships beyond this dynamic; he seemed utterly unaware of the complexities and intricacies of being with others, and in the temper tantrums he exhibited, when his frustrations at wearing the claustrophobic suit became too much, he couldn't manage things and simply walked out. In the footage of him and his mother, she tried to express her concern and fears - but he was unwilling to hear this or give her any space to share her

feelings; he simply said "Don't think if it goes wrong. Nothing's going to happen. Don't cry. Be proud of your son" (*Space Dive* 2012). His mother said very little from then on other than 'I'm very proud of him'. As I said earlier, Baumgartner risked literal, physical disintegration. Was this the ultimate punishment that a son could meet out to his mother, to disintegrate in front of her very eyes? Of course disintegration might have been preferable to Baumgartner, to merging or even bonding with her. Others may find more satisfactory explanations for Baumgartner's actions by interpreting his motives as something that might finally make his mother proud; perhaps, that Baumgartner felt he had to prove himself as a certain type of man for his mother, and only an overly demonstrative action like this could ever satisfy her.

Holding

Psychoanalysts talk of the enormous symbolic power of being held. Often this is through work with patients who have not been held appropriately as infants. Winnicott wrote much about the nature of the holding environment and went on to identify the potential difficulties for individuals who have not experienced good enough holding and/or traumatic experiences. He writes (Winnicott 1989:198):

> I have indicated the varieties of experience of "unthinkable" or "psychotic" anxiety. They can be classified in terms of the amount of integration that survives the disaster:
>
> | | |
> |---|---|
> | No integration retained | Disintegration |
> | Some integration retained | Falling forever
Going off in all directions
Somatic split; head & body,
Absence of orientation
Loss of directed relating to objects |
> | Integration retained | Unpredictable physical environment instead of "average expectable" |

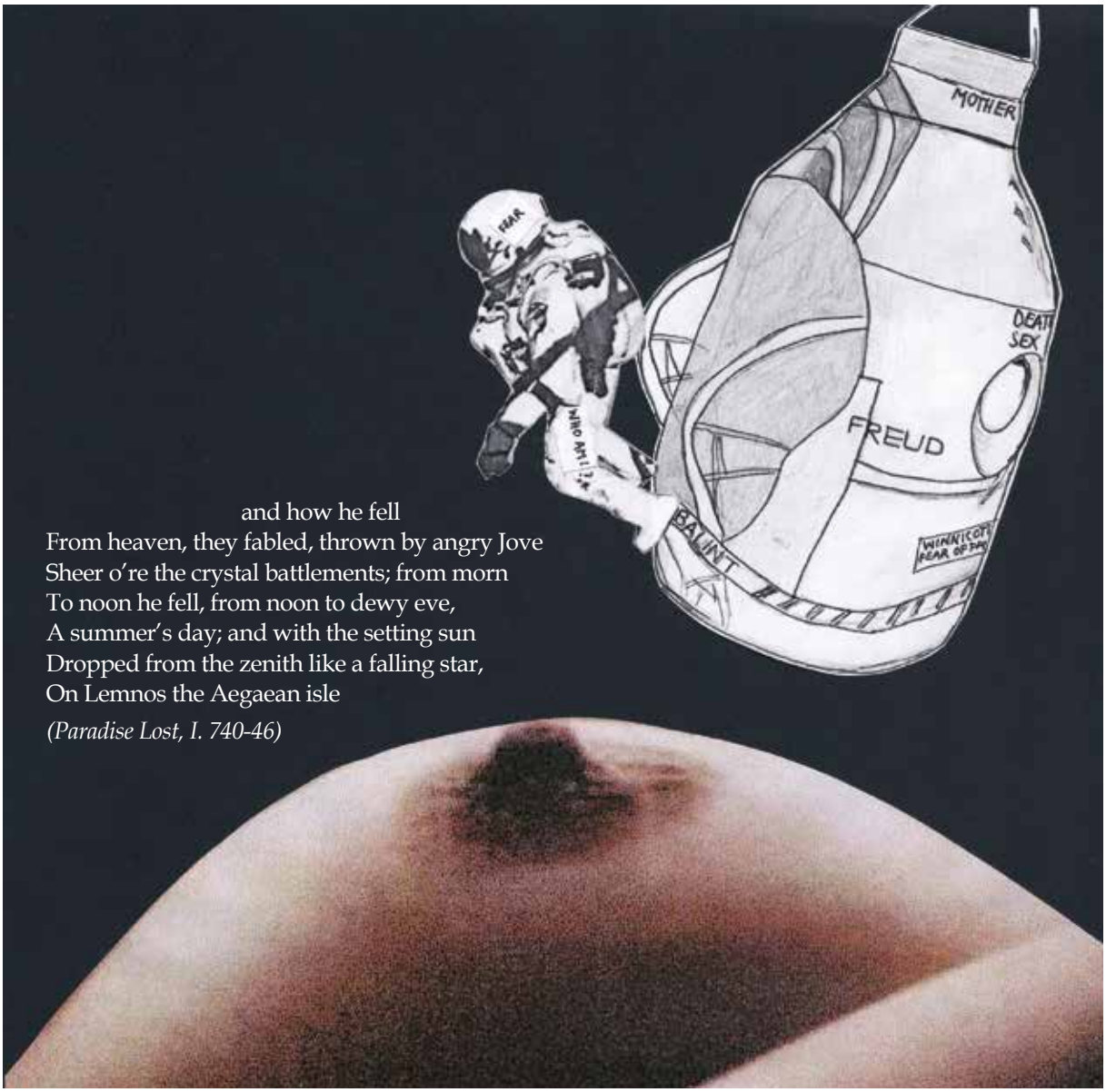
I assume that in a strictly Winnicottian scheme of things, psychoanalytic psychotherapists tend to work with people who have retained just enough integration to enable them to work therapeutically. I also suspect that were we faced with someone whose sense of falling forever was translated into an overwhelming physical desire to 'act out' really falling forever, we would see this as somewhat of a problem, and certainly something to work with.

Winnicott wrote much on the importance and nature of the holding environment, but less so the tensions inherent in recognising and admitting the desire to be held, which for many can be overwhelmingly powerful. Baumgartner's dramatic stunt has left me wondering what level of desire he is conscious of and therefore what he believes his motives to really be. I wonder if he feels safer falling forever - than actually being caught and held. Perhaps to fall forever is a safer and more reliable state of defence than the potential cure of holding, which can only be experienced in or after a state of breakdown or madness. As emphasised above, Baumgartner risked literal disintegration, and I have asked myself whether his sense of masochism and self-punishment is so finely tuned that rather than seek therapy as a relief for some of these feelings he instead sought to show, in manic triumph, that he doesn't need holding, he can physically fall forever.

I have also questioned whether Baumgartner's jump symbolises a kind of rebirthing. Balint writes about how prior to birth we live in:

> a state of intense relatedness to … environment, both biologically and libidinally. Prior to birth, self and environment are harmoniously 'mixed-up', in fact they interpenetrate each other. In this world - there are as yet no objects, only limitless substances or expanses. (p. 67)

He goes on to describe the event of birth as a trauma which changes the environment so dramatically that it can only be described as a trauma. The pre-birth equilibrium, so harmonious and full of dark, calm is suddenly destroyed, the environment and the self, ripped from one another. Winnicott himself became



and how he fell
From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o're the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos the Aegaean isle

(Paradise Lost, I. 740-46)

more open to theories of the impact of the trauma of birth when working, over many years, with a woman who kept falling off the couch when describing her birth. Is the free falling and the desire to fly, a way of both reliving this sense of harmony and synchronisation with the environment, and also, demonstrating its absence?

In interviews Baumgartner described his love of free falling as being particularly that he could be free in the air and twist and turn. He talked about the dreams he had as a child, which he still has when he flies "I show off to my friends and do spins, back flips and whatever I want" (*Space Dive,* 2012). However, in preparations for the jump, the suit he had to wear to protect his body from hypoxia and a lack of atmospheric pressure, constricted him so much that he became depressed and at one stage walked out of the project. It felt like Baumgartner's flight from claustrophobia and desire to attain the freedom of flying was being curtailed in a cruel way. The problems with the suit would protect him, yet render him unable to move, to twist, to turn to 'fly'. "I can't feel anything in the suit, I want to feel speed and temperature and work with the air while falling" Baumgartner said. "Where's my freedom in this suit? It's gone in the rigid pressure suit" (*Space Dive*, 2012). "I feared and hated the suit because of my desire for freedom. I started skydiving because I loved the idea of freedom. But you get trapped in a spacesuit, and people are adding weights to it every day" (*McRae*, 2012). Much like a baby who is swaddled to stop infantile writhing and flailing, Felix was reduced to the utmost claustrophobia. Was he fighting a feeling of being held as I alluded to above? Baumgartner spoke movingly about his struggle with the claustrophobia of the suit and describes his embarrassment at working with a psychiatrist and hypnotherapist to help him deal with the enormous anxiety generated over wearing it. He has since called himself Fearless Felix in the hope that children will see him as a role model in having overcome these fears. We are left with a paradox: Fearless Felix, tightly held and constricted in a claustrophobic suit, at the same time as falling forever in a state of the utmost freedom.

Concluding remarks

So, what do we desire when we fall? To be caught and held? To disintegrate? To fall forever? People often remember dreams of falling and waking up with a very physical jolt. What causes the jolt? Is it the being caught and held - or is it the moment of disintegration? Why don't we remember how these dreams end?

When asked "What next?" Baumgartner has no clear answer. He ambiguously talks about settling down and becoming a helicopter fire-fighter. There are no immediate plans to jump again, to go higher or faster, and I wonder how let down he feels by the experience. Whether or not his basic and complex needs to be held, to fly, to defy the world have been met, or whether there is still a gap, some aching search for an object which is as yet unconscious, unexplainable and inaccessible to him. With a sense of sadness and finality I find myself believing that Baumgartner is destined to continue this acting out until he can articulate the primitive fears and desires. In a tragic way he seems condemned to compulsively and continually repeat.

I also find it significant that Baumgartner seems quite elusive as a media presence. It is easy to find the stats, the images, and other people's comments about him, but to hear him talk openly about himself is more of a struggle.

As an adult, I feel fairly privileged to have been able to make some of my unconscious conscious, and although I sometimes enjoy the idea of elusiveness as a quality, it is a transient enjoyment and certainly seems more risky than a protective level of transparency, which I feel I have in part achieved.

I feel lucky that I do not feel so immediately attracted by the idea of flying – Tinkerbell no longer holds such a sense of exhilaration (in fact, if I'm honest, I'm now much more attracted by Wendy – this brings with it a whole other set of issues to be discussed another time). If I had to be an animal (a fun game to play) I would not be a bird anymore. I'm not sure what I'd be and I enjoy that sense of freedom to choose and explore instead of the immediacy of wanting to fly only. The sense that I can be content without a physical attribute (flying, swimming, burrowing) to symbolise my primitive desires, urges and fears feels like the biggest freedom. I suppose this is ultimately a big plug for therapy, because only through therapy have I been able to explore some of those desires and fears in safety. I still have the vague interest in space, although the images now seem more proportionally frightening than alluring. The idea of galaxies and black holes seem to have taken on a more realistic quality; they are not attractive as they once were in their absence and lack of relational quality. And finally, if I did still run, then I feel far more certain that I would be happy to run from home on a short journey and return home after.

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Ishtla Singh

Weaves, extensions and double-binds: the curious case of Gabby Douglas' hair

Do fairy-tales come true? There are times when real-life events seem to offer themselves up to a *happily-ever-after* reading. On July 31st, at London 2012, Gabby Douglas, an African American gymnast whose backstory contained elements not unfamiliar to either fairy-tale fantasy or African American reality (one parent absent, the other struggling to make ends meet) won two Olympic gold medals. She was the first American, first African American, and first woman of colour to win both team- and individual- all round competitions. Her performance, crafted out of 'sweat, blood and tears' (Douglas) was astounding and her win, exhilarating, not least because every hard-earned leap and somersault took her further away from the metaphorical hovel and closer to the castle. It was a wonderful, feel-good moment, and true to form, the wicked stepmother chose it to make her entrance.

She emerged on Black Twitter, comprising multiple female voices, but delivering one message, namely, that Douglas's hair was not worthy of the ball. Douglas's hairstyle, a clipped and gelled ponytail which left her *kitchen* (natural hair at the nape of the neck) on display, became the focus of uneasy tweeters:

i. gabby douglas gotta do something with this hair! these clips and brown gel residue aint it

ii. In Olympic news, why hasn't anyone tried to fix Gabby Douglas' hair?

iii. My mama sitting screaming at Gabby Douglas on TV because her hair not fixed.

iv. Jesus be a Hot Comb for Gabby Douglas Hair... Amen!

iv. I don't care...16 or 26, black or white, gabby douglas's hair is ratch.

(spelling and punctuation as in tweets)

Douglas was later reported as saying that the comments were 'stupid' and left her 'a little confused':

> I don't know where this is coming from. What's wrong with my hair? I'm like, "I just made Olympic history and people are focussed on my hair?"
>
> (quoted in *HuffPost Style* 5/8/12)

Where, indeed, did this come from? The British mainstream media, intent on a rags-to-riches narrative, seemed just as confused by this turn of events. The story attracted little or no comment here, and lost impetus relatively quickly as the Olympics and the world moved on. But for many in the African American community, Gabby Douglas became absorbed into a much older and longer-running story; one which, for the first time, is unfolding on social media such

as Facebook and Twitter. "The hair conversation", as it has come to be known online, is continuing in established fora with an African American voice, such as Huffington Post's *Black Voices* and Washington Post's *The Root*, as well as in the unofficial African American blogosphere. Countless hours of "hair conversation" do not seem to have lessened the confusion, however, at least not in the "pro-Douglas's hair" camp. Comments range from the expression of support for her hair choice, the positive symbolism of natural "do's", the musing that perhaps hairstyles don't matter anyway, the fact that such hair decisions are inevitable in sports where women sweat, the prediction that once Douglas gets endorsements, her hair will be "sorted out". Individual commentators themselves move between these views, seemingly unsure of where, in gymnast-speak, to "stick their landing". Even Douglas's mother has appeared uncertain about how to respond. She began an interview on the subject by admonishing the negative tweeters, but then moved into an apologetic explanation for her daughter's hair:

> How ignorant is it of people to comment on her hair...Who are you to criticize her? What have you done to help contribute to her dream?...
>
> She lives with a white host family and they don't know anything about taking care of her hair. And there's no black salons in their area...not one. We had to work really hard to find a stylist to come do her hair.
>
> (quoted in *Black Voices* 9/8/12)

The conversations are ardent but conflicted; there is a sense that much of what is being said has already been, and will be again, whenever a new Gabby Douglas comes to the fore. There is also a sense of underlying bewilderment, or perhaps even frustration about something that seems to remain tantalisingly obscure: how is it that something as "meaningless" as hair can become so meaningful? What, as one blogger asks, is the big deal about hair?

The big deal, of course, lies in the fact that hair is not just hair, but is also hugely symbolic. Indeed, it arguably carries one of the heaviest metaphorical loads, at least in languages like English, where its

symbolic function is so well-entrenched, it is practically unmarked (that is, not considered unusual or abnormal usage). Consider, for instance, how hair frequently functions linguistically as a part-object descriptor, particularly for women, who, in certain registers, are encapsulated in terms such as *blonde, brunette, redhead*. Consider too, how those terms in themselves have come to entail certain characteristics, so much so that they do not have to be overtly stated (although they are sometimes made obvious in collocation with adjectives such as *dumb, sultry, fiery*). The connotations of *long glossy locks* are very different from those of a *shaved head* (a common tabloid shorthand), as are those of *nappy-headed* from *fixed* in the Black community.[1] It is noteworthy too, how phrases such as *good/bad hair day* have been metaphorically extended to indicate levels of self-esteem and perceptions of performance, encapsulating the notion that if we believe we look good, we feel better and are potentially more likely to be productive, or at the very least, worry less about being so (LaFrance 2000). In the metaphorical vein, hair is also often used as an emotional barometer: in the last few months, blogs have commented on Kate Middleton's hair, which, in the context of her and her husband's excited, less self-conscious displays of affection at Olympic events, has been seen as becoming 'looser and wilder' (*Lainey Gossip* 2/8/12, 6/8/12). The hair of another celebrity, Katie Holmes, has also been commented upon in the wake of her divorce from Tom Cruise: the fact that she has worn it long, loose and seemingly un-styled has been read as indicative either of her new-found freedom from an allegedly controlling spouse, or of her struggle in coping with the demands of single parenthood.

Hair has also acquired political significance in the African American community. Witness, for instance, the potency of the afro during the Black Power movement, as a positive symbol of otherness, of the embracing of a value system reconfigured as not inferior to that of mainstream (White) culture but as simply different and more appropriate to Black culture. This ideal still exerts an aspirational pull, but for many African Americans, the pressure to acculturate to the mainstream is strong. Simply put, the day-to-day realities of belonging to a minority group, many of whose members live undervalued and restricted economic and cultural lives, feed a salient perception that the world is White, and the only way to have a half-decent chance in it is to be "less Black", "less other". This is not a clearly defined state of being, but it does seem to take (derogated) form against perceptions of positively valued markers of "Whiteness", especially in relation to speech and appearance; areas where, perhaps, the acculturation of some successful African American figures is most evident. Oprah Winfrey and Barack Obama, for instance, do not publicly speak African American Vernacular English (AAVE), the non-

1 "Nappy-headed" is a derogatory term for untreated hair, historically viewed as rough, unkempt and uncared for. The label encompasses a range of socio-cultural assumptions about the person it describes, such as low socio-economic status, indifference to personal appearance and hygiene, an inability or unwillingness to assimilate to perceived norms of appearance, an unsophisticated outlook. The term has recently undergone a limited measure of reclamation as a positive, in-group marker of Black appearance and identity, but its use as an insult remains widespread. "Fixed", on the other hand, refers to treated and particularly, straightened, hair. In direct contrast to "nappy-headed", its associations, in its general use, are positive: having "fixed" hair indicates an adequate level of income, a good level of self-care and positive assimilation to wider group norms. Like "nappy-headed", "fixed" has also experienced some semantic movement, but in the opposite direction. Recognition that the term itself is rooted in the assumption that something "problematic" needs to be "fixed" has allowed for its usage as a negative label for a perceived movement away from, or rejection of, positive, "natural" Black identity. This derogatory use is not pervasive, however, and "fixed" generally remains a term of approbation.

standard mother tongue of a significant proportion of African Americans. Indeed, the legitimacy of AAVE as a valid and independent linguistic system, as well as a positive linguistic marker of African American identity, has long been an area of controversy and conflict, and many, including its speakers, see it as an obstacle to mainstream success. In terms of appearance, successful and "role-model" pop-stars such as Beyoncé are often lit, made-up and/or photo-shopped to appear lighter-skinned, lighter-eyed and generally more Caucasian-featured than they actually are. Hair also plays a significant part in these transformations – it is typically straightened, extended or woven into golden-hued styles, or covered by wigs. It must be borne in mind that women such as Beyoncé and Oprah are not "trying to be White": they count themselves as, and are seen as, Black role models. Instead, they present a certain model of Blackness, one that straddles the maintenance of a distinctive ethnic identity and the performance of mainstream conformity. It is possible that this constitutes a space of tolerable compromise, but it is arguable that this is also an uncomfortable space, of being truly neither one thing nor the other; a space that has echoes of the "can't win" paralysis of the double-bind.

The concept of the double-bind may seem like a misapplication here, particularly since it was primarily envisaged as operating at the micro-level, typically between individuals such as parent and child. But it may be possible to extend this to the macro-level, where the interaction lies between groups or communities generating, receiving and acculturating conflicting messages; significantly, conflicting messages which leave recipients with a distorted sense of what is real, or of what is positively valued. An interesting illustration of this recently surfaced on the cover of *O* magazine, comprising a headshot of a light-skinned, light-eyed Oprah sporting her

"natural" hair (as one blogger commented: 'so, Oprah's hair is made from nature and Oprah's face is made from Photoshop' 1/8/12). However, some have commented that there was very little natural about it, intimating that it had been treated either by chemical or computer wizardry to look like naturally "good hair" (a phrase used in the African American community to denote relatively straight hair) (*The Look Today* 2/8/12). And so, the purported image of the "natural", real Oprah is actually a false Oprah, ostensibly delivering one validating message about Black beauty (and by extension, about self- and cultural- esteem and worth) but actually delivering quite another, about the risky nature of otherness. How can one win?

Hair issues are arguably part of a much bigger problematisation of the Black body, something which certainly has roots in a racist, colonial past. Historical associations of blackness with physical and moral dirtiness, of "unkempt" appearance with "loose" morals, of seeming indifference about appearance with "laziness" of intellect and ability, still seem to be part of a cultural inheritance of shame, and in the face of continuing, marked socio-economic inequality and sometimes overt racism, they are reinforced rather than dissipated. Thus, even for African Americans who are not caught in the poverty trap, there can still be a sense that the Black body in its natural, "untamed" state is problematic and needs to be regulated. Hair, as bell hooks (1988; 2008) points out, is 'above all, a part of the black female body that must be controlled.' Thus, "fixing" hair can be read metonymically as the need to "fix" the body. In this light, it is noteworthy that when Gabby Douglas's body was at its most controlled and most defined, it was her "unfixed" hair that negated her ability to, according to one tweeter, 'represent' a positive and unproblematic Black state. Within the African American female community, the need to "fix" hair/body has significant repercussions. hooks relates how, for instance, her "natural" hair choice has been greeted with hostility and suspicion by other African American women, and has left her feeling 'judged on the spot as someone out on the fringe, an undesirable' (meaning that, even if she wanted to straighten her hair simply 'for fun', it would be interpreted as a politically charged act); how her parents, when she told them about being offered a job at Yale, were anxious about the 'disgusting' nature of her braids; how one African American male pointed out to her that she would be a 'fine sister' if she would only 'do something about her hair'. hooks also makes an interesting observation about hair and sexuality, specifically, sexual repression. Many women associate straight hair with 'desirability, with being loved', but then find that it brings an anxiety-inducing element of "unnaturalness" to intimacy:

> Curious about what black women who had hot-combed or had permanents felt about the relationship between straightened hair and sexual practice I asked whether people worried about their hairdo, whether they feared partners touching their hair. Straightened hair has always seemed to me to call attention to the desire for hair to stay in place. Not surprisingly many black women responded that they felt uncomfortable if too much attention was focused on their hair, if it seemed to be too messy.

Although hooks does not make the point, in this context, one cannot help but wonder if again, anxiety over hair remaining controlled is metonymic for anxiety over the historical stereotype of the highly sexualised, "savage" Black body.

There are also other repercussions for physical health. Bloggers have commented that many African American women will not exercise because of the fear of perceptions of the smell of their sweat, and because of the effect sweat will have on treated hair (*Sporty Afros* 1/8/12). A commentator on *Black Voices* pointed out that the time and money needed to "fix" hair can be prohibitive, so young girls will typically not enrol, or be enrolled for,

"sweaty" sports, as fixing the fix will be costly. In a country where four out of five African American women are considered obese, and one of five are suffering from some form of diabetes (*NY Times* 5/5/12) this may be a significant factor.

I would argue then, that in the African American female community, hair has become the locus of a type of body dysmorphia; a place in which interlinked anxieties about appearance, sexuality and identity are realised. But it is also a largely invisible type of dysmorphia: it has not been labelled as such, and it is not the kind that leads to states, such as anorexia or bulimia, which directly endanger the body, or which are obviously damaging. It seems too that while "hair conversations" of a more academic type recognise the symbolic significance of hair, the fundamental belief of the woman in the street that "good hair" engenders a positive social payoff continues to be culturally perpetuated and reinforced. As hooks (1988, 2008) states:

> Few women had received affirmation from family, friends, or lovers when choosing not to straighten their hair and we have many stories to tell about advice we receive from everyone, including total strangers, urging us to understand how much more attractive we would be if we would fix (straighten) our hair.

If conversations about control of the body through control of the hair are not being had within the community, it is highly unlikely that they will be had outside. Indeed, if there are already strong feelings of alienation and disenfranchisement from mainstream, White communities, there may be a very strong perception that this particular, "Black", issue will be misunderstood, not understood at all, or trivialised and derogated. It therefore remains, I think, an unarticulated, and hence hidden, issue, but one which seems significant in considerations of emotional wellbeing, not just for the African American female community, but perhaps for women of colour generally.

Information on African American women, indeed on women of colour, in therapy is sparse, largely because many do not enter it. A fact sheet from the National Association on Mental Illness (2009) states that a significant number of African American women are thought to suffer from depression, but very few (12%) actually seek therapeutic help, since it is seen as a 'personal weakness'. While this is no doubt true, and while there may be practical considerations around affordability and availability, another significant factor may be that, at some level, therapy is seen not as empowering but as actually, disempowering. If it is perceived as part of an alien and alienating mainstream culture, as a space where one can be misunderstood, or where the therapist cannot help one find a voice, a space which catalyses a weakening or loss of control, then it will, of course, be viewed with suspicion. Perhaps then, a measure of responsibility lies with the therapeutic community to raise our own awareness of issues which are particularly salient to this group, and to communicate that awareness along with a willingness to have the dialogues which matter. This is, of course, a very idealistic generalisation, but it can perhaps serve as a starting point for dynamic, engaged and fruitful "hair conversations".

On a final note, after the Olympics, a celebrity hairdresser was engaged for Gabby Douglas, and her hair "fixed" in preparation for her numerous television appearances. Interviews have focused on her achievements, with no significant comment on her hair. She is in control.

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Michael Evans

Tales of the 1950s

HOPE

The students at the art school came from all over the world. Joe Hope was from Australia. He was an intelligent and decent young man recognised by his art teacher back in Perth as having 'real talent'. He had recommended that Joe should get a proper training in London.

Joe was assigned to an elderly Tutor, Henry Burlington. Burlington was an elected member of the Royal Academy and had had commissions showered upon him, including portraits of eminent academics and politicians, and even a set of murals for one of the corridors of the House of Commons. Although apparently successful and at the peak of his career he was a disappointed man. In his youth a scholarship to Italy had provided an inspiring and formative experience, and such was his idealism he had imagined he could, single handedly bring about a renaissance of classicism in British art. At the British School in Rome and then back in London he worked hard, copying plaster casts of famous sculptures, drawing from life, studying anatomy, perspective and geometry. He was immensely talented and intelligent and could produce exquisite drawings of the human figure, of foliage, drapery and hair. In his paintings he sought to replicate the luminosity of Piero's sun-baked Umbrian landscapes, and with his figures aspired to match the observations of a Leonardo. But at the age of 58 he had to acknowledge, at least to himself, that his life time's project had resulted in works that were merely methodical and academic. Nevertheless it was not in his character to give up on the impossible task he had set himself, to be one of the great painters and contribute to the canon.

Teaching got Henry Burlington out of his studio and in touch with young people and with what was going on, even if he didn't much like what he saw and heard. In these post-war years, and Burlington's middle age, it was Matisse, Picasso and Braque who were mostly being talked about, and recently a critic from the USA had lectured at the College and brought news of Jackson Pollock's abstractions and Rothko's 'colour-field' painting.

Joe Hope turned up for tutorials once a term with his life drawings, portraits and still lives, all carefully rendered in the dark tonal range so favoured by Sickert and the Camden Town group of painters of the pre-war years. Henry Burlington would pull a long face and, looking over the half moon spectacles at the end of his distinguished nose, he would give Joe whatever advice and encouragement he could manage.

Towards the end of his second year Joe visited an exhibition of Post-Impressionism that included Van Goghs and Matisses, and the contrasting colours amazed him and reminded him of home, and his memories of the harshness and heat of the outback. He was in a rut and knew it. Not lacking in courage, Joe discarded the dingy tubes of

burnt sienna and raw umber and bought expensive cadmium yellows and reds and cobalt blue and bigger brushes. And he let rip, eliminating all shadows and allowing the brush strokes to lie uncorrected and leaving patches of white canvas unpainted. The drawing had become haphazard but the effect was vibrant and he felt he was making progress.

At his next tutorial Burlington looked over his half moons and wanted to know what this was all about. Joe said he had heard about the importance of 'Temperament'.

"And what is temperament?"

"Oh it means letting the brush strokes speak for themselves. Painting must have real character or be nothing at all."

"Is this what you really want?"

"I want to live in the moment and I want to express myself."

Burlington sighed and said nothing. He had heard all this before.

Two terms later - a long time in a student's life - and Joe had grown sick of the hectic colours and the mess of thick paint and the brush stokes. It was another dead end and now he wanted order and sobriety again, but he couldn't go back to his earlier gloomy London naturalism. Then he discovered Picasso's so-called African period, paintings made after visits to the ethnographic museum in Paris around 1906. Picasso emulated the African masks, and borrowed the significant forms of ritual figures carved in dark wood. They seemed hypnotic and hieratic. Joe went to the British Museum and sketched African sculptures and, much enthused, he went back to the life room and began to dissect the figure, simplifying the forms to their basic shapes and linking them with black lines and powerful linear rhythms.

He showed the results to old Burlington, and this time Joe's explanation was hesitant.

"The African sculptors worked in a quite different way from the masters of the Italian Renaissance - the western tradition. Whereas Michelangelo emphasized the muscles to connect the limbs and the torso and twisted the body into artificial poses, the African artists separated the limbs so that each form had a core of its own. The Africans sculpted only the essentials and their work has an authenticity about it."

It was a long speech for Joe, followed by a long silence. Burlington frowned at him. "But are you an African?"

When the three years were up Joe Hope was satisfied with his degree, although only a 2.1. By this time he had a steady girlfriend and with his out-going nature he was popular with the teachers and other students. If he hung around he would probably get a fairly cushy job teaching in a provincial art school. On the other hand he had family at home and he sometimes missed them and the warmth and vibrancy of 'down under'.

He went for his final tutorial. Burlington said "Well done" and "What now?"

"I am in a bit of a quandary. If I go back home I would have a great time. They won't have seen the kind of things I have been doing here. I would make a name for myself, and I could be a big success as a great artist. Then again I really like being in England, but if I stayed on here I would be a small frog in a large pond. There is so much more competition and it would be more difficult to make my mark as a painter. It's a difficult decision and I don't know what to do."

Henry Burlington thought of his own long struggles with pictorial construction, his aspirations and his sense of failure. He looked quizzically at Joe over his half moons. He knew Joe would continue to drift from one objective to another but always recover from adversity.

He said "I have to tell you, Mr Hope, you will always be a mediocre painter wherever you are."

THE INTERVIEW

Edward Upton had left University with a good degree in English and after a few months back-packing in Turkey was going for his first teaching job in north London.

His James 125 two-stroke motorcycle took an hour and a quarter from Fulham to Walthamstow through thick London traffic. At the Bell in Walthamstow he was already late and having asked for directions he set off up a steep hill. A necessary change of gear half way up, and the chain fell off. He put the gear in neutral, dismounted and heaved the bike onto its prop. Luckily the chain hadn't broken and he turned the rear wheel while attempting to ease the links back onto the sprocket. It took several attempts before he succeeded and his fingers became covered with oil. He was by now late by half an hour and was feeling nervous when a mile further on he spotted the notice announcing 'St Ignatius College. The Order of Our Lady of Mercy. Founded 1218. Head Teacher: Fr Aidan Fergus.' It sounded formidable.

He turned left between a Town Hall and a Fire Station down an ash strewn-lane lined with rows of Lombardy poplars. The main school was a 1930s modern building with a magnificent view overlooking the reservoirs of the Lea valley far below. A little further on, the lane descended a short way to a small playing field adjacent to which stood an incongruous and gloomy Victorian Rectory with pointed windows, elaborate brick stacks and a gothic porch. Dismounting, Edward approached the porch and noticed a tall but stooped man dressed in a black cassock with a white collar waiting for him in the shadow of the door.

"I am so sorry I am late and my chain fell off. I hadn't realized it was so far..."

"Come in, come in." The Headmaster spoke quietly with a soft Irish accent but without looking up. He led the way along a dark corridor into a small room. There was a bureau at an angle across a corner which was littered with papers and books, and there were two simple chairs also cluttered with forms and files. A reproduction of the Virgin and Child hung crookedly on the brown wall. The conical shade of a dim overhead light cast the top half of the room into shadow, but illuminated a circle of worn carpet at their feet.

"Now let me see", muttered Father Fergus as he distractedly shuffled some papers on the desk looking for Edward's letter of application and his CV. He seemed worried by the burdens of administration. Unable to find what he wanted he turned and for the first time looked hard into Edward's eyes for several seconds as if he would find there that for which he was searching. Edward met his gaze but crumbled inwardly. He had prepared for a long interview but he couldn't remember the answers to the questions he had anticipated or even the questions. His hands and shirt were grimy with oil. He desperately wanted the job, but he felt he had already lost it.

There was silence and then Father Fergus said. "Ah Mr Upton... you are most welcome... the truth is we are very short staffed at the moment and the term begins next week. Tell me, when can you start?"

THE MISFIT

The staff met in the Green Room which provided a haven after a hard morning's performance and also doubled as a dining room. The novitiates preferred their own quarters deeper in the Rectory, leaving this smaller room for the four lay teachers, two Irish and two English. The Irishmen talked of their classroom work not at all, but recounted their betting successes and failures from the previous weekend, or the odds for the next, with great seriousness.

Mr Lea was the only lay teacher who did not go home in the evening as he rented a small bedroom in the attic of the Rectory

and this was his home. He found the conversation of the Irishmen intensely irritating. Edward, sensing his irascibility would greet him in the morning with great respect "How are you Mr Lea?" and the reply was always the same, a gloomy "A-live" pronounced with a tone of irony, as though really he was barely alive, or at most hanging on by a thread.

Mr Lea was a tall thin man with a hunched back and shoulders, as if he wanted to avoid his tallness. His faded hair was long and tangled across his large forehead. His clothes, grey flannels and an old tweed jacket, were crumpled. His skin was sallow and waxy, as though perspiration on it had only half dried. He obviously found shaving difficult because of his unsteady hand and frequently there was a wisp of tissue on his chin or cheek to staunch a small cut. His hands shook even when he ate the meagre lunch provided. When angry at overhearing some remark made by the others he was unable get his fork to spear a mouthful. On several occasions he could eat no longer and rushed from the room without explanation.

Frequently Edward and Mr Lea conversed politely, about the school, or a pupil, or the weather. And Edward would also talk with the others, from whom he learned much about Ireland and the history of English and Irish relations, and about betting and the current favourites for the weekend race. The tension in the little room was particularly intense on the day when news came through that a republican group had blown up the huge Nelson Column on O'Connell Street in Dublin. This caused much glee on the part of the Irish teachers and they scoffed at Mr Lea for being deeply offended. Edward had difficulty because he sympathised with the Republican cause but did not want to further exacerbate Mr Lea's isolation.

Mr Lea taught classics. It was not clear why this subject was included in the curriculum, since the academic standard of the College was low. St Ignatius was for pupils whose parents were either Catholic or who disdained the local secondary modern and could afford to pay a very modest fee for this private education. Consequently the economical size for each class was about 42 or 44 students so it was difficult for the staff to keep order, or to teach at all.

Edward quickly learned what everyone knew, that Mr Lea was a failing teacher. The students could see no point in Latin and he was unable to communicate his enthusiasm for it. The noise of shouting and fighting was heard all day along the corridor, and mostly it came from his class room. He would shout too, and would frequently deploy a book or a ruler to lash out at pupils who ran freely about and who came too near his desk. Or worse, he would chase after them but fail to catch them. Baiting Mr Lea became a popular pastime. When he returned to the Green Room in the breaks he was trembling and exhausted. Oddly, parents rarely complained and when they did Father Fergus used his considerable diplomatic skills to calm them down.

Things got worse. In the playground the brick boundary wall and the tarmac ground bore graffiti with his name in chalk or paint. The name Lea was carved into desks and plastered everywhere. On one occasion Edward noticed that a white van delivering school stationery drove off with the words 'Lea is a cunt' scraped from the grime on its rear door. Beyond the lane in the surrounding suburban area 'Lea' was chalked on posts and fences.

Then at the beginning of the next academic year Mr Lea did not appear in the Green Room. In the second week of the term Edward asked for news of him from Father Fergus who said "He is no longer with us. We decided that Latin is not an appropriate subject for St Ignatius. Sadly, he had to go." Mr Lea had left the Rectory altogether. Although the atmosphere in the Green Room became more relaxed, Edward found that he missed him even though he had been a most difficult man, and he wondered what job he had gone to

and if he would fare better. From one of the novitiates he discovered that Mr Lea had been in the airforce during the war and had had some traumatic experience, and was then demobbed. But no details were offered and nothing further was known. Mr Lea was not spoken of again, as if his time at the school had been an embarrassment.

On the first day of the following term there was a knock on the door of the lay staff's Green Room and the head teacher, Father Fergus entered. This was unusual and talk of the horses faded as they all stood up. "No, no, please sit down gentlemen. I have something distressing to announce. As you know our colleague Mr Lea had to leave us at the end of last academic year, and we have heard some sad news about his fate. The police have contacted us. Apparently his body was found shortly after New Year's Eve under a hedge in Kent. The autopsy showed that his stomach was empty and they think he died of starvation."

At that moment a bell for the start of the afternoon classes rang from somewhere in the recesses of the Rectory. Father Fergus made the sign of the cross and hurriedly left the room.

Simon Lacey

The Black Butterfly

Once upon a time there was a village at the heart of a deep, dark forest.

Although there were vast, brooding trees and windswept wildness in the forest all about them, the villagers lived orderly lives, spending their days sweeping their paths and clipping their hedges. They hardly noticed the creaking of the giant trees in the high winds of the forest as they gazed lovingly at their neat hedges, and walked happily along their freshly swept paths.

All the villagers passed their time in this way with one exception – an old man who lived at the end of a long winding lane on the edge of the village. While the villagers went about their path-sweeping and hedge-clipping, the old man sat, bent double in his chair, with his gnarled hands clasped around an iron cage. In the cage, on a crooked hazel rod, stood a large black butterfly.

The men and women of the village were wary of the old man and his strange companion and they did their best to avoid him. He filled them with loathing. Whenever the thought of him crossed their minds, they would immediately set about some demanding task, as if to dispel the thought through sheer hard work.

But the old man didn't care about the villagers or anything else in the world for that matter. The only thing he had eyes for was the black butterfly. She was very old, as old as the man himself, with ragged wings and long delicate legs and she stood all day long on her perch singing softly to him.

If ever the butterfly's song went quiet, the old man would become restless. He would shake the cage and the butterfly would sing more loudly and he would rest once more.

The man could not give his mind to anything but the black butterfly. He couldn't even bring himself to eat or drink or sleep for fear that he would miss a single note of her song.

The only time he left her side was when he had to go to the forest edge to pick wild flowers so that she could feed on their nectar to keep her voice sweet. While he was away picking flowers, the butterfly would rest before she was forced to begin her song again.

One day, a young girl from the village grew bored of the game she was playing and wandered off in search of adventure. She found herself at the end of the long winding lane. As she drew near the old man's house, she saw him and quickly hid

behind a tree for fear of being seen. As she watched, she became enchanted by the sight of the caged butterfly and the sound of her beautiful song.

After a while, the old man left to gather wild flowers and as he disappeared from view, the girl came out from her hiding place.

"Hello", she said to the butterfly. "Your singing is beautiful but sad. What is your name?"

"I used to go by another name but now I am called Sorrow", said the butterfly. "What is yours?"

"I am Hope", said the little girl and moved closer still. "Why does the old man keep you caged like this? Wouldn't you rather be free to fly around the forest with the other butterflies?"

The butterfly sighed and began to sing her sad song.

"Not so long ago as you might think, the old man who lives here was a young man and he had a young wife. They loved each other very much. Every day as he set off for the fields, his wife would sing a song that would follow him the whole day long. Every time he tired, the melody of her sweet song would sound in his ears. It fortified him until he was at her side once more.

"One day, when he returned home, his wife told him that they had been blessed and were going to have a child. He was filled with joy as he heard these words and so they agreed that their child should be called Joy.

"But as the time approached for his wife to give birth, she fell terribly ill and the man carried her to her bed. He was worried but he kept his fear to himself, telling his wife that in the fields he often saw that the heaviest frosts were followed by the warmest sunshine and the gentlest winds.

"Every day, as he hurried home from his labours, he would gather fresh flowers and bring them to her in the hope that they might lift her spirits. As she drifted further from him, he picked great armfuls and surrounded her with the most fragrant blooms so that she would know how much he loved her and how much he hoped that she would sing for him once more.

"No matter how many flowers he brought her and how hard he tried to hold on to her, she passed away one cold dark night taking his joy with her.

"Without her sweet song following him through the day, he could no longer smile or say hello to his friends and neighbours. In place of the joy that had filled his heart, sorrow bent him double so he could no longer lift his eyes to meet the gaze of those around him.

"Soon his neighbours and friends stopped saying hello, for it made them sad to notice him at all. After a while the old man, for he had quickly grown very old indeed, sat back in his chair and fell into a deep dark sleep.

"As he slept he dreamed and as he dreamed a vision came to him. He saw a clearing at the heart of the forest and he understood at once that this was the place where the dead are taken, the place where his wife had gone. As he watched his dream unfold, he saw his wife walk into the clearing and turn into a beautiful black butterfly, the butterfly you see before you now.

"He awoke immediately and set off in search of the clearing and his lost love.

"After many days and nights in the forest, he finally found the clearing, and as he lay in wait, I flew by in search of fresh flowers from which to drink. As I sat on the petals of a snow-white bindweed that wound its way around a great oak, the old man crept out from behind and caught me in his gnarled hands. I didn't recognise him as he had grown so old since we had last set eyes on one another. Before I knew what was happening, he had shut me up in this

iron cage and carried me off through the trees back to the village and the home we had once shared.

"Now I am trapped in this cage and I sing for him a song without end. He cannot bear to let me go but, in spite of my love for him, I long to be free once more..."

Hope was moved by the song and stepped forward to open the cage. As she took it in her hands, the old man suddenly appeared behind her. "What are you doing with my beautiful butterfly!" he cried.

He grasped at the cage, causing it to slip from her hands. As it fell, it shattered into a thousand pieces of broken iron. He threw himself to the ground, picking over every piece but there was no sign of his Sorrow. It seemed that he had lost her forever.

In despair he covered his eyes with his gnarled hands and wept bitterly. As he wept, he heard the sound of a new song, soft at first but growing louder.

As he listened, his hands, that had been bent and gnarled as they gripped the cage, began to slowly soften and unfurl.

His bent back began to straighten, his old, wrinkled skin became soft and supple, and finally he stood up, a young man again.

He lifted his eyes to see the source of the beautiful song that had made him young once more and there, sitting on the shoulder of the young girl, stood a beautiful white butterfly with newly unfurled wings.
Realising that this white butterfly was his lost love, he held out his soft hands to her. The butterfly bowed to Hope, took flight and landed in his palm.

"My dear husband" she said. "When you locked me in your cage, you couldn't see you that had imprisoned us both. It took Hope to set us free.

"You do not need to come looking for me again with grasping hands and an iron cage. You can trust that I will never be far from your side. Whenever you lift your eyes and listen with an open heart, you will hear my song and you will know how much I love you."

With that she beat her wings and slowly climbed into the sky above him, singing as she went. In a moment, she was gone.

The young man turned to Hope and took her hands in his and they walked together up the winding path towards the village and the rising sun of a new day.

Simon Lacey

Poems

Bleach

I
When I called on you
You waded deep water to the door.
You dragged your feet.
Once a balancing act
On high wire heels
You're a soft slipper shuffle,
Walking on worn red carpets.

The sweet scent of sick
Hung about your lips
And drifted off your fingertips
As you held me close.
You rested for a while,
Till you were up to being alone again.

II
I catch the glimpses you set free
And in your eyes a sight to see
A painted lady still
Not an inch of skin untilled.
A thunderhead of scent and fury.
A nut, sweet if only I could break it.
An egg, hard-boiled though newly laid.

But now your world is a windswept
wildwood
With you, an ancient Gretel,
Wandering its paths
In search of crumbs to bring you home.

III
Bleach has left
A tidemark of sick.
I sift through the sand
I read the leaves left.
I'm the wrong one in wonderland,
A mad hatter and his fading queen.
The thought of the meal you tried to eat
Makes me sick
Now washed up in corners
You couldn't reach.

Thank God for bleach.

Last leaf

I
They stood, hands fast, about the tree,
A knot of hollow symmetry.
They felt the rank heartwood gall,
They willed the last leaf now to fall,
And then the tree succumb to rot
And fall, and lie, and be forgot.

The leaf holds fast.

They watched to trace in veins their tale.
To read the leaf, and plot the trail
Of love and hate, two lines that twist
And turn and threaten to cut the wrist
And end the sap that fed their hearts,
Leaving just their withered parts.

The leaf holds fast.

II
Their hands crack open
Encasements undone.
The precious seed unseen,
Spilled on the floor.

The leaf holds fast but they could not.

"This autumn is a dream", she said.
"A tale we tell.
A fire we set to defy the dark.
Not defiance but a lie."

"It shines bright without warmth.
Its mis-remembered embers fill my thoughts,
Like the fire of folklore,

A cruel hope."

Without the means to disagree,
They brought an end to their symmetry.

III
Six months passed and the old tree
Breaks its fast in a new spring.
But no two lovers are there to see
The hope and promise of love it brings.

New Year

Hanging on Sisyphean hands,
They turn the screw to twelve,
Unleash the torrent of days,
Another weary year of ways
To fall short.

A quick look lights up
The same ruts in the road ahead,
The ruts in which I run.

As the day unwraps itself
Not in high clear skies but a low mist
Hanging, the screw tightens.
A crow stands in the oak top watching,
A black nail on a dead hand.

She's seen this scene before
This man who ploughs the same furrows long
The same trenches deep
And thinks he breaks new ground.

Yet, she doesn't see him clear
Her eyes are fit for day
And daylight can deceive.

In the wake of the night-walkers he wanders,
The deer with heart pounding, the timid field mouse
Made brave for once by the lack of bright light
Just a pale moon to mark the long way Home.

Wrecked

I was born in the steel mills,
Fostered in fire,
Rolled and riveted,
And run down the tracks to the tide.

Turbines grind in my dark halls,
On great furnace floors
Marked with the crisscross of coals,
The dark blood that beats my heart.

I wait for the heave of hemp,
To ride the surge at last,
The free flow of the tide
And soon soar upon the surf.

I am borne on the dream of you

While I was pressed in grime
You were formed in crashing waves
And crescent sprays.
Your heart beats to low waters and lyrical winds
Pumped through with bright blue.

I ride the tides to you
As if I belonged to currents,
But all I feel is the pitch and yaw
A deaf mute in the deep beat of the sea.

Glenys Plummer

Freud's Theory of Mind, Object Relations and the Findings of Neuroscience

It is an extraordinary fact that many of Freud's theories got very close to the conclusions of modern Neuroscience, without having the benefit of the technology we have today. Opinions vary considerably in the psychoanalytic world about the value of developments in neuroscience. Psychoanalysis is a system of thought, related to the clinical setting and derived from the clinical setting, initiated by Sigmund Freud and developed by subsequent thinkers. Psychoanalytic theories are validated or questioned by observation of experience in that clinical setting. Neuroscience is the study of the anatomy, physiology and biochemistry of the nervous system. Neuropsychology (a branch of neuroscience) has produced significant advances in recent years, due to technological improvements in brain monitoring equipment.

Freud began his career as a neurologist, and, following his famous dream in 1895 (the dream of Irma's injection), began to practice psychology – to treat disorders of the nervous system through the use of verbal communication. He wished to present a project that integrated the psychological with the neurological. His efforts in this project were arrested by the limits of knowledge in the field of neurology at that time (Solms, 2000). The only way that he could therefore pursue his researches into the phenomenon of hysteria was to branch off from the organic world of neurology into the less material world of psychological ideas. Psychoanalysis gradually developed as a study of human subjectivity, without attention to the organic neural basis. Neuroscience developed separately as a positivist material science with a mainly cognitive focus, and until the developments of the last twenty years did not allow for the complexities and systemic nature of human subjectivity.

At the earliest stages of his work with 'hysterical' patients it was not possible for Freud to prove that there were measurable brain lesions to account for his patients' symptoms, other than by autopsy. He disagreed with the prevalent neurological practice, which localised psychological functions in a static manner, and adopted instead the views of Hughlings-Jackson. These views, which allowed for the dynamic and functionally systemic nature of psychological processes, were reflected in Freud's two writings *On Aphasia* (1891) followed by the 'Project' (1895). He therefore took the study of psychological disorders out of the field of medical neurology of the time and eventually abandoned his attempt to relate psychology with neurology. He sought instead to treat nervous disorder by listening to the verbal account of the patient and placing that account in the context of his applied theories, particularly relating to unconscious forces within the mind.

Neurology is defined by Rycroft (1995) as "that branch of medicine concerned with disorders of the nervous system". According to the Oxford Concise Dictionary, neurology is a "scientific study of nerve systems". Neuroscience, the science of neurology, is a fragmented profession (Watt, 2003). It is only recently that neuroscience, in its study of the human brain, has begun to shift from a cognitive focus to an affective focus (Schore, 1994). It has now opened its doors to the processes of human subjectivity in its attempts to study the mysteries of the mind/body connections. Likewise some psychoanalysts are becoming receptive to current researches into actual brain function. The neuropsychology branch of neuroscience is revealing that the complex systems involved in many of Freud's theories can be supported by current research. It is also revealing that the brain structures that facilitate social interaction and affect regulation are formed in accordance with early affective interactions between infant and caregiver. At first sight, and from the perspective of overview, this aligns modern neuroscience with object relations ideas and marks something of a differentiation from the Freudian drive-based emphasis. Looking more deeply into the relationship between Freud's theories and neuroscience developments, however, the differentiation is less than it appears.

I would now like to offer a simplified interpretation of some fundamental Freudian theories and relate them to current outcomes of neuropsychological research.

Primary and Secondary Process. These ideas are derived from Freud's paper 'Formulations on the Two Principles of Mental Functioning' (1911). Primary processes are id processes, pleasure-oriented, unconscious and pushing for immediate and unmodified discharge. Reality is not tested. Dreaming and hallucination, for example, make use of primary process. Freud believed primary process was more primitive because it manifested at earlier stages of development. Secondary processes represent these unmodified id impulses that are being transformed into conscious ego processes, 'bound', reality-oriented and tolerant of delay. Under the influence of secondary process, the felt unpleasure of instinctual tension is relieved by adaptive behaviour rather than needing immediate discharge. The capacity for rational thought and communication are aspects of secondary process. In Freudian theory 'binding' transforms the anxiety of 'unbound' primary process energy into secondary process energy.

Pleasure and Reality Principles. The pleasure and reality principles overlap with primary and secondary process. One of the innate modes in the psyche is the movement from pain to pleasure. The mode of pleasure is more about the relief of unpleasure, a sensation aroused by the increase in instinctual energy, or excitation. If a psyche is under the influence of the pleasure principle and primary process, this arousal will be discharged by hallucinating the satisfaction needed in order to achieve relief of tension. Freud says: "These processes strive towards gaining pleasure; psychical activity draws back from any event which might arouse unpleasure" (1911, p. 219). If the psyche is under the influence of the reality principle and secondary process, account will be taken of the facts of, and objects in, the external world in its methods of reducing tension. In 'Beyond the Pleasure Principle' (1920) Freud devotes attention to the distinction between 'bound' and 'unbound' energy. 'Freely mobile' or unbound energy presses for motor discharge. Freud equates this unbound energy with primary process. Secondary process activity binds psychic energy by means of thinking in words. "Thinking was endowed with characteristics which made it possible for the mental apparatus to tolerate an increased tension of stimulus while the process of discharge was postponed" (Freud 1911, p. 221).

Theory of Instinctual Drives. Freud's theories about instinctual drives reside in the core of his system, as they reside in the core of the human being. Instincts are an "endosomatic, continuously flowing source of stimulation" (Freud, 1905, p. 168), "a concept on the frontier between the mental and the somatic" (Freud, 1915a, pp. 121-22). They have a biological source and contain energy; initially libidinal in nature they are directed towards activity and *towards an object*. The source, the aim and the object, through accumulated experience, mesh together into a complex interaction, part of which is represented in the 'system unconscious'. (We can recognise this theory also in terms of the formation of an 'internal object'). Satisfactory discharge of the energy, in relation to the object leads to energetic equilibrium (homeostasis). Failure to find an object and to achieve the instinctual aim leads to the unpleasure of tension. The theory of instincts overlaps with the pleasure and reality principles, and therefore primary and secondary process. The mode employed, whether primary/pleasure or secondary/reality, determines how surplus tension is processed. Prior to 'Beyond the Pleasure Principle' (1920) Freud grouped the instincts into two groups: ego-instincts and libidinal instincts. After 1920 we see the grouping as life and death drives.

Topographical Model of the Mind. This is a metaphor within which different psychological functions are localised. The metaphor divides the mind into the unconscious, the pre-conscious and the conscious. Each division operates as a system.

The System Unconscious. The concept of the unconscious is central to Freudian theory. It is the part of the 'mental apparatus' into which unacceptable ideas, thoughts and memories are pushed. Here they remain unless they are revealed by dreams, slips of the tongue or neurotic symptoms. "'Unconscious ideas' never, or only rarely and with difficulty, enter waking thought; but they influence it" (Breuer, 1893-1895, p. 237).

The System Preconscious. This part of the mental apparatus is a process in between the unconscious and the conscious and represents perception. It houses ideas that are not within immediate consciousness but are easily brought to mind. The preconscious also provides a censorship function, through secondary process adaptation of instinctual wishes towards acceptability to the conscious mind. In Freud's words: "It is not yet conscious, but it is certainly *capable of becoming conscious* ... without any special resistance." (Freud's emphasis, 1915b, p. 173).

The System Conscious. This part of the mental apparatus involves the state of being aware. It is regulated by secondary process activity, particularly by language. Unlike the unconscious, consciousness takes account of space and time, and can differentiate between perceptions of internal mental events and external events. Consciousness uses bound energy (i.e., in attributing to images a relatively constant meaning) (Rycroft, 1968, p. 27).

Structural Model of the Mind. In this model Freud proposes three interactive components of the personality: the id, the ego and the super-ego. These are functions rather than entities. The theories of these functions overlap with the previous theories.

The Id. The id refers to innate drives, particularly sexual and aggressive drives. It is unorganised, primary, not adapted to reality and partly unconscious. Rycroft presents Freud's well known description:

> ...we call it a chaos, a cauldron filled with seething excitations ... it is filled with energy reaching it from the instincts, but it has no organisation, produces no collective will, but only a striving to bring about the satisfaction of instinctual needs subject to the observance of the pleasure principle (1968, p. 75).

While the id conforms to primary process, the ego conforms to secondary process.
The Ego. The ego is characterised by organisation and adaptation. It represents those parts of the id which have become modified by secondary process, and reality forces of contact with the outside world. The early ego is "first and foremost a bodily ego" (Freud, 1923, p. 26), where a sense of self is experienced through corporeal sensations. The developed ego is a mediator between primitive id impulses and external reality, in accordance with the reality principle. It is partly conscious and partly unconscious. Freud suggests that the ego "serves three masters and does what it can to bring their claims into harmony with one another ... Its three tyrannical masters are the external world, the superego and the id" (1933, p. 77).

The Super-Ego. The super-ego is that part of the personality that determines ideals, self- observation and conscience. It is involved in the experience of guilt, perfectionism, preoccupation with right or wrong, and indecision (Bateman & Holmes, 1995, p. 35). Freud believed its effect was due to the influence of parents and their parents before them: "Thus a child's super-ego is in fact constructed on the model not of its parents but its parents' super-ego; the contents which fill it are the same and it becomes the vehicle of tradition..." (Freud, 1933, p. 67).

Libido. Libidinal energy is instinctual energy, both of the body and of the mind. Libido originates in the id and was originally seen by Freud as sexual in nature, but Rycroft tells us that the ego was later assumed to possess libido and was attached to object representations (1968, p. 94).

Freud was unable to examine physically the human brain other than via autopsy. We can be sure though that, as a neurological scientist, he would have been aware that the brain is at the seat or the core of the human nervous system, the mind, and therefore of human behaviour. Modern technologies, one of which is the functional MRI (magnetic resonance imaging) scanner, have facilitated the development of knowledge of how our psychology works. Neurobiological processes can be seen with only a microsecond delay, which correlate to 'mind' functions of emotion, cognition, perception and behaviour. Other studies relate observable loss of function (such as loss of speech) with application of these brain- mapping technologies and much has been learned over the last two decades about the highly systemic and interconnected nature of the human brain.

> Every human brain is made up of astronomical numbers of interconnected nerve cells, organised in systems, each of which performs some part of the job of initiating, directing, guiding, elaborating and coordinating consciousness, emotions and behaviour. Moreover, the brain is not only in control of how a person acts in an awareness of the world outside the body. It is also a key regulator for vital body functions, having direct nervous and/ or hormonal contact with all the internal organs ... Cells in different brain parts are linked by nerve fibre connections that synchronise activity in clusters or sheets of cells that are far apart in the body, from low down in the back to the top of the head. And while this activity in nerve circuits responds to stimulation outside the body, it is not wholly dependent on it. There is much spontaneous and organised activity generated inside the brain. (Trevarthen, Aitken, Papoudi & Robards, 1998, p. 63)

Danya Glaser, Child and Adolescent Consultant Psychiatrist, describes our phenomenal neural processes:

> By birth, most of the brain's 100 billion neurons (nerve cells) are formed and have migrated to their permanent position in the brain. Neurons connect with each other at synapses which are formed between an axon and one of the many fibres leading into a neuronal cell body. The signal is transmitted from one

> neurone to another across the synaptic gap by chemical transmitters. (Some synaptic transmission is also electrical in nature.) Most post-natal brain growth occurs in the first four years, with the rate being highest in the first year ... During early childhood the number of synapses reaches nearly double the number found in adulthood ... Not all synaptic connections survive, many being subsequently 'pruned' due to lack of use. It is environmental input, which includes sensory input and interactions between the primary carers and the baby, which determines which synapses will persist (Glaser, 2003, p. 119).

The principle is that once a neural pathway is activated by a stimulus, or a particular pattern of handling, repetition of that pattern will stabilise and reinforce that neural pathway. Experience that is recorded in the infant's brain is determined by the quality and content of the day to day interactions between infant and caregiver. (This principle will be recognised by all of us in terms of object relations described by writers such as Winnicott). We are genetically programmed to respond to our care-givers and the outcome is directly related to the nature of that interaction, particularly emotional communication.

Allan Schore's now well-known contribution to the neurological studies of human nature centres on the assertion that early infant/caregiver interaction lays down neural structures that are responsible for the future social development of the individual and his or her ability to manage emotions (Schore, 1994). He particularly emphasises the positive affect that arises from "face to face reciprocal gaze interactions". He asserts that these gaze interactions facilitate neurological and hormonal changes in the nervous system in the early maturing "visuospatial" right hemisphere of the infant, laying down a neurochemical circuit of the limbic system (i.e. brain system associated with basic emotion and appetites) with a positive affect together with a capacity for play. He suggests that because this process of synchrony between infant and caregiver is so rapid, there is the suggestion of a bond of unconscious communication. We are reminded of the centrality of the system unconscious in Freudian theory and that he saw consciousness as the tip of the iceberg of unconsciousness.

Freud wrote little about early life and mother and infant interaction, while we have abundant material of that nature from object relations writers, much of which aligns with modern affective neuropsychology as presented by Schore. There seems however, a degree of misrepresentation of Freud's work in Schore's writings. Schore asserts that Freud's 'Project for a Scientific Psychology' (1895)

> presented a view of early development that remained relatively unchanged throughout all his later writings – that the infant was relatively passive and undifferentiated, and that its primary motivational aims were associated with tension-discharging, drive reducing activities. The infant's awareness of objects was viewed as secondary to the fulfilment of oral needs (1994, p. 24).

Although this assertion clearly has validity, Freud's ideas about the binding of primitive, 'primary process' energy, to some extent challenges this perception (Kaplan-Solms and Solms, 2000).Mark Solms and Karen Kaplan-Solms have initiated a new branch of psychology, called neuro-psychoanalysis, as a means of correlating the discoveries of psychoanalysis with anatomical structures of the brain, and to bring psychic reality in line with material reality. They suggest that the degree of Schore's misrepresentation relates to two omissions. The first is that Freud disowned the 'Project' in favour of *On Aphasia*. *On Aphasia* features principles of dynamism and levels of function rather than the static, mechanistic representation of energy in the 'Project'. The second is

that within Freud's theories there exists the notion that the infant is evolutionarily drawn to the object because the object can meet the infant's need of pleasure, or the relief of unpleasure, in that process of reducing drive tension. The accompaniment of pleasure in this meeting of need introduces a degree of less mechanistic, and more affective and relational dimension to these interactions. "By a process of natural selection, pleasurable sensations gradually become attached to those objects and activities that are most likely to satisfy the libidinal drive" (Kaplan-Solms and Solms, 2000, p. 235-6). The tension that seeks discharge is 'unbound excitation' rather than that bound within the system as a whole. In Freudian theory an object is needed for tension to be discharged, and although it is difficult to see that relationship as primary, nevertheless a relationship is necessary. Schore's picture of Freudian theory as simply a mechanistic discharge of tension is thus far too simple. The tension discharging function applies to the primary process/pleasure oriented area of human interaction, it does not apply to the more developed secondary process/reality oriented areas of human interaction.

The principle of two interacting systems is reflected neurologically, although in neuroscience the interactive principle seems to be a competitive one, with systems and even neurons in competition with one another. For example, there is one system that drives instinctual purposes and one that inhibits them. The region of the brain that inhibits instinctual and primary process behaviour and transforms it into logical, thoughtful, secondary process behaviour is the same region in which affective object relationship is represented. The system that represents processes of libidinal drive discharge, say Kaplan-Solms and Solms, take place in a particular neural circuit (the dopaminergic circuit). Similarly, the processes of the inhibition of libidinal drive discharge are represented by another circuit (the noradrenergic circuit). This inhibition of drive discharge is what Freud calls "binding" (Kaplan-Solms and Solms, 2000, p. 237).Kaplan-Solms and Solms present clinical examples of four people who suffered damage to the ventromesial frontal cortex of their brains (p. 200). They describe these four cases, illustrating the patients' primary process behaviour, absence of secondary process behaviour, and poor reality testing. These losses represent loss of ego function. These patients also regressed from object love to narcissism and lost their capacity for whole object representation. If the ventromesial frontal cortex is within the region that Schore specifies and identifies as the orbitofrontal region (1994, p. 234) primary process binding is directly involved with internalised affective object relations because it is in this region that the positive affect of early attachment interactions is imprinted and which develops into a capacity to manage emotions. They therefore speculate that: "the ventromesial frontal region appears to perform the fundamental economic transformation that inhibits the primary process of the mind, so that we have a viable conceptual bridge to the basic neuroscientific research which can further enlighten us as to the neurochemical correlates and the physiological mechanism of this binding" (p. 238). In other words, when people lose the function of the frontal regions of the brain that seem to be developed through the internalisation of affective relational interaction, they lose both the ability to relate to whole objects and their ability to modify and manage – to bind – instinctual primary process urges and behaviour. Although not theorised as such, Freud's ideas about binding primary processes into secondary processes seem neurologically to be more intricately involved with object relational processes than might seem obvious.

Affective neuroscience is devoting attention to the dynamic localisation of mind processes. The right hemisphere is particularly indicated in emotional non-verbal and unconscious (therefore

primary process) communication and the left hemisphere is indicated in verbal and conscious processes (secondary process). Schore takes this further in his synthesis of available research. In reporting the research of Douglas Watt (1990), Schore writes "it is specifically in the right cerebral hemisphere that self and object representations are recorded. The development of the right frontal hemisphere precedes the development of the left. He continues with the assertion that "a body of evidence shows that the right hemisphere matures before the left, a finding in line with Freud's assertion that primary process ontogenetically precedes secondary process functions" (2001, p. 301). This hemisphere dominates in creating a sense of emotional and corporeal self (what Freud called a "bodily ego"). Right hemisphere, non-verbal, unconscious, primary/pleasure driven, emotional representations are at the core of the human self.

> The orbitofrontal system, the 'senior executive' of the social emotional brain, is especially expanded in the right cortex … This hemisphere, which is dominant for unconscious processes, performs a 'valence tagging' function in which perceptions receive a positive or negative charge, in accord, as Freud speculated, with a calibration of degrees of pleasure-unpleasure (2001, p. 309).

Schore's and the Solms' research is compatible with Watt's regarding this lateralisation. Regarding left hemisphere function Watt argues that: "The left hemisphere systems provide inhibition and dampening of right hemisphere mediated arousal, along with all routinized and more analytical cognitive processing" (2003, p. 110). His reference to "inhibition and dampening of arousal" resonates with Freud's secondary process binding actions of primary energy.

The Solms' locate consciousness in the left hemisphere. CT scan evidence of significant left hemisphere damage in a particular patient, Mrs K, is equated with language and memory disorder, and therefore with gaps in consciousness (2000, pp. 94-115). This patient was unable to attach words to her thoughts and was therefore unable to render her thoughts conscious as a result of the damage to her left hemisphere. Preconscious processes of perception need to have words attached to them in order to become conscious. Freud has highlighted this function of speech in connecting perceptions with language in order to become conscious (1940).

The Solms' scientific analysis of Mrs K's damage, together with the observation of her behaviour, and with analysis of the four patients with impaired ego function, established that ego function is structuralised, in the form of "stimulus barriers", across the frontal regions of both hemispheres. The right hemisphere represents experience in the form of 'thing' representations, and the left represents experience in the form of 'word' representations. The ego functions in two ways: in the right hemisphere "visuospatial" reality is represented and in the left hemisphere "audioverbal" reality is represented (2000, p. 262). Superego function is more difficult to localise. Solms' suggest that the ego and superego are structuralised as systems of stimulus barriers, acting on behalf of primary process transformation into secondary process; they write that they function as a "series of stimulus barriers, occupying the region between the perceptual systems at one end and the instinctual drives at the other" (2000, p. 276).

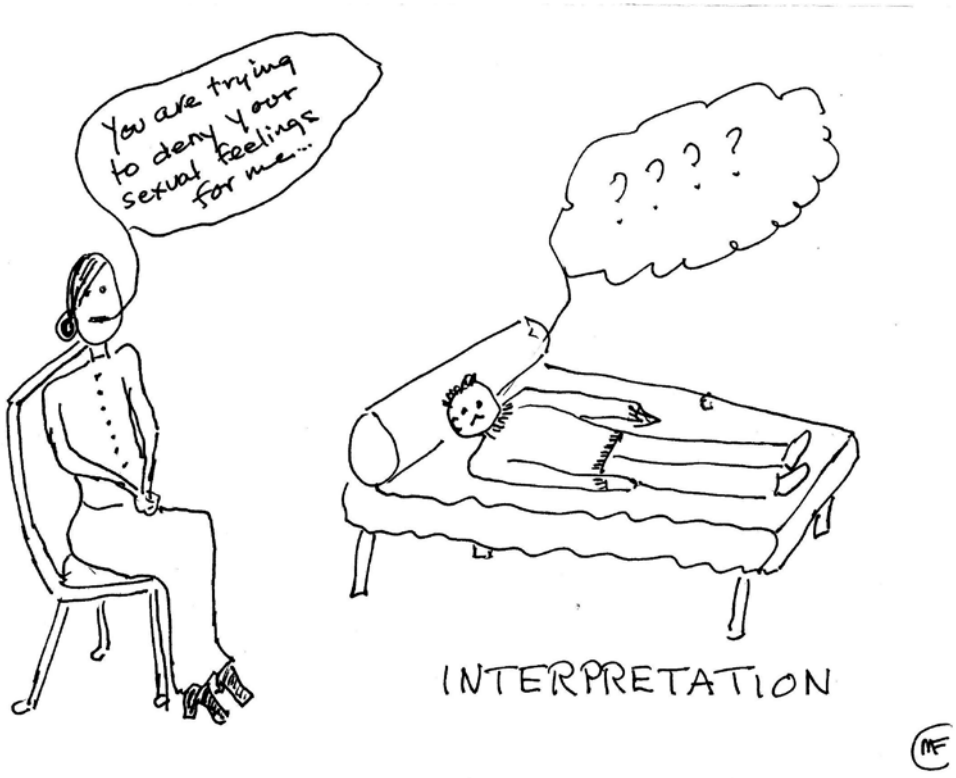
Id processes contain energy drawn from the instincts. They overlap with libidinal instinctual energy as part of the arousal system, called by the Solms' "the ascending activating system" (pp. 264-5). This unit lies deep within the brain, quite near to the brain stem or medulla, which is a primitive part of the central nervous system. Neurones in this part of the brain interact with peptides, hormones and neurotransmitters in determining the

state of an individual's psychic energy and its level of arousal. This endogenous psychic energy is the "single driving force of the mental apparatus" (p. 267).

What Freud called 'instincts' are called 'prototype emotions' by Watt (2003). There is a similarity between these categorisations and Freud's theories about instincts in the sense of both being biological urges. The grouping by neuroscience into seven systems is a marked difference from Freud's two main groupings (life and death instinctual drives). According to Watt, human affective patterns collect into systems. Drawing from Panksepp (1998) he outlines the affective categories: seeking and exploratory behaviour, rage and affective attack, fear, sexuality, nurturance and maternal care, separation distress and social bonding, play, joy and social affection.

Freud's theory of instinctual drives, the topographical and structural models of the mind, primary and secondary process, and pleasure and reality principles of mental functioning are essentially representations of an overall system of theories. However, although this system is characterised by its drive-based quality, especially as it is appears in Freud's earlier writings, it was a system evolving towards meaningful relation.

The highly simplified and interpreted extracts of some parts of scientific development and their relationship to some Freudian theories that I have summarised represent a personal belief in the validity of continuing research into the body/mind connections. However, human subjectivity must be allowed to retain an element of mystery and uncertainty. We are complex beings, with ever changing personalities and emotions. Can neuroscience help us resolve life's mysteries? Human qualities such as love, honour, morality, respect and wonder remain, as yet, difficult to measure, both in the scientific method aimed for in



early psychoanalysis and that employed in modern neuroscience. Freud's early split from the orthodox neuroscience of his day symbolises a tension, as well as the limits of knowledge that exist at any time in history, between body and mind. As Kaplan-Solms and Solms say: "One will never find a thought inside a piece of human tissue" (2000, p. 260). Rather than reducing mind to body or psychology to anatomy, modern affective Neuroscience, particularly neuro-psychoanalysis seeks instead to explore "the lawful relationships" of the "multiple and overlapping" nature of dynamic localisations of psychological processes in the brain. The dynamic nature of Freud's theories of Psychology, his perception of systems of the mind and the layering of these systems is compatibly reflected in modern affective neuroscience. His work, as a work in progress between 1895 and 1939, has been taken up and significant portions of his speculations confirmed. Freud himself hoped such a rapprochement would take place.

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Sian Morgan

My experience of three visits to a Maison Verte

I first visited a Maison Verte, in Paris in December 2010. The first Maison Verte was set up by the French child psychoanalyst Françoise Dolto in 1979[1]. I had been invited as a participant observer but when I began to write this, I realised that there had been something much deeper going on for me. At the time of the visit, being a grandmother was very much on my mind, because my daughter and her partner were about to have a baby. This was a much wanted baby conceived after two miscarriages. My daughter had asked me, around the time of his conception, if we could put flowers on the family grave, where my grandparents' four little children had been buried, at the beginning of the last century, as a consequence of a diphtheria epidemic. During the pregnancy my daughter had had to inject herself daily with heparin to prevent her blood from clotting, so this was a pregnancy which carried some risk, generating anxiety and a fear of loss. In retrospect, I think my unstated reason for wanting to visit a Maison Verte at this time, was because I felt that Francoise Dolto would have known how to speak to this child, about the context into which he was to be born, that as well as paying a visit as a professional, I was going there as a grandmother, with a huge mixture of feelings, of excitement, worry, sadness and grief, about what had gone before.

This Maison Verte is situated in a mainly middle class area in central Paris, on the corner of a block of flats, with a green picket fence around the outside and a plaque on the wall indicating that this is a Maison Verte. I did not know what would be expected of me, and was rather worried that my French might not be comprehensible to small children. (When I entered the building I can see now I was precipitated into a partial regression, in which I felt deprived of my normal fluency in language and of my competence: I was not only taking my as yet unborn grandson with me but also my own infant self which was not at all sure that it would be accepted and given a sense of belonging.)

But in fact as soon as I went in I felt a profound sense of peace and containment.

[1] See Sian's article 'Francoise Dolto: her life and work' in *Outwrite* (Morgan, 2010). In this she writes (p. 39): 'Dolto realized one of her major life achievements in 1979 with the opening of the first Maison Verte in the 15th arrondissement in Paris. The Maison Verte was an original idea of Francoise Dolto's: it was to be a place where children younger than the age of three might socialize and play, without having to separate from their parent or carer, where their identity was respected, and where parents might speak of their anxieties with psychoanalytically informed staff. It was to be a place that was neither educational nor medical, without bureaucracy, with payment according to means, providing a [welcoming] space for the unconscious in the community. Since the opening of this first Maison Verte, more than a hundred have been opened throughout France and all over the world.'

We first went into an ante room where the coat pegs were at toddler height with a row of sit-on vehicles in a line underneath them. At the far end of this room was a red line, a little worn in places where particularly intrepid and determined toddlers had made their bid to transgress the authority of the Maison Verte.

I was introduced to the other workers, that day, a man called Marc and an older woman, Michelle, who made me feel very welcome.

Beyond the red line was the room for parents and babies. On the right was a long whiteboard, where the children could draw and all-importantly where the children's Christian names were written when they came in. In the centre of this wall was a two-sided stepladder with a platform, where a child could stand at the level of an adult and see himself in the mirror. Beyond this was a small sofa with a bookshelf and on the end wall a French door leading out to a small garden, which had various items of play equipment. To the left of the French door was a water play area, with a big white sink and hooks on which hung some aprons. In front of this was a comfortable seating area for parents, with sofas arranged around a play mat for the babies. In the corner were boxes of carefully sorted toys. On the wall there were various colourful paintings and a lovely portrait photograph of Francoise Dolto, whose spirit seemed to be very much alive in the room.

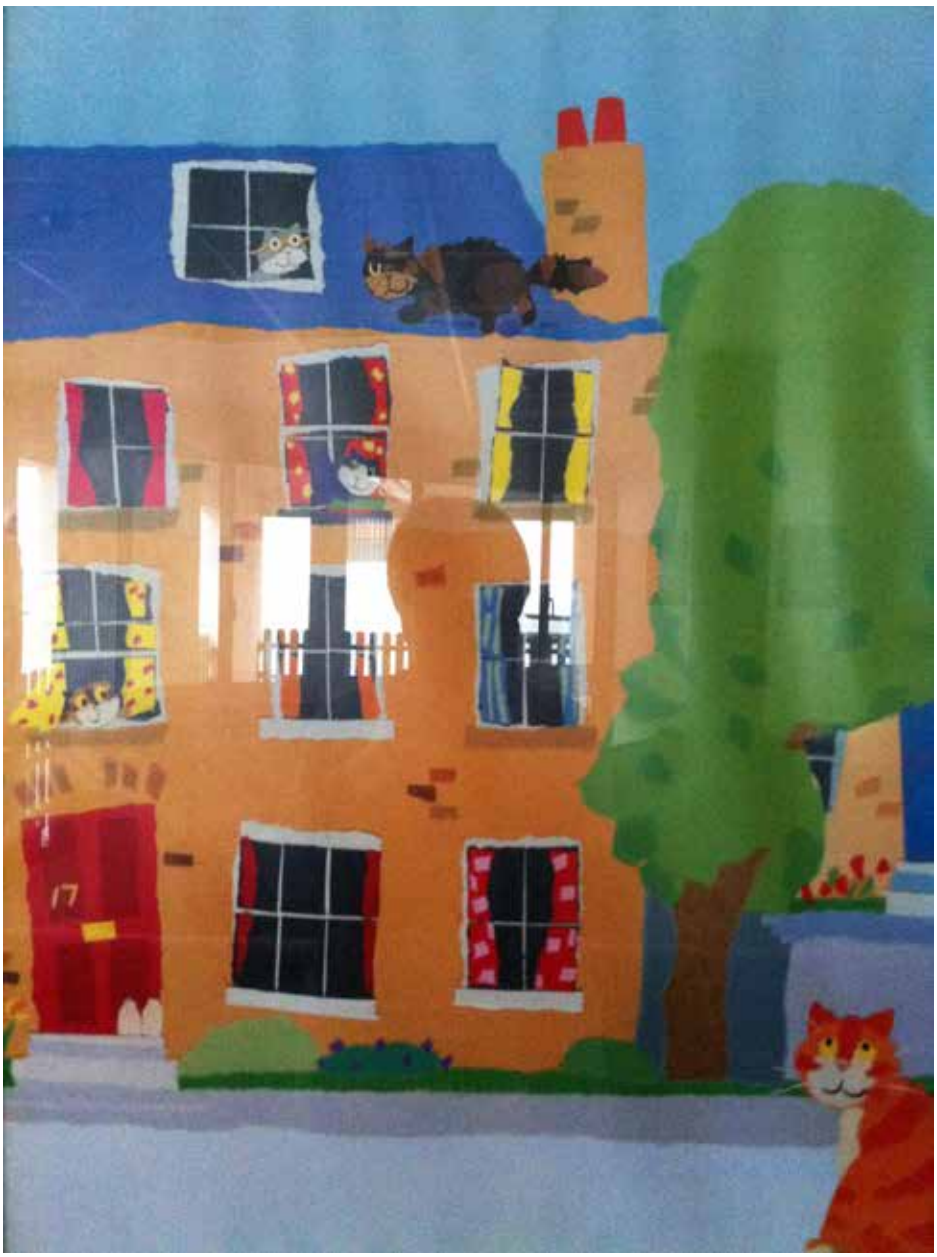
I sat down and waited, for the first child to arrive, a little boy of about 2, who came with an older man who was introduced to me as his grandfather. He said that he was visiting Paris and had been asked to look after his grandson, who had been troubled recently. The grandfather seemed worried and embarassed and wandered off, leaving his charge to play on the arm of the chair next to me. When I asked him his name, he looked at me studiously, a little puzzled by the way I spoke, went to fetch some animals and we made a zoo to house some fierce animals. He soon became immersed in play. Very soon though his grandfather decided to leave, perhaps feeling awkward and out of place amongst the many women who had by now arrived. I never found out why they had come but any way we had quite a robust game with biting things.

The room began to fill up quite quickly and I was soon surrounded by mothers, nannies and two fathers with very little babies who were lying on the floor. I watched while two infants who were lying on their backs rolled over to investigate each other, while the two couples began to talk to each other about their experiences. It struck me that this was a meeting place for people of many ethnic backgrounds, of mixed race and different classes. People, including babies mixed quite freely, in a warm and accepting way. There was a lot of communication going on with people coming and going. As each child came in they were asked what their name was and each name was written down on the board.

Next, a young couple sat down opposite me, obviously wealthy, immaculately

dressed and beautiful, accompanied by a lovely two year old called Gabriel, who had a pale, expressive face, with infinitely sad large eyes. He was thin and worried looking and his parents were very obviously concerned about him. Gabriel lay down on the floor next to a baby. I listened while the parents spoke to a helper. They had great anxieties. Gabriel had just been in hospital, having suffered a prolonged high fever. It transpired that he had had a nanny, while his parents were working, but that the nanny had been sacked because they felt she had taken Gabriel out too much. (I thought to myself that Gabriel's illness following the abrupt loss of his nanny was rather like Francoise Dolto's own illness, when she was a baby, following the sacking of her nanny.)

Gabriel wandered rather aimlessly towards me and then turned towards the floor-to-ceiling window and stared out. I ventured to say something to him: "You look as though you'd like to be outside; perhaps you miss going out like you used to with your nanny." He looked up at me briefly and then moved right up



against the glass. Meanwhile I could hear his parents talking about how lonely and unsupported they were as parents, how their own parents were useless. The father then said, looking at Gabriel, that his own parents would look straight through him as if he were a pane of glass. Gabriel then went back to sit on his father's lap while they were helped to think about practical arrangements for child care. His father was a musician who worked at home and it became apparent that he could look after Gabriel at home for part of the week. He was keen to come back and wanted to know the opening hours of the Maison Verte over the Christmas period.

Meanwhile someone else had arrived: a large, bustling young white mother had come into the baby zone, holding a very dark-skinned baby girl, very little but observant and smiling broadly. The mother spoke confidently to me, asking where I was from and then, holding her baby to her large breast, she volunteered her life story and all the while her baby calmly sucked away. She said she was lucky to have a job teaching gypsy children but was very worried about how she would manage when she had to go back to work. She was an unsupported, single-parent mother and it emerged that she was very angry. She had been living in Cameroon when she had met the baby's father and he had said that he wanted to marry her and come to live in France; however, when he found out that she was pregnant, he revealed he was already married with children and had to go back to his family. She had been shocked and disillusioned and had come back to France bereft. She said her own family was worse than useless and that her parents loved her dog more than her. And then, oddly, she used a similar phrase to the one Gabriel's father had used, and I don't think she could have heard him say it: "My parents used to look straight through me. I was invisible to them". She then talked about how worried she was about Christmas and how she dreaded spending Christmas alone with her baby, without a family. And then she repeated that she was worried about going back to work because she adored this child. I told her quite simply that it seemed to me that she was a very good mother and she smiled beatifically, visibly relaxing. It mattered so much and she seemed relieved to have found someone to listen to her in her despair in an environment which could tolerate her powerful feelings ... and all the while in the background, I could hear Marc saying 'non' at the red line and skilfully explaining to a posse of toddlers the rule of the house.

It was getting late and we were all tired when Michelle, the other worker, came across to sit next to us. The young mother ventured to say that fathers were superfluous, so Michelle asked her if she would like to speak to one of the young fathers still in the room. Before she could answer Michelle beckoned to an earnest looking young man, holding a little baby. He came over and was asked to explain to the young mother what he thought fathers were for. I felt for him because he looked startled and a little perplexed. He looked heavenward and said rather hesitantly "... to make sure the child is educated...?" The young mother looked triumphant, so then he tried again saying "...perhaps to help the child to separate".

Michelle intervened gently, saying, "A father is there to love the mother, to help her to love their child". Turning to the young father, she said, "You see, you are talking to someone who is not able to live with the father of her child and she is lonely". Then something very moving happened, the young man spoke directly and intensely to the young mother, saying, "I am very very sorry. I hadn't realised. It must be so difficult for you".

When it was time to leave, the young mother went across to the young man and shook him firmly by the hand, saying that she was very grateful to him for his courage. Then before she left she came up to me and shook my hand and said, "Thank you".

The next time I came to the Maison Verte it was June and very warm; my grandson had been safely delivered and I was much more at ease. On my way there it crossed my mind that I would like to see the young mother again. You can imagine my surprise and pleasure when she was one of the first mothers to arrive, now with a very lively, small toddler running in ahead of her. She immediately came up to me, shook me by the hand and said how glad she was to see me again. I was really glad to see her and told her how lovely her little girl was. She thanked me, saying things had worked out very well, that she had been able to work from home and spend lots of time with her baby. She beamed and apologising to me said she wanted to join her friends in the garden and that was the last time I saw her with a group of other mothers assembled around her.

That afternoon the room filled up quickly: by the end of the afternoon more than 40 babies and toddlers had their names written on the board.

My attention was soon taken by a large, beautiful baby boy, who was crawling round within the orbit of a rather tense, awkward woman, who seemed at sea in the room. The baby looked too big to be crawling but had no inclination to pull himself up onto his feet and kept getting stuck under one of the sofas. I left the room for a while and when I came back he was sitting on his own in an empty space, wailing. I went over to comfort him when another woman suddenly arrived and picked him up and I suddenly realised that this was his other parent. A few moments later, he was sitting on the playmat, when a little girl who had a physical handicap made her way across to him to present him with a telephone, showing him how to put it to his ear. She was responding to his desire for connection with someone outside.

Strangely enough it wasn't overwhelming to be with so many parents and toddlers in a confined space but I was glad to find some peace on the floor with a very still boy-baby of about six months who was lying on his back, immersed in his mother's gaze, with all her attention fixed on him. She seemed to be rather depressed and he was very quiet. I asked if she minded if I played with him. She smiled. So I began to talk to him and to play, lowering my head and shaking my hair. He began to laugh, at first a laugh close to crying, which then developed into a lusty, full bodied chuckle. After we had stopped, his mother said to me: "I am so relieved he seems happy with you, because I have to go back to work and I have had to employ a child minder. Now seeing you with him, I am really glad that I chose the one who is old enough to be his grandmother".

There were of course more unhappy situations. During this visit I noticed a very troubled young white mother come in with a very dark skinned, Indian baby, who was crying piteously, as if he couldn't find any place to be comfortable. All the while he was crying, the mother looked more and more helpless. I talked with them both about their unhappy home life and slowly he calmed down. It was as if the baby, as Dolto said, felt the whole responsibility for holding the mother and was exhausted by the effort and that, by talking to them both, the baby could become a baby again.

The encounter that is most vivid in my mind happened on the occasion of my third visit just before last Christmas. I looked for somewhere quiet to be, so I sat next to a large, calm, South American lady sitting on a small chair in the middle of the room. She was like an image one often sees of Andean women, in bowler hats, sitting legs apart and arms akimbo, looking reassuringly like a part of the earth. She looked stoical, overseeing the play of her little charge, a toddler of about two called Pablo. He was pale with large brown eyes, focussing intently on his play with a large number of animals. His nanny was immediately friendly. She told me she had got the job because she was from Bolivia and his Peruvian mother had wanted someone who could speak to him in South American Spanish. She smiled saying that

neither of them could speak French very well. It was quite an effort for both of us to make ourselves understood in a strange mixture of French and Spanish. While we talked the little boy seemed completely wrapped up in his play, but from his occasional glances, I got the sense that he was listening to our conversation.

She began to tell me about her life: she had come to France from Bolivia a few years previously because she had needed to earn more money than she could in Bolivia to support her children's education. She had come from the countryside in Bolivia and her mother tongue was Quetcha, so coming to Paris had been difficult and she sometimes felt lonely. She was 'sans papiers', without the official right to be in France, so she couldn't leave the country and go home to see her children. She was silent for a while, then she said that the little boy's family were good to her and that the mother was trying to get her the documentation she needed. She said it was difficult feeling so insecure but that she was glad to have been able to contribute to her childrens' education and now her daughter had qualified as a teacher for children with Down's syndrome and her son had just become a medical student. She was very proud of them. She then hesitated before beginning to talk about the little boy's family. She said there had been a new baby and that Pablo was being difficult, not sleeping and behaving in a way that made his mother cry a lot of the time. He was angry with his mother but he was fine with her. She said that he listened to her but that his parents were not coping. She fell silent again and then said, "You see I am very worried about him because I have no security here and he is very attached to me".

By now, Pablo had assembled his animals very carefully in a line all around the edge of the table, nose to tail, and the occasional one was beginning to bite the other. He was expressing the difficulty of his attachments. I said to both of them that they seemed to be taking too much responsibility without having any control and that it might help if both parents could come to the Maison Verte with Pablo on a Saturday. At this the nanny lightened up and walked away to read the notices on the notice board and Pablo toddled after her. They held hands and went off to the reading area where she began to read him a story while he cuddled up to her.

So those are just a few impressions of my visits to the Maison Verte. I hope that I have been able to convey to you to some extent the dynamic and containing nature of the environment, where very little children are treated with a very deep respect. Psychoanalysis has been taken out of the consulting room into a public space, into the 'agora', where it can bring together the generations, enabling a fluidity and creativity of a collective unconscious process in a safe place.

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Review

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Reviewed by Loraine Gelsthorpe.

Introduction

This book is unusual in that it not only outlines the essence of attachment theory, but outlines its origins. Bowlby's theorising on the mother-child relationship was the ultimate result of his interest in issues of separation. The roots of this perhaps lie in Bowlby's own early childhood, in experiences while working as a volunteer in several progressive schools (Bedales and Priory Gate, included), and in clinical observations when he was training as a psychoanalyst shortly before World War II. Bowlby's ideas were also shaped by the training he received from his supervisors: Joan Riviere and Melanie Klein, but he differed from them in regard to the influence of internal and external factors on child development and clinical problems. Rather than focusing exclusively on 'analytic sessions' and on 'unconscious fantasies' as the origins of psychopathology, Bowlby recognized the importance of the observation of 'real life' events too.

The content of the book

Notwithstanding the development of the historiography of Bowlby's ideas during the past two decades in particular, this book offers a distinctive contribution by focusing on the shaping of his ideas during the 1950s and 1960s; what might be called the 'ethological turn' in his thinking, that is, his study of human behaviour and social organisation from a biological perspective. But the development of ideas cannot be considered without some context and van der Horst, as biographer, helpfully describes Bowlby's own early childhood experiences, his early interest in nature and the emerging sense of ethology in the opening chapter. In Chapter Two, van der Horst proceeds to discuss the different issues of separation of young children which Bowlby encountered during the 1930s to the early 1950s (including children in hospitals, children in residential nurseries, and children separated because of wartime evacuation). Indeed, the results of these studies and observations were the core of Bowlby's World Health Organisation (WHO) publication (*Maternal Care and Mental Health*, 1951, 1952) and persuaded him of the importance of early-life experiences for child development. Chapter Three describes the close work with James Robertson (whose observations of children in hospital were hugely important in their own right) and which also had an impact on Bowlby's thinking. Chapter Four concentrates on the cross-fertilisation of Bowlby's ideas with those of European scientists working in the field of ethology (Konrad Lorenz and Robert Hinde, for example). And in Chapter Five van der Horst shows how the experimental work of Harry Harlow (on the effects of separation in infant rhesus monkeys) influenced Bowlby (and vice versa). In the final

substantive chapter there is discussion of the contributions of Mary Ainsworth to Bowlby's theoretical work; Ainsworth's observational work in Uganda and Baltimore reveals the roots of the notion of a 'secure base' (and acknowledges the work of Ainsworth's mentor - William Blatz - in producing such a concept). The author then offers some final reflections on Bowlby's move from psychoanalysis to ethology during the 1950s and 1960s.

Attachment to nature and place?

My one question about this book concerns attachment to nature. Having revealed that Edward *John* Mostyn *Bowlby* experienced separation from his father throughout his childhood, (father being a high ranked officer in the British army, and sometime surgeon to the household of King Edward VII, later surgeon-in-ordinary to King George V, and then military surgeon), there is reference to countryside holidays where father and children would 'meet'. Mother is described as 'distant' and 'reserved', and not untypically for their social class (Victorian upper-middle class), the six Bowlby children (John being in the middle pair) lived their lives at the top of the house in the nursery. But John's maternal grandparents lived in the Scottish countryside and in the summer holidays mother 'tried to pass on her love for nature to her children' (p. 6). Van der Horst suggests that this 'inherited' passion for nature probably made John more receptive to ethological ideas later on in life. But it seems to me that John Bowlby drew some *methodological* lessons from his early experiences, but not necessarily a sense that children might develop *attachment to nature as a substitute for attachment to parents* (if a poor substitute). It follows from this that there are questions to ask about Bowlby's understanding of the significance of *place* in terms of developing a secure base and capacity for attachment. Why did he focus only on the methods of ethology and not broader aspects of a passion for nature or countryside place?

Some concluding thoughts on the importance of biography

Where does the book take us? I have read this book with huge interest, not least because we so often focus on theoretical ideas without knowing how the ideas came into being. I am all the while telling students (in Criminology) to read the acknowledgements in texts, and to look at bibliographies too (where so much is revealed by omission as well as inclusion). And from bibliographies to biographies - close reading of biographical tales can be very important in helping us to understand ideas.

The history of biographical methods seems to have been one of fits and starts, moments of creativity having usually been followed by a normal marginal position. T. S. Kuhn's *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* (1962) in particular has long been recognized as initiating something akin to a revolution in the understanding of science. He demonstrated that scientific understanding was itself the outcome of a social process and that the apparent objectivity and unanimity of 'science' in relation to its objects of study did not stand up to scrutiny of the development, thorough argument and conflict, of actual scientific beliefs.

Kuhn (1962) and subsequent researchers in the field of sociology and other social sciences, introduced a new pluralism to the understanding of scientific knowledge, showing that scientific knowledge is packaged in many ways, and that its warrants to truth always depend on the consensus of particular scientific communities. Fierce battles ensued between defenders of objectivity and absolute truth claims and those who argued that knowledge claims are relative to the interests and norms of those who make them. In other words, what scientists bring to scientific discovery unavoidably contributes to what science discovers. (We see this very clearly in van der Horst's excellent biography of Bowlby).

The effect of this sociological frame of mind was to broaden the understanding of science and expose its actual plurality (Plummer, 2001). A parallel movement within the arts and humanities relating to the 'cultural' or 'linguistic turn' (Rorty, 1967) also brought changes in the social sciences; principally, that 'cultural authority' inherent in knowledge production was opened up as new 'voices' of generation, gender, social class, and ethnicity for instance, demanded to be recognized in the processes of creating knowledge. Further, established cultural elites started to lose some of their power and influence, information flows and mass education brought about the beginnings of a kind of cultural democracy and all of this began to shape knowledge (Rustin, 2001). But it by no means followed that a *biographical* 'turn' automatically emerged from this context. Rather, an initial effect of the cultural turn was to deconstruct the ideal of individual autonomy and authenticity which had hitherto been the main ground by which the 'imaginative' disciplines of the humanities maintained their distinction from the sciences. In other words, the individual nearly vanished from social analysis save for some phenomenological and hermeneutical endeavors (particularly the work of Husserl, Schutz, and Merleau-Ponty) although even here the individual story was somewhat buried; issues relating to individual subjectivity were subordinated to the charting of social structures (Chamberlayne et al., 2000).

The important point here must be that individuals have agency, 'that biographies make society and are not merely made by it' as Rustin (2001:102) has suggested.

So, this biographical account of Bowlby is a hugely interesting read in its own right, but it also contributes to our understanding of the development of psychoanalytical ideas *and* emphasises the importance of biography.

There is always much scope to consider attachment styles, how these develop in the infant's earliest experiences, how they impact throughout the life cycle and how they are recognised clinically. There is also scope to consider how determining a patient/client's attachment style can help the therapist. It is important to consider the relevance of attachment theory to common presenting issues such as addictions, bereavement, difficulties in relationships, and even anti-social behaviour. Frank van der Horst's book enriches understanding of attachment theory and prompts further thinking in all these directions.

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Articles
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