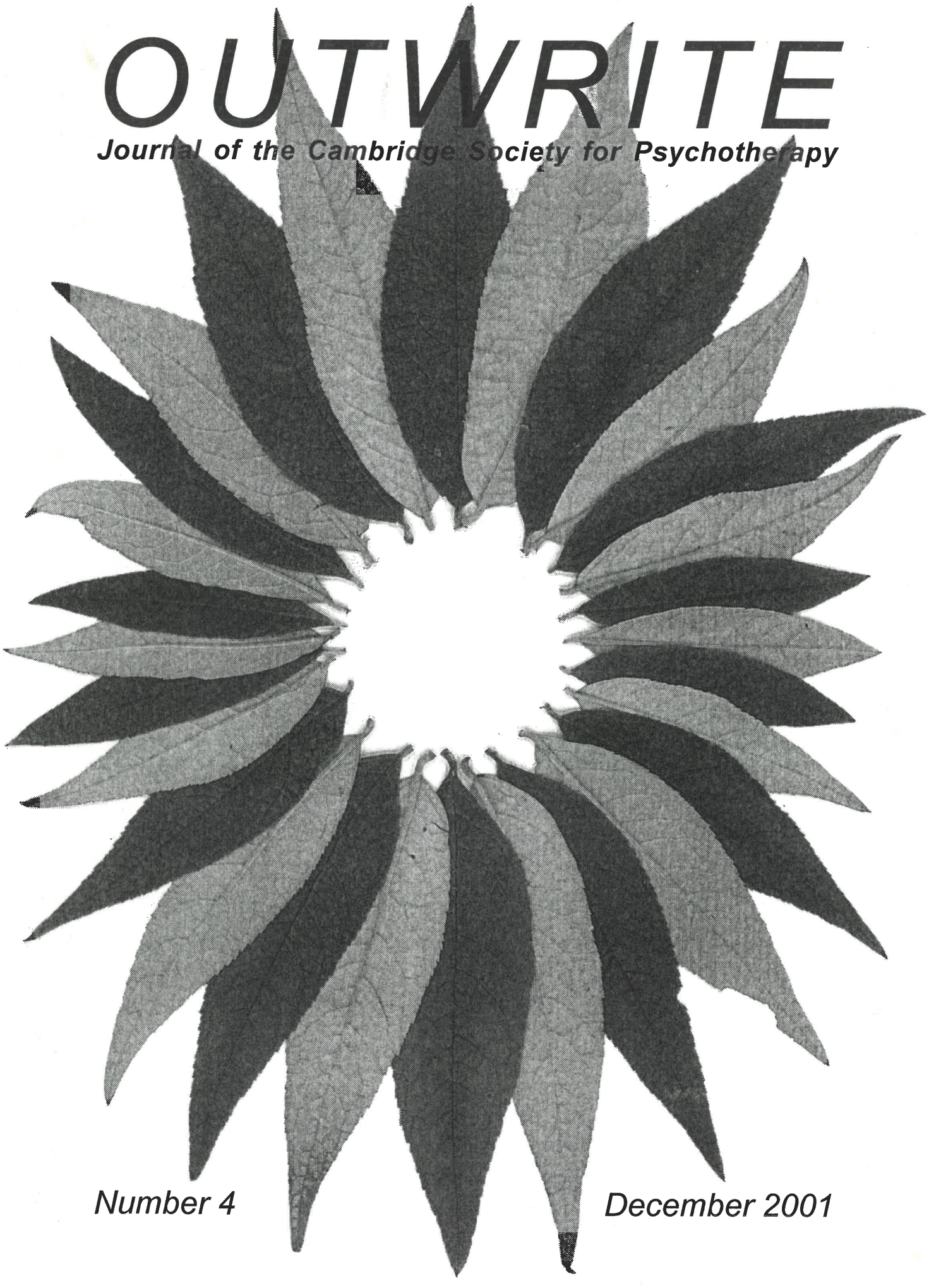
OUTWRITE

Journal of the Cambridge Society for Psychotherapy



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2) The photograph on the inside back cover is by Michael Evans.

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Editorial

This special, extra-large issue of *OUTWRITE* marks the 21st anniversary of the beginnings of the Outfit, (or the Cambridge Society for Psychotherapy as it came to be named some years later.) We feel it is a just celebration of many years of lively, resourceful and imaginative hard work. *OUTWRITE* represents just one aspect of the Society's activity but we hope reflects many of its underlying values. It has no programme that has to be adhered to, no reaching out after purpose, persuasion or justification. Our intention is to offer an open place for reflection or critique, as well as the possibility of writing for writings sake. We would like the journal to reflect the freedom of thought and expression that the Society encourages in the rest of its work. Individual writers are free to advance their polemic over things they feel passionate about, to experiment with form or content and to present developing, as well as fully formed, arguments and ideas

As this is an anniversary issue we thought it appropriate to invite some of the original members to contribute their recollections and musings on the early days of the Outfit and their feelings about how it has developed. Lucy King, Margaret Farrell, Siân Morgan and Rosemary Randall make a start here. This may be followed up in the next issue by the reactions of others who remember things differently.

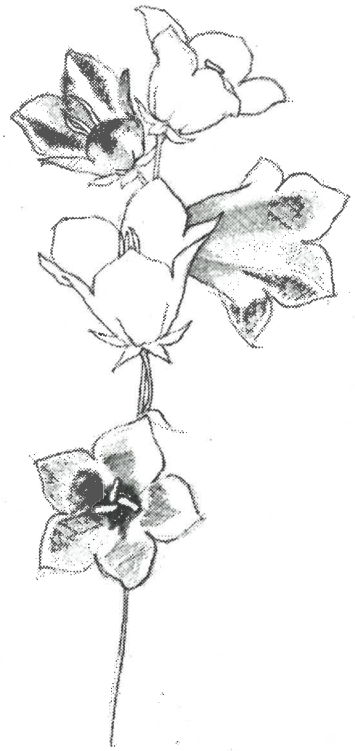
We present two major theoretical pieces on the imagination: *Matricide* by Siân Morgan, and *Fathers and phobias* by Roger Bacon. Here we should add that the Journal makes a new departure in that we have invited a non-member to make a contribution. Roger Bacon is no stranger. He was an active member of the Outfit in the early years. He is known to members as a therapist, as supervisor and to many as a friend, and we feel that further justification is not necessary. We appreciate his generosity in allowing us to publish this article, an earlier version of which he presented to a student group meeting last year and which led to fruitful discussion. Carol Dasgupta makes an interesting initial exploration of Sibling Rivalry, a subject on which there is very little literature, but which deserves more consideration in view of the battle for attention between the Fathers and the Mothers in the larger debate. We all know that brothers and sisters crop up frequently in the real and the inner lives of our patients. Julia Pyper takes up another aspect of children's lives in her exploration of children's literature and its emotional uses.

There are other themes explored in this issue which may be taken up again in future issues. Clara Lew describes the emotional experience of moving from one culture to another and having ties in both. This could be the first of many other articles telling a unique story of emigration and immigration, an experience which figures in the lives of a number of members of the Outfit. Loraine Gelsthorpe initiates a very interesting discussion on the relationship between her current professional field – criminology – and psychoanalysis and psychotherapy. As in the last issue of *OUTWRITE* questions about psychotherapy and science are taken up with vigour. Isobel Urquhart introduces us to the highly topical interdisciplinary area of neuro-science and psychotherapy. In the 19th Century, Freud started by understanding the mind through research into the brain and it seems that it is an idea whose time has come again, at least for a progress report and a critical assessment, which are usefully offered here. Peter Lomas offers a critique of the all too ubiquitous and scientist mode of therapy known as Cognitive Behavioural Therapy, and we

hope that in the future we will have more contributions to the debate about its values and its limitations. He also writes a fascinating response to a recent article about Masud Khan by Wynne Godley, raising complex questions about morality and technique in therapy. Finally we are delighted to offer some poems by Loraine Gelsthorpe and Michael Evans and a short story by Walter Morgan. We welcome Lesley Kingham as the illustrator for this issue.

We were very pleased at the response we got to our request to make this a bumper celebration issue and hope that *OUTWRITE* continues in future issues to be as dynamic an expression of our collective creativity as it is here.

Michael Evans and Rosemary Randall



Siân Morgan

Matricide

No mat(t)er...what sacrifice?

This paper is part of a longer discussion that addresses the representation of the mother in Freudian theory. It is never clear whether the female can ever be a subject within the bounds of Freudian theory because Freud concentrates on the development of male subjectivity. (To be a subject means to have agency of the self, to be able to eat rather than have no choice but to be eaten.) In Freudian theory the mother is theorised from a masculine point of view and there is a lack of discourse that expresses the subjective experience of mothering. The mother is described as someone without agency over the self, someone who is to be eaten. Psychoanalysis has an idealised view of mothering, the idealised patriarchal view of the European middle-classes. The story of mothering is one of women, entirely nurturant, whose shadow is wicked and withholding: only the self-less mother is acceptable.

Psychoanalytic theory at its worst constitutes what has been termed a 'master discourse'. (Kaplan 1992) In *The Genealogy of Morals*, (1887) Nietzsche describes the master's right to give names, where language itself has become an expression of the power of the 'master'. The 'master discourse' in Freudian theory positions women as mothers in very specific ways and produces many powerful and persistently oppressive representations of women, particularly of the mother.

A significant lacuna in Freudian theory is the failure to represent the 'dead' mother. In the chapter, 'The Dead Mother' in André Green's book *Private Madness* (1986), an essay that contributes to our understanding of the effect of depressed maternal states on the infant, Green draws attention to the omission of the 'dead' mother in the structure of Freud's theory:

> Psychoanalytic theory...allots a major role to the concept of the dead father, whose fundamental function is the genesis of the super-ego, as outlined in 'Totem and Taboo' (1912) On the other hand we never hear about the dead mother from a structural point of view (...) Matricide does not involve the dead mother, as a concept, on the contrary; and the concept which is underlined by the dead father, that is to say the reference to the ancestor, to filiation, to genealogy, refers back to the primitive crime and guilt which is its consequence. So it is surprising that this concept makes no mention of the bereavement of the mother, nor the loss of the breast. (Green p144)

Green does not pursue his insight and elaborate on the consequence of this omission. However, the subject is explored by Luce Irigaray; in *Ethique de la difference sexuelle* (1984). Irigaray suggests that our very culture is dominated by a destructive Imaginary, which is constructed over a buried act of matricide, (prior to the patricide of Freud's 'Totem and Taboo'.) The mother supports the process of the male Imaginary, but is not herself represented, (a neglect equivalent to matricide). She believes that the male Imaginary has still to recognise its own unconscious and to cut the umbilical cord that still attaches it to the mother, a mother who has been sacrificed at the beginning of patriarchal culture.

> The culture, the language, the Imaginary, the mythology, in which we live at present, this edifice, let us look what foundation it is built on. This underpinning is woman, reproducer of the social order, acting as the infra structure of that order; all western culture rests upon the murder of the mother. (Irigaray 1981 quoted in Whitford.1991 p.77)

The word 'matricide' does not appear in the index

to the standard edition of 'Totem and Taboo'[1]. The index refers to Mother Earth, (one entry), the Mother Goddess, (one entry), and Mother-in-law, (five entries). Freud describes and theorises the murder of the father as the founding act of culture:

> Psychoanalysis has revealed that the totem animal is in reality a substitute for the father...One day the brothers who had been driven out, came together, killed and devoured their father, and so made an end of the patriarchal horde. United, they had the courage to do and succeed in doing what would have been impossible for them to do individually...Cannibal savages that they were, it goes without saying that they devoured their victim, as well as killing him. The violent primal father had doubtless been the feared and envied model of each one of the company of brothers: and in the act of devouring him each one of them acquired a portion of his strength. The totem meal, which is perhaps mankind's earliest festival would thus be a repetition and commemoration of this memorable and criminal deed, which was the beginning of so many things-of social organisation, of moral restrictions and of religion. (Freud 1912-1913.pp141-143)

If in 'Totem and Taboo', 'mother' were substituted for 'father', so that 'matricide' took the place of 'patricide', the totem meal, 'mankind's earliest festival' would become a commemoration of the crime of devouring the mother. This reading is supported by ethnographic, psychoanalytic and mythological material: in the Greek myths, for example, the material pointing to the devouring of the mother is more extensive than that pointing to the devouring of the father.

One of the first mothers to be devoured in Greek mythology was Metis, whose maternal, procreative powers were usurped by Zeus. Metis was a Titan whose name means 'wisdom' and by association, 'the wisdom of the womb'. Metis was the daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, the primal couple of the Homeric creation myth. Metis was possessed by Zeus against her desire; advised that Metis' child would depose him, Zeus swallowed Metis, to give birth to Athena. In the mythical claims of patriarchal lineage, paternal genealogy was able to absorb maternal genealogy to itself.[2]

The swallowing up of the mother, the denial of her subjectivity, in mythology and in fantasy, derives in part from terror, on the one hand at the possible loss of the archaic mother, and on the other hand towards the threat of a regressive merger with her. There exists in the unconscious, a dread and envy of the mother's power not merely to reject, to deny love, but to determine death. Appropriating and assimilating her power into a reign of the phallus[3] may overcome the fear of losing the mother through envy, envy of her as an object of desire and as a being who can give birth. The assimilation of the matrilineal system into patriarchy is nowhere better seen than in 'the desperate theological expedient' of the birth of Athena (Jane Harrison 1912.) In Harrison's description:

> Patriarchy, once fully established would fain dominate all things, would invade the ancient prerogative of the mother, the right to rear the child she bore. (Harrison 1912 p303)

The denial of matrilineage was etched into European thought by Aristotle[4] (384-322BC) and remained until it was challenged in the Homunculus Debate of the 18th century, a superstition formed over 2000 years. Freud's description of the belief in God found in 'Totem and Taboo' is resolutely patriarchal. Given the patriarchal character of classical thought, given the patriarchal character of Freud's milieu, given the difficulties he encountered in the introduction of his theories, the importance of the father in Freudian theory has a reassuring quality. It is not surprising that Freud should discover that:

> The psychoanalysis of individual human beings, however, teaches us with quite special insistence that the god of each one of them is formed in the likeness of his father, that his personal relation to god depends on his relation to his father, in the flesh and oscillates and changes along with that relation and that at bottom, god is nothing other than an exalted father. (1912.p147)

However, although the mother is noticeable for her absence in 'Totem and Taboo', matriarchy does make an appearance, in a way embarrassing to the whole thrust of the argument about the origin of totemism, when Freud confesses:

> I cannot suggest at what point in this process of development a place is to be found for the great mother goddesses, who may perhaps have preceded the father gods.'(1912.p148)

An explanation of this oversight may be found in René Girard's theory in *Violence and the sacred* (1993) that a sacrificial victim always lies hidden from view, hidden beneath the body of another victim who is visible. Freud's neglect of the mother and of matriarchy might have blinded him to the possibility of the totem animal being a substitute for the body of the mother. As Girard puts it:

> Once we have focussed attention on the sacrificial victim, the object originally singled out for violence fades from view. Sacrificial substitution implies a degree of

> misunderstanding. Its vitality as an institution depends on its ability to conceal the displacement on which the rite is based. (1993 p5)
> Ritual sacrifice is based on a double substitution. The first which remains unperceived is the substitution of one member of the community for all, brought about through the operation of the surrogate victim. The second the only truly - 'ritualistic' substitution is superimposed upon the first. It is the substitution of a victim belonging to a predetermined category for the original victim.(1993 p102)

Violence and the Sacred provides a critical commentary on Freud's 'Totem and Taboo'. Girard places violence at the origins of language and culture. Language and rituals function to conceal something which on investigation, Girard claims to be a murder. He speaks of two mechanisms that shape our experience of the world and that point to the originary murder, mimetic desire, and the phenomenon of the surrogate victim. For Girard desire is narcissistic and shaped through identification, in imitation of another person, not the father of Freud's theory, but a gender-neutral model/rival. Girard claims that desire is not primarily focussed on the object of the model/rival's desire, but is founded on the wish to be like the model. The more like the model the subject becomes, the more the model rejects him. Mimetic desire generates envy. Difference is obliterated. The model becomes a monstrous double and violence erupts: desire leads to death. The aggression and guilt that is generated is displaced towards a scapegoat, which is sacrificed. The sacrifice then restores society's equilibrium.

In *Powers of horror* (1982), Julia Kristeva relocates the victim of the primal murder in 'Totem and Taboo' from the father to the mother: violence directed against the figure of the mother is sustained by the linguistic code of patriarchy and is manifest in its religions. Kristeva's analysis coincides with Girard's in certain respects, but unlike Girard, Kristeva addresses the human individual as embodied and gendered. She points out that 'Totem and Taboo 'begins with an evocation of incest and that the text is haunted by the mother.

In societies that are patriarchal, but in which patriarchal power is poorly secured and where gender is ill defined, there is a fear of the generative power of the archaic mother. In such societies there is a strong concern for separating out the sexes, to secure the rights of men over women. To keep the male subject separate from the phantasised power of the mother, the female body is constructed as abject. An opposition is drawn between the 'impure' fertile female body and the 'pure' speech associated with the symbolic male body. A boundary is drawn between the masculine and the feminine through the institution of rituals of purification against defilement, (defilement consisting of what is jettisoned from the symbolic system, the system of law and order, corresponding to bodily waste ejected from the orifices.). Women and mothers in such cultures are perceived as passive objects, 'wily powers, baleful schemers, from whom the rightful beneficiaries must protect themselves.' (Kristeva 1982 p70)

Defilement is a variant of abjection. The subject attempts to expel the abject, but it cannot be got rid of so easily because the abject is a precondition of embodied existence. However in order to establish a 'clean and proper' body, which signifies a resolution of the Oedipus complex, the subject must expel the pollutants. In order for the body to represent the symbolic order it must be clean and proper. The abject underlines the fragility of the subject's hold on its boundaries and identity and the threat of falling back into the 'corporeal abyss' of its genesis in the mother:

> These body fluids, this defilement, this shit at what life withstands, hardly and with difficulty, on the part of death. There I am at the border of my condition as a living being. My body extricates itself as being alive, from that border. Such waste drops away so that I might live. (Kristeva 1982 p3)

Prohibitions enable a community to function as a protection against the possibility of reciprocal violence, in face of the threat of the 'monstrous double'. Through the aversion to incest, society protects itself against the threat of annihilation present in primary narcissism. The function of the sacred and of the rituals pertaining to it in 'Totem and Taboo' is to structure a protected space to ward off the threat to the individual of being pulled back into the mother. Rituals of purification enable the subject to come into being: the pure is separated out from the impure and marks the subject's repulsion of the mother. Kristeva delineates the relationship towards the abject in various religious systems. In Judaism, the mother is cut off. After a birth the Jewish mother must purify herself with a burnt offering. Circumcision separates the male child from the maternal, the feminine and the impure. Thus the relation to the mother is subsumed to a new identity as son of the Father.

> By repeating the natural scar of the umbilical cord at the location of sex, by duplicating and thus displacing through ritual the pre-eminent separation, which is that from the mother, Judaism seems to insist in symbolic fashion – the very opposite of what is 'natural'- that the identity of the speaking being (with his God) is based on the separation of the son from his

> mother. Symbolic identity presupposes the violent difference of the sexes. (Kristeva 1982 pp99-100)

Christianity represents an attempt to reconcile the maternal principle. However a sense of horror that man should be born out of the flesh of woman is surmounted by the Immaculate Conception, and by the idea of impregnation by the Word, the Word made Flesh, creating a symbolic order that guards against the threat to male identity of abjection. The mother is ultimately swallowed up by God, assumed by God, as in the Assumption of the Virgin Mary and is not restored as a subject.

The mother is constructed as abject to ensure the constitution of subjectivity and the law. Subjectivity has to be founded on a ruthless repression and expulsion of the maternal as abject. Our cultural codes are structured around the murder of the mother, a covert sacrifice that underlies the victimisation and scape-goating of women. The mother is a 'totem prior to any designated totem' (Irigary 1986 p13), a debt which society will not recognise.

Notes

1. It is interesting that Freud's writing of 'Totem and taboo' was bound up with the challenge he was at the time facing from Jung, in his *Psychology of the Unconscious*. It could be construed as a response to Jung's heretical view concerning the role of the mother and the significance of the incest taboo. Central to Jung's account is the hero's regression to the mother understood as a struggle with his unconscious, which threatens him with death. Jung conceives of the realm of the mother as seductive but finally destructive. The figure of the mother assumes great importance in his work, but she is a mother whose role is to further the hero's growth, a primordial mother of the unconscious, to be explored and transgressed in the quest for the self.
2. This is how Aeschylus describes it in *The Eumenides*:

> The mother is no parent of that which is called her child, but only a nurse of the new-planted seed that grows. The parent is he who mounts. A stranger she preserves a stranger's seed, if no god interfere. I will show you proof of what I have explained. There can be a father without any mother. There she stands, the living witness, daughter of Olympian Zeus, yet who was never fostered in the dark of a womb, yet such a child as no goddess could bring to birth. (Aeschylus c.466 B.C. pp 658-66)

3. Interpreted in this way the phallus is not a symbol of generativity and of union but of dominance and control.
4. In a section of *The Generation of Animals* entitled 'The Female as Deformity', Aristotle wrote:

> 'The male possesses the principle of movement, the female that of matter...Now the male and female differ in respect of their 'logos', in that the power possessed by the one differs from that possessed by that of the other. The male is that which has the power to generate in the other while the female is that which can generate out of itself. (1958.pp11-12)

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Carol Dasgupta

Sibling Rivalry – a partial story

Experience in the consulting room has increasingly fostered in me a sense of the importance for many people of their relationships with their siblings. However, on consulting the very books that I hoped would help me understand more about this apparently significant relationship, I was puzzled to find that there appeared to be an almost complete absence of consideration given to the sibling relationship other than that of rivalry. Understandable, perhaps, that most early psychoanalytic writings would refer only to 'sibling' rivalry. (Melanie Klein's *The Psycho-analysis of Children*, for example, contains only one reference to siblings in the index which reads 'sibling hatred'). Alfred Adler alone seems to have given some importance to the wider facets of the sibling relationship, arguing that siblings have a profound affect on each other's personality. He argues that the birth order in the family constellation will strongly influence the development of individual characteristics. But it is surprising to me that more recent thinkers in the field appear not to be interested in exploring alternative aspects of the sibling relationship. A contemporary exception to this is contained in Juliet Mitchell's latest book, in which she argues that to understand hysteria we need to examine and give more importance to the sibling relationship. In her words, we 'need to insert the experience of siblings and their lateral heirs in peer and affinal relationships into our understanding of the construction of mental life'. (Mitchell, 2000).

Sibling rivalry is indubitably a powerful and commonly experienced condition. The earliest myths contain stories about it. Egyptian mythology tells us that Seth killed his brother Osiris and the Book of Genesis tells us that Cain killed Abel. Many other representations of the sibling relationship in the Old Testament are of rivalry (for example Jacob and Esau, Joseph and his brothers), and of course Freud brought his Jewish cultural and religious background to his thinking. Interestingly, the New Testament, particularly through the stories of Jesus and his disciples, presents the sibling relationship as more loving. However, no psychotherapist would have difficulty in providing examples of sibling rivalry from their clinical work. And we all see it out there, all the time, in real life. Overheard on the beach on a hot summer day: a seven year old boy asks for his action man because "I want to blow up my sister." And yet, is that really the whole story? Is this apparent emphasis on rivalry (and its attendant qualities of envy, jealousy and competition) limiting in the way we think about sibling relationships?

Unlike psychoanalysts and psychotherapists, psychologists have made close studies of the sibling relationship. Judy Dunn's work does indeed suggest that the sibling relationship is a rich and complex one. Her close observation of families in which a second child is born provides clear evidence of intense sibling rivalry. However, she also finds other relationship patterns to be present. Siblings are clearly often very attached to one another and have been observed using each other as a secure base. Studies of the Strange Situation have shown that children as young as four years can act as sources of attachment security for an infant sibling. Dunn also cites studies which emphasise the existence and importance of sibling relationship patterns that involve not only attachment and fondness, but also connectedness, self-disclosure, humour, reciprocity and complementarity. Whatever the nature of the sibling relationship it seems evident that it is an important one involving powerful emotions. Maggie Tulliver's love for her brother Tom in *The Mill on the Floss*, with its tragic consequences, provides perhaps the most memorable literary example of the power of sibling love. Antigone's action in burying her brother in defiance of her uncle's orders, knowing that her defiance would lead to her own certain death, suggests the extent of her loyalty to her brother. Holden Caulfield's thinking and behaviour in *The Catcher in the Rye* is driven by his grief over the death of his younger brother.

Dunn's study with Carol Kendrick *Siblings: love, envy and understanding* argues that the birth of a sibling has a powerful influence on a young child's relationship to other people, involving a major reorientation in their understanding of what other people are like. The emotional experiences of a young child after the birth of a sibling, they argue, may contribute to a heightened awareness of the distinction between the self and the other. In adulthood, the thinking and talking about sibling relationships and perhaps the talking to a sibling about childhood experiences within the family seems frequently to be of help to someone engaged in the process of discovering more about their separate identity. Sally, a successful 35 year old professional, seemed unable to escape an enmeshed relationship with her mother with whom she over-identified. A telephone conversation with her brother seemed to be of great significance in helping her make sense of the nature of her relationship with her mother. Her brother's view of the family dynamics gave her the insight that had so far eluded her and she began to see herself as different from her mother.

The importance of the primary relationship between infant and caregiver is well established both in psychoanalytic theory and in our practice. But have we perhaps under-estimated the effect of relationships with others, particularly siblings, on the growth of the self and the building up of internal objects? The shared experiences of siblings and their relative closeness in age would seem to suggest the existence of a potentially strong bond. This seems to have both positive and negative consequences. I think of 16 year old Beth, struggling to separate from her mother who oscillated between encouraging Beth's moves towards adulthood and needing her to remain a dependent and compliant child. Beth seemed stuck in her own seesaw experience of alternating resentful anger and guilty concern towards her mother. It was after talking to her older sister about her own similar experiences and feelings at the same age that she really began to understand her own conflict and see a way towards a greater degree of separation in the future. But I also think of Sara, at age 28 unable to break away from the cycle of depression and unhappiness. How could she possibly, she explained to me, allow herself to feel happy and engage in the relationship with her boyfriend that brought them both so much pleasure when she began to think about her older sister – who had no boyfriend and who was always so unhappy? In this case, the sibling was a negative, disabling object.

In 1996 Frank Sulloway published *Born to Rebel: birth order, family dynamics and creative lives*, a book that developed ideas from the field of evolutionary psychology and provided another focus for thinking about sibling relationships. Siblings have to compete over finite family resources, especially parental affection and attention. This results in the emergence of rivalries, and as we know, any recurring cause of conflict will be likely to lead to adaptations. He argues that as first-borns will identify more with authority and power, so younger siblings will be more likely to question the status quo and adopt a more revolutionary personality. Using a study of 6,000 lives in Western Europe he argues that the younger siblings have become 'the bold explorers, the iconoclasts, and the heretics of history.' (Sulloway 1996) Thus birth order, along with gender, is likely to go a long way in explaining sibling differences. The first-born aligns his or her interests with those of the parents, and will defend their niche against encroachment by younger siblings. The younger sibling, in attempting to find a valuable place in the family, will try to excel in a field where the older sibling has not already established superiority.

What we know in the field of genetics provides yet another focus for thinking about sibling relationships. Siblings are genetically related to each other, having half their genes in common from their parents. There is, therefore, a predisposition to aid ones sibling, to have positive and benign feelings for them. However, we also know that siblings have to compete with each other for the finite resources - material, physical and emotional - provided by their parents. Each individual is thus genetically programmed to help themselves over their sibling. So there is a tension here. But in a situation where there is no need to compete for the parental resources, or where environmental conditions supersede the competition for parental resources, siblings are likely to aid each other. This might be where perhaps one or both parents have died or disappeared, or a non-genetic parental figure appears on the scene. The story of Hansel and Gretel tells us something about sibling loyalty in the face of a hostile environment.

Sometimes an older sibling will take on a parental role. *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius*, (Eggers 2000) tells the story of a young man in his mid-twenties who is caring for his 10 year old brother after the death of both parents. Sometimes the narrator describes his adult and selfish (but thoroughly understandable) attempts to establish a career and healthy social life, while at other moments he writes about trying to be the responsible, caring parental figure. While watching his brother (son) play in a baseball match, he experiences natural parental feelings of pride alongside concern about whether he's playing well enough, and how that might affect his popularity. As they walk home together:

I enquire, as gently as I possibly can. About his

hitting or lack thereof.
"So why do you suck so much at hitting?"
"I don't know"
"Maybe you need a lighter bat"
"You think?"
"Yeah, maybe we'll get a new bat"
"Can we?"
"Yeah, we'll look for a new bat or something"
Then I push him into a bush.' (Eggers 2000)

Parental concern co-exists with playful, brotherly tomfoolery.

Pauline, a brilliant and hardworking young academic of 25 who had until recently enjoyed her work, came to see me at a crucial transitional point in her career. Why was she suddenly and inexplicably feeling depressed, as if she was being side-lined and not taken seriously? Together we tried to make sense of this, conjecturing what might have led to this malaise. During our third meeting she told me, as an incidental piece of information, that her mother had died when she was 15, her brother was 10 and her sister 8. Since then Pauline had taken on rather a maternal role towards her younger siblings, although her father had taken over the actual day-to-day care of the children. Her younger sister was now on the point of leaving home. For the first time Pauline began to think more consciously about what this meant for her. She began to think back to her own adolescence. Had she been a mother or a sister to her two younger siblings? Did she resent the maternal role circumstances had presented her with? Or did it make her feel closer to her siblings? What would her role be now that her youngest sibling had grown up and was about to leave the nest?

Daphne was a middle-aged mother of four children, who worked competently and conscientiously as a secretary. She had worked with me over a long period and began to feel that her feelings of inferiority and depression were understandable and bearable. She had been able to resolve feelings of resentment towards her parents' apparent lack of emotional involvement with her. But there still seemed something unsettled. Then one day, talking about a future family gathering, it struck her that she always felt uneasy, stupid, inferior when in the presence of her brother (10 years her senior) and his wife. She realised it was her brother she had been trying to impress all these years, not her parents. Growing up, they had had a close and loving relationship with each other, but the large age-difference had placed him in a pseudo parental position. After his marriage she felt she had lost him and admitted to hateful feelings towards his wife. It seemed that it was her brother rather than her parents who had left her feeling inferior and unimportant.

I suggest that the sibling relationship is not only more complex than we have previously allowed, but is also a significant factor in the make-up of the individual and of that individual's relationships with others. The parental relationship with each child (howsoever that relationship comes about) will have profound effects on the relationships between siblings, and therefore on the formation of the individual. Whether the sibling is experienced as an equal, or a parental figure, or a child to be cared for, the relationship is likely to be complicated, involving a combination of rivalry, identification, love, concern and frustration. We have plenty to think about.

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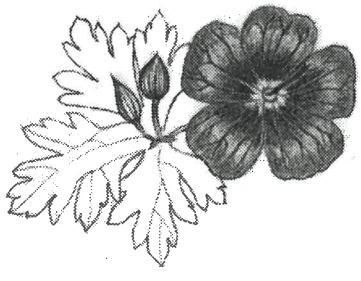

Roger Bacon

Fathers and phobias: a possibly psychoanalytic point of view.

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I'm not going to discuss a specific phobia, nor specifically phobias, but what phobias are a sub-class of, which is boundaries and limits. Whatever else a phobia might or could be, it is always a restriction, always putting up a limit which it feels impossible to transgress or defy. These restrictions seem to say one of two things. Either, something like: "Don't touch, don't go, don't think, don't grasp etc." Or, something like: "You, or the world. are not ready/safe/clean enough to touch, explore, eat, grasp, think about etc".

Of course, while phobias are, to a greater or lesser degree, crippling or terrifying, boundaries, limits and restrictions are not just necessary but, literally, vital. To live boundlessly, with no limits, would be to not live at all - to have no skin, no separateness, no consciousness, no contact, no speech, no subject - in short no nothing. This suggests that one possible way of looking at phobias is as perverse manifestations of a necessity - i.e. that they are desperate measures trying to fill a gap, or artificially make something happen. That is, the imposition of a restriction or a limit on the person when there is an anxiety that otherwise there will be none and the subject will become nothing.

A limit also necessarily implies a beyond - what lies beyond the limit - and one of the most obvious of human capacities and desires is precisely to go beyond, to explore, create and expand. In fact you could well describe the whole process of the maturation of the human subject as a continuous process of 'going beyond' - a process carried to its literal limit with the almost universal human need to imagine or create a 'beyond' to life itself, a life after death. But there seems equally to be an almost universal recognition that this 'going beyond' is only possible if there is someone or something there to meet you and to give form and direction to the impulse. At one end of the scale this can be the mature language-speaker in Bruner's detailed account of the acquisition and elaboration of language in small children.[1] At the other end of the scale it can be God, or heaven (or hell), or some such at the end of life. So to elaborate the idea of phobias as perversions of a necessity, perhaps they express the anxiety that there is no-one/nothing out there to encourage and meet the impulse to go beyond, and thus prevent the person falling, as they fear, into nothing.

Phobias also, like Bertrand Russell, demand proof, the proof that there is someone there.[2] If it is pointed out to a phobic that, for example, there is someone out there to meet them, they will often reply, "Well, I don't feel that there is!" That is, phobics have often retreated from the realm of empirical testing and verification into a (pseudo)-Descartian internal bunker which only accepts as valid messages from what is called "inside" and says, in effect, "I feel therefore I am." This reinforces the prohibition on any going beyond, keeping the person shut-up inside themselves, listening only to an imaginary self inside who has become the only reliable guide to and guarantor of the safety of the subject.

I want to suggest that a good psychoanalytic way of approaching this business of both boundaries and limits, and of the need to be met when going beyond is under the name (or the metaphor) of the Father, and that, conversely, phobias may well arise in the absence of this name, or metaphor, in an attempt to make good the loss or absence. Psychoanalytically, what is it to hear or talk about a 'Father'? In this perspective it can cover quite a multitude of sins. So, 'Father' can refer to an actual person, a real figure, a real presence, or absence, in someone's life. (Like Julius Caesar after his murder, an absence can often be just as, if not more, profound an influence than a live presence.) It can refer to a symbol - the 'father figure' - again either positively or negatively

(and very rarely neutrally!). It can, most importantly, invoke an opposite - the opposite to, or the 'what is not' the mother. It can denote an injunction, a limit, a 'forbidding' as in Freud's thinking about castration in the Oedipus complex, or the Lacanian 'No' of the father. But it can also denote something positive - a hope for the future, an acceptance and recognition of growth and a potential for growing-up. And finally, it can signify a kind of conscious, ordered and ordering quasi-legalistic process of recognition, naming and identity - the 'name' of the father as in the Jewish aphorism – 'a mother always knows her own child but a father has to go to law.' What I hope will emerge is that this isn't just a haphazard collection with no connecting logic to it. Initially, it points to two things: first, that in this way of looking at things, the Father is much more than the everyday, real-life father. In fact, this latter person might not be, psychoanalytically, the 'Father' at all. Second, that the Father refers to a set of psychological and symbolic functions and is a metaphor rather than someone concrete. And this is also true of mothers and Mother as well. But the Father, in one or several of the guises mentioned above, is also implicated in some of the key topics of psychoanalytic therapy, both as theory and as practice. These include sexuality, identity, capacity to develop to adult relating, and, finally, love. And I'll also suggest that unless the figure of the Father is made part and parcel of the analytic identity, then it's very hard to sustain a therapeutic place and a therapeutic interest.

When I consciously keep an eye on what is happening in my practice - on the sorts of things I hear patients as saying and the sorts of things that I try to reflect on and reply in response, I find that fathers, in one shape or form, come up quite a lot. And that's both in what I think I'm hearing and in what I think I'm saying. But while noticing how often fathers figure, I am also aware of how reluctant I have been to start talking about this in public. That is, to open out the private thinking and interpreting and to expose it to public view. And I want to suggest that one part of this reluctance might be that Fathers are, in English psychoanalytic psychotherapy and counselling, the great repressed subject. They have, as it were disappeared under a tidal wave of mothers and babies, only to be remembered as the sort of flotsam and jetsam, on the periphery, which is left after the main event has happened.

This act of pushing the father aside works at several different levels: of who is actually talked about in therapy; of theory; and of therapists' identity - how we like to think about ourselves and our work and the kinds of concepts and images we use to describe and explain it. As a consequence, it seems to me that English therapeutic practice has become highly maternalised, de-sexualised and infantilised. Everyone wants to be Mother. I suspect that this transformation was largely confined to our island culture and that it is quite different from how psychoanalysis evolved both on mainland Europe and perhaps in the U.S.[3]

But psychoanalytic thinking and practice seems to follow a dialectic whereby certain figures and concepts start off by being excluded, or denigrated or idealised as unthinkable, only to return with the next generation of thinkers as the central significant ideas which in turn idealise, exclude or down play other, or earlier motifs and interests. Certainly, the mother isn't where or how psychoanalysis started as Freud originally conceived it. For the early Freud, at least, the central topic was, along with sexuality and the unconscious, the father. For Freud, the situation was almost exactly the reverse of the contemporary English one. For him the mother (and her infant) were the unspeakable, the hidden, the not to be disturbed, either because they were too idealised to be analysed (as may have been the case with his own mother), or because for him the real drama lay with the father and the child and the mother was pushed to the margins. This is powerfully conveyed, for example, in the contemptuous way that he characterises Dora's mother, the marginal place he allots her in the story, and at the same time the way he determinedly viewed Dora herself as an adult sexual woman. As Lacan laconically puts it: 'Freud's whole investigation comes down to this: What does it mean to be a father?' (Lacan 1994)[4]

But it is precisely the unspeakable, the silenced the marginalised, the idealised and untouchable which is the proper subject for psychoanalytic listening, interest and speaking. A central part of our work is to listen to what our patients say they aren't going to talk about, what they refuse to mention, or what is only allowed to appear not as words or thoughts but as symptoms or silences. Similarly, psychoanalysis itself also has to listen to its own exclusions, its own silences in order to resist stagnation and decline. As Adam Phillips puts it:

> There is no future for psychoanalysis if it doesn't want to look in other places for regeneration, and particularly if it doesn't look to the places it wants to exclude. By its own logic, that's where the life is, that's where the action is. (Phillips 1997, p.164)

And whereas perhaps, in the early days of psychoanalysis, this silence was around the Mother, nowadays, very often, it is around the Father.[5]

But it is often made harder to hear and speak of this repressed subject because of the way in which so much of the language that is used in and of therapy

is both consciously and unconsciously suffused with maternal images. I mean by this not just the kinds of concepts and images used for thinking about and sometimes talking to and of patients; but also the ways the practice of psychoanalytic therapy itself is described and understood. Take the example of transference: everybody knows about it and how important it is. One of the ways in which therapists sniff each other out, check whether or not they're kosher, is by asking: "Do you work in (or with) the transference?", and the more you say you do the more analytically 'alright' you're thought to be. If any one concept is taken as central to the business of doing and describing analytical psychotherapy and psychotherapists, then probably transference is it.

For Freud, originally, transference was a form of resistance which got in the way of the patient's free associations, blocking them with some distorted notion of the analyst. While it helped the analytical process if the patient had a positive transference and held it up if they had a negative one, the fundamental rule was to follow the associations that would lead to the revealing through speaking of the patient's unconscious desires. And while he modified and expanded his ideas on transference, in particular to give it an important role in the unravelling and articulating of the patient's loves and hates, he never gave up this central one. Equally, the counter-transference was initially taken as a sign that the analysis had revealed some unanalysed resistance in the analysis which should be suspended while the analyst went and sorted it out.[6] Today the situation is quite the reverse: transference and counter-transference are now used to describe an intuitive, empathic, unconscious communication system between patient and therapist. That the patient has developed a strong transference; that the therapist is constantly attuned to it and to their own counter-transference feelings – these are signs that this is the real thing, that they are really tuned in and engaged. In fact, the prefix 'counter' is now quite misleading; it ought to be something like 'complementary' to make sense.

And what is the basic model for this? It's undoubtedly the theory of the mother-infant bond and the unspoken communication system between them. On the one hand the infant's projections into the mother; on the other hand the mother's sensitive containing and digesting of these feelings and her capacity to pass them back in a form the baby can manage and feed from. The modern understandings of transference and counter-transference are both consciously and unconsciously derived from and elaborated in the context of the development of ideas about the mother's empathic identifications with her baby and its primitive communications, the suspension of her own needs to make a space for her baby, her attunement, and their 'at oneness'.

If you then turn to the myriad of ideas and images of therapists and therapy, of therapeutic setting and therapeutic action that are part and parcel of this core notion, immediately a series of powerful metaphors, like 'holding', 'containing', and 'reverie' come to mind. Then all that competitive technical stuff about working 'in depth' and making 'deep' interpretations, where 'depth' usually translates as getting furthest back in time, back to the beginnings and therefore back to infancy and to mothers. And then there's the setting of psychotherapy and counselling: the enclosed, uninterrupted space; the comfortable chair or couch; the presumption of undivided attention from the therapist; the careful timing and placing of interventions and interpretations; the playing down or putting aside of the therapist's own needs, difficulties or desires in order to concentrate on the patient. And again, as with the transference and counter-transference, many of these quasi-technical ideas about the setting, the place of the therapist, interventions and interpretations, are explicitly or implicitly modelled on a picture of the being-together of the mother and her infant.

Within all this, it's not surprising that there are powerful assumptions about what both patients and therapists should be talking about - both in the content of the patient's speech and in the therapist's understandings and interpretations of the transference and the counter-transference. Of course, none of these ideas and images are bad or wrong or unhelpful. But, they do all easily add-up to an image of almost madonna-like maternality. That is, they set up a powerfully-seductive set of images for therapists/counsellors to succumb to - which is to think of themselves as some sort of mother, or rather, pseudo-mother, and the patient as some kind of baby. And this creates a kind of self-fulfilling, looping back into the transference and counter-transference interpretations of the kind Gellner (1985) pithily described as the Pirandello Effect in his book *The Psychoanalytic Movement*.

This kind of closed feed-back loop may well be, may well become, very exciting, very absorbing and very self-fulfilling for both players. But it may well also become deadly in the sense of having nowhere else to go. As I suggested at the beginning, there is an obvious human capacity and impulse to go beyond, to move on, and a therapy, however intense and lengthy, however profound the regression or intimate the transference/counter-transference connectedness, can only give expression to this capacity and impulse if it has an end. In fact, it would be fair to say, that a therapy only functions if it has an end: even, that to end is the function of a therapy - just as the 'function' of infancy is to end by nurturing precisely the capacities that will allow it to be left behind. But as I also suggested , this going beyond needs someone already there to meet the impulse.

I would suggest that, psychoanalytically, a good name for this figure is the Father, and what I want to do now is make a number of claims about the Father, which I'll illustrate with some clinical examples. The claims are these:

First, if there is no Father, he has to be invented.
Second, there can be no therapy that only focuses on the mother/the maternal and forgets the Father. A surfeit of mothers is deadly both to therapists and to therapy.
Third, the Father is the agent of castration, and the first castration is the castration of the Mother.
Fourth, without the Father, there is no sexuality.
And finally, without the Father there is no love.

To start with - if there is no Father one has to be invented. It seems, clinically, that one of the great unconscious terrors is of boundlessness, either of being with someone without limits, or of having or finding no limit inside to some appetite, impulse or desire. In fact, these two often go together in that where an impulse or desire is not met by a recognition, a name and therefore a limit - that is, where it is met either by nothing or by an amplification - it can become terrifying inside, experienced simultaneously as an emptiness and a monstrous or boundless force. It is in just such a situation that you often find that the person has developed a phobia, a phobia which then artificially restricts, limits and bounds them and takes the place of the longed-for recognition from a real figure outside and beyond them.

To give an example: a patient of mine said that as a child she adored her mother. Her mother was described as a saint, someone who never stopped giving of herself until she dropped from exhaustion. Her father was a silent and withdrawn man who kept out of the way and rarely came between this mother and the endless demands she placed upon herself. My patient described only one contradiction to her love for her mother: she had a hatred of her mother's body. It became completely repugnant, and therefore forbidden for her. It was totally out of bounds. What she explored in a long analysis was the way she had become phobic about her own appetitive demands and desires - desires originally focussed on her mother's body - as she sensed there would be no limiting of them and she was terrified she would literally devour her mother. This phobia protected her as a child, but in her teens her defences broke down and she, in her words, imploded and had a serious breakdown, was hospitalised, and then developed both anorexia and fairly extensive patterns of self-harming. In order to feel safe she still has to consciously impose on herself strict standards of behaviour and rather rigidly defined roles, particularly between her and her husband, so she can feel secure that they can be proper parents for their young children. Phobias in this sense act both as a pseudo-Father and as a castration of the mother and child, when either the mother or the father or both fail to impose this on or for themselves. And in the therapy, which in itself sets limits, I emphasised both this 'positive' aspect of the phobia, and tried to identify and bring into words the desire that lay behind it - the desire for the Father, the injunction that would make the child and its impulses feel safe with the mother, safe to use her and go beyond her.

But this need and desire for limit or containment has to be at work in the therapy and the therapist in order to become a possibility for the patient. There has to be a Father in the therapist too. I'll give an example from someone I supervise who I'll call N. She works in a private psychiatric hospital as a psychotherapist, and she sees a wide range of patients. She talks with me most of the time about a patient who is a damaged but basically neurotic woman who she sees 2 or 3 times a week. But sometimes our conversations are interrupted by another of her patients who has episodes of apparently florid psychosis necessitating becoming an in-patient. During the latest of these, this patient has acted-out wildly, expressed terrifying murderous impulses towards her parents - going as far as purchasing from a local garden centre a terrible array of axes and saws with which to carry out these ideas - and was suicidal and threatening to everyone. N. became identified by the patient and by the staff as the only one who could work with this patient who increasingly pre-occupied her, took up more and more time in her life and in her supervision, and, while making her feel excited and heroic, also started to exhaust her.

Then one day N. came for supervision depressed, tearful and in despair. She said she was going to stop work, stop her analysis, her supervision everything. It was all useless. It quickly transpired that her patient had been even more destructive than usual and had been almost taunting N. with all the awful things she was going to do. N. had struggled to understand and interpret her, but it had only seemed to make things worse. I suggested to her that her patient was pushing her to see if there were any limits - either to N.'s tolerance/capacity or to what she could say or do - and that the patient was in fact terrified that there was nothing and nobody who would stand in her way. I said, "You have to tell her what the limits are as she and you are both being driven mad by the absence of a 'No'." I suggested that the patient was experiencing N.'s efforts at understanding and interpretation not as containing but as reflecting and amplifying her own despair. The next week N. looked much better and recounted a session where the patient had started to behave wildly and thrown a box of tissues at her. N. said that inside she went "No, no, no!", and had then said to the patient that if she did that again the

session would be ended. There was a long silence and the patient asked, "Do you really mean that?" and was firmly told "Yes". The next session the patient had said to N., "I feel safe in here. I know that I can smash the room up and you won't mind". N. said, "Well, you can't. If you try to do that, that's the end of the session". "Do you mean you'll leave the room?" "No! You will" was N.'s reply. Again there was a long silence and the patient began quietly to cry. In the subsequent exchange the patient began to recognise how caught up she had been with her own father who was an explosively angry man. She then said to N: "I love you". And since then, she has been able to make a much better use of her therapy and therapist.

N. said to me that the moment she articulated her "No" inside, she had found herself again. She realised that she had been lost in identification with the patient, had found herself in her own therapy saying things that her patient was saying, and was filled with the patient's destructive omnipotence - thinking she could smash everything up, make everyone useless and act without any limit. N. was undoubtedly very empathically engaged with her patient, but at the same time had lost the sense both that there was any real difference between them, and that there was anyone to mark that difference and restore her sense of identity. This marker has to come from outside the intertwined pair - which in this instance was actually the father and daughter - and from someone or something that cuts into this pair, separates them and claims them back to their respective proper places and proper names. This is the action of the French psychoanalytic pun of the non(m) du père - the name that comes with the No.

Psychoanalytically, one definition of the Father is precisely both that which is not part of the magic pair, the imagined symbiotic couple, and does not want to be, but wants to provide a recognition, a possibility for a future, that goes beyond it. To do that and to be that, this Father has to be the agent of a castration, a loving castration. That is, who cuts into this unity, not to destroy the two people there but to free them by naming them and allowing them to say who they are and what, separately, they may want. Without such an intervention, as N. and her patient found, there is no separate identity, and so no name, and no separate speaking - only actions and reactions which are simultaneously engulfing, mirroring and emptying.[7] So the 'no' in the non(m) says several things at once. On the one hand it says 'No, you can't do, or have, anything you want; and you can't be anyone you want and in particular you can't be someone else or a part of them.' On the other hand, it says 'You are not nothing or indistinguishable from anyone else; you are recognised as having a separate and unique identity; you have a history and you have wants and needs of others of your own.'

To clarify this 'non(m)', it is worth turning it round to look at the other side of the coin. While doing research in the field of child abuse, I was told by a paediatrician how he was working one day on the ward of a maternity hospital where a woman was breast-feeding her infant. Suddenly the father burst into the ward, snatched the baby and threw it across the ward screaming "Those breasts are mine." (Luckily the baby was caught by a nurse!) Although this is an extreme, it is something I hear a lot at work: - a fight over women's bodies. (This is a fight conducted equally by men and by women). On the one hand, a fight to possess and to (re-)claim them. And on the other hand, a fight to (re-)define them, confine or reject them. Behind both is the often near-psychotic terror of being engulfed or swallowed up which can be aroused by the encounter with a woman asking or hoping for love and/or satisfaction. (I mean by this a woman encountering it in herself, a man encountering it in a woman, a man encountering it in himself in what he then calls 'the woman inside me'.)

Often what one sees in therapy is how men and women act out with their adult partners, or on or within their own adult or growing bodies, a resentment and a mourning at the loss of the fantasised possession of the mother's body in infancy; and/or a fear or hatred of the bodies that they have become and come to desire. That is, they demand either that their adult partners or adult bodies make good the loss, the deprivation or the privation experienced or imagined in infancy. Or, they make the impossible demand that they or their partner never show or threaten them with any sign of need or want for satisfaction.[8] And behind these demands and complaints there lies, I think, a powerful fantasy that the mother's body is the original one, the real one, and that any other body - for example, the young girl's or boy's, or the man's or woman's sexual body - is something secondary, a deviation and diminishment.[9]

Even in situations where this fantasy, these muddles and resentments may seem very fixed or deep-rooted, the possibility of coming-out, in terms of finding a capacity for growth and happiness, depends on two things. First, on whether there is someone/something else present, not to replace the loss, but to offer an alternative track or line of development. Second whether this someone or something else - which psychoanalytically can be called the Father - is also capable of seeing the mother as someone else. That is, as not just a mother. For what all these various reparative, compensatory or controlling fantasies have in common is that they are all also refusals to recognise and accept the sexuality of either the self or of the other. And especially the sexuality of that Other who comes prefixed with an 'M'.[10]

To flesh this out somewhat, I am going to put in here some clinical impressions about the role of the Father in the development of a sexual identity and a sexual life for the boy and the girl. By sexual identity I don't mean a choice of sexual orientation - i.e. whether homosexual, heterosexual or any permutation of them. I mean the acceptance and recognition, by the child and by those around them, of the child as (potentially) a sexual being in a gendered body and subject and subjecting others to the pleasures and limitations that this entails. And I want to describe this from a very specific angle - that of embodiment, of what it is to be a body. And a fundamental fact about and challenge of bodies is that they change.

For boys, I get the sense that development and maturation faces them, potentially, with a double loss. On the one hand, there is the loss of the mother herself, her body, and especially the physical closeness and caring associated, either in fact or in fantasy, with her. On the other hand, there is the loss that comes with the discovery of having a different body to her - that to be male is always to be cut off from and different to women, and particularly the first woman who the boy was originally intimately connected with and by whom his body was originally intimately handled. The Father here functions as, I think, both the sign of that loss, but also the sign of a growth to a new position that will change the meaning both of the boy's body and of the woman's body. A lot of the tension, excitement and difficulty of this transition is focussed, it seems, on the penis and its shifting representation from an organ of excretion - which was how it initially concerned the Mother - to a sexual organ of communication, connection, pleasure and potency - which is how it is seen in and wanted to be seen by the Father, to then be so understood in relation to the adult sexual partner. So the Father, for the boy, both mediates the sense of original loss, and offers the transformation to a renewed possibility of connectedness through sexual maturity.[11]

For the girl there is, I think, a rather different story. On the one hand, there is the sense of the original loss of the closeness to the mother's body. But it is modified by the rehearsal and anticipation of identification with the Mother. It is as if the mummy who is lost will be restored by the possibility of being/becoming mummy. A little girl knows perhaps that in some way mummy's body will be re-found in what her own body will become. But paradoxically, this sense of identification and return also often threatens to engulf or deny any separateness from mummy - the fear of never being able to find a way out of her or beyond her. And this gets linked to another factor: for girls it seems that the change from a child's to a maturing adult's body is much more abrupt and shocking than it is for boys. In particular, the onset of menstruation is not a gradual process but a sudden break or marker, one which often seems to leave the girl with a real sense of loss - the loss of her pre-pubertal body (which is not like mummy's) and her pre-pubertal position and status in the world. This loss seems often to be experienced as a wound or a cut into the fabric of their on-going experience of themselves. Again, as with boys, the figure of the Father seems very important in the managing of these changes. On the one hand, as an alternative to the threat of being lost in or undifferentiated from mummy. And on the other hand by offering a hopeful interpretation of and future to this suddenly emerged body that can all too easily become associated with shame, mess and guilt.[12]

Of course, what psychotherapists get to see in the clinical setting are all the various outcomes when things haven't gone well. To generalise wildly, for boys, when there has been no potent sexual figure of the Father, no beyond to the Mother, this often seems to result in a deep confusion between what is excretory and what is sexual. This shows itself as a kind of sexual shame, often violently projected onto women who are used as the containers of the mess - the ones responsible for it and for clearing it up. That is, the process of sexual maturation gets caught up in an angry regression to an infantile demand for an intimacy with the (m)other woman which is tainted by shame. For girls, particularly where the father has withdrawn and become physically and/or psychologically unavailable at the start of her physical maturation, what I often see is the growth of an enduring shame or worthlessness - the fear that to be a sexual woman is to be a mess and to make a mess. That is, the fear and despair that her sexual maturation has made a mess of the hope for beyond, and of the figure wanted to be there to meet her. For both sexes, the absence or disappearance of a figure of hope for the future, for growth and maturity, instils a fear and a hate of change.

These changes, rooted in the body and activated by maturation, implicate us not just in the reception and perception of impulses and experiences from inside - the internal world or the world of our own body - but in the whole orientation to the outside through comparison and contrast with all those around us - our curiosity about and perception and recognition of all those other(s) bodies we see, experience, run into and get mixed up with. It seems likely that one potent source of the difficulties in development, in feeling, perceiving and relating for and between boys and girls, centres round the complex patterns of similarities and differences that gendered embodiment presents. On the one hand, boys are always physically radically different from girls, women and especially mothers, but are never so different from adult men, from their fathers.

Boys' and men's bodies differ in degree but not in kind. Girls, on the other hand, are always different from boys and radically so from adult men, their fathers, but are very ambivalently situated in relation to women and mothers. That is, from one perspective, a girl's body is radically different in kind from women's/mothers'. But from another perspective, and certainly in powerful aspects of culture, there is a tremendous pressure to see no difference. Furthermore, there is no difference bodily, and not so much, I think, in what might be called 'cultural psycho-sexuality' between the father's body and the adult man's. But there are very real differences both physically and culturally between the woman's body and the mother's. That is, men do not on the whole lose their assumed sexual status, potency or desirability on becoming fathers. In fact, often quite the opposite. But when women become mothers, they are often stripped of their sexuality, both as desiring and as being desired, and become, in many different imaginations, either Madonna or Lady Macbeth.

Psychologically, these ambiguities, uncertainties and loose definitional boundaries are an extremely complex maze to negotiate, and acutely so where there is, or is felt to be, an absence or withdrawal of help, particularly in the form of a language to act as signpost, definer and map. For both men and women, boys and girls, either as individuals or as facing an other's body in a setting of sexual desire, the confusion can all-too easily feel overwhelming, too much to make sense of, and lead to a denial or hatred of embodiment and a wish to retreat from sexuality and the confrontation with the embodied sexual desire of the other. In this shifting and uncertain world, I suspect that the image of the Mother often stands for a fantasised possibility of being unbounded, indeterminate and infinitely protean - the body breaking free of itself and in particular of its limited and limiting, sexually gendered embodiment and identification.. While the Father is imagined as a possibility of order, fixity and distinction - the body held in a procrustean grip, but never losing its sexually gendered identity and potency. But both of these images can be positively or negatively valued, to be the sight/site of hope and terror.

However, all this bodily business would not be as vital, as disturbing and as potent a site for phobia as it is if it did not also signify and point towards another deeply desired set of possibilities within and beyond itself. For in an ultimate but very ordinary sense bodies also 'embody' the need, the hope and the longing for love and recognition - to love and to recognise and to be loved and to be recognised. Bodies by their own physical/biological logic not only lead inevitably beyond themselves to other bodies, but through that engender the hope that these other bodies contain the longed-for love and recognition.

Of course, what therapists get to see clinically, and most directly when working with couples and families, are the countless ways in which partners, parents, children and others can act to check, frustrate, deny, attack or pervert this fundamental need and hope, either in themselves or in those who look towards them. And in such intimate set-ups, it often seems as if the subjects all act out one aspect of the Father - the 'No', the limit, the castrator, as each in turn fight to gain the controlling, omnipotent position, to be the king of the castle. Perhaps the most common underlying structure for such scenarios is where there is either a refusal by parents or partners to 'pay the price' of having a child or entering on an intimate relationship with another; or, where the price demanded for giving love and recognition is impossibly high - the demand that the one who wants, who is subject to this need, should forget themselves as a separate subject.[13]

These checks and frustrations are real castrations but they are also always only temporary and accompanied by self-inflicted wounds. For what they miss is a vital element. They are not what, to paraphrase the French psychoanalyst Francoise Dolto, might be described as loving castrations[14] - that is, done out of respect for and in recognition of the separate person who gets hidden behind the omnipotence or lost in the emptiness. Instead the castrations are only enacted and experienced as part of an endless cycle of disappointment, rejection and revenge and not in the desire that they could be part of or lead to a recognition of separate identity, of sexual maturity, and the possibility of loving and being loved.

So the last bit of what I want to suggest is that without the Father there is no love. What I'm thinking about here is the realising of the capacity to want to love and be loved in an adult relationship. This involves two things. One is making a sexual choice, and allowing yourself to be vulnerable to the desire of being sexually with another person. The other is that to love and to be loved, in our culture, implies taking the risk of going outside the limits of the (imagined) self or ego in the hope and for the sake of finding an Other.

Now it may be unusual to link this with the Father. I think the more expected (at least, Object-Relations) line is that the capacity to love and be loved refers in some way to how the infant was loved by (usually) a mother, and that this formative experience is bound up with how well the infant's needs were satisfied, particularly at the breast. That is, the realisation of the capacity to love, to take this risk, is to be found in the earliest experiences of a good 'primary object'.[15] Undoubtedly this does have something to do with adult loving, but I want to add two other important aspects. First, there is the

question of who it is that is loved and from whom love is wanted. For the adult this is the Other, that is, someone who is not oneself, or an extension or part of oneself but who is who you are not and cannot be. This is, surely, what we mean when we speak of adult or mature loving to distinguish it both from what is possible for or expected from a child, and from what might be loosely called 'narcissistic love' which sees the Other only as a (possible) reflection of the self. And second, this recognition that it is the Other who is loved and from whom love is wanted is also a recognition that you and this Other are incomplete and have a limit, a boundary and therefore are subject to desire. This is the fear of love that is so often seen, because to want to love and be loved in this way is to be caught wanting - that lovely English word that revolves around the intermingling of lack and desire. So I'm suggesting that the want for love and loving springs from this recognition of incompleteness and of lack just as much as it does from an early experience of satisfaction or completeness.

This still leaves the question: what has this recognition got to do with the Father? I would suggest three critical ways. First, the Father is the sign that there is something beyond the mother and child. On the one hand that the child has a future in the world not as a child but as an adult. On the other hand, that the mother has a desire beyond the child, a desire which identifies her not as a mother but as a woman. And this woman is part of a couple, not just a parental couple but an adult sexual couple which is what, from their desire, brought the child into existence and which will (or can) be the destiny of the child. Second, the Father is the sign that there is a limit to the Mother and so to the child and the mother/child couple. That is, that they are not, as they are so often fantasised and depicted as being, everything (or nothing). This limit and limiting - remembering that their opposite or negation is boundlessness - is the precondition for identity and recognition - the recognition by and of Others. Third, it is only in a world formally recognised as consisting of separate subjects and Others that there can be a real sense of incompleteness and thus of a wanting which wants to turn to Others. What these points offer is an extension of what I suggested earlier, that the name of the Father invokes a sense of ordering, identifying and naming in the confusing interlocking triangles of mother/child/father, and woman/man/child. So finally I would suggest that the Father is the first Other, the first recognition of what lies outside and beyond the mother and child. For children I think that this is commonly represented by the growing recognition of the mother and father as a sexual couple who may love the child, who might have created/conceived the child but who the child should not and will not dispossess from their otherness. Probably all children have the fantasy that they can do this, a fantasy which has to be lovingly castrated so the child can find its own otherness and then an Other to love and be loved by. This leads to an often-neglected aspect of the Oedipal conflicts and desires - that the child also actively desires to have parents who recognise that it is a child, their child, and whose separate partnership allows the child to have a separate identity, to be a subject in its own right. That is, I am suggesting, as the other side of the terror of boundlessness, that the child, the human subject, has an ordinary desire for a limit - both to and of themselves and to and of the intimate Others around them. Hopefully, this desire will be both permitted to the child through the Others' recognition and articulation of the processes of physical and psycho-sexual change and maturation; and will be embodied in the intimate others by their contained and containing interactions with the child and between themselves. And paradoxically, it may be precisely this self-limiting containing and containment which situates these Others as the beyond for the changing and developing child which allows it to go beyond itself and re-realise itself as a desiring and desired adult. When, however, this hopeful possibility ('normality'?) is damaged, denied or subverted, then this is the field in which, among many other symptoms, phobias - invented or constructed limits and restrictions - may flourish. For ultimately, perhaps, what phobias do is to check and/or pervert the longing, the looking, to love and be loved by keeping the subject , as it were, subject to themselves, keeping them in by saying that there's no-one out there. That is, they arrest development - until, perhaps, it's safe to start again?

Notes

1. c.f. Bruner (1983). For an elaboration of the importance of Bruner's model of language development for psychoanalytic thinking and practice, c.f. Bacon (1994).
2. When Bertrand Russell was asked in a television interview what he would say if, when he died, he found there was a God and he was up in front of him, he replied: "I would say God, you are a wicked Fellow. You did not give us enough proof!" (The programme was, I think, called *Face to Face* and was broadcast in the early 1960's)
3. The sense of this cultural peculiarity is powerfully conveyed by both the history of the British Institute of Psychoanalysis (which, under Ernest Jones gradually separated itself from Freud and the Viennese using Melanie Klein as the archimedean lever) and by a book by Sebastian Faulks called *The Fatal Englishman*. This consists of three short biographies of Englishmen between the late 1920's and the early 1950's - precisely when English psychoanalytic thinking was going through

such a radical transformation and when Klein, Winnicott, Bion and many others were developing their ideas about mothers and infants that have come to dominate so much of current therapeutic thinking. There is a lot in this book about islands and isolation, enclosure and inwardness, and about mothers and the motherland. In fact one feature which all the subjects chosen by Faulks have in common is the extent of their closeness with and ties to their mothers. These are mothers so close as to threaten to exclude all else, in particular these men's fathers. I have sometimes wondered whether, in part, it is this in-balance, this over-emphasis of and on mothers, this failure to find a real separation between son and mother and the consequent shutting out of the Father, that is responsible for the 'fatalness'. Too much mother - what analytically might be called the uncastrated mother - is deadly.

4. The quote is to be found in Fink (1997) p196. Lacan, of course, exaggerates. Certainly, towards the end of his life Freud could see, both from the movement of his own thinking and under the influence of a younger generation of psychoanalysts, many of them women, that psychoanalytic investigation was pushing further and further back towards infancy and, inevitably, encountering more directly, the figure of the Mother. Appignesi and Forrester (1992) chart this movement of Freud's thought in their book *Freud's Women*, especially pp397-429.

5. But you may have to wait a long time between the first denial, or non-appearance, of this subject and its re-emergence into speech. Many years ago a woman came to see me who was very depressed, almost catatonically so. She wasn't exactly dead, but she thought she was inside. Among the very few things she was able to say about herself at the beginning was that her father meant nothing to her, he was a dead area and she had, and could remember, no desire for or interest in him at all. And by her description he fitted the bill - profoundly deaf, very withdrawn, isolated and isolating inside the family. Her mother, by contrast, was a very active, inventive and powerful person who strongly disapproved of psychotherapy - she believed only in brain chemistry - and from whom my patient had to conceal the fact that she had sought analytic help. Then, many years later, after a great deal of arduous and often very painful work in therapy, she was talking to me about a young woman she was concerned for who was being pressurised by an older powerful woman to end her contact with and investment in a man who was trying to help her. She felt strongly for this young woman and her predicament and suddenly said: "I think he should be given another chance", and immediately thought of her father and his dismissal many years ago from her mind.

6. For Freud's view of transference as resistance c.f. the 'Papers on technique' (1911-1915) and 'Fragment of an analysis of a case of hysteria (1905).

7. For a disturbing and provocative account of this simultaneous mirroring, engulfing and emptying in the absence of a proper castration, c.f. Leclaire (1975).

8. I wonder if this is part of the tightrope of conflicting demands that young women in particular are often forced and force themselves to walk in the search for the perfect but non-threatening desirability they imagine their bodies can create for them.

9. Of course this echoes, in a highly distorted form, both the pattern of cell division and growth in the foetus, and its maturation within the womb.

10. For an insightful analysis of this prefix, c.f. David Bellos' biography of Georges Perec (1993) and in particular his discussion of Perec's obsession with the letter W, the inverted M.

11. The classic case-history of the struggle round this transition, this shift of focus from organ of excretion to genital/sexual organ is 'Little Hans' (Freud 1909). For a detailed re-analysis of Little Hans, and in particular of the ambivalence of the two parents in the face of his demand for a new set of understandings, c.f. Mannoni (1973). For the function of the phobia in this struggle c.f. Mathelin (1999).

12. This is the unanalysed, unexplored - by Freud - side of Dora (Freud 1905). Freud in his over-identification with the father didn't want to see the absence of an awaiting Father for her in her transition into adult sexuality. I would suggest that a lot of her 'hysterical' symptoms were (also) attempts to stop, delay, avoid or otherwise silence a sexuality which threatened to precipitate her into a dangerous, diseased and ultimately self-denying adult - and predominantly masculine - sexual world.

13. The phrase 'pay the price' is Mathelin's (1999) c.f. pp41-44. For a classic description of such failures and demands c.f. Miller (1983).

14. For a description of Dolto's views on castration c.f. Dolto & Nasio (1995) especially p122. c.f. also,Dolto (1984) especially pp63 - 90.

15. The phrase is from Bollas (2000).

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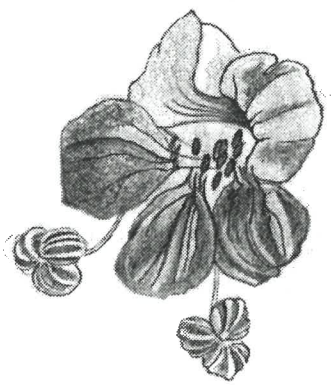


Long Division of Labour

One, two heads.
Two, four ears.
One, two mouths.
Speaking or not, still one,
two tongues in one, two mouths:
two, four lips can move as they wish,
to smile or not to smile,
still when you get down to it, its
only four lips.

Before the first greetings are over with,
forestalling the first rush of emotion,
she'd have the fenestration taped, too.
Sixty panes in six blocks of ten, easy.
And when the whole family was settled,
so many heads, ears, mouths, eyes, eyebrows
and eyelids.

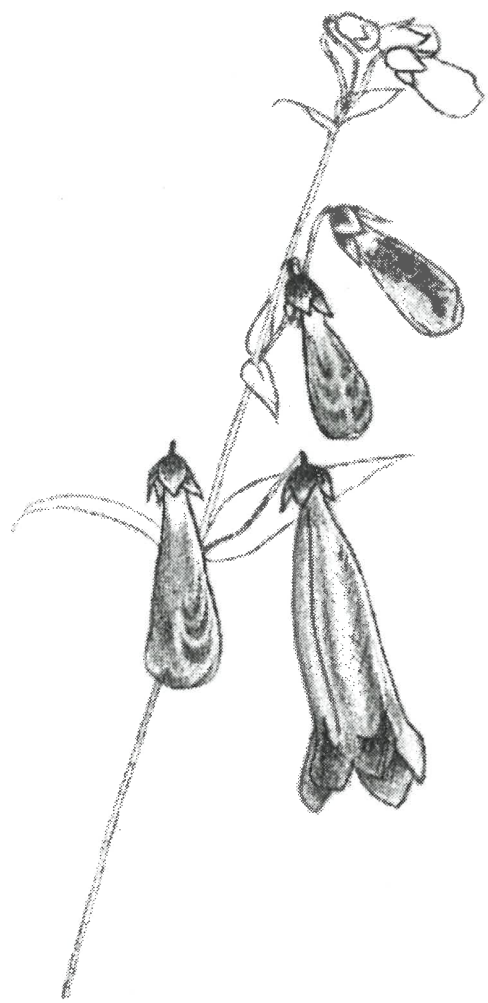
Threes into sixty makes twenty,
Fours into sixty makes fifteen,
Fives into sixty makes twelve.
But three into two makes less than the sum,
one each and one left over.
A second rush of emotion
and words flying out,
too many to count, too fast
the words clattering from mouths to send me
silent into the night and choking
on this labour of love.

Loraine Gelsthorpe

Lieder ohne Worte III

Alla Toccata, quasi improvisando,
enough music on this day to record
that you have left before I departed,
and to observe, upon my return,
the dry, barren and fallen branches of the sacred
Zelkova,
once Jacqueline Hillier, once Jacqueline Du Pré.
Lamentoso,
Tacet.

Loraine Gelsthorpe



Arcadia

As morning yawns I tread on grass;
Careful ants etch the cicada's eye
Tap-tap wags thrush with snail on stone
The water snake has frog in throat
The owl he wisely dives, the mousy cries
Helicopter hawk he contemplates a fall
The philosophical swallow calculates
Space-time to kiss a gnat
Holier than thou old mantis preys
And mathematical spider spies
The agéd buzzard arcs her wing;
All in the night's work, all in the day's.

Eco system

"I exist at the margins of your life!"
The light spaces around your words
are like the sea, the text the shore
and at the margins of the sea the waves
invest, seeping between rocks and inlets
shaping them like letters are shaped,
an M, an I, a C, an H, formed
by the paper spume.
Without your margins
my text is lightless
wordless
a dark
land.

Michael Evans

The Outfit's early years

In celebration of our twenty-first birthday this year we asked some of our earliest members for their recollections of the Outfit's beginnings. Lucy King, Margaret Farrell, Siân Morgan and Rosemary Randall responded.

Lucy King

I am afraid that this account is doomed to be sloppy or scrappy or (probably) both. All memory of the task seemed repeatedly to drain out of my head within minutes of being reminded of my promise to write something. Then ,when I eventually did sit down to think about it, I found myself diverted into pondering the history and prehistory of my training at the Philadelphia Association and that is quite another story!

My place in the early Outfit was unusual in that I was already a student elsewhere, a situation which we prohibited once we started having students of our own. Siân Morgan and Roger Bacon, who were students at the Guild, came to the first meeting but then withdrew until after they had completed their training. They were both in therapy with Peter Lomas and I think felt that this was not the moment for them to engage with his group. Peter was my supervisor and, extending our interaction into the group did not seem particularly problematic.

In point of fact, the participants at that initial meeting were a pretty diverse bunch, from highly trained and experienced therapists such as Margaret Farrell and Peter himself (go away Freud - I typed that as Pater!), across to people who were interested and well-read but clinically untried such as David Ingelby and Diana Lomas. I do not remember everyone who crowded into Peter's consulting room in Beaulands Close for that inaugural meeting. Some people who were there only came once - or just a few times.

My memory is that the group was convened by Peter and David Ingelby primarily as a forum in which to discuss psychotherapy from a radical and undogmatic perspective. The possibility of setting up a training was in the air - David was interested in becoming a therapist outside the current training establishments - but in the early days this seemed rather remote, at least to me. I do not remember this discussion group having any name. The non-name we are now usually known by viz. 'The Outfit', was a jokey response to an eventual need to call ourselves *something* which has somehow stuck much more firmly than our more serious and official title.

We continued to meet in Peter's room for quite a time. The meetings had no definite agenda and often no predetermined topics. We just came together and talked. And out of this gradually evolved plans to invite or incorporate people who were interested in becoming therapists. I am reluctant to use the word 'training' in this context because some of the implications of this word seem alien to our ideals of peer-based learning. The group was certainly set up to be a learning rather than a training group. In those early days of course, there was only one group comprising both the experienced and the novices. Even then there were tensions and frustrations over this and frustrations also over the digressive nature of our discussions which tended towards the free-associative. For me the atmosphere of openness and freedom to talk was enormously liberating as a contrast to the P.A. which I found stimulating and exciting but also terrifying and macho. There was a sense that if you said something you were more than likely to reveal yourself as completely off course - and to be condemned for this. I never felt this in those early days in the Outfit despite being pretty much a beginner.

Gradually over time we talked ourselves to the point of feeling able to invite outsiders to consider joining us as a route to becoming therapists. It felt really exciting, albeit a bit unreal, when we interviewed our first prospective students - Liebe and someone else who did not in the end come because of a

change in life- plans which meant leaving Cambridge.

Clearly it took a lot of courage and a degree of foolhardiness to choose the fledgling Outfit as a place in which to attempt to transform oneself into a therapist. I think we were very lucky to acquire someone who had Liebe's maturity and strength of purpose and who was willing to take the risk. We continued to meet in much the same way as before, deciding from meeting to meeting what to discuss, and mixing business in with more psychotherapeutic topics. Liebe and subsequent students somehow had to fit in and take their places within the ongoing group. It was some considerable time (and a move away from Peter's room, into Peterhouse) before a second generation of students decided to break away and meet at least some of the time as a separate group. And so our present division into 'big group' and student group and indeed between students and 'hangers- on', began.

Margaret Farrell

I have been touched to be asked to write a piece as one of the 'founder members' of the Outfit. At the beginning, I did not feel like a 'founder member,' being still in the latter stages of my therapy with Peter Lomas, and having barely finished my training at the Guild. I was also just finishing my 23 years as a child psychologist in the NHS. So the beginning of the Outfit marked a big change in my professional life. I remember vividly the early days - meeting in Peter's consulting room, perhaps only four or five of us, scrutinising the basis of psychotherapy from many angles, starting to be a training. I felt curiously both privileged to be included, but also invaded by others who dared to sit on 'my' couch. As I remember we began with Peter, Diana Lomas, David Ingleby, Lucy King and myself - with Liebe Klug as our first 'student.' Several others contributed in those early days, but for all sorts of reasons, did not stay - David Anderson, Jeannette Josse, Siân Morgan (who re-joined later, of course), and Roger Bacon. As we became a bit larger we started to meet in Roger's house, then 26 Newnham Road, and subsequently Aaron Klug's rooms at Peterhouse. The issue of our growing size became very important, and the decision to divide into 'students' and 'trained members' was a very difficult one. Necessary as it was, it violated one of the Outfit's basic principles - that we all have something to contribute and should regard each other as equals in the pursuit of a morally demanding profession.

We were very radical in those early days, led by Peter. We did not want a telephone number, stationery, even a name. That is how we began to call ourselves 'The Outfit,' again a contribution of Peter's, who referred to us in that way. The idea was to discuss freely anything pertaining to psychotherapy, and of course especially to examine the intellectual and ethical origins and practice, with a basis in 'de-schooling' ideas such as those of Ivan Illich. Since I had always been something of an auto-didact, and rather resistant to conventional teaching methods, I found this very exciting. It felt very freeing and enabling, and a contrast to the relatively formal direction in which the Guild was moving (originally also founded by Peter, amongst others). Occasionally we invited various outsiders to speak to us - I remember particularly Eia Aasen, Hans Cohn, John Heaton, and Norman Cohn. Almost exclusively (and understandably) we chose outsiders who were broadly sympathetic to our point of view.

I want, however, to try to use this opportunity to express some views I have shared at various times with others about my disquiet about two aspects of the Outfit which I feel have hindered, rather than facilitated its life. These are to do with a high-minded, but at times rather self-destructive, attitude to learning (and its correlate, teaching), and with the reluctance to acknowledge the usefulness of structure.

We began, as I have said, with no structure other than arranged meeting times and places. We did not set any topics or agenda. For a while that seemed adventurous, exciting and challenging. However, after a while I began to feel that we were often repeating ourselves. There was no advance preparation, since the topic was to arise during the meeting. This obviously echoes 'free association' in the therapy room, and allows one to address the pressing issues that are on the top of one's mind, such as how to offer therapy that is *really* therapeutic for the patient, and is not just a learned skill; how to differentiate therapy from friendship; how (of course!) to remain 'ordinary.' These issues are, and should be, always with us. But, as Kohut says, in a different context, we need both *understanding* and *explaining*. We need to understand ourselves and our motivations. But we also need to be challenged by 'explanations' deriving from the whole field of psychotherapy: history, different approaches, controversial ideas, etc. Gradually, of course, especially as we got into our stride as a training group, more of these things were addressed. However, I feel that in our endeavours to eschew orthodoxy, we continued to shy away from many ideas, theories, schools of thought in the whole field of psychoanalysis and therapy, and did not really come to grips with them.

The subject is *difficult!* Many very astute and wise minds have thought and written on it. I appreciate that we all have different 'learning styles' - and I can only speak from what I feel has helped me to

learn, plus certain tentative observations of others. Nevertheless, I think perhaps that the Outfit has overly emphasised a totally student-driven style, without being aware of its inherent pitfalls. My experience in different learning settings, such as the Guild, Cambridge Group Work and the University of the Third Age has caused me to think a good deal about this. It has made me feel strongly that sometimes I/we may need more stimulation from outside – including at times a push in the form of 'required' (or at least suggested) reading, lectures, even written papers! We cannot always learn from what is already inside ourselves; we need interchange with those more versed in the field, and fresh input. This is partly to avoid laziness and a tendency to cosiness, partly to engage with thinkers from a different point of view from our own, and partly to encourage contact with the wider world. In our own brave challenge to orthodoxy, I believe that we sometimes avoided facing challenge from the outside.

My other main focus of unease about the Outfit has been to do with structure. We avoided conventional structures (chairpersons, secretaries, syllabi, training committees, etc) in order to free ourselves from stultifying procedures and from some of the abuses of power which can reside in conventional structures and which can damage the very essence of a psychotherapy training. But at times I have been very perplexed and bothered about what can happen when there is minimal visible structure. A visible structure to an organisation (and even the 'Outfit' is a sort of organisation!) allows it to be seen, by definition. Something that can be seen can be reckoned with, challenged, changed, modified. If a human gathering has no structure, or if the structure is hidden and unseen, various unconscious processes can take place, as McDougall long ago pointed out, as quoted by Freud in his essay on Group Psychology. He quoted McDougall as saying that if five conditions to do with structure 'are fulfilled, the psychological disadvantages of group formations are removed. The collective lowering of intellectual ability is avoided by withdrawing the performance of intellectual tasks from the group and reserving them for individual members of it.' (Freud 1921 p.86).

We were rightly concerned about the issues surrounding power. However, a visible chairperson can be challenged; written minutes of a meeting can be perused at leisure, and are a communication to those who were not there. Procedures can be evolved so that no one person occupies a position for too long. Guidelines or rules can be made which are open and accessible to everyone, which explain the workings of the society. These mechanisms prevent too much secrecy, and encourage openness. Deciding on the 'rules' or 'guidelines' gives everyone a say, whereas hidden expectations can be bewildering and at times even cruel. I sometimes felt that the ethos of the Outfit, in privileging informal and frequent one-to-one exchanges, made it feel mysterious and unsafe. There were often no meetings or identifiable groups (even dread word: committee!) to which one could safely bring one's concerns, no structure, for instance, where one could express reservations about an issue without recourse to what seemed at times like gossip.

Interestingly, in the Outfit's lifetime, most of these issues have now been addressed. I think the Outfit now is healthier than it has ever been. The student group is active and full of debate; the business meetings, 'clusters,' and 're-appraisals' give us all a chance to participate in what is going on and have our say. Sometimes, in fact, I feel almost drowned in the deluge of papers flooding in about Graduation, Admissions, First Mondays, etc. I have often wondered if we were 're-inventing the wheel' – and I think we have done it – or perhaps something even better! But sometimes the creating of new structures seemed to take valuable time away from our shared learning activities.

If I had my own training to do over again, I believe I would wish to join the Outfit. But I think I would welcome more facilitation, even more 'teaching' than has generally been allowed, including more use of the Trained Members already in the organisation. I am enthusiastic about learning with my peers, but at the same time, I believe, in accord with studies of people in groups, that to have an outside 'facilitator' can move a group along, and can often focus the group on its task more effectively than the group can do on its own. And a teacher can and should contribute something new from outside the group – a message from the outside world. There are fewer hidden tensions, unconscious struggles for power, misguided 'dumbing down', when there is an outsider onto whom many of these tensions can be displaced, and who can also serve to de-fuse or 'metabolise' them.

I hope that these reflections will be received 'in the spirit of the Outfit' – that is, as my individual thoughts, which may possibly contribute to our discourse, and hopefully might enhance our feeling of community. I look forward to attending rather more first Monday meetings, and welcome the advance notices; I value the Trained Members' meetings, and hope that perhaps they will gradually become more popular – although I still find myself questioning why they are not better attended. I would welcome some half-day or full-day events open to outsiders. I feel that there is much more intellectual exploration than previously. I hope I will continue to contribute, and I am proud to be an active member of the Outfit as it enters its 21st year.

Siân Morgan

I have tried hard to remember the early days of the Outfit. It is either that I have a poor memory or that my experiences have undergone the same kind of repression that has resulted in my forgetting all but a few vague memories of my therapy with Peter Lomas.

I think it was probably excruciatingly difficult to go to those first meetings, but not to have gone even having been invited would have left me feeling excluded. A confusion of internal and external worlds threatened. Certainly, in those early days, I found it very exposing going to meetings in Peter's room, with Roger Bacon, who was my 'sibling rival': a contemporary at the Guild of Psychotherapists and also a patient of Peter's. We were greeted by the sight of Diana, Peter's wife. Maybe the impact of that experience had such a mythological power that it forced us both into flight, and later Diana as well, at least that was my phantasy, though I never really knew why she left. From my point of view, 'Ordinary', it wasn't. I also know that from a brief conversation with Roger that he doesn't remember anything much either. We are both puzzled by our amnesia.

I remember just one of the meetings in Peter's room; it was when a psychiatrist friend of Peter's came called Heine Schuff. I was most impressed by his long hair and leather jacket and the talk he gave on the narcissism of bikers. Not long afterwards I recall Peter suggesting gently that perhaps I might find it easier if I were to leave and not come back until I finished the training at the Guild, but I don't remember why. I was glad though that he had suggested the same to Roger. He doesn't remember why either. The reason I feel that the experience has undergone repression is because I remember the Guild Training with some clarity. I will run through some of my recollections of the Guild in order to compare the two experiences and to attempt to jog my memory about the Outfit.

My primary memory of training at the Guild is of standing on Cambridge Station on damp, misty winter evenings, waiting for the tea-train to Liverpool St. Every journey Roger, Margaret Farrell and I sat in the restaurant car, at a table with a linen tablecloth. The waiter, an apparently reassuring presence in a white jacket, would bring us toasted teacakes, served in a muffin dish. What nostalgia! Were these the last days of Empire? What I am describing was the result of a regressive need for an illusory succour and security, invoked to withstand the emotionally taxing experience of training and to bolster our egos in the face of being tantalised by the mystifying and arcane cult of the gentleman's club of orthodox psychoanalysis from which we were made to feel we would be forever barred.

The Guild training met in the Medical Centre at the L.S.E. I quite enjoyed being in that part of London, though the building was grubby and it was a very long way up to where we met in what were consulting and examination rooms, smelling of the day's business and old apple cores. The Guild was set up in the early seventies by Peter and some colleagues, in an earlier attempt to get away from the model of conventional analytic training. By the time I joined it had become quite conservative though it attempted to promote an analytic eclecticism, which had some merit. We had some interesting sessions with psychoanalysts of different persuasions. The training group I belonged to could be quite stimulating but was overly competitive, so that towards the end of the training I felt that it was more a training in endurance and survival, in what could often be experienced as an assault in the form of interpretations of unconscious process, coming from fellow students and teachers; not the most favourable environment for training to be a psychotherapist. However I think that any resistance I might have had to giving myself over to unconscious process and to the workings of transference was constantly challenged, so that I became aware of both transference and of counter-transference in their most subtle manifestations. I also have both Peter and my training supervisor, Ben Churchill, to thank for teaching me the foundation of my practice. I find it difficult to find the words to describe the atmosphere that was generated around both my therapy and supervision, but the closest I can get at it is to say that I often felt as I do on the occasions when I visit the studio of an artist whose work moves me. Again I have an eating memory in relation to supervision; this time of tea at a middle European café in Maida Vale as a reward after a gruelling session with Ben.

No eating memories of the Outfit yet; in fact still not much in the way of early memories. I do remember a meeting in about 1985, after Roger and I had rejoined, when an uncharacteristically ferocious argument broke out - the only one? - when someone objected to Roger and Lucy King's 'intellectual dominance' of the group; this was possibly one of the precipitating factors in Roger's departure shortly if not immediately afterwards.

I remember being pleased to get to know Liebe, the first student. She was always very generous and I found her provocative and imaginatively stimulating. I enjoyed discussing work with her and being part of a dance group she organised. Ah, an eating memory! I remember having some very good lunches in her kitchen, and many others in Lucy's and Clara Lew's kitchens.

I think the Outfit meetings I most enjoyed were in Aaron Klug's rooms in Peterhouse. I will never

forget the moon over the old courtyard or the moon shadows cast by the tombs and climbing roses in the grave-yard of Little St. Mary's, visible from the window.

I want to say that although I have frequently found the Outfit an oceanic experience, and that it is irritatingly dependent on the virtue of good women and a very few good men, it is where I feel that I belong. I have made many good friends and have considerable respect for the individuals that I know who have trained in the Outfit. I continue to respect its values, though I wonder sometimes if the Outfit as a whole sufficiently values and respects the commitment and effort of some of its members. On the whole though I think that Peter's initiative has been vindicated and has withstood the test of time and the insidious and intrusive pressures towards conformity and academic standardisation brought by the drive towards statutory registration.

Rosemary Randall

I joined the Outfit in 1983, not long after it was formed. I think I was the fourth student - David Ingleby, Liebe Klug and Dave Hall had arrived before me. I remember my initial meetings with people vividly. There were three of them - an interview with David Ingleby in his room at the university, a meeting with the whole group in Peter Lomas' room in Beaulands' Close, and then a meeting with Liebe on her own. She had not been able to attend the group meeting. It was the day her husband was awarded the Nobel prize. These meetings were dominated for me by the anxiety that my son Alex, then an infant of around 6 months old, would disgrace us. I was afraid he would squall intemperately, mewl piteously or explode from his ill-fitting, terry-towelling nappy: I would be revealed as an incompetent mother and a ludicrous candidate for psychotherapy training. The maternal metaphor was (and perhaps still is) very powerful. As it turned out Alex behaved beautifully and to my surprise I was accepted. I think a lot of people feel like this. Applying to be a psychotherapist brings up an acute sense of one's own failings as a human being. It is impossible not to feel judged, and like many I criticised myself more harshly than others did.

I also felt like an outsider. I had spent my twenties moving in and around numerous radical, political groups. I had for years placed myself on the edge - of family, of work, and of many of the ordinary conventions that make life bearable. In moving to Cambridge, I was choosing to move away from that life but as yet I had few connections and little sense of what I did want to be part of. The acceptance of the Outfit was very important to me.
The day that I finally met Liebe I had come across from Milton Keynes to go house hunting. The preceding night I dreamed that I arrived at her house. It was Victorian and detached, there was shrubbery and a gravelled drive, rather like my aunt's house in Blackheath. The woman who answered the door looked more like my Nan - dark curly hair, glasses, a little plump and smiling. She said "Come in" and showed me up the stairs to the attic. "This is the flat we are letting," she said. "Would you like it?"

I arrived at the real Liebe's house, flustered and hot. Half an hour and half-way into the walk, pushing a hungry and fretful Alex, it occurred to me that the "just round the corner - 10 minutes" she had spoken of on the phone was ten minutes by car - a car I couldn't even dream about. At last I rounded the corner of her road. There to my astonishment was the shrubbery. There was the gravelled drive. There was the Victorian house. Liebe opened the door. She looked like my Nan. As she welcomed me in, the phone started ringing. She apologised, saying "It's been ringing all day. We're letting the flat at the top." Even more confused I looked up at the stairs of my dream. How nice, I thought, to live here..."Do you believe in synchronicity?" I asked her later. She laughed and said she didn't know, and warm and generous, drove me to the bus station. Her acceptance meant a lot to me that day. The offer I had made on a house was also accepted. A few months later we moved to Cambridge and I started attending the Outfit's meetings.

I was looking forward to the meetings. I was eager and enthusiastic. But my memories of those early meetings are of puzzlement and frustration. We met infrequently. Nothing much happened. The discussions seemed tentative and I found it hard to get to know people. I knew that the Outfit had been set up to provide something different from the London trainings. As I understood it, its purpose was to question, its intention was to provoke, its desire was to create an alternative. But I felt lost. I was used to oppositional organisations that claimed their space. Each new splinter group defined itself in relation to what it had left, demanded its space and fought its corner. But here I found a gap. Initially, it felt like emptiness. The Outfit felt to me like a space in which nothing much was going on. I felt alarmed, frustrated and inadequate.

Slowly, I came to see that this strangeness and my bewilderment weren't nothing. There genuinely was a space. The gap, the nothing, the hesitation and the uncertainty really were potential. This wasn't an opposition that already knew exactly where it was going. It wasn't necessarily an opposition that felt it had to go anywhere at all. It had ideas. It had principles. It had an ethic. But all kinds of things might form here. All kinds of things might happen. This was new to me and I learned

gradually to experience it for what it was. I learned to check my impulse to fill it up, define it and tie it down. I learned to wait and to let go of my assumptions. I came to use it as a space in which to learn.

Gradually as the organisation grew, the dimensions of that space changed in more permanent ways, ways which defined for everyone what could and couldn't take place. One of the first and most painful definitions was the difference between the needs of the students and the needs of the trained people which led to the formation of a separate student group.

I look back on this as a formative moment in the history of the organisation. It represents for me a loss of innocence, a kind of fall. In one sense it signified a criticism of the whole project. We cut ourselves off from the trained people, necessarily I think, because our concerns were not always theirs. The elementary level of our discussions and the naivete of our questions sometimes bored them while we could not keep up with the intellectual fireworks of their often impassioned arguments and felt marginalised and helpless. We did not feel equal and did not feel we would ever become so while we all remained together.

It is hard to talk about what was represented symbolically in this action. I do not see it as some do in primarily familial terms, though I am sure this was part of it. For me it has more to do with the creation of a gift economy. Although the intention of the Outfit was that the students should learn from the trained people and that they would willingly offer what they did for their own pleasure in doing so, it was actually very difficult to know what we could legitimately ask of people who gave what they gave for free. We did not feel we could reciprocate and so we could not demand.

For a gift economy to work there has to be the possibility of genuine reciprocation. (It is no good if some people - rightly or wrongly - feel perpetually like the five year old whose lukewarm cup of tea is tactfully welcomed by the parents before being put to one side.) There are a number of things which can make this reciprocation easier. As the pool of people gets larger the reciprocation no longer has to be direct: people can repay what is given to them by giving to a third person or to the group as a whole. It helps if the reciprocation can be 'time-shifted': certain kinds of 'paying back' may be made later, when more time is available or when confidence has matured. It also helps if there are a variety of activities which feel like real contributions and many different ways for people to participate and when the connections to the money economy are clear – what can be received as a gift and what has to paid for with cash. Over the years I think the Outfit has gradually developed into a real gift economy. People give and take in all kinds of ways. It is possible for people of modest means to train – and to train well – as psychotherapists. We benefit by expecting to draw on the multiple talents and abilities of all our members. But it is not and was not without problems.

For us as the first students there was the initial joy of being able to talk about what really concerned us, to reciprocate amongst ourselves and to plan according to our own needs. But in separating as we did we lost the ease of connection with the trained people and it became even harder to know what we could and couldn't ask for. There was no intermediate buffer of previous students who could be consulted and who might feel that they had something to repay to the organisation as a whole. We lived with the pain and the hurt of what we had done. Some of the neediness and confusion remained. It is perhaps not surprising that we became enthusiastic about creating some kind of organisation and that there was agreement amongst both student and trained members that the burden of this should be borne by the students. Here was an area where we could clearly and genuinely reciprocate. By the time I graduated in 1989, we had a constitution, a formal structure of membership and meetings, a bank account, a library, an admissions procedure, graduation guidelines, regular business meetings and all the usual paraphernalia of small organisations. That much of this arose in response to external pressures such as the UKCP I have no doubt. That much of it was and is necessary I am sure. But symbolically it also made it clear that there could be real reciprocation.

I think this aspect of our history may go some way towards explaining the sense of neediness that sometimes features in our life together. A gift economy is vulnerable to those who do not contribute enough, there can be anxiety that too much falls on the few, fears of not getting enough and of not giving enough. Fantasies of greed, rivalry, need and deprivation are all played out in subtly different ways than in the money economy. They are less boundaried, the conventions are not so tight, the rules are less clear. (It is not always clear for example in a gift economy when you are symbolically over-generous, overdrawn, bankrupt, fraudulent, or have won the lottery.) The connections with each person's personal history can be touched and enacted in ways which produce both joy and suffering and for which there are not always obvious, well-trodden solutions.

Joining the Outfit now is a very different matter from joining it 18 years ago. There is so much that is now established that I wonder sometimes how much of the tremulous, uncertain, perplexing but

ultimately creative space is left for today's students. I fear that in the creation of this busy economy it may have become, like capitalism, an end in itself. It is easy with hindsight to idealise the space that I arrived in and to forget the arguments, confusion, frustration and loneliness that also sometimes filled it. But I hope that in whatever structures we adopt now and in the future we will try to preserve that potential in which the real thinking about psychotherapy can carry on.

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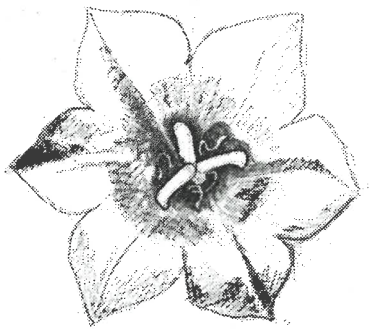

Clara Lew

Moving between cultures

I was born in Buenos Aires and lived there until I was 30. My parents had both emigrated, separately, from Eastern Europe in the years between the wars. Like many others they wanted to leave the old world, where they experienced poverty and a lack of opportunity, in search of a better life. Argentina has always been a country in which sophistication of ideas coexisted uncomfortably with poverty and a good measure of corruption.

With regards to the therapeutic endeavours, at the time I was doing my degree orthodox Kleinian analysis lived side by side with very primitive and scarce facilities offered by state hospitals. Very slowly, some of the ideas of the behaviourists (which had political overtones and were connected with Pavlov) became influential, along with the ideas of group therapy, therapeutic communities and the incorporation of psychiatry/psychotherapy into general hospitals.

During the early sixties I joined the Centre of Psychology and Psychiatry for Children, attached to the Department of Paediatrics of a teaching hospital. I had worked in the children's hospital as a junior house officer. There were about sixty of us on honorary contracts, and three members of staff. The head was a small, slight, but very determined, woman Professor of Psychology. She came from a long tradition of socialist members of Parliament. I remember it as a lively and thriving place with people debating their different views. Mostly they had had or were having analysis; many were doctors and some belonged to the new Psychology Faculty. (In previous years psychology had been taught together with literature and philosophy). Because we were attached to the Department of Paediatrics most of our referrals were children with physical conditions (some psychosomatic) and many came from parts of the country where no facilities existed. Our head encouraged us to develop the imagination of the children in play therapy, ie, to look at the alternatives, creating different outcomes from their narratives, but without direct interpretations, unless the children made links themselves. She saw this as providing educational help. As I said, many other views were debated, but she would intervene firmly if she felt that the child was under too much pressure. I remember once presenting a child to her, and speculating on the different factors. She turned to the mother and asked her if she had access to water, how long did it take to clean the house, etc. The point was not lost, I hope.

Meanwhile one of the many military coups took place and we woke up one morning to find that the President had been deposed. This time the University, which had recovered from the long night of the Peronist government, spoke up publicly in the papers about the trespass of the legal system. The response was swift: - police entered some of the Faculties and beat up whoever happened to be there. (By chance two visiting American professors were caught there and the incident was then reported in the American press.) Most of the professors resigned their posts and so did my head of department. She made it clear that she was only resigning the professorship and not the clinical job. Of course that was ignored. We thought that since we were unpaid and doing high quality work, that if we all resigned they would change their minds. Not so. The following day we all received letters accepting our resignations and that was it. Looking back I wonder whether we could have negotiated things better, but at the time that option didn't seem open to us.

By then I had two small children, the possibility of a research scholarship for my husband became a reality, and so we arrived in England in 1967. Certainly this was a big change and an exciting time. I remember the feeling of freedom with amazement, together with some anxieties. Since it was a transitional period, I relished the freedom in many areas, from the way it was acceptable to dress in a variety of ways (I had never managed to be as fashionable as many of my colleagues in Buenos

Aires) to the more serious area of work and new learning.

In the work area I was able to join Sue Iverson, a very dynamic experimental psychologist, and learn something of the painstaking work of behavioural analysis, and the importance of an experimental framework in judging the result. Also there were some joint projects with her husband, a leading pharmacologist. I remember him saying repeatedly: "the fact that transmitters are measured doesn't mean that we know what they are doing there or where they come from." I enjoyed the opportunity to play, though I knew it was an interlude for me.

We returned to Buenos Aires at the end of three years. It was painful to feel alienated in our own country. This was not to do with military dictatorship (that was to come later) but with everyday frustrations and obstacles to work. On the other hand, there had been some progress in psychiatry, group therapy, transactional analysis, and gestalt which balanced the very orthodox psychoanalytic position. I do not remember when Lacan replaced Klein, but certainly he did, and now his ideas are dominant. Two years later we were back in Cambridge and this time the adaptation took longer. Maybe there was a hardening of attitudes; the miners strike and the oil crisis of 1973 were felt. But perhaps as happens with all immigrants there was the sense that it was now for good, which brought both relief and apprehension. Even the children found it took them longer to readapt at the same school. Again I think I was very lucky to be accepted to work and train as a psychiatrist with David Clark at Fulbourn Hospital. The admission ward was organised as a therapeutic community, and for me it was a real cultural shock. To begin with, people wanted to be admitted! They regarded the ward as a place of safety, as opposed to the asylum. I want to say here that things have changed now in Argentina, but when I first went to the state asylum as a medical student people were brought in by the police, and most were either deluded, thinking themselves to be imperial characters, or they were mute and withdrawn. It sounds very naive now, but when I began work at Fulbourn I remember my amazement that patients in the ward discussed where and when they could collect their benefits.

The morning meeting was a place of discussion for all the patients and staff, which made it a microcosm of different cultures and races. David Clark has described the atmosphere very well in his book. Though the accent was on the social influences, the structure of the institution and the power struggles, there was a clear message from him that sometimes parents (staff) know better and have to take responsibility, for example over prescribing medication. That was always a difficult decision and I remember the nurses generously helping me in that journey. Agi Lloyd was our nursing officer, and with her lively Irish lilt brought a balance when we adopted an extreme position. There were times of painful anxieties as some patients harmed themselves or created problems in the community, the inevitable consequence of freedom. At those times there was were ad hoc meetings of all the community, and David's presence would be reassuring, although he did not gloss over the mistakes.

There was also an important psychoanalytic presence in Bernard Zeitlyn, the other consultant, who focused our attention more on the internal states and the universe of emotions. He was very aware of the interpersonal and interactional world, and interested in what constituted care and un-care in the health world. I later learned how this made him challenge many of the psychoanalytic tenets, which led him to write a letter of resignation to the Institute of Psychoanalysis around the time of his untimely death.

After a couple of years of that experience I was becoming aware that though I valued and appreciated how important the work in the hospital was, I wanted to work more with individuals, and try to explore the internal world. No doubt personality characteristics were the main factors behind this decision. I divided my time between the Young Peoples Service, recently created and headed by Graham Petrie, and the Department of Psychotherapy. Zeitlyn had been appointed the consultant there. I felt I could apply the experience of one to the other. I did enjoy that, but I also remember some specific cultural differences. It was surprising to me that people expected the eighteen year olds to become independent of their parents. In Argentina the norm was that one stayed at home more or less until one got married, or had a very good job. Perhaps my ideas about dependence and the family structure were different?

From 1977 until the time of my retirement in 1999 I worked in the Psychotherapy Department, and in the second half of the 80s I slowly started to build a private practice. I felt very integrated although aware of the differences of culture and structure of society in comparison to my home country. These differences did not impinge on me, but what I experienced with an intense emotional impact was a series of losses. (Some were tragic, others happy because of a change of circumstances, and others very painful). One period that was very difficult for me was when I was working for two very orthodox analysts. I felt alienated by their general attitude and their approach to people.

In 1982 I started my therapy with Peter Lomas which I found a very good nurturing experience.

Peter allowed me to argue my position, and to discuss in detail what were sometimes very different ways of expressing thoughts, or admitting difference. Sometimes I was aware of being intensely irritating to him, but we did not withdraw from the fight.

Towards the end of the therapy I joined the Outfit. Perhaps in some way I felt on the edge of the group. I did not feel myself to be an outsider, but I was aware that I was neither a student nor a founder member of it. This changed later as I involved myself with many of the students, and kept in direct contact with some of them after they had graduated. Also other people joined in a similar way to me, and then associate members were added.

I feel very much in agreement with the idea that the practice of psychotherapy should be based on the model of an ordinary relationship. But sometimes I feel there is, within the Outfit, a disregard or even fear about examining different theories in a critical spirit, and then I feel I am in another place. As the 21st birthday of the Outfit arrives I feel very excited because there seems to be a growing interest in the findings of neuroscience. This is not because I feel we are going to change our practice in the room, but because the painful emotions, symptoms and difficulties of living that our patients experience occur in the body and the brain, and the more we can appreciate the mystery of this the more we may be helpful. For example , acknowledging something different in the way the brain functions allows us to cease blaming the mother and look for ways this can be improved. This doesn't mean merely giving out pills. That would be bad practice and bad science. It ignores the complexities that are stated again and again by good thinkers, be it in science, philosophy, literature, art, anthropology, as well as in sociology and cultural studies.

I have been back to Argentina several times as a visitor, but I have not lived there again. I have close contact with friends and colleagues. There I think social and political changes impact on the internal world in a more intense and violent way than in more steady societies. There was a time when both analysts and patients were persecuted as subversive by the military dictatorship. Both risked their lives. It was the mothers and grandmothers who had their children disappeared whose voices were heard loudly in the midst of battle. Almost insoluble ethical conflicts were brought to the surface. And so the pendulum seems to oscillate continuously. The analytic societies and the hospital practice seem now to have become more open and accepting. They are now confronting another danger: the profound economic depression which affects both therapists and patients. I am hopeful for their survival. I don't know what shape that will take.

AD 2001

Loraine Gelsthorpe

From criminology to psychotherapy... and back again

Introduction

"What is a criminologist?" is not an easy question to answer, for criminology has variously been described as a 'rendezvous' or 'melting pot' subject drawing interest from psychologists, lawyers, sociologists, forensic psychiatrists, philosophers, historians, theologians, economists, geographers, social anthropologists and no doubt others not mentioned here. What criminologists do, of course, is entirely another matter.

In essence, criminologists are interested in why people break the law, and (often on the basis of empirical research) they engage in debates about individual and collective responsibility for crime, and in debates about how society should respond to offenders. Though relatively few in number - about 700 registered through the British Society of Criminology - there are very many different sorts of criminologist. Some criminologists carry out research on pathways into crime, looking particularly at the characteristics of early social environments that might lead one towards crime. The Cambridge Study in Delinquency Development, a prospective longitudinal survey of the development of offending and antisocial behaviour, is one such study. It focuses on 411 South London boys born in 1953, who have been followed up in a series of interviews which began when they were 8 and most recently when they were 46. The original aim of the study was to describe the development of delinquent and criminal behaviour in inner-city males, to investigate how far it could be predicted in advance, and to explain why juvenile delinquency began, why it did or did not continue into adult crime, and why adult crime often ended as men reached their twenties. The main focus was on continuity or discontinuity in behavioural development, on the effects of life events on development, and on predicting future behaviour. The study was not designed to test any one particular theory about delinquency, but to test many different hypotheses about the causes and correlates of offending, and many different mechanisms and processes linking risk factors and anti-social behaviour. From such studies we learn that the childhood risk factors seemingly include: poor housing, large family size, erratic or harsh discipline within the home, apparent low intelligence and low school achievement, and parental involvement in crime.

Other criminologists focus much more on pathways out of crime and on the social factors (e.g. social/ sexual relationships, employment opportunities, rootedness in communities) and general lifestyle factors which might encourage desistence from crime. And others still look at the impact of environmental factors - turning to offence and offender locations, community crime and change, as well as to the social transformations brought about by Late Modernity (e.g. the dissolution of traditional communities, globalisation, and technological changes).

At the other extreme, there are criminologists who focus on the social construction of the law. After all, what is 'crime'? - a sin? norm infraction? ideological censure? And why are some things 'crimes' and other, seemingly equally harmful activities, not 'crimes'? These criminologists also turn their critical gaze towards the burgeoning apparatuses of legal and social institutions, public and private, which control our daily social lives (e.g. close-circuit television, private security patrols, gated shopping malls). Some criminologists focus on the social dimensions of crime and justice : victims, young people, mentally disordered offenders, ethnicity, and gender for instance. And others on criminal justice structures and processes: crime prevention, policing, sentencing, community penalties and prisons.

One version of the story of my own route into criminology includes the fact that I started off in history and philosophy. When I was a graduate student in criminology, prompted by the urgent

need to keep body and soul together, I found myself teaching an evening course in the psychology of criminal behaviour for what was then the London University Extra-Mural Board. Participants in this course included psychiatrists working at the Maudsley, lay magistrates, victims of crime, and an assortment of lively business people and interested observers of social life - a mix sufficient both to terrify and fully engage me. And somewhere along the line I developed a strong interest in sociology. Another version of the same story would include school experiences (observing the social construction of insiders and outsiders, those who were going to make it in the eyes of the teachers, and those who were not) and a post-school experience of working in a large, Victorian style psychiatric hospital in Nottinghamshire. It was within this period that I experienced 'defining moments' in considerations of what might be called the 'mad, bad and sad' - for I could discern few differences between those who worked or lived there, but noted the general impact of institutionalisation on everyone.

My own research in criminology has taken me in and out of police stations, youth courts, magistrates' courts, the crown prosecution service, detention centres for asylum-seekers, children's homes and men's and women's prisons. But broadly speaking, my interests revolve around conceptions of crime, conceptions of justice, race and gender issues in the delivery of justice through various penalties and measures imposed by the courts, youth justice, the links between criminal justice and social justice, and the possibility of alternatives to punitive sanctions (e.g. offender-victim mediation, restorative justice). I am also interested in qualitative research methodologies (including new narrative biographical interview approaches).

Having roamed around within the criminological field, I have developed a habit of drawing links between things and this has continued with steps into the world of psychotherapy. There are many areas where links can be made between criminology and psychotherapy, - for example in methodology and in the psychoanalytical dimension of the research process – but here I shall just discuss what I call 'the affective dimensions of criminology'. First a comment on the changing shape of criminology and its movement away from psychoanalysis.

The relationship to psychoanalysis

The links between criminology and psychoanalysis are perhaps not obvious, although in an early phase of British criminology, psychoanalytic perspectives enjoyed considerable prominence. Freud's writing on guilt and criminality ('Criminals from a sense of guilt', 1916) certainly captured the interest of Melanie Klein (1927) and Winnicott (1965) in their reflections about the 'driven' nature of certain criminal acts, and reflected a general criminological concern to understand. For example, the psychoanalyst Edward Glover, and the psychoanalytically oriented psychiatrist Emanuel Miller, founded, and for twenty-five years edited, the renowned *British Journal of Criminology* for the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency. Psychoanalytic ideas seemed to give a dimension of understanding of criminal motivation to mirror sociological explanations which focused, in the period of post-war reconstruction in particular, on economic deprivation. John Bowlby's idea of affective deprivation in infancy, through early separation or other causes (Bowlby, 1946), and the subsequent emergence of the idea of a 'cycle of deprivation' prompted by apparent deficiences in parenting, forged links, similar to those being made in related fields of social policy, between psychodynamic and sociological explanations. The setting up of the Children's Department within the Home Office in the 1940s, for instance, certainly reflected psychoanalytical ideas and prompted some early thinking on the need to blur the distinction between the 'deprived' and the 'depraved' juvenile delinquent.

But with a handful of exceptions concerning individual psychoanalysts (one of the most notable being Arthur Hyatt-Williams[1] (1999) and occasional flirtation with psychoanalytical ideas,[2] the redefinition of the main substantive areas, theoretical framing, and methodologies of criminology has had the effect of marginalising psychoanalytic perspectives.

The marginalisation of psychoanalytical perspectives seemed to occur during the 1960s when there was growing dissatisfaction with psychoanalytical forms of explanation. Psychoanalytical theorists and practitioners came to be seen to be too closely identified with dominant institutions and their ideological and strategic concerns with social control. Deviance and criminal behaviour came to be viewed much more as a social construction, and attempts to explain the processes involved in its construction came to have as much legitimacy as positivistic accounts of the causes of deviancy and the effects of different policy responses to it.

If psychoanalytical ideas have been pushed to the margins of the criminological enterprise, at the same time, some work with offenders (particularly those men and women who have committed sexual offences against the law) has continued - at the Tavistock Clinic, at the Portman Clinic and at one or two other specialist centres dotted around the country. It is also important to note a recent resurgence of interest in therapeutic interventions, but these are largely of a cognitive behavioural variety (for example, there are now national

treatment programmes within prisons and as part of community sentences which focus on effective thinking skills training, the management and control of anger, the management and control of sex offending).

Inspired by North American research (for example, Gendreau and Ross, 1979, 1987; and Lipton, 1998) these programmes are generally grounded in cognitive psychology and the belief that short term work in controlled group settings can facilitate a change in thinking patterns and thus behaviour - particularly behaviour which is associated with re-offending. There has recently been a ground swell of criticism which revolves around faulty methodology (programmes which worked with white men in Canada are simply presumed to work cross-culturally and for women for instance) and around the short-term effects of such interventions; structural, economic and cultural issues (social exclusion, poverty and social inequalities, for instance) are not easily translatable into effective individual-based intervention strategies. Nevertheless, we can discern a clear push to promote such programmes within the English criminal justice system.

Despite the much reduced role of psychoanalytical perspectives in mainstream criminology however, I think that it is possible to identify a number of areas where there may be something of a rapprochement between elements of the world of criminology and elements of the world of psychoanalysis and psychotherapy. I attempt to sketch just two areas here which broadly come under the heading of 'reflexivity'. First, what might be described as 'disciplinary reflexivity' - looking at some of the processes which characterise a particular intellectual discipline - in this case criminology - as a social science.

The 're-enchantment of the social'

Over the course of the last three hundred years, it has been said that science gradually came to monopolise all claims to truth. It is certainly the case that since the middle of the nineteenth century, the authority of science has superseded that held by its more 'irrational' antecedents, most significantly, religion. Today, we inhabit a world where everything has, at one time or another, been subject to the unforgiving gaze of scientific analysis. Some critics would argue that anything that has challenged the supremacy of instrumental reason and the hegemony of scientific method has been subject to censure. In contrast, recent history (what some would describe as post-modernity)[3] has often been equated with a re-discovery of the mystical domain and the concomitant rejection of scientific reason. All that modernity has set aside, including emotions, feelings, intuition, reflection, speculation, personal experience, cosmology, magic, religious sentiment and mystical experience take on a renewed importance in the post-modern world. Whereas modernity sought the elimination of the irrational and the magical, post-modernity entails a gradual re-animation of the social, a re-animation which celebrates anew those very phenomena which were previously outlawed. Evidence of this re-enchantment can be found in various aspects of post-modern culture. In literature, for example, the work of Salman Rushdie, Gabriel Garcia Marquez and Umberto Eco, combines a critical political realism with a fascination for the mystical domain; it is surely no accident that literary theorists speak of a new genre, that of 'magical realism'. In architecture, the epithet post-modernity refers to a building that playfully flaunts the orders prescribing what fits with what and what should be kept out to preserve the functional modernist logic of steel, glass and concrete. Finally, the mass appeal of New Age 'sensibilities' with fascination for Eastern mysticism (Buddhism, I Ching, meditation, yoga, yogic flying), 'deep ecology' and 'pop' psychology illustrate the kind of re-enchantment which has been suggested.

It is also worth pausing briefly to consider the form that this development has taken within the human sciences: how has the re-enchantment of the social manifested itself in the social sciences and what kinds of issues does it raise? In answering this question, the first point to be noted is the close relationship between the human sciences and modernity. Social (human) science has often been an exercise in establishing cold, hard facts about the extant world, a form of knowing which defines itself in opposition to those very phenomena which post-modernity wishes to celebrate, namely the mystical, the spontaneous and the emotional. The human sciences are, therefore, intimately related to the project of modernity. Given this fact, it would be surprising if any re-enchantment of the human sciences took the form of a simple re-discovery of mysticism. Rather, it seems more likely that the effects of post-modernity would reveal themselves in a slightly more oblique fashion.

Whilst it would be unwise to generalise about recent developments in social science, everything that self-consciously proclaims itself 'post-modern' does appear to share a suspicion of rationality and a concomitant celebration of those aspects of existence which stand in contra-distinction to Reason. Post-modern social science focuses on alternative discourses rather than on goals, choices, behaviour and attitudes. Post-modern social scientists support a refocusing on what has historically been taken for granted and what has been neglected, regions of resistance, the forgotten, the irrational, the insignificant, the repressed, the borderline, the sacred, the eccentric, the excluded, the tenuous, the silenced. Within a post-modern perspective, social

science becomes a more subjective and humble enterprise. Confidence in emotion replaces efforts at impartial observation. Relativism is preferred to objectivity, fragmentation to totalisation. Within this paradigm, it is perfectly legitimate (even desirable) to consider feelings and emotions. These are no longer topics 'beyond the pale'. This does not seem a million miles away from essential precepts within psychoanalytical approaches.

In criminology itself (though it would be more accurate to say in the borderlands of criminology) a number of developments reflect this 're-enchantment with the social': recognition of subjectivities in the research process, recognition of the social construction of gender identities, acceptance of feminist claims about the knowledge base of personal experience, and increasing interest in 'alternative social interventions' to the punishment of offenders to reduce crime - mediation between offenders and victims for instance.

I am aware of making some sweeping generalisations and touching all too lightly some thorny issues within this brief reflection on the discipline of criminology and it may be that the bridges between the worlds of criminology and psychotherapy which I discern are primarily personal. But at the very least, these ruminations around the disciplinary contours of criminology have alerted me to the need to ruminate around the contours of psychotherapy as a discipline and as a practice, as well as trying to think psychoanalytically within it. Let me turn to a different sort of reflexivity here to say something about the usefulness of psychoanalytical thinking within criminology.

Thinking psychoanalytically in criminology

In reflexive mode then, another area of my general interest revolves around our often emotive, ambivalent and paradoxical responses to crime and punishment. When interviewing people in prison, for instance, I have been struck by the strange feelings of affection that some prisoners hold towards their prison 'home'. In contrast to Goffman's classic thesis and numerous texts about prison life which stress the negative aspects of life within the total institution, principally the loss or 'mortification' of the self, for some prisoners the experience of incarceration is both positive and gratifying. Far from culminating in the death of the self, imprisonment is sometimes experienced as a time of quietude, 'spiritual rebirth', and camaraderie, the prison itself being a place of nurture, a refuge from the uncertain responsibilities and dangers of freedom. This is *not* to advocate imprisonment, far from it. The key issue is perhaps how to create supportive networks well before people reach the point of imprisonment.

Theoretical debate concerning the existential dimensions of crime has tended to focus on the experiential significance of the criminal act from the perspective of the offender (most famously in the work of Jack Katz -*The Seductions of Crime*, 1988). But again, when interviewing victims of crime, magistrates, community service beneficiaries, probation officers and people involved with voluntary agencies, for instance, the conversation has sometimes wandered in the direction of the glamorous attraction of the criminal from the perspective of the law-abiding citizen. While noting the emotive power of criminal and penal issues, responses to these themes then often seem irrational or ambivalent. While many often fear offenders and deplore their actions, they become the object of fascination. They can become exotic and heroic figures who transcend the mundane and appear to enjoy a form of freedom denied to those bound by the oppressive strictures of civil society.[4] It may be that, unconsciously at least, we envy offenders and take vicarious pleasure in their exploits. Indeed, the 'passions' engendered by criminality: fear, fascination, excitement, and rage, ensure that crime remains one of popular culture's most enduring obsessions (witness the fascination with TV crime stories for instance).

Needless to say, there is much to be explored or tested out here, but it does seem to me that the intensity and complexity of people's engagement with crime and punishment is both meaningful and significant. The 'offender' is often characterised as a rational calculating subject, but this doesn't quite fit with the popular 'romance' of crime and criminals. Myra Hindley is represented as absolutely 'evil', whereas Ronnie Kray becomes a folk hero for instance. The pathologising of the offender in populist and media discourses as 'dirt', 'slime', 'scum' and 'filth' is very interesting in itself. The creation of a clear-cut dichotomy between 'us' and 'them' perhaps leads us to reflect on the possibility that the righteous fervour of condemnation is a defence mechanism. In demonising the criminal we perhaps split off the bad, unacceptable bits of self and project them. We must condemn the 'other' in order to assuage our own guilt, while the criminal can only ascend to glory if the majority live lives of ignoble conformity.

If viewed through a lens of recent social theory, such projectional defences might be understood in terms of a late-modern quest for order (Bauman, 1991) rather than a Freudian flight from guilt. Anthony Giddens (1991), for example, has suggested that in an age of uncertainty we may often employ defence mechanisms in order to assuage a threatened sense of ontological security. Furthermore, in political terms, policies of 'cleansing' - such as 'zero tolerance' policing and the penal incapacitation of 'problem populations'

have proved popular with anxious electorates. Conversely, the increasingly internal referentiality of our life projects may permit the repressed to return. Perhaps as we trade security for freedom, the 'romance' with crime will flourish as we explore the 'dark' sides of our natures.

Notes

1. Arthur Hyatt-Williams produced a fascinating and instructive collection of essays in 1999 which reflects his life's work with offenders (largely through his work as a senior member of staff at the Tavistock Clinic) *Cruelty, Violence And Murder: Understanding The Criminal Mind* (London: Karnac Books).
2. Psychoanalytical perspectives are particularly evident in writings relating to various paraphilias, morbid jealousy, and shoplifting, though my impression is that there have been relatively few writings reflecting such perspectives since the 1960s and early 1970s. Psychodynamic ideas can certainly be traced in the rehabilitative ideas of the 1960s with notions of social work in prisons, counselling offenders within and without prisons, and efforts to deal with the juvenile offender as 'deprived' as much as 'depraved', but in much diluted form.
3. Post-modernity is a multi-layered concept that alerts us to a variety of major social and cultural changes taking place at the end of the twentieth century within many 'advanced' societies. Rapid technological change, involving telecommunications and computer power, shifting political concerns, the rise of social movements, especially those with a green, gender, ethnic and racial focus are all implicated. But it is more than this too. Perhaps an idea, a cultural experience, a social condition...or a combination of all three and more. Essentially, it is a recent period in history which is contrasted with Modernity - that is, the social order - modes of social life and organisation which emerged in Europe from about the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries onwards and which subsequently became world-wide in their influence (emphasising progress, science, reason, rationality and bureaucracy amongst other things).
4. A point which carries resonance for Peter Lomas's discussion about the moral ambivalence of the psychotherapist in *Doing Good? Psychotherapy out of its depth.* (Oxford University Press, 1999).

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Julia Pyper

Reading with children

Since my children were born I have found that I read very little adult fiction. When I read it is either children's books or psychotherapy texts. This combination has led me to reflect on the ways in which we as parents use children' books and the ways in which they may help children psychologically. I am thinking particularly of stories for 1-4 year olds.

Pop a grape into your mouth. Feel the smooth taut green skin momentarily before you burst it with your teeth. Out rushes the cool liquid, the delicious flavour, the new texture. You knew that would happen; it is pleasurable, fun, oral, sensual. Anticipation. You do it again.

You don't like grapes? What about those Fererro Rocher Chocolate balls in their shiny wrappers; undress it, the crunchy outside, the truffle, the crisp bit in the middle. Maybe you dissect it (in private, guiltily?) or attack it whole. Whatever. Anticipation. You do it again.

Books are the same. As a child or as an adult you can read a book over and over. You know that the excitement, the intrigue, the story will unfold as you expect it to but you relish the way it unfolds and what it leads to. You enjoy guessing, the hints at other possible outcomes and wondering about them. You know what will happen but still enjoy the story and the experience. There are many reasons for reading books. For fun and unpredictability, to transport us to other places and times, to see things differently, through another's eyes, to excite us or to remind us. No wonder we say books are like old friends. Books matter.

Before I had children I always had this rosy image of sitting with them on my lap, curled up with a book, enjoying it together, traversing the ups and downs of stories, sharing the funny bits, comforting in the scary bits. Some years later when I had my children I was sometimes too shattered to face the bath, needed a drink to face it or was irritable and exasperated when getting them out. But ahh, story time - that I enjoyed.

So what is children's literature doing for small children? What do they learn about themselves and the world from those stories? Take Rev. Awdry's '*Thomas the Tank Engine Stories*' (Awdry 1945), not the Thomas merchandising phenomena but the original stories. Have you ever read them? People usually make this type of response, "The Thomas stories, oh god (face grimaces, voice gets louder and goes down a tone) what a misogynistic, unpleasant boring set of...well I mean women don't exist..." (Certainly they are poorly represented.) Maybe all this is true, but where Thomas is loved it is because of these very stories that some (but by no means all) adults find intolerable to read. Sometimes I also find them heavy but it's fascinating to watch my children's responses to them. The child listens intently, eyes fixed on the displaced form of themselves in the attractive shape and colour of Thomas the Tank Engine. Thomas is a real personality, far from the one-dimensional characters of so many children's stories.. From him the children can see that they can be all the things that normal people are: self-aggrandising, boastful, cheeky, kind, loving, fed-up, competitive, proud. The list is long.

One day I was reprimanding my 3 year old son; he looked up soberly and said "Yes Sir, sorry Sir, I won't do it again Sir." I thought this was a joke, (okay so I was pregnant and looked like the Fat Controller) but as he scampered off I saw that Thomas had done him a favour. He could cope with the telling off, take it in and not feel the need to defend himself against any form of criticism. Criticism was okay and he was okay. He could learn and he could be naughty too. For a while after that he would address me like the Fat Controller when being reprimanded. He's now five and is happy enough to live by the rules, and with confidence he selectively breaks them too. Perhaps this would have happened anyway but I think Thomas helped.

Modern thinking says we should tell a child that what they *do* is wrong not that they *are* wrong. But

as Freud said, we communicate through 'the very pores of our body;' in other words the children know of our displeasure. If we are irritable that's what we communicate and what is important is their ego strength, or their strength of identity in this case, to process such displeasure appropriately or healthily. It is not just about feeling sufficiently loved; it's about things not needing to be black and white. Words like cheeky are useful in this respect, even if it is a labelling word. Cheeky has a sort of okay ring to it. Okay and not okay, like Thomas. This sort of toleration and acceptance of others, (together with teasing) might be seen as representative of the Christian values that the Rev. W. Awdry evidently held.

Another book that has been very useful on occasion is '*Katie Morag and the Tiresome Ted*' (Hedderwick 1986). Katie is about 4 and a new baby is born. She gets very grumpy and angrily chucks her favourite toy bear (her 'transitional object') into the sea. Then she is sent to stay with Granny until she recovers herself upon which she is returned to her family. An annoying problem with this story is that Katie's feelings of being usurped by the new baby are not tolerated or treated with respect. Upon demonstrating her distress and jealousy she is sent away. Katie is expected to suppress her feelings and become loving and caring as soon as possible. This engenders some discomfort in the book. The children I have read it to have often been just slightly perturbed, identifying with Katie and not being quite satisfied with the outcome which amounts to a massive suppression - something which all children intuitively know is unattainable for any length of time, given the trying conditions of such sibling rivalries. But it is useful as a graphic description of a child's anger being enacted.

One day my two year old had been angry about something. He was cross and didn't know what to do with it. It was bedtime and I got out *Katie Morag and the Tiresome Ted*. I read the story normally until I got to the bit where she chucks away her transitional object, the most loved thing she has. I hammed that bit up, bellowing angrily, "...and she *kicked* him into the sea." Turning to my son I said, "She *was* angry wasn't she?" My son had a furrowed brow and was staring intently. At the end of the story he sighed heavily. She had recovered the bear and all was well. She had explored and expressed her anger and nothing terrible had happened as a result. The anger was tolerated or held in the story. My son's anger had melted too. He had identified with the angry bit, felt it and felt the expression of it, and seen the resolution. That was easier for him than his usual screaming on the floor when confronted with his anger. It helped a little.

Another book that both enthrals and makes children shudder is Judith Kerr's '*The Tiger who came for Tea*'. This is a 1960's favourite with lovely illustrations about a little girl and her mother who are having tea when a Tiger knocks on the door. He comes in and proceeds to eat all the tea, then all the supper cooking in the saucepans, all the water in the taps and all the tins in the cupboards until there is nothing left and he leaves. The child's father comes home and they go for tea in a café and the next day they replenish their supplies including a tin of tiger food, but the tiger never comes back.

What is astonishing about this story is that the tiger is doing quite an aggressive act. He enters their household (womb?) he takes it all (rape?) and leaves. Throughout all this the beautiful pictures show the little girl cuddling and caressing this tiger whose actions are basically hostile. It perplexes my children and yet they like to read it sometimes. Is it the horror of knowing that one can love people who are also unkind? That could be a parent, or other loved person, and it could also be a representation of an abusive relationship. Such a story introduces children to the complexities of love. Children have a great sense of fairness, they quickly get to feel what is right for them and they respond to these issues alongside enjoying the fun parts of such stories, the humour and illustrations in this case.

The beauty of children's literature is that it is such an incredibly rich resource. Take for example Shirley Hughes, who is to children's literature what Nigella Lawson is to comfort baking. The sheer range of emotions, images and situations she portrays are all readily recognisable and easy to identify with. She has wonderful illustrations; her stories are often focussed on the experience of the child, observing the detail of everyday life. The stories feel complete and satisfying. There can't be a child with a transitional object who hasn't been enthralled with '*Dogger*', the story of the near loss of the transitional object. She so aptly shows, pictorially, the child's great distress at his lack of empowerment to resolve his problem - he has dropped his beloved dog, called 'Dogger' and it has wound up for sale at the school fair. It costs 5p and he only has 3p. By the time he returns another child has bought it. These are real life crises, which Hughes uses the older sister to solve. The child looking at and hearing this story explores such painful feelings of loss and powerlessness and of having faith. These are useful lessons in life that pave the way for development and cannot in words alone be explained to a two year old. But the stories perform these and many other functions.

Books are great fun as well. Sarah Garland's series, *'Doing the Garden,' 'Going Shopping,'* and *'Having a Picnic'* among others, are lovely pictorial stories for 18-month-olds. The ducks eat the buns, the child laughs and laughs. Naughty ducks. The child may

even be a little frightened when first reading that story – they know it is wrong to steal the buns – but here they learn about humour. These stories are particularly satisfying for the parent too, because they clearly sympathise with the hardworking parent by showing pictures of the exhausted mother passed out at the end of the story. Another theme is excitement and humour – a lovely mix. Take '*The Little Mouse, The Red Ripe Strawberry, and The Big Hungry Bear*' (Wood & Wood 1984). In this story a mouse goes to pick a large strawberry. It is overshadowed by a fantasy 'big hungry bear' that also wants that strawberry. The mouse is scared, then terrified, then resorts to all manner of bizarre efforts to protect that strawberry. For example it puts glasses and a moustache on it and pretends to be having tea. Children love this absurdity and it is moving to hear the deep and gratifying chuckle of understanding from an 18-month-old baby.

My thoughts here perhaps just put into words what every parent instinctively knows about reading to their children, but I think there is something to be gained in thinking about the subject in psychodynamic terms, allowing the detailed understandings of psychotherapy about communication and the experience of the individual to enhance our enjoyment of reading with children.

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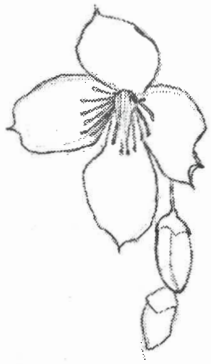

Reviews & responses

Saving Masud Khan

Saving Masud Khan by Wynne Godley. London Review of Books, Vol.23, No.4, 27th February 2001.

Response by Peter Lomas

Among the many dangers of embarking on an intimate relationship is that either or both of the participants may go public afterwards. There are many examples of this in literary circles, often excruciatingly embarrassing to those portrayed or their relatives.

In psychotherapy it is nearly always the practitioner who reveals what went on, either because he aims to further knowledge of the discipline or because he wishes to bolster his professional career. He is, however, constrained by the convention of confidentiality to be cautious in his revelations.

The patient is bound by no such professional scruples, a fact which leaves the therapist in a vulnerable position. Moreover, the motives of the patient are likely to be different. He may indeed wish to contribute to knowledge but he may also have been left with a desire to denounce his therapist. In view of their vulnerability therapists may well feel indignant at Wynne Godley's dissection of his analysis with Masud Khan. Nevertheless Godley's thoughtful account deserves our attention.

Godley was referred to Masud Khan by Winnicott, whose theories he is familiar with and can articulate clearly. Before describing his encounter with Khan he formulates his own psychopathology in terms of a 'false self' by means of which he managed to get by in life without obvious disablement. His childhood was so suffused with traumatic experiences it is hardly surprising that grew up passive, lonely, sickly and emotionally damaged. He knew himself to be 'worthless...fat, dull and unmanly' yet also believed that he was 'specially endowed with supernatural, even divine powers.' One of the many hazards of his early days was that his father, whom he came to regard as weak and in need of reassurance, was violent, given to drunkenness, anti-Semitic, and in most ways, irresponsible. In spite of, or because of this unpromising environment, Godley flourished intellectually and studied at Oxford.

Godley describes his interview with Winnicott, who reminded him of 'a very frail Spencer Tracy' and whose words, though not very coherent, felt like a direct communication to his primitive self. His first meeting with Khan however was very different. Quite early in the interview Khan asked him if he had read about him in the papers, and afterwards, took him home in his expensive car, flourishing a volume of James Joyce's poetry on the way. From the very beginning Wynne concluded that Khan needed to impress him with his cultured and affluent style of life and the social standing of his acquaintances.

It was not long before Godley went to pieces, a breakdown which, however, brought him a degree of insight into his vulnerability. He realised that all his life he had been sacrificing himself in order to support and reassure weak and needy parents. Khan may well, unwittingly or not, have enabled this insight to occur, but, ironically, he was repeating the very trauma which had been Godley's undoing.

The rest of the analysis was, in Godley's account, a disaster of scandalous proportions. Khan openly revealed his preposterous vanity and fanatical racial prejudices. 'At the least slight it was Khan's invariable response to deliver a righteous speech, often finishing up with some withering coda, such as "And to think that you people ruled the world!"'

Although Godley was still having sessions, and paying for them, the relationship became openly a social one. He was invited to restaurants with Khan and his wife, the ballerina Beriosova, which often ended in drunken orgies. On one occasion he went

for a session and found Khan, screaming in agony, "My wife has kicked me in the balls."

It is a measure of the hold that psychoanalysis can exhort that Godley put up with it as long as he did. The final straw came when Khan confronted Wynne's pregnant wife and ranted with such ferocity that she suffered pain in the womb. Wynne rang up Winnicott and said "Khan is mad"; to which Winnicott replied "Yes" and subsequently told Khan not to communicate with Godley again. One wonders what Winnicott was doing in referring patients to such a man as Khan, who was in analysis with him at the time.

This sorry tale raises many questions and it is here only possible to deal with a very few of them. Firstly, how reliable is Godley's account? Personally, I find his portrayal of Khan convincing. One of the motives for publishing the piece is surely revenge, but the writing is so restrained and the factual details so weighty that the account has the ring of truth. It also squares with my own knowledge of Khan, what I learned from talking to colleagues about him, having had two of his ex-patients in therapy, and from reading his last book, *When Spring Comes*, in which his anti-Semitic tirades leave one gasping.

Secondly how did Khan get away with it for so long? It was only after years and years of malpractice that he was finally kicked out of the Freudian Institute on the grounds of his openly declared anti-Semitism. It rather seems a case of professionals sheltering their own kind at the expense of the public. If the professionals cannot be trusted in this matter it would seem useful to require a declared code of ethics and accountability to an independent judgement. We cannot, however, expect that this will necessarily ensure moral decency. Moreover, in the present climate of opinion, in which, for fear of retribution, physicians take unnecessary x-rays and teachers dare not embrace a distressed child, psychotherapists are fortunate not to be targeted in this way. But the time may come when we dare not touch our patients.

Thirdly, there is the efficacy of training. Khan received probably the most rigorous training to be had - certainly in times of time and money - and was taught by the most reputable psychoanalysts in the land. He was deemed to be a prize student and it was generally agreed that he was brilliant and talented and that he knew the writings of Freud better than anyone else in the Society. Yet he could not be relied upon to behave responsibly and decently. Would this have happened if psychoanalysts recognised that their work is enmeshed in morality? This raises the question as to how we can best select and teach people whose integrity and moral behaviour can be relied upon.

Fourthly, technique. If Khan had followed classical technique and adhered to the boundaries defined by that technique this particular kind of disaster would presumably not have happened. At first sight this appears to be a good argument in favour of technique. But the situation is complex. Khan's failure was not due to any lack of knowledge of technique; it was a failure of the ordinary capacity to care for an unhappy person who came to him for help. It was a failure of love. Moreover, if one departs from technique the main issue is whether or not this is done with sensitivity and compassion rather than a narcissistic indulgence and over wheening vanity.

Fifthly, reputation. Khan was considered a major figure in psychoanalysis. He wrote engagingly and convincingly. But he appears to have been taken at face value. His writings imply that he was a successful therapist. But do we know this to be the case? There is plenty of evidence to the contrary. It may be that an unsuccessful therapist can stimulate thought and even create good theory. We should, however be cautious about this. The safest and probably the best theory is likely to come from good therapy. And we know, from other fields of endeavour, how easy it is to be dazzled by brilliance.

Sixthly, provocation. When someone is very resistant - and, particularly, if they are complacent - it is not a bad idea to jolt or provoke them into some sort of response. This, I take it, is what Khan tends to do and, I think, feels justified, and even proud in so doing. And I imagine that it sometimes works. But much depends on the degree of sadism involved. In Khan's own written descriptions of his outbursts and in Godley's report ("You are a tiresome and disappointing man") it is hard to believe the words to be therapeutic.

Godley makes it clear that his article is not an attack on psychoanalysis:

> I could not have gained the insight to write this piece, nor could have I recovered from the experiences I have described, if they had not at last been undone at the hands of a skilful, patient and selfless American analyst beside whom the conceited antics of Khan, and, indeed Winnicott seem grotesque beyond words.

We are left to wonder how the recovery took place and what sort of shape Godley is now in. This brief statement makes one realise how little Godley tells us about himself as an adult and what might have been his own part in the catastrophe of the first analysis. He appears to take no responsibility for his actions. He is a victim of bad upbringing, then a victim of a bad analyst and, later, he is cured by a practitioner who sounds unbelievably ideal. How

much splitting is going on in Godley's mind? Although Khan's behaviour cannot be justified, his openness may well have given something to his patient that remains unacknowledged. Charles Rycroft, who knew Khan intimately, once told me that Khan, although a dilettante and "rather mad" was sometimes able to help people when others had failed. It may be that his spontaneity and impetuosity could stir life into some of those apparently beyond reach.

Idealisation corrupts all those involved in it. We can be grateful to Godley for adding a bit more evidence to our gradual disillusionment in Khan but we need to keep our perspective: this is simply one man's account of another in a certain situation, and could easily lead to a demonisation of Khan. Many people, shrewd enough to be aware of his frailties, nevertheless admired and warmed to him as well as feeling compassion. He often spoke his mind to good effect. Many years ago I was asked to edit a book for the Institute of Psychoanalysis. Khan was series editor and I sent the manuscript to him. He promptly telephoned and harangued me, with evident scorn, for including a contribution which he considered unworthy. It didn't take me long to realise that he was absolutely right. I agreed to change it and he helped me bring this about. I remain in his debt for this.

I do not think that there is a simple or single lesson that we can take from this account of Khan. Each of us will no doubt make our own sense of it. For me the most important issue it raises is a moral one. In so far as Khan failed his patient it was because of his moral frailty. He indulged his narcissism to a degree that blinded him to consideration of Godley's needs. What was missing was the humility that is necessary for good therapy. But Khan was himself a victim of a conception of psychotherapy that values theory above practice and verbal brilliance above the ordinary qualities that make for healing. Those who write books do not necessarily make good therapists and theories that do not emerge from good therapy should be viewed with circumspection.

Afterword

Since writing the above I received a letter out of the blue from an American psychologist Linda Hopkins, who is engaged on a biography of Masud Khan, and who hoped I might be of some help. I replied to her, enclosing a copy of this review. Her subsequent response was interesting. She knows Wynne Godley very well and has interviewed him extensively over the course of a year. "He has an incredible memory," she writes, "I too believe his account of what happened." In her view Godley was a difficult patient who was hallucinating when he first came for treatment. She finds it very notable that in his article he left out his collusion in the whole process. Godley's assessment of the analysis apparently changed during the course of his interviews with Hopkins. Whereas he originally told her would still go to Khan he has now changed his mind. She believes this is because he is so keen on presenting his view of Khan's destructiveness.

Linda Hopkins enclosed with her letter a copy of a paper she had written entitled 'D.W.Winnicott's analysis of Masud Khan' (in *Contemporary Psychoanalysis Vol.34, No.1.* 1998.) It is a very thought-provoking account, relevant not only to Winnicott and Khan but to the nature of psychoanalysis. It is of course extremely difficult to get the hang of what factors contribute to the success or failure of a therapy. In the same way that we struggle to understand the ways in which Khan helped or hindered Godley, so with Winnicott and Khan. Khan has said that Winnicott saved him: and this may be true. But Khan emerged with so much in his personality that was distressing, disabling and destructive that it is difficult to regard the endeavour as a successful one. Hopkins attributes Winnicott's failure – insofar as it was a failure – to the fact that he backed off from confrontation and that, despite his theoretical belief that development requires the analyst to survive destructive attack he did not provide a relationship in which this could be tested. Although Winnicott's failure could be perceived in different terms I find Hopkins' thesis credible and her paper rich and illuminating.

Creative therapies

Where analysis meets the arts: the integration of the arts therapies with psychoanalytic theory. Edited by Yvonne Searle and Isabelle Streng. Karnac 2001.

Reviewed by Rosemary Randall

In this illuminating book about the creative arts therapies – art, dance, music, drama and psychodrama therapy – Joy Schaverein describes how in the early days of art therapy there was a hierarchical divide between the artists and psychoanalysts who worked together with patients. The task of the artist was to elicit and encourage the

production of art work. The task of the psychoanalyst was to interpret it. Art was thus subservient to analysis and interpreted not in its own terms but within those of psychoanalysis. In this framework, art might be seen by a Freudian as a form of sublimation, a compromise between the pleasure principle and the reality principle, a covert expression of hidden impulses analogous to a dream. For a Jungian, it would provide access to archetypes and the healing power of the unconscious. To a Kleinian it would signify the expression of object-relationships in the inner world. All of these views are essentially reductive of both the artistic process and its product and it is to the credit of the contributors to this book, how far they have moved beyond them, taking certain understandings from psychoanalysis but ignoring others.

The best parts of the book are those where the contributors explain what they do in their work, giving examples of the subtle, creative and exciting experiences which they access. Kedzie Penfield, a dance and movement therapist, describes how the interdependent elements of the patient's work, her presence and the dance combine in a process that is sometimes verbalised and sometimes not. With one patient, Sam, she explores what seems to be an early experience of abandonment, through physical movements of creeping, rolling, playing with balance, rocking and tumbling. They don't discuss the experience verbally but she feels that Sam's relationship to this piece of his history is changed 'through the dance of his moving body'. With another patient, Clara, she creates what she calls a 'dance phrase'- a small piece of choreography - which helps her towards clearer recollection and verbal articulation of physical abuse. Penfield sees the creation of this 'dance phrase' in terms of counter-transference and projective identification and in this case the dance is used to move towards verbal exploration very similar to that in psychoanalytic psychotherapy.

A number of the contributors emphasise the primacy of the artistic medium over verbal expression: musical babble precedes the development of speech; motor development is intertwined with pre-verbal emotional history; developmentally, children understand images before words. As a result, the artistic forms of music, dance and painting can provide an easier route to understanding pre-verbal and non-verbal experience. Helen Odell-Miller writes movingly about music therapy with people who find talking difficult and describes vividly how the music becomes an alternative form of communication which nonetheless needs to be understood using a psychoanalytic framework. Concepts of transference and counter-transference are again particularly important. Describing one patient, whose cognitive abilities were deteriorating due to early onset dementia she writes:

> Striving to follow him - his improvisations, his style, his musical flow – always felt like a musical struggle where each had to be as adept as the other…I sometimes felt inadequate and that Martin was wanting to show his musical prowess over mine.

She realises that she is both being asked to help keep alive the musical faculty within which he feels most validated but is also being 'put in the role of feeling inadequate – a position that he himself was now in most often in relation to the world.'

The book is at its weakest where its contributors rely most uncritically on psychoanalytic concepts, accept their truth too respectfully and seem to ignore the challenges that their own practice throws out to psychoanalysis. For example, these therapists are all active, involved participants in the therapeutic work. They are a very long way from the passivity endorsed by Freud in his 'Papers on Technique'. They respond, they react, they suggest, they offer. They may sing, play, paint, dance or act with their patients. Yet the work is unmistakably psychoanalytic: memories, dreams and history are explored; an understanding of the unconscious is valued; ideas of transference and counter-transference weave their way around artistic processes. In their concluding chapter however the editors worry that this activity may create 'noise' that might influence the nature of the transference, damaging it, blocking it or distracting from it. What seems harder for them to take up is the possibility that psychoanalysis might have got it wrong and that their own practice might offer some insights into why. Were themes such as this to be taken up and explored I think we might see more clearly not just how psychoanalysis can support and nurture the creative arts therapies but how they in turn could enrich psychoanalytic work by challenging some of its technical rigidities and theoretical assumptions. Nonetheless this book is a very useful introduction to the arts therapies and one which could inspire many of us to think again about our practice.

Mind, mood and cognition

In 'The Times Literary Supplement' April 27th 2001 Paul Crichton wrote a Commentary on the rapid rise and acceptance of Cognitive Behavioural Therapy. Entitled 'Mind over Mood? the paradoxical triumph of Beck's cognitive therapy' *Crichton argued that the theoretical and philosophical basis of CBT is extremely shaky.*

Response by Peter Lomas

It is Paul Crichton's opinion that cognitive behavioural therapy (CBT), the introduction of which he attributes to Aaron Beck, is 'rapidly eclipsing Freud's psychoanalysis as the predominant model in clinical practice.' Few, I imagine, would disagree with this statement. Indeed, CBT appears to be sweeping the board. The superiority of CBT over other forms of therapy is, by and large, the received view of psychiatry, psychology, medicine, the media and even the insurance companies. A recent document circulated to psychiatrists, general practitioners and many others in the helping professions offers guidelines for the treatment of psychological disorders of various kinds. (Department of Health 2001) In almost every case the chosen recommendation is CBT because it is 'evidence-based'. Similar conclusions were reached a year ago by the NHS Review *'Psychotherapy Services in England'*. (Department of Health 2000)

Crichton does not challenge the received view 'It has been demonstrated in clinical trials to work.' The paradox to which he refers in the title is the fact that CBT works yet is based on a theory which he believes to be fundamentally unsound. Before looking at his discussion of theory, however, it may be apposite to consider the widespread assumption of CBT's proven efficacy.

Given their confidence in a psychology based on experimental science it is not surprising that cognitive therapists have conducted statistical studies of their work with such assiduousness. Nor, perhaps is it unexpected that the results of studies couched in such concepts should tend to favour those treatments based on the same theoretical formulae. In our scientific age it is difficult for psychotherapists to combat these claims, for the basis on which we are likely to challenge them would not be a scientific one. The proposition that psychotherapy cannot be usefully measured by objective criteria is likely to be received with scorn. Moreover, even given the crudeness of contemporary research, psychotherapists may be a trifle uneasy that their work appears to come out so badly. It could be, however, that, in their eagerness to convince us of the superiority of CBT, (for reasons that may not be entirely scientific) the authorities have been too hasty. Recent research using methodology similar to that of earlier studies, has cast serious doubts about the value of CBT. (Leff et al 2000 and Richardson and Hobson) But myths die hard and the 'proven efficacy' of CBT is now so widely accepted that this particular myth is not likely to disappear overnight.

Assessing the validity of cognitive theory Crichton briefly and succinctly outlines Beck's model:

> Before Beck, negative thinking was regarded as a symptom of an emotional disorder, such as depression. Beck suggested that it was the other way round: '...it is cognition that causes depression, anxiety and personality disorder. The job of the therapist, therefore, is to get the patient to have positive and healthy thoughts. Put more generally, the relationship between cognition is linear: cognition causes emotion.

This kind of formulation, Crichton notes, goes back at least to Plato and stands in contrast to the high regard for catharsis held by Aristotle and, in our time, Freud. There are, however, problems with the primacy-of-cognition hypothesis, for sometimes emotions can be seen to initiate a troubled state of mind. Moreover, the model does not explain the intuitive distinction most of us make between believing something with our heads and believing it with our hearts. Even more difficult for cognitive theory is the well-argued view that reason and emotion are closely enmeshed. Crichton quotes Martha Nussbaum's elegant support of this belief in her book *Love's Knowledge* and furthers his case by referring to the work of the neuro-scientist, Antonio Damasio.

Damasio described a man whose frontal lobes had been damaged. Although still able to think logically, his capacity for emotion was severely diminished. The consequence was disastrous for he was unable to distinguish between the usefulness of possible courses of action. Lacking the emotional sense of what was of importance in his life, he persistently made the wrong choice.

Crichton's final objection is that Beck assumes cognition to be knowable and accessible, that by simple introspection we can arrive at the truth. In other words, he ignores unconscious experience.

Apart from the fact that I have less confidence in the validity of Damasio's hypothesis than he, I believe Crichton's objection to cognitive theory is entirely justified, although he makes light of the fact

that CBT ignores the unconscious – a limitation comparable to that of insisting that a tennis player tie one hand behind his back. There is, however, a further point to be made and one which, to my mind, is even more damaging.

Because of the emphasis on logical thought and the assumption that it is a branch of experimental science, CBT conceives the patient as a machine to be manipulated rather than a human being; it is the application of a technique thought to be appropriate for all those diagnosed as having a certain condition and ignores the individuality of the person.

Any therapy that focuses on technique, including psychoanalysis, is, to my mind, vulnerable to this accusation, but CBT is technical in a way that takes us into a different dimension. The theoretical aim of psychoanalysis is to enable the patient to find his own voice – even though practitioners, from Freud onwards, have often failed shamefully to remain true to this aim. The cognitive therapist, on the other hand, sets out, on principle, to manipulate the patient into accepting his or her viewpoint. To give an example of CBT's approach I will quote Albert Ellis – sometimes called the 'grandfather of cognitive behaviour therapy' – who is one of the most thoughtful and humane exponents of the method. Influenced by Ferenczi's belief that love is healing he recounts how he tried to follow up this idea:

> I really went out of my way to tell my clients that they had excellent traits, that I liked them, that I was sure that they could get over their problems because of their fine traits. I thereby made up for love they had presumably missed in childhood. (Ellis 1985)

There is no doubting Ellis' authentic wish to help his patients, but his method is alarmingly inauthentic. He is not talking about a genuine love but a manufactured one, with apparently no conception of the patient's ability to discern the difference. Such an approach is, I believe, not only unwise but morally flawed. And it is no surprise when Ellis tells us that it didn't work.

Even if we deplore, as I do, the approach of CBT and believe that its widespread use and acclaim is little short of a disaster to the profession and the public, we do no good by failing to give it a fair assessment. Indeed, I am hardly in a position to dismiss it out hand, for shortly after the publication of my book *Cultivating Intuition*, a leading exponent of CBT wrote to me saying that the way I practised had quite a bit in common with that of cognitive therapy. I have to confess that I see his point. Psychoanalysis in my view focuses on the unconscious to such an extent that it devalues ordinary conversations, conducted for the most part in conscious terms. But I did not need to turn to CBT to learn this for I believed it long before I had heard of the method. Moreover CBT has its own way of inhibiting ordinary, spontaneous conversation. I will give an example of an account of the method, taken from a widely-read 'Manual and conceptual guide'.

T. When you say that you might act foolish, what do you mean by that?
P. People will think I'm foolish.
T. What will happen to make people think that?
P. I will do something foolish and call attention to myself.
T. What will you do?
P. I will get my words wrong and I won't know what to say.
T. So your negative thought is that you will get your words wrong and people will think that you are foolish?
P. Yes, I don't want people to think that.
T. Do you have evidence that this will happen?
P. It's happened before when I've been anxious in situations. I don't know what to say and my mind goes blank.
T. It's true that your mind goes blank sometimes, but what makes you think that people see you as foolish? (Wells 1997: p69)

The rationale of the therapist is clear: he is trying to get the patient to think logically about the problem. And there is no harm in this. What is more questionable is the style of the approach. The patient's freedom of expression is ruthlessly limited; the dialogue is formal and stilted. In other circumstances and with less benign intentions it could be an advocate questioning a witness in court. Even the most orthodox and rigid of psychoanalysts would be hard-pressed to get such a stranglehold on their patient. Admittedly this is not a record of an actual conversation, but in giving it as a model of correct therapy the authors are blatantly announcing that what matters is a well-defined technique in which the personal relationship is omitted.

Those who practice cognitive therapy do not necessarily act with the insensitivity that would follow from their theory. It seems likely that – as in other therapies – beneficial outcome is more dependent on the ordinary human relationship than is commonly realised. But a technique like this one is a poor wicket to start on.

Since beginning this review I read a paper in the *International Journal of Psychoanalysis* entitled 'The therapist as a person facing death.' (Feinsilver 1998) Although I was not entirely convinced by some of the author's hypotheses I was moved by the

richness and range of the experiences with patients that he recounted. The superiority of this account of human nature over those I have read by cognitive therapists was the equivalent of Charlotte Bronte compared to Jeffery Archer. I find it difficult to believe that, in the long run, it will not be realised that current CBT is a seriously limited and limiting procedure.

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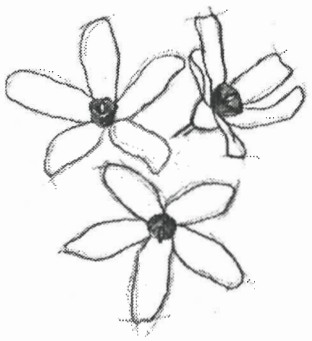

Isobel Urquhart

Talking about emotions: psychoanalysis and neurobiology

I have a dirty little secret and I want to tell it to you. Well, that's what psychoanalysis is for, isn't it, so I'm hoping that you won't mind. I discover that I have a secret little vice that I feel very furtive about...and it's this. I keep reading books about the amygdala and the orbito-frontal lobes and the function of the hippocampus, and I get excited and interested. Sorry, sorry – I know I shouldn't but I keep going back to it. Afterwards, of course, I can see what's wrong with it, but at the time... it's just so interesting...well, all right, seductive... I see what you mean... Please help me, I think I'm turning into a rhinoceros.[1]

Schore's proposed rapprochement

In what Schore called the 'decade of the brain', increased interest *by* neuroscientists in topics such as subjectivity, consciousness and the emotions, central concerns of psychoanalysis since its origins, is matched by increased interest *in* neuroscience by the psychoanalytic community, reflected, for example, in the choice of topics and speakers at recent psychoanalytic conferences. Schore's central thesis is that neuroscience has demonstrated that 'the early social environment, mediated by the primary caregiver, directly influences the evolution of structures in the brain that are responsible for the future socioemotional development of the child.' (Schore 1994) Widespread scientific interest in the early development of emotion means, according to Schore, that psychoanalysis 'should include itself and be included' in this neuroscientific discussion since, he argues, contemporary psychoanalysis is about 'the study of human emotional development and function.' It is this invitation that I find myself considering in this paper. First, I give a brief survey of the arguments for rapprochement, and then my reservations.

Darwin explored the evolutionary implications of the presence of emotional phenomena in both human and non-human species over a hundred years ago. However, the current wave of neurobiological research into emotional development represents an invigorated scientific interest in explaining areas of human experience hitherto avoided as inaccessible to scientific scrutiny[2], or which yielded esoteric knowledge about brain function that was not of particular interest to others outside the field. Damasio, widely acknowledged as one of the foremost researchers in this field, demonstrates how neuroscience enables us to locate and describe the neurobiological basis and function of both emotions and feelings. (Damasio 1999) Others such as Regina Pally (Pally 1997 1998) have provided for psychoanalytic readers, neurobiologically-based articles on the development of emotional memory, emotional processing and the significance of right hemisphere functioning for affect regulation. For a similar audience, Mark Solms explores the links between psychoanalysis and neuroscience as he writes about the nature of consciousness and the neurobiology of dreams.

It is only recently that neuroscience has 'begun to shift away from an almost exclusive focus on the neurobiology of cognition to a growing interest in the neurobiology of emotion.' (Schore 1994) The recognition of the impact of the child's main nurturing adult upon all aspects of infant development, so fundamental to psychoanalytic theory, is newly acknowledged by neurobiology as a major advance. This untypical acknowledgement of the effect of the social environment upon individual biological development has, as Damasio acknowledges, become acceptable to neuroscience partly because scientific measurements of brain growth and activity now support it. The transformation in what now interests neuroscientists may thus be seen as reflecting the development of new technologies such as positron emission tomography (PET) and functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI) scans that can measure the brain's activity in finer and finer detail. While it has been 'an area long excluded from the behaviourally inspired discipline of neurobiology', (de Masi 2000) renewed interest in subjectivity and

the development of emotions also reflects a wider cultural preoccupation with the 'self' and the emotional in all sorts of disciplines and activities, as well as a disillusion with the relevance of 'hard science' to our practical understanding of the world or ourselves. Thus, as neuroscience has been deprived of its traditional areas of study through the dropping out of fashion of behaviourism and a concomitant lack of academic funding for cognitive research, it has had to find new things to 'talk about', driven both by what its technology is now able to measure, by its need to find new areas of enquiry and by its response to cultural preoccupations. It appears to have found its new niche in the subjectivity of the human individual.

This focus of research makes neuroscience of particular relevance to psychoanalysis. Schore's comprehensive survey of current neurobiological research provides the reader with a comprehensive account of the field. It reveals far more than merely a more detailed topography of brain function and clearly indicates the sophistication of neurobiology's contribution to our understanding of the relationship between the brain's structural development and an individual's psychic development. Schore surveys extensive areas of connection and overlap between biological explanations of our emotional development and psychoanalytic explanations of the developing psyche. He describes, for example, how the social environment, the interaction between mother and infant especially, is crucial for the post-natal growth of neural networks in the brain involved in emotional and cognitive development. Like Schore, Solms is also at pains to argue that current neuroscience contributes to a deeper psychoanalytical understanding of that subjectivity:

> ...psychoanalysts, who concentrate on the emotions revealed by analysis of the unconscious and reconstruction of early affective relations, would do well to acquaint themselves with the findings of the neurosciences. Recent neuroscientific research on emotionality.... can make a valuable contribution to our own consideration of the unconscious. (Solms 2000)

Seeking to persuade his psychoanalytic readers of the relevance of neuroscience, Schore reminds us that Freud was originally a medical practitioner and researcher who, he asserts, never gave up thinking that psychoanalysis would come to terms with the neurology of mental life. He places particular emphasis on Freud's early 'Project for a Scientific Psychology', (Freud 1895) describing it as Freud's earliest attempt to provide a neurobiological explanation for psychic phenomena, and the 'source pool' from which he developed the major concepts of his psychoanalytic theory. No neuroscientist, Malcolm Bowie appears to confirm this description. Drawing on Freud's remarks in 'The Question of Lay Analysis'(1926) and in 'Analysis Terminable and Interminable' (1937) Bowie comments that towards the end of his life, Freud concluded that:

> Psychoanalysis itself had provided psychology with 'its substructure and perhaps even its entire foundation' (Freud, 1926). But, when psychological constructions begin to proliferate uncontrollably, the desire for 'depth' and stable explanation undergoes its last displacement. Rather than have no stopping place, no bedrock of his own devising, the author of a new science of mind imagines his discipline re-assimilated to the very science of organisms from which it had originally, by slow degrees, emancipated itself. At the extreme point in Freud's reflection on his own science, all psychology was mere theory while biology was the lost kingdom of truth and certitude. (Bowie 1987)

Bowie goes on to argue that, for Freud, the moment when psychoanalysis would be able to rejoin biology would come when neurophysiology could provide 'bedrock' to the theoretical speculations of psychoanalysis - the moment when the findings of psychoanalysis could be 'checked by reference to mappable neural structures and measurable neural energies' (Bowie op. cit.) Schore, and others, would argue that that time is now.[3]

Not only do some argue that neurobiology contributes to a deeper psychoanalytic understanding of the work of the unconscious, the functions of emotion etc., there is also considerable acknowledgement that psychoanalysis also contributes much to an interdisciplinary understanding of 'the early development of the human infant, affect theory, and the neuropsychology of memory at its boundary with biological sciences.' (Kernberg 1993) In this context, Schore emphasises that it is from psychoanalysis, and psychoanalytic observation and theorising about infant development in particular, that neuroscientists have learned about the importance of that interaction with the primary caregiver. For example, particular credit is given to Margaret Mahler's work (1985) which he describes as 'perhaps the most important impetus to the inception of a programme of rigorous developmental psychoanalytic research.' Schore also draws on attachment theory, noting that the period of infancy that Bowlby(1969) describes as crucial for the development of the dyadic relationship coincides with a period of brain sensitivity and neuronal growth within the relevant structures of the brain.

Particular acknowledgement is given to Freud's theoretical accounts of the psyche. LeDoux, for example, acknowledges that 'Freud was absolutely

right to define the conscious ego as the tip of an iceberg' (LeDoux 1998) and de Masi argues, similarly, that:

> ...the picture of the dreaming brain which has begun to emerge from the most recent neuroscientific researches is broadly compatible with the psychological theory that Freud advanced. In fact, aspects of Freud's account of the dreaming mind are so consistent with the currently available neuroscientific data that I personally think we would be well advised to use Freud's model as a guide for the next phase of our neuroscientific investigations. (de Masi 2000)

Given this mutual interest in the early development of the infant, should not psychoanalysts and neuroscientists know more about each other's work, should they not be somehow closer aligned? In his concluding chapter, Schore sets out his proposal for a 'rapprochement' between these two major explanatory systems of emotional development which could be mutually beneficial to both neuroscience and to psychoanalysis. His stated aim is to support such a rapprochement through supplying:

> ...psychobiological researchers and clinicians with relevant up-to-date developmental neurobiological insights and findings, and [exposing] neuroscientists to recent developmental psychological and psychoanalytic studies of infants.' (Schore 1994)

The current importance of the research from neuroscience, he argues, calls for the necessity of 'utilising a multilevel *integrative* approach' (my italics) to understanding early emotional development, which must rightly include the insights of psychoanalysis since psychoanalysis is, he argues, centrally about 'encounters with affect'.

The idea of rapprochement is not new. As Schore himself points out, Bowlby also attempted a rapprochement between ethology and psychoanalysis through theorising that early attachment as a regulatory process was common to many animals. It is perhaps significant to the current situation that Bowlby did not always inspire the full confidence of his psychoanalytic colleagues, either. Ambivalence about the value of such a rapprochement was expressed in terms remarkably similar to ones that can be heard today. Guntrip, for example in a letter to Marjorie Brierly, commented privately that:

> ...it is very good for an eminent psychoanalyst to have gone thoroughly into the relation of ethology to psychoanalysis, but my impression is that he succeeds in using it *to explain everything in human behaviour except what is of vital importance for psychoanalysis.* (Guntrip 1962 in Holmes 1993 my italics)

A similar criticism was made about early neurobiological findings, which were thought to be rather disappointing and simplistic in their claims. Van Holst and St. Paul comment, for example, that 'questions of 'how' and 'why' are too frequently turned into the seemingly more simple problem of 'where'.' (In Averill, in Harre and Parrott, 1996)

Schore nevertheless appears to argue for a close rapprochement and specifically mentions 'integration', while his references to Freud's earliest endeavours suggest an even closer identification with biological science as the bedrock on which psychoanalysis rests, or, as Bowie suggests, into which it is finally re-assimilated. De Masi writes that:

> ...the identity between emotions and the unconscious is one of the most important points of *convergence* between psychoanalysis and the neurosciences, which have shown how emotions are formed through unconscious mechanisms. (De Masi 2000 my italics)

This seems to conceptualise rapprochement as a kind of co-mutuality: two equal but different systems benefiting each from the other. Solms imagines an explanation that transcends *both* disciplines' struggle to understand a third, unknowable position:

> If we wish to understand anything about mental life as such, that is, about the essential processes that lie behind both the brain and subjective experience, then we need to investigate the causal processes underlying both. And we will know that we are approaching a satisfactory scientific understanding when a unified theoretical account begins to emerge that explains both of these perceptual manifestations. That theoretical picture will represent neither the brain nor subjectivity, but rather the abstract, natural thing that generates both of them, and that can never be known directly. (Solms 1997)

Science to the rescue?

There is no doubt that for many commentators in this debate the integrative impulse reveals a longing for psychoanalysis to be welcomed into the scientific disciplines. There is still an assumption - by both scientists and some psychoanalysts - that what psychoanalysis needs is to be stiffened up into respectability through adopting a more 'rigorous' scientific methodology of research and more 'objective' evidence. Schore commends those

psychoanalysts such as Grotstein, Stern or Kernberg who do indeed see the salvation of psychoanalysis as its eventual location within the scientific community. Hence Schore's urging that psychoanalysis include itself in the 'consortium of scientific disciplines ...inquiring into the basic nature of emotion' (Schore 1994) and his belief that problems that have arisen in psychoanalysis are 'due to the loss of its moorings from the rest of science', losing credibility in that community, for instance, by becoming 'an easy target to the criticism that it is untestable'. De Masi similarly castigates 'psychoanalysts [who] have been strangely uninterested in demonstrating the value of their practice in any systematic way that is likely to satisfy the traditionally scientistic community.' Similarly, Kernberg's premise is that psychoanalysis is, or should aspire to be, a science, and must therefore behave like one:

> ...the time has come to pay more than lip service to research in psychoanalysis, and to cast aside the pseudo-controversy of 'empirical' research versus 'clinical and hermeneutic' research. Research refers to systematic observations geared to examine psychoanalytic concepts. It is a responsibility of every science to take cognisance of and participate in general scientific advances at the periphery of its field. The uniqueness of the psychoanalytic instrument and the nature of its subject, the Dynamic Unconscious, do not eliminate the need for the scientific development and new applications of this instrument, and efforts to link our findings with those of related sciences. (Kernberg 2001)

The cautionary message from both Schore and Kernberg is that not to engage with the scientific analysis of emotional development will marginalise and exclude the contribution psychoanalysis can make, leaving it silenced in the public debate, disreputable and obsolete in what Gergen so perceptively called the 'brisk competition for whose voice will be honoured.' (Gergen 1991) This is no mere academic point. Our perceived relevance as a response to some kinds of mental suffering is questioned in a world dominated by medical and scientific frames of knowledge. Increasingly, for example, psychotherapists are under scrutiny to provide the kind of scientifically reputable measurement of outcome that, it is said, is necessary for us to be trusted by a vulnerable population, and to receive payment for our work.

The call for a common language

At a recent UKCP conference, for example, Johns warned that the psychoanalytic community 'represents not only the Tower of Babel, where we cannot understand each other, but also an Ivory Tower, within which we fight our local battles, isolated from the attacks from real life out there' (Johns 2000). This confusion of voices leads many to wish for a *linguistic* rapprochement that could accommodate the neurobiological and psychoanalytic disciplines and, at first consideration, the idea appears attractive. Schore indeed proposes a 'common language' as one that will represent 'the most agreed upon and precise concepts shared by various developmental disciplines. (Schore 1994) We should, however, ask what is lost as well as gained in such a linguistic rapprochement. Would a neurobiological account of 'affect regulation' give us an account that is 'like an opera without the music' as Lomas described cognitive psychology (Lomas 1999) or does it add depth to the orchestration of our multi-layered ideas about the emotional life of human beings?

Furthermore, if a change in the language in which we talk and write about psychoanalysis tends towards the scientistic language of neurobiology, it should be remembered that any newly formed 'common language' in which we would then speak would also transform 'the ways in which we conceived things and in which we picked out what was important and unimportant.' (Pring 1999) What will happen to the bits of the language that cannot be accommodated to a common language that has also to accommodate neuroscientific knowledge?[4] Thus the words we use to talk and write about our work become highly significant, and we are currently witnessing the struggle over what words to use as we debate the value of neuroscience to psychoanalysis. Damasio's recent article in Nature (Damasio 2001) is a case in point.[5] His research requires him to be able to make a very technical distinction between 'emotion' and 'feelings' in terms unfamiliar in common speech. Emotion, he argues, is 'a patterned collection of chemical and neural responses that is produced by the brain when it detects the presence of an emotionally competent stimulus - an object or situation, for example.' Feelings, on the other hand, 'are the mental representation of the physiological changes that characterise emotions.' The point of his distinction is partly to define these processes in ways that allow them or their effects to be observed and quantified. One of the effects of a technical terminology is to create an 'expert knowledge' from which all but an elite educated in the linguistic 'rules of the game' are excluded. Neurobiological accounts such as Schore's or Damasio's are full of specialised terminology, where common terms appear but are redefined to mean something very particular within the neurobiological domain. A 'common language' which replaces the elitist babel of psychoanalytical terminology with that of neuroscience seems a poor exchange that will still leave the ordinary population excluded.

As Johns points out, our wish to overcome the babel

of voices is particularly fervent since it appears so difficult, even within our own sphere of activity, to find a language that describes what we do sufficiently well. Lomas in particular stresses that that there has been a 'failure on the part of psychoanalysts to describe coherently what they do.'(Lomas 1999) Rapp elaborates:

> We must take responsibility for using this gift of knowledge, given to us by each patient, wisely and responsibly. I think this brings us to a third object of psychoanalysis, which is to do with social justice and citizenship, liberation, emancipation, education, cultural generativity, mechanisms for creating choices regarding the object of desire, creativity, - inhabiting our humanness more fully...This is utterly to do with praxis, ethics, aesthetics and requires a theory of practice. (Rapp 2001)

However, we seem to flounder about with words and phrases such as 'wholeness', 'meaningful', 'sharing' 'human' and 'being' that, under the sceptical gaze of the scientist, seem to lack definition and, 'through too easy usage, become debased coinage.' (Lomas 1999) This difficulty makes us particularly vulnerable when attacked by other, more confident and more powerful discourses, such as that expressed by the scientific community.

There are further disadvantages to aspiring to scientific status. It may be salutary to remind ourselves that our longing for the apparent certitudes of science is something of an illusion. Science does not know everything; indeed, it rather famously has formulated an uncertainty principle. As a culture, however, we tend to afford science a dominant and exclusive arbiter of what counts as knowable. As Foucault pointed out, 'power produces; it produces realities; it produces domains of objects and rituals of truth.' Scientific ideology offers but one set of realities, one set of rituals of truth that answer to our desire. What is important, then, is that, in finding neurobiology's rituals of truths helpful and interesting to our own work, we remain aware that its discourse constructs and constitutes a reality about early emotional development that is partial and which represents its own particular interest. While it enables some things to be said, done and thought about, it excludes others. It cannot, therefore, put an end to our epistemophilic longing: *Wissentrieb*.[6] Ray Dolan, Professor of Neuropsychiatry at the Institute of Neurology, reminds us that even with the 'accumulation of empirical data regarding things such as neurotransmitter levels... or brain structure, ...within the neurosciences there is no theory of brain function that has any general explanatory power.' (Dolan 2001) At bottom, therefore, whether we infer from the talk in the therapy encounter, or from systematic infant observations, or from the Strange Situation experiment, or from numerically based associations that correlate blood flow activity in the brain with observable increased hedonism in infant interactions with their caregivers, we are faced with judgements of plausibility, not certainty.

Furthermore, Jonathan Lear argues that the desire of psychoanalysis to be an objective science assumes 'that the concept of science is in good shape: that the only issue is whether or not psychoanalysis lives up to its claim to be one.' He goes on to problematise the assumptions that science itself makes about the world: that it is morally neutral and therefore requires a morally neutral way of investigating it. In *Love and Its Place in Nature*, he argues that the world may *not* be value-free, and that all our human ways of knowing the world, including science, might instead be thought of as 'manifestations of man's erotic attachment to the world.' (Lear 1998)

> ...in this debate [about the scientific nature of psychoanalysis] ... one can start to see an obsessional strategy being played out at the cultural level. What assumption does this debate hide and protect? That the world is itself devoid of value, purpose or meaning. For if the world were purpose-full, there could be no objection in principle to a science that embodied the very purpose it investigated in nature. It is because the world is assumed to be neutral that science must somehow reflect that neutrality. It is this shared assumption which Freud's postulation of love challenges. (Lear op. cit.)

Foucault reminds us that the strength of power comes not so much from it forcing its will upon a reluctant population. It is rather '...because...it produces effects *at the level of desire*' which implies that the dominant ideology of science is not something alien that is imposed on us but produces effects that represent some aspect of our collective desire. We need, therefore, 'to be alert to characteristics of our own context that enable one perspective to capture our view while obscuring others.' (Fish 1999) It might be interesting, therefore, to speculate about what unspoken anxieties and desires are manifested in the *attractiveness* of the scientific study of the brain's development of emotion, and the effects this has on how we structure the help we offer.

While our culture places enormous significance on how and what we feel, it is, perhaps more significantly, even more concerned with the *regulation* of our feelings. It is our unconscious feelings that, above all, make us unpredictable, unknowable even to ourselves, and also ungovernable, at individual and social levels, and that therefore raise the deepest anxieties for us. This

is, after all, the heart of psychoanalysis. To 'know' about them can therefore give us comfort that they are, through that knowledge, governed and subject to controllable and understandable processes of regulation, used in both its neuroscientific and more general social sense. Our cultural discomfiture with how to *manage* the phenomenon of our feelings is reflected, for instance, in the prescribing of Prozac, the growing percentage of children prescribed psychostimulant drugs for AD(H)D, or the numerous negative enquiries in the media about the effectiveness of psychotherapy while simultaneously publishing reports that victims are 'routinely' offered counselling in a range of distressing circumstances. Just as Foucault said about sexuality, at a time when it has become a commonplace to hear that people are not in touch with their feelings, that we do not pay sufficient attention to feelings in our ways of being in the world, we seem to talk about our feelings more than ever before.

Our preoccupation is typified - in some social contexts - by what critical theorists argue is the dominant feature of our modern world: a preoccupation with means rather than with ends and purposes, summarised as instrumental rationality. Its instrumental impulse is to classify and label, in order to have the necessary evidence to control, dominate and exercise surveillance and power over others and over human nature itself. Using an educational analogy, the effects of instrumental rationality can be observed in the obsessive measurement of children's learning in order to monitor 'standards'; the surveillance and regulation of children's lives, both exterior and interior, so that there is almost no part of their being that is not deemed legitimate for adult enquiry and interference; the redefining of education as training as the pretext for removing autonomy in learning and teaching from both child and teacher, or the practice of 'academic creep' whereby marginalised subjects such as music or art establish educational credibility by attempting to make these human activities 'intellectually' i.e. 'rationally' acceptable - all at the expense of the raison d'être of schooling itself: to educate children.[7] All these activities have, it seems to me, parallels with the pressures placed upon psychoanalysis by the rationality that is characterised by scientific discourse.

Crucially, instrumental rationality in the educational field removes from the language of the teacher's professional discussion 'what has traditionally been at the very heart of education: the deliberation over the values worth pursuing.' The *aims* of education, and of literacy, are thus 'no longer the very stuff of educational and professional discourse' (Pring 1999) and teachers are confined to participating at the level of technique alone. The comparison with psychoanalysis and psychotherapy is close. Like education, psychoanalysis and psychotherapy are more than techniques: they are practices, actions of moral endeavour. Psychoanalysts and psychotherapists therefore need a language that goes beyond the shared interest in how emotions develop: its moral discourse seems to me to lie at the heart of our reservation with the siren calls of neurobiological research.

Thus, the problem with Schore's suggested rapprochement is that, should psychoanalysis be simply reframed linguistically as neuroscience, we encounter the 'Guntrip principle' - that the findings of neurobiology may indeed be interesting, challenging and often confirmatory of psychoanalytic theory but somehow leave out what is 'vitally important' in the actual healing endeavour we are engaged in. Lomas reminds the reader that modern psychoanalysis and psychotherapy are *not* merely the academic 'study of human emotional development' that Schore describes them as; they are an 'endeavour to heal' and 'cannot avoid taking a moral stance' over 'the oldest question of all: How should we live?' (Lomas 1994)

Paradoxically the integrative impulse can be seen as a symptom of our fragmented world and tends to lend itself to further fragmentation.[8]. Lomas cites Bohm, who writes that:

> ...what is called for is not an *integration* of thought, or a kind of imposed unity, for any such imposed point of view would itself be merely another fragment. Rather, all our different ways of thinking are to be considered as different ways of looking at the one reality, each with some domain in which it is clear and adequate. (Lomas op. cit.)

In other terms, we can look at the reality of our existence in multi-layered ways that all offer particular vital ways of knowing. These different domains should indeed be in dialogue with each other, and offer and receive enlightening perspectives from each other, without necessarily losing the important differences between them. The mutual value of psychoanalysis and neurobiology lies, therefore, in their irreducibility, not in their merging:

> It's this business of deifying psychoneurology, neurological research, and the concepts they put forth. Their work is respectable and interesting, but for us it should mainly be source material, upon which we may draw for the development of our own concepts of mental functioning. Their concepts reflect their problems in understanding; we should be entitled to have our own conceptual problems, suitable for our own realm of functioning.(Klein, L. 2001)

As Kernberg suggests, we cannot and should not

wilfully ignore the findings of other explanatory discourses that impact on our work. (Kernberg 2001) Hilde Rapp, on the other hand, asks whether poetry, philosophy, morality, religion might not 'provide us with a radically different axis of enquiry to those at the cutting edge of neurophysiology and neuropsychology.'(Rapp 2001) Perhaps there are advantages to be gained if psychoanalysis could be framed as a disreputable art – disreputable, that is, in its failure to achieve scientific value. We could, for instance, conduct ongoing, thoughtful explorations of the limits of psychoanalysis through examining how the arts, or philosophy or religion expand and challenge our understanding of our psychotherapeutic practice.[9]

Conclusion

It is not, therefore, a question of proving that neuroscience is wrong or completely useless – of course it is not, or no more so than any cutting edge inquiry – but that we have framed the discussion in the wrong terms.

Lomas firmly identifies the psychotherapeutic endeavour as moral, while Lear asks whether we should conclude that Freudian psychoanalysis is, after all, a religion before rejecting this dialectic of science or religion. Bruner, rather similarly, describes two undesirable polarities between which *psychology* should have its existence: it should steer a path between the 'hubris' of a dismissive attitude to the biological 'bedrock' that constrains our existence and subjectivity, and the 'moral suicide' of underestimating both the influence of culture to shape our minds and the psychic struggle involved in bringing our human subjectivity to bear upon that cultural power. (Bruner 1996) Perhaps psychoanalysis shares a similar location.

Lear argues that psychoanalysis cannot be fitted into either pre-existing categories of science or religion, nor be made to fit into both. Its existence disturbs and disrupts these most basic ways of categorising human understanding and the task of trying to locate psychoanalysis in the world in this way - and in neuroscience in particular – is therefore futile. The moral task, he concludes, is to find and relocate ourselves by working through the process of psychoanalysis or psychotherapy, which remains a practice, something we *do*, an essentially moral action we take in the world, one posited upon the existence of love and goodness - and doing good - as genuine forces in the world:

> The structure of the mind is an inner recreation of the structure of the loved world. Mental structure develops with the infant's increasing appreciation that the loved world exists independently of him and is not immediately responsive to his wishes...(Lear op.cit.)

Notes

1. In Ionesco's play, Rhinoceros, all the characters gradually, and without their being aware of it, transform into rhinoceroses. Believe it or not, this is very funny but Ionesco's surrealist point becomes clear when we recall that the play was written just before the second world war, in France, and he was describing how people, unwittingly, and very slowly, lose their humanity, their reason and moral principle. It works for me as a kind of explanation about how whole communities and nations can be seduced and overtaken by powerful but not necessarily better, ideas and I suppose I am afraid that perhaps too much excited interest in neuroscience might do the same to me, a social constructionist and aspiring psychotherapist. Writing the paper is therefore an antidote to becoming a rhinoceros.
2. Damasio described the problem thus: 'Not surprisingly, neuroscientists were disinclined to give their best efforts to a problem that did not seem to be amenable to proper hypothesizing and measurement.' (Damasio 2001)
3. Lomas (1994), on the other hand, questions whether the social and historical context in which Freud formulated his ideas is not a 'historical accident [that] has led to a distorted conception of our calling.'
4. In education, I describe this as the pleasure question since the question of primary-aged children's pleasure in reading and writing seemed to have dropped out of the discourse in which the teaching of literacy (note, no longer called English) is currently conducted. (Urquhart 2002)
5. Cf. Pally (1998)
6. See for example, Klein 1952; Britton 1998; Bowie, 1987).
7. See for example Gibson (1986)
8. Lomas (1999) Thus the *desire* for a common language does indeed evoke the tragic myth of the Tower of Babel and its underlying longing: a fantasy of a lost state of grace when all spoke one language and could share one clear truth.
9. See for example, Ogden's interesting literary analysis of Winnicott's 'Primitive Emotional Development'. (Ogden 2001).

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Walter Morgan

A midsummer dub

- I don't know what she wants.
- Why what's she after?
- I can't see.
- Are you seeing her this week?
- I see her in profile when I think of her, looking like she's seen something.

The shabeen was pretty full, we were fresh, just finished late shifts, in uniform, spring stepped. My last train gone to the sidings, taken for me by somebody else. A favour. Fantastic! The tail light gliding along the line of platform, below the canopy, and me watching it – a slice of sight, then engine wheels squealing over points, the train starting to arc away into dark. Away.

Midnight: and the dusk had blazed on forever, robbing lights of their nightish reason. I'd had a clear road all the way home in train rhythm passing wonderful green-eyed semaphore crane birds set for flight, engulfed by motion, slow lashing polished steel lines entering the city, catching and pulling its dozing silhouettes into pirouette all around and passing and always the tear burn planet sky calling in.

Almost running from work, along endless number eleven platform with buffer-to-buffer newspaper trains loading with string tight bundles and inky knuckles. Down through all the years of construction to keep things on the flat, along, into secret railway world and through old Exchange Station platforms flat dust and closed to the public one day in the 60's with its never to be changed bill-board advert images and words left to call the poignant stops on our own mismanaged branchlines...nobody got off and nobody got on ...except for ... *SQUARE DEAL SURF!* Exchange, where the Africans played cards at brew time, laughing and cursing, banging winners and betrayers down on the table, waiting for more newspaper trains. Down, going at a pace, further back in time, passing years when detail was fashioned in unseen places, all dry, clambering down through the support, the structure – orphanages come and go – and things were built for a purpose, and if things get dropped to the bottom, between the arches and stanchions – they stay – nobody could get at them, nobody wants to: might scratch a watch-face. This was 1976 and the new heritage hadn't been invented. Things Paddy built for giants, for a purpose, and now the purpose was shabeen, down in brick-arch, with bass-speakers that can find the frequency of bridges and judder black pools down in mineshaft vaults. Down here at the bottom, on the very ground, oil caked, where the dropped things are, unspecific Irish bones are just *this* far from the surface – so – careful! – Don't trip! – Headlong into forgotten Victorian bonded warehouse stuffed floor to dark with Morocco-bound sex-manuals on manual-sex: well, even if you weren't stopping off in Tangiers, any Man of Heritage would have one of these anyway, hold it just long enough for sepia falling child from high work-house window... to...to... flag-stones! "Oh! Oh! There...oh! Bitter spit and tears...here! Let me through... I'm something of a doctor."

And then, now as it were, survivors of the workhouse pulled rank on survivors of the slave-ship.

- He called me 'Sammy' again today
- That Charlie fucker? The driver?
- Yea, Charlie fucker, upstairs in the rest room at Victoria, it was all packed.
- What does he want?
- What does he need!
- Where's he from?
- Somewhere in the south, and he says *fackin* this and *fackin* that – fuckin bum-bum clat!
- That Mike showed me photos today.
- What Mike?
- That Mike from Northern Ireland.
- He likes a chat that Mike.
- There was him and his mum and his brother stood up on this massive hillside, in Ireland, with a big lake down there, and his brother and him had guns, hand guns they were holding, and they all had these green and gold bands around their

shoulders and down the front, like a priest has.
- Where's his dad?
- Got killed, and that Mike says the first stories he heard, bedtime stories when he was a nipper, were that his grand-father had his bollocks cut off by the 'Black and Tans', then they shoved them in his mouth.
- Bedtime stories?
- Bedtime stories.
- They tuck you up, your mum and dad, don't they.

The place was heaving now and the gorgeous icy beer from the scabby freezer in the corner. Another! You take this nice money and I'll take two of these lovely cold and drippers, all the same and misty in there.

The DJ was rambling on into the microphone, shouting that the night was 'irie', and he wasn't wrong. A few older fellas, laughing about something, were standing between us and the little dance area where lads and girls rocked and swayed to their internal rhythms whilst the DJ pronounced. The brick vault above us: condensation ran down the gloss painted area of brick behind the turntables: Jah Tommy had painted it red, gold and green, and a black gloss lion, more like a main road flat cat, on top. DJ kept breaking into his ramble with sound effects he'd wired up to the P.A., an explosion sound and a siren, then he moved the deck, shouting that *this* would find a new situation, and the sound of needle on vinyl hissed and prickled through the vault at head height from the treble speakers.

A long chord swelled, three horns – trumpet, sax' and low trombone – so soothing, it hit me like hormones and closed my eyes, the trumpet blew up a quarter tone or so and the chord took on this strange wonder and power like to bring down Jericho walls and the drums started in, way back in the mix, rolling from the lowest tom-tom, up through the toms that sounded flat detuned and pale dusty, moving up louder closer in the mix with cracking off beats on the bright snare. Then the galloping drums stall – the horn chord fading – my anticipation set to follow the arc of a diver. Like falling from last eye contact into first kiss. A cymbal crash placed so perfectly, such space around it, overwhelming, and off we went into full rhythm: the wonderful pace of big sailing ship in full sail.

- I don't know what she's doing.
- Denise? Why? Where's she going?
- She hangs around at that college of hers.
- I thought you went with her.
- Me! How can I, I'm always sat in a train somewhere with the bleedin' sun just about to come up or just gone down!
- I thought you went.
- I went once! I went to one of their discos! 'Bops' they call them.
- Was it nice?
- Piss off.

The bass was rearranging things in my body, rearranging time; its swell on and through me. It stood still, minimal and immense: dancers were held buoyant by it, rocking and skanking. Guitar chopping solid, right in the chest, so definite, on off-beats, rocking between two chords: two solid hits on a major chord, then stuttering over a minor seventh, odd random sustained notes from the treble strings howling like taut ropes in gale, skittering hi-hat stinging my eyes.

- I don't know what she's doing.
- What are you doing?
- I don't know. I need to be around, available, normal times. I can't phone in sick anymore and it's all Cheshire and parties with her now and I'm somewhere looking for a chuffin' train!
- Cheshire?
- Cheshire.
- What's in 'effin Cheshire?
- *She's* in 'effin Cheshire!

The drum sounds felt like they originated in my muscle and bone, radiating ratios and illuminations of being human, embodiment and wonder. Messages of angels sensed as harmonics of being: harmony of three voices, high – one in falsetto – that asked and told 'Where would we be without love…' imploring and sincere. 'Oh my little brothers…Oh my little sisters…' The horns threw in a little motif that seemed to say, 'Be-up!..Be up!', rocking and swaying 'Be-up!'.. 'Oh my…'

Then the DJ lifted the needle, little cries of disappointment from the dancers, everybody dropped in mid move. DJ's voice brick harsh and percussive through his microphone, "little restart – I've just got to chuck this one from the top one more time! Go deh!"

We looked at each other: no longer having to lean into each other to be heard. He wanted me to speak.

- Denise? In Cheshire? With the college people?

The opening chord of horns sounded again. Dancers swayed with the lasting presence of the bass, longing to be back in the swell. My tongue was running over the backs of my teeth repeating the patterns of the drumming. The place was humming, waiting for the transport, the restart.

- Well she's not with me – I'm never there. It's all new and different, I've seen them, they treat her like a little exotic doll, like a pet!
- Does she go to their houses?

*I know my father came from Bozrah with his garments dipped in blood…*well, not my father, nor his either – he's from Trinidad. My family name on gravestones in County Down, discontinued with the leaving. Poor fuckers probably didn't

have gravestones, if they did they'd be smashed up by now and thrown in chunks at the soldiers, 'See – it's a sure shot, and has a certain extra gravity, when you hit them on the head with the ancestors. See – 'cos these Anglo Saxons don't *have* any ancestors, they've flown, flit, frightened by all the gangs of ghosts they've created: hoarrds of ghosts, of all hue and corner, with no road home'. Sat in a pub in Ardglass County Down after spending an afternoon skimming stones into Strangford Loch, 'And that coin you've accepted is both the King's Shilling returned and something for you to meditate on'. This stranger had slipped a five pence piece into my beer; it sat there larger than life, Queen's head up. 'Cos we have more than a headache here – and that's no Alki-Seltzi you have in your glass there! Cos *you've* chosen, you've *been* chosen... you're in the IRA!' And he wouldn't leave me alone, and I didn't know if he was just a nutter, and-or, somebody with a gun. Skim one stone, flaming and fiery, all the way from Belfast down the Sandy Row, then *ping!* It glances off a paint-pot (Dulux exterior – 'Orange King') up a proddy kilt and it has the ginger nackers off. Yes, Just one stone, an it hit Pope Paul, it killed Pope Paul an a Babylon fall. I wonder what that Mike would think about that, about the Pope? I must try to remember not to think things when I'm near him. *Don't fuss, don't fight, live together, don't kill your bredda – cos some do you know.*

'...oh my little sisters', the three voices were part singing now, breathy syllables swirling and colliding whilst the horns were leading the music into a chord progression; the trombone and trumpet hovering around unison at the fourth, then the fifth: the bass, moved up away from it's massive constant minimal statements, played a slide note way up high on the fretboard – it was like seeing a photo snap shot of a landscape pinned onto a tree – all the instruments tumbled into a blaring raw minor chord, voices sailing and wordless.

- Oh fuck! Here comes Jah Tommy, he's bound to have a fuckin go at me!

I followed his nod. Tommy's wide head could be seen over by door, the night air distorting his smoky halo, curly natty dreads tied in a bunch behind his square setness, acknowledging people with passing nods, a few words and touches. Everything about him was square; square peg teeth streaming smoke through square gaps – I was afraid to look into his eyes sometimes lest his pupils were square, like some being from the Book of Revelations that Tommy might chant about, and I might be drawn into the World of Collie, where Conquering Lion Tommy would smoke-up a whole field of burning collie-weed in one breath and hold flaming transforming symbols of Jah Almighty-I high in the sky and I would lie sick on the ground and shuffle along with other lowly small animals.

Tommy presented himself before us, holding collie spliff across his chest sceptre like, fat as a kid's cone of kæli bought with the change from mam's cigarettes and matches in the shops.

- Ites me breddren.
- Hiya Tommy.
- Alright Tommy.

He was beaming at us, making everything square. I said to him

- Wonderful tune Tommy do you know what it is?
- Jah music.
- Yea I know... but it's produced so beautifully.
- Jah inspire beauty, 'cos beauty only exist in the service of Jah. See, Jah inspire the breddas to allow a reflection of his almighty I, and give thanks and praise...seen?...that's what beauty is.
- But we can create, no? I mean surely art is...
- Art is a Babylon concept, foisted as a construct by the Babylon to put himself in the place of Jah Almighty High then love-up his own wickedness and fill Jah creation with him pointlessness.

Tommy took a draw on his collie.

- So you're saying Tommy that what we do creativ...
- Is... Babylon... for Babylon sake!

Two great smokey exhausts poured down from his nostrils, and he turned away from me chuckling to himself.

- And you my bredda, the I not seen you with the little sister for some little time.
- Denise?...she's busy...
- Busy? Busy like a bee? Busy with what?

I could feel him squirm: trapped in Tommy's lights.

- Oh she's...you know...
- Sometimes a daughter can fall into Babylon business, wear-up Babylon clothes, step in Babylon nonsense...needing a bredda to *firm* them back into Jah light.

Jah Tommy took the outlines of both our Babylon bald heads in his gaze, my blond curls and pale freckle-full face, his short off-focus *Afro* half covering his little ears: our heads shrivelling and hard as he looked. Tommy offered advice.

- Natt-up my bredda!

And he shook his head so that the tied up tails of his natty-locks roped over his shoulder, then he was stepping stately with his walk through the crowd.

- It's like being in the bleedin army! Privates on effin parade.
- Carry on up the ganja, with sergeant natty the square basher.
- What's up with natty? What's up with natty?
- What do you mean?
- Is that what you mean – that Denise is out there with some fuckin monkey-man – like some black doll princess sat in his car – having fucking scones with his mam and dad in posh fucking monkey-house!
- Less of the fucking monkey will you – I don't say fucking sammy!
- But you go on about natty and take the piss!
- I love natty!
- Don't give me crap! Its cos its black and not in fucking books!
- Don't pull black on me! We lived in each other's houses for years and your mam…
- What's my fucking mam got to do with it?…I'm getting a beer.

The horns were now calling from a distance, dropped back in the mix, echo misted like a far shore. Snare beats each taking on separate depth and quality, moving back and forth in and out of focus, springy with reverb then ancient with echo each beat beginning to cover time not just mark its passing. A new evolving space, Dub space, that was alive, was re-reasoning the identity of every sound. Guitar had become swollen and chaotic in its own echo, a jangling rotating wire thing flailing crackling whips of sound, getting denser, like to obliterate all else with its overlaying layers – then it locked in a single one of its moments, became detached from the onward movement and fell: as startled as Hitchcock's Vertigo vision, it span down out of sound.

Contained and unified above the vastness of the bass and drums, the voices were back singing in harmony, beseeching, the lead voice looping around the others, improvising into a soaring arpeggio on the word *love* – the last syllable was taken and held in a slow repeat, circling, *ve –ve –ve*, getting louder and more and more distorted, transforming into the raucous continuous cries of a huge circling bird until the whole of every where was filled by it: every thing else, drum sounds exploding out of rhythm, falling apart beneath it.

This blazing overwhelming chaos was cut off by a single voice, full, slow and breathy, almost laughing – *SEE…! Some speak of love!* A count-in just audible way back, then a version of the opening chord – mixed so raw and distant that only the memory of hearing the chord before told of its being made by horns. We had started to travel across the same period of recorded time, dove-tailed onto the previous version: this time as a blank canvas for the producer's Dub version – invention, where sound hitherto known as music is now just another element in the sound collage's internal logic. The almighty being of the bass - the doing of the drum, the spaces - the sounds, the presence - the absence.

In a little studio in down-town Kingston Jamaica, Dub Master King Tubby, Errol T, Lee Perry or another leaping and dancing and pouncing on the mixing desk with anybody else who may be present, working in the real time of multi-track play back being mastered onto the big two-track tape: analogue recording, every thing had to be done as it was happening between the two tapes, delicately moulding sound, isolating significant moments, allowing other moments significance that coincidence might have masked, sounds words powerful by being brought to prominence, or more powerful in the shape their absence induces.

The trickster's voice was back *The words from me mouth…SEE…Natty not find fault cos the sea a too salt…me don't eat deaders and me don't take headers…an I tell ya this so you can hear me now… I mean hear me now…you see I smoke up the sensie not the opium…stuff like that will really mess up your bum…* and his chuckle was taken up swirled and thrown spinning away.

Studio piano that had been all but hidden now sounded alone, chording worn wooden framed upright sound becoming taut with treble and reverb, floating, freezing and distant, repeating the same poignant chords icy and misty, the distant part singing just discernible – more recalled than heard – way back in frosty twilight, piano hovering frozen and brittle between reason and rime – released by two sharp guitar hits pulled full up from their absence and the piano exploded into glittering icicly note shards set spinning amidst the return of the drums: sometimes deafening like the electric cracks of my own synapses, sometimes the whisper of the wind from another planet bearing the memory of collapsed stars.

He was back with two chilly cans, as I took one I asked him

- You remember what you said about time in Cubism?
- What?
- About the coincidence of moments.
- You what?
- The *knowing* and the *now* you described it as.
- So fuckin well what, what are you on about?
- You, last week, about Synthetic Cubism, the collages.
- What are you doing? I've been trying to talk to you all night! And now you want to talk about fuckin collages! Synthetic's right! You can piss off!

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