



PSYCHOANALYTIC SOCIETY OF NEW ENGLAND, EAST

PSYCHOANALYTIC INSTITUTE OF NEW ENGLAND, EAST, INC.

NEWSLETTER

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This issue of the PINE Newsletter is the last that I will edit. The new editor will be Sarah Ackerman, Ph.D. who brings with her an energetic new editorial board composed of Ayelet Barkai, M.D. and Kimberlyn Leary, Ph.D. Sally is a graduate and on the faculty of PINE. She is Adjunct Instructor of Psychiatry at the Dartmouth Hitchcock Medical School and an editorial reader for *The Psychoanalytic Quarterly*. Her range of interests is wide and stimulating; we are lucky to have her as editor.

In our Fall, 2008 issue, we published Jason Fogler's "Conversations in Purgatory: Lessons Learned from Veterans of the Vietnam War and Soldiers Returning from Iraq and Afghanistan." A front page story in the August 2, 2009 *New York Times*, described in detail the high incidence of suicides among returning Iraq War veterans. A week or so after reading this article, I happened to discover a *New Yorker* magazine interview that my father, Daniel Lang, conducted with a Guadalcanal vet in 1943. Written long before PTSD existed as a diagnosis and in no way intended as a clinical contribution, this article powerfully conveys the quiet desperation dogging the interviewee's footsteps. As a follow-up to Jason's contribution, we are republishing it here.

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Elisabeth Young-Bruehl's paper "Psychobiography and Character Study: a Reflection" and the two discussions of it – all presented at a February 21, 2009 PINE Scientific Meeting – are being included here in their entirety rather than through a report. Read together, they comprise a rich and absorbing document. A report would not do them justice.

I want to add that editing the PINE newsletter over the past six years has been a source of great pleasure and learning for me. I am particularly appreciative of the writers who contributed their work – involving many hours of

writing and re-writing – purely out of a deep interest in the subject matter.

Evelyne Schwaber, M.D., as Editorial Advisor, has provided invaluable assistance all along. In the midst of her busy schedule, she has, at all times, been willing to read and comment most helpfully on my own articles. I am thankful for her participation as I am for the opportunity to collaborate with Managing Editor, Alice Rapkin, without whom the Newsletter could not go forward. For these and for all aspects of editing this Newsletter, I am grateful.



Psychobiography and Character Study: A Reflection

Elisabeth Young-Bruehl, Ph.D.

1. Biography as a Relational Scene

The other day, a patient of mine, who is a psychoanalyst, came in and told me, excitedly, apprehensively, that she had just come from a session with a patient of hers who was furious with me. Her patient had been reading my biography of Anna Freud, and had concluded that I had willfully concealed Anna Freud's lesbianism. "What do you think?" my patient demanded of me. "Is she right?" When I questioned her question, my patient and I went off in the direction of her attitude toward me at the moment, which was suspicion and fear for the fate of her usual idealization of me: maybe, she was thinking, I was homophobic and I would reject her for her own lesbianism. The question of Anna Freud's alleged lesbianism receded from our work while we focused on the homophobia my patient feared in me, but my biography remained there, suspended in the matrix of our talk, having an episode in the life it has had since its first appearance back in 1988. Every biography could be a subject of biography. And a biography's life is, also, part of the after-life of its subject – part of the subject's public self, or publicly created self.

This little exchange can stand for or represent a central feature of contemporary psychoanalytic biography. Each sophisticated reader of such a biography assumes that the biography is the biographer's construct, not an objectively truthful image to be judged by standards of verisimilitude. In this post-modernist moment, readers assume that the biographical portrait is a product of the complex inter-relation of the biographer and all of the sources – the "data" – that are available for constructing the portrait. The portrait, then, will contain all the biographer's assumptions, peculiari-

ties of imagination and style, biases, methodological convictions and ideological convictions, and some of the biographer's unconscious mind as well; that is, the biographical subject is a construction or a projection. There is no independent "self" of the subject, but there is the biographer's concept of the subject's self, as well as the biographer's conception of "the self." When the biography goes out to the readers who have this understanding of the biographer's art (or artifice), the subject as presented in it enters into the matrix of each reader's assumptions about the book and also each reader's receptivity to the subject and once again – many times again – there is mediation, construction.

I take all of this complexity for granted now. It is the intellectual *Zeitgeist*. But I did not take it for granted when I wrote my first biography of Hannah Arendt, between the years 1976 and 1982. Like the student of classical Greek literature and philosophy that I was then. I thought from within the classical biographical tradition, where lives are for public instruction. To edify readers, classical biographies told the manner in which a person had lived, manifesting his or her character. The subject's way of life was exemplary – usually exemplary of moral or political good, but sometimes of evil or of the ill fortune brought on by bad character.

When I was writing Hannah Arendt's biography, I worked on the basis of this tradition, and it certainly seemed appropriate to her, as someone educated in the Greco-Roman tradition, someone whose life had been caught up in political affairs – war, immigration, political struggle -- and as someone whose writing was committed to the *res publica*. Also, it seemed appropriate to her as the author of *Rahel Varnhagen; Life of a Jewish Woman* – Arendt's

first book — and as the author of the many biographical vignettes in *The Origins of Totalitarianism* and essays in *Men In Dark Times*, all of which were intended as exemplary, instructional lives.¹ I thought of biography as edifying character study, but I also thought of it as a type of intellectual history, concerned with my subject's ideas and how those ideas informed her words and deeds and thus had an influence over others.

Working in this classical way, I hardly gave a thought to Hannah Arendt's unconscious mind, although I certainly tried to tell the story of her childhood with as much regard as the sources permitted for her relationship to her father, who died of paretic syphilis when she was a child, and to her mother, a Social Democratic admirer of Rosa Luxemburg, who was the key shaping influence upon Arendt's earliest political concerns. But by the time I set out in the winter of 1984-5 to write my biography of Anna Freud, the intellectual climate had shifted into the hypervigilance of post-modernism that I mentioned before and my own conception of biography had become organized around Freudian ideas about the unconscious mind and its determination of conscious life. This does not mean, however, that I abandoned the

1 I will set it out as a proposition that there is no modern person about whom a rich and instructive biography can be made who has not himself or herself made a biography – of sorts. Perhaps only a short textual biography – a vignette — or a biography appearing as something else – a painter's description of painting a portrait, for example, or a filmmaker's study of a subject's way of walking down the street — but a biography of some sort. To put the proposition in another form: only those who are interested in how other people live and how other people's lives can be presented are really rich and richly interesting to present biographically. There are no biographies of schizoids, although there are case studies.

classical mode of writing an edifying exemplary life. But I wanted to combine this mode with the new one and to make a methodologically complex (perhaps I should say hybrid) portrait of a person who had, I think, a remarkable relationship both to her own mind and with others' minds in a shared mental life, a world of psychoanalytic ideas and experiences. Putting this shift in my conception differently, I could say that I was still focused upon character, but that my understanding of character had changed: I looked now at the development of my subject's character and at how her ego's typical ways and means were rooted in her unconscious life. And, as I said before, I took it for granted that my understanding of character was determined by my own unconscious mind and that I was bringing that determination to the portrait I was constructing – and that my readers would do the same.

To put this matter yet another way: with this shift in conception, I had to accept that the task I was undertaking, a psychoanalytic biography, entailed not just the difficulties of accuracy or historical correctness and thoroughness built into the classical exemplary life or intellectual historical biography, but, ultimately, an impossibility: portraying the unconscious mind is an impossibility. The psychoanalytic biographer can set out looking and listening for the unconscious as an analyst does – assuming that the unconscious can be glimpsed in dreams, parapraxes, symptoms — but what the biographer finds cannot, ultimately, be interpreted, because the subject is not available as a free associator or as a person having a transference to the biographer. The psychoanalytic means of interpretation — free association and transference — are missing. In a psychoanalytic treatment, you and your patient can, working together, slowly, over the course of time, raise to consciousness the patient's unconscious memories, fantasies, desires, aspirations — and perhaps some of your own, too. But

this is a 'live' interactive process, with a therapeutic aim; it is not an interpretation of documents, not a piece of interpretive writing. (Even in psychoanalytic case writing, the problems of representation that are not present in the therapeutic work itself come flooding in.)

So, of course, the person who is presented in a psychoanalytic biography is — much more obviously than a person presented in the classical exemplary life — an imagined person, an imaginary person. That is, the biographer's imagining process is more evident because there is an explicit focus on the unconscious mind and an explicit effort to do the impossible, to read through documents and into interviews and correspondences for the unconscious layers. The psychoanalytic biography is explicitly a relational scene, whether the biographer chooses to appear in the book in the first person singular "I," as the imagining, interpreting presence, or not, and whether the biographer's inevitable "countertransference" to the subject and in the relational scene appears as such or not.

A psychoanalytic biography has something of the quality that Kierkegaard once captured perfectly when writing about irony: he said that an instance of irony is like a portrait of an elf wearing the magic cap that makes him invisible.

The absence of a subject who is free associating and transferring is one of the key factors that distinguishes psychoanalytic biography writing from psychoanalysis, of course, but it is also important to recognize the many ways in which this factor interplays with a second key factor: namely, that a biography writer is free associating about and countertransferring onto not only the subject, but the reader — the reader who is present all during the researching and writing, not just when the book is available on publication.

In a psychoanalytic consulting room, there is no reader, no audience, in this sense, although both analyst and analysand may very well be performing for audiences in their own imaginations.

Both of the biographies I have written have been first biographies, and in both instances this meant that my readers were — in my mind, and then in fact — having a particular kind of discovery experience: they were finding out things about Hannah Arendt or Anna Freud that they had not known and could not know from any other source than my discoveries, and they were having to weigh that information against their preconceptions, which were usually based on nothing more than rumor (except in the cases of my subjects' personal friends, people I had interviewed). I was aware while writing Hannah Arendt's biography that her youthful affair with her teacher Martin Heidegger was going to be both a crux in her story and the shocking revelation of my book, as I was aware that Anna Freud's analysis with her father was going to be a crux in her story and the shocking revelation of that biography. Both revelations were going to raise questions about how my subjects' crucial youthful experiences played out in the rest of their lives, in their later relationships and in their work. Not surprisingly, these episodes were the most difficult ones for me to try to understand, while working through my own feelings about them, and also to write, while taking into account my own reactions and my anticipation of how my readers were going to react. In retrospect, I can see that I behaved toward both revelations in the same way, which is characteristic of me: that is, as though commanding myself "Do not sensationalize, do not dramatize!" "Keep this episode under your control, do not let your feelings about it show!"

2. Psychoanalytic Character Study and Self-Study

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I have been trying to indicate how, from my first biography to my second, I kept the classical practice along with the newer, more constructivist mode; kept the idea that the subject has a character that can be portrayed for the readers' edification along with the idea that character is also who a person becomes in relationships, including the interpretive relationship of another's analyzing or story-telling. But just now I have indicated that my own character, which is particularly obvious in the crucial moments of both biographies, did not differ fundamentally from one book to the next even though the books are quite different: confronted with crucial, turning point episodes in my subjects' lives, and in the stories I was telling, I behaved "in character."

Considering the character from which that characteristic response of mine arose will bring me into the territory of the characterology with which I operated implicitly as a biographer and operate now explicitly as an analyst. This is a characterology which I made explicit to myself after both biographies were published and that I wrote about starting with a book called *Creative Characters* (1991), going on to one called *The Anatomy of Prejudices* (1996), and culminating in various essays I wrote during the years of my training analysis, when my evolving sense of my own character really began to have an effect on me. In my analysis, I was able to look at myself quite differently than I had before, and to change – to the point where I know that if I were confronted today with the task of writing about Hannah Arendt's affair with Martin Heidegger and its aftereffects or Anna Freud's analysis with her father and its aftereffects, I would write differently and much more transparently. (As far as Arendt is concerned, I have recently written about her quite differently, as I will indicate; and I am currently writing a new preface for the Anna Freud biography's second edition.)

Let me illustrate my characteristic way of confronting the crux of my subject's life by returning to the question of Anna Freud's sexual life with which I began these remarks. From the first moment when I entertained the idea of becoming Anna Freud's biographer, this question was in front of me. That was in the late fall of 1984, when Anna Freud's editor and literary executor, Lottie Newman, summoned me to her house in order to ask me to write the biography and to offer me access to Anna Freud's papers, which were at her house en route to their final destination as part of the Sigmund Freud Archives in the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. After she had shown me this daunting collection of papers – six large steamer trunks full of neat bundles, one bundle per year from 1946 through 1982 — Lottie Newman served me a lovely lunch and made her proposition: she would give me access to the papers (and permission to quote them) for a biography, with no control over the result, and I would, going through all the papers, remove any that made direct reference to patients, so that these could be restricted and the patients' confidentiality preserved. During the conversation we had about her proposition and about Anna Freud's life and work, I put Lottie Newman a blunt two-part question: was the rumor that Anna Freud was a lesbian true? And, if so, what did she, Lottie Newman, think about how biographical news of Anna Freud's lesbianism would resound in the world community of psychoanalysts, given the fact that homosexuality was then still considered a pathological condition?

Lottie Newman did not take up the second part of my question because she answered the first by saying that she was aware that some people thought Anna Freud and Dorothy Tiffany Burlingham had been lovers, but that she did not think so. She based this judgment on the many times that she and her husband Richard had stayed

in the Freud house in London and traveled with Anna Freud and Dorothy Burlingham, who kept separate bedrooms at home and traveling and were never physically affectionate or in any way lover-like with each other. At this point, Richard Newman, a psychoanalyst, who had joined us for lunch, concurred that the phrase "Boston marriage" was accurate, and asked me a wry question in his slow Texan drawl: "Now I ask you, those two ladies had a really excellent and quite *harmonious* relationship for fifty years — do you think that could be sexual?"

I left that lunch quite confused by his question, which after all implied the broader question of whether I thought *any* sexual relationship could be harmonious! His intention was clearly to get me to take account, before I even began, of my countertransference to my potential subject. But I was also confused by my own ambivalence about writing a biography *either* of the woman the Newmans had described *or* of a lesbian whose lesbianism I would be forced to expose, in the face of denials like the Newmans', to the psychoanalytic community. Even though I decided to go ahead with the biography, my ambivalence never completely disappeared. By the time I had interviewed her friends, read letters (her own and others'), and particularly interpreted several of her father's case studies and one of her own that were based on his analysis of her, I was convinced that Anna Freud had been an ascetic and a virtuoso sublimator of her sexual desires. But my reaction to this conclusion was great disappointment, because I would have preferred her to have had a less constricted sexual life and would have been quite comfortable if it had been a homosexual sexual life – despite how uncomfortable I would have been with exposing that or "outing" her, particularly to the psychoanalytic community.

I wrote into the biography an intricate, chapter-long reconstruction of Anna Freud's analysis as it can be glimpsed in the existing documentation, particularly in the case studies written by father and daughter in the early 1920's. My tone is calm; my stance, analytical. Anna Freud never abandoned her love of her father for any other love. I argued, making it clear that her analysis with him did not release her from him – how could it? In my judgment, I would not be able today to make this argument with any more precision and richness than I made it then. But I am very well aware that, later in the story, when Dorothy Burlingham came on the scene and I invoked again my argument about Anna Freud's asceticism, I would make two revisions were I writing today. The first would be to acknowledge explicitly that a biographer cannot have the kind of certainty about the subject's sexual life that an analyst would have. I would say: "Of course, although all the evidence points toward Anna Freud's asceticism, no one can say definitively what form the erotic tie between Anna Freud and Dorothy Burlingham took, as neither of them left behind a written or oral testimony to it, and it is not possible to know what either said about it in their analyses or to their surrogate analysts."

Why didn't I make this simple admission, which would have saved me a lot of criticism from later readers (including the *New York Times* reviewer) who felt that I had covered up Anna Freud's lesbianism out of my own homophobia? The answer to this question is connected to the second revision I would make were I writing the biography today. In the pages I devoted to Anna Freud's analysis with her father and to the ascetic way of living she settled upon in the analysis and partly as a consequence of the analysis and its unresolved – unresolvable -- transference, I left aside the question of how Freud's followers might have reacted if Anna

Freud and Dorothy Burlingham had been known to be lovers -- and what this might have meant to Anna Freud herself and to her father-analyst. Was she, who spoke again and again about her concern for the good opinion of others and about winning praise, inhibited by the psychoanalytic opinion that homosexuality was a neurosis; did she fear judgment, even ostracism? I did not weave into my narrative a little one page history of Freud's own and his followers' much more homophobic attitudes toward homosexuality and perversion in the 1920's or in subsequent times, up to the moment when my readers would be reading her story and questioning it.² Why didn't I take up this topic, which had, after all, been on my mind since the day Lottie Newman asked me to write the biography?

The obvious answer is that the homophobic cultural milieu of the mid-1980's, and the continued pathologization of homosexuality in the psychoanalytic community, inhibited me. True as this may be, it is not the whole story. The cultural story intersected with a less obvious (and to me more powerful) story, which I will come back to in a moment as I try to answer these questions about the Anna Freud biography. But first I want to turn to my Hannah Arendt biography and how I faced the crux in it of her affair with Heidegger. Here, again, I would, were I writing the biography today, make an explicit admission: no one can know very much about the course this affair took or what its psychodynamic was, as there is no

2 Anna Freud's father did not share the idea that homosexuality is a neurotic condition, because he considered it as the opposite of a neurosis, that is, as a perversion (*SE*: VII. 165 and 231). By my standards this is also a homophobic category when applied to homosexuality. In Freud's case study of a female homosexual, published in 1920, he notes that the girl's father might have taken the position of "lofty resignation" toward her – perhaps the one Freud himself took, although he attributes it to a medical colleague – that her "irregularity" was "a misfortune like any other" (*SE*: XVIII, 149).

available oral or written testimony from either Arendt or Heidegger except what has survived of their correspondence with each other. I did not have access to that correspondence when I was writing the biography and even now that it has been published I find it unrevealing, not just because it is peculiarly abstract and opaquely poetic, but because Arendt's letters from the late 1920s are missing (for unknown reasons).

In the biography, I presented – undramatically -- the facts of their affair as those could be reconstructed from my interviews with the very few people who knew about it. The person who -- it seems -- knew most about it, Arendt's husband Heinrich Bluecher, had died four years before Arendt herself, and, as far as I know, he did not speak about it to anyone else. But I studiously did not speculate about the affair on the basis of the facts as I could reveal them. And, particularly, I did not interpret her love for Heidegger psychoanalytically, both because this seemed inappropriate given both the kind of biography I was trying to write and her hatred of psychoanalysis, and because I did not, at the time, trust my ability to do so, sensing that I was missing some datum that would secure the psychoanalytic ideas I did have about it. I dreaded being a psychoanalytic amateur.

For a 2005 second edition of my Arendt biography, I wrote a new preface, and the next year, the centenary of Arendt's birth, a short book called *Why Arendt Matters*. In both these texts, I detailed how the affair had been presented in another biography, whose author had gained access to the Arendt/Heidegger letters (and permission to quote Arendt's).³ That biographer, a Polish woman named Elzbieta Ettinger, had sensationalized the affair, constructing an obviously

3 Elzbieta Ettinger, *Hannah Arendt/Martin Heidegger*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1995.

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distorted picture of a naive schoolgirl swept off her feet by a an older man -- married, Catholic, father of two sons — who scorned her in the late 1920's and then betrayed her (and his Jewish colleagues) shortly thereafter by joining the Nazi Party. Ettinger's Hannah Arendt nonetheless slavishly stood by her man and even tried, after WWII, when she re-established contact with him, to whitewash his Nazi Party affiliation. To counter this lurid caricature of Arendt, which provoked intense interest in the affair among readers around the world, I documented how she had criticized Heidegger during and after the war in print and how she had analyzed his duplicitous character time and again in her correspondences with her husband and with Karl Jaspers, who eventually repudiated Heidegger, having been unable to sustain their pre-war friendship in the face of Heidegger's obstinate refusal to recant his Nazism publicly. She had no illusions about Heidegger's character; she flatly described him as half mendacious and half genuine, a great philosopher who often behaved foolishly, especially by cultivating adulators and sycophants. Had she not been so dismissive of psychoanalytic concepts, she might have called him a narcissist.

In my second edition preface and in *Why Arendt Matters*, I offered my interpretation of Arendt's motivation for reestablishing contact with Heidegger after the war and maintaining her friendship with him until her death, but I put it very succinctly, depending on her own words from letters in which she stressed how important to her was what she called "continuity." The word continuity appears again and again in her post-war letters to the three men she most loved: Heidegger, Bleucher, and Jaspers. Today, after further thought about her longing for continuity, I could develop my interpretation psychoanalytically and say with some confidence: as a twenty-year-old, she experienced

from Heidegger her heart's desire, her core wish – recognition of her personhood and her talents from a man who happened to be the most talented philosopher of his generation. He did not, after their affair ended or during the war, offer anything like continuity, but he did offer it after the war, as she had hoped he would, by telling her when they met in 1951 that she was the love of his life and that she was the one person who really could understand *him*. (Narcissists characteristically single out for praise the intellectual abilities of people who can understand *them*.)⁴

I feel confident now of this interpretation of the genesis of Arendt's longing for recognition and continuity because very recently Hannah Arendt's old friend Lotte Kohler – one of the few of her close friends who is still alive — told me two stories about dreaming. These stories were, finally, the kind of material that a psychoanalytic biographer would need. When she was a child, Arendt had told Lotte Kohler, she had a recurrent dream about her father returning from the psychiatric hospital where he died and greeting her in loving recognition. Her dreams were often so vivid that she awoke not sure whether her dream had been a dream. To illustrate in another way the vividness of her dreams, she went on to tell Lotte Kohler that when she was

a young woman at university she had dreamt that a well-known professor had died and then went about the next morning talking about how sad this was. People were shocked and telephoned the professor's home to check on him. When he answered the phone and assured them that he was quite alive, she was terrifically embarrassed to realize that she had only dreamt his death. Lotte Kohler's first story conveyed the original longing for recognition and return, representing continuity and integrity of self, and the second showed Arendt's dreaming that a professor living elsewhere had died and then – miraculously, in the secondary revision of awaking, in which her wish was her command — returned to life.⁵

For a woman who had lost her father early, having been so hurt first by his inability to recognize her in his parietic dementia and then by his terrible death, an older lover who could offer recognition and continuity would step into an empty place. Her husband Heinrich Bluecher later held the place much more reliably (and far less narcissistically) than Heidegger had, and for that she tolerated his flirtations with other women, who, he assured her, never supplanted her or, in

4 Their relationship was continuous after the war, but became distant for a period in the 1960's after Arendt sent Heidegger a copy of her *The Human Condition*, which certainly was a full display of her abilities. She remarked to Jaspers that she thought Heidegger had been displeased, as his appreciation of her had centered on her ability to understand him. "I know that he finds it intolerable that my name appears in public, that I write books, etc. All my life I've pulled the wool over his eyes, so to speak, acted as if none of that existed and as if I couldn't count to three, unless it was in the interpretation of his own works... Then I suddenly felt that this deception was becoming just too boring, and so I got a rap on the nose. I was very angry for a moment, but I'm not any longer. I felt somehow that I deserved what I got – that is, both for having deceived him and for suddenly having put an end to it" (Correspondence, p. 457).

5 In her biography of Rahel Varnhagen, Arendt included a chapter on Rahel's recurrent dreams, emphasizing their vividness and explaining that they constantly challenged "the continuity of the day" because they brought up Rahel's losses, her rejections, her exclusions (because of her Jewishness) from the society she wanted desperately to belong to. In the most persistent dream, two lovers who had rejected her were represented by a beautiful animal who loved her tremendously and knew how to tell her and show her that it did: "it looked at me with more love than I ever remember seeing in any human being's eyes." But eventually, as the dream changed over time, the animal who had recognized her so strongly died – and Rahel interpreted this as a sign that her lovers had been, really, heartless and untrue (*Hannah Arendt, Rahel Varnhagen: The Life of a Jewess*. New York: Leo Baeck Institute, 1957, p. 109).

his eyes, held a candle to her talents.⁶ Her surrogate father, Karl Jaspers, was endlessly admiring of her and unflinchingly steadfast until his death in 1969 (when she was sixty three years old).

To me, Arendt's longing for recognition and continuity, her willingness to be loyal if loyalty was shown her, even if imperfectly, as well as her strong wish for a disruption of love to be overcome or miraculously repaired, seemed perfectly familiar. I have experienced variations on these themes in myself, and had great difficulty in my analysis coming to see them clearly or to understand their origins; I brought a variation of my resistance into my resistance toward seeing the themes in her life clearly or confidently analyzing them, much less revealing them publicly.

Today, as an analyst, I understand these themes of need for recognition and continuity as basic to normal narcissism and central to a character of basically narcissistic organization – the sort of character that Hannah Arendt and I have in common, and have in common with many people who have felt an early loss of love. I understand narcissism of Heidegger's sort as an extreme: he seems to me a grandiose narcissist of the sort who goes so far as to try to remake reality (in reality, not just in dreams), erasing any dissent from his narcissistic wishes. It had astounded Arendt to learn that

6 During a time when she found out about a relationship Bluecher had with another woman, Arendt reflected in her journal (October, 1950) on *Treue* and distinguished between "more or less innocent infidelity" and "the great crime of infidelity" that "murders that which was true...that which one brought into the world." The crime of infidelity is "true destruction because it is only through fidelity that we are masters of our past: Fidelity's existence depends on us." This infidelity, which destroys continuity, which is a "forgetting," is ultimately "the only real sin, because it smothers truth and that which was true." (Hannah Arendt, *Denktagebuch: 1950 bis 1973*, Erster Band. Munich: Piper, 2002, p. 39; and see Lotte Kohler's introduction to *Within Four Walls: The Correspondence between Hannah Arendt and Heinrich Bluecher*. New York, Harcourt, 1996)

Heidegger had, in 1933, imagined himself as the house philosopher for Hitler and the National Socialists who envisioned remaking the world.

Characterologically, people like Hannah Arendt and like me, regardless of differences in intellectual abilities, want to be carefully and thoroughly right and to try to help other people live up to their views of what might be best. Speaking of myself (not her), I can say that I have always hoped to steer clear of imposing my view on others and now, as a matter of analytic self-knowledge, I actively restrain myself from imposing my view – otherwise I should not be an analyst. Nurturing or mentoring narcissists, although they want to be right, do not characteristically punish other people for being who they are, tolerating no dissent and eventually constraining others who show any independence. Before my analysis, when I was disappointed that I could not help another to be what I thought would be best for him or her, I backed off, and was afraid of any retributive feelings I felt toward the proteges. I had the same attitude toward groups and, I came to understand, toward groups of my imagined readers. I backed off when I felt that I would not be able to get readers to see things as I saw them. And that, it seems to me, was why I was so reluctant to be more transparent about my biographical analyzing process and my judgments on the crucial episodes I have described. In my Anna Freud biography, I backed away, particularly from the psychoanalytic community's homophobia, not because I was directly inhibited by it or intimidated by it, but because I was afraid of how furious it made me. I was afraid of becoming angry in print and then being judged an angry character, not the calm, steady one I liked to be and liked to be recognized and admired for being. The same fear, more generally, underlay my determination not to be a sensationalizer or a dramatist. In effect, I fearfully instructed myself: do not be a hysteric.

Not surprisingly, in the characterology I articulated in the 1990's, narcissists and hysterics feature prominently, each with variations such as the normal (mentoring) and extreme (grandiose) narcissists, the "good" and "bad" hysterics (in Elizabeth Zetzel's formulation), and each with characteristic formations along the many "developmental lines" studied so carefully by Anna Freud.⁷ The third character type I described was the obsessional – Anna Freud's type, and much of what I wrote in describing the obsessional type is based upon what I learned by considering Anna Freud and her relationship with her father. In fact, the Anna Freud biography also taught me that it is important when thinking about character and characterology to adapt the "parallel lives" method practiced in the classical tradition, particularly by Plutarch, who wrote studies featuring two characters portrayed comparatively.⁸

My adaptation of the method of characterological comparisons is clear-est in my Anna Freud biography when

7 When I use "character" as a psychoanalyst, I take into account the early Freudian emphasis on libidinal stages (particularly the anal stage influence on obsessiveness, which is one of the most demonstrated correlations in all of psychoanalytic theory), but I put much more stress on the relational features of character, the ways in which a person habitually loves and works, and on the relational feature of character that embeds its revelation in a relationship. By this last feature I mean that a person's character is invisible to himself or herself; another person is needed to identify it – to portray it; everyone needs a biographer in this sense. Or you need another person – an analyst in a psychoanalytic setting – to help you to see it for yourself, to mirror you interactively. In this sense, you can describe a psychoanalysis as a type of relationship in which an analysand achieves (one might say performs) a self-portrait and can see herself in that portrait in the analysis. To my mind, the condition for growth and change in a psychoanalysis is the analysand's capacity to see her character and want to make the changes in it that permit further growth and development.

8 Plutarch's charming *Lives*, has standard narrative units focusing on family, education, debut in public life, crucial words and deeds, and changes (*metabolai*) of fortune, and offers characterological reflections in the medium of comparisons (*synkresies*).

I was using it to compare Anna Freud and her father.⁹ Let me offer just one example of the grounds for comparison. He was a man whose narcissistic features made it impossible for him to sustain deeply self-revelatory collaborations with other men, although he tried again and again, and achieved his most decisive advances when he failed (especially with Fliess, with Adler, with Jung, with Rank, with Ferenczi). In his last years, I think, he actually evolved into a person who could relate to his daughter's (that is, not a man's) activity collaboratively and say (in 1925) "the future of psychoanalysis belongs to child analysis." Similarly, he was a man whose narcissistic features made it impossible for him to see the significance of transference in such a way that he would have chosen not to analyze his own daughter, or would have chosen to risk allowing her to be analyzed by one of his collaborators of whom he was not too suspicious (as he allowed his son Oliver -- not an heir to psychoanalysis -- to be analyzed by Franz Alexander). In comparison, Anna Freud was a woman whose entire career was spent in collaborative ventures -- nurseries, clinics, centers for clinical work and research -- where she could be the leader and mentor of other women and younger men, although exercising her leadership in her characteristic obsessional mixture of innovatory and conservative ways, with her characteristic ambivalence in relations with peers outside of her circle. She operated by "altruistic surrender" of the rewards of love and work to others -- a quite controlling strategy that would not suit a mentoring narcissist like me, so I felt it as foreign. After her analysis, she was able to write the first sustained

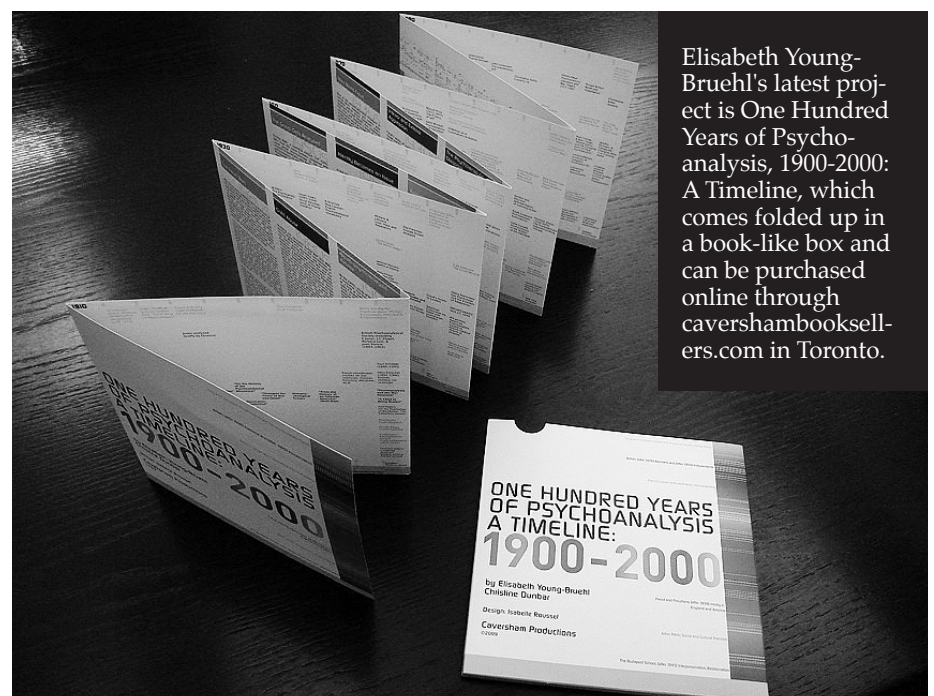
⁹ *My Creative Characters* (New York: Routledge, 1991) offers a number of comparative studies in chapters devoted to narcissists (including Freud), hysterics, and obsessionals (including Anna Freud). I argue that the three character types have characteristic modes of creativity, each dominated by a metaphor: of the self channeling energy or inspiration, of one part of the self fabricating another, and of the self purging itself.

description of altruistic surrender as a mechanism of defense.

Making a portrait of a biographical subject in which these kinds of characterological dimensions come clear permits asking questions that lead on to the levels on which biography can contribute -- as a case study can -- to psychoanalytic theory, or, more simply, to our understanding of how people love and work. In terms of work, one might ask a question of the form: how did a person of this character type come to work in this way? Or, as I put the question for Anna Freud: how did this woman of obsessional character, so fundamentally conservative and interested in conservation of a legacy, become able to contribute so creatively, so originally, to the idea system she was conserving? In terms of love, one might ask a question of the form: how did a person of this character type love -- what patterns did her loves take? Did she have a recurrent love story? As far as Anna Freud was concerned, the question might go: how did this woman of obsessional character develop a sexual life -- an erotic relational life -- that, while it was very restricted in expressive terms, that is, while it was

apparently ascetic, and while it was a clear instance of the Oedipal fixation to the parent of the opposite sex that she and her father studied so deeply, nonetheless allowed her to sublimate so intensely and be so very attuned to the sexual life of children, that is, not to be full of puritan disavowal of childhood sexuality. Anna Freud was a remarkably mentally adroit and unpretentious, curious, a witty person -- a very "good obsessional" (if one might analogize to the distinction Zetzel drew between a "good" and a "bad" hysteric), who was able to make her obsessiveness into as much of a virtue as it could be.

Each of these questions presumes a portrait of a character developing and becoming consolidated in late adolescence and young adulthood, becoming, then, refined and nuanced -- perhaps, in some lives, altered with experience or with a mid-life crisis or bodily change, including aging. The narrative units of a biography of the sort I am describing are, in other words, the developmental units of character formation.



Elisabeth Young-Bruehl's latest project is *One Hundred Years of Psychoanalysis, 1900-2000: A Timeline*, which comes folded up in a book-like box and can be purchased online through cavershambooksellers.com in Toronto.

WHAT IS IT LIKE TO LIVE AMONG GHOSTS?

A DISCUSSION OF ELIZABETH YOUNG-BRUEHL'S "PSYCHOBIOGRAPHY AND CHARACTER STUDY: A REFLECTION"

Alfred Margulies, M.D.

What is it like to live among ghosts? Many of us spend years of analysis trying to put to rest our intrapsychic ghosts, but then there are those who spend years bringing the ghosts of others back to life. Consider, for example, the biographer who not only chooses to summon alive the ghosts of history, but, indeed, tries to fasten them down with paper and ink. Elisabeth Young-Bruehl has lived deeply with the ghosts of Hannah Arendt and Anna Freud, and though they have long since been preserved in the luminous amber of her acclaimed biographies, they haunt her still.

Young-Bruehl captures this right up front in her paper when she writes: "Every biography could be a subject of biography. And a biography's life is, also, part of the after-life of its subject ..." Well, a biography of a biography would be, of course, a biography of the author herself, and by evoking the "after-life" Young-Bruehl pulls us into the land of the undead. And so with this paper, Young-Bruehl has written an autobiography through ghosts. She is motivated by her obligation to set the record straight, to get it right, to look ruthlessly at her own character and its impact on her projects. Years later she now goes back to re-edit her biographies, and with a certain wistfulness, wishes she could re-edit her character and her own life, too.

Getting it right is, precisely, the biographer's perilous obligation to the after-life of her subjects. We cannot help but pity the biographer Joseph Ellis who some years ago (1997) appended to his magisterial tome, *American Sphinx: The Character of Thomas Jefferson*, his take on the highly disputed question of Jefferson's sexuality. Just

like Young-Bruehl, Ellis was trying to assess the most private aspects of his subject's inner world. In particular he addressed Jefferson's relationship to his slave Sally Hemmings, and Ellis conjectures "about the unlikelihood of the relationship." Jefferson, Ellis carefully reasoned, was "not that adroit at the kind of overt deviousness required to sustain an allegedly thirty-eight-year affair in the very center of his domestic haven..." And, in a manner very similar to Young-Bruehl's description of Anna Freud as a "virtuoso sublimator of...sexual desires," Ellis continues: "nothing that we know about Jefferson supports the linkage between sex and sensuality. His most sensual statements were aimed at beautiful buildings rather than beautiful women" (p. 306). Oops! Within months of publication, Ellis's scholarly reasoning, his considered effort to get it right, capsized. Through the magic of the undreamt of technology of genetic reconstruction (reminding me a bit of the literally reconstructed dinosaurs in the movie *Jurassic Park*), Thomas Jefferson emerges ghost-like through his genetic footprint. Speak of "after-life," here the long buried facts of Jefferson's life came back to haunt Ellis, and, indeed, the whole nation. And so conjecture and co-construction get mugged by the facts. Now who here wouldn't be cautious: Try to bring the dead back to life in a biographical appraisal, and, beware, they just might not stay dead.

The dead won't stay dead

The dead won't stay dead! Now here's a haunting problem for both biographers and psychoanalysts! I submit the whole theory of deferred action/Nachtraglichkeit is precisely

about this uncanny phenomenon of intrapsychic and even socio-cultural ghosts: that is, the past won't stay past. Recall Freud's rather neglected theory of the memory of memories, or *Nachtraglichkeit*: In a nutshell, the recollection of an experience may be revised in the light of new experience or a new developmental stage and, with this revision, acquires new, even traumatizing, power. The later recollection of childhood sexual experience is a prime example of this phenomenon, as the memories themselves evolve and gather new significance with each new life stage. This is to say, experience that we do not — or cannot — assimilate, just might continue to hound us, haunt us, and repetitively return to us over time. And this return happens precisely because we are driven to assimilate new meaning continually within our evolving world of meanings, that is, our evolving symbolic order. Zombie-like, that which resists assimilation comes back to haunt us.

As Faulkner put it: "The past is never dead. It's not even past." Deferred action, *Nachtraglichkeit*, retranscription, *après coup*, afterwardsness — are all names for that which can't be — or won't stay — assimilated. The terms have family affinities, too, with the bugbear of historians and biographers, that is, the hermeneutic spiral. Moreover, all of this restless recursiveness, this continual assimilation and re-assimilation, points to the vexing postmodern critique of truth and certainty in clinical psychoanalysis, that is, the nature of: Construction; reconstruction; co-construction; deconstruction; and, of course — like an Arethra Franklin song — re-re-re-construction...

Continued on page 10

It's not just that facts (and their "truthiness") may change, like the emergence of genetic evidence in the life of Thomas Jefferson, but also, and perhaps more surprising, that we too change as we evolve into new levels and directions of understanding. This evolution of understanding is not only individual and intrapsychic, but is embedded — nested like Russian dolls — within expanding relational and cultural contexts. This, then, is how I will situate the problem of character for today, that is, character within the larger socio-cultural worldview. Though Heidegger be damned, perhaps Being-in-the-World is a better term. As Jonathan Lear has offered to us in his book *Radical Hope* (which is about the existential plight of the American Crow Nation), Being-in-the-World can be fruitfully examined as not just the Being of an individual existence, but of a whole living culture.

Consider the revisions (a little more than twenty years ago) to the mighty attempt at scientific objectivity in psychiatry, the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual*, and how with the stroke of a committee's pen homosexuality moved off of the books as a disease. Suddenly, a lot more people were healthy. We come up against the startling power of language to change — and to constitute! — our experience of facts. And so today we better appreciate the varieties of sexual development, and really, the egregious psychiatric and psychoanalytic offense (the linguistic performative!) of the medicalization and pathologizing of homosexuality. What changed was not simply the "facts," but we ourselves situated within our mutating signifying chains of meaning, within our larger Being-in-the-World! As with our astonishing recent Presidential election, we might say our whole national character — our worldview, our Being-in-the-World — is changing. The writer Borges once observed that not only can we not dip into the same river twice because the river has changed, but more to the

point, while the river was changing, we were changing, too. So let us give thanks to the inevitability of cultural evolution and retranscription. Like it or not we are thrust into an evolving postmodern sensibility that wobbles on the shifting sands of objectivity and notions of truth.

All of this, of course, is more than familiar to psychoanalysts. Compare for example our brooding contemporary clinical preoccupation with co-construction and enactment. Unlike the boldness of psychoanalytic interpretations in the good old days, our interpretations now seem hesitant and mealy-mouthed. Nowadays we rarely feel secure in asserting the full significance of events at their occurrence. Only looking backward do we gain some perspective, and surely here, too, there is no confident place of objectivity, but only yet another — perhaps if we are lucky — wider perspective. No wonder Freud could recommend without irony to clinicians practicing psychoanalysis that "the correct behaviour for an analyst lies...in avoiding speculation or brooding over cases while they are in analysis, and in submitting the material obtained to a synthetic process of thought only after the analysis is concluded" (XII: 114). No such luck for the biographer, whose analysis can only be truncated, never concluded. And what is Freud's wise recommendation if not a clinical positioning within the inevitability of *Nachträglichkeit*? That is, understanding will always be revised in the light of new understanding and the relentless evolution of meaning itself.

The tension at the heart of Young-Bruehl's paper is precisely, then, about this conflict over the wish to capture another's life objectively, honestly, truthfully, versus a postmodern awareness and, yes, cynicism about such an agenda. Add to this a psychoanalytic hermeneutic of suspicion about all conscious wishes and not only is the biographer and her biography suspect

but so is, sadly, even the process of self-examination or the claim to honesty of the biographer herself. In short, there is no exit, no way out of the hermeneutic spiral of self-examination as we examine ourselves examining another self. And, lest we forget, today we have discussants like me co-constructing a biographer who is co-constructing and re-co-constructing her subjects as you the audience richly co-construct us all. Be gentle.

So pity the poor biographer, who by the very act of writing brings the subject back to life, but who, at the same time, engages in the inevitably ambivalent act of attempting to nail down the facts and thereby tries to inter the subject. In her heart of hearts a biographer wishes to get it right, to write a history that if not definitive will surely be a lasting one, one that will live on and not merely be replaced. In Young-Bruehl's case, hers were the very first biographies of her subjects, laying down new ground and new facts; in their running on to new editions, they achieved an after-life of their own, they have legs. But, of course, time over-runs everything, including scientific theories, historical understandings, and, indeed, the vanity of us all. All of which is to say, the responsible biographer lives then not only with ghosts, but in a life of ambivalence to his or her subjects, digging up and burying at the same time. It is an impossible, and, yes, heroic Sisyphean task.

The narrative form of this biography of biographies

Given the brave nature of a biographer voyaging in the land of ghosts, I cannot resist commenting on another facet of her talk, its narrative form. Recall that Young-Bruehl began her academic journey with ancient classical studies. Indeed, in the very narrative structure of her paper there are classical literary forms embedded in classical forms, and this creates a won-

derful polyphony of a symphony still very much in progress. Let me focus on two such forms, specifically, the narrative forms of the journey and of the apology.

Most familiar to us is the classic narrative of the perilous high stakes journey into uncharted worlds, the journey itself paralleling the internal evolution of self-understanding. This journey is perhaps the most archetypal story we have – going back to the classics and before, resonating, for example, with the wanderings of Odysseus, Aeneas, or later the spiritual perplexity of Dante. The Journey is then a perfect metaphor for the self-analytic process of a biography of biographies.

Young-Bruehl takes us on an intellectual and emotional journey of her life-long unfolding of understanding and what the stakes have been. Though she casts a cool eye at her character failings — and now I will make Young-Bruehl cringe — her story can be read as a heroic journey with its own Odyssean monsters. Only here, instead of the giant Cyclops who will eat you alive, the biographer worries about the one-eyed lack of perspective that means the historian critics will eat you alive. More fearsome perhaps are the biographer's failings of character, which means the psychoanalytic commentators will rip you limb from limb for being insufficiently analyzed. Yes, critics and discussants are like the shades in Hades who only come alive with the blood of the living. Here, too, the author encounters the siren calls of the valorizing impulse, or the appeal of the exemplary life. Lastly, instead of the 20-year Odyssean voyage home only to find new suitors wooing your wife, the first biographer knows from the start that there will be inevitable new biographers wooing away one's pride of place. Well, with my apologies to Homer, I could go on...

And here my apology brings me to yet another classical form embedded in the journey narrative, that of the apology itself. And with the apology, we are back to the most influential biography of all of Western literature, Plato's construction and reconstruction of Socrates and his dialogues. Plato writes "The Apology" on behalf of Socrates, which is an accounting for, a defense of, Socrates' thinking and teaching, indeed, of his lived-life in answer to his condemnation by Athens.

Before his death Socrates is trying to explain, to teach, and to get it right: one should be able to give a proper account for oneself. And so, Socrates is apologizing not only to friends, family, citizens, but, weirdly, to the ghostly future, that is, to us. His apology, ghost-like, lives on and on. Keep in mind this after-life was set in motion by his student and biographer Plato — Socrates wrote not a single word! — and so it is Plato who brings Socrates immortality. (Now here is "altruistic surrender" worthy of the name!)

In revitalizing her subjects through biography Young-Bruehl takes self disclosure to a high level of honesty, her apology becomes in essence a confession of flaws (not unlike Montaigne or Augustine). Here we get incisive, painful comments about characterology, blind spots, identifications, failures of courage, and regrettable influences by the historical zeitgeist, all of which got in her way. Her apology is to the ghosts of her subjects, to history, to the work itself, and to us. At times her autobiography through her analysis of her biographies takes on the quality of an unflinching case study. I am humbled by this honesty, nevertheless, I do wonder, is the apology too much, too self-effacing, too harsh? In short, does it reflect an unruly, pesky character symptom?

Summary: The quest to get it right

Here is Peter Gay (*Modernism*, 2008) reflecting on Proust's project — really everyone's quest — to get it right, to get a life right:

"Life is many things, to be sure, but most conspicuously it adds up to a vast array of mistakes, of mismatches, of sentiments out of phase with realities, of experiences not reflected in feelings. We get experiences wrong; everyone gets experience wrong... [Peter Gay continues] Life, therefore, is a perpetual act of revising, of correcting, what we think we know; it is a school for disenchantment."

Like life itself, writing biographies is surely a school for disenchantment. So how do we assess Young-Bruehl's apologizing to us, apologizing to the past, apologizing to the future? Who here would be so honest? As Freud put it in *Interpretation of Dreams* (IV:121) if anyone is feeling critical of the extent of his self-analysis "just make the experiment of being franker than I am." Young-Bruehl's spirit of wishing to get it right, trying to be honest, and of self-disclosing for history's sake, is, to me without a doubt, exemplary.

So now we return full circle. In her effort to apologize for her missteps, the blind spots of her youthful and present character, in her effort to erase the distorting impact of an academic life begun in the valorization of exemplary lives, the humbled historian herself becomes exemplary to us all. Bravo!



A DISCUSSION OF ELIZABETH YOUNG-BRUEHL'S "PSYCHOBIOGRAPHY AND CHARACTER STUDY: A REFLECTION"

Ellen Pinsky, Psy.D.

Elisabeth Young-Bruehl's candid, rich reflections suggest many ways we might compare the methods of psychoanalysis and biography writing, but I will choose only one for my focus.

Both methods — psychoanalysis and biography writing — aim to touch without touching. And in both methods the *medium* to somehow touch without touching — by which I mean, the medium for something humanly true to transpire — is words. How does each method provide the psychic meanings and possibilities of actual touch without literally touching?

I'll give an example. Here is Elisabeth Young-Bruehl — in a passage I am touched by — portraying Anna Freud's grief following Dorothy Burlingham's death. Elisabeth writes: "She also comforted herself by wearing Dorothy's sweaters around the house and stroking these representations of the friend whom no one in their acquaintance had ever seen her caress or embrace" (1988, 443).

What do we see in this word picture? We see an 83 year old grief-stricken woman, who never was seen to touch — affectionately to touch — her companion of over fifty years, we see her wearing, and stroking, the dead woman's sweaters — these representations of her beloved friend also enfolding, and caressing, her. What is she touching? Is Anna Freud, in stroking the sweater, touching herself, inside that garment? Is she touching her friend who once wore the garment? Is her friend touching her? *How* is she "touching"? The *reader* is touched. The image Elisabeth creates is the physical represen-

tation of empathy — and a marvelous example of the biographer's art, presentational and swift.

Elisabeth sets out in the biography of Anna Freud to combine the biographer's "classical mode of writing an edifying exemplary life" (the mode of the Hannah Arendt biography) with a psychoanalyst's focus on the unconscious mind. It is an impossibility, she says, for the biographer to portray the unconscious mind: the psychoanalyst, unlike the biographer, works with "evidences of unconscious mind" alive in the room — a patient's dreams, associations, fantasies, transferences; how, she asks, can one "read through documents and into interviews and correspondences for the unconscious layers?"

The person presented in a psychobiography, then, is an "imagined person, an imaginary person," much more obviously than is the person in the classical exemplary life. The biographer must touch — must move the reader with something true — without the living, breathing evidences touching *her*. Elisabeth captures the psychoanalytic biographer's peculiar position with Kierkegaard's description of an instance of irony: it is "like a portrait of an elf wearing the magic cap that makes him invisible."

Outsides and insides, visible and invisible, covering and uncovering, cloaking and uncloaking. The biographer's medium to touch is words, and words also are garments — covering as well as touching. "True wit," wrote Alexander Pope (he means by "wit" perception, or discernment), "True wit is nature to advantage dressed." Speaking to you today,

I have to cloak my meanings, the things I feel, in words — the covering, the dress.

I hope this vocabulary, and my playing with a distinction between figurative and literal meanings, "to touch without touching," will help illuminate the queasy core (it is the queasy core for me, at any rate) of Freud's analysis of his late adolescent daughter Anna, in Elisabeth's account.

Before turning to that crux, let me apply this vocabulary to the psychoanalytic exchange — the "talking cure" discovered and shaped by Anna Freud's father a little over a century ago. In what way can psychoanalysis be said to "touch without touching"?

In the consulting room two people meet in private and, over time, have an intimate exchange; the medium is words. Their two roles are different: one person pledges to speak with candor — to disclose fantasies, bare secrets, confess wishes — to the other person who pledges to listen: not to judge but to witness and understand, and to offer back that understanding. It is a reciprocal gesture. The goal of this verbal process of uncovering one person's latent truths (though both people may discover themselves, and both are moved) is symptom-relief, or healing. The patient's self-disclosure is critical to the success of the treatment, just as is the analyst's understanding, or interpretation.

But why a *pledge* of candor? How else, without having made such a pledge, can the patient find the courage to "work through" the resistance to the *anxiety* of such disclosing!

The patient's pledge to truthful disclosure, then, is fundamental — a given — and at the same time, an unachievable ideal. There's an additional given — this one an absolute, rather than an ideal to strive for: it is given that the pair carry out this work in abstinence (part of the analyst's reciprocal pledge). They do not touch. The power and efficacy of the exchange derive from these givens, or structuring principles, articulated in *Papers on Technique*. Some consider these principles nothing less than ethical precepts, and I'd agree. In the work that *both* people do with the mind — mind includes psyche, the soul — patient and analyst are both *touched* (as we say we are, by a story or a gesture) *without touching*. In this medium something humanly true may transpire — “transpire” captures the bodily part (Latin, *trans*, across, *spirare*, to breathe). Very early in his years-long effort to understand his own discovery Freud writes about “psychical (mental) treatment” the following: “A layman will no doubt find it hard to understand how pathological disorders of the body and mind can be eliminated by ‘mere’ words. He will feel that he is being asked to believe in magic. And he will not be so very wrong, for the words which we use in our everyday speech are nothing other than watered-down magic” (1905, 283).

Freud has something to say on other occasions about words, though he dresses it as “art” rather than “magic.” The passage is from “The Exceptions” — meaning those characters Elisabeth might call grandiose narcissists — and Freud's example is Gloucester in the opening soliloquy to Shakespeare's *Richard III*. Freud wonders, how does Shakespeare “compel our sympathy even with a villain like [Richard],” so that we find in him, “an enormous magnification of something we find in ourselves as well?” We are *like* Richard. How does the poet evoke our empathy?

Freud's answer:

“It is, however, a subtle economy of art in the poet that he does not permit his hero to give open and complete expression to all his secret motives. By this means he obliges us to supplement them; he engages our intellectual activity, diverts it from critical reflection and *keeps us firmly identified with his hero*. A bungler in his place would give conscious expression to all that he wishes to reveal to us, and would then find himself confronted by our cool untrammelled intelligence, which would preclude any deepening of the illusion” (1916, 315).

The “subtle economy of art in the poet,” the one who is not a “bungler,” is another kind of abstinence. The bungler says far too much, and sloppily. Shakespeare's gift for economy and selection allows “deepening of the illusion,” he “obliges us to supplement,” to imagine, to fill in what Richard's words only hint at. There, in the generous and artful gap, we find inner fellow-feeling, and we are touched. Tempting, here, to see an analogy to the analyst's skill, based in the technical principle obliging him to hold back, to abstain from prattle as well as touch, allowing the transference illusion to deepen. More distinctly appropriate, though, is an analogy between the poet (as Freud describes that role) and the biographer.

I return now to Anna Freud and the queasy core — her analysis begun when she was 22 years old. For Elisabeth, Anna Freud's analysis with her father is “a crux in her story and the shocking revelation of that biography,” as is Hannah Arendt's youthful affair with Heidegger a crux, and the shocking revelation, in that story. A parallel is in the grammar: analysis with father and “youthful affair” with teacher/father-figure. Once I'd

read Elisabeth's paper, I went back and re-read the chapter about Anna Freud's analysis. Elisabeth's calm, her control in narrating the story — attributed to the self-command, “Do not sensationalize, do not dramatize! Do not let your feelings about it show!” — may have been characteristic of her, as Elisabeth says, but the result of that understatement and economy is powerful telling. Her biographer's art allows the reader — *this* reader — to be touched all the more by the story — confusing and poignant and sad. I became aware, as I read, of repetitive words in my head (an outraged chant and a calming lullaby): “What was he thinking, how could he, what was he thinking, how could he....”

The chapter is painful to read, with its theme of privacy and invasion of privacy — including Anna Freud's eventually taking on “the dual role of step-parent and psychoanalyst” to Dorothy Burlingham's children. A question, among the many questions Elisabeth's paper stirs, concerns this legacy: the psychoanalytic history of questionable judgment about clinical boundaries, a mis-estimation of potential for harm sitting right alongside the potential to help. What are the effects, across generations and down to our own, of the history of boundary transgressions among the early psychoanalytic practitioners? During my own recent five years in the classroom, the BPSI community lost two senior analysts — our teachers, our analysts — one incident at the start of my candidacy, one four years later. I have no way to measure the harm to those more closely involved, and I take it no further than the harm to beginning analysts — the betrayal of students.

Anna Freud's analysis was considered a “success” by Freud and indeed by his daughter — allowing her to “transform fantasy activity and daydreaming into the social activity

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of writing" (1988, 107). The analysis, begun in 1918, is interrupted, and resumed in 1924, when the father, now ill with his cancer, and unable to travel, suggests to Anna that they take up the analytic work again. We might wonder, whose needs are met here, in the father's analysis of this adoring daughter — ascetic, angelic, a "vestal," and the "chief keeper of her father's person" and, for the rest of her life, keeper also of his science, psychoanalysis (137). In 1936, Anna Freud gives to overgoodness the name "altruistic surrender."

Here is the queasy core: the situation of Anna Freud, at 22, an earnest, intelligent, adoring late-adolescent girl. To whom was she pledged to tell her secrets, and bound to expose herself? For Anna Freud, in the transference the representative of the parental love object and the actual love object are one and the same. Surely this is too much exposure, *too much touching!* Is Freud, as founding-father analyst, what he calls an "Exception," like Richard III? It's unsettling to consider how blindered this great thinker is in relation to his own discovery and his own child. Blindered, as Elisabeth writes, by his own narcissism. Blindered, brilliant, and human. I wondered, as I read, did Elisabeth struggle with a discomfort any biographer might feel with intruding — opening the trunks of papers, exposing again this private woman who had revealed herself to her father? Elisabeth ascribes her own "backing away" to her

fury at the psychoanalytic community's homophobia; she was "afraid of becoming angry in print." Was some of the ambivalence related to the biographer's unavoidable act of exposure itself, examining years of private documents, with the task of revealing a person, to expose nakedly whatever the closed trunks might contain? Might this exposure by biography — an uncovering of the person — echo uneasily Freud's "use" of his daughter in accepting her analytic pledge of transparency?

Did the analysis free Anna Freud, a young person with a tendency to obsessional defenses, more flexibly to use these defenses; or did she as a result of the analysis become ruled by them? Or, wear them as a useful garment? She became a "virtuoso sublimator" — Elisabeth's phrase — of her sexual desires: restricted, ascetic, but at the same time "attuned to the sexual life of children" — no puritan. She was a "remarkably mentally adroit and unpretentious, curious, a witty person." The questions are unanswerable; people are remarkable, endlessly ingenious and mysterious, and it is the biographer's art to bring such complexity of nature to life: to dress it artfully and fittingly.

I'll close with the last sentences of *Anna Freud: A Biography*, a scene including Manna Friedmann, the German-speaking retired nursery-school teacher — the *Kinderfrau* — who helps take care of the dying Anna Freud. She takes her Anna for outings from the hospital in a wheel-

chair — "happy outings," Elisabeth writes, in these last days full of misery. Here are the final three sentences of the book. I'll let them speak for the biographer's art, Elisabeth Young-Bruehl's art, of touching without touching:

"While they were planning one of their excursions for the next day, the summer weather was turning cooler. Struggling for words, Anna Freud asked Manna Friedmann to stop by 20 Maresfield Gardens on her way to the hospital: she would find hanging in Anna Freud's bedroom closet the Professor's *Londenmantel*, which had been ritualistically cleaned and refurbished every year since the end of the war. Then, when they went off to the park, the *Kinderfrau* and Anna Freud, she, shrunken to the size of a schoolgirl, sat wrapped inside her father's big wool coat" (453).



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THE IMPORTANCE OF MUSEUM STORES

Malcolm Beaudett M.D.

A particular bookstore that I enjoy going to displays some wonderful local artwork on its walls. Because of the nature of the space, many of the paintings are hung higher on the walls than might be ideal and one has to look up to see them. I find this to feel uncomfortable and, so I tend not to really look, or to just steal glances.

I have wondered about my unease with this. One thing I considered is the emotional reaction to needing to look up at an object. There is something about this that I think is unavoidably regressive. It's reminiscent of not being tall enough to really look out the window or to see who or what might be looking in. Or to look for a reflection.

Being in a more childlike position impacts emotional contexts. The Italian auteur Dario Argento manipulates this in his film *Suspiria*. Much of the movie takes place in a mansion. For the film, Argento purposely had doors altered so the knobs would be placed higher than usual. When we identify with the terrorized young heroine as she nears such a door, we feel even smaller and more vulnerable.

Our upward gaze can, of course, have other implications. An obvious and, I imagine, common one would have to do with evoking a religious kind of feeling: another variation of a sense of relating to something greater than ourselves.

Looking at paintings in a museum, even if they are more at our level, has its own regressive implications. The usual "culture" of a museum might add to this. We are in the presence of the Masters. There are rules we are supposed to follow. Don't get too close. Don't touch. Speak quietly. The guards are watching us. Someone is

talking too loudly and I cringe, horrified. Cell phone off. Maybe there will be trouble. And there are so many things to look at. It makes me feel lost. Then, something catches my eye, a particular painting.

Patricia Hampl writes about such an experience occurring at the Chicago Art Institute. She is rushing through the halls to meet a friend, looking for the cafeteria, when she is suddenly held captive by a Matisse: *Woman Before An Aquarium*. She says it became an icon, one she would have worn around her neck if the museum shop sold such a thing. She goes on to say she did buy a postcard of this painting which has followed her around to all her rooms and desks over the years. She is never quite sure what it is about this image, for her.

The essayist John Berger has some things to say about the experience of paintings that catch our eye:

"Whatever the painter is looking for, he's looking for its face... He's looking for its return gaze and he's looking for its expression -- a slight sign of its inner life... When we have to stop before a finished painting, we stop as before an animal who is looking at us... We see a face only if it looks at us. (Like Vincent's sunflower.)"

There is something significant about this experience of the mutual gaze that we have trouble breaking. What is the nature of this connection? On some level, it must feel like the gaze between mother and child. Winnicott says there is no baby and there is no mother: only some unity of mutual preoccupation.

Where exactly this connection or merger takes us is no doubt a unique realm that depends on the particular

painting and the individual. Our sense of space collapses into something intimate and inarticulate. We are dipping into the heart of things.

When art historian James Elkin writes about being caught by something, he uses the term "hooked": "... some objects have such an irresistible effect on us, it is as though we were tied to them by tiny wires." But, he later states, a picture presents itself as an unapproachable object forever detached from the nets of possessiveness, despite the ways it might urge us on. He also suggests that the most inaccessible object is the most desperately attractive.

I suspect the place we go to during such moments of connection feels timeless and as though nothing else exists but a certain intensity. Attempting to recall the sensation(s) of it afterwards may serve some as a muse.

Whatever the nature of our fascination, at some point we have to break the bond. There is no choice in this. Perhaps we can take our leave gradually, letting the experience follow us down the hall and out the door. This makes me think of the Sistine Chapel ceiling and the image of Adam almost touching the hand of God. In my head, I think of him as falling away from God and floating down to Earth. But some leave-taking involves a more traumatic tearing and the transition from the internal space we share (with the artist? the face?) to the world outside can be quite jarring. Whatever the tone of our goodbyes, we're not the same as when we came in. But I don't think this necessarily means we've internalized whatever it was we experienced. Perhaps the connection is with something we need to or prefer to keep at a certain distance, a la Elkin.

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The value of the museum store is that it can play a role as a transitional object, helping us deal with having to move on. It is a special space where we can play with some of the images that haunt us. Where we can touch and talk and even take some pieces home with us. Where we can linger a little with fewer rules to deal with. Where we can remind ourselves of our proper place as adults. The tone changes.

Perhaps more artistic individuals don't need such places, having more of an ability to create attempted ver-

sions of what they have lost. But even Orpheus had to accept that in the end he could not really hold onto his Eurydice.

And the paintings that don't look back at me? Maybe in a different light or at a different angle? Or if I was in a different mood? Or knew different things? The painting or I might be shy, although I assume the painting must have looked back at someone some time. Some things are just not meant for my eyes.



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LIVING ON EARTH; HUMAN BEINGS AND THE NATURAL ENVIRONMENT

Brian Grady, who graduated from the Massachusetts School of Professional Psychology this spring, wrote his doctoral dissertation on some of the psychological meanings the natural world holds for humankind. The dissertation, successfully defended in May, is entitled "Nature as a Transformational Space and Facilitating Environment for Psychological Growth: a Psychodynamic Perspective." Charles Morgan was the discussant. Believing that, now more than ever, this topic is an urgent one, we have included abbreviated versions of both dissertation and discussion.

My motivation for researching the psychodynamic processes of transformation that occur in nature began in my clinical work with hospitalized adolescents with acute acting-out behavior. One component of treatment that showed extraordinary clinical benefit was the experience of rock climbing in natural environments. This recurring weekly immersion in a natural setting proved to have a trans-

formative influence. The profound and lasting shifts within this clinical population revealed what appeared to be far more than a positive alteration in mood or a building of confidence. Rather, the patients seemed to undergo a process of maturation and psychological transformation. These observations resonated with my own experiences of psychological growth facilitated by natural surrounds and the subsequent yearning to experience closeness with nature.

Further prompting me to engage this topic were myriad troubling societal shifts and a desire to contribute to a curbing of these trends through greater understanding of the importance of individuals' connection with the natural surround. One need not look far to notice the profound alienation from nature resulting from large-scale societal shifts such as massive population relocation to concretized landscapes, technological advances which distance us from

natural environs, and a zeitgeist of *advancement at the cost of nature*. Such shifts foreclose opportunities for growth and transformation vital to humankind's healthy psychic development – opportunities that have heretofore always existed for us. These societal changes have also brought about massive and increasingly dangerous environmental consequences. The urgency of current environmental concerns further fueled my clinical and personal curiosity to understand the transformative experiences that can occur in nature throughout the lifespan. My doctoral dissertation was the long-awaited chance to gain deeper insights, from a psychodynamic perspective, into the vaguely understood processes by which nature functions as a transformational space and facilitating environment for psychological growth.

The purpose of this study was to examine the psychological growth and transformation that can develop

from an individual's immersion in a natural environment. An exploration of mankind's psychological relationship with nature and alienation from it, as well as the ways in which exposure to nature is fundamental for well-being, provided a foundation for the present study. A review of related psychodynamic theories established a conceptual lens for understanding the processes of psychological growth and transformation in nature. The method of the present study involved a qualitative analysis of an individual's subjective experiences of immersion in nature. The sample included eight participants, diverse in age, gender, profession, and nature-based activities. A semi-structured, face-to-face interview format allowed a detailed and rich exploration of respondents' experiences in the natural environment.

Participants' intricate and diverse object relationships with nature were central to their life experiences. The results of this exploratory study revealed two distinct modes of relating to nature (based either on comfort and soothing or being "up-against" challenges). Psychic growth through relating to nature in these two ways was seen to parallel growth that results from both attunement and discord within the therapeutic relationship offered by psychotherapy. Many important themes emerging from the present study were related to psychological growth and transformation and included processes associated with gaining perspective in nature (i.e., clarity, self discovery, loss of focus on self and things, feeling comparatively small, merging with something greater, spirituality, vastness), gaining an increased sense of authenticity and spontaneity in nature (i.e., feeling alive and energized, feeling creative and in the moment, experiencing playfulness and a sense of adventure), and gaining a heightened awareness of the continuity of one's relationship with nature over the life-span (i.e., vivid memories of

being in nature, building on previous experiences of growth in nature).

The reviewed psychodynamic theories were applied to the thematic analysis of the results. Additional theoretical constructs were utilized to explain unanticipated empirical findings. Each process of psychodynamic growth was discussed in the context of the two modes of relating to nature (soothing and challenging). Transformation was seen to occur through psychodynamic processes related to containment, non-pathological regression, the holding environment and environment-mother, the transformational object and aesthetic moment, merger with an idealizable selfobject, true self experiences, self-other differentiation, and healthy narcissism.

This study reminds the clinician, that we like artists, scientists, and philosophers, are society's meaning makers and must cease to ignore the critical role of nature in our patients' lives and our own. The study seeks to contribute toward a more comprehensive psychoanalytic theory that takes into account humans not only in their interpersonal environment but in their total environment, as well.

Charles Morgan, M.F.A., Ph.D.

When Brian Grady first approached me about the possibility of my discussing his thesis, he said he was eager to find someone not only immersed in psychoanalysis but also keen on the environment. Thus, when I informed him that I was a practicing psychoanalyst and had a cabin on a hundred acres in Vermont, the deal was sealed.

I shall begin with an anecdote. As my family was driving back along Route 2 from our Vermont camp last weekend, and as we neared the greater metropolitan area, my 5 1/2 year old daughter, Daniela, said: "I'd

rather be in the country than in the city." When asked why, she said, "It's less crowded." She would not elaborate.

By less crowded, she may have meant 'fewer people' but she loves people and I'm inclined to think that such an interpretation would more likely come from us harried adults. We can only speculate of course, but let's compare our country and city environs along this measure of 'crowdedness.'

Our cabin is not on a savannah; there are views to be sure, but the place is absolutely crowded — it is crowded with trees for one thing; you can't walk far without banging into a sugar maple or an oak or a birch. Where there aren't trees it is crowded with bushes -- an eager berry picker is as likely to be torn up by needle-sharp thorns as to pluck half a dozen raspberries. The place is crowded with insects — from darting dragon flies to peripatetic lightning bugs. And it is crowded with noise — sex-driven birds who flute their wiles through multiple layers of mating species.

What our camp is not crowded with is man-made dwellings, asphalt roads, concrete sidewalks, neon signs, telephone wires, and cars.

What feels less crowded then is not so much the physical space as, the space in the mind. Our engagement with the natural world offers us a kind of transformative experience, a connection with something larger than ourselves, larger than our own creations, something that may harken back in unconscious ways to the holding environments of our earliest developmental expansion, but something which is surely bred in the bone: a natural affinity for, and attunement to, our richly humble place in the ecosphere.

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In some ways it is hard not to see these experiences as the evocative center of our humanity. Our self-consciousness, which is what distinguishes us as human beings from our animal brethren, wrests us rather violently from a more fundamental ecological existence. We think, therefore we are. And what we too often are is apart from nature. Of course, as Native Americans, among other traditional cultures, have proven, our self-consciousness can also facilitate a mature and generative relationship with nature. But in our modern Western world, this is rare.

Our fundamental desire for a connection, or rather a re-connection, with the natural order of things, is confounded by our civil constructions, our social environment, putting us in conflict with Thoreau's view that humans should be regarded "as an inhabitant, or a part and parcel of Nature, rather than a member of society." Long separated from the breast and trained in the uses of, among other things, the flush toilet and the television remote, Daniela expressed that as yet unrepressed preference to step backward into a more natural-feeling order of things.

Of course we dare not romanticize nature. Daniela has no desire to be an evening meal for the coyotes that surround and serenade our cabin at night. The development of a self-protective distance does not necessarily remove one from the natural order of things, of course. Being able to run to a cave and pull a boulder across its opening to bar a pre-hibernating bear would hardly qualify as the destructive encroachment of civilization. Nor is, necessarily, the rifle raised in hunt — though this might be controversial to some of us.

My family's first impulse on arriving in our Vermont wonderland was to put up "no hunting, no trespassing" signs. Fortunately we refrained and soon learned that it is a Vermont ethos, and one that Thoreau would

have praised, to let people walk and hike across the wild properties of even unknown neighbors. And soon too we were fielding requests to hunt deer on our property, requests from men who had hunted on our land for decades, sometimes with their fathers and sometimes now with their sons. As an automobile driver who swerves dangerously just to avoid running over a frog, and whose rare but fateful encounters with oblivious squirrels still bear traumatic scars, it took some adjustment for me to imagine allowing folks to come and kill beautiful animals on our property. It is still a conflict — complicated, I should add, by the fact that freshly cooked venison is delicious.

But my point is not about the natural pecking order or man's instinctively animalistic aggression. These hunters would tell me how they might hunt for a season and never shoot a deer, sometimes never even shoot at one. For many of them, their time in the woods involved a communion with nature, a chance not just for a regressively healthy solitude in the thick of nature, but a solitude in which, in the service of their hunting task, their senses were alive to all the sights and sounds and smells of their surround. In the winter, many of these same folks sit in little huts on the lake, in freezing temperatures, with a hole cut in the ice through which they drop their fishing lines and sit quietly for hours. For many city and suburban dwellers, the only place they sit quietly for significant lengths of time is on the commode, reading the funnies.

Brian's thesis exposes us to a significant body of research supporting the proposition that therapeutic benefits are provided by an authentic engagement with nature. The more radical element of his thesis comes via the introduction of psychoanalytic themes and theories. In a sense, Brian's work facilitates the marriage of Rachel Carson and Sigmund Freud.

Thoreau wrote that 'all good things are wild and free.' He contrasted the spontaneity of nature with the political and economic organization of advanced Western societies, holding out the former as the source for authentic, perhaps transcendental, experience. Freedom is a central theme in psychoanalytic theory, as it was in Thoreau's philosophy. It is not too far a stretch to suggest that Freud too, was trying to derive a method to free the psyche from the compulsion to adapt to social convention. There is an affinity between the radicalism of Freud's examinations of the psyche and the work and theories of the more radical contemporary ecologists and environmentalists.

Brian's work takes us more deeply into these relationships, finding in psychoanalytic developmental theories facilitative ways of characterizing the profound and transformative experiences afforded by genuine engagements with nature. The experiences of the subjects of his research exemplify and confirm the validity of Brian's approach. I was especially taken with Brian's reflections on two meaningful types of engagement with nature: a sort of communion with or attunement to nature, and a kind of adversarial, conflict-like response. In both cases, it is nature's vastness, its primordial infinitude, its power as a fundament of life, which allows for intensive transformative experiences, whether through affinity or conflict.

The good-enough mother cannot be destroyed by the infant's healthy aggressive responses nor by the child's aggressive responses and feelings. The mother (or caregiver of either gender) cannot, under ideal circumstances, be destroyed by the child's perhaps momentary wish to destroy her. The child thus becomes more or less free of shame and guilt; and his or her aggression, rather than being suppressed, can become tolerable within his or her psychic experience.

rience and can be sublimated into activities where healthy aggression is valued. This is transformational. This too is what mother nature has always provided. She is larger than our capacity to destroy her.

That is, until now. The repeated traumas of civilization's assaults on nature have provoked a vulnerability that can only leave thinking human beings guilty and ashamed. What the consequences of this will be to the larger social psyche can only be imagined. Cormac McCarthy's novel *The Road*, while at heart a tender story about the relationship between a father and son, also depicts a world bereft of nature's presence.

We are still far from McCarthy's kind of apocalypse, and the natural world shows its dogged resilience in lands from sea to shining sea. Nature remains our most powerful source for non-supernatural transformative experiences. The descriptions by Brian's subjects of the therapeutic effects of their immersions in nature might lead innovative psychoanalysts to start foresting their backyards and locate their analytic couches under the spreading Douglas firs. Could Thoreau have imagined a Walden Pond, say, with couches around its perimeters and neurotic city folk making pilgrimages there for psychoanalyses midst the pines and woodpeckers?

In truth, it isn't entirely fanciful to compare and contrast the regressive immersion in nature and the regressive immersion in the analyst's consulting room. Each offers a way of being and relating that puts a premium on spontaneity and self-experience. Each offers an opportunity for self-experimentation, for projection and fantasy, all within a kind of private, if temporary, universe. Each, ideally, offers transformational possibility.

Both the natural world and the psyche are inherently wild. At Point Reyes National Seashore in Califor-

nia, one of the most awe-inspiring regions of the world, there is a sign that quotes Thoreau as follows: "In Wilderness is the preservation of the world." It is a quote that fits contemporary notions of environmental activism, from buying up wilderness lands for preservation or creating wilderness areas for recreation and pleasure. But the quote is completely wrong.

Thoreau wrote: "In Wildness [not wilderness] is the preservation of the world." His was a radical point of view, not a civilizing one. And it marks a significant distinction between the mainstream environmental movement (eager to preserve what wilderness remains) and the deep ecology movement (for which a more unmodulated protection of natural ecologies is the mission). For Thoreau 'wildness' represented a state of mind, a freedom from the bonds of civil and social life. He described one of his experiences this way: "*I caught a glimpse of a woodchuck stealing across my path, and felt a strange thrill of savage delight, and was strongly tempted to seize and devour him raw; not that I was hungry then, except for that wildness he represented.*"

It is this wildness that nature presents and represents and which we want to imbibe and feel and join with. We want to find the primordial, perhaps original, coincidence between mother nature and our human nature. Through an immersion in and identification with nature's wildness, we can find and free up the wildness in our own minds, the wildness that can betoken a kind of psychological freedom and spontaneous being – a terrain of interest to psychoanalysis, as well. From this state of wildness or at least from an in and out connection with it, the poet finds his voice. In his essay "Walking" Thoreau includes an anecdote about the poet William Wordsworth: "When a traveler asked Wordsworth's servant to show him her master's study, she answered,

"Here is his library, but his study is out of doors."

I want to close with a poem by Wordsworth — "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" — perhaps one that you have heard many times before. It captures something of the transformative aspect of our relationship to wilderness and wildness, the reciprocal relationship between nature and mind, and in particular the creative, aesthetic, and revivifying qualities that an authentic connection with nature can involve.

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed -- and gazed -- but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.



EVERYONE WALKS TOO SLOW

Daniel Lang

A couple of weeks ago I spent an evening with a man I'll call Jim Carlyle, an honorably discharged Marine, who told me a little about how he feels being a civilian again now that the war is over for him. Carlyle, who is husky and twenty-eight, was mustered out of the Marines last spring because of injuries he received on Guadalcanal. His wounds still make him wince on damp days and there's no telling when he will be bothered by a malarial chill or fever, but he is in good enough shape to hold down a full-time job and otherwise lead what might be called a normal life.

I went to see Carlyle in his small, cozy flat on the fourth floor of a tenement walkup on Vyse Avenue, in the Bronx. His bride of four months, a slight, friendly girl by the name of Lucille, was entertaining a neighbor in the kitchen, but now and then she came into the living room, where we were sitting, to see that we were comfortable. On her first trip she brought us two glasses of ginger ale and a deep bowl of pretzels and then carefully unfolded two linen napkins for us. Carlyle pointed out that small green swans were embroidered at the corners of the napkins. "Lu sewed those swans herself," he said, after she had left the room. "She's a wonderful girl. Fixed up a nice apartment for us, too. Everything's fine, and you can say it again. I got my job back at the post office, only it's better than the one I had before I went away. I work inside now on a day tour—eight to four-thirty. A clerk. No more wind or rain or sleet stuff for me, climbing up dark halls late at night with special deliveries. Everything's fine, just as Lu says.

"My uniform's in the closet in mothballs, of course, but being in civvies isn't too bad. They hang looser and the shoes are lighter. Tell you one

nice thing about wearing civvies—no stranger with a nickel cigar in his mouth comes up to you and says, 'I used to be a Marine myself.' Whenever I'd be coming home on leave from New River, where I was stationed a while, some potbellied guy on the train would sit down near me and tell me that and I'd look at his corporation and think to myself, 'Look what was a Marine.' Being in civvies is all right." Carlyle sipped his ginger ale. "Everything's all right," he said, "and that's the way I'm going to see it after a while."

He explained that he was going around with a pent-up energy which he neither liked nor understood. "Everyone walks too slow to suit me," he said. "When I'm out on the street, I want to push people to make them go faster. It's like I had a chip on my shoulder without knowing how it got there. Right now the biggest thing on my mind is a certain boisterous gentleman down at the post office who happens to have a little authority. He picked on me a couple of times before I left for active duty. He'd come into the room where we have our lockers and eat our lunch, and do his stuff. I'd be in the middle of a sandwich and he'd be wondering out loud in front of all the fellas if Carlyle had finished doing his primary case—that's where the mail starts getting sorted out after it's been cancelled." Carlyle smiled. "Every day," he went on, "I've been waiting for that guy to pull his old act, but he just comes into the locker room and pats me on the back and wants to know how I'm feeling, as if it's any of his business. His authority doesn't mean so much to me any more. No more than the authority of those oldtimer Marine sergeants did after we got to Guadal. Up to Guadal those old boys would always be talking about what they did in Nicaragua and we'd listen. Well, one night, after

we'd been fighting all day on Guadal, one of those sergeants starts bending my ear about Nicaragua again. 'What the hell do you think we're having here,' I told him, 'a pink tea party?'

"But I never really minded the boisterous gentleman. I was contented at the post office: three weeks' vacation, sick leave, old-age pension, and, if you mind your business, it's practically illegal for them not to give you a raise. I got the job eight years ago after I graduated from Morris High. Pop had been a good Democrat since Moses was a cowboy and he took me down to the clubhouse one night. A couple of days later a letter came to the house and Jimmy Carlyle was in the post office. I could see what I wanted to become—a postal inspector. So I studied accounting and fingerprints and some law at the Fordham branch downtown in the Woolworth Building. An inspector has to be a lawyer and a detective and know everything. Whenever the F.B.I.'s stuck, they call in postal inspectors.

"About the only thing that bothered me back in those good old days was that my three kid brothers could play rings around me at just about any sport. Oh, I played a little football and basketball—for St. John Chrysostom's and the Holy Family Church up here in the Bronx—but my brothers had the class, and you can say it again. I wasn't giving an inch, so I decided to get back at them by joining the reserves of the world's toughest corps—the Marines. That happened back in 1939. There was another angle to that, too. If I could arrange my vacation dates right at the post office, I'd be able to go down to Cuba for two weeks on some special maneuvers the Marines had for reservists. The Cuba trip never did come off, but anyway I was in the Marines and my brothers were just

athletes. Nineteen thirty-nine was a good year, all right. Working in the post office, studying law, and going rowing Sundays in the Bronx Park with the fellows. In my own peculiar way, I was doing all right."

Carlyle was called up for neutrality-patrol duty in October, 1940. "I got to Cuba that time all right," he said. "You ever been to Cuba? A hell of a place. They're drinking what they call *mojitos* with mint leaves in them all day long and it's warm and sunny all the time. Got to Iceland too. Don't let anyone ever tell you there are Eskimos up there. Did some more training at New River and they made me a sergeant. June of last year they shipped us out to the West Coast. What a place! The people there are in a terrible hurry. Only they're not going anywhere. You follow them down the street to see where the fire is and all of a sudden they duck into a bar for a drink. What kind of a hurry is that? We had nine days out there and then we sailed for New Zealand. I wish I was in New Zealand now. They had Indian summer the whole time I was there."

Carlyle eyed the pretzels a moment, but he didn't make a move for them. "After New Zealand came Guadal," he said, "and I *don't* wish I was there now, or anywhere else where a fellow gets hit by snipers, as I was, arms and legs. I was in the first wave of Marines that landed. I can remember plenty of things about that place, all right. Like the Japs' first counterattack, when I was in an advanced observation post with Johnny French, my telephone man, and a runner whose name I still don't know. We were in a four-foot-deep foxhole watching the Tenaru River where it empties into Skylark Channel. Most of the fellows were betting the attack would come right there on the beach, and sure enough, come dusk, there were ripples in the Tenaru, only there wasn't any breeze, and a log was moving on the river, only it was going against the current. Well,

the machine gunners let fly with their bursts and the ripples started coming at us. Twenty feet in front of our foxholes there's an American tank that broke down when we'd first landed. I'd been yelling for days how that tank ought to be fixed or towed away or something because it was right near landing territory. No soap—the human element. I don't have to tell you that three ripples with a light machine gun climbed into that tank and started firing at us in our foxhole. In back of us our artillery is firing at the Tenaru and barely missing us. That was the way it was. American shells from behind and bullets from an American tank ahead. I think there were mosquitoes buzzing in the hole with us that night and there were leaves from the palm trees fluttering down and grazing your face, feeling as if one of the Japs in the tank had crawled out and was just starting to scratch your cheeks with his fingernails.

"There was burial detail, too. I can remember how we were going through the Jap dog tags and found out it was the Jap Imperial Marines that had attacked us. The same guys who had taken Singapore and Hong Kong and Wake. Six-footers, and no bandy legs. I remember how one of the fellows found the picture of his brother's girl on one of those Japs. His brother had been at Wake and this fellow started screaming and jumping all over the dead Jap. Then there were the weeks of nights before our Navy finally got going, when the Jap cruisers would lie offshore and light up Guadal with their searchlights and shell us. We got so that after a while we said nuts to the foxholes and we'd stand up and call out to the cruisers whether their range was short or long." Carlyle stared at the living-room carpet. He picked up a pretzel and crunched it in his hand. The crumbs fell on the carpet. "The whole business," he said after a moment, "was more than I'd bargained for when I joined the Marines. I think it was even more than what an All-

America from Notre Dame would have bargained for." Mrs. Carlyle looked in just then and saw the crumbs on the floor. She knelt down and swept them into one hand. When she rose, she faced her husband with a wide, deliberate smile, waiting patiently for him to look up. When he finally did, he gave her a brief but warm smile, and she walked out of the room apparently reassured.

At the end of October, 1942, Carlyle, wounded and suffering from malaria, was evacuated from Guadalcanal and, in successive stages, was taken to Navy hospitals at Tulagi, to another island base, and finally to Mare Island, on San Francisco Bay. He underwent several operations there and after three months received his discharge. He came out with four decorations. He was back in New York four days later. "Pop must have been to the clubhouse the night before," he said, "because there were two detectives with him and Lu, who'd been waiting for me ever since I went away, to meet me at Grand Central. The detectives hustled us through the station and into a cab just like I was a big shot worth being assassinated." The next few weeks were crowded with parties, seeing old friends, and making War Bond speeches. Toward the end of May, Carlyle was married. After a week's honeymoon in the Catskills, he and his bride moved into their apartment on Vyse Avenue.

"It was after the parties were over," Carlyle said, "and we were living a regular life that I started wanting people to move faster. It could be that the draft-dodger business had something to do with it. That happened right after we got back to the Bronx. It wasn't much, but it was irritating. I was walking over to my mother's house one day and three soldiers and their gals were coming down the sidewalk arm in arm. I made way for them, but they wouldn't do the same for me and pushed right into me. One of the soldiers said, 'Draft dodger' at

Continued on page 22

me and a couple of the girl sopranos started screaming '4-F!' I hauled off and knocked down the soldier. He was on the sidewalk rubbing his jaw and I started making a speech. You know, about Guadal and me getting wounded and the ribbons. When I got through, I asked them if anyone had anything to say. Thank God, none of those punks opened up." He shifted restlessly in his chair. "I know a lot of ways to kill men now," he said quietly. "Jujitsu, and the Black Death punch, and judo."

I said that the incident might well explain his edginess, but Carlyle didn't entirely agree, "I get riled all the time," he said. "Even with Lu. On Guadal, when we'd be going through the jungle, a sniper's shot would go off. It sounded like a dry twig snapping. We were more afraid of that sound than a shell whining. That's what I do now—I snap like a dry twig. Take a couple of Sundays ago. I was having the best time since our honeymoon. The war could have been something in a history book. We slept late and Lu made some of her roast chicken and then we went to church. After that we went over to my folks' house and I brought in a box of ice cream and my mother said, 'Jimmy, you shouldn't have done that,' just the way she's been saying for years. My brother's girl—he was on Guadal with me and he's still out in the Pacific—was there and so was my Uncle John. Uncle John played the piano and then we put 'Moonlight Masquerade' on the victrola and Lu sang with the record. After that Lu and I took in a picture at a neighborhood house. The feature was all right, but we shouldn't have stayed for the shorts because one of them was a picture on how the Rangers are being trained. They had a part in it where this Ranger knocks down a barbed-wire fence that's six foot high and six foot in depth. Plenty of strands, too. 'Baloney,' I started saying, 'that Ranger's a dead man by now.' Lu said, 'Shhh,' but I wouldn't. I told her we'd

strung only one lousy strand of wire on Guadal and it stopped the Japs. Lu kept saying, 'Shhh,' and I kept saying the picture was a fake until she took my by the hand and led me out of the theatre.

"I can snap when I'm at my job too," he went on. "Some of the post office rules and red tape have been going on since the American Revolution. Can't do much about it, either, because you're not paid to think. But on Guadal I wore the stripes and I thought. I made my own decisions and backed them up with my life. Sometimes I feel like walking straight out of the post office, even if it's to sell shoelaces, just so long as I can depend on myself again.

"It isn't that I think I'm a hero and that I'm better than anybody who isn't. It's got something to do with what's important and what isn't. I'm mixed up when it comes to that. Politeness, for instance. Like Lu's friend, Mrs. Dever, came over the other day wearing a new hat. Right away Lu tells her, 'My, what a beautiful hat.' When the friend left I said, 'You know, Lu, I think Mrs. Dever's new hat stinks.' Lu said she thought so, too, but that you had to be polite. On Guadal the things that were happening were too important to be polite about. You didn't do anything there because it was the right thing to do but because you had to. If a fellow in my company held his flank under Jap fire instead of running and was saving my life that way and maybe losing his own, that was important. If I'm in the hospital and my brother out there walks five miles through the jungle past snipers and crosses Henderson Field, where maybe some Zeros might feel like crossing, too, and then gets to the hospital and talks with me and gives me this month's supply of candy, that's important. If Lu says goodbye to me and tells me she'll wait and makes a novena once a week and when I come back she has waited and marries me, that's important." Carlyle

shook his head, puzzled, and said, "I don't know what is right—what we did at Guadal or saying 'My, what a beautiful hat.' I don't know if I'll ever figure that one out." Carlyle was silent for a moment. "But Lu says it's all right to be polite," he continued eagerly, "and she's part of Guadal. That's the way I used to be myself and I liked it. I don't like carrying around that Guadal stuff twenty-four hours a day. It's too much for a guy like me."

Carlyle looked out of the window at the block of vacant lots that made up the view from the living room. When he spoke again, he spoke more to himself than to me, and in the careful monotone of a referee instructing two fighters to break clean. "I'm finished with the war and I'm alive," he said. "I did all right for my country and I'm decorated. I'm married to Lu. I have my job back. This year I'm making two thousand dollars, next year maybe twenty-one hundred. I'm going to start studying law again. I'm going to try to be a postal inspector." We heard Mrs. Carlyle saying good night to her friend at the hallway door. "I've got to look at Guadal right," he said, louder and rather cheerfully. "I have to see how much good it did for me. For instance, I had charge of a lot of guys' lives out there and I had to take care of myself, too. So now I have more self-confidence. I've traveled and met all kinds of men in my company and now I know more about human nature than I ever did before."

Mrs. Carlyle came in and said down on the arm of her husband's chair. He looked up at her and went on talking. "Maybe after a while I'll stop snapping and begin to level off," he said. "Then everything will be fine." Mrs. Carlyle ran her fingers through her husband's hair and stared across the room.

"Jimmy's a good boy," she said. "Jimmy's all right."



APA 2009 DISTINGUISHED FELLOW AWARD

ALFRED MARGULIES, M.D.

Alfred Margulies M.D. was elected this year to the position of Distinguished Fellow of the American Psychiatric Association.

His election was announced at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Psychiatric Society in April 2009.

In May, the MPS Newsletter published the following statement of his.

None of us got here on our own. Whatever personal gifts and drive we have had, all of us had the overarching gift of an exceedingly complex and rich education that goes into making every physician, every psychiatrist. In my case I have been given the gift of an extraordinary array of teachers, mentors, colleagues, and students. When I was a third year medical-student, Elvin Semrad was my inpatient supervisor, and I had not a clue who he was, just that his magic with patients stunned me. And it fired me up: I wanted – no, I needed – to know what he knew about humanity. At the end of the rotation Semrad agreed to let me come observe his interviews when I was in the Longwood area – and I did. A gift for the asking, and no questions asked! No red-tape, no grades, no other permission needed. Les Havens ran the medical student rotations, and his extraordinary depth, creativity, and sheer audacity surprised me – hurtled me – toward

new insights and, with this, a fierce desire to push at the underpinnings of what I thought I knew. Havens, too, remained accessible, always there for the asking.

And I was just beginning. During residency at Mass Mental my in-the-trenches supervisors, seminar teachers, and colleagues grappled day in and day out with human situations beyond human endurance – and they went about their work without fanfare, and yet with empathy, care, and intelligence. Psychoanalytic training, expensive as it was, was also a bargain of access to the remarkable accumulated wisdom of experienced, intuitive clinicians. Along with the Psychoanalytic Institute of New England, the Cambridge Health Alliance, that bastion of public care and of talking to patients who are down and out, has been my professional home and inspiration for most of the years since. After many years, I still go up to the wards twice

a week to interview patients with medical students and residents, an oasis in the rush all around us. All of my teachers, students, and colleagues in all of these settings have taught me (and me them) because it is in our collective bones; it is our heritage and responsibility.

And so this is the real point of my comments: The side-by-side clinical teaching that we once took for granted as our right and obligation is now in constant jeopardy as even our finest schools and institutions scramble to make ends meet, threatening to push clinical teaching to the periphery, catch as catch can. To honor the gift of an education that always exceeds us, that we can never really replay, we, too, must keep that remarkable gift in play by teaching the next generations. If we are successful in protecting this gift, they will honor all of us, and all of our teachers, by teaching, too.



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