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A SECOND THOUGHT ABOUT THE TEACHING AND LEARNING OF PSYCHOTHERAPY AND PSYCHOANALYSIS

Rudolf Ekstein, Ph.D.

*All right. But do not plague yourself
too anxiously;
For just where no ideas are
The proper word is never far.
With words a dispute can be won,
With words a system can be spun,
In words one can believe unshaken,
And from a word no tittle can be taken.*

Mephisto to the Student (Goethe's *Faust*)

We live at a time, whether in America or Europe, where the battle between God and Mephisto, the struggle between tradition and eclecticism, classical knowledge and dilution, between deep commitment and pragmatic superficiality seems to be won by Mephisto and not by God. When Freud quoted Goethe's word: "What thou has inherited from your fathers, acquire it and make it thine and thee", he could not predict, so I believe, that half a century later the young students of psychoanalysis would have to choose between a variety of schools, all claiming final truth. The students would be encouraged by the leaders of their schools to see the ideas of others as deviations and to commit themselves to one or another guild.

Each of us, were he to accept the role of Mephisto, put himself into the master's place and advise his student concerning the choices he must make as he enters his professional career, might not know whether he is representing Faust or Mephisto. We will find ourselves in a strange marketplace, as we seek to know in which way we can be helpful to the student. Are we selling our wares or are we trying to find out what the student needs? Are we to believe that the student is capable of acquiring what he has inherited from his fathers, and can he make it his? Or, are we going to go back to Mephisto, as he speaks to himself, and says:

*In vain you roam about to study science,
For each learns only what he can;
Who places on the moment his reliance,
He is the proper man.*

I am speaking, of course, about the deep ambivalence that the teacher feels, as he moves back and forth between tradition, his own learning and deeper conviction, and the demands of the marketplace, the cultural and social changes that have taken place, that put him into a competitive position.

Everybody who recalls student days, those first naive experiences where family and school are considered the center of one's world, cannot help but yearn for the security, the safety of that simplicity. There was but one way of thinking and working, of learning and being taught. The marketplace was far away. The teachers gave us security and as soon as we made an attachment to the teacher, and a certain school of thought, we felt ready to believe and defend our specific ideology, which was seen as definite, final, the correct philosophy. Our teachers brought their certainty to us, their requirements that we had to meet and live up to. The struggle, as we recall it, was between us and the teacher.

The teacher, on the other hand, knew there was a marketplace. Was he Faust or was he Mephisto? Did he see himself in terms of the search for final truth, or, was he a seducer, a cynic who had to win over the student at any price, and with promises that he could hardly keep? Will he, the teacher, finally gain insight into himself, and discover that there was both the searching Faust and the seductive Mephisto within him?

I am referring to the peculiar nature of the relationship between student and teacher, supervisee and supervisor, analyst and analysand, therapist and patient. In analytic terminology we speak about the problems of transference and countertransference, and the difficulty of defining the difference between learning—and therapeutic relationships. These problems have been thoroughly discussed in *The Teaching and Learning of Psychotherapy* (Ekstein and Wallerstein, 1958), based on a ten year study, and in a number of other essays on teaching and psychoanalytic education such as *The Teaching and Learning of Psychoanalysis* (Ekstein, 1969). The former was written at a time that allowed us the freedom to work and develop a school of thought about teaching and learning. This was reflective of a different marketplace, and a center of learning. I am referring to Topeka, a psychoanalytically oriented training center, the core of which was the psychoanalytic institute. The candidates in that institute were either psychiatrists who studied dynamic psychiatry (psychoanalytically oriented psychotherapy) at the Menninger School of Psychiatry, or, psychologists whose academic training in clinical psychology centered at the University of Kansas, with clinical training in the different locales of the Menninger Foundation. Most of the teachers, the training analysts like myself, were Europeans who trained originally in Berlin, Prague, Vienna or Budapest. They followed the classical tradition of Freudian psychoanalysis and seemed to present a stable core of thinking, a unified approach. Although, it seemed so to our students, we realized that underlying that unity there were differences of opinion in theorizing, and application of our views. The Budapest school included

Roheim and Ferenczi. Prague was represented by Fenichel. Berlin reflected the thinking of Alexander, Klein, and Reich while the Viennese view included Erikson, Anna Freud, Hartmann, Federn, etc. But all of these, particularly the individuals trained in Vienna such as Bernfeld, still represented the first or second generation of analysts deeply dedicated to Freud. They were pioneers who were united by that early experience.

Who can forget the days when Rappaport lectured to psychoanalysts and residents of psychiatry on the Seventh Chapter of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, a lecture series consisting of two hour lectures each Saturday, for at least 6 months, and who can forget his ways of trying to integrate the thinking of Freud, Hartmann and Erikson? Our own contribution was an attempt to teach, supervise, and to differentiate supervision from psychotherapy or psychoanalysis. This was nevertheless a psychological method of teaching. We did not accept the Hungarian point of view which saw supervision as merely an analysis of countertransference, nor did we accept the Viennese point of view which, in the early years, suggested that supervision was to be a didactic enterprise.

We saw the relationship between student and supervisor as one that had a new focus. We spoke about this as learning and teaching readiness.

We saw the students not simply as a person who had to be indoctrinated with a special point of view, or had to be treated analytically, but as someone who had acquired knowledge about human relationships. They were not forced to give up that which had been acquired, but were encouraged to deepen and add to it. The students had come from different training centers, medical schools, and university settings. They represented the diversity of American education, and human experience that is sometimes referred to as the "melting pot". The students were from different races, and parts of the world and came to Menninger's to learn from a group of teachers who had come from Europe to find a new home and to bring the wisdom of European psychiatry, psychology and psychoanalysis to the new land. It was an exciting time, of being pioneers once more, in the midst of the American middle-west, on the wide plains of Kansas. Karl and Will Menninger, the leaders of the foundation at that time, were people who changed American psychiatry. They provided the milieu in which our views of teaching and learning flourished.

The students who came to us had many options. First of all, there was the field of education, one of immense diversity. Some of the students were residents at the private psychiatric hospital of the Menninger Foundation. Others had their main training at the Veteran's Hospital with patients who had suffered mental breakdown during the war. There were those who worked in the Topeka State Hospital, one of the usual hospitals that the State had for the mentally ill of the community. There was the Southard School, a place for children and adolescents. There were a number of community agencies, social

agencies that benefited from consultation work. In other words, these students had a variety of placements and opportunity to study neurology, psychiatry, hospital psychiatry, out-patient work, etc. There was also a great need for administrators of mental hospitals, teachers of psychiatry, and for clinical psychologists. Some of the services were, of course, obligatory since everybody who wanted to become a psychiatrist or a clinical psychologist had to meet the nationally established requirements. But there was also, in this diverse training center, an opportunity for every young man and woman who came to study and practice, to develop in their own way. Supervision and teaching, whether seminar, lecture series or individual supervision was arranged in such a way that the student would learn for himself what he needed, what his true motivations were, and in which way he wanted to develop. He may have idealized some teachers and tried to follow in their footsteps. At one point he may have found that his training was sufficient to go out in the community where he could establish a private practice. But some of these students did not feel that they wanted to specialize, to become candidates at the psychoanalytic institute. Those of us who knew our teaching well did not proselytize, we did not force students into one or the other direction but instead helped them choose. It was not only required learning but rather the opening up of options that aided the development of new inner capacities, desires, goals and professional ideals in the students. It is difficult to establish a system of training which combines requirements with other options. But this actually is part of the humanistic thrust of psychoanalysis, a technique to help people find their own way, to develop new options, to free themselves from inhibiting symptomatology and to discover new choices, new opportunities within themselves and in the social world. This was hardly the kind of training in which students were to be made into replicas of their teacher's own image. But good will is not enough. The intentions of the teacher to offer choice are limited, in part by his own narcissism, and by his wish to have followers. It is also limited by the student's search for a master, an ideal model. That search, that choice was, of course, not only conscious seeking but also an unconscious struggle. Can we participate in that struggle, not in an authoritarian sense as was so often true in the old world, but in an authoritative sense? That was the lesson, the task, the inspiration of the Topeka experiment. Wallerstein and I tried to put the work of that time in book form (1958).

As I now take a second look at that book, 30 years later, I wonder whether I would change much, whether I would add something, or whether I would want to let it stand the way it is.

After ten years at the Menninger Foundation, I wandered into another marketplace, away from the wheat fields of Kansas and back to a large metropolitan city, Los Angeles. The more or less unified market of Topeka turned into many markets, big ones and small ones, in a city of some 7,000,000 people, more than in all of Austria. There were two competing universities, two competing psychoanalytic institutes which had been split and divided a

few years earlier in an intensive struggle in the market for students. One psychoanalytic institute thought of itself as the classical institute and of the other as deviants. The other institute thought of itself as the liberal one and of the other as orthodox. For a while there was an atmosphere that forced each person to choose between the one or the other. After some 25 years bridges were built again. Each institute had its own controversies. The one struggled between Kleinian and Freudian points of view, while the other struggled between the notion of group psychotherapy and social adaptation on one hand and analysis on the other. In the meantime, in each of these institutes, leading teachers went through what I would like to call different and passing fashions of main interest.

On the American scene there are many gifted people who have contributed to the literature, each often having new ideas, often framed in different theoretical and technical language. There might be a wave of Eriksonian thinking. For a number of years the thinking of Hartmann would be prevalent. Later, others such as Kernberg, writing on the borderline condition, would take the center stage. After a wave of Kleinianism, some of the teachers would turn to the next important book, and believe in the thinking of Kohut. It is interesting, by the way, that the people to be admired were always from out of town, so to speak, which reminds one of the question as to whether the prophet comes to the mountain or the mountain comes to the prophet. What I am saying about Los Angeles is just as true in other large metropolitan centers of the United States (New York, Boston, Chicago, etc.). We have a proliferation of school thinking. Are we to think of that as the falling apart of the house that Freud built, or are we to think of it as new growth, a new wave, the eternal struggle between eclecticism and tradition?

Some defend themselves against the renewal that constantly takes place by remaining with their own school of thinking, surrounding themselves with a wall of resistance, and remaining faithful to their chosen leader. One may think then about a number of walled cities, hostile to each other, unable to communicate with each other and thinking of themselves as the chosen ones, while the others are serving Mephisto.

Others want to let down the drawbridges and visit the others, reading their books to re-open the system of communication, overcoming that tower of Babel complex and finding that each can learn from the other, learn each other's languages, and discover then how much each has in common, where the differences are that have to be studied and perhaps overcome.

I sometimes wonder, as older men do, what would have happened if my home country had never been invaded and I could have remained there. Would I have remained in my little fortress, the psychoanalytic institute at Berggasse 19 or would I have crossed the borders of language, of basic thinking and allowed myself to play with new thoughts? Since I come from the city not only of Freud but also of the Wiener Kreis, the city of Schlick and

Wittgenstein, I think I would have played with other thoughts and tried to cross borders. But then I had no choice to wait for that experiment because fate and a little knowledge about our condition led me to escape and to start a new life in America. Later when I became a border crosser once more, this time with a passport that allows me to travel back and forth, I returned to Europe and my old home country. This time it was not on a ship of immigrants but on an airplane. Times have changed and so has the marketplace, and so has the thinking about the ways of teaching and people.

During recent years I have had the opportunity to teach, supervise, lecture, and lead seminars in Vienna and other centers of clinical teaching in Europe. What a pleasure it is to speak my mother tongue once more along with my clinical and theoretical mother tongue, to speak of the ideas of Freud in his mother tongue and discover how often the English translations did not quite fit the meaning of Freudian thinking. But of course, I also found that Vienna has not really changed that much. Not only was the language of Freud spoken, but also that of Adler, and in small circles the language of Jung as well as the languages of a number of American imports such as behavior therapy, non-directive psychotherapy or other schools of thought. The university, not unlike the old days, does not serve but one thought, but speaks many languages, whether in the department of psychiatry, psychology or philosophy. All were interested to hear a former Viennese speak of the American condition, the American way of thinking, the different American schools. What is happening now in American dynamic psychiatry, the kind of psychoanalytically oriented psychotherapy that is represented in *The Teaching and Learning of Psychotherapy* (1958)?

May I quote from my recent paper on *Fundamental Concepts: Prolegomena to the Study of the Languages of Psychoanalysis and Psychotherapy* (Ekstein, 1984)? It reads as follows:

During my work in Vienna in recent years, I ran into an interesting experience which I wish to share with you. The Departments of Child Psychiatry and Adult Psychiatry at the University of Vienna, are actually eclectic departments. It is not much different than here in the United States and that is the way it should be. We do not want to think that we are monolithic departments where there is but the rule of one school of thought. We believe in academic freedom. I was to supervise many of the staff members there, and suddenly found myself engaged in an interesting experiment, an experiment of nature, my response to the facts of current Vienna psychiatry. Each hour as I went through the days in supervisory work, I saw another colleague. But each colleague belonged to another school of thought. I might start in the morning with a behavior modifier, go on to an Adlerian, see an analytic candidate, and have to deal with a student who was trained in non-directive Rogerian psychotherapy. At first I was puzzled and even wondered why people would want to be supervised by someone who

was actually an analyst. But they tried anyway because I was something special for them, a Viennese and an American analyst at the same time. They were curious. I was curious too. I noticed the usual student transferences to their supervisor and I began to listen. I began to listen to their language and I tried to answer as best I could with the language of the theoretical or clinical school to which they belonged. I went on in this manner but after a while they realized that I was trying to understand them and that I was trying to learn to understand their professional language and to speak it. After a while, they wanted to know how I would have done it, or, how I would have put it in my language. After all, they know that I am a psychoanalyst of Freudian persuasion. Identification and counteridentification took place and both of us learned. A good teacher can learn from his students and such teachers usually have learning students. Most of my experiences were happy ones. I wish I could add a chapter about this experience in the volume on *The Teaching and Learning of Psychotherapy* (Ekstein and Wallerstein, 1958) published first some 25 years ago.

I suppose what I say here describes best what has happened to me and perhaps to all of us in the last 30 years. The social world has changed. The small citadels are no more. I think of the Austrian and German landscape as I see myself traveling along the Rhine or the Danube River and admire the ruins of castles of old. Each had a master and a small army of defenders protecting the land around. The peasants and serfs felt themselves to be protected as they looked up to the lords of the land. But the castles are no more. They are ruins now. A society which has made rapid changes from the time of merchantmen to the days of the post-industrial era will not allow us to live in small retreats any longer, hoping to be protected and living in a kind of sectarian condition. We must come out of the castles, we must let down the drawbridges, and we must visit each other. I often think of autistic personalities, schizophrenic children and what it takes to get them out of their autistic worlds where they allow us, if we are successful, to visit them for short moments when they let down their drawbridges. How can they find out if we don't send them Trojan Horses? How can we establish trust between us and them, and how can we establish a language that perhaps can be mutually understood? Am I willing to learn the language of the child, the patient, the colleague, the student and perhaps permit the other to learn my own language? How can I make it possible for a process of back and forth to develop a new communal language?

It will not be difficult for the reader to realize that this analogy deals not only with psychotherapy but also with the social conditions in our world. Patients' symptoms are not unlike the symptoms of nations, groups and political parties. How can we establish the kind of humane society and human contact between people that allows bridges to be built?

In recent years I have been invited by different groups, with different intellectual persuasions, and most of the time I have been able to make myself understood. I am not so naive as to believe that to be understood for a moment is to change the other, or to be changed. It takes a long process of working through, of staying with each other before we will be ready to overcome prejudice, to be ready for new research, and to go beyond our current state of knowledge, our current theorizing and our current clinical praxis.

With a student, one must start somewhere on a safe island, in a safe training center. The childhood disease that grows out of that will be one where one must, at least for a while, overestimate the master, the teacher, just as one overestimates the power of one's parents as a child. They then go through a kind of disappointment. During the latency period, the child discovers that his parents are not all-powerful. The young student, as he grows away from the latency period into the adolescence of learning and teaching, will find that the master teacher is not all there is. That is true for supervision or psychotherapy, and certainly true for psychoanalysis itself. The ambivalence helps us to grow towards maturity. The struggle against identification slowly becomes identification with the teacher. That identification allows the student and teacher to play with thoughts, to explore, experiment, and to move ahead. That was the philosophy of Freud who, in his autobiography (1925), spoke about "the patchwork of my labor" and he hoped that others would continue to have their fragments of knowledge grow together. The unity of science will then always be a goal but never an accomplishment. There will be no final thoughts but only continuous thinking.

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A POSTSCRIPT

by Albert Mason, M.B., B.S.

After I completed the interview I did with Dr. Rodman one and one-half years ago, I had a feeling of some incompleteness, but what it was did not come clear to me for some time. I do recall being asked, on many occasions, what brought me to America, not only by Dr. Rodman, but I remember Dr. Greenson asking me this in 1968. The answers I gave in the previous interview seemed to me honest enough and accurate enough, and I suppose in part they were. But like all answers, there are several levels: what is conscious, what is unconscious, and what is deeply unconscious. And I suppose we're no more in contact with the deeply unconscious levels of our minds than our patients are until we find and interpret them.

Something of this deeper unconscious came clear to me quite recently, and I will try to give you some understanding of how it emerged and what it meant to me. But first, I must give you a thumbnail sketch of my grandmother, who I called "Bubba", and who died in about 1943 at the age of 93.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, when I received a letter telling me of her death in some public hospital, and I remember how painful it was to think of her dying alone and without her family. I find it painful still today. I had seen her perhaps six months before, when she was in the hospital, and remembered the sense of helplessness and guilt I felt because we couldn't have her with us. It was wartime, and since we lost our house to incendiary bombs in the first year of the war, my parents lived in one part of England and I lived in another, evacuated with my fellow schoolboys. My brother was a prisoner of war in Germany and my sisters scattered likewise all over the country, and there was nowhere to keep her. So she died alone in this public hospital, and on my last visit, gave me all she had left, which was a sixpence which she'd kept knotted in a handkerchief for emergencies. She told me she'd have no further use for it, and Jack (my POW brother who was her favorite) clearly couldn't have it.

She was a tough and lively old lady, who I really grew up with as a small child, since my mother was out earning a living, playing the piano in silent movies, and my Bubba took care of me when I wasn't at school. She spoke only Yiddish, and I recall gabbling away to her quite fluently as a child even though now I've forgotten most of it. She lived in one room somewhere down the street, and in the morning she would come around, pick me up, and asked me frequently to "tzu recht meine platzes". This meant to straighten her back. She had a kyphotic curve, and I would put my knee in her back and attempt to straighten it. This seemed to do her some good. (I wonder why I didn't become a chiropractor?) Every Friday she would ask me to take her to the hospital for her various complaints, saying "Kim Albertle", and every Friday I would trot off with her, saying "Kim Bubbula", and wait while she went in to see the doctor, and emerge carrying the same bottle filled with a violet colored fluid. We would go home, she would take the cork off, smell it, say "Pishchutz," and empty it down the sink. "Pishchutz", for those of you who don't know, means "urine". But it's more than urine, it's Jewish contemptible urine. It's urine uttered in such a way as to make it the pissiest piss you ever saw. And when she emptied it away, she emptied it away with a grand gesture, demonstrating that no drop of that violet rubbish would ever cross her lips. Next Friday she would repeat the performance in exactly the same way. It was clearly her little victory over authority, her own private Russian revolution.

Every now and again, this tough old lady would get what I now recognize to be a cardiac asthmatic attack, and she would be confined to bed in my house. Since we had no spare bedroom, this meant she would sleep on a kind of expandable chair in the livingroom until she recovered. We would call in the local doctor who knew her quite well by now, and he would come in, make a few jokes, sometimes give her an injection, and most of the time would reassure her with a Yiddish word or two. In a day or so, with rest, she would recover, get up again, and go about her business. I got used to these attacks, and would play with my friends in the same room, not taking too much notice of her illness, and giving her an occasional cup of tea when she asked for it. (Cup of tea is cockney [cupper] for lockslen soup... both have high medicinal properties.)

In some ways I think I preferred her stays at my house, because to visit her in her own room was slightly distressing to me since she was semi-blind and the room wasn't very clean and always had an odd smell which I disliked. The dislike of the smell and my embarrassment at taking her to the hospital, in case my friends might see me with this bent old lady dressed in her black wig, speaking no English, was always a conflict and pain, the significance of which I didn't realize until many years later. I remember well on one occasion, during one of these attacks of asthma, the doctor was called, but instead of Dr. Kaplan, our local doctor who knew her, there was a locum tenens. Dr. Kaplan had gone away for a week's holiday. The locum was a young Indian doctor, newly qualified, who was given a very rough time in the East end of

London, as you can imagine, by the local population. My grandmother, amongst her talents (for she was a fine cook and a great arguer) could curse. When she cursed, you'd better watch out. My mother, who was frightened of nothing much, was certainly frightened of my grandmother's curses. She didn't stop with cursing you; she went right down your lineage for seven generations. I've heard her scream out, "A reich on dein tutens, tutens, tutens, kope areins," which roughly translated means, "Smoke on your father's father's father's head." I don't know what it was supposed to mean, but it was a pretty awful curse, and I've seen strong people cringe at it. (I've since learned that reich means devil. "May the devil enter your father's father's mind." Roich means smoke, and if you see smoke you know the curse has succeeded!) Her favorite remark on seeing me play with fire (a habit I still haven't cured) was, "Mishugener Gense, Mishugener foeven" (translated, "If the geese are crazy then the little bits of fat left in the pan after you cook them are crazy too" . . . thus she got my mother and me in one shot).

However, on this occasion, this Indian doctor arrived and tried to examine my wheezing grandmother in her chair. He didn't seem to understand that women of her generation and persuasion could not be touched, let alone have their bodies exposed to strange men . . . let alone dark ones at that. His attempts to examine her were resisted vigorously, which made it all the more surprising when he turned around to address the kids running all over the room or playing marbles, saying, "Please be quiet. Don't you realize Grandmama is dying." We paused, and looked at him strangely. Such a thought had never entered our heads.

I have a feeling that he only half believed it (and clearly half wished it) although she did look pretty awful, but that he was rather irritated because she wouldn't let him take her clothes off and he was forced to examine some poor old lady in an East End crowded house. He thought that coming from India to England, he would no doubt be entertained by lords and ladies at least. His picture of the East End of London was not at all what he'd anticipated in his far-off country.

My grandmother looked up at this statement of his and said to me, "Vus suged dere swartze metziah." I suppose roughly translated one could say she was saying, "What is that dark blessing telling you?" I said, "Gurnisht" (nothing, don't worry). "Dere fercuckter patzel," she said again. Again you must forgive me. This is difficult to translate, but it wasn't a complimentary remark, and it was certainly rather contemptuous. "Fercuckter" probably means crappy, and petzel is tassel, i.e. "a limp thing that dangles in front". I said again, diplomatically trying to pour oil on the troubled waters, "Ich vais." She said, "Ich vais, ere sugt, Ich gey shteben (He says I'm going to die)." "Sug em ere tez canst geyon cucken off der yuar - Ich vill em bergrubben mitten cop tshvishen dere polkes." The first part of this is rather difficult again to convey. I suppose literally it means, "Tell him to defecate on the water." This does not convey the real meaning. It conjurs up a picture of a rather dignified Indian with his

pants down attempting to relieve himself somewhere in the sea while everybody mocks and laughs at him. However, the last statement left no room for doubt. She told him that when the time came, she would dance on his grave while he had his head between his legs, or something like this. The young man left a bottle of medicine, and went off in a huff. The bottle of medicine, as you may no doubt anticipate, suffered the same fate as all the violet bottles from the hospital had done previously. This time she said, "Pishchutz," with a special emphasis.

Of course, she recovered a few days later and resumed her cooking and travels to the hospital for many years afterwards, at least ten, until she died that day during the war.

Now, why this is all significant is that I was reading some articles a few weeks ago, and not for the first time or the second or tenth, I noted with some exasperation that the psychoanalytic article I was reading contained clear ideas that had been put forward by Melanie Klein 30 or 40 years before, and were now being restated in a slightly different way by a different author without any acknowledgements. Of course, ideas belong to no one, and what does it matter if the authors are not acknowledged if the ideas are good and eventually come into the science? I know all this, and I know that Melanie Klein's reputation doesn't depend on me, that she has her niche in psychoanalysis, and has a strong and steady following in many places in the world. So why should I worry if she isn't given what I feel is her proper recognition in the United States? I shouldn't, but of course, I do, and always have done. And I suppose that's why *I believe*, I came to the States, to bring or help bring some of these ideas which I felt were very valuable to a group of people who seemed interested in them. I've attempted to do so in my own way in the 17 or so years I've been here. By now I should have become reconciled to the fact that many of these ideas have been taken over, are no longer new, have been absorbed into the literature, and that should be good enough. Yet, I felt this tremendous sense of injustice and pain, even, when I noted that once again poor old Melanie was being bypassed, ignored. I ought to have known that it had little to do with Melanie Klein, being a psychoanalyst, that these were all adult aims and endeavors, rationalizations really, and that the particular fervor with which I felt the wish to bring her work over should have told me that it was based upon other, deeper reasons. But it didn't until recently. I must have said a thousand times that Melanie Klein, who was my analyst's analyst, was therefore my grandmother without realizing that what I said in jest was no joke to my unconscious.

Then in the middle of reading this psychoanalytic article, I remembered suddenly, in great pain, how this Bubba of mine had suffered the most terrible injustice, I felt, that any human being could suffer. At the age of 80, she attempted to come to the States to see her three sons, who had left from Russia 30 or 40 years before, and who she hadn't seen for all this time. One of her sons, my father, had settled in England, and the other three went to

Cleveland, Ohio. She, after having dispatched these three young men many years before one at a time, had one day attempted to make the pilgrimage to see them and their families, by this time over a hundred strong with children and grandchildren. She got as far as Ellis Island. There she was turned back because she had trachoma (a chronic eye infection). She was deeply affected by this experience, became very depressed and bitter, and lived out the rest of her days in England with my family. My own father, who also had trachoma, managed to get in and out of America on two occasions by acting as a stoker, and by just coming in illegally. But my grandmother could hardly be a stoker and couldn't afford to go first class where her eyes wouldn't be noticed, and therefore she was sent back.

The morning when I was reading one of these articles, and felt again the irritation and pain that Mrs. Klein's work was not being correctly acknowledged, I suddenly put the two things together, and found to my surprise that tears were running down my face. I realized at that point that it had nothing to do with Mrs. Klein but rather with my Bubba, who never made the journey; and that it was she that I was trying to get across and bring here, and reunite with her sons all these years later. My passion for bringing Klein's work across, and the irritation and anger when I didn't succeed, finally became understandable to me.

It also became understandable why I had such a hatred of the Americans who turned my Bubba back, which later I felt for the American analysts who were turning Mrs. Klein's work back. Of course, underneath this hatred was the guilt (that is, my own self hatred) that I felt at having myself rejected my grandmother as a child for her smell and her age and her foreignness. And my attempt to bring Klein's work here was clearly my own unconscious attempt at repairing what I felt I had done by my rejection of my grandmother so many years ago.

As all this became clear to me, I felt a sense of relief and a feeling of liberation that I could not pursue my work with some less compulsion and greater objectivity. Last year I gave three lectures and several seminars at Topeka (the Menninger), took part in a discussion of the American Psychoanalytic Association in Denver, gave 25 seminars at USC, 8 at UCLA, organized a conference on the work of Bion which contained a great deal of the work of Mrs. Klein, and gave at least 10 other lectures and seminars in addition — a total of nearly 50 public addresses centered largely around the work of Klein.

I think that's enough, Bubba, It's time to do my own work now.

On thinking through these pieces of understanding, I find it staggering that with all my years of being analyzed, teaching analysis, doing analysis, I still can be enslaved by my own unconscious until I work it through. I can see clearly now the hatred of that part of myself that rejected my grandmother and didn't allow her fully into my own heart because of her age, her foreignness, and surely the fear of the pain it would cause me (since I

understood that she would die in the not too distant future) and how I projected this rejecting aspect of myself into the American Psychoanalytic Association and the Immigration authorities, and battled them in the outside world. I'm sorry I didn't have this understanding when Ralph Greenson asked me all those years ago, "Why did you come to America?" I could have replied quite simply, "To get my Bubba through Ellis Island." That, he would have understood. And the fight we got into later would probably never have occurred, for no doubt he was fighting for his bubba too.

Anyway, let's hope he's still reading psychoanalytic literature, which I'm sure he is, and this will come to his notice, and we can shake hands on it on this belated date.

EDITORS NOTE:

The above is a follow-up contribution by Dr. Albert Mason, to his interview by Robert Rodman, M.D., which appeared in the June 1983 issue. The Editorial Board is pleased that the interview modality has functioned as a stimulus for this generous outpouring from Dr. Mason's unconscious. We are grateful to him for sharing it with us.

PSYCHOANALYTIC TRAINING IN ENGLAND

by Gregory Gorski, M.D.

I thought I would try to give some account of my impressions of psychoanalytic training in London, and how they differed from my experiences in my relatively short time in the Los Angeles Psychoanalytic Institute. However, since I was only a student here for one year, this account will primarily cover my experiences in England.

I was a first year student here in the year 1970-71, which was interrupted when I was drafted into the Air Force. This prevented my continuing as a formal student, but I could keep up some contact with psychoanalysis because I was stationed in the greater Los Angeles area. I managed to attend several scientific meetings and lectures at that time. A number of different factors influenced my decision to live abroad for a while; one of these was the British Institute. The application of child analysis to adult work interested me and I wanted a training which offered that perspective. Additionally, there was pioneer work being done there in the treatment of psychotic patients. As much as anything, however, I was interested in living abroad for a while, and sampling the European culture and point of view.

The impact of the change was very great. Having spent most of my life in Los Angeles, I found London enormously different, to say the least. Here was a cosmopolitan European city which was attractive and stimulating because of its culture, history, and people. Enjoyable as this was, the everyday life presented new and different problems; for example, keeping warm in that damp and cloudy climate, driving on the "wrong" side of the street which did not have lanes that the traffic kept in any way, and providing candles for light following the 1973 blackout due to a coal strike as well as the OPEC crisis. Since it gets dark by 3:30 to 4:00 P.M. in the winter in England, this was a *real* blackout.

musings about problems in training and practice were aired there, and I would think such opportunities benefited a development of one's identity as an individual as well as the Society itself.

Following qualification after four years of thrice weekly evening seminars, one became a formal member of the Society and Institute and one's particular group. At this point the continuing training and social structure of these two organizations provided the support for independent work. The invariable letdown into this position was assisted, at least partially, by them. Each group had its own particular way of functioning. For example, the Middle Group had separate business, social, and clinical meetings, while the Klein group had essentially clinical meetings with some socialization. The "B" group was very closely tied to the Hampstead Clinic and organized most activities through it. In effect, each group from this point on primarily determined one's advancement in the Institute, i.e. teaching courses, presenting papers, and becoming a training and supervising analyst.

However, the most valuable single activity at this point in one's development were the Kleinian postgraduate seminars, which were unique to the Klein group and the object of considerable desire by members of other groups. In fact, these seminars were often attended by such members. Three or four different training analysts on a yearly basis offered bimonthly evening clinical seminars on neurotic, borderline, psychotic, or psychosomatic disorders. There were waiting lists to get into some of the seminars, and once in, one could stay virtually indefinitely. New applicants would then have to wait for a place. However, there was always a place available somewhere for those who wanted to come together on a regular basis to share clinical impressions of ongoing case material. I found these seminars, which included senior as well as junior members, very essential to the upkeep of basic psychoanalytic skills. Scientific meetings and individual supervision could be used as well to this end, but could not, I think, substitute for them.

In conclusion, I think that the British Society and Institute has evolved through compromise over the years into a tripartite institution, which by containing the strains of conflict, has managed to benefit from the diversity of its outstanding contributors. I can recall the almost total lack of animosity at meetings and the deliberate effort to put psychoanalytical discussion above group interest. While at times these efforts at accommodation seemed to stifle discussion, on the whole they fostered an atmosphere of trust and security in which free discussion could take place. This reassuring atmosphere helped and encouraged new members to overcome the inhibition of public speaking and developed a tradition of psychoanalytic research and dialogue.

NEGLECT, METAPHOR, & WINNICOTT

a note by Lance Lee *

D. W. Winnicott died in 1971 feeling neglected.

"As I look back over the last decade," he writes in the introduction to *Playing & Reality*, published the year of his death, referring to his crucial contribution of the idea of the transitional object/space, "I feel more and more impressed by the way in which this area of conceptualization has been neglected . . ." The transitional space is the home of cultural experience for Winnicott, yet the transitional space "has not found its true place in the theory used by analysts". He notes that philosophers have recognized the importance of this area of experience, as well as metaphysical poets like Donne; even the ancient theological controversy over transubstantiation falls within the realm of transitional phenomena. Consequently, he claims that the simple division between inner psychic reality and external objects is insufficient for psychoanalytic theory: a third area, the entire area of relating, of experiencing, of cultural experience must be included, just what his formulation about the transitional space makes possible. So his neglect mystifies him: how can this third area "be outside the range of those whose concern is the magic of imaginative and creative living"?

The same nervous insistence on his importance and place appears in the introduction to *Therapeutic Consultations In Child Psychiatry*, also published the year of death. On its first page he asserts the value of that book's technique to child psychiatry, and speaks of the limitations of psychoanalysis with children, quietly but emphatically distancing himself from both Klein and Anna Freud. He emphasizes the importance of the first interview with a child—then adds modestly that his technique, so valuable, "can hardly be called a technique". Instead of following this up, he takes a fresh breath and turns to the matter of selecting candidates for psychoanalytic training, wishing fewer were ill themselves. Only then does he start to take up the actual nature of his book.

He has the inescapable sound of a man insisting through all his ambivalences 'listen, to me!' Consistent with this frame of mind is the insistence of language like "I am here staking a claim", "I am therefore studying", "My claim is that", all from *Playing & Reality*.

* Lance Lee is a poet, playwright and author who maintains a lively interest in psychoanalysis. He lives and works in Pacific Palisades.

Winnicott didn't publish his first book until he turned 61 in 1957. Perhaps he hoped for acceptance at first, because none of the early books have more than the briefest introductory remarks, unlike the oddly assertive yet defensive introductions in *Playing & Reality* and *Therapeutic Consultations In Child Psychiatry* . . . Though he insists in these final books on the openness of the field with regard to the study of infants and young children, despite the rival claims of Klein and Anna Freud's followers, and insists on there being room for himself, he has, somewhat chagrined, a recognition of himself "as a human being not exactly like any other human being, so that in no case would the same result have been attained if any other psychiatrist had been in my place" (*Therapeutic Consultations*). The same could be said with equal justice about his analytic work. He hastens to add that theory was his companion, a part of himself "that I do not even have to think about in a deliberate way", a theory that has organically grown up through years of practice as a pediatrician as well as a psychoanalyst. A moment's reflection on the agonized reconsiderations of theory and metapsychology typical of Freud should make us realize what a unique stance this is.

The comparison with Freud is instructive. Long, discursive passages of analysis or theorizing are not Winnicott's forte, and his 'books' are collections of papers and case material; even the brilliant *Playing and Reality* does no more than accrete suggestions before wandering into peripheral issues in its last third. He could not logically unfold a central thesis, illumined conveniently by clinical material — his language and thought were those of a clinician, embedded in particulars, of sudden near or overtly poetic linkages and *constructions*. That was not a liability in practice, where the therapeutic success or failure of a construction could adequately judge it, but it has evidently contributed to the difficulty of a just estimation of his work, and aroused his own ambivalence in his view of himself and his place as a Professional Psychoanalyst and Thinker.

He was wrong to expect the kind of success others have attained with their glittering theoretical and/or metapsychological statements, for he, in keeping with the nature of his contribution, is in fact a genius of metaphor. He is, indeed, unique, far more so than is apparent. We may have to wait for a psychoanalytic practitioner who is equally a poet to appreciate fully Winnicott or the entire implications of his concept of the transitional object/space, as well as to end his relative neglect.*

*The book of Winnicott's selected letters in preparation at Harvard University Press, edited by Dr. F. Robert Rodman, together with his introductory essay, can be expected to go a long way in bringing Winnicott closer to us.

A poet immediately recognizes Winnicott's transitional object as a simple metaphor. The infant's teddy bear is his mother, without, obviously, being actually the mother or simply the teddy bear . . . Similarly, a poet instinctively recognizes that the transitional space we grow into from the transitional object is the arena for metaphor. Winnicott emphasizes in his rewrite of "Transitional Objects and Transitional Phenomena" in *Playing & Reality* that he is "studying the substance of *illusion*" and of "*illusory experience*," which is "a natural root of grouping among human beings"; that he is concerned with the "Intermediate area between the subjective and that which is objectively perceived", where the 'me' and 'not-me', you and me, meet and interact in the transitional space, the place of experiencing, of culture. There it is metaphor that transiently binds together the interactions between those elements Winnicott labeled 'me' and 'not-me,' the core individual and the phenomena of his culture, if in a way that makes a far greater demand on our comprehension than does the simpler metaphor of the transitional object.

What metaphors link simultaneously retain their core independence. This is only comprehensible within the spirit and area of play, and the truly healthy person for Winnicott is one marked by such playfulness and creativity. He remarks in *Playing and Reality* that the "creative impulse is therefore something that can be looked at . . . as something that is present when *anyone*—baby, child, adolescent, adult, old man or woman—looks in a healthy way at anything or does anything deliberately". He adds that not just playing and creativity take place in the transitional space but, too, the relationship between patient and analyst: "psychotherapy is done in the overlap of two play areas". Analysis, then, is a form of play—and the metaphor and metaphorical thinking at the heart of the transitional space are also at the heart of psychoanalysis. That is a fundamental perception rooted in *immediate experience* which, like metaphor, does not lend itself to conventional psychoanalytic, metapsychological exposition.

Just what do I mean by metaphor? It is a hopelessly rich and profound area of normal human functioning that philosophers from Aristotle to Wittgenstein have wrestled with as a principle way of organizing experience or thought. Poetic usage shows a range at least as wide as the endless sequences of poetic styles. I might say simply that metaphor states or implies an unexpected similarity rising sometimes to transitory identifications between concepts, experiences, persons, verbs or images, and that it is not logical but intuitive, specific, never abstract. Some set of particulars always provides the meat for metaphor's grinder, the wheat for its bread, the . . .

My reticence may be more understandable if we review the attempt to give a summary definition of metaphor in the *Princeton Encyclopedia Of Poetry And Poetics*: it runs to 640 words with eight major sub-divisions and more minor. First, metaphor is viewed as the radical mode in which we correlate all knowledge and experience, which resonates with Winnicott's view of creativity and play; second as a system of thought the opposite of logic, third

as a high energy level of thought whose low energy variant results in simile, fourth as falling into many grammatical constructions none of which identify major or minor metaphor, fifth as a kind of juxtaposition and interaction in relationships without either merging on the one hand or losing individuality on the other, yet linking (communicating), sixth, as using the verb "to be" as a primary mark of metaphorical similarity or coincidence, seventh, as having a tendency towards resonance—to link ever larger units of experience and time together, and last, eighth, as being untranslatable, in the case of major metaphor, without a severe cognitive loss. It is, if you will, paradoxical. Winnicott insisted on the necessity of accepting paradox.

Some samples of analysis will show Winnicott's metaphorical instincts at work.

- Winnicott talks about a patient who had believed as a child that she "used to have an eagle chained to my wrist". This is in the context of a discussion in *Playing And Reality* regarding how someone may have a precarious hold on a lost object. The eagle might be the patient's often absent mother or father when she was an infant. The eagle is a metaphor the exact origin of which patient and analyst must make conscious (eagle = ?). The patient comes to realize the nature of her complaint as a child, and eventually exclaims "I suppose I want something that never goes away", recognizing something of the *use* of her metaphor. Winnicott goes on:

- We formulated this by saying that the real thing is the thing that is not there. The chain is a denial of the eagle's absence.

The chain is then a second metaphor that Winnicott, typically, leaps to . . .

- The chain *is* a denial of the absence of what the first metaphor (eagle) embodies. But we did not even know the chain was a metaphor, anymore than did Winnicott or his patient, until his construction in the work of analysis. The work of psychoanalysis for Winnicott is to make unconscious metaphors that are at first glance invisible, accessible. That chain not only *is*, but, as well, binds the absent (what is not) and present, the past and the temporally present, together, just as does the transitional object, in a way entirely typical of metaphor. The specifics are parental figures, parental acts, and patient fantasies particular to this patient's experience.

A traditional poetic equivalent of this experience of making the absent present through metaphor *even though it remains absent* can be given by imagining a classic lover longing for his classically absent mistress. We might write something like 'even the rustling of the air was the silk of her gown to him' to make the point of the profound commonality of linking and denying simultaneously in the way Winnicott's patient did, or of Winnicott's talking of her experience in so metaphorically a commonplace way we hardly notice his uniqueness. It is genius to make us see clearly what is right before the nose.

Another case in *Playing And Reality* shows an even more striking use of metaphor. Winnicott relates his effort to deal with a man with profoundly

split male and female elements. He listens to the man on the couch talk as if he is a girl, displaying, of all things, penis envy. Winnicott realizes the bizarreness of the situation: after all, the man is clearly a man. He becomes aware of the fact he is listening as if the man is a girl. It would be something simply to reflect this to the man, but Winnicott makes a considerable leap and says "... it is *I* who see the girl and hear a girl talking, when actually there is a man on my couch. The mad person is *myself*."

When he says this, a flow of information is released from the man to the effect that indeed his mother had treated him as a girl as an infant, already having a son, and wanting for her second child a girl—him. The mother had not been deterred by the madness of this relational metaphor.

What has happened here? Winnicott does not mean he is actually mad: he would only be so if he maintained the relational metaphor (man = girl). But he does assume that madness long enough to make it self-conscious. This lifts it from the man, which is exactly the act that releases the man's memories of his mother's treatment. What Winnicott intuitively makes self-conscious is the here-to-fore unknown *relational* metaphor of the mother (man does = girl) by transiently becoming the man's mad mother, — the new metaphor he leaps to. This is the stuff of transference and countertransference, what we say Winnicott imply were forms of play within the two overlapping play areas of psychotherapy. These are a constant stew of such metaphorical transactions. Nothing prevents metaphor from making madness real (the mother's behavior) or relative (Winnicott's amplified use of the mother's metaphor).

In a typically Winnicottian spirit, no general rule about metaphor can be drawn from these two cases: all these metaphors and their uses are time-bound and relative to the particulars of unique experiences. This lets me restate the simple point that metaphor is something in itself transitional, a linking of different perceptions, individuals, or individuals and ideas, in moments of unlikely collusions and transient, fragmentary identifications which psychoanalytic practice encounters par excellence. The metaphors of experience are *relational, relationships*.

Literary practice gives a specialized version of metaphor, one with the appearance of permanence because written down, but poets use such modes of thinking because of their immediacy and congeniality to intuition and linking. This *linking*, as we see with the eagle and chain, or with the man-girl, Winnicott-mother, resonates, drawing more experience to itself. This bares a dialectical quality in experience, made up of this creation and then linking of metaphors, leading to new creations and fresh linkages steeped in paradox and use, paradox at metaphor's content, use in terms of metaphor's affective and reconciling power. Here is the quote about paradox from Winnicott's introduction to *Playing And Reality*:

I am calling attention to the *paradox* involved in the use by the infant of what I have called the transitional object. My contribution is to ask for a paradox to the accepted and tolerated and respected, and for it not to be resolved. By flight to split-off functioning it is possible to resolve the paradox, but the price of this is the loss of the value of the paradox itself.

Read 'My contribution is to ask for metaphor to be accepted' and substitute 'logical thought' for "split-off functioning" and you can begin to appreciate some of the ironies and difficulties involved in a just estimation of Winnicott's contribution. He did not try to 'resolve' paradox/metaphor, but leaped to one deeper in each case cited, one with so much resonance that information was released from it as is energy from nuclear fusion.

Winnicott's dilemma as a metaphorical thinker touches on two sore psychoanalytic issues. First, on the oft-remarked divergence between practice and the language of practice and the abstract language of theory. Second, on the continuing vulnerability of psychoanalysis to the charge that the recreation of the past in a patient, and the explication of dream, symptom and repression is somehow all made up, lock, stock and transference; that all are just fantasies mutually elaborated more or less under the influence of the analyst's presumed well-meaning suggestion. This vulnerability was one of the causes of Freud's metapsychologizing, and of analysts' continuing predilection for general theories in the hope of rearing a 'scientific' edifice from which, like Moses, they could bring down the tablets of the law to recalcitrant human experience. Metaphor and Winnicott's metaphorical thinking are obviously far more akin to poetry, instead, and make a principle of, if anything, the opportunities in just that recalcitrant flux of experience.

The old Freud was painfully aware of the dilemmas of psychoanalytic proof and theory versus the concrete but relative experience with patients. He knew these dilemmas were rooted in the role of construction. He asked in "Construction In Analysis":

What then is his (the analyst's) task? His task is to make out what has been forgotten from the traces which it has left behind or, more correctly, to *construct* it.

Freud goes on to indicate what a careful, archeological job (an extended metaphor) of construction an analyst does, of how careful he is not to mix himself in the work in order to elaborate any construction objectively. He concedes human error is a constant factor, and reminds us that an analyst works with much more complicated elements than an archeologist. Then he asks what is a construction good for. An analyst doesn't stop there, as does an archeologist. And what is a construction but a synonym for the more commonly used term, "interpretation"? "But," he writes, "I think that 'construction' is far the more appropriate description". He adds some considerations on evaluating constructions, then arrives at the following:

The path that starts from the analyst's construction ought to end in the patient's recollection; but it does not always lead so far. Quite often we do not succeed in bringing the patient to recollect what has been repressed. Instead of that, if the analysis is carried out correctly, we produce in him an assured conviction of the truth of the construction which achieves the same therapeutic result as a recaptured memory. The problem of what the circumstances are in which this occurs and of how it is possible that what appears to be an incomplete substitute should nevertheless produce a complete result—all of this is material for a later enquiry.

All psychoanalytic knowledge arises from variously brilliant and successful constructions, beginning with Freud's realization that his patients' tales about incest were fantasies and nonetheless 'true'. What is the nature of truth? How true is a construction? A metaphor? Certainly never in more than a conditional, momentary way. The conditional direction in which Winnicott's thinking is directed appears to be far more comfortable with the nature of psychoanalysis than its founder's. His standard of judgment for 'constructions,' centered around the release of creative energy accompanying a successful therapeutic creation, rather than simply additional elements emerging from the past for more analytic explication, flies in the face of conventional metapsychological preferences yet seems to have a greater resonance with reality. The ultimate theory for psychoanalysis may be no more than a profoundly elaborated metaphor rooted in an Winnicottian sensibility that centers the science of psychoanalysis in the ephemeral nature of its material.

It is pleasant to end with words from Winnicott in another mood, also from the introduction to *Therapeutic Consultations In Child Psychiatry*. "One could compare my position," he writes, "with that of a cellist who first slogs away at *technique* and then actually becomes able to play *music* . . ." The suggestive rather than logical language is characteristic, as is the comparison of analysis not to something like physics but music, that most rigorous and beautiful of the arts. Time may prove him right.

SCIENTIFIC MEETING REPORT:

The Aesthetics of Perversion

Presenter: Janine Chasseguet-Smirgel

Reported by: Samuel Wilson, M.D.

The study of perversion (now "paraphilia") has provided psychoanalysts with a fertile field since Freud's pioneering work in 1905.¹ Within its boundaries can be found the ingredients of most of the major tenets of psychoanalysis. Instinct, object relations, narcissism, constitution, social and environmental influence, fantasy, and the unconscious must all be addressed in one form or another if one is to adequately explain the wide range of behaviors and implied mental processes contained in the plethora of perverse variations. Theorists have also used the study and explanation of perversion, as did Freud, as a vehicle for championing their own particular versions of psychoanalytic truth.

Janine Chasseguet-Smirgel, a prominent French psychoanalyst, presented her latest views on this subject to those in attendance at the April Scientific Meeting of the Los Angeles Psychoanalytic Society.

Chasseguet-Smirgel has written extensively on the perverse organization. She, like Freud, sees perversion arising from a combination of biological givens and environmental or accidental factors. Where Freud stressed the importance of castration anxiety and constitutional bisexuality, Chasseguet-Smirgel, citing Gruenberger² sees the fact of man's sexual prematurity (desire before capacity), and failures of the organic repression of anality combining etiologically in the perversions. She sees the Oedipus complex as arising from the chronological gap that exists between the emergence of the boy's desire for his mother, and his acquisition of complete genital capacity. Rather than this desire leading to castration anxiety, as Freud alleged, Chasseguet-Smirgel sees the young boy denying the existence of the maternal vagina as a means of avoiding the painful reality that his micro-phallus is not big enough to fill it. In this maneuver, envy of the father's big penis is avoided. Chasseguet-Smirgel describes this as a denial of sex differences. Due to the same set of conditions the young male also denies the difference between the generations. Chasseguet-Smirgel describes these events as denial of the double differences, that is between generations and the sexes.

To escape the painfully envied genital world those with perverse organizations descend into the dark, smelly, magical realm of the "anal universe" according to Chasseguet-Smirgel. Here, with the failure of organic repression, the pervert may create majestic fecal penises, and glorified, disguised piles of silverplated, filigreed excrement that masquerade as art. The instinct of anality is idealized, glorified, and worshipped as a god. All that smacks of integrated matter is actively subjected to the "giant grinding" machine that is the alimentary canal in which it is pulverized, torn apart and discharged into a heap of disconnected and fragmented detritus. Anal sadism wins the day. (She sees the anal phase as representing a "trial gallop" of the later achieved genital phase.)

These formulations by Chasseguet-Smirgel provide a parsimonious way of conceptualizing various aspects of perversity. They are consistent with Freud's emphasis on the pre-genital nature of perversion and reflect the importance of regression and fixation points along the psycho-sexual continuum. In contrast Chasseguet-Smirgel does not mention castration anxiety as an important factor, preferring to emphasize envy of the father's penis as a product of the Oedipal complex. Chasseguet-Smirgel does not elaborate, as does Stoller^{3,4} on the myriad ways in which the motives of hostility and revenge for humiliation are woven into the fabric of the perverse organization. While emphasizing the importance of the anal sadistic phase, Chasseguet-Smirgel apparently does not see much of orality in the perverse forms. One wonders, for instance, how she would explain the perverse activity of erotic vomiting as described by Stoller?⁴ She does mention the importance of the seductive mother who "dazzles" her young son and facilitates the devaluation of his father by implying that he is enough for her. This undermines the young boy's desire to identify with his father's strength and values, and short-circuits normal growth and development of sexuality. She does not elucidate the many other varieties of subtle cumulative trauma as described by Kahn⁵ and Stoller³ in the genetic unfolding of the perverse life script.

Chasseguet-Smirgel has seemingly taken a piece of the picture of perversion and elaborated on it. This has the value of expanding a portion of clinical and theoretical data in order to maximize its explanatory capacity. The value of such an undertaking is that one is forced deeper and more completely into a given phenomena. The danger is that the part so studied can be confused with the whole. This problem in theoretical construction has been addressed by Rangell⁶. What one may be looking at are the manifestations of how any person has internally organized and structured his experience, and how this now has become manifest in various symptomatic configurations (Stolorow and Atwood).⁷ As Holtzman⁸ has recently stated, reasons are not always causes even though causes can also be reasons.

Turning to her speculations regarding perversity and aesthetics, Chasseguet-Smirgel seems to be on even more shaky ground. Her thesis is that art created

by those with perverse organization does not imitate life, but rather embellishes it in order to cover up ego deficits which occur due to conflicts over generational and sex differences as described above. This leads to aestheticism rather than authentic creation. She cites passages, mainly from the writings of Oscar Wilde, himself a pervert, in which both animate and inanimate objects are idealized. She sees disguised and idealized anality both in Wilde's plots and descriptive phrases. At the end of the paper she adds the disclaimer that "it is equally true that for complex economic and dynamic reasons, his (the pervert artist) creative process may be accompanied by sublimation" and will therefore be capable of producing "authentic" works of art. In this instance she includes a passage from Proust⁹ in which the true work of genius is described as emanating from the power of the personality to reflect life rather than to embellish upon it.

Problems arise in Chasseguet-Smirgel's formulation when we attempt to evaluate artistic production using her criteria. Her ideas, while at times elaborating, eloquently on the process of the idealization of anality, fall short of being convincing when applied to any particular work of art. Given the relatively large number of accomplished artists, in all media, who have had perverse organizations it would be difficult, if not impossible, to judge which of their works were more authentic and which were more corrupted by the idealization of anality. It would be tautological to invoke the criteria of commercial or even critical appeal or success. No doubt good or even great artists with perverse organizations may produce bad art, but is this due to the greater degree of unsublimated anality manifest in those works? I doubt it. In stating that homosexuality is sometimes more neurotic than perverse, Chasseguet-Smirgel sidesteps the knotty problem of how the likes of such as Leonardo DaVinci, Tennessee Williams, etc., were able to produce the masterpieces that they did.

Chasseguet-Smirgel's work again throws down the gauntlet between those theories which would describe psychopathology as emanating from instincts and their vicissitudes to be overcome by conflict resolution and those like Kohut¹⁰, and his followers who view most of man's difficulties as emanating from an attempt to preserve a crumbling narcissistic structure within the personality. For the latter, creativity emanates from the development and maturation of early idealizing and mirroring needs rather than from sublimated instinct. Perhaps these are but parts of a larger picture, awaiting to be integrated.

Chasseguet-Smirgel has most likely developed a piece of her own experience in a thoughtful and creative way. The danger is, as in the case with much of psychoanalytic theorizing, that the part will be taken for the whole. I see little in her work that would yet dissuade me from Freud's famous position stated in "Dostoevsky and Parricide"¹¹ in which he stated "before the problem of the creative artist, analysis must alas, lay down its arms".

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