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Becoming a Psychoanalyst—An Autobiographical Fragment*

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Introduction

When I received the letter from Melvin Bornstein, an editor of *Psychoanalytic Inquiry*, asking me whether I would be interested in writing an article about my developmental history in becoming the analyst I am today, I felt immediately like doing it. It seemed to me to be a good opportunity to think and express myself about an important aspect I never considered systematically. And it is often through writing that I come closest to myself—becoming crystallized in my thinking and being.

I was reading with interest the two issues of *Psychoanalytic Inquiry* (2002) that were dedicated to this theme, and I also thought that such articles from different countries could contribute to a better understanding of the complexity and whatever is involved in the nature of our “impossible profession.”

One of the difficulties that stood in my way related to the fact that writing in English was not easy for me. When I told the well-known linguist Roman Jakobson about my difficulties with languages, he responded that it appears as if in any language I am living in a hotel. This was exactly what I felt, I think: that it related to the loss of my mother tongue after the Krystallnacht, about which I shall write about later.

Another difficulty related to exposing my private life publicly. One of the unwritten rules of our training was that analysts do not disclose any private details to patients if this could affect their analytic work; as if the less the patients knew

about their analysts, the more they will fill the gap with unconscious fantasies. My analyst, Erich Gumbel (1995) lived, as it were, behind closed shutters. The fine distinction, which came to my mind between the intimate and the personal, helped me to some extent. But without mentioning some intimate details, it is difficult to transmit the developmental process in a meaningful way.

Thus, my most transformative experience was becoming the mother of our three children. I could not write about it here, and about my love of them and theirs for me, as also my happiness with my grandchildren. It is too intimate, too rich, and too complex. Likewise, I would not write about my love relations.

And if I mention here the most fulfilling feeling I always cherish and rarely talk about, I shall add some other kinds of love, such as the affinity I feel with several other members of my family and close friendships that have been created within the years. Of an entirely different nature is the therapy love that I have experienced, and still do, which I take care not to confuse with the other types of love.

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I will begin my account by offering some picture of the background, the experiences, the events, and the emotional soil in which I grew up.

My father was born in a little town in Germany, not far from the city I was born in. He was a quiet man who knew how to listen to others with interest and compassion. His way of accepting others as equals (no matter how learned they were or what their social, economic, or political status was), his wisdom, and his liberal attitudes made him well-liked by all who knew him. It is only while writing this article that I came to think that my identification with my father and internalization of some of his attitudes were among the first building-stones that

contributed to my becoming the analyst that I am today.

I remember a childhood experience that I took as a symbol. It related to sweets. Every Friday, my mother used to give us a parcel of chocolate, which was our week's portion. My father had a drawer with sweets in his clinic and let me take whatever and as much as I liked. It turned out that I took less than what I received from my mother, but it felt as if I got much more. Such a drawer exists now for my grandchildren. (It probably symbolizes for me the freedom of choice according to one's feelings and will.)

We had a huge garden, not far from our house, to which our father took us each weekend. There were all kinds of fruit trees and berries and, most attractive of all, a big (relative to my sight and size then) swimming pool where I taught myself to swim and to which we could invite our friends. In the winter, we had other kinds of pleasures: My mother took us to the snowy hills, sliding. I remember how fearful I was, on the one hand, and how I enjoyed the experience in spite of it, perhaps when I realized that I came down safely. To be fearful in a variety of situations and overcoming it is a repetitive story of my life. Sometimes I have the feeling that one way of overcoming my fears was to feel them, express them in a somewhat exaggerated way, and be happy to realize that I could master the situation. This turned into a game, or maybe an addiction. With our father, we walked in the forest (that still exists), singing, inventing all kinds of games, enjoying nature. Such activities became a part of myself in the following years. These experiences were my happiest memories from Germany.

My mother was a beautiful, intelligent, and very honest person. There was a loving relationship between my parents, in spite of their differences in interests and styles of life: My father was deeply involved in his work, whereas my mother liked to play bridge and meet with friends. He used to do all kinds of carpentry (work in his free time in which we took some part), gardening, and reading belles-lettres. My mother bought all kinds of lovely toys for us, which stimulated our imagination, and she enjoyed playing with us and sharing with us her experiences from the present and past. I loved the intimacy that I felt with her in the kitchen, baking together, singing, and listening to her tales. Mostly, I felt this intimacy when she was reading stories to me before I went to sleep.

One of the only books I took with me when we left Germany was Grimm's Fairy Tales. The stories I shall refer to are included in the new edition (2004), illustrated beautifully by Adolf Born, which my children bought me as a present. I am entering into more details because I know they had much influence on me and on my connection with my mother. I also feel that they opened to me doors to the unconscious world. It was a rich source for emotional identifications and wisdom, with which I could connect in an immediate way. It was for me also like a treasure island into which I would travel when feeling distressed. It was easier for me to communicate flowingly with those who—like me—were fascinated by the language of stories and fairy tales than with those

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who regarded them as dull and silly. These variegated stories also prepared me, in a way, to become a child analyst and the analyst I am today.

Thus, for instance, I remember “Der Froschkönig oder der eiserne Heinrich,” in which the frog turned unto the prince, referring to the symbolic meaning of children's disgust, fear, and fantasies toward sex and its transformation into love (pp. 29–36). Another example is “Allerleirau” (pp. 370–383), the story that I had to check again, now while writing this article, to see if I remember correctly that it is true that the king, Allerleirau's father, married his daughter in that story. I remember an hour in my analysis, when we explored my feelings toward my father, that this story suddenly came to my mind together with the fantasy wishes, fears, and contemplations that I had had then, reaching deep layers of my mind: If it is printed, it must be true, was one distorted way of wishful thinking. I feel that only thanks to this story and others, and my recollection of my train of associations from the past, I could become convinced that such kinds of confusion and fantasy wishes dwelled unknowingly within me; that I, too, had entertained oedipal strivings; and once the inner order returned I could peacefully smile at myself, learning an additional lesson about childhood mentality, childish ways of thinking, beliefs, feeling, and fantasizing.

There is also the tale of “Der Treue Johannes” (pp. 78–94), which I kept telling to children I took care of, because I felt it to be full of exciting and frightening themes that ended with support provided by the faithful savior who promised to come whenever really needed—and indeed he came! I have experienced that, for many children, a promise from a trusted person is often enough to regain inner strength in times of stress (when trust has been built in previously), even without the need for a proof that the savior comes. For me, the Faithful Johannes turned into a symbol. It was like a magic cure—when feeling anxious or lonely—even though I knew it was magic thinking. It is as if, somewhere, I had a source of comfort inside of me to calm myself, perhaps similar to those who believe in God! Perhaps such stories were, in the past, a kind of transitional object for me, a source of support that later on contributed to the kind of realistic optimism of which I have in abundance, and that I regard as an important attitude for the analyst when he is, for instance, in times of despair, his own or the patient's; when it is critical for him to be able to feel it, he is needed to be able to feel it without getting infected by it and acting on it or lost in it.

The last story I want to mention here is “Marienkind” (pp. 36–49), which portrays strongly the effects of primal scene, sexual curiosity, and the denial of it on the girl who grew into a beautiful young woman. She was punished for her sins by Maria, to whom she lied, by becoming mute and losing the children whom she bore to the king—as long as she was denying the fact that she opened the forbidden door and saw what she saw. She got back her children and her speech returned once she overcame her feelings of guilt and shame and was ready to admit her sin and talk. It turned out to be meaningful also to the few patients to whom I told it, who had repressed or denied these hidden, forbidden scenes and deeds, and who were constantly punished by suffering from unconscious guilt. After listening to this story, something touched them and they started to become more receptive to reverberations to what had been utterly sealed before.

I think that it was October 1938 when my father—under the influence of my Zionist mother—went to Palestine and bought land near his sister, who had emigrated from Germany to a city by the sea, Netanya, in 1933. He stayed there for a time to prepare for our stay there. He returned to Germany close to the Kristallnacht, which was a nightmarish horror that changed all our lives and left a deep mark on me.

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Like all the men in our city, he was taken to the “working camp” Buchenwald. It was one week after his stay in Buchenwald that we received the permit to come to Palestine, thanks to the land that my father had bought. We admired the courage of my mother, who went to the Gestapo, showed them the permit and succeeded in convincing them to let my father out of Buchenwald. He came home a different person. He had never talked about the terrible experiences there. We heard about it later from a friend, and also about his pain that he had been saved and could not help his friends there.

The Kristallnacht started for us, my brother and me, in the morning when we suddenly were not allowed into our school. Not being let in for no known reason was itself shocking and humiliating. When we came home, we found a closed door, shut behind bars of wood, and a short note from our Christian neighbors to come to them. There we were told that my mother went with our little sister to visit her father, who lived in another city, and that our father was taken to Buchenwald. They had put wooden bars on the entrance door to prevent the Nazis from coming again and breaking whatever they did not the first time. They took us to a distant relative, Aunt Rose.

Even while writing now about this experience, and in spite of having worked through this trauma in my analysis, I feel similar to what Coleridge had described in the “Ancient Mariner,” who had to tell his sad story in much detail to the end, not letting the others leave and go. It all was terribly frightening. We were hiding in the cellar with Rose beneath the noises of the tumult above, noises of destruction of whatever the hooligans were breaking. In the diary that my brother wrote before his death, there was written that he remembered how determined he was that if they would come down to the cellar and hurt his little sister (me), he would kill them with his pocket knife! Until now, I am touched by this and thankful that, several times in my life, I experienced him as my savior.

Until this day, I frequently lose my inner map and orientation, whenever I reach unfamiliar places. It is as if my feeling of alarm and panic that I had experienced as an eight-year-old girl flashed back and took over. In certain circumstances, in which I feel estranged, I also lose my language, especially German, my mother tongue, although I spoke it with my mother until she died at the age of 98.

As an analyst, I could fully identify with the difficulties of my patients who had to express themselves in a foreign language in their analysis, in their life, and in their creative writing. Sometimes I suggested to them to say something charged in their own language before they translated it: Although I did not understand, I could hear the music and get the feel of what they meant. Most of my patient have been new immigrants. Many of them have felt—even when they came to Israel as very young children, knew well the language, and adjusted quickly—certain disturbing effects pertaining to the transition from their mother's tongue to Hebrew, and other aspects of which they had not been. I was more perceptive of such problems because I had experienced it personally, but I had also to beware not to overidentify and project my feelings on them through working on my countertransference.

We left in one of the last legal ships, in January 1939. As so many new immigrants, who are the vast majority in Israel, feel, the reality was very different from what they, and I, have dreamt about coming to the “Promised Land.” I remember the experience of not understanding the language and having to learn the new one, of being dressed differently and feeling awkward, and of being afraid to be shamed. We were moving from one apartment to another until my father built our house after about a year.

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World War II broke out half a year after our arrival. We personally were lucky to come out before the horrors of the Holocaust, but I remember how guilty we, and I, felt about leaving behind our grandparents, aunts, and uncles, and the cousins who

were our best friends. I often felt the the guilt of the survivor. I think that my traumatic experiences enabled me, when becoming an analyst, to be empathetic with many of my patients who were in similar situations, to find ways to help them talk about their experience, and to share whatever they often tried to repress and forget.

Most of my new Israeli friends were unable to listen empathetically to what I tried to share with them about the Kristallnacht. They simply could not believe it. My reaction was to talk only when I was sure to be understood fully. This attitude of mine, to wait for the other, became a pattern of behavior that contributed to my difficulties to communicate freely in certain situations. I remember how much energy I invested in condensing what I wanted to say into a minimum of words, a trend that, unknowingly, persisted for many years, and that had all kinds of other sources.

Another difficulty related to the economic situation. My father had found all kinds of odd jobs until he received his local license and could work again as dermatologist. My mother had to change from a “lady of leisure” in Germany into a hard-working laborer, picking oranges for hours that seemed endless and taking care of us. It was a strange experience to go every day in the summer to carry ice blocks because we had a refrigerator, but no electricity until 1948. Later on, my parents established a small household farm. Eating cheese from our goats, eggs from our hens, and asparagus that was a delight to watch growing was a pleasure for us children. In our view, it was quite romantic to live in the house that my father was building, in the farm near the sea, where, every weekend, we were swimming or boating, hearing the rustling waves at night, mixed with the voices of jackals around. But although both of our parents showed admirable resilience and capacity to adjust, how can one enjoy life without feeling guilty when one's parents were sad and worked so hard?

I remember vividly some experiences from school life that had a life influence on me and, in a way, also influenced my personal–professional identity. One of them was related to music. My aunt, who was a musician, taught me to play piano. At school, we learned to play the flute. It was a most satisfactory experience to be a member of the school's choir, led by a teacher whose name was Bar Zimra (namely “the son of songs”). He was a musician and a producer, teaching us a wide range of

Hebrew songs and rounds. Music in school was the light in the darkness. It is almost a mystical feeling—in the past and in the present—to feel so fulfilled and filled with energy and joy while singing.

Music is also an important element in my clinical work. Much of my attention is given to the tone of voice, timbre, rhythms, inflections, variety of melodies, and other nonverbal signs that are transmitted with the verbal text and touch deeper layers of my mind. I find myself listening to the music accompanying the words and try to match its emotional tones and melody with words. When a feeling state is gradually identified by me, I often “play it back” to the patient with its specific resonance. Imprints created in this fashion become the tissues of emotional insights in the patient, in myself, or in both of us at the same time.

I shall never forget the devotion and resourcefulness of one of our teachers, who invited the whole class to her small apartment, read to us every Friday afternoon a chapter from a book that we chose, and offered us tea and cake. I think one of her motivations was to consolidate our class,

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which contained many disturbed or disturbing pupils. Another motivation was to encourage us to get us interested in literature, and it worked. What affected me most was her capacity to create a personal relationship with many of us, which became one of my ego-ideals and perhaps was one unconscious factor behind my choice to become an analyst.

I was touched by the capacity of our principal to read the needs of new immigrants and think resourcefully about possible way to help. One day, he came to our class with a 10-year-old girl, asking us to accept her heartily and asking me to invite her for several months to help her to adjust, which I did. It helped both of us in many ways, and both of us enjoy the friendship which had been created then.

Apart from the difficulties and failures involved in such a huge absorption of new

immigrants who came to Israel after the war of independence, there was also a great pioneering spirit that brought with it a strong wish to help in a variety of ways. I was among those who went to the transit camps to teach the children and their parents Hebrew. In many of my visits, I was impressed with the mothers' interest in each of their children. One example is that they asked the children every morning how they would like their eggs to be done, in spite of the hard conditions of their living. This was in contrast to my mother's principle that everyone should eat the same, whether he or she liked it or not. To this day, I take care that each of the children and grandchildren will find something she or he really likes in our shared meals. Partly, it was a kind of correction of what I have resented in my mother's attitudes; partly, it became a value that I have adopted.

At this time, I learned in the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, specializing in psychology and special education while working as a teacher and counselor in a special school. At this time I began writing under the superb guidance of Professor Carl Frankenstein, one of my teachers, who had much influence on my personal and professional identity. He combined in his thinking and writing individual and social stress; he was one of the first who claimed against forcing the melting-pot mentality on the multicultural immigrants and in favor of respecting their unique identities. He was psychoanalytically oriented and was one of my teachers who had much influence on me.

Working in the Hebrew University, I was among those who had established the Division for Teacher-Counselors, which was a pioneering project in our country. I was supervising the students in their new role and I was teaching courses in counseling and group dynamics. One of my unforgettable experiences from that time was a course in group dynamics. There was usually a lively discussion in which all the students participated, except for one student, who seemed to be very interested but kept quiet for several weeks. When the group and I were wondering what the meaning of this silence was, he gradually opened up, saying shyly that he was an Arab, although he did not look like one, and was afraid to say things that could irritate the group. He decided not to talk about his political views and feelings, but it could burst out once he started to talk and he was afraid to lose control.

It was striking to see how the interest of the group in him, and their encouragement

to feel free, enabled him to gradually become an active, spontaneous participant. I put much emphasis on the climate that, in great part, is composed of the attitudes of the leader and the members of the group, and about which I write separately.

At the end of that year, he invited all of us—about twenty members—to come to his village, Karaa. Although it was far from Jerusalem, everyone attended. First, he took us to the new, modern

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school where he was a teacher and a consultant. He shared with us his frustrations concerning the atmosphere in his school: the conflict between his educational views and that of the other teachers, who were very authoritative, rigid, and old-fashioned.

We listened compassionately, sharing our similar experiences with him. Then he brought us to the house that his family was building for him. In spite of different political views among us, we all felt sad when he pointed at the land that had belonged to his family and was expropriated by the government. The visit ended with a friendly, most generous lunch while we were sharing experiences about life and work. I present this example in some detail in order to describe my satisfaction related to possibilities of creating dialogues and change in one individual as we all had experienced then.

Recently, I was excited to read in the newspaper about the bilingual Jewish–Arab school that has been established in Karaa—in the same village I have just described; The Bridge over the Wadi is the first school for Jews and Arabs that is located in an Arab community. I found that these schools try courageously to deal with the complex issues of the Israeli society. Dealing with common problems, such as the identity of each group, facilitated a better understanding of each group. Sharing empathetically the pain and the wrongs done to each group by the other was opening a new channel of communication and the realization that there is not one truth and one justice.

In many different ways, I continued to work with individuals and groups in conflict, regarding it as part of my personal and, later on, my analytic identity. As one of the founding members of Ofek, the Israeli Association for the Study of Group and Organizational Processes, I had yet another opportunity to learn about vicissitudes of power in individuals, in groups, in organizations, and in nations.

With the same spirit, but on a larger scale, I saw the project that psychoanalyst Vamik Volkan initiated and guided, in which I became one of the participants. Through a six-year series of meetings involving Palestinian, Egyptian, and Israeli psychoanalysts, diplomats, and high-ranking military and government officials, we sought to understand the complex and intertwined psychological relationship of the individual, his or her nation, and those who were considered their enemies. We found innumerable intricate connections between the psychological defenses utilized by individuals in response to past trauma and the collective behaviors of national, ethnic, religious, or cultural entities. The warm atmosphere that existed in the meetings and the respect to differing interests and opinions enabled genuine sharing of thoughts and feelings. We psychoanalysts felt that these discussions were contributing to the body of psychoanalytic knowledge and were steps in the direction of trying to bring about change while understanding and working through the barriers and obstacles—as far as possible—through our psychoanalytic tools.

I enjoyed working with the teachers who learned to listen to their own feelings and those of their pupils and were surprised to discover a new and rich world. However, there were also teachers with whom it was very difficult to work. I felt that I needed additional training to gain a deeper understanding of myself and others. This was the time that I started to work in the child-guidance clinic headed by an experienced training analyst, Eli Ilan, treating emotionally disturbed children and their parents.

The first case I received in the Child Guidance Clinic was a deeply disturbed girl. To protect her identity, I gave her the name Sylvia. I met her in 1963, when she was seven years old, treated her until she reached fifteen, and kept contact with her up to the present. In my unpublished dissertation

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manuscript, which I did many years later at the Wright Institute, I described in detail the treatment of Sylvia's development interrelating with mine. I also delineated some of the essential attitudes that seemed to me to determine, to a great extent, the quality of the relationships in psychotherapy as also in other clinical or educational settings.

I cannot describe here the long, difficult, and complex course of treatment, but I want to say that this treatment was one of the most instructive and rewarding experiences for me. She was, on the one hand, like a baby, who started her life through being fed by me with the fruits she asked for—eating it, playing with it—giving me various roles that I should fulfill and, on the other hand, like an agile delinquent entering other rooms of the clinic taking cigarettes, which she smoked expertly, stealing money that she found in the drawer of my colleagues who hurried to lock their rooms before she came in for her treatment. Frequently, she had set fire in the room, enjoying the colorful flames and the outlet of her aggression, which was considered as therapeutic but was frightening for me, as well.

In my supervision, I learned to work systematically on my countertransference reactions, a kind of ongoing work that I consider essential with every patient, but particularly so with deeply disturbed persons.

At about that time, I began my training in the Israeli Institute of Psychoanalysis. The training consisted of course-work, supervision, and psychoanalytic treatment. From the course-work, I remember only that I was interested in the readings that have enlarged my knowledge in the wide field of psychoanalysis. I had three supervisors, each differing from the other in style and attitudes and complementing each other. What I disliked so much in the process of supervision—writing the process of each analytic hour—became, much later, a welcome habit to me and I keep writing work-diaries—which I rarely read later on, but which help me to remember the details, to crystallize my thinking, and work through some countertransference reactions.

My first analysand was 28 years old when he came for analysis. He had a strong tendency to dissociate himself from his emotional experience. In the second year of his analysis, he decided to open up a topic that he found extremely shameful: his masturbation fantasies and the conflicts they evoked in him. After having overcome some of his shame, he talked about his homosexual impulses and experiences. In his treatment, we entered a world that was new to me. Through exploring his sexual identity, Daniel became able to experience more of his real self, which had been hidden so deeply that it seemed to be almost dead. Some years later, he came to thank me. He was a father of two children and happily married. Perhaps the greatest help that I received from my supervisor was his neutral approach toward homosexuality and his alertness to my countertransference reactions when he felt them disturbing the treatment process. I realized in this treatment the important role that shame had in Daniel's life and treatment.

What prepared me most for becoming an analyst was my psychoanalytic treatment. I liked the process of free associations. I felt that it led me to surprising places and new insights. The atmosphere was such that I could say whatever was on my mind—more or less—which was a good experience in itself. I think that I had a kind of trust in Dr. Gumbel from the beginning, and my positive transference started even before the analysis had started when I heard about his professional qualities. Obviously, he reminded me of my father in many ways.

When Dr. Gumbel interviewed me asking about my reasons for applying, apart from professional reasons, the only problem I was aware of, and told him, was that from time to time I feel as if I am two different persons: In situations in which I find a common language with people who are

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sensitive, open-minded, and nonjudgmental, I feel free, joyful, communicative, flowing, and alive; whereas in situations in which I am with tense people, people disconnected from their feelings, people who make quick generalizations without

examining the validity of their conclusions, people who present themselves through their body language as if their truth is the whole truth and the only one—with them I am very quiet, almost paralyzed, not finding my voice and words, distant, reserved, and sad. It was as if I am not a-person-as-such but a person-in-the-situation, or a person-in-relationship, which I think is true for everyone, but which also was partly related to my problem.

It was primarily in my psychoanalytic treatment that I felt basic changes occurring in me, and also the commitment to become an analyst. I believed then that there is an overemphasis on sexuality in the psychoanalytic theory. One of my reservations was against the belief that the Oedipus complex is universal. “How can one make such generalizations, disregarding individual and cultural differences?! At least I don't have such a complex,” I argued.

In one of the analytic hours when I heatedly expressed my anger at Gumbel's interpretation regarding my guilt and the role of my sexual wishes behind it, the image of my uncle suddenly came to my mind. I remembered how he used to give me a wet kiss on my lips when I came to visit them, how disgusted I was. But I kept coming because I liked my aunt and the meals she had prepared. Their name was Freudenberg. The connection between Freud and Freudenberg came at once to my mind, and I understood a major part of my resistance against recognizing the role of sexuality in my life.

It was of much importance to me to feel that the interpretations were not imposed on me from without because of adherence to some theory, and throughout the process I needed to feel its validity and truth, not only think it and understand cognitively. One source of conviction that such-and-such an interpretation felt true to me was when a specific song came up, which I unknowingly was humming, or when an image came up from nowhere, pointing to me that what had been talked about is relevant. Thus, for instance, when my analyst interpreted that my guilt feelings, I brought up in a certain hour, were connected to my unconscious fantasy of being the bride of my father, and to my mind came Grimm's fairy tale about the real bride, it brought back my confusions from the far past and I could accept, smilingly, my childish unconscious wishes.

The last significant experience from my analysis that I want to describe here relates

to fears that I often had at night, even in adulthood, and that disappeared when, in the analytical process, unconscious fantasies became connected with sexual fantasies and feelings. I still remember how, as a child, I consoled myself that I'd never sleep alone because I was going to marry my brother. In a certain analytic hour I spoke of Maria, the assistant nurse of my father, whom I liked very much. We lived on the third floor and my father's clinic was on the first floor, which I called the cellar. In the unguided train of my associations, all kinds of fantasies about the "underground" came up. When my analyst suggested the idea that I had a fantasy about my father having an affair with Maria, I felt something moving in me. I had a hazy memory about being preoccupied with a sexual relationship they were doing in the underground. Working through the unconscious feelings, thoughts and fantasies related to sex cleared something up, and I have since been free from these fears.

I won't enter here into the many aspects and areas that were meaningful and productive for me. I chose examples related to sexuality because I feel that it plays a very significant role in each treatment, and often is not brought out because of shame and guilt.

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ATTITUDES

One of the projects I was asked to do as a member of the curriculum committee of the Israeli Institute of Psychoanalysis was to suggest a list of specific criteria that could help the interviewers select the most fitting candidates from those who had applied. After much thinking, reading, and consulting with colleagues, I came up with a variety of characteristics, attitudes, and capacities that I thought would be worth to have in their mind while interviewing. To specify some of them, I mention the following: emotional availability, autonomy, authenticity, compassion, interest in the inner life, and personal integrity. Another category I regarded as cognitive–emotional capacities such as empathy, sensitivity, imagination,

flexibility of intrapsychic borders, capacity to be on several levels of consciousness at once while shifting from one to the other, perception of subtleties, the ability to tolerate ambiguity and not knowing, adequate emotional involvement in contrast to detachment in the name of neutrality, the ability to provide a safe background, and the attitude of mutuality. These capacities were some of the major items of the list. I considered them as criteria for selecting candidates and, later on, thought that such characteristics are a kind of professional self: ideals that we can develop to some extent in ourselves as Kohut thought about the capacity of empathy.

From dealing with this project, my interest in the role of attitudes grew further. By attitudes I do not mean techniques or methods, but ego-syntonic mindsets and personality factors that lend form to the analyst's perception, feelings, and, verbal as well as nonverbal, behavior, which shape his view of the world and, therefore, his responses to other people. The progress of analytic therapy is related to the effect of deep inner attitudes of the analyst that are felt and conveyed, but usually not expressed directly in words.

For many years, I have wrestled with different aspects of attitudes. I believe that the sheer readiness to regard our attitudes (which may be related to, but are not identical, with countertransference reactions) constitutes a major therapeutic component and determines, in many ways, the climate of the treatment and its outcome. The part of climate that relates to the analyst's attitudes is, to some extent, affected by the part of the patient's transference vicissitudes and as also effecting them interactively. Still, I think that it is possible to distinguish between the distinct parts, and it is important for our work to take responsibility on our parts, while coexistently identifying the parts of the patient and work on both. I do not think that every sign of the patient's anger at the analyst, or feeling of not being felt and understood by the analyst, means, necessarily, that it is an empathic failure on the one hand, or resistance on the other.

I will describe a few of my attitudes, which may also illustrate a part of my present analytic identity, as it changes from time according to new evidence and developments in me.

In the past, I felt much in common with the attitudes of Evelyn Schwaber (1994). Like her, I listen as closely as possible to the nuances of the patient's verbal and

nonverbal communications in the immediacy of the analytic moment. Like her, I believe that our pathway to what is unconscious is more likely to be reached when it is jointly discovered, rather than unilaterally inferred from what the analyst supposedly knows about the unconscious. Like her, I put a strong emphasis on the constant need to work on one's countertransference, not only as a way to learn about what is being projected unconsciously on the part of the patient but also work through the obstacles for being empathic, which may happen not only when there are negative countertransference reactions but also when there are positive countertransference responses

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(by which I do not mean human responses). I differ now from Schwaber in certain attitudes that I feel are making a significant difference on the climate. Thus, for instance, I listen to the patient's vantage point that sustains and deepens the intrapsychic focus, but I also form my separate stance and share it with the analysand when I feel it to be useful for the analytic work. I do not impose any theory on the patient. But I have certain working assumptions that consciously, or subliminally, have an influence on my listening and understanding, sometimes fruitfully for our work, at other times interfering what I am trying strictly to avoid through my constant work on my countertransference

I am always holding a thread in my mind to the here and now and to the transference as felt in the hour. But I have many other threads in my mind when I am listening to the patient: Thus, for instance, I have a thread to current stressful events outside the transference situation, as well as a thread leading to childhood experiences that came up in the hour or were reconstructed from what has been experienced in the treatment situation. I do not see it as an aim to reach memories of the past as such. I understand and agree that often turning to the past, when disconnected from the context, turns into intellectual understanding, which, then, has no therapeutic value; I also agree that what counts is what one feels, thinks, imagines, and senses in the hour, This is fresh, vivid, and meaningful. But,

according to my thinking, we often lose the fuller sight and understanding of the person and his or her complex dynamics if we put all the weight and emphasis on the transference, at the expense of interest in past experience, traumatic events, and how the patient dealt with it, as well as childhood mentality and how it affected his understanding and misunderstanding, and the like.

It is important for me to feel free and be myself with different voices and real. In the distant past, I was careful to follow all kinds of rules, such as “always look for the meaning behind the questions of the patient, never answer directly”; “refrain from asking questions”; “listen and wait until you can form your interpretation clearly and in the right time”; and “don't use parameters; it's psychoanalysis, not psychotherapy!” In the present, I do not work according to such rules. I felt that it inhibited my capacity to be creative in my thinking and understanding, and interfered with my being free to use my feelings, intuition, and imagination to move along with the patient on the multiple levels of experience and consciousness. What is guiding me is the freedom to do whatever I feel as analytic as long as I am in control of my personal needs and as long as I know why I am doing it.

Previously, I immersed myself in the patient's inner life; his feelings; his music, tones, volume, accent, and melodies; and his ways of thinking, speaking, fantasizing, and doing to be with him or her and listen as fully as possible. I do the same now, but take care to periodically disengage myself and form my tentative separate stance before resuming my identifying mode. This process enables me to be with the patient, but without losing myself in overidentification or otherwise.

I feel that, in the past, I often have waited too long for the process to develop, expecting the analysand to find words for the feelings he had erased or repressed, while working on her or his defenses and resistance. Now I feel that my attitude of waiting constitutes a source of pressure on the analysand, especially for those whose mental style is to distance their unpleasant feelings or feelings, in general; whereas, when I am verbalizing the feelings that I sense from the inexhaustible richness of each clinical moment, such as signs that are transmitted in the hour and the patterns of meanings, I feel that it advances the analytic process.

Affects and emotional experiences were, and are, central in my clinical work. But I

was not aware of the primal role that the feelings of shame and guilt played in the treatment, especially

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when shame is bypassed and not recognized. As I wrote before, I have experienced guilt and shame and their effects on me, as also later with my patients, and worked on it in my analysis. But now I am more attentive to its multiple nonverbal expressions, and I can find more ways to encourage the patient to talk about these evasive feelings and their shame events that were too humiliating and embarrassing to be told, or even owned.

When the attitudes are worked through by us and well integrated, they operate preconsciously without our having to invest conscious effort. We may, then, be like centipedes walking on all hundred feet at once. Picasso is said to have remarked, while visiting a Braque exhibition, that all you have is yourself! It is like a sun in your belly with a thousand of rays. I liked this image and I feel that it reflects my views on the analyst's attitudes.

THE PHENOMENON OF DEPLOYMENT

In the last years, I became interested in the attitudes of deployment. What do I mean by deployment? It is a rigid self-programming into a system of attitudes, positions, roles, and behavior aimed at protecting one's self-esteem and dignity; consoling oneself for what had been experienced as self-annihilation and humiliation and correcting the injustices done to them. The features of the deployment are dissociation, grievance, preparedness, exerting control, one-dimensional mission, and one-track mindedness. These features overlap each other and must be seen in relation to each other and to the total they present. Why did I choose to call this constellation deployment? It is placing the emphasis on various elements of power. As an army deploys its forces at the most crucial points, so does the deployed person invest the forces of himself against the threats from outside and the conflicts within, and against the subjective experience of psychic

pain and, sometimes, against her or his feelings in general.

My interest began long before I became a psychoanalyst. I think it was when I became involved in studying the nature of the authoritarian persons who avoided contact with their own feelings and emotional needs, as well as those of the others (Adorno et al., 1950). As I have written, I left Germany as a child just before World War II broke out and, like so many other Jews, I suffered from the inconsolable loss of so many dear members of my extended family.

I always carry with me the words written on the wall of a concentration camp in France by the German commander: "I have had no emotional reactions to carrying out these acts. My upbringing prepared me for it." Thus I was held by a strong interest in how we can raise and educate children to avoid such a kind of dissociation, which is the major feature of deployment.

Another angle of my interest in phenomena of deployment comes from the clinical field. For many years, I had patients who had been in prolonged analysis with competent classical psychoanalysts without any resulting change. As it turned out, in their renewed treatment with me, they did not come to express their pain and change through understanding themselves. Many of them felt that they had a mission to fulfill, a mission that constituted a mixture of crystallized ego-ideals, childish fantasy wishes, and grandiose ideas with the feel of superiority. I do not expound here all that I had learned while working with deployed patients, and that I still learn.

I want to present some of the changes that my deployed patients underwent when they moved from a deployed position to one of becoming more in touch with their feelings and integrating them into their selves. The changes I summarize (see Table 1) do not come instead of psychosexual,

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separation-individuation, or other lines, but complement them. These are general directions in which my analysands and I move together in the analytic process.

TABLE 1 Changes

From	To
Changes in Positions Toward Self-Dimensions and the Sense of Identity	
Placing one's whole weight on fortifying the self; by acting in restricted ways of ego functioning to avoid anxiety, insult, or shame; by drugging one's feelings through consoling devices like smoking excessively or work addictions; by hardening oneself through freezing one's feelings as a reaction to panic, or by using disregard and contempt for the other as a weapon against feeling hurt.	Ceasing to act automatically in a way disconnected both from the external situation and one's inner motivation; allowing one's behavior to be linked to its complex emotional sources and basing one's actions on differentiation, coordination, and integration (rather than on dissociation).
Remaining in the bunker long after the war is over; being obstinately locked in	Reexamining and transforming the positions, poses, roles, and mind sets that

one's attitudes, unwilling to cooperate and listen to the diverse voices in oneself and in others.

were adopted as “life belts” in stressful situations and that unwittingly became their second nature.

Disavowing responsibility often related to feeling overloaded with tasks, and to the pain and shame of not being able to perform them according to one's—or the important other's—high standards; living in a sphere of being constantly pressured.

Gaining more self-confidence, pleasure, and hope while applying oneself in the direction of problem solving and self-realization, after giving up missions and goals impossible to achieve; accepting a growing sense of personal responsibility for one's feelings, intentions, actions, wishes, and fantasies as part of an ongoing definition of one's complex identity.

Basing one's identity primarily on the need to correct one's self injuries from the past, for instance, by becoming the opposite of those who wronged one or whom one was ashamed of, and thus forming a “negative identity”—which causes him or her to be determined by the other rather than by what one feels and needs.

Opening up an ongoing process of exploration as to what part of one's identity is based on anger, shame, fear, or vulnerability as opposed to one's real and complex self; continuously translating what has been disavowed and corrected back into its relevance for the self.

Changes in Positions Toward Communication

Being dominated by a strong need to control, pushing away or distancing whatever may touch one emotionally, or may confuse or hurt oneself; finding it difficult to talk about one's pain and distress and expending much energy on

Talking while thinking and feeling, without having to edit everything first; trusting one's gut feelings while understanding what it was that drove one to dread so much the loss of control; feeling less ashamed about, and more

skipping and belittling pain while bursting into rage at others or engaging in other externalizing processes.

affinity with, one's child mental parts.

Never talking about what one experiences as weakness or failure; somatizing feelings and ideas associated with conflictual states of mind and affects, being driven to erase them from consciousness as soon as they crop up; immediately dispersing one's strong feelings by engaging in action of one kind or other; always feeling a sense of pressure brought about by having to prove oneself.

Allowing oneself to let go, to regress more in the service of the ego, and fear less the danger of losing control.

Changes in Positions Toward Flexibility and Fixity

Being extreme and obstinate, a kind of fundamentalist; unconsciously clinging to missions more pertinent to atonement or to correcting past injuries that have caused one to become frozen than to considerations of the present and the future; acting as an observer from the outside rather than an emotional participant.

Working through one's rigid self-restricting positions; allowing the coexistence of the participating and observing self; reaching and opening up to charged emotional states, as they are experienced in the interaction between oneself and one's analyst, as well as with significant others.

Orienting oneself to a life as the conscience dictates it should be, with an overemphasis on duties and what should have been done; whether it is related to unconscious guilt, shame, or

Allowing life to be enjoyable, always questioning the rigid sources of one's archaic superego forces when they interfere; enabling the development of mutuality, compassion, intimacy, and a

other factors, which may become ossified as a result of automaticity and habits of life.

nuanced and multifaceted sense of love.

Changes in Positions Toward Object Relations

Relating to the analyst and the important others with suspicion; constantly checking to see whether that person is on “my” side or on that of the other, without being in touch with previous rivalry situations and specific constellations of injustice and insults in which the need for exclusive attention and support had become a question of life or death.

Relaxing and establish a dialogue-relationship with the child part in him, not let it and the jealousy take over and dominate; enable the adult part use his understanding to calm him.

Delaying the carrying on of one's life until the other is changing or dead.

Recognize the possibility of change, but that any change must be carried out by oneself (Rangell, 1992).

Changes in Positions Toward Tensions and Pressures

Being protected by omnipotence and omniscience in order not to feel one's inner pressures, tensions, and helplessness; exerting pressure on the other, a desire to prove, explain, influence, and convince; thinking that there is only one way to be, one way to see things, one way to act.

Loosening one's omnipotent narcissistic structure once the defensiveness that caused it has been explored and understood; exhibiting more tolerance toward different ways of being, feeling and thinking; being able to mourn what had to be given up; coming out of oneself and being more fully there.

Changes in Positions Toward Failure, Shame, and Humiliation

Seeing in one's mind catastrophes that constantly threaten to occur; being totally oriented toward being prepared, to not be shocked again; investing much energy into proving one's worth, and being restricted in one's feelings, thoughts, and acts out of a fear of being shamed and trapped; adopting concealment as a way of life.

Becoming less directed by failure vis-à-vis success, less self-conscious and restricted; acquiring a more relaxed position in which one can conceive of mistakes as an integral part of life, while uncovering and understanding the unconscious motivations that perpetuate them.

Being regularly shame-prone, constantly seeing flaws and defects in others and/or in oneself; focusing all one's energy on preventing others from abusing, humiliating, or shaming one anymore; reacting to perceived insults by instantly offending the perceived offenders.

Shifting one's weight to the lonely, angry, and fearful child within, who was once buried and suppressed but is now more able to express his or her pain of shame and disappointment, thus opening the heart that had been locked and one's mind and one's senses, enjoying a more balanced and richer life.

Changes in Positions Toward Power

Living in an emotionally disconnected manner and being directed by anger at the world; being engaged in a continuous cold war that one hardly knows the source of; being geared to gaining points of power and superiority, where all that matters is whether one wins or loses.

Softening the deployments, thereby permitting more access to the drives, affects, opinions, and intentions that are crucial in shaping one's behavior; meeting and reconciling oneself with adversarial parts in oneself and outside while reconstructing the child-parts' internal and external conflicts that had been condensed into a state of war.

I feel that the more I work with deployed patients—the more I think, talk, and write about these phenomena—the more differentiated and enriched my analytic instrument becomes, and I think that adding the deploymental perspective to the other perspectives may be of value in our clinic, in education, and in the political arena. The following sentence of Stoller (1991) conveys beautifully the essence of what I meant: “Emphases change, stiff joints loosen, anger and its revenge turn to chuckles and tears and the domination of the past gets less oppressive” (p. 1101).

Deployment is, in a way, the opposite attitude from mourning, which means to be with the feelings and experiences relating to whatever has been lost, remember them, talk about them, mourn them, until gradually becoming free to enjoy life, whereas heavily deployed people stick to their grievance and have a mission never to forgive and forget.

There was a saying in our family that that May-born children, as I am, are lucky persons. I feel myself as a lucky person, but I never forgot the tragedies of the Holocaust and I still mourn the death of all those whom I loved and lost. I feel real lucky to be able to continue working as usual, and enjoying greatly the warmth and help of my family and friends, as well as the pleasures of art, music, and culture that life is offering.

I want to thank my son, without whose productive and helpful comments I would not be able to write this personal piece, to thank my daughter's warm interest, and to thank Sarah Moses for her encouragement and fine editing. And thanks to Barbara Harshav for translating the following lines that I took from the book of Rabinowich “People” (2003):

Human life is like a colorful tapestry. I have lived a lot. And my days now, every sound, every experience are like a new thread I lace into the tapestry. The color and firmness of every thread, its shape and twist change with lacing and take on a different meaning. This becomes part of the fabric of my life, enriching the tapestry and are enriched themselves [p. 28].

I feel much the same.

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