

Introduction to the Manifesto Fest, or a Manifesto on Manifestos

Esther SPERBER: Will BRAUN, Jill GENTILE, Lynne LAYTON, Tiffany MCLAIN, Tracy MORGAN, Jonathan SHEDLER, Esther SPERBER, Robert D. STOLOROW

Esther SPERBER

At the 2015 Division 39 Spring Meeting, a group of eight therapists presented manifestos in an attempt to remind themselves, and the audience, why they love psychoanalysis and to explore how this excitement could be shared with a wider world. Psychoanalysis fosters a particular way of understanding the world: childhood, love, racism, obesity, art—topics that fill the printed papers and online newsfeeds.

While I am not nostalgic for that time, half a century ago, when psychoanalysis had a hegemonic voice, I am also frustrated with the new status quo in which analysts spend an inspiring and frustrating amount

The word *manifesto* has two Latin origins: *manifestus*, meaning obvious, and *manifesto*, to make public. The manifesto makes the obvious public.

Manifestos, omnipotent and playful, were powerful tools of the avant-garde movements of the twentieth century. "At its most endearing" writes Mary Ann Caws, in the big yellow book titled *Manifestos: A Century of Isms*, "a manifesto has a madness about it. It is peculiar and angry, quirky, or downright crazed" (Caws, 2000, p.x). "The manifesto is by nature a loud genre, unlike the essay... It calls for capital letters, loves bigness, and demands attention." She describes the politics of the manifesto as "Nowness and Newness."

Generally, Caws tells us, the manifesto stands alone. It does not lean on or refer to other texts. At times, a short sentence captures a big idea. No architect can forget Mies's modernist "Less is more," provocatively reversed by Robert Venturi's post-modernist "Less is a bore." In fact, Caws writes, architects have adopted the manifesto style as their professional dialect.

Psychoanalysis has a unique body of knowledge which it uses (might I say applies?) to address its patients' symptom manifestations. But these insights have the power to affect a wider sphere, and to transform the ways we view the individual, relationships, and society. So let us indulge



Mónika Sziládi, *Untitled (Bar)*, 2009

of time writing for one another, and keeping their words safely isolated behind the subscription walls of PEP Web.

So I indulge in a manifesto about manifestos, unabashedly trying to seduce you, the readers, to try to use a different mode of writing in order to affect change in the world.

There is great value in carefully crafted clinical presentations, theoretical explorations, footnotes and citations, but it is urgent for the wellbeing of psychoanalysis to also develop other ways of speaking confidently to the public. We must learn to distill clearly what the field has to offer and why it matters.

I realize this is not easy. The training of a psychoanalyst promotes quite the opposite mindset, one of reflection, nuance, nonjudgment, a resistance to actions, an observing eye. Manifestos express a different state; they are assured, forceful, and convincing.

Words and ideas can create change. Think of the enduring influence of the Communist Manifesto, published in 1848. Or, in the area of art, think of the Barnett Newman essay written one hundred years later in 1948, "The Sublime is Now," in which he turns American art's lack of history into an advantage, freeing the artist from the deadweight of European culture.

The heyday of manifestos was the decade between 1909 and 1919 when Marinetti published the First Futurist's Manifesto followed by Malevich, the Cubists, Dada, and the Surrealists among others. Manifestos were published as pamphlets, posted on walls, and showered like rain in public plazas. Manifestos are arrogant, they call for action, oppose the existing, demand change, sometimes becoming violent. "Leave Dada, Leave your Parents, Leave your Wife" called one.

in this kind of omnipotent playful speech and see where it takes us, and how it might affect the public discourse. ■

REFERENCE

Caws, M. (Ed.). (2000). *Manifesto: A century of isms*. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press.

Will BRAUN

Aaron Beck is a salesman. We could learn a lot by taking a page from his playbook. He has made his empire by throwing psychoanalysis under the bus. Beck's well-constructed sales pitch goes something like this: "I trained as a psychoanalyst. Freud was wrong. Come and buy what I am selling." He effectively sets up his argument against psychoanalysis in order to sell seats. He has done a phenomenal job.

I, too, have a Beckian story. I began as a sports psychologist at Boston University

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using CBT to help NCAA athletes “enhance their performance.” The techniques were great. I helped basketball players improve their free-throw percentages and hockey players become more focused on the ice. Although I felt good about my work watching these athletes improve their game, I became uneasy with the fact that I was disregarding the individual sitting in front of me. Many of their lives off the field, court, and rink were falling apart. I was told in supervision repeatedly to stop listening to the athlete’s issues with his girlfriend and to ignore his worries about what his coach thought about him. Instead of listening, I was taught to stop his thoughts so he could focus on the game. It became clear to me that I was not treating a human being. I was creating automatons to perform a very specific task. By the end of my time at BU I was so turned off by CBT that I began searching for a form of treatment that focused on the whole human being, not just human functions I was trying to enhance.

Modern-day psychiatry and psychology no longer listen to people. Their goal is to shut you, me, us up. They medicate your children so that they now sit quietly in their seats. They tell you to think positive thoughts so you will be a good citizen who won’t act up, protest, question. They teach our soldiers to breathe deep and relax so they will stop their crying and go back to being killing machines.

Modern Mental Health is not concerned with why your child is not interested in school. They are not concerned with your opinions, your anger, or your sense of injustice and inequality in the world. And they are definitely not concerned with our soldiers’ fears, upsets, or moral injuries.

Why then, dear analyst, do you keep trying to compare yourself to these inhumane fields? Why do you act as if what you do is even remotely similar? You have spent the better part of the past 40 years trying to prove your legitimacy and your similarity to modern psychiatry and psychology. Psychoanalysis could not be philosophically further from this! Our subject, our goals, our procedures are completely different. Throw off the shackles of comparison and set yourself free from the Mental Health Industrial Complex.

What psychoanalysis has to offer is nothing short of radical. Its point of focus is the subjectivity of the individual, not a behavior, not a function. Psychoanalysis is the only mode of therapy with the stated goal of helping the subject to *articulate*. This is in direct opposition to Modern Mental Health. What other form of treatment leaves room for the symptom to speak its

truth? Pills quiet symptoms. Behavioral techniques quiet symptoms. Psychoanalysis is interested in what the symptom has to say. It is an alternative way of approaching the human subject. In fact, Psychoanalysis treats the human as a subject, not an object. We ask people to speak. We don’t shut them up.

Distance yourselves, dear colleagues, from these practitioners and the Mental Health Industrial Complex they represent. They have lost all sight of the subjects they claim to be analyzing.

Quit comparing yourselves to the inhumane fields of adaptation. Set yourself proudly apart. Embrace the radical nature of what it is you offer. You offer articulation. They offer anesthetization. Position yourself as an alternative to Modern Mental Health and champion the subjectivity of the individual. ■

Jill GENTILE

Where silent infantile sexuality was,
democracy shall be:

A Psychoanalytic Manifesto

Psychoanalysis was founded to discover truths of human nature and to heal by means of truthful discourse. Sigmund Freud, after experimenting with hypnosis, began working instead in the familiar but also radical terrain of human speech. He landed upon the technique of free association after patients, almost all female, pushed back against his leading questions; free association followed from his surrender to the voices of women. It calls in turn upon the patient to surrender all the thoughts that occur to her, without editing, censoring, or concealment, and to yield to truth in the context of intersubjective discourse.

Through such socially unconventional conversations, Freud wandered into uncanny territory. It wasn’t only the unconscious that compelled his attention, but also the peculiar signage of unconscious terrain. He named this signage “infantile sexuality” and he recognized it as both utterly normal and utterly perverse.

If psychoanalysis desired a path of least resistance to public acceptance, it couldn’t have chartered a more brilliant means of ensuring its self-defeat. But as Freud and every practicing psychoanalyst since has discovered, the path to resistance is the very path to cure, and every psychoanalysis follows this obstacle-ridden odyssey. This odyssey proceeds by means of encrypted signs that tell a universal story even as they also reveal an infinitely varying trail of singularity. Freud’s genius was to recognize psychoanalysis’s enduring validity as desire’s tale and travails.

How was the infant’s sexuality to be revealed? Infants, by definition, are without language (*in-fantem*). What Freud intuited early on was the need for a space of speech. A space between speaker and listener, a space between the raw sensual body and its experiential energies, and the psyche’s mind. Somewhere in there, we might say, was the soul–desire’s voice. But it would take the transformation of the patient from mute infant to speaking adult to enfranchise and claim her desire and to emancipate her mind and her body: all by means of winning her freedom to think and to speak, through a signature practice of free thought and free speech.

Freud dismissed and denigrated our draw to illusion and self-deception, but he was not deterred from his goal of translating the energies of what the body spoke. He glimpsed the power of an enlightened speaking subject. He glimpsed but never realized the power of psychoanalysis to democratize desire, to grant human beings their natural and inalienable rights to own their sexuality, libido, and free speech privilege. Revolutionary? At the very least, threatening to the world of encrusted power arrangements.

There will always be resistance. Through speaking (which also includes listening, translating, and interpreting), the patient names and shares unspoken desires and forbidden knowledge, knowledge many will resist hearing. Psychoanalytic cures, like democratic actions, require speaking truth to power, enlisting the voice of the marginalized in the franchise of speech, surviving destruction, liberating desire. The content of that conversation, however sentimental, naïve, and idealized it may sound to say, is one of freedom and truth—and also of hope, compassion, generosity, excitement, love, and a striving toward equality.

The once-meek shall inherit the earth through the natural design of human speech and relationship, harnessed through a technique of free association, through a dedicated practice of speaking desire—democratizing desire—in the context as well as under the constraints of transference. Free speech, be it democratic or psychoanalytic, is the lever that redistributes voice and human agency. A truly egalitarian model that Marx and the communist manifesto might wish to claim! But one that has at its core a vision that de Tocqueville anticipated for democracy, one that we might envision for psychoanalysis: when “plain citizens... get together in free associations, they have something of nobility in their souls.” Nobility borne of translating the infant’s mute sexual curiosity and natural “perverse” desire into a talking that cures. ■

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Lynne LAYTON

Preamble:

Psychoanalysis—the obvious rendered uncanny; the uncanny, in a flash, rendered obvious. January 5, 2015: In his New York Times op-ed, Charles Blow joins a rising chorus of recent commentators in asserting that a most pernicious form of racism is unconscious. He reports that on the day after Christmas, a “shooter” in Tennessee fired at police and other drivers, led police on a chase, and was eventually taken into custody and brought to the police station. The shooter, he later tells us, was a 45-year-old white woman. Blow asks: what would have happened if she’d been black? A male? A black male? Why were black boys and men, men who didn’t even have weapons, deemed so dangerous they had to be killed?

Blow concludes that pointing a finger at a policeman and calling him racist makes us all feel better but does nothing to solve the problem. Why? Because it leaves the rest of us settled rather than unsettled. *Black lives matter! Hands up, don’t shoot!* Comfortable chants for me. But what about *Fuck the Police?* Like Blow, I can’t go there. There lies only a vicious circle, a repetition compulsion in the making. This is precisely where the public needs psychoanalysis and psychoanalysis needs to wake up to its possible public role.

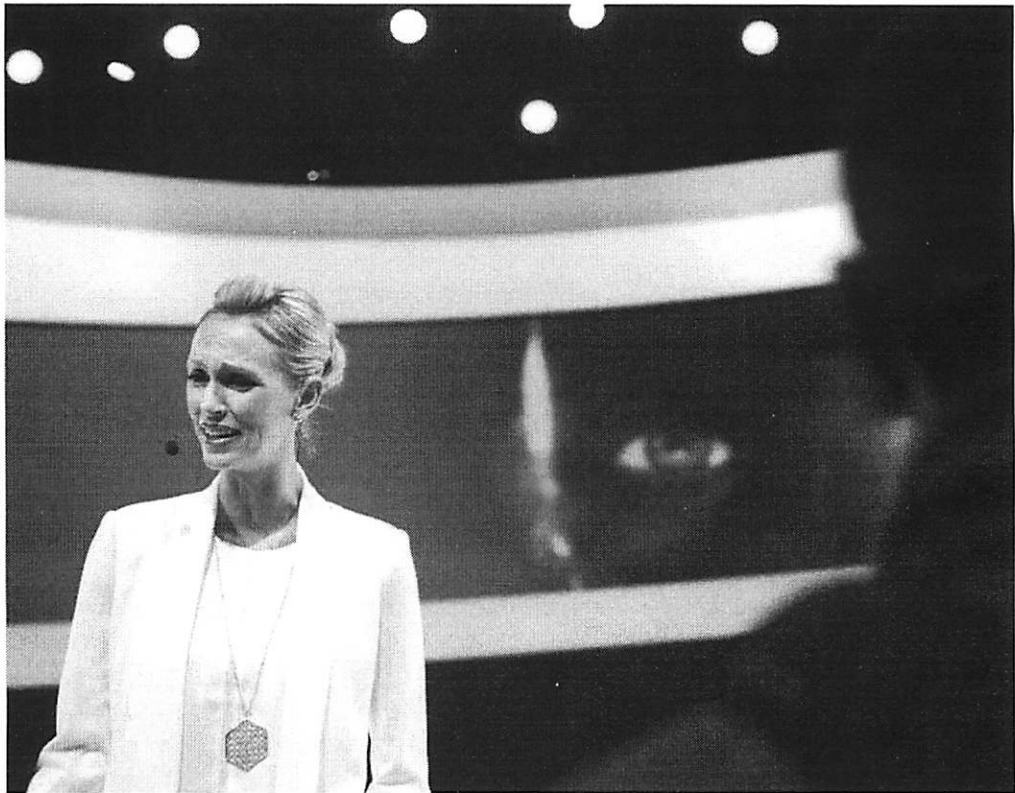
Manifesto:

The project of psychoanalysis has always been a radical one. When, en route to America, Freud told Jung that they were “bringing the plague,” he meant that the unconscious is radically unsettling; it puts into question the fantasy that we are masters in our own house. This dangerous fantasy persists today. Why dangerous? As feminists discovered in the 1960s, raising consciousness about sexist oppression itself could not create lasting social change. To best fight oppression, feminists realized that the internalized nature of the oppression, the oppressed self’s unconscious collusions with and perpetuation of sexist relations, had to be dealt with. That recognition heralded a re-appraisal of what psychoanalysis had to offer. But in this age of short-term cure and CBT, psychoanalysis

and the unconscious have become marginalized, or worse, met with contempt and ridicule, spoken of as outdated. We are not masters in our own house. The recent spate of articles focusing attention on unconscious racism must serve as a call to action. Each of us is called upon to reckon both with personal and institutional unconscious racism.

Psychoanalysis has much to offer a public in need of combatting a host of contemporary crises: the mass incarceration and loss of citizenship rights that most directly affects young black men; an economic system that increasingly pathologizes those who can’t make it, even as that system sets up the very conditions that make most people likely to

our wounds when we can. Institutional racism, sexism, heterosexism, and classism give some of us permission to turn mere differences into hierarchies of inferior and superior, permission to condemn and punish. Institutionalized discrimination destroys the souls of perpetrators, victims, and bystanders alike, albeit in different ways. Our disavowed wounds, the small aggressions that all of us contend with in everyday life, find quick relief in hating others or withdrawing from them. But disavowed wounds in fact only cause more psychic pain. We must unite around our common vulnerabilities. We must challenge those who use our common vulnerabilities to turn us against each other. We must challenge



Mónica Sziládi, *Untitled (Here and Elsewhere)*, 2014

fail; ideologies, like the cry for small government, that hurt the very people most seduced by them; constant assaults on reproductive rights. Psychoanalysis tells us that the place where we have been psychologically wounded often becomes precisely the place from which we are most likely to be wounded again—and the place from which we are most likely to wound others. Psychoanalysts call this the repetition compulsion, perhaps its central article of faith.

We are beings that yearn to belong and yearn to be loved. Failures in love and failures of recognition create deep psychic wounds. Psychic wounds too easily bring on new failures in love, new failures of recognition. Defending against our own wounded and misrecognized selves, we make others carry

those who create new and unnecessary vulnerabilities, like the depredations caused by radical inequalities of wealth and opportunity, of attempts to privatize and eliminate what is left of the welfare state.

Today, the dominant ideology suggests that to be successfully human is to be financially successful, to be at the top. Our yearning to belong attaches us to that ideology and makes us feel that if we’re not at the top, it’s our own fault. We exhaust ourselves trying to make it. We turn a blind eye to the fact that the self is embedded in larger systems that stack the odds against most of us. We punish ourselves for what looks like our failure rather than a system failure. Psychoanalysis is suspicious of harsh and punishing super-egos but too often turns a blind eye to their systemic roots.

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We call upon analysts to integrate our vast knowledge about the human psyche and its attachment needs with knowledge about the social milieu in which that psyche has formed and continues to be embedded. We call upon psycho analysis to reckon with the fact that it is a political act NOT to take into account the social norms that shape the psyche.

We call upon us all to explore the ways that we are not masters in our own house, to recognize our areas of privilege and to come to terms with our own wounds. To notice how those wounds too easily avenge themselves by turning difference into distinctions of high versus low, normal versus pathological. How easily those wounds slip

ability to remain grounded in the truth of the present. Sure, we may call upon a manualized interpretation, a rigid clinical diagnosis once, twice in our moments of greatest weakness.

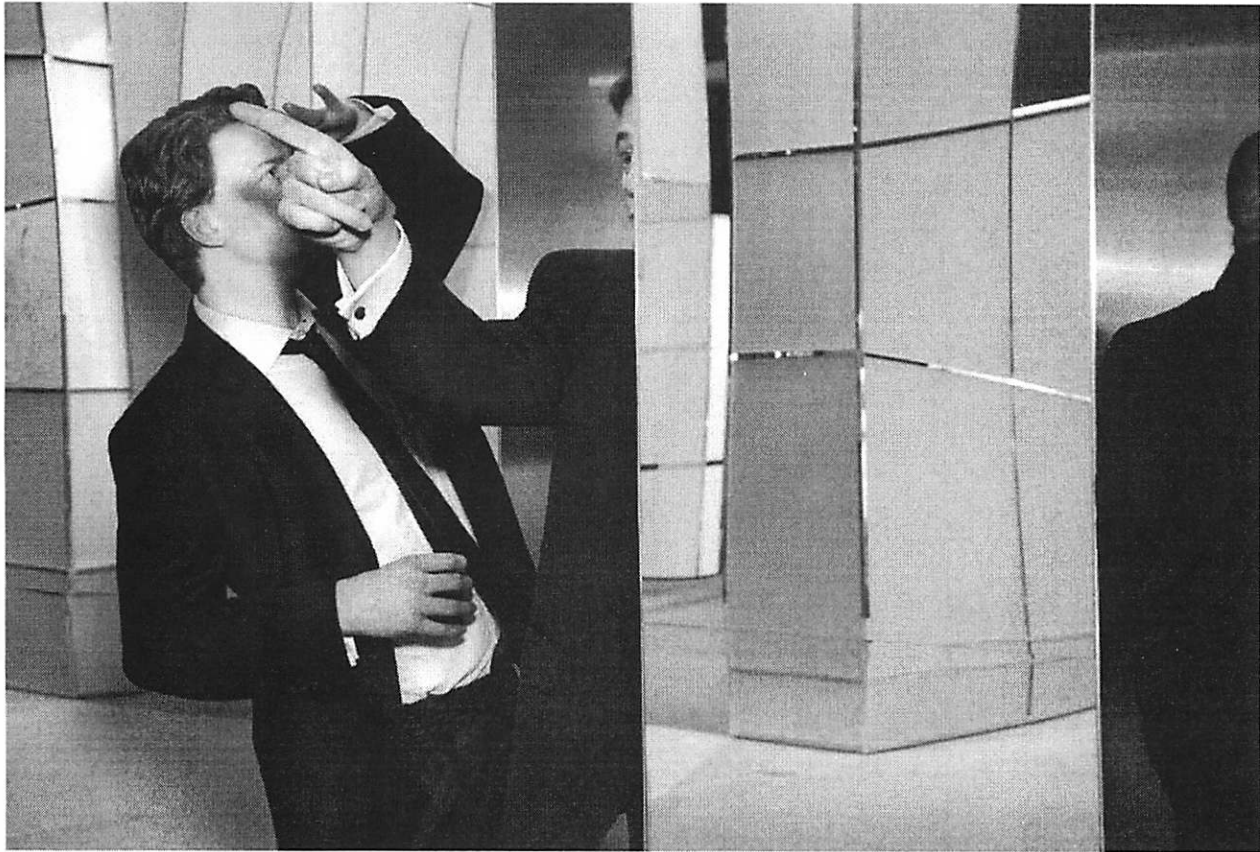
But as the foundation upon which one bases a theory of mind, the epitome of one's standard of care? For shame.

Let me take a step back. What is this cognitive behavioral therapy? This CBT, as it is so digestibly nicknamed? Like DBT or EFT, its abbreviated form calls forth images of precision, efficacy. It is a notion of "therapy" that decouples past from present, severs the thread connecting the concrete and the symbolic, rendering cultural, historical, political context insignificant.

public? I dare say not. Has she not slipped into the seemingly insurmountable muskeg of consumption—corpulent, slovenly—helpless to maintain her thinking mind in the face of the mighty forces of corporate America?

So what does he offer, this CBT therapist? A series of techniques whose names beget their purpose—distraction, motivational self-talk, redirection.

"Do not ponder your condition," he says to them. "Do not examine the circumstances of your life. Shut up. Shut down. Use thought-stopping to turn off those niggling anxieties about melting icebergs, fracking, Monsanto, Guantanamo, the school-to-prison pipeline. Bah! Simply employ cognitive restructuring."



Mónika Sziládi, *Untitled (7)*, 2010/2015

into acts of aggression against both self and others. The time has come to recognize the damaging effects of unconscious racism, sexism, classism, heterosexism, neoliberalism. We need new language to unsettle us and counter the dangerous fantasy that we are masters in our own houses. ■

Tiffany MCLAIN
Cognitive Behavioral Therapy is for the meek.

Of course, we analysts can all fall prey, in the heightened intensity of that which we call intimacy, to an unlinking of thought from meaning, a momentary lapse in our

The method? Identify the problematic thoughts that lead to problematic behaviors. Change the behaviors by correcting the thoughts via a prescriptive set of techniques, executed with surgical precision.

In fact, with online programs such as CCBT Limited, a therapist is no longer even needed! We now have the technology to eliminate the grueling slippage that is the result of human-to-human relating, now replaced by the evidence-based certainty that only ones and zeroes can provide.

And oh, how people flock!

But can we fault the client? An unwitting member of our Pringles-chomping, Kardashians-watching, Shake Weight-purchasing

Simply continue forward in your path of subordination, lemmings.

It hardly seems there is any other way. Cymbalta, hypnotherapy, REBT, DBT, EFT, CBA, ACT!

But we, my friends, know of another way: this thing called Psychoanalysis. One might hear whispers of it in dimly lit wine bars, rumors of underground salons where people speak in a language foreign to all but the most learned.

This Psychoanalysis, an attempt over a century in the making, to empower individuals to think, make meaning, mentalize, become aware of their condition within the larger sociopolitical context. Psychoanalysis

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asserts that there are parts of our own psyche that are unknown, that speak to us in the form of symptoms and, with an attuned guide, we can come to discover mysteries within.

If this thing is true, then why do we keep it a secret?! Why do we remain in our towers of ivory, polishing our red books over and over again? How are we not bursting forth, shouting from the rooftops that psychoanalysis is sexy?!

Psychoanalysis is bold, alluring, seductive, generative. It can bring the people, their souls desiccated from a one-size-fits-all model of the mind, into a world of lush, erotic tension. From french fries to flirtation, from Carl's Jr. to creativity.

Do not let yourselves be cowed by the media propagandists who push psychopharmaceuticals, behaviorism, self-help. We must employ all of the channels at our disposal to fight back, not just our insular articles, esoteric books, and brilliant but inaccessible theses that preach to the choir—but through pop culture, through social media, through a much broader engagement that seeds the notion in the great wide world that psychoanalytic thought has NOT disappeared but is still vital, still relevant, still sexy. ■

Tracy MORGAN Analysts Read This:

How can I tell you? How can I convince you, my psychoanalyst brothers and sisters, that you are in danger? Every day that you wake alive, relatively happy, and assume your seat behind the couch, listening with the third ear, you are committing a rebellious act. You, as an alive and functioning psychoanalyst, as a person who believes in the existence of the unconscious, are a revolutionary.

There is little to nothing in this country that validates, protects, or encourages your existence. Weekly, if not daily, we are told we are obsolete. It is nothing short of a miracle that you are here, reading these words. You should, by all rights, no longer exist or have a practice. Years ago you lost all legitimacy. Whatever cachet you are granted is granted to you as long as you accept your status as a relic.

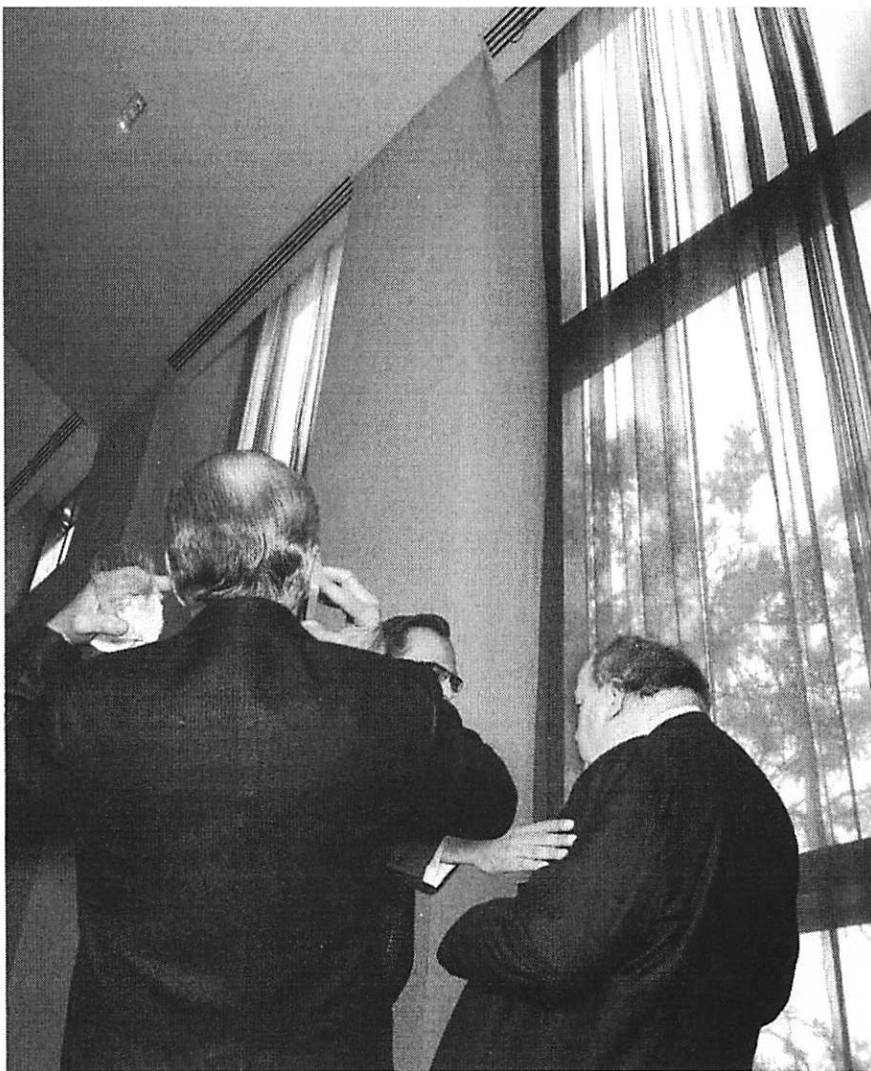
Don't be fooled. Insurance companies, cognitive behavioral therapies, and drug companies own the world and the only reason you manage to hold down your practice is you're smart, you're lucky, or you're a fighter. All of your so-called professional organizations are so busy trying to sanitize and make legitimate our way of working that neuroscience and evidence-based research dominate their agenda. That you haven't become a life coach is nothing short of a miracle!

CBT therapists and psychiatrists have a privilege that allows them to practice without fear. They speak the language of the insurance companies who also try to tell us how to do our jobs as analysts! CBT therapists never need to prove themselves; they speak the discourse of the powerful. Their ideas are on Oprah, in the fashion magazine I just bought, in psychology and social work programs, at hospitals, clinics, everywhere—everywhere we used to be.

I want there to be a moratorium on positive psychology that sends soldiers

therapists will not do this voluntarily and so they must be forced or frightened into it. No one will give us what we deserve. Remember rights are not given; they are taken.

It is easier to fight when you know who your enemy is. Insurance companies, drug companies, and the compliant therapists who teach their methods are your enemy. When both your knowledge and your vision of human subjectivity is derided as lacking evidence, you know the enemy is near. We live in a culture that is set on killing us off: every day at least one of us is taken by the enemy.



Mónika Sziládi, *Untitled (Interference)*, 2013/2014

back to the front, mindfulness, homework assignments, goal setting, coping skills, all these gimmicks that promote the idea that we are driven by our rational selves and our conscious minds. Until I can enjoy the same freedom to practice as I see fit, exploring the transference, resolving resistances, listening to dreams, the privilege given to the CBT world must stop and it must be returned to psychoanalysts. Prescription drug companies, insurance companies, and their

Whether it's an analyst who hides her psychoanalytic training in a fee for service clinic, or a new career professional who is careful not to mention her interest in psychoanalytic training during her PhD interview, or an analyst working with children in a hospital setting who translates his ideas regarding conflict and unconscious fantasy into the language of behaviorism—every act of omission is an act of suicide. Make no mistake that if we continue this way we are doing nothing short of building our own coffins. ■

Jonathan SHEDLER
The Therapy Relationship in
Psychoanalytic Therapy versus CBT

We develop relationship patterns through our earliest attachments and repeat them throughout our lives. Because they are present from the beginning, they may be as invisible to us as water to a fish. Yet they shape our destinies.

As therapists, we enter the gravitational field of patients' problematic relationship patterns. Through recognizing our own unavoidable participation in these patterns, we are able to help our patients understand and rework them.

This is therapy that changes destinies. This is the heart of psychoanalytic therapy.

Caroline, a woman in her late 30s, is elegant, educated, and successful. She carries herself with a regal bearing and looks and dresses like a *Vogue* model. She is pursued by the kind of men most women only fantasize about. Yet she is lonely. She has been unable to keep an intimate relationship and she suffers from bouts of depression.

Caroline has attempted therapy several times. She says, unhappily, that it has never really changed anything, and that the therapists always end up wanting *her* approval.

Colleagues trained in CBT and other "evidence-based" therapies rarely attach any significance to Caroline's comment about her past therapy relationships. Some venture that Caroline may need a very "secure" therapist who won't be intimidated by her looks, success, or social status.

From a psychoanalytic perspective, it is irrelevant whether Caroline's therapist is personally secure or insecure. She doesn't need a secure therapist. She needs a therapist with the self-awareness and courage to notice the twinge of insecurity in Caroline's presence, treat it as information, and use it in the service of understanding.

Such a therapist might say: "You know, you have come here for my help and yet in many of our interactions, I am aware of a vague feeling of wanting to impress you or gain your approval, which of course doesn't help you at all. I'm trying to figure out what it means, and whether it could be a window into understanding something important about your relationships more generally. Perhaps this is something that feels familiar to you."

And there, real therapy may begin.

Caroline could not have described what had been going wrong in her relationships: The things she did to try to draw people close were the very things that precluded mutuality and intimacy. Women were envious or deferential. Men viewed her as a potential conquest, or out of their league. Either way, intimate connection was impossible.

Caroline couldn't *tell* her therapist this; she *showed* him. What the patient does in the room with the therapist reveals lifelong relationship patterns. And in the therapy relationship, these patterns can be recognized, understood, and reworked.

This is central to psychoanalytic therapy and notably absent from other therapies.

A prominent CBT author and thought leader wrote an article about myths and realities of CBT. One myth, according to the author, is that CBT downplays the importance of the therapeutic relationship. To show this is not so, the author explained that CBT therapists "do many things to build a strong alliance. For example, they work collaboratively with clients...ask for feedback...and conduct themselves as genuine, warm, empathic, interested, caring human beings."

This is the kind of relationship I would expect from my hair stylist or real estate broker. From a psychotherapist, I expect something else. The CBT author seemed to have no concept that the therapy relationship provides a special window into the patient's inner world, or a relationship laboratory and sanctuary in which lifelong patterns can be recognized and understood, and new ones created.

Patients looking for an emotional Band-Aid may be satisfied with therapists who "work collaboratively" while applying pre-scripted interventions from instruction manuals. Those who want to change their destiny will want a therapist with the self-awareness, knowledge, and courage to see and speak about what matters. ■

Esther SPERBER
SITE, INSIGHT, and INCITE
INSIGHT

Human knowing is complex and magnificent. We know with our mind and body, in waking thought and dream images, in memory and amnesia, in enactment and insight. We know as monads and dyads and triads and fields. We know with language and fantasy, with sex, and gender, and queerness. We know through traumas, and pleasures, culture and politics, drive and instinct, cognition and emotion, aggression and love.

We learn to recognize our own feelings through the mirroring of parents and caregivers and we think within a relational field of people and places. The physical environment participates in these learning processes, widening the range of human and social experiences. Architecture creates stages on which new ways of living can unfold.

SITE

Architecture is another way of thinking, it is a process of building boundaries. We design spaces but our tools are its limits; we

trap places between stone and glass walls. But building envelopes do more than enclose, facades also need to connect. A building is an interface between our fragile body and the powerful forces of nature, between individual solitude and the social, pulsating metropolis.

Buildings facilitate the connection of the individual to the city and its infrastructure. Electricity travels in and out of copper wires, pumped water arrives at our faucets, and sewage departs for the treatment plant. People enter and exit in rhythmic currents and air, light, and heat stream in and out. Architecture is a meditation and elaboration of self-other relations.

Physical spaces, like their inhabitants, simultaneously have undeniable limitations and myriad possibilities. Like psychoanalysis, architecture awakens thoughts, memories, dreams, projections, and affect, creating the liminal space between the individual and the world, between ego and reality. It is in this intersubjective zone that we live our lives.

INCITE

Trauma restricts our emotional and rational abilities; it dissociates and splits off affect. Our environments also segregate population and functions, relegating that which is less beautiful or unstable to hidden peripheries. Mental health is the ability to embrace life to the fullest. Urban health might be similar. The task of architecture is to expand the range of human experiences and activities, to invent and nurture spatial pathways for robust living.

Our cities create spaces for human activities. Public monuments evoke respect for organized democracy, homes shelter and rejuvenate, schools promote community and curiosity and malls entertain with consumerism. We expect these spaces to feel good and safe.

Architecture has always been a conservative cultural expression. It depends on governmental support, financial institutions, building codes and clients. While 20th century modern art expanded the subjects deemed appropriate for art, modern architecture remained loyal to an almost unchanging mission, stated by Vitruvius two millennia ago. It embraced the task of "*firmitas, utilitas, venustas*."

While stability, utility, and beauty are positive aims, buildings and cities must also embrace broader goals. Is it not our task as architects, as it is for analysts, to facilitate a reclaiming of those split off and to help people, places, and functions burdened by dissociation due to trauma or repression? Shouldn't our city be home to the most diverse and magnificent expression of human knowing and living, with all its beauty and sorrow?

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It is through the reality of the architecture SITE, the radical will to INCITE, and the empathic, emotional INSIGHT that architecture can become a transformational agent creating spaces for authentic living. ■

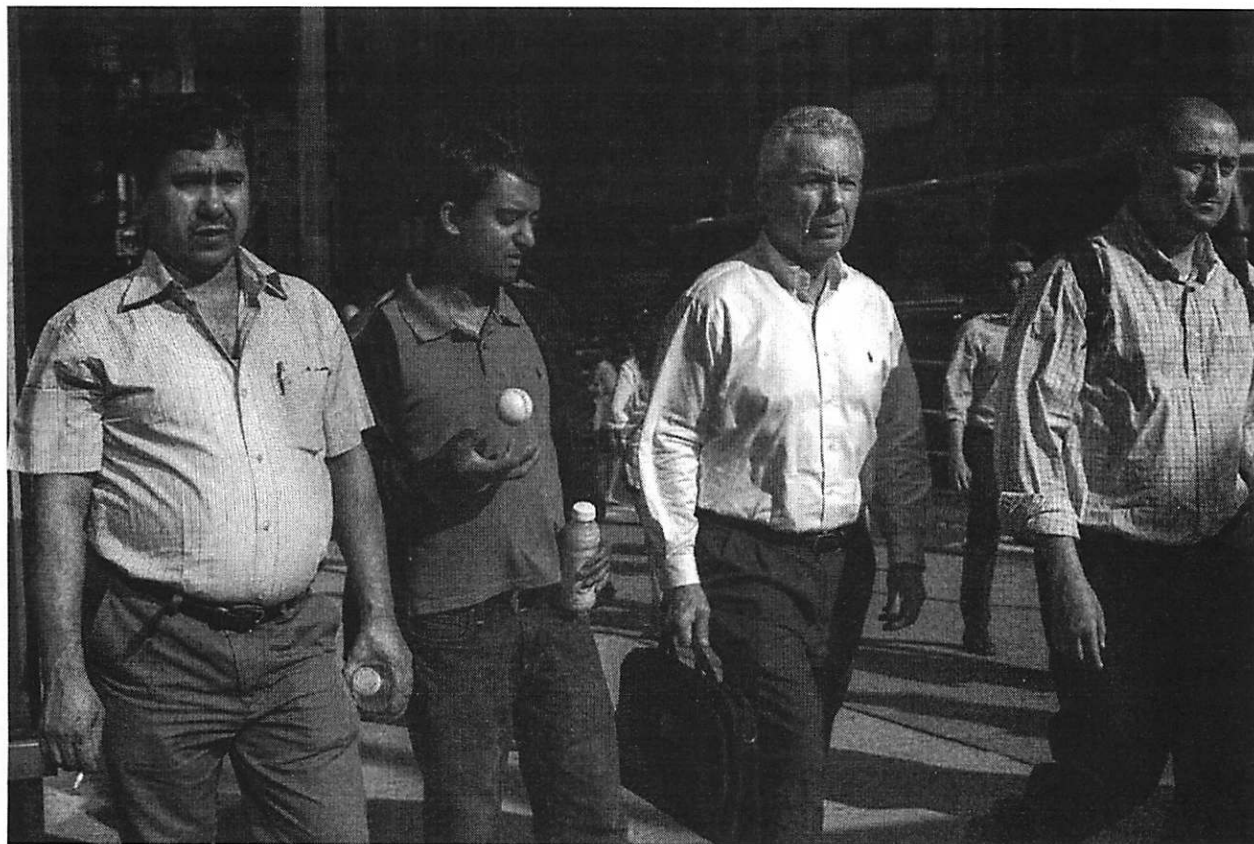
Robert D. STOLOROW
**A Phenomenological-Contextual,
Existential, and Ethical Perspective
on Emotional Trauma**

Two central interweaving themes have crystallized in my investigations of emotional trauma. One pertains to the context-embeddedness of emotional life in general and of the experience of emotional trauma in particular. Emotional experience is inseparable from the contexts of attunement and malattunement in

pain and existential vulnerability? Recently I have been moving toward a more active, relationally engaged form of therapeutic compartment that I call *emotional dwelling*. In dwelling, one does not merely seek empathically to understand the other's emotional pain from the other's perspective. One does that, but much more. In dwelling, one leans into the other's emotional pain and participates in it, perhaps with the aid of one's own analogous experiences of pain. The language that one uses to address another's experience of emotional trauma meets the trauma head-on, articulating the unbearable and the unendurable, saying the unsayable, unmitigated by any efforts to soothe, comfort, encourage, or reassure—such efforts invariably being experi-

pain can be held, rendered more tolerable, and, hopefully, eventually integrated.

I suggest that owning up to our existential kinship-in-finitude has significant ethical implications insofar as it motivates us, or even obligates us, to care about and for our brothers' and sisters' existential vulnerability and emotional pain. Imagine a society in which the obligation to provide a relational home for the emotional pain that is inherent to the traumatizing impact of our finitude has become a shared ethical principle. In such a society, human beings would be much more capable of living in their existential vulnerability, anxiety, and grief, rather than having to revert to the defensive, destructive evasions of them so lamentably characteristic of



Peter Baker, *Men, Baseball, New York*, 2013

which it is felt. Painful emotional experiences become enduringly traumatic in the absence of a context of emotional understanding—what I call a *relational home*—within which they can be held and integrated. The second theme, which draws on Heidegger's existential philosophy, pertains to the recognition that emotional trauma is built into the basic constitution of human existence. In virtue of our finitude and the finitude of all those we love, the possibility of emotional trauma constantly impends and is ever present.

How can a therapeutic relationship be constituted wherein the therapist can serve as a relational home for unbearable emotional

enced by the other as a shunning or turning away from his or her traumatized state.

What is it in our existential structure that makes the offering and the finding of a relational home for emotional trauma possible? I have contended that just as finitude and vulnerability to death and loss are fundamental to our existential constitution, so too is it constitutive of our existence that we meet each other as siblings in the same darkness, deeply connected with one another in virtue of our common finitude. Thus, although the possibility of emotional trauma is ever present, so too is the possibility of forming bonds of deep emotional attunement within which devastating emotional

human history. In such a societal context, a new form of identity would become possible, based on owning rather than covering up our existential vulnerability. Vulnerability that finds a hospitable relational home could be seamlessly and constitutively integrated into whom we experience ourselves as being. A new form of human solidarity would also become possible, rooted not in shared grandiose and destructive ideological illusion, but in shared recognition and respect for our common human finitude. If we can help one another bear the darkness rather than evade it, perhaps one day we will be able to see the light—as finite human beings, finitely bonded to one another. ■