room 10.21

A Sketchbook for Analytic *Action*

· Sayed Jafar Ahmadi
· Carter J. Carter
· Eric Chasalow
· Patricia Ticineto Clough
· Katie Gentile
· Wendy Greenspun
· Naomi Janowitz
· Lee Jenkins
· Kerry L. Malawista
· Kathleen Del Mar Miller
· Angyvir Padilla
· Sandy Silverman
· Susanna Stephens
· Ayşe Tekşen

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CONTRIBUTORS

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Carter J. Carter, PhD, LICSW, is an adjunct associate professor at the Smith College School for Social Work and a senior lecturer at the Lesley University Division of Expressive Therapies. He serves as member-at-large on the board of directors of APA Division 39 and as president of Division 39's Section IX: Psychoanalysis for Social Responsibility.

Patricia Ticineto Clough, PhD, LP, is a professor emerita of Sociology and Women's Studies at CUNY and a practicing psychoanalyst in New York City, working with individuals and couples. She teaches at the National Institute for the Psychotherapies and the Institute for Contemporary Psychotherapy, where she is also a member of the Training Committee and the Diversity Task Force. She is the author of several publications, most recently *The User Unconscious: Affect, Media, and Measure*, and coeditor of *Beyond Biopolitics: Essays in the Government of Life and Death*.

Katie Gentile, PhD, is a professor and chair of the Department of Interdisciplinary Studies at John Jay College of Criminal Justice, faculty at the Critical and Social Psychology Program at the Graduate Center and the New York University Postdoctoral Program in Psychotherapy and Psychoanalysis. She is the author of *Creating Bodies: Eating Disorders as Self-Destructive Survival* (2006) and the Gradiva Award–winning *The Business of Being Made: The Temporalities of Reproductive Technologies in Psychoanalysis and Culture* (2016), both published by Routledge. She is the editor of the Routledge book series Genders & Sexualities in Minds & Cultures and the journal *Studies in Gender and Sexuality*. She is an associate editor for *Psychoanalytic Dialogues* and is on the editorial board of *Women's Studies Quarterly*.

Wendy Greenspun, PhD, is a clinical psychologist and psychoanalyst and serves on the board of directors of the Climate Psychology Alliance–North America. She is on faculty and supervisor at the Manhattan Institute for Psychoanalysis, at the Adelphi University Postgraduate Program in Marriage and Couple Therapy, and on faculty at the William Alanson White Institute's Couples Therapy Training and Education Program. She has presented papers and workshops nationally and internationally on climate psychology and provides workshops and courses for mental health professionals on ways to work with climate distress and grief. She also provides workshops on building emotional resilience for climate activists and for university students at the Columbia University Climate School. She has facilitated group forums (climate cafés) for processing climate distress. She is in private practice in New York City.

Lee Jenkins is a professor emeritus of English at John Jay College of Criminal Justice, CUNY, a poet, novelist, and psychoanalyst practicing on Manhattan's Upper West Side. He has a PhD in English and Comparative Literature from Columbia University. He received his psychoanalytic training from the National Psychological Association for Psychoanalysis (NPAP). He has served as an instructor, supervisor, and training analyst at Blanton-Peale Institute, the Harlem Family Psychoanalytic Institute, and NPAP. He is the author of *Faulkner and Black-White Relations: A Psychoanalytic Approach* (Columbia University Press, 1981); a first book of poems, *Persistence of Memory* (Aegina Press, 1996); *Right of Passage* (Sphinx Books, 2018), a novel; and a second book of poems, *Consolation* (IPBooks, 2021), all of which can be purchased on amazon.com.

Kerry L. Malawista, PhD, is a writer and psychoanalyst in Potomac, MD. She is cochair of New Directions in Writing and founder of the recent project The Things They Carry, which offers virtual writing workshops for health care and frontline workers. Her essays have appeared nationally in newspapers, magazines, and literary journals, including the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Boston Globe*, *Zone 3*, *Washingtonian* magazine, the *HuffPost*, *Bethesda magazine*, *Arlington magazine*, the *Account*, and *Delmarva Review*, which nominated her for a Pushcart Prize. She is coauthor of *Wearing my Tutu to Analysis and Other Stories* (2011), and coeditor of *The Therapist in Mourning: From the Faraway Nearby* (2013), both published by Columbia University Press, and *Who's Behind the Couch* (2017), published by Routledge. *When the Garden Isn't Eden*, a second "tutu book," will be published by Columbia University Press in the spring of 2022, and her novel *Meet the Moon* will be released in September of 2022 with Regal House Publishing.

Kathleen Del Mar Miller, MFA, LCSW, is a poet and a psychoanalyst practicing in New York City. Her writing has appeared in various anthologies and journals, including Adam Phillips's *The Cure for Psychoanalysis*, *Studies in Gender & Sexuality*, and *Psychoanalytic Dialogues* (forthcoming). She is currently a member of the Training Committee for the Analytic Training program at the Institute for Contemporary Psychotherapy (ICP), where she also teaches.

Sandy Silverman, LCSW, is a psychotherapist and psychoanalyst in private practice in Manhattan. She is on the faculty of the Institute for Contemporary Psychotherapy, the National Institute for the Psychotherapies, and the Stephen Mitchell Relational Study Center. She writes about analytic vulnerability, gender, and trauma and has been published in *Psychoanalytic Dialogues* and *Studies in Gender and Sexuality*.

Susanna Stephens, PhD, is a candidate in IPTAR's adult program in psychoanalysis and a clinical psychologist in private practice. She received her PhD in clinical psychology from the Derner Institute of Advanced Psychological Studies at Adelphi University and is currently a Rita Frankiel Memorial Fellow of the Melanie Klein Trust.

Poets

Naomi Janowitz is a graduate of the San Francisco Center for Psychoanalysis. Her articles have appeared in the *American Journal of Psychoanalysis* and *Psychoanalytic Psychology*. She teaches Religious Studies at the University of California, Davis. Her most recent book is *Acts of Interpretation: Ancient Semiotic Ideologies and their Modern Echoes,* forthcoming from De Gruyter. She has published poetry in *Response* and *From the Depths*.

Ayşe Tekşen lives in Ankara, Turkey, where she works as a research assistant at the Department of Foreign Language Education, Middle East Technical University. Her work has been included in *Brickplight*, the *Willow Literary Magazine*, *Fearsome Critters*, *Susan*, the *Broke Bohemian*, the *Remembered Arts Journal*, *Terror House Magazine*, Shoe Music Press, *Havik: Las Positas College Anthology*, *Deep Overstock*, *Lavender Review*, *Voice of Eve*, the *Courtship of Winds*, *Mojave Heart Review*, *Foliate Oak Literary Magazine*, *Tipton Poetry Journal*, *Rigorous*, *Rabid Oak*, the *Thieving Magpie*, *Headway Quarterly*, the *Roadrunner Review*, *Helen: A Literary Magazine*, the *Ilanot Review*, and *Pensive*.

Artists

Eric Chasalow, PhD, is the dean of the graduate school, Irving G. Fine Professor of Music, and director of BEAMS, the Brandeis Electro-Acoustic Music Studio at Brandeis University, where he has taught since 1990. He is especially well known for works that combine instruments with electronic sound but has collaborated with other musicians and artists to create a wide range of projects. The Eric Chasalow collection in the Library of Congress was established in 2009.

Angyvir Padilla lives and works in Brussels. In her practice, she invites us to take a closer look at the places we inhabit. By examining how we embody memory, she proposes that, in the journey between immanence and transcendence, the traces of our past seep into a persistent present. The environments Angyvir creates alter our perception of reality. As our presence enters into the dialogue, the sense of otherness we encounter reveals the essence of her work. Master with distinction, Fine Arts department, Luca School of Arts, Brussels (BE), 2018, Master with distinction, Sculpture department, ENSAV La Cambre, Brussels (BE), 2015, Bachelor, Art in the public space, ARBA, Brussels (BE), 2012, among other distinctions. Read more: https://angyvir.com/.

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Solastalgia

> **"I know the world is bruised and bleeding, and though it is important not to ignore its pain, it is also critical to refuse to succumb to its malevolence."**
>
> —Toni Morrison

"Ever since college, I have had only one goal: to become minister of education and change the system in Afghanistan [...]. I have worked so hard to reach this goal. Every night before going to sleep, I imagined myself in a ministry chair as secretary of education, but now I find myself imprisoned in the corner of a room." With "tears in (her) eyes" a psychology student from Kabul University recalls August 15, 2021, the day her "palace of dreams" was shattered.

"When our colleagues are threatened by murderous power, we bring them close to us and make a home together," Carter J. Carter wrote in his introduction to "**Names Withheld: From Afghanistan**." This is not a single essay. It is a communal cry for help in the midst of crisis and terror. Along with messages sent by two psychology students from Kabul University whose futures are now unthinkable, "Names Withheld" holds a poem in the form of an email sent from their professor Sayed Jafar Ahmadi and the story and image of a precious painting that Dr. Ahmadi has taken with him into hiding.

Sayed Jafar Ahmadi was one of the many mental health leaders who, over the last twenty-one years, took part in a national plan to integrate mental health and social support services into public schools, health clinics, juvenile justice centers, and women's NGOs. The program spanned all of Afghanistan's 491 districts, both urban and rural. Because his teaching, publications, and fieldwork attracted significant interest *and* because he is a member of the Hazara community, a group of people the Taliban has vowed to eliminate, Dr. Ahmadi is, at the time of this publication, in mortal danger. There are thousands of individuals who, like Dr. Ahmadi and his family, have been placed on evacuation lists but remain trapped in Afghanistan because they have no exit papers. In "Names Withheld: From Afghanistan," their words fly to us from the border they are not allowed to cross.

In their memoirs, Susanna Stephens and Susan Silverman share how their highly particular life traumas, blanketed by COVID, have become enjoined with the whole of the world. In "**I Need a Guide**," Silverman wants to know not just "how to be a psychotherapist during a pandemic" but also "how to have a homeless brother during a pandemic." Mostly she just wants to know

"how to not give up." The pandemic is also backdrop to Stephens's "**Leaving the Hole**." When the briefest gesture of another child's hand throws her into her own child's uncertain future, she writes, "How can the slightest movement hold an entire universe? [...] What have I been clutching to all this time? [...] It is nearly impossible," she observes, "to notice how the tides change when you are submerged underwater."

It is also "nearly impossible" to notice the *real* sea change when the fullest knowledge of our environmental crisis can only be gleaned abstractly through digitalized metadata that is outside all human comprehension. "**Climate Change and Knowledge Production**" takes us in a post-human direction that some ROOM readers might argue lies outside the enlightened humanism of psychoanalysis. If psychoanalysis gave us traction to recognize the impact of our unconscious on how and what we perceive, Clough is pointing us to yet something else that lies outside our awareness. Her essay is a quick and deep dive into the gap "between weather," which we consciously experience through our senses—and climate change—which involves "massive amounts of data calculated outside the time frames of human experience, consciousness, and perception." In this species-humbling turn, Clough implores us to look outside ourselves and recognize how this more-than-human knowledge impacts our relationship to reality.

Turning inward, Wendy Greenspun recounts how "splashes of recognition" led to "steadier streams of evidence" until she was "drowning in extended periods of sleeplessness, preoccupation, anger, sadness, and fear." Elaborating specific stages along the "arc of climate awareness," "**Climate Crisis: A Reckoning**" is a unique and important contribution to psychoanalysis. Facing disavowal, complicity, and panic opened a way to "transformative encounters" with others that became "a tunnel through the impenetrable wall of past and future trauma."

"Solastalgia" was coined by the Australian environmental researcher and philosopher Glenn Albrecht in 2006 to describe the anxiety, despair, or trauma felt when lands or communities undergo unwanted, adverse, or unforeseen environmental changes. The word, which was derived from the Latin word for "solace" and the Greek word for "pain" is meant to capture feeling homesick in one's own home. From Kabul to Brooklyn, solastalgia sweeps through ROOM 10.21. But hope also sweeps through these essays. For Greenspun, "the ability to connect and mourn helped let in some light."

In their essays, Kerry Malawista and Lee Jenkins also take on, as Jenkins puts it, "the inexorable challenge and difficulty of being alive." In Jenkins's "**Black and Blue**," he reminds us how "this human effort has been given a special signifying image and meaning in the lives of Black Americans, who've endured a history of the most demeaning and destructive betrayal of their humanity, from enslavement to the present-day undermining of their existence." The Blues, he tells us, are "what human beings express when confronted with adversity with little possibility of escape." The music is about "sadness and the transcendence of sadness, contradictory things existing together."

Malawista's insights, like Greenspun's, emerge out of her own grief. Following the death of her daughter, Malawista discovered "a middle distance" she had never known existed—a place to stand between what never can be again and what can never be let go of. In "**The Faraway-Nearby of Trauma and Loss**," Malawista writes, "Giving words to the unspeakable is necessary. *This is what happened to me*, we need to say." This year Malawista created a national program where mental health and medical professionals working on the frontlines of the COVID-19 crisis had space to "give words to the unspeakable," to write what happened to them.

Eric Chasalow's "**Elegy and Observation**" and Katie Gentile and Kathleen Del Mar Miller's "**An End of the World as-we-know-it: After da Silva**" are "spaces of temporal complexity," of "nonhuman and human relationships," and of "collected layers of sediments." Carved to hold what cannot be spoken, they "leap and lurch from the intimate to the global, from the tender to catastrophic": "Who was I?" writes a young woman in Kabul, sending her words into the ether of the internet. "Where am I going? Where am I going to end up? [...] What is my hope?"

Perhaps hope lies in our ability to read your words even if you are thousands miles away, to create new words that match this new world, to think together, to feel together, to create new music and more art, and to not turn away from complexity and loss that is beyond human comprehension. Perhaps hope lies in our turn toward each other. As Toni Morrison wrote, "There is no time for despair, no place for self-pity, no need for silence, no room for fear. We speak, we write, we do language. That is how civilizations heal."

Morrison, Toni. "No Place for Self-Pity, No Room for Fear." *The Nation* (March 2015)

Illustration by PradeepGaurs /Shutterstock.com

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NAMES WITHHELD: From Afghanistan

"The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom"

—Maya Angelou, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*

"This was no friendship, to forsake your friend,
To promise your support and at the end
Abandon him—this was sheer treachery.
Friend follows friend to hell and blasphemy—
When sorrows come a man's true friends are found;
In times of joy ten thousand gather round."

—Attar, *The Conference of the Birds*

Our Afghan friends are singing to us from far away, with a fearful trill. America promised our support and, at the end, abandoned them. It was sheer treachery. Yet I hope we might find ways to be true friends, that in this time, not of joy but of sorrow, ten thousand and more might gather round. At our best, that is our tradition in psychoanalysis. We listen; when our colleagues are threatened by murderous power, we bring them close to us and make a home together. We will follow you to hell, and we will try our best to walk out with you.

I am Afghan, among other things. My grandfather fled Kabul under threat of torture because he loved art and books and wanted other people to love them too. I would never have known my Afghan family if their American friends had not done what was needed to bring them to safety. From America, Kabul can feel very far away—a distant hill, across seven valleys. From our distant hill, we must listen to our Afghan colleagues and do what we can to get them what they need—freedom.

Carter J. Carter

The Train of Life in the Cage

**After the terrorist attack on Sayed Ul-Shuhada Girls School,
my wife and I went to school to help those girls affected psychologically.
We taught them the concept of death by displaying the train of life.
But in this week, we ourselves are in the cage.
Everyone is waiting. Perhaps a gradual death because a horrible thing can happen every moment.
And now we are wondering what to call this, maybe the train of death.**

Dr. Ahmadi wrote *The Train of Life in the Cage* on August 24, 2021, while in hiding. He enclosed in his email an image of a painting called *The Train of Life*. "I took this with me when I fled," he wrote, "and there is a story connected to it." This is the story.

Dr. Ahmadi and his wife, who is also a psychologist, set up a program at the Sayed Ul-Shuhada School for the students who survived the bombing in May 2021 that killed at least ninety girls. Dr. Ahmadi taught the students about the "train of life" in order to teach them about the concept of death. The program was deeply appreciated, and President Ghani, who had been informed of their work, was scheduled to have a meeting with them. To commemorate this event, the students painted the *Train of Life* and included in it a photo of the president and the words "Afghanistan Abad with Happy and Literate children." Their plan was to present the painting to President Ghani on World Children's Day. The presentation was canceled when schools were shut down because of the coronavirus. Because the Taliban forbid painting and because Ashraf Ghani's picture was in it, after the Taliban invaded his office, Dr. Ahmadi carried this precious painting with him into hiding.

Gibbons-Neff, T., and Rahim, N. "Bombing Outside Afghan School Kills at Least 90, With Girls as Targets," *New York Times* (May 8, 2021)

Image courtesy of the Author

As of the writing of this essay, Dr. Ahmadi and his wife continue to receive death threats. Dr. Ahmadi is a member of the Hazara community, and the Taliban have sworn to eradicate all Hazara. Already there have been several reported massacres in the countryside. Until the very last days before the government fell, the Ahmadis refused to leave the country, knowing that they were needed. But now that the lives of their three small children are threatened, they must find a way to cross the border into safety.

Two of Dr. Ahmadi's psychology students from Kabul University have shared their experiences below. In light of the new dangers they describe, for their protection and the protection of their families, their names are being withheld.

Photo by Marina Vitale

سلام! امروز تاریخ ۱۴۰۰/۶/۷ بعد حکومت امارت است ، که خودکار بدست گرفتم . وقتی به دنیا امدم فکر کردم روزی است که بد بختی های مان تمام میشود ، امروز با چشم گریان ،دل شکسته ،می نویسم که این بود سر انجام تلاشم ، کی بودیم کجا روان بودیم، به کجا رسیدیم عاقبت ما چی خواهد شد؟ آیا همسر طالبان خواهیم شد؟ آیا خانه نشین ابدی خواهیم شد؟خدایا دلم گرفته.هرچی میکنم به خودم امید بدم بازم میخورم به بن بست 😭از کودکی در حال فرار بودم از این شهر به آن شهر تا بتوانم درس بخوانم 😔آخر هم رسیدم به جایی که باید نمیرسیدم ، جایی گیرم کرد که نباید میکرد،۱۲ سال مکتب ،۴ سال پوهنتونم هدر رفت به چی امید به زندگی سلام کنم 😫به چی دیدی انگیزه بگیرم ،بعد روز امدن طالبان به کابل سعی کردم به مادرم که ترس از این دارد که ۴ دختر جوانش را طالب با خود نبرد: ۴ پسرش را که به عنوان سرباز طالب نبرد ، داشت نابود میشد هی از حال میرفت دلش آتیش گرفته بود 😔تا امروز نمیتانه درست بخوابه ، خواهرم که محصل انجنیری بود ،میگفت رشته من را که هرگز نمیمانه بخوانم با تمام امید که داشت درس میخواند. با بغض از نا امیدی کتاب های خود را جمع کرد و در گوشه ای از اتاق به خوابیدن روی آورد 😭خواهر سومیم که صنف ۱۱ است دختر پرتلاش خانه ما تنها توجه اون کتابش بود ، کتاب های خود مخفی کرد که مبادا طالبان بسوزاند ، خواهر چهارمینم رفت و به دیدن فلم رو آورد ،همه میگفتن خدایا برای چی آفریدی ؟ برای این که به کنج خانه بپوسیم ؟ ،برای این که فقط بپزیم و خانه داری کنیم ، 😫پس کجاست عدالتت؟ ،پس کجاست ازادیت ؟ ،نمیدانستم برای شان چی بگم به چی امید وار شان بسازم، فکر میکنم زندگی اونی بود که گذشت 😭بعد این اسیر این حکومت امارت هستیم ،احساس میکنم در قفس افتادم که راه نجات فقد مرگ است 😢وخت میایم پشت میز مطالعه با تمام علاقه که میخایم درس بخوانم ،دلم میگیره همه آرزو هایم به یادم میایه روزای خوب که با شاگردان مکتب سید الشهدا داشتیم ، با تمام وجود میگفتیم ما در کنار تان هستیم ، بیاین با ما حرف بزنید،ولی حالا با تمام آرزو ها و تلاش های مان افتادیم کنج اتاق که نمیتوانیم صدایی بکشیم و نه میتوانیم ابراز وجود کنیم 😫احساس میکنم هیچی برای لذت بردن نیست ،خوردن هیچ غذای دیگه برم لذت بخش نیست ، رفتن به هیچ مکان دیگه برام مهم نیست،دلم میخوایه گریه کنم ،دلم میخوایه خودمه قوی بگیرم ؛ ولی در استوری های دوستام ،پیام های که از شان دریافت میکنم ،برم این پیام میرسانه که دختر حقیقت تلخ است بپذیر ،اونی نیست که تو میبینی ،تاریک تر از اون چیزی است که فکر شه میکنی. ⛺تمام تلاش خود میکنم که تصویرسازی روزای خوبی داشته باشم با تمام وجودم سعی میکنم به خودم بگم این روز ها هم میگذرد .

These Days Are Passing

Hello. Today is 7/6/1400 (Shamsi calendar)—the day after the Islamic Emirate was established. As I am writing, I am thinking to myself that, ever since I was born, I've only had one thought: When is this misery going to end? I am writing this letter from the bottom of my broken heart and my eyes are full of tears. This is the end of all my efforts. Who was I? Where am I going? Where am I going to end up? What is going to happen? Am I going to become the wife of a Taliban? Or am I going to sit in a corner of a house forever?

Oh God, my heart aches. No matter what I do to make myself be hopeful, it has become impossible. From the time I was a child, I remember that I was running from one city to another, so I could at least go to school and finish my education. Eventually we arrived at a place I never thought we would get to; twelve years of school, four years of college, and it is all gone in vain. What is my hope? How am I going to move in life? How am I going to have the strength to move forward? After the day the Taliban took over, I was trying to comfort my mother because she was afraid that her four daughters were going to be kidnapped by the Taliban. She is miserable. And to this day, it is hard for her to go to sleep. My sister who was studying engineering tells me that they [Taliban] will not allow me to finish my education. She has gathered all her books and put them in a corner of the room. All she does now is sleep. My third sister, who is in the eleventh grade, is such a hardworking student. She has hidden her books in fear that the Taliban will burn them all. My third sister, all she does is watch TV. I think to myself, *Why are we here? Why do we even exist? Do we exist only to sit in a corner of a house? Are we existing only to take care of a house or to be a housewife? Where is justice? Where is freedom?* I don't know what to say to my sisters. I don't know how to make them hopeful. I am thinking to myself that my life is done. And from now on, I am just going to be a prisoner of this government. I feel as if I am in a cage and there is no way out except death. And when I come to my desk to read and to study, I get depressed because I remember all my wishes and dreams. I remember the times in school with my friends and how we were all so supportive of each other. And how we were all bonded. And how we were walking on the streets, talking and chatting and having good times. But now, with all my wishes and hopes and dreams, I am sitting in a corner of a room and I can't even raise my voice. And I can't even express my existence. It seems like there is nothing that gives me any pleasure anymore. I don't enjoy anything anymore. Even food doesn't taste anymore. I don't want to go anywhere or do anything. I only want to cry. I want to be strong, but the messages I get from my friends tell me only one thing: being a girl is a bitter reality to accept. It is very difficult to comprehend. It is a lot darker than what you can even perceive. I am trying so hard to imagine better days ahead. With all my existence and all my energy, I tell myself these days shall pass.

NAME WITHHELD
Fourth-year student at Kabul University

Photo by Roman Sigaev /Shutterstock.com

آگست ۲۰۲۱ زمانی که خبر ورود طالبان به شهر کابل به گوشم رسید،در وظیفه بودم15
.تقریبا هر روز اخبار سقوط ولایات را میخواندیم ولی نمیدانستیم به این زودی ممکن است به کابل برسند
ناگهان همه جا تعطیل شد،وقتی از دفتر بیرون شدم همه مردم با چهره های غمگین و مضطرب طرف خانه های شان
شتابان در حرکت بودند. ضربان قلبم تند تند میتپید و افکار مزاحمی در ذهنم خطور میکرد، میترسیدم ایستادم کنند
.و بپرسند: چرا لباست کوتاه است؟! و مرا با شلاق بزنند
دوران حاکمیت قبلی طالبان را ندیده ام ولی قصه های پی هم با رنج و اندوه مادرم و خواهرم از آن زمان همیشه
طنین انداز گوشم بوده، از اینکه طالبان چگونه دختران را از رفتن به مکتب منع میکردند، زنان را مجبور به پوشیدن
.چادری میکردند، و اینکه باید در خانه بمانند
.آنها زنان را با شلاق میزدند و با آنان شبیه امتعه رفتار میکردند
.در حکومت طالبان زن بودن یعنی فقط مرد حق حاکمیت روی ترا دارد
.حالا که این متن را با چشمان اشکبار می‌نویسم دوم سپتامبر است
حس میکنم کاخ رویاهایم که از دوران مکتب تا حال ساخته بودم همه در ۱۶ آگست همزمان با ورود طالبان ویران
شد. از زمان دانشگاه برای خودم هدف داشتم که در آینده باید وزیر معارف شوم و تغییراتی اساسی در سیستم
تعلیمی کشور ایجاد کنم تا فرزندان وطنم بتوانند هم سطح کشور های پیشرفته بیاموزند و رشد کنند. برای رسیدن به
این هدفم مدام در تلاش و پشتکار بودم. هر شب قبل از خواب در رویاهایم خودم را به چوکی وزارت میدیدم ولی حالا
.در حقیقت خودم را در کنج خانه زندانی میابم
حالا باید منتظر باشم گوسفند چرانان که چندین ماه شده حمام نکرده اند برای من و امثال من تصمیم بگیرند که اولاً
آیا حق وظیفه را دارم یا خیر؟! ثانیاً اگر بالای ما به گفته خودشان ترحم کنند و اجازه وظیفه را دهند آنها باید تعیین
....کنند که در کجا حق خواهم داشت وظیفه داشته باشم، و چگونه باید لباس بپوشم
تعریفی که سیستم طالبانی برای هدف از زندگی زن دارد این است که در خانه بنشیند، ازدواج کند، اولاد به دنیا
.بیاورد، خدمت شوهرش را بکند و شبیه پرنده در قفس زندگی کند. حتی فکر بیرون رفتن شدن از قفس را هم نکند
از اینکه ۳ سال در محیط کار کرده ام، که مردان معتقد به برابری جنسیتی بودند و می توانستم برای پیشرفت خودم و
.جامعه تلاش کنم، خرسند بودم

Translations by Maryam Vahid Manesh and Faisal Amin
(with editorial assistance by Abdullah Khairzada and Waleed Khairzada)

A Bird Trapped in a Cage

It was August 15, 2021. I was at work when I heard that the Taliban had entered the city of Kabul. We read about the fall of other cities in the news every day, but we did not know that they might reach Kabul soon. Suddenly everything was closed. When I left the office, I saw everyone rushing toward their homes; you could see the sorrow and anxiety in their faces. My heart was pounding and my thoughts were confusing. I was afraid that the Taliban would stop me and beat me because I didn't have proper clothing.

I don't remember the last time the Taliban were in power, but the sad and horrific stories my mother and sister have told me are always with me because, at that time, the Taliban prevented girls from going to schools and forced women to wear chadori and stay home. The Taliban whipped women and treated them like livestock. During the Taliban regime, being a woman meant that you were ruled by men, were the property of men. As I am writing this with tears in my eyes, it is the second of September. The "Palace of My Dreams," which I had been building from the time I started going to school, was shattered the moment the Taliban entered the city of Kabul.

Ever since college, I have had only one goal: to become the minister of education and to change the system in Afghanistan in order to create an educational system so Afghans could reach the standards of other advanced countries. I have worked so hard to reach this goal. Every night before going to sleep, I imagined myself in a ministry chair as secretary of education, but now I find myself imprisoned in the corner of the room.

Now I have to wait for these "goat herders," who have not showered in months, to decide for me and others like me what my fate is going to be. Will I have the right to work or not? If they feel pity for us and allow us to work, what will I be allowed to do? What will I be forced to wear? The Taliban's definition of a woman's life purpose is to sit at home, get married, have children, serve her husband, and live like a bird in a cage—and never imagine leaving the cage.

In the last three years, I have worked in an environment where men believed in gender equality. I was free to advance in my career and make progress in my community. I was very happy about that because I became an individual and I was able to decide my own future. I strove all my life to be able to make my own decisions, but after the arrival of the Taliban, all my hard work has been in vain. Now, even if I want to buy sanitary pads, I have to have a man with me. I am grieving because I have lost the most precious thing I had in my life; I have lost my freedom.

NAME WITHHELD
Bachelor of psychology from Kabul University

Photo by Bernard Hermant

intervention
Journal of Mental Health and Psychosocial Support in Conflict Affected Areas

Special Issue

A focus on mental health and psychosocial support in Afghanistan

One of the hidden realities in Afghanistan is the consequence of more than thirty years of war. No one escapes its effects—the death of loved ones, personal injuries, destruction of homes and families, and shattered lives...higher education must not only produce students who will have the training, knowledge, creativity, entrepreneurial talents, and citizenship skills to provide for their own well-being and help foster national development, but also ensure that the traumas and other legacies of the violence and carnage of war are adequately addressed. Only then can our nation move forward." M. Osman Babury, Deputy Minister of Higher Education 2013.

In the twenty years since 2001, a new generation of Afghan mental health professionals has emerged. This open-access issue of the international journal *Intervention* reflects their work.

Names Withheld: from Afghanistan describes the current plight of many of the colleagues who are featured in this issue.

To read more, scan the code with your smartphone or visit:
https://www.interventionjournal.org/showBackIssue.asp?issn=1571-8883;year=2018;volume=16;issue=3;month=September-December

Angyvir Padilla
Art

Photo by © Silvia Cappellari

Photo by © Silvia Cappellari

Angyvir Padilla. FRIENDS OF S.M.A.K. PRIZE. *De Allá, Para Acá y De Otros Lados* (From There, To Here and Elsewhere), performance and installation, raw clay and steel rods, variable dimensions, 2021.

Photo by Leolintang /Shutterstock.com

Susanna Stephens
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LEAVING THE HOLE

It's been more than a year in semi-lockdown, and I have to push myself to leave the hole I've been working and sleeping out of—the hole that is my bedroom, a kind of symbol of my libido, somehow both empty and bottomless. I know there is sun outside; I know it to be lovely, just as I know the woodcocks and catbirds are chirping; and if I close my eyes and open the windows, I can almost pretend I'm on a deck by the ocean, still alone.

The sun becomes a blinding reality once I bring myself to leave this apartment where I've cooked, comforted my children, and at another time, danced drunk with the lights off. Nine years and 1,025 square feet can hold a lifetime. It's not exactly what dreams are made of, walking out of my apartment. I'm bombarded with the vibrancy of a Brooklyn day in May. Wiping sweat from my upper lip, I look around to see if I'll wear my mask.

I can smell a weeping cherry tree and charred hamburgers as I shuffle past the neighborhood playground. I can't shake the thought that my white baby gasped his first breath a couple of hours before George Floyd's last was stamped out of him. There's a brown toddler giggling and rushing toward a bench, his arms reaching up for his mama. I'm reminded of something I heard during a session that morning: "I want a baby so I can raise a Black girl who loves herself."

Up ahead there is a white mother. She is with her two children, one about kindergarten age who is running ahead, hiding behind a tree waiting to be found. Her older brother is slouching in a wheelchair, head tilted to one side, leaning toward his mother. It's an uneventful moment in their family, an ordinary Thursday afternoon, but this instant encapsulates the enormity of a potential future for me. I plow ahead, tears welling in my eyes, and cannot help but turn around to look at the boy again, only this time I see his arm reach down to spin the wheel. I realize he can push himself. How can the slightest movement hold an entire universe?

I cannot remember how many appointments I have brought my son to this past year. It's a blur of neurology, ophthalmology, radiology, audiology, genetics, and more. Somehow I thought the doctors would be the ones to offer steadiness, but I have quickly discovered that I have to be the one to reassure them of who my son is. I hear myself saying the same things on repeat. "He smiles when the mood strikes him." "These masks don't help, do they?" "Did you see how he just reached for me? Maybe you missed it."

Some patients are wondering if their old lives will return after the collective trauma of the pandemic. One refers to it as "lost time," and I'm not sure if she is referring to missed opportunities or an eerie feeling that the entire year has evaporated. Or that she has had to press pause, and so time doesn't even register. This is silly, I know, and I remind myself that it's nearly impossible to notice how the tides change when you are submerged underwater.

Of course the doctors' visits take their toll on me. I can't deny the blinding reality that my son has been developing differently. His sister is starting to catch on too. I had to turn away the other day when she asked, "Mama, when will my brother become a real boy who walks and talks?" She had been reading the story of Pinocchio, which, I only then noticed, carries the message that a boy becomes real when he walks and talks. I have some unlearning to do.

I trudge along as my mind wanders to a song about a boy who goes on a date "clutching pictures of past lovers at his side." I ask myself what I have been clutching all this time. Is it some static notion of normalcy that, in a vacuum, seems comfortable but is actually quite detrimental to anyone who falls outside that narrow definition? Yes, I think. And then I wonder about the field—psychoanalysis—and am reminded of a colleague wanting to interpret from a "perfectly neutral place." *That sounds nice*, I think, but then I wonder what kind of image many in the field might be clutching and how easy it is to miss something new while clinging to the old.

I turn the corner and there are my husband, daughter, and son. My baby boy is strapped into his stroller, in a similar posture as the boy in his wheelchair, head tilted to the side, his gaze locked on something I'm not sure I can see or know. His name bubbles out of my throat. An entire lifetime is crammed into that moment. Will we know each other? How will we show our love? I remind myself that we already do and, just as I allow the space for something new, he turns to me with a bright face, raising his arms to me, as if to wave, and I realize it was good for me to leave the hole.

Photo by Mehdi MeSSrro

Photo by Matthew Warring, Northern Quarter, Manchester, UK. Mural for the NHS.

Kerry Malawista
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The Faraway-Nearby of Trauma and Loss

Six faces stared through cyberspace as our writing workshop began. In all the groups I've led lately, as part of an initiative aimed at helping health care workers and first responders find their way through grief, some stories linger in my mind. This time, an ER doctor spoke first.

"All year I saw COVID deaths. Most days I lost count," he said. "I didn't want to tell my family the horrors I saw, so I tried to hide how wrecked I felt. Now that things are calmer—getting back to normal—I don't know how to find my way back to them." He turned his head so we wouldn't see his tears.

The yellow Zoom box of another participant, a nurse's aide, lit up. "I can't get a conversation out of my head, and it replays over and over, driving me crazy," she said. "A patient's husband was holding the phone to her ear. I don't think she was even conscious, but I heard her daughter weeping, telling her mama goodbye, that she loves her." Now the aide was crying too.

Until now, in the face of exhaustion, terror, and hopelessness, these people simply carried on, with no time to think about all that they were experiencing. What are they to do now?

I understand loss. In thirty-plus years as a psychotherapist, I have heard stories of trauma, despair, and pain. Witnessing a horror or experiencing a trauma can silence us, leaving us unmoored, alienated from those we need and love most. But giving words to the unspeakable, to all we have lost, is necessary. *This is what happened to me*, we need to say.

Nobody can undo the pain and sorrow these health care workers and many of the rest of us have experienced this past year. But I've found that storytelling is one way through.

Writing enables us to step back and reflect on the "before and after" of trauma and loss. It's healing to create a narrative of what has happened to us, to find the words to replace the silent fear, anxiety, and pain we all feel. I've come to understand that writing can transform pain, anxiety, dread, and fear from inchoate and disjointed images into reimagined memories that one can begin to bear.

This understanding, though, did not just come from listening to my patients. When I lost my eighteen-year-old daughter, Sarah, I was left adrift, pummeled by grief. It was Sarah who helped me through by teaching me, years before I would fully grasp the meaning, about the middle distance.

It was a year after she died. My husband and I were attending a Georgia O'Keeffe show at the Phillips Collection in Washington, DC. Roaming the galleries, I was immediately taken with O'Keeffe's flowers of red, yellow, and purple, each appearing as if under a microscope. One painting stopped me in my tracks. I couldn't take my eyes

off it as I tried to understand the unsettled, off-kilter feeling it created in me.

The canvas showed the remains of a massive elk's skull and antlers suspended over a range of light-filled crimson mountains rising up from the desert sand. I was struck by the juxtaposition: a bright, radiant light and this looming marker of death. The title was printed in black letters on a white card at the lower left of the frame: *From the Faraway, Nearby.*

Suddenly I was back in Sarah's bedroom; she was fifteen at the time, already a painter, and telling me about something she called the middle distance.

To demonstrate, she pulled an art book off her bedroom shelf and flipped to a painting by Jean François Millet called *The Gleaners.* She pointed to a figure on the right, a woman bending over to collect the last bits of wheat after the harvest. By foreshortening the space between the distant haystacks and the nearby wheat gatherers, Millet had created the illusion that the figures were larger than life, overpowering the scene.

"See, the middle distance is what gives a painting balance," Sarah told me.

Gazing at O'Keeffe's painting years later, I could see what Sarah had meant. Without a middle distance, the elk's remains dominate the foreground, while the mountains are eerily far away. O'Keeffe had left out the bridge between them, their shared middle ground.

And suddenly I had a context for how I had felt since Sarah's death. In the foreground, Sarah was still here, unbearably yet thrillingly close, as though she might appear at any moment. I imagined catching a glimpse of her just around the corner; I would plan a vegan dinner that I knew she would like; I couldn't wait for her to get home to tell her how unhappy I had been since she died. It was a constant state of suspended disbelief. Yet I couldn't give it up. I feared Sarah being completely lost to me—like being stranded off in the distance, in a mist settling over a distant mountain range.

Photographer: Unknown. Georgia O'Keeffe, 1940–1960. Gelatin silver print, 8 1/4 x 7 inches. Georgia O'Keeffe Museum.

Portrait of Georgia O'Keeffe standing in the New Mexican landscape; profile view of O'Keeffe wearing a black head scarf, a black wrap dress over a white dress with desert grasses in foreground and mountains, sky, and clouds in background: arm is folded across waist while she looks forward with a small smile.

I was in a "faraway, nearby" place, and I could neither bring her back nor let her go.

O'Keeffe's painting and those three simple words—*The Faraway, Nearby*—gave meaning to what I was experiencing. Finding the middle distance was essential, a space to bear the unbearable and acknowledge the unreachable. I needed a bridge between the nearby—the immediate and unending pain of losing Sara—and the faraway desolate horizon of life without her.

Never thinking myself a writer, I nonetheless began jotting down thoughts about O'Keeffe and then images and memories of Sarah. I was inscribing Sarah, and it allowed her to come to life on the page. Writing became my way to carry her with me, to fathom how to be in a world without my daughter, to find a language for my loss.

This is the discovery I and the dozens of volunteer writers and therapists who lead frontline workers through writing workshops hope to give to those who have sacrificed so much during the pandemic: a space to reflect on the past year, write what they have been through, tell their stories, and perhaps discover a newfound resilience.

As I scan each set of new faces in our Zoom sessions, I imagine the workshop participants feeling the relief that comes from recognizing what I came to learn: that moving forward rests on an understanding of where you have been.

By writing their experiences, as I did mine, they can make their way toward the middle distance.

A version of this essay originally appeared in the *Boston Globe's* Sunday Ideas section.

Photo by Mulyadi

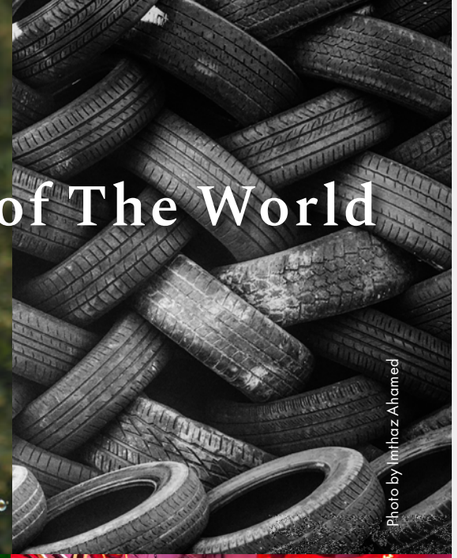
The Things They Carry Project

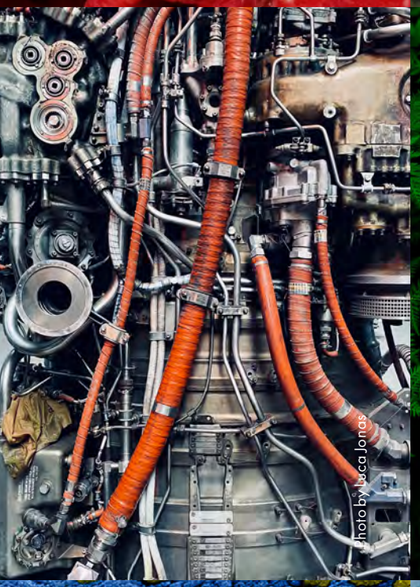
In March 2021 one year after the devastating COVID pandemic shut down our nation, **The Things They Carry Project** was conceived. Sixty-plus pairs of therapists and writers have donated their time to lead three free ninety-minute Zoom workshops, Writing for Resilience. Each group offers conversation and writing prompts, allowing six participants to explore their COVID experiences, share their writing, and listen and respond to one another.

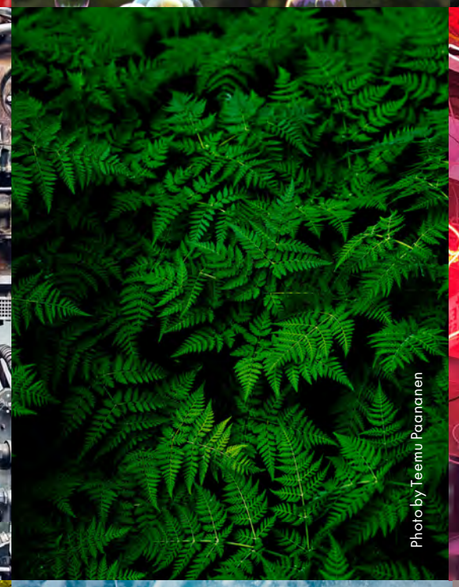
As of October 2021, more than four hundred participants from around the country have completed a workshop, with many continuing in recently added alumni groups. These ad hoc–formed groups have brought together nurses, firemen, health aides, doctors, clergy, and hospice workers nationally and even internationally—people of different ages, races, and education levels, all writing and sharing the pain of this pandemic year.

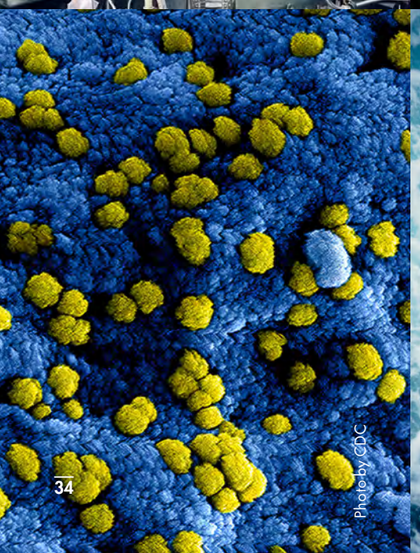
Participants and group leaders alike have expressed the remarkable transformative power of writing. As participants rethink and revise their writing, the groups create an opportunity for re-vision, a new pathway to reflect on the past year and the possibility of imagining a hopeful future.

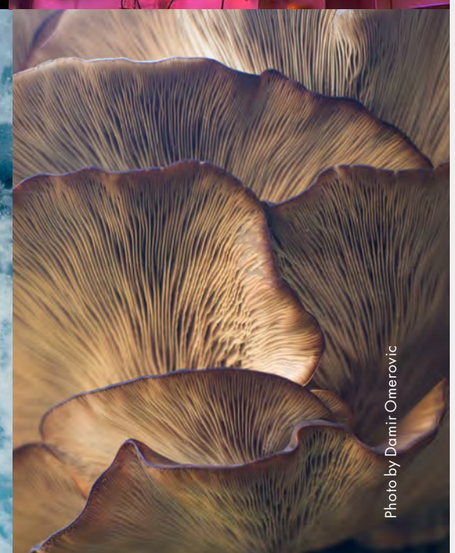
Visit The Things They Carry Project website: https://www.thingstheycarryproject.org/











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-as-we-know-it: After da Silva

I. [Nature] has her [*sic*] own particularly effective method of restricting us. She destroys us—coldly, cruelly, relentlessly, as it seems to us, and possibly through the very things that occasioned our satisfaction.

— Sigmund Freud, *The Future of an Illusion*, excerpted from Cosimo Schinaia, "Respect for the Environment: Psychoanalytic Reflections on the Ecological Crisis"

Historically, what has been referred to as *nonhuman*
has not fared well in psychoanalysis.
Freud himself teetered
on edges of ambivalence,

rubber, plant, ink, cartridge, blue, jay, black, cat, wolf,

theorizing the *nonhuman* as collections
of subordinate pawns
in the supremely *human* game of Oedipal development.

horse, rat, pig, chicken, snake, bird, beetle, butter, fly,

Animals are interpreted as symbolic stand-ins
for parents, love and sexual objects, totems
sublimating our desires for sex and oral aggression.
Nature, as the Freud quote above suggests,
becomes theorized as mother,
raging against
her innocent *human* child.

iceberg, monsoon, mushroom, cloud, machine, gun, tidal

These, as well as other, distinctions between *human* and *nonhuman*
are effects of a decidedly colonial project,
birthed from the soil of anti-Blackness (Wynter, 2003).

wave, oil, pipeline, neon, sign, FaceTime, food, pantry,

While non-Black people have been afforded varying degrees of *human*
subjectivity, Black people are not only equated with *nonhuman*, but
their "flesh" (Spillers, 1987) is used to define it;
reduced to disposable and/or fungible objects (Jackson, 2013, 2020).

Searles (1960), the psychoanalyst most often associated
with the *nonhuman*,

sunset, sequin, inbox, spam, cryptid, alien, viral

wrote a significant book and prescient paper
enacting his own *human* ambivalences
about *human* relationships with the surrounding *nonhuman* world.
Though he theorizes the role that objects,
nonhuman animals, and environments play
in *human* development as pivotal,

load, gravity's pull, false eyelash, facial, tissue, freon,

he takes great care to remind readers:
the *human* is exceptional,
created through "primal castration,"
the first cut,
the separation
between the infant in and of the world,
and the distinctly "autonomous" *human* child.

Although for Searles it is only psychotic
people who merge with their environments

"I realized my cat and I are not the same person," cell

or/and substitute love of the *nonhuman* for *human* relationships,
he nonetheless describes forms of intimate kinship,
where intimacy with the *nonhuman* is founded on the reality
that *humans* are merely another form of matter,
comprised of atoms interchangeably shared
with *nonhuman* animals and objects throughout time.

phone, "I'm not afraid of dying, I'm just matter," microbe,

Searles's approach models fascinating temporal complexity:
humans will materialize,
paraphrasing Manning (2014), become legibly "in-formed"
in particular ways throughout life, and disperse upon death,
re-turned to "the great inanimate environment" (1960).

dust mite, bubble, gum, banjo, honey, bees, space, ship,

Thus, for Searles, we defensively split ourselves from the *nonhuman*
world in order to disavow what we know to be true:

"my plants are listening," screen, saver, night, light,

we are only temporarily *human*,
comprised of "exchangeable matter,"
shared "second-hand" atoms,
particles that have been and will be again
nonhuman (1960).

Haraway (2008) famously quips,
albeit decades later, the *human* has never been *human.*

prosthetic limb, valve, passport, tv set, test tube, latex,

The *human* is, instead, a fantasy
of momentary temporal linearity,
dissociated from the temporal density where the *human* is always already *nonhuman.*
Pasts, presents, and futures co-occur,
enabling a co-mingling of multiple states of existences.
The *human* is co-emergent only temporarily
and only with rigid temporal blinders.

Conjuring a denser temporal field,

glove, earth, worm, earth, quake, sink, hole, freeway,

the *human* is a mere speck within geological time.
Spatially, clouds of bacteria expand
well beyond our skins, co-mingling
with "sloughed skin of the tables, chairs,

mohair, blanket, piggy bank, shoelace, "I'm mostly water,"

and carpet of our shared room" (Chen, 2017).
Nonhuman DNA comprises most of the *human*
body, begging the question of what *human* actually is.
Long before watches read our pulses and told us to MOVE,
Haraway (1991) theorized the *human* as cyborg,
not dependent upon technology but emergent with it.
Through these technologies, we situate the *human*
as comprising barely .01% of the planet's biomass (Carrington, 2018).
Yet despite this insignificance,
the *human* has marked its spaciotemporal territory
through rapid environmental destruction.

bottle, bath, tub, submarine, ocean, earbud, aquifer,

Holding this contradiction of being both remarkably
insignificant, yet a most destructive force,
requires a "dense temporality"
held in dynamic tensegrity (Gentile, 2020, 2021).
With tensegrity, the spaces in-between
emerge through tensions of accumulated times.
Pasts, presents, and futures

coral, reef, sonar, whale song, avalanche, avatar, onion,

create borders and skins, "viscous" and "porous" (Tuana, 2008),
un-re-made or assembled continuously
through rhythms of Bergson's (1913, 2001) notion of duration.
This avowal, widening of temporal awareness and being,
is imperative to embodying the "catastrophizing"
Kassouf (2017) rightly calls for to face climate change.

lava, lamp, potato, bug, medical, gown, mask, inoculation,

Dense temporalities meaningfully engage Indigenous cosmologies,
where time and space are in perpetual motion
vertically (through generations), as well as horizontally
(encapsulating all bodies, objects, environments),
diversely in-forming bodies-beings-matter.
Ingersoll (2016), Rose (2012, 2017), Simpson (2011, 2017) and TallBear (2017),
among others, describe ways of coming into being
not only with a present materiality in-formed by the agencies of the surrounding

squid ink, strip mall, gold, mine, polyester, corn, colony,

human-non-human
but with generations of such kin, where there is shared
"intimate knowing relatedness of all things" (TallBear, 2017).

II.

What if, instead of the Ordered World, we could image The World as Plenum, an infinite composition in which each existant's singularity is contingent upon its becoming one possible expression of all the other existants, with which it is entangled beyond space and time...[space-time] which is also a recomposition of everything else...not as separate forms relating through the mediation of forces, but rather as singular expressions of each and every other extant as well as of the entangled whole in/as which they exist?

—Denise Ferreira da Silva, On *Difference without Separability*

Considering the *more-than-human* environment
and dense temporalities as gestures towards re-"worlding" the *human*,
psychoanalysis must re-form subjectivity.

88 degrees today and mostly cloudy, storming, air quality

Psychoanalysis must radically open
its forms—of thinking, clinical practice, and writing—
to other fields that theorize subjectivity (e.g., posthumanism,
new materialisms, queer theory, critical feminist, race studies),
while weaving in deep knowledge

poor, lightning bisects the skyline, wildfire smoke travels

about unconscious dynamics, conflict, and ambivalence (Miller 2020, 2021).
Radically opening psychoanalysis
to the more-than-human environment and dense temporalities
requires psychoanalysis engage in epistemological
and ontological—not to mention language—revolutions,
reaching beyond corporeal and psychic skin
as our entwined boundaries of legible subjectivity (Miller 2020, 2021).

east, it's unseasonably hazy, warm, wet, carbon, nitrogen,

Of particular note, re-forming subjectivity
necessitates a re-formulating of the unconscious.
Kassouf (2017) reminds us of Ferenczi's concept of the geologic unconscious,
where *human* anxiety arises from unconscious experience
of life-ending climate changes.

ozone holes beckon, the Earth rotates, flesh as capital,

The *human* emerges, in part, through memories of geologic shifts.
Following Freud's naming system,
the human becomes *stratahuman*—
representing collected layers of sediment,
narrating histories of environment—land as creating the materiality we call *human*;
human kin and "parenthood" as embodied not only by sperm/egg
but by rocks, land, sea from which we emerge.
But, as the geologic echoes through the fibers of matter,
technologies like big data are used to segregate bodies (Clough, 2018),

plastic, surgery, spray tan, prison industrial complex,

while prosthetics enliven the *human,*
troubling distinctions between technology, matter, and *humanity,*
rendering the unconscious—that bastion of supposed psychoanalytic purity—
as not only normative (Layton, 2006) but technological,
what Patricia Clough (2018) refers to as the "user unconscious."

"outer space can really hold me," space junk, ringtone,

This re-"worlding of the *human*" renders the clinical space plenum,
an "infinite composition
in which each existant's singularity
is contingent upon its becoming one possible expression
of all the other existants" (da Silva, 2016).

satellite dish, black hole, microscope, telescope, xerox,

Subjectivities as expressions are co-emergent, dynamic, and echoing,
temporally dense and radically open *more-than-human* assemblages:

B, a multiracial, differently abled, bisexual woman rescues cats
and experiences humans as painfully violent.
The psychoanalytic work is not to help her become more social with humans,
but to feel agentic in her life with felines.

S, a white queer and trans adolescent, feels more intimately connected
to "hyperobjects" (Morton, 2013) such as outer space and climate change
than his own human *relations.*
Exploring these radically open relationships to the more-than-human
paradoxically engenders a deeper sense of aliveness,
while engaging with climate and racial justice activism creates productive channels
for his "catastrophic thinking" (Kassouf, 2017; Miller 2020, 2021).

C, a hetero white woman, tightly ties her dog up to the radiator.
She cannot tolerate anyone who does not bow at her command.
Confidentiality is breached as it is with child abuse,
suicidal or homicidal threats toward humans. *The dog is not a pawn*
to be sacrificed in her development, Oedipal or otherwise.

A white genderqueer multimedia artist, K's radical openness to the more-than-human
facilitates their use of the digital technology of video as a second skin,
allowing them to patch up the felt gaps and holes of their skin-ego (Miller, 2021).

da Silva (2015, 2016), Jackson (2013), and others call for
an end of The World "*as we know it*" (da Silva, 2016, emphasis in original).
Ending this World, emergent from coloniality, anti-Blackness,
and human exceptionalism, profoundly reckons with the knowledge
that who gets to be *human*

acetate, earring, film, strip, earthworm, ballot, box,

is limited, shifting, emergent,
based only on the needs of those solidly identified as *human*.

An end of The World-*as-we-know-it*
is the surrender of Western ontology and epistemology
that narrows temporality to the linear,
"castrates" past-present-future worlds, leading inevitably to destruction.

carcinogen, meteorite, meadow, razor, blade, clam, pillow,

An end of The World-*as-we-know-it is* our radical hope.

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This artist's impression depicts a galaxy forming stars within powerful outflows of material blasted out from supermassive black holes at its core. (ESO/M. Kornmesser)

Music
10.21.6

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Elegy and Observation: For Chorus and Electronics

Elegy and Observation is an environmental requiem. Drawing on ancient and modern texts, the piece leaps and lurches among perspectives from intimate to global, tender to catastrophic. So too, our perceived relationship to the natural world is constantly shifting, from the poet's tension between fear and delight, to scientific observation, biblical prediction of catastrophe, the unassailable truth of species extinction, and the poetry of those who have experienced natural disaster.

Songs 1, 4, and 8 are settings of poems by Meng Hai-jan, Sono-Jo, and Basho. In between, I have intertwined highly contrasting sources. Songs 2 and 6 started with bits of reportage from the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, which are assembled into poems. Song 7 sets a list of extinct birds. The remainder of the texts combine scientific abstracts related to climate, a nineteenth-century translation of an ancient Celtic text, *The fifteen tokens of Doomsday*, the book of Genesis, and an anonymous oral history from a survivor of Hurricane Katrina.

Photo by Matt Palmer. Tasmania, Australia, 2021.

To read more and listen to the music, scan the code with your smartphone or visit this link:
https://www.analytic-room.com/art/elegy-and-observation-for-chorus-and-electronics-by-eric-chasalow/

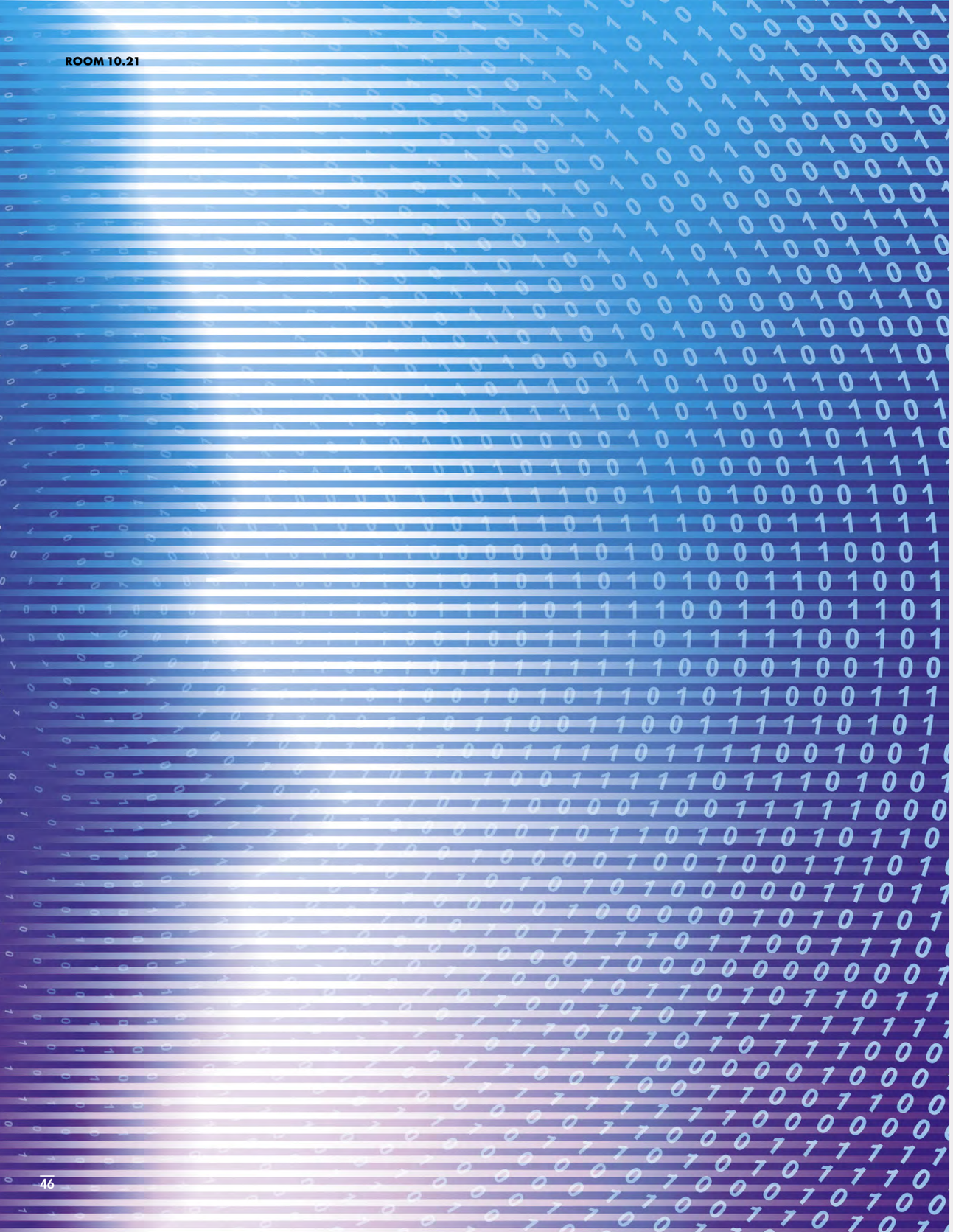

Illustration by ALXR/Shutterstock.com

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Climate Change and Knowledge Production

In Susan Kassouf's essay "A New Thing Under the Sun" (*ROOM* 6.21), she writes of her dismay in finding that there would be no mention of the *more-than-human environment* during her psychoanalytic training. I want to expand Kassouf's premise about the importance of the more-than-human to psychoanalysis by addressing the relationship between climate change and digital media/technologies, which are dramatically altering the way we live and communicate and, perhaps most importantly, the way we know. Like Kassouf, I didn't find it easy to bring my academic thinking as a media studies scholar in line with my psychoanalytic training. Even now, when most psychoanalysts have spent a good deal of time working with digital media/technologies, it seems difficult to face the challenges they pose to psychoanalytic theory and practice at a time when human knowing is becoming intimately linked with the more-than-human "cognition" or "thinking" of algorithms and datafication.

Climate change, in particular, urges psychoanalysts to take up these challenges due to the unique way that most of us come to understand its effects. After all, climate scientists analyze massive amounts of data utilizing profoundly complicated earth system models to target long-term trends and patterns across vast temporal and spatial scales to make assumptions about the presence and trajectory of climate change. But most of us are not equipped to understand these models. We are more convinced by reports like the recent IPCC report that strongly link climate change to extreme weather and its cascading destructive effects. This is because while we *cannot* directly or consciously experience climate change as such, we *can* experience weather. A gap is opened between weather—which we consciously experience through our senses—and climate change—which becomes available to us mostly through digitalized data that only provide a range of probabilities, rather than strict knowledge of cause and effect, including the probability of the improbable, which we have come to nervously await.

For example, a recent *New York Times* article reported on the weakening of the turnover in the Gulf Stream called the Atlantic Meridian Overturning Circulation (AMOC) and described this weakening's possible "monstrous effects." AMOC can be studied directly only by gathering massive amounts of data drawn from an array of sophisticated sensors moored to the ocean floor between Newfoundland, Greenland, and Scotland. So far, the article reported, the data is inconclusive, or at least inconclusive about whether this weakening of the Gulf Stream will become "a climate tipping point" signaling climate catastrophe. The article concludes that deep ocean currents are more complicated than envisioned and, as a result, produce more complicated data. While some climate tipping points have been crossed, and others are nearing being crossed, what the data of climate change mostly report are the future risk of monstrous effects for humans and the more-than-human.

In this sense, the digitally produced data of climate change do not represent or mirror a reality so much as they are a part of it. Climate change is an ongoing modeling of tendencies that involve massive amounts of data calculated outside the time frames of human experience, consciousness, and perception. This is made possible because computation now is a matter of algorithms that self-adjust the parameters of their operation beyond what they were originally programmed to do. They can keep on calculating, or *informing*, more data beyond the initial inputs. Media studies scholars have come to refer to algorithmic computing as a "form of cognition or thinking" that is "inorganic" (Parisi).

This "inorganic" thinking is different from human thinking and, no doubt, limited in comparison. Nonetheless, it informs what and how we know, displacing consciousness, perception, and experience as the hub of human knowing. While we consciously continue to experience reality through our sense perception, our conscious experience is more and more disjoined—both temporally and operationally—from the experiences presented to us with the data produced with digital/media technologies. Yet this displacement of human consciousness, perception, and experience, while surely a matter of deep concern, also brings with it a challenge to human exceptionalism in relationship to the more-than-human. In the algorithm's capacity to take measure of and make us aware of the more-than-human, we are faced not only with the impact of human activity on the more-than-human but also with the capacity of the more-than-human for liveness and affectivity, if not a kind of agency.

This double-edged effect of inorganic thinking, especially about climate change data, has profoundly disrupted the link of individual experience, judgment, and good action that has been supported by the Enlightenment's privileging of the human knower with an emphasis on the senses as a primary source of true knowledge. Digital media/technologies have thrust us into a post-Enlightenment regime of truth-making, again double-edged in its impact: on one hand politicizing data, such as climate change data (not to mention COVID-19 data), and on the other, calling attention to the need to reevaluate Enlightenment discourse by addressing the changing relationship of technology and knowledge as well as attending to the long-excluded more-than-human-centered ways of knowing, including indigenous and anti-racist knowledges (See Gentile; Byrd; Jackson). I am proposing that human responsibility for climate change, as well as human responsibility more generally, cannot be realized without critically engaging this shift to inorganic knowledge production in relation to a post-Enlightenment regime of truth-making.

Recently, psychoanalysts have turned their attention to the relationship between the psyche and matters of race, sexuality, gender, class, ethnicity, and ableism—factors all usually referred to as the "social" or "larger" environment that have not always been considered directly relevant to psychoanalysis. While deeply entangled with these matters, climate change data also are redefining what we take the social or the larger environment to be. They are urging us to recognize the embeddedness of the human and the more-than-human in media/technological processes of what we know and how we know. Psychoanalysts have much to offer in addressing these processes, facing the challenges posed by them to rethink the unconscious, denial, trauma, mentalization, and more in the relationship between the psyche and the social.

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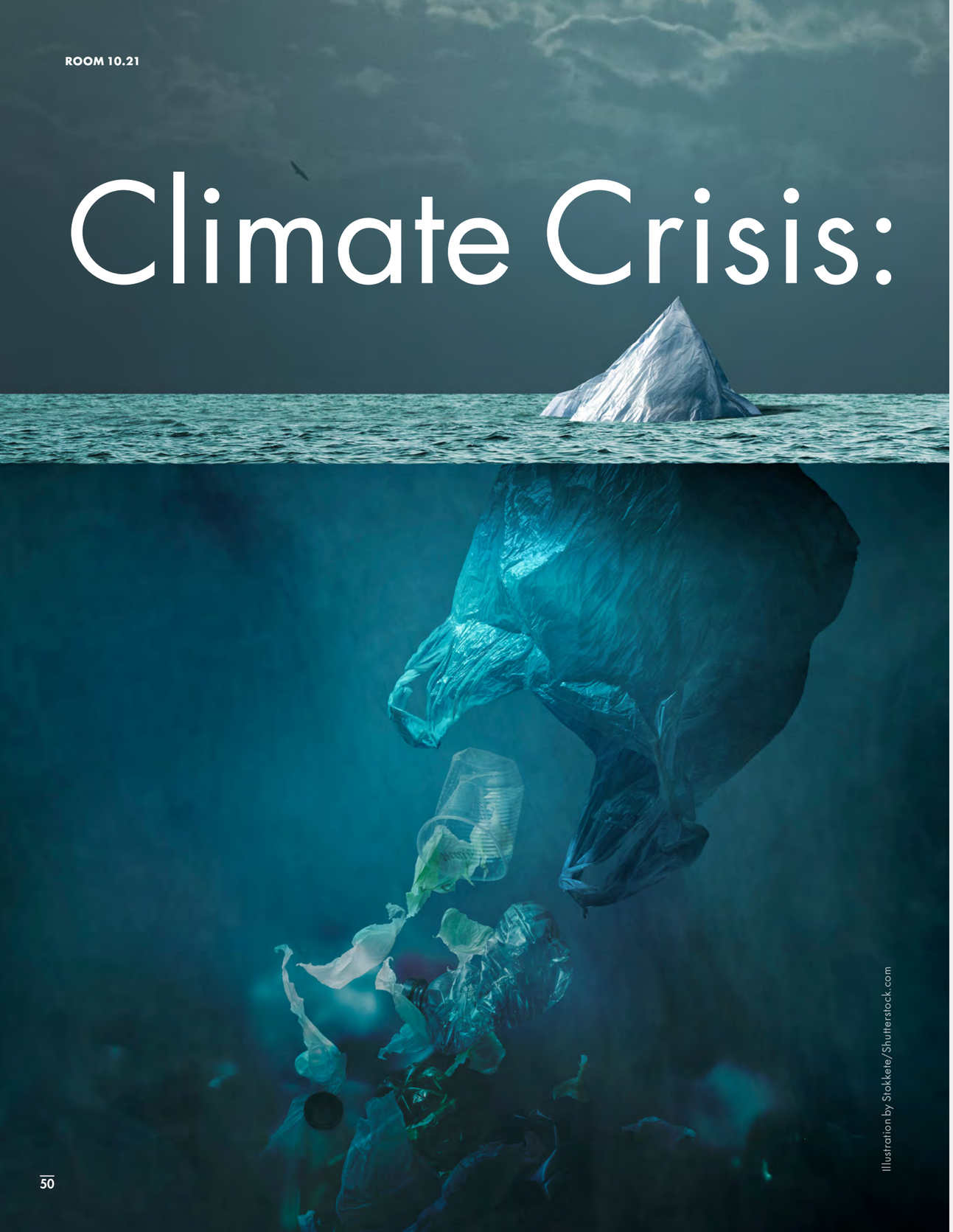
Climate Crisis:



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A Reckoning

My awareness of the climate crisis started like tiny raindrops in a pond, splashes of recognition each time I read a news article about the catastrophic consequences of our warming world—the dramatic melting of arctic ice, devastating droughts, wildfires, hurricanes, and unprecedented species loss. Each moment of troubling recognition quickly dissipated into the normal rhythms of my life and my immediate personal concerns. Robert Jay Lifton says that when we continue to live in a functional environment, we find it hard to grasp the existential threat of the climate crisis.

My awareness grew to a steadier stream when evidence of the climate emergency touched me more directly. On a visit to the mountains in my home state of Colorado, I witnessed the marked devastation of forests, where the usual glorious blanket of green conifers had turned brown and withered, like harbingers of emergent catastrophe. Increasing temperatures had prevented the usual winter die-off of pine beetles, and the proliferating insects were devouring the trees. The familiar solace and comfort I gained in returning to the alpine landscape of my childhood was replaced with a deep mourning. Harold Searles noted that the nonhuman world can be as much a part of us as the parents who raise us, exerting influence, shaping parts of our inner experience. My sadness cast a shadow in the background of my mind.

Illustration by Mike_expert/Shutterstock.com

A flood of recognition was unleashed when I read a fictional depiction of a dystopian future, where the characters lamented that individuals and governments had known of increasing ecological devastation but failed to act. Stories have a way of breaking through the wall of psychic protection, helping us face the "unthought known." The veil of my defenses was fully lifted as I pictured my daughter and others of her generation admonishing our passivity as they faced prospective traumatic stress. Waves of guilt, anger, sadness, and fear engulfed me. British psychoanalysts Paul Hoggett and Rosemary Randall describe an "epiphany" or sudden awakening to the realities of our warming world as a common initial step in the emotional trajectory of climate awareness.

The next phase of this emotional trajectory is "immersion," a period of talking, thinking, reading, and acting on climate change. In my own process, I read vociferously on the topic and ultimately decided to create and teach a seminar course with a trusted colleague on ecopsychoanalysis at the Manhattan Institute for Psychoanalysis. As we prepared the class, I was actively thinking of ways to apply my psychoanalytic knowledge of defenses, managing trauma, and processing difficult emotions to help others to reckon with and engage in the ecological crisis. In this stage of immersive engagement, I read more pointedly about the overwhelming realities of ecological destruction, the political and economic obstacles to making the urgently needed changes to our way of life, and the disproportionate impact on people of color, the poor, and other marginalized communities who are contributing the least to causes of this oncoming threat. I began to feel more and more distressed by the embedded layers of trauma in what I was learning, drowning in extended periods of sleeplessness, preoccupation, anger, sadness, and fear.

The next phase in the arc of climate awareness is referred to as "crisis," a period of destabilizing emotions that can feel quite overwhelming. Like with other forms of trauma and grief, the capacity to work through the current pain is informed by an individual's life history, including emotional vulnerabilities, attachment capacity, and ego strengths. The crisis phase may be a time when individuals experience an exacerbation of symptoms and present for treatment.

A patient I'll call Mr. R sought therapy for immense climate anxiety during such a crisis period. He ruminated constantly about ecological destruction, described hopelessness for his daughter's future, could not calm his worries or take meaningful action. During our early work together, we made connections to transgenerational trauma within his family, which further heightened his sense of vulnerability and left him ill-equipped to process the enormity of the climate emergency.

Since a crisis can also become an opportunity for growth and repair, a forum for relational containment and holding becomes essential in this critical phase. For Mr. R this meant actively processing his ongoing fears within the safe confines of our relationship and mourning losses of species and of the life he had always imagined. During my own crisis period, my co-teacher and I scheduled weekly videoconferences to discuss our emergent feelings. She became my "climate analyst," helping to contain my pain with wisdom, humor, and shared concern, steadying the boat on the tidal wave of my distress. A group format can also broaden the feeling of social support in the face of what Renee Lertzman calls "environmental melancholia." In this vein, I lead workshops for climate activists and environmental students, helping those on the front lines of climate awareness to have a place to share their emotional struggles.

The final phase of the climate awareness schema is "resolution," where a more proportional emotional response emerges, accompanied by possibilities for an enlarged sense of meaning, personal agency, and capacity for action. Here the storm surge of trauma can transform into resilience.

For Mr. R, resolution ensued through several experiences that helped broaden his perspective and deepen his sense of purpose. The first such experience was the coronavirus pandemic, to which Mr. R initially responded by focusing solely on how to protect his own family, hoarding food and supplies while remaining ensconced in the refuge of his home. Over time, he increasingly tuned in to those who faced greater coronavirus exposure: poor people and essential workers who were unable to remain secluded and therefore risked their health for others. While Mr. R himself had experienced significant income loss at this time, he began a practice of sending pizzas to frontline workers, expressing his gratitude and care. He reflected on how helping others seemed to soften his panic, and he felt less alone.

In a second important experience, Mr. R encountered a young indigenous climate activist who helped open his eyes further to the plight of others. This young woman described how sea level rise had caused her people's land to flood, destroying the natural habitat on which they depended for sustenance. Here was a community already suffering the trauma of the warming planet. Mr. R became aware of how little he had thought of current harms to already marginalized groups, since his climate terror had been focused only on fears for himself and his family. We began to discuss various aspects of disavowal and complicity in harms, including white supremacy and our shared white privilege, factors that had not previously registered fully in his mind or in our work. These realizations increased his desire to find ways to fight climate injustice.

The third significant situation was when his father, who had been diagnosed with cancer, took a sudden turn for the worse. With his father's poor prognosis, Mr. R drove cross-country to be with him. He was able to care for his father physically and emotionally—playing card games, sharing memories, and discussing regrets, pleasures, and feelings about dying. In our phone sessions during that time, Mr. R was able to further process this loss. In the aftermath of his father's death, Mr. R and I noted his burgeoning capacity to face these difficult feelings and to facilitate such a deeply meaningful experience for and with his dad. Mr. R reflected that this transformative encounter became an opening, a tunnel through the impenetrable wall of past and future trauma, where the ability to connect and to mourn helped let in some light.

In my own climate journey, resolution has entailed an ability to better manage my existential fears, to engage in increased climate and environmental justice work through teaching, writing, and presenting, and to expand my clinical thinking to encompass climate distress. I realize that resolution doesn't imply the end of the journey, since waves of uncertainty and distress will continue to break. But as I learned through my connections with Mr. R, with my climate psychology colleagues, and with courageous students and activists, the words of James Baldwin ring true: "The moment we cease to hold each other, the moment we break faith with one another, the sea engulfs us and the light goes out."

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I Need

Photo by AR

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a Guide

Early in the pandemic, I realized that what I needed was an instruction book that would tell me how to survive. I pictured it, a guide tailored to my personal needs, the first section titled *How to be a Psychotherapist During a Pandemic* and the second, *How to Have a Homeless Brother During a Pandemic,* and the last one, *How to Not Give Up.*

My brother has lived on the street in Miami for the past three years. He is sixty-five. For years before that he lived in his car and in random motels. We communicate via email and Facebook messenger. He posts on Facebook and publishes on Medium, all from the library. I tried to warn him that the library would close. "No, not here, Sand," he texted in what I could hear as older-brother-to-kid-sister tone. A few days later, it closed. He borrowed someone's phone to check his mail, and then Google was suspicious of his identity and locked him out of his Gmail account.

"I am spending oodles of (your) money at Staples all the while exposing myself to Corona. I need to get to my email," he wrote to me via Facebook messenger.

I wanted to help him. "How about I get you a phone?"

"How is that going to help? I need my mail."

He gave me instructions: "Call Google. Tell them to open my account. TALK to them, Sandy. If they just want to open it for a week that's fine. I need my information. It's mine. They can't just take it."

I was hellbent on my phone offer. It felt like something I could do, and I was desperate to do something. "If you have a phone, you can get online without paying Staples. We can add you to our family plan."

I said that as if having a brother who lives on the street in Miami or Chicago or New York had ever been part of a family plan. The only place that has a family plan is the phone company, and I wanted him to join it because that would make me feel better. I couldn't stand that he was on the street in the midst of a pandemic.

"Is there a place where I can send you a phone?" I typed.

"Maybe the convenience store. The guy is pretty nice," he answered.

I mentioned Suzy, our cousin in Miami. "Maybe I can send it to her and she can get it to you."

"Ok, but I need a day. I'll give you my final answer tomorrow," my brother said.

His final answer? Did he think we were negotiating a corporate deal or something?

The next day I was working on Zoom with only a rudimentary awareness of how Zoom operates. I kept going, trying to figure this out just like everyone else who could have used a guide to living and working during a pandemic.

Several of my patients saw me from their cars because of the lack of privacy in their small New York City apartments. Some expressed fear, others grief, and several were relieved not to have to go out and battle the anxiety of interacting in the world. Two lost close family members and were grieving without having had a funeral or any other ritual to attend.

My patient Jonathan was the most challenging for me to see. He and his wife planned to head to their home in the Hamptons. Jonathan was angry, fuming, because it was difficult to work from home when his children were around. Why couldn't his wife do a better job of taking care of them, and why couldn't their nanny, an undocumented woman from Mexico, find a way to come to the Hamptons, instead of staying in the city to care for her children and those of her extended family? I felt irritated with Jonathan, envious of his privilege, put off by his lack of empathy for his wife or their nanny. Jonathan couldn't see outside of his experience and I could not see outside of mine. I was down a track of inequity and blame. What was I supposed to do next, empathize with his struggles at home or help him to reflect on his privilege and, I thought, isn't that just a handy way not to think about my own privilege?

I checked my phone between sessions and saw that my brother had messaged me.

"I only have a little time left and I need to tell you something," the text said. I felt desperate to be in touch with him, to have some kind of exchange before he signed off. I was scared that I wouldn't hear from him again, that I would not know where he was.

When we were kids, my brother's heart was huge and raw and as visible as the freckles on his skin. No one protected him from the taunts and humiliation of other kids and from one sadistic teacher. I remember him crying when my mother picked him up from school, sobbing as soon as he got in the car, he in seventh grade, me in first. He suffered but he was kind to me, making me surprise desserts, taking me to the store every time I asked, and showing me his magic tricks.

I told him I only had a minute because a patient was waiting in my virtual waiting room. The words *virtual waiting room* sounded crazy to me. I had no idea that I would be using that waiting room for more than a year.

"I won't be here much longer," he wrote back. I froze inside. Every time a few days passed without word I feared he was sick with the virus. He refused to apply for social security benefits and told me that he sleeps in a field near a freight station. "It's working out pretty well," he said in a text.

"That's good," I said. I felt crazy for responding as if that were a reasonable thing for him to say.

"I'll check back in forty–five minutes," I wrote.

"Ok," he wrote back.

In forty-five minutes, he was gone.

At the end of the day, I checked Facebook. My brother had posted twice. "I am getting chased off public benches. I'm well beyond 'six feet.' That does not matter. They now target those who are 'different.' This is the virus of hate."

My chest felt like it cracked inside, the image of a bench, my brother, and the police came to mind. I wondered, for the thousandth time, why he won't apply for benefits.

His next post read, "Still cut off from Gmail and dealing with Kafka for all the help I get." I laughed. I could picture him saying that.

That night he sent a Facebook message saying he didn't want a phone. "Who am I going to call?"

I wrote back. "It was so you could go on the web without going to Staples."

"Nah," he responded.

Photo by APIWAN BORRIKONRATCHATA/Shutterstock.com

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10.21.10

Crazies

While we may all feel like banging our heads
against the willow in the middle of the park
only John aka Wolfman nears the tree wild-eyed
resting his oversized rigged-up-tricycle home
with tarp carpeting against the trunk
where last summer a thin young man hung himself almost.
A neighbor calls the police
nothing illegal, but John repulses us.
We are sick to think of his skin
of whether it hurts under the coarse cloth.
It makes us sick to think
he has thoughts like ours.
A human perhaps a god dressed up like an animal
with bowed legs and not enough shame
to keep his troubles to himself.

Lee Jenkins
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Black and Blue

"What did I do to be so black and blue?"
—Ralph Ellison, *Invisible Man*

We talk about the blues as sadness and transcendence of sadness. As an American Black, my experience tells me that it certainly seems to be both of these things simultaneously—contradictory things existing together, something we psychoanalysts know about. To me it's about acceptance of the inexorable challenge and difficulty of being alive. We all know about this in the experience of the elusive happiness or contentment we pursue in life. It often does not arrive, and when it does, it's often in a form we hadn't expected. There's the possibility of the constant presence of frustration and lack of fulfillment in our accomplishments and in our relationships, though we keep trying. There's a hopelessness in this also because we know that death will come, yet we act like being extinguished is a distant, abstract construct.

In an immediate way, the blues is about life's inconsistencies: one can say that *yesterday was hard, and I didn't think I'd make it, and thought I'd die, but I woke up still alive this morning, and in this moment I'm grateful. Or my lover and I had a bad argument, said hurtful things, but we made up; it's the sweetest thing, and I can't help singing about it, whether with my voice, piano, saxophone, guitar, or harmonica—tomorrow I may not be here or may be loveless, hopeless, and bereft once again.* The blues is a response to the most basic pleasures and agonies, the simplest of things yet the most profound.

We know that love is wonderful but may not last or is complicated by ambivalence. The same could be said of truth, faith, loyalty, endurance, fortitude. Exhaustion and betrayal may arrive. Yet there is something indomitable about the human spirit, as we call it, that faces adversity and strives to endure, as William Faulkner said, even overcome—at the same time, in the end, we know we will finally be forced to succumb.

This human effort has been given a special, signifying image and meaning in the lives of Black Americans, who've endured a history of the most demeaning and destructive betrayal of their humanity, from enslavement to the present-day undermining of their existence. They have had to live with the legacy of enslavement and ongoing racist subjugation, exposure to the possibilities of rejection, dismissal, belittlement, and dehumanization—such an immense capacity to absorb pain and suffering and keep on going, surviving. It takes resilience to do this, some kind of existential strength. It takes all the psychic energy a person might have. Blacks continue to try to hold on to self-respect and to be able to raise children, live with a mate, and have hope for the future, still be able to love and get along with others and even contribute to a society that doesn't want them. This is an immense achievement that is not much acknowledged. Yet they have endured, finding some way to resist self-hatred and oppose the contempt they've received, with the possibility of caring concern for themselves and their kind.

This has, in many ways, captured our imaginations. I think it also serves as a means for those of us who are white to observe a human triumph and wonder if it is an image of the human spirit at work or just a special representation of blacks confronting their degradation and not something in which the rest of us can see ourselves. Yet the spirit of the blues is alive, is something Americans have already adopted, as in having the blues or being blue. Can we see that the blues has simply reminded us of the difficulty we too can experience being alive?

Perhaps to suffer is not to experience something different in kind but only in degree, if it is true that we share a common human heritage, experiencing a common human limitation. The blues is what human beings express when confronted with adversity with little possibility of escape. It engenders acceptance of one's plight (think of concentration camps) at the same time that it grinds opposition into place. Is not this the contradictory state of being alive? The blues gives a picture of what this state looks like, as experienced by American Blacks, as a statement of what can happen to humans.

Photo by The New York Public Library

A checkerboard of wax tiles purposely mislaid on sand covers the floor, making transit a perilous endeavor. The promises and expectations of the civilization we know are violently disrupted by this subtle material intervention. The television screen on the other side of the tiles is the lure that urges us to cross this precarious pattern. The elixir must be inside the screen. Within, two voices silently echo in an exchange of subtitles, revealing a dialogue about ghosts. Angyvir is not afraid of ghosts; she misses them—particularly those who are unable to cross the ocean but whose howling can be heard clearly from the other side. She is not concerned with grandiloquent ghosts, but rather with the discreet, timid, hesitant ones. Ghosts who want to leave the country and cannot. Angyvir's nostalgia is especially domestic, as if the only homes she knows are those of the past or as if, who knows how long ago, she lived in the open, destitute, as an orphan.

Angyvir Padilla. FRIENDS OF S.M.A.K. PRIZE. *De Allá, Para Acá y De Otros Lados* (From There, To Here and Elsewhere), performance and installation, raw clay and steel rods, variable dimensions, 2021

Angyvir Padilla
Art

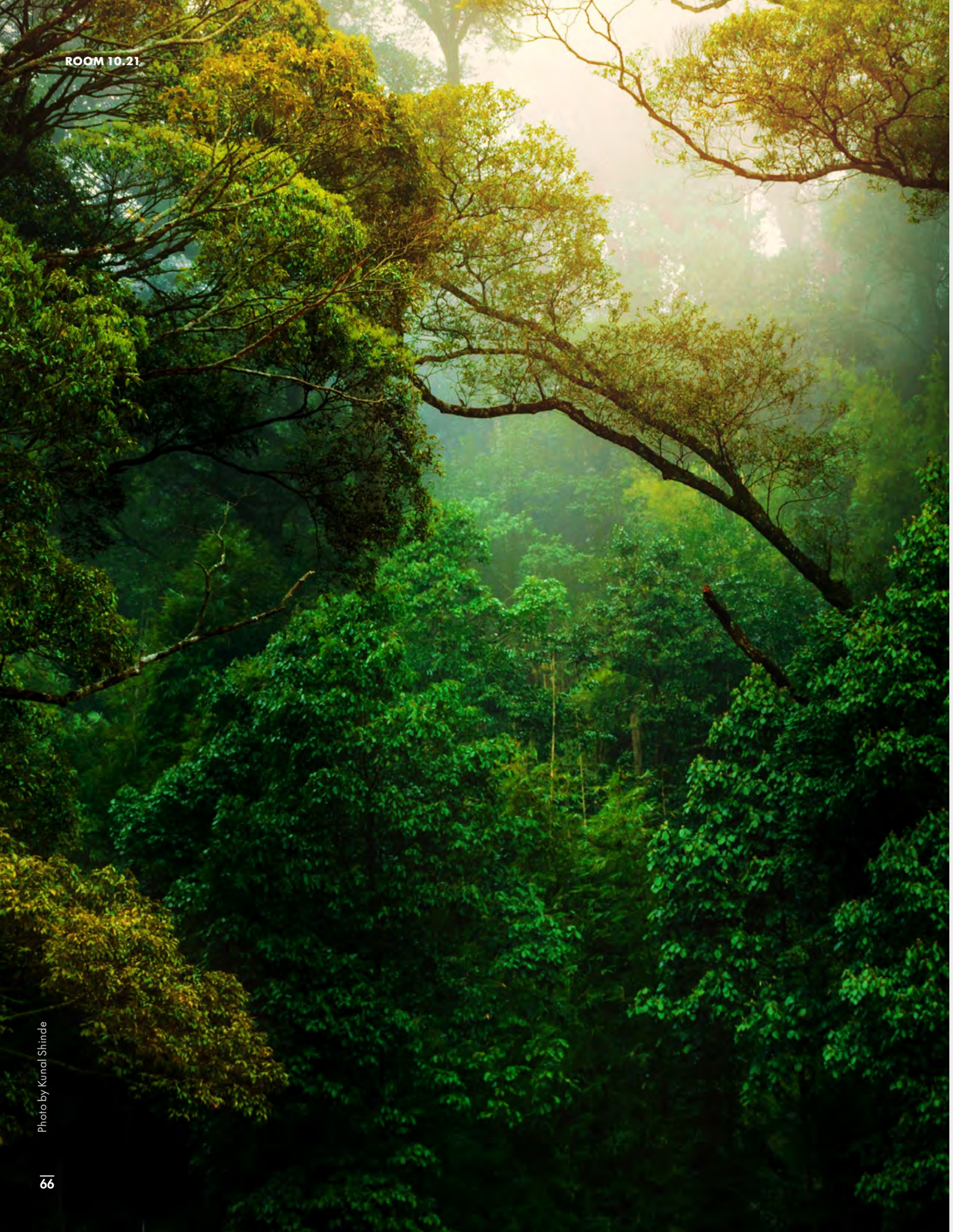

Photo by Kunal Shinde

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10.21.12

THERE IS MORE TO LIFE, THERE IS MORE,

like the stillness
in the still imaginative hour of an unmade thing.
Like the empowerment
in the now-deaths in me. There is more
life
than life seems happy to carry. There is more
than afterlives, curtains, and exits. There is more
than the space you call majestic. There is more
green
than the green your eyes get to eat. There is more
to drink
than your thirsty glasses. There is more
to me
than there is to me. There is more
than there is more
than there is more

The Contemporary Freudian Society Diversity Committee Presents

Frantz Fanon's *Black Skin, White Masks* at 70

Sunday, January 23, 2022
Online via Zoom
10:00 a.m. – 2:15 p.m. EST (with lunch break)

Photo by unknown photographer. Frantz Fanon at a press conference of writers in Tunis, 1959.

Frantz Fanon's *Black Skin, White Masks* (1952) is a seminal theoretical text read across disciplines. Fanon utilizes psychoanalytic thinking to understand the oppression of Black people, performances of whiteness, and to put forward a vision for a humanist and anti-colonial culture. Our event is a celebration of Fanon's work and this important text as it approaches its seventieth anniversary. As the psychoanalytic community grapples with racism in our world, clinical work, and in the field's history, a concentrated, communal, and conversational revisiting of *Black Skin, White Masks* is timely and imperative.

Philosopher and Fanon scholar Lewis Gordon, PhD, will give a keynote presentation outlining some of the tenets of Fanon's thinking and work and how it pertains specifically to psychoanalytic practice. The afternoon will feature a clinical case presentation from Mamta Dadlani, PhD. The presentation will be followed by a discussion of the case, which will include psychoanalysts Daniel Gaztambide, PsyD, and Debra Gill, LCSW.

Register Online: https://contemporaryfreudiansociety.org/event/frantz-fanons

IP Books

Sheba and Solomon's Return: Ethiopian Children in Israel by Nathan Szajnberg

In this wonderful book, Ethiopian-Israeli children reveal their inner lives, hopes, and fears with pictures and drawings. Their mothers and fathers were all born in remote Ethiopian villages. Most mothers were married by thirteen and never attended school. Life stories are filled with sibling deaths, shepherding at eight or nine, and the lengthy, dangerous trek across Ethiopia through surrounding lands to Israel. You will hear of their compelling lives and how both the parents and the children live in different worlds. Some mothers literally see the world differently than their children. These children display their creativity as they freely draw and tell their life stories.

Visit: https://ipbooks.net/product/sheba-and-solomons-return-ethiopian-children-in-israel-by-nathan-szajnberg/

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ROOM *Live!*

Poems of Joy and Reflection

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Beloved readers we hope you'll join ROOM for a virtual evening of poetry celebrating joy in its many forms. Throughout this year, poetry has nourished so many of us, and helped us to live more passionately. We look forward to gathering with you in the new year. Stay tuned for more details online at:
analytic-room.com/poetry-night

JOIN US!

We are pleased to invite you to

ROOM ROUNDTABLE VIA ZOOM

Join us to talk with ROOM 10.21 authors on **December 11, at 12:00 p.m. EST** about the struggle to find perspective and internal balance in the midst of cataclysmic disruptions.

Registrants will receive a Zoom invite.

To receive the invitation, please join our mailing list by visiting:

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Roundtable Organizing Committee

Elizabeth Cutter Evert
Richard Grose

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Photo by Robert Bye

Open Call!

ROOM 2.22

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DECEMBER 31, 2021

Essays | Poems | Creative Writing

We welcome clinical, theoretical, political, and philosophical essays, as well as poetry, creative writing, memoir, and announcements.

Length: Max 1500 words

VIA SUBMITTABLE

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ROOM: A Sketchbook for Analytic *Action* promotes the dialogue between contributors and readers. ROOM's first issue was conceived in the immediate wake of the 2016 US election to be an agent of community-building and transformation. Positioned at the interface between the public and private spheres, ROOM sheds new light on the effect political reality has on our inner world and the effect psychic reality has on our politics.

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Photo by Jordan Steranka