

...we must begin to love in order not to fall ill...

–Sigmund Freud, *On Narcissism: An Introduction*, 1914

As with any departing love there is a mental processing after *the goodbye*, when absence of the other is felt. This tender parting happens on variable terms- and the outcome is different each time. What do we do with our love after we part? *How* do we do with our love if it is a persistent driving force? This essay will walk with the afterwardsness of love and concepts of memory and primary attachment, applying them to the scene of the analyst and patient goodbye as a site for love, mourning, sublimation and becoming.

All relationships end. The training analyst and candidate's relationship is no different in this sense. However, in analytic training this ending is somewhat heightened. We are trained to keep in the foreground of our minds that the analytic dyad has specific temporal restrictions. In a way this is for the protection of the analytic frame creating a layer over the interaction, an unspoken veil of the impending goodbye. Within the dyad as we collect and shed stories, we exchange pieces of ourselves, weaving fragments of memory into knowledge built around the other. A slow forgetting of the temporary nature of the analytic relationship can happen, a repression of the goodbye. This repression is also a message about our feelings towards the other, perhaps saying goodbye is not what one wants— an attachment has been formed.

One learns that a successful analytic relationship begins with forming this attachment. Remembering the attachment is temporary while it is forming is like walking a tightrope. The making of this bond is also where the wound of the impending goodbye begins, but perhaps this is where we do our best work. As we become entrenched in the goo of the other, we need to

remember how to get ourselves out. When we are in sessions we may not even realize that we are in a love state, it may only be in the afterwardsness of the interaction that we find the heartache.

In training analysis we strip ourselves bare in front of someone who fosters a frame, so that others can do the same with us- with the hope that we might maintain one. Wielding all of the tools that are needed, it is the process of crafting a frame within an already existing one. According to Freud, love can make us ill if we don't talk about it (Freud 1914). What would love without shame look like for the analyst and trainee? I'd like to press that there is space for love within the frame. The analytic training situation is actually an ideal place to re-experience love, because it is also a playground which should be a place for success, failure, embarrassment, and most importantly fantasy.

Left with fantasy, what does the afterwardsness of *goodbye* look like- how does one let go of the attachment, and wade out of the goo of the other? Is it sometimes impossible? The analyst/candidate is not shatterproof. So, what indeed do we do with our attachment, with our love after the end? Perhaps we become waking dreams of each other's pasts. A continuous image that transmutes into distorted memory. Repeating and working through until we transform ourselves into the other whom we lost, in turn transforming our future.

Freud begins the essay *Mourning and Melancholia* with the word "dreams" (Freud 1917). Perhaps dreams are our most reliable narrator, the salty ocean where psychic things float to the surface out of the depths of the preconscious- waiting to be awakened as days residues combine with obscured memories. Dreams are where the mind goes to mourn. It is often where we visit the shadows of the ones we lose. Freud says that "mourning performs" a kind of mental work

which he seeks to define (244). In the object's absence there is a testing of reality, a demand for what reality can no longer give. It is a question for the economics of pain, as "the lost object is psychically prolonged" it lingers, and its petals fall away over time and one's mental work of mourning can be done. But what if the object continues to be suspended in the mind, in a melancholic way? He proposes, what if the object *hasn't died*- but had been lost as a love-object? There may even be a disconnect from the symptoms of grief, the analyst or patient may not even know *what* they have lost. Perhaps the object is tethered to the ego by way of narcissistic identification, and one is overcome by a sense of wanting to devour the other by any means necessary? As we know from psychoanalysis, any destructive impulse is also an enormously creative one

What is significant for us to understand as analysts in training lies underneath the surface of perceived memory, within childhood desire and primary narcissism. It is when the objects of primary identification are themselves withdrawn from view that melancholic symptoms arise. Adam Phillips quoting Lacan reiterates, "The patient is not cured because he remembers, 'he remembers because he is cured'" (Phillips 1996). Memory obstacles and omissions emerge as defenses and are removed during the process of analysis. Though the notion of aiming for a cure is ripe for debate- uncovering these childhood objects by removing memory obstacles and re-locating our primary narcissistic objects may help us understand our love, and cope with love lost.

To Freud there is a replacing of unacceptable memories, and they "usually leave no mnemonic images behind them" (Freud 1899). This process of displacement acts as a disguise, a falsified memory. What one remembers as a memory may not be true to the source, there is

rather an internalized picture of events- the screen memory. What happens after the analytic goodbye when we are left with these memories that are sometimes affected by transference love? We become imaginative creatures when we repress whatever may be deemed unacceptable, which can often be feelings of love in an analytic or power affected relationship, where perhaps personal ethics may be put in question- and the superego rears its head.

When it comes to significant memories Freud marks that they are often “omitted rather than forgotten”(306). Analysis is when these omissions come out of hiding. An uncovering of childhood desire, may help to reveal where love emerges from, so that one can lean into finding it in other people, places or things after the loved one has gone. The objects that give form to love are pulled forward into view in the analytic room. Peeling back the layers of a falsified memory, we come to find how we came to love in the first place. We may even find that these shared objects exist in other places. This unearthing of memory makes known what it is we are loving in the other and why. It is the pathway into tilting towards sublimation which Freud describes as “diverted in the direction” of other interests (Freud 1905, 156).

In this love for an analyst/teacher/patient, there may be a seeking to re-find bits of the self and it may be true too, that love forms on both sides. In many ways the analytic training room mirrors Winnicott’s sentiment of the environment mother, where there is a developmental holding that occurs (Winnicott 1971). Whether trainer or trainee, the holding environment is a place to learn about the world of analysis. The holding of course can move both ways- in transference and countertransference moments. “Transference” states Phillips, “this unwitting repetition of early relationships - reveals the way one is continually inventing and reinventing the people one is talking to”(71). Transference love is an inherently creative process, there is a

transformative relation to the other- a co-creation that is real in all of its illusion. It is real to the extent that love objects are real, and illusory in that it assumes these objects are fully present and knowable through the other.

In analysis if all goes well there is a bond, or alliance that is made that allows one to deal with the frustration of absence:

If all goes well the infant can actually come to gain from the experience of frustration, since incomplete adaptation to need makes objects real, that is to say hated as well as loved. (Winnicott, 11)

When absence occurs, objects become real. When the infant is released from the mother's holding, she becomes hated and loved. The infant is caught between states of sorrow and discovery, joy and pain. It is the experience of love that is solidified through the absence of the other. Only in the absence of the training analyst does the trainee become fully realized as an analyst.

In the analytic room there may be shared objects hidden in the dense fog, shared scars and love— that may be requited in feeling. If all relationships end, what one does with these love feelings determines how it will end. Some may choose to pursue love, shattering the analytic frame and transforming it into something else, some may choose to turn away from it and face it with the tools that they are given. I can only say that sometimes saying goodbye is also a way to love and be loved. Perhaps, the analytic goodbye is actually when the other in the dyad becomes most real, and it is revealed how we have come to love each other to begin with.

Who knows, goodbye may even create space for a return, even if only in dreams...

Works Cited

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The Analytic Goodbye Further Listening Playlist:

Bacharach/David Melody: Knowing When To Leave - Carpenters

Don't Speak - No Doubt

Truly Madly Deeply - Savage Garden

Fantasy - Mariah Carey

One Less Bell To Answer/A House Is Not A Home - Barbra Streisand

Dreaming of you - Selena

Torn - Natalie Imbruglia

Do I Love You? - Ella Fitzgerald/Cole Porter

It's All Coming Back To Me - Céline Dion

I Love You Always Forever - Donna Lewis

Hold On - Wilson Phillips

Hands Clean - Alanis Morissette

Every time We Say Goodbye - Nina Simone

Deceptacon - Le Tigre