One day in early Sept. as I started to prepare for supervision something very unusual occurred. It happened just as I listened to the tape of my work with my patient Sam. I can still hear his voice when we first started our work together. It was very loud, deep, and intense. He spoke in a commanding manner. I heard the intensity of my own voice when I spoke to him. I wanted to know more about my experience but wondered why we both sounded so anxious together. Then out of nowhere, I heard the loud wailing screams from a woman on the street. I thought with annoyed curiosity, "What's that?" I was very eager to return to my work since I knew I would be presenting it in several days. The idea of presenting filled me with enormous anxiety. I had a great deal of respect for the members of my group especially for my supervisor. He is a master clinician. Everything he said mattered to me. And, of course, all of these experiences in supervision became powerful issues in my analysis. It was a time for immense growth and terrible anxiety, sometimes the terrible anxiety that accompanies growth. But the woman on the street kept screaming this time louder and louder, closer and closer to my office. I had never heard someone yell so loudly, her wailing was piercing. It seemed uncontrollable. She reminded me of someone who was locked up inside of a casket like the man who was buried alive in Edgar Alan Poe's poem the "Cask of Amontillado" (1846) I had to get back to my work but I could not tolerate this interruption. Her presence was too riveting. I could no longer ignore her. I couldn't push her out of my mind. Now, I knew I had to see her. I got up from my chair. I had to look at her, to see her anguished face, to see her pain. Almost compelled, I pushed open the blinds on my window. There she was standing right across the street. She was behind a fire hydrant, that old beat up dirty hydrant. Her face was covered over by a thick head of hair looking like the hanging branches from a weeping willow. I could barely see her mouth, her hair was so long and messy. She was nude from the waist up her body, looking childlike and boyish with breasts barely developed reminding me of a woman interrupted. Then for a moment, her wailing stopped, she turned towards the small crowd that had [p.1]

gathered. She lifted her arms, extended her palms tilting them up. She looked like the statue of Mary, the mother of Jesus.

For a moment, I was reminded me of my own childhood connection to religion. A connection that was extremely complicated by unusual events. Events where statues received greater attention and protection then children. This woman looked as if she was pleading or perhaps begging for something. No one said anything, no one approached her. She stepped from behind the hydrant pulled her bikini panties off and hurled them into the street. Was she completely mad? There she stood naked on 93<sup>rd</sup> st. I was shocked looking at the dehumanized state of her inner world. How could this happen to someone? Oh, the sight of this fallen woman. Streams of heat rose up inside of me, I felt such shame. Why did no one take care of her? Then, I became numb. After several minutes, I ran to my couch and sat there motionless. I burst into tears and sobbed uncontrollably. Something stirred deep inside of me nudging me, tugging at me to pay attention to it. What was that about? At that point in time, I had no idea about the meaning behind any of this. No words were available to me, no words to say anything about any of this...

What was hidden in me was unknown and would gradually emerge in my analysis. I was beginning to learn about the meaning of dissociation and how it mysteriously deals with trauma.. Slowly, I began to learn about the haunting presence of trauma in me, my patient and in both of us together.

Several days later in supervision, we all listened to the tape of my work with my patient Sam. After several minutes, my supervisor turned to me and said "Listening to this is making me crazy." This was shocking and painful. I thought I must not be doing good work. I felt enormous shame. But at that early time in my own analysis, I quickly pushed these feelings aside. I felt nothing. Then I thought, I knew I had a lot of work ahead of me. I was determined to find out, more. But why is this happening? And what did my supervisor mean when he said "listening to this is making me crazy" My supervision really started off with a bang. But now, as I reflect on this, I believe his statement was purposeful [p.2]

and contained the very meaning of his work. Or should I say my work? But, back then, I was both shocked and shamed. I had to gain more of an understanding of what was going on from a psychoanalytic perspective; one that involved not only my work with Sam but also with myself. I would be expanding my awareness of the presence of trauma and I would begin to get a greater sense of a phantom hovering over me. During this time in my training, my training seemed to have a rhythm of its own. It was as if I had to find out about my experience as I worked with my patient, take it to my analyst, then take all of that back to my work with my patient, then go back again and start all over again.

My experiences began to change. Slowly I began to feel safer. Then I became curious. I wanted to know more about how I felt. I wanted to know more about me and Sam and how we were feeling together. Then I became courageous. My supervisor encouraged us to develop our own ways of thinking, to learn even when there were no right or wrong answers. This was hard for me, I had to tolerate my fear of struggling to learn—there were no manuals that came with this work. We simply had to do the work and deal with all of it. And fortunately for me I did deal with all of it in supervision and in analysis. This is when I began to find out about what was really going on.

But still several questions loomed over me. It seemed to me that I was becoming more and more aware of the struggle I had with the fear. It had a presence of its own. And, little by little I was finding this out in my work. I had to find out why I was so thrown by what my supervisor said? Why was I so thrown by that woman at the hydrant. Did I really think that woman standing near the fire hydrant was there for a reason? What happens to me when I become frightened and upset? I wanted to know more. And, of course, I was about to find out.

My patient Sam is a very talented artist. He was born in the south. Now, he lives in NY where he still experiences the horrors of racism. We have been working together for approximately 4 yrs. and have come far together. It took us both quite awhile to speak about his being African American [p.3]

and me being a White woman. It took time for us to talk about what this meant and we found the time. In the beginning of our work, Sam would cut me off at the slightest sounds of my voice. At times, I was barely able to get out a word. His voice was very harsh, intense and commanding. And my own tone, took on a quality of fleeting urgency. I remember my initial reaction to him. He spoke to me and told me about his very bad temper. He told me a story about wanting to hurt someone. Some man beat his friend up and left him lying nearly dead in the street. Everything about this story was frightening, especially Sam. As he told the story, his voice rose to high pitched sound as if was curdling in anger, as his facial muscles tightened and twisted. Then out of nowhere, the muscles in my legs tightened and quickly propelled me to the other side of the office, in my fast moving swivel chair. But to the other side of the office? Really? How did that happen? I looked at him, he looked at me as I turned red. Then he said, "I don't want you to be afraid of me." His empathy was barely noted "OK," I said in a matter of fact manner, not really feeling any of it. I was still too removed and quite literally still thrown. Only later, after many sessions with my analyst and supervisor, was I able to admit "I was very frightened." This was the issue, we were like two frightened children. But now we both had people to talk to about our fears. Sam had me and I had my analyst. And it was through these ensuing discussions with Sam that we both acknowledged our mutual fear of each. Our fears began to subside. That's when we started to reassure each other just as S. Ferenczi spoke about in his Clinical Diary (1932/1988, p.56). We were like two terrified children, we shared our experiences and began to realize we were harmless.

As I continued to work with Sam, I began to notice we were both changing with each other. We spoke to each with a greater awareness of our emotions. He became increasingly curious about anything I had to say. Even now, he quickly pursues the slightest shift in my voice, "Wait, what are you saying?" His voice is different, smooth and light sounding. His words are spoken in his rhythm and not in rapid succession. And now, I pursue his stories. The stories, his temper stories, I listen to with curiosity pulling my chair closer to him asking him to tell me. "Say more, I want to know this [p.4]

part of you." Then one day he said, "You know I have not been able to talk like this with any body else before," Recently, he said "Who would have imagined that I would be in therapy and be talking to a white woman?" That was so touching, my body relaxed, that felt so good. But, I know much more is buried deep inside of Sam. And he keeps telling me that there is much more to come. He alludes to his rage towards others and himself. Now, when he tells his story about his temper, I say "Tell me about it." "What you are feeling?" I think to myself and wonder about what happens to Sam. When do you lose your temper? And what do you feel like doing? Let me go there with you. (I can just hear my analyst as if he was sitting in the office with me) I feel so deeply involved with Sam.

It is interesting for me to reflect on my earlier phase of work in therapy and supervision. There were times in my work with Sam when I felt the presence of the woman from the hydrant. It happened when Sam spoke to me about his frightening stories. When I became frightened, I thought about her dreaded presence as if she was in the office. It was as if her presence became my absence. I would associate to her while quickly dissociating anything unbearable that Sam might be saying. I became more curious and more determined to find the meaning behind this. What did this woman at the hydrant have to do with any of this? I had to know. And, of course, I was going to find out.

This is what Sandor Ferenczi (1930) spoke about; the impact of shock where part of the personality "lives on hidden while ceaselessly endeavoring to make itself felt"(p.122) And I knew that a great deal was hidden in me, my patient and in us together. I had to become more familiar with the dissociated affect that was still pushing to make itself known in me, in Sam and in our work together. I was haunted.

Several months later, Sam told me a story about how his father emotionally abused him when he was a child. He would make fun of him and say he wasn't as bright or as talented as his older brother. One day, his father was drinking a great deal. Then after having delivered his usual salvo of abusive attacks, he looked at Sam and told him he was too drunk to drive the car. Sam said without [p.5]

missing a beat, "Don't worry Pops, I got your back" As I listened to my patient, I felt something deep inside of 4 me. Sam continued to talk about his father and his abusive brother. The abusive theme became pervasive. Then he spoke about the guys on his job. They were abusing him as well. At the end of that session, I found myself saying to Sam exactly what he said to his father "Don't worry Sam, I got your back."

Abusive interactions were all around Sam. They were part of his experiences with his family, experiences with his race and now it was here in the office with me. His pain went unrecognized along with mine. I believe I dissociated whatever pain I felt. I was covering over his pain and my own pain and using language to do it. That language was removed from the real experience of pain. His difficulties unknowingly intermingled with my own. When that occurred I automatically took the stance of a healer. I would take care of him just like he took care of his father. Several days later, as I prepared for supervision, I listened to the tape and became suspicious when I heard my own high pitched voice. It sounded forced and stressed. When I met with my supervisor, I began the session and said I believed something was going on with between me and Sam. I could hear it in my tone, my voice changed. I told my supervisor that I believed I spent that entire session in an enactment. But, I did not know the nature of the enactment. My supervisor agreed with me. That felt so good to hear. I thought I was finally getting it. Then he looked me straight in the eyes and said "What just happened between you and Sam is procedural. This comes from a time in early attachment." "What?" I said incredulously. He repeated the same thing without elaborating. This time instead of feeling shame, my curiosity took over. I trusted my supervisor, he was teaching me not only about me and Sam but about both of us together. I ran to my analyst. When we explored my early attachments, the conversations pointed me in the direction of my mother.

As a child, I always remembered my mother being in pain. She lost her husband, my father, very early on in their marriage. Her pain was relentless and unbearable. I could no longer hear her [p.6]

lamentations. I heard less and less of that part of her and never felt calm or relaxed near her. This must have been going on even before I could speak, during a time that was non-verbal, perhaps even in utero? My dissociated affect from this early time of attachment would remain hidden and unknown. I began to realize I was overwhelmed by my mother's pain, just as I was overwhelmed by Sam's pain. And of course, the same thing happened to me when I heard the ranting cries from the woman at the hydrant. All of what was hidden in me was going to emerge.

My supervisor knew that whatever happened in supervision, would be material for me and my analyst. I think that's why he did not elaborate when he only briefly mentioned my early attachment. He just kept saying what happened with me and Sam was procedural. He wanted me to find its meaning in analysis and in my work with Sam. And I did. I began to find out that when something is unbearable, I automatically can't hear what is being said. Because of all of my work in analysis, I began to hear my own strained voice. I began to explore the presence of my own pain filled voice within me. It was pushing me to feel the pain. Just as it tugged at me urging me to pay attention to my sobbing after hearing and seeing the lady of the hydrant. I was beginning to see the lady from another perspective.

The presence of pain, stemmed from my relationship with my mother. These interactions grew into a gnarled tree with malformed branches ones that stretched across my psyche. I held that pain in my body, in my body memory where I heard your ranting and dissociated it. But it linked me to Sam and some of his pain with his father. A link that stirred deep inside of me cluing me into what I was clueless about.

It took me years to know this about me. This is why my voice was so strained and vulnerable with Sam. In analysis, the more I spoke about my mother, the more I began to realize that there was a [p.7] pervasive quality to my pain. I was not free enough to experience others without a lingering sense of

feeling uneasy and anxious. I had not known the full impact of my relationship with my mother. Slowly, I began to realize that I had a living dead mother, the phantom of dread within me, one who clung to me. And even more shockingly, I clung to her. She was there to stop me from leaving her. Now, I could see the various forms it took. As I spoke in analysis, I could see the different enactments continuously unfolding, slowly revealing and concealing the dissociated affect. As my analyst said,"You are stepping away from your attachment to your mother."

So, it was you standing there behind the fire hydrant, you, that early Sat morning. You were there demanding that I pay attention to you. Once again you and your ranting screams trying to interfere with my own desire to go forward. And, this time I was going forward to study with my new supervisor, the one I admired so deeply. This time around, I was in analysis and in supervision. These were places for me to experience what I could never experience before.

I am reminded of my work with an analyst from an earlier time in my training. He shamed me rather then create an atmosphere that would allow me to discern what was going on. I was beginning to form yet another anxious attachment, one that would have been extremely painful. I was traumatized by his shameful comments. I was driven into deeper isolation. I fell into the abyss.

That was the worse fear of all. I feared what had happened so early on would happen again and it did. This reminded me of Winnicott's paper "Fear of Breakdown." (1971) Fear that once again no one would be there just like when I was a child. A time in my life when I was too overwhelmed by events and unable to contain all of it on my own. Thankfully, I met my new supervisor and current analyst. My interactions with them created an atmosphere of safety, one where dissociated experiences would become known and felt by me. This is when I began to emerge and continue to do so.

After all of this work, I finally understood what my supervisor meant when he said "This is making me crazy" If we don't hear each other and speak to each other, we are going to drive [p.8] each other crazy. If we continue to talk to each other not dealing with what we are really feeling and

thinking, we will continue to act out. This may contribute to a person's original trauma creating even more craziness. Sometimes, the real emotions, the stuff of our work remains hidden from us. We live in therapy through our enactments.

I still find it difficult to forgive my mother for what she did to me when I was a young child. Intense trauma occurred during this early time. I have forgotten many of these experiences. Other memories remain because they can never be forgotten even though they were extremely painful. During my training, I derived pleasure learning about dissociation and how it shaped my personality. And I saw how dissociation impacted my own cognitive ability. Even as I wrote this essay, my own thoughts scattered, at times becoming disorganized. While dissociation kept parts of me hidden (P. Bromberg, 2011) I would see its crippling effects over and over again. Early on in my current analysis, I would often find myself starring at the picture of Humpty Dumpty, the one that hung on the wall in my analyst's office. Being wounded was my way of being with others. As it turned out, I knew a great deal about the lady from the hydrant.

In her, I saw my mother, my living dead mother demanding to be heard. I began to feel her presence in me. It was me pushing away my pain as I listened to that woman screaming. Now, I knew why I sobbed. The lady of the hydrant was a part of me, the me that could not be heard by my mother. And now this part of me is no longer hidden. After all of this time I can feel my pain. And now I have enormous empathy for the Lady of the hydrant.

I can still remember my last day in supervision with my beloved supervisor. Being with him was like being with Carlos Castaneda's Don Juan. I experienced supervision as an emotional trip, an excursion into the unknown. It was a psychic trip into realms of unusual experiences. I felt my mind open up, I was building my mind as never before. And I was reaching heights in [p.9] understanding myself and others. I can still remember feeling I had finally and clearly understood

what my supervisor was trying to convey. I experienced it live, in vivo. He was trying to recreate the experiences that occur in me when I work with my patients along with the experiences of my patient. Experiences that are taken over by dissociation; ones, I did not know and couldn't feel not only in me but in my patient as well. And because of my work with him and my analyst, I discovered me. The Anita filled with curiosity, and excitement. In analysis, I still continue to work on my issues. And now with an analyst who is not afraid to know pain, or rage or any overwhelming emotion. I continue to work on being courageous enough to know what I couldn't know. I believe this is what really brought me to this analytic training program at NYU. I am so touched by this change in me. I have found my passion in my work. I have come to life! And I see the change when I am with my patients. I feel my presence, I do not fear the encounter with my patients I am emotionally available. I never thought this change was possible. "OH, HOW YOU HAVE INSPIRED ME." I can feel my heart beat.

I am alive as I wait for my new patient.

[p.10]