

# Viewpoints

## in psychoanalysis

Summer 2020



Viewpoints is a publication of The New Jersey Institute For Training In Psychoanalysis. A forum for sharing, debating, and analyzing the historical, academic, political, and experimental aspects of the psychoanalytic experience.

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### A Word From the Editor

By Neil Wilson, PhD

With deep regret I mention two recent losses in our community. Both Faith Isaacs and Les Barbanell recently passed away. Faith, Michael Isaac's wife, took some classes at NJI and also became a highly respected yoga and Tai Chi teacher. She was a lovely, warm and lively lady. Les was a close buddy of mine and his sister has written a brief summary of his life which is enclosed within. The corona virus has clearly affected all of us. Phone sessions are now routine.

Curiously, my older male patients are still coming to my office whereas all female patients are using the phone. Are the men brave, foolish, deniers, immune, or what? Time will tell. Also, welcome to Kaitlin and Linda, and thanks to Candace, for past editing of Viewpoints.

### NJI All Institute Meeting Recap

By Eric Williams, DSW, LCSW, PsyA, CP

On Sunday February 2nd, NJI members and candidates came together for the All Institute Meeting, an annual gathering which supports vital life functions for our community. First and foremost, it serves as an opportunity for governing committees to provide a full report on their state of affairs. It also serves as an opportunity to disseminate important information, provide updates on programs and initiatives as well as discuss new ideas and concerns. Finally, it is an opportunity to gather with friends and colleagues to reconnect over some delicious food! The meeting was once again hosted in the chic and cozy home of Dr. Deborah Bunim. Adorned with beautiful artifacts and artwork, Dr. Bunim's home is the perfect place, lending a warm feel to our working meeting. The meeting was opened by Chair of Board of Trustees, Ward Dill, with the following heartfelt words:

- next page -

“Welcome to the 2020 NJI Annual Meeting. As you know, I am a civilian. Sharing the reputation of psychoanalysts from my low perch, I can tell you that you are revered. You are assumed to be free of mental health issues. You don’t have feelings from the unknown depths of your unconscious that contaminate your behavior nor your mood. You may well be perfect and I suspect you have magical powers. These perceptions come from a civilian who has been on the couch and who is married to one of you. Consequently, I can attest firsthand that you do, in fact, have magical powers.

Working with you, is therefore, an honor and a heavy responsibility.”



What followed for the next two hours was a lively, broad discussion about the current state of our institute and clinic, highlighted by many positive reports as well as optimistic plans for the future. Specific plans include exploring major funding from philanthropic foundations, expanding the clinic’s outreach into the community with additional focus on all area public schools and plans to reintroduce Psychoanalytic Cinema nights, just to name a few. Long time member and MONJI Chair, Lee-Ann Marquard was enthusiastic about MONJI’s potential for an expanding role in guiding NJI and just as importantly, promoting our psychoanalytic thinking and practice outside its walls. The life of an organization relies upon the ideas and energy of its members and based upon the reports and feedback of those attending our annual meeting, it is clear that NJI is alive and well!

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## **Interpreting, Holding and the Unconscious Roots behind the Conscious Sense of Dread in a Time of National Crisis**

**By Jack Schwartz, PsyD, NCPsyA**

Psychoanalysis is not a science created from lofty academia, but built on the intensive continuous clinical engagement in an effort to find relief for human mental suffering. In the wake of this viral epidemic the psychoanalytic psychotherapist is especially challenged to address the ongoing crisis through their clinical understanding and acumen. Jeff Seinfeld (1993) identified the two key clinical actions of psychoanalysis as “interpreting and holding”, which come very much to play in these days of dealing with this pandemic, as we will see in the clinical examples.

Recently I have encountered a number patients begin the session with a catastrophic comment such as “looks like we are all going to die”. These comments and their various iterations speak to one feeling, that I will call “a sense of dread”.

It would be rather insensitive and dismissive on my part to jump into psychoanalytic unconscious motivations regarding this “sense of dread” and not acknowledge the serious life and death reality of this pandemic.

The psychoanalytic psychotherapist, like our patients, live in the same world and are subject to the same environmental threats and health concerns. We also must acknowledge that psychotherapists also feel their own sense of anxiety and even dread in such a crisis. Yet as psychoanalytic psychotherapists we have chosen a path of creating intimate close connections with people over time in the confines of our enclosed consulting rooms. This pandemic sets up an incredible challenge to this paradigm rupturing the regular flow of contact and connection.

Merriam –Webster defines “dread”- as extreme uneasiness in the face of a disagreeable prospect, or from The Cambridge Dictionary simply put, “a strong feeling of fear or worry”. Within a psychoanalytic framework a sense of dread is something that comes in the form of thoughts of past memories mixing with current feelings and circumstances.

In psychoanalytic circles it is a common belief that external circumstance merely provide a medium for the therapeutic exchange, and generally external circumstances are used by the patient as both a facilitator of deeper conversation and a resistance to the deeper conversation, and sometimes both. In psychoanalytic terms we are often thinking about what lies beneath the current emotional situation and distress. This of course has implications for our current state of environmental threat.

A very successful woman nearing seventy recently expressed deep duress and “overwhelm” regarding the pandemic. “I am so worried, I worked my whole life and I now will lose everything, I have no control, I feel helpless” (she begins to cry). I sat quiet allowing the emotional truth to emerge without distraction. After she regrouped, I pointed out this was not the first time she has experienced a loss of control, (I worked with her for quite some time) She seemed confused “what do you mean?” I pointed out many instances that she found herself in what seemed to be a severe crisis (or felt that way) and that we successfully worked through them. She seemed relieved to be reminded that she was resilient. I then wondered if this loss of control that she emphasized regarding the pandemic somehow mirrored her early life circumstance related to the terroristic unpredictable violent attacks by her abusive mother, (Interpreting) The patient then experienced a linking moment between her current sense of dread from the virus and her early pre-verbal and middle childhood circumstance. She then remarked by the close of the session, that she felt a sense of relief knowing that she endured many a critical circumstances which made her grow, and that she actually is quite resilient. She thanked me for reminding her of this. (Holding)

The dread is not only what is remembered but also the fear of what could be lost. For another woman patient who lived through profoundly abandoning parents, and an unfaithful husband, she found herself depressed and stuck in a service-based reality living in a world in which she never had her own voice. After much therapeutic work she has freed herself from servitude and has begun to experience the world with a renewed sense of confidence and purpose. Yet despite this the pandemic cut her off from her newly found routine and lifestyle, and thrust her back to the home of “menial domestic chores” which brought back her depression. Usually upbeat and optimistic she experienced an uncharacteristic sense of despair and dread that she heretofore had put aside years ago. In an off handed comment she mentioned that she did not hear from either parent during this stressful time. I suggested that her despair may be a form of grief or abandonment feeling (interpretation), inasmuch that even though her parents are alive they have not checked in with her to see how she was doing. The patient immediately remembered that she recently had an impulse to visit her hometown which was “weird for me” since she has spent her life distancing herself from that place. She was upset as she spoke, thinking that her time in that town was the last time she had both her parents under the same roof with her. The pandemic seemed to rupture her current new routine thrusting her back to her days of despair and aloneness, remembering her father leaving and her mother’s aggressive outbursts, and how “trapped” she felt. It was the

word “trapped” that linked her to her experience of having to stay home and return to domesticity, which meant returning her to the time she had no voice, “I don’t want to remember the past so much, but keeping busy and doing my own thing these last few years I had a taste of a different life, this experience brought me right back to those horrible days, even though I know this is temporary”.

The pandemic can also represent not only links to earlier memories of dread, but as in the above the fear of losing what has been finally gained. I mentioned someone starting the session with the comment that “we are all going to die”. His provocative rather morose comments were typical for him, often preoccupied with death, the truth was he was very worried about losing what he has attained. In a way his comment was a sort of an evacuation of the “worst case” scenario to vent his fear and vulnerability, which he admitted later in session, especially the prospect of possibly losing his mother. More than six years ago the same fellow was arrested for aggravated assault and was addicted to opioids, indeed his world had ended. But his world really ended before that, at age nine he was the victim of sexual abuse that he long ago repressed and retrieved later in his analysis. He got out of the criminal charges and then went into recovery through NA, and has been sober since. He is now on the verge of getting a promotion at a serious job, has his own apartment, reconciled with his immediate family, became engaged, has set a date to be married, and is looking forward to fatherhood. Linking to his arduous journey to live a functional life, the last thing he wanted was for all of us to die. The patient acknowledged his sense of guilt and the cruel punishment he deserved for his countless misdeeds when he was an addict. I interpreted that perhaps he spoke the worst case as a way he could protect himself from the deeper pain and guilt of actually losing what he was worked so hard to attain. (interpretation) He then began to feel the pain well up inside him as the session ended.

This pandemic has heightened our consciousness to the everyday gifts of the minuscule elements of our life and journey that we often take for granted. The pandemic reminds us, in an affective sense, of a preverbal time when we were at the complete mercy of at times a cruel, negligent, unpredictable and even destructive environment. The story we are describing is as ubiquitous as Fairburn suggests, a universal happenstance that when at our most vulnerable we are bound to be hurt, overly frustrated and discombobulated, and at worst tortured and abused. That is what this pandemic represents, a return to that place of complete vulnerability and having to rely on the caretaking others of our government, medical establishment, and industry to “do their job” and protect us from harm and disruption.

We needn’t look to far in the past to see Freud’s valiant work as he faced anti-semitism, (and it’s most virulent version in the Nazi era) poverty, a world war and cancer, while maintaining a thriving practice and originating a whole new science of the mind. We also must remember that Freud experienced the full brunt of the 1918 Spanish Flu epidemic that ravaged Europe with the tragic death of his beloved then pregnant daughter Sophie Halberstadt-Freud in 1920 due to complications from the illness. Freud wrote to Pastor Pfister on January 27 two days after Sophie’s passing.

“This afternoon we received the news that our sweet Sophie in Hamburg had been snatched away from us by influenza pneumonia, snatch away in the midst of glowing health, from a full and active life as a competent mother and loving wife, all in four of five days, as though she never existed... Although we had been worried about her for a couple of days, we had nevertheless been hopeful; it is so difficult to judge from a distance. And this distance must remain distance, we were not able to travel at once, as we intended after the first alarming news; there was no train, not even for an emergency. The undisguised brutality of our time weighs heavily upon us. Tomorrow she is to be cremated; out poor Sunday Child!...I work as much as I can and I am thankful for the diversion. The loss of a child seems to be a serious, narcissistic injury; what is known as mourning will probably follow only later.”

We quickly recognize that Freud's letter could have been written last week, not 100 years ago. I italicized the section that spoke of the "distance must remain distance", which rings so true today as Freud confronted the same travel restrictions and reality we are facing in our own communities, and by extension throughout the world. In reading this letter we see how history often repeats, in fact Freud taught us this. This pandemic has brought to us front and center an existential threat that comes with a "sense of dread" that often ignites the most primitive existential anxiety that is part and parcel of our own early childhood experience. We as psychoanalytic psychotherapists are poised at the forefront of this calamity, not only ready to engage and provide a sense of holding to our patients through this crisis, but to use this moment to create a greater depth of understanding of our individual and collective experience of being human.

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## Did Freud Go to the Dogs?

By Millicent Lambert, MSW

He did, indeed. Let's see: there was Wolf (1925-1936), Lun Yug (1928), Adda (Nov.-Dec. 1929), Jofi/Yofi (March 1930 – Jan. 1937), Lun Yug II, Jan. 1937 – Freud's death). #1 But let me backtrack.

In January 2019, Abby, our ten-year-old cat, died after a brief illness, and I was once again confronted with the loss of yet another pet. But that's the bargain I make upon taking in a pet. I was quietly bereft. No tears, but a sense of loss. I occasionally "heard" the cat over many weeks. But of course Abby was gone.

My husband and I had owned cats for all of our married life and very much enjoyed their presence in our lives. As a young child I had campaigned for a dog and was rewarded with Charlie, a cocker spaniel that happily accompanied my family for many years. The loss of my cat last year reminded me that Freud had owned dogs – there are many photos of Freud, casting his eyes on his chows inside his office and outside -- but I knew very little about his relationship with them. And therefore I pursued months of on-again, off-again light internet research on the topic.

Freud apparently was not introduced to dogs until 1925 when he gave Wolf, a German shepherd., to Anna to accompany her on her nighttime walks. He then co-habited with dogs until his death in 1939. A question arises: How did they get along?

Some commentators theorize that dogs were not popular in Jewish homes, perhaps because Jews harbored a fear of attack dogs being used against them. But Freud took an immediate liking to Wolf. Annually, on Freud's birthday, Anna (or Freud's son, Martin) composed a birthday poem to Sigmund, ostensibly from Wolf. This went on for years.<sup>2</sup> One such poem catalogued Wolf's uninhibited antics:

Jofi who leaps /and through the door escapes, /who slips the leash /and fights with enemies /who stretches out in greeting and /licks your hand, sends herewith /on May sixth /a symbol that /should indicate /how she wants to change; and act more restrained: /wants to scarcely move when /doors are opened /does not want to bark nor scrap /nor run nor leap /hardly wants to drink or eat.

As Freud became friendlier with Wolf, Anna joked that some transference was in play. (Analyze this!) And so began Freud's besotted love affair with dogs.

Ernest Jones had a run-in with Wolf in 1927, when she bit his leg. Freud thought the dog's attack was appropriate because Freud was upset. Years earlier, Jones had approached Anna, in Freud's mind, as a possible suitor. Says Freud of Wolf, "I had to punish him for that, but did so very reluctantly, for he —Jones—deserved it."<sup>#1</sup>

In June 1928, Freud was given Lun Yug (or Yun), a young chow pup. He fed her choice bits from his own plate and even more food as his jaw deteriorated, and she accompanied him to his session with patients. Alas, in August 1929 she got loose and died on the railroad tracks in Salzburg while in the care of another. Freud grieved for months until another dog entered his life in 1929, but Adda, too, died a few months later.<sup>#1</sup>

Enter yet another dog into Freud's life. Dorothy Burlingham, Anna's partner, presented Freud with Jofi and Lun Yug II, two chows which, unfortunately, did not get along. Jofi stayed, Lun Yug, was given away. As Freud wrote, "Jofi daily wins more kindness, she beds down in front of a door instead of making herself comfortable."<sup>#1</sup>

Freud thought having a dog in sessions lessened patients' anxiety, and perhaps his own. As he observed, Jofi sat near a calm patient, but moved away from an anxious one. <sup>3</sup> At least two patients wrote of Freud's dogs, both neither too kindly. His dogs became almost co-analysts, at least in Freud's eyes.

Hilda Doolittle, a female poet and writer in analysis, wrote of how the dog would sit during the session and move to the door when the session was over. She felt ignored by Freud for his perceived preference for the dog: "The Professor was more interested in Jofi than he was in my story."<sup>#3</sup>

Roy.D. Grinker, Sr., a Chicago psychiatrist in analysis, was annoyed when Jofi jumped at his crotch and when she seemed to dictate the session's end. He recalls Freud saying, as the dog scratched at the door to exit, that "Jofi doesn't approve of what you're saying," and when the dog scratched to return, "Jofi wants to give you another chance." Yet another time, Jofi jumped on Grinker, an individual with a lifelong fear of dogs, and Freud commented, "You see, Jofi is so excited that you've been able to discover the source of your anxiety." "But I wasn't paying the dog!" wrote Grinker. One can only wonder whether Freud ignored his own part in generating his patient's anxiety. Grinker, however, realized he had transferred his anger from Freud to the dog.

Freud seemed to take dogs as the rest of us do. Many have recounted how much physical and emotional pain Freud endured, what with the loss of a son in the First World War, the onset of cancer in his mouth and jaw, and the loss of his grandson, Heinele. Dogs may have seemed like uncomplicated beings in comparison. And so Freud could gain some comfort and pleasure amidst the growing dangers of Nazism and cancer.

As with most of us, pets provide seconds, minutes or hours of delight, a respite from the hardships we may endure. While pain in my knee and back over the years had acted as blinders, limiting my focus and humor, the actions of a cat that joined me in bed broke the focus and tension in my body with a smile, a laugh.

Freud himself commented on the role of dogs in our lives, from an analytic view: "Dogs love their friends and bite their enemies, quite unlike people, who are incapable of pure love and always have to mix love and hate in their object-relations." When Marie Bonaparte wrote a book about Topsy, her chow, Freud responded:

"one can love an animal like Topsy (or Jofi) with such extraordinary intensity: affection without ambivalence, the simplicity of life free from the almost unbearable conflicts of civilization, the beauty of an existence complete in itself. . . . Often when stroking Jofi I have caught myself humming a melody which, unmusical as I am, I can't help recognizing as the aria from Don Giovanni: 'A bond of friendship unites us both. . . .'<sup>#2</sup>

Freud underwent surgery in late 1936, but a month later Jofi, who had undergone surgery for ovarian cysts, died of heart failure: “It is a highly curious feeling, she was always so taken for granted and suddenly she is no longer there. Apart from any mourning it is very unreal and one wonders when one will get used to it . . . But of course one cannot easily get over seven years of intimacy.”#1

Lun II, Freud’s last dog, accompanied the family to London, where Lun was placed in quarantine. This did not stop the frail Freud from visiting her several times. Eventually, his necrotic jaw led Lun to avoid Freud. Freud realized what was happening and arranged an assisted suicide.

Seasoned analysts might be disillusioned upon learning of Freud’s unabashed fondness of dogs in sessions, sometimes at the expense of analytic objectivity. Freud apparently considered his dogs as a benefit to analysis, but did he ignore patients’ concerns?

Many extant photos show Freud and his chows, with Freud’s eye cast on them. But one photo from London’s Freud Museum shows the interplay of human and canine “in conversation.”



Sources:

1. <https://www.virtualpsychoanalyticmuseum.org/winnies-gallery/Sigmund-Freud-and-His-Love-of-Dogs>, by Daniel Beneveniste, “The Interwoven Lives of Sigmund, Anna and W. Ernest Freud: Three Generations of Psychoanalysis” (IP, 2015).
2. <https://thebark.com/content/freud-sang-his-dog>. By Uriel Grezemkovsky, May 2014, updated February 2015.
3. Dog Complex: Analyzing Freud’s Relationship with His Pets, 10-23-14, by Laurel Braitman.
4. <https://barkpost.com/life/sigmund-freud-dog>. From Sam Stahl, 100 Dogs Who Changed Civilization.

*Millicent currently lives in the metro Denver area with husband Jim, son Jim, daughter-in-law Sue, grand-daughter Millicent, and the latest feline addition to the Lambert clan, Toby.*

## **A Relocated Psychoanalyst Reflects on Aging**

**By Michael Isaacs, MSW, NCPsyA, JD**

Like most people in the age group sixty and older I am dealing with and confronting the aging process..

As I age, two thoughts from my earlier years have come to the fore. Previously these images were mere cognitive musings about a period of time that seemed as far away as the stars. The first, from my teen years, was the familiar archetype of an old man with a white beard and a cane. He was traveling around searching for the “fountain of youth”. The second, during my psychoanalytic training, was a statement by a teacher. He was reflecting on the role of loss in depression, but then he went further to say that life is ultimately about loss and how we deal with it.

What are the losses that can impact us in varying degrees as we enter this stage of life? They can be decline in bodily functioning- especially the five senses; loss of sexual interest and capacity; loss of earned income; loss of career satisfactions; loss- or at least decline- of memory capacity; and loss of independent living. Witnessing the loss of health of others, especially family and friends, and the increasing awareness of one’s mortality have a major impact on our thoughts and feelings.

Among the emotional repercussions from these losses are: fear, anger, sadness, loneliness, anxiety, depression, and despair or denial. From a psychological perspective, how well we cope with these losses has much to do with how successfully we have reduced pathological narcissism by self-growth and life experience. In the Greek myth, Narcissus was a youth who fell in love with his own reflection in a pool. His self-esteem was based on his outward self. Imagine the blow to his grandiosity should he look in the pool and see balding hair, a shrunken face, and wrinkles!

Concerns about dying are probably the most formidable issue weighing on the minds and hearts of those dealing with aging. For many, the older we get the more intensely we fear pain, the disfigurement of the body, losing control over one’s own emotions and those of family and friends, increasing dependence, and the uncertainty and mystery of the whole process.

It is strange how little most of us think about and talk about death. In the history of the psychotherapy experience, there was a period when sex was the most difficult subject to talk about. In a later era, issues around money superseded sex as a closed subject on the agenda. Today, I would suspect that the subject of death, even more than sex and money is least brought up in the therapy room and probably in society in general.

It is unfortunate that so few older people do not utilize psychotherapy to talk about emotional issues arising from aging, especially mortality. Few older people are aware that there are many therapists who as Medicare providers will treat those on Medicare who have supplementary insurance coverage, at no cost to the patient. Notwithstanding the formidable challenges of aging, this inevitable period may be an auspicious time to achieve inner peace.



## ***Periodicals***

For me, the first step is to allow uncomfortable loss feelings to come to the fore. I attempt to remember that they are part of every human's life journey. As the Buddhists say, we need to accept the process of decay and mortality lest we bring on more suffering. However, if these worrisome thoughts and feelings become excessive, I attempt to shift my mind to a more positive frame. Like many of my peers, I have intuitively done this by lessening the need to change others: moving towards gratitude and forgiveness; resolving past and present shortcomings and regrets; spending more time with family and friends; reconnecting with high school, college, graduate school, and psychoanalytic training; volunteering services; and making more time for exercise and hobbies. The aging period can allow more time for those who are religiously, spiritually, and philosophically inclined to delve deeper into their studies, contemplation, and value systems.

One mundane aspect of aging has come as a surprise, which is the increasing amount of time and effort for health maintenance and care! Although I know I should be grateful for my good health and availability of good healthcare, it is discouraging to beat the path to a horde of health professionals for prevention and cure. Also, the annoyance and boredom of increased daily maintenance of the likes of teeth, eyes, ears, quadriceps, hamstrings, bones and so forth!

One step that my wife and I undertook three years ago was to reconnect with our two daughters and families who live in the Bay area of California. We all wanted to live close to each other, but we knew that they were not going to move back to the winters of New Jersey! So four years ago we picked up our tents and did it.

I am happy at the present time with my balance between work and play, although adjusting to our move west and the aging process have been challenging. As to work, I have limited my practice to no more than fifteen sessions a week. In California I am authorized to practice psychotherapy as a research psychoanalyst. Under the statute, no more than one-third of my clinical time can be in the treatment room with the rest devoted to writing, research, and teaching. This is just fine with me. Because I am not an academic, I suspect that my non-clinical time will continue to be focused on research and writing. My special area of interest is the relationship between psychotherapy and spirituality. I am interested

**J.A.S.P.E.R International**, acronym for "Journal for the Advancement of Scientific Psychoanalytic Empirical Research. recently won the prestigious Gradiva Award for 2019, from the National Association for the Advancement of Psychoanalysis for the best psychoanalytic article.

The article was entitled: *Who Sez Psychoanalysis Ain't Got No Research to Back Up Its Claims: A Compendium of Studies* by Burton Norman Seitler, Ph.D.

**Burton Norman Seitler, Ph.D.**, presented a paper to The New Jersey Society of Clinical Social Workers (via ZOOM) on April 19th, 2020: *Abuse of Particular Drugs, A Random "Choice," or Symptoms of Unresolved Childhood Conflicts?*

On January 12th, 2020, Burton Seitler presented at The Ethical Culture Society, a case of a youth with an intensely guarded secret, namely the individual's inability to read. It was entitled: *Trauma and Learning Disabilities: When Written Words Were Wrought with Worrisome Wrath.*

**Candace Orcutt, PhD**, faculty, published "Masud Khan: The Outrageous Chapter Four," which appeared in the December 2019 issue of *The Psychoanalytic Review*.

- next page -

in what situations adding a spiritual dimension to therapy can be helpful and how this dimension can be integrated into the aging process.

Play is an increased part of my life as I have more time available to enjoy family, nature, and cultural activities of San Francisco. In high school and college I was a competitive swimmer, but gave it up until the move and now swim a few times a week. I am back to reading and re-reading novels, pondering the themes of inner conflict and life goals and how they have played out in my life.

We have totally enjoyed the fruits of reuniting as a close family unit as well as living in the city of San Francisco. This move was made possible by the lessening of the importance of career and financial goals allowed by the process of aging.

*Michael S. Isaacs, JD, NCPSYA, MSW, spent the first fourteen years of his professional career practicing law full time in Northern New Jersey before becoming a psychoanalytic psychotherapist, psychoanalytic control analyst, divorce mediator, and teacher of breathing techniques, meditation, t'ai ch chih, and yoga. He taught at the New Jersey Institute of Psychoanalysis and at Ramapo College of New Jersey before moving to San Francisco. He may be contacted at michaelisaacs@sbcglobal.net or through his website www.michaelisaacs.net*

#### Our First Electronic Graduate

**Maya Balakirsky Katz**, NJI candidate recently relocated to Israel, has successfully completed a virtual defense of her case study. Since her plans to commute here to meet with her committee were waylaid by Covid-19, Maya became the first NJI graduate to achieve her goal via the internet. Congratulations, Maya – your colleagues stateside look forward to the time when we can salute you in person! In addition, Maya's most recent book, *Interactions Between Jews and Media*, has just been published by Brill.

## Wonderful Brother, Les Barbanell

By Marilyn Barbanell

“With great pain I share with you that Les Barbanell has passed away. Les was an NJI graduate, faculty member, supervisor and analyst; he was a warm, outspoken, engaging presence and will be missed at our Institute. Written below is a piece written about his personal life and accomplishments by his sister Marilyn Barbanell.” - Neil Wilson, PhD

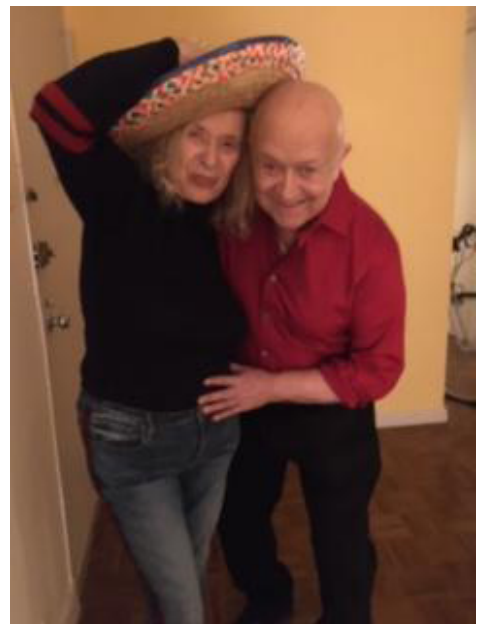
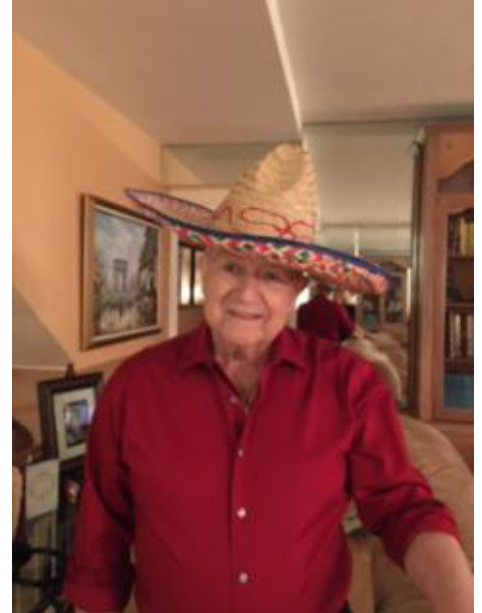
There is so much Les has accomplished. He was a major achiever & contributor to the world! As a child Les and I took dance lessons and Les took vocal lessons! He was a child star and whatever he put his mind to he was able to do! Our Mom always said Les can do anything! He was on The Milton Berle Show many times with many stars such as Sinatra, Don Ameche and others. The tapes are at The Paley Center for Media. As a child Les also entertained at many charity events and shows. He is a major league, nationally ranked racquetball player as well and was active in the sport until recently. Throughout his racquetball career he has won many medals and honors! He was also an accomplished basketball player. As a high school student he played a championship game at Madison Square Garden! The picture attached shows, Les's great sense of humor. It was taken December 31, 2019 on New Year's Eve. His great sense of humor and kindness cannot be forgotten.

Les has written 3 books, 2 on caretaking as he was a caretaker and his latest on relationships. Les was selfless and for 40 years helped not only his patients and family, but also friends and strangers! I believe he entered the field of psychology to help the world and his family. He was so loved by everyone, his friends, his patients and his family. He devoted his life to psychology, writing & racquetball. Beyond these feats he also spent much of his time volunteering at the institute in New York City and tutoring and training many social workers.

Les was always loved by everyone. The entire family adored him! I was very close with Les. If I ever had to talk to someone he was always there. He was one of a kind indeed. Les had solid loving respectful relationship with Neil Wilson & many others including Elia Gold. Les has many dear friends and our hearts are broken for this major loss. He is irreplaceable for many of us!

In recent years he went back to singing and song writing, even in Spanish which he learned for the purpose of singing. He has also recorded song of his music. Les loved to sing and loved the Spanish culture. Les had much to live for. He was young at heart and young for his age. Life will never be the same with this precious man! He will be loved and missed forever.

-Marilyn Barbanell (Beloved sister)



## **NJI Mission**

Our mission is to provide professional training in the theory and practice of psychoanalysis and psychotherapy and to apply these principles to therapeutic services for the public, offering treatment for children and adults at reduced fees, to the benefit of underserved communities.

The New Jersey Institute For Training In Psychoanalysis

For more information about NJI, please visit us online at:

[www.njinstitute.com](http://www.njinstitute.com)

### Non-Discrimination Policy

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