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 PANEL: The Role of Creativity in the Psychoanalytic Process  
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## THE SECOND BATTLEFIELD About an artistic career during analysis

### 1.

Concluding “The Dynamics of Transference” Freud writes:” [In the process of seeking out the libido which has escaped from the patient’s conscious, we have penetrated into the realm of the unconscious....The unconscious impulses do not want to be remembered in the way the treatment desires them to be, but endeavour to reproduce themselves in accordance with the timelessness of the unconscious and its capacity for hallucination. (Just as happens in dreams,) ...]

the patient ... seeks to put his passions into action [without taking any account of the real situation]. The doctor tries to compel him to fit these emotional impulses into the nexus of the treatment and of his life-history,[ to submit them to intellectual consideration and to understand them in the light of their psychical value]. **This struggle between the doctor and the patient, between intellect and instinctual life, between understanding and seeking to act, is played out almost exclusively in the phenomena of transference. It is on that field that the victory must be won - ...**”, and Freud finally points at the “**inestimable service**” of those hidden and forgotten erotic impulses becoming immediate and manifest this way, for “**it is impossible to destroy anyone in absentia or in effigie**”. (SE 12, p. 107 f.)

“In der Aufspürung der dem Bewußten abhanden gekommenen Libido ist man in den Bereich des Unbewußten eingedrungen....Die unbewußten Regungen wollen nicht erinnert werden, wie die Kur es wünscht, sondern sie streben danach, sich zu reproduzieren, entsprechend der Zeitlosigkeit und der Halluzinationsfähigkeit des Unbewußten. Der Kranke spricht ähnlich wie im Traume den Ergebnissen der Erweckung seiner unbewußten Regungen Gegenwärtigkeit und Realität zu; er will seine Leidenschaften agieren, ohne auf die reale Situation Rücksicht zu nehmen. Der Arzt will ihn dazu nötigen, diese Gefühlsregungen in den Zusammenhang der Behandlung und in den seiner Lebensgeschichte einzureihen, sie der denkenden Betrachtung unterzuordnen und nach ihrem psychischen Werte zu erkennen. Dieser Kampf zwischen Arzt und Patienten, zwischen Intellekt und Triebleben, zwischen Erkennen und Agierenwollen spielt sich fast ausschließlich an den Übertragungsphänomenen ab. Auf diesem Feld muss der Sieg gewonnen werden,...“ und er verweist abschließend auf den „unschätzbaren Dienst“ dieser aktuell und manifest gemachten verborgenen und vergessenen Liebesregungen, „denn schließlich kann niemand *in absentia* oder *in effigie* erschlagen werden.“)

Unconscious fantasies influence the analysand’s remembering and repeating, but in working through they may conquer an area of their own. While the development of transference is in itself a creative act, in some patients creativity unfolds in analysis not just through the creation of transference – the battlefield where victory has to be won - , but also in artistic acts. Today I want to present a case about a 29 years old, female patient who came for analysis because of unhappiness in all her relationships. She was deeply frightened when she began to feel her dependency on me and her destructiveness against me – and she opened a new battlefield by starting an artistic career during analysis. This she did not only in order to try to escape from me and from analysis, but also in order to protect me and her analysis.

Saskia (I give her the name of Rembrandt’s wife) stopped suddenly when she was just about to lie down on the couch: “Oh, what a mess!” she cried and looked at a big spot of green

colour on her skirt: “I had not seen that before”, she explained, “I had no time to change, and I did not even go to the toilet, because I did not want to lose a minute of our session – but now I have to, otherwise I might make your couch dirty.” The denied wish to make the couch dirty represented the ambivalence to mark her place, but also to make a mess of it.

She rushed out, and I was left sitting alone behind the couch. I thought of Saskia’s devotion to her painting which had become so important for her during the last year. She had started analysis 1 ½ years ago. For professional reasons she had to leave Vienna for a week every 2<sup>nd</sup> month, and soon these unavoidable breaks became nearly unbearable: heavy states of what she called “my panic attacks” almost endangered her profession, and her despair and her intolerance of anxiety had for a short time lead me to question whether she would be able to bear analytic treatment with its given condition of regular breaks, or whether we had better stop it; both seemed unacceptable for each of us. I realized that she had infected me with her own despair, making me understand her conflict between her longing and its denial.

[After an Easter-break Saskia was full of hatred towards me. Nevertheless I had the impression that – in spite of her jealous and reproachful fantasies about my undoubtedly wonderful holiday – she suffered less at this time than during the breaks which happened because of her professional commitments. When I said so, she burst into tears: “This time it was not my fault! I would have come even on Easter Sunday. You were away! Not me!” Thus we could understand that it was even worse for her when she felt guilty about causing our separation, and that she punished herself for this by panic-attacks which did not allow her any clear thought, and by endangering her success. To panic not only effected a powerful inhibition of feeling and thinking, it was also connected with the experience of an outburst of what I am going to call ‘rabies’, a murderous rage which she did not yet recognize as a result of her own hatred and fear. She felt attacked by an anonymous force, a feeling which overwhelmed her whole body.]

Saskia had struggled so hard not to become dependent on me, but now she complained: “I have fallen into your trap, I have become totally dependent on you, precisely what I wanted to prevent. It’s just like being on a bicycle: the harder one tries to avoid a stone, the more one is attracted to it. – By the way, my insistence on my independence was exactly why all my relationships with men failed.”

Soon after this session she had to leave Vienna again for a week, and she was very afraid, especially about the lonely weekend. She could use the empty flat of a colleague there, but there- feeling totally alone and strange- her panic attacks had first started. Now she felt that I had cut off her only escape, her suicidal fantasies, by interpreting her destructive wishes towards me, who became a bad object whenever she missed me. This particular weekend she rearranged – with the permission of the owner of the flat - the smallest room for her own purposes. She stored all the things there in the cellar and made a little “atelier” (studio) out of this former lumber-room. [There had been such an excitement and pleasure in creating a small room of her own and throwing things out, keeping only the old easel.] 2 months later, when she returned, she started to paint. “I was only drawing objects and crossing them out again with a stronger colour by heavy strokes”, she told me, “but I felt better and better every hour”. By throwing out, deleting, crossing out she had found an omnipotent way of expressing her hate: “I can do both: create and destroy – and recreate. If I destroy my own creations, I am not forced to destroy you” – she had said a few sessions ago – an insight which one week later she completely denied ever having – an impressive indication that the process of working-through had barely started.

The few minutes while Saskia was cleaning her skirt seemed endless to me and repeated in quick motion what her paintings meant for our work: she had escaped; in the counter-transference I now felt myself excluded and helpless, pushed away just as she had felt during the weekends, the holidays and especially in the breaks caused by her work. [Just like before,

I felt angry that I could not do my work. It took me some time to give up this interfering therapeutic zeal and re-find an attitude capable of producing understanding. But while she was painting Saskia was not only running away; she was also working alone on the issues which were coming up in her analysis.] *Under the pressure of her violent transference she had opened a new battlefield where I was less in danger and where she could act out her 'rabies' in a special way, totally in accordance with her own inner rhythm, independent of my real presence, including the possibility of reparation and of undoing the consequences of her destruction.* [While she tried for quite a long time to convince me and herself that her paintings had nothing to do with me, she slowly became aware: "What my hand is painting without a clear plan, just like I feel it has to be, is similar to what is going on here, when I speak and speak and don't know anymore what it is actually about, and then you say something, and sometimes afterwards everything I said before makes sense." But this was still a rather rare appreciation of my interpretations; more often they were "experienced as a forcible entry into a container not yet able to receive seemingly intrusive and violent 'interpretations'." (Ferro, 2005, 57) Sometimes she found a compromise:] During the sessions Saskia tried often to prove me wrong, and while painting the issues of the sessions and my interpretations came up again in her mind without her conscious intention, and she worked on it in her own way. Crossing out my interpretations in the end allowed her to take them. Once she suddenly laughed: "I feel like a stubborn little dog: I take the sausage and run away with it; only this way I can digest it without being disturbed – by you." It seemed to me a high acknowledgement for my interpretations to be compared with a dog's treat, but it hinted also at her fears of being irritated and confused by me. I might take away from her again whatever good came from me or whatever good she might create herself – this being a projection of her own tendency to undo everything good that she had. [The difficulty was one that Betty Joseph once pointed out: "Any interpretation to push a projection back into the patient must, by definition, not only fail, but provoke more anxiety, anger or compliance in the patient." (Joseph B. 2004, 66) And she referred to the need for analysts to "let things really get into us, contain them, and then concentrate our interpretations on how our patient sees or feels us (an analyst-centred interpretation, as John Steiner expresses it)." Saskia suffered from the unavoidable recognition that I had something good to give to her, and over and over again she ran the risk of disturbing and destroying what she might gain from me. I had become a good and a bad object at the same time.

Thus this small vignette of an analytic session, which consisted of a few minutes while analysis could not take place because of the patient's absence, contained the most characteristic features of this analysis:

- The idealisation of the analyst whose session consciously was not to be shortened,
- the counteracting resistance against dependency on the analyst and the acting out of the wish to escape,
- the destructive impulses represented by the denied wish to make the couch dirty, in itself an ambivalent wish to mark her place and to make an annoying mess of it,
- the revenge for and reversal of the painful feeling of being excluded and helpless, turning a passive situation into an active one,
- and the hint at the second battlefield where she was engaged in "dirty", but creative work.

## 2.

Focusing here on the role of creativity in working through we have to deal with the question Michael Parsons formulated: (p. 5): "what need is met by creating a work?" and the question raised by Marion Milner, "why and how art matters to psychoanalysis" ( Caldwell 2000, p.2).

*[During the first 2 years of Saskia's analysis her capacity to play and to be creative emerged; this provided for her a reassuring experience of being able to create a potential space that preserved a continuity of being, reducing her dependency on my real presence.]*

Saskia had always been interested in drawing and painting, but it seems that before her analysis she was neurotically hampered in using her talent. She had been a lonely child. Her mother often had to stay in hospital for several weeks, and Saskia had often been left with the doorkeeper at the entrance of the hospital while her father visited her mother. She remembered that it had been there that the kind doorkeeper had once brought her a few coloured pencils and some sheets of paper and had encouraged her to draw. These early drawings must have been of some help in dealing with the separations from her mother; it was a first start at “establishing a potential space, a space made available for use, where traumatic events that could not previously be experienced could then be included and integrated...” (Bonaminio, 2000, p.112), at least to some small degree. *[Quickly drawing and painting became her favourite play, supported by her parent's praise. She made drawings for her father's desk and sent small letters with paintings to her mother every time they were separated. But in school she gave up painting because she felt criticised by a teacher and could not bear any suggestions. This was just like her rejection of all my interpretations at the beginning of her analysis. Her vulnerability was too great. When she left school and started to study in Vienna, she took the opportunity of illustrating three children's books which were written by the sister of her neighbour; thus she used her talent, but she was not yet ready, at this point, to do so principally to express her own feelings and thoughts.]*

*Her mother died when Saskia was 20. She visited her father regularly, but wondered whether he was the same person she had loved so much as a child, when he played so devotedly with her and took her to football games. She remembered those early years as the most joyful time in her life. Everything had changed when her mother became ill; not only her mother's stays in the hospital, but also the change in her father's mood had given her the feeling of being alone, and even worse, of being guilty for this loneliness. “I was too happy for the first years of my life”, she once said, when 2 months without a break in our work had reminded her of “the old paradise” she had lost when she was 4 years old.]*

Saskia had never connected her early experiences of separations with her unhappiness. It was rather as if she had not experienced them at all, but had just become depressive and withdrawn. But there was also some counteracting activity in insisting more and more on her independence. Her father sometimes recalled the funny situation when she took the comb out of his hand when she was still a little girl and he wanted to do her hair. In the establishment of the second battlefield too, there was the reflection of her struggle for independence.

It seems that from early on in her life Saskia maintained a refusal to mourn – a characteristic which is often observed in artists. (Kohon, 1999 b,52-57). In analysis this became evident when she was nearly incapable of bearing the breaks. She was so scared, as if not only “left with a world of irreparably damaged internal objects” but with the ‘even more fundamental danger, which is to be alone in a void empty of any objects at all’, as Michael Parsons has put it (2000, p. 162 ff.). Her panic-attacks were not only a struggle “against neurosis or damage to internal objects, but against the threat of not being”. But of course, we had to discover the roots of this fear of total annihilation and again and again came up against her aggressive impulses which she projected outwards and which then caused her to suffer a permanent threat of their revengeful return. *[Unconsciously Saskia avoided the breaking through of her destructiveness in the analytic situation. But as soon as I became a desired object for her,*

through the transference, calling back “the libido which has escaped from the patient’s conscious” (Freud, SE 12, p. 107), she immediately had to find a place far away from me in order to open herself for what needed to be experienced.] “Aggression”, Parsons continues, “is an important element in creativity”, and following Hanna Segal he points out that aggression “is also essential... for bringing the depressive position into being” and for establishing a space in which creativity can occur. Regarding Saskia’s case I would like to go a step further and say: *creativity was needed in the first place to establish a potential space outside the analytic setting in order to avoid the destruction of the emerging transference-object and to allow the psychoanalytic process to work.* Her creativity resulted from aggressive and destructive unconscious wishes against her mother, who might have been a ‘good enough’ one in early years but who turned into a “dead mother” (A. Green, 1986) because of her illness, and even worse, into “a killed mother”, a mother who had to be unconsciously deleted when the fear, anger and hatred caused by her uncontrollable, repeated vanishing could be neither experienced nor expressed by Saskia. [Her father - burdened himself by his concerns about his wife – was unable to contain the depressed feelings of his little daughter; indeed, his own depressive reactions almost repeated the initial frightening vanishing of the beloved object, the original object which could no longer respond as before, and so seemed dead. The return of these objects in the transference was intermingled with the return of her own extremely strong destructive wishes which she had projected into them.] Her despair about the loss of her objects, and her guilt feelings, could only become conscious after she had got some measure of her aggression by experiencing it and acting it out in preconscious creative actions on the ‘second battlefield’ – “guided by my painting hand”, as she said.

[After several months of analysis Saskia developed a creative self that seemed to have to focus first on her destructive unconscious wishes; only later on, working through the projections of this destruction, did she come to mourn the loss of the beloved objects of her early childhood.

Referring to Hanna Segal’s main thesis that the essence of aesthetic creation is a resolution of the central depressive position (1981) and her postscriptum (1981) emphasising more the role of the idealisation arising from the paranoid-schizoid position,] Gregorio Kohon (1999 a, 99) picks up a later statement of Hanna Segal (1991): “there can be no art without aggression” and takes this a bit further. ‘Creativity’, he says, ‘in some instances, may be the result of aggressive, sadistic, and repressed unconscious wishes that are more germane to paranoid-schizoid modes of psychic functioning than the depressive modes. And yet it would be inaccurate, unjustified, and unfair to say that this would by itself make an artist’s creativity less genuine, or that his art would be bad art.’

[While some patients have great difficulties in leaving analysis, because there is still some anger against the analyst which is not yet sufficiently analysed, Saskia had a special problem in starting analysis because her hate, accumulated over 2 decades, seemed to her so great, that she felt she lived in an empty world without any objects.] Some time after she had begun to paint and had become aware of her creativity, she quoted a sentence by Francois Mauriac: “Creativity is a cry in the desert”, and she wondered whether her capacity to make art might save her. [Actually for Saskia the discovery of creativity required a combination of the start of her analysis and the establishment of a place outside the consulting room where she might digest, alone, what had been provoked in the sessions. Her destructiveness and her wish to annihilate had to reach some degree of consciousness before a beneficent source of her creativity could take over.] *One might summarize Saskia’s analysis as the development from a primary establishment of two battlefields – her transference and her paintings - to the later*

*re-union of these two fields by building a bridge between the analytic encounter and her creative work.*

Once Saskia mentioned –by the way, as if this were of small importance – that to her own surprise her style of painting had changed a bit, and she was now much more engaged in letting an object emerge out of the dark, that she no longer came to the point when she had to cross it out again. There were “some positive feelings I could not separate myself from”, she said, and trying hard to avoid a reference to me, she finally continued: “I was” she said reluctantly with a little voice, “with you”, and she started to weep in a silent and relieved way. It was the rhythm of this touching sentence “I was - - with you” which reminded me of a poem by Friedrich Schiller: “Die Teilung der Erde” – “The Distribution of the Earth”. In this poem the poet misses the distribution of the proprieties of the Earth, because he has withdrawn into his inner world where he was totally devoted to the Creator, to whom he apologizes: ‘I was’ said the poet ‘with you’...<sup>1</sup> Like the poet also Saskia managed a re-union of her internal and the external world.

*[ The start of her paintings- as far as she described it in analysis – was dominated by the expression of destructiveness. But it was a destructiveness that created and re-created objects and allowed her to use her analyst in the transference. The diversion of Saskia’s aggression to the second battlefield reduced her fear and her guilt that she might destroy me and thus detraumatized the analytic field.*

Painting also included a regression to a non-verbal psychic level. It was a protest against the hard work of articulating the feelings which seemed so dangerous and annihilating to her. It was also a protest against analysis and against me, who waited for her words. Once she warned me: “You might take me as a ‘case’ to illustrate something in a book, but this would be you abusing me for your own purposes”; and she showed clearly how she imagined me as a rival who was ready to steal her creativity. Some time later, of course, a dream also revealed her wish that I should, in fact, write about her and spend my leisure hours indirectly with her in doing so. She confessed that she was even more afraid I might *not* write about her than that I might do it.]

Saskia’s uncertainty about what I would think of her and her paintings provoked her wish to provide herself with more of an audience. She became aware that she wanted her paintings to be seen by others, and although she felt that it was of utmost importance to be alone while painting, the question raising itself was: “alone with whom?” And “For whom was she painting? Who would turn out to be the audience behind the curtain when she lifted it?”

### 3.

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<sup>1</sup>[ The poem deals with the beginnings of the world when everybody appropriated what they desired: the farmer took the fruits, the hunter stalked through the woods, the merchant filled his coffers, and the king claimed the taxes etc.. Finally the poet arrived from somewhere far away, but there was no property left for him. He complained to the Creator who answered: “Don’t accuse me, if you live in the world of dreams. Where were you, when the earth was being apportioned?” “I was” said the poet, “with you; my eye stared at your face, my ear was hanging on the harmony of your heaven. Forgive the mind of one who- drunk with your light – lost track of all that belongs to the Earth”. The poem ends with the Creator’s invitation to the poet to share Heaven with him whenever he wishes. The - late- return of the poet from his inner world to the external, “real”, materialistic world seemed to have some similarity to Saskia’s return to analysis. She recognized hesitatingly that the objects she created helped her to overcome the separations during analysis, when I was in danger of becoming just another disappointing or vanishing object which she would rather kill than love; but the re-union of the first and second battlefields allowed love to emerge again. ]

Saskia had taken the advice of a friend to contact the owner of a small gallery that concentrated on young artists and who agreed in taking a few of Saskia's paintings. [When this man looked at the photos of her paintings and said that they reminded him of Arnulf Rainer, an Austrian painter<sup>2</sup>, Saskia had the impulse to run away. She was not to be compared with anybody, and she was nobody's pupil! It was her own kingdom she offered. But finally they arranged that Saskia would bring a few paintings for an exhibition. In the next session she reported proudly how she had avoided destroying this opportunity to find out whether she might enter the artistic realm.]

During the following sessions Saskia brought a lot of fantasies about the potential audience who would see and contemplate her pictures. It was fascinating how this audience appeared as a huge object with many different features, ready to give acknowledgement as a reward or to turn away with disgust or, even worse, to show total disinterest. In this *vast dilation of a collective object* everything Saskia had experienced in both battlefields had to be worked through again - being attracted to the object, becoming afraid of disappointments and losses, dealing with impulses for destruction and hate, with her fear of revenge, and the gradual return to a certain readiness to be open to the audience's reactions, while at the same time protecting her creations so that nobody would be able to destroy them. In a tidal rhythm she expected either love or hate from the audience, mirroring her own feelings. Although I was aware that we were confronted with Saskia's inner objects I thought for a while about the power of the audience and was reminded of a poem of Carole Satyamurti: The Death of a Dancer. There the dancer commits suicide in a perfect farewell performance, and the poet who was among the audience says:

*“Though he's a stranger to us, perhaps we feel, a little,  
That it was we who left such desperation uncontained”.*

[I felt the appeal to contain Saskia's fears. This appeal was addressed both to me, and to the anonymous, dilated object of her audience, arising from the second battlefield. She was concerned that the audience's attention and desire for reparation might not be great enough, leaving the collective audience mind to slide away “towards prosecco”, as it says in the poem, the manifestation of an attention which cannot contain enough. In this case Saskia would once again have the experience of an object turning away from her. But Saskia was lucky: her paintings aroused interest, and she was invited for the next exhibition.

As soon as Saskia had started to paint, the panic attacks had stopped; their anonymous force (s.p.2) had vanished, but it somehow returned in the patient's fantasies about the audience. Nevertheless the threat was no longer so great, and she felt active and creative and no longer abandoned to the role of a helpless victim.

The dynamics of the creation of the 'audience' as a big collective object seemed to me of great interest. There was still the defence against the repressed material and the tendency to avoid remembering the past and experiencing it in the transference, as in her panic attacks.

Saskia's 'audience' was a very blurred and hazy projection, including very different and contradictory feelings. But it was a development towards communicability, and there was what Marion Milner called “this deliberately fostered getting in touch with, not just hidden wishes but a different way of functioning; and a way of functioning which is essential if

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<sup>2</sup> Arnulf Rainer became famous by his „Übermalungen“ = painting over the paintings of other artists, changing them, covering or attacking them, causing disorientation and reducing the reference to reality (p.16).

something new is to be created”, and also “the anxiety which accompanies such deliberate reversion to a more primitive process”(Milner, 211).

[It seemed to me that this ‘audience’ was a dilation<sup>3</sup> that was capable of containing Saskia’s ambivalent feelings and contradictory projections, sometimes appearing as a benevolent mother or encouraging father, sometimes as an ignorant, criticizing or disinterested figure. All these characteristics she sometimes projected also onto me, and then it was much more painful and nearly unbearable.] <The dilated ‘audience’ provided a compromise: the dilation was caused by a terrifying unconscious anxiety that she must prepare to face the dangers of loss and annihilation; the fact that this dilation was blurred and enlarged the uncertainty (“Unschärfe”), was the result of both the wish, and the consequence of the wish, not to see what she was afraid of.

Another matter of great interest to me was that Saskia’s creative process seemed to have started within a space which meant the opposite of dilation: a small lumber-room as a studio, supporting more a feeling of being contained in a close embrace, resembling more an attitude of collection or re-collection. Thus oscillating between the ‘real’ world and her inner world, between her profession and her art, and between the two battlefields- her analysis and her paintings – there was a tidal rhythm developing which slowly provided her recovery. >

#### 4.

#### Conclusions

[Saskia came to analysis when she suffered greatly from the discrepancy between her professional success, which was due to an over-adaptation of herself to others, and the seeping away of her relationships. She felt that something was seriously wrong with her, and unconsciously perhaps also perceived that her increasing withdrawal posed a danger for her psychic life. When she started analysis the swift and violent development of the transference brought a revival of the early traumata caused by the illness of her mother. To some extent her mother had become, as a consequence of her illness, a “dead mother”. Added to this, for the infant Saskia, was the connected depression of her father. Thus separations during analysis soon became nearly unbearable for Saskia. But she did find a way of coping with absence and loss. She established a second battlefield that allowed her to express her hate and destruction without destroying analysis and her analyst.] One might call this an eulogy of defences like acting out and splitting, but I don’t think this would be correct, because her mental functioning became more flexible, her relationships improved and the analytic process progressed. < Her defences were “the lesser evil.’ As Ferro puts it: ‘ They are like a lizard that ‘sheds’ its tail: although mutilated the creature saves most of itself. Splitting...is an instance of violence against the self, but the splitting off of unmanageable parts is often the only way to survive” ( Ferro p.5). > And above all, it was possible to re-unite the two battlefields. Saskia’s creativity provided a way there and back (Hin und zurück), a return journey, as Freud described it for the artist who has turned away from reality, but might– under certain

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<sup>3</sup> I think we also should pay attention to other forms of dilations which might have a similar function, as ‘myth’ (cf. Green, A. PM 79), ‘destiny’ and ‘fate’ (cf. Bollas Chr. 1991, 33ff), or ‘vocation’ ( Parsons M.; 9ff, 33 ff); all these terms include a total personal commitment to a great object situation. (Cf. also Zwettler-Otte, 2006 and 2007).

favourable conditions – be able to return and to find a way to bring his wishful thinking to life by becoming celebrated by an audience<sup>4</sup>.

[The reparative aim of Saskia's creativity developed to the full when she became able to mourn the losses she had to bear when she was a child. Thus it was bound to the depressive position she had reached. But her creative tendency had already started before then and - as the other authors I have mentioned have also shown – this earlier beginning was – in Saskia's case – necessary to make the analytic process work.]

That her paintings started with the expression of destructiveness was in my view a fascinating proof of her correct feeling that she needed to change her direction from withdrawal (including violence against herself) to aggression, 'aggression in the original sense of the word as 'approach': *aggredi* = approaching somebody.

<I want here to refer to a paper Marilia Aisenstein gave recently in Vienna, because it contains another excellent example of a visual imaging of self-cure: Makiko, a colon cancer patient, had left Japan at 28 in order to study art in France, mainly because she was fascinated by the perspective of French paintings. During her treatment the meaning of her interest in perspective emerged: "the perspective in painting happened to be the very opposite of the crushing through liquefying" – those horrible childhood images caused by the atomic bomb in 1945 in Hiroshima, her father's city.>

Thus it seems so decisively important to pay attention to the spontaneous interests and inclinations of our patients who have often found for themselves a clue to the nucleus of their problems, even when the emotional content seems to have disappeared.

In creativity Saskia found a way to express her destructiveness ruthlessly, but at the same time she was guided by a concern for her analyst and for our common task, a concern that finally opened a way for her to find a richer life.

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<sup>4</sup> I have described this return also for analytic candidates who re-find the original aim of their education after having, hopefully, suspended it for a while in order to immerse themselves in a creative regression. (1986, *Hunger nach Realität*,239).

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Since 1992 member of the Viennese Psychoanalytic Society, since 1996 member of the Board, 2000- 2004 president of the Viennese Psychoanalytic Society.

Further book-publications:

- 1996: *Der psychoanalytische Prozeß*, edited with A. Komarek, Festschrift for H. Leupold-Löwenthal. (Vienna, Turia –Kant)
- 2002: a book about children-literature: *Von Robinson bis Harry Potter - Kinderbuchklassiker psychoanalytisch*. : (2nd edition, dtv München.) Her contribution about Pinocchio was also translated into Russian and Italian: *Pinocchio-Dal monello di legno al bambino in carne e ossa*, in: *Tra Pediatria e Psicoterapia, Quaderni di Psicoterapia infantile, nuova serie 44*, 2002
- *Freud and the Media – The Reception of Psychoanalysis in Viennese Medical Journals 1895-1938*, (Peter Lang-Europäischer Verlag der Wissenschaften, Frankfurt).
- And the newest one, a psychoanalytic study on separation-anxiety: 'The Melody of separation': 2006 *Die Melodie des Abschieds – Eine psychoanalytische Studie der Trennungsangst*. (Verlag Kohlhammer, Frankfurt).

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