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It was not an auspicious beginning. Art Lynch and I had arrived in Hong Kong with enough time to catch our connecting flight to Guangzhou where we were to teach in a new psychoanalytic training program but we were told as we cleared customs that our flight had left early and we would be staying the night in Hong Kong. "Stand over there." "Go with him." Wait there for bus." No arguments here. We barely had time to send off a message that we were delayed to our colleagues in Guangzhou (who were waiting to pick us up). And the next morning, after a simply glorious ascent out of Hong Kong, we discovered that the message had not gotten through and our hosts had been waiting for us at the airport till 2 AM, calling Dr. Tong and the States to find out if we were on the plane (which couldn't be confirmed) and wondering how two people could dematerialize over the North Pole route. We justified our PhDs by putting our heads together when we arrived the next morning to find a taxi and get him to drive to...where were we going? A hotel with River in its name? Where might that be?...Um... Near the river? Speaking about five words in Chinese between us, it was miraculous that we found it, the Riverside Hotel, (the only one with River in its name that was also a 4 star hotel) but when we arrived we were informed that there were no rooms for us! We weren't even sure it was the right hotel. When I heard the melody, I first thought Captain Kirk was calling, or at least that we were in the Twilight Zone, but the Skype was from my student, David Zhang, who then notified our hosts that we had been found. David enjoyed hero status all day for locating the long lost travelers.

Guangzhou is a beautiful city. The pictures of it I found on Flickr did not do it justice. There are flowers lining all the elevated autobahns, many of them rich magenta bougainvillea. And the buildings, a mixture of colonial and super modern had a beauty and grace that is characteristic of the city. Guangzhou residents are proud of their cultural heritage, being the first in China, they informed me, to open itself to the outside world. Arnie informed me that Guangzhou was the target city of the Opium Wars, the efforts of the British to force the Chinese to market cocaine. The buildings were surrounded by trees in various shades of green, many of them in pink and yellow bloom, and hosting an array of birds that serenaded us throughout our stay. We arrived at the Guangzhou Brain Hospital, the oldest psychiatric hospital in China, ready to work --- good thing because the program started immediately, its format following the Wuhan training: lectures in the morning, case presentations and supervision in the afternoons, welcoming dinners and tours at night. I have to say that I have very little memory of the lecture hall or even giving my lecture, Adolescence: the Unfinished Journey. I think I was half asleep and still half in New York. Arnie and Arlene, in contrast, had arrived a number of days earlier, did the sights in Hong Kong and were so bright eyed (at least Arlene was) that I was almost blinded. Our colleagues Jeffrey Stein, who taught the Self Psychology perspective and Leonie Sullivan, from Sydney, who ran Balint groups

were hovering around as well but I have to say my memory of that time has many lacunae. I certainly remember being very warmly welcomed by Dr. Jennifer Peng, the director of the Guangzhou program. And the boat trip up the Pearl River at night, even though I was so tired that I tried unsuccessfully to skip it. I also remember well the welcoming dinner with its unending delivery of Cantonese specialities, the pride of our hosts. And the typical local ceramic sculptures we were given as a gift from the program.

I found the class of about 15 students to be very articulate, caring, committed clinicians, extremely eager to learn, to discuss the application of psychoanalytic principles to their patients and to explore the cultural differences involved. The translators were excellent. One presentation I particularly recall was the case of a 9 year old boy whose parents divorced when he was three. In addition to losing his family structure, he virtually lost his mother as well since he then went to live with his father and the paternal grandparents, visiting with his mother only on holidays. The child began to demonstrate repetitive movements, became obsessed with death and Egypt and was diagnosed with OCD and given medication. The parents stopped the medication rather quickly and wanted to have him re-evaluated. In fact, the Grandmother requested that she attend our meeting but was told it was not appropriate. She was certainly the force that needed to be reckoned with. I remember a very engaged discussion of the developmental challenges faced by this boy in his past and in the present by the grandmother who tried to help by telling the child that whatever he was doing needed to be done another way. The group was rather stymied at first, trying on different strategies to identify and address the child's needs as well as the grandmother's authority. It was a wonderful moment when we arrived at the idea of appealing to the grandmother for her help in treating the child's psychological needs. Perhaps if her authority and interest were acknowledged by the team, her awareness of the child's losses could be raised and her antipathy in relation to the mother could be mitigated.

Perhaps the most memorable time in Guangzhou for me was the morning I spent with my Wuhan student, David, who lives and works in Guangzhou (and had become one of my translators in this program). David works as a social worker in the poorer neighborhoods of the city. He took me there for a fine typical breakfast of rice porridge flavored with ginger and noodles with fish and meat (I learned after a while not to ask what kind of meat!). It was delicious. David wanted to introduce me to his co-workers, but more than that, to show me what he does. It is really quite remarkable. His program is a pilot study in outreach for psychological services in particular neighborhoods. It is called Qi Chuang, which means energy used in a creative way. Headed by Professor Agnus Law, originally from Hong Kong, the organization's mission statement is "community based, needs driven, innovative". Qi Chuang goes into neighborhoods and by directly connecting with the residents, (the old fashioned way – by talking with them) finds out what their needs are and then develops programs to meet those needs. Just the opposite of the top down driven policy I had expected (or maybe had gotten used to in New York City!) The program is supported by the government but the government can not tell them what to do. Interesting.

I visited one center that had a banner saying Love Our Family (in English!) and watched as little kids were helped to make moon cakes, as we had arrived at the beginning of the fall Moon Festival, a major holiday in China. David showed me the cubbies of the children where the toys they made were stored. Here the workers learned about the needs and the family problems of the residents. They also have a presence in several of the neighborhood schools. We went out into the street and David spoke to the man with only one hand whose job it was to keep this neighborhood clean. He was picking up refuse and stuffing it into a cart (at one point, climbing on top of the heap in order to stamp it down and make more room). Proudly, he told David that he had received a bonus because of the excellence of his work. David told me later that disabled people were paid less than others. We passed through little narrow streets where people still hung out their laundry like Tibetan prayer flags arching over the street. It reminded me of how good the laundry used to smell when I would take it off the line as a child.

Our time was not unlimited, and after visiting David's office and meeting (and of course having pictures taken with his co-worker, Ou Guo Quan, who designs all the leaflets and pamphlets that are distributed-- the research staff were out on holiday), we moved on to visit the office of another one of my Wuhan students who lived in Guangzhou (there were about five of them I think). Mrs. Chen is a tall, thin woman of quiet elegance and wisdom. Her office was situated in a completely different area of the city, in a gated, exquisitely landscaped, large courtyard. But going into her office was simply amazing. She had a waiting room and two consulting rooms. One was the room for ordinary talk therapy, the other was the sand play room -- used by adults and children. It was incredible! [PHOTO OF SAND PLAY ROOM] The entire wall facing the entrance was filled with bookcases that were lined with hundreds and hundreds of toys of every description (and I mean every description) that could be used for play therapy and a big wooden sand box that commanded center stage. It was an extraordinary gift to be able to see this. Mrs. Chen gave me a box of Moon cakes as a present when I departed. The giving of gifts is an institutionalized part of the culture in China, and learning to properly pack our gifts to be given so that we would have room for all we would bring home was often a challenge. This time was no exception.

My students from the Wuhan program who live in Guangzhou invited me to a reunion lunch at a fabulous restaurant that served Cantonese specialties -- many local fish and vegetable dishes that were simply amazing. I noticed how little rice was served at any of the dinners we attended. The food is primarily meat or fish and vegetables, often paired together in combinations I wouldn't expect. Fruit, often watermelon signaled the end of the endless stream of dishes coming from the kitchen. The Cantonese are very proud of their heritage, especially their cuisine, and many prefer to speak their native language rather than Mandarin. Fortunately, David spoke both and the meal was incredible -- Arlene described the Chinese as "recreational eaters" and I think she has a point! Lunch ended with an amazing dish called Frogs in the Forest, a baked papaya half with I think it was frog ovaries floating in a sauce in the middle. It was actually very, very good! And this from someone who has never been able to bear the thought of eating tongue! And so back to work we tramped, but not before the students presented me with yet another Moon Cake as a parting present.

The training in Guangzhou was only three days and on the evening of the last day we were whisked off to the high speed train station (a work of art in itself). The train had a digital speedometer at the front of the car so that the speed freaks among us could get their rush and the rest of us could get a little sick. I was informed that the average speed of 300 miles an hour was considerably lower than it had been as a result of an accident a while ago (a fact I didn't really need to know). Some of us tried to sleep. Arnie of course worked on a paper. We arrived in Wuhan around 11:30 PM and finally got back "home" to the Shangra-la after midnight. It was a very long day. We were beginning to feel Chinese.

The next morning our bus picked us up at 7:40 AM and took us to the new Wuhan University Hospital for Psychotherapy. Dr. Tong had been extremely busy as the hospital had opened only the day before and the staff had been working very long hours to get everything done in time. Again, very Chinese. Although the stainless steel elevators had not yet been unpeeled of their wrapping, it was still awesome. An entire hospital devoted to psychotherapy: one floor to trauma treatment, (I would get to know it more intimately later in the week), two to child and adolescent treatment, two to addictions, one for evaluation and the top floor containing the auditorium, meeting rooms with state of the art furnishings and a terrace for breaks and lunch. Although there were many kinks that needed to be addressed in the state of the art equipment (Art's audio feed got somehow routed into Arlene's presentation room -- leading to the only time Dr. Tong had seen Arlene become apoplectic) --it all worked out in the end.

The hospital was built on ground that used to be a village, but since all the land is owned by the government, when they decided the village had to go, the government paid off the villagers (we were told quite handsomely) and began the process of leveling the village. Not all the villagers had yet agreed to terms so some of the old housing stood in stark contrast to the development going on around them. I found the contrast between the old houses that were doomed to go, surrounded by the massive construction site around the hospital and the even more massive housing developments in the distance to be extremely compelling.

It was extremely gratifying to be reunited with my afternoon supervision group, including those with whom I had met in Wuhan. A word needs to be said about the staff and the students in our groups. They are simply an incredible group of people. The group is about evenly divided between men and women and mixed in terms of discipline: some were psychiatrists, some psychologists, some social workers. All in my group were working with adolescents and very interested in applying psychodynamic principles to their work. Whatever their academic background they shared a common quality: all were extraordinarily driven to excel, to do well, and often (to the detriment of their patients and the therapeutic process), to "fix" the problem for the patient rather than helping the patient understand themselves better so that they could fix it themselves. Helping the students to inquire, to be interested in the details, to be generally curious about the fabric of the patient's experience was challenging for many, especially for those who have not had their own treatment (currently it is not a required part of their

program). Being grounded as they are in their own histories of having to succeed also makes it hard to see beyond the pragmatic vision of “tell them what is wrong and expect that they will fix it” way of thinking. Understanding themselves that experience is organized, largely unconsciously motivated and multiply determined is a sea change for most of them.

Chinese parents are very clear to their children that working hard and succeeding is absolutely expected. When one realizes that there are literally millions of competitors for a limited number of jobs, the stress and focus is understandable. But with this emphasis on “straight ahead, do what you have to do and do it well type of thinking”, is a lack of awareness of the emotional side of development. And this lack of awareness comes at a very high price. Physical, emotional, and sexual abuse are as common as they are unrecognized, and are taking a toll on the mental health of its people. This, the emotional development piece, is the missing link in China. Awareness of how the emotional quality of interpersonal relatedness creates the foundation for mental health and illness is what the Chinese are now ready to address.

This became very clear in the National Mental Health Conference which began at the hospital the afternoon after the training program ended. (Of course we had time for lunch!) A bevy (I almost said army) of smartly uniformed, very attractive greeters were stationed at all the doors, elevators, and meeting rooms to help with anything that needed doing and to make sure that people were guided to the proper places. The hospital itself, a sleek, modern gray granite structure set back from the road, was festooned with large red helium balloons with streamers that undulated in the breeze and led to the entrance which was outlined by a red balloon archway. The conference was very well attended by mental health professionals from all over China who were particularly interested in identifying, treating and addressing the emotional needs of China’s children.

My presentation at the conference was *Adolescent Trauma: The Journey Interrupted*. I focused especially on complex trauma, “the experience of multiple, chronic and prolonged, developmentally adverse traumatic events, most often of an interpersonal nature and early life onset” (Van der Kolk, 2005). My goal was to clearly outline the specifics of what constitutes emotional abuse and neglect because there is a fundamental lack of understanding about the profound impact of emotional privation on children’s mental health. In addition I wanted to elaborate on my understanding of trauma existing both as event and as process. While many treatments have emerged to deal with trauma as event (EMDR, tapping, movement oriented therapies, etc), I continue to believe that psychoanalytically oriented psychotherapy is the treatment of choice for the way that trauma becomes interwoven with complex wishes, fears and fantasies in the growing child’s mind, creating a tapestry that requires a psychoanalytic approach to unravel. In addition, I outlined some of the most common defenses used by children and adolescents to deal with traumatic experience. In terms of interest, I can say that extra chairs had to be brought into the room. In addition, after the presentation, people were very vocal about needing help in this area. One man commented that there are going to be over 61 million children vulnerable to emotional

and physical abuse in the coming years. They were especially interested in prevention, in what could be done to stem the tide and very excited when I told them about the animation clip that I was not able to show them directly "My Body Belongs to Me," (available on You Tube and Vimeo) which educates very young children through a child narrated cartoon poem to inappropriate advances. It strongly advocates telling the parents or a teacher rather than keeping the secret if something does happen. Brilliantly done. There were requests from many parts of China for workshops and presentations for this topic and this video which I am working on getting as an attachment that I can send as requested. Try this link to access the attachment:

<https://docs.google.com/file/d/0B9TZxD-HgRB7MDFtQmJQbHZlY00/edit?usp=sharing>

Generating a richer, more complex understanding of the emotional side child development is much needed in China and there are ample opportunities for those interested in being involved in this. Contact me if interested.

So we wound down our China experience with a low key dinner with Dr. Tong at which we had the usual laughs and good natured sparring. Leonie Sullivan commented that she never knew if we were being serious or poking fun at each other. The response almost to a person was that we were doing both, seriously poking fun. There were many moments that left me with tears in my eyes -- I particularly recall the riff between Jeffrey and Art in the bus on the way to the hospital. It was hysterical the way Art, wearing his Kernberg hat, was interpreting every expression that Jeffrey, the very empathic Self Psychologist made as a covert act of aggression! Arlene and I, and Jeffrey and I on two occasions were able to steal a little time from our lunch break to go the Wuhan Historical Museum, which was a wonder.

Our trip ended with some of the drama with which it began. A huge typhoon was headed toward Hong Kong and Arlene realized that they were not going to be able to get out from that city. For an OBSCENE amount of money (cash only thank you!) she had American Express reroute them but this allowed them to avoid being stuck in Hong Kong for another week so that was good. But when we all got down to the hotel lobby and 5:55 AM to get the car to the airport, it was clear that Art was in bad shape: hadn't slept, could barely walk. We ended up getting him a wheelchair at the airport which did help our getting through the lines. In fact, I think the manager at the ticket counter took pity on him when our United Lounge passes were not valid at this airport and gave us free passes to the First Class lounge. OMG!!! The food was great and the drinks ever flowing, but the real perk was the toilet! I went in expecting the relief of not having to squat but I wasn't prepared for what I got! Once I sat down and looked on the wall to my right I saw a box (Toto was the label) with many options: front clean, rear clean, soft rear clean and with various buttons that could set the desired temperature and strength of the water. But that was not all -- you could also choose the type of delivery: pulsating, oscillating, or some kind of wand treatment (which is the only one I didn't go for -- reminded me too much of going to the GYN!) And there was also a drying function! Quite the experience! And poor Art. He looked in every stall to no avail! No wonder men envy what women have! But we were both able to end our lounge experience with full body chair massages in the relaxation room where the chairs could tilt to put your head down and feet up in addition to working out your every kink. Pretty good before getting on a 16 hour flight!

Our flight was mercifully uneventful and we arrived early, which was a really good thing as by the time we got to the baggage area I was violently ill so the two of us needed wheelchairs to get to the waiting car! From now on I will always bring a thermometer! Fortunately, whatever it was it was fast acting so I was ready to go back to work (did I ever stop working?) on Monday. It was an incredible journey.
