

This manifesto, written about psychoanalysis in 2015, is based in its entirety on another one that, 25 years ago I helped distribute at the Gay Pride March in New York City. It was called "Queers Read This." It included sentiments along these lines: "We come out of the closet, face the rejection of society, face firing squads, just to love each other! Every time we fuck, we win. We must fight for ourselves (no one else is going to do it) and if in that process we bring greater freedom to the world at large then great." It came out swinging. When asked to participate in a Division 39 panel that would deliver psychoanalytic manifestoes, this one came immediately to mind.

It is an understatement to say that 1990 was a dark hour for gay people. The AIDS crisis threatened an already vulnerable community, a community that was hated and vilified, a community for whom the experiences of loss and terror had become commonplace. I was then working on *Paris is Burning*, which would become an award-winning documentary, about drag balls in Harlem. I recall heading to Fire Island's tony gay enclave, The Pines, in an attempt to raise money for this film. There I was told that, "The last thing we need is a fucking film on drag queens. We need to be less flamboyant and more straight acting if we are going to convince the government to find a cure for AIDS." Hope for a cure was far away. Weekends were filled with memorial services. Coming down with a cold was terrifying. Gay people, having no legal rights in the first place, were then utter pariahs, seen as little more than containers of a deadly disease for which there was no cure. They could be fired for being gay, were unable to be at their lover's bedsides as they died, unable to speak on their lover's behalf, and were beaten in the streets, at beaches, on trains, everywhere, just for holding hands.

In 2014 I gave a talk at the American Psychoanalytic Association, called "Seducing Unbelievers: Making Interventions on Behalf of Psychoanalysis in the Public Sphere (and why we don't)." After delivering my ideas, conversation was invited. What I learned catapulted me back to my weekend in Fire Island. Psychoanalysts from all over the country conveyed that they felt it was better to hide the fact that they were analysts. Some had removed the term psychoanalysis from their business cards. Many advertise on *Psychology Today* being careful to not mention their orientation or where they trained. I vividly recall a man seated at a far corner of the room detailing how he translates psychoanalytic ideas into the language of DBT. People spoke of working in clinics and hospitals describing how they were careful to not describe cases in terms of conflict and defense, unconscious processes or the transference. It was depressing.

When I wrote this manifesto, I simply returned to *Queers Read This* and more or less substituted the words queer with psychoanalysis and the words straight with CBT or "Big Pharma". The results are contained in the manifesto before you. That it worked so well—the translation from things homosexual to things psychoanalytic--alarmed me. I look forward to hearing how readers experience my words.

ANALYSTS READ THIS:

How can I tell you? How can I convince you, my psychoanalyst brothers and sisters, that you are in danger? Everyday that you wake alive, relatively happy, and assume your seat behind the couch, listening with the third ear, you are committing a rebellious act. You, as an alive and functioning psychoanalyst, as a person who believes in the existence of the unconscious, are a revolutionary.

There is little to nothing in this country that validates, protects or encourages your existence. Weekly if not daily we are told we are obsolete. It is nothing short of a miracle that you are here, at this conference, reading these words. You should, by all rights, no longer exist or have a practice. Years ago you lost all legitimacy. Whatever cachet you are granted is granted to you as long as you accept your status as a relic.

Don't be fooled. Insurance companies, cognitive behavioral therapies and drug companies own the world and the only reason you manage to hold down your practice is you're smart, you're lucky or you're a fighter. None of your so-called professional organizations have sought to address the ongoing attack of psychoanalysis. Indeed, so busy are they in trying to sanitize and make legitimate our way of working that neuroscience, hermeneutics and evidence-based research dominate their agenda. No one thinks to even try to get the attention of the NIMH. That you haven't become a life-coach is nothing short of a miracle!

CBT therapists and psychiatrists have a privilege that allows them to do whatever they please and to practice without fear. They speak the language of the insurance companies who also try to tell us how to do our jobs as analysts! CBT therapists never need to prove themselves; they speak the discourse of the powerful. But not only do they live without fear in their professional lives; they flaunt their freedom in our faces. Their ideas are on Oprah, in the fashion magazine I just bought, in psychology and social work programs, at hospitals, clinics, everywhere—everywhere we used to be.

I want there to be a moratorium on positive psychology that sends soldiers back to the front, mindfulness, homework assignments, goal setting, coping skills, all these gimmicks that promote the idea that we are driven by our rational selves and our conscious minds. Until I can enjoy the same freedom to practice as I see fit, exploring the transference, resolving resistances, listening to dreams, the privilege given to the CBT world must stop and it must be returned to psychoanalysts. Rx companies, insurance companies and CBT therapists will not do this voluntarily and so they must be forced or frightened into it. No one will give us what we deserve. Remember rights are not given; they are taken.

It is easier to fight when you know who your enemy is. Insurance companies, drug companies and the CBT therapists and those who teach those methods are your enemy. When your invisibility, your having been wiped out, goes unacknowledged, when both your knowledge and your vision of human subjectivity is derided as lacking evidence, you know the enemy is near. We live in a culture that is set on killing us off: every day at least one of us is taken by the enemy. Whether it's an analyst who hides her psychoanalytic training in a fee for service clinic for fear of not being seen as keeping current with best practices, to a new career professional who is careful not to mention her interest in psychoanalytic training during her PhD psychology interview, to an analyst working with children in a hospital setting who translates his ideas regarding conflict and unconscious fantasy into the language of behaviorism, every act of omission is an act of suicide. Make no mistake that if we continue this way we are doing nothing short of building our own coffins.

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