

Introduction

1. Anita Weinreb Katz

When I was a child, like all children, I grew every year. Each year my mother bought me new clothes because I was growing. I connected growing up with dreaming about the future. I had high hopes that the future would bring me love, achievement, and recognition. My insight into the connections between growing up, buying new clothes, and imagining future fulfillments inspired my desire to write this book.

I have a vivid memory of being eight years old and getting a present of a beautiful plaid dress from my father. I think it meant to me that he cared about me and about how I looked. He wanted to take part in supporting my being a cute little girl, and that made me happy. It was no longer a teddy bear (that he had given me when I was three years old) but a beautiful dress that enhanced and applauded my appearance and my significance to him.

When I was a teenager my father's offer to buy me a winter coat, resulted in my mother screaming at him with jealousy. My response was to say to him "no don't give me a coat." Of course my mother wanted me to have a winter coat, but she wanted to be the one who took me shopping for it. I still remember the beautiful winter coat that she bought me. It was black wool with a gold velvet lining. I also remember when I was in my teens I impulsively went into a very fancy store where my mother shopped for herself. I guess I was striving to be a grown-up lady like my mother. Playing the role to the hilt, I asked the saleslady to show me some outfits. I picked out two beautiful, very expensive dresses, tried them on, and loved how I looked in them. I still remember them—one was a padded, light blue, elegant two piece dress, and the other was a sophisticated burgundy dress. I did not have the money to pay for them of course, so I went home fearful that my mother would be angry at me for thinking I was entitled to shop in her store. To my great surprise she went to the shop with me and asked me to try on both outfits. She loved both of them and bought them for me. Not only was she not threatened or jealous of my emerging self, but she embraced and participated in my fantasies about being an elegant woman like her.

When I was 11 ½ years old I got the measles and was quarantined in my bedroom. I spent the sequestered two weeks designing paper doll clothes and listening to the radio - either to music or soap operas. It was a wonderful time. Paradoxically, even though I was ill and alone, I was totally engrossed in the newfound pleasure of designing and making clothes for my paper dolls. Buying my daughter clothes when she was little -- dressing her up and enhancing how cute she was became a later version of my creative relationship to designing clothes for my paper dolls.

Although I don't design or make clothes any longer, I learned to knit when I was eight years old and continue to do so. My Grandmother was a beautiful knitter and made me some wonderful outfits, some of which I still have, and one or two that I have given to

my daughter. My grandma and I knit squares with unique and sometimes quirky designs. We put them together to make a blanket.

Fashion has remained a passion of mine: it is a way of enhancing and/or presenting myself to the world as well as an art form that I enjoy looking at and fantasizing about. I was inspired to write this book to learn more about what fashion means to myself and to other people. This includes how fashion affects mood and a person's relationship to self, others, and society.

I was surprised and pleased to learn that the significance of fashion in the culture and in the individual is part of a serious academic curriculum. My daughter handed me the March, 2016 bulletin of Reed College which featured an article on fashion called "Patterns of Power", subtitled "How fashion reveals-and enforces- the hidden hierarchies of society." This affirmed my belief in the cultural and psychoanalytic significance of fashion in the psyche and the culture.

I want to express my deep appreciation to Arnold Richards, who was not only enthusiastic about my idea to write a book about fashion, but also encouraged my dear friend and his wife, Arlene Kramer Richards, to compose the book with me. Without Arlene as my partner, I could not have done this. I also would like to express my deepest gratitude to Arlene for encouraging me many years ago to learn to use a computer to facilitate the presentation and publication of my clinical papers and psychoanalytic studies of film. I am extremely grateful for the theoretical, technical, and editorial help that Dee Polyak gave me every step of the way in giving birth to this book. And to my daughter, Jennifer Katz, I am deeply grateful for her enthusiastic support of all my creative endeavors. I am moved by her adventurous pursuit of new paths in both her career and her personal life, and by her being who she is.

2.. Arlene Kramer Richards

I have been interested in fashion as long as I can remember. My family used to laugh about my getting up very early one morning, putting on my grandmother's shoes, taking her pocketbook and marching down the hall to "go shopping." I learned to read in kindergarten in order to see what was going on in a Sunday morning series in the New York Daily News called "Ladies of Fashion." I knew that my mother worked in the fashion trade as a hat designer and maker and that she supported us by her work.

My first vocational interest was in fashion, but when that did not work out, I became a schoolteacher, a psychologist and finally a psychoanalyst. For the years of my education and analytic training, I thought as little about fashion as I could; I kept the shopping down to the Sears catalogue and made many of my own and my children's clothes.

Having been redirected in my own career to become a psychoanalyst, I could only indulge in my interest in fashion as a knitter and mainly as a consumer of fashion. The intersection between psychoanalytic thinking and fashion led me to write two papers on

shopping and to think about the role of fashion and shopping in the lives of my patients, colleagues and friends. My two daughters taught me a lot about fashion and about shopping.

A vivid demonstration of how fashion can convey meaning in therapy happened early in my practice. A high school student who was causing trouble in class was referred to me by the school psychologist. He arrived at my office on roller skates, tight running shorts, a long sleeved t shirt, a yarmulke, and long, curly sidelicks. The doorman rang me up to ask if he really was my patient. I said yes with some trepidation. When I saw him at the door to my office, I had a pretty good sense that this young man was in conflict. Was he religious? Or an athlete? Could he hold it together to be both? It turned out that he had one parent who was religious and one who was not. As he saw it, he had to live by pleasing both of them, but he could not make that work. He had to choose but he could not. I worked with him for several months, and then he went off to a secular college. A year later he came to see me to let me know that he was doing well. He had gotten a franchise to sell a line of high end Italian athletic clothing in the United States. He was staying in college while running his business and was proud that he was paying his own college and living costs. No longer dependent on his parents, he was dressed in an athletic outfit that was appropriate for someone his age. He had decided to keep his yarmulke and his religion. Even my doorman was approving.

Later I read an article (Friedman 2016) about first ladies choosing fashion for political reasons. By wearing the clothes designed by Canadians, Mrs. Trudeau, the wife of Canada's Prime Minister, showed the onlookers that Canadian is "a melting pot of nationalities, ideas and aesthetics , which could be a coincidence but probably is not. When it comes to fashion and politics, clothes are never just clothes. They are a strategic tool." (P.13)

So when my colleague and friend Anita Katz asked me to work on a book about fashion and psychoanalysis, I demurred at first, but then welcomed the opportunity. I thank her for the idea and the persistence with which she has carried it out. Thanks to Tamar and Lawrence Schwartz for their unflappable cheerfulness in the face of the demands of authors and editors. And most of all, thanks to Arnold Richards, my husband, partner, and colleague. So here it is.