Bulletin of the Psychoanalytic Association of New York
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Editorial
Morale

Over the past number of years, various people at IPE and PANY have raised the issue of low morale amongst members. In some cases, this is related to issues of the diminished role of psychoanalysis in the world of mental health, particularly compared to its heyday when psychoanalysis was the only well organized approach to mental health.

Despite this, the past 15 or more years have actually seen a great increase in the number of educational programs at the institute. It could be argued that the relative movement away from psychoanalytically oriented approaches in psychiatry residencies, clinical psychology programs and other clinical programs has increased the demands for the type of training and education that we can provide.

The argument that morale is low has generally been supported by evidence of reduced participation amongst our members. There are complaints that it is difficult to get enough teachers to man the various courses and to get people to join committees. Attendance by our members has been cited as low at scientific meetings.

Members complain that they do not have enough time. A common theme is that they need to spend evening time with their families (something unheard of in the glorious past).

For the most part, it appears that the concerns about morale do not have to do with the overall mental health or level of depression within our community. Rather, it is a statement about the morale of the community. The plaint seems to be that the institute and society are less central to the lives of their (its) members than in the past. People may or may not be happy with their lives, families, careers, but they are not particularly happy about their membership in the community of the institute/society.

There are counter-arguments. The demands we make of our members are much greater than in the past. We formerly had one educational program, for instance, a psychoanalytic program with a four year curriculum, generally two instructors per class. We now have a psychotherapy program, a fellowship, a distance learning program and a Saturday morning series of presentations for clinicians in the area. Our teachers find their time more in demand. The residency training program at NYU has for some time required our members to supervise residents on site.

With more programs, there are more committees as well, and these are generally held at night. Some of these committees can meet by phone or on-line video, somewhat easing the burden.

Nevertheless, with all these diluting factors, there does seem to be some burnout amongst our members. It is difficult to gauge. Several years ago, the Faculty Committee attempted to do a survey of all members about their relationship with the institute. Overall, it got a healthy response, helped by members of the committee actually making phone calls, and the results suggested that most people felt a strong attachment to the Institute (which at the time was of course separate from the society).

Our incoming Director, David Frank, has announced that he will be instituting a program of small group discussions “as an approach to hearing from each and every faculty member about his or her experiences at IPE. This approach would serve as a means of gathering information about our Institute, fostering constructive group scrutiny, and improving intra-Institute communication.”

It is an approach that certainly offers hope of getting a fuller and richer picture of the “morale” of our members with respect to the institute and society.

I will also add my own suggestion, repeating in essence, something that I said at the luncheon commemorating the completion of my term as Director.

In working for many years at various levels of the IPE and PANY hierarchy, I have observed what seems obvious: that there are
Editorial

Morale

members of our community who devote a great deal of their time and energy in institute activities, have made it a major part of their lives; and, that there are others who participate, but at a much reduced level, perhaps teaching a course when asked, attending occasional scientific meetings when interest and time call for it, perhaps serving on a committee that meets more or less frequently.

Obviously there is a broad range of participation amongst IPE/PANY members, but I am dividing you into two groups for rhetorical purposes.

For those of you who spend many hours working for this institution and community on a regular basis, I ask you to have consideration and respect for those who more judiciously take time from their families, friends and other professional activities to do what they find meaningful, satisfying and/or simply helpful to the IPE/PANY community. Without them, we could not accomplish all that we do.

And for those of you who feel more peripheral to the workings of IPE and PANY, I ask you to value and respect the work of those who put in so much of their time to keep this institution functioning; and sometimes, when one of them asks if you can do something that you are not eager to do, please consider pushing yourself that added step.

I’ll leave it to you to decide which category you fall into and to feel free to change categories when life dictates or permits.

HHS

Bulletin Board

Affordable Psychoanalysis

Psychoanalysis is available at reduced fees for adults, adolescents and children through the Institute for Psychoanalytic Education affiliated with NYU School of Medicine (IPE). Consultation is free and confidential. For information call the Institute office at 646 754-4870.

Training in Psychoanalysis and Psychoanalytically Oriented Psychotherapy

IPE accepts applicants from all clinical disciplines as well as applicants from academic disciplines who are interested in learning about Psychoanalysis or Psychodynamic Psychotherapy. For brochures and application materials, contact the IPE office at 646 754-4870.

Loans are available from PANY to defray the cost of tuition for candidates of IPE in good standing.
Dear Members

As always, the Program Committee looks forward to your suggestions for topics and speakers. Even more importantly, we are looking to you to participate and share your work with the PANY/IPE community. Whether you have an idea for a lecture or a panel or clinical material to present, we would like to hear about it. Our membership has a lot of talent and expertise to offer to each other and to the general public, and scientific meetings are an excellent forum to showcase them.

With warm regards,

Marina Mirkin
Chair, PANY Program Committee

Scientific Meetings

December 11, 2017
Jeffrey Rubin, Ph.D.
Meditative Psychoanalysis

January 9, 2018
Joint NYPSI-IPE Scientific Meeting.
Moderator - Ted Jacobs
IPE panelists Harold Blum, MD
Claudia Lament, Ph.D.
NYPSI panelists:
  Phil Herschenfeld, MD.
  Edith McNutt, M.D.

Event will take place at NYPSI

Feb. 10, 2018
Theodore Jacobs, M.D.
Beyond Countertransference: Working with the Unworkable Patient.
This meeting will be for IPE members, including candidates, only. It will take place at One Park Avenue.

March 19th, 2018
James Herzog, MD
The Child as Teacher; The Child as Text: Learning from Each Analysand How to be a Trustworthy Co-Explorer of the Inscape.

April 21, 2018
Symposium in Honor of the Work of Samuel Abrams, M.D.
Moderator: Claudia Lament, Ph.D.
Contributors: Alexandra Harrison, M.D.
Rona Knight, Ph.D.
Robert Michels, M.D.
Arden Rothstein, Ph.D.
Murray Schwartz, Ph.D.
Noah Shaw, M.D.
Lissa Weinstein, Ph.D.
The PANY Practice Gym

by Robert Chalfin, M.D.

The “PANY Practice Gym” has been meeting since 2014, about three times each year.

It was initiated and continues to be led by Chap Attwell, Bob Chalfin and Dave Newman.

The aim has been to help in the development of members’ practice of psychoanalysis and analytic psychotherapy.

While addressed to all members of the PANY and Institute community, it has a primary focus on recent graduates of IPE and increasingly students of the various programs.

After initially meeting in the evenings we now meet on a Thursday midday. This seems to be working well enough given the pressure of one’s lives and family commitments.

The attendance has been variable ranging from 4 to 15 participants.

Some attend one or two sessions; others such as Dara Cho, Regina Evans, Tracy Roth, Angela Retano and Ben Cheney have been consistent members of the group.

The format is free-ranging, moving from discussion of a particular attendee’s practice situation to exploration of practical efforts to increase flow of referrals. This has included discussions of use of websites, listings in publications such as Psychology Today, and various ways of introducing oneself and our treatment specialty to the community. Many if not most of our younger members have websites and some use Psychology Today to make themselves known and available. How to deal with fee issues and new referrals has led to discussion of different strategies and procedures that has at least opened up the possibility of freeing oneself from a particular path sometimes dictated by one’s own treatment experiences.

These discussions have evolved into a focus on the need for activity and assertiveness and the inhibitions that can get in the way. Feelings of inadequacy, even shame, over a failure to develop a robust practice have come to the fore. Hesitancy about declaring our particular expertise over fear of turning away patients has been discussed. Influenced by a world in which self-reflection and understanding have been replaced, at least to some extent, by promises of quick fixes and short treatments, there can be a tendency to mask who we are, a need to hide who we are and what we do. Our own ambivalences, inhibitions and prohibitions are at play.

It is clear that each of us has to work within the boundaries of his or her own personality, dealing with one’s own issues as they manifest themselves in this area of our professional lives.

It is thought of as a “gym” in that we throw around, play with and work out various problems and issues as they arise in a particular meeting. Over time, openness and sharing has increased and with that a deepening of perspectives on the issues. At the same time it can be difficult to allow oneself to enter into an ongoing confrontation with issues around developing analytic practices as it does not lend itself to quick and easy solutions and we have to quell our own impatience for results.

Not so different than any other aspect of dealing with the psychology of our patients, our analytic techniques and ourselves.
Violence, Grief and a Harsh Conscience in *Wind River*  

by Herbert H. Stein

In the past couple of years, there has been a flurry of films that center around grief. The last “Rocky” movie, *Creed*, presented Rocky as a somewhat broken man, grieving for his late wife and his friends. It shows him returning to life—choosing to seek treatment for a cancer he had developed—through his relationship with the son of his late opponent and friend, Apollo Creed. *A Man Called Ove*, a Swedish film based on a novel of the same name, centered around a man who has suffered a series of tragic losses. We see him as a grouchy old man fiercely enforcing the safety rules of his gated community and periodically attempting to hang himself. He, too, is brought back to an enjoyment of life through his relationship with neighbors who would not let him isolate and a community that came together around him.

These two films, based on grief, nevertheless give us a somewhat hopeful sense that the hopelessness of grief can be ameliorated through contact with others. In each of them, the grieving man is forced back into life by the persistence of others who care about him. Kenneth Lonergan’s *Manchester by the Sea* leaves us with more of a sense that some losses cannot be repaired. As the film develops, we learn that its central character has lost his small children in a fire caused by his neglect. He, too, is brought back into life by the necessity of having to care for his dead brother’s teenage son, but we are left empathizing with his ongoing pain.

Most recently we have *Wind River*, a film that, from my perspective, moves beyond these others in enveloping the viewer in a mood of grief and distress. There are several observable contributors to this mood, not the least of which is the film’s setting, the Indian reservation in Wyoming that gives *Wind River* its name. To say that *Wind River* is bone chilling, which it is, is to engage in word play. The entire film takes place in a setting with nightly sub-zero temperatures and a continual vista of frozen snow by day. The death around which the film’s mystery revolves is in large part caused by the cold. As the film progressed, I found myself feeling colder and seriously wondered if the theater’s air condition-

ing was being amped up to support the imagery.

But we can’t just blame it on the weather. The film gives us an intense look at the often hard lives of the people who live there, people whose lives are torn apart by drugs and violence, poverty and inadequate government services. It offers a cultural statement about the way in which our society treats this group of people whose only crime is that their ancestors lived here before we arrived. (They, indeed, might make a case for the harmful effects of the centuries of immigrants to this land.)

*Wind River* is on its surface a murder mystery and a violent thriller. It opens to a girl running at night, fast, desperately, in the snow. She falls forward and we see blood on her face, then gets up and continues to run towards a tree line. We will soon see her frozen body discovered in the snow, setting off a search for whoever raped her and from whom she was running to her death. On the way, we will experience two frightening shootouts in close quarters as well as the mayhem that leads to that girl, Natalie’s death. These scenes are not staged with the prettiness of an old western shootout, but rather with the punch in the gut horror of real violence. They seem designed to fill the viewer with terror and sorrow.

The official investigators of this crime are Ben, the Tribal Police Chief, an older native American man with a dry humor and a real caring for his job that comes through his sarcastic surface, and Jane Banner, a young blonde FBI agent sent from Las Vegas, actually based in Florida, whom we are meant to see as badly out of her element.

But the real detective in this mystery is a tracker and hunter for the Fish and Wildlife Service, Cory Lambert. He finds the body while tracking mountain lions that have been attacking the local cattle and it’s his tracking that leads ultimately to the killers. Cory sees his mission in life to track predators, animal and human. At the core of this mission is grief, an emotion that pervades *Wind River*.

Grief is the inevitable result of violence, and
we see it and experience it from start to finish. In that opening scene, as we see Natalie running desperately in the snow, we hear a female voice softly reciting a poem. We will learn that the poem was written by a teenage girl, not the one who is running, but by her best friend, Cory Lambert’s daughter, whose body was found in that snow three years earlier. That mystery will not be solved. Essentially, as the film evolves, we experience the shared grief of both families and experience the inevitable effects on their lives.

We enter into this grief at first unknowingly, as we follow Cory on his way to the discovery of the body. He first goes to the home of his estranged wife, Wilma, in order to pick up his young son. We see and hear things that would only make full sense to us later when we learn of their loss; a glance at a photograph of a young adolescent girl, a tension between the two adults, mixed with words of caring, an anxious warning from Wilma when she hears that Corey will be taking their son to visit her parents on the Wind River reservation to keep a close eye on the boy on the reservation. We sense some level of depression and anxiety, but do not yet know the cause.

Somewhat later, we get a further hint of the cause from Cory’s mother-in-law. When Jane, the FBI agent meets Cory and Ben at the home of Cory’s in-laws, she is badly underdressed for the cold. The older woman offers her a proper set of clothes, telling her, “You return them the minute you get back. They ain’t a gift,” explaining that they were her granddaughter’s clothing. Without knowing the full significance, we may miss the sad look on the grieving grandmother’s face when she sees Jane in her granddaughter’s parka. At some point, we see a picture of the adolescent girl in that same parka.

Grief is palpable when we see the investigators with Natalie’s parents. Martin, her father, expresses his grief initially with anger and defiance. Jane, the somewhat awkward out of place blonde FBI agent hears Martin tell Ben that he had not known she was missing and that he had not met his daughter’s boyfriend. We know by this time that Natalie had been raped before she ran out into the snow.

Jane: Why would you let her stay with a man you’ve never met? A man whose name you don’t even know. I look around, see all these photos ...

Martin: She was an adult.

Jane: Barely...

Martin says something in Shoshone.

Jane: What does that mean?

Ben: It’s not good.

Jane: I don’t mean to offend you. I’m trying to understand the dynamic, Mr. Hanson. I’m trying to help.

Martin: Why is it whenever you people try to help, it starts with insults? (He pauses.) I don’t know why she wouldn’t tell me. But she was eighteen. I chose to trust her: I chose wrong. (my italics)

With those three words we can feel his grief and guilt beneath the angry defiance.

Jane then asks if she can speak with the girl’s mother, who is behind a closed bedroom door. There is no answer when she calls through the door, but when she opens it, we see the mother sitting on the edge of her bed holding a knife, crying bitterly, covered with blood from self inflicted wounds. Jane quickly closes the door, obviously shaken.

A moment later, we see Martin and Cory standing outside the house, embracing and talking. We now sense that they share a common bond of grief and Cory makes it explicit as he tries to offer Martin the benefit of his experience.

Corey: I’d like to tell you it gets easier, but it doesn’t. If there’s a comfort, you get used to the pain if you let yourself. I went to a grief seminar in Casper. Don’t know why, just ... It hurt so much, I was searching for anything that could make it go away. That’s what I wanted this seminar to do—make it go away. The instructor come up to me after the seminar was over, sat beside me and said, “I got good news and bad news. Bad news is you’ll never be the same. You’ll never be whole. Ever. What was taken from you can’t be replaced. You’re daughter’s gone ... Now the good news as soon as you accept that, as soon as you let yourself suffer, allow yourself to grieve, ... you’ll be able to visit her in your mind, and remember all the joy she gave you. All the love
she knew. Right now, you don’t even have that, do you? He said, “that’s what not accepting this will rob from you.” If you shy from the pain of it, then you rob yourself of every memory of her, my friend. Every one. From her first step to her last smile. You’ll kill ’em all. Take the pain … Take the pain, Martin. It’s the only way to keep her with you.

I can’t say I’ve heard a better commentary on coping with grief in a film.

We also experience the grief when Natalie’s brother, Chip, learns of her death. He, himself, has been lost to drugs, living in a drug den. The investigators find him there. He appears to be sullen and depressed, perhaps shut off from feeling; but that doesn’t shield him from his grief when he hears about Natalie.

Ben, Jane and Cory start to question Chip. Jane: Tell me what happened to your sister, Chip.

Chip: What? What happened to her?

Ben: Don’t play dumb.

Chip: About what? What happened to her? What did those crackers do?

Jane: What cracker? Was she seeing a white guy? Do you know him? Do you know who he is? Do you know his name, Chip?

Chip: You said was. Why did you say was? (Chip looks up at Cory.) What happened? Why did she say was? … She just said was. Why did she say was?

Corey kneels beside him and tells him softly, pointing out towards the mountain, “Because I found her raped and killed right over there, son. That’s why.”

Chip screams out an elongated “What!” he continues to wail loudly, his shock and grief palpable to any viewer with any empathy.

The setting, the cold, the bleak landscapes covered in snow, the images of poverty and drug abuse, hard lives, the violence, carnage at times, and the persistent atmosphere of grief; these are features of the film that are presented to us in full view, features that contribute in obvious ways to the film’s tension and mood.

There is another aspect, another pervasive force in this film that is not exactly hidden, but is not there for the observing. It is a feature of this film that we must look for if we are to find it.

We get our first glimpse of it in the opening scenes. The film begins, as we have seen, with a girl, Natalie, running through the snow to her death. When that scene fades, we are in daylight and the camera focuses on a herd of sheep. We next see a smaller group of coyotes moving in on the sheep and we watch the sheep eyeing the coyotes warily. We easily sense their danger. A loud shot rings out and one of the coyotes is thrown dead to the ground. The shooter, we see, is Cory Lambert. He will continue in that role throughout the film, the defender of the innocent, the weak, or as he puts it at one point, it is his mission to hunt predators. When his daughter’s body was found, the cause of death could not be determined because coyotes had eaten too much of her body. He says he has been hunting them since then.

These two opening scenes, the victim running, the predators moving in on innocent sheep, plants an image in our mind of predator and prey that will be reinforced steadily as we move deeper into the film. We will see and hear of many instances of predator and prey, but as it applies to human predators and prey we see a common denominator. The predation around which the film revolves is sexual predation.

We learn fairly early that Natalie was raped before she ran into the woods. In fact, suspicion quickly turns towards her mysterious boyfriend. We hear it in the dialogue as Martin is first being questioned about his daughter’s death, as Jane asks why he didn’t know about her boyfriend. He angrily admits that he trusted her and that was his mistake. The boyfriend is the suspect in part because we have learned that she was raped. Later, his body is found naked in the snow.

When Cory finally speaks openly about his daughter’s death, the story has a similar ring to it.

“I was working as an outfitter out of Pinedale. There was a big snow, and I found myself with a night off, so I grabbed a motel room and told my wife to come up. Just her. You get precious little romance with two kids and a job that keeps you in the mountains half the year. Emily was sixteen. Casey was five.
You could trust her. She was a good girl. We lived out on the reservation not far from her parents. Should’ve made ‘em stay with Wilma’s folks. I guess word got out that we were out of town and some school friends came over. Then more came over. Then some people came that weren’t her friends. Get together turned into quite a party, and then, I don’t know. A lot I don’t want to know. It was Natalie that called us the next day. Told us Emily was missing. They were best friends, so Natalie was worried. She had a right to be. You try to be so careful, try to plan for everything. Emily was such a good girl, we just let our guard down. You’ll have kids some day, and let me tell you, Jane: you can’t blink. For eighteen years. Not once … .

The presumption is that predators got to her, sexual predators. But there is another warning there as well. “You get precious little romance with two kids and a job that keeps you in the mountains half the year.” It was sex that distracted Cory and Wilma from keeping watch over their daughter. Martin trusted his daughter with a strange man and his words echo in our minds, “I chose to trust her. I chose wrong.” “Emily was such a good girl, we just let our guard down.”

Hidden in these words is a warning to parents. It is a warning about sexual predators; but it is goes beyond that. Cory’s daughter would be alive if he and his wife hadn’t wanted to be alone to make love. It is a warning about sexuality, about the desires that lead us down the wrong path.

As psychoanalysts, we know that there are times when we must look beyond what we see and hear, to listen for what we don’t hear, for an absence. If we look closely, we can see an absence in this film. It is the absence of love, affection, intimacy and sexuality. Martin and his wife are never seen together. Wilma’s parents, Emily’s grandparents, are never in the same scene. Cory and Wilma show some concern about each other—“be careful’s” are exchanged—but they cannot show true affection and certainly cannot show any romantic or sexual attraction after the harm it has done their daughter. There is some platonic friend-

ship that develops between the male characters, Cory and Ben, the tribal policeman, and the FBI agent, Jane. But it is never allowed to develop into anything more than some paternalistic caring.

Romance, sexuality, is never shown in a positive way, with one telling exception described in italics below.

Ben and the tribal police, along with Jane, go to the oil rig where Natalie’s boyfriend, Matt, had worked with the security detail before he was found dead. We see Cory doing his tracking looking down on them from the woods. Jane and the tribal police encounter the group of security guards for the oil rig who had worked with Matt, and as they are walking together, there is a sudden exchange of words and pointing of guns between the police and the security guards. Amidst this tension, they go to Matt’s trailer that we are told he shared with the leader of the security and a man named Pete who is supposed to be inside the trailer. Jane goes up to the trailer door and knocks on it, calling out to Pete.

As she is knocking, we see inside the trailer. A young man is shaving. At first we think it is Pete, hearing the knocking from within, but when he goes to the door and opens it, we see that it is nighttime and instead of Jane we see a young woman, Natalie, smiling at him. He is young, broad shouldered, handsome. We realize, we are in the midst of a flashback and that the man answering the door is not Pete, but Matt, Natalie’s boyfriend, wearing only a towel.

Matt: Can I help you?
Natalie: Yeah, I’m looking for my knight in shining armor. I believe this is his trailer.
Matt: I’m a little short on armor at the moment.
Natalie: I don’t mind.
Matt: You don’t mind. Do you have any idea how good it is to see you. Like any idea, man oh man! How’d you get here? I didn’t hear your carriage pull up.
Natalie: Yes, well ... My carriage wanted to catch the eight o’clock show in Lander, so she dropped me off at the turn-out.
Matt: You walked in the snow? Superwoman. She leans into him.
Wind River
Stein

Natalie: I think you’re worth it.
He smiles. He kisses her, pulls her inside and
slams the door closed. We next see them lying
in bed together, covered to their shoulders with
the sheets, clearly having just made love.1

They are relaxed and talking about places
he’s been, places to go.
She says, “How about New York?”
“You’d hate it. You’d hate New York. I spent a
whole month there.”
“OK, how about Chicago?”
“Same as New York, only colder, more crime,
that sort of thing.”
He kisses her.
“All right, how about Los Angeles?” she asks.
“Listen to me, you never ever say that word
on me again.”
“It’s warm there.”
“I’d rather be in Iraq. Iraq’s warm. ... I’ll tell
you what. I got one. I was a ... I remember I was
stationed at this place called Point Lague
about an hour north of LA. It was Christmas
and what the Navy does for Christmas is little
skits ... and all that stuff. I got in my truck and
I high-tailed out of there and ended up in this
little mountain town called Ojai. I get there, it’s
like fruit farms, vineyards, mountains around
protecting the town, and the people there are
like small town and they say hello, and they all
got this looks in their eyes like they ran into
some sort of secret, like they got it all figured it
out. And there’s this mission, this Spanish
mission right there in the middle of town. They’re
having Christmas mass, celebrating Christmas
in seventy degree weather. I just went picking
an orange off a tree sat down on a bench and
listed to their choir sing. I don’t know, it was
the best Christmas I ever had.”
“I wanna live there.”
“OK. Let’s live in Ojai.”
He kisses her again.

This little fragment of a scene that takes
place after sex carries a sense of innocence
and simple pleasure, of love and caring that
we do not see anywhere else in the film. It is
significant for its tone, so different from what
comes before and after. The scene is inter-
rupted as Pete and the other men from the
security detail come barging into the trailer.
Pete leads the way and sees Natalie hurrying
to shut the sliding door to the “bedroom,”
parts of her body exposed. Pete, who is clearly
drunk, pulls back the door and begins to enter
their space, yelling playfully, “What are you
doing in there?” Matt tries to get one of
the other men to get Pete away from them, but
they don’t and he persists.

It leads to a fight in which they all knock
Matt to the ground. In the scuffle, Natalie suf-
fers a blow to the head and falls onto the bed.
Lying there, she awakens to the sensation of
Pete raping her. As the scene becomes chaotic,
she gets away, going to the door while the
men subdue Matt, knocking him unconscious.
Natalie looks back and then, wrapping her
cloth around her, she heads out the door in her
bare feet for her fatal walk in the snow.

With that, we return to the “present.” Jane is
knocking on the door. Ben gets a call from
Cory who is looking down on the scene but
has seen something in the tracks. Ben turns
and yells out, “Jane, get away from that door”
just before she is blown away from the door by
a shot fired from within. Everyone begins
shooting. At the end of it, Jane is lying in the
snow wounded but alive, everyone else,
including Ben, are dead except for Pete, who
runs up into the mountains having been fired
on from Cory and Cory, who will track Pete in
order to mete out justice.

The contrast between the scenes, one of
gentle lovemaking and the other of brutal vio-
ence, is stark. The contrast between the loving
couple in bed and the rape that follows is also
stark.

In fact, it is that brief scene of two happy
lovers that helps define what is absent from
this film. Natalie and Matt are the only happy,
loving couple in Wind River. Their brief inter-
action is the only loving, tender interaction
between man and woman in the film. For it,
she is raped and they are murdered.

Virtually all the violence in the film is set off
by sexual desire! It is not thanatos, but eros

1 In a script of the film I found on line, the scene at this
point actually showed a very tender love-making between
them. It was obviously changed at some point to the post
love-making scene that we see on the screen. If it had been
left, it would have been the only positive depiction of sex in
the film.
that leads to all the death and mayhem.

There is one important exception to this as well, the film’s final violence in which Cory Lambert metes out justice. He finds Pete, who had run from the shootout, knocks him out, ties him up and takes him to a remote mountain. There he gets him to confess to his crime of passion, that “I raped her,” and helped beat her boyfriend to death. Then he sends Pete running into the snow until he drops and dies, as Natalie did, from breathing in the frozen air. This killing is not perpetrated as an act of sexual aggression. It is punishment for sexual aggression.

Before Pete makes his full confession, he confesses to the state of mind that led to the rape and murder.

“You know what it’s like? Stuck out in this frozen hell, nothing to do? No nothing. No women, no fun? Just fucking ... snow and silence.”

This last murder, of Pete, is felt by us as just-tice, but it also is consonant with the film’s hidden morality. Pete is not simply guilty of the actual crime; he is also guilty of harboring the intense sexual passions that led to the crime.

The hidden force in Wind River is the force of a fierce and violent condemnation and prohibition of sexuality. If this film were a patient in analysis, we would say that its oppressive mood comes from a powerfully sadistic conscience that warns us danger comes from our sexual desires. The film prohibits those desires, gives us a dire warning about them. This is the hidden fantasy, the hidden prohibition—curse if you will—that can help bring us, the viewers, to a state of sorrowful hopelessness, mitigated somewhat by the righteous vengeance that Cory takes upon Pete. Cory is able to reassure Natalie’s father, Martin, that this justice was served. Nevertheless, I found myself leaving the theater with a heavy heart.

Members

If you have a commentary, article, review, poem, or any other psychoanalytically related item for the Bulletin, please send it. If you have an idea for such an item, please suggest it.

This is your Bulletin, to read and to write.
PANY News

News and Notes of Members

Honors


Joan Bryan, LCSW was graduated from the Adult Psychoanalytic Training Program of the Institute for Psychoanalytic Education affiliated with NYU School of Medicine.

Graciana Lapetina, M.D. was graduated from the Adult Psychoanalytic Training Program of the Institute for Psychoanalytic Education affiliated with NYU School of Medicine.

Alphonse Osinski, M.D. was graduated as an Academic Associate from the Adult Psychoanalytic Training Program of the Institute for Psychoanalytic Education affiliated with NYU School of Medicine.

Authors


Speakers

Dr. Harold Blum gave the keynote lecture on trauma and developmental disturbance at an international psychoanalytic conference in Prague in October. He also led a seminar with candidates and addressed the faculty of the Prague Psychoanalytic Institute.

Dr. Blum gave a keynote lecture in Bologna, also in October, on Freud’s Derealization on the Acropolis in 1904 and Anxiety in Rome in 1913.

Dr. Kerry Sulkowski did an extended interview with Katie Couric on her podcast, about whether Trump was mentally fit to serve in July. It can be found at http://katiecouric.com/kerry-sulkowicz-president-mentally-fit/

Dr. Sulkowski did an interview on Mic.com (one of the leading news organizations for millennials) in October about the same subject. That interview was condensed down to a four-minute video which went viral. As of last Friday it had been viewed more than 7 million times (on Mic, Facebook and Twitter).
Bulletin of the Psychoanalytic Association of New York

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