

**MAKING ROOM: developing reflective capacity through group  
analytic psychotherapy – in the analyst and in the group**

**Part Two**

**Abstract**

In this, the second part of one paper, the author continues to trace the interdependent development of trainee group analyst and training group beyond the first nine months of the group to the point of his departure at the end of the third year of the group's life. Further fractures are highlighted as is the development, in group and analyst, of a more robust 'skin'. The importance of making room for 'play' is also considered, as is, crucially, making room for reflecting upon loss. It is the latter, the author suggests, that proffers most hope for the group and its members, since it provides the painful opportunity to make meaning out of what is lost and realistic expectations out of frustration and despair.

**Keywords**

Authority – group analytic psychotherapy/training – hope – loss – play –  
psychic skin

## Introduction

As I brace myself for the second part of this narrative about the mutual struggle of analyst and group to make room enough to reflect and learn, I am reminded of some advice given to me when, in a previous professional incarnation, I struggled to manage the psychological impact of working with young adolescents in my probationary year as a teacher in a secondary comprehensive school. 'If you're going to survive', I was urged, 'you need to develop a thick skin.'

Something of my experience of developing such a skin, I have alluded to elsewhere (Barwick 2001). Not an uncommon defence against the threat of being overwhelmed, of 'falling apart', the psychic skin becomes petrified, renders itself impermeable, whilst omnipotent phantasies muster false authority at the expense of sensitivity to the internal worlds of other and of self. This precocious 'muscularity' relates, perhaps, to what Bick (1968) refers to as 'second skin'.

Such a rallying of defences is, of course, not an option for a group analyst; nor is it advisable, for that matter, in the teaching profession. Yet the forging of a more robust, less hole-ridden skin – around the analyst and,

increasingly, around the group – is. Evinced in a growing confidence in the capacity to both survive and contain that which permeates the dynamic matrix of the group, it provides a vital psychic resource for each group member in their efforts to forge their own ‘internal space’, their own ‘room for reflection’:

‘...[the] internal function of containing the parts of the self is dependent initially on the introjection of an external object experienced as capable of fulfilling this function ... Until the containing functions have been introjected, a concept of a space within the self cannot arise.’ (Bick *ibid* p 187).

### **Clinical Work: from first to second year**

#### *Developing Skin*

Over Jane’s remaining time in the group (she left after fourteen months), I and the group became increasingly able to contain her anxieties and threatened outbursts. More firmly contained, she offered useful insights into important aspects of the dynamic matrix, not so much by acting them out, but by talking about them. As the original members of the group were gradually replaced, Jane became something of a parental figure, giving

particular attention to the youngest member, Punya, who was a suicide risk. She also made good sisterly attachments, particularly with Abisola, a forthright woman, herself prey to angry outbursts.

One of Jane's complaints had been how difficult it was to find clothes she could afford and how second-hand shops proffered little which both fitted *and* suited her. In my mind, I associated these references with an absence of skin – of a sense of sustaining and sustainable embodiment - within and by means of which she felt she could properly and safely belong. Towards the end of the first year, however, Jane commented on a change in *my* dress. She suggested I had been told to 'get my act together', that I looked much smarter for it, and that I clearly 'meant business'.

What Jane noted was my decision to don some very expensive, second-hand suits – my father's. Wearing these symbolised a greater integration of more aggressive aspects of me which were present in, but had also been projected onto and into my father, a wealthy, self-made businessman. It was shortly after this, just prior to Jane's departure, that I also grew a beard. Although one ex-tutor suggested a likeness to Freud, I myself had Robert de Niro in mind. My personal therapy group, however, pointed out with some amusement that, during the long summer break, I had acquired a

characteristic shared with my own analyst! Smiling, I recognised that resonant with this observation was the developing resolution of a negative transference to him, and a growing trust in the group and its capacity to contain, which I held inside.

*Re-match: the group makes room for gradual re-integration.*

Rows arising from ‘malignant mirroring’ (Zinkin 1983; Gordon 1991) – a dynamic in which mutual projective identification leads to a hostile relationship between a pair (Zinkin 1983) (which may itself be understood as emerging out of the unconscious dynamics of a similar type at work at a group level (Gordon 1991)) – broke out, yet never quite with such force and certainly not with such anxiety on my part again. One such row occurred between Punya and Abisola. As if echoing, respectively, Hanna’s and Jane’s altercation, Punya, with morally superior calmness, reproached Abisola (who had related an incident where, in the spirit of revenge, she had taken a sledgehammer to someone’s front door) for her irresponsible and uninhibited violence. Abisola responded to Punya’s reprimand with considerable vitriol and, though we struggled to unpick the mutual projections (for example, unknown to the group at this point, Punya, a quiet and thoughtful young man, shamefully carried the knowledge of an act of

violence he had himself committed prior to joining the group, while Abisola, as a child, had been the victim of repeated cruel and violent abuse), the psychic territorial war enacted was too fiery to make room for mature reflection and both they and the group left feeling bruised.

For several sessions, the group, as if reaching a dangerous impasse, began to stagnate. There followed two weeks with only two members present in each session: Laura and Punya in the first; Punya and Abisola in the second. Had this near collapse occurred a few months previously, I would have felt not only great anxiety but great guilt. As it was, though frustrated by the way intimacy so often led to recriminations and a shunning of contact, I was also able to recognise these absences as the group's 'enabling solution' (Whitaker and Lieberman 1964). It was as if, aware of a lack of room and of the fragility of 'intimacy involving openness and contact between people in the field of vision of other people' (Brown [1985] 2000:217), the group made an unconscious agreement to offer a limited privacy in which, first Laura (to Punya), then Punya (to Abisola), exposed their vulnerabilities.

When the full group met again, Abisola, in motherly fashion and as if trying to heal a rift that had earlier also occurred between Jane and Punya, related the fact that Punya had cried. (Unbeknownst to the others, crying in the

group was one of Punya's greatest fears.) She also said she thought this was very brave of him. Perhaps prompted by the fact that she had initially felt quite unsure how to respond to Punya's distress in what grew, through awkward faltering movements, into an intimate and empathic exchange, she went on to talk about how, because she was so often 'on the defensive', she felt concerned about her ability to be 'open' to the needs of Andrew, her son.

Jane, having earlier had a session alone with Abisola, now re-explored with her - and in front of the group - Abisola's relationship with her own mother. This revealed, for the first time, several disturbing stories, one of which was about her mother bathing her, only to end up scrubbing Abisola so hard that her skin began to bleed. I suggested that, for her, spaces that might promise safety and allow vulnerability had turned into nightmare settings, full of violent abuse. It was little wonder she found it so difficult to trust and be 'open' in the way that she wanted to be in the group.

Abisola said she wanted to be 'broken'. It was as if, though the desire for real contact (beyond her defensive posturing) was genuine, the very language of intimacy had become impregnated with violence. Jane suggested that she wanted to be able to 'fall to pieces.' Abisola's eyes moistened. As if to keep

herself 'together', she talked again of her son, complaining how inadequate school, social services and the area in which she lived were in terms of offering care or safety. Despite a group-relevance to her story, it had a monologuing air that irritated me rather than drawing empathy and I noted that both Punya and Laura appeared to be drifting away. Eventually, I said, 'It's interesting how Andrew has become a major figure in the room, like a member of the group who has filled the room with his presence. I wonder, though, if his presence is not only in Abisola's story but in others. I wonder if anyone identifies with him.'

Punya said he did and that, as a child, he had experienced no real physical contact from his parents, though he did remember his mother reaching out to him once, to stop him falling. At this, Abisola laughed. Invited to say more, she simply apologised and said that laughing was just something she did. Jane, however, still curious, soon returned to the issue, pursuing it further. What emerged was that Abisola's laughter was a response to pain. This led to a discussion about muddled communications eliciting disappointing responses and a broader discussion followed investigating the way members communicated with their parents and what they might like to ask them and really say to them.

Noting that Laura still had not contributed, I invited her into the discussion. Laura, whose aunt (for all intents and purposes, her mother) had died recently, said that, just before she had died, she had talked to her about how she had felt overlooked as a child and about how hurt, angry and resentful she was about this. Her aunt, taken aback, had said that she had had ‘no idea’ that this had been so. I suggested this might happen in the group; that she might feel overlooked sometimes but not speak up until it was too late. Then she might end up feeling hurt and resentful and angry. Punya asked if this was how she did feel. She assured him it wasn’t. ‘You look like you’ve switched off though,’ remarked Jane, ‘sat back in your chair like that. You look a bit out of it, like you’re saying “leave me alone”’.

Engaging Jane in a brief conversation about Laura, I agreed that it did seem like this was the message, but wasn’t it a curious message to send for someone who had experienced such a painful lack of care and attention? Laura, annoyed, said she hadn’t been feeling very well lately, that was all. Surprised, Abisola asked, with considerable sympathy, ‘Haven’t you? What’s wrong?’ Laura, swallowing, began to cry.

As Jane responded with motherly noises, Punya spoke as if *for* Laura, relating something of their intimate ‘one-to-one’ session two weeks before.

Abisola added Laura to her list of ‘bravehearts’ and Punya said it was Laura’s willingness to ‘go to pieces’ in that ‘one-to-one’ session that had enabled him to ‘go to pieces’ in the ‘one-to-one’ session with Abisola. Jane joked that maybe people were upset because she was leaving.

This comment was nearly lost so, a little later, I picked it up, remarking on how striking it was that Jane made light of her departure, particularly since she was a founding member of the group – a bit like a parent in fact – and that the group had been very important to her over a long period of time. Abisola, in particular, said how much she would miss Jane, and Jane, whose attendance had been erratic since announcing her departure, and who, when actually present, had made several attacking comments, complaining of how distant she felt from the group, confessed now that she nearly had not come again. It had been a huge risk to do so, particularly since, having messed everyone around so much, she had feared we (and me in particular) wouldn’t want to see her. Then, as the group talked of how ‘touched’ they felt at sharing in this way, and how precious tears were, as if to complete an intimate *orchestration*, for the first time, apparently for twenty five years, and in the most curiously restrained and delicate manner, Jane also began to cry.

*A Conductor’s Reflections*

That this group felt like an ‘orchestration’ is an apt sign, I think, of my growing capacity to play ‘conductor’. Indeed, this musical analogy prompts another. Having, as a child, had a classical music training, I made the decision, during the second year of conducting this group, to learn jazz tenor sax. Doing so has been a liberating experience. Of particular interest has been to realise that, in jazz, there is no such thing as a ‘wrong note.’ Not only is a so-called ‘wrong note’ never more than a semitone away from a ‘right note’, but the difference between ‘wrong’ and ‘right’ is simply a difference between tension and release. And it is the interplay of tension and release – a ‘tolerable imbalance’ (Foulkes 1964: 58) – that constitutes the music of jazz.

The tensions at the start of my group were evident still, if less strident, some fifteen months on. An important difference, however, was my capacity (and the group’s) to tolerate them and, holding onto a sense of hope, make use of them in the movement towards release. This is not to adopt a naive optimism. I remain very aware that tension uncontained leads to more tension and that a constant missing of the resolution towards a more concordant note gives rise, in the end, to a musical incoherence so extreme, no conductor (or orchestra for that matter), be they ever-so post-modern,

would be able to bear it. Nevertheless, what I do find is that I have a greater faith in the natural developmental capacity of groups when properly attended to.

This maturing perspective (mirrored by greater tolerance of my own internal disc(h)ord) has better enabled me to hold that group analytic poise of which I spoke earlier. In turn, this has allowed me to attend with greater fluidity to the fluctuations between figure and ground. For example, in response to Abisola and her monologue, awareness of my countertransference prompted me to intervene in such a way as both to hold her as well as open up the possibility of relocating the source of need within the group. Further, I was able to draw upon aspects of the group locked in the silent group members and to reach out to them, almost playfully. Where challenges occurred in the group (as for example, Jane's to Laura) they did so not in my absence (leaving the challenger open to possible rebuff of a type that may have proved overly difficult) but in my presence as 'participant-observer' (Sullivan 1954). All this facilitated, I believe, a deepening resonance in the group, in which the fractured and malignant mirrors could be reassembled in less distorted, more integrated fashion, and put to good use in a room that encouraged developmental reflections.

## Clinical Work: the second and third years

### *Making room for play*

In this and the previous paper, I have chosen to focus mainly upon the first fourteen months of my training and of this training group – the point where the last of my original members, Jane, left. Within the group, this was a time dogged by distressing rows and precipitous departures. Material from my second and third years would have presented a group less turbulent and more reflective; one in which the forces of the anti-group, of anti-therapeutic destructiveness, were less prevalent and my capacity to take up the role of conductor, with both authority and sensitive reserve, more in evidence. Also in evidence would be my capacity to take part in, and elicit, play. I take the import of this capacity, in myself and others, from Winnicott's dictum:

*'Psychotherapy takes place in the overlap of two areas [or more] of playing ... where playing is not possible ... the work done by the therapist is directed towards bringing the patient from a state of not being able to play into a state of being able to play.'* (1971a: 44)

Concomitant with my attempts to elicit play was an increasing interest in encouraging the elaboration of metaphors arising in the group. Metaphor is

based, like play, on the notion of ‘as if’ and its elaboration in the group allows for multiple ‘overlappings’, thus creating an area of shared ‘intermediate experience’. Thus, for example, in a series of sessions half-way through the second year of the group, stories of violent acts (phantasised and real) around the theme of invasion and expulsion were related. One of the less traumatic stories focused on one member’s anger (a member who had been identified by the group as being the least aggressive) at having a seat usurped on a crowded train. The opportunity to reflect upon the meaning of this and the other stories was made available not through classical interpretation (something I became far less reliant upon) but through an exploration of the meaning of an empty seat in the group during one of these sessions – a seat that marked the absence of Abisola, herself experienced by some, at times, as quite aggressive and bullying. This, in turn, gave rise to the idea not only of its removal (Abisola was about to leave) but of the gradual removal of other seats, ‘as if’ in a game of musical chairs. In this relatively safe, playful space, members of the group were able explore issues regarding rivalry and aggression. In this way, play led not only to new knowledge (Winnicott refers to it as the ‘gateway to the unconscious’) but provided an arena in which healthy group relationships could grow (Winnicott 1942).

This is not to say that there was no fire or fracture during this period, nor that once some room for reflective intimacy had been established, it was never assailed. The very fact that I was unable to expand the group to a full compliment until early in my third year, alone says something about the continuing experience of ‘crowding’. Nonetheless, the group eventually did grow in size and, after three years, on leaving, I handed it over to another conductor who had joined me as a ‘trainee’ three months before. Despite my line-manager’s warning – a previous group passed on in this way had collapsed within a few weeks of the original conductor’s exit – this group has continued to thrive, with only one member, the most recent addition, leaving precipitously.<sup>1</sup>

### **Clinical Work: Leaving**

#### *Making room for loss*

Loss is integral to living and our capacity to make meaning of it is integral to our capacity to live with ourselves and with each other in hope. To make meaning, we must tolerate the pain of loss, that is, we must give it due room in our minds. Intimacy is inextricably bound to the issue of loss, since it is in the intimacy that is dependence that we learn most deeply, and it is in the

loss inherent in separating from that which we have grown dependent upon that we make what we learn, our own. When we are capable of waiting for meaning to emerge out of the unknown that loss heralds, we enter into a benign, if anxiety-provoking cycle, leading always to psychic enrichment. When, however, the mind is so crowded by unprocessed earlier losses – those which have never had room enough to find meaning – the prospect of further loss provokes either panic or a resort to defensive mechanisms that, though temporarily ameliorating fears, prevent the rich symbolic holding of that which is to be lost, inside.

There were many opportunities to make room for reflecting upon loss, in particular when members left. When these opportunities were taken (and often they were not) they made a significant contribution to the development of both group and ‘departee’. The fact that Ayesha left (after about nine months) in measured fashion, for example, allowing due reflection on complex and contradictory feelings about her departure, enabled the group to gain a sense of its own value by recognising the value of what it could no longer have. This process also provided a model for making room for reflecting upon later departures.

Even so, those who left subsequently did not do so with ease. For example, Jane was, I think, prompted to leave as a reaction to her own feelings of abandonment (following a growing sense of belonging) during the long summer break. It took firm and sensitive handling to contain her last-moment attacks (including absences) and to bring her properly into the group so she could properly go.

Abisola too, whose departure (after about a year in the group) marked a successful completion of her studies and an equally successful beginning, outside the city, of her professional life, seemed unable to leave without resurrecting her conflict with Punya; this despite, though I suspect because of, their growing intimacy.

For Laura, who, like the ‘good child’, had given three months notice (she was moving out of the city), the attack she launched before leaving seemed more a sign of hope than a defence against loss, of progression than regression (Maar 1989; Wardi 1989).

Complaining about unsupportive colleagues and an incompetent Managing Director at her work place forcing her to take on burdens beyond the contractual scope of her employment, a member brought to mind a story

she had told previously: of her as a child, struggling to carry her younger siblings home when in fact she so desperately wanted carrying herself. I added how, in the last few weeks, she had taken increasing responsibility in the group and, though this was apt in many ways, wondered whether she wasn't missing something in terms of care *from* the group. At this, a certain petulance that had been simmering became overt in her open criticism of the group and its blind ignorance of her own needs. Another member expressed surprise at this 'hidden', angry and deprived aspect – a surprise echoing Laura's aunt ('I didn't know that was how you felt. I had no idea'). 'That's the problem', snapped Laura. 'People don't know because they don't think!'

Though angry with the group to whom she felt (and had) given much, she was also angry with herself. 'I need to find out how to ask without leaving it too late!' she said.<sup>2</sup> I said that I thought this was important. If she didn't speak up, she was likely to bear silent resentment and be glad to be rid of us. This surely would be a terrible loss, since the group *had* helped her and *had* been important to her. Laura said that wanting to get rid of the group was exactly how she had begun to feel.

In her last session (early in the third year of the group), Laura was particularly aggressive, hateful even. Members took umbrage and a brief ‘scuffle’ ensued. Mindful of the little time left, I drew Laura’s aggression towards me. In response, Laura commented on how she could now see ‘all the cracks’ in me. Andrew, a new member of the group looking for someone to confirm his own pessimism about group therapy, suggested she was saying she had got nowhere in the eighteen months she had been in the group. Irritated, Laura retorted. ‘No! That’s not it!’ Listing the many things that had changed for her, she added: ‘And one thing that’s really changed is that I’m angry! I mean *really* angry! And I’m only angry because I feel safe enough to *be* angry!’ She also said that although she’d got a lot from the therapy, she hadn’t got enough. She added that, when her dying aunt had expressed surprise at how overlooked Laura had felt, Laura, consoling her, had told her it was OK. But it wasn’t OK! And she wasn’t going to pretend anymore.

Laura’s final farewell was in fact a fond one. She demonstrated a realistic gratitude that enabled her to take away something that she was losing and keep it inside. She was able to do this only because, I believe, she expressed her ‘hate ... in a known environment, without the return of hate and violence

from the environment.’ (Winnicott 1942: 143) – that is, she found room enough to be.

### *The Last Farewell*

Despite giving four months notice of my departure, the group found it difficult to explore its emotional import, except to express some concern about the competence of my co-conductor (who arrived one month later). I also found it difficult to address it directly, in part because of a ‘competing’ death in the form of Thea’s father<sup>3</sup>. More than this, however, despite evidence to the contrary – one usually very consistent member’s sudden spate of absences, Andrew’s suicidal despair around the previous break – I just could not quite believe how important my ‘little death’ might be.

Andrew’s response – that one therapist was much like another – was the most dismissive, yet the whole group seemed curiously unperturbed and I began to feel rejected, dejected and smouldering with anger. Although lacking, at this point, the detailed attention of a training-supervisor, I eventually understood these reactions as part of my countertransference – intimations of what the group-as-a-whole found too difficult to contain.

Even so, I found myself trapped with these feelings, unable to find a way of offering them back to the group other than by self-disclosure.<sup>4</sup>

During this time, Punya's attendance began to deteriorate, a similar deterioration having occurred prior to Laura's departure. Laura and I were the most significant group members for Punya and I began to see his withdrawal as evidence of what the group found too painful to give room to. On his return near to 'my end', I made it a priority to draw him into the group, so that what was located in him could be redistributed within the matrix of the group. In so doing, it became clear that, contrary to Andrew's summation, Punya feared I was irreplaceable and that, in my going, all that he had gained would be irrevocably lost.

In my final session, Punya was absent. Andrew enthusiastically set a question for the group: 'How can we [depressed people] stop being so depressed?' The group, however, seemed unable to give a satisfying answer. Indeed, Thea, for example, said she feared that her 'new openness' – following the initial grief at her father's death she had seemed to gather a new strength – was disappearing again and Gina, remarked that she was feeling less confident once more. Gina then related a dream in which,

feeling panicky, she had looked everywhere for consoling support, only to find that everyone she turned to was dead.

The group became silent. After a while I said, 'A dream is sometimes like a gift to the group. This dream seems to be about loss about which there is much preoccupation in the group', and I listed some examples, including Thea's father's death. 'In fact this preoccupation is one that Tim [my co-conductor] highlighted last week.' As I had hoped, Tim continued, 'And of course the loss of Nick is imminent.'

A shock-wave swept through the group. It was as if we had never discussed my departure, or as if, as one member said, till then they 'had had all the time in the world'. A brief but immense sadness followed, mainly located in Gina who admitted how, despite herself (I noted how she kept her chair a little out of the circle), she felt deeply connected to the group and to me.

Andrew began to lead the discussion elsewhere. However, Doug a big, quietly spoken man, blurted angrily, 'We're not talking about it!' Straining not to show too much he turned to me saying, 'I need to say how important you've been to me. I feel you've given a lot. I'm going to miss you and I feel uneasy about what will happen when you've gone.' A number of similar

comments followed from other members, including Thea who made, at last, an explicit link to the loss of her father. Only Andrew remained untouched by these exchanges, taking on a calm therapeutic role. I mentioned this to him and wondered aloud why. He replied:

‘Are you suggesting I’m sublimating my own fear of losing you?’

The remark had a dismissive air. I ‘bit’ back:

‘I don’t know what you’re sublimating but I did notice that you picked up the role and language of ‘the therapist’ just at a point when you might have had some feelings about what was being talked about.’

Andrew said that what he felt was ‘disconnected’ and ‘impatient’ to get on with the work. As he spoke, a flood of losses came to my mind, in particular the loss of his mother which he had never found out how to mourn. In my struggle to make some connection with him, on this my last day, I glimpsed something of how despairing he must have felt with his own emptiness and lack of engagement with the world. How very difficult it was, I thought, for such an omnipotently defended and *impatient* man to give himself room to *be a patient*; the one who, suffering, needs. I thought too, with sadness, how, for me, there was now no more room to explore this with him. These and other issues were now the work of the group with their new conductor, not with me.

As if in response to Andrew's denial, Doug, choking with tears, apologised and left the room. This echoed Punya's sudden departure mid-session a few weeks earlier. Doug, however, returned a few minutes later and, aptly, it was Tim who 'picked him up'. Doug talked of suicidal feelings and, as he did so, I began to feel immense guilt: at being grossly negligent and ill-preparing the group. Yet I also knew that this was not so. We had, to the best of my, my new supervisor's and my co-conductor's abilities, been thoughtful about this ending. I simply added, 'All this, and I'm leaving as well.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'It's not a good time.'<sup>5</sup> This simple exchange seemed containing – something I noted both in Doug's still distressed but more thoughtful demeanour and in my own less anxious countertransference.

It was only then that the group, at last, addressed Punya's absence and how upset he had been several weeks before. Someone suggested that, knowing how important my leaving was to him, he probably didn't know this was my last session. I said, 'Perhaps he did'.

Despite Punya's absence, I found myself hopeful still that my loss would not be catastrophic but creatively, if painfully, borne. I felt more hopeful for the fact that in my penultimate session, Punya had offered recognition and an

apology: it was not just me but the group that he had turned to over the years, and it was work done with the group, including me, that had kept him alive. This did not lessen the pain of my loss, but it gave him reason to hope that he might be able to go on.

Following the group, I wrote to him. Some months later, I received a card dated the day of my absence. It was of a tiger – a significant image for someone so fearful of his own aggression. It was a long, moving message, from which I offer one line:

‘Beyond the confusion, sadness, pain and tears,’ he wrote, ‘I know there is light somewhere and I know I am closer to that light.’

### ***Conclusion: ‘one little room’***

Punya epitomises the struggle of each member of the group, and indeed of each of us throughout our lives, to make meaning out of loss and hopeful and realistic expectation out of frustration and despair. Our capacity to ‘find/Strength in what remains behind’ (Wordsworth 1804) is dependent upon our experience of having had room enough to thoughtfully bear these losses and, without defensive posturing, make meaning out of what we have left inside. The room that we may productively make use of is the room co-created with others in the context of a matrix of competitors and carers.

This is the room with which I found myself engaged in struggling to see into being; a room in which the ‘fanatic heart’ could begin to relinquish its primitive territorial needs and, in free and frank discussion, negotiate a place, within and without, for all. Making room and negotiating by the light and safety of that room is what educationalists might call a ‘transferable skill’, what psychologists might refer to as having a high degree of ‘generalisability’, and what John Donne, the poet, might have seen as being the product of ‘love’:

‘And now good morrow to our waking soules,  
Which watch not one another out of feare;  
For love, all love of other sights controules,  
And makes one little roome, an everywhere.’

(‘The Good-Morrow’)

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<sup>1</sup> This was the state one year after my departure. When last I heard, three years after leaving, the group was still working, though I am uncertain of its exact composition.

<sup>2</sup> I also made a not very successful attempt to get the group to explore why it was being so inexpressive about Amy's departure. I think this 'autistic' symptom was something that continued to permeate the group during the period of my own departure.

<sup>3</sup> Thea, Gina and Doug all joined early in the third year of the group.

<sup>4</sup> The issue of my departure was one which I had hoped, and suggested, my co-conductor might also raise when appropriate. His difficulty in doing so (in addition to mine) and my irritable feelings in response to this reticence, takes me into complex territory of co-conducting which is beyond the scope of this paper.

<sup>5</sup> In my process notes, in error, I originally attributed these words to Andrew. This parapraxis is, I think, particularly apt, since it is through Doug that Andrew's unconscious speaks in this session.