Money, Love, and Hate
Contradiction and Paradox in Psychoanalysis

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The way analysts talk, behave, and feel in relation to money is replete with an uneasiness that is the surface manifestation of a deep, psychocultural contradiction between money and love that cannot be thought, willed, or wished away. For the clinical project to succeed, this contradiction can and must find a temporary, reparative resolution in the paradox between love and hate. This essay takes up the question of money in the spirit of the Marx-Freud tradition, in postmodern perspective, and through several languages, not only psychoanalysis, but social theory, anthropology, and less centrally, feminist theory as well. It addresses money's unconscious and emotional resonance, and its cultural meanings; money's clinical and theoretical vicissitudes in the context of cultural symbolism and economic change, as well as the class position of psychoanalysis and the psychology of class itself; and money's relational meaning in transference and countertransference.

Since most psychoanalytic discourse about money takes place informally, it seems appropriate to begin in anecdotal style. When I first mentioned to colleagues my intention to write about this topic, I was greeted with what you might call a less than enthusiastic response. “Why are you talking about money?” asked one, quite startled. Another found the proposed title a bit inappropriate and wondered if I oughtn’t be changed to something like “Between Commerce and Trust.” It’s almost as though money were in fact not quite a suitable topic for our distinguished community. Something we don’t talk about, at least in public? A little unsavory, perhaps? Or vulgar?

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This was not the first time I'd met with psychoanalytic unease about money. Consider Dr. French, as I am calling him, a colleague to whom, many years ago, I referred a patient's husband. The man had a cash business (no, he wasn't dealing drugs) and, like his wife, paid his analyst in cash, just as anyone in his subculture did whenever buying anything. Shocked, Dr. French shook his hands as if to rid them of dirt and said to me with an embarrassed smile, "It's, well, money just doesn't belong in the consulting room."

It begins to look as though Freud was right, doesn't it? Recall his (1913) ubiquitously quoted observation: "Money matters are treated by civilized people in the same way as sexual matters—with the same inconsistency, prudishness and hypocrisy" (p. 131).

Freud and his contemporaries might not have shared Dr. French's feelings about cold, hard cash. If they had, they probably would have written about it; to my knowledge, the only classical reference to the matter is Abraham's (1921) certainly accurate diagnosis of severe anxiety in people who insist on paying not only analysts' bills but even the smallest sums by check (p. 378). Nevertheless, our forebears, themselves uneasy about money, recognized the deep desire that its dilemmas simply vanish. They thought hard about money's relation to development, character, and pathology. Abraham's (1921) and Jones's (1918) attention to its place in anal characterology develops Freud's (1908) original insights about its psychosexuality, "the sexual and especially the anal erotic significance of money" (Aron and Hirsch, 1992, pp. 39-40), ideas that are certainly familiar enough and to which I return later. Ferenczi (1914) augments this line of reasoning by assigning money a role in development; he argues that the adult attachment to money represents a socially useful reaction formation to repressed anal eroticism. Fenichel (1938) suggests that anal-erogeneity is made use of, and strengthened, by a social system based on the accumulation of wealth and competitiveness.

The approach to money taken by Ferenczi and Fenichel was political as well as psychoanalytic. Ferenczi (1914), for example, concludes that the "capitalistic instinct... contains... [both] an egoistic and an anal-erotic component"; standing at the disposal of the reality principle, "the delight in gold and the possession of money... also satisfies the pleasure-principle" (p. 88). Fenichel (1938) points out that what he identifies as the drive to amass wealth is born with capitalism, adding that in precapitalist, tribal society it did not exist, while, in a future classless society, it would have disappeared (p. 108). They were not the only classically trained psychoanalysts who wanted to unite two of the three great and diverging arteries of 19th-century European thought, Marxism and psychoanalysis (to put them in their chronological order; the third and temporally intermediate one is Darwinian evolutionary theory). While it is unlikely and probably not desirable that these two grand theories will meld into a single perspective encompassing nothing short of human life itself, nevertheless the dialogue between them has been fruitful and remains compelling. Not only Ferenczi and Fenichel but such luminaries as Edith Jacobson, George Gero, and Annie Reich received their intellectual formation during a time heady with progressive politics and psychoanalytic discovery. While some, like Wilhelm Reich and Erich Fromm, kept striving for synthesis, others abandoned their politics, a yielding impelled more by their Holocaust-driven escape to an anticomunist United States (with its medicalized and anti-intellectual psychoanalysis) than by the inherent incompatibility of two cherished and imaginative comprehensions of human possibility (Jacoby, 1983).

Taking up the question of money in the spirit of the Marx-Freud tradition (a project already called for by Rendon, 1991) but adding a postmodern perspective, I consider money's vicissitudes in the psychoanalytic relationship a topic that is theoretically immediate as well. Freud's discussions about money as a practical matter (1913) and money as a psychological matter (e.g., 1908) may appear in separate essays (see Whitton, n.d., p. 3). But their distance in print represents only the map of his thought, not their lived geography. In the light of recent psychoanalytic and social thought, money's clinical and theoretical locations turn out to be more proximate than might at first appear. Developments in psychoanalytic theory—such as the Kleinian understanding of love and hate, the Winnicottian notion of paradox, the interpersonal assessment of countertransference, and contemporary relational arguments about the simultaneity of one-person and two-person psychologies—and developments in social theory—such as social constructionism, critical theory, and postmodernism—permit a synthetic and evolving interpretation of money in the psychoanalytic relationship that is both clinically relevant and theoretically responsible.

On reflection it becomes clear that a theory of money cannot derive from psychoanalysis alone. Consider Freud's only partially theorized perspective. His ideas on the psychosexuality of money, which predate his instructions about its handling in the clinical setting, in essence consti-
tute the sole intellectual frame for his practical considerations. Money is, Freud (1913) says, to be approached in the consulting room with the same matter-of-factness as sex, for while money has a narcissistic dimension, being "in the first instance ... a medium for self-preservation and for obtaining power, ... powerful sexual factors are [also] involved in the value set on it" (p. 131). The way analysts address it ought then to serve psychotherapy. By speaking with frankness, Freud says, he furthers the educative project of psychoanalysis; he shows patients that "he himself has cast off false shame on these topics, by voluntarily telling them the price at which he values his time" (p. 131).

As for the rest, for the principles on which Freud bases his policy of leasing his time and setting his fee, he speaks from "ordinary good sense" (p. 131). He speaks as a practical man of the world who must consider his material existence by charging for all time leased and regularly collecting his debts (pp. 131-132). The arrangement of leasing one's time, he observes, is "taken as a matter of course for teachers of music or languages in good society" (p. 126). He is faithful to his beliefs, not only his own theory of treatment but what is closely related, his ethics. In elaborating his ethical position, he reviews the behavior of other professionals, concurring in, or distinguishing his own practice from, theirs. He has, he tells us, desisted from taking patients without charge or extending courtesy to colleagues' kin for three reasons. For one thing, free treatment stirs up resistances to, say, the erotic transference in young women and to the paternal transference in young men, who rebel against any "obligation to feel grateful" (p. 132). For another, charging a fee preempts counter-transferential resentment of patients' selfishness and exploitativeness (pp. 131-132). Finally, he finds it "more respectable and ethically less objectionable" to avoid the pretense to philanthropy customary in the medical profession and to acknowledge straightforwardly his interests and needs (p. 131).

The common sense from which Freud reasons is, however, like any informal system of "folk" or cultural knowledge, embedded in unexamined presuppositions. It combines, in effect, the expectations and prejudices customary for his class with his personal needs and predilections, and thus contains unarticulated ideas about issues that are only now being theorized in psychoanalysis—such as the patient's experience of the analyst's subjectivity (Aron, 1991) or the relation between one-person and two-person psychologies (Ghent, 1989; Aron and Hirsch, 1992)—or have, only since Freud's time, been anatomized by social thought, like the economic and political place of the helping professions, the social class of analysts and patients, and the psychology of class (Sennett and Cobb, 1972, Ehrenreich, 1989). Such vantage points being absent either from classical theory or from psychoanalytic thought altogether, it is not surprising that, until recently, so few analysts have considered the matter of money systematically. Whatever the other resistances to this topic (and I get back to them shortly), the intellectual tools to study it have been missing.

I want here to refurbish the intellectual tool kit by conversing in several languages, not only psychoanalysis but social theory, anthropology, and, less centrally, feminist theory as well. I decode money's unconscious and emotional resonance, as well as its cultural meanings. I track its clinical and theoretical vicissitudes in terms of cultural symbolism and economic change, as well as the class position of psychoanalysts and the psychology of class itself. Through both an examination of Freud's dicta and feelings about money and a clinical example, I render its relational meaning in transference and countertransference.

Money in Psychoanalytic Question

If Freud and his contemporaries were laconic on this matter, his followers have become exponentially voluble as the psychoanalytic century has worn on. The bibliographical entries in the anthology The Last Taboo: Psychoanalysis and Money (Krueger, 1986) are few and far between until the 1960s, when they begin to cluster; and then in the 1970s and 1980s they positively blizzard. Here we are in the 1990s, trying to climb out of what has been termed a "recession" but has really been a depression, which has nipped at, if not bitten into, the practices and pocketbooks and psyches of most psychoanalysts in private practice. Just in the last three years, there have appeared two more books on the question, one a general anthology (Klebanow and Lowenkopf, 1991) and the other about the fee (Herron and Welt, 1992). All cover quite a range of topics, from fee setting, personal philosophies about fee policies, and the relation between gender and money to managed health care and the effects of free treatment.

The snowballing discussion of money has a history, part of which is cultural. Psychoanalysis's "last taboo" fell during a period when a lot of other icons were being broken too, as, simultaneously, the class position of professionals was subtly but permanently shifting. If the 1960s (the
“we decade”) saw the blossoming of sexual expression and the 1970s of narcissism (the “me decade”), then the 1980s (the “greed decade”) made the admission of the desire for money and the accumulation of wealth at least more common if not more socially acceptable. But, we might ask, acceptable to whom? Surely not stockbrokers and corporate raiders. Wall Street’s expression of greed may well have had to do with the wildest financial party since the roaring twenties, a party perhaps even more avaricious than the age of the robber barons. But people who trade in money are supposed to be on good terms with selfishness; helping professionals are not. Instead, they are supposed to value money only for its ability to serve a modest standard of living. What was surprising in the 1980s, then, was the seemingly sudden acquaintance with covetousness on the part of professionals.

“Psychoanalysts’ heightened interest in money, not to mention their greed, had, however, more than a decade behind it.” It was, in fact, a response to, and expression of, a long, slow slide in their socioeconomic fortunes. The 1960s were a watershed in a century-long trend; until then, the gap between rich and poor in the United States had been steadily decreasing. After that, the gap began to yawn. The middle class, from which traditionally have come most analysts and analysts, began to shrink, indeed, to decline; presently, middle-class people can no longer count on owning their homes or sending their children to college without impoverishing themselves (Newman, 1988; Ehrenreich, 1989). By the same token, the insurance reimbursements that subsidized their psychoanalytic treatment have dwindled, bruising both those in need of therapeutic help and those who make their living by providing it.

“...This decline in middle-class fortunes coincided with a boom in the helping professions, which in turn further reduced professionals’ share of the pie. The extension of parity to psychologists and social workers by insurance companies, the increasing participation of social workers in the psychoanalytic profession, the proliferation of “media shirks,” and the flood of self-help books—these belong to the expansion of psychotherapy to all levels of the middle class, even to the working class. Part of the democratizing trend in psychoanalysis” (Havens, 1989, p. 142; Zaphiropoulos, 1991, p. 242), this growth also belonged to a cultural change that might be called the “therapization of America.” The evolution of a therapy-sensitive culture in which people are knowledgeable about, and receptive to, psychotherapy, in which consumers assume the right to question and choose among all medical authorities, and in which psychotherapy is packaged by managed health care has, ironically, also reduced analysts’ incomes. The more competition there is among providers of mental health care, the fewer the patients and the lower the fees for each privately practicing analyst (Chodoff, 1991, pp. 254-256; Drelich, 1991, pp. 159-161; Aron and Hirsch, 1992); the more knowledge consumers have, the more they question analysts’ authority and resist the imposition of what have sometimes seemed to be arbitrarily high fees (see also Herron and Welt, 1992, p. 171).

As psychoanalytic pockets slowly emptied, psychoanalytic journals began to fill up with articles on money. Comparisons would be interesting. In other countries, say, Sweden, where the middle class remains or has become economically secure, as it was in Freid’s time, are these issues handled differently? Are they addressed systematically? Or are they ignored, as, in fact, they were in Europe and the United States until, for all intents and purposes, 30 years ago? Or take the obverse: will psychoanalysts in Eastern Europe begin formally to consider the clinical and theoretical problems money presents as their practices leave the public domain of (medical) hospital care and enter the private market?

**The Disturbance of Money**

In responding, if only unconsciously, to this recent (and perhaps permanent) downturn in the American economy, however, analysts are noticing merely what has been there all along. In saying this, I am revising Durkheim’s (1930) classic sociological position, codified in his paradigmatic study of suicide. Durkheim (1938) drew a parallel between medical and social science: if studying illness reveals the nature of health (as, indeed, Freud himself, 1905, argued), then, he said, studies of social pathology should reveal the basis for social order and hence the true nature of social life. That social life is normally orderly, however, can no longer go unquestioned. A deconstructive, postmodern approach, which, perhaps not strangely, finds a harbinger in Freud, suggests otherwise. Taking a Foucauldian tack (Flax, 1990, p. 36), I argue that studying social disorder reveals instead the normal lines of discontinuity and conflict that are the fault lines along which cultural evolution and changes in inner life occur.

So with money and psychoanalysis: just as we learn from “hysterical misery” about “common unhappiness” (Freud, 1895), so if we look into disrupted economics, we come upon money’s ever-present, complicated
meaning in psychoanalysis and, thence the normal difficulties of the work. Several recent papers teach us a lot about the underrecognized countertransferential effects of analysts' economic dependence on their patients that these parlous times make visible. While their work allows us to see that you and your patients want you to be as invulnerable as a tenured full professor, you actually feel about as secure as a part-time adjunct. Yet, analysts have been so uncomfortable with their own feelings of need and greed (Aron and Hirsch, 1992, p. 255) that they have tended to treat money as a psychological problem for patients and merely a practical one for analysts (Whitson, n.d., p. 3). Indeed, analysts' dystonic relation to their own dependence may constitute the biggest single counterresistance in regard to money (Aron and Hirsch, 1992, p. 243; Whitson, n.d., p. 3). Herron and Welt (1992) concur and develop the theme: "The issue ... isn't that greed exists [among psychoanalysts]; rather, it is how that greed is responded to; how it is aroused, frustrated, or met" (p. 48; see also Shainess, 1991).

Analysts' pecuniary need of their patients, however, is not only a discrete countertransference problem. As we can see from Freud's by now well-known financial preoccupations, it is an inevitable thorn in their sides that demands as much inspection as their other basic needs vis-à-vis patients, their needs for, for example, love and respect, power and gratitude. Throughout his 17-year correspondence with Fliess (Masson, 1985), Freud writes periodically about his money-related worries, as well as about the times when his income feels to him adequate. It's quite clear not only that his cash flow is uneven but that this unpredictability breeds cynicism. For example, he prefers American patients for their hard currency (Gay, 1988) and writes, on January 24, 1895, "Mrs. M. will be welcome; if she brings money and patience with her, we shall do a nice analysis. If in the process there are some therapeutic gains for her, she too can be pleased" (Masson, 1985, p. 107). Notice also his reference to his wellborn, well-to-do patients as "goldfish," once on September 21, 1899 (p. 374) and another time on September 27, 1899: "The goldfish (L. von E., an S. by birth and as such a distant relative of my wife) has been caught, but will still enjoy half her freedom until the end of October because she is remaining in the country" (p. 375). Such morbid humor ought not gallsay Freud's famous largess toward some of his patients, for example, the Wolf Man (1918). Still, since he complains, on September 15, 1898, of sleeping during his "afternoon analyses" (Masson, 1985, p. 303), can we not imagine that, sometimes, the most desirable capacity of a patient's purse may have detoxified her less alluring capacity to make him nod off? In any event, Freud's pervasive, if intermittent, focus on money and its ups and downs of anxiety, cynicism, optimism and the like suggests that the roller coaster of comfort and fear about income so familiar to contemporary analysts is doubly determined: the product of hard times, this anxiety may also be an aggravated variant of a pattern actually inherent to the work not only of psychoanalysts but, as we see in a moment, of most helping professionals.

In the last generation or two, analysts have had a far smoother economic ride than Freud, and those made anxious by money were more likely to be in the beginning stages of practice. For example, at the beginning of the affluent 1980s, when my practice was relatively new and supplemented by an academic position, I made my anxiety known to my supervisor, a very senior and well-known analyst of interpersonal persuasion. His reply was, "You can do your best work only when it's become a matter of indifference to you whether you gain or lose an hour." While he seemed to be saying that one can work well only when money is out of the picture, I would now put it another way. It's not that money is relevant to analytic work only when times are bad. When times are good, it's relevant by its absence; then, we're like TAPS, which is what the disabled call the rest of us, "temporarily abled persons." From our present perspective of financial doubt, then, we might wonder whether the mid-century lack of competition among analysts was simply a constant or, instead, an active agent of countertransference. For example, if financial uncertainty now unsettles analysts, can financial security make them smug? Was it such smug self-sufficiency, as well as, perhaps, character, that led another prominent analyst, during the ironically but wistfully termed "golden years" of psychoanalysis (the late 1950s/early 1960s to the stock market crash of 1987), to decline patients older than 40 because he thought them less able to change? Can complacency distort analysts' respect for patients' neediness, transforming empathy into pity? Could such a countertransference amplify the vexing popular mistrust of psychoanalysis itself?

These questions intersect another vital clinical issue, the countertransference symbolism of money. Do psychoanalysts not face a dilemma of safety that money actually symbolizes? If feeling unsafe threatens to impede the analyst's confidence and hence competence, is it also possible to feel too safe (Greenberg, 1986)? There's a necessary insecurity: psychoanalysts cannot guarantee their method will work, for success
depends on a relationship being established and maintained, and the sustenance of relatedness is a day-to-day affair (P. Bromberg, personal communication). More. Current emphases on clinical process, on the importance of not knowing too precisely where you are in a session suggest a need for analysts to tolerate a certain amount of danger (Bion, 1980; Eigen, 1986). Indeed, they develop Freud's insistence on not pressing the patient for linear sense: In explicating the value of the fundamental rule, Freud (1913) cautions, "A systematic narrative should never be expected and nothing should be done to encourage it" (p. 136). Only in this atmosphere of unsafety can we expect to come upon the new and/or the forgotten. Hence money's rollercoaster effect becomes a convenient, rationalized, and inevitable container for the nonrationality and uncertainty of psychoanalytic process.

While not arguing that the uncertainty of earning a living in capitalist society guarantees the feeling of risk necessary to analytic process, I insist that the anxiety money generates cannot be banished from the consulting room. On the contrary, it is endemic to the particular sort of work analysts do (see, e.g., Chadoff, 1986). Analysts, it turns out, are not alone in their unease about money matters. They share it with everyone else in their class, a class called the "professional-managerial class" (Ehrenreich and Ehrenreich, 1979; Ehrenreich, 1989) that came into being between 1870 and 1920 (the birth period, note, of psychoanalysis, as well as the robber barons). Professional-managerial work ranges from law and medicine to middle management, from social work and psychotherapy to education, from academe to journalism. It entails what is cruelly called mental labor but is better characterized as labor that combines intellect and drive with considerable, although not total, autonomy and self-direction (Ehrenreich, 1989, pp. 38, 78).

"Professional-managerial work is not only a livelihood. It is also a means of power and prestige, and a shaper of personal identity. Because it involves conceptualizing other people's work and lives (Ehrenreich, 1989, p. 13), it confers authority and influence. Indeed, it was arguably the chisel that the then-emerging middle class used "to carve out" its own socioeconomic place, its own "occupational niche that would be closed both to the poor and to those who were merely rich" (p. 78). Finally, by providing the opportunity for creativity and discovery in regard not only to one's work but also to one of its chief instruments, one's self, it enters—indeed, expresses, reflects, and generates—one's identity.

This kind of work renders the professional-managerial class an elite. But, and this is Barbara Ehrenreich's main point in Fear of Falling, it is a highly anxious elite. For one thing, members of this class know that their power, privilege and authority can make their clients envy, resent, and hate them (and, analysts would add, idealize them). For another, they, like their clients, also sometimes suspect, even if secretly, that because they do not produce anything visible or tangible, they do not actually do anything real; as such, not only does their work seem worthless, it also cannot match their own or their clients' idealization. Because their only "capital," so to speak, is, as Ehrenreich writes, "knowledge and skill, or at least the credentials imputing skill and knowledge" (p. 15), their high status is insecurely founded. She continues, unlike real, material capital, skill and knowledge cannot be used to hedge inflation, nor can they be bequeathed. They must be renewed by and in each person through hard work, diligence, and self-discipline. Consequently, members of the professional-managerial class, like anyone in any class but the highest, fear the misfortunes that have overnight sent even middle-income people sliding into homelessness and indignity, a fear that Melanie Klein and Joan Riviere (1964), to whom I shall return, liken to that of children who imagine being orphaned or beggarized as punishment for their unconscious aggression (p. 109, n1). They fear falling through the economic and moral safety net, hence Ehrenreich's aptly titled Fear of Falling. They fear "falling from grace," the title of another book by Kathy Newman (1988) on a similar topic; they fear losing their financial status, their elite position of authority, the work they love and their identity as moral, beneficent persons. Rooted in the very work of professionals, then, this anxiety about felt fraudulencce and looming loss is actually built into the role of analyst in a class-structured society.

Class, Countertransference, and Alienation

Like all social institutions, class has powerful unconscious resonance. In the most general sense, class refers to the material aspect of society and the way it divides and joins people along a ladder of economic and political power. By definition, class is hierarchical; the relation between classes is determined by their economic and political superiority or inferiority to one another. To put it more crudely, class distinctions are about money and its unequal distribution in society. Conversely, money represents the veritable or potential differences in power among individuals and among groups. It indicates not only differences of class but those
constituting other hierarchies, like race, ethnicity, gender, sexual preference, and so on. Money, in other words, is symbolic of the fault lines webbing and cracking a psychological and social reality in which difference is the nucleus of hierarchy (Dimen-Schein, 1977, pp. 88-92). The hierarchy of privilege organized by class, status distinctions, the unequal amounts of money people have—these trigger not only greed but envy, excite questions of self-esteem, invite oedipal competitions.

The fault lines of class and other hierarchies show up systematically in transference and countertransference. To return to our exemplar: if, in his most despondent moments, Freud felt greed and cynicism toward his “goldfish,” he was unreflectively contemptuous of the middle class and benevolently condescending toward those poorer than he. Addressing the petit bourgeois reluctance to pay for psychoanalysis, Freud (1913) argued that the restored health and increased “efficiency and earning capacity” afforded by treatment made therapy less expensive than it appeared. Therefore, he concluded; “We are entitled to say that the patients have made a good bargain. Nothing in life is so expensive as illness—and stupidity” (p. 133).

As for the poor, he opined that the best psychoanalysis could supply was “a practical therapy of... the kind which... used to be dispensed by the Emperor Joseph II” (p. 133). Known as the “emperor of the beggars” (1780–1790), Joseph, in good Enlightenment fashion, used on occasion to live among the poor so he could come to know at firsthand what they needed (C. Fink, personal communication). It would not, of course, have occurred to either the emperor or the physician what we take for granted today, that poor people might actually have been able to articulate at least some of their own needs. Still, while Freud (1913) regrets the inaccessibility of psychoanalysis to the impupecunious, he acknowledges that “one does occasionally come across deserving people who are helpless from no fault of their own, in whom unpaid treatment does not meet with any of the obstacles [including secondary gain] that I have mentioned and in whom it leads to excellent results” (p. 133). Nevertheless, in his relation to such poor patients as he might have taken on, his paternalism would have had to be analyzed. That it would not have been is a foregone conclusion. As we have known from his unconscious sexism, the emotional structure of socioeconomic hierarchy does not appear on his map or on that of classical psychoanalysis.

From a psychoanalytic perspective, one might see in Freud’s intermittent dyspepsia about his patients a symptom of what has been called the “money neurosis” suffered by the bourgeoisie in Vienna and other European cities in the late 19th century (Warner, 1991). From a political perspective, one could label it “classism,” or class prejudice. If we put psychoanalysis and politics together, however, what we discern in Freud’s heart is the social malaise called “alienation.” What I mean by alienation is not so much estrangement or disaffection but the cause of these feelings. Hear, for example, the dysphoria of a supervisee who reported thinking, during a difficult session, “I wouldn’t be sitting here if I weren’t doing it for the money.” His guilt, bewilderment, loss, hate, and self-hate proceed from the way money, which permitted him to do his work, nevertheless stole from him his pleasures and meaning. When money is exchanged in a capitalist economy, both buyer and seller—patient and analyst—come to be like commodities, or things, to one another because they enter into relation with each other through the mediation of a third thing (money) that, simultaneously, separates them. As money wedges them apart, so it estranges them from themselves, a distancing that creates anxiety in both (Amar, 1956, p. 286; Marx, 1964, p. 113; Mészáros, 1975, pp. 178, 186). This theft of the personal satisfaction you take in work and in your relationship to those with whom you work is alienation, the process by which your labor and its fruit become alien to you because of the very socioeconomic structure that lets them be (a defining point that deserves particular emphasis here because it tends to be omitted from psychoanalytic discussions [e.g., Fromm, 1966; see Struik, 1964, pp. 50-52; Mészáros, 1975, p. 36]).

Alienation, in short, is the estrangement of people from their activity, their products, other people, and themselves (Ollman, 1976, p. 135). An occupational hazard of modern life, it is core to psychoanalysis. As Masud Khan (1979) writes in the preface to Alienation in Perversions: “In the nineteenth century two persons dictated the destiny of the twentieth century, Karl Marx and Sigmund Freud. Each... diagnosed the sickness of the Western Judeo-Christian cultures: Marx in terms of the alienated person in society; Freud, the person alienated from himself” (p. 9). And, of course, we would add today, “herself.” Elsewhere, Khan (1972) calls psychoanalysis the “inevitable result of a long sociological process of the evolution and alienation of the individual” in the West. Freud’s genius, he declares, was “to evaluate the situation and give it a new frame in which [the alienated] could find [their] symbolic, therapeutic speech and expression” (p. 131). Extending Khan’s point, I think of psychoanalysis
as the perfect therapy for a culture of alienation, for in it you pay a stranger to recover yourself. Paradoxically, psychotherapy that is bought and sold under conditions of alienation generates a “dis-ease” in both the person who pays the stranger and the stranger who is paid, and that needs treatment too. In a way, then, my goal is to explicate how alienation filters into transference and countertransference and how clinical process, by exploiting it, transcends it in a momentary, utopian, and reparative fashion.

**Commerce and Psychoanalysis**

This explication requires a further and ethnographic inquiry into money’s cultural and psychological significance. As the agent of alienation, money has acquired many kinds of meaning. One psychoanalyst observes that it “is esteemed, yet . . . condemned” and traces this familiar ambivalence to twin polarities—one, the dichotomy between the “altruistic, selfless, humanistic sacrificing ethic” of the Judeo-Christian tradition and the acquisitional, individualist values of capitalism; and two, Puritanism’s conflict, in which hard work and thrift are valued, but their material rewards may not be enjoyed (Krueger, 1986, p. 4). Another notes the contradiction between the philanthropic inclinations of psychoanalysis and the custom of fee for service (Guthcll, 1986, p. 182); he thus echoes Freud’s admonition that the analyst be immune to demands for charity routinely placed on the medical profession lest they obstruct one’s ability to make a living.

But what is money? Money is so deeply embedded in our culture, daily life and history that it tends to stay just out of definition’s reach. Indeed as many years of teaching anthropology showed me, one’s own culture is often intangible until it is compared with another. Like any institution, psychoanalysis has its own subculture. Let me, then, switch the conversational perspective once again and look at money anthropologically. A most important conclusion from the lengthy anthropological debate about money is that money objects are not present in all cultures (Dimen-Schein, 1977, pp. 197-199). Money, in other words, is not cultural bedrock. Instead, it comes into being under particular political, economic, and/or ecological conditions. For example, under some circumstances, the circulation of goods and services does not require money but instead is carried out by barter or by conventionalized equivalents. In other situations, different kinds of money have evolved, varying not only in substance (rock, shell, bead, metal, paper) but in their use and function.

After much cross-cultural comparison, then, anthropologists have come up with a universal definition of money, that, spelled out, helps us see, as if anew, money’s meaning in psychoanalytic context: Money is any material object that performs one or more of the following five functions—a medium of exchange, a standard of value, a unit of account, a store of value, and a standard of deferred payments. While there may be different objects serving each different function in any one society, the first function tends to be controlling; whatever is the medium of exchange likely serves the other functions too. Finally, money itself may be a commodity, as it is in capitalism, where you buy it with what we call interest, that is, with more of the same (LeClair and Schneider, 1968, p. 468).

According to this less than exciting definition then, there’s nothing mystical about money; it is, among other things, a matter of commerce. As Freud saw, however, this plain fact notoriously renders clinicians uneasy. After all these years, psychotherapists still “want to nurture their image as beneficent purveyors of good rather than as individuals who are at least partially involved in commerce” (Tulipan, 1986, p. 79), suffering its alienating effects as much as their customers. Even the notion of fee for service goes gently by the rough implications of trade, civilly suggesting the fair-and-squareness of being paid for the work you do so that you, like your patients, may use what you earn by your labor to buy what you need to live. But commerce? No. That we find tawdry and petty, the very opposite of the trust and professionalism on which psychoanalysis depends (Herron and Welt, 1992, p. 4).

Still, commerce is a cornerstone of the psychoanalytic edifice. It is not the only cornerstone, but it is a primary one. We sell our services to make our living. Oh, yes, sometimes analysts see patients for free. Some even argue that it may be necessary not to charge certain kinds of patients in order to treat them at all (Jacobs, 1986). But even to say “for free” suggests the norm, that analysts engage in trade (see also Horner, 1991, p. 177).

Without money, then, there’s no psychoanalysis at all. But with it comes an unavoidable anxiety, an anxiety to which I attribute my colleagues’ initial disgruntlement, as well as Dr. French’s shock. Indeed, I would be quite surprised were anyone able to think through this topic without a moment or two of anxiety. Just in case that anxiety has in the
present instance proved elusive, perhaps I may offer some assistance. Think, for instance, of that moment when you learn that your analytic patient who comes four times a week has been fired and will have to discontinue treatment. That first dip on the Cyclone at Coney Island has nothing on it. Or turn it around: You have taken on a new patient at your very highest fee for a long-term analysis. To take a milder example, you find out that a colleague's practice has doubled while yours has only maintained, or even dropped an hour or two. Suppose it's even the reverse, and you feel merely the queasiness of dismayed triumph: You have got more hours, income, or both than a friend who badly needs the money.

Are these suggestions extreme? Perhaps there are clinicians to whom the loss (or gain) of, let us say $600 a week or about $25,000 a year has no emotional resonance. If so, then the extremity of these examples may have something to do with the history recounted earlier: analysts who came of age before and just after the middle class began its recent, but silent, descent in the 1960s are likely to be very differently positioned and to have been initially less worried than those whose practices began in the last 15 or 20 years. The original work experience of the last generation may well have created a basic sense of ease, financial optimism, and professional security no matter what the current economy.

Nevertheless, psychoanalytic anxiety in relation to money has always sufficed to create the tacit prohibition on asking people how many hours they carry or what fees they charge unless you know them very well. Of course, it's never in the best of taste for professionals to inquire about each other's income. The traditional ideology of the professional-managerial class is that they work for love, not money or power—although, as we have seen, the 1980s saw some segments of this class reverse their priorities. Still, I do not suppose it would surprise anyone to find that in order to protect themselves from their anxiety about money and the alienation contextualizing it, psychoanalysts depict their pecuniary practices in ways that are, at best, confusing. Let me illustrate with an anecdote. I remember an informal and anonymous survey about fees taken at a retreat sponsored by the New York University Postdoctoral Program in Psychotherapy and Psychoanalysis. One of the obstacles to evaluating the results of this most unscientific investigation is the difference between what people say they do and what they actually do, and sometimes this difference is further complicated by gender. While I can't here anamotize the question of gender difference in presentation of professional self, it's absolutely true that in answering the questionnaire, all the women said they had a sliding scale, while each man declared one bold fee. Yet, we all know male analysts, both senior and junior, who "reduce" their fees, to use that rather cool and complacent euphemism for bargaining. The alleged tendency of women to charge lower fees (Herron and Welt, 1992, p. 174; see Liss-Levenson, 1990) may be at times a fact, and at others, an artifact of the same asymmetrical self-presentation: although men may charge the same fees as women, offer sliding scales, and the like, saying so publicly is probably inconsistent with their gender identity, in contrast to women, whose self-sacrifice accords more with cultural and intrapsychic expectations of women. To let the men off the hook I also have a female colleague who, in order to conquer her own anxiety about her recently increased expenses (as well as, perhaps, to make me anxious), rather loftily announced that she was now "taking" patients at higher fees. (And I always think, "How nice of her!")

The Contradiction Between Money and Love

The point is critical: the way analysts talk, behave, and feel in relation to money is replete with uneasiness, an uneasiness that is the surface manifestation of a deep, psychocultural contradiction that cannot be thought, willed, or wished away. In the marrow of our culture, this contradiction is embedded in the matrix of our work. It inhabits our souls. And it will not disappear until the very bones of our society change, for like all social contradictions, it is a relation between contradictions that are historical and therefore mutable but only by a political change that resolves their opposition. All we can do in our work is to find a temporary and utopian resolution to it, and I return to that later.

For now, let us proceed with the contradiction between money and love, for that is what I am talking about. Money and love, the twin engines that make the world go round, at least the world as we know it, do not go together at all. Worse. They negate, undo one another, and their contradiction funds alienation. While money may be a matter of commerce, it is, like any material object, social practice, or cultural symbol, simultaneously a matter of primitive passion. Freud knew this. He called money the "Devil's gold," an image he found in European folklore. The Devil, say the tales, gives his lovers a parting gift of gold, which, upon his going, turns to excrement (Freud, 1908, p. 174). (By the way,
witches were said to have made a similar present to their lovers; neither gender has a monopoly on love’s cruelties.) Freud’s psychosexual interpretation of this extravagant and primal metaphor addressed what it means to consort with what he called “the repressed instinctual life.” For example, he noted how the image contrasts the most precious and the most worthless of substances, money and feces, and considered how this contrast sublimates anal eroticism (whence Ferenczi’s discussion). This interpretation is, of course, right, brightly illuminating, for example, Dr. French’s distress about the mess that base and dirty money made in his office, the scene of noble motives and high-minded encounters.

The aspect of Freud’s interpretation that awaits elaboration, however, is the relation between the gift and the act; what needs unraveling is the relation between the Devil and his lovers so that we may, in turn, decipher the relation between money and love, as well as the relation between those who exchange both, and therefore the place of money in psychoanalysis. Freud and the European folktales had something very subtle in mind, and if you have ever been loved by the Devil, you will know what I mean. Shakespeare did. Recall sonnet #129, which begins:

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action,

and ends with this couplet,

All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

Follow me, if you would, through a brief exegesis of this poetry, which takes us where we must go, along the nonlinear road from love to hate. When the Devil has left you, you know not that you have been fooled, but that you have fooled yourself: Your feelings, yearnings, longings have betrayed you. You now see you knew all along that what you thought was pure gold was false, that what you thought would uplift you only degrades you. You have searched to be better than you are, in fact, to be the best you can be. The Devil’s betrayal crumbles your dreams, destroys the ideal self into which you have breathed life by imagining it in the other’s form. In the end, you become less, not more, than you hoped to be. This degradation, then, is the Devil’s gold: the Devil’s gold is a gift, not a payment. It is a gift given after passion is spent. But, instead of honoring an encounter that, we must assume, was glorious, as glorious as love, this gift degrades it. Gold given to mark love becomes worse than nothing, degrades desire and lost illusions. Hopelessness.

That capacity to make everything less than it is and so to make us doubt what it was we had in mind when we worked so hard to get it—that capacity, says Freud, is what money has. That’s why it’s the Devil’s gold. Money is a pact with the Devil. That’s what Marx (1964) said expounding on Goethe (and having also just quoted Shakespeare):

That which is for me through the medium of money—that for which I can pay (i.e. which money can buy)—that am I, the possessor of the money. The extent of the power of money is the extent of my power. . . . Thus, what I am and am capable of is by no means determined by my individuality. I am ugly, but I can buy for myself the most beautiful of women. Therefore I am not ugly, for the effect of ugliness—its deterrent power—is nullified by money. I, as an individual, am lame, but money furnishes me with twenty-four feet. Therefore I am not lame. . . . Money is the supreme good, therefore its possessor is good [p. 167].

If, as Marx goes on to tell us, money can “transform all [your] incapacities into their contrary,” why would you not sell your soul to get it? If money can get you whatever you need, then it “is the bond binding [you] to human life, . . . the bond of all bonds” (p. 167). But then what can you get yourself? Money can create all that we are and desire and, by the same token, destroy it. Marx therefore asks, “Can it not dissolve and bind all ties? Is it not therefore the universal agent of separation? Is it the true agent of separation as well as the true binding agent . . . of society” (p. 167). The agent of alienation, it absorbs all creative power into itself, robs people of their own potential; just as money transforms imperfections into powers, so it “transforms the real essential powers of [human beings] and nature into what are merely abstract conceits” (p. 168-169). In a way, money occupies the place in modern society that kinship has in premodern culture; it is the cultural nerve center, the institution that organizes economic life, structures social relations, underlies political power, and informs symbol, ritual, and systems of meaning. Kinship, however, unlike money, can’t be taken away from you; as the aphorism has it, “Home is, when you go there, they gotta take you in.” In contrast, “money . . . is the alienated ability of [hu]mankind” (p. 167). That’s why it’s the Devil’s gold.
In our culture, money has the same unconscious effect no matter in what trade it is used. By reducing everything to a common denominator, it robs everything and every person of individuality and thereby degrades what it touches. That is one reason we like to separate it from love and distinguish the profane, public sphere of work, trade, and politics from the sacred, private space of intimacy, love, and relationship. Perhaps that is also one reason that, in the families with which we are familiar and in which men have conventionally been the breadwinners in the public sphere that has traditionally been their province, men, more than women, have tended to think of the money they bring home as their nurturing gifts; decontextualizing money, they can thereby deny the alienation that otherwise robs them of their integrity (Rapp, 1978; Dimen, 1986). As feminism has taught us, of course, these domains mix in a way that makes the personal political, so that men, too, feel about money and love the way a blue-collar worker, described by Richard Sennett and Jonathan Cobb (1972) in The Hidden Injuries of Class, felt about having to put in overtime to send his son to college: aghast to find himself hating his kid, he said, "Things were touching that shouldn't touch" (p. 200).

Money degrades because it makes everything the same. Some kinds of money are called by anthropologists "special-purpose" money, because they can be used in exchange only for particular objects or services; they are contrasted with the "general-purpose" money to which we are more accustomed, money that can buy anything that can be bought. One of the most famous ethnographic examples of special-purpose money is the jewelry used in the system of ceremonial exchange known as the Kula Ring and practiced in the Trobriand Islands of New Guinea; it was studied by Malinowski (1922), who had quite a lot to say to psychoanalysts. Through ritualized ceremonies of bargaining, chiefs of different villages or islands would exchange with regular trading partners bracelets and necklaces made of shells. With any given partner, a chief would give necklaces and receive bracelets, or vice versa; necklaces would go clockwise from island to island and bracelets counterclockwise. The individual's aim in this exchange was to acquire prestige, of which each shell ornament carried a different amount created by, and registered in, the history of the exchanges it had undergone.

This special-purpose money could not be used in any other direct exchange. For example, the chiefs' trading expeditions also occasioned market trade in utilitarian goods in which the ornaments played no role. Commoners would accompany the chief on his voyages, in return for the chance not only to bask in his glory but also to haggle for food, tools, and the raw materials that they could not produce or forage at home. On the trading voyages, the jewelry and the utilitarian goods circulated in completely separate spheres; voyagers could not buy oars with necklaces, for example. Commoners were not, however, excluded from prestige circulation. On certain ceremonial occasions, to demonstrate political loyalty, they would transfer some of their own goods to the chief, in return for which he, on still later and formally unrelated occasions, would give back ornaments that could then become the basis for a commoner's climb up the prestige and political ladder (Dimen-Schein, 1977, pp. 215-217; Malinowski, 1922).

There is a crucial distinction between special-purpose and general-purpose money: whatever is transacted with special-purpose money tends to retain its individuality, indeed, is embedded in the relationship governing the transaction; general-purpose money, in contrast, is a "universal equivalent; since everything becomes translatable into it," it makes everything symbolically the same (Dimen-Schein, 1977, p. 197). For example, in Manhattan (as of this writing), $1.25 can buy, and thus means, both a subway token (itself a sort of special-purpose money) and, let us say, a frozen yogurt. While special-purpose money is linked only in particulars, general-purpose money measures everything by the same standard; we may think, for example, that a frozen yogurt has the same price as a token, say, $1.25, but we won't think that $1.25 and the yogurt have the same cost, that is, that each can be exchanged for a token. While tokens will always represent one's relationship only to the subway or a subway clerk (or, perhaps, the taxi driver who will occasionally accept a token as a tip in lieu of the change a passenger cannot find), that $1.25 will indiscriminately represent one's relationship to everyone and everything, from the subway and yogurt clerks one gives the money to, to the bank and the (automated) tellers one gets it from; from the Sunday paper for which one pays the newsdealer $1.25, to that most appealing pair of shoes of whose less than appealing $250 price it is a mere half of 1 percent.

General-purpose money, or a universal medium of exchange, nullifies the particular meaning of any object or transaction, destroying its individuality:
As money is not exchanged for any one specific quality, for any one specific thing or for any particular human essential power but for the entire objective world ... from the standpoint of its possessor it therefore serves to exchange every property for every other, even contradictory, property and object; it is the fraternization of impossibilities. It makes contradictions embrace [Marx, 1964, p. 169].

In capitalism, money is a universal medium of exchange. Although everything is not in fact for sale, in principle it is. Since the same standard, whether the dollar, ruble, or yen, quantifies everything, then money erases all differences between things, levels all qualities, eliminates all particularity. Money reduces everything to its abstract capacity to be exchanged. The car assembled in Detroit, the hamburger flipped at the Moscow McDonald's, the ad created for a candidate or dish detergent in Tokyo—what these things signify is not anyone's desire for, or consumption of, them but what they have in common, their cash value.

The Paradox Between Love and Hate

We come to what happens when that most general of things, money, pays for that most personal of experiences, the psychoanalytic journey. The psychoanalytic relation, like love, is highly particular. So particular is it that, at its most intense, in the heat of an analytic encounter, no generality seems to apply to it at all. For example, one has to work very hard to think about what is happening, to recall or develop the theory or construct suited to clarify the complex relation that is transpiring. In fact, this doubled tension, the struggle to engage and the struggle to conceptualize, is one mark of the curative power of psychoanalysis, making it quite distinct from ordinary intercourse.

This particularity, however, is regularly undercut by the money that permits it. As analysts, we all know how rapidly our narcissism or, as Freud would have called it, our self-preservative instinct leads us to equate the loss of an hour with a bill we'll have to find some other way to pay; how disjunctive, that is, contradictory, this thought is to the personal relation that we are about to lose, with the feeling of loss that looms; and how dysphoric the hunch that our patients perceive these feelings (Aron and Hirsch, 1992; Whitson, n.d.). As patients, who of us has not wondered just which of our analysts' bills our own treatment services? Or thought that we are replaceable by some other patient with enough money to pay the fare for their own personal journey? What's so personal and particular then? In fact, it's so painfully bizarre to go from the feelings of special love, meant only for one's analyst or one's patient, to the money that allows those emotions to flower but could also be used to buy many other things or could disappear in a flash, that one represses the connection and asks, as did my colleague, Why are we talking about money? That monthly bill raps against the poignant longings for love that bloom in the psychoanalytic contact. It threatens to destroy them, turn them to shit. Like the man said, things touch that shouldn't.

When love turns to hate, it seems wise to move from Freud to Klein. In the psychoanalytic contact, as in the psyche, as, indeed, in our culture, the contradiction between money and love threatens to transform love into its seeming opposite; hate in turn threatens to annihilate relatedness altogether; and analysts, not unlike infants, feel the paralysis of terror. Money incites hate, if only because there is never enough of it to go around. But, according to Melanie Klein and Joan Riviere (1964) in Love, Hate and Reparation, this twist of social fate resembles the vicissitudes of dependency that they see as the understructure of society, relatedness, and love. Riviere stresses the degree of dependence of the human organism on its surroundings. In a stable political and economic system there is a great deal of apparent liberty and opportunity to fulfill our own needs, and we do not as a rule feel our dependence on the organization in which we live—unless, for instance, there is an earthquake or a strike! Then we may realize with reluctance and often with deep resentment that we are dependent on the forces of nature or on other people to a terrifying extent [p. 5].

While this emergency recognition of dependence may typify only our own culture and even only certain groups within it, what Riviere goes on to say is probably universal. Not only, she says, does dependence become awful when external events deprive us of what we need. Such terror also inheres in love. The "possibility of privation" tends "to rouse resistance and aggressive emotions," a murderousness that forebodes doom (p. 7). What such loss feels like to the infant is what it unconsciously feels like to the adult: Your world "is out of control; a strike and an earthquake have happened . . . and this is because" you love and desire. Your "love may bring pain and devastation" to you and to those
you love, but you “cannot control or eradicate” either your desire or your hate (p. 9). Hate is a condition of love, as love is a condition of life. You must love in order to live, but loving also means hating.

This, then, is the paradox of my title, the paradox of love and hate to which Klein, and later Winnicott and Guntrip, introduced us. I do not hold, with Klein and Riviere, that these primal passions of love and hate are constitutional. Nor do I hold with Guntrip (1969, p. 24) that only one of them, love, is what we begin with. I prefer what I call the big bang theory, in which love and hate are co-born. Their mutual birthing is what makes their relation paradoxical, for paradox denotes the indissoluble tension between contraries that themselves never change, are transhistorical, atemporal, universal. The paradox of love and hate comes into being through the primal relationship; these passions take their shape and meaning from their passage through the emotional and structural net of that intimacy in which they likewise participate. Love and hate, emerging together, become mutually meaningful in the context of failure, when babies and mothering persons disappoint each other, when, as the earlier Klein seemed to argue, babies, in hating the primary caretaker, also first sense their love, and when, as Winnicott (1945) taught us, parents, to their often denying dismay, feel for their babies what they long ago learned to disavow, the dreaded hate that portends the death of their newborn and miraculous and reparative love.

That we must absorb, indeed, relish this paradox so as to do our best work, we have learned from Winnicott (1945) and from Searles (1965), as well as from Khan (1970), who says: “One could argue that what is unique about the clinical situation is that the analyst survives both the loving and the hating of the patient as a person, and the patient as a person, and the resolution of the relationship survives, too, and is the richer for it” (p. 111).

The Landlady of Time

That paradox is an acquired taste we’ve all learned from our clinical work. For example, last year, I moved my office to a new and, I would say, upscale location; while my furnishings are substantially the same, the setting itself is far more elegant and professional than the old one. Most of my patients, including Ms. Rose, as I will call her, were pleased with their new environment. They read it as a sign of surging hope for their therapeutic progress and, not coincidentally, a sign of hardness in me, an ability to surmount their aggression.

About six weeks after this move, Ms. Rose, whose low fee is nevertheless a struggle for her to pay, took the opportunity to push on with her analytic work. She missed an appointment, one she had rescheduled because of an upcoming conference. The next time she came, she sat up on the couch and looked me in the eyes. With icy fury, she challenged me: “Suppose someone has an accident?” she asked. Suppose they were in the hospital? Would I charge them? I should note here that Ms. Rose had been in treatment with me for slightly over five years. She then explained that she had missed her session because her alarm clock had failed to work. Rageful that she would have to pay anyway, she declined to call to tell me what had happened; I should say that I tried to telephone her but never reached her. Her diatribe intensified. Must she, she wanted to know, be responsible for everything? Could we not share the responsibility? Somewhere in here, I said that the basis for my charging her was my commitment of time. “Of course,” she said, “I understand this is a business; you have to guarantee yourself an income. But what about my interests?” The schedule was for my convenience, not hers. It’s often inconvenient for her. Oh, she knew the answers: she had to conform to my schedule because I wanted her to face the reality principle. I would not change it, so she had two choices, to pay or not to pay. Anyway, why should she rely on my judgment that she needed more than one session a week? Then, like an archer at last loosing her bow, she let fly her final question: “What are you, the Landlady of Time?”

Ms. Rose is a poet as well as a graduate student in political studies, and if her rage made my heart beat in anger, her metaphor hit me right in the solar plexus. I felt all the emotions of the rainbow—guilt, recognition, anxiety, excitement, hate. After all, Freud said that analysts lose their time. And one of the dilemmas with which I am trying to deal here is what happens when money turns our work into a commodity just like any other. Indeed, it did not escape my notice that Ms. Rose had granted me a perfect illustration of my present argument, which I had already begun to think about. Her knowledge of my inner life was, in certain respects, as unerring as her poetic aim.

At this, for us, unprecedented point of mutual hate, we continued. I said that while she appeared to be asking about my policies, she in fact often seemed to assume my reply. She agreed. She also concurred with my view that she was treating this clash like a pitched battle and added that her anger meant not that she would not continue to analyze this sit-
began to discuss her ways of skirting shame. One day, she noticed a most offensive but, in this context, strangely appropriate odor emanating from the lovely garden onto which my casement windows open. Sniffing carefully, she said, "Why, it smells like cats." Then she giggled. I asked her about the giggle. She tentatively answered, "Well I just thought, you smell like a cat."

Once the river of hate began to rage, once she finally woke up, opened her eyes, and, in shock, saw me for who I am, that is, the Landlady of Time, not only the money-hate but all the others, all hate itself, could fill the space between us. Her rage was the sound of her shell cracking, heralding the emergence of the self we had previously called the waif in the cave. Naked, that waif emerged, angry yet/and still loving. Her discovery of the paradox, that it was strange to doubt me, even though I was the one she had felt to have been most caring during her years of personal and professional difficulty and struggle, created this utopian moment in which there began to grow another kind of love, the kind of bond you have with someone only when you have shed blood together. Since then, Ms. Rose has let me in on her thought that perhaps analysis is not always the most important thing in her life. She has owned more of the analytic work and, in return for permitting me to write about this encounter between us in a way that disguises her identity, has asked to see this paper; she has, in fact, read this version. Finally, she is no longer my tenant in the cave of psychoanalysis; she has also made us into an interracial and otherwise nontraditional family: in her last dream, she wondered what I saw in the little black girl I had adopted when there were so many white ones around. Hate having been accepted along with differences and inequities between us, she could begin imagining her own, still untenanted loveliness.

Conclusion: From Contradiction to Paradox, and Back

Money, along with its coordinates, space and time, belongs conventionally to what has been labeled the analytic "frame." I would like, in concluding, to argue that the frame, which Langs (1973) calls "ground rules," ought to be treated as part of the picture too (see also Horner, 1991; Herron and Welt, 1992, p. 11). While analysts and patients often find the ground rules irritating, not only their outlining of, but their presence inside, the consulting room in fact potentiates the utopian moment that makes treatment work. They enter the symbolic play the
frame permits: “When there is a frame it surely serves to indicate that what’s inside the frame has to be interpreted in a different way from what’s outside it... Thus the frame marks off an area within which what is perceived has to be taken symbolically, while what is outside the frame is taken literally” (Milner, 1957, p. 158). Because money while a constituent of the frame is also in the picture, it can be played with as symbol as well as literally exchanged. Thus, in bourgeois culture, as I have argued, a money relation is thought not to be a love relation. Money appears to negate love, producing the hate that signs their contradiction. But the psychoanalytic situation is a case where money permits love, where, for a moment, the culture can be upended, where you can love even where you would most expect to hate, where you would not get to love unless money were exchanged, where money in fact guarantees the possibility of love, and where, therefore, the contradiction between money and love, and the hate it generates becomes safe.

We know this from Freud, even though, in this instance, he did not appear to know what he knew. His own case histories reveal that the money relation and, hence, alienation entered his patients’ lives through their families. Gallop (1982), a Lacanian feminist literary critic, points out that “the closed, cellular model of the family used in... psychoanalytic thinking is an idealization... The family never was, in any of Freud’s texts, completely closed off from questions of economic class. And the most insistent locus of that intrusion into the family circle... is the maid/governess/nurse” (p. 144).

The governess, an omnipresent and essential member of most bourgeois European families, was always from the lower class. She symbolizes, in the unconscious and text alike, the very “financial distinction” that also comes to characterize the relation of Freud and all analysts to their patients. Gallop reminds us, in this context, of Dora’s dismissal of Freud, the two weeks’ notice she gave him with the same courtesy she would have used upon firing a servant (or a servant, on quitting, would have given her). Gallop argues that for psychoanalysis to provide the radical encounter of self with self it promises and to contend, I would add, with alienation, “Freud must assume his identification with the governess” (p. 146), because, rather “than having the power of life and death like the mother has over the infant, the analyst is financially dependent on the patient” (p. 143).

To put it more concretely, unless money may leave the frame and enter the picture, psychoanalysis must renege on its promise. The very economic transaction that distinguishes the psychoanalytic relationship from ordinary intimacies renders the transference sensible; money mediates one-person and two-person psychologies, their ambiguous, paradoxical, and contingent interface made possible and manifest by money’s unavoidable but necessary and definitive arbitrariness, by what, in a way, Freud would have called the reality principle (Ms. Rose, it turns out, was right). “The fact that the analyst is paid... proves that the analyst is... a stand-in” (p. 143). Payment, in other words, grounds the possibility of genuinely new experience in the analysis, as well as that of remembering, repeating, and working through the past: the old happens with a newcomer who would never, without money, have been known and whose job it is to interpret both the old and the new. Reciprocally, the money relation also unveils the countertransference, in the service of whose understanding analysts must be willing to confront, internally and, when indicated, interpretively, both the discomforts and the pleasures of money's powerful place in psychoanalysis.

In a respectful view of psychoanalysis as seduction, Forrester (1990), another Lacanian literary critic, argues:

Psychoanalysis treats money as if it truly were the universal means of exchange, and patients do behave as if they could buy love... The analyst... plays on the fact that patients do not know what they mean, nor do they know what money will buy. It is insofar as they do not know these things that seduction begins. And with seduction, the questioning of the contract and the calling into question of authority... begins. ... The original seduction is thus that offered by the contract—namely that it is just a contract... Its means of accomplishment is the free speech whereby one of the parties will contract the disease of love that the other will cure by treating the prolifered seductive words as if they were simply the universal means of exchange [p. 47].

At the heart of psychoanalysis, this most private of encounters, lies society, just as at the heart of public life lies the alienation psychoanalysis tries to cure. Psychoanalysis is not revolution, and it doesn’t make the contradiction between money and love go away. But for a brief, utopian
moment, it permits transcendence. In the psychoanalytic contact, the contradiction between money and love, a relation between contraries that can be transformed, finds a temporary, reparative resolution in the paradox between love and hate, a relation between contraries that never changes. The possibility of transformation distinguishes contradiction from paradox: contradiction bears resolution; paradox does not. Or, rather, as Ghent (1992) has recently said, the only resolution of paradox is paradox itself, here to inhabit, without rushing to relieve, the tension between love and hate, a tension that also preserves the memory of the contradiction between money and love it resolves.

The lesson of contradiction is perhaps easier to remember than that of paradox, which is, in turn, one of the easiest to forget. That money negates love, this we know preconsciously and needs, I think, only to be surfaced to stay in consciousness. But paradox is different; it is relerned each time it is lived. This is perhaps what Freud (1923) was trying to capture when he said that “love is with unexpected regularity accompanied by hate (ambivalence)” (p. 43). That love and hate go together, this is an analytic commonplace. But that, in the hot moment of loving or hating, we never remember that they do this, perhaps, is wisdom.

References


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From Philosophy to Poetry
Changes in Psychoanalytic Discourse

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This paper addresses some assumptions underlying psychoanalytic theories. It uses Rorty’s concepts of philosophy and poetry to capture distinctions: the former a search for universal truths and the latter an emphasis on meanings in discourse. Freud’s embeddedness in 19th-century positivism organized his metatheoretical assumptions, while some object relational theorists are inclined toward a constructivist point of view. For many theoreticians these two vantage points overlap; others insist on a sundering of the two. I maintain that polarizing these two positions is not useful. Both philosophical stances ask different kinds of questions and both types of questions are important for a general as well as clinical theory of psychoanalysis.

Kuhn (1962) started a revolution. He challenged traditional views of scientific advances by emphasizing the social context for the community of scientists. This context, he believed, shaped scientists’ scientific beliefs. His vision had a wide ripple effect on many branches of knowledge.

In psychoanalysis today, we can see two trends in thinking: one emphasizes the pursuit of truth, a search for universal scientific facts, looking toward an objective representation of reality; the other posits

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