

IN MEMORIAM

Catherine Carmichael 1952–2013

Catherine Carmichael, an active member of the Canadian Psychoanalytic Society, a valued colleague, teacher, and friend in the Toronto Psychoanalytic Institute, died unexpectedly on 22 September 2013. Catherine's career as a psychoanalyst was part of a life-long and dedicated service to medicine and to the creative, generative capacities of the mind. Those who knew her struggled to respond to what seemed like a sudden impossibility, that our colleague and friend was no longer with us.

I first met Cathy at the Toronto Psychoanalytic Institute about eight years ago. She was in the year ahead of me, and since we were not in the same class, I gradually got to know her more personally in the psychoanalytic film group to which we both belonged, and then over the years, through various professional events and social gatherings. Eventually, we became good friends. There was a wonderful intellectual readiness and sure-footedness about Cathy that characterized whatever she undertook: psychoanalytic theory and practice (to which she was deeply committed); teaching, participation on committees; and her ongoing contribution to the furtherance of excellent practice among GP psychotherapists (having been a dedicated family practitioner for many years). I was looking forward to teaching with her this year for the first time and very much regret the loss of this opportunity.



On various occasions since Cathy's death, I have found myself part way through a thought, thinking of discussing an idea with her, before remembering that she actually is not here anymore. I miss her succinct commentary when we talked after a psychoanalytic presentation, or after a movie, or a play, or during intermission at a dance or music event. Cathy would deliver her comments in that trademark no-nonsense style of hers, unpretentious, and to the point.

Although Cathy was open and straightforward and spoke honestly about things, there was also something very private and self-contained about her. As a psychoanalyst, Cathy brought this very private self to her psychoanalytic work in a way that enabled her to know and respond to her patients profoundly in the realm of their own private suffering. Anyone who has listened to her talk about cases can attest to this. In any discussion about clinical work, Cathy's observations were always on the mark and expressed a strong sense of humanity. To give you a personal example: one day I had the worst session I have experienced during thirty years of psychotherapy and psychoanalytic clinical practice. Early in the session I was faced with the devastating psychotic rage of a long-standing and traumatized patient. In the face of a relentless onslaught, I found myself with tears running down my face, able only to say to the patient at the end of the session "I'm so sorry you're suffering like this." With another patient soon to follow, I immediately thought to phone Cathy, who luckily, was free—she had two minutes. I knew she would be helpful about the shaken state I was in. She was. Cathy listened and said, "Well, you listened to her and you didn't attack her to get her to stop. That's a lot."

Her response came, I believe, from the private wellspring of her being that I have been speaking about. In those two minutes, I felt the impact of her attuned presence, her practical stability, and her organizing mind. Cathy did not say much, but what she said steadied me. It made all the difference, and I was able to go on with my day.

It was obvious to everyone that the central pivot of Cathy's life was her husband Taras Babiak, and her two children Mikhailo and Alexandra. She had developed a highly refined fascination for the details of balletore, especially related to the productions Alexandra performed in, and had also developed an extensive knowledge of the French horn repertoire in symphony orchestras, as she was a dedicated follower and supporter of Mikhailo's professional education and training as a classical musician. Cathy possessed a rich inner life and a lively appetite for new experiences: for all aspects of visual art, for new restaurants, for the theatre, and the films of Almadovar, Antonioni, and Malkovitch. Indeed Cathy had an

encyclopedic knowledge of everything to do with films and a formidable memory for all pertinent details relating to the subject. She also had other talents up her sleeve: for instance, she was an impressive seamstress, an excellent editor, and talented writer, and (though she would deny it, citing others who were better), a great cook. Cathy's version of bouillabaisse was like Babette's feast. She loved her garden, her dogs, and her Christmas tree angels. Every decoration on her Christmas tree was an angel, collected over the years, and every year there was a new angel.

Cathy lived a fully engaged, generous life of professional accomplishment and personal commitment, from which everyone who knew her benefited. I will miss Cathy very much.

Friends and family of Catherine Carmichael are working with McMaster Institute for Music and the Mind (MIMM), at McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario, to create a permanent commemoration of this very special woman. The memory of Catherine's passion for understanding and experiencing the human mind through both art and science, and applying these in her work as a psychoanalyst, will live on in the research mission that finds its home in the LIVE lab. A newly constructed dance and music studio in a new MIMM facility will be named in her memory. Those interested in donating can do so by phoning the McMaster giving hotline at 905-525-9140, ext. 24224, or at LIVELab.mcmaster.ca/CatherineCarmichael.

Geraldine Fogarty

Pierre Doucet 1932-2014

Pierre Doucet nous a quittés en février 2014, après une longue carrière comme psychiatre et psychanalyste. Suite à un séjour aux États-Unis et en France, il revient au Québec en 1964 à l'Institut Albert Prévost comme clinicien et enseignant. J'ai eu le plaisir de le connaître en 1966 d'abord à titre de résident et comme psychiatre par la suite jusqu'à son décès en 2014.

Pierre Doucet s'est beaucoup impliqué comme clinicien dans plusieurs services du département de psychiatrie. Il a travaillé au développement et à la réorganisation du dispositif de soins à l'Institut pour répondre le plus adéquatement aux besoins des patients. Riche de sa formation américaine et française, en tant qu'enseignant, il aimait accueillir les étudiants en médecine et les résidents en psychiatrie qui lui étaient assignés, et leur faire partager ses connaissances théoriques et cliniques.

Pierre Doucet a été un homme engagé, énergique qui a consacré à sa profession le meilleur de lui-même. Je voudrais souligner ici, deux contributions majeures pour lesquelles il s'est beaucoup investi:

Il a été l'un des organisateurs avec le docteur Camille Laurin, d'un colloque international tenu à Montréal en 1969 à l'occasion du cinquantième anniversaire de l'Institut Albert Prévost. Le thème du colloque portait sur «La problématique de la psychose». Les conférenciers invités étaient des sommités reconnues: André Green, Guy Rosolato, Serge Leclair, Serge



Lebovici, Daniel Widlöcher, H. Rosenfeld, M.S. Mahler, N.W. Ackerman, etc. Ce colloque fut un véritable succès au plan de la qualité des communications scientifiques. Il a attiré plus de douze cents participants. De plus, Pierre Doucet a déployé une partie importante de son temps à la publication des actes du colloque. Un volume a vu le jour: version française et anglaise, «Problématique de la psychose», qui demeure encore une référence pour plusieurs d'entre nous.

La deuxième contribution majeure de Pierre Doucet avec le docteur Wilfrid Reid s'est traduite par l'implication d'une quarantaine de collègues de l'Institut Albert Prévost à rédiger un travail collectif en vue de la publication d'un volume en 1996 intitulé: «La psychothérapie psychanalytique: une diversité de champs cliniques».

Parallèlement à son implication psychiatrique, Pierre Doucet a mené une carrière psychanalytique. Membre de la Société psychanalytique de Montréal (SPM), il est devenu membre de l'Institut et il a supervisé des candidats de contrôle aux candidats pendant plusieurs années.

Au-delà de ses nombreuses activités professionnelles, Pierre Doucet a été un homme dévoué à sa famille. Il aimait nous parler des succès de ses trois enfants et des liens affectueux qu'il entretenait avec ses petits-enfants.

Pierre a été un homme engagé et passionné pour la psychiatrie et la psychanalyse. Pour tes contributions et ton dévouement professionnel, nous tenons à te remercier chaleureusement.

Arthur Amyot

Roz Glickman
1929–2014

Roz was a longstanding guest of the Quebec English Branch. After obtaining her MSW at McGill in 1971, Roz started working in the Department of Social Work at the Montreal Children's Hospital, a position she held until her retirement in 2003. She continued to teach, supervise, and see private patients until 2012.

I discovered early in our forty-year friendship that Roz could convey much with a few heartfelt words. When I told her that I was starting psychoanalysis, she immediately exclaimed her congratulations, "Mazel tov," and then held me and quietly said, "Oy veh."

Roz had had a painful, long wait to begin her own analysis, and her prospective analyst had suggested she start reading Donald Winnicott in the interim. She was forever grateful for all she found in Winnicott's words, and passed along a deep and thoughtful appreciation of his works to countless students and colleagues, and to me. For that, and everything else, "Todah," thank you.

Angela Sheppard



Andrée Larivière 1917-2014

Il faut que le temps meure à mesure, avons-nous dit, non pas ensemble, mais ici, et là, selon notre âge

—Réginald Boisvert¹

Madame Andrée Larivière, doyenne de la Société canadienne de psychanalyse et membre de la Société psychanalytique de Montréal, nous a quittés le 13 mars dernier à l'âge de 96 ans, suite à un ultime combat de quelques années contre le cancer. Elle aurait eu 97 ans le 26 mars 2014. Elle avait été la conjointe de feu Réginald Boisvert¹, poète, écrivain et réalisateur à la télévision de Radio-Canada. Comme elle l'avait toujours souhaité, c'est avec lucidité et énormément de courage qu'elle a vécu ses derniers moments. Ainsi, c'est elle-même qui – quatre jours seulement



avant son décès – a demandé à être hospitalisée, continuant jusque-là à vivre dans sa propre maison, entourée de ses objets familiers, de sa famille, de ses amis, recevant des visiteurs, téléphonant à des proches, lisant des textes psychanalytiques, faisant des mots croisés, écoutant de la musique, cherchant à savourer la vie en tenant compte des limitations que sa maladie lui imposait. Elle ne garda jamais le lit. Elle se levait dès l'aube, après sa toilette matinale le lit était aussitôt fait, puis elle se vêtait avec élégance pour entreprendre une journée bien remplie en ne se couchant que les dix

1. Réginald Boisvert, *Le Temps de vivre*, Montréal, Les éditions Cité Libre, 1955.

heures du soir passées. Lorsqu'elle souffrait, elle se donnait la permission de s'allonger sur le canapé du salon mettant sur elle une couverture pour faire une sieste qui ne dépassait jamais une heure.

Avec la finesse et l'humour qui la caractérisaient, elle m'avait dit un jour: «Je serais tellement choquée s'il fallait que ma mort survienne sans que je puisse la vivre, que je crois que je ne me le pardonnerais jamais.» Bien évidemment, nous savons tous, et Andrée le savait la première, que lorsque la Grande Faucheuse finit par se présenter un jour ou l'autre, c'est une toute autre chose.

Dans les années quarante, les toutes premières études d'Andrée Larivière visaient le domaine des arts à l'École des beaux-arts dirigée jusqu'en 1948 par Charles Maillard et à l'École du meuble – mais en tant qu'auditrice libre – dirigée par Jean-Marie Gauvreau. Très douée en dessin, Andrée songeait alors à une carrière d'artiste-peintre. Mais la vie nous réserve bien des surprises, de sorte que peu de gens peuvent se glorifier d'une destinée en ligne droite. À cet égard, le cheminement de la carrière d'Andrée ne fait pas exception. Quoi qu'il en soit, avant sa réorientation en Service social en 1949, elle rencontrera dans ce milieu artistique des peintres aussi prestigieux que Paul-Émile Borduas, le père Marie-Alain Couturier, dominicain français en exil à New York de 1940 à 1945, Louise Gadbois, Claude Gauvreau, Alfred Pellán, Jacques de Tonnancour, etc. Toutes des figures de premier plan de l'anti-académisme qui allait aboutir avec le petit groupe plus radical faisant cercle autour de Borduas à la publication du *Refus global*, en août 1948, à la librairie Tranquille, suivie, le 4 septembre de la même année, du renvoi de Borduas de l'École du meuble, de son exil à New York puis à Paris et de sa mort prématurée le 22 février 1960. Véritable coup de tonnerre dans le milieu culturel de cette époque qui allait par la suite faire partie de notre mythologie québécoise sur laquelle on n'a pas fini d'écrire.

Andrée Larivière fit sa formation psychanalytique de 1971 à 1976 à l'Institut canadien de psychanalyse et devint membre de la Société psychanalytique de Montréal le 5 juillet 1976. Mais auparavant, Andrée étudia à l'Université de Montréal en Service social de 1949 à 1951 et y obtint son diplôme. À la suite de quoi elle devint, en 1951, membre de la Corporation des travailleurs sociaux professionnels de la Province de Québec. En 1952 et en 1953, elle travailla au Service de psychiatrie de l'Hôpital St-Mary, puis alla faire à La Sorbonne un Certificat en psychologie, qu'elle obtint en 1955. De façon concurrente, de 1954 à 1956, elle fit avec les professeurs Lebovici et Diatkine une formation en thérapie du jeu à l'Hôpital La Salpêtrière. Lors de son retour à Montréal, elle travailla de 1956 à 1958 à l'Institut Albert-Prévost, dont Karl Stern était le psychiatre en chef depuis 1955. Lorsque, en

1958, ce dernier quitta l'Institut Albert-Prévost pour devenir psychiatre en chef à l'Hôpital St-Mary, Andrée Larivière le suivit au Service de psychiatrie de St-Mary et y travailla pendant six ans, de 1958 à 1964. Cette année-là, Andrée allait être durement éprouvée par le destin sous la forme d'un terrible accident automobile qui lui infligea une multitude de fractures au bassin et aux jambes. Menacée de ne plus jamais marcher, elle passa plusieurs mois au lit et dut à sa grande détermination, après des mois de douloureuses physiothérapies, de retrouver sa capacité ambulatoire. Elle travailla ensuite, de 1965 à 1970, au Jewish General Hospital où elle fit, en 1966 et en 1967, une formation en thérapie familiale et subséquemment, un Certificat à titre de « Mental Health Consultant », de 1968 à 1970.

Avec Karl Stern, elle publia en octobre 1957 « Observations psychiatriques sur le deuil » dans *l'Union médicale du Canada*, tome 86 (1082). La même année, avec K. Stern et G. Fournier, « Psychiatric Aspects of Cosmetic Surgery on the Nose », *Canadian Medical Association Journal*, volume 76 (472). Le 11 février 1982, sous le titre « Une folie douce, une folie violente », elle fit une présentation scientifique à la Société psychanalytique de Montréal. J'ai également trouvé d'elle un petit texte non daté intitulé « Être psychanalyste implique une bisexualité psychique assumée ». Andrée fit aussi un certain nombre de contributions au Bulletin de la Société psychanalytique de Montréal qui furent toujours très appréciées. Quelques mois avant son décès et malgré sa santé précaire, elle avait également tenu à terminer un article clinique d'une quarantaine de pages sur une patiente qu'elle avait eue en thérapie analytique.

Mais c'est davantage en tant que psychanalyste engagée dans une pratique analytique très féconde qu'Andrée trouva à se réaliser pleinement. Elle avouait sans vantardise n'avoir jamais connu ce qu'était une pratique analytique faite de séances clairsemées et travailla bien au-delà de ses quatre-vingt-dix ans. Elle avait toujours un livre de psychanalyse ouvert sur sa table de travail. À l'automne dernier, elle tint à participer aux trois journées du colloque sur l'œuvre de René Kaës, organisé par le Comité des Conférences publiques de la Société psychanalytique de Montréal, en ne manquant aucune séance. À la suite de quoi, elle se plongea dans la lecture des textes des rapporteurs du 74^e Congrès des psychanalystes de langue française de Montréal du 29 mai au 1^{er} juin 2014, en mentionnant, toutefois, qu'elle ne serait plus là pour y assister.

Plaine de vitalité, Andrée Larivière aimait la vie sous toutes ses formes: voyages, concerts, soirées à l'opéra, repas bien arrosés, natation (à plus de quatre-vingt-dix ans, elle pouvait faire une trentaine de longueurs de piscine régulièrement), pratiques quotidiennes à son cher piano, etc. Mais,

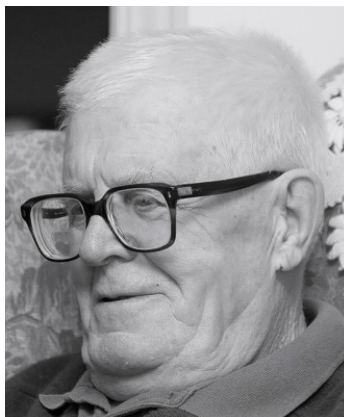
par-dessus tout, c'est à la psychanalyse et à la pratique psychanalytique qu'est allé son inconditionnel engagement qu'elle ne remit jamais en question. De cela, elle avait la certitude absolue ! Quels que soient les problèmes institutionnels que notre société de psychanalyse pouvait traverser, son jugement restait toujours mesuré, continuant à considérer comme un grand privilège d'être membre de la Société canadienne de psychanalyse. Son engagement, c'est en la psychanalyse et dans le travail analytique avec ses patientes et ses patients qu'elle l'a mis, gardant une foi obstinée en la valeur d'une seule vie, investissant et s'attachant à une personne, aussi éphémère fût-elle, parce qu'elle savait qu'elle était unique et irremplaçable. À notre tour d'exprimer toute notre reconnaissance à cette unique et irremplaçable collègue. Par sa présence, sa générosité, sa vitalité, elle nous a enrichis et fait de nous de meilleurs analystes et, il est permis de l'espérer, de meilleures personnes.

Jacques Vigneault

John Lohrenz 1925–2014

The South Western Ontario Psychoanalytic Society has lost one of its founding members. John Lohrenz died on Saturday, 8 February 2014.

John was born in Mennon, Saskatoon, studied medicine at the University of Manitoba, and graduated from there in 1948 to be a general practitioner in Altona, Manitoba, until 1957. He and his wife and family moved to Montreal in 1957, where he trained at McGill in psychiatry. He was chief resident at McGill's Allan Memorial Institute and went on to



be director of the Student Mental Health Unit of McGill University. He undertook psychoanalytic training and was elected an associate member of the Canadian in 1963 and a full member in 1965.

He then went on to become a supervising and training analyst, presenting his training paper to the Montreal QE in December 1976 and was elected to the Canadian Institute of Psychoanalysis in 1977. At this point he moved to London, Ontario, where he was director of Out Patient services at St Joseph's Hospital, director of the Residency Program, and director of Psychotherapy Training, as well as being an associate professor of psychiatry. He joined the Toronto Society and the Toronto Institute in 1977.

He was one of the founding members of SWOPS in 1982 and was active in the society and on the executive for many years. He left the hospital in 1990 (mandatory retirement) and continued his private practice in psychoanalysis and supervision for many more years.

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He helped train a generation of psychoanalysts, psychiatrists, and psychotherapists as well as being involved with medical students both in teaching and supervision.

John's work was based on his firm belief in the unconscious and its role in mental life. Several months prior to his death he commented to a colleague in his usual laconic style, "Our lives are cunningly engineered by our unconscious."

In passing he leaves behind his wife Shirley, four children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. John is much missed.

David Schaffelburg

Ruth Parsons 1948–2014

We have recently lost a dear and valued member of our Society. Ruth Parsons died earlier in the year after a short illness. Ruth became a psychoanalytic candidate in 2001 and graduated in 2005. In the intervening years, Ruth became a very committed member of our psychoanalytic community. She was a mentor in the CPS Quebec English Fellowship Program, where she always provided her “fellow” with a thorough grounding in psychoanalytic theory, and gave unstinting support and encouragement in that role. Ruth was also on the Scientific Program Committee. She contributed



her ideas and suggestions to help enrich the scientific program. Four years ago, Ruth became chair of the QE Guest Committee. Under her leadership, she initiated open house events, which attracted many interested and interesting new individuals into our community. She helped make this program a valuable outreach vehicle for our Society.

Just before the onset of her illness, Ruth was elected to the Executive Council. She had also become an enthusiastic new member of our institute faculty. Unfortunately for us, she was not able to fulfil either of these new mandates. Ruth had many friends within the Society and she was universally respected. We will miss her, and our community is diminished by her premature death.

Erica Robertson

Sid Perzow
1940–2013

I am not prepared, and that is how it is with death. Like many others, I had known that Sid was about to die. It happened on Monday, 18 November, and I was surprised to realize that “I was not prepared.” The turmoil in the midst of which I found myself was profound, real, and present.

The memories re-emerged from their dormant state. Many of the conversations I had with Sid revisited me. I remember talking with him about mourning around Freud’s paper and he interjected in his own inimitable way, cutting through to the heart of the matter and said, “Mourning cannot begin until you accept it has happened.” And this stark reality is present with us, and each of us who has known him, who has come in contact with him, is left to attend to this reality. It has happened. From now on, whatever happens to Sid is our personal and individual responsibility. And as I say these words, I realize with some sad humour that I am talking like Sid might have.

I am mindful of his presence beside me and wish to respect his sensitivity. I can remember a particular occasion where he felt that I had somewhat embellished the story and, then, being the sensitive person he was, he invited me to dinner.

Sid belonged to that category of men who did not derive much out of social conversation, idle chitchat, or gossip. He reminded me of Clifford



Scott, whom he knew, and I believe with whom he consulted from time to time. I was never able to have a “social” conversation with Scott. I always felt, like with Sid, that I had to engage him on some meaningful topic. I am told it was the same with Bion. I assume that many of you can recall the experience of awkwardness at meeting Sid or trying to start a conversation with him. But then, once a conversation started, he was all there—interested, curious, inquiring—which might be experienced as challenging. And then you had to grapple with his associations to what you had said—which were always slightly ahead of where your last thought had landed you. With his shy reserved smile, you were invited to join him just when you thought you would like to take a break.

Sid was a generous man who was glad to let you in on his latest discovery or where he was on his treasure hunt. I vividly recall his enthrallment with Lacan’s notion of *jouissance*. Talking to me excitedly about it, he simply assumed that I would join him. It was an enchanting conversation that filled me with joy, and I felt privileged to be included in his excitement. Sid took pleasure seriously; for him, it was an expression of life and for the passion for life. Sid was an intensely passionate man—you could sense it behind his customary reserve. It animated his whole being. It might scare you, but it did not scare him. And you were invited to join in. Holding onto one’s passion requires a great deal of courage. The awareness of one’s inner fire requires unrelenting dedication and faithful love. It is what is real in life. And Sid was relentlessly in search of what was real—and he never lost sight of it. Those of us who came in contact with him could feel the heat of his passion, and if they could tolerate it, they would be enlivened by it. He was unequivocal about his search for truth. He had an uncanny capacity to see through and beyond and make you realize that you were wearing the emperor’s new clothes. In a recent conversation with his wife, Elaine, for whom I have the most profound admiration, I shared with her my sense that Sid had the capacity to hit the bull’s eye. And through her tears came a bright smile. We agreed.

Sid believed that psychoanalysis was about life and about the courage to commit oneself to life—to appreciate both its fragility and its strength, its joys and its pains, and to live with and through pain full of life. Sid had a long experience with pain and the fragility of life, and he accepted it unflinchingly. He was not one to complain. You could see him tired, weakened, dealing with a succession of ailments over the years, but he never seemed to weaken his resolve. He was also an intensely sensitive man of exquisite tenderness that some of us were privileged to receive. We are left with these private and tender memories to cherish. I can imagine Sid looking

at me with his wry smile. He makes me wonder, am I saying too much? Sid was an intensely private man. He had his gregarious moments, but he jealously guarded his privacy, which he shared with his family: Elaine, Jennifer, Cory, Gillian, and last but not least, Matty. They were the centre of his world—his source of love and support.

I do not wish to take time to summarize his extensive professional contributions that began in London and continued creatively for many years in Montreal. We were contemporaries and knew of each other and each other's work. It was pursued in Vancouver and in Seattle from 1995, where he was also at the foundation of the Northwest Psychoanalytic Society and Institute. I believe that it would be more fitting to devote a day to reflect on the seeds of thoughts he has left us to grow. For now, I want to say that he was at the foundation of this society, this institute, and the community we are able to enjoy today that took twenty years to build and still is in its early days. His contribution to this community is immense—through lectures, presentations, talks, publicly and with colleagues, and even more so, in which he has offered his analysands, supervisees, patients, colleagues, and friends. Many seeds have been planted—it behooves us to grow them with energy and love.

Sid reminds us it has happened. The loss has occurred. Our mourning can begin. I would add, in conversation with him and with you, mourning is also the time when we repair our internal objects. They have been inevitably damaged by the wear and tear of life, of its tensions, and of its conflicts. May we be rejuvenated by the memory of his passion, his generosity, and his unflinching commitment to the psychoanalytic ethos in its fundamental search for truth and the life that radiates from it. I wish us all a long life and may Sid rest in peace—he deserves it.

Elie Debbané