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### **Watching Donyeah: The Contribution of Infant Observation**

In a rich and expanding tradition since Freud, psychoanalysts have been refining and developing innovative ideas. Writing from the 1930's through 1960's, D.W. Winnicott, English pediatrician and psychoanalyst, paid fruitful attention to mother and child. I found aspects of his thinking particularly helpful in creating a frame for viewing "Love and Diane." There are three especially relevant phrases. The first, fairly well known outside of psychoanalysis is that of "primary maternal preoccupation," (Winnicott, 1956) the maternal immersion and absorption in the baby's state of body/mind. Two other ideas wake us up to two very distinct trends in the lives of babies: "there is no such thing as a baby," (Winnicott, 1952) and "a baby is a going concern" (Winnicott, 1964). The first phrase, "there is no such thing as a baby," captures the baby's complete dependence on her or his mother's body before birth and on maternal care for a very long time afterward. This dependence on a mother means also that the mothering person becomes somewhat dependent on other adults while she or he is "preoccupied primarily" with the baby. And so, the intricacies of the social structures in which the parent lives enter into the well being of the baby. In Donyeah's and Love's situation this state of affairs comes at us like a slap in the face: we are hit with the fact that the mother's HIV positive status may or may not be transmitted to the baby. Then we watch a family situation that cannot hold together with the economic and psychological stress it is under. There are very naked questions about whether there will be a baby at all, whether there will be a mother and family in which baby Donyeah can grow up. The second phrase, "a baby is a going concern," recognizes the baby's individuality, distinct temperament and nascent self, that is a force strongly shaping relationships. In ignorance of Winnicott's point of view on babies and their families, we see authorities meaning to help but unable or unwilling to take heed of the person already present in Donyeah, nor do they take account of the struggles and strengths of the adults involved. Their approach treats Donyeah as an isolatable object, defined by the term "baby" alone, and objectifies his relatives as "problems."

Now, before I go on to talk about Donyeah's journey and the contributions that Infant Observation could bring to such a situation, let me be quick to contextualize what we are seeing, because it can be easy to put it to the side of our own experiences or bracket it as specific to poverty. I want to point out that this kind of danger to children is far from limited to people without economic resources. People at all socio-economic levels can be blind to the needs and ways of children, and they foster their children by choice. I encountered a case in supervision that involved a mother bringing her 4-year-old daughter for therapy. The child was suffering from symptoms of OCD. The history turned up the information that the child had 3 nannies—round the clock allo-mothers (Hrady, 1999) – and that the mother and sometimes the father saw the children between 4 and 6 pm most days of the week, or not at all. The biological mother professed her inability to understand why her daughter was upset by the departure of one of the nannies for a different job. When the therapist suggested that she and her husband might need to change their way of life somewhat to

accommodate their daughter's needs, she said unequivocally, "There will be no changes—she must adapt, as the other children have." On the other end of the spectrum is a family I've met, a single mother with 4 children. Mother worked as a housekeeper, had to keep long hours, traveling by subway into Manhattan from the far-reaches of Brooklyn. She managed with help from her community of neighbors to get all 4 kids to college and to graduate school, and to see them in families of their own. All adore their mother and credit her with their success.

What parents here could function without the back-up of grandparents, schools, nannies, or after-school programs, indeed, some of us without therapists of many stripes? We have seen in the last 35 years the move of women out of the households and into work. And, although the women's movement of the late '60's and early '70's emphasized sharing the care of children with men, what actually happened, especially since 1980 when the economy changed drastically under Reagan, is that we have replaced the nuclear family with varieties of foster families. This, I think, is an important set of parameters in which to place the struggles we witness, so that we do not remove ourselves too much from the plight of Love and Diane. How might Love have fared differently and better had she had the 92<sup>nd</sup> St Y program where I taught "New Mother, New Baby" classes to help her cope with the ordinary, very intense upheavals of becoming a mother? If she could have heard other women, perhaps teenagers like herself, share the common experience of bewilderment at the enormous life change that mothering brings? And if she had known that she could count on a nursery program when he was a bit older, and several hours daily infant care? Or, as is available in England under the National Health Service, an infant observer in the home especially in cases thought to be at risk?

Infant Observation is a method devised at the Tavistock Clinic in London in the 1960's by Esther Bick (Briggs, 2002; Miller, Rustin, Rustin, Shuttleworth, 1989), first as a vetting and training tool for psychoanalytic candidates. As a training tool, it is so well regarded that it has spread to all psychoanalytic training centers in the UK, and is being adopted in many other countries as well. Close observation demonstrates in the candidate's own behavior and reportage how much we absorb and enact of others' experiences, how powerfully nonverbal behavior conveys detailed experiences of another, and how easy it is to miss it without careful attention. It teaches the significance of witnessing, of sitting through nearly unbearable expressions of affect, all before one has the responsibilities of a therapist to "do something." In addition to being a training tool, IO has now evolved into a method of intervention, an aid to families in distress at the birth of a new baby, or in cases of distress with a young child. It operates by bringing attention and thought where it is hardest to give them, where it is hardest to bring fresh eyes to contain and hopefully interrupt the repetition of trauma. I thought about how everyone might have fared much better had an infant observer been made available when Donyeah first entered the scene. Such a person can create for the family the externalized function of watching, wondering about the baby's own experience, and bearing with the parents and family members the difficult feelings that may arise for them when a new baby arrives in any family, let alone one stressed to the degree we see here. The observer's presence is calming and affirming, and promotes the healthful containment and processing of difficult experiences, functions that can then be internalized. As one mother put it to me when I requested to be an observer of her baby: "I am just exhausted, and I didn't know she could be so interesting!"

In watching the film, I began to imagine that I and the film-maker were “infant observers,” and so I decided that this would be a useful stance from which to comment on Donyeah, and to illustrate the potential usefulness of IO. In interpreting what we see of Donyeah, as an observer of the observer, I bring my training in IO and psychoanalytic theory, as well as ideas I’ve drawn from the study of nonverbal research and movement theory to help in interpretation (La Barre, 2001). But before I pretend that the film is an IO, let me distinguish it first as a film, an artistic creation of Jennifer Dworkin. Simple observation of the baby, Donyeah, was not the film’s aim. As a film-maker, Ms. Dworkin made decisions about presentation that came from quite a different framing than that of an infant observer. Yet I found some useful parallels. If Ms. Dworkin had been bringing this material to an infant observation supervision group, we would regard the observation itself as partly observant from outside the situation, and partly resonant with, and inside the family’s problems. Thus, we might talk about the degree to which the observer had been pulled into the enormity of the conflict in the mothers between their yearning to have and hold a baby—who pulls for a degree of intimacy that challenges their own shaky individuality—and their wishes to be fully separate, nurtured themselves in their strivings in the world apart and away from the demands of the infant. We would note how much attention the mother and grandmother needed from the observer, leaving less room within her, the observer, for the baby, and how the observer’s state mimicked that of the observed caretakers. We would think about what we might understand of the family’s experience of being observed, indeed, in this case, filmed. After all, one might feel intruded upon by an observer, and certainly by a camera. But it seems they don’t—they often appear quite unaware of the camera. Donyeah is the one who most often shows clear awareness of an observer, and looks directly at the camera at times. In the scene when Love is awaiting final word from her lawyer she talks to the camera holder almost as if she is talking to herself, illustrating the point that the observer can function as an externalized piece of the reflective mind.

Playing out the comparison further, then, the film enacts, like an observation might, an aspect of the situation, and that enactment is diagnostic: we get peeks of Donyeah, but we do not follow him closely. (Again, I recognize that this is not the film’s purpose—it is expressly not an IO.) But, were it an IO we would be wondering if the fleeting attention to him was due to his inability to speak, and the observer’s subsequent difficulty in recognizing him as a subject proper. Does this enact our cultural blindness to the revelations of very detailed feelings and thinking that nonverbal behavior conveys? Does this repeat the experience of Donyeah’s mother—that there is very little room for Donyeah in her body/mind, just as there is little room for the baby part of her in Diane, as Diane struggles to put herself together? Is his experience too much to bear for the mother and grandmother, and therefore, for the observer?

The film/infant observation, is about the two women, Love and Diane, and their struggles separately and with each other about the babies inside themselves, and the baby outside is at first incidental to their drama, a repetition of trauma, and a hoped for redemption. The film shows that not only is there no baby without a mother, there is no mother without a baby and both women are struggling to become mothers and to deal with the immensity of that undertaking before each of them has become a full subject, one who feels free to choose, consider, and learn from experience rather than remain caught in ruling repetitions. Are their very names significant? Contexts may be short—a few moments-- and long-term—covering years. We do not see a long enough context to know whether and how naming might be meaningful. But we can wonder if

Diane experienced Love as different from her siblings right at the start and so designated her “love.” Did Love’s individuality and that designation play a role in Love’s fierce attachment leading her, unlike her siblings, to run away from foster homes repeatedly to find her mother? Does it play a role in her difficulty working through her anger at what happened and her self-destructiveness, as if she, more than the others was betrayed? And does it play a role in naming her son Donyeah, a name whose syllables are a transformation of the name “Diane” and which said as we hear it on the film from Love, sounds remarkably like “Diane”: Don-ye-ay, Di-yaaan. Is his name then the designation of his significance to her as part baby, part replacement mother?

Further imagining into the role of infant observer, what might we hypothesize about our glimpses of Donyeah? (Let me insert caution here: I am illustrating IO. It would be very wrong to draw conclusions or even believe that we had solid hypotheses from these tiny glimpses. There is not enough material to be on very solid ground. But we can begin to get an idea of how we would go about finding out who Donyeah is, and what he is experiencing.)

Our first view of Donyeah is of him and his mother: she is 18, he is 4 days old. She is holding Donyeah passively—he is asleep, lying on her arm, and her arm is resting on her thigh. She expresses her amazement that she had him, “pushed him out,” and softly smiles as she seems to think about this. Her passive manner with him also suggests her amazement—perhaps she does not yet feel that she has him, for she does not quite hold him. She looks down at him, watching him sleep. She seems perhaps not content with the lack of action, and puts the baby’s arm in an extension straight up from his shoulder, laughing as she explains that when she did this before, he held his arm up “for a long time.” He doesn’t perform as hoped for this time, but his arm does not flop, he lets his arm down with control—his body showing considerable muscle tone and holding action. He keeps his eyes and lips pressed closed firmly, and he holds himself in even flow, neither squirming nor flopping. Love says, poignantly, “He’s so cute,” and as she looks down at him there is her sadness, a fleeting expression that she banishes with a smile as she makes another brief effort to bring his arm up. Such sadness is common in new mothers, a reflection of their labile hormones, and the dawning awareness of a drastically changed life. In “New Mother/New Baby” classes I’ve led the new mothers “confess” this grief, afraid to admit how much they miss their old lives, their old relationships with their husbands. How much more has Love to grieve? She has mentioned that he looks like his father, whom she then dismisses, angrily saying that she had the baby for herself, something to make her feel good, somehow a way to make up for the unhappiness she had as a child taken away from her own mother. Is lifting Donyeah’s arm for her a phallic reminiscence, conveying her own longing for the father she lacked, for the husband she lacks? Is there reassurance in this phallic gesture, some hoped for power and strength that he will need? As hard as life is for Diane and Love, boys and men fare as badly or worse in their world—her brother, Charles, a suicide, Diane’s brother, Victor, soon to be dead of alcoholism, Willie, soon to leave the family again. We do not see Donyeah awake yet. We are presented with a question—will there be a baby and a mother?

When we glimpse Donyeah later his grandmother, Diane, is dressing him, talking to him as she does this. Love looks on disgruntled, depressed. Grandma says, “You need a shirt, Donyeah.” Love says, “I need a shirt, too,” showing her outright competitive feelings toward her child for her mother’s attention.

Such feelings are not at all unusual in new parents: mothers feel jealousy toward parents and husbands, husbands feel it toward parents and wives. Life is often a mess at this stage. Many a mother, endowed with everything she could want or need, might still feel the bite of jealousy faced with the relentless demands of a new baby, and the grandparents' doting. In the best scenario, the mother can get gratification through identifying with the baby, even while she feels exhausted and depleted by his care. But Love is too angry and wounded to find that fringe benefit—far too fringy for her to grasp without support. Again, I yearned for an observer who could recognize and name these ordinary and extraordinary feelings in her, and help her grapple with them and learn the new gratifications that could be hers. Instead, we are pained watching as Donyeah is the center of attention of the family—at picture-taking time—and Love is at the side, neither protecting D from the family's riotous, manic treatment of him as if he were a toy, nor enjoying attention as his mom. He is at first attentive, "all there" imitating his grandmother's hands as she waves them for his attention. Eyebrows raised, more in the center of his face than over his wide-stretched eyes, he appears at least uncertain, if not alarmed at the goings on, as he is propped on pillows and re-propped when he falls to the side, safe in the quilts that cover the bed, but unable to cope on his own. But he does not cry. Indeed, he holds himself together, his little body collected in one piece—perhaps creating part of the problem in trying to get him to sit up. We, the observers of the observation, wonder at how he might be feeling, and wince as his family members do not grasp that he isn't sharing in their fun, despite his lack of protest. Is Donyeah already experiencing the dilemma in which protest might embroil him. If he protests, where is his refuge? Is his angry, jealous mother there to rescue him? Can the others, so stressed, see beyond their needs and determination to find some manic fun of their own? He goes with his temperamental strengths—he holds onto himself in even bound flow, getting through it. No one seems to recognize their luck in having such an unflappable, self-contained baby as Donyeah.

After we see this, we watch Love and Diane walk along in the street, grandma carrying Donyeah while Love's anger at her mother, that of a neglected sibling, spills out. Along with her feeling that she doesn't count now that Donyeah has arrived, we hear that she is HIV positive, and that the baby might or might not shed his HIV antibodies with her immune system. Love is hoping he will be disease free, even while she is angry and jealous of his entitlement to attention. Indeed, every challenge for Love becomes a new focus for her upset, and her hope for good outcome, the next thing that will finally make her feel good. As the baby's arm is pricked for the drawing of blood, he cries and his mother distracts him, calling his name, and playing with ideas of blame—"Who did it?" and "You beat her"—solidly directing the aggression outward. He settles quickly when the acute pinch is over, then resumes crying a bit, but, as is usual for him, he is never out of control. We see him on the examining table, lengthening, making all his muscles taut and jittery, even his little fingers and toes, pushing away from the bad experience, and shaking away the fright that it caused. But why isn't his mother holding him at this point, helping him soothe himself? Is he already so good at self-containment that she can't see his need for her? Then we see him turned, more relaxed, watching as his mother and the Dr. speak about him. As his mother speaks he looks toward her, and waves his arm gently in her direction and in rhythm with her speech, his other arm flat on the table. This is a baby who uses all that he has in himself and in his surroundings to hold on.

Next, of course, after the explosions have occurred, the baby is taken, then returned briefly to his aunt's care. The younger children are taken and then returned, but tragically, Willie decides he will leave. We know nothing of Willie's story, only that it is a repetition of an old one. Is there a link between his actions and the loss of Donyeah? We are in the dark about what has been his situation as a 13-year-old uncle, more like a sibling than any of the others. The filmmaker/observer reflects the family's ultra-focus on issues of infancy, without at the same time being able to handle them, and ignores the needs of the other growing adolescent children. Does this reflect their all being "stuck" in their own internal infancy? Meanwhile, the real baby, Donyeah, is nearly lost. While the four women discuss the problem of Donyeah, and the necessity of Love's "kissing ass" to get the baby back in her custody, Love is at first holding Donyeah. She is slumped over, and looking down, but Donyeah strives several times to straighten his back, almost to lift both of them. Later he sits with Courtney, Love's new boyfriend, the only one who seems able to focus on him and provide a comforting body, and he watches his mother's intense, angry speech at his being taken. At first he smiles and makes noises, seeking his mother's attention, then his eyes grow wider and he withdraws his chest as he seems to take in the distressed feelings of those around him. There is no room for him and his experience, and he seems to lose heart and literally go into himself.

Despite the very real consequences of repeated interactions like this that there will certainly be for Donyeah, through all these difficult moments, Donyeah appears to be an adaptable and very strong tiny person with great ability to take in what is good, and to reckon with what is difficult and painful, remaining self-contained. This is a better adaptation than many others might be, but will not be without cost as he develops. Such an adaptation, a premature independence, among other possible outcomes, often blocks taking in needed help later. But there is much we don't know. We see a different boy in his foster home, now clearly a fuller person coming out of himself into the world. He is, as we see him again, crawling into the room as his foster mother calls him. He is wide with bent elbows, and his hands slap the floor sharply and abruptly as he crawls smartly into the room. He is smiling and intensely energetic as he pulls himself up to the refrigerator and then up to his foster mother's lap. He has a big grin as he pats her face, then slaps her face—just pulling his punch before it lands—while she gently admonishes him to be "nice." There is a little bit of devilry in his pats, and one wishes for more context here to see what the relationship is like. It is too simple to say he seems "happier" with Ms. Diaz. She is clearly happier than his mother, and his exuberant energy certainly mirrors that. But there are questions still to be asked as there are in any relationship. Are we seeing the ordinary experimentation of a strong and temperamentally intense almost one-year-old, or is this an expression of disguised but marked anger? If there were anger being expressed, what is its origin and scope? Given Donyeah's temperament and age, I wondered if his foster mother's effort to tell him to pat and be "nice" might lead to complex results. Donyeah has a very strong and muscular body that itself shapes his impulses. He shows a pent-up quality despite the greater freedom he also demonstrates in this scene. It seems as if he is looking for a way to use some "contending" energy. Babies like Donyeah at this age enjoy pushing heavy cartons about. I thought about how important it might be for such a body to experience meeting equal energy in a playful way, such as a tight squeeze, a big raspberry on the belly. Such meeting of energy before bringing it down would allow him to use all his strength without disqualifying it. Opposing the idea of being nice against his strength instantly makes it "not nice." Babies certainly experiment at this

age with being “not nice” as they separate from their parents. We don’t know if being “not nice” is his intent, or the outcome of labeling and difficulty in finding a way to engage his muscular intensity. Again, a larger context provided by longer and more frequent observations would be necessary to make these discriminations. In any case, we see a Donyeah much more alive in his own impulses, needs and experience than he has been. And we are instantly worried at how precarious this is, how much his fuller personhood depends upon the stability of attention of the adult in charge of his care.

Two of the most poignant sequences occur on visits between Donyeah and his mother. The first is the visit at “Good Shepherd.” Donyeah is on his aunt’s lap, playing quietly as he faces toward her chest. When Love leans in over her sister’s shoulder to catch his eye, and, taking in his mother, D presses his head down against Morean, becoming suddenly coy and shy, as if overcome with feelings. Morean recognizes his feelings, and says, “ You want to go to your mother.” His transfer is abrupt—I felt he could have used a few moments to reach for her, and so he recoils in his body and goes blank in his face. Here again we see the difficulty the adults have in following his feelings and initiatives. He catches the camera as he is handed over, and looks straight at it with an empty expression. We don’t have further access to what occurs, but we have clearly seen him register his strong feelings on seeing Love again, and the disappearance of feeling at losing his own ground of action.

On the next visit we are privy to, we see Donyeah again with his foster mother, Mrs. Diaz. He sits quietly between the two mothers with a pacifier in his mouth as Ms. Diaz tells Love what he’s been doing. Ms. Diaz has a sense of Donyeah as a subject, as the “going concern” in Winnicott’s lexicon (1964). She tells of his actions, his growth. Donyeah looks at Ms. Diaz as she tells Love about his play, and about how he is learning to walk in his playpen. She then explains with more energy that he is learning “bye-bye” and urges Donyeah to show his mother. She demonstrates and Donyeah takes a few seconds to register what she wants him to do, whereupon he waves both arms up and down in imitation of his foster mother’s finger movements, but he looks distractedly away. Love looks, and says a little playfully and doubtfully, “That’s bye-bye.” It occurred to me that there may have been unconscious intent in Ms. Diaz’s introducing this game at that moment, but it is so much a usual game that is played with babies that I cannot feel sure. But the reality of “bye-bye” is not lost on Donyeah and Love. A few moments later, Love half-heartedly trying to continue the game, asks him, without any energy or commitment, to say “bye-bye” and at this point Donyeah’s face is tilted downward, and his expression beyond sad—he is in neutral flow in his facial expression, but he holds his outer body in even bound flow. We can feel that his inner body is emptied out, stabbed by grief. I thought he must be connecting intensely to the meaning of “bye-bye,” and feeling the weight of the “bye-bye” that he experienced and re-experiences at each visit with his mother. His palpable grief, unrecognized by his mother or foster mother must be borne alone. Further, his appearance of heart-break is undeniable, but we cannot be sure for whom he was grieving—for his mother, or is he fearfully anticipating another separation, now from his foster mother who had brought him to Love?

We soon witness the foster mother’s very sad and final good-bye to Donyeah when he is given back to his mother. She is weeping as she packs his things. Then when she is dressing him, he notices her crying and shows quite frenzied concern. He pats and pushes her face, holds her cheeks as if to get her eyes to meet his, wriggles his fingers against her and picks up her face. He is, as is usual for him, firmly forceful in

this, and then tender in his kisses. If we really empathize here, we can feel this heart-break. The questions that arise here about the necessity for the fostering as opposed to increased support to Love scream out, along with new questions about the need to return him to his mother, who seems often now to have less capacity within herself for him than does his foster mother—but of course, her own connection to him has been horribly disrupted, and she has not had the opportunity to grow into being a mother that many mothers need. The film leaves us with this uncertainty and with the reality of these harrowing choices!

We go next to Love's, Courtney's, and Donyeah's new home, but it is not the "happily ever after" ending we might hope for. Neither Courtney nor Love seem to understand Donyeah's very ordinary two-year old bursting curiosity and drive to master. I ached with yearning to have some experienced person with them to help them understand what Donyeah might be intending as he repeatedly put things in the goldfish tank, and called his mother to come and share in his excitement. Similarly, he lets his balloon fly to the ceiling, to be retrieved again and again, fascinated both by the balloons' behavior that he can make happen, and by the behavior of the adults he calls into action. The game with the balloon is typical for this age child, a version of throwing the spoon off the highchair for the doting adults to fetch beyond their endurance. It expresses feelings about separation and reunion, going and coming, centrally important to this age child, and particularly significant in Donyeah's experience. But Donyeah's excitement about the goldfish tank might have specific determinants that are off camera, that the observer/film-maker did not show us or see. For instance, I wondered if Donyeah had witnessed Courtney feeding the fish, and whether he was trying to do something like that? Did he want to play with the fish? Had he seen Courtney talking to the fish, as he reportedly did with plants? We don't know. But a helpful person, knowledgeable about two year olds, would be a great help at this moment and later when we see Donyeah banging the doorknob with the screwdriver. Again, a longer context might be helpful. Had he seen someone repairing the doorknob? Did he want to get outside? Love and Courtney don't seem to grasp that they might be able to think about the meaning of his behaviors, and that understanding might help them to talk with him, to find better outlets for his impulses and to handle necessary prohibitions. When Love is bathing him in the sink, she is harsh in her directions to stop what he is doing, but then praising later when she is drying him—she seems to know little in between. He wants to play on the bed after being dressed, but she is firm, "I'm not going to play with you." She seems not aware of the fun she could have with him, of how to enjoy him. Perhaps she is afraid of loosening tough boundaries that she must be imposing on herself to keep herself in order, to finish her studies, to stay away from her own intense feelings and needs, and so she cannot enter play.

How am I to end this commentary? Having presumed to interpret the film-maker's eye as though it were and IO, I find myself feeling as I might if I were myself the IO—I feel resistant to leaving them alone with their lives. They have a hard road ahead, yet we are left with some room to hope. Both mothers seem to have grown at the end of the film. Love's and Donyeah's journeys are just beginning. We see a calmer Love with Donyeah at ease on her lap, clearly more thoughtful about her mother's and her own experiences. I imagine the filming has been useful in this process—lent a feeling of significance to her life's struggle, modeled a thinking process. At a conference at the Tavistock there were a number of presenters who were making use of videotape with at risk infants and their parents. The choice of videotape here was that it could, if used well, extend the stretched resources of people and time. One particularly amazing example

was the way a severely depressed mother with her failure to thrive infant responded to seeing herself and her baby on the video screen. Barely able to speak to the doctor in charge, listlessly hanging on to her listless and underweight baby, this mother perked up and began exclaiming, "Look at us! Wow, look how cute he is! I can't believe it, there we are!" We, of course, watching the video with her, saw an extremely sad, barely alive pair, and worried about how she would take to this objectified point of view. But she was seeing herself and her baby—perhaps for the first time—and that in itself was the beginning of change for the better. Her progress, and her baby's, as it was then followed, was astonishing. So there is reason to hope that the filming process functioned in this way for Love. But a live, knowledgeable infant observer could bring much more and help her balance her attention between her own needs and Donyeah's in the on-going and changing terrain of being a parent in a world that grows less and less supportive of that enterprise.

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