



DAN GILHOOLEY

ECHO

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Dan Gilhooley

November 2 - December 14, 2017

On the cover: "Self-Portrait at 55", graphite powder in linseed oil on wood, 24x24 inches, 2007

Flecker Gallery
Suffolk County Community College
Ammerman Campus, Selden, NY

Director's Foreword:

One of the great things about working with artists is that you get to meet and spend time with so many truly unique people who see all of life through a lens that is specifically and peculiarly their own. Dan Gilhooley is as unique a person and artist as I've ever known. We met ten years ago, when I left my post at Syracuse University to accept a position as a professor in the Visual Arts Program here at Suffolk County Community College. I became Dan's office mate and quickly learned that he had what I thought of as an amazing second life, that of a psychoanalyst with a private practice and an instructor at the Center for Modern Psychoanalytic Studies in Manhattan. After some time I came to learn that there was no first or second life, but for him, art, psychoanalysis, and teaching were all one thing.

This synthesis is wonderfully illuminated in Gilhooley's accompanying essay. It provides a captivating perspective, allowing us a slipping glimpse through his distinct lens; a deeply personal examination of how these things are part of a continuum, that coalesces in a fascinating rumination on memory, knowledge, creativity, and the whole of the mind being the result not of recordings being recalled, but echoes of our experiences. For Gilhooley it is the same with art; it is another form of echoing.

His artistic influences are diverse and include some great artist-teachers such as Ron Gorchov, Bob Swain, and Doug Ohlson. Famed minimalist sculptor Tony Smith was especially charismatic and influential. According to Gilhooley "I've never met anyone like him. He completely shaped my esthetic point of view. Tony believed art should be 'speculative.' If the artist left a trail of creative thoughts and feelings that Tony could follow, the artwork was successful. To him art was 'shared introspection.' Art should be 'inquisitive,' searching for answers to something unknown. Tony was fascinated by the ineffable, invisible knowledge just out of awareness. You sensed it was there, but it was out of sight and you struggled to get your hands around it. If Tony sensed your art had touched this 'unknown,' it was remarkable." This sensibility was certainly passed from teacher to student, and has been my experience that Dan makes art and teaches from the same point of view.

This exhibition includes drawings and paintings that range from 1975 to the present, but all of it emerges from the liminal space that Gilhooley cultivates in his working practice. It seems appropriate to wonder if mind is an echo, as well as his artworks, is there a present at all, or is our notion of this moment in time but an instantaneous echo. Gilhooley's work certainly satisfies his famous teacher's notion of a speculative and inquisitive art, and unmistakably evokes a sensation that the ineffable is just beyond our grasp, evading our desire for full understanding.

It is a great pleasure and an honor for us to mount this survey exhibition of Dan Gilhooley's work at Flecker Gallery in celebration of his career as a truly unique and remarkable artist as well as his 35 years in teaching and administration at Suffolk County Community College. He has been an inspiration to countless students and a valued colleague to myself and to many others.

Matthew Neil Gehring, Director

Echo*

By Dan Gilhooley

I knew from the time I was twelve I wanted to be an artist. I spent hours drawing. No one in my family was artistic, so right from the beginning it marked me as different. No one around me made art, so no one knew about the magical marks my pencils made on paper. I was an athlete in high school. It was unusual to be a passionate art student and captain of the football team.

Then my dad killed himself. My father had landed at Normandy in the Second World War, and suffered a traumatic brain injury during combat. Today we'd say his death was the result of "post-traumatic stress," but there were no words for it then. This profound event broke my family. After high school it propelled me a thousand miles from my home in Wisconsin to New York City, where I learned to make art as I recovered from my father's death.

At Hunter College I was taught art in a world of geometric abstraction. The sculptor Tony Smith was the central person in the department, and he was a very charismatic teacher. I have a photograph of him in my office waiting room. After graduate school my interest in making abstract art diminished. My best ideas produced mediocre results. Although I worked hard at making pictures, there was nothing mysterious or captivating about them. I became disenchanted. I saw my ability to make art dissolving but I didn't know what to do about it. By the time I was thirty I too was suicidal. My father's suicide had planted the belief within me that I'd do the same thing. That's when I entered psychoanalysis. That changed my life and the kind of pictures I make.

In the beginning my analysis was about staying alive session to session. My first hour ended with me asking the analyst, "Do you think I can keep from killing myself before our next appointment?" During the first year of my analysis I worked mostly on my relationship with my father and my experience of his suicide. During those early years of therapy I struggled to produce the kind of formalist paintings I'd been taught to make at Hunter, but I couldn't. Eventually I decided to do some drawings as I had as a child, just to fill the time before inspiration returned. I made a portrait of my girlfriend, of my mother, and of my father's lips. Making pictures about people I loved felt important. At first I thought these drawings were inconsequential, though making them was very satisfying. After a couple of years I began to exhibit the drawings. Then I showed my work to a curator at The Drawing Center who



"Self-Portrait at 35", oil on paper mounted on panel, 25x20 inches, 1987

*Echo, (2017), in G. Hagman (ed.), *Art, Creativity, and Psychoanalysis: Perspectives from Analyst-Artists*, pp. 148-164. London: Routledge.

remarked, “Your drawings become a lot more interesting when I hear your stories about them.” So I began to write short memoir pieces and exhibited these stories on the wall next to the images. Over the next decade I produced a body of work, exhibited a lot, and developed an artistic identity.

What I liked about drawing was that it was simple and direct. You only needed paper and something to make marks. Because I worked realistically, drawing involved me in a repetitive process of observing and recording. These were two very different activities. Observation attached me to my model’s material presence: I’d see the shape of a nose, the texture of flesh, or the tone of a shadow under a chin. Observation also stirred an emotional reaction in me to the presence of this person I loved. Recording what I saw, on the other hand, involved an imaginative act of marking. Using pencil or pastel I tried to invent a reality on paper that replicated the material presence of my subject along with the emotional tenor of what I was experiencing at that moment. Through this intimate dance of seeing and marking my mind became linked with my subjects.

I drew slowly. Some artists are able to capture meaning in spontaneous gestures. For me meaning emerged through a prolonged meditative process of observing and recording. I wasn’t sure of a picture’s meaning before I made it. I often portrayed my subjects caught between states like desire and decay. Perhaps as an imprint of my father’s death, time and mortality were ever-present themes. The process of repeatedly observing and recording was transportive. In fact, what I enjoyed most about drawing was how it changed my mind. I became lost in a meditative trance.

Then something mysterious happened. In 1988 I made a drawing of my future wife Pat that I entitled Selene. Selene was a name unknown to me at the time, and it would be two years before Pat discovered that she had a great-grandmother named Selene St. Onge. This was the beginning of my feeling that when I made art I wasn’t alone. More importantly, when I finished this piece I looked at it and realized that it was a better drawing than I was capable of making. I was reminded of the 1980 Olympics when the American hockey team defeated the heavily favored Soviets for the gold medal. The American amateurs couldn’t compete with the more skillful Russian professionals. But the Americans played beyond their ability and won a match that is remembered as “The Miracle on Ice.” For the next 25 years I had this experience again and again—I repeatedly made pictures that were better than my ability, pictures that seemed to be made by something more than me. This was a strange feeling at first; disconcerting, perhaps dissociative. But over the years it occurred so often that I came to accept it. Like the American hockey players, on those occasions I drew beyond my ability. Not that my work was actually “miraculous,” but the experience was humbling. I’d say, “I know how good I am, and I’m not that good.” It seemed certain that this experience was linked to my slow meditative process. It was a product of the trance.

My artwork grew directly out of my psychoanalytic experience. In fact, I became an artist as I became a psychoanalytic patient. The memoir fragments that I sometimes exhibited alongside my drawings were linked to the visual image like a free association. The psychoanalysts I worked with saw themselves as witnesses of my development. Their goal was to understand me and help me understand myself. They were the first audience for my artistic creations. I’d been taught both as an artist and as a psychoanalytic patient to be original, personally expressive, and truthful. From my

perspective as a patient, creativity and artistic expression were the heart of psychoanalysis.

I was transformed by my psychoanalytic experience. Psychoanalysis changed my life. I couldn’t get enough of it. After eight years of individual analytic work I entered a psychoanalytic training program at the Center for Modern Psychoanalytic Studies in Manhattan. I had no previous education in the field of mental health, but that didn’t make any difference to the faculty at CMPS. I was fortunate to have entered such a liberally accepting institute. I became passionate about the study of psychoanalysis, its history and theory of mind. It took me nine years to complete the Center’s program. When I’d finished my clinical education I traveled to Boston for a masters and doctorate in psychoanalysis, earning both degrees from the Boston Graduate School of Psychoanalysis.

My first challenge as an artist wanting to learn how to be a psychoanalyst was the form of psychoanalytic education itself: I’d entered a psychoanalytic training program. The word “training” might seem insignificant—but it wasn’t to me. Training is the form of education used in the military, athletics or business where an authority has predetermined how I should behave. The psychoanalytic authority was Freud or the guiding light of my institute, Hyman Spotnitz. As a student I was taught a variety of protocols based on the formula: “if the patient says this, then you say that.” So when a patient entered the consultation room, I’d open my mouth and Freud or Spotnitz would speak. As an artist I found training to be the antithesis of art and psychoanalysis. I couldn’t imagine anyone thinking this authoritarian form of education was a good idea. My artistic education had emphasized discovering one’s unique form of expression and cultivating the confidence to speak. So, as an artist, training was a continual stimulus to develop my own psychoanalytic voice.

In my fifteen years of psychoanalytic education I had a lot of time to sort out the kind of analyst I wanted to become. Freud developed a clinical practice based on anonymity and emotional detachment, where reason transformed irrationality. In his view, an analyst should put aside all feeling and act with the coldness of a surgeon. Significantly, Freud was never a psychoanalytic patient, and I think if he’d been a patient, he’d have developed a different kind of clinical practice. It was my



“My Hand Consciously Observed”, oil on wood,
11x9 inches 2002

experience as a patient that most shaped the analyst I was to become. My most transformative experiences occurred through empathic contact with my analyst, often at moments when he or she revealed something personal.

Here's a dramatic example. After five years of analysis I arrived to a session in which my analyst seemed unusually remote and detached. About fifteen minutes into the session I said, "You seem very distant. You don't seem to be present, or connected to what I'm saying." I felt confused and injured by his emotional absence. We discussed my reaction briefly. Then he said, "My wife died this morning. I called your home and work to cancel our appointment but I wasn't able to reach you, so I came in for the session." I was stunned. I asked him the cause of his wife's death. He said, "She's been sick for some time." I asked if she'd died in a hospital. He said, "Yes." He paused, and then said, "Her death wasn't really a surprise. But I wasn't prepared for it." Another pause, "I guess there's really no way to be prepared." I cried. He may have cried too, I don't know. I told him how sorry I was. I asked if I could hug him or hold his hand. He said my response meant a lot to him, and asked me to put my feelings into words.

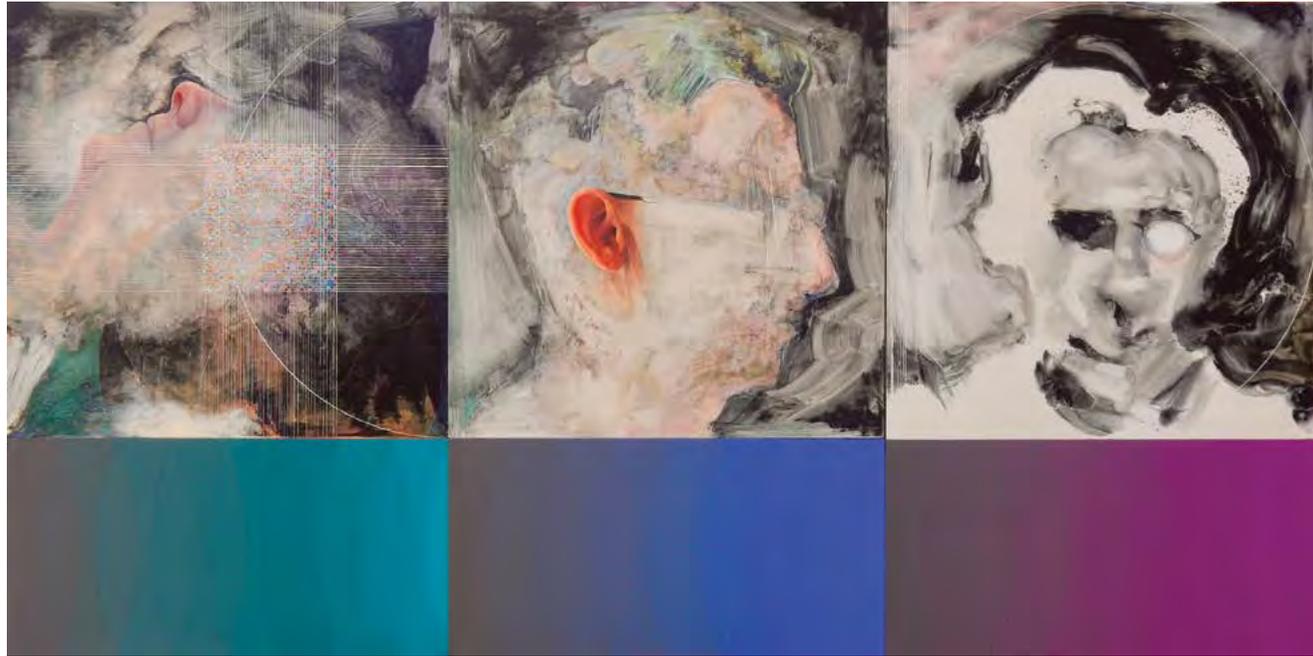
I realize now that I became a psychoanalyst at that moment, and that experience cast the die for the kind of analyst I'd become. When he revealed that his wife had died, my analyst galvanized our therapeutic relationship. Through his stunning revelation, I felt that he and I were one. We both were struggling with the death of someone we loved. We'd both been knocked flat. Hyman Spotnitz would say that my analyst's words fostered a mutual "narcissistic transference." Spotnitz believed that this symbiotic state of mind had to exist between the patient and analyst for therapeutic change to occur. I could feel my analyst's absence, his wife's absence, and the echo of my father's absence. Absence filled the room. My analyst's words came as a shock, just like the shock I felt when I learned of my father's death. But most importantly, in the midst of absence, when he spoke to me truthfully it was clear that he remained with me. In this symbiotic state of mind, he protected me through the loss we both were experiencing.

As I began practicing psychoanalysis, I developed a clinical approach that reversed Freud's basic position. I became as transparently present as the patient wanted me to be, I became deeply involved emotionally, I welcomed irrationality, and I tried not to intrude. I gave patients lots of room to sort themselves out to become the people they wanted to be. Although I wasn't aware of it, I approached my patients as fellow artists. I wanted them to each develop their unique voice and the confidence to sing. Most importantly, I identified with my patient to such an extent that I "became the patient." I subjectively "lived" my patient's experience just as someone looking at my pictures "lived" my experience. In my mind we were artists and patients together.

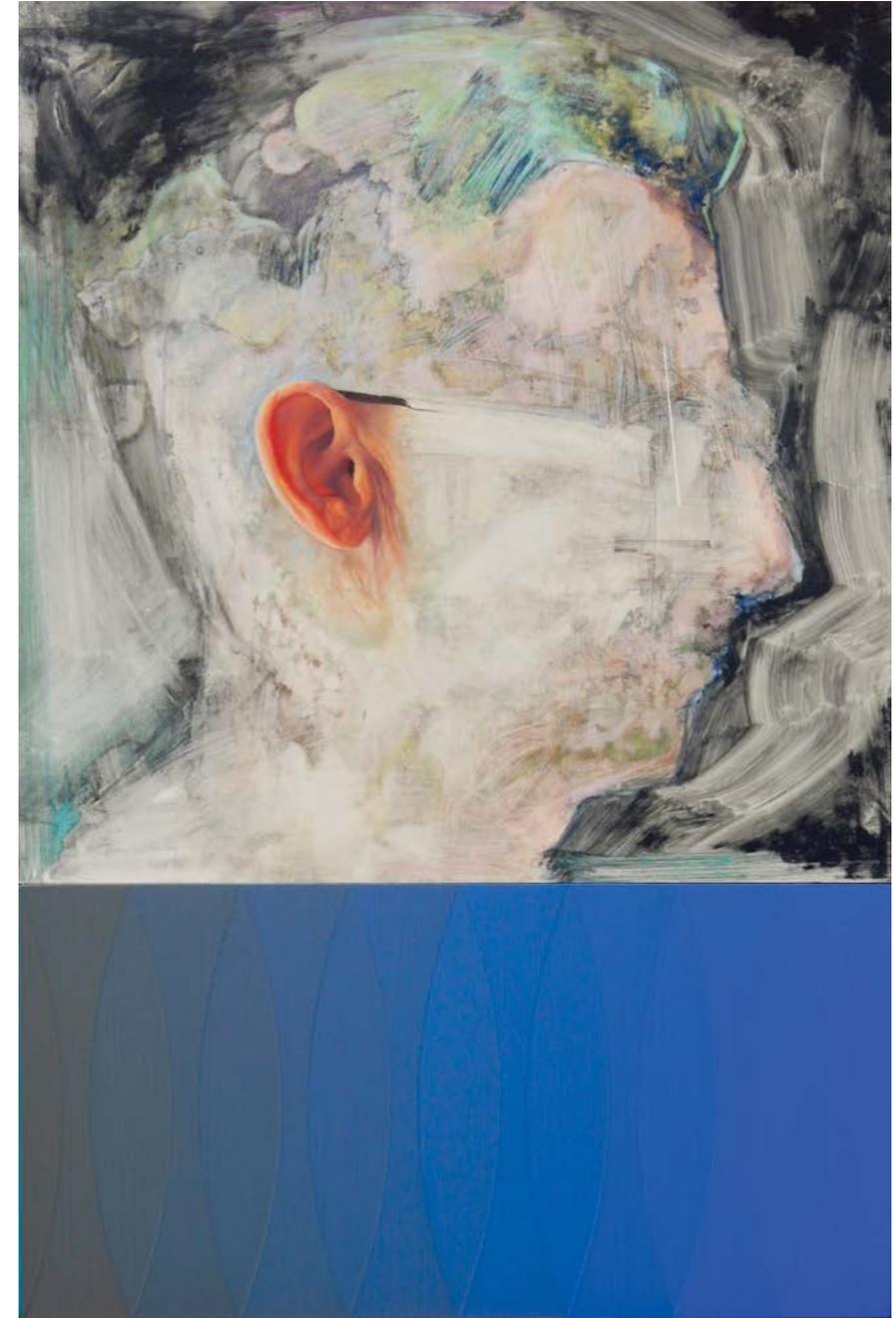
Ultimately, I became the complement of the emotionally detached surgeon operating on a diseased patient. Therapeutically I came to see my patient and myself as each other's echo. In the early years of psychoanalysis, Georg Groddeck (1976) was the first analyst to discover "the strange fact that I was not treating the patient, but that the patient was treating me" (p. 301). Groddeck's observation shaped the work of his close friend Sandor Ferenczi who in turn influenced a string of analysts—Frieda Fromm-Reichmann, Harold Searles and Hyman Spotnitz—who each inspired my



"Caedmon's Shorts", pastel and graphite on paper, 36x28 inches, 2016



"Souls Turning to Water", graphite powder and linseed oil with acrylic, oil paint and colored pencil on clayboard panels, 16x36 inches, 2017 (detail at right)



clinical work. Returning to the dramatic example above, it's more accurate to say that, drawn from his self-revelation, my analyst and I sheltered each other through the loss we both were experiencing.

Here's a case that illustrates the therapeutic symbiosis described by Spotnitz and Searles, and my ideas about the echoing process. It's an example of how being an artist affects my psychoanalytic work. Ten years ago I began seeing Frank. His son Anders had cancer and Frank wanted me to help Anders fight the disease. Anders didn't want my help, but Frank stayed to talk about his anger and despair. Anders fought his cancer for six years, enduring ten surgeries and losing an eye before he died at the age of 23. On the last day of life Anders made his father promise he'd recover from his grief. But the loss of Anders was unbearable. Frank often talked about killing himself. He wanted to buy a gun and blow his brains out. Having endured six years of suffering with his son he wanted to put an end to the pain. He wanted to join Anders in death.

Frank picked out a shotgun and studied it online. I told Frank he couldn't have a gun. Frank wasn't aware that my father had shot himself, or that I'd struggled with the wish to kill myself after my father's death. I knew suicide inside out. I knew the pain of a son losing his father, and Frank was experiencing the pain of a father losing his son. And I knew what it was like to keep a gun out of the hands of a killer. As a boy I had taken a rifle from my father and hidden it when he threatened to kill us. I knew what Frank was living through. It was quite a coincidence that he'd ended up with me as his therapist.

A few months after Anders' death, I had a dream in which I woke up dead. In fact those words, "I woke up dead," echoed in my mind announcing the beginning of the dream. I hovered above my body lying motionless in bed. I floated down from the ceiling and circled my body, checking for signs of life. I laid there unresponsive under a white sheet. I realized I really was dead, and guessed it must have happened in my sleep. Later that week, near the end of his session Frank said, "I had a strange dream this week. I dreamt that I woke up dead." Frank said this dream was a turning point, a sign from his dead son. Anders had achieved angelic status and was now guiding Frank's mourning.

During the next week Frank began writing a story about life after death that begins with the protagonist announcing, "I woke up dead." This short story evolved into a dreamy noir detective novel set in a timeless space between life and death, in which an unnamed man tries to find the path to eternal life. Frank had never done any creative writing. His education had been in science and mathematics, and he'd had a career in technology. Writing was something new. Frank attributed his creativity to his deceased son, Anders. Anders' artistic nature was now inspiring him. Frank worked on his novel continuously for the next three years, each week reading segments to me during his sessions. His novel became the focus of his mourning. I thought of it as a metaphor for our therapeutic process, and a description of our unconscious interaction.

The month after Frank began writing, I began writing about Frank's writing. I became Frank's literary echo. Frank had no conscious awareness of my writing, but as his novel progressed it made repeated references to twin authors of the same paper. For example, in one chapter the main charac-



"Cameron, First Hour", graphite powder and linseed oil on panel, 12x12 inches, 2007



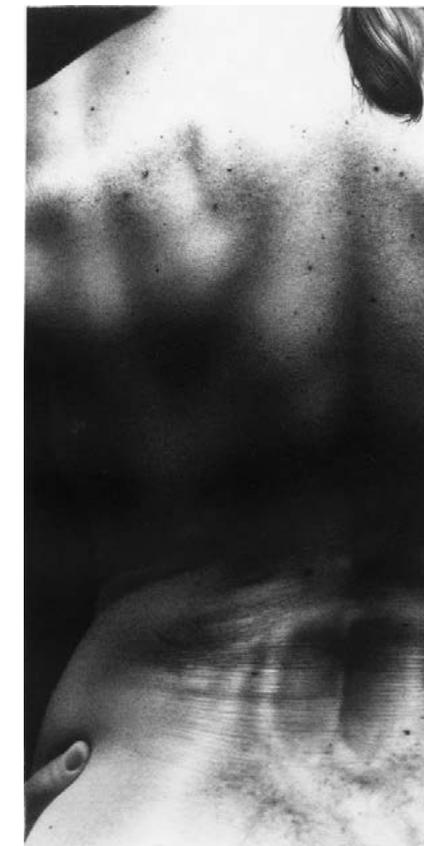
ter and his psychoanalyst simultaneously declare they've written the same article, "The Myth of Mental Illness." In another chapter the protagonist and his double from a parallel universe have both written the same scholarly paper, "Conversations with Schrödinger's Cat." Beginning with our mutual dreams of waking up dead, Frank describes twin authors creating the same text, each echoing the other.

The double (or echo) became a central motif in Frank's novel. In several chapters Nigel, a detective fashioned after Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe, is pursued by his double, a detective named Raymond. Raymond has been hired to find Nigel precisely because they are so alike. No one could anticipate Nigel's next move like Raymond, because Raymond is Nigel. At one point Nigel appears to Raymond in a dream and says, "You are me but one door behind. I came back to warn you." Raymond follows in Nigel's footsteps, always one step behind, always an echo. By the conclusion of Frank's novel, Nigel and Raymond join forces. From my perspective, Nigel and Raymond were representations of Frank and me, and their fictional journey was our therapeutic experience.

Although Frank had no knowledge of my personal life, there were several parallels between his novel and me. Considering that a father/son relationship is a fundamental theme in our work together, Frank wrote a chapter in which a boy is raised by a shell-shocked war veteran whose unrelenting memory of combat disables him, renders him unemployable, and leads to his suicide. This story mirrored my life growing up with my father. In Frank's story, the son is his father's sympathetic confidant, just as I'd been with my father.

Fear of suicide was always in the background of our work together. In one of Frank's chapters a psychoanalyst places a pistol to his head and kills himself. Because of my father, I'd entered psychoanalysis believing it was inevitable that I'd place a pistol to my head. This was my deepest trauma, a future I'd anticipated but desperately wanted to avoid. As Frank read his vignettes to me each week I came to believe the similarities between Frank's story and my life were the product of our symbiotic state of mind. In an area in each of our minds, we share the same mental space. Like Nigel and Raymond, when we arrive at that symbiotic place, Frank and I are one.

Here's a more elaborate example of symbiosis and the echo theme that emerged in Frank's book. During those first months when Frank began writing his novel I had a strange premonitory experience. For the past seventeen years, each Friday morning I leave my home in Bellport and

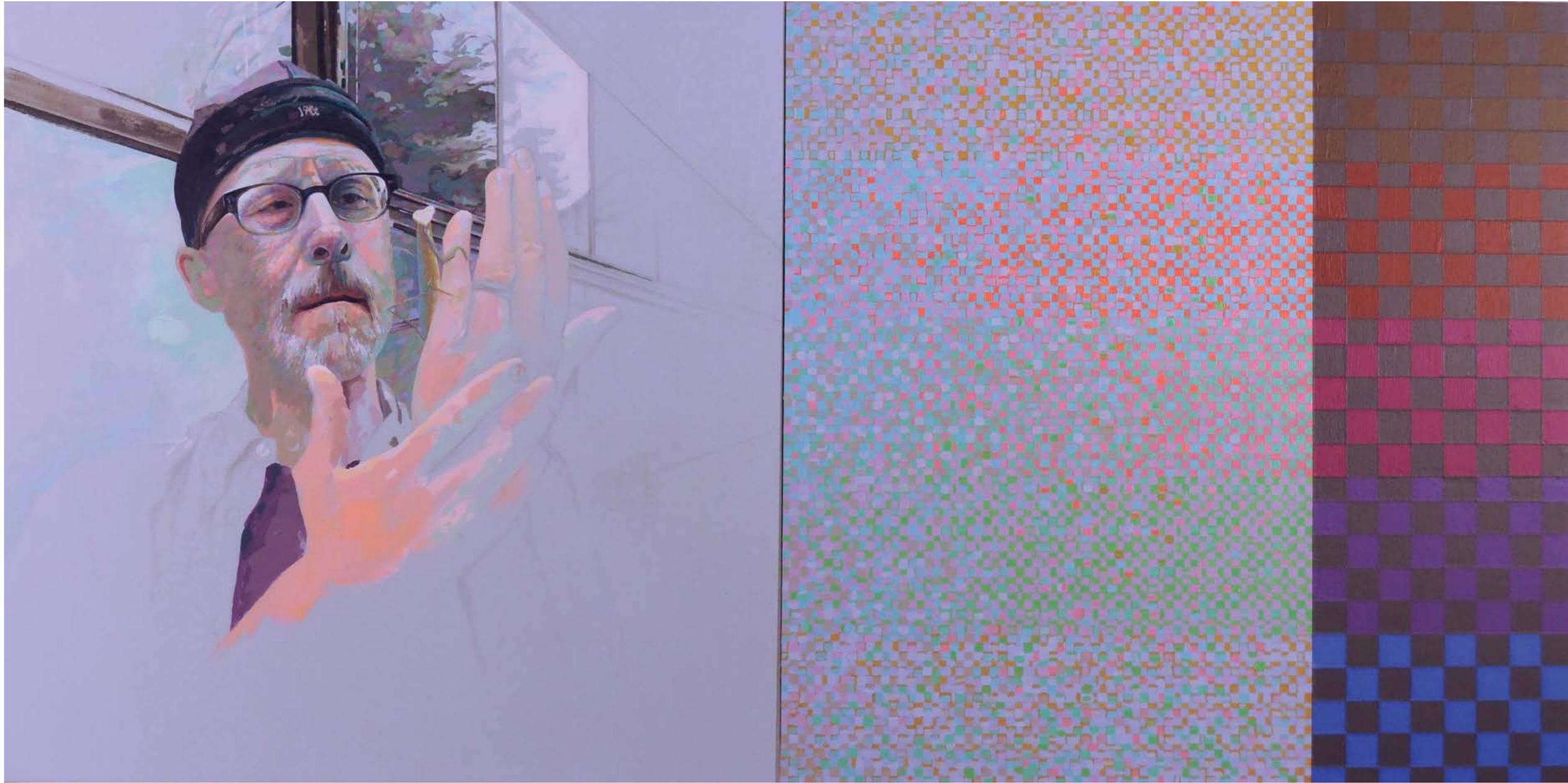


"Epistemology (Back)", pencil on paper, 25x17 inches, 2002 (above); "French Braid", pencil on paper, 50x40 inches, 1990 (left)



"Anna St. Onge, 1890-1983", pencil on paper, 18x15 inches, 1992 (above)
"Epistemology (Head)", pencil on paper, 25x22 inches, 2002 (right)





"Praying Mantis", acrylic and silverpoint on prepared paper mounted on panel, 24x48 inches, 2015

drive to Babylon to catch a 5:12 train to New York City. My first appointment in New York is at seven o'clock. On this early December morning I stepped out onto my porch and thought, "Flat tire." In the darkness I checked the tires on my car, but I didn't have a flat. I drove to the train station. When I turned off Sunrise Highway to merge onto a two-lane highway heading south to Babylon, there was a problem. Coming around the cloverleaf turn at about 50 mph there was a car immediately to my left traveling at the same speed. The driver didn't move over to let me merge onto the highway. About fifty feet in front of me I saw the flashing taillights of a vehicle parked at the edge of the cloverleaf. I got a panicky feeling. I stepped on the brake, and slowing down, I tucked in behind the other car. In an instant I passed a guy kneeling down changing his car's left rear tire. There was no shoulder and his legs were sticking out onto the highway. In the darkness I hadn't seen him. My headlights caught his face looking up at me as I whizzed by. Passing within a few feet of him I thought, "Close call. What a terrible place to change a tire."

I was shaken by the realization that I'd nearly struck a fellow kneeling in the dark at the edge of the highway. I didn't see him and came within five feet of killing him. I wondered how it could be that twenty minutes earlier I'd thought "flat tire," and now I just missed hitting this guy changing a flat tire. I tried to make sense of this coincidence. Could I have known I'd encounter a flat tire before it happened? I didn't recall ever seeing a car with a flat on this Friday morning drive. I wondered whether a part of my unconscious mind existed in the future. Maybe an unconscious part of me had already made this drive and was warning my conscious mind about danger ahead. Of course, this seems impossible. Nonetheless, passing this close to death fueled my curiosity. I kept playing the experience over in my mind, and my place in time seemed less secure.

Next I questioned my location in space. Perhaps, in an unconscious form of awareness, when I stepped onto my porch I was actually in Bellport and Babylon simultaneously. In fact, if a part of my unconscious mind is untethered in time, where would I be spatially? Would I be "located" where my conscious mind is attending to reality? Is it possible that in my unconscious I could be in multiple times, in multiple locations? And if I'm in multiple locations simultaneously, are location and time only determined by conscious attention? What makes conscious attention the basis of reality? We know empirically that consciousness comprises a tiny fraction of mental life. For example, scientists estimate that of the millions of bits of information our eyes process each second, around sixteen are consciously experienced (Norretranders, 1998). The rest of this visual information is retained in unconscious regions of our mind where, hidden from consciousness, it determines our behavior. Furthermore, consciousness runs a half-second behind our unconscious mind which initiates every action, causing many researchers to describe consciousness as epiphenomenal (Libet, 2004). These facts hardly inspire confidence in my reliance on consciousness as the arbiter of reality. I mulled over these questions for weeks. This flat tire experience had a lasting effect, leaving me uncertain about fundamental aspects of myself in the world.

My growing uncertainty about my place in space and time found an uncanny echo in Frank's novel. After writing for about six months, and reading bits to me during sessions, Frank gave me copies of his first two stories. At home I read his second chapter, "Convergence," a science fiction

story in which a mathematician publishes a controversial essay demonstrating the existence of parallel universes. This paper upset a group of physicists who tried to undermine the mathematician's career. Distracted by this professional conflict, while driving on a dimly lit road, the mathematician accidentally sideswiped and killed a young man who was changing the left rear tire on his broken down car. This event dramatically altered the mathematician's life, leading to a mental breakdown followed by years of psychoanalytic treatment. In Frank's story the accident was attributed to "twilight, poor visibility, and too small a shoulder," all attributes of my near-miss. Although I remembered Frank reading this vignette to me months before, it was a detail lost in a sea of information. During our next session I asked Frank when he wrote "Convergence." He began writing it in late-August and finished it in October, a couple of months before my flat tire experience. So Frank wrote about a life-altering experience with a flat tire in a story involving a dramatic reconception of our place in space and time two months before I had my near-miss involving a flat tire—a near-miss that caused me to seriously reconsider my place in space and time. The parallels between these two events seemed too compelling to be merely coincidental.

I asked Frank about the date of writing "Convergence" to determine what came first, my flat tire experience or his story, wondering if there was causal relationship between them. One thing must precede another to be considered its cause. Frank reading me this portion of this story months before my flat tire encounter may have predisposed me to interpret events in a particular way. But that couldn't explain my experience of thinking "flat tire" and 25 minutes later encountering a dangerous situation with someone changing a tire. In other words, this detail in Frank's story couldn't have meaningfully contributed to my experience. Looking at these two events in chronological sequence revealed no causal relationship between them.

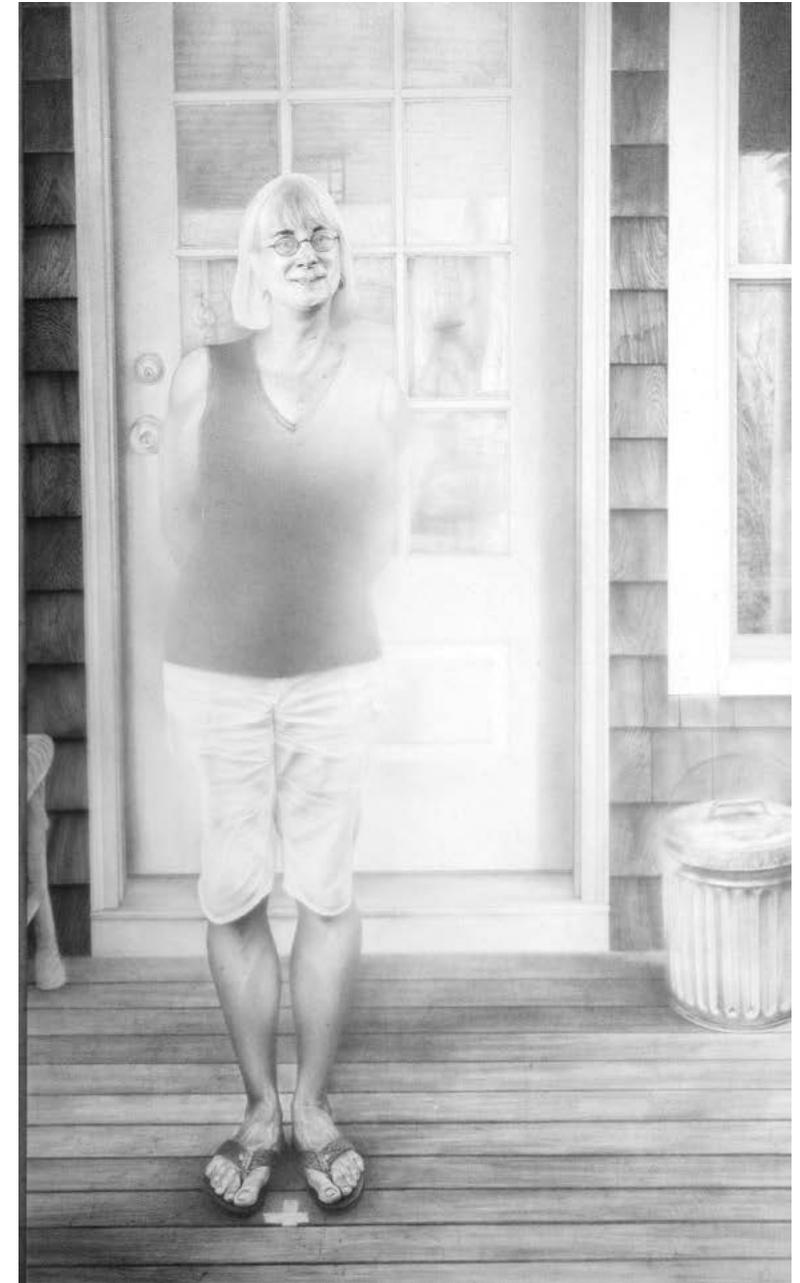
But look at them the other way around. Frank writes about an experience two months before I have it. Could it be that his story is a premonition of my precognitive experience? Was his story an echo of this event in my life, or more accurately an echo from the future? Is this illusory, or could my future experience be the cause of this portion of his present story? That's supposed to be impossible. The future can't cause the present. Or can it?



"Trudy Erased", pencil on paper, 18x14 inches, 1984/2013



"Trudy at 90", pencil on paper, 38x29 inches, 2012



"Pat on the Back Porch", pencil on paper, 81x47 inches, 2013

Anyway, I wondered, how Frank could even have knowledge about my future. On the other hand, if I presumed that within our symbiotic mental state Frank had access to my unconscious, does his story “prove” that my future exists within my unconscious? After all, where else could Frank get this information about my future except from my unconscious?

I know, thinking like this makes everyone’s head spin. Symbiosis threatens our sense of personal integrity. Premonition alters our place in time, and time is the basis for our belief in a continuous self. To reverse our understanding of causality is simply too much. Together these three ideas undermine our confidence in the structure of our world. Anyone could respond, “Surely this is madness!”

A loss of confidence in reality, at the very least, accurately conveys Frank’s emotional experience to the loss of Anders. But, as Frank’s novel progressed his protagonists all lived in a dreamlike world in which the direction of time had collapsed. Frank’s characters exist in the unconscious where past, present and future all occur simultaneously. In his stories the future and past each create the present. So, the questions I raised in reaction to my flat tire experience were answered in the stories Frank wrote. Two years later, when Frank’s character Nigel appears to Raymond in a dream and says, “You are me but one door behind, I came back to warn you,” I wondered anew about premonition and my flat tire experience.

In our work together Frank became an artist. I never suggested that he write, much less that he write a novel. Writing became therapeutic because he was free to be completely creative. He wrote whatever came to mind. Frank is amazed to have written a novel. “Where did it come from?” he asks. He never had an outline or a plan; words just arrived on the page. Frank’s creativity converts anguish and anger into a story that transports him, a story that brings him comfort, a story that hopefully will affect others. Frank says Anders is his inspiration. It’s Anders’ hand that guides him from the darkness of despair into the light. Frank knows his pain can’t be stopped. But it can be transformed, and Anders shows him the way.

I’m curious about the mental act of echoing so evident in this case. What’s the role of echo in thought, in drawing and creativity, in symbiosis and therapeutic change? The mental process of echoing happens outside of conscious awareness. It’s invisible and hard to describe. We see echo’s artifacts, like my flat tire experience appearing in Frank’s novel, but we can’t see the process that produced the echo.

I wonder if echoing has a part in the origin and continuity of mind. After all, mind must begin with an act of representation. Mind needs to create an echo of my body and the world around me, making an internal rendering of external reality before there can be any reacting, remembering, reflecting or imagining. In fact, echoing—the creation and recreation of representations of reality—may be the primary creative act. My mind’s proper functioning rests on a continuous process of high fidelity mirroring. If my internal reflection of reality is imperfect, my actions will be flawed and deficient. So my mind makes a mirror capable of sensitively recording reality, and then appears to use this echo of reality to make new mind.

The phrase “make new mind” may seem strange. It’s comforting to think of my mind as

a stable collection of enduring mental structures. But my mind appears to be both stable and dynamic, both enduring and evolving. Aren’t “enduring mental structures” repeating patterns which are themselves echoes? For example, aren’t memories just echoes? Cognitive researchers declare that memories aren’t an inventory of set images, but rather they are recreated anew (and differently) with each recollection. Perhaps my mind is similarly dynamic, created and recreated in each moment. So, just as echoing might lie at the origin of mind, echoing also appears to be a part of my mind’s persistent structures as well as its growth and evolution. Echoing becomes the basis of comparison and measurement. Through the echoing process I come to know myself as I measure the world. Echo appears to be the germ from which all knowledge emerges.

I realize that the drawing I’ve done my whole life is an extension of this echoing process. For me, drawing is representation. My drawings are echoes of the material presence of my subject combined with my emotional reaction to them. I’m doing the same thing with a pencil that my mind is doing. Drawing is my meditative observation of reality where I make marks in a trancelike state. Perhaps trance is important to the quality of the echo produced. Echoing is a deeply unconscious automatic process. It’s not a product of consciousness, which needs to be suppressed for the echo to appear. That’s what trance accomplishes: it reduces the priority of consciousness allowing unconscious processes to slip into view.

Is there a connection between echoing and my repeated experience of drawing pictures that seemed to be “made by something more than me?” In that entranced state do I begin to echo an invisible collective unconscious, a Jungian version of the ancient artistic “muse?” Sophia Richman (2014) emphasizes the muse’s “mirroring, echoing, and admiring function for the creator” (p.79). Perhaps the muse and I achieve a state of mutual echoing. In the *Inferno* Dante (1980) passionately describes his will being taken over by his muse: “a single will fills both of us: you are my guide, my governor, my master” (p.67). Through an echoing process do I assume an identity and intention of a collective artistic unconscious, and thereafter conclude that “something is drawing through me?”

Perhaps like echoing the muse, in our therapeutic work Frank and I became echoes of each other and this formed the basis of the symbiosis that emerged in the case. It began with dreaming the same dream. Then Frank wrote a novel based on the theme of the double. His novel contained



“Consciousness”, pencil on paper,
42x34 inches, 1990



"Cameron in the Backyard", pencil on paper, 54x43 inches, 2005 (above); "Cameron on the Back Porch", pencil on paper, 81x47 inches, 2009 (right)

echoes of my life, like a shell-shocked father who commits suicide, and a psychoanalyst who shoots himself in the head. Frank even appears to write about a flat-tire event before I experience it! As Frank wrote his novel, he was unaware that I wrote a book about Frank writing a book. As I became Frank's literary echo, he repeatedly wrote of twin authors of the same text. We became echoes of each other. When we were in this symbiotic state we seemed to share the same mind.

I think now that the echoing occurring between Frank and me reflects the process of us together creating new mind. Thomas Ogden (2004) describes the analyst's and patient's co-creation of a "third" subjective representation in each of their minds which is used for the purpose of psychological growth. The third is a new mental structure—a new piece of mind which they share. Through this newly created "third" both participants are able to experience thoughts, feelings, and perceptions that had previously been outside their individual realms of experience. This newly created subjectivity—this new form of mind—"seems to take on a life of its own" and becomes the agent of growth and change (p.169). Perhaps the echoing process is the way the third is created. Maybe that's the creative element in therapy.

One obviously recognizes Frank's novel to be the product of a creative process. But are Frank's stories, his words, just the place where we've worked together symbiotically to create new mind? Is creating new mind the way we each grow through traumatic loss?

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Dan Gilhooley is an artist, teacher and psychoanalyst. Born in 1950 in Racine, Wisconsin, he graduated with an A.B. and M.A in Fine Art from Hunter College. He was elected to the National Academy of Design in 1991. He has been a dean and professor of visual art at Suffolk Community College on Long Island for 35 years. He earned an M.A. and doctoral degree in psychoanalysis from the Boston Graduate School of Psychoanalysis, and since 2006 he has taught at the New York Graduate School of Psychoanalysis.

For the past thirty years Gilhooley has made drawings that document his evolving relationships with family members. These pictures fall into three categories: life-size, highly detailed portraits of family members made at significant moments in their lives; drawings of family groupings depicting relationships among family members; and a collection of drawings made from snapshots from his childhood that give the viewer a feeling of altered recollection.

Since 2000 Gilhooley has practiced as a psychoanalyst. He has published papers describing the therapeutic process, written a book in collaboration with a patient, and spoken at a dozen national conferences on topics such as altered states of consciousness, dreaming and creativity, intersubjectivity, and mind/matter interaction.

ECHO

Dan Gilhooley

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Flecker Gallery

Suffolk County Community College, Ammerman Campus

533 College Road, Selden, NY 11784

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Gallery Director and Curator: Matthew Neil Gehring

A note of special thanks from the artist: Thank you, Matthew, for proposing the show and creating such a beautiful catalog. I'd also like to thank all of my current and former colleagues in the Visual Arts department, notably you, Jim Byrne, and Tom O'Brien, who I've taught alongside and worked with closely in service to the department and the college for most of the past 17 years at the Ammerman Campus. I've appreciated being a part of a lively, supportive, and dynamic group of teachers. I'd like to thank the college for giving me a wonderful opportunity to work creatively with so many people. Driving to work each morning I've often felt I was the luckiest guy in Suffolk County to be working at the college. Finally, I want to thank my many students who I've been so fond of, and who have been a source of continual inspiration.

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