

# 'Stay a while with your own ones': A reflective commentary on 'indigeneity in Europe'

Helena Hargaden

Private Practitioner, UKCP, EATA, IARTA, IARPP, UK

## Correspondence

Helena Hargaden, 29 Heatherstone Road, Worthing BN11 2HD, UK.

Email: [helenahargaden27@hotmail.com](mailto:helenahargaden27@hotmail.com)

In the three articles that comprise this special, themed section on 'Indigeneity in Europe', the authors variously describe how therapeutic mirroring of the collective cultural connections within indigenous communities brings hidden experience to life. Although the articles are quite different in tone, style and content, the central concern of the authors is the subjective experience of their clients in relation to their cultural backgrounds. In this reflective review/commentary, I intersperse my reflections on the articles with clinical observations and examples drawn from my pluralistic relational practice of over 30 years of working and writing as a psychotherapist. I draw, too, on my Irish immigrant experience and what I have learned about how my evolving mind actively informs my use of self in the therapeutic relationship. I propose that it is through the unconscious attunement involved in the 'transformational domain of transference' (Hargaden & Sills, 2002, p. 60) that the therapist is enabled to offer analysis, including cultural analysis, from inside the client's experience.

I begin with Gaetano Sisali's (2021) article 'Sicily in the Therapy Room', in which the author identifies a major cultural theme of *omerta* as a code, an idea which I found particularly evocative. Whilst connected with the Sicilian culture, *omerta* has a powerful resonance in many cultures. The concept of a coded language brings to mind Lacan and Sheridan's (1977) description of the unconscious as a place where there is something known but not thought, known but not thinkable. So, if we understand *omerta* as an unspoken language, the question is, what does silence signify? In the case study described by the author, there is something at stake, but we do not necessarily know what that is. The author links *omerta* to a unifying cultural experience of distrust of authority that operates both consciously and unconsciously. In her award-winning short story *Foster*, Keegan (2010), an Irish author, links silence to a way of dealing with trauma: 'Many's the man lost much just because he missed a perfect opportunity to say nothing' (p. 64). The quotation refers to a character in the story who responds with silence when accused of an immoral act. The reader is left not knowing the truth. On a meta-level, the quotation links us to the ongoing war known as 'The Troubles' in Northern Ireland. The story is set in 1981 when a hunger striker has just died in defiance of the then British Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher. Sisali's reflections on silence are also linked to the intergenerational transmission of traumatic events encoded in silence. Silence has many possible meanings but, whatever the meaning, there is always something going on but we do not know what it is. Sisali's powerful case study suggests his client is able to find his voice when the therapist asks the 'right' question. Of course, a therapeutic intervention involves more than just the words. We can imagine the therapist's tone, attitude and way of thinking rooted in his own cultural experience was conveyed at a non-verbal level of experience. Silence can also be understood as an archetype, a type of

primitive mental image, linked to the collective unconscious, the meaning of which is most often revealed in non-linear ways. How can we discover the meaning? In the following excerpts, from a published case study (Hargaden, 2016), I show how I, as the therapist, fall into a reverie, drawing on my traumatic cultural background as a way of unconsciously tuning into my client's traumatised experience.

The morning light filters through the shutters as, taking off her stylish suede boots and putting her bag neatly next to them, Marianne segues onto the couch where she lies down. The couch is next to a large window that looks out onto the sea at the end of the road. It is windy today. We fall into a silent immersion. I wait. I feel her quietness. It seems to allow for a quietness in me. This way of being together works well for Marianne. When lying on the couch, she is released from feeling scrutinized and judged. This allows her to enter into a different psychological space, a place that allows for the discovery of other selves. I too feel released from an experience often evoked by her of having to make sense of things. Instead, I have a feeling best described as a release from causality. It is as if I move from watching a river to being in the flow of the river (Hargaden, 2016, pp. 316–317).

I experienced this silence as a release from something when the following reverie emerged.

On the wall in front of me is a picture of Lough Allen in Sligo, the Republic of Ireland, home of my ancestors. Today I am drawn to meditating on it for some reason. The lough suggests depth. I imagine a slight wind ruffling the surface of the lough and find myself musing about how my ancestors taught in the Hedge Schools. This was the name used by small bands of teachers who taught the Irish language illegally because it had been banned by the British. For no conscious reason, I begin to imagine hiding in the reeds around the lake, feeling the wind blowing through the grass. I feel some anxiety: Will we be safe from the marauding force of the colonizing army? I am steeped in this imaginative space, although, as I say, only for a few seconds in real time, when I hear Marianne speaking, as though she is in my mind, as if she is part of my reverie. "It is windy today." It is as if we are both in the picture, but her low murmur also draws my attention to some inner feeling state she does not often have time to inhabit in her busy life. Marianne continues speaking from this inner state: "I remember my grandmother's house, it was warm and safe. She lived in the country in the winter it was cold, windy outside ...". She trails off. This was where she used to hide from her father. We are in a conversation that is emerging from unconscious self-states something is opening up and revealing itself to her, to me, to us. I see an image of a hearth and am reminded of Hestia, goddess of the fireside, the 'introverted, inwardly focused archetype' (Shinoda-Bion, 1984, p. 317).

My reverie was calling to something in her lived experience (Winnicott, 1958), but I did not know what that was. It is useful here to refer to the difference between the left and right hemispheres of the brain. The left hemisphere of the brain is associated with syntactical speech, and the right hemisphere is associated with emotional and musical expression (Damasio, 1999; Schore, 2003/2012). The language of logic cannot, therefore, describe the language of the non-linear unconscious mind. In this case study, the process between client and therapist is revealed through the bi-directionality of the relational unconscious described as the 'transformational transference' (Hargaden & Sills, 2002) in which the experience between therapist and client brings hidden subjective experience into conscious awareness. My reverie tells me something about an oppressive situation in which the colonised people are disenfranchised and only able to show their power in hidden ways.

## 1 | BACK TO MY OWN ONES

All three articles in this special issue ask us, in their different ways, to turn our attention to indigenous ways and customs of thinking. They reflect on how the original communities had many positive benefits such as, sharing, helping, caring and belonging. In their article 'Psychotherapy and indigenous people in the Kingdom of Denmark', Bagge and Berliner (2021) describe the socio-economic data of the indigenous community of the Greenlanders. The authors' reference to the soulful losses of the Greenlanders put me in mind of the following song:

I'm going back, going back to my own ones  
Oh this world is so cold  
Don't care nothing for your soul  
You stay with your own ones.  
(Morrison, 1988)

In his unique musical style, Van Morrison sings a lament for the loss of belonging, of being with, of knowing where he is from. Morrison is from Northern Ireland which went through The Troubles. Coming from an Irish immigrant background, I have a strong attachment to this song: I experience a sense of belonging that seems to inhabit both my body and my soul. This feeling segues into a sense of alienation when I hear Morrison sing so plaintively that the world cares 'nothing for your soul'.

There is a shadow (Shadow) side though to belonging when you feel you have to belong—or else! In this sense, 'Going back to your own ones' takes on a more sinister meaning in Anna Burns' (2018) Booker prize winning novel *Milkman* in which she recounts the harrowing experience of a young woman coming of age in Belfast during The Troubles. The two warring communities are led by militia men from Protestant and Catholic backgrounds, and the British Army is another male colonising force overseeing the whole community. Burns traces her female character as she grows up in the violent and hateful atmosphere of all of these encounters between the different, predominantly male forces. Clearly Burns is also describing her own experience, and that of women in Northern Ireland at that time. The Roman Catholic Church also acts as a controlling force in women's lives with the moral imperative that women shut up, put up and, when, in times of suffering and pain, 'offer it all up for the Holy Ghost' (as the nuns and priests constantly told us). Such sacrifices, for 'the greater good of the community', include unwanted pregnancies, rape and violence: all contributing to an internalised terror of following one's own inclinations. In a wonderfully ironic vignette, Burns recounts the efforts of a few women who attempt to express their autonomy by starting a women's group, which coincided with the universal emergence of the women's movement in the 1970s. One of the women said they could meet in her husband's shed. Her husband grudgingly gives his permission to use his shed but nervously tells her to be clear, if anyone asks, that he did not know anything about it. The women duly meet and decorate the shed with pictures of Florence Nightingale and other famous women from a former era unrelated to Ireland or any particular religion—to be on the safe side. Throughout the novel, Burns never refers to the Irish Republican Army or the Ulster Volunteer Force or the British Army; instead they are all described as Mr McSomebody. A group of Mr McSomebodies decide that this meeting constitutes a dangerous turn of events and storms into the shed dressed in their balaclavas, carrying their rifles and guns, only to be completely mystified by the utterly anodyne insignia on the walls of the shed and the women chatting amiably over cups of tea. The themes of misogyny are writ large in this novel with the background noise of militia groups on either side, determined to defend their historical routes and rights to the land by triumphing over the other side. These hard gun totting men are ridiculed by Burns, threatened as they are by a group of women meeting to talk about—women. Such soldiers of righteousness come from a place of 'anti-thought' (Bion, 1984) as they fight and die to protect their communities. Burns wisely left the place as soon as she could and now resides in Sussex, a beautiful part of the south coast in the United Kingdom. It seemed that being with her 'own ones' was not conducive to her mental, physical or social well-being. Throughout the novel it is clear that a woman's subjectivity is objectified by the 'other', whether that be the

militia, the Catholic Church or the community, leaving very little space left to form a naturally evolving sense of self. Bauer (2013) described it as objectifying mirrors results in objectified subjectivity. Misogyny is steeped deeply in our psyches, a process that prevails and informs all of us in ways that are both conscious and unconscious.

## 2 | TREE AS A UNIFYING UNIVERSAL SYMBOL

In his article 'The image of the tree: Indigenous thinking about psychotic functioning', Dion Van Werde links the loss of roots, the absence of connection and the extent of alienation with the process of psychosis. He believes that contact is the antidote to alienation. I was reminded of the novel *Human Traces* by Sebastian Faulks (2005), whose main thesis (based on significant research) is that there will always be a percentage of people in any group who will be psychotic. In his view, psychotics cannot be cured but require containment and respect. Faulks argued these suffering people need to be held in a place of loving respect echoing the idea of 'unconditional positive regard' (Rogers, 1951). Perhaps under certain circumstances, however, this cohort will grow. Van Werde perhaps speaks to a strain in all of us which is contained and unconscious; yet, can be unleashed under certain circumstances. For instance, at the moment of writing this review, it is in the early days of the coronavirus pandemic. A main consequence of which has been we have all been forced to live with uncertainty as the nature of the virus and its deadly effects have broken through our illusions that we (some of us) live in a relatively stable and safe situation with a huge degree of certainty about how we live our lives. Naturally, there has been anxiety as we have been unfurled into uncertainty which has generated huge resistance reflected in different ways. 'Self-isolation' has been prescribed for everyone. The term 'isolation', of course, gets into one's mind in a negative way. I prefer the term, 'physical distancing', but, nevertheless, the seed is sown: we are all to be isolated. After the first shock wave of panic and rapid reorientation to our ways of living under lockdown, the arguments begin. Who is to blame? Who is getting it wrong? What is the plan? Where are we going? People, particularly journalists, insist that weary, anguished and unknowing politicians give them answers, stop this dreadful suffering and bring life back to normal as we have known it. By the time you read this, we can only hope that the world will have returned to something approaching normality; but as we live through this (at the time of writing, the eighth week of lockdown in the United Kingdom), a major concern has emerged about people's mental health. Any of us, put in certain situations, out of our ordinary experience, will unleash aspects of ourselves that we may find more difficult to contain. How prescient it is to read in Van Werde's (2021) article about his mentor's view of psychosis:

Prouty (1994) presents an existential view on being psychotic. He understands it as the absence of connection. Pre-expressive functioning is seen as living the fact of being taken hostage by the symptomatology one is suffering from. It is not a situation one freely has decided for. It is rather like being involuntary imprisoned in one's own psychological bunker (p. xxx).

The language used in our current situation with the coronavirus, such as lockdown and isolation, is echoes of bunker and alienation—both words triggering negative reactions in our conscious and unconscious minds. Already there are reports here (in the United Kingdom) of suicides, random shootings, and a rise in domestic abuse and murder. Van Werde's use of the tree as a symbol of stability, calm and reconnecting with our roots feels particularly meaningful to me. When I look out of the window of our bedroom, I can see the sea at the end of the road. When spring and summer come, however, the view is obscured by a large flowering tree which is in the front garden of a neighbour. This neighbour is regularly in and out of hospital with mental health problems. When I see her in the street, we have a little chat and I am always struck by a sense of her liveliness linked with a naive jolly approach to life. When I lie in bed, I wish the tree was not there. But it is, and although her son who visits her occasionally has lots of trees and bushes pruned, last year, the tree was left untouched! Reading Van Werde's use of the tree has given me a different perspective. My neighbour has periods of being quite mad, but she manages to mostly live

autonomously. I often see her sitting, underneath her tree, chatting amiably to her dog. Maybe this tree offers her some sense of stability in some way. When I lie in bed now and see the tree I think of the tree more favourably. Is it too fanciful a notion to consider that it affects my mental health in a positive way? I used to imagine cutting the tree down in the middle of the night so I could have an uninterrupted view of the sea. Now I see the tree as a symbol of acceptance and protection. Following on from Van Werde's article on psychosis, I began to ask the question, what exactly constitutes a 'mind'?

### 3 | THE NATURE OF SUBJECTIVITY

'We can assume that our development occurs through a set of everyday activities from which we 'internalise' and sometimes incorporate a set of skills, knowledge, and ways of thinking of our social-historical context' (Sisali, 2021, p. xxx). Indeed, all of these articles raise the issue of identity implicitly raising the question of subjectivity. Throughout the articles, there is an implicit critique of the idea of individualism as it has evolved in Western culture. Sisali links it to a sense of alienation, for example, as does Van Werde. Bagge and Berliner refer directly to the problem of Danish individualism in relation to the Greenlanders own community. We have to think, therefore, what is a mind and whose mind is it anyway?

There has been considerable amount of research over the decades on how a mind and, therefore, aspects of our subjectivity develops, notably, Stern (1985), Beebe and Lachman (1992) and Fonagy et al. (2004). Winnicott (1945/1958) referred to the undeveloped mind evocatively and simply as our 'bits and pieces'. How do we gather our bits and pieces together to form a mind? Those clinicians involved in child development have, since the 1980s, seriously altered how we think about this subject. No longer reliant on adult information alone to piece together the early background of our clients, we have now been taken into the heart of the matter; that is, inside the emerging mind of the infant. Stern (1985) is famous for his use of encephalograms to get inside the baby's brain and show us how the emergent, core, intersubjective and verbal selves emerge through validation, mirroring, attunement and intersubjectivity. Others have followed, examining the evolution of the infant's mind in microscopic detail. Beebe and Lachman (1992), for instance, have shown how baby and other are in mutually affecting relatedness, unconsciously influencing each other, moving in and out of contact, rupture and repair. From a different perspective, Fonagy et al. (2004) made a ground-breaking contribution to the theory of mind in the rich theories of mentalisation, which are embedded with a pantheon of psychoanalytic and child developmental knowledge that inform the practising psychotherapist with specific and supportive detail about how to utilise the art of reflective processing. This way of thinking brings us to the question of 'Whose mind is it?' If we belong to a community, are we allowed to have our own mind? On the other side of things, if we are colonised by so-called 'superior' others, are we able to keep the mind we have evolved. Of course, it is not possible to delineate exactly what we inherited, what we internalised as part of our culture and what has been imposed upon us. There is, however, one area which I think does reflect a marked difference between indigeneity and modern culture and that is in the area of death which I discuss in the following section.

### 4 | LET GRIEF BE A FALLING LEAF AT THE DAWNING OF THE DAY (KAVANAGH, 2005)

In their article, Bagge and Berliner describe how the indigenous Greenlanders lost a sense of the spiritual value in their healing practices which are now largely confined to a previous era. However, it is through our experience of loss that we feel most deeply the sense of our humanness. This is true for all time. Every human being on the Earth has had to face loss of loved ones except for those who have departed too quickly and early from this planet leaving others to mourn them. How we work through our losses is a testament to the power of our own minds. From this perspective, we can analyse how we can learn from our indigenous communities. In 'Mourning, loss and melancholy',

Freud (1917/1975) illuminated the plight of the melancholic whom he describes as someone who is unable to receive empathy and sympathy even though they actively seek it. The melancholic is lost to the present and attached to a past in a way which is so artfully and clearly illuminated in the clinical contribution of André Green's 'dead mother' syndrome. Green (2001) draws on his own experience of loss of his vitality when, as a baby, he needed to stay attached to a grieving mother who had suffered a bereavement from which she seemed unable to recover. It is a state of being whereby an absence becomes a presence. Freud's view of mourning, although very rich, is influenced by the Enlightenment in which science had become the new God. This translates, in Freud's terms, to a requirement that we 'move on after bereavement as an example of a so called effective way to mourn'. In his book *The New Black*, Darien Leader (2009), drawing on Freud's paper, reopens the idea of mourning and takes us in a different direction by reconnecting with grieving practices in indigenous communities. A more humane way of being with our losses, it seems, is less based on science, and more based on the human need to continue our bonds with loved ones in varying, creative, and wonderful ways of reinventing the dead in the present in whatever form that takes. The Irish traditionally held a wake in which people stayed up all night with the dead body, singing and telling stories before passing him on to the next world: a satisfying and soul warming way to say goodbye and wish them good luck! This Celtic tradition seems to have persisted despite the best efforts of colonising forces! The following lyrics tell the story of the way the wake would go with a very Irish twist at the end leaving us with an ambiguity about death itself.

#### Finnegan's Wake

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street  
A gentle Irishman, mighty odd  
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet  
And to rise in the world he carried a hod  
You see he'd a sort of the tipp' lin' way  
With the love of the liquor, poor Tim was born  
And to help him on with his work each day  
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn.

Whack fol the da, now, dance to your partner  
Welt the floor your trotters shake  
Wasn't it the truth I tell you  
Lots of fun at Feinnegan's wake.

One mornin' Tim was rather full  
His head felt heavy, which made him shake  
He fell from the ladder and he broke his skull  
And they carried him home his corpse to wake  
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet  
And laid him out upon the bed  
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet  
And a barrel of porter at his head.

His friends assembled at the wake  
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch  
First they brought in tay and cake  
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch  
Biddy O'Brien began to cry

"Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?  
Tim Mavourneen why did you die?"  
"Arrah hold your gob" said Paddy McGee.

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job  
"O Biddy," says she "you're wrong I'm sure"  
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob  
And left her sprawling on the floor  
Then the war did soon engage  
It was woman to woman and man to man  
Shillelagh law was all the rage  
And a row and a ruction soon began.

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head  
When a bucket of whiskey flew at him  
The liquor scattered over Tim  
Tim revives, see how he rises  
Timothy rising from the bed  
Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes  
Thundering Jesus, do you think I'm dead?"

(arranged Durnal, 1864)

To get the full experience of this, I suggest watching the version sung by the Dubliners at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N0K8bww7rtQ>.

Mourning comes naturally to indigenous communities. They know how to mourn. As Western society has evolved, we have lost the visceral wisdom of original communities such as the Celts in Ireland. The sorrow, the fighting, the drinking, the togetherness in anguish and humour that we hear in Finnegans Wake are ways of bringing meaning to the loss of a human being. Of course, in the case of catastrophic losses such as the Holocaust, or the famines in Ireland (especially the Great Famine or Hunger that took place 1845–1849), for instance, the loss is so huge it cannot be metabolised. The unmetabolised losses are passed on through generations, each generation being required, on some level, to find a way to metabolise and grieve. In the case of the Irish famine, I read a fascinating story about a woman, a lawyer in New York, whose ancestors over a century ago left for the States from one of the most famine-hit places in Ireland (O'Loughlin, 2009). Out of the blue, she starts sleepwalking in the middle of the night going to the kitchen to cook. Through analysis it seemed that she was enacting the unmetabolised and unspoken trauma of the great hunger, passed down through the generations. Fortunately, her Irish analyst was able to draw on his own cultural background to bring meaning to her experience. When the Irish left the famine behind, they carried the trauma in their broken hearts but did not dwell on it; nevertheless, the past is in the unconscious and carried on from one generation to another as dissociated trauma.

## 5 | THE EVOLUTION OF MY MIND

I come from a fractured Irish heritage, steeped in Romanticism, victimhood and catastrophic losses. It was only when I went to my third therapist, who was a Jungian analyst and a Rabbi, that I found myself in the fertile conditions to discover a whole new dimension to my mind by 'finding the "lost language of (my) childhood"' (O'Loughlin, 2008, p. 3). Shortly after starting Jungian analysis, I dreamt I had set off to New Zealand in a small

rowing boat. I had begun a psychological journey to the other side of the world—moving rather slowly! In my second dream, I was in the scene of the crucifixion on a cross next to Jesus. The function of dreams is to make us more conscious. In this dream, I become conscious of an underlying belief that it is a good thing to suffer. I never had these dreams with my other therapists. One therapist had told that there was no need for further therapy. I had no way, with her, of finding the words to express my internal 'bits and pieces (Winnicott, 1945/1958). In my Jungian analyst I had found a receptive and astute mind. His ancestors hailed from Russia and he had lost many of his kin in the horrors of Auschwitz. Through his mind, I found the words to express the unsayable, to go beyond the conscious, the verbal linear, into the story that had not yet been told. As my analysis progressed, I began to understand 'the silent burden of unsymbolized experience' (O'Loughlin, 2009, p. 54) and how unnamable burdens are imposed on children's psyches; that one's subjectivity is 'formed often in the crucible of the other's losses' (O'Loughlin, 2009, p. 56). My analyst helped me to situate myself in the dialectical boardroom of my ever-evolving psyche. He understood that to heal our suffering and to become more conscious, some of us are required to go back to the ancestors and ask some questions. What era were you living in? What sort of catastrophes did you encounter? What were the mores of your culture? When reflecting on my trans generational history, the hidden legacies of the trauma of famines and colonisation emerged. Through the non-linear, intersubjective process with my analyst, I have been released from my masochistic and superior attachment to my cast iron case for Victimhood. A true liberation! At the same time, I can own my Celtic background in a creative and true way.

## 6 | IN CONCLUSION—THEN WE'LL COME FROM THE SHADOWS

O'Loughlin, an Irish psychoanalyst and educator who works in New York with displacement, loss and the chronic sense of homelessness that is so ubiquitous in the migrant experience, asks us to think about 'the origins of subjectivity in alienation' (O'Loughlin, 2009). These thoughts express the ideas found in the three articles and the fruitful and moving accounts by the authors, of the migrant experience of trauma borne out of loss, terror, alienation and shame. As the daughter of immigrants, I inherited my parents' losses alongside my own experience of not belonging. Yet, there is much too to be gained from transforming these experiences when we have the opportunity to reconnect with the primitive, the forgotten, and the unknown. Bob Dylan, also the son of immigrants, captures this dialectical movement of mind in his latest work 'I contain multitudes'. As I sign off from the review, I am left feeling how blessed am I/are we who come from the shadows! (Cohen, 1969).

### REFERENCES

- Bagge, P., & Berliner, P. (2021). Psychotherapy and indigeneous people in the Kingdom of Denmark. *Psychotherapy and Politics International*, 19(2).
- Bauer, R. (2013). Winnicott and Lacan and the lack within subjectivity in the context of Dzogchen. *Transmission: Journal of the Awareness Field*, 6. <https://www.journalofawareness.com/post/winnicott-and-lacan-and-the-lack-within-subjectivity-in-the-context-of-dzogchen>
- Beebe, B., Jaffe, J., & Lachmann, F. M. (1992). A dyadic systems view of communication. In N. J. S. C. Skolnick Warsaw (Ed.), *Relational psychoanalysis* (pp. 61–81). The Analytic Press.
- Bion, W. (1984). *Learning from experience*. Aronson.
- Burns, A. (2018). *Milkman*. Faber & Faber.
- Cohen, L. (1969). The partisan. In *Songs from a room*. Columbia: Everyman's Library.
- Damasio, A. (1999). *The feeling of what happens*. Heinemann.
- Durnal, J. (1864). *Finnegan's wake*. John J. Daly.
- Dylan, B. (2020). *I contain multitudes*. Columbia Records.
- Faulks, S. (2005). *Human traces*. Penguin Books.
- Fonagy, P., Gergely, G., Jurist, E., & Target, M. (2004). *Affect regulation, mentalization and the development of the self*. Karnac Books.
- Freud, S. (1975). Mourning and melancholia. In J. Strachey (Ed. & Trans). *The standard edition of the complete psychological works of Sigmund Freud* (Vol. 14, pp. 243–258). Hogarth Press. (Original work published 1917).



- Green, A. (2001). *Life narcissism and death narcissism* (A. Weller, Trans.). Free Association Books.
- Hargaden, H. (2016). The role of the imagination in an analysis of unconscious relatedness. *Transactional Analysis Journal*, 46(4), 311–321. <https://doi.org/10.1177/0362153716662624>
- Hargaden, H., & Sills, C. (2002). *Transactional analysis: A relational perspective*. Routledge.
- Kavanagh, P. (2005). On Raglan road. In A. Quinn (Eds.), *Collected poems* (pp. 83–84). Penguin.
- Keegan, C. (2010). *Foster*: Faber & Faber.
- Lacan, J. (1977). *Ecrits, a selection* (A. Sheridan, Trans.). W. W. Norton.
- Leader, D. (2009). *The new black: Mourning, melancholia and depression*. Penguin.
- Morrison, V. (1988). *Irish heartbeat. On Irish heartbeat*. Windmill Lane Studios.
- O'Loughlin, M. (2009). *The subject of childhood*. Peter Lang.
- Prouty, G. (1994). *Theoretical evolutions in person-centered/experiential therapy: Applications to schizophrenic and retarded psychoses*, Praeger.
- Rogers, C. R. (1951). *Client-centred therapy*. Constable.
- Sisalli, G. (2021). Sicily in the therapy room. *Psychotherapy and Politics International*, 19(2).
- Schore, A. N. (2012). *Affect regulation and the repair of the self*. W.W. Norton. (Original work published 2003).
- Stern, D. (1985). *The interpersonal world of the infant: A view from psychoanalysis and developmental psychology*. Basic Books.
- Van Werde, D. (2021). The image of the tree: Indigenous thinking about psychotic functioning. *Psychotherapy and Politics International*, 19(2).
- Winnicott, D. W. (1958). Primitive emotional development. In *Through paediatrics to psychoanalysis* (pp. 145–156). Basic Books. (Original work published 1945).

## AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY



**Helena Hargaden** works in Sussex where she has her private practice. Drawing on her experience in Jungian analysis and psychoanalytic supervision, she has developed relational perspectives in transactional analysis in collaboration with others. Co-editor and author of a variety of papers, she has been widely published and translated into a number of other languages. She was awarded the Eric Berne Memorial Award in 2007 for her work with Charlotte Sills on the 'domains of transference'. She is one of the original founders of the International Association of Relational Transactional Analysis and is an international speaker on relational psychotherapy and supervision. Her latest book, with Bill Cornell, is entitled 'The evolution of a relational perspective in transactional analysis: What's the relationship got to do with it?'

**How to cite this article:** Hargaden, H. (2021). 'Stay a while with your own ones': A reflective commentary on 'indigeneity in Europe'. *Psychotherapy and Politics International*, 19(2), e1590. <https://doi.org/10.1002/ppi.1590>