

Greater Kansas City & Topeka Psychoanalytic Center

Special Edition Newsletter

Dedicated to Alice Bartlett
Beloved friend, colleague
& wife



As husband and wife, Alice and I shared a very deeply loving life together. We met at a time when we were both beginning our professional careers. Alice was beginning her analytic training and I was starting my doctoral program in clinical psychology. We supported and helped one another with our educational and professional careers. We took turns obtaining professional degrees and various training programs. We also enjoyed our life together immensely and just seemed to naturally have fun with each other in an effortless sort of way. Alice had many accomplishments and achievements. She always knew what she wanted and simply formed a plan to obtain it. Psychoanalysis was one of her many passions that she was very devoted to. She felt it had changed her life and she had told me that if it had not been for her first analysis our relationship might never have occurred, and for that too, I am grateful for psychoanalysis. I will deeply miss her, but she left me filled with love. **Tom Bartlett**



Alice was a very welcoming, but private person. Inspiringly psychoanalytic, she loved psychoanalytic theory and was good at using it in a way that I loved and envied. She lived her life exemplifying the best of psychoanalytic principles: being open and empathic with others, perpetually curious to learn more, wanting to understand, valuing connection and truly able to put those she cared for above herself. Alice was optimistic and she brought the best out in people. She was totally trustworthy and unbelievably loyal. I believe that she lacked the capacity to be bitter. She possessed a quiet determination about what mattered to her.

We were many things to each other but in the 43 years of life we lived together, our favorite dyad was that of chosen sisters. My best friend and sister leaves a rich and enduring legacy for us all for which I will always be grateful. **Bonnie Buchele**



As I listened to the many tributes to Alice at her memorial, I was aware how similar were my recollections and the enormous influence she had on me as teacher, supervisor, mentor and colleague for 17 years. As with many others, I am where I am today because of her gentle yet persistent encouragement to continue my professional development. Alice always knew right where I was and just what I could handle. After my first certification exam where I was "continued," she met me in the Waldorf lobby and whisked me away to her favorite lunch spot where she commiserated with my misery. Giving up was not an option for Alice and so it couldn't be for me either. I hope I have internalized Alice "good enough" to "go and do likewise" with those I have the privilege of working with. A concluding thought: I've pondered what Alice's motives might have been for all her tireless efforts: I believe she was one of those uniquely selfless people whose foremost reward is helping everyone she knew do well and be well. "Well done good and faithful servant." **Michael Lubbers**

Most of you know that before Alice was a psychotherapist, or a psychologist, or a psychoanalyst, she was a librarian, and she was a really good one. She directed the Menninger library for more than two decades, and many of us can testify to her expert contributions as we completed assignments, researched articles and books, and developed reading lists for courses we taught. On a wider scale, she made a major lasting contribution to the field of psychoanalysis by helping to conceive and develop the PEP-Web searchable archive of psychoanalytic writings. Throughout her life she was a scholar and a lover of books. So this past year, when I learned of the worsening of her condition, and realized that we soon would be losing her, and tried to console myself by putting something in writing, it was the imagery of the library that seemed most fitting.

"In the Catalogue" (For Alice)

How fine, when the last chapter
has been written, how fine
to be quietly folded shut
and put safely away
in a twilight room with a high ceiling
and shelves upon shelves
reaching up into the dimness.

To rest in that particular place,
one among the thousands,
not comprehensive but complete,
and occasionally quoted.

Mike Harty

Alice told me this was her favorite poem, one she shared with a mutual patient.

*One day you finally knew
what you had to do, and began,
though the voices around you
kept shouting
their bad advice --
though the whole house
began to tremble
and you felt the old tug
at your ankles.
"Mend my life!"
each voice cried.
But you didn't stop.
You knew what you had to do,
though the wind cried
with its stiff fingers
at the very foundations,
though their melancholy*

was terrible.
It was already late
enough, and a wild night,
and the road full of fallen
branches and stones.
But little by little,
as you left their voice behind,
the stars began to burn
through the sheets of clouds,
and there was a new voice
which you slowly
recognized as your own,
that kept you company
as you strode deeper and deeper
into the world,
determined to do
the only thing you could do --
determined to save
the only life that you could save.
by Mary Oliver
"The Journey"

David Blakely

Whenever I find myself thinking of Alice, her warmth and that special "Alice smile" are always first in my mind. I experienced Alice as such an important influence in so many ways: a gifted teacher, an inspiring mentor, and a valued friend. Alice was my first and longest analytic supervisor and I benefited so much from her clinical wisdom and steady patience, support, and encouragement. I always looked forward to our consultation sessions not only because of the wisdom she shared, but also because I so often experienced her as my cheerleader — the one who celebrated the incremental little things and encouraged me to keep on when the going was tough. Truly, she was instrumental in my pursuing becoming an analyst, and I feel her presence with me in every session. She was beloved and will be greatly missed. **Larry W. Tyndall**

Dearest Alice,
From the moment that I met you, I celebrated your curiosity and your inquisitive nature and your ability to see around any corner. One of the astonishing things that I remember about you was your "can do" spirit and the fact that no sooner was something said than you managed to get it done. Procrastination was not in your vocabulary. Do it yesterday and have it arrive as quickly as humanly possible will always be your shining example that we mere mortals will all strive to emulate with varying degrees of success. Ernest Becker in his book *The Denial of Death* argues that the terror of death is an innate fear that haunts us from birth. In this amazing book, Becker addressed the science of the mind but did not account for the amazing and astonishing skill that you had that always saw possibilities wherever you looked and made them happen. Your twinkling eyes and your prankster and trickster nature, the scholar with the little elf shining through her eyes will always be remembered by me on a very personal level and I know you will be organizing and inspiring and giving books to whomever you meet, wherever your spirit has lodged. I send you very, very, very much love, and Godspeed.
Marilyn Metzl



Alice was a wellspring of care and kindness to all she met on her life's journey. She was a treasure and she will be missed. **Rick Tirrell**

Honoring Alice

In 1986 I met Alice in the library as I began my training in psychoanalysis. For me the Menninger Professional Library was the "ivory tower" of this internationally renowned Institute. The character of Alice as she warmly greeted and welcomed me made the library accessible and made her accessible.

Missing her,

Valorie MacGregor

Alice, the Ocean Sand ...

I imagined many times what to write about Alice, and I wrote many sentences about her in my mind since the day she departed from this world. I have imagined her warm, welcoming smile, and the wise look behind her glasses that not only could always go beyond her world and beyond this world, but could also slow down to reach us and make us feel hugged and listened to. As sand that lies at the sea shore, is suddenly taken away from our hands by the sea, Alice was carried off from us. But also as the ocean sand, she returns to us through that waves of our memories, and in this way will stay with us forever. **Judith Ovalle Abuabara**

I am lucky to have met Alice early on when she was the librarian at the Menninger Clinic during my residency training. She made a memorable impression on me when I experienced her willingness to help, her gentle demeanor to make me feel comfortable with my need for assistance, and her generosity in providing information, guidance and suggestions.

Later, I have witnessed her leadership role in the organization of the GKCPI and of her enthusiasm for promoting it to the level it is today. I was fortunate enough to teach with her and to learn from her experience as a teacher and clinician.

Alice is going to be missed dearly. Our best tribute to her memory is to keep alive her dedication and commitment to Psychoanalysis as a way giving meaning to our existence and a purpose to our professional life. **Fernando Rosso**

For a lifetime I have depended upon my eyes for both my avocation and trade, to evaluate the form and function, texture and color of skin, muscles, blood and to translate any visualized disorders to my hands in an effort for these hands to heal or lessen pain.

Alice Brand Bartlett taught me how to listen and use both my ears and my eyes to understand the nuances of listening to patients—the importance of their spoken fears, ramblings, furrowed brows with sighs and even prolonged silences—for as I had used my hands surgically, Alice translated what she heard to her voice whose words healed and lessened pain.

In Alice's Memorial I listened to loving and so often hurting tributes to her and felt all the gifts her life (who she was and had accomplished) had embedded into the soil of our lives like fertile seeds. Although Alice has transitioned away from us, these seeds from a stunningly remarkable woman, scholar, librarian, friend, teacher and psychoanalyst are gifts for us to nurture and grow as a lasting tribute. **Kathleen Ann Hunzicker**

Thoughts about Alice:

For me, Alice was a strong, clear, kind presence. As a supervisor, she had a way of illuminating and clarifying complex situations and interactions, and in the process helped me see and define myself in ways that oftentimes I did not expect. Alice was also someone who clearly loved what she did. I appreciated that she enjoyed her life, loved her family and friends, and could convey to those she touched that they too had a right to be happy. And toward the end, I appreciated that she could embrace life while facing death with graciousness and courage. I will miss her. **Janis Huntoon**



The brightness of Alice's enthusiasm and wisdom are with us even as her physical presence fades. **Deana Schuplin**

I have been privileged to know Alice Brand Bartlett for over 22 years. She was a librarian, then an analyst; I'm a lawyer. Usually, a bit of a gap there. But we shared a love for books and the written word in general. (A fondness for my wife, Bonnie, was another thing we had in common.) Alice was a good friend, caring and curious about what I was doing in my practice, writing, and

teaching. Bonnie and I socialized with Alice and Tom, out together for meals and plays. Bonnie made Alice's approval of me an early standard in our dating relationship; fortunately for me, Alice gave it. I enjoyed our many times together and, as is the case with so many others, I will miss her. My last gift to Alice will be to do what I can to support Tom. **Bruce Hopkins**

Climbing from librarian to training analyst and director of the institute was an outstanding achievement. Her leadership skills stood out to me last year when she was inducted into the directorship. She called each of the previous directors to the stage and implicitly conveyed that she would be standing on the shoulders of her predecessors and thus was honoring the past that she inherited. A wise lady and impressive leader. **Len Horwitz**

I bumped into Alice and Tom on a flight in the late '90s. They were very excited about this new book and were reading it together. I hadn't heard of it before, but I bought it and read it together with my future wife. "Harry Potter and the Sorcerers Stone."

Jeremy & Lee Burd

I will always remember Alice's smile and sparkle. Her enthusiasm was contagious and being with her was always enlivening. But most of all, she possessed the ability to make a person feel hugged. I am forever thankful for the time I spent with her. **Jeff Bennett**

From the beginning of my Menninger career Alice was instrumental in fostering the educational support necessary for my growth and development as a psychoanalytic colleague. As chief Menninger librarian, she directed an amazingly helpful resource for the advancement for all students in each of the department of education training programs. But then she became a profoundly important resource in her many roles in the Greater Kansas City Psychoanalytic Institute, where she created and sustained with each of us a legacy of psychoanalytic excellence. We are effective and creative psychoanalytic clinicians today through her devotion to the professional excellence in the context of the GKCPI and Center she served so well. Her Sigourney Award is a most fitting tribute to her devotion to us all and to the larger psychoanalytic community who use PEP-web.

Siebolt Frieswyk



A Poem for Alice:

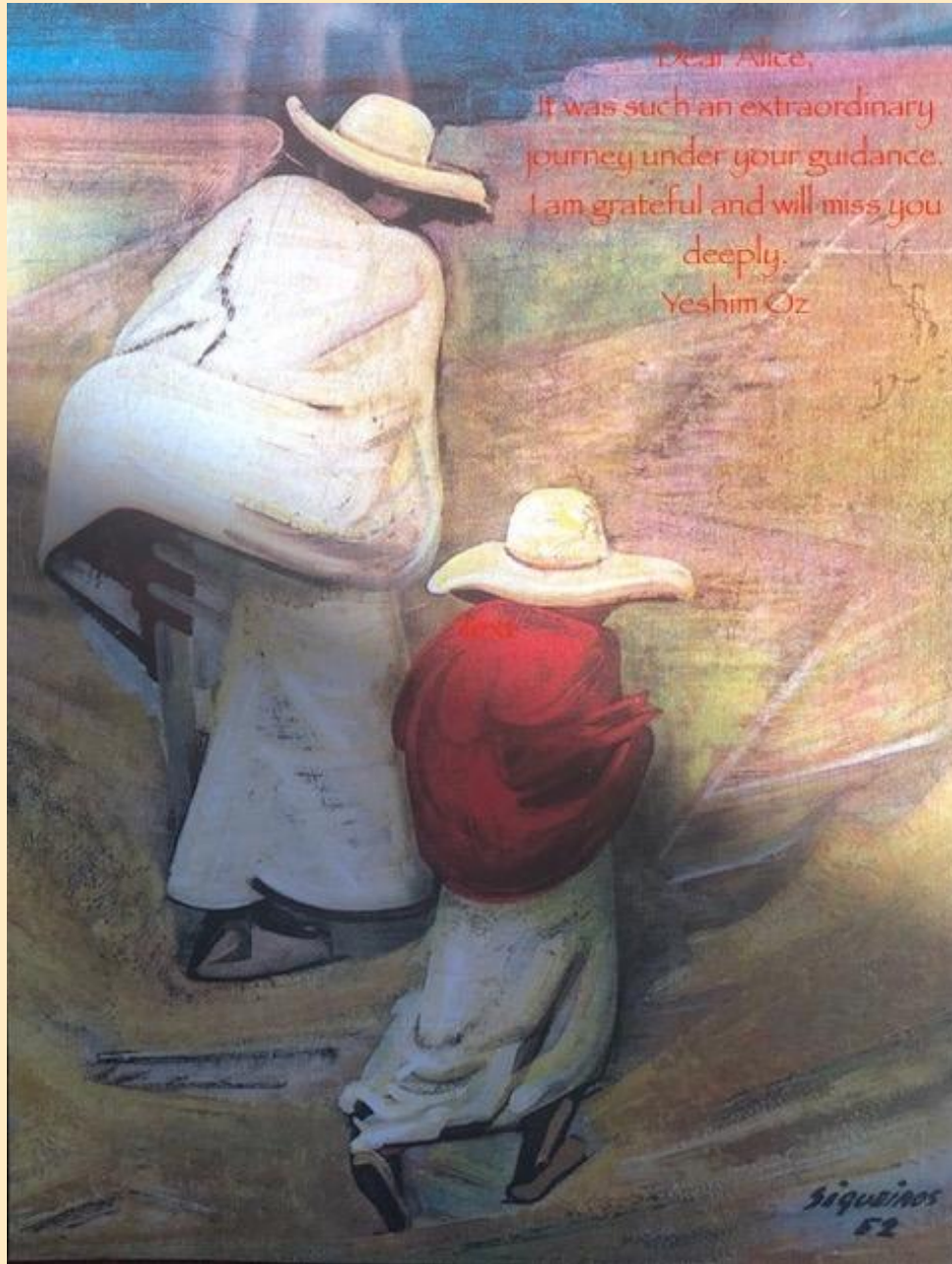
Oftentimes

When people die
We're left to only imagine
Our wished-for good bye.

The felt shame of deterioration
The body's worst dread
Longing hearts fall away
With so much unsaid.

Now you ease into horizons
Where I no longer exist
Escaping the pain of all knowing
How so lovingly you'll be missed.

Bob Feuer



Yeshim Oz

