

Letter for Valeria Egidi Morpurgo

Dear Valeria:

We would like to say a few words that we sometimes postpone due to every-day commitments that take us, as in a dream, along an uncertain path which is not always in our hands. In this state, it sometimes appears justified to neglect some dimensions of life and, with this letter, we would like to make amends.

Firstly, how beautiful everything has been up to now. How can we *forget* the joy of beginning to know each other and share dreams, passions, wishes: life-in-itself, which we have shared so many times. How can we *forget* that we were accomplices in hugs, smiles, toasts with red wine, all blended with great humor.

In the midst of all this, we never *forgot* the projects which, as always, you brought to fruition:

-*In the Age of Maturity: The Vicissitudes of Transmission across Generations*, where you put forth your profound and subtle ideas regarding generational transference, defining as well what you termed maturity.

-*Research on Midlife and Maturity*, where you coordinated and carried out an investigation with Renata Sgier and Gianina Micu, presented in the last London Congress and which represents a leap forward in qualitative research with regards to the processes of aging.

-*Ripeness Is All Video Series*, where you answer to Guillermo Julio Montero's interview in your direct and simple manner, precise and transparent, questions regarding aging, maturity and wisdom.

-*Aging and the Life Cycle*, where you participated in the planning and production of the video coordinated by Audrey Kavka with an answer that opens doors to your way of conceiving psychoanalysis and the passage of time.

And so many other instances which we have probably *forgotten*.

In our letter to you, we realize that we are only a very small part of your life, which includes many other people, interests and spaces of participation. But we would also like to say that we shall never *forget* what you taught us with respect to Horace, that intimate friend that you introduced us to soon after we met, and who also became our friend:

And now 'tis done: more durable than brass
My monument shall be, and raise its head
O'er royal pyramids: it shall not dread
Corroding rain or angry Boreas,
Nor the long lapse of immemorial time.
I shall not wholly die: large residue
Shall 'scape the queen of funerals. Ever new
My after fame shall grow, while pontiffs climb

With silent maids the Capitolian height.
«Born,» men will say, «where Aufidus is loud,
Where Daunus, scant of streams, beneath him bow'd
The rustic tribes, from dimness he wax'd bright,
First of his race to wed the Aeolian lay
To notes of Italy.» Put glory on,
My own Melpomene, by genius won,
And crown me of thy grace with Delphic bay.

When you read this letter, you will also realize that we repeat several times the verb *forget*. It is written this way on purpose because it is a sign between us that we would like no one to fully understand. You know that we will never *forget* you, but we have to pretend before those who ignore that our welcoming pact never included a farewell. Therefore, *forgetfulness* was not, is not, and will never be included. And we will keep it.

We would like to give you a kiss, a flower, a dawn, and a smile.

IPA Committee: Psychoanalytic Perspectives on Aging

Guillermo Julio Montero (Chair), Audrey Kavka (North American Co–Chair), Maria Cristina Amendoeira (Latin American Co–Chair), Renata Sgier, Gianina Micu, Mi Yu, Daniel Plotkin, and Alex Oksenberg.