

# Sarron Goldman

**For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.**

Troilus and Cressida  
Act III scene 3.  
William Shakespeare

Some deaths strike one as not thought of, but not surprising. Others are of such a surprise that one has to remind oneself it actually happened. They have really gone. I am still drawn to sending Sarron the email I intended after the Adelaide I.S.W.E. Of course I know that the denial will progressively dissipate and be replaced by a tearing sense of catastrophe, it will all become too real. It was a death that couldn't be thought, or thought of. Sarron was too alive, too distant from the possibility of death.

I first met Sarron when he single-handedly began to draw psycho-analytic thought to Perth. He had asked the A.Pa.S. if members would come to Perth and give lectures/seminars. A few of us went and most went back. Sarron's inviting warmth and the positivity of the audience drew us back.

Meeting Sarron was a pleasant surprise. Those of us who had trained in, or were in contact with, academic departments anticipated whom we would meet – smartly-spoken, smartly-dress and self-focused. One can understand that these are the tools of survival and graduation in such departments. This was not Sarron. He was, as we know, friendly, warm, honest, thoughtful and giving of himself as a person.

I had the pleasure and privilege of being invited by Sarron to teach his post-graduate students. This involved 3 days of intensive teaching, twice a year, to introduce his students to our more challenging theorists. This allowed me a more involved picture of who he was. For example, I was asked, expected, to write a thoughtful introduction to my part of the course. I did my best. Sarron, in his polite way, rewrote what I had written and made it glow. Also when I saw his students almost all of them conveyed a sense of enthusiasm and interest which obviously reflected their interactions with Sarron to whom they were devoted, and respectful.

However, importantly, Sarron wasn't just a big friendly man. Occasionally in his eye there was a flash of rage especially when the university hopelessly failed us. This, and its creative expression, made him feel whole.

On each of my visits to Perth, which stopped in 2021 because of Covid, he and I would wander off to dinner and have a few beers and contemplate the meaning of psychoanalytic life. Whether that inspired him to undergo the training I did not ask but I knew he had always wanted to. On his visits to Adelaide, and from time to time by email, he outlined the difficulties he encountered in the training. Some of these were personal, but others were to do with not feeling part of the group: he felt older, he came from over there, and his ideas, he felt, were out of step with the other candidates. He contemplated stopping on a number of occasions. When I last saw him, in Adelaide last October, he had significantly changed. Rather than our routine couple of beers being necessary he told me of his sense of belonging to the group which was obvious. He stood in the centre of the room and others came to him. He talked of finishing his training soon and how he was beginning to feel that he belonged within the analytic group overall.

My email was to tell him how pleased I was for him.  
But he died.

*Robin Chester*