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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

It is always tempting to try to gather papers into a single issue around a particular theme, as we did with our recent issue on "Character and Technique" *(Psychoanalytic Quarterly,* 2008, Number 4). Editors and readers like such issues, but authors generally do not, because it means delaying some articles while others are rushed into production—that is, unless the papers are all invited manuscripts, which poses other challenges.

In recent months, a number of papers have been submitted to *The Psychoanalytic Quarterly* that focus on a literary figure or a piece of imaginative literature. From them we have selected nine articles that, following peer review, we feel to be exceptional. As a result, we are pleased to bring you another issue of submitted papers on a single theme, in this instance on "Psychoanalysis and Literature."

Here you will find a two-part essay by Thomas Ogden on specific writings of Franz Kafka and Jorge Luis Borges, in which Ogden explores their role in the creation of contemporary consciousness. Next, we have two articles by Martin Bergmann and Eugene Mahon, respectively, that take different approaches to the study of grief and mourning in *Hamlet*. Mahon examines specific details in the language of the play, and his article is complemented by two close linguistic studies: one by Margaret Ann Fitzpatrick Hanly on sibling rivalry in Austen's *Pride and Prejudice,* and the other by Patrick Mahony on irrationality in Sophocles' *Antigone*. We then have two articles on prominent twentieth-century American writers of fiction: Adele Tutter's study of Raymond Carver and his unusual relationship with his mentors, and Sybil Houlding's treatment of boundary violations in Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*. The selection of original articles concludes with a description of a Bionian group experience (and a reprise of *Hamlet*) by Walker Shields. A series of book reviews and abstracts rounds out the issue.

We hope you enjoy the selections we have made in this unusual collection of studies of gifted writers by gifted writers.

HENRY F. SMITH

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KAFKA, BORGES, AND THE CREATION OF CONSCIOUSNESS, PART I: KAFKA—DARK IRONIES OF THE "GIFT" OF CONSCIOUSNESS

BY THOMAS H. OGDEN

The ways in which Franz Kafka and Jorge Luis Borges struggled with the creation of consciousness in their lives and in their literary works are explored in this two-part essay. In Part I, the author juxtaposes a biographical sketch of Kafka with a close reading of his story "A Hunger Artist" (1924), in which a character (whose personality holds much in common with that of Kafka) spends his life in a quasi-delusional state starving himself in public performances. The hunger artist's self-awareness (of having lived a life devoid of the experience of love and mutual recognition) is achieved in the context of an interpersonal experience in which he has, in fact, found/created "the food [he] liked," that is, an experience of loving and being loved, of seeing and being seen, of being aware of and alive to his own imminent death. This fragile, paradoxical state of consciousness is sustained for only a moment before it is attacked, but not entirely destroyed.

Keywords: Franz Kafka, consciousness, "A Hunger Artist," literature, self-awareness, Jorge Luis Borges, omnipotence, loving feelings.

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PROLOGUE

The stories of Kafka and Borges have profoundly altered the way twentieth- and early-twenty-first-century humankind thinks of itself. Very few have read their work and yet their stories have acquired the power of myth. One need not have read or even heard a myth for the myth to exert a powerful influence on the culture in which one lives: myths are the dreams of a culture. Kafka and Borges—whose writing was part of the living pulse of the time in which they lived—committed aspects of those dreams to words and narratives. Reading their stories, novels, and poetry does not simply influence what the reader thinks; it alters the very structure of thinking, the *way* the members of a culture think. That altered way of thinking, in turn, allows the culture to dream new dreams, that is, to create new myths necessary to contain the psychological changes that the culture is in the process of making.

The stories of Kafka and Borges have spawned new words—*Kafkaesque* and *Borgesian*—to name particular qualities of human consciousness that reside primarily in the matrix, the background emotional field, as opposed to the specific symbolic content of consciousness. I use the term *consciousness* to refer to the capacity for human self-awareness; for being aware of one's awareness; for being able to experience one's thoughts, feelings, and behavior as one's own thoughts, feelings, and behavior. In the absence of consciousness, one is merely a figure in a dream/myth that is not of one's own making.

I have written this essay in two parts, the first on Kafka and his story "A Hunger Artist" (1924); the second, on Borges and his fiction "The Library of Babel" (1941). In each of the two parts of this essay, I offer a biographical sketch of the author, which serves as a context for a close reading of his story.[1] I juxtapose biography and close reading not to

[1] This essay is the most recent of a series of papers in which I have offered close readings of the writing of psychoanalysts, creative writers, and poets. In the previous papers and in the current essay, I discuss and/or make use of the idea that just as the meaning of language lies in the language, not behind it or beneath it, so, too, unconscious meaning lies in consciousness, not behind it or underneath it. See, for example, discussions of works by Frost (Ogden 1998, 1999), Stevens (Ogden 1998), William Carlos Williams (Ogden 2006a), and Heaney (Ogden 2001a), and by Freud (Ogden 2002), Winnicott (Ogden 2001b), Bion (Ogden 2004, 2008), Loewald (Ogden 2006b), and Searles (Ogden 2007).

use the text to analyze the author, or to analyze the text on the basis of inferences regarding the unconscious life of the author. Rather, it is my hope that the juxtaposition of biography and a reading of the text will generate a living conversation between the two in the mind of the reader. I will try to find words to convey aspects of my own experience of that "conversation," but, by and large, I will leave that work and that pleasure to the reader.

In an epilogue to Part II of this essay, I will compare the ways in which Kafka and Borges create, in the experience of writing and reading, the dilemmas inherent in human consciousness, as well as the ways in which characters (who reflect important aspects of the author's personality and life experience) struggle mightily in their efforts not only to face, but to do something original with, those dilemmas.

KAFKA

Franz Kafka led a brief, predominantly self-tormented life in which he unremittingly viewed himself as a failure at the two things that were most important to him: writing and becoming an independent adult. He elected to publish during his lifetime only a small number of his stories and none of his three unfinished novels, largely because he considered the vast majority of his work to be unworthy of publication. With the exception of two periods, each lasting only two years, he spent his life living at home with his parents, even when he could have afforded to live on his own. Though he was three times engaged to marry, he broke off all three and never married or had children.

There are three principal sources of information concerning Kafka's intellectual and emotional life: detailed diaries that he kept between 1910 and 1923 (collected, edited, and published by Max Brod as *Diaries, 1910-1923* [Kafka 1964]); more than a thousand letters that he wrote to friends and publishers; and a biography written by his closest friend, Max Brod (1960).

Kafka, the eldest of six children, was born in 1883 to a relatively wealthy, middle-class Jewish family in Prague. His two younger brothers died at the ages of one and a half years and two and a half years. It is difficult to imagine that Kafka's mother and Kafka were not profoundly

affected by the deaths of two of her three small children in the space of a year (at which time Kafka was about four years old). In the years following these deaths, Kafka's three sisters were born (six, seven, and nine years after Kafka's birth).

Kafka was haunted by his father. For his entire life, Kafka felt a complex mixture of awe, fear, hatred, and genuine admiration for him. At the age of thirty-six, in a 45-page letter to his father (which he never sent to him), he wrote:

> You, . . . [are a real Kafka] with your strength, health, appetite, decision, eloquence, self-satisfaction, superiority over the world, endurance, presence of mind, knowledge of the world, a certain largeness, and naturally [you also have] . . . all the weaknesses and failings that go with these qualities. [Brod 1960, p. 19]

By comparison with his father, Kafka felt cowardly, ugly, and unmanly:

> I . . . was afraid of mirrors because they showed in me an ugliness which in my opinion was inevitable . . . [but] which . . . could not have been an entirely truthful reflection, for had I actually looked like that, I certainly would have attracted even more attention. [*Diaries*, January 2, 1912, pp. 159-160]

Kafka's childhood was "indescribably lonely" (Brod 1960, p. 9). His parents were almost entirely devoted to running his father's thriving wholesale and retail haberdashery business. Kafka wrote of his childhood, "My principle [for getting through life was] to walk, to dress, to wash, to read, above all to coop myself up at my home in a way that took the least effort, and that required the least spirit" (*Diaries*, January 2, 1912, p. 161). Kafka said and wrote very little about his mother. He saw her as living under the control of his father and as having little time for her children (Kafka 1919).

Kafka's mother tongue was German, although he spoke and wrote adequate, but not literary, Czech. He was educated at a German private school whose students and faculty were almost entirely Jewish. Anti-Semitism was a constant force in the life of every Jew living in Prague in the last half of the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth

(Robertson 1987). Kafka lived a highly ambivalent relationship to his own Judaism: "What have I in common with Jews? I have hardly anything in common with myself and should stand very quietly in a corner, content that I can breathe" (*Diaries*, January 8, 1914, p. 252).

The largest problem with Judaism, for Kafka, was the fact that his father was Jewish, and consequently Kafka was both strongly drawn to it and in revolt against it. He received a classical education that seems to have been almost completely without interest to Kafka, who was a middling student (Pawel 1984).

A major element in Kafka's life was his friendship with Max Brod, which began when they were university students and lasted until Kafka's death at forty-one. Brod describes Kafka as quiet, but engaged in his life with Brod and two other friends who called themselves "The Prague Four." He was "one of the most amusing of men I've ever met, in spite of his shyness, in spite of his quietness" (Brod 1960, pp. 39-40). Though Brod was born with a severe curvature of the spine, his irrepressible enthusiasm for life helped buoy Kafka's spirits during most of Kafka's adult life (Robert 1992). Brod (1960) describes Kafka as "ironically considerate towards the follies of the world, and therefore full of sad humor" (p. 67).

Kafka was powerfully drawn to writing from an early age, but kept his interest a secret until well into his years at the German University in Prague (Pawel 1984). Only after several years of friendship with Brod, Kafka cautiously admitted to him that he wrote stories. It required a great deal of trust in Brod for Kafka to show him anything of what he wrote. Having read some of Kafka's stories, Brod was convinced that Kafka was an enormously talented writer. Brod himself was a writer of poetry, fiction, plays, and literary criticism, and was widely published even during his university years; in fact, during Kafka's lifetime, of the two men, Brod was far and away the better known and more highly regarded writer.

Brod thought so highly of Kafka's work that in a published book review, Brod closed by saying that the author of the book being reviewed was one of the outstanding German-speaking contemporary writers and deserved a place alongside the three other great writers of their era, one of whom was Kafka. Brod made this statement in print despite

the fact that, at the time, Kafka had not published a single line of his writing (Pawel 1984). With Brod's help, Kafka, at twenty-three, began to publish a handful of very brief stories in literary magazines, although he himself did not think well of the writing.

Though not the slightest bit interested in law, Kafka, along with Brod, decided to take training in the law in order to ensure that they would be able to earn a living. Kafka qualified as a Doctor of Jurisprudence and did the required year-long internship in the law courts of Prague. He spent almost the entirety of the remainder of his life working as an administrator at the Worker's Accident Insurance Institute, a semigovernmental agency dealing with the safety and insurance coverage of workers. Kafka was a talented, well-liked, and well-appreciated employee who earned regular promotions throughout his career (Citati 1990). Nonetheless, he felt ceaselessly tormented by the fact that his work left him little time and energy to write: "That I, so long as I am not freed of my office, am simply lost, that is clearer to me than anything else" (*Diaries*, January 2, 1910, p. 31). And almost two years later: "While here, in the office, . . . I must rob a body capable of such happiness [while writing] of a piece of its flesh" (*Diaries*, October 3, 1911, p. 62).

Kafka, in his twenties and early thirties, continued to live at home while working at the insurance company and writing some of his best works, including "The Stoker" (1913), "The Metamorphosis" (1915), and the beginnings of *The Trial* (written between 1914 and 1924 and posthumously published in English in 1937). In a state of mind that was characteristic of Kafka during that period of his life, he wrote: "Anxiety alternating with self-assurance at the office . . . . Great antipathy to 'Metamorphosis.' Unreadable ending. Imperfect almost to its very marrow. It would have turned out much better if I had not been interrupted at the time by the business trip" (*Diaries*, January 19, 1914, p. 253).

The diaries that Kafka kept between 1910 and 1923 were not mere jottings about daily events. They constitute an ingenious piece of writing that intertwines detailed sketches of real and imaginary people; obsessive self-questioning regarding, for instance, whether or not to leave his job and how he viewed Brod's Zionism; beginnings of stories;

pen-and-ink drawings (he had in adolescence considered becoming a painter instead of a writer); detailed renderings of dreams (without interpretation); highly compact pieces of literary criticism; one-sentence prose poems ("Clear night on the way home; distinctly aware of what in me is mere dull apathy, so far removed from a great clarity expanding without hindrance" (*Diaries*, January 12, 1914, p. 252).

Kafka felt increasingly driven to write, but he found the act of writing to be physically and emotionally exhausting: "My talent for portraying my dreamlike inner life has thrust all other matters into the background . . . . But the strength I can muster for that portrayal is not to be counted upon: perhaps it has already vanished forever" (*Diaries*, August 6, 1914, p. 302).

Kafka had been a frail child and, in adolescence and adulthood, developed a host of somatic difficulties (crushing headaches that lasted for days, insomnia, fatigue, abdominal pain, and extreme sensitivity to sound). Medical examinations failed to reveal a physical etiology for any of these symptoms. Kafka admitted to himself that he was a severe hypochondriac and on many occasions took week-long "treatments" at sanatoriums where he was given the latest herbal "cure."

For Kafka, equal to writing as a measure of his worth was his ability to become a man independent of his parents, to marry, and to have children. His introduction to sex came as an adolescent when his father, in a fit of contempt for what he saw as his son's lack of virility, took Kafka to a brothel. Although Kafka, in his twenties, was able to have sex with prostitutes and with working-class women much younger than himself, he was deathly afraid that he would be impotent with a mature woman whom he liked and respected (Pawel 1984).

Between the ages of twenty-nine and thirty-four, Kafka was mired in a relationship with Felice Bauer, a Jewish woman living in Berlin, whom he met at the home of Max Brod's father. The relationship seemed to go well in its initial months when it consisted entirely of an exchange of letters. Felice repeatedly requested that they meet in person, something that Kafka feared and put off for as long as he could. When they did finally meet, they found one another only moderately interesting and physically attractive (Canetti 1974). They both seemed to feel that the business of getting married was an important step to take at that

point in their lives, and so they doggedly persisted in trying to get Kafka through his obsessional worry that the demands of marriage would kill his ability to write. Counterbalancing his fear of marrying was his fear of growing old alone (*Diaries*, 1916).

In the course of the five-year relationship with Felice Bauer, Kafka experienced almost continuous anguish about whether to marry or to break off the relationship. They became engaged twice during these years. Both times, Kafka broke the engagement after several months. Kafka described the first engagement party:

> Was tied hand and foot like a criminal. Had they sat me down in a corner bound in real chains, placed policemen in front of me, and let me look on simply like that, it could not have been worse. And that was my engagement; everybody made an effort to bring me to life, and when they couldn't, to put up with me as I was. Felice . . . , of course . . . with complete justification . . . suffered the most. What was merely a passing occurrence to the others, to her was a threat [because she was the one who would have to marry Kafka]. [*Diaries*, June 6, 1914, pp. 275-276]

Here, as in so many of Kafka's diary entries and letters, it is impossible for the reader (and, I presume, for Kafka) to separate self-pity, gallows humor, and an expression of painful feelings of helplessness regarding how to get beyond (to escape) himself and his lifelong fears. In the middle of the five-year involvement with Felice Bauer, Kafka, at thirty-two, moved for the first time from his parents' home to rented rooms; he was able to write in bursts, but would lapse into severe writer's block (for up to eighteen months); his diaries were filled with endless rumination, including lists of reasons for and against the marriage.

Prior to the second engagement to Felice, in a letter to Max Brod, Kafka imagined in a self-parodying way how they would live together:

> We'll get married . . . rent two or three rooms . . . and each be responsible for our separate financial needs. Felice will go on working as before, while I . . . lie on the couch feeding on milk and honey [that is, he would stay at home writing]. [Pawel 1984, p. 345]

Despite (or perhaps because of) the torment that he was experiencing in relation to the prospect of marrying, during these years Kafka wrote and published several of his most famous stories and wrote a good deal of *The Trial* (1937). But Kafka was convinced that writing and living in the real world (i.e., with other people) were mutually exclusive ways of being: "I must be alone a great deal. What I accomplished was only the result of being alone . . . the fear of the connexion, of passing into the other. Then I'll never be alone again" (*Diaries*, July 21, 1913, p. 225).

But he also recognized that being alone often led him to engage in seemingly endless periods of a type of thinking that went nowhere:

> Hatred of active introspection. Explanations of one's soul, such as: Yesterday I was so, and for this reason; today I am so, and for this reason. It is not true, not for this reason and not for that reason, and therefore also not so and so. [*Diaries*, December 9, 1913, pp. 244-245]

During the period of the second engagement to Felice, Kafka began coughing blood, which led to his being diagnosed with tuberculosis. Far from being devastated by the diagnosis, he was practically ebullient. Brod described Kafka's state of mind in the following terms: "Kafka sees it [tuberculosis] as psychogenic, his salvation from marriage, so to speak. He calls it his final defeat. But has been sleeping well ever since. Liberated?" (Pawel 1984, p. 360). Not only did Kafka's chronic insomnia lift after he was diagnosed with tuberculosis; his headaches were also "flushed away," according to a letter he wrote in 1917 to Felice (Pawel 1984, p. 360). In another letter, in September, 1917, Kafka wrote: "Sometimes, it seems to me as though brain and lungs had communicated without my knowledge. 'Things just can't go on this way,' said the brain; and after five years, the lungs offered to help" (Pawel 1984, p. 364).

Two years after Kafka broke his second engagement to Felice Bauer, he entered into an engagement to marry another woman, only to break that engagement after six months. It was at that point that he wrote the 45-page letter later published as *Letter to His Father* (1919).

Kafka, in failing health, moved from his rented rooms into the house of his youngest sister, Ottla. They were very close and she took care of him and doted over him. Kafka continued to work at the insurance company for short periods of time between increasingly long medical leaves. At thirty-seven, Kafka engaged in what was probably his most passionate love relationship with a woman. Milena Jesenska, a 24-year-old writer and political activist, introduced herself to Kafka in a letter asking his permission to translate his work into Czech. The correspondence became highly passionate. Kafka, once again, put off a face-to-face meeting. When they eventually met, Kafka fell deeply in love with her, but she quickly understood that she would be only an imaginary woman for him, and that he would never be able to carry on a real relationship with her (Pawel 1984). She ended the relationship, but she had become so important to him that a year later he gave her all of his diaries.

Though Kafka achieved some recognition as a writer in Prague, his reputation never spread beyond that city during his lifetime (Citati 1990). In the final two years of his life, as the tuberculosis spread, Kafka's strength diminished and he lost weight to the point that he became a mere skeleton of a figure. A year before he died, he met a 19-year-old woman, Dora Daimant, who had grown up in Palestine and was teaching at a Jewish children's camp near the sanatorium where Kafka was living. She seemed genuinely to love him and took very good care of him, although the two had almost no money (Pawel 1984). The wild inflation in Germany at that time had made Kafka's pension virtually worthless. He and Dora lived simply, often without gas or electricity, because they did not have the money to pay their bills. Max Brod and Kafka's sister, Ottla, sent food to them, which was all that stood between them and starvation. Surprisingly, Dora was not at all interested in literature and seemed to view Kafka's writing as a competitor for his attention.

The impossibly high standards that Kafka held for his writing led him to publish only fourteen short stories and a number of brief sketches in his lifetime. None of his three unfinished novels—*The Trial*, *The Castle,* and *Amerika*—was published while Kafka was alive. In fact, Kafka instructed Max Brod, whom he appointed his literary executor,

to burn all the manuscripts, notepads, drawings, letters, and diaries that were left in his apartment in Prague after his death, and to ask everyone to whom he had written letters or sent stories or diaries to return them or destroy them (Brod 1960).

When Kafka died, Brod decided not to carry out Kafka's request. He believed that Kafka knew that Brod could never bring himself to destroy any of Kafka's letters, diaries, or manuscripts. In fact, he had told Kafka years earlier, "If you ever seriously think of [asking me to destroy your manuscripts after your death], . . . let me tell you now that I would not fulfill any such request" (Brod 1953, p. 254). (The manuscripts that Kafka left with Dora Daimant were never published and were destroyed by the Gestapo in the late 1930s.) In addition to preserving the manuscripts, Brod devoted himself to arranging for publication of the entirety of Kafka's unpublished work, including his diaries and letters. Had Brod not made these efforts to preserve and publish Kafka's work, it is highly unlikely that Kafka would be known to us today.

The penultimate story that Kafka wrote was "A Hunger Artist" (1924). This was written in the spring of 1922 while Kafka was himself slowly starving to death: his tuberculosis had spread to his throat, rendering him barely able to swallow. The last piece of work that Kafka did in the final days of his life was to proofread the galleys for the publication of this story. Of all his stories, this was one of the few that he valued. In a second request to Brod, he asked that all his manuscripts be destroyed, but said that there was a handful of published works "that count" (Kafka quoted by Brod 1953, p. 253), one of which was "A Hunger Artist." But even these published stories, Kafka insisted, were not to be reprinted and, in time, "should disappear altogether" (p. 253).

Kafka's friend and doctor, Robert Klopstock, described Kafka in the last days of his life:

> Kafka's physical condition at this point and the whole situation of his literally starving to death, were truly ghastly. Reading the proofs [of "A Hunger Artist"] must have been not only a tremendous emotional strain but also a shattering kind of spiritual encounter with his former self, and when he had finished, the tears kept flowing for a long time. It was the first time I ever

> saw him overtly expressing his emotions this way. Kafka had always shown an almost superhuman self-control. [Pawel 1984, p. 445]

On June 11, 1924, Kafka died at forty-one, a penniless, unmarried, retired administrative lawyer and little-known writer. His three sisters and Milena Jesenska were subsequently killed in German death camps. Max Brod settled in Tel Aviv, where he died at the age of eighty-four.

"A HUNGER ARTIST"

Kafka's story begins:

> During these last decades the interest in professional fasting has markedly diminished. It used to pay very well to stage such great performances under one's own management, but today that is quite impossible. We live in a different world now.[2] [p. 268][3]

In this opening sentence, a note is sounded that echoes through much of the remainder of the story: psychic time and space are contracting, time is running out, and vitality is in a state of severe decline. The second sentence has a hint of madness to it, as "professional fasting" is linked both with the grandiose phrase "great performances" and the bureaucratic fussiness of the words "quite impossible." But what is most striking about the opening of the story is the sentence: "We live in a different world now." This pronouncement creates a *we* (of narrator, hunger artist, and reader) and a *now* that have the effect of closing the door behind the reader as he enters the world of the story.

[2] In offering close readings of a story by Kafka (1924) in Part I of this essay, and a fiction by Borges (1941) in Part II, I have elected to use English translations (by W. Muir and E. Muir and by J. Irby, respectively) as these translations are widely considered to be among the truest to the original texts. Of course, the meanings and sounds of words, and the rhythms of phrases and sentences, are different in English from those of the original German and Spanish. Nonetheless, in the readings that I will provide, I will use these English translations as texts in their own right; it is beyond the scope of this essay to provide comparisons of the translations and the original texts.

[3] All page references in this section, unless otherwise specified, are to Kafka's "A Hunger Artist" (1924).

Kafka does not simply tell the reader about the world he is in the process of entering; he shows that world to the reader through the action of the language:

> At one time the whole town took a lively interest in the hunger artist; from day to day of his fast the excitement mounted; everybody wanted to see him at least once a day; there were people who bought season tickets for the last few days and sat from morning till night in front of his small barred cage; even in the nighttime, there were visiting hours, when the whole effect was heightened by torch flares; on fine days the cage was set out in the open air, and then it was the children's special treat to see the hunger artist; for their elders he was often just a joke that happened to be in fashion, but the children stood openmouthed, holding each other's hands for greater security, marveling at him as he sat there pallid in black tights, with his ribs sticking out so prominently, not even on a seat but down among the straw on the ground, sometimes giving a courteous nod, answering questions with a constrained smile, or perhaps stretching an arm through the bars so that one might feel how thin it was, and then again withdrawing deep into himself, paying no attention to anyone or anything, not even to the all-important striking of the clock that was the only piece of furniture in his cage, but merely staring into vacancy with half-shut eyes, now and then taking a sip from a tiny glass of water to moisten his lips. [p. 268]

The entirety of an internal world is on display in this single sprawling sentence, which moves seamlessly from clause to clause. The passage is a Breughel-like collection of repellent, detailed miniatures. The effect created is that of imprisonment in a continuous, unrelenting present. The phrases are simple, composed mostly of words of one or two syllables: "small barred cage," "just a joke," "down among the straw," "ribs sticking out," "courteous nod," "constrained smile," "merely staring into vacancy." The horrific is ordinary and the ordinary is horrific. Moreover, while the story is told by the narrator in the past tense—as he presents his memories of the hunger artist—the pounding repetition of present participles further contributes to the transformation of time

into an eternal present: "sticking," "giving," "answering," "stretching," "withdrawing," "paying," "striking," "taking."

The narrator and the hunger artist are closely tied, perhaps two aspects of a single person. The narrator is intimately familiar with the hunger artist's circumstances, behavior, and state of mind, and has words at his disposal, while the hunger artist is either mute or uses words (not quoted) as part of the performance. And yet it is not clear that the narrator is any more able to think than is the hunger artist. The narrator uses words to describe, but does so in a mechanical sort of way that is almost entirely devoid of feeling, self-observation, or insight into the hunger artist's or his own inner life. The hunger artist is less a person than he is a driven "creature" (p. 271). He is not given a name and, in the title of the story, he is not even "The Hunger Artist," he is merely "A Hunger Artist." Not only is he not given a name; the substitute name that he is given—*hunger artist*—constitutes a bitterly ironic misnaming, in that there is no art (i.e., creative expression of a personal aesthetic) in marathon fasting.

If his fasts are not viewed by his audience as credible, that is, genuine feats of self-starvation, the hunger artist is no one. Consequently, nothing is more important to him than demonstrating beyond doubt that he is a genuine hunger artist and not a trickster. He welcomes the closest scrutiny of his fasts:

> Besides casual onlookers there were also relays of permanent watchers . . . to watch the hunger artist day and night, three of them at a time, in case he should have some secret recourse to nourishment . . . . [Some watchers] were very lax in carrying out their duties . . . intending to give the hunger artist the chance of a little refreshment . . . . Nothing annoyed the artist more than such watchers; they made him miserable; they made his fast seem unendurable; sometimes he mastered his feebleness sufficiently to sing during their watch for as long as he could keep going, to show them how unjust their suspicions were. But that was of little use; they only wondered at his cleverness in being able to fill his mouth even while singing. [pp. 268-269]

The hunger artist's fear of being seen as a fraud is reminiscent of Kafka's incessant self-doubt regarding his capacities as a writer and as

a man. The extremes to which the hunger artist goes in defending the truth of his "art" are at once impressive in their ingenuity and sadly pathetic in their blindness to the fact that his efforts are so evidently doomed to failure.

The hunger artist methodically goes about his business, but is completely unable to take any distance from it, to think about it, to learn from it:

> He was quite happy at the prospect of spending a sleepless night with . . . watchers [who took their jobs seriously]; he was ready to exchange jokes with them, to tell them stories out of his nomadic life, anything at all to keep them awake and demonstrate to them again that he had no eatables in his cage and that he was fasting as not one of them could fast. [p. 269]

The language of this sentence, to my ear, combines a reference to *Don Quixote* ("stories out of his nomadic life") that serves to underscore (by contrast) the complete absence of charm, innocence, or humor in the character of the hunger artist. In place of the naive faith of Don Quixote is the desperate obsession of the hunger artist. Moreover, the appended clause "that he was fasting as not one of them could" stands out because it affords a first glimpse into the grandiosity of the hunger artist: he feels superior to those who are unable to fast as long as he can.

Since no single person can monitor the hunger artist twenty-four hours a day for the full forty days of his performance, the hunger artist himself is therefore "bound to be the sole completely satisfied spectator of his own fast" (p. 270). In other words, the proof of the hunger artist's worth is impossible to demonstrate to anyone but himself, and yet proving his worth to himself is also impossible, as reflected by the fact that he is driven to repeat his performance again and again. He can know the verity of his fasting, but he has no ability to know the truth of who he is.

That the hunger artist's bizarre existence (his living in isolation from others and himself) is self-created makes it all the more horrific and inescapable. The hunger artist's (and Kafka's) imprisonment are complete and inescapable because the universe has shrunk to the size of the tiny cage in which they both spend their lives.

The story at this point takes an entirely unexpected turn. The narrator observes that it is not the difficulty of convincing the public of the authenticity of his fast that most troubles the hunger artist. What is far more difficult for him to bear is a fact that "he alone knew: how easy it was to fast" (p. 270). The 40-day fasts (that would bring the hunger artist "to such skeleton thinness" [p. 270]) are not at all difficult for the hunger artist to achieve. What is difficult for him is living with this awareness. This recognition—that fasting is easy for him—is the first indication that the hunger artist is capable of thinking and of self-awareness.

At this moment in the story, the hunger artist begins to become human in the mind of the reader (and, it seems, in his own mind). It is in the very act of telling the story that the narrator (who is barely distinguishable psychically from the hunger artist) achieves a form of consciousness that he has not previously been capable of. But the experience of becoming human in this way is momentary and unbearable for the hunger artist. Directly on the heels of his act of self-awareness and nascent self-recognition, the hunger artist (and the narrator) descend, once again, into mindlessness, this time in the form of bitterness and outrage. The sentence immediately following the revelation of his awareness that fasting is easy for him is the bold assertion: "It was the easiest thing in the world" (p. 270).

The language here is startling. Though not the spoken (i.e., quoted) words of the hunger artist, the reader can hear in the words "It was the easiest thing in the world" something of the boasting, taunting, arrogant voice of the hunger artist himself. The narrator is much too formal and dispassionate a character to use the vernacular in which this sentence is "spoken." The dawning self-awareness of the previous sentence is shattered by this arrogant claim. The reader can feel the hunger artist again losing himself in his all-consuming obsession. The hunger artist deplores the fact that:

> The longest period of fasting was fixed by his impresario [his manager and fellow actor in "the performance"] at forty days . . . . Why should he be cheated of the fame he would get for fasting longer, for being not only the record hunger artist of all time, which presumably he was already, but for beating his own

> record by a performance beyond human imagination, since he felt that there were no limits to his capacity for fasting? [pp. 270-271]

It seems that the hunger artist's awareness that fasting is easy for him renders his life pointless and futile; this self-understanding is unbearable, sending him into insane fits of outrage. Why should he endlessly demonstrate something (in the 40-day fasting performances) that is not worth demonstrating even once? The hunger artist seeks relief from this psychic pain by convulsively throwing himself into a state of crazed omnipotence, in which he proclaims that he can fast for longer and longer periods of time with each performance, and ultimately can fast with "no limits" (p. 271)—i.e., forever.

In other words, the hunger artist, unable to tolerate his moment of self-awareness, is "reduced to omnipotence" (Bion quoted by Grotstein 2003). In response to momentary, unbearable self-recognition, he denies his membership in the human race—a species that requires food to live—and instead claims a place in a nonhuman world (a world "beyond human imagination" [p. 271]) that he governs by means of omnipotent thinking.

The hunger artist's descent into the imploding psychic space of omnipotence is mirrored by the declining popularity of fasting performances in Europe. For the hunger artist, this means the collapse of the external support for his madness. The narrator's descriptions of the hunger artist's physical and emotional state become even more horrifying than they have been to this point. At the end of one of the last 40-day fasting performances,

> . . . his head lolled on his breast as if it had landed there by chance; his body was hollowed out; his legs in a spasm of self-preservation clung close to each other at the knees, yet scraped on the ground as if it were not really solid ground, as if they were only trying to find solid ground. [p. 271]

The repetition, three times, of the words "as if" underscores the way in which the hunger artist is at this point "not really" a person, but only a "spasm of self-preservation" that superficially resembles a human life.

The hunger artist's emergent awareness (consciousness) that fasting is easy for him has rendered his fasting performances and his very existence pointless. Self-awareness is intolerable; consciousness itself has been destroyed and replaced by omnipotent thinking. In such a state, nothing feels real or substantial (including oneself): "The ground [for him was] . . . not really solid ground." Instead, his feet scraped the ground "as if they were only trying to find solid ground," trying in vain to experience the ground as real, that is, as a solid, palpable world that has an existence outside of his mind. The hunger artist feels contempt for, and alienated from, all other people because they fail to understand what he alone knows. "To fight against . . . a whole world of non-understanding [other people's disbelief in his capacity for ever-greater feats of fasting] was impossible" (p. 273).

Once the fasting performances have gone completely out of fashion, the hunger artist joins a circus, where he occupies a cage among the animals. As time passes, people walk by his cage without giving him so much as a glance.

> He might fast as much as he could, and he did so . . . . The little notice board telling the number of fast days achieved, which at first was changed carefully every day, had long stayed at the same figure, . . . and so the artist simply fasted on and on, as he had once dreamed of doing, and it was no trouble to him, just as he had always foretold, but no one counted the days, no one, not even the artist himself, knew what records he was already breaking. [pp. 276-277]

The hunger artist is now completely immersed in the world of the abject: nothing holds significance. What once completely consumed him—the quest to demonstrate to the world his capacity for longer and longer fasting performances—no longer serves to connect him to the external world. Even the number system becomes drained of meaning: forty days, sixty days, eight days—all have become indistinguishable from one another. The hunger artist is at this point floating in timelessness and meaninglessness.

Eventually, the circus overseer notices the seemingly empty cage, and discovers the weak and emaciated hunger artist buried deep in the straw at the bottom of the cage.

> "Are you still fasting?" asked the overseer, "when on earth do you mean to stop?" "Forgive me, everybody," whispered the hunger artist; only the overseer, who had his ear to the bars, understood him . . . ."I always wanted you to admire my fasting," said the hunger artist. "We do admire it," said the overseer, affably. "But you shouldn't admire it," said the hunger artist. "Well then we don't admire it," said the overseer, "but why shouldn't we admire it?" "Because I have to fast, I can't help it," said the hunger artist. "What a fellow you are," said the overseer, "and why can't you help it?" "Because," said the hunger artist, lifting his head a little and speaking, with his lips pursed, as if for a kiss, right into the overseer's ear, so that no syllable might be lost, "because I couldn't find the food I liked. If I had found it, believe me, I should have made no fuss and stuffed myself like you or anyone else." These were his last words, but in his dimming eyes remained the firm though no longer proud persuasion that he was still continuing to fast. [pp. 276-277]

This ending of the story, in its penultimate paragraph, is, for me, each time I read it, utterly a surprise. For the first time in the story, the hunger artist speaks for himself (i.e., in the form of direct quotation of his words). Also, for the first time, another character is introduced—the overseer, who is a thinking, feeling, observing person—a person who recognizes the hunger artist as a human being (as opposed to a performer or a creature) and feels genuine compassion for him.

The overseer seems to be able to "see" the infantile psychological needs of the hunger artist and is not repelled by them. This compassion is poignantly conveyed by the overseer's ordinary but profoundly tender words: "What a fellow you are." The overseer's human understanding is a necessary context for the development of the hunger artist's capacity to become self-aware, and to entrust his self-understanding to another person. The hunger artist recognizes that there is nothing admirable, and certainly nothing magical or superhuman, about his fasting: "I have

to fast, I can't help it." He explains (in what I find to be the most powerful sentence of the story) why he cannot help fasting:

> "Because," said the hunger artist, lifting his head a little and speaking, with his lips pursed, as if for a kiss, right into the overseer's ear, so that no syllable might be lost, "because I couldn't find the food I liked." [p. 277]

The hunger artist's self-understanding is conveyed not only by the meanings of the words, but also by the very structure of the sentence. The words spoken by the hunger artist are literally wrapped around the tender words of the narrator. The hunger artist and the narrator, together now for the first time, feel like facets of an integrated, self-observing person who is capable of at once experiencing (being self-aware *in* the experience) and of thinking and speaking *about* the experience. After the word *because* (spoken by the hunger artist), the narrating self speaks of—and in so doing, attends to—the hunger-artist-as-infant in the arms of the overseer-as-mother.

The narrator's words are delivered in seven small pieces: "Lifting his head a little/and speaking/with his lips pursed/as if for a kiss/right into the overseer's ear/so that no syllable/might be lost." This careful portioning out of the words, to my ear, elicits the feeling of a mother feeding a baby in small spoonfuls, waiting after each portion for the infant to taste and feel and swallow the food, and then to ready himself for the next spoonful. Moreover, the sound and rhythm of the words "his lips pursed, as if for a kiss," when read aloud, create in the mouth and ear of the reader the sound and feel of a kiss. Consciousness, in these sentences, is as much a sensory event as it is a verbally symbolized cognitive event, as much an interpersonal event as it is an intrapsychic event.

The closing clause of this sentence—"Because I couldn't find the food I liked"—completes, structurally, the wrapping of the hunger artist's words around the tender words of the narrator (now the narrating/observing self). The self-awareness conveyed in this last part of the sentence is remarkable and fully unexpected. A complex sense of "I-ness" is conveyed in, and created by, the layered self-understanding that can be heard in these words. The hunger artist has desisted from eating not

as a consequence of the conquest of the body by the mind, but as a consequence of the fact that he has no appetite for the food he has found to this point in his life. What is suggested—and only suggested—is the hunger artist's emerging awareness of far sadder truths: he did not find the food he liked because such food does not exist, or—perhaps even worse—because he had no appetite for any food, for any person, for life itself. One cannot help but think of Kafka, throughout his life, feeling haunted by these unspoken possibilities.

And at the same time, quietly, unobtrusively, quite a different emotional experience is being created in these same sentences: even as the hunger artist recognizes and says to the overseer that he has never found the food he liked, the reader can hear and feel in the language that the hunger artist is, in fact, drinking up that very food that he says he has never found—the "food" consisting of the feeling of loving and being loved, the experience of seeing and being seen (by the "overseer"). The sentences create an experience in reading in which the feeling of an appetite for life lived with other people is unmistakably present. There is in this moment at once the imminence of death and of new (never-before-experienced) life.

The intimacy of the spoken and unspoken conversation between the hunger artist and the overseer is shattered by the sentence that immediately follows: "If I had found it [the food I liked], believe me, I should have made no fuss and stuffed myself like you or anyone else" (p. 277). Each time I read these words, I find myself wincing. Something sacred is defiled by them. Gone is the delicate portioning out of phrases, the elegance of the holding function performed by the sentence structure, and the music of a kiss. Instead, there is the heavy-handed ("believe me") and the vulgar ("stuffed myself"). The overseer is reduced to the generic ("like you or anyone else"). It is as if all that preceded never occurred. These mindless, vulgar, dismissive words "were his last words, but in his dimming eyes remained the firm though no longer proud persuasion that he was still continuing to fast." He continued to fast, though no longer doing so arrogantly and omnipotently; he fasted because he believed that he had not found the food he liked.

The grim irony here is that he *had* found the food he liked in the experience of giving and receiving love, and of recognizing and being

recognized. The tragedy of the hunger artist's life was not that he could not find the food he liked; rather, the tragedy lay in the fact that having found it (and found himself), he rejected it and himself (as well as the awareness of both). Why he had to savagely assault that state of mind in which he was aware of having found the food he liked—the experience of being lovingly seen and of seeing lovingly—is left undefined. Perhaps the hunger artist could not bear to recognize how little of the experience of lovingly seeing and being seen he had had in his life; or perhaps it was intolerable for him to recognize how little able he had been to recognize the love that had been there all along for him. Or maybe it is simply part of being human, of being self-aware, that some experiences—even the ones for which we most long—are "too much for the senses,/Too crowding, too confusing—/Too present to imagine" (Frost 1942, p. 305). And so we turn away.

The story seems to end there, but a short paragraph remains:

> They buried the hunger artist, straw and all. Into the cage they put a young panther . . . . The panther was all right. The food he liked was brought him without hesitation by the attendants; he seemed not even to miss his freedom; his noble body, furnished almost to the bursting point with all that it needed, seemed to carry freedom around with it too . . . . The joy of life streamed with such ardent passion from his throat that for the onlookers it was not easy to stand the shock of it. But they braced themselves, crowded around the cage, and did not want ever to move away. [p. 277]

The panther, in his hunger for life, seems at first to be an incarnation of the hunger artist's dream of one day finding "the food he liked" and of being able to recognize it and allow it to fill him with "the joy of life." But on further reflection, the panther, though full of animal life and animal appetites, is not human and not self-aware. That he does not seem to notice his confinement to a circus cage—"he seemed not even to miss his freedom"—is a blessing not available to us as human beings who are condemned to experience the pain of knowing we are in pain unless we relinquish our sanity. To become human while remaining sane is to be alive to the distinctively human pain that is born of the "gift" of consciousness.

CONCLUDING COMMENTS

In the first part of this two-part essay, I have discussed ways in which Kafka, both in his life and in "A Hunger Artist" (1924), seemed perennially mired in a struggle (that often felt doomed to failure) to achieve and sustain a state of being "awake" (self-aware) to himself, even at the cost of enormous psychic pain. The hunger artist—and, I believe, Kafka too—could not find in life what he wanted and needed.

Even more nightmarish than not having been able to find what he wanted in life was the possibility that the hunger artist lacked an appetite for life (that he was incapable of love or joy), and that it was for that reason that he could not "find," and would never find, the food, the people, or a sense of self that he liked. And at the same time, there is another experience, inseparable from the one I have just described, that is brought to life in the language of the story: the hunger artist did finally find the food he liked, but could take pleasure in it only for a moment before assaulting, though not completely destroying, both it and himself.

"A Hunger Artist" is not simply a story *about* the struggle to achieve self-awareness; it is a piece of literary art in which Kafka was engaged in an attempt to face himself in the act of writing the story. I imagine Kafka's experience of writing this story to have been an experience of creating a work of art that bore witness to the truth of who he was, and, further, an act of doing something with that truth that was adequate to it (Ogden 2000). "We have art," Nietzsche wrote in 1888, "so we shall not be destroyed by the truth" (see Grimm 1977, p. 67).[4] It seems to me that Kafka, in writing "A Hunger Artist," made art so that the truth to which that art gave shape and vitality would not destroy him.

Perhaps Kafka, unlike the hunger artist, was able to take genuine pleasure in the experience of writing this story and did not feel compelled to try to destroy the experience. This conjecture is supported by Kafka's second set of instructions to Max Brod, in which he asked that the manuscript of "A Hunger Artist" not be destroyed after his death, and by the tears that his friend and doctor saw "flowing for a long time"

[4] "*Wir haben die Kunst, damit wir nicht an der Wahrheit zu Grunde gehn.*"

after Kafka finished reading the proofs of the story a few days before he died.

In Part II of this essay, I will discuss Borges's life and his story "The Library of Babel" (1941), and will conclude the discussion by comparing the ways in which Kafka and Borges handled in their lives—and in the life of their art—the creation of consciousness.

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KAFKA, BORGES, AND THE CREATION OF CONSCIOUSNESS, PART II: BORGES—A LIFE OF LETTERS ENCOMPASSING EVERYTHING AND NOTHING

BY THOMAS H. OGDEN

The ways in which Kafka and Borges struggled with the creation of consciousness in their lives and in their literary works are explored in this two-part essay. In Part II, a biographical sketch of Jorge Luis Borges is juxtaposed with a close reading of one of his fictions, "The Library of Babel" (1941a). In this story, the universe is an infinite Library, a psychological/literary space comprised of books that contain everything that has ever been or ever will be written. By the end of the story, Borges becomes a character in his own fiction. This development was paralleled in Borges's "real life" as he invented a persona named "Borges," a literary creation that allowed Borges to become a character in a story that was his life.

The essay concludes with a comparison of the ways in which Borges and Kafka each used writing as a way of creating his own distinctive form of consciousness, and, in so doing, contributed to the creation of twentieth-century consciousness.

Keywords: Jorge Luis Borges, "The Library of Babel," consciousness, literature, creativity, Franz Kafka, language, self-awareness.

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EVERYTHING AND NOTHING

In this second part of my essay, I take up the way Borges contributed to the creation of the consciousness of his time and ours, and the ways in which he attempted to handle the psychological problems attendant to that consciousness in his life and in the life of his literary work. I begin by offering a brief biographical sketch of Borges and then provide a close reading of his story "The Library of Babel" (1941a). In the epilogue, I contrast the ways in which Kafka and Borges attempted to come to terms with the psychic pain as well as the delight made possible by human consciousness.

Perhaps the most fundamental of the differences between the two men in this connection lies in their relationship to their art. If Kafka's writing served to allow him to give shape and life to the disturbing emotional truths of his life while preventing those truths from destroying him, Borges's writing (and reading) were experiences in which he created and discovered emotional truths that both unsettled him and afforded him great pleasure and genuine feelings of joy. For both Kafka and Borges, a literary life is not an escape from "real life"; it is a life that is as real as any other.

As we shall see, in the terms of the literary life created by Borges—a form of literary life that no one else has ever created—understanding the problem of consciousness involves a set of emotional factors quite different from those that lay at the core of Kafka and his literary work. In what follows, I attempt to identify a set of emotional terms that are distinctive to Borges, and to create a context with which to appreciate the ways in which his work not only altered the development of Western literature, but also contributed to shaping the ways in which we are alive to ourselves as self-conscious beings.

Before moving to a discussion of Borges's life, I would like to insert a personal note. I began writing this essay knowing only that I wanted to spend some time with Kafka and Borges. The link between the two writers was unformed in my mind. Only in the course of researching this essay did I find not only that Borges was the first person to translate Kafka's stories into Spanish; in addition, I found that he published that

translation (along with a preface to it) only months before he invented a new genre of short story (his *ficciones*).

BORGES

As is the case for all of us, Jorge Luis Borges was born into language.[1] Borges's world of language was comprised of a simultaneity of English and Spanish. His paternal grandmother, Fanny Haslam, was born and raised in Staffordshire, England, and moved to Buenos Aires in her twenties, where she met and married an Argentine military officer, Francisco Borges. They had two sons, the younger of whom was Borges's father, Jorge Guillermo Borges, whose mother tongue was English.

Borges's mother came from an old, established Argentine family that for generations had produced famed military leaders. Borges was born in Buenos Aires in 1899 and his sister, Nora, was born two years later. His family lived in the home of his grandmother, Fanny Haslam, which was not unusual for young families at that time.

Borges's grandmother and his father loved English literature and took enormous pleasure in reading to Borges from the thousands of volumes in his father's library (all of which were written in English). "If I were asked to name the chief event in my life, I should say my father's library. In fact, I sometimes think I have never strayed outside that library" (Borges 1970, p. 209). Borges learned to read and write in English before he learned to read Spanish. "When later I read *Don Quixote* in the original, it sounded like a bad translation to me" (p. 209). Borges was so thoroughly bilingual as a child that only gradually did he realize that Spanish and English were different languages. He had thought that Spanish and English were two different forms of the same language, one a more literary form that he spoke and read with his father and grandmother, and the other a more everyday form that he spoke with his mother and the servants (Borges 1970).

[1] The principal sources upon which I have relied for the biographical sketch I am offering are: Borges's (1970) "An Autobiographical Essay" (written in English)—the most extensive personal statement that Borges, a very private man, made about his life; Borges's (1984a, 1984b, 2000) lectures on literature; and biographies by Monegal (1978), Williamson (2004), and Woodall (1996).

The divide between the worlds of Spanish and English was not simply a matter of language; it reflected a critical divide in Borges's sense of himself. The English language constituted a deep tie to Borges's father. "My father was very intelligent and, like all intelligent men, very kind . . . . It was he who revealed the power of poetry to me—the fact that words are not only a means of communication but also magic symbols and music" (Borges 1970, pp. 206-207).

The world of Spanish was, for Borges, the world of his mother's family, with its long and distinguished military history. Borges was frail as a child and felt entirely unworthy to claim a place as a descendant of the military heroes whose daguerreotypes, along with their swords and medals, were prominently displayed in the living room of the house in which he grew up:

> I felt ashamed, quite early, to be a bookish kind of person and not a man of action. Throughout my boyhood, I thought that to be loved would have amounted to an injustice. I did not feel I deserved any particular love, and I remember my birthdays filled me with shame, because everyone heaped gifts on me when I thought I had done nothing to deserve them—that I was a kind of fake. [Borges 1970, pp. 208-209]

Borges adds, "After the age of thirty or so, I got over the feeling" (p. 209). But, by all accounts, he never completely got over the feeling. His sense of shame was to a considerable degree associated with his body, which he felt was repellent (Monegal 1978).

Borges's tie to his mother was of a far more dependent sort than his tie to his father.

> I inherited from my mother . . . her strong sense of friendship . . . . From the time she learned English, through my father, she has done most of her reading in that language . . . . She has always been a companion to me—especially in later years, when I went blind [at which point she read to him, took dictation, and traveled with him]—and an understanding and forgiving friend. [Borges 1970, p. 207]

In fact, with the exception of three years when he was in his sixties, during which he was briefly married, Borges lived with his mother until she died at the age of ninety-nine.

Borges was schooled at home until he was nine years old and had only his sister Nora as a companion, along with the two imaginary friends they invented. He spent most of his time reading, and began writing stories at the age of eight. At nine he translated Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince" into Spanish. "It was published in one of the Buenos Aires dailies, *El País*. Since it was signed merely 'Jorge Borges,' people naturally assumed the translation was my father's" (Borges 1970, p. 211).

Borges was born with a congenital eye disease—a degenerative illness that had afflicted his father and grandmother and three generations before her. Borges's vision was poor from birth and ran a course of progressive deterioration until age fifty-five, when he lost entirely his ability to read and write. Borges's father, a professor of English and psychology and an unpublished novelist, lost his sight completely in his forties. In addition to their love of one another and their shared love of literature, there was a sadness to the relationship between Borges and his father:

> From the time I was a boy, when blindness came to him [Borges's father], it was tacitly understood that I had to fulfill the literary destiny that circumstances had denied my father. This was something that was taken for granted (and such things are far more important than things that are merely said). I was expected to be a writer. [Borges 1970, p. 211]

In search of a treatment for Borges's father's blindness, the family moved to Switzerland in 1914, only to find themselves trapped there by the outbreak of World War I. Borges was at the time an adolescent and attended a private day school in Geneva, where he learned Latin, German, and French. Though he had been very unhappy in school in Buenos Aires, where "I was jeered at and bullied by most of my schoolmates" (Borges 1970, p. 212), he found to his surprise that his classmates in Geneva were very kind to him:

> Without a word to me, my fellow schoolmates sent a petition around to the headmaster, which they had all signed. They

> pointed out that I had had to study all the different subjects in French, a language I also had to learn. They asked the headmaster to take this into account, and he very kindly did so. [Borges 1970, pp. 214-215]

It is poignant that Borges, writing this at seventy-one, is still moved by this act of friendship that he did not expect, and, I suspect, had never before experienced.

In Europe, after graduating from secondary school (which was as far as he would pursue formal education), Borges devoted himself entirely to writing and became involved with the Spanish avant-garde literary movement (Woodall 1996). After the war, his family returned to Buenos Aires, where Borges published his first book of poems, *Fervor de Buenos Aires* (1923). Looking back on that book, Borges said, "I feel that all my subsequent writing has only developed themes first taken up there; I feel that all during my lifetime I have been rewriting that one book" (Borges 1970, p. 225). One can hear in this comment Borges's experience of the way that the future resides in the past and the past in the future.

Borges, for most of his life, was shy and awkward with women. With good intentions, his father introduced him to sex as an adolescent by taking him to a brothel in Geneva. Borges seems to have carried for the rest of his life the feeling of humiliation that derived from that experience (Woodall 1996). As an adult, he fell in love with one woman after another, but these relationships were either short-lived or became a torment for him. "He had an endless stream of fiancées" (Monegal 1978, p. 184). It seems that much of what he experienced as mutual love was a wishful invention on his part. Among the most painful of these relationships was an experience of unrequited love with the poet Norah Lange, a beautiful and glamorous woman, who was part of the inner circle of the Buenos Aires literary scene (Williamson 2004).

By the time Borges was in his mid-thirties, he was well known among writers and intellectuals in Buenos Aires for both his poetry and his prose, including book reviews of imaginary works by imaginary authors (Woodall 1996). In these reviews of books by imaginary authors, Borges was beginning to separate himself-as-the-reviewer from himself-

as-a-literary-invention (i.e., the author of the imaginary book that he was reviewing).

The little money Borges was paid for the contributions he made to Buenos Aires newspapers and literary magazines was not enough for him to support himself. At thirty-six, still living at home, he took a job as an assistant librarian in a small branch of the Buenos Aires municipal library system, which was located in one of the rundown outskirts of the city. There was almost no work to do there, so Borges spent his days reading and writing in the library's subterranean stacks. The nine years that Borges worked at the library were the most lonely of his life: "They were nine years of solid unhappiness" (Borges 1970, p. 241).

Borges began to lead a double life during his years at the library:

> Ironically, at the time I was a quite well-known writer—except at the library. I remember a fellow employee's once noting in an encyclopedia the name of a certain Jorge Luis Borges—a fact that set him wondering at the coincidence of our identical names and birthdates. [Borges 1970, p. 242]

Already there were seeds of the division of Borges, the man of letters whose name appeared in an encyclopedia of authors, and Borges, the man who lived at home, working at the library and writing and reading whenever he could.

It was during his years at the library that Borges began to read Kafka's short stories and novels (in German). Enormously impressed with Kafka's writing, Borges, in 1938, wrote a number of book reviews and literary essays on Kafka's work and, as I mentioned earlier, was the first to publish a Spanish translation of Kafka's stories (Monegal 1978, p. 312). In the preface to the translation, Borges comments: "The full enjoyment of Kafka's work . . . may precede any interpretation and does not depend on it" (quoted by Monegal 1978, p. 312). In other words, the stories stand on their own as literary events—experiences in writing and reading—and need not be given significance by the discovery in them of a message or commentary on the state of the world, the human condition, and so on. This is certainly the way Borges wanted his own fiction to be read. Despite the fact that Borges was an avid reader of

short stories, "as a writer, . . . I thought for years that the short story was beyond my powers" (Borges 1970, p. 238).

On Christmas Eve of 1938 (the year that his father died, and only a few weeks after his translation of Kafka had been published), Borges was to introduce to his mother a woman whom he had been seeing for some time. That afternoon, bounding up the stairs of the library, he suffered a deep gash to his forehead when his head hit the corner of a casement window that had been painted and left open to dry. Borges's poor eyesight had prevented him from seeing the window. The wound became infected and led to his developing septicemia, a very high fever, hallucinations, and loss of the ability to speak. He was hospitalized and surgery was performed to drain the infection. It was unclear for almost a month whether he would survive.

On regaining consciousness, Borges's deepest fear was that he had suffered brain damage that would prevent him from ever writing again. To prove to himself that he could still write, he decided to attempt to write in a literary form in which he had never previously written: "I decided I would try to write a story. The result was 'Pierre Menard, Author of *Don Quixote*'" (Borges 1970, p. 243). This story was not only a form of writing in which Borges had never before written; it was a form of writing in which *no one* had ever before written. "Pierre Menard" was the first of Borges's *ficciones*, a genre of short story that would profoundly affect not only the development of twentieth-century literature, but also the development of a new sense of the relationship between the author and the characters he invents and who invent him, and the relationship between the dreamer and the figures in the dream whom the dreamer dreams, and who dream the dreamer (Borges 1941b).

Borges continued working at the library (where he wrote many of his best fictions) until 1945, the year Juan Perón was elected president of Argentina. Borges had strongly opposed Perón's bid for the presidency, publicly accusing him of being a Nazi (Monegal 1978). Upon being elected, Perón promptly "promoted" Borges to the post of chicken inspector for the Buenos Aires municipal market. Borges, of course, resigned.

Borges continued to be an outspoken opponent of Perón during the decade of Perón's dictatorial rule, in which the constitution of Ar-

gentina was replaced by virtually unrestrained powers of the president. Borges's mother and sister were active in their opposition to Perón: his sister was imprisoned and his mother placed under house arrest (each for a period of a month) for participating in an anti-Perón demonstration. Borges felt ashamed of his cowardice, in comparison with his mother, for not participating in such demonstrations (Williamson 2004).

Having lost his job at the library and as the only wage earner in the family, Borges had to find another way to make a living. To this point, he had been unable to lecture because of his intense fear of public speaking. Previously, when he had agreed to deliver a lecture, he would have a friend read the lecture while he sat at the back of the hall, feeling deeply ashamed. But necessity forced him to overcome his fear and, in a relatively short time, he became a very popular lecturer: "I traveled up and down Argentina and Uruguay, lecturing . . . . I enjoyed the work and felt that it justified me" (Borges 1970, p. 245).

This was a considerable overstatement. In fact, it took Borges more than twenty years to overcome his fear of public speaking. He would have several strong drinks before lecturing, and afterward felt drained and hung over by the experience.

The same year that Perón took power, 1945, Borges went into psychotherapy with a psychologist, Dr. Kohan-Miller, in Buenos Aires. (Psychotherapy was very little practiced in Buenos Aires at that time.) Kohan-Miller recalls that Borges had recently been rejected by a woman whom he loved, and was struggling with his feelings of inadequacy with women. Borges also sought therapeutic help for his fear of public speaking and his feelings about his father (Williamson 2004; Woodall 1996).

The psychological strain for Borges of having to earn a living as a public lecturer was enormous. For reasons that are impossible to delineate with any certainty, during his tenure at the library and for a period of approximately a decade thereafter, he very gradually invented a persona known as "Borges." As time went on, even his closest friends called him Borges. Borges lived in a complex relationship with "Borges," a relationship he captured in one of his most poignant works, "Borges and I" (Borges 1957):

> The other one, the one called Borges, is the one things happen to . . . . I know of Borges from the mail and see his name on a list of professors or in a biographical dictionary . . . . I live, let myself go on living, so that Borges may contrive his literature, and this literature justifies me . . . . I shall remain in Borges, not in myself (if it is true that I am someone), but I recognize myself less in his books than in many others or in the laborious strumming of a guitar . . . . I do not know which of us has written this page. [pp. 246-247]

There is no simple relationship between Borges and "Borges"—the two are intertwined, but nonetheless "the other one" provided Borges some cover at the point in his life that he was forced onto the public stage. In an important sense, Borges in this way invented himself (and lost himself) as a character in the story that was his life: "Thus my life is a flight and I lose everything and everything belongs to oblivion, or to him [the other one]" (Borges 1957, p. 247). Borges's life became not simply *like* literature, it became literature, and some said that he spoke literature.

This development should not be viewed as one that diminished Borges's experience of himself and his life. Literature, for Borges, both as a reader and a writer, was a source of enormous pleasure, perhaps the greatest of joys that life held for him. That joy is unmistakable as Borges (1984a) says of reading *The Divine Comedy:*

> No one has the right to deprive himself of this pleasure . . . . It has accompanied me for so many years, and I know that as soon as I open it tomorrow I will discover things I did not see before. I know that this book will go on, beyond my waking life, and beyond ours. [p. 25]

The supreme importance to Borges of books and literature can also be heard in his comment, "I believe that books will never disappear. It is impossible that that will happen. Among the many inventions of man, the book, without a doubt, is the most astounding" (Borges 1984b, p. 34). And in a lighter vein: on finding a book on Norse literature in his favorite bookstore, Borges said to the owner that it was a pity that he

could not buy the book because he already had it at home (Barnstone 1993).

When Perón was overthrown by a military junta in 1955, Borges —by this time a popular and influential public figure in Argentina—was appointed director of the National Library. This was the same year that Borges's blindness progressed to the point that he could no longer read or write. He wrote (dictated) of "God's splendid irony in granting me at one time 800,000 books and darkness" (Borges 1970, p. 250).

Borges's sixties were a highly eventful time for him. Sharing with Samuel Beckett the Fomentor Prize, an international literary award, gave Borges international recognition for the first time. Collections of his fictions as well as his books of poetry and essays were published in English and five other languages for the first time. He began going on international lecture tours and took visiting professorships in major universities in the United States and Europe. His mother accompanied him on most of these trips. Because of his blindness, he was no longer able to write his tightly constructed fictions or even free verse poetry.

During this period, Borges married, largely because he believed that having become completely blind, he needed help in managing his own affairs and taking care of his mother, who was then in her eighties (Williamson 2004). Even after marrying, Borges took most of his meals with his mother. Not surprisingly, the marriage was a failure and, after three years, Borges left his wife and moved back in with his mother.

Concurrent with these events, Borges was falling in love with a woman more than thirty years his junior whom he met when she was a university student taking one of his seminars on Norse languages and mythology. María Kodama was to become the great love of Borges's life. She was a fiercely independent woman and, during the entirety of their 20-year relationship, refused to give up earning a living of her own or to be swallowed up by Borges's fame. María's close relationship with her Japanese Buddhist father contributed greatly to the development of her thoughtfulness and independence. From childhood, she was determined never to marry. Her intelligence, which was combined with a deeply compassionate spirit, had a profound influence on Borges in the final two decades of his life.

Beginning during the years of his brief marriage, Borges began to make very serious errors in judgment. When Perón, in 1973, returned from exile and was, by a landslide, reelected president of Argentina, Borges was appalled by what he viewed as the ignorance of the Argentine electorate; at that point, he lost faith in the ability of the Argentine people to create a democracy. Three years later, Borges welcomed the military overthrow of Perón's wife, Isabelita (who had succeeded Perón as president when he died in office in 1974).

General Augusto Pinochet, who was then presiding over a reign of terror in Chile, took the opportunity to profit from Borges's political naiveté, confusion, and disillusionment. Borges, despite strong objections on the part of his friends and family, traveled to Chile several times in the 1970s as Pinochet's guest. He was presented with awards and honorary academic degrees. In 1976, Borges dismissed democracy as a "superstition" (Borges quoted by Williamson 2004, p. 425) and referred to the despotic military regime in Argentina as "a government of soldiers, of gentlemen, of decent people" (p. 425). Pablo Neruda, the Nobel Prize–winning Chilean poet, denounced Borges for his support of Pinochet; this was the end of any chance that Borges might have had to win a Nobel Prize.

In the face of public denunciation by Neruda and many others, Borges withdrew from public life in Argentina. His love and attention became increasingly focused on María Kodama. They were constant companions, but at the same time led independent lives. Borges asked her to marry him several times, but each time she refused. Their love was a transformative experience for Borges that affected every sector of his life.

Gradually, he gave up his ideal of the enlightened despot, and instead developed a genuine belief in democracy in Argentina. In October 1983, on the evening when the results of a democratic election in Argentina were announced, Borges said in an address to a group of writers, intellectuals, and political leaders, "I had lost faith in democracy, believing it would result in chaos. But what happened [today] on October 30 gives us the right, the duty, to be hopeful" (Williamson 2004, pp. 466-467).

Borges and María Kodama spent much of the last years of his life in Geneva, which he considered his second home. In 1986, after being diagnosed with terminal liver cancer, he again asked María to marry him. This time she accepted. Borges died in Geneva three months later, in June 1986, and was buried there. His headstone is inscribed in one of the Norse languages that Borges and María had spent more than twenty years studying together. The inscription is a quotation from a Norse myth, a love story, in which Borges and María had often imagined themselves to be characters.

"THE LIBRARY OF BABEL"

I will now look closely at one of Borges's richest and most haunting fictions, "The Library of Babel." It is a story that Borges published in 1941 while working at the library, still living at home, and feeling terribly isolated, but becoming increasingly well known in Buenos Aires as an imaginative writer.

The epigraph to "The Library of Babel" reads:

> By this art you may contemplate
> The variation of the 23 letters . . .
> *The Anatomy of Melancholy*
> part 2, sect. II, mem. IV

The words of the epigraph, a sentence fragment, look back at the reader blankly, indecipherably. The author's name is conspicuously absent. Is he or she an imaginary author of an imaginary book? Or are the book and the quoted passage so familiar to the author (or to the narrator?) of the story that he believes there is no need to state the name of the author to a reasonably educated reader?

The second possibility is more likely correct. My own research regarding the epigraph has revealed that *The Anatomy of Melancholy* is a real text written in 1621 by Robert Burton. Paragraph IV of the second section of Part 2 of Burton's immense book discusses the ways in which contemplating "the variation of the 23 letters" of the alphabet constitutes a critical part of the healthy "exercise of body and mind" (Burton 1621, p. 460). The "23 letters" are those of the classical Latin alphabet

(originating circa 700 B.C.), from which the present-day alphabet of most Western languages is derived. The sounds of the letters J, U, and W were produced by combinations of other letters.

What a strange, evocative way to speak of reading and writing: "the variation of the 23 letters." The epigraph has an odd cultishness to it. A few readers do not need to be told who the author is or what "the 23 letters" are. There is an unstated suggestion that readers who know Burton's text intimately are bound together as members of a secret group, unknown to the rest of us who go about our everyday lives ignorant of the Latin alphabet, of Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy,* and of the cult bound together by their shared knowledge of such things. In short, the design of the world and society has an invisible, secret, literary structure to it.

The story, which has already begun with the epigraph, begins again in its opening paragraph:

> The universe (which others call the Library) is composed of an indefinite and perhaps infinite number of hexagonal galleries, with vast air shafts between, surrounded by very low railings. From any of the hexagons one can see, interminably, the upper and lower floors. [Borges 1941a, p. 51][2]

The very first thing that the narrator wants the reader to know is that the world is divided between those who refer to the "indefinite and perhaps infinite number of hexagonal galleries" as "the universe," and those who call it "the Library." This schism continues the theme of the cult, now made up of those who believe the universe to be a library.

The first paragraph continues:

> The distribution of the galleries is invariable. Twenty shelves [lined with books], five long shelves per side, cover all the sides except two; their height, which is the distance from floor to ceiling, scarcely exceeds that of a normal bookcase. One of the free sides leads to a narrow hallway which opens onto another gallery, identical to the first and to all the rest. To the left and right of the hallway there are two very small closets. In the first,

[2] Unless otherwise specified, all page numbers in this section refer to "The Library of Babel" (Borges 1941a).

> one may sleep standing up; in the other, satisfy one's fecal necessities. Also through here passes a spiral stairway, which sinks abysmally and soars upwards to remote distances. In the hallway there is a mirror which faithfully duplicates all appearances. Men usually infer from this mirror that the Library is not infinite (if it really were, why this illusory duplication?); I prefer to dream that its polished surfaces represent and promise the infinite . . . Light is provided by some spherical fruit which bear the name of lamps. There are two, transversally placed, in each hexagon. The light that they emit is insufficient, incessant. [p. 51, ellipsis in original]

As in the epigraph, but now magnified manyfold, there is a surfeit of numbers. Paradoxically, the structure of the Library is at once precisely quantifiable—definable and measurable in terms of numbers, geometry, and symmetries—and yet it is indefinably large, formless, perhaps extending infinitely in all directions.

The narrator's voice begins to take shape immediately in the epigraph and continues to be fleshed out in the opening paragraph. There is something odd and intriguing to such phrases as "satisfy one's fecal necessities" and "I prefer to dream that its [the mirror's] polished surfaces represent and promise the infinite": the language bespeaks an idiosyncratic, expansive (perhaps insane) way of thinking and speaking.

Who is the author of this text and to whom is the writer writing? And who inserted the ellipsis (after the phrase "promise the infinite" in the passage quoted above)? What was left out? Each word, each piece of punctuation is a marker or clue. The story is not about the mysterious structures of the universe and society; it is itself a mysterious, labyrinthine, literary structure.

The final three sentences of the opening paragraph are puzzling: "Light is provided by some spherical fruit which bear the name of lamps. There are two, transversally placed, in each hexagon. The light they emit is insufficient, incessant" (p. 51). The ambiguity of these sentences raises a great many questions in the mind of the reader: Do spherical fruit cast light or is the word "lamps" being replaced by the words "spherical fruit," but continuing to mean illuminating objects? If so, words are arbitrary and can be interchanged with other words

(that is, with other variations of the twenty-three letters). In this way, in the space of a single sentence, the author (Borges? the narrator?) of the text suggests that there may be a disconnection of language from the real world to which it purports to be tightly bound in its capacity to give names to objects, feelings, ideas, and so on. The experience of reading these sentences is that of a combination of a feeling of extraordinary density (a density born of an immense concentration of ideas in a very few words) and a feeling of a great expanse stretching outward infinitely as words outgrow their meanings to the point of meaning anything—and, consequently, mean nothing.

Already in this opening paragraph, the reader experiences both a sense of wonder at the feat of literary imagination that Borges is carrying off and a sense of sadness in response to the sound of the voice with which the story is being told. The author is clever—perhaps too clever, too adept at feats of imagination. The voice of the narrator is the voice of a man who has seen (imagined) something wondrous, an infinite Library, and yet that wondrous Library, even though it may be infinite, is all there is—there is no animal life, plant life, love life, sex life, landscape, theater, and so on. There are only books describing such things. And the imaginary author (and perhaps Borges, the "real author") is a prisoner in it (and in his own vast imagination). The paradox that the Library is everything (the universe) and nothing (only a collection of books) "sinks abysmally and soars upwards to remote distances."

At still another level, there is the question of where fiction stops and where an only slightly disguised autobiography starts. How does one separate Borges (the "real" man who grew up in his father's library and never left it, the man who spent nine lonely years working in the branch library) from "Borges" (the narrator-as-character in his own story)? Is the author inventing himself (not simply a metaphor for himself) in the act of writing this story? *Biography*, a word with its etymological roots in the Greek words meaning "writing life," suggests that writing not only tells the story of a life; it creates that life in the act of writing it. This was certainly true of Borges.

As the story continues, the narrator explains (to whom?) that there are two axioms concerning the Library: "First: The Library exists *ab aeterno* . . . [and will continue for a] future eternity . . . . Second: *The*

orthographical symbols [in which the books are written] *are twenty-five in number*" (pp. 52-53, italics in original). A footnote appended to the end of the second of these sentences reads as follows:

> The original manuscript [of the piece of writing that the reader is reading, i.e., "The Library of Babel"] does not contain digits or capital letters. The punctuation has been limited to the comma and the period. These two signs, the space and the twenty-two letters of the alphabet [an alphabet that is a real precursor of the classical Latin alphabet] are the twenty-five symbols considered sufficient by this unknown author. (*Editor's note.*) [p. 53, footnote 1, italics in original]

There are several startling revelations in this footnote. First, the text that we are reading is not the original text, but a transliteration of a text originally written in the twenty-two letters of a precursor to the classical Latin alphabet. So the author of the text that we are reading is not solely the original "unknown author," but also the "*Editor,*" who is the author of the footnote. Up to this point, the reader has been only dimly aware of the Editor, who, we now realize, was the author who deleted a portion of the text and left the ellipsis in place of the missing words. So the line of authorship of the text runs from the original "unknown author" (who is the narrator), to the "Editor," to the "real author" (Borges), who is creating "Borges" (the public persona) in the act of writing this story, while "Borges" (the public persona) is at the same time creating Borges (the person from whom "Borges" is inseparable).

Thus, the literary infinite is not an abstract concept in this story; it is alive as a literary event in the experience of writing and reading. (The emergence of "Borges" may have been only dimly perceived by Borges at the time he wrote this story, but in retrospect, that process adds an important dimension to the story.)

The finding "300 years ago" (p. 53) that every book in the Library is composed of seemingly random variations of the twenty-two letters of the alphabet, the period, the comma, and the space

> . . . made it possible . . . to formulate a general theory of the Library and solve satisfactorily the problem which no conjecture had deciphered: the formless and chaotic nature of almost all

> the books. One [of these impenetrable books composed of apparently non-sensical combinations of letters and spaces] which my father saw . . . was made of the letters MCV, perversely repeated from the first line to the last . . . . Some insinuated that each letter could influence the following one and that the value of MCV in the third line of page 71 was not the one the same series may have in another position on another page, but this vague thesis did not prevail. Others thought of cryptographs; generally, this conjecture has been accepted, but not in the sense in which it was formulated by its originators. [pp. 53-54]

In these sentences, an imaginary scholarly theory of a book composed of three letters and a space repeated on every page is proposed, momentarily considered (in the time that it takes to pause for a comma), and then rejected: "this vague thesis did not prevail." Time in the Library is, in this way, transformed into a literary event, a product of reading a text as opposed to the product of a measurement of the movement of the earth around the sun or the disintegration of an isotope of uranium.

But a moment later (in the time that it takes to pause for a period between sentences), an alternative imaginary theory (or theory of the imaginary) is proposed: the letters of the book are cryptographs. This theory, we learn, has been generally accepted (though we are not given the reasons for its acceptance), but "not in the sense in which it was formulated by its originators." In other words, the interpretation of the text that was later found to be true by subsequent interpreters was not true in the sense that its original interpreters had in mind.

It seems to me that Borges is parodying literary criticism—a literary critic can find meaning in any piece of writing, even when the text is composed of three letters and a space endlessly repeated. And another literary critic can take that interpretation of the seemingly non-sensical text and create an interpretation that seems to be in accord with the first, but actually means something entirely different. By extension, a text can mean anything and consequently means nothing. (Borges is very likely also referring to the various numerical readings of the Kaballah, "a book impervious to contingencies, a mechanism of infinite purposes, of infallible variations, of revelations lying in wait, of super-

impositions of light . . . . How could one not study it to absurdity . . . ?" [Borges 1932, p. 86].)

The two axioms of the Library—that the Library has always existed and always will exist, and that all of the books are composed of the twenty-five orthographical symbols

> . . . made it possible for a librarian of genius . . . [to deduce] that the Library is total and that its shelves register all the possible combinations of the twenty-odd orthographical symbols (a number which, though extremely vast, is not infinite): in other words, all that it is given to express, in all languages. Everything: the minutely detailed history of the future, the archangels' autobiographies, the faithful catalogue of the Library, thousands and thousands of false catalogues, the demonstration of the fallacy of those catalogues, the demonstration of the fallacy of the true catalogues, the Gnostic gospel of Basilides, the commentary on that gospel, the commentary on the commentary on that gospel, the true story of your death, the translation of every book in all languages, the interpolations of every book in all books. [p. 54]

What an extraordinary way to create in the experience of reading a sense of all time being present in an endless present moment: all thoughts, all ideas, all feelings, everything there is to express—from the eternity of the past to the eternity of the future—is contained in the Library at every moment.

Since it was thought that "everything" is contained in the Library, it was "hoped that a clarification of humanity's basic mysteries . . . might be found" (p. 55). But these hopes waned and the number of suicides grew. Because every possible book is included in the Library, there were long periods of time (we are told by the narrator, who is now the historian of the imaginary) in which it was believed that "there was no personal or world problem whose eloquent solution did not exist in some hexagon" (p. 55). Moreover, it was hoped that each man might be able to find the book that "vindicated" (p. 55) him and his life, "but the searchers did not remember that the possibility of a man's finding his Vindication . . . can be computed as zero" (p. 55). How different this sentence would read if, instead of using the phrase "computed as zero,"

Borges had written "was nil." The "mathematics" of an imaginary world is invented in the space of three words—"computed as zero."

Eventually, the searchers, weary from years of travel through the endless stacks of the Library, gave up hope. "Obviously, no one [now] expects to discover anything" (p. 55). In response to the recognition that it is impossible to find that book that offers a "vindication" of one's life, maniacal sects emerge, which

> . . . believed that it was fundamental to eliminate useless works. They invaded the hexagons, showed credentials which were not always false [this "aside" never fails to make me smile], leafed through a volume with displeasure and condemned whole shelves—their hygienic, ascetic furor caused the senseless perdition of millions of books. [p. 56]

But the damage done by these naive men was inconsequential for two reasons:

> One: the Library is so enormous that any reduction of human origin is infinitesimal. The other: every copy is unique, irreplaceable, but (since the Library is total) there are always several hundred thousand imperfect facsimiles: works which differ only in a letter or a comma. [p. 56]

The reader can hear in these sentences the collision of the infinite possibilities of the imagination and the infinitesimal significance of the mark that one man can make on the universe. And yet, at the same time, every book in the Library is unique—"*there are no two identical books*" (p. 54, italics in original)—and, by extension, each of us is "unique, irreplaceable" (p. 54), regardless of the fact that none of us is the least bit indispensable to the universe.

After several more iterations of the futility of attempting to get language to hold the meanings that one intends to communicate, the narrator sinks into alternations of nihilism and religious fervor, both of which are at once sad and ridiculous:

> I pray to the unknown gods that a man—just one, even though it were thousands of years ago!—may have examined and read it [the "total book" that contains the entirety of the truth of the

> Library]. If honor and wisdom and happiness are not for me, let them be for others. Let heaven exist, though my place be in hell. Let me be outraged and annihilated, but for one instant, in one being, let Your enormous Library be justified. [p. 57]

Of course, in what sounds like feverish religiosity, there is self-parody and sardonic reference to the human wish for a Father, a "Man of the Book" (p. 56) (and Borges's personal need to become a celebrated author in order to fulfill his father's literary aspirations). The existence of such a man would justify a life lived in the Library. This expansiveness dissolves into an odd nihilism (one that is crackling with irony). The narrator describes the circumstances of his present day: "I know of districts in which the young men prostrate themselves before books and kiss their pages in a barbarous manner, but they [are illiterate and] do not know how to decipher a single letter" (p. 58).

In the final paragraph of the story, the narrator rather obsessively ponders the question of how the Library can be infinite while the number of books in it is finite (limited by the finite number of combinations of the twenty-five orthographical symbols). He proposes a solution:

> *The Library is unlimited and cyclical.* If an eternal traveler were to cross it in any direction, after centuries he would see that the same volumes were repeated in the same order (which, thus repeated, would be an order: the Order). My solitude is gladdened by this elegant hope. [p. 58, italics in original]

The "solution to the ancient problem" (p. 58) of the Library—that the Library is unlimited and cyclical—is, to my mind, not at all "elegant." In fact, this idea has already been proposed early on in the story: *"The Library is a sphere whose exact center is any one of its hexagons and whose circumference is inaccessible"* (p. 52, italics in the original). This cannot possibly be lost to Borges. He attaches a footnote to the final word of the story (which makes that final word no longer the final word). The footnote reads:

> Letizia Alvarez de Toledo has observed that this vast Library is useless: rigorously speaking, a *single volume* would be sufficient,

> a volume . . . containing an infinite number of infinitely thin leaves . . . [of which] the inconceivable middle page would have no reverse. [p. 58, footnote 1, italics in original]

This is truly an elegant ending to the story. The narrator declares that the story we have just read is "useless." By implication, the Library is only a metaphor (a poor one at that), and the history of the Library, written in an early Latin alphabet as an edited version of "the scrawlings" of an unknown author, is all a useless invention. There is no Library, no history of the Library, no unknown author, no editor. In other words, the final footnote is written by "the real author," by Borges.

But in closing the fiction with a footnote written by "the real author" (Borges himself), the real author (Borges) is becoming a character in his own story. The fiction is in this way becoming infinite: it can expand to include within itself any "reality" thrown its way, even the reality of its author. And yet the story is not the universe—it is only a collection of markings on a page that the reader puts down after reading it. The story is *just a story:* "The world, unfortunately, is real; I, unfortunately, am Borges" (Borges 1947, p. 234).

EPILOGUE: WRITING AS A RESPONSE TO THE PROBLEM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

In the final section of this essay, I will briefly compare the experience of the struggle with human consciousness that is created in "A Hunger Artist" (Kafka 1924) with that created in "The Library of Babel" (Borges 1941a). I will relate elements of the lives of Kafka and Borges to the distinctive nature of consciousness that each created, brought to life in his stories, and attempted to come to terms with in the act of writing.

"A Hunger Artist" is a powerful, imaginative rendering of much of what Kafka found to be most painful in his life. As I have discussed, there are two points in the story when the hunger artist begins to wrench himself out of the performance that, for him, substitutes for a self-aware life in the world as a human being. In the first of these attempts, he admits to himself that fasting is easy. He recognizes that the performances are real in the sense that the fasts are authentic, but they

are also lies, in the sense of the falsity of the "theater" of the pain of hunger involved in the performances of marathon fasting.

But that window of self-awareness is immediately slammed shut in the sentence that follows, as the hunger artist defiantly asserts (through the voice of the narrator) his superhuman power: "It was the easiest thing in the world" (Kafka 1924, p. 270). In the arrogant tone of this claim, the hunger artist takes his achievement of self-awareness (his recognition of the essential misrepresentation involved in the performance), and transforms it into a self-deception (the opposite of self-awareness). The untruthfulness of the claim does not lie in its manifest level (that fasting is easy for him), but in the tone of the assertion, which lays claim to a victory over the lowly human need for food, and, by extension, over all other lowly human dependencies—such as the need to give and receive love, to genuinely recognize and be recognized by others, to find joy in life.

At the end of the story, all avenues for the evasion of genuine self-awareness have been exhausted (most prominently by the hunger artist's inability to use the performance as a substitute for personal being). Kafka then creates, in the experience of reading, a palpable sense of a person, for the first time, entering tenderly, warily into genuine self-awareness. The experience of consciousnesses that is generated is at least as much an experience of self-awareness on the part of the author (as a felt presence in the language) as it is that of the character. The careful, loving manner in which the hunger-artist-as-infant is held by the words of the narrator—"lips pursed, as if for a kiss" (Kafka 1924, p. 277)—creates a sense of release from the cagelike mind/universe of a man who has been, until that moment, unseen and unseeing, unloved and unloving. It is not a release of a sort that involves the feeling of breaking through the bars of a cage; quite the opposite, it is a release in the form of a gentle lifting out—"lifting his head a little" (Kafka 1924, p. 277)—an experience like that of picking up a baby from his crib to hold him in one's arms, in one's gaze, in one's love, and of being held in the infant's loving gaze.

This experience of consciousness, though a far richer experience than the one that occurred earlier in the story, is short-lived; this devolution bears the mark of Kafka's version of consciousness. Self-aware-

ness—though achieved as a result of enormous effort—is inherently so painful that it can be sustained only momentarily. The pain of self-awareness in "A Hunger Artist" derives, at least in part, from the protagonist's recognition not only that he has never encountered the "food" (people or life experience) he liked, but also (by implication) that his inability to find that "food" may be a consequence of his inability to generate an appetite for engagement with other people or for life itself. And, at a still deeper level that he seems only barely to recognize, when he has experienced both appetite for, and joy in, the experience of loving and being loved, of recognizing and being recognized, he almost immediately, reflexively attempts to destroy it.

And yet, despite the hunger artist's flight from self-awareness, an extraordinary depth of self-redeeming consciousness is achieved and indelibly etched in the mind of the reader—and, I presume, in that of the author. The experience of achieving consciousness of something so fundamental to the truth of who one is, and of what one wants and needs, cannot be undone, taken back, or destroyed.

As discussed in Part I of this essay, Kafka creates the experience of the achievement of consciousness through the use of language, as opposed to the use of events that occur at the level of plot, or through explicit statement. Consciousness, for Kafka, is very much a literary event. The experience of writing fiction was a principal medium through which he achieved moments of human consciousness in a form that allowed him to attain genuine self-awareness of some of the truths of his existence without allowing those truths to destroy him.

The mark that Kafka left on the development of twentieth-century consciousness involves a sense that we spend our lives in an endless, largely futile search for ourselves; in the course of that search, we may achieve momentary glimpses (felt experiences) of who we are; but these glimpses, if they come at all, are limited in depth and short-lived. Nonetheless, these moments of self-awareness, though we reflexively flee from them, alter us profoundly and indelibly.

Consciousness was problematic for Borges in a way that was very different from the way in which it posed difficulties for Kafka. A fundamental difference, perhaps *the* fundamental difference, between what was entailed in Kafka's and Borges's efforts to achieve genuine con-

sciousness, inheres, I believe, in the fact that Borges's difficulties arose in an environment of love, while Kafka's were generated in an environment of fear, anger, and isolation. This difference can be felt in virtually every sentence of the two stories I have discussed.

For Borges, the universe as an infinite Library is a psychological/literary space in which the music and magic of words unfold endlessly, surprisingly, intelligently, humorously, darkly, ominously, and on and on. The universe for Kafka, in "A Hunger Artist," is a cage within which the protagonist spends almost the entirety of his life attempting to overcome his humanness by means of omnipotent, magical claims and beliefs. Consciousness is achieved momentarily through the intervention of a loving "overseer," but even this consciousness of love is rejected and defiled, though never entirely destroyed.

Consciousness is born at the intersection of the real and the imaginary. It is only when one can differentiate the two, and yet allow them to live in conversation with one another, that one may achieve self-awareness. The ground on which this intersection occurred for Borges was located, to a large degree, in the experience of reading and writing: the reality of the fulfillment of his promise to his father (to become the writer his father had aspired to be) was to be achieved by means of the exercise of literary skill and imagination. Borges, in his development as a writer and as a person, seemed to become increasingly aware not only of the infinite possibilities inherent in literary imagination, but also of the necessary limitations of words and ideas.

For Borges, the latter did not spoil the joy of the former. He found that imagination could not be allowed full rein or it would lose its tie to reality and become sheer fantasy, a literary genre lacking depth, complexity, and vitality. Borges believed that a fantastical story must contain only one fantastical element that unobtrusively finds its way, like a dream, into an otherwise ordinary reality; if there is more than one fantastical element, the story is mere science fiction. In this way, Borges was aware that fiction achieves its power only in relation to a reality that is a substantial, felt presence—as palpable as his experience of his father as a real and separate other person, and of their mutual love that was marked by its own distinctive quality of sadness.

In his nonliterary life, Borges had great difficulty in walking the ground on which reality and imagination meet, on which consciousness is born. Although he fell in love repeatedly, his love relationships were largely inventions of his own imagination, and consequently did not develop or endure (until very late in his life). He was unable to differentiate his fantasy of the "enlightened despot" from the reality of tyrants, such as Pinochet, for whom kidnapping, torture, and murder of tens of thousands of people were the basis of their power.

Kafka was able to negotiate the world that existed beyond his literary imagination somewhat better than Borges was able to do. Kafka was well aware of the circumstances in which reality trumps imagination—for example, in his understanding that he would have to train as a lawyer in order to earn a living, and that his mother was of little use to him in his effort to deal with his father.

Although Kafka and Borges differed in the ways they responded to many of the external realities of their lives, in the end, they were very much alike in relation to the ways in which they attempted to achieve consciousness of the truths of their lives. For both Borges and Kafka, writing was not an escape from reality or self-awareness. It was an entry into both. For Borges, the consciousness achieved in the act of writing such fictions as "The Library of Babel" was characterized by a sense of discovering the wonders held by words and writing, including the power of words to endlessly expand meaning, to the point that words come to mean "everything and nothing" (Borges 1960, p. 248). Achieving consciousness was, for Borges, predominantly a process of discovering/creating literary truths that were important to him in his experience of himself and others as readers and writers (for example, the ways in which authors create characters, who in turn create the author).

But consciousness, for Borges, also included the sad self-awareness that life in the Library (the universe of reading, writing, and the literary imagination) was a life made up only of books, that is, only of verbal renderings of other universes—for example, the universe of love and heartbreak lived out with real other people; the universe of the body and sexuality; the universe of experiences of real animal life, plant life, rivers, and mountains; and the infinite number of other universes comprising life on earth.

For Kafka, consciousness achieved in the act of writing was a dangerous business in which he was forever walking on the very edge of an abyss. But walking at that edge while writing was what he lived for. Kafka approached and at times experienced a type of self-awareness that included the experience of loving and being loved, of seeing and being seen. His preoccupations were less exclusively literary than were those of Borges; he was as much concerned with the truths involved in becoming a man independent of his father and mother as he was in discovering/creating literary truths.

Borges, on the other hand, was truly a man of letters—a man who found and lost himself in "Borges," a literary creation who had a life in the real world. And it is there—in creating in his writing the experience of living in a borderland where the line between fiction and "real" life is blurred, where dreaming is part of waking life, where literary critics review imaginary books and where characters invent their authors—that Borges contributed most to the creation of human consciousness of his time, and of ours.

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THE INABILITY TO MOURN AND THE INABILITY TO LOVE IN SHAKESPEARE'S *HAMLET*

BY MARTIN S. BERGMANN

The author discusses the special role played by Shakespeare's masterpiece Hamlet *in the history of psychoanalysis. Freud and many of his followers have treated Hamlet as if he were a real person inhibited by the Oedipus complex. In this presentation, Hamlet is understood as the embodiment of a brilliant artistic endeavor aimed at both revealing and concealing the power of this complex. The author proposes that, if* Hamlet *is autobiographical, it expresses Shakespeare's inability to mourn and love until a childhood homosexual memory has emerged. Hidden in* Hamlet *is a cure through the recall of a childhood memory.*

Keywords: Hamlet, Shakespeare, Oedipus complex, homosexuality, childhood memories, literature, Ophelia, mourning, love, Yorick, Horatio.

THE HISTORY OF PSYCHOANALYTIC INTEREST IN *HAMLET*

Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (1600) has been of special interest to psychoanalysts for various related reasons. First, while any significant work of literature can be interpreted from a psychoanalytic point of view, *Hamlet* seems to demand such an interpretation, because Hamlet's inability to carry out a ghost's command to kill his uncle points to an unconscious conflict that psychoanalysis can explain.

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A second reason is historical: when Freud first communicated his great discovery of the Oedipus complex to Fliess on October 15, 1897, he included the following observation:

> I have found, in my own case too, [the phenomenon of] being in love with my mother and jealous of my father, and I now consider it a universal event in early childhood. If this is so, we can understand the gripping power of Oedipus Rex . . . . The Greek legend seizes upon a compulsion which everyone recognizes because he senses its existence within himself. Everyone in the audience was once a budding Oedipus in fantasy and each recoils in horror from the dream fulfillment here transplanted into reality, with the full quantity of repression which separates his infantile state from his present one. [Masson 1985, p. 272]

Since the discovery of the Oedipus complex ranks as Freud's single greatest revelation, this famous letter can claim to represent the birthday of psychoanalysis. It shows clearly that in his self-analysis, Freud did not reach the full oedipal wish, but only a mild derivative of it. What enabled Freud to discover the raw Oedipus complex was his familiarity with *Oedipus Rex*.

In the same letter, Freud goes on to discuss *Hamlet*:

> Fleetingly the thought passed through my head that the same thing might be at the bottom of Hamlet as well. I am not thinking of Shakespeare's conscious intention, but believe, rather, that a real event stimulated the poet to his representation, in that his unconscious understood the unconscious of his hero. How does Hamlet the hysteric justify his words "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all"? How does he explain his irresolution in avenging his father by the murder of his uncle—the same man who sends his courtiers to their death without a scruple and who is positively precipitate in murdering Laertes? [This was a slip on Freud's part. Hamlet actually murders Polonius; Laertes later challenges Hamlet to the duel in which both are killed.] How better than through the torment he suffers from the obscure memory that he himself had contemplated the same deed against his father out of passion for his mother, and—"use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?" His conscience is his unconscious sense of guilt. And is not his sexual

> alienation in his conversation with Ophelia typically hysterical? And his rejection of the instinct that seeks to beget children? And, finally, his transferral of the deed from his own father to Ophelia's? And does he not in the end, in the same marvelous way as my hysterical patients, bring down punishment on himself by suffering the same fate as his father of being poisoned by the same rival? [Masson 1985, pp. 272-273]

The two plays discussed in this letter, *Oedipus Rex* and *Hamlet,* thus acted as midwives to Freud's discovery.

The section on *Hamlet* is of great interest because we can see how deeply Freud thought about *Hamlet* and how well he understood the contradictions in Hamlet's behavior. Psychoanalysis offered an explanation for Hamlet's actions, which otherwise remain puzzling. Hamlet cannot carry out the ghost's command because he harbors the same wish that motivated his Uncle Claudius's behavior. Furthermore, the reason for Hamlet's delay turned out to be the core of Freud's discovery: the Oedipus complex.

Psychoanalysis had an answer to a conundrum in Hamlet's behavior, one that other students of this play could not resolve. This was a triumph for the new discipline that Freud, and later Ernst Jones, wanted to fully exploit.

In the letter to Fliess, Freud includes two direct quotations from *Hamlet,* both pertaining to the superego: "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all" and "use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?" It would take another twenty-six years for Freud, in writing *The Ego and the Id* (1923), to understand all this on a theoretical level: namely, that it is the ego alone that enforces repression and no longer knows what has been repressed. The superego has its own connections to the repressed and demands punishment for unconscious wishes, but the superego does not recognize that repression has taken place.

It is astonishing that what Freud articulated in *The Ego and the Id* had already been conveyed to Fliess in the 1897 letter.[1] In the same

[1] What Freud had confided to Fliess he later published in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900, pp. 261-265), but by that time, the astonishing reference to the unconscious source of guilt was lost.

letter, Freud says that Shakespeare's unconscious understood Hamlet's unconscious. Freud and Jones interpreted Hamlet as a "quasi patient" and as a real person to whom the psychoanalyst interprets the unconscious prohibition that does not permit Hamlet to avenge his father's murder. The language Freud uses is the language of the therapist's understanding of the unconscious of the patient.

By contrast, the approach I take is that *Hamlet* is a creative projection of its author's inability to mourn, the construction of the play serving as self-therapy in a moment of great inner crisis following the death of Shakespeare's only son. In writing *Hamlet*—and perhaps in developing some of the characters in his other plays, too—Shakespeare undergoes a process of cure.

Polonius, the father of Ophelia and Laertes, is the only father portrayed in *Hamlet,* and Shakespeare spares no effort to convince us that he is a ridiculous man giving his children pompous advice. From a dramatic viewpoint, Polonius is a successful portrayal; the audience, like Hamlet himself, does not experience his death as a loss since Polonius has evoked our hatred.

There is a third reason why Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is of special interest to psychoanalysis. In Western culture, interest in exploring the unconscious had its beginning in the plays of the three Greek tragedians Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; with few exceptions, this interest lay dormant for 2,000 years until it appeared again in Shakespeare's work. Shakespeare reawakened the Western world's interest in the unconscious. In the nineteenth century, many creative minds explored the working of the unconscious in different ways. Among Freud's predecessors, we think of Wagner, Flaubert, Stendhal, Ibsen, Dostoevsky, and Nietzsche, but Shakespeare, centuries earlier, towers above that group.

It may be of interest to compare Freud's (1900; Masson 1985) and Jones's (1910, 1949) triumphant statements that they had solved the enigma of *Hamlet,* on the one hand, with T. S. Eliot's "Hamlet and His Problem" (1919), on the other. Eliot states:

> Far from Shakespeare's masterpiece, the play is most certainly an artistic failure . . . . *Hamlet,* like the sonnets, is full of some

> stuff that the writer could not drag to light, contemplate, or manipulate into art.…The artistic "inevitability" lies in this complete adequacy of the external to the emotion; and this is precisely what is deficient in *Hamlet*. [pp. 123-125]

By contrast, Freud and Jones insisted that something remains enigmatic and unconscious in the work, to which the audience responds unconsciously. Comparing the two points of view suggests that, from the very beginning, psychoanalysis took the view that a work of literature should not aim at consistency, but rather should allow some inconsistency to draw attention to unconscious conflict.

Shakespeare the artist faces a difficult problem: how to convey the Oedipus complex to his audience. He hits on the magnificent solution of making the ghost of Hamlet's father be the one to announce the Oedipus complex (through his death at the hands of his brother and that brother's subsequent marriage to his wife) to the son. Shakespeare gives the ghost a powerful metaphor to convey this message:

> . . . but know, thou noble youth,
> The serpent that did sting thy father's life
> Now wears his crown.
> [1.5.38-40][2]

To which Hamlet responds with "O my prophetic soul!" (1.5.40), indicating that, unconsciously, he suspected but refused to acknowledge that his father was murdered by Claudius to obtain both throne and wife. The ghost is the instrument making the unconscious conscious, and also provides a displacement.

Being aware of the significance of the oedipal constellation in childhood enables psychoanalysts to appreciate the way the Oedipus complex is dealt with in *Hamlet*. The oedipal act is displaced from son to uncle, leaving the son free to react with horror to the disclosure. Even before he learns the full story of his father's murder, Hamlet is psychically receptive to admitting feelings that have reawakened the Oedipus complex because his own oedipal wishes have been aroused by the new marriage. Today, when divorces and remarriages are common, we often

[2] Numerical annotations for quotations from plays are to act, scene, and line.

have the opportunity to observe how oedipal rivalry is reawakened when the parent of the opposite sex remarries.

Psychoanalysis has created a vocabulary that enables us to understand in a new way the building blocks the genius uses to create a work of literature and how these are combined into a new creation. For example, in *Hamlet,* the scene in Gertrude's bedchamber has frequently been admired, but it takes psychoanalytic knowledge of the significance of the primal scene in childhood to appreciate the full meaning of the reversal that takes place here: a father figure is spying on the mother–child scene and is killed for his voyeuristic interest. Instead of the child being traumatized by coming unexpectedly upon the primal scene, the poet is able to transform what is perhaps a memory of his own childhood experience into a scene where the former child is now in control, killing the father figure and forcing the mother to abstain.

The oedipal structure of this scene demands that the father be killed, but if it had been Claudius who was spying and killed, the play would have been closer to an obvious work of revenge, such as the ghost demanded. Shakespeare is far too subtle to give us such an obvious ending. Polonius is killed instead, and the play can continue to a more complex finale.

Under the influences of a recently published book on Shakespeare (Brandes 1896), Freud (1900) noted that the play was written immediately after Shakespeare's father's death and the earlier death of his son, Hamnet—"that is, under the immediate impact of his bereavement" (p. 265)—but according to Nuttal (2007), Hamnet died in 1596, *Hamlet* was written in 1600, and John Shakespeare, the playwright's father, did not die until 1601. Nuttal sees the tragedy of Hamlet as "a prolonged meditation on self-destruction, haunted by the shade of a dead father, transfixed by the image of a drowned, innocent woman" (p. 4). Freud's lines were written shortly before the turn of the century; at that time he had not yet formulated the distinction between mourning and melancholia (1917). If we examine Hamlet's soliloquies, we have to say that he suffers from melancholia rather than that he is in mourning. Nuttal's statement that Hamlet is "a prolonged meditation on self-destruction" also describes melancholia rather than mourning.

In his preface to the second edition of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, Freud added a personal observation:

> For this book has a further subjective significance for me personally—a significance which I only grasped after I had completed it. It was, I found, a portion of my own self-analysis, my reaction to my father's death—that is to say, to the most important event, the most poignant loss, of a man's life. [1900, p. xxvi]

In Freud's case, the death of the father made *The Interpretation of Dreams* possible, a connection he had not yet discovered in 1900. He attributed the same relationship to Shakespeare and the composition of *Hamlet*.

Following the law of overdetermination, I will add another dimension in this paper (though not one that invalidates Freud's insights). In Hamlet, oedipal fury and melancholia have extinguished the capacity to love and mourn, but both capacities are recaptured at the end through the recall of a repressed childhood memory.

MOURNING IN *HAMLET*

Claudius the king tries to justify to Hamlet the absence of mourning for the death of Hamlet's father. We should note that this speech takes place before Hamlet's encounter with the ghost.

KING: Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife.

[1.2.1-14]

Claudius has committed both fratricide and incest, yet Shakespeare gives him lines that, judged alone, show a remarkable inner balance. He is advocating a judicious mixture of "wisest sorrow" and "remembrance of ourselves." The relationship between love and mourning is complex; both emotions claim the whole self. Mourning and love can be in conflict with each other.[3]

For the king, incestuous desire for the "sometime sister" prevailed; this line can be taken as an unacknowledged sense of incestuous guilt. "Discretion fought with nature" is Shakespeare's way of conveying intrapsychic struggle. Because we as psychoanalysts understand the ubiquity of intrapsychic conflict, we appreciate such terms as "mirth in funeral" and "dirge in marriage."

The king quickly moves to the dangers facing Denmark:

> Now follows that you know young Fortinbras,
> Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
> Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
> Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
> Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
> He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
> Importing the surrender of those lands
> Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
> To our most valiant brother.
>
> [1.2.17-25]

The external danger to the safety of the state is used to justify the absence of mourning. Both king and queen turn to Hamlet:

> QUEEN: Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,
> And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
> Do not for ever with thy vailèd lids
> Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

[3] In sonnet 30, Shakespeare (1609b) beautifully describes the conflict between mourning and love:

> And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe, . . .
> But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
> All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.
>
> [lines 7, 13-14]

Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

[1.2.68-73]

The king reinforces what the queen is saying:

KING: 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:

[1.2.87-97]

We note that the king is much harsher than the queen. He accuses Hamlet of "impious stubbornness," "unmanly grief," being "incorrect to heaven," and having "a heart unfortified, a mind impatient" and "an understanding simple and unschool'd"—a long list. The vehemence of the king is strong, which is Shakespeare's way of conveying that Hamlet's "vailèd lids" arouse guilt in the king and queen.

Both king and queen feel that Hamlet's mourning is excessive. But are they right? Obviously not by our standards today: two months do not amount to an excessive period of mourning. The king and queen want Hamlet to join them in eliminating the mourning period. Shakespeare's creativity manifests itself in displacing the oedipal wish from the son to the brother, but the displacement does not free Hamlet from guilt over his own oedipal wishes. The ego may defend itself by displacement of the oedipal wish, but the superego, having its own access to the id, does not absolve Hamlet of his oedipal guilt.

Without saying so explicitly, Shakespeare lets his audience know that Hamlet's "nighted color" is so disturbing to the king and queen because it is a reminder that Hamlet's father's death has not been mourned. We know why the king could not mourn, but why the queen entered

into the marriage with her former brother-in-law without mourning remains an unanswered question. From a psychoanalytic point of view, if the marriage had not been hasty, it would not have evoked in Hamlet the primal scene experience, the reactivation of the oedipal conflict.

We are in act 3, scene 4. Hamlet is determined to "set you up a glass / Where you may see the inmost part of you" (3.4.19-20). The queen misunderstands and fears he intends to murder her; she calls for help. Polonius, behind the arras, repeats her cry for help and is stabbed by Hamlet. After Hamlet lifts the arras and discovers that he did not kill Claudius, but Polonius, he exclaims, "Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! / I took thee for thy better" (3.4.31-32).

After Hamlet kills Polonius, the queen laments, "Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this?" (3.4.27), and Hamlet answers: "A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother, / As kill a king, and marry with his brother" (3.4.28-29). The queen is incredulous. "As kill a king?" Hamlet answers, "Ay, lady, 'twas my word" (3.4.30).

Beyond this remark, both mother and son forget Polonius, and Hamlet attempts to show his mother how in every way his father was superior to his uncle. In the first appearance of the ghost at the beginning of the play, Shakespeare made sure the audience believed the ghost was real by making all those present see him; in this scene, Shakespeare makes certain we believe the second appearance of the ghost is a hallucination. Skillfully, Shakespeare ensures that we understand the hallucination was brought about by Hamlet's superego. The ghost says only a few words: "Do not forget: this visitation / Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose" (3.4.109-110). The queen responds to Hamlet's insistence on the ghost's presence with "This the very coinage of your brain: / This bodiless creation ecstasy" (3.4.138-139). In this hour of stress, Shakespeare gives the queen an astonishing capacity for insight.

In spite of the hallucination, Hamlet is clearly not mad, for, afraid that the queen will now disregard what he told her, he answers with precise logic:

> Mother, for love of grace,
> Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
> That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.
> [3.4.145-147]

Hamlet parts with the ambivalent words "Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed; / Assume a virtue, if you have it not" (3.4.159-160). Had the queen knowingly participated in the murder of her husband, we would not have had *Hamlet,* but *Macbeth*, and a different theme that will occupy Shakespeare several years later. The poet is capable of taking different variations of the oedipal conflict and building unique plays around them.

Gertrude may well be the most enigmatic character in the play. Both Eissler (1971) and Oremland (2005) have devoted a chapter to her and her relationship to the three men who matter most: King Hamlet, Claudius, and Hamlet. There has been much speculation as to whether she had a sexual liaison with Claudius before her husband's murder and her possible involvement in the murder itself. Oremland sees Gertrude as an "as-if" personality. In my interpretation, too, Gertrude is not a real person; any further details about Gertrude would have diminished the impact of Hamlet's inner experience, which is what matters most.

Among Shakespeare's contributions to drama must be reckoned his capacity to make greater use of the soliloquy. As his characters think aloud, they disclose a great deal about themselves to the audience, often much more than the other dramatic personae know. As a result, the audience is privileged to be in more intimate contact with the actor than are his fellow players. Hamlet's self-knowledge may be greater than that of any other dramatic character. These soliloquies are not yet free associations, but they do make the character more understandable. They leave us with no doubt that Hamlet suffers from melancholia and suicidal wishes; the conscious cause is his mother's hasty remarriage, and the unconscious source is the reawakened oedipal wish.

Contrary to what the king and queen assert, we hear in Hamlet's first soliloquy not mourning but melancholia:

> O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
> Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
> How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
> Seem to me all the uses of this world!
> Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,

That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears, why she, even she—
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourned longer—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules—

[1.2.129-153]

This soliloquy is easily divided into two parts. The first eight lines deal with Hamlet's suicidal wishes and the religious prohibition of suicide. The next and longer section is an attack on his mother for not mourning her dead husband and for her hasty new marriage. In lines 129 to 136, Hamlet expresses his melancholia; from line 137 to 153, he expresses his fury at his mother's inability to mourn his father. What upsets Hamlet is not only the absence of mourning, but also the "incest" his mother has committed.

She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

[1.2.156-159]

We should keep in mind that this first soliloquy takes place before the ghost's message is delivered, and thus it reflects Hamlet's attitude before he becomes burdened by that message. Self-destructive melancholia and fury at his mother's behavior have replaced mourning.

Without reference to *Hamlet*, Freud dealt with such suicidal wishes in *The Ego and the Id* (1923): "What is now holding sway in the super-ego is, as it were, a culture of the death instinct, and in fact it often enough succeeds in driving the ego into death" (p. 53). Following this model, Hamlet's superego demands his suicide, but another component of the very same superego, experienced as God's command, prohibits this suicidal wish. We are thus dealing with a conflict within the superego itself. We need not assume that Hamlet's guilt is persistent oedipal guilt, but rather that the father's death and the mother's hasty remarriage shift the inner balance in favor of the father's idealization and toward negative oedipal feelings, and transform whatever unconscious oedipal guilt remains into an attack on the mother.

What follows is not technically a soliloquy because Hamlet is confiding in Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, but the encounter has the structure of a second soliloquy. Hamlet tells them:

> O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count
> myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I
> have bad dreams.
>
> [2.2.243-244]

> I have of late—but wherefore
> I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of
> exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my
> disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to
> me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy,
> the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament,
> this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why,
> it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent
> congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man!
> How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties,
> in form and moving how express and admirable,
> in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like
> a god! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!
> And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man
> delights not me—no, nor woman neither, though by
> your smiling you seem to say so.
>
> [2.2.280-292]

This is not mourning, but melancholia. Although Hamlet's melancholia is evident as he returns to Denmark after his father's death and his mother's remarriage, we note that his mother's remarriage is not confided as the reason for his melancholia.

The third soliloquy is the famous "To be or not to be" speech. The full length of the first soliloquy was twelve lines; this one is much longer, extending to thirty-three lines:

> To be, or not to be: that is the question:
> Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
> The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
> Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
> And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep—
> No more—and by a sleep to say we end
> The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
> That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
> Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
> To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause: there's the respect
> That makes calamity of so long life;
> For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
> When he himself might his quietus make
> With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
> To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
> But that the dread of something after death,
> The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
> And makes us rather bear those ills we have
> Than fly to others that we know not of?
> Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
> And thus the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
> And enterprises of great pith and moment

With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

[3.1.56-88]

Justly famous, the soliloquy is a profound meditation on life, but it contains not a word about the events that have just happened. It does not feel anchored where it is, leading some to speculate that it may have originally been placed elsewhere in the play. Indeed, Oskar Eustis, in his New York City production of *Hamlet* in 2008, moved it to the very beginning of the play, when Hamlet is just returning home.

The first eight lines exalt suicide as a solution, culminating in " 'tis a consummation / Devoutly to be wish'd." We note Shakespeare's use of the word "devoutly," a religious term he now employs in praise of suicide. The next sixteen lines are taken up with the fear of terrible nightmares awaiting us after death, which Hamlet later refers to as "the undiscover'd country from whose bourn [boundary] / No traveler returns puzzles the will" (3.1.79-80). This speech contributes significantly to the realization that Hamlet is not a mourner but suffers from melancholia.

Hamlet was heir to the throne of Denmark, studying at a famous university in Germany. Was he likely to endure "the pangs of despised love, the law's delay" or "the insolence of office"? These misfortunes may well belong to Shakespeare's biography, but not to what we know of Prince Hamlet's biography. There is no longer any reference to a religious prohibition against suicide; we are no longer dealing with a conflict within the superego, but a more primitive anxiety that nightmares may continue after death, a strange denial of the reality of death.

Almost at the end of this soliloquy come the profound lines "And thus the native hue of resolution / Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" (3.1.84-85). Shakespeare gave Hamlet the insight that thought not only delays rash action, but can also becomes an illness of its own, when thinking—or, more correctly, brooding—replaces action.

LOVE IN *HAMLET*

How rich is the play in expressions of love? Hamlet attributes a great deal of love on his father's part to his mother:

> So excellent a king; that was, to this,
> Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
> That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
> Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
> Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
> As if increase of appetite had grown
> By what it fed on.
>
> [1.2.139-145]

We have no evidence that this love in fact existed. When the ghost appears to Hamlet, no love for Gertrude is expressed, only the admonition to "leave her to heaven" (1.5.86) rather than punish her.

Of special interest in the passage quoted above are the last two lines: "As if increase of appetite had grown / By what it fed on." One of Shakespeare's great fears about love must have been satiety. He expressed this fear in a number of places, including in *Venus and Adonis* and in *Antony and Cleopatra* (1606-1607). In the latter, Enobarbus praises Cleopatra in about the same words:

> Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
> The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
> Where most she satisfies . . . .
>
> [2.2.240-243]

Claudius attributes a deep love for Hamlet to the queen when he confides to Laertes, "The queen his mother / Lives almost by his looks" (4.7.11-12), but there is no evidence of such love in the play. If anything, one can say that Gertrude did not consider the impact of her quick remarriage on her son. Only after she sees his strange behavior does she recognize that her marriage to Claudius might be the cause.

It may come as a shock that the only person in the play capable of loving is the villain, Claudius, for he confesses to Laertes:

> My virtue or my plague, be it either which,—
> She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
> That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
> I could not but by her.
>
> [4.7.13-16]

As to the word *conjunctive,* this is the only place in Shakespeare's work where it is used in reference to a loving relationship. In *Othello* (1603) we find a line spoken by Iago: "Let us be conjunctive in our revenge" (1.3.367). We can read the line to mean that Iago sees the joint revenge as an expression of love between himself and Roderigo. Spivack (1973) tells us that Shakespeare decided to give Claudius a new word to describe his relationship to Gertrude, a word he did not use anywhere else in his work; this suggests that Shakespeare did not feel he could use a more familiar word like *love* to describe their relationship.

We are left free to imagine the meanings of *conjunctive,* but the next two lines suggest a strong dependence on Gertrude. I am reminded of a patient who was ambivalent toward her husband but incapable of being separated from him, even for one night; the love of Claudius for Gertrude seems to be just such a dependant love.

It can hardly be an accident that the very same man who is the only character in the play to express love is also the one who is convinced that love cannot endure. We recall the king's lecture to Laertes: "There lives within the very flame of love / A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it" (4.7.113-114).

When Shakespeare created Claudius, he had already brought to life two dramatic characters whom we can designate as villains: Richard III and Iago. But a real villain is too narcissistic to be able to be "conjunctive" to any woman. I conclude that Shakespeare had something more complex in mind when he created Claudius. We have already surmised this from Claudius's soliloquy while he was praying:

> But oh, what form of prayer
> Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder?"
> That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
> Of those effects for which I did the murder,
> My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
>
> [3.3.51-55]

In Claudius, Shakespeare has given us a complex character, a villain with a sense of guilt as well as the capacity to be "conjunctive."

Did Hamlet Love Ophelia?

We first hear about Hamlet's relationship with Ophelia in a letter Hamlet wrote to her before the death of his father, which Polonius reads aloud to Gertrude:

POLONIUS: "To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,"—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautified" is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus:
[Reads.]
"In her excellent white bosom, these, etc."

QUEEN: Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS: Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.
[Reads the letter.]
"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.
O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers;
I have not art to reckon my groans: but that
I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady,
whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet."
[2.2.109-122]

Shakespeare wrote magnificent love poems, but to Hamlet he gives an unusually bad poem. Ophelia must mistrust everything and trust only him. Hamlet implies mistrust of the constancy of the world. It is not likely that Shakespeare agreed with Polonius that this was a love letter; it seems more likely that what Hamlet wrote to Ophelia was a mocking letter.

The first encounter between Ophelia and Hamlet takes place after the soliloquy "To be or not to be." Ophelia is trying to return remembrances she has received from Hamlet, "for to the noble mind / Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind" (3.1.100-101). Hamlet is not moved by Ophelia's gesture; obviously suspicious, he answers these beautiful lines with: "Ha, ha, are you honest?" (3.1.103).

Finally, Hamlet admits, "I did love you once" (3.1.114), followed by the famous "Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?" (3.1.119-120) and the equally famous "What should such fellows as I do / crawling between earth and heaven?" (3.1.124-125). If Hamlet ever loved Ophelia, as he admits, his melancholia has driven this love out of his mind.

The next encounter is portrayed in sexualized banter between Hamlet and Ophelia:

QUEEN: Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

HAMLET: No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

POLONIUS: [To the King.] O, ho! do you mark that?

HAMLET: Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

OPHELIA: No, my lord.

HAMLET: I mean, my head upon your lap?

OPHELIA: Ay, my lord.

HAMLET: Do you think I meant country matters?

OPHELIA: I think nothing, my lord.

HAMLET: That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

OPHELIA: What is, my lord?

HAMLET: Nothing.

OPHELIA: You are merry, my lord.

HAMLET: Who, I?

OPHELIA: Ay, my lord.

HAMLET: O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.

OPHELIA: Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

HAMLET: So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet?

[3.2.96-116]

When Hamlet says "nothing" is "a fair thought to lie between maids' legs," the psychoanalytically informed reader will be reminded of Lewin's brief paper, "The Nature of Reality, the Meaning of Nothing" (1948), where *nothing,* in the unconscious, stands for the vagina. Once again, I come to the conclusion that this sexualized teasing does not suggest that Hamlet loves Ophelia.

For her part, Ophelia feels sure that Hamlet loved her once, but has lately stopped loving her:

OPHELIA: My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

HAMLET: No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA: My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

[3.1.93-101]

Hamlet, however, denies he ever loved her:

HAMLET: You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it;
I loved you not.

OPHELIA: I was the more deceived.

[3.1.116-118]

Shakespeare leaves open the possibility that Hamlet loved Ophelia, but his father's death and mother's remarriage so shook his trust that he lost his capacity to love. Hamlet may also have suffered a severe disappointment in Ophelia when she betrayed him and chose obedience

to her father over loyalty to him. Hamlet's label of Polonius as a "fishmonger" may also refer to the fact that the father used his daughter as bait to trap Hamlet.

The strongest argument supporting the conclusion that Hamlet does not love Ophelia comes from the scene in which Hamlet murders Polonius. After the murder, mother and son continue their quarrel, and Polonius is left lying there until they finish. Only at the very end of the act is Polonius remembered:

> HAMLET: Indeed this counselor
> Is now most still, most secret and most grave,
> Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
> [3.6.214-216]

Hamlet is impressed by the stillness of death, in contrast to Polonius's "prating" while alive. We are reminded of Hamlet's last words, "The rest is silence" (5.2.337).

Not once in the whole scene does Hamlet remember that Polonius is Ophelia's father and that he has therefore killed the father of the woman he supposedly loves (or loved). The omission of any thought of Ophelia in this drawn-out and powerful scene would alone be proof that he does not love her.

Hamlet's Love for Yorick

Act 5 opens with the graveyard scene. Two clowns discuss Ophelia's suicide as they dig her grave. Hamlet and Horatio approach; we are given no clue as to why they are in the graveyard. Skulls are dug out, eventually Yorick's skull. We learn for the first time that Hamlet as a child loved Yorick:

> Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow
> of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath
> borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how
> abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rims at
> it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know
> not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your
> gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment,

> that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one
> now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fallen?
>
> [5.1.156-163]

In this scene, for the first time, both love and mourning are expressed by Hamlet. The mourning for Yorick is sexualized: "Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft." Yorick bore the child Hamlet upon his back a thousand times. Nothing remotely like this outburst of love and mourning has taken place between Hamlet and his father or mother.

With this scene, Hamlet's inability to mourn or to love is overcome. In psychoanalytic terms, a homosexual childhood love for Yorick has returned from repression. I conclude that what has been repressed had to be recalled before the capacity to love could be experienced. After the kisses to Yorick have been remembered, Hamlet can express his love for Ophelia and can now exclaim, upon seeing her body:

> I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers
> Could not, with all their quantity of love,
> Make up my sum.
>
> [5.1.236-238]

Psychoanalytic understanding enables us to comprehend the connection between the recollection of Yorick's kisses and Hamlet's new ability both to love and to mourn Ophelia. Was Yorick an important sexualized love object during Hamlet's infancy, or is he a mere stand-in for Hamlet's negative Oedipus complex? What we see of Hamlet's relationship to the ghost and to Gertrude does not suggest that there was great intimacy between the parents and young Hamlet. However, Hamlet (and by implication, perhaps also Shakespeare) did not have another woman as a mother substitute, but had a man—Yorick.

I see Yorick as a preoedipal father/mother combination whose roughhousing games both delighted and aroused, as well as created adoration in the child Hamlet, just as a similar figure may have done for the child Shakespeare. Yorick may well be the prototype upon which Shakespeare (1609a) based his "master mistress of my passion" (in sonnet 20):

> Hast thou, the master mistress of my passion;
> A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
> With shifting change . . .
>
> [lines 2-4]

As a compromise solution in that sonnet, Shakespeare suggested that love go to the man and that "love's use" (line 14), meaning sex, go to women.

It also seems likely that the tender relationship between King Lear and the fool is based on the model that gave rise to Hamlet's relationship with Yorick. Freud thought that the Oedipus complex was responsible for Hamlet's inhibition in killing Claudius, but there may well be another reason as well: the fact that an important early love object was male.

As long as the love for Yorick was repressed, all love had to be repressed. An early childhood love had to emerge from repression before Hamlet could love Ophelia. That Ophelia is to be buried in Yorick's grave is another way in which Shakespeare symbolically connects the two characters. The scene allows us to draw a further conclusion: that in his own way Shakespeare understood Freud's future discovery that infantile history has a profound impact on our capacity to love as adults. Shakespeare's venture into self-analysis yields deep insight.[4]

The graveyard scene contains a psychoanalytic lesson: a repressed childhood homosexual memory inhibits both mourning and the capacity to love. When the memory returns from repression and is remembered and reexperienced, energy is liberated and Ophelia can be loved. Whether such a liberation is clinically observable is another matter, but it was thus experienced, in my opinion, by the creator of Hamlet.

HORATIO AND HAMLET

The relationship between Hamlet and Horatio is the only stable one in this otherwise stormy play. If the testimony of the sonnets is to be trusted (Bergmann and Bergmann 2008), such a conflict-free relationship be-

[4] Nevertheless, Shakespeare is not an optimistic therapist, either in *Hamlet* or in *Macbeth* (1603–1606)—where, it may be remembered, Lady Macbeth's doctor reminds her that "the patient / Must minister to himself" (5.3.45-46).

tween two men was not always within Shakespeare's reach. Horatio is responsible for the encounter between Hamlet and the ghost. We have seen that the function of that meeting was to redirect Hamlet's hatred of his mother, aroused by her remarriage to his uncle. In psychoanalytic terms, Horatio is facilitating a change in the direction of Hamlet's oedipal wishes, turning his negative oedipal feelings into aggression against a father substitute, his uncle.

We encounter Horatio again in act 5, scene 1, at the grave of Ophelia. He and Hamlet do not seem aware for whom the grave is prepared, and Shakespeare does not tell us why they are in the graveyard. Horatio agrees with everything Hamlet says.

In the second scene, Hamlet tells Horatio of his discovery that Claudius had sent Hamlet to England to be killed there, and that Hamlet then changed the relevant documents so that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern would be killed instead. This is how we learn what took place in England.

> HAMLET: Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon—
> He that hath kill'd my king, and whored my mother;
> Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
> Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
> And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience
> To quit him with this arm?
>
> [5.2.63-68]

Hamlet seems to require Horatio's agreement that the murder of Claudius is justified, but the role of Horatio remains only the passive one of receiving Hamlet's message.

Later in the same scene, for the first time in the play, Horatio challenges Hamlet, telling him not to agree to fight Laertes. Hamlet's response to him has become famous:

> Not a whit; we defy augury; there's a special
> providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not
> to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now,
> yet it will come; the readiness is all.
>
> [5.2.192-195]

There is a new maturity in Hamlet, a greater acceptance of his destiny, and it is to Horatio that this new maturity is conveyed. Horatio was present in the graveyard scene and it was to him that the childhood memory and love for Ophelia were divulged. Horatio is both passive and receptive to the changes that take place in Hamlet.

Based on our own experience, we analysts might feel that Shakespeare gave Horatio the role of therapist. Without Horatio's presence, Hamlet may not have accomplished the transfer of his love from Yorick to Ophelia. Intuitively, Shakespeare understood the need for a transference figure.

At the end of the play, Hamlet has regained the capacity to love as well as to mourn. Dying, he asks Horatio to mourn for him:

> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
> To tell my story.
>
> [5.2.325-329]

Horatio has to survive so that the lesson of Hamlet remains available to posterity. It is worth noting that Hamlet, a man who earlier could not mourn, asks Horatio to mourn his passing while he lies mortally wounded.

The only survivor is Horatio, more observer than participant. His task is to understand, remember, and mourn. He is the audience's representative on stage.

CONCLUSION

Eissler (1971) stated, "I can . . . imagine that a man who has gone through the nightmares of Hamlet, Othello, Lear, and Macbeth has incurred psychic injuries" (p. 557). According to Eissler, Shakespeare could not have written the works he did without "undergoing deep-reaching identification" (p. 557). "Human passions that were as penetratingly and unforgettably brought onto the stage as they were by Shakespeare must have shaken their creator with almost the same intensity as they did his characters" (p. 558). There is no way of knowing for sure whether Eissler was

right, but if he was, the whole problem of sublimation would have to be reexamined.

My own conclusion is more traditional, for I see Hamlet as recapturing his love of Ophelia through the recall of an early homosexual love from his childhood.

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THE DEATH OF HAMNET: AN ESSAY ON GRIEF AND CREATIVITY

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The author argues that Shakespeare's Hamlet *(1600) was influenced by the death in 1596 of the playwright's 11-year-old twin son, Hamnet. Beyond the similarity between the dead child's name and the play's title, the language of the play, a supreme act of sublimation, does at times seem preoccupied with a kind of linguistic twinning. The play's variations on the theme of doubling—pairs of characters, for example, and the many instances of hendiadys, a figure of speech using two substantives to denote a single complex meaning, as well as* Hamlet*'s play within a play—are indirect references to the dead twin, the author contends.*

Keywords: Hamlet, Shakespeare, twins, Hamnet, hendiadys, grief, creativity, sublimation, death of a child, mourning.

THE DEATH OF HAMNET

On August 11, 1596, Hamnet Shakespeare died. He was eleven years old and the only son of William Shakespeare. Hamnet's surviving twin sister, Judith, lived on into maturity. It is not known whether William Shakespeare returned from London to Stratford on Avon for the burial of his son on that August day, but one suspects that he must have. He was the great minstrel of the songs and sorrows of the human heart, and we can

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assume that, broken-hearted, he made the 50-mile journey by horse or carriage.

Of his grief nothing is recorded. We do know that in his early play *King John* (1594), Shakespeare had written with great tenderness about the grief of a mother for her child, several years before his own son died. Queen Constance, believing her young son to have died, personifies her grief, crying out:

> Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
> Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
> Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
> Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
> Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
>
> [3.4.93-97][1]

If the playwright was able to imagine grief and empathize with it in such a human manner, can we assume that such uncanny literary anticipation had prepared him in advance for the tragedy that awaited him? "The readiness is all" (1600, 5.2.222), he has Hamlet say as the hero contemplates his own death, near the end of a play destined to become the most celebrated drama of all time. It may, of course, not be humanly possible to be ready for the unexpected death of a child at age eleven, but surely it is not too speculative to assume that this was a brutal, existential assault on the playwright's psyche.

HAMLET

Four years or so after this trauma, the father of the dead child wrote *Hamlet* (1600), whose title bears a striking resemblance to the child's name. This obvious connection between *Hamlet* and *Hamnet* was focused on by James Joyce in *Ulysses* (1922), in his celebrated Shakespeare passage. It is the less obvious connections between the dead twin and the frequency of *doublings* of all sorts in the text of *Hamlet* that I wish to focus on. While Joyce infers that Hamnet must have "informed" the text of *Hamlet,* he does not indicate that the very language of the text itself

[1] Numerical annotations for quotations from plays are to act, scene, and line.

may have been influenced by Shakespeare's unconscious rumination about the dead twin.

Not only are there frequent literal references to *one* and *two* throughout the play, but there are also sixty-six examples—many more than in any other Shakespearean play—of a figure of speech with a pronounced double nature: *hendiadys,* which literally means *one through two.* That is, one complex meaning is arrived at through the use of two substantives, mostly nouns, connected by *and,* with "sound and fury" being a simple example, and the "perfume and suppliance of a moment" a much more complex one. What I wish to draw attention to is the possible unconscious connection between lingering grief over a dead twin and this kind of ruminative linguistic doubling, which may indirectly refer to the dead twin.

There are also five parapraxes "planted" in *Hamlet* by a prescient, pre-Freudian Shakespeare, two of them dealing directly with the concept of *one* and *two.* Furthermore, there are many pairs of characters in the play who function more as couples than as individuals (Bernardo and Marcellus, Cornelius and Voltemand, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern). It has been suggested that "the play within a play is an uneasy double of *Hamlet,* and the dumb show a double of the play within a play" (Kermode 2000, p. 102).

My suggestion that certain unusual aspects of Shakespeare's language are the vehicles that carry and express his lingering grief about a dead twin is not immediately obvious. As evidence of this, Kermode (2000) focuses in great detail on doubling and hendiadys as characteristic features of the strange language of *Hamlet,* but no connection at all is made between twins and hendiadys; Kermode's book is a brilliant essay on Shakespearian language in general, but the point I am stressing is not mentioned. What seems obvious to a psychoanalyst may not be so to a literary critic (not that an obvious connection is necessarily correct).

In addition, in considering the play in this light, the difference between clinical analysis and applied analysis is immediately brought into focus: in clinical analysis, an intuition, like the one that connects hendiadys with grief and twins, would need to wait for confirmation or rejection in the free-associative process. In applied analysis, without the possibility of such direct confirmation or rejection, one must rummage

through all Shakespeare's writings for clues or some equivalent of a free association, even though one knows such information may never be available. That said, let me present certain intuitions of mine about the doublings and hendiadyses and parapraxes in the text of *Hamlet,* and the reader can be the judge of whether speculation and truth can be aligned a little or not at all.

The word *hendiadys* to describe this figure of speech was coined by the Latin grammarian Servius around 400 A.D. (see Wright 1981). Servius was studying Virgil's *Aeneid* and *Georgics*, written in the first century B.C., and used the term (which literally means *one through two* in Greek) to describe how Virgil liked to use two nouns joined by "and" (e.g., *et, atque, que*) to express one complex idea. When Virgil writes in the *Georgics,* for example, "*pateris libamus et auro*"—translated literally, "we drink from cups and gold" (see Wright 1981)—we note that the more expectable *golden cups* is being replaced by the more unusual hendiadys *cups and gold.* The hendiadys is more jolting and strange, and more poetic, perhaps.

Why did Shakespeare choose to include sixty-six examples of this rhetorical device in *Hamlet*? The choice of a figure of speech by a playwright must be mysterious and overdetermined. I will focus on one possible unconscious determinant only: repressed affects about Hamnet's death. I suggest that Shakespeare's loss of *one of two*—his only son Hamnet, the male component of fraternal twins—is a possible unconscious determinant of his predilection for figures of speech and parapraxes that deal with the concepts *one* and *two,* which are very prominent in *Hamlet.*

My argument is that the very form of this rhetorical device could have had a subtle unconscious relationship to the terrible absence of Hamnet from Shakespeare's mind—as well as his abiding psychological presence, of course: a conflicted sense of complex sorrow, guilt, and irrational anger at the child for depriving his father of a son. One might postulate that a playwright faced with this psychological turmoil would turn to his personal repertoire of defenses, especially sublimation, to assist with his grief. A device such as hendiadys, which unites two words and alloys them into one complex meaning, might afford the mind a respite from reality's insistence that Hamnet had become a creature of

the past, a loss for which there could be no redress ("Never, never, never, never, never," as Lear laments in a five-fold *cri de coeur* [Shakespeare 1605, 5.3.309]).

The respite is only a linguistic flourish, of course, one that flaunts its brilliant way with words, fusing two of them to create one complex meaning, as if to say, "I haven't lost one of two—I've merged two into one new meaning to serve my artistic goals." If this is preconscious aesthetic strategy, its connection to deeper unconscious levels of conflict and tragedy suggests that the repressed may have a pathway of return carved out for itself in these most complex rhetorical devices.

If the formal properties of hendiadys suggest an unconscious relationship to twins and tragedy, the content of some of *Hamlet*'s sixty-six hendiadyses is suggestive of a preoccupation with grief as well. For example, Laertes advises Ophelia to be wary of Hamlet's love, saying:

> The canker galls the infants of the Spring
> Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
> And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
> Contagious blastments are most imminent.
> [1.3.39-42]

Laertes' metaphorical intent is to remind Ophelia of her youth and of the vulnerability of young objects of sexual desire to adults like Hamlet, who would take advantage of such innocence. But behind Laertes' manifest intent, is there not Shakespeare's latent intent to insinuate an unconscious theme of grief into a manifest statement of sibling censure? In other words, as Shakespeare writes this passage four or five years after the death of Hamnet (who would now have been fifteen or sixteen years old), is he not mindful, on some level, of the "contagious blastments" that struck down Hamnet and spirited him away "in the morn and liquid dew of youth"?

As poetry, this hendiadys has a Shakespearian beauty that deconstruction can disassemble, but can never completely fathom. *Morning* and *liquid* and *dew* and *youth* are fused into an aesthetic mélange that is arresting, and its magic works on the mind in ways that are impossible to understand. In recognizing a deeper layer of grief beneath the rhetoric,

the reader enhances the mystery of artistic creation by acknowledging its complexity.

Another very compelling example of hendiadys in *Hamlet* occurs in Gertrude's speech describing how Ophelia drowned. This speech can wring tears from the most jaded theater-goer's eyes, no matter how often the words have been heard before. It ends with a hendiadys that imagines the drowned Ophelia as "a creature native and indued unto that element" (4.7.179-180), sinking into death even as she sings "snatches of old tunes" (4.7.177). Shakespeare seems to be imagining the demise of a child—Ophelia, a most childlike young woman (close to Hamnet's age, in fact, had the boy lived until 1600)—as a soft landing, so to speak, into the liquid arms of death. "A creature native and indued unto that element" would be a fish, perhaps, or a fetus. This regressive, reparative imagery releases the dead child from one element and into another, in a resurrection fantasy of sorts.

To summarize my argument so far: the sixty-six examples of hendiadys in *Hamlet* emphasize, in form and sometimes in content, a repetitive theme of *one and two* and *two in one*. The effect may be subtle, but like a poetic, subliminal phenomenon, it penetrates and influences the unconscious sensibility of both audience and readers.

If the hendiadyses in *Hamlet* are subtle references to twins and loss, the parapraxes, hidden as they are in the sweep of the text, are, once discovered, perhaps more evident referents. I will describe them and let the reader be the judge. Of the five I have discovered (Mahon 1998, 2000, 2001), I will focus on the two that seem obsessed with *one and two*.

In his first soliloquy, Hamlet, ruminating about his father's death, is in a dark, suicidal mood. He makes a slip of the tongue and corrects himself immediately:

> Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt
> Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
> Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
> How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
> Seem to me all the uses of this world!

> Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
> That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
> Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
> But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two.
> [1.2.129-138]

Hamlet corrects himself immediately, but much unconscious meaning has been packed into that brief lapse of time—by a most Freudian Shakespeare. Earlier (Mahon 1998), I suggested that Hamlet's slip is an unconscious reference to his own wish to kill his father, an imagined act that would have anticipated and antedated Claudius's actual deed by a month or perhaps much longer, given the timelessness of the unconscious. With what did Shakespeare load that memory lapse that lasted only a moment or two before Hamlet corrected himself?

From a Freudian point of view, the whole play could be thought of as a rumination about death wishes toward fathers: the need to repress them, and the return of the repressed as a recurring defiance of that force within the mind that attempts to inhibit the full-blooded expression of any facet of human conflict. One could argue that a ghost and an evil uncle are clever red herrings that lead the audience away from the only truly guilty party (Hamlet), with the whole play crafted as a kind of whodunit that affords Hamlet the opportunity to get to know himself in great depth while on the dramatic, pre-Freudian couch that Shakespeare has set up for him.

I have argued (Mahon 1998) that the *two-and-one* confusion could represent a neurotic resolution of conflict, as though Hamlet knows he is the *one* individuated oedipal entity that wishes to kill the father, but also wants to *pretend* that he is as innocent as a non-individuated child. He is one element of an undifferentiated dyad—mother and child, two in one—and therefore not responsible for any individuated, ambitious wishes. We know from Cassirer's (1955) philosophical, anthropological studies that *one* and *two* share etymological roots with *I* and *Thou,* suggesting that the numerical and the interpersonal, from an etymological point of view, may not be as far-fetched as they might seem at first.

A subsequent parapraxis revisits this theme with extraordinary sarcasm. Hamlet has arranged the play within a play that will "catch the

conscience of the King" (2.2.532), and he has assembled everybody to observe this outing of his uncle's perfidy. The mood is manic. Hamlet, commenting on his mother's nervous composure, says slyly to Ophelia, "For look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father dead within's two hours" (3.2.126-127).

This is an obvious reprise of an earlier parapraxis in the play—"But two months dead—nay not so much, not two" (1.2.138)—but with a new parapraxis embedded in it. Hamlet now says *two hours* rather than *two months,* an obvious piece of verbal clowning horseplay, but it is pregnant with Shakespeare's uncanny, fugal, synthetic montage of irony, dramatic argument, and exploitation of this overdetermined moment. When Ophelia corrects him—"Nay, 'tis twice two months my lord" (3.2.128)—Hamlet strikes at his unwitting prey: "Oh heavens, die two months ago and not forgotten yet!" (3.2.130-131).

I have argued that these parapraxes confirm Freud's "oedipal" reading of *Hamlet* (Mahon 1998). Eleven years later, I am not refuting my earlier argument, but I will add that there is a dead twin being mourned here, as well as a dead (or soon-to-be-dead) father. When Freud expounded his theory of an oedipal Hamlet, he believed that Shakespeare's father was already dead when Shakespeare wrote the play, though this is uncertain; Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet* in 1599-1601, according to most scholars, and Shakespeare's father died in September 1601 (Halliday 1986). Since one assumes that Shakespeare had had an Oedipus complex since childhood, like all of us, the precise date of his father's death may be irrelevant in the psychoanalytic context. However, we know for a fact that, when Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet,* Hamnet was dead.

Returning to the line "But two months dead—nay not so much, not two" (1.2.138), if we were to remove *months,* we would hear: "But two dead. Nay not so much, not two." This, then, would seem to be a reference to twins—first, the awful sense that both are dead, and then the poignant consolation that only one of them is.

I believe that Shakespeare is also alluding to twins when he drops other references to *two* and *one* throughout the play. In the scene we have just explored, we have *two hours, two months,* and *twice two months* being bandied about with great irony and sarcasm.

In fact, from the first moments of the play, the concepts of *two* and *one* have already been accentuated; the play opens with the interrogative "Who's there?" (1.1.1). Thus, *identity* dramatically introduces itself as the curtain rises. From that moment on, the concept of *two and one* becomes personified in subtle ways, as if those abstractions were protagonists on the stage, their names changed from time to time as the play unfolds.

The play opens with *two* sentinels, Francisco and Bernardo, challenging each other for the correct password. Then *two* more characters enter, Horatio and Marcellus. Immediately, the conversation turns to the ghost: "this dreaded sight *twice* seen of us" (1.1.25). They begin to recount "what we have *two* nights seen" (1.1.33). When Bernardo refers to "the bell beating *one*" (1.1.39), the ghost enters. "Thus *twice* before and jump at this dead hour" (1.1.65), Marcellus says, describing the two previous entrances of the ghost.

The doubling of characters proceeds beyond this opening scene. As mentioned, there are Voltemand and Cornelius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, as well as Claudius and Gertrude; and it could also be argued that Hamlet and Horatio are twin spirits of decency in a play rife with treachery and intrigue. Additionally, a most extraordinary reference to the theme of *two* occurs in act 5, when Hamlet and Laertes leap into Ophelia's grave and rant and rave about who loved Ophelia more, her lover or her brother. With one body in the grave, two more living bodies join the dead in a clamor of lament.

What Gertrude says subsequently, when witnessing her son's outburst of manic grief, is even more revealing. Her words are highly relevant to the theme of twins and mourning:

> This is mere madness:
> And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
> Anon, as patient as the female dove,
> When that her golden couplets are disclosed
> His silence will sit drooping.
>
> [5.1.284-288]

Gertrude suggests that, although Hamlet is ranting and raving now, he will calm down later on—like a "female dove" with her offspring (a

"golden couplet," no less!). This whole scene of *two in one* (again, as evidenced by Hamlet and Laertes as *two* survivors in *one* grave that holds Ophelia, and culminating in Gertrude's uncanny reference to "golden couplets") is very suggestive of the twin son Hamnet and the role he may play in his father's unconscious choice of metaphors.

When Hamlet storms off the stage, exclaiming, "Let Hercules himself do what he may / The cat will mew, and dog will have his day!" (5.1.291-292), the theme of two is invoked again as Hamlet, with deepest existential sarcasm, bemoans the fact that human heroism cannot change the inexorable laws of instinct and nature; in the long run, human life is as doomed as are the lives of *two* lower, voiceless, mewing creatures. No matter what Hercules or Hamlet or Hamnet yearns for, the unfeeling laws of biology and entropy trump human desire every time.

As noted earlier, Hamlet's first soliloquy begins: "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt" (1.2.129). Now, "too, too" is not the same as "two, two," but since Shakespeare has crafted a great literary fugue, the sound of the words has almost as much meaning as their sense. If iambic pentameter is perhaps the most musical form of speech ever coined, hendiadys adds additional notes, so to speak, to that iambic rhythm. The mind is lulled and mesmerized by a musical language that attempts to soften the ground bass of tragedy rumbling alongside the music, until that tragedy, indeed, asserts itself in the long run. Then all the flights of angels that attempt to sing the play to rest fail miserably as dead bodies litter the stage, and the clean-up crew—the *two* characters Horatio and Fortinbras—agree to absent themselves from felicity for a while and try to make sense of all that has happened.

Is it possible to view this final tragic scene as yet another reference to twins and the dead Hamnet? If we regard Hamlet and Horatio as twins of a sort, we see that the playwright has arranged for one of them to die, while the other lives on and clears "the wounded name" of the fallen victim, telling his story. When Horatio, too, attempts to kill himself, saying that he is "more an antique Roman than a Dane" (5.2.352), Hamlet forbids him from doing so. Horatio reluctantly agrees to comply, and Fortinbras orders:

> Let four captains
> Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,
> For he was likely, had he been put on
> To have proved most royal.
>
> [5.2.395-398]

One could argue that Hamnet, the 11-year-old son of the greatest playwright of all time, had he "been put on," would have "proved most royal," and that his father's abiding wish to imagine the resurrection of the son, and the continuation of his life and development, found an expression in the father's great drama, whose title echoes the name of the son with an uncanny if not quite perfect likeness. "What's in a name?" a philosophical Shakespeare (1595, 2.2.43) once asked—suggesting, of course, that experience is the essential phenomenon, and the words we assign to it are merely our human verbal attempt to grasp the ineffable.

I suggest that musing on the words *Hamnet* and *Hamlet,* the loss of that which we call a son, by any other name, would break a human heart, regardless of nomenclature. I am also suggesting that sublimation in general—and, in this instance, *language* in particular—is used as an attempt to repair the broken heart through the dual ministry of mourning and art.

There is one further example of doubling that lends additional credence to my argument. In *Hamlet,* there is a play within a play, and within that latter play, there is another play (a dumb show), which enacts the theme of the play without language. This is illusion, almost caricaturing itself: an audience is watching a play called *Hamlet.* They witness the main protagonist inviting the characters of the play to watch another play that he believes will help him confirm the ghost's statement that his uncle killed his father. Hamlet has hired players to enact this play. But what they enact includes a dumb show, a staging of the play to come, though without language. What an extraordinary, aesthetic Russian doll Shakespeare has here fabricated to bewilder and beguile his audience!

The play within a play has been compared by Grinstein (1956) to a dream within a dream. In mounting his argument, Grinstein relies heavily on Freud's commentary on a dream within a dream. Balter's

(2005) concept of nested ideation in dreams is relevant also. Freud (1900) suggested that the contents of a dream within a dream represent an actual reality event that the dream work has inserted there as a way of disavowing its reality. Freud therefore argues that whatever is "disowned" by the dream work in such a manner, and transferred out of one dream compartment and into another, confirms the reality of the event; it is "the strongest affirmation of it" (1900, p. 338), he asserted.

Grinstein uses this argument in comparing a play within a play to a dream within a dream. He suggests that, in *Hamlet,* the play within a play is an attempt to deny not only that Hamlet's uncle killed his father, but that Hamlet himself will eventually, by the play's end, kill his uncle. Elegant and convincing as Grinstein's argument is, it seems to me that, strictly speaking, all the deaths in *Hamlet* are fictional events, not reality events. The death of a character in a play is an illusion, not an actual reality. The death of Hamnet, however, is no illusion; it is a reality event that Shakespeare must have wanted to disavow, given its traumatic, unconscious energy. If *Hamlet* represents, at least on some level, sublimation's attempt to master the unbearable pain of an 11-year-old child's death by turning profound sorrow into profound art, when the art begins to falter as a dream might falter—under its own unconscious weight, so to speak—will extraordinary devices be necessary on the dream work's part and on the playwright's part to maintain successful illusion?

In other words, if Shakespeare is haunted by the reality of Hamnet's death *too* traumatically, *too* disruptively, as he writes his tragedy, will a device such as a play within a play bolster his disavowal of Hamnet's death and allow him to proceed with successful playwriting? Just in case one play within a play is not sufficient, perhaps he should throw in another one: a dumb show in which language has been abandoned altogether, just the way that language is frequently renounced in dreams, or the way word presentations abandon thing presentations in the act of repression.

In that sense, then, Shakespeare has mounted a dumb show (dream?) within a play within *another* play. If my thesis is correct, these extraordinary dramatic devices are necessary because of a dead child's ghost and the haunting words "Remember me," which almost sabotage the playwright's sublimation as he tries to keep his pact with memory and his pact with art all at once.

DISCUSSION

Returning to the theme of what's in a name—the name being Hamnet—I note that, although it is an unusual name today, it was common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (Crystal and Crystal 2005). It had many related forms—Hamlin, Hamblyn, Hamelot, Hamonet, Hammond—and it could be either a first name or a surname. Shakespeare named his twins after two friends, Hamnet and Judith Sadler, in a gesture of love, it would seem, directed not only toward his old friends, but also toward his newborns. Shakespeare's name for his play *Hamlet* seems to have come from a different source, however: *Amleth* was the name of a Dane in a tale told by the twelfth-century historian Saxo Grammaticus, and Shakespeare seems to have anglicized that to *Hamlet*.

Those are the facts, so to speak, but what about Shakespeare's unconscious intentions? Earlier (Mahon 1998), I argued that the theme of grief in *Hamlet* is artfully hidden, and that it takes a bit of psychoanalytic, semantic prodding to pry it loose from its hiding place. But in fact the playwright seems to call attention to the issue by giving his play practically the same name as his dead son's. I think we can conclude that there is a wish to reveal and conceal all at once, a double intent that does not surprise the student of psychic defense, who knows only too well that defense tries to repress an unconscious motive while representing it—or, if I may be permitted a psychoanalytic pun, by *repressing* it into an alternative expression of itself (Mahon 2005b). In fact, my theme is this kind of psychological doubling and the ways in which, in this particular instance, the death of a twin has a bearing on the form and content of Shakespeare's sublimations.

Is there any evidence to suggest that unresolved grief about a twin was particularly on the playwright's mind around 1600, when he was writing *Hamlet*? Shakespeare did write about twins elsewhere, in one play before *Hamlet* and another after: *The Comedy of Errors* (1593) and *Twelfth Night* (1601a). *The Comedy of Errors* is sheer theatrical slapstick. Borrowing the plot from Plautus, Shakespeare doubles the zaniness of the Roman play by creating two sets of twins, which also doubles the play's confusion. Hamnet was still alive at this juncture, and there is no hint of death in the play.

In *Twelfth Night,* there is a shipwreck and twins are presumably drowned. One of the twins, Viola, who believes her brother to be dead, disguises herself as a man in the service of Duke Orsino, and is presumed to be dead herself by her grieving brother, Sebastian. We are still in the realm of comedy, but the twins' reunion at the play's end has a profound emotional impact; it is most unlikely that Shakespeare was not mindful of his loss when he wrote it. The Duke, puzzled by the exact likeness of the twins, says:

> One face, one voice, one habit and two persons,
> A natural perspective that is and is not.
> [5.1.216-217]

And Antonio, equally puzzled, says:

> How have you made division of yourself?
> An apple, cleft in two is not more twin
> Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
> [5.1.222-224]

In the same year, Shakespeare wrote a poem about ideal love called "The Phoenix and Turtle" (1601b). Scholars have argued about its meaning and its pedigree. Was it perhaps written about Elizabeth and Essex, or about another couple who had commissioned it? I will not dwell on the mysteries surrounding its meanings and origins, focusing instead on certain lines in the poem that again seem to play with the concept of *one and two.*

The poem is composed of three sections. The first five stanzas describe a funeral procession of mourning birds, with the Phoenix symbolizing beauty, rarity, and longevity, and the Turtledove symbolizing constancy in love. The next eight lines are an anthem sung by the mourners, in which Reason is confounded by a Love as magical as the Phoenix and the Turtle's. Reason then sings a *threnos* (funeral song) of nine lines, which ends the poem.

I quote a few stanzas:

> Here the anthem doth commence:
> Love and constancy is dead,

Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in Love was slain.
[1601b, p. 1797, lines 21-28]

So between them love did shine
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.
[1601b, p. 1797, lines 33-40]

The middle section from which I have just quoted is apparently indebted to the scholastic language of Thomas Aquinas and his discourse on the three components of the Trinity. I would like to suggest the presence of *dualities* as well: I believe the poem could represent an expression of grief about the ideal love between a father and a son, as well as a reflection on the mysteries of biology contained in the existence of twins and the tragedy of premature death.

If one considers *The Comedy of Errors, Hamlet,* "The Phoenix and Turtle," and *Twelfth Night* as seamless sublimations of one playwright, it would seem that, whereas in *The Comedy of Errors* (1593), twins are the subject matter of riotous confusion and laughter, in 1600-1601, Shakespeare—whose son had died in 1596—had become more philosophical, more tragic about the existential implications of *one and two* and all the dualities of internal psychological life, as well as about external realities. If biology could roll the genetic dice and double the womb's gestational contents at will, fate could also snuff out human life, even at the young age of eleven, with thoughtless contempt for human concerns.

In *Hamlet,* twins make no formal entrance, as they will later do in *Twelfth Night,* but their presence is felt indirectly, as I have suggested. As mentioned earlier, had Hamnet lived, he would have been fifteen or sixteen years old at the time *Hamlet* was being written, edging his way toward maturity—rather than having been prematurely cut down, and with him the continuation of the Shakespeare name. *Hamlet* deals with the coming of age of its main protagonist, a transition that includes the attempt to integrate conflict within and treachery without, while not permitting the protagonist to go insane as all the facets of conflict and compromise are engaged.

In "Mourning and Melancholia" (1915), Freud argues that mourning, both less neurotic and less ambivalent than melancholia, is by definition a natural phenomenon with a sense of closure built into it. The dead are stripped of their libidinal energy, and the newly available energy informs future attachments and relationships. But I believe that Freud was writing largely about an adult who mourns another adult. A parent mourning a child is another matter.

In Japanese folklore, children who have died are depicted as constructing towers on Mount Dread, an ancient burial place. Since they died prematurely, they must atone for this sinful act by building these towers, which demons repeatedly knock down, much to the children's sorrow, and they weep in frustration as their labors lead to no resolution of their conflicts. This poignant story is said to depict the plight of children, but in my opinion, it more accurately describes the pathology of frustrated adults who mourn the premature death of a child.

Freud's notion that the libido of the dead object must be made available for reattachment to new objects may still hold, but the process is much more painful, difficult, and complex when an adult mourns a dead child. If we try to place ourselves in the shoes of William Shakespeare between 1596 and his own death in 1616, might we imagine the configuration of his grief? If natural mourning (as opposed to a pathological mourning process) seems to have a circumscribed beginning, middle, and end, as the mind gradually rights itself from the sense of trauma and loss, the particular mourning process of a parent for a dead child is difficult to circumscribe within an expectable time frame. The loss of an object whose development is not complete must make clo-

sure almost impossible; for as the parent mourns the actual child whom death has claimed, won't the parental mind continue to imagine subsequent versions of the child, as growth and development would have proceeded through all the subsequent years?

In the case of twins, the missing phantom limb or phantom-twin phenomenon will be accentuated by the presence of the living twin, whose life and development is a constant reminder of what might have been—namely, the continuing life of the dead twin alongside the living sibling, had tragedy not intervened. How can mourning be accomplished in the face of the constant perceptual and emotional overstimulation that the living twin represents? Is it possible that hendiadyses and parapraxes could help accomplish a grieving mind's sublimation?

I have argued elsewhere (Mahon 2005a) that when a dream uses a parapraxis, one wonders why, in a structure of such manifest and latent disguises, an additional disguise in the form of parapraxis would be necessary. I made a similar point in relation to dreams within dreams (Mahon 2002). To oversimplify my argument here, for the sake of brevity, I believe that dreams reach for these additional flourishes when the defensive structure of the dream is in danger of succumbing to nightmarish anxiety, and therefore calls up the reserves, so to speak, in order to maintain a more soothing balance of disguises, thereby promoting further sleep.

Do plays act like dreams in that sense? Is there an analogy here with *Hamlet* as an act of sublimation? In other words, if the playwright is both expressing and disguising, and is trying to integrate a whole host of psychological issues and conflicts (one of them being grief about the loss of his son) into the fabric of his play, are there dramatic moments when the sublimation seems to falter but then corrects itself, rights itself by reaching for additional rhetorical devices—such as hendiadyses, parapraxes, plays within plays within plays—to keep the audience as censor off its guard?

As mentioned earlier, Kermode (2000) called the play within a play "an uneasy double of *Hamlet,* and the dumb show a double of the play within a play" (p. 102). I suggest that Shakespeare, having almost tipped his hand by calling his play practically by the same name as his son, then pulls out all the stops to steer the audience away from the clue he has

just revealed Ironically, even as he deflects attention away from Hamnet, the rhetorical flourishes he employs lead the audience back again (by a very circuitous route, to be sure), as if the playwright is inviting them "by indirections" to "find directions out" (Shakespeare 1600, 2.1.63). Such is the game of cat and mouse that defense plays with desire, as psychoanalysts know very well, but it can also be the game that playwrights play with their readers and audience as they simultaneously reveal and conceal, in order to enhance their dramatic purposes.

I would like to introduce another aspect of hendiadys. From a developmental point of view, hendiadys could represent language that is less integrated and integrative than it will subsequently become. Allow me to elaborate by using Virgil's example once again: one could imagine a very young child saying, "We drink from gold and cups," if the more integrated adjectival expression *golden cups* is not yet available to the child's presynthetic mind. After all, a child of two, who has approximately 200 words in his verbal repertoire, uses them mainly to identify what he sees and to express what he needs. Initially, words are global, as Spitz (1957, pp. 99-100) suggested; thus, a child's uttering "cup" may mean "I want to drink from the cup." The global word *cup* represents all of that, with an instinctual minimalism that is natural for the child. The child's world is a magical place, as perception reaches toward experience for the first time and attempts to name everything, like Adam in the primal garden.

Cassirer (1955) emphasized this thrilling developmental moment: he imagines primitive man's first confrontation with the wonder of reality, when each new perception is experienced as "a momentary god" (p. 169). These *momentary gods* will eventually become synthesized into a more integrated, organized "religion" of perceptual experience for primitive man as he matures—and indeed for children also, as their Piagetian grasp of reality becomes more and more sophisticated.

I am suggesting, of course, that the writer often dips his quill into these regressive preconscious waters and exploits the primitive for literary purposes, with what might once have been called *primitive* now going by the fancy name *hendiadys*. A writer who can desynthesize language in this manner creates "twins" out of integrated concepts, as the spirit moves him: he can turn *golden cups* into *gold and cups,* to the enchantment of his readers. An additional enchantment and motiva-

tion for the writer, of course, may be the illusion that he can give birth to twins at will, poetically undoing the catastrophe of loss in the word-womb of language.

CONCLUSION

While I have focused mostly on *Hamlet,* it could be argued that evidence of Shakespeare's grief can be found in many of his other plays and poems as well. In *The Winter's Tale* (1610), an idyllic childhood in which Polixenes and Leontes "were as twinned lambs that did frisk i' the sun / And bleat the one at th' other" (1.1.67-68) turns tragically sour as the pathological jealousy of Leontes leads to the destruction of his relationship with his wife and friend, and ultimately causes the death of his son Mamillius as well. In *King Lear* (1605), the rage of a petulant, infantile father leads not only to the loss of his kingdom, but also to the loss of all his children. Citing these additional examples in *King Lear* and *The Winter's Tale,* Smith (2009) wonders "if Shakespeare's loss might not hang over the whole canon and its focus on fathers who lose their children, often through their own rage."

If, as Freud's theory of overdetermination implies, the complexity of creativity can never be reduced to a single genetic source, the irony of the uncanny connection between Hamnet and Hamlet nonetheless suggests, I believe, that the deepest sorrow can be transformed into beauty when indomitable genius insists on transcending its own suffering.

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SIBLING JEALOUSY AND AESTHETIC AMBIGUITY IN AUSTEN'S *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE*

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Jane Austen's most popular novel, Pride and Prejudice *(1813), illuminates and is illuminated by psychoanalytic aesthetics. When Austen dramatizes unconscious oedipal/sibling rivalries, irony acts as a type of aesthetic ambiguity (E. Kris 1952). A psychoanalytic perspective shows that Austen uses a grammar of negatives (negation, denial, minimization) to achieve the dual meanings of irony, engaging the reader's unconscious instinctual satisfactions, while at the same time protecting the reader from unpleasant affects. Austen's plot, which portrays regressions driven by sibling jealousy, reveals that a new tolerance of remorse and depression in her heroine and hero leads to psychic growth.*

Keywords: Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, oedipal/sibling jealousy, aesthetic ambiguity, irony, negation, unconscious satisfaction.

IRONY, AESTHETIC AMBIGUITY, AND THE NEGATIVE

This psychoanalytic exploration of Jane Austen's most popular novel, *Pride and Prejudice* (1813), focuses on the author's acclaimed use of irony, in order to show its effect on the reader's unconscious fantasies of oedipal/sibling jealousy. Austen's irony (Jenkyns 2004; Mudrick 1952) can be more deeply appreciated with the application of a psychoana-

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lytic perspective that shows precisely how her irony works to engage the reader's unconscious instinctual satisfactions (Arlow 1969; E. Kris 1952), and at the same time to provide "an inherent defensive potential that can protect the beholder from the unpleasant affects that arise with the mobilization of his unconscious infantile fantasies" (Balter 1999, p. 1303). Irony can be understood as a form of aesthetic ambiguity: "The understanding of irony . . . involves the recognition of two distinct (indeed opposed) meanings, which are, however, responded to conjointly" (E. Kris 1952, p. 247).

In order to give expression to unconscious fantasy satisfactions and to respect defenses against impulses, Austen uses a grammar of negatives (negation, denial, and minimization) to accomplish the irony that functions to permit a primary process tolerance of contradiction. This paper proposes that when representations of repressed, unconscious oedipal/sibling conflicts are dramatized in her narratives, Austen's irony, with its grammar of negatives, comes prominently into play. The great novelist employs negation or denial when conflicts are heated, for instance, bringing an idea into the conscious awareness of both character and reader while at the same time introducing the "no" or "not," in order to render painful affect unconscious by permitting a contending idea to be fantasied, simultaneously or alternatively (Freud 1925).

Austen's enormous popularity with literary critics and with the general public (Deresiewicz 2004; Galperin 2003; Harding 1940; Knox-Shaw 2004; Tanner 1985; Trilling 1957; Watt 1981; Wiltshire 1992) shows that her language powerfully engages the reader's unconscious. Psychoanalytic theory has attempted to understand "the language of art per se" and "the laws governing its structure, to grasp what sets it apart from other modes of communication, and to disclose the secret of its effect" on the reader (Noy 1969, p. 623). One psychoanalytic insight is that artistic representations "contain elements which correspond to features already present in the preformed unconscious fantasies" (Arlow 1969, p. 9).

Another analyst's view is that the way in which people approach works of art has a special aim:

> The contents of *conscious perception*, of *conscious fantasizing*, and of *unconscious fantasizing* are all aligned in a harmonious

> and mutually-reinforcing configuration. A state of intense psychic dynamism and tight functional integration thus occurs, a state otherwise quite rare in waking mental life (Freud, 1915, pp. 194-195). The work of art . . . becomes, for the time being, the organizer and regulator of the beholder's emotional-instinctual life. [Balter 1999, p. 1302, italics in original]

I propose a new psychoanalytic insight: that the use of a grammar of negatives within Austen's irony is a form of aesthetic ambiguity that permits her language to connect with the reader's unconscious fantasies of triumphs and satisfactions in oedipal/sibling rivalries.

Freud articulates the mechanisms of negation:

> The manner in which our patients bring forward their associations during the work of analysis gives us an opportunity for making some interesting observations. "Now you'll think I mean to say something insulting, but really I've no such intention" [says the patient]. We realize that this is a repudiation, by projection, of an idea that has just come up. Or: "You ask who this person in the dream can be. It's *not* my mother." We emend this to: "So it *is* his mother." In our interpretation, we take the liberty of disregarding the negation and of picking out the subject-matter alone of the association. [Freud 1925, p. 235, italics in original]

E. Kris (1952) elaborated Freud's insight, observing that the language of great art maintains both the "subject matter"—*my mother*—and its negation—*not my mother*---in achieving the aesthetic ambiguity (multiple meanings) necessary to sustain aesthetic pleasure while provoking disruptive affect. E. Kris underlines that with aesthetic ambiguity, "we have reference not necessarily to uncertainty of meaning but to its multiplicity" (p. 245):

> We call an ambiguity disjunctive when the separate meanings function in the process of interpretation as alternatives . . . . Freud (1905c, p. 79) has spoken of these as switch-words:
>
> > In a line of associations ambiguous words (or as we may call them "switch-words") act like points at a junction. If the points are switched across from the position in which they

> appear to lie in the dream [narration], then we find ourselves upon another set of rails and along this track run the thoughts which we are in search of and which still lie concealed behind the dream [surface narrative].
>
> The separate set of rails characterizes the ambiguity between the manifest and latent content as disjunctive . . . . An ambiguity is conjunctive when the separate meanings are jointly effective in the interpretation. [E. Kris 1952, pp. 245-246]

Utilizing conjunctive ambiguity, Austen conveys her ironic meaning through a "pair of aphorisms" (Jenkyns 2004, p. 1), a narrative statement and a balancing contradiction, in the famous opening lines of *Pride and Prejudice* (Austen 1813): "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife," and:

> However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters. [p. 1]

In the first statement, the desire of the single man who possesses a good fortune is asserted to be the "want of a wife." In the second statement, "however little known the feelings or views of such a man may be," there is a comic acknowledgment that the "want" may be located not so much in the single man's consciousness as in the "surrounding families" who consider him their "rightful property." Austen thus opens her novel with ironic reference both to sexual desire "in want" and to the powerful rivalries between a neighborhood's families for the advancement and pleasure of their daughters.

CHARACTER CHANGE, ASSOCIATIONISM, AND PRIMARY PROCESS IN AUSTEN'S FICTION

Austen's fiction expanded the bildungsroman tradition, for her technique of *free indirect discourse* (Tuite 2002) put the reader in sympa-

thetic contact with the primary process associations of her heroines, as they gain the greater range and depth of emotion needed for character development and moral growth (Knox-Shaw 2004; Trilling 1957). In key passages of *Pride and Prejudice*, in Austen's depictions of character change, Elizabeth Bennet and Fitzwilliam Darcy suffer painfully conflicted feelings that they have never endured before.

Austen was influenced by the Romantic poets' ideas on the creative process and psychological growth (Deresiewicz 2004; Tuite 2002), as was Freud nearly a century later. Coleridge's definition of imagination (his London lectures were printed while Austen composed her first novels) articulated a need for regression in the service of free association, for a psychic disorganization to achieve a more inclusive psychic organization (see Abrams 1953). In *The Interpretation of Dreams*, Freud (1900) quoted the German Romantic poet Schiller's ideas on associative processes that so influenced Coleridge (see Coburn 1957) as giving access to primary process thought.

E. Kris (1952) elaborates Freud's ideas: "Configurations which bear the imprint of primary process tend to be ambiguous, allowing for more than one interpretation" (p. 104). In art, the primary processes continue to be active in a secondary-process narrative, and so "they are permitted to go on being active" (Noy 1969, p. 638). This characteristic of primary process thought—that it allows "for more than one interpretation"—is essential to Austen's linked portrayals of oedipal/sibling conflict and character change.

Keats's conceptual variation on the theory of associationism, *negative capability,* has been taken up by psychoanalysts (see Grinberg 1990, p. 119) because the term condenses the poetic methods of retrieving and representing derivatives of unconscious scenes (while keeping painful affects repressed), as they emerge in displacements and through negation, denial, and minimization. Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" (1819), with its famous negation, "'Tis not through envy," depicts the "perilous seas" of this retrieval, which can facilitate psychic growth or lead to paralysis and despair "in fairy lands forlorn" (pp. 525-530). Thus, Austen's fiction is rooted in the genius of her period when the dramatic course of her plots leads the heroines to regress in the service of psychic change.

Austen's implicit view of psychic change is that such change involves the elaboration and working through of oedipal/sibling jealousies among her characters. Austen worked on psychic change in the context of a highly charged and complex period literature on female submission and rebellion in family life, on female sexual desire, independence of mind, and object choice (Hudson 1992; Johnson 1988). In *Pride and Prejudice,* Austen's narrative ironies permitted her to dramatize serious conflicts between her heroines' survival, their sexual desires, and their oedipal/sibling conflicts, while keeping the tone "light" and "sparkling" (Chapman 1952, p. 229).

AUSTEN'S OEDIPAL / SIBLING RIVALRY, ENVY, AND JEALOUSY

Pride and Prejudice dramatizes the "family complex" (Freud 1914, p. 61) in a plot that hinges on a problem of survival, with the prospective loss of the Bennet family's Longbourn estate. Because the estate is entailed through the male line, Mrs. Bennet and any unmarried daughters will be left destitute at the time of Mr. Bennet's death. Thus, "Mrs. Bennet . . . continued to rail bitterly against the cruelty of settling an estate away from a family of five daughters, in favour of a man whom nobody cared anything about" (p. 46).

Mrs. Bennet universalizes her hatred of Mr. Collins (the cousin on whom the estate is entailed) in the face of the threat to her survival and the well-being of her daughters. Uncertain of her right to hate and dismiss the interloper, she projects her feeling about him as someone "whom nobody cared anything about." Behind the universalizing negative "nobody cared," Mrs. Bennet keeps her personal envy from her consciousness, and Austen adds an ironic meaning retrospectively when Mrs. Bennet so desperately wants Elizabeth to care enough about Mr. Collins to marry him in order to secure Longbourn estate for herself.

The plot of *Pride and Prejudice* is perfectly constructed to expose the dynamics of oedipal/sibling rivalries. Mrs. Bennet (mother of five daughters, wife of the sardonic Mr. Bennet) has heard that Mr. Bingley, a single man of good fortune, has let Netherfield Hall. Accompanied

by his two jealous sisters and the rich Mr. Darcy, Bingley arrives in the neighborhood and attends the Meryton ball, where a proud Darcy rejects Elizabeth as a dance partner, and a pleasing Bingley falls in love with Jane Bennet. Mr. Collins arrives at Longbourn ready to marry whichever of the Bennet daughters will have him—but is turned down by Elizabeth. Mrs. Bennet's anger is provoked when Elizabeth's best friend, Charlotte Lucas, agrees to marry him the next day.

Mr. Wickham, a handsome, insinuating young man, raised almost as a brother to Darcy, arrives in Meryton with his regiment. Wickham maligns Darcy to Elizabeth and charms her with his soft attentions. Mr. Bingley is persuaded by Mr. Darcy (who has plans for him to marry his sister) that Jane does not love him, and the Netherfield party returns to London. Elizabeth visits her friend Charlotte, now Mrs. Collins, in the parsonage, which is connected to the Rosings estate of Darcy's Aunt, Lady Catherine De Bourgh. Darcy and his cousin pay a visit to Rosings; he falls further in love with Elizabeth and proposes without success.

In the summer, Elizabeth travels to Derbyshire with her Aunt and Uncle Gardiner and meets Mr. Darcy at his great estate of Pemberley. Darcy is now "polite and unassuming," "really attentive" (p. 195), and invites them all to dinner, but Elizabeth receives news from Jane that their youngest sister, Lydia Bennet—"vain, ignorant, idle, and absolutely uncontrouled" (p. 177)—has run off with Wickham. Elizabeth begins to understand Darcy's character and now fears that Lydia's reckless abandon of her family and good name will cost her, Elizabeth, Darcy's love, "for who . . . will connect themselves with such a family" (p. 225), as Lady Catherine puts it. However, Darcy pays Wickham to marry Lydia, takes care of his debts, and sets him up in a northern post, so that Bingley can marry Jane and he himself can win Elizabeth's love and hand.

In late adolescence, Austen's heroines must work through their oedipal/sibling jealousies sufficiently to make good marriages. Too much guilt over unresolved oedipal/sibling conflicts, resulting in destructive rivalries and poor judgment, could ruin them (Colonna and Newman 1983; Kernberg and Richards 1988; M. Kris and S. Ritvo 1983; Neubauer 1982, 1983; Pao 1969; Provence and Solnit 1983; Rosiers 1993; Sharpe and Rosenblatt 1994).

In psychoanalytic theory, the oedipal/sibling conflicts in the family complex (Freud 1914, p. 61) are important, though somewhat underrepresented in the literature.

> No child fails to feel betrayed at the birth of a younger sibling. The earliest and most violent forms of envy and jealousy occur at this early stage of childhood, the rivalry for mother's nurturing love, the wish for complete possession. When these wishes have for one reason or another been poorly mastered, they leave tendencies for reactions of violent jealousy at later levels of development, the oedipal level. [Kligerman 1962, pp. 741-742]

Freud (1916) wrote that the child's

> . . . sense of injury gives grounds for receiving the new brothers or sisters with repugnance and for unhesitatingly getting rid of them by a wish . . . . It is even true that as a rule children are far readier to give verbal expression to these feelings of hate [toward siblings] than to those arising from the parental complex. [p. 334, italics in original]

Indeed, it has been noted that "negative affects are safer when not experienced as directed toward the parents on whom the child must depend" (Kernberg and Richards 1988, p. 56). In *Pride and Prejudice,* Mrs. Bennet's anxiety over survival is treated ironically by Austen to modulate the intensity of affect evoked in the reader by the rivalries of the family-complex plot.

Neubauer (1983) makes several essential points that can illuminate the context of survival fears and oedipal/sibling conflicts in *Pride and Prejudice.* Since rivalry, envy, and jealousy are evoked in a child who has no siblings, Neubauer asks how the sibling experience adds to or modifies the outcome of these powerful affects, and he makes three profound inferences:

> 1. Envy and jealousy are basically related to the feeling of conflict and dissatisfaction the child experiences with the primary psychological parent . . . . 2. The child's need to experience the parent as omnipotent and omniscient is at the same time universally expressed in those residues of infantile wishes and expectations that we observe as rivalry, envy and jealousy . . . .

> 3. The need for acquisition and possession underly [sic] rivalry, envy and jealousy. [1983, p. 333]

Rivalry over the "need for acquisition and possession" of goods and resources, over love, sex, wealth, and houses, produces conflicts among the characters in the many triangular relationships in *Pride and Prejudice:* Elizabeth competes with her mother for her father's love and approval; Elizabeth is her sister Lydia's rival for the attentions of Wickham; Mrs. Bennet competes with Charlotte Lucas's mother for Mr. Collins as a son-in-law, given his future possession of the Longbourn estate; Darcy and Wickham are rivals for the love and property of their mutual provider, old Mr. Darcy; Darcy competes silently with Wickham for Elizabeth; and Caroline Bingley becomes self-destructively jealous of Elizabeth as Darcy's love for her grows. These are just the major love triangles in *Pride and Prejudice,* whose central subject is sibling jealousy and whose central technique is Austen's irony, with its softening grammar of negatives.

OEDIPAL VICTORY AND GUILT: ELIZABETH AS "PARTNER" IN HER FATHER'S "PLEASURE"

The maligned Mr. Collins arrives at Longbourn holding out an olive branch, ready to marry one of the Bennet daughters. Mr. Bennet is bent on bringing out Mr. Collins's sycophantic side, and Elizabeth joins in the fun. Mrs. Bennet, desperate for Mr. Collins to marry one of her daughters, earnestly encourages her guest. Austen's narrator comments dryly:

> Mr. Bennet's expectations were fully answered. His cousin was as absurd as he had hoped, and he listened to him with the keenest enjoyment, maintaining at the same time the most resolute composure of countenance, and except in an occasional glance at Elizabeth, requiring no partner in his pleasure. [p. 51]

"Except in an occasional glance at Elizabeth," her father requires "no partner in his pleasure" (p. 51). Under cover of a minimization ("occasional") and a negation ("no"), fragments of the sentence can lead the reader to form the idea that Elizabeth has become a "partner" in her father's "pleasure"—an idea that can pass psychic censorship to stir

up pleasurable fantasies in the reader's unconscious. "Our actual enjoyment of an imaginative work proceeds from a liberation of tensions in our minds" (Freud 1908, p. 153). Narrative fragments get reworked in the unconscious:

> Art is one gestalt in which primary and secondary processes are sublimely integrated without contradicting each other . . . . The unconscious perception, though not restricted to such limitations, is able to "understand" those contents even if they are communicated in a converse, piecemeal and disordered fashion. [Noy 1969, pp. 638, 640]

Austen's narration goes on to portray Mr. Bennet's contempt for his wife and Elizabeth's conflict over that contempt:

> To his wife he was very little otherwise indebted, than as her ignorance and folly had contributed to his amusement . . . . Elizabeth, however, had never been blind to the impropriety of her father's behaviour as a husband. She had always seen it with pain; but respecting his abilities, and grateful for his affectionate treatment of herself, she endeavoured to forget what she could not overlook, and to banish from her thoughts that continual breach of conjugal obligation and decorum which, in exposing his wife to the contempt of her own children, was so highly reprehensible. [pp. 180-181]

In the indirect discourse through which the narrator enters Elizabeth's inner thoughts, Austen's grammar of negatives thickens as "switch words" (Freud 1905, p. 79) both reveal and veil the suggestive oedipal situation for Elizabeth: "Elizabeth had never been blind to the impropriety of her father's behaviour . . . . She endeavoured to forget." Had she "never been blind"? Or is she somehow still "blind"? Elizabeth can "banish it [her father's impropriety] from her thoughts." But can she banish her unconscious satisfaction in and attachment to the oedipal father, which her father's contempt for her mother heightens?

In this play of disjunctive ambiguities, *blind* and *never blind, propriety* and *impropriety*, the reader's unconscious can find satisfaction in, and defend against, incestuous fantasies provoked by the language of the narrative. Austen will proceed to create a set of variations on "impropriety" in

a conjunctive ambiguity that will build up an interpretive understanding, differentiating the characters of Darcy, Wickham, and Mr. Bennet as Elizabeth comes to understand each of them better.

Austen creates a "past" for Mr. Bennet in his favoritism toward Elizabeth and Jane, which exacerbates sibling rivalry. From Mr. Collins's letter, the reader learns that there has been a long "disagreement" between Mr. Bennet and Mr. Collins's late father. Mr. Collins writes:

> I have frequently wished to heal the breach; but for some time I was kept back by my own doubts, fearing lest it might seem disrespectful to his memory for me to be on good terms with any one, with whom it had always pleased him to be at variance. [p. 47]

With one sentence in a letter, Austen portrays a background of unresolved rivalry in Mr. Bennet's life, transmitted from the prior generation into the main plot of *Pride and Prejudice*.

Mrs. Bennet also shows (not unusual) envious competitiveness in her maternal search for husbands for her daughters and safety for her own old age. Mrs. Bennet thus becomes enraged with her neighbor and rival, Lady Lucas, when she finds out that this woman's daughter, Charlotte, is to marry Mr. Collins after Elizabeth has turned him down. The idea that Charlotte will inherit Longbourn launches Mrs. Bennet on a comic rant that is rich in primary process contradictions and concludes with a destruction of the match:

> In the first place, she persisted in disbelieving the whole of the matter; secondly, she was very sure that Mr. Collins had been taken in; thirdly, she trusted that they would never be happy together; and fourthly, that the match might be broken off. [pp. 97-98]

Thus, Mrs. Bennet, with irreconcilable negatives, manages simultaneously to "disbelieve" the matter, to judge that the man was duped, to trust that the couple would never be happy, and to maintain that the match "might be broken off." Unconscious oedipal responses to the parental couple find a perfect displacement. And I propose that it is this kind of language—heard in all its primary process, instinctually moti-

vated, and contradictory meanings—that deeply bonds Austen's millions of devoted fans to her works.

ENVY AND JEALOUSY BETWEEN RIVAL "BROTHERS": DARCY AND WICKHAM

Viewed through the lens of the family complex in *Pride and Prejudice*, the language of many episodes yields a sharper meaning. The main lines of the plot involve Wickham's envy of Darcy's wealth, Darcy's jealousy of Wickham over Elizabeth, and Wickham's revenge on Darcy in his attempted and actual seductions—first of Darcy's sister Georgiana, and then of Elizabeth's sister Lydia. The dark consequences that can attend on oedipal/sibling rivalry are articulated in Austen's narrative with a complex irony. A "shocking" sibling rivalry is imagined and projected by Wickham onto Darcy as an accusation. And Austen's irony, with its grammar of negatives, comes into play to reach the reader's unconscious and keep the novel sparkling. The long dialogue that forms the heart of chapter seven contains Wickham's slander of Darcy, in which the oedipal/sibling conflicts are thoroughly elaborated.

In the drawing room of Elizabeth's aunt, Wickham tells Elizabeth that he grew up with Darcy, as son of the steward on old Mr. Darcy's great estate, and that he was godson to Darcy's wealthy father. Wickham lies outright to Elizabeth, maintaining that Darcy was so jealous that his father preferred his godson to his own son, and that after his father's death, Darcy deprived Wickham of the living he was promised. Elizabeth responds:

> "I had not thought Mr. Darcy so bad as this—though I have never liked him, I had not thought so very ill of him—I had supposed him to be despising his fellow-creatures in general, but did not suspect him of descending to such malicious revenge, such injustice, such inhumanity as this!" [p. 61]

Wickham includes in his long attack on Darcy a declaration that, out of respect for old Mr. Darcy, he will never expose his son.

Wickham takes pleasure in accusing Darcy to Elizabeth, projecting his own envy and jealousy onto Darcy, who had inherited the great Pem-

berley estate, and only later does Elizabeth see the "impropriety" and duplicity inherent in Wickham's story. Darcy wounded Elizabeth's pride at the Meryton ball, when she overheard him saying she was "not handsome enough to tempt" him to dance (p. 7), and so she is motivated to believe the worst, even though puzzled at the cruelty:

> "But what . . . can have been his motive? [interjects Elizabeth]—what can have induced him to behave so cruelly?" "A thorough, determined dislike of me [replies Wickham]—a dislike which I cannot but attribute in some measure to jealousy . . . . He had not a temper to bear the sort of competition in which we stood—the sort of preference which was often given me." [pp. 60-61]

Wickham could not "but attribute" to Darcy the jealousy and cruel behavior that were actually his own. Austen's most elaborate articulation of the destructivity that can result from sibling "competition" for the father's love and property is placed in the context of projected acts that turn out not to have happened.

Freud (1922) describes the destructive impulses between siblings that required Austen's use of projection to soften the idea of such cruelty.

> Although we may call it normal, this jealousy is by no means completely rational . . . for it is rooted deep in the unconscious, it is a continuation of the earliest stirrings of the child's affective life, and it originates in the Oedipus or brother-and-sister complex of the first sexual period. [1922, p. 223]

> [There are] cases in which during early childhood impulses of jealousy, derived from the mother-complex and of very great intensity, arose . . . against rivals, usually older brothers. This jealousy led to an exceedingly hostile and aggressive attitude . . . which might sometimes reach the pitch of actual death-wishes. [1922, p. 231]

Indeed, Wickham's "repudiation, by projection" onto Darcy of "malicious revenge," "injustice," and "inhumanity" motivated by sibling jealousy accords with Freud's (1925) description of negation, one that

mutes the reader's fear of like impulses and allows the ideas presented to reach the reader's unconscious.

DARCY AND ELIZABETH: REGRESSIONS IN THE SERVICE OF PSYCHIC CHANGE

The oedipal/sibling triangles that Austen sets up for her heroine and hero help distinguish variations not only of pride, prejudice, and jealousy, but also of "improprieties" as acts resulting in injury or hurt to others. Elizabeth and Darcy must come to terms with injuries done to each other as well as to them by others.

Elizabeth goes to visit her friend Charlotte, now married to Mr. Collins and living very near his patroness Lady Catherine De Bourgh, Darcy's aunt. Darcy and his cousin Colonel Fitzwilliam pay a visit to their Aunt at the same time, and find themselves in the company of Elizabeth for two weeks of regular evening visits in the great country house of Rosings and daytime visits to the parsonage: "The two cousins found a temptation from this period of walking thither almost every day" (p. 138). "In [Mrs. Collins's] kind schemes for Elizabeth, she sometimes planned her marrying Colonel Fitzwilliam. He was beyond comparison the pleasantest man; he certainly admired her, and his situation in life was most eligible" (p. 139).

Darcy is pushed—perhaps by this added "sibling" rivalry with his cousin—into making a rash proposal to Elizabeth. Darcy's timing is bad, for Fitzwilliam has just unwittingly revealed to Elizabeth that Darcy has taken pains to separate his friend Bingley from an undeserving woman (Elizabeth's sister Jane). Elizabeth is anxiously rereading Jane's letters, realizing how unhappy she has been without Bingley, when Darcy arrives to propose to her. "He spoke well, but there were feelings besides those of the heart to be detailed . . . . His sense of her inferiority—of its being a degradation—of family obstacles . . . were dwelt on with . . . warmth" (p. 145).

Elizabeth "lost all compassion in anger" (p. 145): "'Your character was unfolded in the recital which I received many months ago from Mr. Wickham . . . .' 'You take an eager interest in that gentleman's concerns,' said Darcy . . . with a heightened colour." Elizabeth continues, "'You have

reduced him to his present state of poverty . . . . You have deprived the best years of his life, of that independence that was . . . his due . . . and yet you can treat the mention of his misfortunes with contempt and ridicule'" (p. 147).

With intense anger, Elizabeth utters the famous lines that torture Darcy in the following months: "'The mode of your declaration . . . spared me the concern which I might have felt in refusing you, had you behaved in a more gentleman-like manner'"; and "'You could not have made me the offer of your hand in any possible way that would have tempted me to accept it'" (p. 148). Of this strong denial (which suggests the opposite to the reader's unconscious), Elizabeth herself will later say to Darcy, "'Oh! do not repeat what I then said'" (p. 281).

Darcy writes a letter of reply to her "bitter accusations." Austen's use of negatives in the passage describing Elizabeth's change of mind is striking: "She grew absolutely ashamed of herself.—Of neither Darcy nor Wickham could she think, without feeling that she had been blind, partial, prejudiced, absurd" (p. 159). When she reviews things in her mind,

> . . . she perfectly remembered everything that had passed in conversation between Wickham and herself . . . . She was *now* struck with the impropriety of such communications to a stranger . . . . He had then no reserves, no scruples in sinking Mr. Darcy's character, though he had assured her that respect for the father, would always prevent his exposing the son. [p. 158; italics in original]

Elizabeth now sees Wickham's destructive envy of Darcy, sees how important reserves and scruples can be, and goes through a painful change of heart, separating further from her family and especially from her father. About Darcy's reflections on her family, "she . . . reflected on how materially the credit of both [Jane and herself] must be hurt by such impropriety of conduct," and "she felt depressed beyond anything she had ever known before" (p. 160).

An implicit point in Austen's narrative is that, as Darcy and Elizabeth experience sibling rivalries, thus displacing negative affects from parents onto siblings (Freud 1916), they also separate from their oedipal parents. Darcy becomes uncomfortable with his mother's sister, Lady

Catherine—"a little ashamed" of her "ill-breeding"—and rejects what she calls "the favorite wish of *his* mother" (p. 271, italics in original) that he marry his sickly cousin. Darcy eventually marries Elizabeth despite his aunt's outraged disapproval. And Elizabeth comes to feel the danger of her father's improprieties toward her mother and younger sisters, becoming depressed before she comes to love Darcy more intelligently.

CAROLINE BINGLEY: JEALOUSY AND THE NEED FOR PUNISHMENT

Austen's comic characterization of Caroline Bingley demonstrates a regression into a sibling jealousy that does not resolve into a new organization of character. From the first scenes at Netherfield to the drawing room scene at Pemberley, Caroline projects her own shrewish attitude onto Elizabeth in a way that fools no one.

Elizabeth accompanies her Aunt and Uncle Gardiner (a couple representing the proprieties of intelligent love and realism) on a summer holiday to Derbyshire, childhood home of Mrs. Gardiner. The Gardiners express a wish to see Darcy's estate at Pemberley, knowing nothing of his proposal to Elizabeth. Darcy is said to be away from home but arrives unexpectedly. Still in love with Elizabeth and now chastened by her reproofs, he inquires twice after Elizabeth's family, behaves with warm attentions to the Gardiners, and then visits their inn to invite them all to dine at Pemberley.

Elizabeth and Mrs. Gardiner return the courtesy on an afternoon visit to Pemberley the next day, and Caroline's hostile jealousy toward Elizabeth forms the basis of one of the novel's finest comic scenes. Caroline desires Darcy's love and his property, and wants her brother to marry Darcy's sister to bring the families and their wealth together. "Convinced as Elizabeth now was that Miss Bingley's dislike of her had originated in jealousy, she could not help feeling how very unwelcome her appearance at Pemberley must be to her" (p. 202).

In the drawing room at Pemberley, Caroline tries to discover what Darcy is feeling for Elizabeth:

> In no countenance was attentive curiosity so strongly marked as in Miss Bingley's, in spite of the smiles which overspread her

> face whenever she spoke to one of its objects [Darcy]; for jealousy had not yet made her desperate, and her attentions to Mr. Darcy were by no means over. [p. 203]

Austen introduces a language of negatives just at the moment that the reader might find too much satisfaction in sibling revenge. "In no countenance was attentive curiosity so strongly marked," but "jealousy had not yet made her desperate." (The reader's unconscious recalls the child's attentive curiosity in discerning which sibling is winning most of the parents' love.) Caroline tries to lower Elizabeth in Darcy's esteem by indirectly bringing up Wickham and, in describing this attack by a rival "sister," Austen uses minimization. Caroline "had merely intended to discompose Elizabeth by bringing forward the idea of a man to whom she believed her partial, to make her betray a sensibility which might injure her in Darcy's opinion" (p. 204). The narrative minimizations "merely intended" and "might injure" permit Caroline's intent to harm to reach the reader's unconscious in softened form. And this strategy only succeeds in providing Elizabeth with a chance to show her indifference to Wickham by replying in a "disengaged tone."

As Caroline comes to suspect Darcy's growing love for Elizabeth, jealousy *does* make her "desperate," and she attacks Elizabeth in every way she can, showing the intense hatred that jealousy breeds. "Her face is too thin . . . . Her nose wants character . . . . Her eyes . . . have a sharp, shrewish look" (p. 205). Caroline sees that Darcy is "nettled," but continues, "I particularly recollect your saying one night, after they had been dining at Netherfield, '*She* a beauty!—I should as soon call her mother a wit'"; she concludes, "I believe you thought her rather pretty at one time" (p. 205, italics in original). Darcy can contain himself no longer, and he replies, "'But . . . it is many months since I have considered her as one of the handsomest women of my acquaintance'" (p. 205).

Austen's narrator reflects, "Miss Bingley was left to all the satisfaction of having forced him to say what gave no one any pain but herself" (p. 206). The dynamic of a child's jealous hatred of a sibling is dramatized and shown to be unconsciously ridden with guilt, for Caroline evokes a punishing rebuke from the one whose love and attention she most wants. The reader can unconsciously delight in her suffering as a sib-

ling triumphed over. Or, through Austen's disjunctive ambiguity (E. Kris 1952), the reader's unconscious can undo the guilty satisfaction, picking out the phrase "gave no one any pain."

The next morning, Elizabeth receives a letter from Jane saying that Lydia has run off with Wickham, and Austen initiates the action in the plot that most fully dramatizes destructive sibling envy in *Pride and Prejudice.*

LYDIA'S RIVALRY, ENVY, AND GLOATING

Austen's portrayal of the destructiveness of Lydia's running away with Wickham may have been underappreciated by critics at times. Elizabeth's and Jane's chances to marry could have been utterly ruined, except that Darcy loves Elizabeth enough to pay Wickham to marry Lydia.

Lydia's rivalry with her sisters is intense and prolonged. Mr. Bennet's open preference for Elizabeth makes her the object of envy. "The response of siblings to the preferred child highlights this important aspect [the influence of parents] because rivalry, envy and jealousy are increased" (Neubauer 1983, p. 329). "Rivalry is characterized by increased longing for the object and by acts to eliminate the other person who wishes to share the primary object" (p. 327).

Lydia's instinctual energy, both libidinal and aggressive, unchecked by her father, intensifies the envy she has for her older sisters, which unconsciously motivates her to destroy her family's good name. Mrs. Bennet's indulgent preference for her youngest child adds rivalry for the mother's love to Lydia's motivations. "The earliest and most violent forms of envy and jealousy occur at this early stage of childhood, the rivalry for mother's nurturing love, the wish for complete possession" (Kligerman 1962, p. 741).

In a minor incident, Lydia and another sister, Kitty, intercept Elizabeth on her journey home from the Collins's home near Rosings, and Lydia exposes a perverse entitlement: "'And we mean to treat you all,' added Lydia; 'but you must lend us the money, for we have just spent ours'" (p. 167). She exposes her rivalry with Elizabeth over Wickham, adding, "I have got . . . capital news, and about a certain person that we all like . . . . There is no danger of Wickham's marrying Mary King" (pp. 167-168).

Lydia triumphs over her sister in gaining possession of Wickham, the "person that we all like," who becomes a father substitute in the displaced oedipal/sibling triangle. When Lydia arrives at Longbourn, Elizabeth believes she has lost Darcy through Lydia's public disgrace. The Bennets do not yet know that Darcy has paid Wickham to marry Lydia, and the text is rich in "background negatives" that prepare the reader's unconscious to hear—and defend against hearing—infantile sibling passions:

> Nothing of the past was recollected with pain; and Lydia led voluntarily to subjects, which her sisters would not have alluded to for the world. "Only think of its being three months," she cried . . . ."I am sure I had no more idea of being married till I came back again! though I thought it would be very good fun if I was." Her father lifted up his eyes. Jane was distressed. Elizabeth looked expressively at Lydia; but she, who never heard nor saw anything of which she chose to be insensible, gaily continued, . . ."We overtook William Goulding in his curricle, . . . and so I . . . let my hand just rest upon the window frame, so that he might see the ring". . . . Elizabeth could bear it no longer. She got up, and ran out of the room . . . . She then joined them soon enough to see Lydia . . . walk up to her mother's right hand, and hear her say to her eldest sister, "Ah! Jane, I take your place now, and you must go lower, because I am a married woman." [p. 240]

The negatives proliferate in the brief sentences: "Nothing of the past was recollected with pain"; "subjects . . . her sisters would not have alluded to"; "Lydia . . . who never heard nor saw anything of which she chose to be insensible"; "Elizabeth could bear it no longer." Elizabeth believes that she has lost Darcy's love and that Jane has lost Bingley because of Lydia's envy-driven recklessness. Through the negatives in this passage, there emerge phrases that can reach the reader's infantile unconscious and touch on primal fantasies. The reader's "unconscious perception" of contents "communicated in a converse, piecemeal . . . fashion" (Noy 1969, p. 640), occurs through contradictions in Austen's irony, which soften the raw sibling rivalry.

"Nothing [or everything] of the past was recollected with pain." The oedipal rivalries with their incestuous loves are "subjects which her sisters

would not have alluded to for the world"—but which their unconscious memories allude to constantly. Lydia taunts her eldest sister Jane as she takes over first place next to the mother, as both a married woman and a new baby would do: "Ah! Jane, I take your place now, and you must go lower" (p. 240). The "insolent" Lydia concludes, "'Well, mamma'. . .'and what do you think of my husband? Is he not a charming man? I am sure my sisters must all envy me'" (p. 241).

In the psychology of Austen's time, "inordinate and unreasonable self-esteem; . . . rude treatment of others; insolent exultation" were Samuel Johnson's definitions of *pride* in his famous eighteenth-century dictionary (Armstrong 1990, p. xii). Austen's presentation of the insolent exultation in Lydia's homecoming constitutes one of the remarkable passages on sibling jealousy in the history of the novel. Lydia's gloating portrays a common affect in early sibling relationships.

Whitman and Alexander (psychoanalysts) explored the dynamics of gloating in four clinical cases:

> The patients had . . . envious relationships with a younger sibling who had, in fact, been more successful in many ways than they. This initial oral envy led to competitive feelings which were so intense that there was invariably malicious satisfaction at any failure by their rivals. This gloating response led to secondary shame and remorse and occasional ensuing self-punishing behaviour which, however, was never sufficient to impede the gloating response. [1968, p. 737]

As Lydia's regressed infantile affects, impulses, and fantasies are dramatized in the novel, Austen's narrative engages "two modes of perception": a surface perception and an unconscious depth perception, which has been elaborated by Ehrenzweig as "an unconscious perception which is not bound by the conscious gestalt (the surface gestalt) and which perceives competing form combinations such as background negatives" (quoted in Noy 1969, p. 634).

DENIAL, MINIMIZATION, AND THE PAINS OF PSYCHIC CHANGE

As Elizabeth and Darcy walk together in the closing pages of *Pride and Prejudice*, Darcy proposes again, saying quietly and in the negative:

"*My* affections and wishes are unchanged" (p. 280, italics in original). Darcy is grateful to Elizabeth, who has inspired him to change, but as the reader hears the depth of his remorse and sense of shame at his past behavior, the reader's conscious and unconscious perceptions must be tempered by a host of negatives and a disjunctive ambiguity so as to "think only of the past as its remembrance gives . . . pleasure" (p. 282). For Darcy's progress or regress into character change involves being tortured by remorse:

> "What did you say of me, that I did not deserve? For, though your accusations were ill-founded, formed on mistaken premises, my behaviour to you at the time, had merited the severest reproof. It was unpardonable. I cannot think of it without abhorrence." [p. 281]

Elizabeth is lighter of heart: "We will not quarrel for the greater share of blame." But Darcy continues, "Your reproof, so well applied, I shall never forget: 'Had you behaved in a more gentleman-like manner.' Those were your words. You know not, you can scarcely conceive, how they have tortured me" (p. 281). Elizabeth consoles him:

> "But think no more of the letter. The feelings of the person who wrote, and the person who received it, are now so widely different from what they were then, that every unpleasant circumstance attending it, ought to be forgotten. You must learn some of my philosophy. Think only of the past as its remembrance gives you pleasure." [p. 282]

In her passages on sibling jealousy and on the pains of depression, remorse, and even torture that lead to change, Austen engages her reader with satisfactions of primitive fantasy. Through the use of denial, negation, and minimization, the novel sustains the aesthetic pleasure that lies at the heart of its lasting appeal.

Sibling jealousy, as it is transformed into positive bonds—as in Elizabeth and Jane's relationship with each other (Balsam 1988), or as it motivates Darcy to gain Elizabeth's esteem and love—has the potential to promote character change, as many psychoanalytic studies suggest (Kernberg and Richards 1988; E. Kris and M. Ritvo 1983; Neubauer

1983). "The question has been raised whether this displacement [of the relationship with the parents to the sibling] presents advantages which allow the working through of conflicts or under what conditions they burden the already existing conflicts by intensifying them" (Neubauer 1983, p. 331). Aesthetic pleasure is achieved not only through the satisfactions permitted by the contradictions of irony, but also because *Pride and Prejudice,* as great art, is a template for the resolution of intrapsychic conflict (Balter 1999).

CONCLUSION

The psychoanalytic study of Austen's irony gives further precision, through its brilliant exemplification in this novel, to the dynamics explored by psychoanalytic aesthetics, which describe readers as appropriating a great work of art as their own daydream. Thus, regressive daydreaming creates an area in which "preformed unconscious fantasies" (Arlow 1969, p. 9) are perceived in a state of controlled regression (see E. Kris 1952).

Austen's most popular novel illuminates, and can be still further illuminated by, psychoanalytic aesthetics. First, Austen's technical genius with irony, which can be understood as a variation of aesthetic ambiguity (E. Kris 1952), was to use negatives to portray forbidden unconscious fantasies as satisfied in her characters. Good analytic technique includes being ever attentive to the grammar of negatives (denial, negation, and minimization) when listening to the associations of patients.

Second, Austen's dramatization of character change portrays her heroines' internal experience, with regressions to previously unconscious oedipal/sibling rivalries that lead to a tolerance of depression and ultimately to psychic growth—especially growth in the capacity to risk feeling sexual desire and to make a new sexual object choice.

Third, Austen's ironic style in constructing multiple contradictory meanings through the use of negatives allows the reader's conscious and unconscious to play with proscribed pleasures and to deny them, while dramatizing her heroines' classic struggles in the oedipal/sibling dynamics of the family complex.

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THE CLASH OF IRRATIONALITIES IN SOPHOCLES' *ANTIGONE*

BY PATRICK J. MAHONY

A study of the Greek text of Sophocles' Antigone *provides a deeper understanding of the identities and psychodynamic interaction between the play's two main characters. Creon's particular diction, imagery, and even syntax constitute a subtext reflecting his rigidly hierarchical attitude and paranoid fear that defensively overlie his castration anxiety, his persecutory conception of women, and his own body image. His mental collapse is precipitated by the insightful and lexically powerful ad hominem expressions featured in Tiresias's admonitions. Textual analysis also sheds light on the nature of Antigone's incestuous desires for intimacy and clarifies their archaic origins. As death becomes more imminent, Antigone's complex, evolving reaction includes a verbally marked spatial disorientation.*

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One of the world's greatest literary masterpieces, Sophocles' *Antigone* (Brown 1987; Lloyd-Jones 1994), never fails to stir up our desire to analyze it more closely. This dramatic story, written in the fifth century B.C., highlights the opposition between familial and political principles, and appears rather simple on the surface. The despotic King Creon issues a decree forbidding anyone, upon pain of death, to bury Antigone's brother, the traitorous Polyneices. But, proclaiming as morally

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paramount the sacred familial duty to bury its dead, Antigone (who is the daughter of Oedipus and Jocasta) defies Creon (her uncle), dismisses the mortal fears of her sister, and proceeds to carry out a symbolic burial. Personally affronted, the power-obsessed Creon immediately sentences Antigone to be shut up in a cave and die there. The play ends with a pair of destabilizations, Creon's being greater than his victim's.

A careful study of complex lexical and imagistic patterns used in Sophocles' two opposing protagonists affords a new and greater understanding of their characters—their inner conflicts, the depth and pervasiveness of their motivations, and the nature of their subsequent psychic dysfunction. Understood in this way, the play gives the psychoanalyst striking confirmatory evidence for a wide range of psychoanalytic findings, such as rationalized invocation of superego dictates, the functioning of malignant narcissism, defensive compensations for castration anxiety, the archaic origin of incestuous strivings, and the peculiar emergence of unconscious derivatives in regression. And, although attention to the overdetermined role of language is a time-honored clinical technique in the talking cure, my study hopes to show that such attention is particularly indispensable in the application of psychoanalysis to classic literary texts. For this reason, I sometimes rely on my own translation, whose literalness conveys the numerous verbal nuances so crucial to an understanding of the finer, more revealing points of Sophocles' characterization.

In pursuit of my interpretive goal, I shall begin with Creon, who speaks more lines than Antigone and is easier to understand. In the character of the Theban king, Sophocles provides us with the fascinating evolution—or, better yet, the devolution—of a political figure. At the outset, the hierarchically fixated king strives to show himself as a mountain of strength and determination when he invokes the gods in his declared respect for civic authority. But in fact his official reverence, woven into the play through vertical, mercantile, and animal imagery, compensatorily fends off a castration anxiety that informs the character's paranoid feelings about women and his own body image. Creon's eventual mental collapse, as we shall see, further brings to light multiple latent characteristics of his basic psychic structure.

Following my discussion of Creon, I shall demonstrate how a linguistic analysis clarifies the quality of Antigone's incestuous desires for current as well as posthumous intimacy and furnishes nuances about their archaic origin. As death becomes imminent, Antigone undergoes a number of remarkably complex reactions that culminate in a pronounced spatial disorientation.

CREON'S INITIAL INTRANSIGENCE

The most notable encapsulation of Creon's character—in its all-consuming identification with power—occurs early on: "I hold the power and the throne" (line 173). My own literal (though admittedly awkward) translation of this line adheres to the meaningful original syntax and, I think, better depicts the total absorption of Creon's identity in power: "I, all the power and the throne, have I."

This line, neglected in the critical literature despite its varied implications, qualifies for what James Joyce called an epiphany: a sentence in which "the sudden 'revelation of the whatness of a thing,' the moment in which 'the soul of the commonest object . . . seems to us radiant'" (Ellman 1966, p. 87). Both in the content and form of this epiphany, Sophocles brilliantly uses his artistic genius to allow Creon to show in relief this monomaniacal trait of his personality. Echoing each other semantically and phonetically, first-person references both begin and end the line; in this way, they contain or bracket another narcissistically charged doublet, the synonyms *power* and *throne*. What is more, all the words in the egotistically driven syntax of this line are synonyms of each other and summarily underscore the all-consuming, narcissistic role of power in Creon's self-identity.

In conformity with his blinding preoccupation with power, Creon's public acts of reverence to the gods and state are defensive external trappings of his narrow internal drama. As long as he is in command, he can give traditional, albeit self-serving, homage to the gods. But the defensive screen becomes transparent when his authority is confronted, for he then loses self-control and utters a series of statements that belie his public facade of piety: he resorts to blasphemous insults (486-487, 1039-1041) and scorns the quasi-divine authority of Tiresias (1031ff.).

But the extent of Creon's self-contradiction is not fully appreciated, I contend, unless we realize the following: although he invokes the gods more than does any other character in the play, he never criticizes Antigone—the one most threatening him—for a specifically religious offense.

In similar manner, Creon's pronouncements of his dedication to the state turn out to be rationalized deeds of self-aggrandizement, apparent in his insistence on being unconditionally obeyed in matters just or unjust (666-667). And on one hand, he imperiously warns that no one in the city should tell him how to rule (734), while on the other, he asserts that a good ruler seeks counsel. Yet he does not hesitate to proclaim without consultation his decree honoring Eteocles, but forbidding anyone to bury his brother (*adelphos*). However, Creon unmasks himself when he uses the Greek word *adelphos* in its less common, adjectival sense of "conforming with." That is, when he speaks of his civic principles as "conforming with" (*adelpha,* 192) his decree concerning the brothers, he repeats a word whose twofold meaning condenses his unnuanced, inflexible subjection of the family to civic authority. Furthermore, in a parapractic reference to his autocratic decree, he decides to use the word *psêphon*—literally, "pebble" (632); besides being the pebble cast as a single ballot in a democratic election, the word metonymically meant "a royal decree" (Goheen 1951, p. 157).

Special light is thrown on the function of hierarchy as a screen in Creon's mental world by the derivatives of libidinalized verticality that riddle his misogynistic idiolect. For him, the superiority of men is literal in every way, and the world of the woman is below; she figures, moreover, as an interchangeable kind of horizonality to be exploited. Thus, Creon brutally advises his son Haimon to dismiss his fiancée Antigone and look elsewhere, "for the furrows of others can be ploughed!" (569). In other words, the woman exists underneath the male as a kind of indifferent farmland—not just to be used, but also to be dug into. This figurative usage accords with Creon's towering view that if a man goes astray, it is better that he "fall" (*ekpesein,* 679, my translation; cf. 1045-1046) before a man than before a woman.

Along the same lines, when talking with his own counselors, Creon expresses his appreciation of those who remain "loyal" (*empedois,* 169). Literally meaning "on the ground," this Greek word not only continues

the burial motif of the play, but also subtly exhibits Creon's hierarchical fixation. Furthermore, his vertical references to indicate gender superiority or excellence lie at the core of his political and religious convictions, and determine his frequent utilization of the Greek word *orthos,* which constitutes a not fully appreciated motif in his discourse; this polysemous word has a literal, vertical meaning ("upright, erect") and a less concrete meaning ("right, happy, true, correct").

True to his gender-marked vertical obsession, Creon voices his contentment that the gods "have safely set . . . aright" (163) the city of Thebes, as Oedipus had "set it aright" (167, my translation; cf. 190, 494, 675). Creon deplores Hades and its gods, as if earthly and supernal elevation were his home, whereas the ground and the underground were the habitat of Antigone. Even more to the point, urged on by his overdetermined vertical obsession, Creon resorts to a split attitude toward Zeus, revering him as an Olympian god but defying him in his other function as protector of the hearth and family (Bollard 1998).

An exploration of other kinds of imagery in Creon's discourse helps us further probe the depths of his personality disorder, in which paranoid fear and preoccupation with his own power render him incapable of empathy. Derivatives of that reductionistic view of human nature emerge in his recurrent reliance on mercantile imagery to describe the activities of suspected others and fantasied betrayal. Given his insistent belief that material gain is the chief source of evil (e.g., 221-222, 310, 326), he cannot conceive that people might disagree with him on the basis of their own higher values. Despite evidence to the contrary, in his persistent abasement, he accuses others of secretly using bribes to acquire power.

Along with the mercantile imagery, Creon's reliance on animal and animal-related imagery constitutes a denigrating subtext throughout the play and additionally delineates his alienated object relationships. For example, in talking about those citizens who contest his edict, Creon chillingly rails that men in the city are "unwilling to keep their necks beneath the yoke, as justice demands, so as to put up with me" (291-292). And when he criticizes Antigone's rebellion in particular, he descriptively reduces her to a seamless mixture of animal and metallic analogies:

> Why, know that over-stubborn wills are the most apt to fall, and the toughest iron, baked in the fire till it is hard, is most often, you will see, cracked and shattered! I know that spirited horses are controlled by a small bridle. [473-477]

Once Antigone is imprisoned, Creon plans to give her just enough sustenance, or *phorbê* (the word—often in classical Greek, and always in Homer—meant "fodder" [Goheen 1951, p. 134]). In this context, we may also recall Creon's denigrating resolve to expose Polyneices' body as suitable fodder for predatory birds and dogs (205-206).

In Creon's narrow, paranoid vision, overwhelmingly sustained by aggressive strivings, libidinality is minatory—as a focus on his diction makes especially clear. Locked up as he is in a defensively male-oriented conception of politics and power, he makes the scarcest references to "mother" (1300) and "wife" (571, 1292), and perceives women as particularly destabilizing. The compound danger for Creon is that women, if not dominated, can become castrators, and even become internal as well as external destructive objects. In consequence, we hear him describe the fragility of his sexual identity with these words: "Indeed, now I am no man, but she [Antigone] is a man, if she is to enjoy such power as this with impunity" (484-485).

He cries out in the same vein to Ismene, Antigone's sister: "You, whom I never noticed as like a viper hiding in the house, you sucked my blood" (531-532). In like manner, he charges his enamored son to think accordingly, telling him in regard to Ismene: "This *thing* is an armful that grows cold" (650, italics added). In fact, feeling Ismene to be a dangerously invasive woman, Creon urges his son to expulse her corporeally, to "spit her out" (653-654, my translation).

All in all, Creon defensively dismisses both Antigone and Ismene, who for him represent family affection and sexual passion in an overdetermined series of ever-dehumanizing degradations. As nothing else, linguistic evidence conclusively reveals that the more he reduces women to slaves, to animals, to things, and then to a completely destroyed existence, the higher and more assured is his hierarchical position. Indeed, the true measure of self-protectiveness of Creon's comparative classification and his volatile grandiose reactions is found in the Greek text of

the play. There we note that Creon designates his uncooperative son as not just a slave, but as a "slave-thing" (*douleuma*) of a woman (760); similarly, Creon declares that Antigone is a "hated thing" (*to misos,* 760; see O'Brien 1978, p. 92). It follows that when Antigone finally asks him if he wants anything more than her death, he replies by exposing the vulnerability of his all-powerful world: with her death, he avers, he would "have everything" (498).

CREON'S SUBSEQUENT PSYCHIC COLLAPSE

As the drama unfolds, Sophocles lets us follow the way in which a precipitating event unseats the tyrant from his apparent fortress of strength and uncovers his inner emptiness, all of which leads him into his final collapse. The precipitating event is a confrontational and mutative scene with Tiresias. To my knowledge, no one has previously traced the mutative force of Tiresias's admonitions to his perturbing focus on Creon's destructive internal objects. More than any other in the play, this mutative scene sums up the extensive fragility underlying Creon's carapace of power, belying the contention of one Sophoclean scholar that "the disintegration of his person [Creon's] arises from a theatrical effect which is much more powerful in that there is no psychological motivation" (Bollack 1999, p. 71, my translation).

Tiresias begins by reporting the bad portents descending upon Thebes. In the context of those portents, Tiresias asks Creon to give an honorable burial to his nephew. Angrily tossing aside the threat of city pollution and voicing his fears of betrayal, Creon accuses Tiresias of uttering false prophecies for monetary profit. Thereupon, as if intuiting Creon's greatest fears about dangerous internal objects (531-532, 653-654), Tiresias replies that the gods whom Creon insults would wreak vengeance on his family by killing what comes from his own inner parts or viscera (*splanchnôn*): "You then, know well that you will not carry out many courses of the sun before you exchange a corpse for corpses, one from your own inner parts" (1064-1066, my translation).

Notice that, rather than saying *child,* Tiresias directs Creon's persecutory attention to his insides, and, more specifically, to his *inner parts*—a most unusual reference to a male body, not to a mother's womb

(Griffith 1999). Then, as if continuing to intuit Creon's fear of destructive internal objects, Tiresias describes his prophecies as the sting of arrows that the heart of Creon cannot avoid: "Because you have pained and angered me, I like an archer have shot such sure arrows at your heart, arrows whose sting you will not run away from" (1084-1086, my translation). Thereupon, being treated like a mother whose issue is killed, and upon hearing about permanent wounds inside his own body, the victimized Creon suddenly relents—a striking indication that his previous "objective" endorsement of responsibility toward the gods and the city was a rationalization of his basic self-interest and underlying paranoid fears. In the ensuing scene, the chorus tells Creon to free Antigone and bury Polyneices. But, driven again by his sexual bias, Creon proceeds to reverse the chorus's counseled course of action; he will first bury Polyneices—a decision that proves fatal for Antigone, since it results in his arriving too late to save her.

At the close of the play, the rapidly regressing king experiences states of increasing castration and even annihilation. No longer standing erect in his masculinity, Creon expresses regret about not knowing where—literally—to lean (*klithô*, 1344, my translation). He goes on to deplore that everything in his hands is "bent" or "slanted" (*lechria*, 1345, my translation). Worse still, the egocentric king who earlier claimed that he would have everything with the death of Antigone (thereby unwittingly summing up the pathology of his object relations), now collapses under the awareness of his devastating aloneness. Bereft of wife and son, he wails: "me who am no more than nothing!" (1325).

Once the grandiose masculine shell that hid his extreme vulnerability has cracked, Creon becomes critically unstable; turning his former aggression against himself, he asks to be killed. His remarkable sparseness in describing his fall (1193-1336) reflects the new limitations of his life itself. In his desolate world that is no longer controlled by a superficially rigid narcissism, gone is his use of demeaning mercantile and animal lexicality; the only imagery left available to him—to his massive though unnuanced misery—is a vertical imagery: he has nothing to lean on, the gods have struck him down to be trampled, and, worse than that, he has descended to the absolutely lowest ontological status, for he is nothing.

His ego ideals transformed, Creon says nothing directly about civic authority, kingly prestige, or humiliation. He now gives prime homage to the underworld gods and to family relationships, and he can no longer maintain a denial of dependency needs. The deaths of his wife and son—the former private objects of his domineering satisfaction and security—have traumatized him, and he thoroughly regresses, past castration anxiety to early preoedipal anxieties over the loss of the object and loss of the object's love. What counts most for him now, differently than in the past, is what he has defensively kept very subordinate and is now no longer available: his wife and son as indispensable sources of support and sustenance. As for Antigone, she has continued to be of no use to him; he passes over her death in silence.

In sum, more than ever alone in his minuscule, egocentric world, Creon is changing, but without achieving any deep self-knowledge. His misgiving about his past, which in illusory retrospection he conceives as joy, grow out of his self-concern:

> Alas, I have learned, unhappy as I am; then it was, then, that a god bearing a great weight struck my head, and hurled me into ways of cruelty, overthrowing my joy so that it was trodden under foot! Ah, ah, woe for the sad troubles of men. [1271-1275]

Unable to retrospect on the suffering he caused his wife and son for most of their lifetimes, he instead laments his plight of solitude. The tyrant's restricted guilt contains no resolve whatsoever to repair (such as an intent to accord burial rites to his wife and son). His only empathy comes in the form of regret that Haimon died young. But let us note: in keeping with his repression of sexuality and his regression to his own basic anxieties, Creon refers to a youthful son; he does not mention that his son was engaged and capable of becoming a father.

ANTIGONE'S INITIAL INTRANSIGENCE

When we turn to focus on Antigone, a pair of preliminary comments are in order. First, in light of the thousands of commentaries made over the centuries on her character, it is startling to note that she speaks only 215 lines, divided among three appearances on stage. Another contrast

carries even more interpretive significance: overall, her character remains rather consistent during her first two appearances, but she greatly changes in the third. Thus, to cite indiscriminately what Antigone says during all three appearances in the play is to overlook the way in which a great dramatist allows us to follow the transformation in her psychic functioning.

We begin with Antigone's first two presences on stage. Her overdeterminedly selective outrage over Creon's transgression of eternal unwritten laws indicates that she has not sufficiently mourned the past. Her outrage is fueled by her underlying incestuous involvement with Polyneices. She voices no concern about the lack of burial of non-kinsmen, i.e., the soldiers at Polyneices' side; thus, she opposes "not the city's Law (*nomos*) as a totality, but rather Creon's decree pointedly forbidding the burial of her brother's body" (Gibbons and Segal 2003, p. 4).

Only a linguistic scrutiny of Antigone's declarations permits us to accurately gauge the peculiar nature of her varying commitment to love. A literal translation of a startling epiphany discloses her erotic anticipation of her posthumous life—which, tellingly, she imagines only with Polyneices and not with her other dead brother: "Loved by him, I shall lie—with the beloved" (73, my translation). While Creon's self-revelatory epiphany is contained in a line bracketed by references to power (173), Antigone's confessional epiphany is bracketed by references to love. Speaking like a lover who wishes to rejoin her fraternal blood in posthumous life, she cloaks her verb *shall lie* in a mimetically suggestive syntax alluding to the two amorous participants. She never speaks in such terms about lying with Eteocles. And while she calls Polyneices by the superlative appellation "my dearest brother" (81), she never once mentions being betrothed, nor does she talk of her fiancé Haimon in such endearing terms—in fact, she never even pronounces his name. Conversely, Ismene manifests no affective inhibition about her future brother-in-law: she affectionately invokes him with the superlative "dearest" (572).

Further exhibiting the exclusivity of her amorous possessiveness, Antigone wishes that Ismene would lie aside Polyneices and be hated by him: "You will lie alongside, justly hated by him who is dead" (94, my translation). Antigone even extends her exclusive possessiveness to

the animal kingdom: in her eyes, now that Polyneices is dead, his body becomes "sweet treasure" to predatory birds (29-30, my translation). In this projective identification, regardless of any ravenous reactions the birds may have, Antigone enviously attributes her own taste to the birds, and thus she projectively imagines that they will find sweetness in consuming—in literally incorporating—her brother's body. Let us note in addition that Antigone condemns her sister, Ismene, to a fate worse than that of the predatory birds on earth, who could at least enjoy the "sweet treasure" of Polyneices' body.

Linguistic analysis is also indispensable in clarifying the genetic role of a preoedipal maternal object in Antigone's incestuous desires for her brother, and favors Weissman's (1964) preoedipal interpretation of parts of the play over Kanzer's (1950) oedipal one. For an all-revelatory manifestation of that early genetic determinant, we attend to the way Antigone addresses her sister in the play's very first line. That line, another veritable epiphany in the Joycean sense, reads as follows: "Of the same blood, sister of the same sibling bond [*autadelphon*], dear Ismene" (1, my translation). Let us observe that after referring to their common parental blood, Antigone utters the word *autadelphon*; its main part, *adelphon*, in its grammatical Greek form, can refer to either "sister" or "brother" (to capture that double reference in my translation, I rely on the flexible inclusiveness of the term *sibling bond*). The literal meaning of the word *adelphon* involves a "togetherness" (the Greek prefix *a*) "in the same womb" (*delphus*), hence a stark contrast with the use of the same word in Creon's decree. Thus, in her condensed usage, Antigone reveals her deep desire for an intimate closeness involving her sister and brother in a maternal bond.

In less overt fashion, Antigone shows that her forbidden attraction to her brother Polyneices has more to do with her mother than with her father, Oedipus, and his accursed house.[1] Employing genealogical designations that exclude her father, Antigone calls her brother "the son of my own mother" (466-467), and later, the one coming from "the same

[1] Following Kanzer (1950), although not citing him and relying heavily on a continuity between *Oedipus at Colonus* and *Antigone*, Johnson (1997) unfortunately arrives at the conclusion that "Antigone's oedipal attachment to her brother [was] transferred from an initial attachment to her father" (p. 393).

inner parts" (*homosplanchnous,* 511, my translation). On another occasion, Antigone relates her brother to both parents, yet that apparent exception is undercut by the form of its expression; in referring to both parents, she significantly mentions her mother first: "My brother with the same mother and same father" (513). Clearly, the unusual syntactic precedence accorded to the mother constitutes another firm indication of her familial preference.

The pervasive derivatives of Antigone's oedipal and preoedipal ties are such that they show the strength of her repeated desire for closeness and sharing, as well as her taking umbrage at disloyal separation. This motif of intimacy and Creon's language of demeaning imagery and autocratic detachment are antipodes. Upon stating that she and Ismene partake of every evil sent from Zeus (3), Antigone objects that Creon wants to separate their brothers so that the two will not share burial honors (21ff.). After begging her sister, "Consider whether you will share the pain and labor" (41), Antigone sets about criticizing Creon: "But he has no right to keep me from my own!" (49). She concludes that she herself was born "to share love and not to share hate" (523, my translation).

But whereas earlier on, Antigone felt close to Ismene because of the common blood they shared (*koinon,* 1), she now separates herself from her disloyal sister and twice refuses the thought that they will share a common death (*koinôsamên, koina,* 539, 546). Antigone dismissively adds: "You chose life, and I chose death . . . . Some thought you were right, and some thought I was" (555-557).[2]

Antigone's fixated desire for closeness even pushes her to specify its physical dimension of manual tactility. Hence, instead of being content to ask Ismene for general physical help in burying their brother, Antigone is driven to define the desired collaboration as a manual one: "Will you bury the dead man, together with this hand of mine?" (43). And when Ismene replies that she wants to die with her sister as a way of sym-

[2] Further revealing her need for intimacy, in a most unusual way, Antigone describes Creon's fatal dictate as a closeness to death: "Ah me, this remark has come *very close* to death" (933-934, my translation and emphasis).

bolically sharing in the funeral rites of their brother, Antigone utters a refusal with the pertinent detail that Ismene should not touch the body of their brother: "Do not try to share my death, and do not claim as your own something you never put a hand to!" (546). Later, when Antigone comments on having been dispatched by Creon, she comes out with a detail that at first blush seems extraneous, a trivial precision that has consequently been disregarded in the critical literature: she adds the "unfree" association that she is being led "by the hands" (916).

As a final comment about Antigone's initial stage appearances, I note that several incidents of ever-mounting importance may help us to further interpret her subsequent state. Her dedication to a forbidden cause is so overdetermined as to blind her to even the most superficial consequences of her resolve, as is evidenced by the extent to which her reckless impulsivity could have impeded her from realistically carrying out her wishes. Bearing that in mind, Ismene has to counsel Antigone to keep her treacherous burial plans to herself: "Well, tell no one of this act beforehand, but keep it secret" (84). Here we should not underestimate the temporally far-reaching implications of *beforehand* (actually a prefix to a verb in the Greek text, overlooked in critical commentary). Indicative of her awareness that her sister is prone to the most irrational and impulsive outbreaks, Ismene knows that, from a practical viewpoint, if Antigone publicly discloses her plans beforehand she will be arrested before she can carry them out.

Apart from impulsivity, Antigone is given to some inconsistency. Her claim that her own nature is to share in love and not in hate (523) belies her overt hatred of Ismene (86). But Antigone's most important irrationality and the one carrying the greatest implications is her belief about the reaction of the underworld to burial rites. On one hand, carried away by a prejudicial certitude in her repression, Antigone asserts that her familially unfaithful sister will be hated by Polyneices in Hades (94). On the other hand, when Creon insists that the rebellious Polyneices does not have a claim to honor in Hades, Antigone voices her doubts as to the righteousness of Polyneices' rebellion in the underworld: "Who knows if this action is not free from blame in the world below?" (521).

ANTIGONE'S SUBSEQUENT PSYCHIC TRANSFORMATION

During the course of her first two appearances, Antigone bears up well in her increasing isolation, despite the death sentence and despite her regressive preoccupation with the dead and their gods. In her last appearance, even in the face of ever more imminent death, she maintains her overall self-esteem and courage. Nevertheless, while not reacting like the traumatized Creon, she shows her augmented distress in a number of ways.

I believe that it does no good to minimize Antigone's distress, as does Lacan—four times in his commentary (1960)—when he says that Antigone felt no self-pity, and that if the reader has not realized that, he has not read the play. *Pace* Lacan, in her final scene, Antigone does have pity for herself and does not stop showing it.

In light of Antigone's feeling of abandonment by both gods and friends, her former assurance about her own honorable death (96-97, 502-504) proves illusory. Earlier she counted her imminent death as a gain (462); now she complains of dying prematurely (896). And now she "nourished the hope" (897, my translation) for what she had previously expressed as a fact, namely, that she would rejoin her beloved brother (73). Maintaining her sensitivity to shame, she misinterprets the sympathetic chorus as mocking (839-841). She goes on to lament her fate of being friendless and unwept, yet the chorus has been weeping for her (801-805). Feeling alone, she also overlooks the continuing sisterly love of Ismene, whom she has disowned, and she does not bring up her fiancé Haimon, who would shortly commit suicide on her account. Conversely, Antigone's feelings of abandonment lead her to retrospect for the first time that her very beloved brother Polyneices abandoned her; in effect, his extrafamilial alliance, his disastrous marriage, destroyed both his life and hers (869-861).

Antigone's partly altered ego functioning also extends to a spatial disorientation hitherto overlooked by commentators. The anticipation of being entombed alive propels her into a state of general confusional thinking about space, and specifically about being consigned to a limbo of unattachment with regard to both the living and the dead.

The sequence of her disorientation is striking. She begins by thinking about becoming the bride of Acheron (816), then talks of her tomb as a "heaped-barrow mound" (846), then declares that being entombed alive means dwelling among neither the living or the dead (851). She says that she will meet her parents in the netherworld (867-868), then fuses her tomb and Hades by calling them an eternal prison and guardhouse (890-893), and adds that she will go below (895)—only to repeat that she will go to her hollow tomb on earth (920).

It should be emphasized that twice in that elaborated passage, Antigone refers to her alienated state as a *metoikos* (852, 868), the Athenian term for a "foreign settler with no civic rights" (it is bitterly ironic that the prefix of this term is *meta* ["with"], synonymous with the Greek preposition *sun,* which Antigone used previously to describe her desires about sharing).

Throughout her distress, Antigone continues to indicate by means of grammatical nuance that her incestuous attraction to Polyneices relates primarily to her mother and not to her accursed father. We notice, then, her pronominally assigning first place to her mother: "With my mother and father in Hades, I could never have another brother" (911-912). Even the exceptional instance in which she names her father first is undercut by a tellingly pronominal differentiation; her removed reference to her father in the third person is followed by the immediacy of second-person addresses to both her mother and brother: "I am confident that I shall come dear to my father, dear to you, my mother, and dear to you, my own brother" (897-899).

Crucial to our understanding of Antigone's object relations, however, is not the continuity of her position, but rather its discontinuity. In an extraordinary expression of her forbidden yearnings for Polyneices, she proceeds to redefine her ethical principles.[3] Whereas previously, she

[3] The authenticity of the inclusion of lines 914-920, and especially of lines 905-911, has been endlessly disputed, starting with Goethe (Eckermann 1837-1848). But given the relatively small number of lines that Antigone speaks (as I have pointed out), one should be even more editorially hesitant to increase her silence. Also, the fact that these lines were accepted by Aristotle (4th century B.C.) in his *Rhetoric* about a century after *Antigone* was first performed is not to be taken lightly. Finally, the passage accords with my earlier analysis of both Antigone's overdetermined fraternal relation and of the referential preference that she continues to grant to her mother over her father (see, further, Griffin 1999, pp. 277-279).

championed an unconditional, unnuanced principle of honoring the dead, she now introduces a contingent rider: the irreplaceability of a brother as opposed to the replaceability of a husband or child (908-912). She rationalizes that she would not have defied the city and buried her brother if her parents were still living, for then they could have given her another brother.

Thus, the earlier differences in Creon's and Antigone's object relations take a surprising twist with the emergence of newly evident motivations enmeshed in the imperatives of indispensability and replaceability: Creon's belated realization that his wife and son were indispensable for his well-being is inverse to Antigone's belated rationalization that, for her, a husband and child are replaceable.

Antigone's life on stage closes as she fleetingly doubts the rectitude of her ethical imperatives. Expanding on her hesitation about whether Polyneices' actions would be honored in Hades (521), Antigone questions whether the gods would approve the rightness of her punishment: "If this is approved by the gods, I should forgive them for what I have suffered, since I have done wrong" (925-926). But in her very last words, she reasserts her uprightness, thereby rejecting any guilt for the displaced oedipal strivings of her incestuous love: "What things I am suffering from what men, for having shown reverence for reverence" (941-942).

We might here rest content with our grasp of Antigone—until we see how the dramatist Sophocles, not finished with her death, uses the end of the play to put her posthumous plight in a powerfully erotic perspective. Sophocles has the suicidal Haimon cough up blood on the white cheek of the dead Antigone, and then, when he kills himself, a consummation takes place: "He lay, a corpse embracing a corpse, consuming nuptial rites" (1240-1241, my translation). In this scene, we once more encounter the suggestive word *lie,* along with each of the two agents being identified as corpses. By means of the same verb and the same noun for its agents, Sophocles' powerful line harkens back to a parallel in Antigone's earlier line: "Loved by him, I shall lie—with the beloved" (73, my translation).

What belated irony that Antigone, in her obsession about intimacy, never anticipated its fulfillment in a literally substantive identification

with someone other than her beloved brother! Far from fulfilling Antigone's dream, Sophocles frustrates his heroine, and in a way intensifies her isolation even after death.

DISCUSSION

Although the psychoanalyst who undertakes an exploration of this masterpiece must face the reality of an overwhelming scholarship, the task has been rendered somewhat easier by Steiner's (1984) encyclopedic study and by Griffith's (1999) more recent, thoroughly annotated and magisterial edition of the play. Throughout the centuries, *Antigone* has been well known for its obvious thematic polarizations, such as the state and the family, divine and human law, rule and submission, religion and politics, reason and affect, male and female, life and death. Debating critics have put forward a spectrum of different judgments and evaluations of those antitheses and their roles in the personalities of the play's two main characters. In its own way, the debate partially reflects Freud's stance of wavering between a view of the superego as the conscience, representing all of moral functioning, and its more accepted designation as an "epistemologically blind . . . [and] autocratic" structure (Wallwork 1991, pp. 221-225).

While asserting the disputable thesis that Antigone's relation with her brother is not sexual in any way, Hegel (1807) memorably expounded that Creon and Antigone are equally right and wrong in their respective defense of human and divine law. The Hegelian general balance has been rejected by other critics, and most recently by Bollack (1999), whose antipathy to Antigone leads him to consider Creon the hero of Sophocles' play. While Creon's misogyny and emerging brutality have been generally recognized, controversy has centered on his conception and endorsement of state law and on his entrenched arrogance. For example, Lucas (1959) holds that Creon starts out with nobility and even "an excess of virtue"; and although Werman (1979) recognizes Creon's sham piety, ignobleness, narcissistic hunger, and almost delusional thinking, he holds that the childlike king—"a fraternal being"—is "much a part of us" (p. 471) and suffers an eventual fate evoking our tenderness and pity. In a more negative global view, Alford (1992) re-

fers to Creon's power-obsessed extension of his decrees over both the already dead (in the person of Polyneices) and the world of the living, whom he can condemn to death.

Antigone has been diagnostically evaluated as an example of so-called neurotic virginity, in her quest for a preoedipal maternal unity (Weissman 1964), and as exhibiting unresolved oedipal conflict through displaced affection from her father to her brother (Kanzer 1950; see also Johnson 1997). Any attempt to classify Antigone's dynamics as a case of brother-fixation is to engage in "clinical phantasmagoria," countered Seidenberg and Papathomopoulos (1974); Werman (1979) agrees. Among the endless, contradictory commentaries, we also read that she incarnates nobility (Bowra 1966) and that she is normal and even exemplary in subordinating self-love to a higher ideal (Wolman 1965). The Sophoclean scholar Jebb (1900) found her to have the stature of a Christian martyr and saint.

Almansi (1991) focused on the unconscious motivations of both Creon and Antigone, including the latter's incestuous yearnings for Polyneices, but some of Almansi's conclusions were faulty or did not go far enough, in my reading. According to Almansi, Creon's decree was a rationalization built on his having unjustly blamed Polyneices, for Eteocles was the wronged party (in the play, however, Antigone never disputes the claim that Polyneices was a traitor; her objection deals strictly with matters of burial). Textual evidence does not support Almansi's thesis that Antigone achieved "excellent object relations" (p. 74).

In Wurmser's (2001, pp. 128-133) enlarged perspective, a dialectic of shame and guilt affects both Creon and Antigone, although the latter's incestuous wishes are not brought up for consideration. While caught up in the unavoidable results of their own particular righteousness and narcissistic sensitivities, each protagonist sees in the other the extreme affronts of transgression and humiliation. In this comparison of Creon with Antigone, Cairns (1993, pp. 219-221) makes a crucial distinction about their narcissistic investment: while the two protagonists are both motivated by what will bring them public honor, Antigone (lines 502ff.) differs in that what is most important to her is her own evaluation of her actions as intrinsically good or honorable.

In my analysis of the identities of Creon and Antigone, as well as of their psychodynamic interaction, I have sometimes complemented and sometimes made new contributions to previous criticism. *Inter alia,* I concluded that both Creon and Antigone are variously flawed, Creon much more than Antigone, and that in contrast to Creon, Antigone retains an overall psychic strength—even though, finally disillusioned and disoriented, she must confront the imminence of death.

Throughout my undertaking, I have borne uppermost in mind that critical attention must not be confined to synchronic considerations of Creon and Antigone, but must also take into serious account their transformation (cf. Bowra 1966; Werman 1979). In point of fact, Sophocles subtly undertook the creative feat of revealing the character of his main protagonists in two phases. The first phase involves their mostly intransigent reaction to being defiantly tested by external challenges. The second, more critical phase—reminiscent of Freud's (1933) description of crystal that breaks along its fault line (p. 59)—discloses their altered psychic functioning under extraordinary distress.

In short, the play dramatizes an endorsement of contrasting laws that was overdetermined by divergent unconscious conflicts. The negative nature of the conflicted Creon can be readily understood by recognizing that his gender-marked, hierarchical fixation and related detachment point to an ultimately fragile masculinity, one that is bound up with components of narcissism, castration anxiety, paranoia, and a fear of internal destructive objects—including woman as a destructive internal object. It must be noted that, while the gods (through the person of Tiresias) disapprove of Creon's dismissiveness of Polyneices and Antigone, they are not shown as passing judgment on Antigone's defiant act against Creon (Brown 1987, p. 9).

All said, Antigone remains the imperfect yet laudably courageous heroine. With her enormous inner strength, she strives for the impossible and pursues her desire to the limit. In a timely, pertinent reminder, the eminent classicist A. F. Garvie (2005) stated well that, although the Sophoclean hero does not suffer only because of his greatness, suffering contributes in an essential way to that greatness.

By way of conclusion, I find it timely to mention that the application of a psychoanalytic approach to literary works has sometimes been

called the praxis of psychotextuality. That endeavor incurs many risks if the reader is forced to examine the text solely in translation from its original language. In this regard, it is pertinent to note that the very Latin etymology of the word *text* is *texere,* "to weave," and that, similarly, the word *subtle* comes from the Latin *sub texere,* "to weave underneath."

For his part, the Spanish novelist Cervantes (1605-1613) shrewdly observed that reading a text in translation is like looking at a tapestry from the wrong side.[4] In so doing, one misses a mass of subtleties, including those that are ensconced in unconscious derivatives. The psychoanalyst-reader must indeed be ever wary in encountering the awesome use of language, both conscious and unconscious, by geniuses universally acclaimed for their unequaled verbal powers and sensitivities.

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[4] See Cervantes, Part 2, Chapter 62, p. 776.

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WHAT THE STORY IS ABOUT: CARVER, LISH, AND THE EDITORIAL PROCESS

BY ADELE TUTTER

A close reading of Raymond Carver's stories, interviews, essays, and letters explores aspects of his relationships with his father, his teacher John Gardner, and in particular his influential editor, Gordon Lish, as they relate to his writing and to his development as a writer. It is proposed that the internalization of aspects of these relationships, along with the collaborative and symbolizing process of authorship—providing both self-exposition and screen—helped Carver move beyond his need for subjugated masochistic attachment and forge a path toward greater creative autonomy.

Keywords: Raymond Carver, Gordon Lish, Carver–Lish controversy, editorial process, creative autonomy, creativity, literature, fiction, short stories, literary criticism.

> Maybe I revise because it gradually takes me into the heart of what the story is about.
> —Raymond Carver [1983, p. 218]

INTRODUCTION

In 1983, having published four volumes of short stories to international acclaim, the American poet and short story writer Raymond Carver (1938–1988) was interviewed by *The Paris Review.*

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This paper is dedicated to Dr. Jules Kerman.

PARIS REVIEW: What was your early life like, and what made you want to write?

CARVER: The first house I can remember living in, near the fairgrounds in Yakima [Washington], had an outdoor toilet . . . . I used to wait at the bus stop for my dad to come home from work. Usually he was as regular as clockwork. But every two weeks or so, he wouldn't be on the bus . . . . It meant he'd gone drinking with friends of his from the sawmill. I still remember the sense of doom and hopelessness that hung over the supper table when my mother and I and my kid brother sat down to eat.

PARIS REVIEW: But what made you want to write?

CARVER: The only explanation I can give you is that my dad told me lots of stories about himself . . . and about his dad and his grandfather . . . [who] had fought in the Civil War . . . . He was a turncoat . . . [My dad] didn't see anything wrong with it, and I guess I didn't either. Anyway, my dad would tell me stories, anecdotes really, no moral to them . . . . I loved his company and loved to listen to him tell me these stories . . . . Now and again I'd see him . . . reading from Zane Grey . . . . I realized he had this private side to him, something I didn't understand or know anything about . . . that found expression through this occasional reading . . . . I'd ask him to read me what he was reading, and he'd oblige . . . . After a while, he'd say, "Junior, go do something else right now." Well, there were plenty of things to do.

[Gentry and Stull 1990, pp. 32-33]

As a storyteller might, Carver answers the question—two questions, really—by telling a story. This one reveals a great deal about him, and about how he discovered that in words and stories and the books that contain them there is another, alternative world that affords not only the opportunity for withdrawal and escape, but also the chance—however

momentary—for tender connection: a world of privacy, and also of intimacy.

Alienation between failed fathers and their disappointed (and disappointing) sons figures prominently in Carver's stories.[1] In his essay "My Father's Life" (1992), his frustrated longing for closeness to his father is made explicit, as is the sense of loss that his father's life instilled in his own. It may be inferred that Carver struggled to contain this loss and hold on to his father and what goodness he did offer by identifying with him as a reader and teller of stories. The prospect of identification with a barely literate, philandering, alcoholic man prone to mental collapse must have been an ambivalent one. In fact, the dualities of identification versus disidentification, and of privacy versus intimacy, course through and characterize Carver's life and literature.

"My Father's Life" opens with these lines:

> My dad's name was Clevie Raymond Carver. His family called him Raymond and friends called him C. R. I was named Raymond Clevie Carver Jr. I hated the "Junior" part. When I was little my dad called me Frog, which was okay. But later . . . he began calling me Junior . . . until I was thirteen or fourteen and I announced I wouldn't answer to that name any longer . . . . From then until his death . . . he called me Doc, or else Son. [1992, p. 77]

This tale of ambiguous identification touches on the experience of a boy who was given, yet not given, his father's name; who didn't want to be called—or perhaps be—*Junior*.

Carver includes in the essay his poem "Photograph of My Father in His Twenty-Second Year":

> . . . All my life my father wanted to be bold.
> But the eyes give him away, and the hands
> that limply offer the string of dead perch
> and the bottle of beer. Father, I love you,
> yet how can I say thank you, I who can't hold my liquor either,
> and don't even know the places to fish?
>
> [1992, p. 85]

[1] Examples include "The Fling" (Carver 1977) and "The Compartment" (Carver 1983).

Carver implicitly shares his failed father's disappointment in himself. Yet with immense empathy and tact, Carver consoles his father with his observation—you may be weak, but your son is weaker still: *junior*. It is, perhaps, what he imagines his father would have liked to hear.

Carver's willing deference likely functioned as foil and mask for the anger embedded in his lament. Consider the oedipal dilemma for Carver, who had risen like a phoenix out of the ashes of obscurity and rural poverty into the limelight of twentieth-century American letters at the time he wrote "My Father's Life," which closes with his memory of his father's funeral:

> I thought I'd remember everything that was said and done that day . . . . What I do remember is that I heard our name used a lot that afternoon, my dad's name and mine. But I knew they were talking about my dad. *Raymond*, these people kept on saying in their beautiful voices out of my childhood. *Raymond*. [1992, p. 86, italics in original]

The dissonance of hearing his name—now belonging only to him, yet still not signifying him—rings through these final lines. Beginning and ending the essay with their—his—name, Carver's yearning for his father is mirrored by another yearning audible in this refrain, a yearning to be called—and known—by his own, true name. Alongside the need for a father is a need for a sense of *self:* individuated, autonomous, whole.

Throughout his adult life, Carver would seek out men of power and authority: in his fiction, in which men long for the company of men; and in his life as a writer, which centered around certain profoundly formative, profoundly conflicted relationships with older mentors. These included John Gardner, the novelist and Carver's first writing teacher, and most famously, Gordon Lish, his long-time editor and friend. The nature and degree of Lish's influence on Carver's fiction became an explosive literary controversy in 1998, when D. T. Max's reportage of the Carver–Lish correspondence and numerous drafts of Carver's stories in Lish's newly deposited archive at Indiana University (Max 1998) revealed that Lish's editorial activity had extended to the drastic simplification and renaming of stories, substantial rewriting, and the addition of wholly new material and endings.

More recently, *The New Yorker* (2007) published excerpts of Carver's letters to Lish and, controversially, a draft—entitled "Beginners" (Carver 2007)—of the prototypical Carver story, "What We Talk About When We Talk About Love," predating the originally published version, which appeared in an anthology with the same title and was edited by Lish (Carver 1981).

The inevitable aesthetic and ethical questions invoked by Lish's editing of Carver are neither asked nor argued here. Instead, a close reading of Carver, focusing on different versions of two seminal works, aims to illuminate aspects of Carver's evolving relationship with his editor and its impact on the writer and the writing, drawing on Carver's own words, and on only the most basic biographical information provided in the above-referenced interviews and articles. Rather than using his stories to attempt a biographical-historical reconstruction, in the present inquiry they are read and interpreted as parables that impart and reflect aspects of Carver and his relationships, as glimpsed through the veil of fiction.

Similarly, the author's essays and interviews are approached as communications at once candid and encoded. The examination of his words from this perspective—attending to their meanings and sequence, their tensions and associations, their disclosure and their disguise—may allow us to begin to clarify Carver's longings, conflicts, and torments, and to situate them within a tentative narrative of his evolution as a writer. Such an interpretive approach is encouraged by the admittedly autobiographical derivation of his work.

Carver remained acutely—and ever ambivalently—mindful of his intimate identification with his characters. Gentry and Stull (1990) quote Carver's own words:

- You are not your characters, but your characters are you (p. 8).
- Most of what I write is about myself, even though I never write anything autobiographical (p. 79).
- The fiction I'm most interested in, whether it's Tolstoy's fiction, Chekhov . . . Hemingway . . . strikes me as autobiographical to some extent . . . . Everything we write is, in some way, autobiographical. I'm not in the least bothered by

> "autobiographical" fiction. To the contrary . . . Celine. Roth. Lawrence. Durrell. Updike, too, you bet. [pp. 40-41]

Carver appears compelled to legitimize autobiographical derivation with a list of canonical masters who also drew on their own experience. One way to understand his ambivalence, reflected in his negation of apprehension ("I'm not in the least bothered"), is to hypothesize that he struggled to balance needs to simultaneously identify and disidentify with his characters, to simultaneously remember and forget—in other words, to use his work as *both self-exposition and screen*. Indeed, Carver's acute empathy and interior attunement with his characters—in subtle juxtaposition with his composed, external, almost cold observation of them—is perhaps the most singular dialectical tension in his fiction.

If Carver dealt with the loss and disappointment incurred by his father via identification with him as storyteller, such identification may have also contributed to his violence, self-destruction, and withdrawal, tendencies finding conspicuous representation in his fiction. It is suggested that Carver's unrequited longing for a strong father to love and emulate—and the rage issuing from this frustration—drove him to idealize powerful paternal mentors to whom he could passively (at times, masochistically) submit, thus reenacting his conflictual relationship with his father. Carver's compliance with these mentors seems to have allowed him to take in their goodness and potency; to gain needed approval and advantage; and, not least, to contain his rage. Scarred by alcoholism and demoralized by years of menial labor, a gradual shift in his relationships with mentors—from these incorporative and masochistic patterns to more stable identifications—may have helped him address his own conflicts and strengthen his damaged sense of self.

I propose that this progression, along with the generative and symbolizing process of authorship, allowed Carver a virtual rebirth as a man of letters. Having overcome his hunger for submissive attachments to dominant men—which had entailed the sacrifice of considerable creative freedom—he could then forge a new path toward greater autonomy and integrity.

The method employed here retains the limits inherent to interpretive study: namely, that its conclusions are, at best, provisional—more

often, suggestive and evocative. If the use of additional biographical and literary sources would have resulted in a more objective or comprehensive inquiry, these would also, necessarily, have bent it away from Carver's own experience. My present purpose is to listen for a singular and personal truth—approaching, as close as possible, Carver's unique subjectivity, and in this way, to hear *what his story is about.*

CARVER AND GARDNER

The story of Raymond Carver and Gordon Lish must be understood in the context of the preceding (and arguably equally significant) story of Carver and John Gardner. When Carver enrolled in Chico State University in Northern California in 1959, Gardner, as yet unpublished, was Carver's instructor in Creative Writing 101. Gardner took the enthralled young Carver under his wing. In Carver's words:

> I had no concept of serious literature. I simply knew I wanted to be a writer and, of course, nobody in my family did any reading[2] so there was no guidance of any sort whatsoever . . . until I met Gardner. He'd say . . ."I'm not only here to teach you how to write, but I'm also here to tell you who to read." [Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 234]

Carver flourished under Gardner's didactic guidance and encouragement. Gardner offered him tireless and painstaking, line-by-line criticism—as well as the key to his office, a symbolic gesture that allowed Carver, already married with two children, a quiet place to write. In turn Carver gratefully accepted and treasured Gardner's literary doctrines as would a true apostle. Notably, his aesthetic of lean, terse prose was initially cultivated at Gardner's knee. Carver's receptive, transformative (and practically eroticized) internalization of aspects of Gardner is viscerally literalized in the following excerpts:

[2] Carver's apparent disavowal of his father's (albeit limited) interest in books here is startling, given the importance he assigned to it elsewhere. The particular narrative of the isolated figure awaiting rescue appears to represent a personal myth, one that is integral to Carver's need for a powerful patron and will be seen again.

> I had never had anybody look at a manuscript of mine the way he did . . . . Gardner was a wonderful teacher . . . . I was simply electrified. Whatever he had to say went right into my bloodstream and changed the way I looked at things . . . . I associated writing with a high calling . . . . He was very important in strengthening that. [Gentry and Stull 1990, pp. 141-142]

> [Gardner] told me . . . if you can say it in fifteen words rather than twenty or thirty words, then say it in fifteen words. That struck me with the force of revelation. There I was, groping to find my own way, and here someone was telling me something that somehow conjoined with what I already wanted to do. [Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 109]

> It was a basic tenet of his that a writer found what he wanted to say in the ongoing process of *seeing* what he'd said. And this . . . came about through revision . . . [in which] he never seemed to lose patience. [Carver 1983a, p. 110, italics in original]

Carver delighted in the revision insisted on by Gardner, the tinkering involved in finding the right word or turn of phrase. He was also deeply affected by Gardner's unwavering devotion to the end of this means: the discovery and expression of *exactly what he wanted to say*. Thus, Gardner taught Carver to respect the process of revision and to respect the authorial voice. For Gardner—and so for Carver—the two were inextricably entwined.

Many of Gardner's literary concerns were, as he termed them, moral: he was interested in the honesty of the prose and argued that the author was responsible for its impact on the reader, issues later developed in *On Moral Fiction* (Gardner 1978). None of this was lost on Carver, as noted in the following two quotations (Gentry and Stull 1990): "Any storytelling device that kept important information from the reader was, in Gardner's mind, cheating, you had to be as honest as possible in your writing" (p. 78); Gardner's definition of morality [in *On Moral Fiction*] is life-affirming . . . . He believes good fiction is moral fiction" (p. 48).

In depicting life as he knew it, Carver wrote in strict accordance with Gardner's insistence on authenticity. Emulating Gardner's principled approach to literature may have granted Carver a measure of containment of his darker feelings and impulses, while helping him maintain his

connection to Gardner after Carver left Chico State after only one year. Yet—and prefigured by his delight in his father's tales of their turncoat ancestor—Carver would continually worry that his fiction fell short of his beloved teacher's ideals, that his stories were not as "life-affirming" or positive in outlook as they could or should be.[3]

In an early interview, he brought up another sort of literary morality, foreshadowing future debate over the ownership of his prose while striking a voyeuristic chord heard in many of his stories.[4]

> In [Gardner's] office on the weekends I used to go through his manuscripts and steal titles from his stories . . . and rephrase them, and put them on my own stories . . . . I began to show him my stories with my titles, and he had to give me a little lecture on the basic proprieties and the like . . . . He had a lot of correspondence from other writers in his office, which I naturally read. Anyway, I learned a great deal about this and that from all my snooping. [Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 4]

These were gentle crimes, however, compared to the utter destruction Carver believed his writing wrought on his family—and vice versa. In fact, he freely and repeatedly attributed his alcoholism and other guilty transgressions to his frustration and seething resentment over having to prioritize responsibility for his family over his desire to write.[5]

But if responsibilities necessitated compromise, for Carver, craft allowed none, as evidenced by his poem "What You Need for Painting":

> Indifference to everything except your canvas,
> The ability to work like a locomotive,
> An iron will.
>
> [Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 227][6]

[3] "For a long time I didn't want to read Gardner's book on moral fiction; I didn't want to find out that I was writing immoral fiction" (Gentry and Stull 1990, pp. 141-142).

[4] See "Neighbors" and "Put Yourself in My Shoes" (Carver 1976) and "Why Don't You Dance" (Carver 1981).

[5] For example, see Carver (1984) and Gentry and Stull (1990, pp. 37-38, 175).

[6] This is a found poem—i.e., one that incorporates previously written works, most usually not articulated for purposes of artistic expression—and is faithful to Pierre-Auguste Renoir's actual list of what he identified as "What You Need for Painting." This is the only example of this use of findings in Carver's poetry.

This poem suggests the fantasy that the isolation required for artistic productivity could also yield, or liberate, a measure of longed-for strength. Carver makes no attempt to conceal his bitterness toward his family for denying him this precious, elusive indifference and its tempting promise of potency. In the essay "Fires" (1984), he describes being crushed by parental responsibilities while trying to write. Openly envying his wife's attention to their son and daughter, he mercilessly named his children as "the main influence on my life and writing . . . a negative one, oppressive and often malevolent" (p. 19). "There wasn't any area of my life where their heavy and often baleful influence didn't reach" (p. 22).

Imagery of food, feeding, even cannibalism dominate Carver's descriptions of attempting to write while raising a family—invoking, metaphorically speaking, a man going hungry while being "eaten alive": "Getting milk and food on the table, getting the rent paid, if a choice had to be made, then I had to forego writing" (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 91); "the kids were there, eating me alive, and I had to make all those monthly payments" (p. 233).

Carver's identification with his father is readable in the hostile rejection of his family that the solitary, private act of writing seemed to demand from him. His *oeuvre,* partitioned as it is into short, discrete interludes inhabited by seductively real characters who engage the reader intimately, intensely, yet heartbreakingly (and at times maddeningly) briefly, can be interpreted, as a whole, as identified with Carver's father: a man who would grant his son treasured moments of intimacy, only to send him away. Thus dismissed (whether gently or summarily, always longing for more), the reader is left with Carver's fleeting experience of embrace, followed by ensuing, inevitable loss.

Carver's work can thus be intimately linked *in process and in form* to yearnings for his father, and to allegiance to the idealized paternal transference figure of Gardner. Yet his joy in his craft and mandate to write were experienced as utterly opposed to his own paternal role: one a source of nourishing gratification, the other a source of insatiable demands. The tension and indelible resentment generated by this dilemma, at times escalating to vengeful, even murderous rage, is evident in certain pivotal stories, including two examined here: "Distance" (Carver

1977, 1988), referring to the alienation between father and daughter *whose needs as a baby girl prevented the young father from going hunting with a fatherly man,* and "So Much Water, So Close to Home" (Carver 1977, 1981, 1988), in which *a man leaves his wife and son to go fishing with other men, and finds a murdered girl.*

Carver frequently portrayed children as disrupting a previously blissful, idealized dyad. For instance, in "What We Talk About When We Talk About Love" (Carver 1981), *a teenage boy causes an accident, critically injuring an elderly (and childless) couple still very much in love.* An even more direct expression of his retaliatory, murderous impulses—and an indictment of his children as contributing to the dissolution of his first marriage—is found in "The Compartment" (Carver 1983), which also suggests the danger Carver might have anticipated had he adopted a more confrontational stance with his father or other figures of authority.

> The final breakup [of the marriage] was hastened along, Myers[7] always believed, by the boy's malign interference in their personal affairs . . . . The last time Myers had seen his son, the boy had lunged for him during a violent quarrel . . . . [Myers] slammed him into the wall and threatened to kill him. He meant it. "I gave you life," Myers remembered himself shouting, "and I can take it back!" [pp. 47-48]

Carver's antipathy toward his children contributed to his concern that he was not only an immoral writer, but also an immoral man: a disappointing son to Gardner's disapproving father. This estimation would have also served to shift the burden of disappointment and incrimination from his father's shoulders to his own, shielding his father from his anger while redirecting it toward himself.

In the following interview, Carver appears to grapple with the presence of immoral attitudes in his fiction:

> Certain experimental writers . . . write things like a father's babysitting, and the baby's crying is interrupting his TV show, and so he gets up and puts the baby in the furnace . . . . That kind of stuff is cold . . . . They don't have any . . . moral bearings, either

[7] A character named Myers—the only character in all of Carver's stories identified as a writer—also appears in "Put Yourself in My Shoes" (Carver 1976).

> for the work of art or in their lives. [Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 18]

Carver's repeated use of this example to demonstrate his rejection of this genre of writing (see also Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 58) likely reflects a guilty attempt to deny that, like these writers, he had lost his "moral bearings," or that he had located his unspeakable feelings and impulses in his fiction.

Although their formal relationship as teacher and student lasted not even a year, Gardner's influence endured, as is plain in an interview given shortly before Carver's death in 1988 at the age of fifty, from lung cancer.

> I think that any good piece of fiction has to feel authentic and true . . . . How does one get along in this life? . . . How should we behave? . . . You can't leave [the reader] drifting around without enough information to make them care about [the characters]; you can't obfuscate what's going on. [Gentry and Stull 1990, pp. 227-228]

By the late 1960s, Carver had found another brilliant, charismatic literary man to support, contain, and champion him—and to provoke moral tension.

CARVER AND LISH

Carver and Lish met in Palo Alto, California, where they worked in nearby textbook publishing companies. Worldly and urbane, Lish befriended Carver and impressed him with his erudition. By reading and commenting on Carver's work, recommending publishing venues, and offering praise and patronage, Lish became a valuable repository for feelings formerly reserved for Gardner; in some ways, Lish seemed to do Gardner one better.

> In much the same way as John Gardner, [Lish] gave me some good advice and counsel on particular stories. He was a stickler for the right word . . . . I had two of the best teachers a writer could possibly have . . . . Gardner said don't use twenty-five words to say what you can say in fifteen . . . . Gordon believed that if

> you could say it in five words instead of fifteen, use five . . . . Gordon . . . believed in me as a writer when I needed that, when I had no other contact with the great world.[8] [Lish] . . . was like Gardner in the sense that he offered encouragement . . . . I needed to hear what he had to offer. [Gentry and Stull, p. 23]

When Lish became the fiction editor at *Esquire,* Carver foresaw a chance at publication in a national venue. He had to work at it, though:

> I proceeded to dispatch all the stories I had in the house . . . and, by God, they all came back by return mail with a message saying "Try me again, these are not right". . . . But he finally took one. It was a story called "Neighbors." [Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 234]

Carver tells this story in several places—in nearly identical words—suggesting a tale both meaningful and well rehearsed.[9] It is, in fact, an exact parallel of another favored story epitomizing the master–apprentice relationship that Carver held sacred, and on which he modeled his association with Lish.[10]

> Guy de Maupassant learned from Flaubert. Flaubert read de Maupassant's stories in manuscript, and said, No, no, no, this will never do. Finally Guy de Maupassant gave Flaubert a story: "Boule de Suif." Flaubert said, This is a story, you've done it. So that informal kind of teaching has always been going on. [Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 129]

The title character of "Boule de Suif" was a prostitute. This vignette hints that Lish's discretionary privilege might have influenced the content of the story he finally accepted: "Neighbors" (Carver 1976), which details a couple's voyeuristic intrusion into another couple's apartment.

[8] Here again, Carver presents himself as unsupported and isolated. This begs the question as to how Carver felt about his previous and significant literary connections, notably Gardner and subsequent influential teachers such as Dick Day, whom Carver acknowledged in *Furious Seasons* (1977).

[9] See Carver (1984, pp. 29-30) and Gentry and Stull (1990, p. 64).

[10] As late as 1987, Carver named no less than Beethoven, Michelangelo, Rilke, and Pasternak in averring that "the maestro–apprentice relationship is an old and distinguished relationship" (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 220).

It has a register of suspense and secretive, illicit eroticism that might have been expected to appeal to the readership of *Esquire*. In the essay "Fires" (1984), Carver comments that Lish "told me he was changing the name [from 'The Neighbors'] to 'Neighbors'" (Carver 1983, p. 30). Although minor, Carver nevertheless found this change worthy of comment—perhaps to imply that this was the extent of Lish's changes, or perhaps to intimate appropriation via its peremptory tone. One is reminded of Carver's own theft of Gardner's story titles, while "Neighbors" itself recalls Carver's "snooping" among the manuscripts and letters in Gardner's office.

Carver's letters to Lish during the years leading up to his first two sizeable collections of stories, *Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?* (1976) and *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* (1981), lay bare his excitement and pride in his flourishing career, his considerable ambition, and his affectionate and unabashedly worshipful feelings for the man whom he held responsible for this success.

> [July 15, 1970] Hombre, thanks for the super assist . . . . No one has ever done that for me since I was 18 . . . . Feel the stories are first class now . . . . I appreciate the fine eye you turned on them.

> [January 19, 1971] Listen, something you said a long time ago, *the thing itself is what matters*. Is true, in the end. *I'm not bothered*. I've always been the slowest kid in the class anyway . . . . So lean on it, if you see things. *If I don't agree, I'll say something, never fear*.

> [November 11, 1974] What I'm concerned about and thrilled about is having a book of stories, & from there on I intend, brother, to set the globe afire . . . . About the editing necessary on some of the stories. Tell me which ones and I'll go after it . . . . Or I will leave it up to you & you tell me what you think needs done or doing.

> [May 10, 1980] I delight in your company, simple as that. You know I feel closer to you than I do to my own brother . . . . Besides, you're my hero—don't you know? . . . There's no question of your importance to me . . . . Man, I love you . . . . For Christ's sweet sake, *not to worry about taking a pencil to the stories if you*

> *can make them better;* and if anyone can you can. I want them to be the best possible stories, and I want them to be around for a while. [*The New Yorker* 2007, p. 95, italics added]

Carver's idealization of Lish stands in sharp relief against his own self-deprecating, ingratiating stance, which recalls his subservient poem to his father. Yet one can discern stirrings of apprehension in Carver's iterative negation of concern over Lish's frankly uninhibited editorial activity. Carver's letters to Lish indicate that whatever uneasiness he needed to disavow was further offset—and subdued—by a multiplicity of interacting factors, including his feelings of indebtedness; his poor self-regard and lack of confidence; his aspirations, tempered by the suspicion that, but for the benefit of Lish's interventions, he would not have met with such success; and, all-importantly, his fear of alienating Lish, a man whom he felt closer to than his "own brother."

Carver's need to maintain his good standing with Lish presumably reflected a need not only to preserve Lish's role as literary patron, but also his function as a powerful masculine figure whom he could venerate, please, borrow strength and success from, and remain controlled and subjugated by, thereby modulating his aggression—needs not easily relinquished.

Yet his concerns remained. As we will see, Carver was particularly sensitive to the blurring of the line separating editorial guidance and authorial participation, which flew in the face of Gardner's moral pedagogy. The loyalties Carver felt toward Gardner and Lish—his two greatest influences—were thus irreconcilable. Accordingly, Carver tended to leave Lish unnamed or unmentioned in interviews (unlike Gardner) unless directly asked about him. He also took pains to indicate that the illustrious Gardner was (like Lish) a meticulous, stringent, and at times even authoritarian editor who "wouldn't hesitate" to add freely to the text and who disliked sentimentality—as if Lish would gain by the implicit comparison (Carver 1992, pp. 112-113).

Carver seems to have framed his collaboration with Lish as part of his belated education, as when referencing fabled editors who shaped and advanced the writers whom Carver revered (see Gentry and Stull 1990, pp. 20-23, 129), a tactic which would have been unnecessary had

Carver not worried that his partnering with Lish approached a complicit compromise—at worst, a Faustian contract—that might have felt inescapable once it began to prove its aesthetic and commercial worth.

As, indeed, it did. Carver's first collection, *Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?* (1976), consisting of stories written during the prior thirteen years and edited by Lish to create a more uniform aesthetic, was nominated for the National Book Award, a distinction rarely granted either to books by first-time authors or to volumes of short stories.

The next year, independently of Lish, Capra Press released *Furious Seasons* (Carver 1977), a slender monograph of eight stories mainly dating from 1974. Belying the size of the volume, several of these stories were of particular significance for Carver, as judged by their repetitive appearance in subsequent collections, beginning with *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* (1981), which contains five stories from *Furious Seasons*, newly edited by Lish.[11] There is thus an ample, valuable sample of published stories, in finished form, both before and after Lish's editorial attention.

Moreover, in subsequent collections, Carver would bring back three of those five stories in restored form; while not identical to his original versions, they reverse almost all of Lish's editorial changes. The first two restorations, "Distance" and "So Much Water, So Close to Home," were published in *Fires* (Carver 1984)—their third appearance—shortly before Carver terminated his formal relationship with Lish. They were subsequently reprinted in yet another anthology, *Where I'm Calling From*[12] (Carver 1988), further underscoring their importance to him. Yet when asked about the multiple versions of his stories, Carver shrugged them off as natural—even inevitable—artifacts of the writer's craft, overlooking their uniquely (and drastically) truncated form in *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* (1981).

This evasion is all the more notable given Carver's frank disaffection with this very aspect of the volume (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 101).

[11] Specifically, "Dummy" (retitled "The Third Thing That Killed My Father Off"), "Distance" (retitled "Everything Stuck To Him"), "So Much Water, So Close To Home," "The Fling" (retitled "Sacks"), and "Mine" (retitled "Popular Mechanics").

[12] This also included the third restored story, "Dummy."

In interviews given in 1986 and 1987 (Gentry and Stull 1990), Carver stated:

> There are about four versions of "So Much Water." They're all different stories, and they have to be judged differently. That was a period when I rewrote everything. I don't know if I've gotten lazier, or more confident, or less interested. [pp. 187-188]

> I'm certainly not the only writer who has ever rewritten stories after they were published . . . . Frank O'Connor was constantly changing his stories long after they were in print. [p. 200]

Characteristically, Carver justifies the existence of different versions of his stories with the example of a redoubtable writer. Indeed, he would have us believe that his stories were compressed under his own hand; the only credible part of his explanation is that a lack of confidence factored into the revisions. The real story was evidently reprehensible to Carver, as he needed to keep it secret. Examining the different versions of "Distance" and "So Much Water, So Close to Us," as well as the correspondence regarding the editorial process, sheds light on Carver's objections to Lish's handling of these significant stories—and on what drove the author to restore them.

"DISTANCE"

"Distance," first published in 1977, comprises a series of nested stories. A daughter visits her father in Milan and asks "what was it like when she was a kid. Always that on the rare occasions when he sees her." Her father promises to tell how, as a baby, she figured in her parents' "first argument." He tells this nested story from the intrinsically detached position of the third-person narrator, describing her parents—"the boy," "the girl"—as (just as Carver and his first wife had been) "kids themselves, but they were crazy in love."

The "boy" was also "a little in love" with his wife's sister, Claire. In his story, the wife affectionately teases, "Who do you love most in the world?" The boy replies with the second nested story, about Canadian geese that "only marry once," faithful even after death. "Have you ever killed one of those marriages?" his wife asks. He had, but it hadn't bothered him,

even though he loved geese. "You can't think about it when you're doing it . . . . But there are all kinds of contradictions in life."

One such contradiction is the boy's plan to go hunting with an older man, Carl,[13] even though something is amiss with his infant, who has become inconsolable. His wife can't comprehend why the boy doesn't want to stay home with them as he should. She gives him an ultimatum: "If you want a family, you have to choose." The boy drives off anyway, but upon meeting Carl he explains that he must return home. Carl approves, reminding him that he is a "lucky boy." His wife welcomes him home with breakfast, sticky with syrup, which he promptly upends into his lap. Temporarily, at least, they are reconciled.

One of Carver's great dilemmas is crystallized in "Distance." As in many other stories, obligations to a dependent family—specifically, a dependent child—interfere with a man's search to connect with a longed-for father. In the narrator's words, hunting with Carl—a friend of the boy's late father—is an attempt to "replace a loss they both felt." A maternal woman and paternal man represent a moral compass, redirecting the boy to what ostensibly should be most important: his child. Yet the neglectful father (himself still a boy, and a fatherless one) feels neglected on his own account: his wife's priority is now the child, and she turns to her, "paying no attention now to the boy." Nevertheless, she forgives his temporary abandonment and rewards his return with a meal.

Carver, the author, is less generous. By having his breakfast spill in his lap, Carver insinuates that the boy deserves neither nourishment nor forgiveness, for, as the author indicates, he will break his promise to mate for life. Like the geese he hunts, his marriage, too, is killed. If in the surrounding narrative the child drives a wedge into the marriage, the embedded hunting allegory alludes to the boy's unfaithfulness and culpability. But even as Carver guiltily identifies with the boy as an abandoning father and husband, the boy's own identification with the child he is all too ready to leave behind is quietly apparent. Carver's

[13] The name Carl bears obvious similarity to Carver and to his father's nickname, C. R. Characters named Carl also appear in "Put Yourself in My Shoes," which features Myers the writer, and in "Where's Alaska" (Carver 1976). The name Claire recurs in another story: "So Much Water, So Close to Home" (Carver 1977, 1981, 1988); the repetition of names is otherwise highly atypical for Carver.

connection to the abandoned child is thus triply displaced in this story: in person, from the baby to the boy; in tense, from the historical young father to the present-day older father; and in frame, from the father-character to the father-narrator.

The narrator leaves the artifice of the third person only at the mention of Claire. This brief, arresting shift in narrative mode causes a flinch of intensity:

> Claire was the girl's sister, ten years older. She was a striking woman. I don't know if you've seen pictures of her. (She hemorrhaged to death in a Seattle hotel when you were only four.) The boy was a little in love with her. [pp. 29-30][14]

In this moment, both the daughter and the reader are engaged directly. Drawn into and confided in within the intimacy of the parentheses, the reader is then left to wonder about Claire's premature death—in particular, whether it was a violent one. Claire vanishes into the story, but her memory and impact linger. Like the boy's love of geese, the love of a beautiful thing is linked with its death.

Lish's Edited Version

In the version of "Distance" in *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* (Carver 1981), Lish cuts the story by more than half and gives it the farcical title of "Everything Stuck to Him." His additions to the text are minor relative to his wide-ranging deletions that impact content, style, and form. Now missing from the opening paragraphs is that the father lives in the Via Fabroni; that he rarely sees his daughter any more; that he is proud of her and smiles at her; that she claps her hands in anticipation of a story; that she is gentle with him when he pauses; that her name is Catherine. Instead, the contours of the relationship between father and daughter are formless, unmoored by name or place. The tension between affection and distance is relieved, and replaced by a hollow, monochromatic register of alienation.

Lish's excision of two substantial passages is particularly significant. The first describes the boy's meeting with Carl, during which he receives

[14] Page numbers are from the 1977 publication of "Distance."

approval for returning home; in Lish's hands, the boy leaves only to sit in the car for a few moments. The second contains the moral and structural core of the story: the embedded, allegorical story of the geese that mate for life, in which the boy also describes how he guards against his crime of having killed paired geese, "You can't think about it when you're doing it." The centrality of this allegory (and perhaps of the boy's self-blame, more defended and remote than the blame placed on the child) is emphasized and physically represented by its placement within the innermost of three layers of narrative.

The deletion of these two sections leaves the text with the flattened surface, linearity, and formal simplicity favored by Lish, who also eschewed such devices as metaphor and shifts in temporal and narrative frame. Furthermore, Lish's cuts mitigate the boy's guilt and allow for greater moral ambiguity, as does his changing the baby's age from three weeks to three months, effectively decompressing the urgency one might feel about a newborn. The sense of danger and of life being at stake is further lessened by the omission of Claire's death.

Lish's changes to the characters bear his signature, in that he systematically eliminated distinguishing characteristics, including personal histories, memories, and internal reflections. Dialogue was truncated, often to the point of monosyllabic exchange. Characters were thus rendered less dimensional, less communicative, and less comprehensible—to themselves, to each other, and to the reader. Compare representative samples of dialogue from the first two versions of "Distance":

"Distance," in *Furious Seasons:*

> We won't fight anymore, will we? she said. It's not worth it, is it?
>
> That's right, he said. Look how it makes you feel after.
>
> We'll not fight anymore, she said. [Carver 1977, p. 36]

"Everything Stuck To Him," in *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love:*

> We won't fight anymore, she said.
>
> The boy said, we won't. [Carver 1981, p. 134]

The marginalized, poorly articulated world that Carver came from and wrote about was as exotic and seductive to Lish as Lish's world of culture and erudition was to Carver. Thus, Lish's slanting of Carver's characters toward banality may have had as much to do with the fascination the characters held for Lish—or for Carver's anticipated audience—as they had to do with Lish's more formal aesthetic concerns. In Lish's words: "What has most powerfully persuaded me of Carver's value is his sense of peculiar bleakness . . . . His people just seem squalid . . . . They're like hillbillies, but hillbillies of the shopping mall. And Carver celebrates that squalor, makes poetic that squalor" (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 87).

All evidence suggests that Carver would not have agreed, either with this assessment of his characters or with the notion of his having celebrated or exploited it in any way. To the contrary (Gentry and Stull 1990):

> Until I started reading these reviews of my work . . . I never felt the people I was writing about were so bad off . . . . The waitress, the bus driver, the mechanic, the hotel keeper. God, the country is filled with these people. They're good people. People doing the best they could. [p. 92]

> In all the books so far, I could have never been condescending to those characters . . . . I have to care for the people in the stories. These are my people. I can't offend them, and I wouldn't. [pp. 156-157]

> I'm not talking down to my characters, or holding them up for ridicule, or slyly doing an end run around them . . . . I'd be ashamed of myself if I did. [p. 185]

Lacking a sense of ironic remove, Carver could not separate from his characters sufficiently to shame them without shaming himself, as he himself observes. Lish introduces this distance. In removing defining features from Carver's characters, Lish abstracts, isolates, and depersonalizes them. Without histories, they remain indeterminate. They are at once more generic and opaque; *they go unnamed.* While more of an absorbent screen for projection—and thereby all the more universal—their reflec-

tion of facets of Carver is clouded. For instance, their moral dilemmas are less acute, their language less repetitive, their desires less defined and lusty than Carver's. In addition, the erasure of any details critical to the reader's understanding of a character or the character's behavior (whether referencing Carver or not) would have for Carver subverted Gardner's guiding principle: "Any storytelling device that kept important information from the reader was, in Gardner's mind, cheating" (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 78).

While some of Carver's characters may have been uncomprehending or inarticulate, Carver's original exposition was anything but. By limiting Carver's lexicon of literary devices, Lish simplified the *text* as well as the characters, collapsing the space between the blind, unknowing character and the all-seeing, knowing narrator. Thus, while Lish dismantled the *closeness* between Carver and the text by deconstructing the characters, he also dismantled the *distance* between Carver and the text by deconstructing the narrative, perturbing the fragile balance of identification and disidentification.

On the other hand, Carver (and his critics) clearly appreciated Lish's ability to extract whittled masterpieces of concentrated impact from more conventional narratives, accentuating the stark poetry of Carver's alarmingly original tableaux—brutal or mundane, wistful or wretched. Intentionally or unintentionally, however, by magnifying his blunt and economical style, Lish bundled Carver and his "under-class" characters into a sort of marketable blue-collar literary novelty: profitable, but in precise opposition to certain of Carver's sensibilities.

Although Lish's versions may be judged superior[15] and no doubt furthered Carver's literary ambition, some of the other, more personal purposes that Carver's work may have served did not enjoy such benefit. These include processes of identification (e.g., with Carver's father, Gardner, and other significant figures), disidentification (with their unwanted aspects), and other vital modes of self-exploration and symbol-

[15] Carver himself evidently judged them so at times, proclaiming certain stories as "closer to works of art" than their originals, and anthologizing several without restoration, including "What We Talk About When We Talk About Love," the Lish edition of which Carver chose for the last anthology he edited, *Where I'm Calling From* (Carver 1988), and the pre-Lish draft of which was published posthumously as "Beginners" (Carver 2007).

izing elaboration—including the presumably crucial functions of fiction as screen and as vehicle and vessel for Carver's aggression[16]—encroached upon by Lish's editorial intervention. It could also be argued that by honing his prose, stripping away device and detail, Lish in some way helped—and helped teach—Carver to listen, and to hew more closely to what his stories were about.

To some extent, Carver cultivated and colluded with the notion of a blue-collar aesthetic as consistent with his compact, uncluttered literary style (if not his literacy) and with his discomfort with the academy—which, as he frequently pointed out, he never used as a setting in his fiction (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 212). The mythic blending of Carver with his disenfranchised characters was also surely encouraged by his penetrating understanding of them, as well as by his acknowledged and appreciative kinship with them. That Carver nonetheless felt condescended to by his promotion and perception as representative of the naive and unwashed is suggested by some of his more discriminating statements, such as one placing "a high premium on clarity and simplicity, not simplemindedness—which is quite different" (Gentry and Stull, p. 172).[17]

Given Carver's precarious confidence, the acceptance of an "underclass" persona—whether willingly or unwillingly, in reality or in fantasy—would have contributed to his lingering doubts that he had indeed left his own "culturally impoverished" background (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 211) for a life of deserved literary distinction, and reinforced his reliance on the legitimizing embrace of idealized mentors.

"SO MUCH WATER, SO CLOSE TO HOME"

Like "Distance," "So Much Water, So Close To Home" was first published in 1977; and, like "So Much Water," it is also saturated with the friction between desire and responsibility. "So Much Water" has a female,

[16] That this particular function was especially vulnerable to Lish's treatment will be inferred from versions of "So Much Water, So Close to Home" (Carver 1977, 1981, 1988), to be discussed in the following sections.

[17] Carver, who always stressed his interest in the individual, was amused and perplexed by popular assumptions that he was exercising a sociopolitical agenda in depicting blue-collar America (e.g., Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 157).

first-person narrator, who, like the wife's sister in "Distance," is named Claire.[18] And in both, an internal story is processed: in "So Much Water," it concerns how Claire's husband, Stuart, and several other "family men" go on a fishing trip and find a dead girl, face down and naked, in the river where they have come to fish. Having hiked several miles in, they elect not to turn back but to stay for a few days, drinking and fishing, before reporting the body. They tether the floating, faceless body by the wrist, an image bluntly suggestive of a fish hooked on a line. When Stuart returns, he does not tell Claire of this right away; he keeps the story secret. Instead, he waits until the next day, after they had made love.

"So Much Water" opens—as "Distance" closes—with the wives serving their husbands breakfast upon their return home, implying continuity between the two stories. Accordingly, like the wife in "Distance," Claire both nurtures and sets the moral standard around which the central dilemma is framed. Claire also conveys a sense of the struggle for an integrated sense of self. In an extraordinary passage, her voice shifts from the first person to the third while relating the fragmented story of her life, evoking a state of dissociation as she tries to piece together and organize discontinuous remnants into a cohesive, comprehensible history.

> The past is unclear. It feels as if there is a film over those early years. I cannot be sure that the things I remember happening really happened to me. There was a girl who had a mother and a father . . . who moved as if in a dream through grade school and high school . . . . Later, much later—what happened to the time in between?—she is in another town . . . and becomes acquainted with one of the engineers . . . . Seeing that's his aim, she lets him seduce her. She had an intuition . . . about the seduction that later, try as she might, she couldn't recall . . . . They decide to get married but already the past, her past, is slipping away. The future is something she can't imagine . . . . Once, during a particularly bad argument . . . he tells her that someday this affair (his words: "this affair") will end in violence . . . . She files this away somewhere and begins repeating it aloud from

[18] *Claire* in French: light. Carver was fond of quoting John Cheever's statement that "fiction should throw light and air on a situation" (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 142). He entitled a book review "Fiction That Throws Light on Blackness" (Carver 1992, pp. 255-257).

> time to time. Sometimes she spends the whole morning on her knees in the sandbox behind the garage playing with [their son] . . . . But every afternoon at four o'clock her head begins to hurt. She holds her forehead and feels dizzy with the pain. Stuart asks her to see a doctor and she does, secretly pleased at the doctor's solicitous attention. She goes away for a while to a place the doctor recommends.[19] His mother comes out from Ohio . . . . But she, Claire, Claire spoils everything and returns home in a few weeks. [pp. 49-50][20]

Flowing throughout this sequence, with its vague, dislocated sense of time and place, are undercurrents of dread, disconnection, and passivity. Claire's childhood is lost to a dream. The seduction, not desired, is "permitted"; there is a threat of ending and of violence.[21] The intuition Claire had is forgotten, the headaches that start before Stuart comes home are split off from her feelings, and she cannot even imagine the future. In need of care, Claire is sent away.[22]

The internal narrative of the men and the dead girl crystallizes and precipitates a state of fear in Claire. In the encasing narrative, she feels and acts as though assaulted herself; thus, the narrator identifies with the tragic character in her story. Now, all men are predators; she feels violated by their eyes. "I can feel his eyes as I open my purse," she says of the man at the gas station.

When the body is identified, a funeral is arranged, which Claire attends. As she is on her way there, a car passes her, then turns back to where she has stopped, trapping her on the shoulder. The driver approaches and asks if she needs help. "He looks at my breasts and legs . . . . His eyes linger on my legs, but I sit still; afraid to move." On another occasion, the boy who delivers Stuart's flowers of apology "looks at my robe, open at the throat . . . . He stands with his legs apart, feet firmly

[19] This is a place called DeWitt, also the name of a detoxification center (and former psychiatric hospital) where Carver was treated.

[20] Page numbers are from the 1977 publication of "So Much Water, So Close to Home."

[21] One must question whether the two Claires are indeed the same—and whether the "end in violence" prefigures Claire's death in "Distance."

[22] In returning, Claire "spoils" Stuart's reunion with his mother: another example of a dyad ruined by a third.

planted on the top step, as if asking me to touch him down there." The murdered girl is also victim to voyeurism: tied to a tree, "the flashlights of the other men played over the girl's body." When Stuart comes near her, Claire starts; she recoils from his kiss. "Be that way, if you want. But just remember," Stuart warns.

The crisis somehow mobilizes Claire to action and defense. She smashes a drainboard full of dishes, moves to the couch, and later to the guest room. Recalling a girl from her high school who had been decapitated and thrown into a river by boys—brothers—who also claimed innocence, Claire dissociates, merging with the murdered girl:

> I float toward the pond, eyes open, face down, staring at the rocks and moss on the creek bottom until I am carried into the lake bottom until I am carried into the lake where I am pushed by the breeze. *Nothing will be any different . . . . We will go on even now, as if nothing had happened.* [p. 48, italics in original]

When Stuart complains about her manner, she slaps him. Alarmed by her impulse—and by Stuart's raised hand—she retreats into her trance: "I drift even faster around and around in the pond."

Evoking the constitutive reliving of unmetabolized trauma, the story and image of a girl left to float in the river is reiterated throughout "So Much Water, So Close to Home." First, Claire narrates the story. Then she describes how Stuart told her, how she told Stuart's mother, and how she and Stuart told their son. At the funeral, she goes through it again in her mind. Back home, she confesses her tension to her husband, who says he wants to help, suggesting, "I know what you need, honey. Let me play doctor, OK?" Resisting his advances, Claire is thrown to the floor: the violence has, as if inevitably, come home. Stuart's frustration and confused fury are as acute and deftly rendered as Claire's sense of damage and intense vulnerability.

Through her terror, the reliable Claire maintains a sense of Stuart's experience, while Carver's use of the present tense helps the reader maintain a sense of Claire's:

> And then I am lifted up and then falling. I sit on the floor looking at him and my neck hurts and my skirt is over my knees. He leans down and says, You go to hell then, do you hear, bitch?

> I hope your cunt drops off before I touch it again. He sobs once and I realize he can't help it, he can't help himself either. I feel a rush of pity for him. [p. 60]

In framing the story around her narration, Carver implicitly shares Claire's revulsion and compassion; she sees past her own distress to perceive and understand Stuart's. Stuart, on the other hand, sees nothing: "What the hell! I don't see anything wrong . . . . She was dead, dead, dead." To which Claire replies, "She was dead—but don't you see? She needed help."

The idea that the dead must be seen and helped alludes to a more abstruse kind of killing, one marked by blind neglect. Linked by helplessness and violence, Claire, whose past has slipped away, who is powerless to alter the relentless current of her life, *is* the murdered girl fished from the river, *is* the Claire who bled to death: like fish, like geese, a casualty of the caprice of men.

"Distance" and "So Much Water, So Close to Home" illustrate Carver's archetypal assortment of two linked dialectical themes—just versus unjust, seeing versus not seeing—along male/female lines. While they may be principled and perceptive, Carver's female characters are often traumatized and vulnerable, unable to utilize blind denial. This may draw not only on Carver's experience of women, but also on aspects of his own traumatic history. Carver preferred to identify himself as a powerful, if destructive, aggressor, rather than as a helpless victim; thus, his victimized female characters may have offered him an opportunity to empathize and identify with their forgiving, righteous, and traumatized qualities while remaining separated and disidentified by gender and authorial distance,[23] thereby helping him symbolize and work through his own trauma and guilt.

Lish's Edited Version

The version of "So Much Water, So Close to Home" edited by Lish for *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* (Carver 1981, pp. 79-88) is one-third the length of the original. Here, Claire is almost entirely

[23] Carver supports this notion: "I felt I could be deeply sympathetic, and involved, in taking a woman's point of view" (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 196).

passive—approaching robotic—while Stuart is neither violent nor profane. Her fragility and alarm, his brutality and confusion, are muted and blurred; the friction, the pulse of tension between the two is smoothed. The evidence that the murdered girl had been raped is suppressed in Lish's version. In *Furious Seasons* (1977), the murder suspect drives a green car; in *What We Talk About,* the reader knows nothing of the suspect or his car, and thus has no reason to worry that the car following and cornering Claire is also green. Once ominous, the green car is now an incidental detail that no longer involves the reader.

Also relieved is the strain between Claire's observant and reflective awareness and her dissociation from herself and her world. In Lish's treatment, Claire's past is not just hazy or forgotten; it is gone, along with the entire fenestrated, traumatized narrative containing it and the rest of her complex interior experience. Gone are the serial retellings of the story and their evocation of traumatic reexperience; gone are most of the references to Claire's traumatic identification with the victim; gone, too, is the murdered girl's name. No longer moving "as if in a dream," Claire now moves in a vacuum. Instead of resisting Stuart, she unbuttons her blouse, saying, "hurry." The draining of Claire's reflective interiority and attempts at protest neutralizes her discerning insight and moral stance. With the elision of vigilance, diffuse fear, and sexual threat, the implicit parallels between the rape, murder, and marriage are obscured.

And so the delicate empathy Carver constructs, step by step, in content and in form, with Claire's terrorized inner world—crystallized in her near-fusion with the dead girl, itself an act of profound empathy—is dissembled. Empathy with Stuart's rage (established by proxy in Claire) meets a similar fate. As personified by Stuart, Carver's aggression and frustration are not contained—a holding function provided by empathy—but are instead castrated by Lish's treatment of the character and by his treatment of the text. One can see a blinded, defensive Carver in Carver's Stuart—"What'd I do? I don't see anything wrong."

And one cannot help but see an emasculated Carver in Lish's Claire—passively acquiescent to Lish's demands, as Lish's permissive Claire is to Stuart's: "hurry." Lish's edition of "So Much Water, So Close to Home" (1977), like that of "Distance" (1977), is a silhouetted mise en scène, absent the finely modeled and nuanced psychological attun-

ement of the original story, yet startling in its harsh brevity and ambiguity, recalling Carver's father's stories: "anecdotes really, no moral to them" (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 33). Rather than signifying a struggle toward individuation and against passivity, in Lish's hands, the story is a static distillation of despair.

BREAKING AWAY

Sitting with the second series of increasingly radical changes Lish made to the manuscript of *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love,* Carver finally objected. Following are excerpts from a letter, nearly 4,500 words long, of singular and protracted anguish.

> [July 8, 1980] You are a wonder, a genius, and there's no doubt of that . . . . I'm not unmindful of the fact [that] . . . this whole new life I have . . . I owe to you . . . . You've given me a degree of immortality already. And maybe if . . . no one had ever seen the stories, maybe then . . . I could . . . go with it. But Tess[24] has seen all of them . . . and Richard Ford, Toby Wolff, Geoffrey Wolff too . . . . How can I explain . . . what happened to the story . . . . Next to my wife, and now Tess, you have been and are the most important individual in my life . . . . I don't want to lose your love, or regard over this, oh God no. It would be like having a part of myself die . . . . On the other hand . . . if I feel I've somehow stepped out of bounds, crossed that line a little too far, why then I can't feel good about myself, or maybe even write again . . . . If I go ahead with this . . . the book will not be . . . a cause for joyous celebration, but one of defense and explanation . . . . Even though they may be closer to works of art than the original . . . they're apt to cause my demise . . . . Don't, please, make this too hard for me, for I'm just likely to start coming unraveled knowing I've displeased and disappointed you . . . . Please do the necessary things to stop production of the book . . . . Please forgive me . . . this breach. [*The New Yorker* 2007, pp. 95-97]

Carver's mortification and abject terror of alienating Lish collide with an equally potent insistence. Of particular importance is his fear of being exposed to his friends and colleagues as having been exces-

[24] Tess Gallagher, poet and Carver's second wife.

sively influenced—or ghostwritten. Ironically, part of the pressure—and the permission—Carver felt to resist Lish derived from the fact that the friends he names, respected writers all, had read and admired early drafts of the stories. Carver had reached the point where he could appreciate his work—as it stood—as valuable enough to preserve, and protest its being consumed, digested, amended, and refashioned, regardless of any objective benefit to the text.

There seems to have been a shift in Carver's experience of Lish: from mentor whose patronage and authority justified compromise, to soul murderer whose claim to the work came at the expense of Carver's sense of integrity and autonomy—his sense of self. Still, and paradoxically, Lish's "love and regard" remained crucial enough to that self that it could not be sacrificed without "having a part of [himself] die."

For unclear reasons, Carver capitulated, and allowed the publication of *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* to proceed. A series of letters written shortly after the plea of July 8, 1980, while continuing to push, are conciliatory, measured, and obedient.

> [July 10, 1980] I feel strongly some of those things were taken out should be back in the finished story. "Gazebo," for instance. "In this too, she was right." That ending is far superior and gives the story . . . the just ending . . . a sharp, perfect ending . . . . Otherwise, the narrator is a lout . . . and totally insensitive to everything he's been telling us. Otherwise, why even is he telling the story . . . .

> [July 14, 1980] Please look at the suggestions seriously . . . . If you decide I'm being my own worst enemy . . . well then, stick to the final version . . . . My greatest fear is, or was, having them too pared . . . . I don't want to lose track, lose touch with the little human connections. [*The New Yorker* 2007, pp. 97-98]

Apparently, Lish yielded to some of Carver's objections, as the ending of "Gazebo" is as Carver wished—the "far superior," "just" ending: an ending in which the narrator admits his wrongdoing. With greater command, Carver argued that if this essentially confessional story was stripped of accountability and remorse, it lost credibility, logic, and any meaning behind the story being told. The fear of "being his own worst

enemy" notwithstanding—a fear that belied his trust in Lish's judgment, if not his own—he was rejecting the glamorization of vacant lives lacking meaning or purpose in favor of empathy, affirmation, and narrative integrity: each one an aspect of Gardner's literary morality.

The contest between Gardner and Lish for primacy in Carver's allegiance was drawing to a close. Unlike many of his characters, Carver had reached the point where he could afford not to compromise.[25] When it came to *Cathedral* (Carver 1983)—his next and last collaboration with Lish—he no longer would. He dedicated it to Gardner.[26]

The following letters were written while preparing for the publication of *Cathedral*. Here, Carver lays unprecedented claim to his stories from the start.

> [August 11, 1982] Now I don't know for sure how we're going to work out some of the disagreements we're bound to have over some of these stories . . . . Anyway, you're the best editor there is, and a writer yourself, you bet . . . . But I may not be in agreement with you . . . . There are going to be stories . . . you're going to draw back from, that aren't going to fit anyone's notion of what a Carver short story ought to be—yours, mine, the reading public at large, the critics. But I'm not them, I'm not us, I'm me . . . . I can't undergo the kind of surgical amputation and transplantation that might make them fit into the carton so the lid will close. There may have to be limbs and heads of hair sticking out . . . . I love your heart, you must know that. But I can't write these stories and have to feel inhibited . . . and feel that if you, the reader I want to please more than any, don't like them, you're going to re-write them from top to bottom . . . .
>
> [October 3, 1982] You know I want and have to have autonomy on this book and that the stories have to come out looking essentially the way they look right now. I'm of course not saying we can't change words or phrases or a line here and there . . . . My biggest concern . . . is that the stories remain intact . . . . If

[25] "Almost all the characters in my stories come to the point where they realize that compromise, giving in plays a major role in their daily lives . . . . Afterwards they realize they don't want to compromise anymore" (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 80).

[26] The dedication of *Cathedral* reads, "For Tess Gallagher and in memory of John Gardner."

> you can see some words or sentences that can be trimmed, that's fine, trim them. Please help me with this book as a good editor, the best . . . but not as a ghost[writer] . . . . The stories are going to be so different . . . . The book is going to be met with a good show of enthusiasm . . . . [The cover art] will be *your* final decision; the matter of the text . . . has to be mine. [*The New Yorker* 2007, p. 98, italics in original]

As the letter of August 11, 1982, makes clear, Carver had had a censorial coauthor very much in mind even as he wrote his stories: Lish's influence had in actuality extended far beyond his editorial pencil, impacting the work long before it met his eye. How had Carver felt while writing, anticipating the judgment of a man whose opinion mattered so terribly, who would not hesitate to severely redact and rewrite what did not meet his expectation? Carver's letter gives us an idea: he explains that although Lish improved many of his stories, they had not been left *intact*. His anthropomorphic metaphor of the mangled body forced into a carton, and his unqualified statement that he himself could not undergo further "surgical amputation"—failing as it does to discriminate between his stories and his own body—makes unequivocal how intimately, how *corporeally* identified Carver was with his stories, and how mutilated he had felt when they had been dismembered to fit the confines of "what a Carver short story ought to be." That symbolic confine—the lidded box with extruding body parts—recalls a coffin.

The imagery resonates with Carver's gruesome and strangely mechanical description of the autopsy of the dead girl in "So Much Water, So Close to Home": "for the last twenty-four hours men have been examining it, putting things into it, cutting, weighing, measuring, putting back again, sewing up" (Carver 1977, p. 49). This intimates that the processed corpse may signify, among other things, Carver's experience of and identification with the digestion and reconstruction of his stories. With the symbolic elaboration articulated in the letter of August 11 (and perhaps aided by it), there had come a change: the intactness of Carver's self now hinged on the intactness of his stories and his control over them—on his autonomy, rather than on Lish's approving validation. This, and a new sense of separation, is eloquently captured in the statement, "I'm not us, I'm me" (*The New Yorker* 2007, p. 98).

By 1982, Carver's career was in full ascendancy, arcing well over Lish's own authorial attempts. Carver seems mindful of this, attempting to soothe a sensitive narcissistic wound: "You're the best editor there is, and a writer yourself" (*The New Yorker* 2007, p. 98). Yet his discretion did not prevent him from articulating the line between editing and ghostwriting. The plaintive, emotional appeal of the August 11 letter had been succeeded by the implacable resolve of the one of October 3, which, with an unmistakable trace of polite condescension, relegates Lish to "trimming" words and sentences "here or there" and choosing the cover art. The gain of authority is unmistakable; the tide has turned.

Insisting on and anticipating greater fidelity to the text culminated in a collection of stories of unprecedented depth and heft, their characters more reflective and fully rendered. As Carver had predicted, critics lauded the formal and thematic "generosity" of *Cathedral* (1983). He was frequently asked about the change manifest in this work. Invariably, Carver ascribed it to the confidence inspired by the critical success of *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* (1981), as well as his lingering misgivings about it. And, he invariably traced it to the writing of the eponymous story, "Cathedral," as evidenced in the following remarks quoted by Gentry and Stull (1990):

> [Writing the story "Cathedral"] was very much an "opening up" process . . . . I felt I was breaking out of something I had put myself into, both personally and aesthetically . . . . I could let myself go . . . . I didn't have to impose the restrictions on myself that I had in the earlier stories . . . . There's a lot more optimism in "A Small, Good Thing". . . . I went back to that one, as well as several others, because I felt there was unfinished business . . . . The story hadn't been told originally; it had been messed around with, condensed and compressed in "The Bath". . . . The stories in *Cathedral* are finished in a way I rarely felt about my stories previously . . . . I . . . had such very low self-esteem . . . that I was always questioning my judgments about everything . . . . I'm more sure of my voice, more sure of *something*. [pp. 100-103, italics in original]

> After the reception of *What We Talk About,* I felt a confidence that I've never felt before. [p. 49]

> I don't feel that the changes taking place in my writing right now are something I . . . decided on . . . . It's just happening. [p. 20]

Carver not only declared ownership of the new stories; he also openly opposed Lish by including in *Cathedral* the previously published (and "messed with") story "The Bath" (Carver 1981) under its original title, "A Small, Good Thing." With its coda of hope and nourishment returned, this staggering tale of senseless loss—the death of a boy caused by a hit-and-run (abandoning) man—would win the prestigious O. Henry Prize in 1983, which might have been expected to close this chapter entirely. Yet Carver continued to describe—and defend—the changes in his work as part of a spontaneous, effortless process. Note, however, his self-described liberation from ill-defined constraints. This story, too, is unfinished business, reflecting Carver's need to conceal the nature of those constraints, as well as Lish's part in their genesis.[27]

In *The Paris Review* interview with which this article began, Carver was asked directly how Lish had figured in his career. He responded with his only published personal anecdote about Lish. Although Carver appears to be evading the question, his response is a telling tale.

> [Lish would] ask me over to his place for lunch. He wouldn't eat anything himself, he'd just cook something for me and then hover around the table watching me eat . . . . I'd always wind up leaving something on my plate, and he'd always wind up eating it . . . . He'll take me to lunch now and won't order anything . . . and then he'll eat up whatever I leave in my plate! Aside from this craziness . . . he's remarkably smart and sensitive to the needs of the manuscript. He's a good editor. Maybe he's a great editor. [Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 50]

Carver describes Lish as eating off his plate. This may be a realistic depiction, but it may also be interpreted as a coded answer to the (manifestly) unanswered question: a metaphor, likely unconscious, for Carver's contemporaneous experience of Lish. If so, the man to whom—like Carver's father—he owed his "whole new life," a "degree of immortality"

[27] Lish appeared to promote such secrecy; in a 1982 letter to Carver, he warned that lightening his editorial influence could "expose" Carver (The New Yorker 2007, p. 98).

even, was now experienced by Carver at best as opportunistic, and at worst as a greedily devouring thief or cannibal (like Carver's children, "eating me alive")—recalling his writer character Myers's filicidal cry, "I gave you life, and I can take it back!" (Carver 1983, p. 48).

At the same time, Carver might have supported his separation from Lish (while guarding against the loss this presumably still entailed) by devaluing him with his qualified assessment (the faint praise "maybe he's a great editor") and by stressing his eccentricity. Carver's minimization of Lish's influence likely stemmed from his own conflicts and misgivings about it, shielding him from anticipated (and projected) judgment.

Alternatively, his secrecy could have contained and protected a residual, submissive, and perhaps shameful idealization of Lish. One might speculate that his silence also served to hide the conscious or unconscious fear (and/or belief) that without Lish, he would have had and been nothing—that *he* had been the cannibal eating off Lish's plate, his successes owed to Lish's patrimony, with all the guilt, self-doubt, and shame attendant to that idea.

Carver's vacillating, equivocal feelings toward both editing and his editor remain evident in a remarkable, rambling aside made in 1982, at about the time he established his autonomy. Note the path his comments take.

> I got my collection published because an editor was willing to go to the wall for the stories . . . . I tell my students . . . if it feels right to you, do it . . . . The other times, if it doesn't feel right, stay away from it. Don't do it. Stick to your guns . . . . There are editors like Maxwell Perkins . . . . He was . . . a genius . . . . He didn't do the writing for Wolfe as Wolfe's detractors claim, but he made suggestions of things . . . to cut . . . . F. Scott Fitzgerald did the same thing for Hemingway . . . . [He] was right on the money . . . . Pound did the same thing with T. S. Eliot's The Waste Land . . . . Pound was a born editor. He took vast liberties . . . . If there was a passage . . . he didn't understand . . . or . . . didn't like . . . he'd just cut it out. In some cases he'd rewrite a section and make it better. I don't think I've ever heard anyone complaining about Pound . . . . I was reading Flaubert's letters . . . . He stayed out at this country house, and worked on *Madame Bovary* . . . and this friend of his would come out . . . and

> act as his editor. And he'd say, "This needs to come out, This needs to be changed". . . . So take advice, if it's someone you trust . . . . This is a far-fetched analogy, but in a way it's like building a fantastic cathedral. The main thing is to get the work of art together. You don't know who built those cathedrals, but they're there. [Gentry and Stull 1990, pp. 20-23]

Initially, Carver appreciates yet repudiates Lish, leaving him unnamed, unidentified, and uncredited. He advocates, momentarily, self-assertion, after which he doubles back to the deferential defense of the editorial process.

And then there is the reference to Flaubert. Evoking him and other legendary authors and editors, Carver paraphrases Lish's emphasis on product over process ("the thing itself is what matters") when asserting, "the main thing is to get the work of art together." Carver may be tacitly acknowledging—and rationalizing—Lish's influence by reciting his credo and by honoring their magnificent progeny. Yet if Carver had truly ascribed to Lish's philosophy, he would not have to defend his role. It was, in the end, incompatible with Carver's need to be the lone architect of his creation, named and known as such.

In a later interview, given in 1985, Carver returned to Flaubert in association with the editorial process. Again, note the process: Carver extols the joy of revising and refining prose—referencing Gardner—and then tells another story about Flaubert. In the two years since his previous invocation, Carver's reverential deference to the furthering of literature via editing, bolstered by Flaubert's example, had been joined by solidarity with Flaubert's calm conviction and considered defiance of "literary business."

> I've always loved taking sentences and playing with them . . . paring them down to where they seem solid somehow. This may have resulted from being John Gardner's student . . . . I've been reading Flaubert's letters . . . [mention of Flaubert's comment that the author should be "*everywhere felt but nowhere seen*"]. There's another interesting remark when Flaubert is writing to his editors at the magazine [that serialized *Madame Bovary*] . . . . They were going to make a lot of cuts in the text because they were afraid they were going to be closed down by the govern-

> ment if they published it just as Flaubert wrote it, so Flaubert tells them that if they make the cuts they can't publish the book, but they'll still be friends. The last line of the letter is: "I know how to distinguish between literature and literary business"—another insight I respond to. Even in these letters his prose is astonishing: . . ."*Prose is like architecture.*" [Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 109, italics added]

How did Carver finally secure his autonomy and break away from Lish, one of the most important men in his life? How did he free himself of this "ghost," at once "everywhere felt but nowhere seen" (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 109)? Surely, it was not merely fame that allowed him to dispense with the person most instrumental in its establishment, as had been Carver's privilege since *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love* (1981), if not before. It could be argued that Carver had gradually transferred his dependence on Lish to a growing circle of fellow writers, and in particular to his second wife, Tess Gallagher, with whom he had lived since 1979; she had come to supplant Lish as Carver's primary reader and critic. Carver's success in love and in his years of sustained sobriety added to his confidence and self-esteem, as did the admiration and respect of his peers, his students, and his reading public. By the time he broke with Lish, his popularity was great enough that he no longer had to tailor his work to appeal to a discriminating editor, magazine, or publishing house; he could go wherever, and with whomever he wanted. And he did, leaving Lish for the editor Gary Fisketjon after the publication of *Cathedral* (1983).

Unconfined and able to draw from his influences as he pleased, Carver flexed his creativity in new and unprecedented ways. One of his last and most celebrated stories, "Errand" (Carver 1988), is a fictional account of Chekhov's final days. While it may hint at Carver's ability to finally identify with a revered writer,[28] it more definitively establishes that he could now travel far beyond the kind of story expected of him. By the end of his life, he was writing virtually exclusively in the first person, which he linked to a greater degree of comfort with his own voice.

[28] Still—and significantly—the main character is a waiter, a member of the service class, in awe of Chekhov, a famous man.

In an interview in 1986, Carver's sense of freedom and adventure is poignant, given his death not two years hence: "[The new stories] have all been written in the first person . . . . It's just the voice I heard and began to go with . . . . I feel I'm just beginning to make some discoveries about what I can do with a short story" (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 188).

Yet Carver consistently located the liberation of his writing in the story "Cathedral"—before, not after, the dissolution of his editorial relationship with Lish. It may be imagined that Carver's release from internal constraints helped him to subsequently claim independence from external ones. And so perhaps there is a clue to this release in the story—and in the "farfetched" analogy of the fantastic cathedral.

In "Cathedral," published in the collection of the same name (Carver 1983), a blind man, an old friend of the narrator's wife, arrives to visit the narrator and his wife. The husband—the narrator—is annoyed and more than a little jealous of his wife's attention to their guest. Having had much to eat, drink, and smoke, he turns on the television and his wife falls asleep. A show about cathedrals is on; the husband wonders if the blind man has ever seen them, if he knows how they look. As the husband cannot seem to describe them in words, the blind man instructs the husband to draw one, holding his hand as he does so. At first awkwardly, tentatively, and then with more and more assurance—and joy—they draw together, rendering and communicating over and over the cathedral's outlines and details through motion and touch. There is an excited intimacy and fused rhythm that trenches on the erotic; the husband's contempt and hostility have given way to urgent, shared purpose.

Each of the triadic figures in "Cathedral"—the husband, the wife, and the blind man—can be construed as representing and refracting aspects of Carver. He can be seen in the husband: in his jealousy and resentment, and in his ultimately gratifying connection with an older man. He can be seen in the wife, who for years has sent her blind friend a series of audiotapes chronicling her existence: a life told through stories. And he can be seen in the blind man himself, a latter-day Oedipus (albeit one who reserves his ecstatic reunion for a man, not a woman) whose blindness is metaphor: for ignorance not only of crimes, but also of the beauty of creation. Carver—as blind man—knows not of cathedrals. Words alone fail to describe them; their contours must be circumscribed

and communicated through *action*—through the *collaborative process of putting pen to paper.* This imagery is readable as sexual, and as remembering Carver's description of "sketching out" his stories—a graphic ode to de Maupassant's writing process, "getting black on white."[29]

Yet at the same time, this mutual action clearly references and pays homage to the pedagogical role of directive instruction and repetitive practice—and yes, to *collaboration*—during the creative process. The transformative arousal of the two male characters recursively signifies the epiphany Carver experienced while crafting the story they inhabit.[30] Unlike so many of his stories wherein agency is elusive and futility prevails, "Cathedral" heralds *transformation.* He would now write by himself.

If—in the words of Flaubert that Carver found so astonishing, "prose is architecture"—then surely the cathedral stands for the pinnacle of a writer's achievement. And if *seeing* in Carver's work represents the proprietary voyeurism of otherwise blind men, it also represents the compassionate, knowing gaze of forgiving women. But how can a blind man know—or learn—of a cathedral he cannot see? Under the patient hand of someone who can. As Gardner said, "a writer found what he wanted to say in the ongoing process of seeing what he'd said. And this seeing . . . came about through revision" (Carver 1983, p. 110).

By internalizing the lessons of his two most important teachers—and the practice of giving voice to his stories, and thereby to himself—Carver learned to hear—to *see*—and listen to his voice. At present, a more certain understanding of the nature of the change that liberated that voice remains elusive. But might it be that, through identifications with his mentors and other writers and the gratifying experience of authorship, Carver gained enough strength, enough self-regard, enough of a sense of intact fullness to no longer need to incorporate or cannibalize—or be symbiotically colonized by—powerful others? Through creative self-exegesis, might he have understood and confessed enough to forgive his own sins—accessing those capacities realized in Claire—and to suspend his relentless, penitent subjugation? And, through the symbolizing pro-

[29] "I just get it out on the page. As Guy de Maupassant said, 'get black on white'" (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 127).

[30] "When I wrote 'Cathedral' I experienced this rush and I felt, 'This is what it's all about, this is the reason I do this'" (Gentry and Stull 1990, p. 44).

cess of writing "Cathedral" (1983), might he have seen that he could tell—and could insist on telling—his story himself, with all the newfound confidence and elation of its enlightened narrator? Is this what the story "Cathedral" is about?

And so, "Cathedral" can be read as a parable about Carver's education, redemption, and emancipation. In this view, having learned to see, Carver could comprehend—and move beyond—his ignorance, his immorality in life and in letters, his blind dependence, his Faustian bargain. He could forgive, perhaps, the oedipal crime of his stunning creation, however illegitimate. In the end, the blind man can see, and no longer relies on the guiding hand. He can write a story, and he knows what the story is about.

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TENDER IS THE NIGHT: ROMANTIC TRAGEDY OR THE TRAGEDY OF BOUNDARY VIOLATIONS?

BY SYBIL HOULDING

In the author's reading, Fitzgerald's Tender Is the Night *(1934) is a sustained investigation of the incest taboo and of the psychological pressures that can lead to its collapse in the clinical situation. This novel allows the reader privileged entry into the "case" of a clinical boundary violation in a way that no scientific paper can permit. Drawing on Chasseguet-Smirgel's (1976) concept of the illness of ideality, the author uses this novel to demonstrate why none of us is safe from the possibility of erotic involvement with a patient.*

Keywords: F. Scott Fitzgerald, boundary violations, incest, love, literature, ideality.

> We live with each other . . . in the flesh in ways not exhausted by our ideologies. Stories are much bigger than ideologies. In that is our hope.
>
> —Haraway 2003, p. 17

He is a talented psychiatrist with impressive credentials. He attended Yale College and then the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. He became a Rhodes scholar and went to Oxford University. After further study in Vienna and Zurich, he published a well-regarded textbook. Then, against the warnings of his colleagues, he married his psychiatric

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patient, the rich and beautiful Nicole Warren. His name is Dick Diver, and he is twenty-nine; the year is 1919.

Dick's involvement with Nicole sheds light on the universal vulnerability of the therapist to erotic involvement with his or her patient. While reading F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night* (1934), I could no longer say, "this *could* happen to me"; in thrall to the book, I felt it *had* happened to me. Yet it is by recognizing the danger that we may avoid it.

Why turn to a novel to provide us with a clinical case study? When a colleague is involved in an ethical breach, we are frustrated in our usual attempts to learn about ourselves and our practice from the case-study method because of the heightened need for confidentiality in a professionally sensitive situation. *Tender Is the Night* grants us privileged entry into a "case" of clinical boundary violation. And it demonstrates, in ways that no scientific paper can, how the violation might occur. It is not merely the author's craft of fiction writing that makes this novel so compelling as a study of our subject. Fitzgerald's internal experience lends authenticity to the character of Dick Diver. Fitzgerald acknowledged that he used Gerald and Sara Murphy, an expatriate couple who lived alongside the Fitzgeralds on the Riviera, as models for Dick and Nicole Diver. Fitzgerald wrote to the astonished Gerald Murphy:

> The book was inspired by you and Sara and the way I feel about you both and the way you live, and the last part of it is Zelda [Fitzgerald's wife] and me because you and Sara are the same people as Zelda and me. [Tomkins 1971, p. 4]

The capacity to merge imaginatively with living characters serves Fitzgerald the writer well; he uses his own character to create a convincing and enduring portrait of Dick in which we may also see ourselves. Born of real experience, this text provides us with an experience that reaches deeply into our own internal worlds and that suspends our disbelief that we, too, could fall in love with our own patients.

Fitzgerald experimented with several titles for the novel, including *The Drunkard's Holiday. Tender Is the Night,* taken from Keats's 1819 poem "Ode to a Nightingale" (2001, p. 218), represents a more compelling and compassionate understanding of Dick Diver, one that abandons the condemnation implicit in a "drunkard's holiday" and that alerts the

reader, from the beginning, that she is about to embark on a romantic tragedy rather than a moral tale.

Keats's poem begins with the words "My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains my sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk" (Brucolli and Baugham 1996, p. 53), evoking a disorientation of the senses and a longing for release from the aching heart. But in the fourth stanza, the poet renounces the stimulus of alcohol in favor of the sublimatory activity of the poet:

> Away! Away! For I will fly to thee
> not charioted by Bacchus and his pards
> But on the viewless wings of Poesy
> Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
> Already with thee! Tender is the night.
> [Keats quoted in Brucolli and Baugham 1996, p. 53]

The poet's longing for release from the constraints of painful reality echoes the universal wish of the individual to find reunion with an early perfect self (the ego ideal), which promises a sense of completion. However, retreat to such an illusory world may gloss over the fault lines related to early lost and unmourned omnipotence. As I hope to demonstrate, this wish can take a pathological turn and threaten our capacities as analysts and therapists.

In recounting the story of Dick and Nicole Diver, I will begin with Book II, where Dick first meets Nicole, instead of with Book I, where we are introduced to the Divers as a married couple. My decision makes good narrative sense and good "clinical" sense, but it was difficult for me to arrive at this rational, even necessary approach. It felt like an aggressive act on my part, one that forced me from the passive, mesmerized role of listener to that of an active interpreter of Fitzgerald's narrative. This is the very task we must take on with our patients if we are to avoid the "drowsy numbness" that Keats evokes and warns us about.

Fitzgerald's choice of the flashback technique (the book is structured in a 1925–1917–1925 time scheme) generates the dissociated state of relating that is typical of boundary violations. Fitzgerald structured the book to induce an experience in the reader. It is my job as an

analyst to include reflections on this narrative strategy, if I am to make sense of the story of a boundary violation.

OPENING PHASE

Our introduction to Dr. Diver evokes mixed responses.

> In the spring of 1917, when Doctor Richard Diver first arrived in Zurich, he was twenty-six years old, a fine age for a man, indeed the very acme of bachelorhood. Even in wartime days, it was a fine age for Dick, who was already too valuable, too much of a capital investment to be shot off in a gun. Years later it seemed to him that even in this sanctuary he did not escape lightly, but about that he never fully made up his mind—in 1917 he laughed at the idea, saying apologetically that the war didn't touch him at all. Instructions from his local board were that he was to complete his studies in Zurich and take a degree as he had planned. [Fitzgerald 1934, p. 115]

This passage raises a question about Dick: is he a serious man or an opportunist? The culture has colluded with the ambitious aspects of Dick's nature, but I am left uneasy with a man who can ignore "the long trains of blinded or one-legged men, or dying trunks, that crossed each other between the bright lakes of Constance and Neuchatel" (p. 115).

We learn that, in 1916, Dick "managed to get to Vienna under the impression that, if he did not make haste, the great Freud would eventually succumb to an aeroplane bomb" (p. 115). He remained in Vienna for a year, and in the beginning of 1917, when it was becoming difficult to find coal, "Dick burned for fuel almost a hundred textbooks that he had accumulated; but only, as he laid each one on the fire, with an assurance chuckling inside him that he was himself a digest of what was within the book" (p. 116).

"'Lucky Dick, you big stiff,' he would whisper to himself, walking around the last sticks of flame in his room. 'You hit it, my boy. Nobody knew it was there before you came along' " (p. 117). Yet Dick knew, Fitzgerald tells us, "that the price of his intactness was incompleteness" (p. 117). His recognition of his incompleteness—his self-knowledge—elicits curiosity and compassion. But the confidence with which Dick burns his

books and his "assurance chuckling inside him" suggest a disturbing undercurrent of omnipotent grandiosity. In this short passage, Fitzgerald inducts the reader into a state in which we both register and tolerate this split in Dick's character.

Dick has spent the years 1916–1917 in Vienna, reading and burning his books; the years 1917–1918 studying in Zurich; and his time in Bar-sur-Aube completing a textbook. When he returns to Zurich in 1919, he plans to stay another two years, and is met at the train by Dr. Franz Gregorovius. Franz is a psychiatrist at the Dohlmer Clinic, a "rich person's clinic," and he immediately asks Dick, "Frankly, did you come down to see me or to see that girl?" (p. 120).

We learn that Dick had briefly met Nicole Warren, a young patient, before leaving for Bar-sur-Aube.

> "I didn't know the girl was a patient. She was about the prettiest thing I ever saw."
>
> "She still is.". . .
>
> "Except, Franz, I'm not as hard-boiled as you are yet. When I see a beautiful shell like that I can't help feeling regret about what's inside it. That was absolutely all until the letters began to come." [p. 120]

Dick's regret about the "beautiful shell" and what is inside "it" is curious. An emotional, perhaps empathic response (I am not "hard-boiled") is coupled with a dehumanizing impulse. Fitzgerald again indicates a split in consciousness. As readers, we are drawn to his emotional response and tempted to ignore the more troubling distancing.

In response to the text, I find myself responding both as an analyst, alert to the split in her patient, and as a beguiled reader, who wants only to know what happens next. As analysts, we must embody both roles, which enable us to identify temporarily with our patients and then to analyze our experience. But in our professional lives, we are vulnerable to the same surrender that we experience as readers.

> "It was the best thing that could have happened to her," said Franz dramatically, "a transference of the most fortuitous kind. That's why I came down to meet you on a very busy day. I want

you to come into my office and talk for a long time before you meet her . . . . I'm intensely proud of this case." [p. 120]

It was at the clinic's suggestion that Nicole had written to Dick—eventually, more than fifty letters over an eight-month period.

> The first one was apologetic, explaining that she had heard from America how girls wrote to soldiers whom they did not know . . . . The letters were divided into two classes, of which the first class, up to about the time of the armistice, was of a marked pathological turn, and of which the second class, running from thence up to the present was entirely normal and displayed a richly maturing nature. For these latter letters Dick had come to wait eagerly . . . .
>
> "I am slowly coming back to life . . ."
>
> "How kind you have been . . ."
>
> "I wish someone were in love with me like boys were ages ago before I was sick. I suppose it will be years, though, before I could think anything like that." [p. 124]

Franz now tells Dick how Nicole came to be a patient. Her father, Deveraux Warren, a rich Chicago businessman, first brought Nicole to the clinic when she was sixteen. She had begun to exhibit signs of madness, imagining that men, beginning with her chauffeur, were acting toward her in a sexually predatory way. Her diagnosis: "Divided personality—acute downhill phase of the illness. The fear of men is a symptom of the illness and is not at all constitutional . . . . The prognosis must be reserved" (p. 128).

But on a second visit, Warren confessed the source of his daughter's illness to Dr. Dohlmer, who owns the clinic and employs Franz:

> "It just happened, I don't know. I don't know. After her mother died she used to come into my bed every morning, sometimes she'd sleep in my bed. I was sorry for the little thing. People used to say what a wonderful father and daughter we were—they used to wipe their eyes. We were just like lovers—and then all at once we were lovers—and ten minutes after it happened I could have shot myself, except I'm such a Goddamned degenerate I didn't have the nerve to do it."
>
> "Then what? Did this thing go on?"

"Oh no! She almost—she seemed to freeze up right away. She'd just say, 'Never mind daddy, it doesn't matter, never mind.'"

"There were no consequences?"

"No—except now there are plenty of consequences."

Dr. Dohlmer permits himself to make a private moral judgment: "Peasant!" [p. 129]

As a reader, however, I felt strangely moved and frightened by Warren's confession. This vivid description—"we were *just like* lovers—and then all at once we *were* lovers" (italics added)---captures the fragility of the symbolic space between thought and action: the "as-if" of a transference fantasy and the action that destroys the possibility of emotional growth. It illustrates the need for the taboo that we have erected to protect ourselves, and, as clinicians, our patients.

Franz continues to talk with Dick: "You see now what happened? She felt complicity" (p. 130). Franz goes on to express concern that Nicole will have fallen "genuinely" in love with Dick, and the "transference cure" will leave her vulnerable. Dick insists he is only a "stuffed figure in her life" (p. 131)

By this point, both Dick and Franz have fallen prey to the not uncommon fallacy, described by Gabbard (1994), that true love can be differentiated from transference and countertransference love.[1]

"Do you think she's going to make a flying leap at my person?"

"No, not that. But I want to ask you to go very gently. You are attractive to women, Dick." [p. 131]

AN ILLNESS OF IDEALITY

Dick is at a psychological crossroads, worried that he is ordinary, "like the rest" (p. 133). Fitzgerald tells us that Dick "used to think he wanted to be good, he wanted to be kind, he wanted to be brave and wise, but

[1] As Gabbard reminds us, a considerable literature has developed surrounding the issue of whether or not love in the analytic setting is different from love outside analysis. In his comprehensive review of the literature, Gabbard points out that the truly unique situation in analysis is that the analyst handles these feelings differently than they are handled in any other setting.

it was all pretty difficult. He wanted to be loved, too, if he could fit it in." He confesses to Franz that he has one ambition: "to be a good psychologist—maybe to be the greatest one that ever lived" (p. 132). Thus, Fitzgerald makes explicit Dick's grandiosity, which conceals an underlying fault line in Dick's personality.

When Dick encounters Nicole for the second time at the clinic, she plays him some records from America.

> Her cream-colored dress, alternately blue or gray as they walked, and her very blonde hair, dazzled Dick—whenever he turned toward her she was smiling a little, her face lighting up like an angel's when they came into the range of a roadside arc. She thanked him for everything, rather as if he had taken her to some party, and as Dick became less and less certain of his relation to her, her confidence increased—there was that excitement about her that seemed to reflect all the excitement of the world. [p. 135]

Fitzgerald's description of the color of Nicole's dress is curious, and is revealing of Dick's state of mind. Dick is becoming disoriented—like the poet in Keats's poem. Unlike the poet, he does not renounce this state.

Chasseguet-Smirgel (1976) addresses situations of this type in discussing what she calls *illness of ideality:*

> Incest implies fusion with the primary object and the ego and ego ideal . . . The oedipal wish is stimulated by our search for a lost omnipotence. This is not to minimize the role sexuality plays in the oedipal wish. In fact . . . the wish to enter the mother also includes our quest for the unlimited, the absolute, the perfection of an ego whose wound (the result of our being torn away from our narcissistic perfection) would at last be healed. [p. 369]

Chasseguet-Smirgel speaks to the universal human wish to escape the constraints of the reality principle, represented by the superego, and to refind the ego ideal through dissolution of the incest barrier.[2]

[2] I am choosing to highlight one possible pathway to a sexual boundary violation. Chasseguet-Smirgel's concept provides a powerful lens into the inner world of the character of Dick Diver. Certainly, there are other fault lines that might lead to this error, as well as other readings of this novel.

Clinicians today will be troubled by the explicit use that Franz and Dr. Dohlmer have made of Dick and of the uses of the transference. We would consider this to be an unethical manipulation of a patient. While we can observe that this narrative occurs in the early days of the practice of psychoanalysis, we must remember that the history of the field involves many such manipulations.

A CURE THROUGH LOVE

By early summer, Franz has become increasingly concerned. Dick is again in Zurich and Franz meets with him to announce, "We think it's best to have a program . . . . Apparently the girl is in love with you. That's not our business if we were in the world, but here in the clinic we have a stake in the matter" (p. 138).

Dick agrees that he will do whatever Dr. Dohlmer (who, along with Franz, initiated the "transference cure") recommends regarding the relationship with Nicole. But we are aware that Dick is "less and less certain of his relation to her" (p. 135).

Here we might pause to remind ourselves of an observation by Gabbard and Lester (1995):

> One group of high-risk patients for exploitation by psychotherapists is composed of patients who have a history of incest. With such patients the boundaryless situation of childhood is reenacted in the analytic setting. Often these patients have always experienced caring as a phenomenon that is inextricably tied to sexuality. [p. 88]

We are aware that exploitation has permeated this treatment, exploitation of Dick as well as of Nicole. While Nicole's background as an incest victim is clearly one factor, we can see that Dick's current vulnerability—his grandiose ambition and the underlying anxiety that he is "like the rest"—makes him acutely vulnerable to Nicole's invitation to feel special. As Gabbard and Lester (1995) go on to remind us, "while many patients who are involved in sexual boundary violations are incest victims, many more are not . . . . Different clinicians become enthralled with patients at different times in their lives for a myriad of reasons" (p. 90).

Franz, who is increasingly concerned about Dick's relationship with Nicole and how it will affect his reputation at the clinic, now insists that the "so-called 'transference' must be terminated . . . . Miss Nicole does well indeed, but she is in no condition to survive what she might interpret as a tragedy . . . . Perhaps you got sentimentally involved with her yourself?" (pp. 139-140).

Dick suddenly "spills everything": "I'm half in love with her—the question of marrying her has passed through my mind." Franz responds, "What! And devote half your life to being doctor and nurse and all—never! . . . Better never to see her again!" (p. 140).

Dick agrees to meet with Nicole to terminate the relationship, but when he meets with her nothing is made explicit. Nicole leaves Zurich for a trip with her sister and legal guardian, Beth, called "Baby Warren." Over the next weeks, Dick experiences "a vast dissatisfaction" (p. 145).

> The pathological origin and mechanistic defeat of the affair left a flat metallic taste . . . . Nicole's emotions had been used unfairly—what if they turned out to have been his own? Necessarily he must absent himself from felicity for a while—in dreams he saw her walking on the clinic path, swinging her wide straw hat. [p. 145]

Finding ourselves preoccupied with a patient in this way, we would be wise to make use of this reverie on behalf of the treatment. Dick fails to take this crucial step. He enters into the fantasy, rather than performing the necessary psychological work. He is moving closer to actualization and away from analysis. In dreams, Dick is drawn to a state of bliss—"felicity"—embodied in Nicole. The image of a beautiful young woman "swinging her wide straw hat"—a specific and (for Dick) highly charged oneiric image—is suggestive of a screen memory.

In contrast to this charged reverie, Dick experiences "a flat metallic taste" when he contemplates ending their relationship. When he unexpectedly meets Nicole again at a resort in the Alps, Dick learns that Nicole's sister, Baby Warren, plans to return with Nicole to America and throw her in with a good crowd: "You see, she's quite musical and speaks all these languages—what could be better in her condition than if she fell in love with some good doctor" (p. 152).

Dick thinks, both cynically and competitively, "There was no use worrying about Nicole when they were in the position of being able to buy her a nice young doctor, the paint scarcely dry on him" (p. 153). But the seed of the idea has been planted. Dick, too, is a "good doctor."

As they take a walk and prepare to part, Nicole asks Dick if he might have feelings for her had she not been sick. "He was in for it now, possessed by a vast irrationality. She was so near that he felt his breathing change, but again his training came to his aid in a boy's laugh and a trite remark" (p. 154).

Dick is prolonging the moment of separation and renunciation from Nicole. Had his training truly come to his aid, we would not be reading this story.

Nicole is irritated. She insists that he is patronizing her, and that he is "the most attractive man she has ever met" (p. 155).

> "You won't give me a chance."
>
> "Give me a chance now."
>
> The voice fell low, sank into her breast and stretched the tight bodice over her heart as she came up close. He felt the young lips, her body sighing in relief against the arm growing stronger to hold her. There were now no more plans than if Dick had arbitrarily made some indissoluble mixture, with atoms joined and inseparable; you could throw it all out but never again could they fit back into atomic scale. As he held her and tasted her, and as she curved in further and further toward him with her own lips, new to herself, drowned and engulfed in love, yet solaced and triumphant, he was thankful to have an existence at all, if only as a reflection in her wet eyes.
>
> "My God," he gasped, "You're fun to kiss." [p. 155]

When we watch a dramatic scene of renunciation—Humphrey Bogart putting Ingrid Bergman on a plane at the end of *Casablanca* comes to mind—we are moved by the capacity of one person to put the needs of another ahead of his own, despite the powerful, subjective feeling of desire. This is an essential component of the adult response to the incest taboo. Certainly, we would feel that relief—relief that the moral order has held—if Dick had been capable of such a renunciation of Nicole.

I confess to ambivalence in reading this scene. I am aware of anxiety that the patient–therapist boundary has been crossed, and of the irrevocability of that crossing ("atoms joined and inseparable; you could throw it all out but never again could they fit back," p. 155). Yet my feelings are complicated by my temporary identification with Nicole, who is sure her love is real, and who may also wish to reverse the original situation with her father and become the seducer rather than the seduced. My dismay at Dick's surrender is muddled by my participation in a complicated, multidetermined fantasy: Dick can heal Nicole, "true" love can transcend and be distinguished from transference love, and power over another can restore the dignity of having no power. Unexpectedly, I find that I am persuaded here—if only momentarily—that love such as this may cure. I am under the sway of a powerful countertransference moment, in which I both do and do not want the boundaries to hold.

With this passage Fitzgerald has induced in me a state of regression, so that, like Dick, I too surrender—to Fitzgerald's prose. Fitzgerald's powerful description of Nicole's *body*—her voice, her breast, her lips, and her taste, her *curve* as Dick holds her (and is held by her)—evoked in me a desire to yield, along with Dick, to the mesmerizing combination of early sensory and adult sexual sensations.

As analysts we continually draw on our own lives in our work. In this we are like novelists. As readers, experiences come alive inside us, and in this we are like patients. As readers who are also analysts, we are in a privileged position to make use of these experiences. In reading the passage in which Dick is possessed by a vast irrationality and surrenders to Nicole, I felt myself becoming, as I had in childhood, the character in the novel. But which character? Am I Dick the analyst, or Nicole the patient? This uncertainty, the blurring of boundary between self and other is one of the pleasures of reading; it is also the hallmark of a mental state that can lead to a boundary violation. As I read this passage, I could easily imagine the frame of mind in which one says, "why not?" This interested me, but it frightened me, too. In the consulting room, we must keep our "atoms" separate.

Yet my response as a reader convinces me that this is not always easy. And my need to confess my ambivalence about this scene suggests that I have internalized our profession's disavowal of being influenced by such

feelings. Fitzgerald insists on the embodied aspects of our experience. For within the force field of transference-countertransference, analyst and analysand, in a sense, "live with each other in the flesh" (Haraway 2003, p. 17). If we are aware of these wishes for regressive reunion, we may become less likely to enact them in the clinical situation.

REFLECTION

"For Dr. Diver to marry a mental patient? How did it happen? Where did it begin?" (p. 156).

One could argue that it began with Franz and Dr. Dohlmer exploiting the newly found uses of transference to cure their wealthy young patient. Equally, one can see in Dick vulnerability and incompleteness—manifested in his wish to be reflected back in the eyes of the young and beautiful woman with whom he has fallen in love. But I argue that it began, as it does with all of us, in the earliest love relations in our lives, our childhood passions, which influence our ongoing vulnerability to the wish to rediscover the original unity of early object relations. (While I consider this a universal part of our psychological make-up, I am aware that not all clinicians are equally vulnerable to the power of this wish.)

Fitzgerald continues: "They made no love that day, but when he left her outside the sad door on the Zurichsee and she turned and looked at him, he knew her problem was one they had together for good now" (p. 157). Dick has committed himself to taking care of Nicole. In becoming her caretaker, he is also seeking to close the door on his own grief and uncertainty.

DESCENT

In September, over the objections of Baby Warren, who is suspicious of Dick's lack of social pedigree, the couple marries. The Divers travel for a year before settling on the Riviera. Then Nicole begins to notice that Dick is increasingly distancing himself from his profession: "Dick, why did you register Mr. and Mrs. Diver instead of Doctor and Mrs. Diver? I just wondered—it just floated through my mind" (p. 161). We now observe Nicole's mind and her capacity to register, and then ignore, a

disturbing perception. Fitzgerald is using her observation to inform us about Dick's mental state.

During this period, Nicole has two children, Lanier and Topsy. After the birth of each child, Nicole experiences periods of madness and Dick has become both doctor and nurse, as Franz had predicted. Eventually, Dick becomes worn down in his dual role of husband and healer, and is also corrupted by Nicole's wealth, which contributes to and reinforces the fantasy of a life without limits.

The Divers have been married for six years when a young actress, Rosemary Hoyt, arrives at the Riviera with her mother to recover from pneumonia, which she contracted while filming her recent picture, *Daddy's Girl*. Rosemary immediately sees a group of Americans on the beach.

> But something made them unlike the Americans she had known of late. After a while she realized that the man in the jockey cap was giving a quiet little performance for this group . . . . Its faintest ramification had become hilarious, until whatever he said released a burst of laughter. Even those who, like herself, were too far away to hear, sent out antennae of attention. [p. 6]

Dick, "the man in the jockey cap," invites Rosemary to join their party. "Do you like it here?" she asks him. A friend, Abe North, interjects, "They have to like it—they invented it" (p. 17). Abe's comment conveys the apparent originality and enviability of the life the Divers have constructed on the Riviera, a life supported by Nicole's wealth. "The Divers' day was spaced like the day of the older civilizations to yield the utmost from the materials at hand" (p. 21).

From these materials, Dick begins to plan a party. "I want to give a really bad party, where there's a brawl and seductions and people going home with their feelings hurt and women passed out in the cabinet de toilette. You wait and see" (p. 27). Nicole, observing her husband, realizes that

> . . . one of his moods is upon him—the excitement that swept everyone up into it and inevitably descended into his own form of melancholy . . . . This excitement about things reached an intensity out of proportion to their importance . . . . But to be

> included in Dick Diver's world for a while was a remarkable experience. [p. 27]

Dick's reliance on manic defenses, his narcissistic form of relating, and the deep fissures underneath the "quiet little performance" are more obvious to us, both as readers and clinicians, and, in the novel, to Nicole.

> [At the party] . . . the two Divers began suddenly to warm and glow and expand, as if to make up to their guests, already so subtly assured of their importance . . . for anything they might still miss from that country left well behind. Just for a moment they seemed to speak to everyone at the table . . . . The diffused magic of the hot sweet South had withdrawn into them—the soft paved night and the ghostly wash of the Mediterranean far below—the magic left these things and melted into the two Divers and became part of them. [pp. 34-35]

We can see Nicole move from an observer of Dick's mood, where she registers this familiar state, to a participant in the performance. Fitzgerald is demonstrating the fused quality of the relationship between the Divers.

"The country left behind" is the country governed by the reality principle. We are again invited back across the border to the prelapsarian world where we experience the exclusive and longed-for attention of idealized parents. Fitzgerald's repeated novelistic excursions into altered states echo the pull we might feel in a treatment dominated by erotically tinged fantasies of completion on the part of either the patient or the therapist.

However, Nicole is indeed an ill woman and not able to maintain her own internal stability as Dick's façade begins to crack.

At the party, Mrs. McKisco, an envious guest, breaks the mood. Breathlessly, she reports to Rosemary, "My dear—it's nothing, I really can't say a word . . . . Upstairs I came upon a scene" (p. 36). She is quickly silenced by Tommy Barban, a soldier of fortune for whom Nicole will eventually leave Dick, who warns, "It is inadvisable to discuss what goes on in this house" (p. 36). Tommy has privileged knowledge of what happens between the Divers; he is complicit in the Divers' careful creation of an enviable public life that conceals a disintegrating private

relationship. We are temporarily left in the dark, with Rosemary, about the scene Mrs. McKisco witnessed in the bathroom.

In the clinical situation, we must ignore the voice of Tommy Barban, who counsels secrecy, and seek out colleagues who can help us break the spell. The temptation to retreat into isolation in a treatment that is in difficulty can further compromise our ability to maintain the analytic frame.

At the end of the party, Dick announces to Rosemary that "this part of the summer is over . . . . Maybe we'll have more fun this summer but this particular fun is over. I wanted it to die violently, instead of fading out sentimentally—that's why I gave this party" (p. 38). Fitzgerald's evocation of violent death is ominous. As readers we are well past the point where we can feel hopeful about a cure through love. We are being told that violence will follow.

Dick tells Rosemary that he and Nicole are going to Paris to see off their friend Abe North, who is scheduled to return to America, and invites her to join them. She accepts. We see Dick's desperation and his growing rage at the doubly demanding role he has embraced and in which he now feels trapped.

In Paris, Dick learns it is Rosemary's eighteenth birthday. He is thirty-six, twice her age. Rosemary drinks her first glass of champagne and becomes tipsy. Dick announces to the guests that he is considering giving up his work on a scientific treatise, one that he has kept up the pretext of working on for the last six years, since his marriage to Nicole.

> "Are you a scientist?" Rosemary asks.
>
> "I'm a doctor of medicine."
>
> "Oh—my father was a doctor too. Then why don't you"—she stopped.
>
> "There's no mystery. I didn't disgrace myself at the height of my career, and then hide away on the Riviera. I'm just not practicing. You can't tell. I'll probably practice again some day." . . . [Here we see Dick drifting still further from his identification as a doctor with ambitions to write a definitive text, despite the negation in his disclaimer.]
>
> Rosemary put up her face quietly to be kissed. He looked at her for a moment as if he didn't understand. Then, holding

her in the hollow of his arm, he rubbed his cheek against her cheek's softness, and then looked down at her for another long moment.

"Such a lovely child," he said gravely . . . . [Rosemary then persuades Dick to accompany her to her room. She declares her love for him.]

So many times he had heard this—even the formula was the same . . . . [But the formula has now become formulaic for Dick as well.]

"When you smile"—he had recovered his paternal attitude, perhaps because of Nicole's silent proximity, "I always think I'll see a gap where you lost some baby teeth.". . . [Dick almost recovers his therapeutic balance. Nicole's presence and Rosemary's youth have restored, for a moment, the mature response to incestuous desire, which is the province of the child. But Rosemary presses on—demanding that he "take her." He temporizes.]

For one thing, "Have you thought how much it would hurt Nicole?"

"She won't know—this won't have anything to do with her."

He continued kindly. "Then there's the fact that I love Nicole."

"But you can love more than just one person, can't you? Like I love Mother and I love you—more. I love you more now."

"And in the fourth place, you're not in love with me but you might be afterward and that would begin your life with a mess." . . . [Rosemary wildly offers to leave if only he will "take her," announcing she doesn't even care if she has a baby.]

[Dick responds.] "And lastly, things aren't arranged so this could be as you want." [pp. 63-65]

With this statement, Fitzgerald introduces a counterpoint to the desires that have pervaded the book and invaded our minds, the desires that remind us that we have all been incestuous children. He speaks in the voice of the adult who insists on the difference between fantasy and reality, between inside and outside, between wanting and having. He reminds us of the relief that we feel when the moral order is upheld. He reminds us that there *is* a moral order. When Dick announces, "Good

night, child. This is a damn shame. Let's drop it out of the picture" (p. 66), we breathe a sigh of relief.

But our relief is premature. For the next day, as Rosemary apologizes for her inebriated overture, Dick announces, "I'm afraid I'm in love with you" (p. 74).

In our clinical work, the adult voice is our refuge when we fall under the sway of powerful countertransference moments. Dick has again abandoned the rewards and responsibilities of psychological maturity for the elusive fantasy of omnipotence.

Fitzgerald now tells us:

> They were still in the happier stages of love. They were full of brave illusions about each other, tremendous illusions, so that the communion of self with self seemed to be on a plane where no other human relations mattered. They both seemed to have arrived there with extraordinary innocence, as though a series of pure accidents had driven them together, so many accidents that they were forced to conclude that they were for each other. They had arrived with clean hands, or so it seemed. [p. 75]

These phrases—"brave illusions," "extraordinary innocence," "clean hands"—alert us to a powerful state of denial, and a regression to a mode of thinking in which action replaces reflection. Fitzgerald, a writer and not an analyst, is using his art to investigate what happens when the fantasy is lived out.

Dick tells Rosemary that Nicole must not find out about their relationship, insisting, "Nicole and I have got to go on together. In a way it's more important than just wanting to go on" (p. 75). The marriage is necessary to Dick's psychic, and perhaps financial, survival. His internal dilemma is now explicit. Rosemary's arrival, in the sixth year of his marriage, coincided with the increasingly difficult task of maintaining his end of the psychological bargain he made in marrying Nicole.

Rosemary is a new edition of Nicole, but Dick is no longer corruptible: he has already been corrupted—by Nicole's wealth, by his own grandiosity, and by the absence of a community or society that could help sustain reality testing and the healthy aspects of the personality. The split in his ego, which had allowed him to maintain the distinctions be-

tween the benevolent and corrupt aspects of his personality, is no longer effective. Dick is becoming angry with Nicole:

> He had become intensely critical of her. Though he thought she was the most attractive human creature he had ever seen, though he got everything from her he needed, he scented battle from afar, and subconsciously he had been hardening and arming himself, hour by hour. [p. 100]

Just before leaving Paris, Rosemary glimpses Nicole's madness, and so do we. A series of improbable events, culminating in the murder of a man in Rosemary's room, interrupts Dick and Rosemary's attempts to consummate their affair. Dick removes the body with the help of the hotel manager, leaving behind a bloodstained bedspread. Rosemary, carrying the bedspread, approaches his room when she hears "a verbal inhumanity that penetrated the keyholes and the cracks in the doors, swept into the suite and the shape of horror took form again" (p. 112). Rosemary glimpses Nicole kneeling and swaying by the bathtub.

"'It's you!' she cried—'it's you come to intrude on the only privacy I have in the world with your spread with the red blood on it'" (p. 112). As Nicole continues her mad rant, Dick pushes Rosemary out of the room. "Now she knew what Violet McKisco had seen in the bathroom at Villa Diana" (p. 112). The blood-stained bedspread stands for the permanent psychological stain caused by Nicole's loss of virginity to her father; and her madness—revived under the pressure of the arrival of a new "Daddy's girl" (the title of the film in which Rosemary starred), who is also her replacement—reveals the illusive nature of a cure through love.

> Twice within a fortnight she had broken up . . . . Having gone through unprofessional agonies during her long relapse following Topsy's birth, he had perforce hardened himself about her, making a cleavage between Nicole sick and Nicole well. This made it difficult now to distinguish between his self-protective professional detachment and some new coldness in his heart . . . . He had learned to become empty of Nicole, serving her against his will with negations and emotional neglect. One writes

> of scars healed, a loose parallel to the pathology of the skin, but there is no such thing in the life of an individual. [p. 168]

There will be no healing. We are aware of Dick's agony and the internal damage he has sustained. We long for relief. The feelings of excitement and possibility that sustained us in our first encounters with Dick are fading. Rosemary's traumatic encounter with Nicole and Dick is traumatizing for us as well.

A LAST CHANCE

At this point in the narrative, Franz summons Dick and proposes that the two of them start their own psychiatric clinic in Zurich. "'Consider it, Dick,' Franz urged excitedly. 'When one writes on psychiatry, one should have actual clinical contacts. Jung writes, Bleuler writes, Freud writes, Forel writes, Adler writes—also they are in constant contact with mental disorder'" (p. 176). Fitzgerald reminds us of Dick's aspirations to be "a good psychologist—maybe . . . the greatest . . . that ever lived" (p. 132)—and how far he has deviated from his plan.

The Warren family money—money that Nicole's sister, Baby Warren, can provide—will finance the clinic. "Baby was thinking that if Nicole lived beside a clinic she would always feel quite safe about her" (p. 176). But Dick is unsure, and it comes to him that behind Baby's words—"'We must think it over carefully'—were the unsaid lines back of that: 'We own you, and you'll admit it sooner or later. It is absurd to keep up the pretense of independence'" (p. 177).

Dick, psychically depleted, decides to accept the offer. Franz sees this as an opportunity to gain access to Nicole's money. The Divers take up residence at the clinic in Zurich. Fitzgerald tells us:

> She had come out of her first illness alive with new hopes, expecting so much, yet deprived of any subsistence except Dick, bringing up children she could only pretend gently to love, guided orphans. The people she liked . . . were more interested in Nicole's exterior harmony and charm, the other face of her illness. She led a lonely life owning Dick who did not want to be owned. [p. 180]

Fitzgerald is alive to the poignancy of Nicole's situation, and at this moment we are as well. Nicole has been a rather thin figure; here she becomes a subject—for Fitzgerald and for us. But Dick has not recovered his capacity for concern. In boundary violations, the clinician's capacity for concern is deeply compromised. Fitzgerald has alluded, in his reference to murder and violent death as Dick plans the party, to the underlying rage that Dick is attempting to manage.

On a trip to a psychiatric conference in Munich, Dick learns that Abe North, his friend and alter ego throughout the book, has been beaten to death in a barroom brawl. Within twenty-four hours of hearing this news, Dick receives a telegram informing him that his father has died.

> He read the message again. He sat down on the bed, breathing and staring; thinking first the old selfish child's thought that comes with the death of a parent, how will it affect me now that this earliest and strongest of protections is gone? [p. 203]

Dick flies to New York for the funeral. "'Good-by my father—good-by, all my fathers'" (p. 205). Dick is desolate. He is drinking steadily, alcoholically. His grief at his father's death and his recognition that he has abandoned his professional aspirations are terrible and poignant because we catch a glimpse of his old lucidity. After this last effort at a successful professional life in Zurich, Dick's decline is swift, sad, and horrifying.

There are few references to Dick's father in the novel, an absence that reflects the lacunae in Dick's superego. The father's voice of adult authority interferes with the child's incestuous wishes for fusion and possession of the mother. The renunciation of the incestuous wish helps to build psychic structure. It is as though Fitzgerald is telling us, through the device of the father's death, that Dick is collapsing internally. Dick has not adequately internalized his father or the prohibition against incest. This has left him vulnerable. The actual loss of his father exposes the inner emptiness Dick has struggled to conceal and stave off through his increasingly destructive behavior.

On a trip to Rome, Dick encounters Rosemary, and "what was begun as a childish infatuation on a beach is accomplished at last" (p. 213). Dick realizes he is not in love with her, nor she with him. But, in reaction

to Rosemary's young Italian lover, he becomes frantic with jealousy, and in a rage he sneers, "He's a spic!" (p. 218).

We are shocked by this epithet. The professional man who once wanted only to be brave, to be kind, to be good and wise, has now become filled with bile and racism. Dick and Rosemary quarrel:

> "It's such a shame, such a shame. Oh, such a shame. What's it all about anyhow?"
>
> "I've wondered for a long time."
>
> "But why bring it to me?"
>
> "I guess I'm the Black Death," he said slowly. "I don't seem to bring people happiness any more." [p. 219]

Dick's hateful and despairing impulses, first announced to the reader when he planned the party on the Riviera, have become increasingly prominent. The blackness in his internal world is externalized in racist remarks.

Dick gets drunk and starts a series of fights, first with a taxi driver and then with the Italian police, who arrest him and beat him severely. From a psychoanalytic viewpoint, Dick has recruited the police as a substitute superego—a primitive, punishing one that reflects the status of his psyche at this time. His humiliation is complete when he has to turn to Baby Warren for rescue.

> Dick's rage had retreated into him a little and he felt a vast criminal irresponsibility. What had happened to him was so awful that nothing could make any difference unless he could choke it to death, and, as this was unlikely, he was hopeless. He would be a different person henceforward, and in his raw state he had bizarre feelings of what the new self would be. [p. 233]

The regressive longing for reunion can also be a retreat from and defense against the aggression aroused in the oedipal situation. The death of Dick's father, which both depicts and provokes the final collapse of Dick's tenuously maintained ego split, unleashes the self-destructive manifestation of his aggression.

The failure of Dick's marriage is a casualty, as well as a cause, of this collapse. And Dick now loses his clinical affiliation: a young female patient accuses him of making sexual advances, and Dick is eased out of the clinic. As colleagues of an impaired analyst, our first responsibility must be to his patients; but we have responsibilities to our colleague as well. In the novel, Franz and Dr. Dohlmer are depicted as physicians more concerned with the success of the clinic than with the well-being of their colleagues.

The Divers return to the Riviera. Their marriage continues to deteriorate, and so does Dick. The Divers, once the enviable center of local social life, have become isolated by Dick's drinking and increasingly provocative behavior.

And now Tommy Barban, the soldier of fortune who silenced Mrs. McKisco after the party, returns to the Riviera, and to Nicole and Dick, after a five-year absence. Like Nicole, we long for release and relief from watching Dick's terrifying deterioration. Nicole allows herself to acknowledge this change for the first time: "She knew, as she had always known, that Tommy loved her . . . . She was somewhat shocked at the idea of being interested in another man—but other women have lovers—why not me?" (p. 276).

In rapid succession, Tommy leaves for a trip to Nice and Rosemary briefly returns. Fitzgerald informs us of (or insists on) the changes in Nicole:

> Nicole relaxed and felt new and happy; her thoughts were clear as good bells—she had a sense of being cured and in a new way. Her ego began blooming like a great rich rose as she scrambled back along the labyrinths in the places where she had played planet to Dick's sun. Why, I'm almost complete, she thought. I'm practically standing alone, without him. And like a happy child, wanting the completion as soon as possible, and knowing vaguely that Dick had planned for her to have it, she lay on her bed as soon as she got home and wrote Tommy Barban in Nice a short provocative letter. [p. 289]

In his notebooks, Fitzgerald charted the parallel between Nicole's cure and Dick's decline.[3] Nicole marries Tommy Barban. But Tommy has been depicted as a primitive soldier of fortune—someone who fights and kills for anyone who will pay him—with neither talent nor patience for an inner life; it is difficult for us to accept this match as a movement toward health.

Dick leaves the Riviera and returns to America. Fitzgerald writes:

> Nicole kept in touch with Dick after her new marriage; there were letters on business matters, and about the children . . . . Dick opened an office in Buffalo, but evidently without success . . . . She heard a few months later that he was in a little town named Batavia, N.Y., practicing general medicine, and later that he was in Lockport, doing the same thing . . . that he bicycled a lot and was much admired by the ladies, and always had a big stack of papers on his desk that were known to be an important treatise on some medical subject . . . . But he became entangled with a girl who worked in a grocery store, and he was also involved in a lawsuit about some medical question . . . . After that he didn't ask for the children to be sent to America and didn't answer when Nicole wrote asking him if he needed money. In the last letter she had from him, he told her that he was practicing in Geneva, New York, and she got the impression that he had settled down with someone to keep house for him . . . . Perhaps, so she liked to think, his career was biding its time . . . . His latest note was post-marked from Hornell, New York, which is some distance from Geneva and a very small town; in any case he is almost certainly in that section of the country, in one town or another. [p. 315]

Fitzgerald's use of the present tense to end his book is exactly right. For Dick almost certainly lives on in our minds once we have lived through Fitzgerald's romantic tragedy and our cautionary tale.

[3] Certainly, her cure at his expense is one conventional reading of the book. While this may make for a compelling narrative, it is the one instance in which I think Fitzgerald's astonishing psychological astuteness failed him. I think it more likely that, unable to cure his wife Zelda, and deeply immersed in her ultimately failed treatment during the writing of Book III, Fitzgerald provided for Nicole what he could not provide for Zelda: a new life.

Tender Is the Night is a sustained investigation of the incest taboo and of one of the psychological pressures that can lead to its collapse. The novel presents us with three dramatic examples of incestuous situations in which symbolic space collapses and is replaced by action. Each involves loss and the loneliness that kindles a longing for reunion.

In the most explicit example, Nicole and her father, Deveraux Warren, in the absence of wife and mother, first become "like lovers" and then suddenly *are* lovers. Second, Dick's surrender to Nicole occurs in the context of the isolation and devastation of World War I: "the price of his intactness was incompleteness" (p. 117). Third, Rosemary's encounter with Dick involves a fatherless "Daddy's girl" and a psychiatrist who has abandoned his role.

Fitzgerald repeatedly insists on the humanity of his protagonists, as well as on the tragic outcome of surrendering to powerful wishes for reunion and wholeness via incestuous action. The book allows us to cross the line in fantasy—an inoculation, if we are fortunate, against doing so in fact. I draw on Chasseguet-Smirgel's (1976) concept of the illness of ideality—reunion with the ego ideal through fantasies of incestuous fusion with the mother—in an effort to understand one potential route to a destructive boundary violation.

Fitzgerald drew on his own life. Inscribing a copy of a novel, he wrote to a friend, "If you liked *The Great Gatsby,* for God's sake read this. *Gatsby* was a tour de force but this is a confession of faith" (Fitzgerald 1934, p. xv).

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IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE AND BION'S INTERSUBJECTIVE THEORY OF THINKING

BY WALKER SHIELDS

The author applies Bion's intersubjective theory of thinking to study the influence of imaginative literature on the development of the capacity for figurative or metaphorical thought in response to affect-laden experience. Using a selection from Emily Dickinson's poetry and a soliloquy from Shakespeare's Hamlet *in a study group model to illustrate this application of Bion's theory, he proposes that such literature may itself serve as a potential* container/contained *of unique affective power to promote maturation of the thinking apparatus and sustain the capacity for reverie and creative interpretive thought in the midst of intense emotional engagement.*

Keywords: Emily Dickinson, William Shakespeare, Wilfred Bion, Thomas Ogden, container/contained, intersubjective theory of thinking, imaginative literature, study group, waking dream thoughts, reverie.

> Soft you now!
> The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
> Be all my sins remember'd.
> —Shakespeare (1600), *Hamlet* [3.1.88-90]

INTRODUCTION

I suggest that Bion's theory of thinking allows us to see how a work of imaginative literature may become an active contributor in a potentially

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ongoing, intersubjective dialogue between the thinking apparatus or creative mind of the author, in the author's time and place, and that of the clinician or reader, in the present. In accord with Bion's theory (Bion 1959a, 1962; De Bianchedi 2005; Ferro 2005, 2006; Grotstein 2000, 2006; Ogden 1979, 1986, 1994, 1997a, 1997b, 2004a, 2004b, 2004c; O'Shaughnessy 2005), this process involves interplay at conscious, preconscious, and unconscious levels of mind.

I propose that a work of imaginative literature may function as *container/contained* in Bion's sense. The process may involve projection by the reader of bits of raw personal data into the particular selection of imaginative literature. It may lead to an emotional enmeshment and containment within the structure of the writing, followed by subsequent reinternalization of new meanings by the reader. The mind of the reader becomes involved with the mind of the author through the author's unique and evocative personal organization of narrative, imagery, metaphor, irony, paradox, music of language, and allusion to multiple levels of meaning in human relatedness within the literary creation.

As a result of such a rich interplay, the mental apparatus of the reader grows in range and depth. As the capacity for imaginative interpretation through the use of reverie and associative thought develops, so also the capacity to bear intense affect and engage in complex relationships matures. There may be growth in the abilities to interpret affective data in all relationships, to interpret dreams, to expand mental space in range and depth of meaning (Winnicott 1971), and to recontextualize memory in adaptive ways (Modell 1990, 2003; Shields 2006). In Ogden's terms (1994), an intersubjective analytic third—with both conscious and unconscious elements, intermingling the patterns and expression of the author's mind with the thought processes of the reader—may evolve and pave the way to strengthen the reader's capacity to do psychological analytic work.

I suggest that this process may occur across generations or among contemporaries; it may involve not only thoughts as inspirational content, but also interplay with the way feelings, perceptions, and thoughts

are selected, digested, linked, and placed in perspective by the mind of the author.[1]

EXPLORING IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE AS THE CONTAINER/CONTAINED

Bion's Study Group Model

To illustrate the principles of Bion's theory of thinking and to explore this hypothesis, I will introduce a new application of Bion's familiar "study group" (1959b). This application is designed to facilitate and observe the emergence of affect-laden associations and reveries in response to specific examples of literature, with progressive deepening of perspective and interpretive meaning by group participants. In this paper, I will use selections from the poetry of Emily Dickinson and Shakespeare's *Hamlet* to demonstrate this process.

My intent is not to provide a new model for a Tavistock Study Group, nor is it to provide a new model for the teaching of literature, nor to find new psychoanalytic interpretations for specific literary contributions. Bion used the study group to examine unconscious intersubjective mental processes, and I will employ an adaptation of his study group model to explore how his theory of thinking may illuminate the impact of a specific selection of literature on the development and maturation of the mental apparatus, as in Bion's metaphor of container/contained. My purpose is to explore how reading imaginative literature (in a study group such as I use for illustration, as well as in any other context) may make a valuable if not crucial contribution, in Bion's sense, to one's personal/emotional/cognitive development—in whatever form that may take, including one's ongoing psychoanalytic work.

Some Biographical Background

All My Sins Remembered (first published posthumously in 1985) was the title Bion selected for the autobiography of his mature adult life. These are Hamlet's words in act 3 of Shakespeare's (1600) play at the

[1] For example, see Vendler (1997) for a detailed study of Shakespeare's unique capacity for wordplay in the development and expansion of thought in his sonnets.

conclusion of his melancholic soliloquy, when he notices the approach of Ophelia quietly preoccupied with her devotions. Hamlet speaks: "Soft you now! The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons / Be all my sins remember'd" (3.1.88-90). With these words, Hamlet steps beyond the pale of his cynical irony and expresses his desire to be received and contained within the prayerful meditations, and perhaps the reveries, of his beloved Ophelia.

Although born into a British colonial family in India in 1897, Bion was educated from childhood in England in the tradition of the British public schools of the early twentieth century, and therefore he must have grown up with Shakespeare. We may wonder whether Bion quite naturally linked Hamlet's struggles and dilemmas about emotion, thinking, and dreaming with his own emerging interests as a psychoanalyst and with the evolution of his metaphor of the container/contained. For example, we might ask whether his choice of title for his autobiography, *All My Sins Remembered*, represented identification with Hamlet's plea to secure a transformative place of containment for so-called sins within Ophelia's meditations. In Bion's theory, such sins might refer to any bits of raw, undigested, and therefore undreamable and uninterpretable, affect-laden experience in need of containment to enable transformation.

At the end of his life, Bion wrote *A Memoir of the Future* (1977), "a psycho-analytically oriented autobiographical fantasy" (in the words of the author's widow, Francesca Bion, quoted in Bion 1985, p. 8). In this imaginative literary work, perhaps Bion's own version of a brooding Shakespearean soliloquy, the author may have wished to deepen the potential for personal exploration, communication, and imaginative interplay over time with others who shared his interests.

In part as a result of the profound impact of major experiences in his life—including service in the British tank corps on the Flanders battlefield during World War I; his subsequent extensive study of group process and leadership during World War II and afterward; and his clinical analytic work with a wide range of patients, including those with major psychotic illnesses—Bion became particularly interested in whatever might promote or attack the development of the capacities for making links, and for creative and collaborative thinking, among

all human beings (Bion 1959a, 1959b, 1962, 1982, 1985; Bleandonu 1994). His own unique capacity for detachment in the midst of intense affective engagement enabled him to observe and study the very cognitive processes that might lead to disintegration of mental functioning and in turn result in fragmented perceptions, painful symptoms, and/or destructive behaviors.

The Mental Apparatus and the Container/Contained

Building on Freud's "Formulations on the Two Principles of Mental Functioning" (1911), Bion developed the bedrock of his own theory of the maturation of the mental apparatus, a theory that emphasizes the importance of developing the capacity to use dream thoughts (including daytime reveries and/or affect-laden personal associations, as well as nighttime dreams)—not only through the relationship between mother and child, but also through the relationship between analyst and analysand.

Some modern analysts may feel that Bion's theory fails to meet their criteria for a two-person, intersubjective process in which the full personality of the analyst becomes an overt, major contributing factor in analytic work. It is important to recognize that Bion focuses upon the fundamental importance of intersubjective interplay at the level of the unconscious and preconscious minds of analysand and analyst. He describes the significance of dream thoughts and preconscious reverie that may occur (whether or not there is a conscious interpretation) during an often-silent analytic process of covert projection, containment, transformation, and reintegration.

Bion (1962, p. 116) emphasizes that the capacity of the analyst/parent to accept and then respond with reverie or dream thoughts to bits of affect-laden, experiential data, projected into him or her, enables containment and a transformative maturational process to occur, in place of a variety of potentially negative impingements. Reverie and/or dream thoughts, of course, are a most personal and intimate part of the inner world of the person of the analyst/parent. Bion is describing a process in which it is precisely this deeply personal and heavily affect-laden element that becomes the moving force between mother and

child, or between analyst and analysand, in promoting the development of mind.

Imaginative Literature

Since imaginative literature is the realm that specifically and primarily addresses figurative language, imagery, narrative, and metaphor—the language of reverie—I have turned to the study of how literature itself might work at a deep, intersubjective level to promote the development of the reader's capacity to engage in this realm. Ogden (1999, 2006) has illustrated the value of fiction and poetry in tuning the ear of the clinician to the rhythms, images, and metaphors that express conscious and unconscious intersubjective interplay—the life of the analytic third (1999)—within the analytic relationship. In comparing the power of aesthetic experience with clinical psychoanalysis, Schwaber (2007) observes that Shakespeare's *Hamlet* may play the role in life of "an enthralling and morally disturbing imitation of it" (p. 404).

Many have commented on similarities between cognitive patterns in the use of figurative (nonliteral) language and allusive imagery in dreams and poetry.[2] Most would agree that Shakespeare, both as poet and as dramatist, is the mark or standard for the range and depth of thought in all imaginative literature, and that his work remains the center of the Western literary tradition. Nonetheless, much of the rest of the canon of treasured literature also offers opportunities for enriching, intersubjective, multilevel interplay with the authors' capacity for a searching and deepening, cognitive metaphorical process—both conscious and unconscious—in response to affect-laden experience.

This application of Bion's intersubjective theory of the development of the thinking apparatus links with a similar hypothesis within the literary tradition. Bloom (1973, 1994, 1998) proposed that a continuing dynamic, the *anxiety of influence,* may function as a force of great power across generations of poets, as well as among contempo-

[2] "The laws of poetic diction, evolved by the critics from great poetry and the laws of dream formation as discovered by Freud, spring from the same unconscious sources and have many mechanisms in common" (Sharpe 1937, p. 19).

raries, to promote creative and innovative work in fiction and poetry. He suggests that this influence occurs not simply through transmission of ideas or content or literary forms, but rather through a complex, emotion-laden interplay, whereby new expressions may evolve on the basis of the anxiety-provoking challenge and the inspirational impact of the literary predecessor. Emphasizing the power of this so-called anxiety of influence, Bloom observes that even inevitable misreadings of an initial contribution may become major elements in a future creative process.

Among Bloom's many illustrations of his theory is his critique of what he calls the Freudian reading of Shakespeare (Bloom 1994, pp. 345-366). He refers to psychoanalytic interpretations of Shakespeare that become mere decodings, collapsing the rich and open-ended impact of Shakespeare's plays to fit preconceived theories . . . oedipal theory, self psychology, or any other preconception. By contrast, Bloom wonders if a more profound and expansive approach might be a Shakespearian reading of Freud. He invites us to consider how Freud and Bion may have become enmeshed in Shakespeare's great themes.

Many of these themes find representation in *Hamlet*. For example, while each individual may discover his or her own unique way of responding to the play, the following dynamics as expressed in *Hamlet* have become integral within modern psychological thought:

- The central importance of complex human love relationships to life and well-being;
- The inevitability of ambivalence in these relationships;
- The multiple, conflicting layers of human nature as revealed by "self-overhearing" (Bloom 1998);
- The interplay between an individual's dilemmas and the surrounding social system;
- Specific use of a play within a play to evoke and explore previous affect-laden experience;
- Nonrational but powerful, covert influences that may lie beneath the appearance of rational behavior;

- The interaction between dream life and conscious thought and behavior; and
- The shadow of death that contributes to vitality in life.

Bloom emphasizes the cognitive eminence of the authors of great literature that is passed on and revered from generation to generation. His theory of the anxiety of influence suggests that all who engage with great literature must come to terms with the affective, cognitive, and moral impact of how such universal themes are acknowledged, addressed, and placed in perspective in the minds of these authors as represented in their creative works. By implication, this is a timeless process and may occur across generations. From the perspective of either Bion's theory of the container/contained or Bloom's theory of the anxiety of influence, one may imagine a multilayered, intersubjective interplay in all fields of imaginative endeavor—over time and across generations—including natural science, philosophy, and psychoanalysis.

Finally, we may directly observe how frequently analysands mention the impact of plays, books, or films on their emotional lives. Some are aware of the continuing influence of a particular author on their values, ideals, and efforts to find creative satisfaction in their lives. For example, an analytic patient, Mr. C, felt deeply depressed after the death of a beloved friend; he associated to Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" and felt a link between the poet's imagery and the painful affect he was attempting to bear. He then began to find greater breadth and depth of meaning in the midst of his own heartache. Another analysand found perspective in grappling with personal misfortunes when he recalled two Shakespearean sonnets that he had memorized as an adolescent.

THE STUDY GROUP MODEL IN ACTION

In a study group of which I am the consultant/convener, participants (analytically oriented therapists at professional educational conferences) are invited to join with each other and with me in addressing their feelings, associations, and reveries in response to a specific selection of literature that I introduce to the group at the outset. Following Bion's (1959a) model (see also Rioch 1970; Shapiro and Carr 1991),

our task is to study our experience together as it emerges within ourselves and in relation to each other within this context.

During the study group meeting, I consult to the group as a whole, in the here and now, and to the overt as well as the covert intersubjective process in relation to the specific selection of literature. My inner subjective experience, including my reveries while I function in this role in relation to the task and its particular literary context, becomes my primary guide in my consultative stance (Bion 1959a, 1959b, 1962; Ogden 1979, 1994, 1997a, 1997b, 1997c; Rioch 1970; Shapiro and Carr 1991).

In this paper, I will describe in some detail my own reveries and responses as they come up in my role as consultant to the study group. These may contribute to my total and fundamental attitude and bearing in this setting, whether or not I verbally formulate these responses in direct interpretations to the group. In combination with the contributions of the participants, my reveries may serve as indices to overt and covert intersubjective processes, while a work of imaginative literature functions as the container/contained in the midst of an immediate and affect-laden experience.

Following the introduction, which includes presentation of the literary work we will address, participants (usually between twelve and thirty in number) are invited to sit in chairs arranged in a spiral to imply the multilayered, perhaps unfamiliar, and open nature of the experience that may be available to us during the exercise. If the group gives me the opportunity, I generally take the central chair myself. After the first phase, which lasts between sixty and ninety minutes, there is a short break; then the participants may reconvene in a more familiar circular arrangement of chairs for discussion and review of the previously shared experience.

During such an event, it may be possible to observe the impact of the poet's invitation to the listener to become immersed in the emotional drama of the imaginative piece and in the realm of reverie, through the music of figurative language—the imagery and evocative ambiguities and ironies of the text. We might also consider ways in which the listener is invited to join the poet in self-observation or self-overhearing, as well as in the use of metaphorical thought that may

deepen and broaden perspective in the midst of intense, affect-laden experience. From the viewpoint of Bion's theory, we may witness the development of an ability to recontextualize immediate experience, as well as memory. We may observe a potential deepening of the capacity for analytic work at the frontier of the conscious and unconscious mind.

A Visit to the Sea with Emily Dickinson

In several of such events, I have chosen selections from the poetry of Emily Dickinson. Of course, in a lyric poem, as in a dream, the drama or narrative occurs in the interplay among sounds, rhythms, images, and words, as much as in the manifest story. I find it helpful in preparation for these events to memorize the poem, in order to locate a sense of the language and thought within myself, as much as possible. At the beginning of each workshop, I read the poem aloud: once in a conversational voice, and then again more slowly to bring the language, feeling, imagery, and thought to the participants as fully as possible for their immediate responses. In this way, the poem itself—much as the first line of a squiggle drawing in Winnicott's (1971) well-known interview model—serves to initiate imaginative and associative interplay.

In one such event, I began by offering the following poem, composed in 1863:

I started Early—Took my Dog—
And visited the Sea—
The Mermaids in the Basement
Came out to look at me—

And Frigates—in the Upper Floor
Extended Hempen Hands—
Presuming Me to be a Mouse—
Aground—upon the Sands—

But no Man moved Me—till the Tide
Went past my simple Shoe—
And past my Apron—and my Belt
And past my Boddice—too—

And made as He would eat me up—
As wholly as a Dew
Opon a Dandelion's Sleeve—
And then—I started—too—

And He—He followed—close behind—
I felt His Silver Heel
Opon my Ancle—Then My Shoes
Would overflow with Pearl—

Until We met the Solid Town—
No One He seemed to know—
And bowing—with a Mighty look—
At me—The Sea withdrew—

[Dickinson 1863, pp. 293-294]

As they began to assume their seats in the spiral arrangement of chairs, the study group participants were initially preoccupied with the seating; they spoke of being uncomfortable and uneasy with the unfamiliar. They wondered what it meant to visit the sea with Emily Dickinson in the here and now, with each other and with me. They wondered about the spiral configuration in which they were sitting: was it a vortex, a whirlpool, a maelstrom, a virtual abyss?

One earnest young woman objected rather forcefully at this early moment. She saw no particular value in the images of Dickinson's poetry. Of what use was it to her to imagine Dickinson, whom she believed to have been reclusive and eccentric, walking on the seashore with her dog? This participant found it more important to hear what people felt about themselves in their own words. What was the value of interposing someone else's thoughts in the midst of the opportunity for participants to be with each other in the here and now?

In response, I found myself feeling very alone in my chair in the center of the spiral. I recalled my own initial reaction to poetry as a child in school. When I was first introduced to Shakespeare's sonnets, it seemed to me that the famous poet was "pretending" and "whistling in the dark" about the power of poetry. Furthermore, I recognized that

I had not wished to think about the subjects addressed by the poet. For example, I recalled my boyish thoughts about love and death, subjects that I found intensely exciting and evocative but frequently troubling; my thoughts and fantasies about them were often quite magical or alarming. In the midst of the boundless energy and health of my youth, I had wanted to escape from what was overwhelming me from within. I wanted to deny the complex vicissitudes of love relationships, as well as the inevitable changes of aging and the passing of time. If I dared to let myself think briefly about death, I found it frightening, vengeful, and punitive; for example, I recalled a vivid feeling of terror whenever I saw an abandoned, ruined house. I imagined such a house to represent a warning of potential devastation that might be inflicted as punishment for any misbehavior.

Now, as I returned from these musings about my childhood to consider this participant's words, I felt a link with her wish to turn away from Dickinson's visit to the sea. I felt silence to be my best response . . . both for the participant and for me, as we lived out the poem's images together at this moment in our lives. Instead of immediately reaching for more words to exchange, we might listen to what could emerge in our midst here and now. Like an unbidden dream, Dickinson's poem might then serve as a fresh consultation to both of us.

Several moments passed, and then, undisturbed by the woman's comments, several other participants wondered aloud about the images of the poem. One suggested that our spiral seating arrangement might represent a seashell, the form of a nautilus found on the beach. Still another felt we were together on a sandy outreach, waiting for a sensuous tide to sweep past in a passionate embrace and eat us up. Several members asked: "But where is the Mermaid?" One person directed attention to me, as I was sitting in the center of the group: "Perhaps *he* is the Mermaid . . . and what kind of mermaid might he be? What can we get from him?"

Another participant spoke of the seductive power of mermaids and wondered, "To what does he, or perhaps she, beckon us?" Another quipped, "Is our consultant the Mermaid or the Dog?" Still another said, "I love to go on walks with my dog . . . . I always feel comforted." One woman wondered about the shoes overflowing with pearls in the

poem: "Are we discovering arousal and beauty, or death?" The group fell silent.

Sensing we were all grappling with unfathomed feelings and strangeness in this new context, I commented, "Perhaps we all may look for a familiar handhold when we visit the power of the sea around us . . ." And then I added, "—the sea that may lie within us . . . here and now."

At this moment, a strange humming sound emerged from somewhere behind and to the right of me in the spiral. A hush fell over the entire group. In the absolute silence of the group's response to this sound, I kept my head still. Yet I allowed myself to scan the group members' faces that I could see without moving, and those faces seemed suddenly frozen. I felt a growing apprehensiveness in the room as the humming became louder and louder. Finally, I turned my head slightly and observed far to my right a woman dressed with peculiar informality, in sneakers and shorts and a worn yellow cap. She had her eyes closed and appeared to be humming to herself. The group had fallen silent except for this sound.

What was the nature of this strange message? My pulse quickened. I thought, "Can this woman be entirely self-preoccupied and quite disconnected from the rest of us? Perhaps she is in need of direct intervention by me?" Minutes passed. In my role as consultant, I began to feel the responsibility to speak, to bring some rational order into the midst of this unanticipated and apparently illogical moment.

I struggled to interpret my response by recalling the images in Dickinson's poem, in order to find the calm within myself that would enable me to feel and explore the movement of the group in its entirety. I wondered if this were the tide surging "past my simple Shoe / And past my Apron—and my Belt / And past my boddice—too." Was this sound from this strange-looking person a plaintive song from some unknown, as-yet-unfathomed part of all of us? It seemed we all were in the midst of the boundless and the overwhelming. The silence continued for several more moments . . . eternal moments.

Then the woman spoke, at first with hesitation and then more clearly. She talked of a childhood memory of playing with her grandmother on a sandy beach on the coast of Maine. Her grandmother would make sand castles with her, often humming while talking about

many things. The woman recalled once having felt frightened when her grandmother spoke of the sea and voyages far beyond the horizon. As a little girl, she could not understand these thoughts, but the memory remained vivid. Then she spoke of the powerful impact of the grandmother's eventual death. Everyone seemed to be lost for a long time afterward, she said . . . and she added sadly, "What previously felt so secure when she was alive fell to pieces in subsequent years. Everyone needed to find a new path for themselves."

There was a palpable sigh of relief in the room after she spoke. Now there was the beginning of a story with her . . . some kind of thinkable connection had emerged from her, perhaps for all of us . . . in relation to the poem and each other in the moment. We listened to her for several moments; then she fell silent. Others began to speak further of death. One spoke of swimming in the ocean and feeling the force of the undertow.

As I sat in this group hearing these responses, I found myself recalling once again the image of myself as a lonely boy in a new and unfamiliar school away from home . . . where one of the schoolmasters had invited me to read fiction and poetry closely for the first time. I now knew that as I grappled to understand those stories that took me beyond where I had been before, I was beginning to discover new resources within myself. When we approached the end of the time for the study group, I observed to the participants, "As we prepare to return to the solid town, the sea leaves us with a mighty bow."

After several quiet minutes following the study group, we rearranged the chairs in a circle for discussion. The participants were still in the midst of musings about the journey with Emily and her dog to visit the sea. One spoke of the joy of being read to at the beginning of the event. Others spoke of how they felt startled by the way the images in the poem had transported them to new places in their thoughts and feelings.

One man asked why I had chosen this particular poem. Though we were now in a "there-and-then" discussion format and direct questions of this sort were quite in order, I was startled by my feeling of embarrassment at his question. I felt as if he had approached some silent, deeply personal part of me that the poem captured and that still lay

outside my awareness. Yet I ventured to comment as spontaneously as possible.

I spoke of my immediate, strong response to the unassuming simplicity of the initial image of the poet visiting the sea with her dog. As a dog lover myself, it was easy to identify with Dickinson's wish for a particular kind of companionship as she approached the sea, a companionship that would be comfortable, dependable, and loyal but not intrusive—a companionship that included a link with another being in the world of nature beyond herself. From the outset, it seemed appealing that Dickinson had not chosen to be completely alone on her visit to the sea; to me, the coastal images suggested both vulnerability and courage.

Then I spoke of the poem's evident—though subtle—deepening from the simplicity of that first image, through the sounds of the words and the sequence of subsequent images that flowed forth, to the shore of vast natural horizons and of imagination, within ourselves and around us . . . and then back to the solid and familiar town of logic wherein we live our daily lives. I linked the power of Dickinson's poem with Vendler's (1997) comment about Shakespeare's sonnets: "[Shakespeare demonstrates] his capacity to confer greater and greater mental scope on any whim of the imagination, enacting that widening gradually, so that the experience of reading a poem becomes the experience of pushing back the horizons of thought" (p. 120). Other participants continued to pursue their associations to the images of the poem in very personal terms, as if in response to an evocative dream.

Themes from Hamlet: *Soliloquy, Elsinore, and Human Relationships*

In this next example, I include narrative material as well as poetry from Shakespeare's *Hamlet* as the specific literary context with which to begin a study group and to engage the participants. I choose to emphasize the drama surrounding Hamlet's soliloquy in act 3. My objective: in fifteen minutes or so, to bring participants as fully as possible into a shared experience of imaginative interplay within the emotional realm of Hamlet's Elsinore, to introduce Hamlet's soliloquy, and then to sustain continuing reference to this context in my interpretive stance as consultant.

The following is an abbreviated version of my introduction to this group:

> You will recall the setting of *Hamlet*. We are in Elsinore, the castle of the prince's royal family, high above the stormy, rocky coast of Denmark where it faces the North Sea. Together with several comrades standing watch at midnight on the ramparts, Hamlet has seen a ghostly vision of his dead father and has begun to reflect on the story revealed to him by the ghost.
>
> You will recall that, very shortly after his father's death, Hamlet's mother, Gertrude, married his uncle, Claudius. Furthermore, Hamlet has now learned this uncle murdered his father, the former king of Denmark. Despite these enormously disturbing aspects of the behavior of the governing monarchs, the court of Denmark is in a celebratory mood following the wedding of Claudius and Gertrude. But: "Murder most foul!" (1.5.31)—"O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!" (1.5.86), cries the warlike ghost at midnight, standing in full medieval armor as a fearsome apparition crying out for revenge.
>
> Hamlet is paralyzed with feelings of disgust and rage over these murderous betrayals. The foundations within him of trust, love, and even logical thought are dissolving in response to these horrors. We find Hamlet buried in deep cynicism and melancholy; for him, the atmosphere of Elsinore has become diseased. In the midst of his bleak despair, even his former passionate love for Ophelia has become tainted, unclean, and untrustworthy (Knight 1930). He can see no hope of finding a path to follow.
>
> Later, further torn and devastated by his continuing fury, unfulfilled yearnings, and inner conflict, Hamlet goes on to confront his mother, the sensuous and voluptuous Gertrude, with her treacherous betrayal of her responsibility as wife and mother. But his accusations lead him to progressive enmeshment in the desperate chaos of his own desires in her presence.[3] As Hamlet's passionate outbursts deepen, they progressively obscure his capacity for thought. Catching sight of

[3] Jones (1949, p. 99) observes Hamlet's keen awareness of inner struggle on approaching his mother: "O heart, lose not thy nature, let not ever the soul of Nero enter this firm bosom" (3.2.384-385). Jones notes that Nero was "reputed to have slept with his mother and then murdered her" (p. 100).

a shape moving behind the tapestry hanging in his mother's bedchamber, Hamlet stabs blindly with his rapier and kills the eavesdropping meddler Polonius. Now, fueled by discovery of a vast abyss of emotional emptiness within himself and within the seductive embrace of his mother's seeming surrender, Hamlet's words betray his utter despair. Furthermore, he continues to grapple with the intruding image of the warlike ghost of his father, crying out for revenge.

Hamlet goes on to commit two Machiavellian murders. His trust in the seeming love of his earliest relationship with his mother is broken. Tormented by such misery within, Hamlet can find no respite in love for Ophelia. And once he has lost that slender thread to a potential life of value through love, his hope of finding meaning in any context is utterly lost.

Yet, in the beginning of the fifth act, after his sea voyage, there are signs of a radical transformation in Hamlet. As he and his friend Horatio watch a gravedigger at work on a fresh grave, amidst the bones and skulls of those previously interred, we see a changed Hamlet. No longer is he obsessed with hatred, disgust, and the ghost's imperative to take revenge. He speaks with new perspective about love and death. For example, he fondly recalls Yorick, the old court jester, who once lovingly carried him as a boy on his shoulders; thus, in the midst of this alteration in mood and consciousness, Hamlet has chosen to return to Elsinore.

Nevertheless, the fifth act ends with a deadly duel between Hamlet and Laertes, the accidental poisoning of the queen, and Hamlet's reflexive and futile assassination of Claudius. While dying of a poisoned wound himself, Hamlet implores his despondent friend Horatio to live on and tell his story. Hamlet's words near the very end are "Let be" (5.2.200) and, finally, "the rest is silence" (5.2.362).

At this moment, I say to the group, "Now let us go back and hear Hamlet's words in act 3 as he stands alone before us, as if on a most solitary and desperate promontory, and attempts to make sense of his despairing thoughts . . . before he sees Ophelia":

> To be or not to be, that is the question:
> Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them. To die . . . to sleep,
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep, perchance to dream . . . ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause . . . there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely [insults],
The pangs of dispriz'd [unvalued] love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus [quittance with payment for a debt] make
With a bare bodkin [small dagger]? Who would fardels [unfair burdens] bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn [realm]
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution [resolution is sanguine and therefore red],
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

[3.1.56-87][4]

[4] Bracketed notes to the original Shakespeare (1600) quotation are from the 1982 version of *Hamlet* edited by Jenkins and from Webster's *New World Dictionary of the American Language* (1979).

I continue, "Here . . . now at this moment in the midst of his solitary reflections . . . Hamlet notices his beloved Ophelia entering quietly as if absorbed in meditation." He whispers to himself, "Soft you now! / The fair Ophelia!" He continues—for the moment no longer with irony, but now with yearning, and gravely: "Nymph, in thy orisons [meditations, prayers] / Be all my sins remember'd" (3.1.88-90).

I then say to the group, "And now, with Hamlet, we may imagine to ourselves that while the castle Elsinore celebrates, the ghost beckons." I continue, "As we begin our study group, you are invited to acknowledge and explore your own here-and-now experience and, most particularly, any reveries or dreamlike associations that come to mind."

The participants, seated in a spiral arrangement, sit quietly for five minutes. Gradually, voices are heard speaking of ghosts. One person talks of having had a fear of ghosts as a child, and of how he used to sneak into his parents' bedroom at night to fall asleep there on the floor . . . only to be carried back to bed by his father. Another speaks of the awkwardness of trying to feel comfortable in the unfamiliar spiral seating arrangement that "seems to lead to nowhere or anywhere . . . beyond the outer rim or to the center . . . where Walker is sitting." Another voice speaks about belief in a spiritual companionship with a friend lost long ago through illness. One woman speaks tearfully of her young child's struggle to comprehend serious illness in a beloved relative. Still another talks of separation from a dear friend. The group continues with such themes for another thirty minutes . . . bringing experiences of vulnerability, loss, and yearning.

At first, I felt deeply moved on hearing these stories. But then, in my role of thinking about our task together in this hour, I began to marvel at the fact that the atmosphere emerging around us and within us now appeared so very different from our immediate literary context: the corrupt, diseased, and yet celebratory mood of Hamlet's castle. Participants were bringing heartache to each other in the here and now; yet somehow we were all in Hamlet's Elsinore as well. Now, what about this experience of Elsinore in our midst? Was there a flight from the complexity of Elsinore?

It seemed important to explore the implications of this paradox. I chose to acknowledge the depth of feeling expressed, but also to puzzle

aloud about this evident contrast. "So, this Elsinore . . . among us, here and now, is connected with feelings of sorrow and grief . . . unlike Hamlet's Elsinore. This Elsinore, our Elsinore, is quite definitely not in a celebratory mood."

The participants proceeded to brood silently with me about this paradox. As they did so, I continued to wonder quietly: what role in *Hamlet* am I now being asked to play in the group's fantasy, in my function as consultant?[5] I began to imagine silently that I had somehow invited the participants to engage far more deeply than we might be able to manage in this relatively brief hour together. And where might I find this theme in the play? I thought of Gertrude—had I become the seductive yet mysterious and ambiguous queen, who welcomes people deeply into her sensuous embrace . . . only to lead them to emptiness, misadventure, and destruction? Had I become Gertrude, like Clytemnestra[6] in ancient myth, a hapless participant in an endless cycle of revenge? Am I now the voluptuous mother who once promised everything—the entire world—to a hungry, young, desiring Hamlet?

Now the question becomes: do I, like Gertrude, remain self-gratifying, preoccupied, and irresponsible? Do I abandon the many Hamlets in this study group in the midst of their immediate dilemmas? As consultant, I must attempt to feel my link to the participants deeply, and yet to stay on task at the frontier of inquiry about our innermost experiences while together. I speak for the second time to the group: "So in this Elsinore, here where we are together . . . who is this particular Gertrude sitting in your midst, as if to invite you to bring so much here? I wonder what kind of Gertrude I will turn out to be."

I now hear participants beginning to differentiate from my embrace in responding to my comment. One man speaks teasingly: "So—Walker's really a 'queen'!" Others join in the sarcasm: "Maybe he has skirts under his pants," and "But how can he be Gertrude—he has almost no

[5] "The analyst feels he is being manipulated so as to be playing a part, no matter how difficult to recognize, in somebody else's phantasy" (Bion 1959b, p. 149).

[6] While many have linked Hamlet's dilemmas with the Oedipus myth (Jones 1949), others note allusions to the relentless cycle of revenge portrayed in the tragedies of Aeschylus. Clytemnestra murders King Agamemnon after his victorious return from the Trojan War with the help of her lover, Aegisthus, only to be later murdered by her son, Orestes, in complicity with his sister, Electra (Wood 2003).

hair on his head!" Then a more earnest voice: "All this is silly . . . and all this stuff about too much thinking . . . why didn't Hamlet just take his revenge and kill Claudius and get it over with? I don't get it . . . and everyone dies in the end anyway! Why should we think Hamlet is the great hero of the Western world?"

As I listened to these provocative comments and challenging questions, I could hear the group participants finding their individual voices safely with me in the event. Now I could follow and link with them more clearly than before in my role with regard to our task in the context of Hamlet's Elsinore. With the group, I began to think about the problem of Hamlet's "inaction" in response to the injustices that surrounded him, and about his delay in taking action, pondered by so many critics and readers of the play (Jones 1949). After all, in the most immediate sense, Hamlet did fail in the end. He remained caught up in a web of misery in Elsinore; many people died violent deaths, and he did impulsively kill the king at the end of the play. There was no resolution in the sense of everyone living happily ever after. Instead, after the murders, there was Hamlet's extraordinary, enigmatic plea to his trusted friend Horatio: "Live on to tell my story." "Repeat this story to others!" How could that be? Why was it so important for Shakespeare's Hamlet to ask his friend to repeatedly tell his story?

But then, as I sat feeling very alone in the center of the spiral, I realized I needed to continue to attempt to free myself from entanglement with the seductive Gertrude. I turned again to the play to find my own mind as consultant, while staying linked in interplay with the participants in relation to *Hamlet*. I continued to revisit my own struggle in response to the mystery of Hamlet's inaction. I, too, had always wanted to find a hero who could show me the path to a righteous course in the face of injustice, as well as a lady to win and a villain to hate. I always hoped for a clear formulation, a handhold. But now, in the ambiguity of this here-and-now study group in response to *Hamlet,* we were all struggling with the strangely familiar but disturbing bewilderment of Hamlet's world. We were alongside him in his desperate search for a way to glue these disparate parts of himself together, to find a perspective he could live with. And, sadly, Hamlet's love—both for his mother and for Ophelia—had failed him.

With these preoccupations, as time passed while I sat alone in my chair at the center of the spiral, listening to the group members, I began to notice a change in myself. I discovered I had no words to speak to the group at this moment from within my role. Startled, I began to wonder whether I was now grappling with a new theme. Discovering I had no voice, I began to ask myself, was I becoming Ophelia? Rather than Gertrude, had the group now selected me to play the role of Ophelia and bid me to remain silent and inaccessible?

I thought of speaking merely for the sake of speaking . . . to prove that I was alive! But then I wondered, what was it that was now being stuffed into me by the group, to be held and contained at this moment (Bion 1959b; Ogden 2004c)? Was the group attempting to drive me to a watery grave of silence, bedecked with flowers like Ophelia? Alternatively, what did it mean for Hamlet to say silently to Ophelia, "in thy orisons / Be all my sins remember'd" (3.1.88)?

I reached for the play in my mind and thought of Ophelia in her last earthly moments, as she began to discover more truth than she could bear. I recalled that in her last scene, she referred to Gertrude with surprising bitterness as "the beauteous Majesty of Denmark" (4.5.22). To hear the irony (one of Shakespeare's most powerful devices for broadening the reader's field of vision) in Ophelia's comment about Gertrude might be to find a path for further inquiry. What was it that Ophelia was beginning to see about Queen Gertrude that overwhelmed her, and how might that theme be emerging here in the group?

Like Ophelia, in this event, we were now required to acknowledge and bear together the intolerable paradoxes that had driven Ophelia herself mad, to her death by suicide. Those whom we most love and admire may also torment, disappoint, and betray us most deeply. What then? In Hamlet's words, such is "the heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks / That flesh is heir to" (3.1.62-63).

At this moment, as if in resonance with my own silent thoughts, I heard a woman speak: "What about poor Ophelia?" Another member answered, "Yes, it all became too much for her. She went over the edge." Yes, I thought to myself, the group is alive, at work, and searching for Ophelia—or perhaps me. But in my role as consultant, I was not satisfied with my own inner response. I thought about the terrifying entreaty

of the warlike ghost of Hamlet's father, in full armor—crying out with the direct yet simplistic certitude of a vengeful wish—to take action—to have revenge. Though frightening, the medieval ghost's violent solution offered a certain reassuring appeal. Rather than joining such an enterprise, Ophelia had chosen to end her life in the river. Was that the grave to which the group was tempting me?

As I sat silently in my chair, grappling with these themes in the midst of the participants, I mused about another kind of death as escape from these dilemmas. As a child, I had been bewildered on the occasion of an uncle's funeral. I had searched in vain in my family and the many people who attended the event for emotional contact and meanings with which I could connect to put the extraordinary circumstance into perspective. Everyone seemed strangely remote and detached from feelings about my uncle or about their life with him. Perhaps this had been my Elsinore at an early age! I learned it was possible for there to be a kind of death by emotional detachment among the living . . . an escape from "the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to."

Hamlet's question now felt very immediate to me, as it did for those in the group. I had found a vital response in myself, and I therefore felt more deeply alive and connected with the emotional flow of the participants. I now felt more able to work and think and explore in my consultant role. Hamlet's famous question in his soliloquy was our question: was there a path to aliveness from the midst of the complexity of Elsinore? Was it possible, in Hamlet's words, to "bear those ills we have" (3.1.80) and yet engage with vitality and imagination?

While I silently pondered these matters, I noted that we seemed very much together in the group, and perhaps contained by the poetry of Shakespeare's drama . . . which was leading us to explore similar layers within ourselves and in each other. I felt fully centered in my role in relation to the group, and that I could now wait for the right moment to speak.

As if in further answer to my reveries and thoughts, a man sitting in the spiral directly behind me said, "In that last scene in act 5 . . . Hamlet's words toward the end . . .'let' it 'be'?" The man's voice trembled as he continued, "I found myself remembering a link between the words

'let it be' and a song with the same three words, 'let it be,' that I heard many years ago during my adolescence. It taught me something important." A woman joined in by saying, "I recall those were my mother's words to me while on her deathbed, in the last moments of her life . . . to accept what was happening . . .'let it be,' it is nature."

I thought, that's right. Now, on hearing these voices from the participants, I found myself beginning to make the link between Hamlet's "let be" (5.2.200) and his passionate request of Horatio to live on and tell his story. In both, he was reaching beyond the domain of potential captivity within his own inner world to a hopeful acknowledgment of his connection with others . . . even after his own death. In Hamlet's decision to return to Elsinore, he was choosing connection, engagement, and interplay with those who were most important to him, even in the face of suffering, loss, and eventual death. In Hamlet's words "let be," there were heartache and grief to accept and bear.

But also, in Hamlet's entreaty to Horatio, we hear Hamlet's belief in the importance of the story and his recognition of a complex form of relatedness within a large social context: "Absent thee from felicity awhile, / And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain, / To tell my story" (5.2.352). The story itself might become a contribution toward a potential larger human process of creative, imaginative, thoughtful transformation in the telling and the listening.

With these thoughts in mind, I recognized we were approaching the end of our study group. I chose to speak of my hope that, through immersion in the piercing, painful dilemmas of Shakespeare's play, we might continue to find links to our lives in the outside world: "So I, in my role as your consultant, have been first the seductively inviting but disappointing Gertrude. Then later, when I was silent, perhaps I became the inaccessible Ophelia with you . . . as we grappled together with Hamlet's questions about death and life. I now find myself joining with all of you as we continue to seek creative bridges from our time together in Elsinore to our own lives in our outside worlds."

As the study group ended, one member spoke once again Hamlet's final words: "The rest is silence" (5.2.363). After a period of reflection, we moved our chairs into a circle and continued in traditional review-and-discussion format. During the first few moments, we all searched

for our bearings after our shared journey. Then one member opened by noting what he considered to be the most daunting aspect of Hamlet's character: his capacity to consider not only the rottenness of Denmark and the evil of those around him, but also the corruption within himself. We discussed Bloom's (1998) observation that Hamlet sought self-revision through self-overhearing and imagination in place of revenge. However, we all observed that, in the end, even Hamlet could not sustain this thoughtful alternative to violence.

Some continued to ask whether Hamlet achieved any kind of transformation in act 5. Some felt that yes, he did; others were skeptical. Some wondered if such a change was possible, and if so, how? What happened to Hamlet between acts 1 through 4, when he was so immersed in painful conflict, and act 5, when he returned to Elsinore—evidently free of his internal struggle? What are we witnessing in the scene at the graveside in the beginning of act 5, when Hamlet, holding a skull taken from the gravedigger, ponders the death of Yorick, the court jester, as he begins to recall his joy as a child when carried on Yorick's shoulders? Did Hamlet find a way to grieve and then to dream in his own behalf . . . to discover the freedom "to be alive" while connected with both his inner private world and his outer world in Elsinore?

The workshop ended in the midst of questioning, reflection, further reverie, and wonderment.

CONCLUDING COMMENTS

In a eulogy to Bion reported in the newsletter of the British Psychoanalytical Society on the occasion of his death, his widow Francesca retold a story that he had told her of an experience he had had as a British soldier during World War I (Ogden 2007). Some instructions of a senior officer to his men on the battlefield had left a vivid impression on Bion. As the men waited for long hours between the desperate struggles on the front lines, the officer proposed . . . after all had been done that could be done . . . that there was time for poetry. The men then read poetry aloud.

Bion's story suggests that perhaps this officer had the insight to recognize his men needed the opportunity for emotional connection with

each other as a small group in the midst of the nightmare of Flanders—and that they also needed access to the containing matrix of thought and feeling provided by poetry, to inspire and preserve a capacity for thoughtful judgment. This application of Bion's theory of thinking suggests that imaginative literature may not be simply an option for development of mind; rather, it may be an essential, adaptive means to stimulate, enhance, and sustain the vital cognitive activity of creative reverie and metaphorical thought in the midst of any intensely lived emotional experience. In this way, it may also be a valuable preparation for engagement in a rich psychoanalytic process.

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BOOK REVIEWS

REVOLUTION IN MIND: THE CREATION OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By George Makari. New York: Harper Collins, 2008. 580 pp.

A work of value to those already deeply immersed in the history of psychoanalysis that can function equally well as a vivid, engaging, and compelling introduction for the novice is an unusual achievement. Avoiding polemics and partisanship, lacking nothing in details and information while never losing sight of a larger context that is convincingly evoked—and as vividly written as a work of scholarship is allowed to be—*Revolution in Mind: The Creation of Psychoanalysis* is an important work.

Much information about our discipline's past, written from the perspectives of the social sciences and history, has preceded Makari's work, and many notable psychoanalysts have contributed their own stories. Whether trying to critique a variably defined psychoanalysis, expand it, or enlist the field in the service of a larger goal, many such works are constrained by their own often unacknowledged intellectual, political, or historical perspectives. Makari is a practicing psychoanalyst, but he is also an accomplished and sophisticated historian of science, and he presents a richly contextualized history of the early years of psychoanalysis, through the Second World War, that follows the interplay of personal, social, and scientific factors that shaped Freud and his followers, as well as the larger tapestry of world events within which the story unfolded.

Makari writes with acute recognition of the fact that he is writing a history of a field that itself has constantly reframed its own history, content, claims, and scope, and has also revised the very understanding of authority, science, and systems of knowledge. We see how the body of ideas that came to encompass psychoanalysis came into being—a corpus that is as rich as it is inconsistent. Makari writes:

> Sigmund Freud was a brilliant synthetic thinker, but he was, by his own admission, not a coherent system builder. He did not tie up the loose ends or repudiate the former theories he

> later seemed to contradict . . . . By 1930, a series of compelling Freuds existed that were not reconcilable. [p. 430]

Makari's history of ideas is constructed with pervasive and persistent attention to the demands and dangers of both theory-building and movement-building, and an acute awareness of how this process was alternately constrained and enriched by the cultural, national, and intellectual environments in which it took place.

Divided into three sections—"Making Freudian Theory," "Making the Freudians," and "Making Psychoanalysis"—the book represents "an attempt to take in those grand shifts and locate the specific origins of psychoanalysis as a body of ideas and a movement" (p. 3), and is "less the story of one man than it is the history of a series of heated intellectual contests"(p. 4).

It is where there is the most ferment in the field that Makari's work is really masterful. His description of the Wednesday Psychological Society and its role over the years is an example of this: "No one quite knew what was shared property in the Wednesday Psychological Society, and what belonged to Freud alone. The quandary forced members to go back in time and consider Freud's intellectual origins and debts" (p. 175). This statement reflects the book's larger task.

As Makari progresses through the cultural and philosophical background that was Freud's intellectual birthplace, he describes what Freud was taught, how he confronted the intellectual debates of his time, and how he built his system of ideas. Neither giving short shrift to Freud's own achievements nor minimizing the rich material already in his environment from which he drew, Makari's work effectively shifts between extraordinarily detailed accounts about the progression of this story of ideas and explanations of the larger context. The author documents this larger context as a historical one in two senses: first, we are given historical information about what was occurring at that time ("hence, when the young Sigmund Freud positioned himself against degeneration theory in the service of casting more light on the problem of neurosis, he was also taking a position in a larger political debate over the collapse of European Liberalism," p. 138); and, second—and even more

important—we are provided with thoughtful commentary about the philosophical dilemmas that were built into the creation of psychoanalysis, as well as about its negotiation and renegotiation of itself as a science, a philosophy, and a cultural theory.

The work is elegantly written and direct, with lively turns of phrases and dry wit leavening the scholarship; what is also detectable is a subtly elegiac tone of nostalgia for such a dynamic and turbulent time in the history of ideas. And while in no way a hagiography of Freud, there is a profound sense of affection and respect for him, one that is all the more moving for its inclusion of the man's flaws, limitations, and complexities, which Makari does not hesitate to point out. Addressing how Freud dealt with Stekel, Makari writes:

> Again and again, over the coming years, Sigmund Freud would employ the same strategy: when opposed, he would fight bitterly to hold his ground, and then after rebuffing a foe, he would quietly incorporate those aspects of the challenge he most admired into his ever-expanding models. The Freudian field grew fat on a host of vanquished opponents. [p. 160]

This critique of Freud is relevant and inherent to an understanding of his theory building. On the other hand, his possible affair with his sister-in-law is not, and Makari chooses to relegate that to one sentence rather than deny it, ignore it, or draw some larger significance from it in pursuit of a psychobiographical unveiling. For this is not a biography of Freud the man, but rather an examination of how he set into motion, through himself and those in his wake, a new movement of ideas.

That this outsized ambition is realized is testimony to Makari's scholarship and skill, and the book is of great import to a field that has lacked such a comprehensive and scholarly historical account. Furthermore, it provides an example of what this approach can bring to bear on a field that has been much disputed, in both its past and present, and to clinicians, scholars, and intellectuals who should know how these ideas—which still compose "the most nuanced general account of interior life that we possess" (p. 5)—came into being.

DARIA COLOMBO (NEW YORK)

FREUD'S REQUIEM: MOURNING, MEMORY, AND THE INVISIBLE HISTORY OF A SUMMER WALK. By Matthew von Unwerth. New York: Riverhead Books (Penguin Group), 2005. 254 pp.

Like others, I have long known of Freud the conquistador, the intellectual tyrant, the biologist, the lonely explorer, the exhorter, the *pater familias*, and the promoter. I had imagined that his grizzled visage had been studied from every possible angle, that a fresh portrait was no longer possible. That was before I read Matthew von Unwerth's remarkable book, *Freud's Requiem.*

Aptly titled as a dirge for the repose of the souls of Freud's dead, von Unwerth's is a portrait of the discoverer of psychoanalysis as seen through his experiences of personal loss and through "his preoccupation with the eventual disposition of the dead" (p. 53). It is a unique, important, beautifully rendered portrayal of a Freud heretofore familiar to only a few: Freud as a man of sorrow. From von Unwerth's achievement we come to know a new Freud, not so much because this author brings us novel information about his subject, but by the meticulous way he has arranged so much of what has long been known but never before grasped as a whole. We come to know a sentimental, melancholic, even Romantic Freud—a Freud struggling above all with his impulse to detach himself from deeply emotional experience in order to minimize the pain that inevitably follows separation and loss. We are all visitors, and this is the problem of human transience.

In a brief paper titled "On Transience," composed for a 1915 Festschrift honoring Goethe, Freud imagines himself on a mountain walk with his friend Lou Andreas-Salomé (1861–1937) and the poet Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926). The Alpine meadows are ablaze with wildflowers, yet Rilke cannot experience the beauty of the scene because of his awareness that, with the coming of winter, the flowers will die. Freud offers, interpretively, that the poet's and his friend's inability to feel the beauty of the moment is due to the "revolt in their minds against mourning" (p. 85)[1]: the grief will be too painful for Rilke and Andreas-Salomé to risk attachment. Grief *is* painful, Freud reminds his reader,

[1] Freud, S. (1942). On transience (1915). *Int. J. Psychoanal.,* 23:85-86; see also *S. E.,* 14. The entire essay is reproduced in *Freud's Requiem.*

and some will numb themselves to beauty if by so doing the pain of grief may be avoided.

Freud's brief essay, von Unwerth discovers, is a

> . . . sentimental prose poem [that] opens to reveal a panorama of the mind of the man who wrote it, a mind that for all its generative brilliance, is as sentimental, troubled and torn as that of any of his patients, or as that of any one of our own . . . . Freud's essay suggests a story of his inspirations and frustrations, his dreams and crises of spirit, a story of his loves and hopes, and above all of his experiences of loss. [p. 6]

Although von Unwerth tells us that Freud's imagined conversation against the backdrop of a mountain scene could never have taken place in reality, it is a recurrent motif in *Freud's Requiem*, refusing to rest, circling back into his text as might the theme of a musical rondo.

It turns out that Freud himself was closed to artistic beauty, or nearly so. Von Unwerth tells us that Freud acknowledged "an insensitivity to beauty" (p. 128). He writes that "there is reason to believe that, for all the explanatory power of his theories, the experience of beauty remained alien to Freud" (pp. 125-126). Freud himself wrote that he was "almost incapable of obtaining any pleasure" from a work of art unless he was able to explain to himself what its effect was due to; "some rationalistic, or perhaps analytic, turn of mind in me rebels…against being moved by a thing without knowing why I am thus affected and what it is that affects me."[2] Thus, he required the protection of intellect—of "analysis"—before he could risk pleasure in the face of loss.

Von Unwerth's insight into Freud's character led me to wonder whether his need to use his intellect to insulate himself from the pain of loss may reveal something important about the clinical method he invented. Psychoanalysis as a method is dependent upon a special kind of love—*transference love*—that even as it blossoms must be blunted by intellect. The psychoanalytic cure requires that analyst and analysand move one another deeply, even as protection is afforded by the ongoing quest for understanding; its choreography is one of intimacy tempered (and limited) by intellect. The possibility of profound grief at the end

[2] Freud, S. (1914). The Moses of Michelangelo. *S. E.*, 13, p. 211.

is muted, blunted. As Freud wrote (in another context I will discuss in a moment): "No lasting bond can be forged" (Freud quoted by von Unwerth, pp. 5, 21-22, 122).

In his published work, Freud wrote only rarely about his personal longings, his remorse over choices not made and roads not traveled. The most poignant of these accounts appears in his paper on screen memories.[3] There he recalls his return at age seventeen to his birthplace. In memory, he relives his teenage crush on Gisela Fluss, his deeply affecting sense of loss over the family's forced departure from his native Freiburg, and his remorse over what his life might have been like had he not made choices to become "Freud." His sadness over the loss of what had been and might have been is more palpable here than anywhere else in his published *oeuvre*.

Von Unwerth points out that in "Screen Memories," Freud reveals himself (albeit in disguise) as a "broken-hearted teenager, whose heartache was so painful that he thought to kill himself, and then, in a wild change of heart, vilified the tender object of his affection with great cruelty, burying under his scorn the love that had so hurt him" (von Unwerth, p. 79).

It turns out, von Unwerth tells us, that "Freud was reluctant to have 'Screen Memories' reproduced . . . [until] a few years before his death . . . . He initially refused to allow its inclusion in the first comprehensive collection of his works, though he later relented" (p. 80). After the publication of *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900), with its many personal revelations, Freud feared that readers could easily penetrate his disguise and identify him as "the patient." As von Unwerth notes:

> That Freud was so bashful about the episode described in "Screen Memories" when he was astonishingly open about other areas of his life (sexual desire for his mother! murderous wishes against his father!) is some indication of the personal importance he apparently attached to the Giselsa [Fluss] episode. [p. 80]

It is to the personal importance to Freud of love lost, the melancholic poignancy of his grieving, and his unending struggles against the

[3] Freud, S. (1899). Screen memories. *S. E.*, 3.

pain of mourning that *Freud's Requiem* is devoted. It might even be possible to comb through von Unwerth's sentimental biography and find a discussion of the impact of just about every important personal loss in Freud's life, beginning with that of his infant brother Julius, and including those of his mother, father, Monica Zajec (his nursemaid), his two elder half-brothers, his beloved Freiburg, Gisela Fluss, Fliess and Jung, Vienna itself, and his sisters—and ending with the loss of his own life by physician-assisted suicide.

Along the way, the reader is treated to portraits of Freud's friend Lou Andreas-Salomé and of Rainer Maria Rilke, his two "companions" on that summer mountain walk of "On Transience" that never happened. Of the two, Rilke's is the more gripping. His connection with Freud turns out to have been slight: the two men were together on only two occasions. Freud wished for more contact with the poet, but Rilke was not interested, perhaps because he was afraid that, were psychoanalysis to help him with his pattern of emotionally lurching from one passion to another, it would rob him of his creative wellspring. He may have been right.

Despite Freud's limited personal contact with Rilke, the poet—his life, loves, and work—looms large in von Unwerth's *Requiem*. Freud was plainly disappointed that Rilke did not wish to see him again. Repeatedly, von Unwerth quotes Freud as saying that "no lasting bond can be forged" between them. And of course it is the fact that no bond is (ever-) lasting that is the central problem of both *Freud's Requiem* and his brief paper "On Transience." No lasting bond can ever be formed that is not doomed to be severed; therefore, how can one experience beauty—or love?

Rilke, as seen by von Unwerth, stands—despite his putative inability to experience beauty due to his revolt against mourning—as a contrasting figure, a foil, to the side of Freud's character emphasized in this portrait. Unlike the defensive, detached restraint of the founder of psychoanalysis, Rilke is tossed wildly about on the stormy seas of his passions; his poetry reflects a hothouse of emotionality, seemingly cultivated yet out of control. What von Unwerth relates of his biography tells the same story. Curiously, this man whom Freud imagines in "On Transience" to harden himself against beauty is revealed to be—in his life, letters, and verses—

just the opposite, and he suffers extravagantly on account of it. Rilke's yearning and exquisite suffering are much in evidence in the selections from his correspondence with Andreas-Salomé and his poetry, especially the *Duino Elegies*.[4] Unfortunately for the nonreader of German, some of what Rilke wrote and what is quoted by von Unwerth remains terribly obscure, often unintelligible, due—at least in part, I suspect—to problems in translation.

Lou Andreas-Salomé was an important figure in the early history of psychoanalysis, known as a friend, student, and muse of Freud's and for her own psychoanalytic contributions. Yet before reading *Requiem,* I—and likely most psychoanalytic readers—knew little about her. Von Unwerth's corrective is refreshingly informative. Andreas-Salomé shared with Alma Mahler a capacity to engage brilliant and famous men. For a time, she was Rilke's lover. After rejecting him, she became his muse and remained close to him until his death from leukemia. Nietzsche also fell in love with her and pleaded for her hand in marriage; she refused him. She was close to Freud as well and practiced as a psychoanalyst during the last third of her life.

One important difference between Lou Andreas-Salomé and Alma Mahler was that, in addition to her beauty, Andreas-Salomé was a highly accomplished author, according to von Unwerth—for a time the most well-known female author in Austria. Her psychoanalytic works, with a single exception, have not been translated into English, due in part to "a style which, even to Germans, is turgid and cumbersome" (p. 1),[5] (according to Stanley Leavy, the translator of her single paper published in English).

The Requiem Mass, a liturgical service of the Roman Catholic Church and other Christian religions, begins with the incantation "*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine . . . ad te omnis caro veniet*" (Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord . . . to Thee all flesh shall come). The waters of Freud's life were roiled by the continuous stirring of souls lost

[4] Rilke, R. M. (1922). *Duino Elegies,* trans. S. Cohn. Chicago, IL: Northwestern Univ. Press, 1998.

[5] Andreas-Salomé, L. (1962). The dual orientation of narcissism, translated and introduced by S. Leavy. *Psychoanal. Q.,* 31:1-30.

to him. Von Unwerth's *Freud's Requiem* has formed his struggle to put them to rest into a personal and intellectual biography, beginning with the ghosts of his earliest years (mother, Monica, Julius) and ending with the quieting of his memory by his assisted suicide.

Remarkably, von Unwerth's portrait of this genius suffering from troubling reminiscences also sheds new light on the invention of the psychoanalytic method, on his discoveries concerning memory and its vicissitudes, on the first psychoanalytic theory of aesthetics (sublimation), on mental functioning beyond the pleasure principle, on his passion for antiquities and ancient civilizations, and on the undying influence of the past on all of us.

Even more remarkable is the fact that von Unwerth discerned all this during his initial studies as a candidate at a psychoanalytic institute. My expectations are high for what he will give us in the future.

RICHARD M. GOTTLIEB (NEW YORK)

FREUD'S ITALIAN JOURNEY. By Laurence Simmons. New York: Rodopi, 2006. 282 pp.

Laurence Simmons, the former head of the Italian Department and presently in the Department of Film, Television, and Media Studies at the University of Auckland, New Zealand, has compiled a detailed encyclopedia of Freud's many travels to and love affair with Italy. Simmons posits that Italy heightened Freud's sense of the visual, as well as his sexual arousal, and played a major role in his self-analysis. Given Freud's well-documented phobia of train travel, the amount of travel that he actually undertook is extraordinary.

Simmons records in detail every trip to Italy, the cities Freud traveled to, his traveling companions, the length of stays (usually two to three weeks), the papers that he was writing at the time of his travel, excerpts from the many letters he sent home, and his dreams that took place in Italy. In addition, the book contains eighty-eight illustrations of architectural scenes, paintings, sculpture, and pictures of colleagues relevant to his Italian travels.

The book opens with an introductory chapter on the resistances to psychoanalysis, which showed a strong Jacques Derrida influence that I found to be difficult reading. Nonetheless, Simmons's writing is lucid when he states:

> The metaphor of a journey, that with a particular Italian twist I have taken as a trope for reading in this work, is one that is pervasive throughout Freud's theoretical writing on psychoanalysis. It is clear from Freud's letters and accounts by friends, colleagues and biographers that the experience of, at times annual, travel to specific Italian sites and cities was to have a profound effect upon Freud's life and his work. The metaphor of a journey makes a prominent appearance in major essays and it informs and guides Freud's sense of psychoanalysis and its development. [p. 2][1]

There is an interesting chapter on Freud's first trip to Italy in 1876, at age twenty, when he undertook research in dissecting the sexual organs of eels at the Zoological Experimental Station. His paper "The Uncanny"[2] was the result of a strange experience he had while walking in the streets of Trieste. In a chapter on Freud's travels in Orvieto, the Signorelli parapraxis is noted as appearing in a letter to Fliess in 1898, later published in a monograph and finally in "The Psychopathology of Everyday Life."[3]

Freud's interest in Pompeii is cited with the suggestion that it influenced his later collecting of antiquities. And a chapter on Freud's travels to Milan highlights his interest in Leonardo. There are two chapters on Freud's travels to Rome in which Simmons reminds us that fifteen of the forty-six personal dreams recounted in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900) are about Rome or Italy or have Italian content. Each of the fifteen dreams is recorded, with details from Anzieu's[4] and

[1] The metaphor of a journey is often found in Freud's instructions to patients about free association, e.g.: "Act as though, for instance, you are a traveler sitting next to the window of a railway carriage and describing to someone inside the carriage the changing view that you see outside" (1913, *S. E.,* 12, p. 135).

[2] Freud, S. (1919). The uncanny. *S. E.*, 17.

[3] Freud, S. (1901). *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life. S. E.*, 6.

[4] Anzieu, D. (1986). *Freud's Self-Analysis*, trans. P. Graham. Madison, CT: Int. Univ. Press.

Grinstein's[5] books on Freud's dreams. A final chapter on Rome details Freud's interest in the *Moses* of Michelangelo and his several visits to the church of San Pietro in Vincoli.

Sigmund Freud traveled to Italy twenty-four times—seven to Rome alone—and an additional three to Italian-speaking regions of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, which were then outside present Italian borders. His first Italian visit was to Trieste in 1876 and his last in 1923, at age sixty-seven, when he traveled to Verona, Rome, Naples, and Sorrento with Anna Freud. Among his other traveling companions on his various Italian journeys were Martha Freud, his brother Alexander Freud, his entire family on two occasions, Sándor Ferenczi, and Otto Rank. Of particular note to psychoanalytic historians have been the five occasions when he traveled with his sister-in-law Minna Bernays, about which much speculative ink has been spilled. On two occasions he traveled to Italy alone.

What is most relevant about Freud and Italy is how much sheer pleasure Freud obtained from his Italian visits. In his letters, he wrote as a tourist; he was enraptured with Italy's art, architecture, food, and wonderful sunsets. Italy was a place of free expression; he bathed at the Lido and enjoyed other forms of self-indulgence. Might psychoanalysis be different had Freud lived not in his hated Vienna but in Rome?

Laurence Simmons has written an excellent reference for historians of psychoanalysis and Freudiana. It should also provide fascinating reading for a general audience as well.

JOSEPH REPPEN (NEW YORK)

[5] Grinstein, A. (1968). *On Sigmund Freud's Dreams*. Detroit, MI: Wayne State Univ. Press.

FROM IMPRESSION TO INQUIRY: A TRIBUTE TO THE WORK OF ROBERT WALLERSTEIN. Edited by Wilma Bucci and Norbert Freedman. London: International Psychoanalytical Association, 2007. 280 pp.

This book is a celebration of Robert Wallerstein's fundamental role in the development and promotion of psychoanalytic research and its integration into the mainstream of psychoanalysis. As Peter Fonagy notes in

this volume of tribute, "more than any other psychoanalyst in the world, Robert Wallerstein has legitimized research in the eyes of the average clinician" (p. 18).

From Impression to Inquiry is the outgrowth of a day-long Festschrift symposium held in 2001 by the Collaborative Analytic Multisite Project (CAMP)—a group of psychoanalytic therapy researchers under the auspices of the American Psychoanalytic Association—to honor Wallerstein on the occasion of his stepping down from his role as its founding director. Wallerstein first convened the group in 1989, with the goal of bringing together all the major psychoanalytic therapy research groups in the country, so that they might enrich each other with their different perspectives and methodological approaches while also seeking common ground. The group subsequently grew to include European research teams as well.

As noted in the introduction by the book's editors, Wilma Bucci and Norbert Freedman, the embrace of diverse perspectives—along with the simultaneous search for more unitary truths about psychoanalysis—runs as a leitmotif throughout Wallerstein's work. This theme was voiced in his historic address, "One Psychoanalysis or Many?",[1] presented at the International Psychoanalytical Association's 1987 Congress in Montreal, and it can be seen in his advocacy throughout his career for psychoanalysis to exist not just as a branch of psychiatry within medicine, but as an independent discipline that discourses not only with biological science, but also with academic and clinical psychology, the behavioral and social sciences, philosophy, linguistics, and other areas of human thought.

The book suffers somewhat from its origins as a Festschrift symposium. It is a bit of a hodgepodge, with contributions that are in part too redundant and in part too disparate to make a fully coherent whole. The tributes of the first two sections (as well as parts of later sections) contain many interesting personal reminiscences and bits of analytic history, but taken together they are rather repetitive, with the same biographical information and achievements recounted numerous times. This can leave the reader with the feeling of having sat through a few too many introductions to the same distinguished lecturer.

[1] Wallerstein, R. S. (1988). One psychoanalysis or many? *Int. J. Psychoanal.*, 69:5-21.

The next two sections are much more substantive and engaging, though again, the topics covered are determined by the proceedings of the conference, whose goal was to celebrate Wallerstein. As a result, while the book constructs an anecdotal picture of the history of psychoanalytic research and its current state, and provides some very important prescriptions for its future, the reader might wish for a more comprehensive and organized account. Finally, the epilogue, the "Wallerstein Summary," while apparently a fabled feature of annual IPA research conferences—in which Wallerstein, at the close of the meeting, would display a prodigious capacity to produce an instant synthetic summary of the entire proceedings—provides less added value when placed at the end of a written volume.

The book's first two sections contain a half-dozen personal tributes to Wallerstein from psychoanalytic colleagues, as well as Wallerstein's own autobiographical account of his career, with a focus on his work both as a psychoanalytic researcher and a promoter of research. Richard Fox and Daniel Widlöcher, as past presidents of the American Psychoanalytic Association and the International Psychoanalytical Association, respectively, address Wallerstein's crucial role in establishing a secure place for research within psychoanalysis's mainstream institutions, in the face of what has often been a considerable amount of resistance. Peter Fonagy, Otto Kernberg, Hartvig Dahl, and Lester Luborsky—themselves distinguished psychoanalytic researchers—detail their experiences in working with Wallerstein on a range of research endeavors.

Collectively, these tributes give an impressive sense of Wallerstein's centrality in making research a vital part of contemporary psychoanalysis. He was already taking it upon himself to initiate research projects while a psychiatric resident at the Menninger Clinic in 1949, turning a ward for chronic alcoholics into a research unit for differential therapeutics. Soon after graduating, he took charge of Menninger's Psychotherapy Research Project, in which forty-two patients—half in psychoanalysis, and half in supportive or expressive psychotherapies—would be followed prospectively for thirty years, making it a landmark in early therapy research design; the project culminated in a groundbreaking book.[2]

[2] Wallerstein, R. S. (1986). *Forty-Two Lives in Treatment: A Study of Psychoanalysis and Psychotherapy.* New York: Guilford Press.

By the early 1960s, Wallerstein was advocating for the inclusion and training of nonmedical psychoanalytic researchers within the American Psychoanalytic Association, through his leadership of what would eventually become the Committee on Research and Special Training (CORST). Later, as president of the American Psychoanalytic Association in the 1970s, and then of the International Psychoanalytical Association in the 1980s, he continued to champion the cause of empirical research, allowing it to become part of these organizations' fundamental objectives. Under his influence, research presentations became a regular part of the meeting programs. Over time, he has founded and/or led virtually every research-related committee, project, and advisory board within these two organizations, creating a structure for the development and funding of research and for the training of young psychoanalytic researchers.

The third section of *From Impression to Inquiry,* "Outcome Measures for Structural Change," is more substantive, reporting on Wallerstein and colleagues' development of the Scales of Psychological Capacities (SPC), an instrument for assessing aspects of psychological functioning that reflect underlying psychic structure. The treatment outcomes in Wallerstein's Psychotherapy Research Project did not in fact demonstrate any clear distinction between results achieved by psychoanalysis, psychoanalytic psychotherapy, and supportive psychotherapy. At the time, it was unclear whether this was because there were in fact no distinguishable outcomes, or whether this finding stemmed from the lack of an adequate instrument to measure them. In particular, existing measures addressed symptoms—not the issue of pervasive, enduring *structural change*, which psychoanalysis claims to uniquely effect.

Consequently, in the late 1980s, Wallerstein's research team decided to develop an outcome measure that would aim to capture the concept of structural change. Recognizing that this concept has itself been a fairly controversial and theory-laden one, the group attempted to develop an instrument that would be, insofar as possible, theoretically neutral. To this end, they identified a set of psychological capacities that would be readily inferable from observable behavior, yet reflect underlying and relatively enduring psychological structure in a comprehensive way, distinguishing between adaptive and pathological functioning.

The group solicited input from analysts of many theoretical orientations in developing their inventory of capacities. The final list included seventeen capacities grouped under three general headings: (1) attributes of self (including such items as self-coherence, self-esteem, flexibility, responsibility, mastery, and commitment to standards and values), (2) self-regulation (including regulation of affect, impulse, and sexual experience), and (3) relations with others (including empathy, trust, reliance, commitment, and reciprocity). The group developed clear definitions and clinical examples of each capacity to facilitate reliable rating, and then conducted the necessary studies to ensure adequate inter-rater and test-retest reliability, content validity, and so forth.

The section of *From Impression to Inquiry* that describes this study contains three chapters, the first by Kathryn DeWitt—who was part of Wallerstein's original research group that developed the SPC—the second by Marianne Leuzinger-Bohleber and Tamara Fischmann, and the third by Dorothea Huber and Guenther Klug—the latter four of whom were members of German research teams that used the SPC successfully in their own work. These teams not only further confirmed the reliability and validity of the instrument, but also determined that the SPC could successfully discriminate between diagnostic groups, distinguishing levels of personality organization in a way that symptom scales failed to do.

Here again, this book's origins as a Festschrift, bringing together groups directly associated with Wallerstein's work, result in a certain built-in limitation. While the essays are interesting, the reader would probably benefit more from a broader survey of empirical psychoanalytic therapy research, rather than a somewhat redundant focus on one standardized instrument. Further, the section does not discuss why other research groups have subsequently chosen to develop alternative standardized measures of their own to address overlapping concepts (e.g., SWAP-200,[3] Change in Dynamic Psychotherapy Scales,[4] and the Struc-

[3] Shedler, J. & Westen, D. (1998). Refining the measurement of Axis II: A *Q*-sort procedure for assessing personality pathology. *Assessment*, 5:335-355.

[4] Hoglend, P., Bogwald, K.-P. & Amlo, S. (2000). Assessment of change in psychodynamic psychotherapy. *J. Amer. Psychoanal. Assn.*, 9:190-199.

tured Interview of Personality Organization,[5] amongst others). Nevertheless, the section does provide a very important take-home message: with sufficient dedication and ingenuity, the task of demonstrating the outcome specificity of psychoanalytic work can be accomplished.

The fourth section of the book, "The CAMP Initiative and Looking Ahead," is perhaps the most valuable, given its consideration of future needs and goals for empirical psychoanalytic research. Its first chapter, a contribution by George Klumpner with Thomas Klumpner and Ethan Graham, describes the very interesting Open Access Project, a collection of procedures and tools whose goal is to facilitate psychoanalytic research. The authors pursue a rather unique approach to psychoanalytic process research, one that obviates confidentiality concerns and allows for open sharing of data. Their research team is developing computer programs that extract quantitative data from session transcripts to examine verbal patterns that may reflect clinical processes, such as the ratio of analyst's words to patient's words, the number of speaker changes, the number of distinct words or particular word sequences and their recurrences, and so on.

This methodology makes possible comparisons between different treatments with different analysts, or different treatments by the same analyst, as well as examinations of change over time within a given treatment. One might, for instance, be able to identify shifts in a given patient's object relatedness over the course of analysis through an examination of his or her changing use of personal pronouns. This methodology would also permit technical comparisons, such as the number of speaker changes that occur in analyses conducted by ego psychologists versus those conducted by relationalists. While it is hard to know whether such an "outside-the-box" methodology will in fact yield data that is useful for testing psychoanalytic claims, the introduction of novel research paradigms such as this one seems a promising development.

A very important contribution in this section, by Andres Roussos, Wilma Bucci, and Bernard Maskit, advocates the establishment of a shared library of clinical data, which they see as crucial to the advance-

[5] Stern, B. L., Caligor, E., Roose, S. P. & Clarkin, J. F. (2004). The structured interview for personality organization (STIPO): reliability and validity. *J. Amer. Psychoanal. Assn.*, 52:1223-1224.

ment of psychoanalytic research. To better understand the challenges involved in developing such a library, the authors attempted to survey the fifteen existing collections of psychoanalytic data that they were able to identify. They found that clinical material was preserved in many different formats, even within a single collection. Some of the data has been archived using modern technology, while much depends on technology that has become obsolete. There are no uniform rules regarding privacy, outsider access to data, or publication of data. There is no clear way for researchers to establish what work has already been done on the data or what remains to be done.

The authors identify major issues to be addressed in setting up a shared clinical library. Organizationally and administratively, there is a need for both a physical and a virtual library, with data organized and catalogued in a way that allows for useful access. Methodological and technological decisions must be made regarding the appropriate database and platform for an electronic catalogue. To convert existing collections currently preserved in very disparate formats into a single unified, presumably digital format would be a huge and very expensive undertaking. Major legal and ethical issues would also need to be addressed, regarding proper safeguarding of privacy and confidentiality, informed consent, credentialing of researchers for access to the collection, and so forth. Thus, the creation of such a library would be a daunting and expensive task, both time-consuming and unglamorous, yet the authors succeed in making the case that it is vital to the future of psychoanalysis.

In the section's final chapter, on "Building the Research-Practice Interface," Bucci reviews the course that psychoanalytic research has taken up to the present and makes recommendations regarding future directions. She addresses the central conundrum that, while we have many theoretical disagreements within our current pluralistic psychoanalytic universe, empirical analytic research has to date played little or no role in sorting them out. Indeed, it is hard to identify any impact at all of research on clinical analysis.

To some extent, this is due to a significant developmental lag between theory and the state of research. Much analytic research has been devoted to slowly improving the methodology for evaluating treatment outcomes of analysis (or analytic psychotherapy)—progressing

from simple, retrospective reports of clinical improvement as judged by treating therapists without specified criteria, to studies that are prospective and use independent evaluators who employ standardized outcome measures (both pre- and post-treatment, and including longer-term follow-up). While such outcome studies are clearly very important to the survival of psychoanalysis in a competitive marketplace—we need to be able to demonstrate that what we do works, through the use of acceptable scientific methodology—they are not at the heart of what most interests clinical analysts.

Addressing the more vital questions requires process research that can investigate *how* change comes about (when it does come about). Such studies require close scrutiny of the patient–analyst (or patient–analytic therapist) interaction, usually through audio or video recordings. Those conducting process research have already begun to develop a range of objective measures to examine issues at the heart of psychoanalysis, such as transference themes (e.g., CCRT[6] and FRAMES[7]), defenses (e.g., DMRS[8]), language style (e.g., Referential Process[9]), and process scales (e.g., APS[10]).

Bucci argues for the need to design studies that integrate research and clinical perspectives, so that research can inform clinical practice. In line with the IPA House of Delegate's 1996 position statement regarding psychoanalytic specificity and research efforts, she advocates for research to be rooted in the history of psychoanalytic thought, and to take into account multiple perspectives, including the subjective experience of the treating clinician interacting with the patient's subjectivity. This central

[6] Luborsky, L. & Crits-Cristoph, P. (1990). *Understanding Transference: The Core Conflictual Relationship Theme Method.* New York: Basic Books.

[7] Dahl, H. & Teller, V. (1994). The characteristics, identification, and applications of FRAMES. *Psychother. Research,* 4:252-274.

[8] Perry, J. C. (unpublished). The defense mechanism rating scales: scoring manual. Cambridge Hospital/Harvard Medical School, Cambridge, MA, 1990.

[9] Bucci, W. (2002). Referential activity (RA): scales and computer procedures. In *An Open Door Review of Outcome Studies in Psychoanalysis,* ed. P. Fonagy. London: Int. Psychoanal. Assn., pp. 286-288.

[10] Waldron, W., Scharf, R., Hurst, D., Firestein, S. K. & Burton, A. (2004). What happens in a psychoanalysis? A view through the lens of the Analytic Process Scales. *Int. J. Psychoanal.*, 85:443-466.

perspective must be incorporated into the research data, along with the data of external evaluators using standardized measures. She describes some interesting examples of such research efforts, including her own Referential Process work.

Further, Bucci stresses the importance of collaboration between psychoanalytic institutes and universities so that, on the one hand, the relevant questions central to analysts' concerns can be identified, and, on the other, research can take into account new knowledge emerging in related fields and can benefit from advances in relevant research methods. Most importantly—and potentially radically—she argues for a "living theory," in which the goal of empirical analytic research is not just "to *demonstrate* the validity of the concepts of the metapsychology essentially as defined a century ago; the goal must be to *examine and evaluate* their validity and to revise these concepts as new knowledge emerges" (p. 203, italics in original).

Wallerstein's career has been devoted not only to the advancement of research within psychoanalysis, as celebrated in this volume, but also to psychoanalytic education. So perhaps it is fitting to turn to that field for a final metaphor. For quite some time now, psychoanalysis has been beset by internal conflict; its theoretical disagreements have multiplied, and it has found no clear path toward resolving them. This in turn impairs its capacity to deal effectively with the host of problems it encounters in the external world. Wallerstein has made a treatment recommendation: psychoanalysis needs to turn to empirical research to help it examine and resolve its internal conflicts, and to establish its efficacy in relation to the external world. Psychoanalysis has responded like a patient full of the usual objections: "It takes too much time and energy and money, and besides, research will never really be able to understand my problems!"

Wallerstein has patiently and skillfully addressed these resistances—enough to cajole the reluctant patient into giving it a try. But make no mistake: psychoanalysis may want its problems gone, but it does not want to give up its psychic equilibrium. It does not really want to question itself nor change the way it does things. And empirical psychoanalytic research is still a pretty green candidate in training—showing signs of promise, but still quite some ways from understanding how this treat-

ment might actually proceed. But if, in the end, the therapy is a success, we will have Robert Wallerstein to thank as the masterful supervisor who allowed it all to happen. This volume is a well-deserved tribute to his accomplishments.

JEAN ROIPHE (NEW YORK)

TORMENT ME, BUT DON'T ABANDON ME: PSYCHOANALYSIS OF THE SEVERE NEUROSES IN A NEW KEY. By Léon Wurmser. Lanham, MD/Plymouth, UK: Jason Aronson, Rowman and Littlefield, 2007. 335 pp.

Psychoanalysts working with patients who fall within the "widening scope" of psychoanalysis can find themselves in a conflicted relation with the theoretical models on which they base their work. On the one hand, they rely on such models to bring a sense of order and clarity to clinical material that can be a chaotic mix of verbal association, shifting emotional tones, distorted thinking processes, affect storms, action, and evoked countertransferences. On the other hand, overreliance on theories of development and pathogenesis (particularly insofar as they stray from description of closely observed clinical phenomena) can serve to draw the analyst away from the chaos and irrationality that are part of the texture of that clinical material, reducing his or her appreciation of the uniqueness of the individual whose inner life the clinical material represents.

This book by Léon Wurmser falls on a point along the continuum defined by this dialectic closer to clinical observation than to abstract theory, and his observations and descriptions are focused, richly evocative, and of great clinical usefulness to the reader. Even so, Wurmser has an elaborated theory of psychic development and pathogenesis, and this theory challenges in fundamental ways the Kernbergian theory, which for many analysts of this reviewer's generation is central to the understanding of severe psychopathology.

Wurmser, instead of placing a theory of pathogenesis and psychic structure at the center of his thinking and then using clinical observation to exemplify the theory, places clinical observation at the center,

eloquently describing commonly encountered core fantasies, inter- and intrasystemic conflicts, ego and superego organizations, and fear/defense configurations. He then elaborates pieces of theory to explain these phenomena and to develop a theory of technique that enables him to work effectively with them. This style of exposition keeps the reader focused on experience-near aspects of his or her own clinical work. At the same time, it puts the organizing theory in the background so that the reader is left feeling less grounded in a reassuring, organizing theoretical system, and more immersed in the maelstrom of the clinical situation.

Wurmser's term for the pathology of the patient group he is describing is *severe neurosis,* and the reader recognizes these patients as falling along the spectrum that includes severely narcissistic and borderline patients, as well as those with perversions. But Wurmser warns us away from our inclination to begin our conceptualization of a patient by seeking to place him or her into a well-defined diagnostic category. He thus takes the two major developmental leaps of the Kernbergian diagnostic schema—that is, the attainment of self-object differentiation and of libidinal object constancy—and moves them away from the center of clinical description and from their position as fundamental determinants of technique.

This is not to say that Wurmser is not exquisitely aware of clinical phenomena related to the failure or instability of these developmental attainments. But he asks us to think of psychic functioning as influenced by, rather than fundamentally organized around, these attainments. To this reviewer, this seems truer to clinical experience. It also leaves Wurmser free to pay equal attention to other aspects of psychic development—such as superego integration—which have less of a quantum-leap quality and thus lend themselves less to the establishment of clearly delineated diagnostic categories, even though they may be of equal or greater clinical usefulness.

Wurmser's "new key" involves a shift in emphasis in the theory of causation of severe psychopathology, as well as a revision of the theory of technique for working with these patients. In terms of causation, he places great emphasis on the overwhelming affects that are stirred by trauma, the ego's efforts to manage these affects, and the inter- and in-

trasystemic conflicts that result from these struggles. He places particular emphasis on the "soul blindness" of the patient's objects as a form of severe trauma. From a technical point of view, Wurmser advocates a turning away from the primacy of transference interpretation, and highlights the analyst's need to balance his or her real emotional presence for the patient with attitudes of abstinence and neutrality—which are necessary parts of his or her functioning as an analyst, but may require somewhat more emotional detachment. Though Wurmser speaks and thinks like an ego psychologist and conflict theorist, his theory of causation and his technical stand draw on self psychological and relational models.

Though Wurmser's somewhat monolithic focus on trauma as the causative element in severe psychopathology allows him to shed fresh light on aspects of this psychopathology that may have been neglected, my own sense is that, like all monolithic theories of pathogenesis, it is too limiting. Efforts to manage and organize the overwhelming and intense affects of a biological affective disorder, for example, could lead to many of the same psychic constellations that Wurmser ascribes to the ego's attempts to manage the overwhelming affects stirred by chronic trauma. I think we are better off as clinicians if we acknowledge that, while theoretical models are useful and necessary to our understanding of psychic life, in fact, the development of the emotional life of the individual is a vastly more complex and less linear process than any simple theoretical model can fully capture. All such models shed light on contributory factors to psychic development rather than on ultimate causation, and it is left to each patient–analyst pair to come up with an integration of models that is helpful to the individual patient.

Wurmser's very detailed clinical material may seem jarring to some readers. There is a relative absence of attention to material deriving from the evolving transference, and there is strikingly little tension or conflict reported between patient and analyst. Often there is an intellectualized feeling to the back and forth between Wurmser and his patients, as if the analysis were a congenial, collaborative, intellectual process, rather than an emotionally intense experience in which intrapsychic conflicts come alive in the relationship between the two individuals involved. It is only in reading the book's final chapter, "Technique and Relationship

in the Treatment of the Severe Neuroses," that it becomes clear that the shape of the material is determined by a deliberate and thought-through technical stand on Wurmser's part—including the de-emphasis of the transference, the interpretation of aggressive manifestations as defenses (primarily against shame and superego anxieties), the encouragement of intellectual mastery of intense affective experience, and the placement of shameful or painful emotional experiences into a broader human context through literary references.

There is a temptation to dismiss this clinical work as bearing more resemblance to supportive psychotherapy than to analysis, yet I think this would be incorrect. It is clear with all four cases presented—probably most particularly with the near-psychotic man described in the chapter on "The Envy of the All-Powerful Goddess"—that Wurmser's patients derive enormous clinical benefit from his work with them; that this benefit is the result of structural change; and that this change is accomplished through the communication of a detailed understanding of each patient's psychodynamics, even if this understanding is not obtained primarily through transference analysis.

Still, based on my own clinical work with such patients, I had difficulty imagining how it would be possible to work with them on such a deep level without engaging more directly with their aggression in the transference—although there are indications that Wurmser's dogged focus on aggression as defense rather than as drive, as well as his inclination to look at certain aggressive manifestations as directed toward analytic understanding rather than toward the analyst, enables him to do so. Wurmser makes the point that much is gained in the strength of the therapeutic alliance by virtue of this technique, and argues convincingly that this is necessary with patients of this severity of psychopathology. Nonetheless, I was left wondering if something of value is not lost as well with this technical approach, particularly as some of Wurmser's patients are the children of Nazis, who find themselves in treatment with an analyst who has a strong Jewish identity and brings this identity freely into his clinical work. Even with Wurmser's focus on the hatred of knowledge obtained through psychoanalytic insight, it seems to me that many patients with the kind of pathology that he addresses are prone to attack the messenger rather than the hated message, and that this would have

to be dealt with in one way or another before the hatred of the message could really be meaningfully addressed.

Be forewarned: *Torment Me, But Don't Abandon Me* is not an easy read. Wurmser's depth of scholarship, reaching far beyond the psychoanalytic literature, can be intimidating. His translation of psychoanalytic terminology into high-flown language with sometimes obscure literary allusions can be confusing. His clinical material can seem overinclusive. But although Wurmser's style may torment you, don't abandon him. He is a gifted clinician, as well as a masterful observer and describer of dynamics. It is not necessary to be completely convinced by all his theoretical assertions in order to find great value in this book. Any analyst who works with severely ill patients will find his or her thinking and clinical work enriched by Wurmser's deep insights into, and evocative descriptions of, closely observed clinical phenomena, and by the humanity of his clinical work.

RICHARD ZIMMER (NEW YORK)

TAKING RISKS FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS. By Donald M. Marcus and "Hope." Lanham, MD/New York: Jason Aronson, 2007. 140 pp.

This book is in many ways an unusual one. It is essentially a collaborative effort between a treating analyst, Donald Marcus, and his pseudonymous patient, Hope, also an analyst. The two coauthors describe and mutually comment on a four-year analysis that followed an exceptional path toward what both participants consider was, for each of them, a highly successful outcome.

To a psychoanalyst trained in the "classical" tradition and largely guided by its precepts in his practice, reading this volume resembled the experience of an anthropologist doing fieldwork in an exotic culture. Marcus, clearly a serious, thoughtful, and devoted analyst, appears to have evolved a theoretical and technical approach derived in large measure from his own experience of a 10-year Kleinian analysis and clinical supervision by Wilfred Bion. His ultimate orientation, then, is clearly an interpersonal and intersubjective one, in which all attention is given to

the here-and-now, transference/countertransference interaction, and virtually all interpretations are genetic ones.

Further, as the book's title indicates, he is prepared to take what he acknowledges are significant "risks" to promote this process—risks that knowingly fly in the face of traditional "rules" about analytic neutrality and restraint. These "risks" include extensive self-revelation, role-playing, and what to this observer appears to be mutual verbal seduction—all, in Marcus's view, emanating from his "unconscious," as opposed to his making "conscious," "cognitive" interventions. In all cases, his expressed aim is to loosen the defensive constraints on the patient's ability to "love" by communicating directly to her "unconscious."

Toward this end, at one point, Marcus recommended to the patient a novel by Anne Rice that describes in explicit detail various acts of sadomasochistic sex. This recommendation culminated in the playing out of an explicit "game" of telephone sex during a telephone session in the termination phase of the analysis—an interaction that, as written, seems indistinguishable from a typically pornographic one. Since both participants knew that it was only a "game," however, they concluded that the risk was worth taking, and the patient felt that it helped to "free" her sexuality. Furthermore, there seems to have been no concern about Hope's attendance at her analyst's teaching seminars or, at one point, her presenting a case to him—all seemingly grist for the mill.

Consistent with the intersubjective framework of the analysis, all interpretations, as noted, appear to have been couched in genetic, interpersonal terms. (Actually, many of what the text refers to as "interpretations" would be considered by some as confrontations.) Intrapsychic conflict and compromise formation seem to have played no role in the analysis; the patient's problems were all understood as deriving from trauma or neglect at the hands of her parents, who were seen as abusive and deficient in the ability to "love." Ultimately, the patient says that she gained from the analysis the ability to understand and to love her parents in spite of their failings.

Of interest is the process by which the book was constructed. We are told that the initial suggestion for a collaborative work came from Hope about a year after termination. Marcus thought it best to wait for a few

years, but three years later, he wrote up the case for presentation, then submitted it to Hope for her history and comments, with the right of full approval. No face-to-face contact was involved at that point—only e-mail and telephone communications. There seems to have been little consideration of the persistence of transference and countertransference wishes and fantasies in all this; certainly, the book makes no reference to the work of Pfeffer and others who have demonstrated such persistence long after termination.[1]

In the end, both parties considered the analysis, however unorthodox, to have been beneficial; certainly, no harm appears to have been done, despite what both viewed retrospectively as significant boundary violations. Hope found that the analysis helped her deal with the fatal illness of her much-loved husband, and to enrich her own work as an analyst. Nothing succeeds like success! Whether a less adventurous, more conventional approach might have served her just as well is, of course, imponderable; an earlier experience with a "classical" analyst had left her dissatisfied and led her to this reanalysis. And whether a technique similar to that used here would be helpful to a different patient, with a different analyst, can only be tested empirically.

Whatever the case, the present volume serves as a graphic demonstration of the wide range of approaches that, in our new century, coexist under the rubric of psychoanalysis. Truly, it may be said today that Freud's house has many mansions.

AARON H. ESMAN (NEW YORK)

[1] See, for example: Pfeffer, A. (1993). After the analysis: the analyst as both old and new object. *J. Amer. Psychoanal. Assn.,* 41:323-337.

TALKING ABOUT SUPERVISION: 10 QUESTIONS, 10 ANALYSTS = 100 ANSWERS. By Laura Elliot Rubinstein. Broomhills, UK/London: International Psychoanalytical Association, 2007. 128 pp.

The brevity of this volume (128 pages) may at first deceive the reader into thinking its contents are as light as its bulk, but do not judge a book by its thickness! Laura Elliot Rubinstein has packed a great deal of

important information about psychoanalytic supervision into these few pages, and she offers us a refreshing variety of perspectives. Rather than simply summarizing the analysts' views on the issues discussed, she has devised a set of ten sagacious, very practical, and highly relevant questions, and the answers to these allow readers to compare the participants' wide-ranging perspectives.

Rubinstein interviewed a group of ten carefully selected analysts of proven reputation and experience, together representing several geographical regions. As we read between the lines, it is not difficult to hear the echoes and influences of their psychoanalytic origins. Fortunately, Rubinstein does not restrict herself to the topic of supervision in a narrow and limiting way, and includes many related questions about significant problems that trouble our contemporary candidates. This slim volume addresses so many different areas in psychoanalysis that it could easily be called *Around the Analytic World in One Hundred Questions.* Each issue addressed deserves serious thought and discussion.

In reading the responses of these participants to some of the many divergent ideas put forward in psychoanalysis today, and in seeing the emphasis each respondent places on similarities or differences in the application of analytic principles, one begins to see how the consideration of these ideas can contribute to a useful dialogue within the psychoanalytic community—or to divisiveness and alienation.

In his introduction, Daniel Jacobs points out the meager training offered to supervisors in most institutes, and comments on how often we equate (though rarely verbalize) being a good clinician with being a good supervisor. I think this is a residue of the very early days of psychoanalytic supervision, when emphasis was put on the clinical aspects of the work, and any difficulties or lack of progress in either supervision or education were seen as evidence of the supervisee's (or supervisor's) pathology. The solution, therefore, was easy: the candidate was quickly referred for more personal analysis.

We have come a long way since those days, and supervision is now genuinely considered by most of us as one of the real supporting legs of the tripartite model of psychoanalytic education. Our more enlightened perspective, however, has not eliminated other potentially serious hazards in our very regulated supervisory system. For example, we have

established a minimum number of supervisory hours, and, as has been pointed out, we may occasionally pay excessive attention to this and to other "minimum requirements."[1] In addition, our preoccupation with official validation may influence candidates in a way that can interfere with optimal use of interventions and the exploration of negative transferential material; we do not want to jeopardize the necessary number of required supervisory hours for either the candidate or the supervisor (who may fear a negative student evaluation).

There is no question that the training analysis is the bedrock of our discovery of our own unconscious forces and the necessary basis of the convictions that the future analyst will need, or that didactic seminars are indispensable for building our knowledge and giving us a springboard for new developments, but supervision has not been given the same kind of educational importance. Perhaps it is more difficult to assess and report on supervision. We must remember, however, that this is where the candidate can integrate the personal discoveries of his/her analysis and the knowledge learned in classes into a new clinical triangle. It is here where patient, candidate, and supervisor begin to forge the candidate's psychoanalytic identity—an identity that will support the analyst during the rest of his/her professional life.

In looking at the questions asked by the author of this book and at the responses given by the experts she interviews, it is easy to see the many changes that have taken place within our field. We have moved from a very unsystematic method of supervision—consisting of occasional visits with a supervisor whenever a candidate thinks it necessary[2]—to giving supervision a central role as an indispensable educational tool. Once this occurred, supervision had to be more clearly differentiated from the training analysis. Various techniques of analysis, such as a reliance on the free-associative process, and a passive and neutral stance toward the material being discussed, were found to be unhelpful instruments in supervision.[3]

[1] Cabaniss, D., Schein, J. W., Rosen, P. & Roose, S. P. (2003). Candidate progression in analytic institutes: a multi-center study. *Int. J. Psychoanal.,* 84:77-94.

[2] Fleming, J. & Benedeck, T. (1996). *Psychoanalytic Supervision.* New York: Grune & Stratton.

[3] See de la Torre, J. (unpublished). Psychoanalytic supervision, past and present (2002).

Little by little, as problems became manifest, our focus shifted. Instead of seeing various issues as unresolved problems of the candidate (who "just needed more analysis"), we turned to a pedagogic stance in which the candidate is encouraged to understand more about the patient. Didactic components became a part of this process, particularly with beginning candidates. Interventions of the supervisor are thus dictated by the needs of the supervisee and his/her particular patient. Later, we have included a role for the supervisor's unconscious, since we no longer perceive the supervisor as a neutral observer but as a vital part of the equation; we began to conceive of supervision as a two-participant process. We now realize that the supervisor is not a scientist behind an analytic microscope, someone unaffected by and unaffecting of the process.

In this book, the interviewees show more consensus in their responses to certain of the questions than to others. Many agree, for instance, that candidates should have a choice in the selection of a supervisor—though Harold Blum qualifies his answer by observing that, for the first analytic case, a short list of three individuals should be offered to the candidate. He believes this helps avoid the universal problem of candidates flocking to those of their institute's analysts who hold positions of prestige and power.

Another question about which there is little disagreement in the book is the importance of studying Freud's writings, though there are variations in the specific papers and books considered most useful for the candidate. Similarly, the inadvisability of a candidate's attendance at seminars given by the candidate's own training analyst does not provoke a great deal of disagreement. In addition, most of the analysts interviewed are positive about encouraging the candidate, if he or she is so inclined, to write and publish.

Another set of questions elicits quite different responses with considerably more divergences of opinion. In one way, these questions are a kind of projective test, and two of them are interrelated: (1) What should today's candidate expect the future of psychoanalysis to be, and what are your own recommendations? And (2) are there suitable patients for analysis, and how can the candidate find them?

Some of the responses to these questions remain theoretical or abstract and emphasize the supervisor's affirmation of the psychoanalytic

perspective. Others, however, are very specific and practical, by analysts who have given much thought and consideration to contemporary realities affecting psychoanalysis, and who have tried to provide help to candidates in this regard. I find that it is in connection to these two questions that each analyst's personal convictions become most clear.

The majority of answers to this set of questions are flexible; respondents do not insist on a clear-cut distinction between psychotherapy and psychoanalysis (the infamous either/or). Often, psychotherapy is seen as the treatment of choice to initially engage the future psychoanalytic patient. Janine Chasseguet-Smirgel declares that the number of patients presenting for analysis with borderline conditions has increased. Claudio Laks Eizirik suggests the psychoanalytic clinic as a source for patients, and Ramon Parres encourages both candidates and analysts to participate more fully in institutional work, such as in psychiatric hospitals.

At the opposite end of this spectrum, Peter Fonagy recommends that candidates *not* rely on training organizations to help them develop their psychoanalytic practices, noting instead that they should develop their own networks of contacts for referrals. He also takes a radical position on the overlap of psychotherapy and psychoanalysis when he advocates intensive psychotherapy, four or five times a week, for more severely mentally ill patients and for those with personality disorders, but once- or twice-weekly psychotherapy for patients with less severe disorders. He also recommends psychotherapy supervision as an essential part of psychoanalytic training.

The orientations and theoretical preferences of the interviewees illustrate that those who are more traditional in their approach to psychoanalysis tend to anchor their responses in more general, theoretical terms, rather than in the specifics favored by their more analytically liberal colleagues. It is also striking to this reviewer how rarely the context in which supervision takes place is mentioned by any of the interviewees, and how little they consider the inevitable influences of the local psychoanalytic system, which itself will be permeated by local traditions and political tensions. All these play major roles in the supervisory process. Some respondents do point out the role of authority and its insidious effect on supervision, however.

The book's third set of questions may be the most intriguing of all, for it provides the opportunity for interviewees to share experiences that are seldom discussed. These questions cover such topics as the complications of supervising candidates from different cultures or languages, and the analysts' answers contain advice on how to handle such situations. Another question deals with the analyst's own experience, good or bad, when he/she was a candidate in supervision; this question evokes some very candid accounts.

The last question in this group focuses on categorizing candidates as "good," "bad," or "good enough." Most of the responses indicate that supervisors indeed think in these evaluative categories, and many raise the question of whether or not a candidate has a talent for the work. When confronted with a candidate who lacks any such talent, some analysts refer him/her to another supervisor; perhaps they do so in order to avoid making a final decision that may or may not turn out to be valid.

Rubinstein allows Joshua Levy to make the final commentary on the supervisory process. In a fair and deeply thoughtful review of the different points of view presented in the book, Levy refers to periods of anxiety about one's work that occur during psychoanalytic training, to the search for the elusive "perfect patient" to bring to supervision, and to the fear of losing this indispensable patient once he/she is found. Levy follows this with some reflections on the role of the supervisor's countertransference and the perils inherent in it. He strongly recommends that supervision for psychoanalytic psychotherapy take place prior to and in preparation for that obtained with the candidate's clinical analytic work; he believes that this allows the candidate to gain the best results possible in his/her later psychoanalytic supervision. Levy also stresses that the training institute should allow candidates to "hire and fire" supervisors without fear of negative consequences.

Levy very generously shares his clinical and didactic experiences to illustrate some of the difficulties in analytic training and supervision. He points out, for instance, the contradiction between reading Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* (1900) in the classroom, where the manifest dream is seen as defensive and superficial, and work with dreams in the clinical situation, where dreams are frequently handled at the level of manifest content. He suggests the possibility that, in our narcissistic identification

with Freud and his pride in his monumental tome, we may lose sight of this inconsistency. Finally, Levy calls our attention to the fine line that the supervisor must walk between reporting on supervision for purposes of evaluation and feedback and the confidentiality that is mandatory if the candidate is to feel free to reveal an understanding of his/her own countertransference (and other very personal) material.

Remarkably, this book not only allows the reader to get involved with the responses offered, but also promotes an internal dialogue between the reader and his/her analytic self by encouraging awareness, contemplation, and questions about one's own inclinations and fixed concepts. The book also reveals new possibilities for psychoanalytic supervision and for other issues relevant to today's analysts; thus, it can be of help to both the seasoned psychoanalytic supervisor and the psychoanalytic neophyte. It may also be helpful for candidates in allowing them to view the supervisory process from the other side.

JORGE DE LA TORRE (HOUSTON, TX)

ADAPTATIONS: DISQUISITIONS ON PSYCHOANALYSIS, 1997–2006. By Phillip Freeman. Boston, MA: Hans Sachs Library, 2007. 89 pp.

This slim book, taken from lectures given on commencement days at Boston Psychoanalytic Society and Institute over a 10-year period, pokes fun at the self-importance of analysts.

When I was working in Paris in the early 1970s, Peter Ustinov made a public appearance there to further the cause of his organization for "the Promotion of Humor in International Affairs." This cause was difficult to promote because of rifts in the international community based on rivalries, narcissism, and, worst of all, what Thomas Carlyle referred to as "puffery and quackery," that horrifying pair of human foibles, twin pillars of "Mighty Seriousness."[1]

Freeman is striving in this book to promote humor in psychoanalytic affairs, a most worthy undertaking and one in which he has far too little company. Fortunately, the company he does have—the community at the

[1] See Wood, J. (1902). *Sartor Resartus, with an Introductory Essay on Thomas Carlyle.* London: J. M. Dent & Co., p. 31.

Boston Psychoanalytic Society and Institute—appreciates him. As Owen Renik observed in relation to this book, "Lucky Boston!"

The book teems with BPSI familiars. In the chapter on "Outreach," Freeman writes:

> So, I'm driving through Central Square with Diana Nugent and Gerry Adler to get the dirt for our [the institute's] front yard because the facade of psychoanalysis poisoned the soil and nothing will grow there any more and Gerry is quoting Isaiah about foundations . . . . When the face of the institute, the face of psychoanalysis in Boston, was washed a few years back it created a precipitant that bled into the soil, a precipitant so toxic that nothing will grow in our garden again. [p. 15]

Freeman takes up subjects as diverse as Ed Shapiro's enormous feet; those who suffer from the terror of intersubjectivity; Joan Wheelis's graduation; Carol Gilligan's theories regarding "mentation in a syncitium of adolescent girls" (p. 35); and the locus of the occult and the rise of neuroscientific mysticism.

A recurring theme that the book approaches in a variety of ways is the precarious state of our field. Having noted that, as of 1998, "the average age of the American Psychoanalytic Association membership has reached the eighth and final Eriksonian stage of life" (p. 23), Freeman continues with comments about his research on the behavior of psychoanalysts in water, in which

> . . . initial observations led us to describe a circular formation of analysts—arms linked, heads to the center, legs thrashing outward like sailors in shark-infested waters or like the agitated petals of a flower. It was a model that emphasized separation and vulnerability to a hostile surround. [p. 45]

Addressing BPSI's American Psychoanalytic Association site visit, Freeman remarks that candidates noted that the report of the site visitors failed to "address an important problem facing the institute: that psychoanalysis is about to disappear" (p. 73). Then, in a finale meant to be reassuring ("it is time for resilience, it is time to be adaptive, there are reasons to be optimistic about being at sea," pp. 86-87), Freeman shifts into full crowing mode:

> It is time to keep our heads, but there are reasons to be optimistic about the alternative. On September 10, 1945, Lloyd and Clara Olsen used an ax to slaughter their 5-½-month-old Wyandotte rooster, soon to be known as Miracle Mike. After losing his head, Mike continued to stand, strut, balance on the highest perches as if nothing had happened. [p. 86]

The metaphor of Miracle Mike hits all too close to home. Our profession is all about crowing, getting ahead, occupying the highest perches, and the flapping of wings by those who cannot fly. It is far too little about human limitations and the need for mutual support, kindness, and the need to respect our patients; recognizing how precarious is our position as analysts in a world of behaviorists, materialists, and managed care; how difficult are the circumstances of candidates in training and how uncertain their future; how ineffective we are in defining and defending our values as psychoanalysts; and how arduous is the practice of our profession.

In such a context, this book is a breath of fresh air that allows us to keep our sense of humor as we confront the problems challenging psychoanalysis today.

BENJAMIN KILBORNE (WEST STOCKBRIDGE, MA)

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ABSTRACTS

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Constructivism in Psychoanalysis. By Siegfried Zepf, Sebastian Hartmann, and Florian D. Zepf, pp. 3-21.

In this article, the authors first describe two different kinds of constructivism in present-day psychoanalytic theory: a "radical" constructivism in which reality is unknowable, and an "ordinary" constructivism in which reality is knowable, but only through our subjectivity. It is then argued that these two types of constructivism "do not differ in substance" (p. 5) because in each the constructions of humans determine reality, and in each the Aristotelian concept of truth as a correspondence between knowledge and external reality is rejected.

The authors go on to argue that constructivism is a rebirth of early 18th-century subjective idealism, and is thus subject to the same logical inconsistencies. These include the fact that the postulate "reality is principally unknowable" (p. 8) cannot be substantiated because "no decision can be made on whether such a reality exists at all" (p. 8)—nor, if it does, on whether it is knowable or not, if all you have to go on are constructions. Another problem is that "in order to be able to construct themselves as constructivists, subjects of cognition have to be constructivists beforehand" (p. 9). "In other words, constructivism has to be existent before it exists" (p. 9). And, to provide one more example, the authors show that the constructivist view of "truth"—and especially historical truth—leads to its losing any "substantial meaning" (p. 10) if it is based solely on consensus or "congruency of psychic contents" (p. 10).

In concluding, the authors argue that "psychoanalytic cognition cannot be dealt with under the heading of a positivistic subjectless objectivism or under the heading of a constructivist objectless subjectivism" (p. 17). They propose instead that we work toward a "relative and possibly attainable truth" (p. 18) that is nevertheless likely to remain out of reach.

The Psychodynamics That Lead to Violence, Part 1: The Case of the Chronically Violent Delinquent. By Dianne Casoni and Louis Brunet, pp. 41-55.

This is the first article in a two-part series that attempts to explain violence in chronic delinquents and "ordinary citizens who face extraordinary circumstances" (p. 41). In this article, the authors first briefly review the psychoanalytic literature on violent delinquency, starting with Freud's ideas on "criminality as a result of guilt" (p. 43). They go on to mention Aichorn's work on family dynamics involving a "negligent mother's narcissistic love" and a father's "severe treatment" (p. 43). In closing their review, the authors note several dimensions regarding the dynamics of violent criminal behavior that are agreed upon by many, including the importance of developmental factors, the "cry for help," particular ego and superego disturbances, and specific defense mechanisms.

Next, the authors detail their 10-element model of the psychodynamics of the chronically violent delinquent. They caution that the model simplifies and makes coherent something that is neither. The first element in the model is *repetitive relational trauma and deprivation* that lead to feelings of powerlessness, helplessness, and emptiness. This factor also results in destructive envy of the object, who is felt to possess and hoard what is needed. The despair over this destructiveness leads to the search for an idealized object to fill the resultant void.

Such trauma and deprivation also lead to identification with the aggressor as a way to defend against the feelings of powerlessness and helplessness. Identification with the aggressor in turn leads to the "domination of the ideal ego over the superego" (p. 47) as a way to avoid guilt over destructiveness. As this occurs, narcissistic, grandiose fantasies

predominate, and the cruel superego is projected; this projection is then dealt with via a counterphobic attitude.

Envy leads to a denial of normal dependence and the "avoidance of all relational risks" (p. 48). Denial of the need of the object is further reinforced by the use of the manic defenses of contempt, control, and triumph. These defenses are in fact an attack on the object, and thus reinforce the aforementioned counterphobic attitude of attacking the other "before they attack you."

Finally, the authors describe what they call identificatory disengagement. This is a process in which the humanity of the other is "lost" and the object is attacked. This is typically a transient state that can occur in relation to an object that stands in the way of the chronically violent delinquent.

Self-Punishment as Guilt Evasion: The Case of Harry Guntrip. By Donald L. Carveth, pp. 56-76.

Carveth introduces his topic with a brief review of how guilt evasion in contemporary culture at large is mirrored by guilt evasion in many of our psychoanalytic theories of the past thirty years. Working from a view of the current "culture of narcissism," he argues that in such a paranoid-schizoid position, guilt is avoided through either grandiosity or self-punishment (in the devalued state), which serves as a defense against a specific, true guilt based on concern for the other. It is just such a self-punishing defense against true guilt that Carveth argues is evident in the life and theories of Harry Guntrip.

Carveth describes Guntrip's recurrent illness as actually a form of "hysterical and psychosomatic self-torment for the phantasy crime of having killed his brother" (p. 60), noting that today it might be diagnosed as chronic fatigue syndrome or a type of depression. This is in sharp contrast to Guntrip's belief that his symptoms were attempts to "get his cold mother to mother him" (p. 60). Carveth's thesis is that Guntrip could not tolerate true guilt, and that he had to "deaden himself" in a defensive fashion and in identification with his dead brother, a form of "talion punishment" (p. 65). Carveth leads us through various

events in Guntrip's life, including his treatments with Fairbairn and Winnicott, in providing evidence for his thesis.

Reading the Notes on the Rat Man Case. By Patrick Mahony, pp. 93-117.[1]

In this paper, Mahony explicates the notes that Freud made while analyzing the "Rat Man," Ernst Lanzer. We find that the notes provide a different clinical picture than the published history of the case. As background, Mahony observes that at the time of this treatment, Freud had yet to understand transference as a global phenomenon, and had yet to see obsessional neurosis as related to the anal-sadistic phase. The author also reports that Freud's tendency to indoctrinate seems to have impeded the free-associative process.

Despite this, Mahony states, Freud demonstrated how the obsessional uses a "twofold defensive function of isolation" (p. 96), in which there is both isolation of "affect from representation" (p. 96) and the use of a time interval to isolate the obsession from the situation to which it relates. Mahony calls this a "disorder of contiguity" (p. 96). Overall, Mahony notes, Freud demonstrated that obsessions could be understood and that he could survive this patient's destructive transference to paternal figures.

After this brief mention of some of Freud's achievements with this case, Mahony focuses on what "Freud overlooked in his analysis of Ernst" (p. 97). Mahony looks at three areas: (1) Ernst's language, (2) the issue of womanhood and motherhood in the treatment, and (3) Ernst's body image.

Using Freud's notes from the second session with Ernst on the couch, Mahony shows how the patient's disorder of contiguity is present in the anal gaps in language and in his getting up off the couch. Mahony demonstrates how Freud "acted in" during the session by filling in the gaps rather than working with them. In this way, Freud became "the

[1] *Editor's Note:* In conjunction with this abstract, the reader may wish to refer to Patrick Mahony's article in this issue of *The Psychoanalytic Quarterly,* "The Clash of Irrationalities in Sophocles' *Antigone,*" pp. 469-489.

cruel captain putting symbolic rats or penises into his patient's anus" (p. 100). Mahony uses his facility with the German language to elucidate a variety of plays on words in both Ernst's and Freud's speech.

Turning from language to women and motherhood, Mahony begins by providing evidence of Freud's misogyny in general. He shows how Freud expunged the mother from his published text on Ernst. In Freud's case notes, Ernst's mother was mentioned thirty-six times, while she was mentioned only six times in the published article. Mahony also states that, despite Freud's propensity to write comments in the margins of his case notes, none of these notes—indeed, not even any of the underlining that Freud was prone to use—relates to the patient's mother. Mahony follows this with details from the case notes that indicate the importance of Ernst's mother in his psyche, an importance that Freud, according to Mahony, rejected for his own unconscious reasons.

Mahony next addresses Ernst's body image issues, showing the connection to "Freud's contradictory attitudes to womanhood and motherhood" (p. 105). Ernst suffered from a "paranoid world" (p. 105) in which "a mélange of destructive part objects, genital and anal, were either stuck in his body or threatened to re-enter it" (p. 105). In one session, Ernst described a "nocturnal compulsion" (p. 105) in which, while studying, "he would open the front door as though his Father were returning from the dead" (p. 105). Ernst would then strip and look at his genitals in the mirror. In the sessions at this time, Mahony notes, Ernst had been talking "more and more ambivalently about his mother" (p. 106). In his notes on this session, Freud concluded by writing "consecutive narration swallows up here all other current subjects" (p. 106). In his next session, Freud partook of a face-to-face meal with the patient. Mahony notes that this is a continuation in action of Freud's last recorded thought in his notes on the previous session. He also shows how this action plays out Freud's and Ernst's issues regarding the body and the maternal in a way that was damaging to the treatment. Mahony adds that, shortly after this, Freud stopped his note-taking.

In an appendix, Mahony details his thoughts on Freud's misogyny and misanthropy. He points out that we can learn from both Freud's shortcomings and our own.

"No People Are Cold!": On Young Children's Rejection of Metaphorization. By Burton A. Melnick, pp. 118-143.

In this article, the author recounts that he was struck by a seemingly incidental finding in the area of conceptual metaphor research. Conceptual metaphors "structure our thinking" (p. 120) and are usually physical in nature. For example, "it's hard to get that idea across to him" and "she is a warm person" (p. 120) are conceptual metaphors. What was so striking for the author was a finding that three- and four-year-olds react very emotionally in denying the possible double meaning of a description such as *warm.* They accept the physical definition, but strongly reject the character-related definition ("she is a warm person"). Older children do not react in such an emotionally charged manner, even when they are unable to understand the conceptual metaphor. The author notes that the younger children's strong reaction has the flavor of denial.

In trying to make sense of this peculiar finding, the author details how the language we learn must correspond in some way to our preverbal experience. He notes that there must be a prelinguistic association pattern that links—for example—warmth with affection, so that when we learn the conceptual metaphor, it feels right: "affection is warmth" (p. 123). Based on this idea, it would seem that young children should be able to accept such a conceptual metaphor, especially when it is pointed out to them, but that has not been seen to be the case. Instead, the young children, closest in age to this preverbal time, were the only children to vehemently deny the double meaning of conceptual metaphors.

The author proposes two possible reasons for this, which he presents as hypotheses in need of further research. First, the younger children may be troubled by the content of the words. Many of the words used in the study—e.g., *warm, hard,* and *soft*—"are connected to libidinally invested activities…that are frightening or forbidden or both" (p. 138). Thus, the children would have reason to deny or repress such connections. The second hypothetical reason is that the use of such metaphors may recall "a very early period of life characterized (in memory) by both a relative inability to differentiate and a nearly total helplessness" (p.

139)—states of being that the young child, being closest to them, would likely want to forget.

In closing, the author states that if his hypotheses prove true, they would provide evidence for the "considerable interaction between the 'cognitive' unconscious of cognitive science and the 'dynamic' unconscious of psychoanalysis" (p. 140).

The Malaise of Culture and the Problem of the Superego. By Catherine Chabert, pp. 238-260.

The author opens with a question: are new psychotherapeutic concepts and methods needed to understand and work with the depressive and narcissistic issues that permeate contemporary culture? In this paper, she shows how a "deeper analysis of Freud's work" (p. 240) can help us conceptualize and work with such issues.

Using Freud's writings in what she calls his in-between period of 1913 to 1920, the author highlights how current narcissistic issues have a "depressive underside" (p. 249), a melancholia involving loss and sexual de-differentiation. She argues that, with loss, the feminine superego (not just the superego of women, she points out) tends to regress to a primary identification with the mother due to repressed aggression, which is then turned against the self to protect the object. In such a state, the superego is not available to fulfill the role of loving and protecting the ego. The ego is overwhelmed and cannot "recognize itself as subject or as author" (p. 250). There is an overinvestment in appearances, in a defensive manner, and more mature identifications are impossible.

The author provides a clinical example to illustrate these points. The analysand, suffering from trichotillomania, arrives for treatment on the fifteenth anniversary of her symptoms. She is twenty-five years old. We are told that, in a way, she has replaced a brother who died before she was born; maybe her hair-pulling is a sign of her impossible guilt over her brother's death. But as usual, things are not so simple. The analysand was seduced by an older male cousin between the ages of eight and twelve; maybe the hair-pulling is a way to get mother to see that something is wrong, but the mother failed to do so. And then the analysand discloses—with great relief—that she also got some erotic pleasure from

the abuse, and that her hair-pulling increased when the abuse stopped. Passivity turned into activity increases and the disdain toward the lost and disappointing object (mother and abuser) is directed even more toward the self at the level of a "critical gaze." The patient identifies with her mother's denial of the internal via action.

Later in the analysis, it became clear that a critical part of what is inside that is denied is an identification with her father—which the analysand feared would trigger her mother's hate and result in the loss of mother, if it were discovered. This seemed to further fuel the anger turned toward the self. The author argues that it is the oedipal difference in object choice that underlies such narcissistic pathology—a pathology that, underneath, involves "the intransigence of the melancholic superego" (p. 257).

After five years of analysis with no overt signs of aggression in the transference, the analysand begins to act out outside the analysis, attempting, it seems, to destroy the gains made through analysis. The analyst is able to interpret this attack on the self as displaced from the analyst, serving the function of protecting the analyst and the analysis. This then leads to the end of the acting out and a realistic appraisal regarding the patient's external situation, as well as, for the first time in the analysis, the recall of dreams.

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The Psychodynamics That Lead to Violence, Part 2: "Ordinary People" Involved in Mass Violence. By Dianne Casoni and Louis Brunet, pp. 261-280.

In this second paper in a two-part series, the authors present a theoretical model that attempts to explain the psychodynamics of "ordinary" individuals who engage in socially sanctioned mass violence. The authors put this model in the context of previous work by Freud, Bion, Kernberg, Volkan, and others. They also compare this population with the chronically violent delinquent population, noting similarities and differences.

The authors begin by stating that historical group trauma and the intergenerational transmission of such trauma leads to identification with

the trauma and eventual justification for mass violence. The individuals regress from control by the superego to control by the ideal ego. In this situation, the ideal ego is often projected onto a charismatic leader/idealized object. The authors also point out that in such regression, the "individual's psychic apparatus is extended to include the group" (p. 270), so that the individual feels that "I do not have to think for myself because the group thinks as I would." It is as if the group shares a common self, according to Kernberg.

In this way, the authors note, what is projected is put outside the group, not just outside the self. This relates to what the authors call a *group psychic membrane,* which creates a container for group members based on idealization of the group leader, of other members, and of the group as a whole. This gives the individual a sense of trust and grandiosity in terms of what he or she is doing. The leader serves as an idealized object and also serves a superego function.

As the individuals identify with the trauma in a conscious manner, they at the same time unconsciously identify with the aggressor in the trauma—an identification with the aggressor. The individuals also display counterphobic attitudes, fearing revenge attacks from those whom they attack. They also engage in manic defenses of contempt, control, and triumph, as well as identificatory disengagement, as described above.

Understanding Vocalization in Primitive Mental States: Bellowing, Blaring, and Blathering. By David L. Goldman, pp. 281-301.

Three examples of "motorically generated vocalizations" (p. 285) are examined by Goldman in this clinically oriented paper. The author proposes that they are linked by an "underlying theme" of "failed striving for a religious-type, mystical oneness, akin to the oceanic feeling" (p. 285). The three types of vocalization explored are imperious bellowing, blaring, and blathering.

Goldman first details a variety of views on the bellowing of Daniel Paul Schreber, as detailed in his memoir. Freud was interested in the object of Schreber's bellowing: the sun and its many possible meanings. Lacan was interested in the defensive function of the bellowing. Goldman wonders about the "sensuous, almost masturbatory stimulation

that Schreber experienced from hearing his own voice" (p. 287)—not at an oedipal level, but more at the level of "pure physical sensation" (p. 288). The author also mentions that bellowing can be seen in an interpersonal light—for example, in the rupture of "pathological love relations" (p. 288).

As the author describes it, blaring involves "a noisy flattening of word sense and word sound resembling the ominous blare of a trumpet" (p. 289). He cites Clifford Scott in relating it to a stage of "grief, mania, and mourning" (p. 289). Goldman provides examples from individual and group therapy sessions that include the use of music and musical instruments in blaring.

Blathering, Goldman notes, involves a fairly relaxed jaw and rapid tongue movements, creating primitive and loving noises that have been described by Clifford Scott. The positive aspects of blathering were noted by Scott, as were ways to work with resistances to blathering. Goldman provides examples of blathering from one of Scott's cases and from instances of religious glossolalia.

The author closes by touching upon some post-Cartesian psychoanalytic ideas that can inform our listening to bellowing, blaring, and blathering. In particular, Goldman explores the ideas of Lacan, Bion, and others in this regard.

Revisiting Sigmund Freud's "Dream of the Botanical Monograph." By Lawrence M. Ginsburg, pp. 302-313.

In this short paper, the author revisits Freud's "Dream of the Botanical Monograph." In his associations to this dream, Freud recalled an early childhood event in which he and his sister Anna, at their father's urging, shredded a book of colored plates. The author shows that, based on the dates of publication, Freud displaced this "screen memory" at least a year or two into the past from the actual likely date.

The author provides summaries of two modern investigators' interpretations of Freud's dream and related associations, based on biographical and other information. He follows this with what he calls "collateral findings" (p. 309), which support the view of Freud's "bibliophile pro-

pensities" (p. 317) as an important factor in understanding his character traits. The author also notes that "our understanding of developmental stages in Freud's early childhood, which have been distilled from his self-analysis, may call for further examination" (p. 312).

Who Should Become a Psychoanalyst? Canadian Psychoanalytic Society 50th Anniversary Congress Panel. By Daniel Traub-Werner, pp. 314-331.

These articles were originally given as presentations at a symposium during the 50th Anniversary meeting of the Canadian Psychoanalytic Society. The presenters were asked to respond to the question "Who should become a training analyst?"

Angela Sheppard responds by emphasizing the courage needed to face the destruction inherent in psychoanalysis. She also notes the importance of the ability to bear the pain of mourning in giving up our old beliefs and the ability to tolerate the pain of ignorance. She notes that as "analysts we are in the business of selling the value of bearing pain. To the extent that we haven't bought it, we can't sell it" (p. 317).

Elie Debbane noted the complexity and confusion in assessing potential candidates. The model of three one-hour interviews brings in a confusion of roles and models, including analytic, assessment, and teaching models, as well as group and institutional dynamics. She raises the questions of "who selects, into what, and for what" (p. 320).

In regard to the "who selects" part of the question, Debbane suggests that interviewers bring "their internal world" (p. 320) to the interviews. Citing Meltzer, she notes that our internal world is made up of characters looking for actors to play certain parts.

Regarding the "into what" question, Debbane explores the group dynamics involved in selection. Drawing on the work of Bion and Meltzer, she worries that there may be a tendency to favor applicants who seem obedient rather than questioning, thus selecting for candidates to fit into the institutional dynamic.

Finally, Debbane ponders the "for what" question. She seems to answer it by saying that we choose candidates to pursue a passion for the psychoanalytic method, which involves "the toleration of pleasure, pain,

and the 'cloud of unknowing' that is at the heart of our endeavor" (p. 322).

Charles Levin is "skeptical of the prophylactic benefits of screening candidates" (p. 324) because "the really deep answers we need about criminal, addictive, perverse, and psychotic tendencies are not easily discernible" (p. 325). He goes on to note that what we can assess is the individual's "desire to become an analyst" (p. 325), and that if we truly believe that analysis can lead to profound change, then this desire should take precedence over a focus on trying to discern hidden psychopathology. Levin notes that these priorities have typically been reversed in the past, and he wonders if this is due to "a defensive wish on the part of training analysts to avoid analyzing these disturbances, not only in their candidates, but in themselves" (p. 325). Thus, he proposes that the selection of training analysts is the most important issue, and that training analysts should be selected based on their capacity to work with the transference/countertransference, issues of narcissism in patient and analyst, and a "deep respect for the power and force of the unconscious"(p. 327). Consequently, Levin holds that institutes should focus on providing "basic psychoanalytic training, with as few frills as possible" (p. 326).

Josette Garon also emphasizes that we must have trust in analysis because "at best we can select candidates truly interested in analysis and capable of pursuing their self-analysis" (p. 328). She cautions that the desire to analyze can be "confused with imitation of the group ideal or, even worse, of the project of one's analyst" (p. 328). Garon argues that the "specificity and radicality" (p. 329) of psychoanalysis preclude the examination of a potential candidate's prior field of work as a "discriminating factor" (p. 329) in selection.