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Enemies of the Unconscious: Modernist Resistances to Psychoanalysis

DISSERTATION

submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements
for the degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

in Comparative Literature

by

Tamara Beauchamp

Dissertation Committee:
Professor Gabriele M. Schwab, Chair
Professor Rei Terada
Professor Eyal Amiran
Professor Dina Al-Kassim

2014

DEDICATION

To my mother,

Lena Beauchamp

And in loving memory of her mother,

Juanita Salazar Lema

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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS USED IN CITATIONS

<i>FA</i>	Freud and Abraham, <i>The Complete Correspondence of Sigmund Freud and Karl Abraham</i>
<i>FEJ</i>	Freud and Jones, <i>The Complete Correspondence of Sigmund Freud and Ernest Jones</i>
<i>FF</i>	Freud and Ferenczi, <i>The Correspondence of Sigmund Freud and Sándor Ferenczi</i> , 3 vols.
<i>FJ</i>	Freud and Jung, <i>The Freud / Jung Letters</i>
<i>FP</i>	Ricoeur, <i>Freud and Philosophy</i>
<i>FU</i>	Lawrence, <i>Fantasia of the Unconscious</i>
<i>GW</i>	Freud, <i>Gesammelte Werke: Chronologisch Geordnet</i> , 18 vols.
<i>LDHL</i>	Lawrence, <i>The Letters of D.H. Lawrence</i> , 7 vols.
<i>LP</i>	Laplanche and Pontalis, <i>The Language of Psycho-Analysis</i>
<i>LWSF</i>	Jones, <i>The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud</i> , 3 vols.
<i>MN</i>	Lawrence, <i>Mr Noon</i>
<i>PU</i>	Lawrence, <i>Psychoanalysis of the Unconscious</i>
<i>SE</i>	Freud, <i>Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud</i> , 24 vols.
<i>TLLB</i>	Loy, <i>The Last Lunar Baedeker</i>

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The mistakes remain my own, but any accomplishments in the pages that follow are the product of the encouragement and care of these mentors, family members, and friends.

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ABSTRACT OF THE DISSERTATION

Enemies of the Unconscious: Modernist Resistances to Psychoanalysis

By

Tamara Beauchamp

Doctor of Philosophy in Comparative Literature

University of California, Irvine, 2014

Professor Gabriele M. Schwab, Chair

This dissertation addresses and hopes to complicate the reception history of modernist literary productions as wholly positive reactions to Freudian psychoanalysis. Through close readings of fictional, poetic, epistolary, and expository texts, historical analysis, and an examination of the iterative development of psychoanalytic and other critical theories, these chapters expose a much more complicated counter-narrative of mutual resistance and ambivalence between the discourses of psychoanalysis and Anglo-American literary modernism. This dissertation presents a methodological intervention into the use of the concept of transference outside of the clinical scene in literary criticism, followed by a theoretical history of the figure of resistance in the elaboration of psychoanalytic epistemology in the first chapter. The four subsequent chapters present a series of modernist case-histories of resistance to psychoanalysis, examining respectively the discursive encounters of Otto Gross, D.H. Lawrence, Wyndham Lewis, and Mina Loy with psychoanalytic theory and clinical practice, which produced textual mode of address that this project refers to as *obloquies* of resistance. The dissertation also tracks an alternative history of clinical practice by foregrounding the relationship of these literary authors to a group of analysts at odds with the burgeoning

psychoanalytic institution, including Carl Jung, Sándor Ferenczi, Trigant Burrow, Barbara Low, and Roberto Assagioli. The project closes with the suggestion that Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari were informed by these modernist interventions, and that the rubric of repudiative obloquy can give new insights into the poststructural and postcolonial projects that criticize psychoanalysis.

INTRODUCTION

“Alas We Ever Looked”: The Modernist Obloquy Against Psychoanalysis

Philosophers of the unconscious capture darkness with their lanterns.

Ernst Jünger¹

During a filmed question and answer session at a film festival in 2009, a member of the audience asked director Werner Herzog if he had ever tried psychotherapy. “No, no, for god’s sake, I would be the last one who would ever allow it,” he replied (Pride). The audience chortled, and seemingly encouraged by this enthusiasm, Herzog continued:

I think it is one of the greatest stupidities and the greatest mistakes of the twentieth century. There is something finally and definitively wrong about psychoanalysis. All of my figures in all of my films are not really psychoanalysis, they are not really captured with psychoanalysis. And I believe that explaining every dark, little corner that we have in our soul is a very unhealthy and a very stupid and a very dangerous thing. We should not do that. Why? Because when you inhabit a house, and you illuminate every last corner of that house with strong lights, the house becomes uninhabitable. And human beings illuminated to the very last corner of their darkest soul become inhuman and uninhabitable. (Pride)

The director then proceeded to make a bizarre analogy to the Spanish Inquisition, likening the psychoanalytic process to torture and calling the work of Sigmund Freud a commensurable historic catastrophe. Herzog’s ostensible pleasure with his own set of analogies suggests that he did not realize that his comments were themselves part of a long history of resistance to psychoanalysis by literary authors and artists, one perhaps inaugurated by D.H. Lawrence, an artist also prone to Herzogian fits of hyperbole. *Fantasia of the Unconscious* of 1921, the most robust of Lawrence’s repudiatory efforts, uses much the same language of an “inhuman” enlightenment as Herzog’s latter-day observations. “I have known a few analysts, and a few of

¹ Qtd. in Bullock 183.

the analysed,” Lawrence wrote, “and I should say the morbidity was increased rather than decreased by the honest daylight” shed on their neuroses by psychoanalysis (*FU* 53–4).

Lawrence had commenced his public response to the modern wave of psychoanalytic thinking with a bang the previous year, with the publication of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* in 1920.² The first pages are a stylized assault on the discipline: Lawrence calls Freud and other “psychiatric quacks” the priests, “nay worse, the medicine men of our decadent society.” The modern world was threatened by this new priesthood: “Psychoanalysis had become a public danger” and “the mob was on the alert” (*PU* 7). The introduction to the text literalizes the project of depth psychology, figuring Freud as a veritable spelunker into “the cavern of anterior darkness”: the Victorian public “watched his ideal candle flutter and go small” and waited for his return, hoping for “the wonder of wonders” (9). Freud came back from the cave of sleep and dreams to peddle his discoveries, “But sweet heaven, what merchandise! What dreams, dear heart! What was there in that cave? Alas that we ever looked!” Freud had discovered “a huge slimy serpent of sex, and heaps of excrement, and a myriad repulsive little horrors spawned between sex and excrement...[g]agged, bound, maniacal repressions, sexual complexes, faecal inhibitions, dream-monsters.” Resistance was futile: “We tried to repudiate them. But no, they were there, demonstrable. These were the horrid things that ate our souls and caused our helpless neuroses” (9).

Echoing Lawrence’s sentiment, Mina Loy also characterized Freudianism in terms of a bright but ultimately ineffective illumination. As her “History of Religion and Eros” puts it,

² Lawrence referred to these two expository texts as his ‘psychologic’ books—admittedly a strange neologism, but one that I will appropriate for the purposes of this dissertation when referring to the two books collectively. Despite their publication in the same volume of the Cambridge edition of the works of Lawrence, I cite them separately to reflect Evelyn Hinz’s argument that they represent a differing set of engagements and rhetorical modes. *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* is hereafter *PU* in citations; *Fantasia of the Unconscious* is *FU*.

“Freud, training a bright light of analysis on such psychological terrain, illuminated all but a blind spot, THE ELECTRIFICATION OF BLISS—that terrain, exploited by his followers, is become an infinitely extensible maze of introversion in search of Eros - - - the little man who isn’t *there* - - - - ” (Loy, *Stories* 251).³ Loy didn’t buy what Freud was selling, but in her version of events, the merchandise he peddled was that of an age of mechanical reproduction: she called psychoanalysis a new, mechanized form of mysticism, one trafficking in “ready-made” absolutes (228). Like Lawrence, she was suspicious of the pseudo-religious role that clinicians had assumed in American and European culture. In a short text entitled “Conversion,” likely composed somewhere between the mid-twenties and early thirties, Loy points to the structural parallel between Catholic confession and psychoanalytic therapy, and jokes that if Freud isn’t on the Church payroll already, he certainly ought to be (229).

These observations hardly made Loy an ally to Lawrence, however, whom she suspected was among those followers lost in the “maze of introversion.” In the “Conversion” piece, Loy lampoons Lawrence’s naïve affectation in the opening pages of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, “where the *almost* lyrical prose of the *Women in Love* is also converted ———— to candy” (228). Though she merely parrots the lines containing “sweet heaven,” “dear heart,” and “Alas we ever looked!”, Loy’s transcription makes evident Lawrence’s aping of a romantic heroine. She then slyly suggests that if Lawrence’s text was “transposed to the economic style of ‘modernism’” it would read something like this: “Sweet heart Alas ‘Cave serpent ———— ’em”” (228). Readers of high modernism will surely get the joke: in a few short lines, Loy manages to mock both Lawrence’s feigned Puritanism and the epistolary style of her friend

³ Sara Crangle, editor of the *Stories and Essays of Mina Loy*, attempts to retain the exaggerated dashes and odd punctuation of the handwritten drafts that were transcribed for the volume, as the “typographical tics intensify the willful choppiness of her prose” (xix). See also the long dashes and line of plus signs (+) in the citations below.

Ezra Pound, whose letters are full conversions of the “knock ‘em, sock ‘em” variety. As he wrote to Harriet Monroe in August of 1912, Pound’s plan was to “save the public’s soul by punching its face” (Pound, *Letters* 12).

Loy’s real point is that Lawrence (and perhaps Ol’ Ez) are far more complicit with the psychoanalytic endeavor than they might put on. As she writes, “Inevitably Lawrence like other converts whose reputation makes it imperative that they preserve their independence, compiles some ingenious terminology of his own and indulges in the well known *truc* of the distinguished disciple, in seeking a quarrel with his master” (Loy, *Stories* 228). This statement also subtly signals her fatigue with the posture of modernist men-against-the-world, the self-stylized outlaws, renegades, and enemies whose “reputation makes it imperative that they preserve their independence.” Loy deflates Lawrence’s ostensibly ethical critique that Freud is trying to do away with the “moral faculty in man” under a “therapeutic disguise” (*PU* 4). That may be so, but for Loy that only means that psychoanalysis is par for the course with all other sociocultural endeavors with an ethical conviction. “My observation of every strata of society,” she writes, “leads me to conclude that man has never exhibited the least inclination towards a moral faculty...” (Loy, *Stories* 228). Her final conclusion on Lawrence’s intervention? “[W]hat I really wished to say is that Mr. Lawrence has arrived at this rather obvious conclusion in the superficial dimension ++++++ Too late” (228–9). “Psycho-Analysis,” she declares, has “raised sex to the venerable status of a duty,” and who, she asks, “WHO ———— wants to do his duty?” The élite classes, she notes, have already begun to “protest at the epidemic of psycho-exhibitionism among the merely cultured,” and “are dropping ‘sex’ entirely from their programme” (229).

Cheeky as this description of an upper-crust eschewal of the bourgeois sexual feint may be, it is also highly suggestive of internal rifts within the psychoanalytic institution; the previous

decade had seen the departure of Carl Jung in due in part to his own expurgation of sex from the phylogenetic narrative of man's ethical and religious impulses. Loy's comment also evokes Freud's description of the critiques of psychoanalysis that were posed by laypeople. In the 1920 preface to the fourth edition of *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*, Freud notes that the 'pan-sexualist' critique of psychoanalysis—"the senseless charge against it of explaining 'everything' by sex"—had already been operating for a long while in public resistances to the discipline (*SE* 7: 134).⁴ Public criticisms of psychoanalysis—for pan-sexualism, false pretensions of scientificity, or quackery with a God-complex—had existed almost as long as the discipline itself, and are well documented even in Freud's early works.⁵ One might thus argue that there is nothing original or particularly timely about *either* Loy *or* Lawrence's impression that something was wrong with psychoanalysis, as their rebuttals may only have been the ricochet of reproaches generated in both technical and popular circles from the moment Freud began his departure from cathartic technique.

That these critiques assumed a certain set of aesthetic features that we associate with modernism might well be a tangential coincidence; I will suggest on the contrary, that the formal contours of these and other repudiations of psychoanalysis cannot be extricated from the criticisms they level at the discipline. The peculiar genre that emerges in these resistances to

⁴ All references to Freud's works will cite the *Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud* by volume number and page (*SE* volume: page number), with a comprehensive bibliography of texts referenced in the Works Cited of this dissertation. When necessary for a more comprehensive understanding of Freud's meaning, I have on occasion placed bracketed text from the German edition, along with my translation, into English quotes from the Standard Edition. In these cases, I will also reference the *Gesammelte Werke* by volume and page number (*GW* volume: page number).

⁵ Freud chastises anyone "who looks down with contempt upon psycho-analysis from a superior vantage-point" to "remember how closely the enlarged sexuality of psycho-analysis coincides with the Eros of the divine Plato," thus situating, in effect, both the idea of Eros *as well as* its critique far back into antiquity (*SE* 7: 134).

psychoanalysis, moreover, forms an important counterpoint to our conventional understandings of modernism writ large, and this generic mode of address cannot be understood outside of the iterative elaboration of the psychoanalytic institution proper. Nor can psychoanalysis be regarded as a hegemonic entity, at least in the space of this project: rather it will emerge as a chaotic, perpetually morphing discourse rife with internal disputes and theoretical opprobrium that often closely resemble critiques leveled from without. Debates about clinical practice cannot be fully disentangled from those about the metapsychological, nor can discussions of the application of psychoanalysis to literature and cultural phenomena ever be fully extricated from hotly debated questions of clinical protocol. One cannot understand the political aspirations of those who instrumentalize their repudiation of psychoanalysis without understanding psychoanalysis's *own* variegated sense of its political horizons, its multiple ambitions and limit-cases.

The matter at hand is not whether psychoanalysis represents a technique to aid in the individual's toleration of her inevitable conflicts with the other, thus forming a fundamentally normative *technē* for bourgeois society, nor is it whether psychoanalysis might represent something far more radical and socially disruptive. Rather, I ask if such interrogations of the peripheries of psychoanalytic epistemology can ever be properly asked from *outside* of the enterprise, and if the repudiation of psychoanalysis is not always already an integral part of the discipline's endeavors and perilous futurity.

Chapter One provides a peripatetic institutional itinerary of epistemological questions about psychoanalytic interpretation, stretching from the Freudian *oeuvre* into post-structuralist readings of Freud. Resistances *to* psychoanalysis have always resembled resistances *of* psychoanalysis to itself, thus our understanding of that which repudiates the discipline must take

into account the focal role of resistance in the constitution and development of psychoanalytic epistemology.

In Chapter Two, I will flesh out the persona of Otto Gross (1877–1920), a figure who shuttles between the fictional and the clinical, by examining his relationship with D.H. Lawrence’s wife Frieda as well as his encounter with the Continental psychoanalytic circles of the aughts and teens. An early Freudian adherent and anarchist who conducted ‘wild’ analyses, practiced psychiatrically-motivated euthanasia, and led group experiments in sexuality and drug use, Gross’s theoretical contribution to both literary and psychoanalytic history has been largely neglected. His case illuminates debates between Freud and Jung regarding symptomatology, the handling of transference, and the ethical and social roles of a “psychoanalysis-to-come,” to borrow the Derridian expression. As such, Gross’s persona constellates some of the most significant conceptual debates of the first decades of the century while simultaneously providing us with a window into the diversity of clinical practices that were operating in the nascent psychoanalytic communities of Vienna, Munich, and Zurich. An analysis of Gross is essential not only to understanding the earliest repudiations of psychoanalysis, but also to understanding the trace such discourses left on Lawrence’s later fiction and expository work.

The subsequent chapters address the respective encounters of three key modernists with psychoanalysis—Lawrence, Wyndham Lewis, and Mina Loy—elaborating on these thinkers’ relationships with the clinical community and the particular stakes of their clashes with the psychoanalytic enterprise. These case studies detail modernist repudiation of psychoanalysis as it is leveled on four counts, each of which can be seen to map onto the increasing scope of the psychoanalytic endeavor as it developed in the first decades of the century: (1) the use of clinical psychotherapy to effectuate a ‘cure,’ (2) the application of the psychoanalytic approach to

literary analysis and criticism, (3) the capacity of psychoanalysis to solve the recapitulation gambit through the integration of ontogenetic and phylogenetic theory,⁶ and finally, (4) the capability of psychoanalytic theory to act in the direction of political change.

Modernisms and Methodology

Following Michel Foucault's sketch of the attitude of modernity in "What is Enlightenment?", I take modernism to be a critical posture towards modernity, one that interrogates and even attempts to transform the conditions of its present. Foucault reprises a received idea of "the discontinuity of time" in modern consciousness, "a break with tradition, a feeling of novelty, of vertigo in the face of the passing moment" (Foucault, *Reader* 9). Using Charles Baudelaire as the exemplar case-study of modern consciousness—even referring to the poet's condition as "acute"—Foucault notes that 'being modern' isn't about the passive reception of this consciousness of radical contingency; rather it "lies in adopting a certain attitude with respect to this movement; this deliberate, difficult attitude consists in recapturing something eternal that is not beyond the present instant, nor behind it, but within it" (39). Being modern is an ironical heroization of the present accomplished by a self-fashioning subject, one who "takes oneself as an object of a complex and difficult elaboration" (41). But as a final word to his sketch Foucault reminds us that Baudelaire never imagined that his *dandysme*—that self-elaborating

⁶ While these terms may be familiar to both biologists and those who study the history of science, it likely bears explanation to other readers that *ontogenesis* is the development of an individual organism from its earliest stages to maturity, while *phylogenesis* is the evolutionary development (and diversification) of a species. Ernst Haeckel's proposition that "ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny" sums up the discredited biological conjecture that the stages of growth in the individual animal from embryo to adulthood parallel the evolutionary development of its species (sometimes referred to as *embryological parallelism*). The theory of recapitulation assumed both literal and metaphoric importance for both post-Darwinian scientists and those who articulated theories of the social in the early twentieth century. In its more social or metaphorized guises, I call this gesture "the recapitulation gambit."

subjectivity the ironic recreations of which enable a kind of realist imagination—would “have any place in society itself, or in the body politic,” but rather could “only be produced in another, a different place, which Baudelaire calls art” (42).

Dina Al-Kassim eloquently describes the interface between literary modernist production and Foucault’s account of modernity in *On Pain of Speech: Fantasies of the First Order and the Literary Rant*:

[M]odernism, as a global field of writing that address the phantasmagoria of modern severance and loss, registers the subjective torsions that Foucault’s history indexes, but until recently literary explorations of subjection and efforts to bring about new subjectivation were not viewed as ciphers of this imbrication of state, sex, and race but rather as avant-garde or humanist resistance to power manifest as the alienation of the human subject in a social world lamenting the loss of its idols in the disenchantment of modernity. (Al-Kassim 23)

Al-Kassim is not denying the existence of a “tradition of modernist revolt and rebellion,” but questions if resistance is a sufficient optic through which to view the “wide array of modernist negotiations with power, its prohibitions, and the creativity it has called forth” (23). By placing an emphasis on the figure of resistance in my own project, I want to emphasize that I am not seizing upon a heroic narrative of avant-garde resistance, but rather see both literary and clinical epistemology as ciphers for the imbrication of imperialism and the raced and gendered body politic. In examining psychoanalytic discourse, I hope to show how a certain form of knowledge-making inextricably associated with modernity—and perhaps partly constitutive of the *episteme* we conceive as the modern—was indeed formulated by and against resistance as it gradually grounded its claims to scientificity and authority through the accrual of social and political capital.

In recent years, work in New Modernist Studies has accrued around the work of such “bad” modernists as Lewis and Lawrence in collections like Douglas Mao and Rebecca

Walkowitz's *Bad Modernisms* of 2006. In a potentially reductive gloss, New Modernist Studies can be credited with expanding our conceptual range for understanding modernist production—temporally, spatially, and generically—but it also exhibits a peculiar phobia towards discussions of the psychoanalytic. This aversion is likely part and parcel of the received idea we have of a singular modernism's complicity with Freud, the product of decades of critical work on Bloomsbury authors who did, indeed, receive the psychoanalytic project with enthusiasm and attempted to incorporate notions of the unfolding of psychic life and the unconscious into their narrative strategies. While modernists have certainly acknowledged Lawrence and Loy's ambivalence (and Pound and Lewis's outright hostility) toward Freud, there has been little effort to synthesize the formal qualities of this strain of resistant discourse. Likewise, this dissertation is surely among the first to collectively regard—and take seriously—the interface of these modernist literary authors with clinicians who were themselves in the process of repudiating aspects or the whole of Freudianism, both in its theoretical and clinical assumptions.

Bradley Buchanan, in *Oedipus Against Freud: Myth and the End(s) of Humanism in Twentieth-Century British Culture* of 2010, provides one possible avenue for an intervention into these repudiative texts, explicating their varied mobilization of Oedipal themes in ways that contradict or undermine the Freudian project. Buchanan contends that Anglo-American modernists tend to erroneously collapse all references to Oedipus (the myth) into the Oedipal Complex, a move that he deftly undermines through a reception history of the late nineteenth century Sophoclean craze, of which Freud was merely one isolated enthusiast. Buchanan seeks to “remedy such oversights” by carefully examining the deployment of Oedipus across modernist literature, thus “dealing comprehensively with the threat to humanism that modernists attempted to pose (or, on occasion, to defuse) through their use of Oedipal tropes” (Buchanan 19). In

Buchanan's reading, authors like Lawrence and Lewis created Oedipal characters to undermine Freud, who acted as a foil for their anti-humanist interrogation of the very definition of the human (16). Against received critical narratives of psychoanalytic and literary complicity, Buchanan details a discursive competition, "as both sought to define human nature to itself" (17). While Buchanan acknowledges that "intellectually informed, dispassionate anti-humanism and 'revulsion' against human beings themselves are not necessarily the same things"—the latter we see peppered throughout Lawrence's musings on poison gas and Lewis's statements that the world wars have "cleared the air"—he ultimately contends that "these two stances tend to merge in the work of [these] writers...in their quest to prove their absolute difference from the Freudian theories...they so dislike" (7–8).

I commend Buchanan's attention and careful explication of these difficult texts, though I ultimately find the central proposition of his argument, that Freud was a humanist, untenable (Ibid. 15). Buchanan himself seems somewhat wary of the lynchpin of his argument. He hedges by stating: "Even if Freud's reported maxim that 'Man is not master in his own house' were taken as representative of his overall attitude, it would be difficult to dispute either Freud's credentials as a humanist or the centrality of his work to contemporary human self-understanding" (15). Calling this a "reported maxim" is a bit of a ruse on Buchanan's part; rather, it's a mangled quote from Freud's 1917 essay "A Difficulty in the Path of Psycho-Analysis." The German reads *das Ich nicht Herr sei in seinem eigenen Haus* (GW 12: 10), which has been conventionally translated in English as "the ego is not the master in its own house" (SE 17: 143). While it is convenient for Buchanan's argument to render *das Ich* as "man," Freud clearly delineates the person as *der Person* in that famous essay. The ego of the second theory of the psychical apparatus, which is responsible for the interests of the person, is most certainly not a conceptual

equivalent to “the human.” Moreover, Freud’s theory of the ego as mediating agency, perpetually beholden to the demands of external and internal forces, autonomous only in a strictly relative way (*LP* 130) may be one of the strongest anti-humanist aspects of the psychoanalytic project.

Perhaps Buchanan and I do not share the same definition of *humanist*, or perhaps I am not swayed by the idea that Freud is a humanist *because* his work was appropriated by the humanities or self-professed humanists like Lionel Trilling. Buchanan makes ample reference to Paul Sheehan’s 2002 *Modernism, Narrative and Humanism*, though it seems to me that Sheehan’s reading of Freud’s “A Difficulty” does far more work to undermine Buchanan’s argument for Freud’s complicity with the humanist project. Sheehan repeatedly points to Freud’s insistence that psychoanalysis troubles any anthropocentric epistemology, presenting as it were the latest in a series of three epistemic blows to “man’s self-love” and human megalomania, the first being Copernicus’s challenge to ideas of cosmological centrality and the second Darwin’s challenge to biological ones (Sheehan 6, 122). Anti-humanism, as Sheehan defines it, “is an engagement with the being that has come to masquerade as ‘human.’ It aspires to locate the human within the ‘human,’ the emergent entity after it is shorn of the metaphysical and axiological assumptions accreting around its name, the *a priori* category, the self-legislating entity that is the ‘human’” (20). Freud’s concept of the ego—riven by the primal claims of the id, the legislation of the super-ego, and the weight of external reality—forcefully destabilizes the notion of the human as a self-legislating entity.

Humanism, in Sheehan’s account, is characterized by an “unwavering confidence,” the braggadocio that enables humanist thinkers to “enact schemas of mastery” (20). As I will show, schemas of mastery are an important rhetorical and generic component in the work of many of Freud’s modernist enemies. Far from supporting either a humanist narrative of avant-garde

resistance or an anti-humanist critique, these schemas are punctuated by both an instrumental conviction of their applicability to ‘the people’ as well as an elitist revulsion towards those very masses. Freudian psychoanalysis, with its topographies, energetic economies, and temporal outlines, may also at first glance seem to be enacting such a metanarrative. Yet as this dissertation will show Freud is far from a confidence man; his writing is limned with doubt, and his discourse perpetually adapts and self-corrects. Moreover, one can argue from a deconstructive point of view (as I will in Chapter One) that psychoanalytic epistemology radically undermines the certainty of other forms of knowledge-making. As Leo Bersani eloquently puts it in *The Freudian Body*,

Psychoanalysis is an unprecedented attempt to give a theoretical account of precisely those forces which obstruct, undermine, play havoc with theoretical accounts themselves. From this perspective, oppositions between theory and practice, and between the thinker and history, are false—or at least, secondary—oppositions. Or, in psychoanalytic terms, they are symptomatic oppositions that both reveal and disguise an antagonism internal to thought itself. In other words, they betray strategic moves *within* consciousness by which a threatened rationality formulates the process of its own inevitable collapse as a perhaps historically tragic but ontologically reassuring conflict between imagination and reality, or between the subject and the object, or in the broadest possible terms, between the individual and civilization. (Bersani 4)

Bersani’s close readings of Freud ultimately reveal a central aporia; he argues that Freud’s texts “ruin the very notion of disciplines of knowledge” precisely (and perversely) at the point that they “anxiously” attempt to congeal into a ‘Freudian’ epistemology (5). This instability is echoed in Sheehan’s depiction of the “Frankenstein syndrome,” that is, “humankind’s inability to master its own creations,” the rhetorical and epistemological challenge *par excellence* posed by antihumanism (Sheehan 20). While Freud certainly produced his work with a conviction about its instrumentality, especially in terms of its palliative applications, his work in effect shows us, in Sheehan’s words, that “...to create something is not necessarily to control it, particularly not

through individual action; theoretical antihumanism upholds this, in its recognition that an instrumental relationship to culture and its discontents is not on offer” (20).

As my reader surely suspects by now, this project makes an almost obsessive set of returns to Freud, in particular to technical texts not particularly in synch with the past several decades’ critical fixation on the metapsychological apparatus. It is nearly a commonplace in the contemporary landscape of critical theory to cite Foucault’s characterization of Marx and Freud in “What is an Author?” as “founders of discursivity,” (Foucault, *Reader* 114) though the emphasis of such references is usually to demonstrate the way that Marxism or psychoanalysis enable a particular field of *analogies*, especially as they inform ‘modernist’ textual practice and conceptual concerns. Equally important, however, is Foucault’s insistence that Marxian or Freudian discursivity made possible a certain field of *differences*. Marx and Freud “created a possibility for something other than their discourse, yet something belonging to what they founded” (115). As Foucault explains the discursive practice that originates with Freud:

To say that Freud founded psychoanalysis does not (simply) mean that we find the concept of the libido or the technique of dream analysis in the works of Karl Abraham or Melanie Klein; it means that Freud made possible a certain number of divergences—with respect to his own texts, concepts, and hypotheses—that all arise from the psychoanalytic discourse itself. (115)

Discursivity does not merely inaugurate a transformation in knowledge-making procedures; rather, “the initiation of a discursive practice is heterogeneous to its subsequent transformations” (115). As Foucault cautions, the heterogeneous coordinates of discourse provoke the inevitable necessity of a “return to the origin”—one that is neither ornamental nor a mere historical supplement, but rather part of the very terrain of the field itself. In effect, “reexamining Freud’s texts modifies psychoanalysis itself” (116), as does the reexamination of the texts founded on a difference, a resistance, made possible by psychoanalytic discourse in the first place.

Nevertheless, this project may be accused of being an *apologia* for psychoanalysis. In mobilizing some of Freud's critics at points when they most lack credibility and their reputations are most stained—Lawrence rhapsodizing about poison gas in the London underground, Lewis writing on National Socialism or railing against post-Reconstruction African American literature—one might argue that I am providing an obverse history of the legitimate claims against psychoanalysis, claims that focus on undermining the normative, bourgeois aims of the practice. My contention is exactly to the contrary. Psychoanalysis presents no hegemonic face informing critical language, despite its treatment by many contemporary literary scholars. By focusing on the earliest forms of dissent, accommodation, and reabsorption within the discipline, I intend to point to the way that the articulation of 'psychoanalysis'—and its re-articulation—are themselves developmental processes punctuated by contention.

Anne Anlin Cheng's recent work on the hermeneutics of suspicion makes a distinction between the "symptomatic Freud" and the "susceptible Freud," or as she puts it, "In opening up the radical indeterminacy of human desires and subjectivity, the psychoanalysis that interests me attends to, rather than shuts down, the flexibility and receptiveness of the subject and object gripped in narratives of power" (Cheng 4). The mode of reading she then advocates is one which follows, rather than suppresses, "the wayward life of the subject and object in dynamic interface" (4), a posture that she notably links to the very projects of the modernists themselves: "alongside acts of greed, projection, misrecognition, mimicry, and internalization, they also clothed themselves in skins that are not their own and constructed themselves as imaginary subjects through that inhabitation" (5). Cheng's description troubles a model of mere modernist performance, while also foregrounding the productive aspects of their perceived 'sins' of reading and analysis. I take from Al-Kassim my focus on writing that "proceeds from its mode of

address,” and thus is actively able “to foreground or expose the forms of power’s reach” (Al-Kassim 24): in this case, the epistemological authority that is gradually assumed by psychoanalysis in the first decades of the twentieth century, both through ‘institutional’ clinical practice and the myriad technologies of the self generated by the rapid spread of vulgarized Freudian theory (though this project will also trouble the distinction between the institutional and the vulgarized).

The Obloquy and Politics of Address

In modernist literary studies, the study of repudiative modes of address has largely centered on the genre of the manifesto, and indeed, this dissertation does engage with both self-proclaimed manifestos and manifesto-like literary objects, for example, Loy’s “International Psycho-Democracy” manifesto of 1918 or Lewis’s *Enemy* tracts of the twenties. Even if they do not declare themselves manifestos, much of the work surveyed here highlights what Janet Lyon calls the typical anxieties of the modernist manifesto: “the disdain for democratic homogeneity and the distrust of mass production” (Lyon 3). I want to suggest that the direct address to the reader, a garbled mix of styles, and the peculiar temporality conjured by many of these texts—the revision of history through mythography, the attack on present modes of knowledge-making, the encyclopedic attempt to conjure a counter-discourse, the chiliastic or millenarian attitude towards the future to come—all reflect and refract the critical literature on the manifesto’s rhetoric.

David Graham Burnett etymologically reads “manifesto” as the Latin composite of *manus* and *fectus* or “hostile hand” (Burnett 44), whereas Martin Puchner locates the word instead in the convergence of *manus* and *festus*, referring thus “to something being tangible,

reachable by hand” (Puchner 48), that is, a handbook of sorts. Neither is incompatible with Lyons’s generic location of the manifesto: Burnett’s reading conveys the “fury of the form... like a fist striking through the scrims of civic order,” or for that matter, Pound punching the social order in the face. At the same time, the *vade mecum* or primer association conveys the pedagogically-inflected summation of a new order. As Lyons puts it, the manifesto “seeks to assure its audience—both adherents and foes—that those constituents can and will be mobilized into the living incarnation of the unruly, furious expression implied in the text. The manifesto is, in other words, a genre that gives the appearance of being at once both word and deed, both threat and incipient action” (Lyon 14).

In a special 1980 issue of the French journal *Littérature*, Claude Abastado’s short introduction laid the groundwork for the past three decades of inquiry into the formal contours of the manifesto, a field that takes the modernist avant-garde iteration as both an exemplar and paradigmatic force. Abastado’s essay inaugurates a peculiar tension in the critical literature to follow: while providing a detailed chronicle of the rhetorical features common to the genre, he also suggests that the manifesto unsettles any such generic constraints. Marjorie Perloff, in her now-classic 1984 essay “‘Violence and Precision’: The Manifesto as Art Form” also tracked the genre-trouble the manifesto presents, pointing to the paradoxical conflation of the new genre’s address to “the needs of a mass audience” while assuming “avant-garde, esoteric, and anti-bourgeois” postures (66). After providing a catalogue of rhetorical devices in Futurist writing, Perloff suggests that the manifesto is “situational in that it operates in real time and real space,” while also following Abastado’s suggestion that the form is “theatrical in a deeper sense, occupying as it does a ‘space that lies between the arts’ and conflating verbal strategies that do not conventionally cohere” (Perloff 90). After detailing the conflicting modes and techniques

that make up the manifesto assemblage, including “apocalyptic lyric statements” (84) and the bullying direct address to the reader found in many of Lawrence, Lewis, and Loy’s texts, her essay concludes that manifesto art “thus paves the way for the gradual erosion of the distinction between ‘literary’ and ‘theoretical’ texts—an erosion not nearly as recent as current polemic would have us think” (93).

Abastado had taken this discursive claim further, arguing that that the manifesto “deconstructs canonical models and undermines pre-existing systems and categories of thought by restructuring the discursive field and introducing new forms of expression” (Abastado 9).⁷ Manifestos thus “punctuate the history of ideologies and allow for their periodization. In the imperceptible mutation of ideas and attitudes, they serve as benchmarks, they are events, they ‘make time’” (8). While the manifesto often assumes the posture of plain speech in its address to its audience, to characterize the manifesto solely as speech where the pragmatic function dominates would be reductive. Rather, the manifesto weaves very complex relationships between knowledge, power and desire (4). As Abastado writes,

It works like a myth: it defeats time to rewrite history. It is a dream of palingenesis⁸ prophesized by singers of tomorrow: it announces the “good news.” In its Manichean remodeling of temporality, the past is described as non-life (Dada Manifesto 1918), or as the gestation period of true life (Communist Manifesto), or in a cyclical view of history as a time of purity and innocence that the future must re-discover. And always—as in myths—the idea of novelty is associated with the search for unknown and prestigious paternity. Concretely, manifesting is an act of legitimation and conquest of power: symbolic power—moral and ideological—and political domination or aesthetic hegemony. The authors of a manifesto offer a clear break with the dominant ideology and its enshrined values; they vividly marginalize, call for all those who feel marginalized, and they accumulate the credit and force that act as prelude to the conquest of power. (6)

⁷ All translations of Abastado’s essay are my own.

⁸ Palingenesis is another term perhaps unfamiliar to many readers outside of the biological sciences, denoting “ontogenetic development characterized by the ordered recapitulation of inherited ancestral forms” (*OED*). In effect, the ultimate goal of the recapitulation gambit is the “dream of palingenesis.”

Lyon's *Manifestos: Provocations of the Modern* takes many of its temporal claims from Abastado's work. Isolating the manifesto's "impulse to mythography," Lyon points to the mode's revision of history through chiliastic prophecy, the "placing of a group's apocalyptic present tense at the fulcrum of a self-ordaining future," thus breaking up the "statist versions of 'progress' that justify modernity's historical narratives" (Lyon 15–16). As I will argue, much of the archeological impulse to excavate archaic or primitive culture in modernist work lies in the larger gambit of demonstrating how ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny, that is, the "dream of palingenesis" to articulate a comprehensive systematic parallel between the development of the individual and the development of the species. This ambition is also seen in some aspects of the Freudian project and more forcefully in Jung's pursuit of what I call the anagogic line.

Al-Kassim might call this strategy a "fantasy of the first order," the "invention of the 'primitive' to figure the symbolic law" (46). This fantasy is at the heart of Al-Kassim's notion of the rant, a modernist symptom of abject appeal, "the haphazard and murky speech that only sometimes gathers itself into a counterdiscourse and which has become a symptom of modernist writing, avowed to truth telling but unable to secure its own speech from the clutter of its own undoing" (3). Unlike the efforts of Abastado, Perloff, and Lyons, Al-Kassim resists the generic categorization of the rant. While it shares some familial resemblance to the manifesto, the rant does not cohere into a tractable genre; rather the rant is an event girded by fantasy, the "fantasy that one could speak in one's own voice and denounce the law," and thus "unwittingly constructs the law it seeks to rebuke" (34). Her ranters—among them Oscar Wilde, Jane Bowles, and Abdelwahab Meddeb—construct a political space that is limned by the social foreclosure of their speaking position. "The difficulty of this figure of address is heightened by the fact that in being dispossessed of the right to speech, the rant is not, however, unable to speak" (10).

While the modernists I track do not, for the most part, speak from a position of social foreclosure (short of their own self-fashioned isolation), they share the murky, often illogical discourse of ranters, and their texts often broadcast their own undoing. Lawrence openly declared himself an enemy of understanding in his psychologic texts, for a while considering the title *Harlequinade of the Unconscious* for the second volume, “to prevent anybody tying themselves into knots trying to ‘understand’ it” (Lawrence, *LDHL* 4: 109). When urged by friends to write at greater length on the subjects of these texts, Lawrence apparently shook his head and said, “I would contradict myself on every page” (qtd. in Ellis and Mills 97). This is not to say that Lawrence was making strictly a poetic gesture: he explicitly took up the language of the biological sciences, ethnography, cosmology, and psychoanalysis in an attempt to produce an aggressive, encyclopedic counterdiscourse to that of psychoanalysis.

To describe this repudiative gesture, I have developed the notion of *obloquy*, an alternative to ‘the manifesto’ as a generic description for simultaneously censorious and contradictory modes of address. Obloquy, in its now-obsolete usages, connoted both the act of issuing abusive or calumnious speech in the form of a reproach or disgraceful utterance, as well as the cause, occasion, or object of such reproach or detraction. In current (albeit rare) usage, obloquy denotes “abuse or detraction as it affects the person spoken against; the condition of being spoken against; ill repute; reproach, disgrace, [or] notoriety” (*OED*). The term’s etymology is rather productively littered with transmission errors; from the classical Latin *obloquī*—‘to speak against, gainsay, or contradict’—the term comes down to us with substantial confusion between *obloquy* on the one hand, and *oblique* or *obliquity* on the other. In the repeated transmission errors between ‘obloquy’ and ‘oblique’ in the history of the English language, we have the productive suggestion that there is something indirect, inexact, or

inexplicit built into the very mechanism of obloquy, and the contradiction we associate with the term is not merely in the articulation of dissonance or opposition to something outside but also a characteristic logical flaccidity generating from within. Obloquy captures both the vituperative aspect of repudiative speech alongside its logical inconsistencies, features that are common to many of the destructive discourses of twentieth century avant-gardism. Obloquy also functions as a remarkably reflexive term, suggesting a structure that inevitably falls back on itself, becoming inscribed with the very disgrace and infamy it hopes to project outwards.

Handbooks of Resistance

This is not to say that the figures tracked here used a cohesive strategy in their resistances to psychoanalysis, though many of their attacks did coalesce into critiques legible to the psychoanalytic practitioners they encountered. The first form of modernist repudiation of psychoanalysis questions the viability of psychoanalysis as a therapeutic endeavor, asking if analytic therapy is indeed capable of achieving its purported “cure”: converting hysterical misery into the “everyday unhappiness” that Freud rather drearily promised as early as the *Studies in Hysteria* (SE 2: 305). Moreover, these critiques question whether the psychoanalytic method was ever capable of yielding something like psychological truth in the first place, often formulating that argument around the notion that the penetration of the living mind is something akin to vivisection. Accordingly, these attacks often collapse the whole of psychology into the psychoanalytic endeavor, mobilizing their critique around surgical metaphors of scalpel and probes, as well as abject figurations of the contents of psychic life extracted by said surgery.

Sherwood Anderson gives us one of the earliest instances of the trope of vivisection in his conversations with Trigant Burrow, an early American psychoanalyst who broke with the

European psychoanalytic establishment in his experimentation with group therapy and who later turned towards the physiological substructures of neurodynamics. While Anderson was not a reader of Freud, he had surely gained a layperson's understanding of psychoanalysis in the teens during his many conversations with Burrow about the viability of depth psychology (Rideout 267). In 1917, Anderson penned the short story "Seeds," which begins by staging one such debate between the two friends. The narrator depicts the psychoanalyst character as "dejected," "old and worn-out" from the attempt to understand his patients and the "influences that make them the sick things they are" (Anderson 25). In going "beneath the surface of the lives of men and women," (26) the psychoanalyst had reached a place of "real weariness," one that "comes when one has been trying with all his heart and soul to think his way along some difficult road of thought. Of a sudden he finds himself unable to go on. Something within him stops. A tiny explosion takes place" (25).

Burrow gave his own account of this conversation in "Psychoanalytic Improvisations and the Personal Equation," published a decade later than Anderson's story. As Burrow tells it, Anderson believed that "human life was not a thing to be delved into with surgical probes." In his telling, Burrow had "argued as stoutly that the surgical probe was the most wonderful of all human inventions and that it was the only way to lay open the health and growth of the sick personalities of our human kind" (Burrow, "Psychoanalytic" 174). The narrator of "Seeds" (whom Burrow quotes in his later article to represent Anderson's perspective) responds rather vituperatively to the idea that going beneath the surface could fix a universal illness:

"You are a dog that has rolled in offal, and because you are not quite a dog you do not like the smell of your own hide... You blind fool," I [the writer] cried impatiently. "Men like you are fools. You cannot go along that road. It is given to no man to venture far along the road of lives. You are no more and no better than myself." I became passionately in earnest. "The illness that you pretend to cure is

universal illness,” I said. “The thing you want to do cannot be done.” (Anderson 26–7)

The psychoanalyst responds with equal vehemence, spitting out his words:

“What you say can’t be done can be done. You’re a liar. You cannot be so definite without missing something vague and fine. You miss the whole point. The lives of people are like young trees in the forest. They are being choked by climbing vines. The vines are old thoughts and beliefs planted by dead men. I am myself covered by crawling creeping vines that choke me... I am, you see, weary and want to be made clean. I am an amateur venturing timidly into lives,” he concluded. “I am weary and want to be made clean. I am covered by creeping crawling things.” (Anderson 27)

The contrast in perspectives is clear: the literary author contends that the abject stain on the analyst comes from rolling in offal, or going beneath the surface of life with psychoanalysis. The psychoanalyst claims that it is instead the received ideas of the past that are the “creepy crawling things” with which he must contend; “venturing timidly into lives” is like a machete to the kudzu that chokes the present generation. The psychoanalyst’s retort also signals an early insight about analytic epistemology as it was gained through the process of negotiating with repudiation: one “cannot be so definite without missing something vague and fine.”

Lawrence—himself a reader of and correspondent with Burrow—also uses surgical metaphors to mobilize his critique of psychoanalysis. Take, for instance, a passage from *St. Mawr*, composed in 1924. Lou Witt, the novella’s protagonist, conflates her mother’s insatiable impulse to gossip with the proclivity-to-psychologize:

Lou shrank away. She was beginning to be afraid of her mother's insatiable curiosity, that always looked for the snake under the flowers. Or rather, the maggots.

Always this same morbid curiosity in other people and their doings, their privacies, their dirty linen. Always this air of alertness for personal happenings, personalities, personalities, personalities. Always this subtle criticism and appraisal of other people, this analysis of other people's motives. If anatomy pre-supposes a corpse, then psychology pre-supposes a world of corpses. Personalities, which means personal criticism and analysis, pre-supposes a whole

world-laboratory of human psyches waiting to be vivisected. If you cut a thing up, of course it will smell. Hence, nothing raises such an infernal stink, at last, as human psychology.

Mrs. Witt was a pure psychologist, a fiendish psychologist. (Lawrence, *St. Mawr* 64)

Mrs. Witt is only one such instance of the demonization of the psychoanalytic impulse in Lawrence's corpus. As we have already seen, a few years earlier Lawrence had described the abject contents of the "world-laboratory of human psyches waiting to be vivisected," a lab full of sex-snakes and caca-monsters perhaps inflected by Freud's own account of infantile ontogenesis, the smearing together of the anal and genital in the *Three Essays on Sexuality* that would find concise clinical terminology in Karl Abraham's "A Short Study of the Development of the Libido."

Ezra Pound may have not agreed with Lawrence on much,⁹ but he certainly shared Lawrence's contempt for psychoanalysis and its attendant fecal metaphors. Of H.D.'s analysis with Freud in the early 1930s, Pound ostensibly remarked "You got into the wrong pig sty, ma chère" (qtd. in Tryphonopoulos 82). In a 1934 letter to Laurence Binyon, Pounds wrote, "My use of 'idiotic' is loose...Have always been interested in intelligence, escaped the germy epoch of Freud and am so bored with *all* lacks of intelletto that I haven't used any discrimination when I have referred to 'em" (Pound, *Letters* 347).¹⁰ This self-acknowledged, indiscriminate collapse of all the trends of modern knowledge-production takes a particularly repugnant turn in the *Cantos*, which contains a sort of political history lesson that lassoes together an anti-Semitic epithet for the founder of psychoanalysis and Pound's socioeconomic conspiracy theories into an unholy stream of shit:

⁹ In another letter to Monroe from 1913, Pound appraised Lawrence as a "Detestable person but needs watching. I think he learned the proper treatment of modern subjects before I did..." (Pound, *Letters* 17).

¹⁰ See also Lewis's rendering of "the full idiot" in Chapter Four.

*Democracies electing their sewage
till there is no clear thought about holiness
a dung flow from 1913
and, in this, their kikery functioned, Marx, Freud
and the american beaneries
Filth under filth,
Maritain, Hutchins,¹¹
or as Benda¹² remarked: “La trahison” (Pound, *Canto XCI*, 633–4)*

Pound’s peculiar defense of fascism, *Jefferson and/or Mussolini* of 1935, makes his perceived connection between the disintegration of modern society and Freud’s writings more explicit, lassoing together the tropes of false enlightenment, the surgical probe, and modernity as a kind of illness.¹³ A section prefaced with the elliptical alternative “FREUD OR . . .” reads as follows:

As one of the Bloomsbury weepers once remarked, “Freud’s writings may not shed much light on human psychology but they tell one a good deal about the private life of the Viennese.”

They are flower of a deliquescent society going to pot. The average human head is less in need of having something removed from it, than of having something inserted.

The freudian ex-neurasthenic, oh well, pass it for the neurasthenic, but the general result of Freud are Dostoievskian duds, worrying about their own unimportant innards with the deep attention of Jim drunk occupied on the crumb of his weskit.

I see no advantage in this system over the ancient Roman legion, NO individual worth saving is likely to be wrecked by a reasonable and limited obedience practiced to given ends and for limited periods. So much for commandments to the militia as superior to psychic sessions for the debilitated.

That which makes a man forget his bellyache (physical or psychic) is probably as healthy as concentration of his attention on the analysis of the products or educts of a stomach pump.” (Pound, *Jefferson* 100–1)

¹¹ Jacques Maritain (1882–1973), a French Catholic philosopher best known for drafting the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and Robert Maynard Hutchins (1899–1977), an educational philosopher known for his university reforms and work in secular perennialism.

¹² Julien Benda (1867–1956), the French author of *La Trahison des Clercs* and an especial favorite of both Pound and Lewis.

¹³ In addition to *Jefferson and/or Mussolini*, Pound’s decidedly pedagogic books of the 1930s—from *ABC of Economics* (1933) and *ABC of Reading* (1934) to *Social Credit: An Impact* (1935)—all deserve scrutiny from the perspective of obloquy. In addition to being ‘bad books’ that directly anticipate his Rome Radio broadcasts of the early forties, these texts chastise and goad their readers in a direct form of address, aestheticize their fascist politics, contradict themselves at every turn, and exhibit a totalizing epistemological drive. As Pound sums it up in a letter to the editor of *The Criterion* sent in 1934, “We need, we some of us painfully need, a pooling of all these available knowledges; all of the rigidly zoned rare fruit of particular kinds of experience” (*Jefferson* vi).

Whichever end the “educts” might come out, Pound here provides perhaps the most politicized of modernist condemnations of the navel-gazing wrought by psychoanalytic therapy. He also forecasts one of the greatest neurotic stereotypes in the twentieth century: Woody Allen’s Alvy Singer worrying incessantly about his own unimportant innards and allayed into interminable analysis by his greedy shrink.

Outside of performances in his own films and short stories, Allen has been much more circumspect about the influence his decades on the couch have had on his creative production, stating that he has “utilized” psychoanalysis in the same way he used writing workshops: “sort of by the seat of my pants,” as he humorously put it in a recent interview sponsored by the New York Psychoanalytic Institute (qtd. in Menaker). The assumption that Alvy Singer is *really* Woody Allen—that is, the assumption that the kvetching of a neurotic character is somehow a ciphered transcript of a film director’s own clinical sessions—is an intentional fallacy of the first order. Nevertheless, it is a misinterpretation that is easy to commit when treating semi-autobiographical fiction like the *romans à clef* we will encounter in this project, for example, Lawrence’s *Mr Noon* or Loy’s *Insel*. If modernists often equated psychoanalysis with vivisection, treating the literary text as a clinical transcript might be something like an autopsy. As psychoanalyst André Green puts it, “To understand to the full a written work where everything is explicit, where representation is rendered integrally, one must leave the field of literature and open an anatomy treatise.” Even an anatomy textbook is far from vital: “though its goal is to describe living bodies, [it] has originated in the description of a corpse. And for that

matter, a corpse which has been ‘treated’ in a solution designed to arrest the decaying process after death” (Green 341).¹⁴

Despite how this excerpt may sound, Green was actually an outspoken advocate of what he called “applied psychoanalysis,” or the analysis of aesthetic objects by clinical practitioners. In his essay “The Unbinding Process,” Green describes a “literary mutation” that was “contemporaneous with the birth and development of psychoanalysis” (331). Writing in the early seventies, Green describes contemporary literature as “glutted with writings full of heavy-handed knowledge *about* psychoanalysis, which does not always improve literary production.” While some of this is intentional, much of the knowledge about psychoanalysis “the writer absorbs in spite of himself... [it] cannot be ignored, and must constantly be reckoned with in the course of the writing process” (333). It is as if the very advent of psychoanalytic readings of literature *changed* the very stakes of the writing process: “The writer can be made self-conscious by this peculiar way of looking at his own writings, and it may increase his self-imposed censorship rather than help release its grip on him” (333). Likewise, “the spread of psychoanalytical knowledge affects an ever-growing mass of readers, whose knowledge has been achieved through reading.” Yet as Green notes, “it is surprising how fragile this knowledge turns out to be when put to the test, as for instance when it is the *effect* of a reading itself that is subjected to analysis, even self-analysis” (333). Green’s observations about both writers and readers signal just how commonplace vulgarized psychoanalytic knowledge had become: by the time his essay was published in 1971, not only was it a quotidian thing to see the Oedipal triangle staged in

¹⁴ For another spin on this trope, see Pound’s take on intellectual rigor mortis: “The academic ass exists in a vacuum with a congeries of dead fixed ideas, or with a congeries of fixed ideas which may be ‘good’ and not quite dead, or rather which MIGHT be useful were they brought to focus on something” (*Jefferson* 18).

popular literature, but any high school English student could identify a “daddy-complex” when she saw it in a novel. Green also takes for granted that we all know the reaction a literary author has when confronted with such reductive readings of her work: “Everyone knows how aggravated writers are when faced with interpretations performed on their texts, whatever feeling of pride may accrue to them from public recognition. This irritation is noticeable with all types of interpretation, not only those pertaining to psychoanalysis, but it reaches its highest pitch with the latter” (340).

As the third chapter will detail, I argue that there was a kind of originary interface in British modernism between the growing field of applied psychoanalytic readings of literature and the “aggravated, irritated” writer faced with these interpretations. As a kind of central case-study of this dynamic, Lawrence’s psychologic texts vituperatively attempt to reclaim the aesthetic and political terrain the author saw conquered by the wide diffusion of applied psychoanalytic readings of culture. A friend and interlocutor to important early British and American analysts during the teens—including Barbara Low, Ernest Jones, David Eder, and Trigant Burrow—Lawrence was in the unique position of encountering and responding to applied psychoanalytic readings of his fiction before the field of psychoanalytic literary criticism had been sedimented as such. Following a 1916 psychoanalytic reading of the Oedipal themes in *Sons and Lovers* by the otherwise unremarkable clinician Alfred Booth Kuttner, Lawrence’s correspondence with this community of analysts took a decidedly darker turn, and his “psychologic” texts can be read as Lawrence’s inchoate attempt to wrest back the terrain of cultural phenomena he saw colonized by the ever-expanding readings made by psychoanalytic practitioners. Turning his friend Burrow’s metaphor of “clearing the forest” of misconceptions on its head, Lawrence responded to his applied psychoanalytic interpellation with a snarl:

I hated the *Psychoanalysis Review* of Sons and Lovers. You know I think ‘complexes’ are vicious half-statements of Freudians: sort of can’t see wood for trees. When you’ve said Mutter-complex, you’ve said nothing—no more than if you called hysteria a nervous disease. Hysteria isn’t nerves, a complex is not simply a sex relation: far from it. —My poor book: it was, as art, a fairly complete truth: so they carve a half lie out of it, and say ‘Voilà’. Swine! Your little brochure —how soul-wearied you are by society and social experiments. Chuck ‘em all overboard. (*LDHL* 2: 655)

Here is yet another exasperated reverberation of Pound’s pugilist approach to social reform. In another concordance between sometime-enemies, Pound, Lawrence, and Lewis all made meta-appeals to their would-be readers in the expository work of the twenties, and this peculiar form of direct address often took on a particularly aggressive tenor when the reader was perceived to be of a psychoanalytic persuasion. Perhaps the most extreme example is in the posthumously published second half of Lawrence’s *Mr Noon*, which never saw the heavy hand of either his editors or the censors. The narrator senses that the reader might be trying to psychologize the characters, and admonishes her sharply: “you sniffing mongrel bitch of a reader, you can’t sniff out any specific why or any specific wherefore, with your carrion-smelling, psycho-analysing nose, because there *is* no why and wherefore. If fire meets water there’s sure to be a dust. That’s the why and the wherefore” (*MN* 99).

One of the only warm appraisals of *Fantasia of the Unconscious* in the early years following its publication comes in an unlikely package, T. S. Eliot’s 1933 Page-Barbour Lectures at the University of Virginia, published a year later as *After Strange Gods: A Primer of Modern Heresy*. A critique of the various forms of corruption in modern literary production, *After Strange Gods* was far and away Eliot’s most ardently reviled text and a significant public demonstration of Eliot’s anti-Semitism.¹⁵ The third and final lecture—a reading of the “extreme

¹⁵ The main objection to the lectures arose not from Eliot’s vituperative treatment of Thomas Hardy or Lawrence, but in his remarks on race and religion in the first lecture. Commenting on the ultimate

emotionalism” and cults of personality surrounding Thomas Hardy and Lawrence, read by Eliot as “symptoms of decadence” (Eliot 59)—contains one of the most affirmative assessments of *Fantasia* on record, which is not to say that it is by any means a positive evaluation of Lawrence as a man or artist. Eliot levels a series of accusations against Lawrence the writer: a dearth of humor, “a certain snobbery, a lack not so much of information as of the critical faculties which education should give, and an incapacity for what we ordinarily call thinking” (63). He conceded that Lawrence possessed an “extraordinarily keen sensibility and capacity for profound intuition,” but remarked that Lawrence often drew wrongheaded conclusions from this intuitive capability. Finally, Eliot condemned Lawrence’s “distinct sexual morbidity,” though he demurred from taking the well-trod psycho-biographical route in describing this feature: “With the more intimate reasons, of heredity and environment, for eccentricity of thought and feeling I am not concerned: too many people have made them their business already” (63).

Is this a moment of empathy amidst the onslaught of criticism? In a talk largely devoted to describing Lawrence as a false prophet, Eliot does reserve an unabashed compliment for one of Lawrence’s least celebrated texts:

Lawrence lived all his life, I should imagine, on the spiritual level; no man was less a sensualist. Against the living death of modern material civilization he spoke again and again, and even if these dead could speak, what he said is unanswerable. As a criticism of the modern world, *Fantasia of the Unconscious* is a book to keep at hand and re-read. (65)

The last sentence is periodically quoted by Lawrence scholars in an attempt to bolster *Fantasia*’s lousy reputation, but what I find particularly fascinating is Eliot’s assessment of the problematic

desirability of a homogenous population, Eliot remarked that “where two or more cultures exist in the same place they are likely either to be fiercely self-conscious or both to become adulterate. What is still more important is unity of religious background; and reasons of race and religion combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable” (20). Eliot’s reputation would never recover in many circles from these anti-Semitic remarks, and only fifteen hundred copies of *After Strange Gods* were printed in 1934 by Harcourt and Brace, with no subsequent editions ever appearing in the United States.

text as a *vade mecum*, a handbook to continually refer to in dealing with modernity. This seems to me especially significant in light of Eliot's own typification of *Against Strange Gods* as a "primer," that is, an elementary textbook or manual; there is thus an implicit suggestion here that Eliot understood *Fantasia* and *After Strange Gods* to occupy a similar generic and political space. Both texts attempt to address and alleviate myriad ills while nevertheless treading in fascist waters. Both alternate between ugly rants and passages of contemplative reverie. *Fantasia* might have elicited Eliot's praise not because of any sympathy Eliot possessed towards Lawrence, but because it shares a startlingly similar mood and set of formal characteristics with Eliot's own lectures.

Despite the brief accolade, Eliot is quick to denounce Lawrence's spiritual vision: "[t]he man's vision is spiritual, but spiritually sick" (Ibid. 65). Joining the ranks of Max Nordau, Eliot cautions against the degenerative influence of Lawrence's thought, especially to a populace weakened by a decadent age that—while still starving for spiritual experience—possesses no criteria for discerning between good and evil:

That we can and ought to reconcile ourselves to Liberalism, Progress, and Modern Civilization is a proposition we need not have waited for Lawrence to condemn; and it matters a good deal in what name we condemn it. I fear that Lawrence's work may appeal, not to those who are well and able to discriminate, but to the sick and debile and confused; and will appeal not to what remains of health in them, but to their sickness. Nor will many even accept his doctrine as he would give it, but will be busy after their own inventions. (66)

This seems a perversely fitting judgment of Lawrence, obsessed as he was with the sickness and confusion of "the common, vulgar human being whose name is legion" (Lawrence, *Phoenix* 176). At the same time, it signals the operations of misunderstanding and appropriation by those "busy after their own inventions." Eliot likely chose to close his series of lectures with this discussion of Lawrence because Lawrence exemplified the modern cult of personality ("simply

yielding ourselves to one seductive personality after another”) that Eliot found especially pernicious in modern letters. Lawrence was perhaps Eliot’s best example of “the personality which fascinates us in the work of philosophy or art,” one who “tends naturally to be the *unregenerate* personality, partially self-deceived and partly irresponsible, and because of its freedom, terribly *limited* by prejudice and self-conceit, capable of much good or great mischief according to the natural goodness or impurity of the man: and we are all, naturally, impure” (68).

Eliot’s suggestion here is that Lawrence’s expository efforts—texts that pose those ‘unanswerable’ questions of modernity—tend to collapse in on themselves, besmirching their author and the integrity of the text in the process. While much of Eliot’s characterization of Lawrence is unpleasantly florid, to say the least, this does seem to me to be an apt observation about Lawrence’s mode of address, particularly as it regards psychoanalysis. It also speaks to the profusion of ‘bad’ books in this particular history, texts that many modernist scholars have happily disavowed, or more recently, treated only in a kind of supplementary fashion to the ‘better’ novels.

It is not incidental to our itinerary, then, that the book Eliot mentions as antidote to Lawrence’s unregenerate brand of thinking is Lewis’s *Paleface: The Philosophy of the ‘Melting Pot’* of 1929. An attack simultaneously on Lawrence’s ‘exotic primitivism’ and the white fetishization of African-American literature and raced bodies, *Paleface* was assessed by its own author as part of a series of “*bad* books” that would irreparably mar his reputation in the modernist canon (Lewis, *Rude Assignment* 221). Yet across these texts, a subterranean assault on Freud and the psychoanalytic apparatus can be tracked in the midst of Lewis’s occasionally fascistic raving and catastrophic pronouncements on the modern, one that is highly prescient of the later postcolonial critique of the bourgeois Eurocentricism and primitivism of

psychoanalysis. As such, Lewis's fiction and expository efforts of the twenties and thirties mark an important development in our conceptual history of the modernist repudiation of psychoanalysis, just as his own peculiar approach to his own reader marks another development in the rhetorical form of obloquy.

Just as Lawrence believed that many of his ideal readers had not yet come into the world to receive his prophecy, Lewis also conceived of his political work as inventing its own readership. In the introduction to *The Art of Being Ruled*, he writes that his book "is not written for an audience already there, prepared to receive it, and whose minds will fit it like a glove." Rather, "there must be a great deal of stretching of the receptacle, it is to be expected" (Lewis, *Art* 13). Later, he worries that his text may not have conjured a reader sympathetic to his political vision: "Whether the Utopia I have been occupied in defining is possible, I do not know. You may consider it too much mixed up, in my exposition, with the real, to be Utopia at all" (358). Alternatively, the reader may "think it entirely 'utopian' to hope to devise a means of paralyzing the dangerous forces of human life without 'catastrophe'" (358). Lewis sees his book producing its own readers-to-come, which he likens to driving a plough over the bones of the unborn. While he acknowledges that the positions of his text might be "entirely irreconcilable," it "nothing but a rough working system of thought for the wild time we live in" (359). This statement symptomizes the continued correlation between the epistemologies these thinkers conceive with combatting spiritual desolation of the modern, and the posing of a counter-system in the form of a palliative handbook.

One especially pernicious force in Lewis's account of the wild times of modernity was freudianism (always with a lowercase f), which he regarded as fundamentally caught up in Abastado's "dream of palingenesis," that is, the recapitulation of ontogeny with phylogeny.

Lewis shrewdly picked his fight, as palingensis was one of the more critical loci of internal dissent within the burgeoning psychoanalytic establishment of the teens and twenties. Freud insisted, in texts like “From the History of an Infantile Neurosis” of 1914, that “the hereditary, phylogenetically acquired factor in life” was far too readily ascribed importance in some psychoanalytic work, and that the theory should instead “strictly observe the correct order of precedence, and, after forcing its way through the strata of what has been acquired by the individual... [come] at last upon traces of what has been inherited” (SE 17: 121). Franz Fanon rightly ascribes this move to Freud’s own reaction against the constitutionalist tendency of the late nineteenth century, thus substituting “for the phylogenetic theory the ontogenic perspective” (Fanon 11). Yet as if he gradually began to realize that the “deliquescent society going to pot” was more than an individual question, Freud’s sociological work of the late twenties and thirties also suggests that he becomes increasingly invested in what Fanon calls conducting a “sociodiagnostic” or elaborating a “sociogeny” (11).

As I will detail in Chapter Four, Lewis viewed the psychoanalytic move towards sociodiagnostics not merely as providing a vernacular with which to describe lived social conditions, but rather as *constitutive of* forms of subjection. As he put it in his own encyclopedic account of the conditions of modern subjection, “It is in freudian language, for instance, the desire of man to return into the womb from whence he came: a movement of retreat and discouragement—a part of the great strategy of defeat suggested to or evolved by our bankrupt society” (Lewis, *Art* 162). Situating psychoanalysis in terms of a larger nostalgic movement that desires to ‘return to the past,’ Lewis read psychoanalytic sociogeny as “the diagnostic of a frantic longing to refresh, rejuvenate, and invigorate a life that, it is felt, has grown old and too

unsimple, and lost its native direction. It is the most thoroughly organized reversal and returning on its steps of mankind that has occurred” (162).

Lewis’s remedy to the ‘thorough organization’ of a pernicious epistemology was to produce his own encyclopedic survey of forms of knowledge-making, in effect, a contrapuntal discursive machine. Here, Lewis exhibits a tendency that is shared by the other authors in *this* conceptual history: the proclivity to produce radically condensed conceptual histories, as Loy does of religion in the long-form poem “Anglo-Moderns and the Rose,” Lewis does of the Time-Cult and the “philosophy of the Unconscious” in the *Man of the World* project, and Lawrence does of archaic knowledge exchange in the forward to *Fantasia*. In all three cases, these encyclopedic conceptual histories are mobilized to point to the the psychoanalytic model’s limitations in the effectuation of political or social change.

This final point of resistance to psychoanalysis—one that critiques the Freudian model’s capacity to truly broach the ethical and thus re-envision the socius—is perhaps why, despite his absence on the roster of the usual suspects, Otto Gross is the first “modernist” this project examines. Like Loy, Gross believed that the Freudian endeavor was the starting point of revolutionary thinking, offering us “the first substratum for a questioning of the value of values” (Gross, “Protest und Moral” 681).¹⁶ As he wrote, “The psychology of the unconscious now reveals to us the area of hidden values that, preformed in human disposition but repressed from consciousness through the psychic pressure of education and all forms of authoritarianism, are being methodically restored to consciousness” (681). Gross characterized modernity by the increasing incapability of individuals to resist forms of authoritarian suggestion and interference, resulting in a collective fragmentation from the forms of authority introjected from earliest

¹⁶ Unless otherwise indicated in Works Cited, all translations of Gross’s texts are my own.

childhood (Gross, “Zur Überwindung” 384). He elaborated his own “fantasy of the first order,” describing how in a traditional agricultural society the patriarchy had helped to organize labor and personal relations; industrial development away from agrarian economies created a crisis in sexual morality, necessitating new forms of kinship. As Gross put it, “The transition to urban life terminates this bond of existence and the adaptation of all important things to the soil and its cultivation. *With this deliverance from the soil comes a new awakening of expansive vitality—like that which existed before man was bound to the soil*” (Gross, “Protest und Moral” 683). For Gross, this meant a return to a form of primitive matriarchal rule: the revolution to come would take as its primary target the bourgeois family structure, which—with its strictures on marriage, childrearing, and monogamy—is particularly oppressive to women. Both bourgeois family structure and the hierarchical authority of the state represent the corruption of sex by power, and the solution to this pathological condition lay not in the achievement of sublimation via the transference relationship founded in analysis, but rather through a restoration of the erotic. Accusations of immorality or “moral decay,” for Gross, only symptomatize “the necessity of replacing the old norms with new ones” (684–5). In Gross’s account, psychoanalysis allows us to understand our own selves and the claims of society, but it is only through the revolutionary action of overturning every form of “authority, institution, power, and custom” that we can return “back to the freedom of primitive times” (685). Gross demonstrates how the critique of clinical procedure can in effect undergird the critique of psychoanalysis’ revolutionary capacities (or lack thereof), while also pointing to how fantasies of the “return to the origin” inflected early clinical practitioners and rifts in developing psychoanalytic institutions, as detailed in Chapter Two.

In a more poetic vein, Loy’s work also negotiated with Freud’s clinical apparatus, as well

as his metapsychological and social theory, refining and resisting ‘orthodox’ psychoanalysis so as to articulate feminist and transcendental critiques of the therapeutic practice and the social potentialities of the discipline at large. As my discussion of her treatment of Lawrence in this introduction has perhaps already indicated, Loy was able to take a remarkably aerial view of both the topography of psychoanalytic theory as well as its vulgarization in modernist circles, while sensitively exposing how the raced and gendered body was manipulated by her modernist peers. As her work exposes the forms of power of both the growing psychoanalytic and modernist literary industries, she is the logical terminus of the pre-war itinerary of this project.

Ultimately, this dissertation is as much a re-examination of resistance and repudiative strains of psychoanalytic discourse as it is of a certain strain of modernist divergence. Starting as early as the aughts and teens with the resistances mobilized by Gross (and more significantly to the historical record by Jung), this project also gestures at the variety of clinical and social techniques that were generated by contention with Freud. The ‘wild’ countercultural experimentation of Gross, the mutual analysis of Sándor Ferenczi, the group therapy of Burrow, the pedagogical appropriations of Low, the transcendental Psychosynthesis of Roberto Assagioli—these resistant practices all inform the epilogue of this itinerary, where literary modernist critiques of psychoanalysis and clinical debates about epistemology find their convergence point in anti-psychiatric experimentation. The modernist repudiation of Freud formed an important current in post-war experimental clinical practices and analytic theory, for instance, the institutional psychotherapy work at La Borde. Moreover, Lawrence’s ‘psychologic’ endeavor and played a foundational role in *L'anti-Oedipe* (1972) and *Mille plateau* (1980), the schizoanalytic project developed by Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari. I suggest that the modernist Anglophilia in these authors’ post-structural repudiations of psychoanalysis and their

aggressive mode of address follow a similar logic to the obloquies examined earlier. I further suggest that their project falls into many of the same traps of determinism and hermeneutics as the psychoanalytic apparatus that it intends to critique, and that the eschatological mood of the latter half of their endeavor always threatens the revolutionary futurity suggested by schizoanalysis.

This seems to be the subterranean component of the critical literature that describes the manifesto as genre: a series of shared rhetorical figures is developed only to then announce the muddled, contradictory, and often self-defeating qualities of the texts. Likewise, the essential complicity of the repudiative utterance to that which it protests is shared in the other accounts of the manifesto. As Lyons puts it, “the manifesto promulgates the very discourse it critiques: it makes itself intelligible to the dominant order through a logic that presumes the efficacy of modern democratic ideals” (Lyons 3). Al-Kassim’s rant requires a different logical rubric, but it is nevertheless one of imbrication. Writing on the “oblique” discourse of Jean Genet, Al-Kassim notes that if “a writing voice must conjure a ‘you’ to repudiate, it is because ‘you’ come to represent the law of ordinary values and transparent because sanctioned utterances. Thus to denounce the law that abjects him, the ranter must in fact constitute or construct that law, but this can only be affirmed in a fictional direction” (Al-Kassim 10). As this remains a fantasy, nothing is able to “secure the rant against the risk of further unintelligibility and breakdown” (10). This seems to me to echo Jacques Derrida’s early observation of Antonin Artaud and metaphysics that there is a “necessary dependency of all destructive discourses: they must inhabit the structures they demolish, and within them they must shelter an indestructible desire for full presence” (Derrida, *Writing* 194–5). The texts I treat are cluttered with the language and structures of psychoanalysis, and in their staging of resistance to psychoanalytic epistemology, while staging

their own truth-speaking fantasies, they often fall into the very interpretive structures they so forcefully assault.

As a final note, I must stress that the primary structure of psychoanalysis under attack on all four levels of modernist repudiation is that of *transference*, that near-magical affective component of the analytic procedure. As Melanie Klein aptly describes it, as the psychoanalytic procedure “begins to open up roads into the patient’s unconscious, his past (in its conscious and unconscious aspects) is gradually revived” (Klein 48). It is the great innovation of Freudian technique to reinforce and channel the patient’s urge to transfer those early experiences, object-relations, and emotions onto the figure of the analyst; thus “the patient deals with the conflicts and anxiety which have been reactivated, by making use of the same mechanisms and defenses as in earlier situations” (48). If psychoanalysis presents a palliative technique to abate suffering, “the curative effect of the analytic procedure” depends on transference (56). Likewise, if psychoanalytic practitioners can provide especial insight into literary production, it is thanks to their singular experience of transference and counter-transference in the analytic situation and the transferability of analytic ‘reading’ skills (see discussion of Green above). If psychoanalytic case studies do indeed present schematic truths about individual development and can thus be used to extrapolate a sociogeny, it is thanks to the insights yielded by a temporal working-through undergirded by transference. Ultimately, if psychoanalysis presents anything *different* from prior epistemological efforts—a difference that would enable its unique appropriation into transcendental, political, or revolutionary aims—it is a difference hinged on the definitional importance of transference to the psychoanalytic procedure. Critics who work on psychoanalysis take varied approaches to the interplay of transference in literary methodology, thus I present in the following section a brief methodological note to situate my own work in these debates.

METHODOLOGICAL NOTE

On Transference

In his 1964 seminar, Jacques Lacan outlined the four fundamental concepts of psychoanalysis for an audience of academics and laypeople. One of the final lectures, “From Interpretation to the Transference,” begins with a caution regarding the lay misunderstanding of the technical terms of psychoanalysis such as ‘identification’ or ‘projection.’ “The intuitive use of these terms,” Lacan noted, “on the basis of feeling that one has an understanding of them, and of understanding them in an isolated way as revealing their dimension in common understanding, is obviously at the source of all the misapprehensions [*les glissements*] and confusions. It is the common fate of anything to do with discourse” (Lacan, *Four* 244/*Quatre* 221). As I will argue in Chapter One, the sliding-about of psychoanalytic terms has much to do with the discipline’s diffusion throughout culture, and often represents the starting point of productive divergences both creative and clinical, departures that in turn reveal much about the epistemology of the psychoanalytic endeavor ‘proper.’

This argument about the creative potential of misunderstanding may seem at odds, then, with the argument advanced in Chapter Two, namely that the clinical encounter is defined by the presence of *transference*, a concept that is uniquely linked to the execution of the analytic situation. As Laplanche and Pontalis put it, transference is “the terrain on which all the basic problems of a given analysis play themselves out: the establishment, modalities, interpretation, and resolution of the transference are in fact what define the cure” (*LP* 455). Not only is ‘transference’ a term exclusively linked to psychoanalysis, but it is also a term whose use outside of the clinical encounter (in psychobiography, applied literary or cultural analysis, or merely “I think you’ve transferred all of your problems with your mother onto our relationship”) is highly

contested by both clinical practitioners and some critical theorists.

In both her critical writing and her seminars, Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak has been especially insistent about the inapplicability of the notion of transference to analysis outside of the clinical situation. Her 1977 essay “The Letter as Cutting Edge” argues that “the transference situation will never more than lend its aura to the practice of literary criticism,” (Spivak, “Letter” 225), and moreover, that psychoanalytical literary criticism actually dissimulates the space of the cure (*Critique* 207). She takes Lacan’s lecture to be just as much against a misapprehension of transference as it is emphatic about the central importance of transference to analytic therapy. As Spivak understands Lacan, transference “is not a simple displacement or identification that the neutral analyst manipulates with care. He is as much surrendered to the process of transference as the patient” (“Letter” 223). While psychoanalytical literary criticism may help to uncover the intelligibility of the text through the use of psychoanalytic discourse—“even at the extreme of showing how textuality keeps intelligibility forever at bay,” as Spivak puts it—this is a move fundamentally about the “critic’s desire for mastery through knowledge,” the Arnoldian fantasy that the “critic as critic has a special, if not privileged, knowledge of the text that the author cannot have, or merely articulate” (222). Any ‘rigorous’ understanding of transference would nullify this claim, regardless of the extent to which it may reframe the notion of “hermeneutic value” (222).

These concerns are again taken up twenty years later in *A Critique of Postcolonial Reason*, in which Spivak addresses historian Dominick LaCapra’s use of “transferential relation” to make a methodological analogy between disciplinary historiography and the analytic task, a move that she again reads as marking “the site of a radical version of the academic intellectual’s desire for power” (Spivak, *Critique* 206). While she describes herself as “generally sympathetic

to LaCapra's use of the transference-model in disciplinary critique," in a footnote to the passage she subtly slips in a less-sympathetic criticism of an even larger figure in the theoretical landscape. Appraising Slavoj Žižek's appropriation of Lacan, she describes his "readings of narrative as political instantiation," as "minimizing the usual problem of reading plot summary as unremediated representation of the psychoanalytic morphology" (206). Ultimately, Spivak ascribes a catachrestic function to analogies between transference and "transformative disciplinary practice in the human sciences" (207). To her, "there can be no distinction between transference-neuroses and remembrance outside of clinical practice: not to mention the fact that, at least by Freud's account, transference-neuroses are the source of science" (207).

Back in 1977, Spivak ultimately found that any psychoanalytical criticism encounters "the famous double bind," and she jocularly pointed to two possible routes for criticism at that particular juncture: one could either "*name* frontier concepts" (Kristeva's *chora*, Lacan's *reel*, etc.) or "try frontier styles: Lacan's Socratic seminars of the seventies, Derrida's 'diphallic' *Glas*, and, alas, the general air of coyness in essays like this one" (Spivak, "Letter" 224). Never let it be said that she doesn't have a sense of humor about her own work. Nevertheless, her essay ends with the suggestion of "another angle to the appropriation of the idea of transference to the relationship between text and critic," an angle that she takes from the Derridean endeavor: "not equating or making analogical the psychoanalytic and literary-critical situation, or the situation of the book and its reader, but a perpetual deconstruction (reversal and displacement) of the distinction between the two" (225).

Disregarding Spivak's warning, psychoanalytical readings of figures in literature and film as "unremediated representation of the psychoanalytic morphology" had a heyday in the American academy of the eighties and nineties, and while this posture is now out of vogue in

English and Cultural Studies departments, it is nevertheless the attitude that many readers may expect of an encounter between modernist literature and psychoanalytic theory. I am sorry that I will disappoint on that count, and readers hoping to discover another interpretation of Lawrence's mommy issues as summed up by the lunar figures in *Women in Love* should look elsewhere for the continued edification of psychobiography, in whatever guise it might take in the current moment. This dissertation takes literary authors at their word when they write about psychoanalysis in expository form—perhaps naïvely so—while simultaneously acknowledging that the deployment of psychoanalytic language in their work is freighted with a complex history of vulgarization and misapprehension stemming from a variegated assortment of theoretical and clinical practices often at odds with one another. This is not to say that there is not intelligent, useful work that uses psychoanalysis to develop diagnostic taxonomies for modernist literature (see, for example, Jean-Michel Rabaté's work on the hysterical style of early modernism, David Trotter's description of the paranoid modernism of the thirties, or Maud Ellmann's treatment of the shared images of bodily dissolution between psychoanalytic discourse and modernist fiction). This dissertation, however, makes no aims in that direction.

My emphasis on the transitions between the clinical scene and “the fragmentations and dissolutions of form and structure prominent in modernism” (Schwab, *Subjects* viii) owes a great deal to the work of my mentor, Gabriele M. Schwab, whose double life as both academic literary critic and trained psychoanalyst has given her a particular set of insights into the co-imbrication of these two discursive strains. In *Subjects without Selves: Transitional Texts in Modern Literature*, she draws on Donald Winnicott's notion of the “transitional object”—a material object that acts as an intermediary attachment and helps the child to transition from an oral relationship with the mother into a “true object-relationship”—to build an account of

“transitional texts,” experimental modernist works that continually reshape “the boundaries of language and subjectivity” (viii). In particular, my project was informed and enabled by Schwab’s emphasis on the *ecological relationship* that both literary texts and cultural objects (e.g., clinical case studies, psychoanalytic ephemera, political tracts) have to their environments: “the specific culture by and within which they are produced, the communities of recipients they address, cultural concerns and social issues they voice, aesthetic practices they share or aim to change, and other cultural objects with which they establish an intertextual relationship” (ix). Ultimately, Schwab’s intervention into modernist studies is to argue that modernist formal experimentation changed the very “cultural production of subjectivity” (ix), an argument that I see as having profound resonance with Laplanche’s claims about modernist epistemology, as is discussed in Chapter One. While I take up a very different set of modernist writers in this project—we have joked, in fact, that “my” modernists are a set of thinkers in direct stylistic and political opposition to those Schwab tracks in *Subjects without Selves*—my work is marked by the assumption that the *textual ecology* between modernist literature and psychoanalytic theory reflects a *cultural ecology* at large (xiii).

In her later *The Mirror and the Killer-Queen: Otherness in Literary Language*, Schwab expands this discussion of literary interpretation and the work of transference. In her account, Winnicott “identifies literature as a privileged space of resonance that allows one through the complex processes of mediation and transference indirectly to communicate about the secret inner space and the unconscious” (Schwab, *Mirror* 26). In what Schwab describes as a “dynamic mutual transcoding, the cultural is continually forming the psychological and vice versa.” The unconscious as inner space is not an “essence” tapped by the project of analysis, but rather a product of the “ongoing reshaping of self-boundaries” (27). In its staging of otherness, literature

becomes a medium par excellence that molds this continual renegotiation, especially in the modern era.

Before I leave this discussion to begin my own historical account, it is important to address the rich critical literature on the same question that emanated from within the psychoanalytic schools. André Green was perhaps one of the strongest advocates of applied psychoanalysis, though he believed such readings should only be conducted by those who have undergone clinical training, which is one possible solution to the transference-knowledge problem (though not one I find ultimately tenable). His essay “The Unbinding Process” also signals the issues presented by the wide diffusion of psychoanalytic concepts: “Today, with information flowing freely, psychoanalytical writing gets a lot of exposure—in some cases the number of printed copies of a psychoanalytic work seems amazing considering how little of this information can be assimilated” (336). He acknowledges that this exposure “encourages the expansion of psychoanalytical knowledge,” but warns that in turn, psychoanalysis must uneasily “find its place among competing fields that cannot be ignored by anyone who wishes to be in touch with his times” (336). Here, then, Green arrives at “the consumer of psychoanalytical knowledge,” the critic who “seeks to expand his tool kit by acquiring an instrument he can use skillfully after a few practice sessions.” Green is perhaps even more skeptical than Spivak of psychoanalysis’ hermeneutic value for elucidating the frame of writing (which is saying something). In his words, “As far as the theory of writing is concerned, psychoanalysis will answer the call, but it will be absorbed into a larger system. Psychoanalysis merges into psychosynthesis” (336). While this dissertation may humor Roberto Assagioli, especially as he influenced Mina Loy, Green is certainly using “psychosynthesis” in the pejorative here. Green continues,

Using psychoanalysis as it is done today, serving it up with diverse sauces, is not really taking it properly into account. Why not leave it alone altogether, if one hesitates to take the decisive step of testing it on oneself first, as any analyst will do? One may try to elude the point and argue that we are not concerned here with psychoanalysis proper, but with an interpretation which taps the lessons derived from psychoanalysis without, in so doing, declaring itself psychoanalytical. But this sort of casuistry will only convince those who seek verbal guarantees. Who would deny that this is intellectual distortion, since the thesis upheld makes use of the terminology, concepts, and thinking modes of psychoanalysis, as if those could have any validity outside the experience from which they spring?" (336)

Green ultimately concludes that meaningful applications of psychoanalysis to literary analysis require experience of the "subjective epistemology" of the clinical encounter from which those concepts originate. His claims for the field of psychoanalytical criticism are limited; he insists that the psychoanalytic critic can only speak to "the study and interpretation of the relations between the literary text and the unconscious," though this could mean "the text's unconscious organization, or of the part played by the unconscious in the production (and consumption) of texts, or any other aspect" (334). Moreover, "In applied psychoanalysis, the analyst is the analysand of the text" (qtd. in Laplanche, "Transference" 223). Thus the very encounter of the analyst with the literary object unsettles a facile binary of figures in an analytic scene and, therefore, the dynamics of transference.

Commenting on the privileged relationship between Freud and creative works in the formation of psychoanalytic epistemology (think here of Freud's writings on Sophocles, Leonardo da Vinci, Wilhelm Jensen, or E.T.A. Hoffmann), Jean Laplanche suggests that transference has always played a role in this dynamic. "If one accepts that the fundamental dimension of the transference is the relation to the enigma of the other, perhaps the principal site of transference, 'ordinary' transference, before, beyond, or after analysis, would be the multiple relation to the cultural, to creation or, more precisely, to the cultural message" ("Transference" 222). Laplanche characterizes the creative act in terms of an extraordinary exertion. While

acknowledging the pragmatics of creating in order to communicate—be they manipulative, rhetorical, self-preservative, or sexual—Laplanche nevertheless observes that the creative path is a laborious one, “an extraordinary going-beyond,” a “going beyond oneself, but above all going *towards* another who is no longer determinate” (223). “Through this dimension,” he writes, “cultural production is situated from the first *beyond all pragmatics*, beyond any adequation of means to a determinate effect. The problem of the addressee, of the anonymous addressees, is essentially enigmatic, even if he sometimes takes on individual traits” (224). Laplanche hesitates for a moment in naming “the one who welcomes in” and “gathers up” the cultural work (that is, the reader), significantly discarding “addressee” for its connotation of direct address. He settles on “recipient,” a term that captures the essential quality of the cultural message: that it reaches the recipient “with no pedigree, and that it is received by him without having been explicitly addressed to him” (224). Thus the recipient has a different relation to the enigma than the author; the former’s relation is a partial inversion of the latter’s relation. But the relation is still essential: “a renewal of the traumatic, stimulating aspect of the childhood enigma” (224).

This synchs nicely, of course, with Laplanche’s larger project: the revivification of a certain truth about human subjectivity that came in tandem with seduction theory, that “the biological individual, the living human, is saturated from head to foot by the invasion of the cultural, which is by definition intrusive, stimulating and sexual” (225). Analysis “went astray” from this essential truth as a result of the abandonment of seduction theory, and as a result has produced only “monadological, auto-centered conceptions” (225), constructed around a centered subject, the one who “does” the transference and projects, even when the analytic movement is clearly centripetal.

Laplanche rightly points to Sándor Ferenczi as the inaugural voice in a conversation about reciprocity, but dismisses his experiments in mutual analysis as only relating “two monads.” Laplanche does ask why Ferenczi’s experiments *didn’t* spark the institutional question of why one should be termed the analyst and the other the analysand, but doesn’t seem to find the answer in Ferenczi’s admittedly speculative palpitations. “Reciprocity, mutuality, the response of the shepherd/counter-transference to the shepherdess/transference, and the other way around—all of this stems from the fact that the arrow of analytic asymmetry has not been noticed” (225). Lacan’s seminars of the sixties emphasize as much, arguing aphoristically that “the transference is the enactment [*mise en acte*] of the reality [*la réalité*] of the unconscious,” meaning that “the transference is not the enactment of the illusion that seems to drive us to this alienating identification that any conformity constitutes, even when it is with an ideal model, of which the analyst, in any case cannot be the support” (*Four* 146/*Quatre* 133). As Spivak rightly notes about the Lacanian aphorism, the very liberty of the analyst is alienated by the doubling of the self that happens in the handling of the transference, and it is at that it is there [in transference] that the “secret of analysis” should be sought out (Spivak, “Letter” 223). As Lacan puts it, “...behind the love known as transference, is the affirmation of the link between the desire of the analyst and the desire of the patient...It is the patient’s desire, yes, but in its meeting with the analyst’s desire” (*Four* 254/*Quatre* 229).

Laplanche is more skeptical about this formulation, arguing that while Lacan partially opens the door to something outside of monadology, his transindividual formulations about desire as desire of the other easily become circular, assimilating the unconscious to a language. As Laplanche observes with some resignation, Lacan offers a certain kind of opening, but it is an opening “onto all the winds of language” (Laplanche, “Transference” 225). Meanwhile, the

categories of need, desire, and demand are quickly recentered in clinical practice and made banal, becoming “the desire or the demand *of* the analysand: departure-points for *his* transference” (225).

While we might very well locate the originary test-case of mutual analysis in the Jung/Gross episode of 1908, Lawrence’s back-talk to the form that the recipient-analyst assumed by the psychoanalytic establishment is part of a significant (if often dismissed) moment in the theoretical history of psychoanalysis, one that Laplanche himself gestures toward in his casual reference to Ferenczi’s relational monads. This is to say that Ferenczi’s experiments in mutual analysis might have been far more nuanced and fraught than the credit Laplanche accedes to them. I locate them within a growing practice of experimentation in group or ‘polygamous’ analysis centered around Trigant Burrow in America, beginning in the teens. While Freud and the majority of Freud’s followers dismissed both Burrow’s personal and theoretical advances, Ferenczi was one of the few authors to reference the American school that surrounded Burrow in his own ruminations on the uses and limitations of mutual analysis in his clinical diary.¹ What neither Lacan nor Laplanche really address is the plethora of clinical practices that developed through the explicit repudiation of the psychoanalytic technique *from inside its very categories of knowledge*, many of which can be seen to be directly imbricated in the haphazard modernist literary resistance to psychoanalysis. A history of clinical practices at odds with psychoanalytic orthodoxy punctuates my modernist literary history, all the way from Roberto Assagioli’s

¹ In discussing the problems that arise practicing mutual analysis in cases in which two analysands know one another personally outside of their relationship with the analyst, Ferenczi suggests that the way out of “this complex situation” might be found in a ‘polygamous’ analysis’ that “roughly corresponds to the group analysis of American colleagues (even if it is not carried out in groups).” Obviously this is a reference to Burrow’s work of roughly the same time period. Both Ferenczi’s ‘polygamous’ and Burrow’s group analysis restrict the analysand’s analysis of the analyst to the extent that “(a) the patient’s needs require it or (b) the patient is capable of it in the given situation,” thus promoting a “certain reciprocal control over the various analyses” while also providing a way for the analyst to avoid being “excessively influenced by any one patient.” For more on this process, see the entry dated 16 February 1932 (Ferenczi, *Clinical Diary* 34–37).

transcendental Psychosynthesis in the teens to the postwar anti-psychiatric institutional projects at La Borde. Clinical practices that represent dissension with Freud speak to and from modernist literary projects.

Laplanche's eventual aim is profoundly sympathetic to my project, for what he seeks is not merely reversal in the symmetric relationship between transference and counter-transference. That is, he is not asking "which desire of the analyst's would correspond to the analysand's desire."² Rather, he asks what is *created* by the offer of analysis, the offer of the analyst: "Not analysis, but its essential dimension, transference. Not, perhaps, the whole of the transference, but its basis, the driving force at its heart, in other words, the re-opening of a relation, the originary relation, in which the other is primary for the subject" (226). I do not suggest that the interpellation of a creative author by the psychoanalytic establishment (in either its real or phantasmatic iterations) constitutes some form of analysis. I do suggest, however, that one essential dimension of the analytic encounter—transference—*does* occur in this peculiar shuttle between producer/author, recipient/reader, and recipient-analyst. The literary author who resists psychoanalytic interpellation might be seen to assume an enigmatic position in his creative productions as a result of this extraordinary, 'hollowed-out' transference,³ and this troubles any open and shut appraisal of the relationship of applied psychoanalysis to modernist literature.

If the correlation between an aggressive, 'literary' resistance to psychoanalysis and transference may seem speculative, think of the long clinical history that has always

² Laplanche formulates the analytic situation in his *Problématiques V Le Baquet: transcendance du transfert*, in the image of a tub or bucket. *Le baquet* is a useful structuration for Laplanche, evoking the analytic scene's artificially constructed enclosure, the constancy it offers through the analyst's benevolent neutrality and the framework of fundamental rule of analysis with the accompanying potential for unbinding and liberation of psychical energies within a contained structure of support. It is a model, however, that moves away from the situation of applied psychoanalysis and towards the clinical scene, with the analyst acting as "the guarantor of constancy and the director of the method," without which there is no analysis.

³ For further discussion of transference as *plenum* or *hollow*, see Laplanche, "Transference" 214–5 " and *New Foundations* 160–4.

acknowledged the relationship between resistance and transference. As early as the *Studies on Hysteria* of 1895, Freud provided an inventory of the various forms of resistance encountered in the analytic scene, most of which take the form of transgression of the fundamental rule of psychoanalysis. By the 1905 case study of Dora, Freud was already cognizant of the fact that aggression seemed fundamentally related to the dynamic of transference. In other forms of treatment, the patient's sense of the doctor's antipathy always threatens the therapy with abrupt termination. Contrasting this with the psychoanalytic dynamic, in which "the play of motives is different," Freud notes that "all the patient's tendencies, including hostile ones, are aroused; they are then turned to account for the purposes of the analysis by being made conscious, and in this way the transference is constantly being destroyed" (SE 7: 117) Here, Freud gestures at the profoundly ambivalent nature of the transference: "Transference, which seems ordained to be the greatest obstacle to psycho-analysis, becomes its most powerful ally, if its presence can be detected each time and explained to the patient" (117). As Laplanche and Pontalis note in their *Vocabulaire*, from the outset of analysis, transference itself emerges at first as "a form of resistance largely due to what he was to call negative transference" (LP 18). As all of Freud's technical writing seem to stress, "all progress made in analytic technique may be summed up as the increasingly accurate evaluation of the resistance—that is, of the clinical fact that conveying the meaning of his symptoms to the patient does not suffice to eliminate the repression" (LP 395). The interpretation of resistance, and moreover, the interpretation of transference *as part and parcel* of resistance, constitutes one of the most immutable aspects of Freudian technique.

In a critical gesture, Laplanche's work on transference insists that its field exceeds the analytic scene, overflowing into the surrounding environment or *milieu* of analysis ("Transference" 216). This means that transference is not, as it has become in many

psychoanalytic schools, “the outright equivalent of the treatment,” nor is resistance to transference one and the same as resistance to treatment. As Laplanche, Pontalis, and Daniel Lagache repeatedly pointed out in their collaborative work, a fundamental misinterpretation of Freud’s idea of *Übertragungswiderstand* is to understand the term as resistance *to* transference. On the contrary, the term always meant for Freud “the resistance *of* the transference, in other words, the resistance which the transference opposes to the treatment: transference as one of the major resistances” (217). Thus as we begin to think about how the creative acts of modernists like Lawrence were appraised by psychoanalytic recipient-analysts and in turn how some of those modernists forcefully spoke back to this interpellation, we must recognize that transference in the form of resistance might operate in this interplay, despite this situation of address not qualifying as an analytic scene proper.

I would argue further, informed by Laplanche, that the slippage of transference back and forth between its technical usage and what Spivak calls “a rich Freudian conceptmetaphor”⁴ is part and parcel of the imbrication of modernity and psychoanalysis as a form knowledge-making. As Laplanche puts it in the conclusion to his “Transference” essay, “analysis cannot fail to take into account the fact that it is itself also present, in a privileged way, in that ‘culture’ which has been informed and transformed by its very intervention” (233). Building off of the proposition in his *Problématiques III: La sublimation* that I cite in Chapter One, Laplanche notes that “the irreversible introduction of psychoanalysis into culture” in modernity introduced a certain conceptual *drift* to certain conceptual categories, not simply through clinical practice, but “through all the modalities of analytic practice, of which the practice of analytic treatment is the most eminent without perhaps having the greatest impact” (233). He continues,

⁴ Admittedly, she is describing the Unconscious, not transference. See Spivak, “Psychoanalysis in left field” 50.

The analysand, having emerged from treatment to get involved in new gravitational forces, inevitably encounters, at the cultural sites of transference, the expanding presence of analysis. It is not necessary to think—as Lacan wished to—that the only analysis worthy of the name is that which leads to the practice of analytic treatment, in order to affirm that the analytic experience cannot be a simple parenthesis, which opens one day and closes in another, in the human individual's destiny; and this is so even if he does not himself become a practising psychoanalyst. (233)

I take then, my methodological impetus and license from aspects of these sources. The impetus comes from Laplanche's observation that one can encounter "cultural sites of transference" thanks to the ever-expanding epistemological range of psychoanalysis, and his suggestion, moreover, that this may be intimately involved in the conditioning of modern subjectivity and the gravitational forces of modernism as such. Another way of approaching this discursive reciprocity and the cultural sites of transference that it generates would be through fusing literary analysis, the psychoanalytic approach to subjectivity, and reader response theory, as Schwab does in articulating a "cultural ecology" of modernism. As license, my work moves from the deconstructive project that Spivak described in the conclusion of "The Letter as Cutting Edge." This project does not seek to make facile analogies between psychoanalytic discourse and modernist literary-critical practices, but rather to engage in a reversal and displacement of the distinction between the two. That is to say, many of the psychoanalysts that I treat often sounds like modernists, for example, when writing with primitivist nostalgia for a bygone age. Likewise, at times the modernists I discuss formulate insightful critiques of psychoanalytic technique as itself the product of clinical testing and temporal iteration. Ultimately, my success in either endeavor will remain at the judgment of my own recipients-to-come.

CHAPTER ONE

The Whale and the Polar Bear: Misunderstanding, Resistance, and Psychoanalytic Epistemology

We cannot have the privilege of playing a game of philosophical doubt; we have to use it in practice. Similarly, we have to use a method which includes not only understanding, but also *mis*-understanding. That is another reason why nobody, except ourselves, is likely to make progress.
Wilfred Bion¹

[V]ulgarization is not the indiscriminate scattering of *truth*, but the organizing and adapting of certain chosen *truths*, or discoveries, of philosophy or science, to an ultimately political end.
Wyndham Lewis²

Although over a century has passed since the work of Sigmund Freud entered public consciousness, anyone who has taken a serious interest in psychoanalysis is likely to cringe at the appropriation of technical Freudian terms by laypeople and many academics. American popular culture today remains awash with a common currency of Oedipus-complexes, mommy-issues, Freudian slips, projection, working through, displaced anger, and compromise formations. “Not to psychoanalyze you,” seems to be the colloquial phrase that inaugurates most armchair psychology, and “That’s so Freudian!” can pithily describe anything remotely related to sex or kinship relations. Despite waning interest in clinical psychotherapeutic practice ever since pharmaceutical psychiatry took center stage, there nevertheless seems to be a perennial reworking of Freudian terms to suit the agenda of pop psychology. Psychoanalysis is nowhere because it is everywhere, thus tracking both its movements and that of its antagonists is a difficult and peripatetic endeavor, one for which we must now elaborate a theoretical language to begin.

¹ *Brazilian Lectures* 22–3.

² *Art of Being Ruled* 34.

In fact, one might argue that the far-ranging misapprehension of psychoanalysis—that is, vulgarized psychoanalytic discourse—is just as critical as a technical, nuanced reading of the Freudian endeavor for understanding psychoanalysis as a mode of modern knowledge production. This chapter will begin by appraising misapprehension as it informs psychoanalysis in its clinical sedimentation and in the proliferation of popular discourses that resist and incorporate so-called “Freudian” ideas. Freud’s case histories of the teens and autobiographical work from the twenties are important documents of the movement’s negotiation with resistant misapprehensions emanating both from within and without. We shall see how modernist critiques of psychoanalysis often rely on a central contradictory supposition, namely that psychoanalysis simultaneously relies on wholly deterministic models *and* the untethered interpretations of individual practitioners.

The second half of this chapter will then move into a discussion of the status of interpretation in psychoanalytic epistemology between the third generation of French psychoanalysts and their post-structuralist contemporaries.³ While these debates are at a temporal distance from what we might call the modernist repudiation of psychoanalysis, the post-Lacanian reappraisals of Paul Ricoeur, Serge Leclaire, Jean Laplanche, Serge Viderman, and Jacques Derrida all acknowledge the debt that psychoanalytic epistemology has to the unique conditions of the modern. Their varied accounts figure psychoanalytic interpretation as a sustained ambivalence between the poles of determinism and hermeneutics, thus formally echoing critiques that first emerged from popular and institutional misapprehension in the first decades of the century. This set of structural concordances—despite disagreements and fissures between

³ Elisabeth Roudinesco defines the third generation of psychoanalysts as those born between 1920 and 1930 (e.g. Serge Leclaire and Jean Laplanche), most of whom worked in the wake of Jacques Lacan, the most prominent of the second generation of French psychoanalysts.

these thinkers—suggests that psychoanalytic epistemology dwells in disjunction, operating in the endurance of a double bind. All of these thinkers also allude to the idea that the epistemological negation of psychoanalysis might indeed be the source of its peculiar mobility and resilience, and that this hyper-epistemological⁴ status might condition the modern as have now come to understand it. As Ricoeur puts it, “From the beginning we must consider this double possibility: this tension, this extreme polarity, is the truest expression of our ‘modernity’” (*FP* 27). This chapter does not argue that psychoanalytic interpretation as it occurs on the couch will always manage to navigate between the perilous reefs of biological determinism and interpretive anarchy. Rather, it is to suggest that we cannot begin to track the modernist repudiation of psychoanalysis without acknowledging the fundamental role of resistance in the constitution of psychoanalytic epistemology as such.

The double bind is now so thoroughly associated with the deconstructive task of revealing the tensions of a text that scholars often neglect to fully consider the term’s origin in Gregory Bateson’s work on schizophrenia in the 1950s. Thinking through this history reveals how Bateson’s own nuanced understanding of the analytic task informed the Derridan appropriation of his term. In the 1956 paper “Toward a Theory of Schizophrenia,” Bateson begins with the importance of metaphor both for schizophrenic discourse and broader human communication, with conceptual models like that of cybernetics or “the energy theories of psychoanalysis” themselves “labeled metaphors” (205). What makes the schizophrenic unique is not that she uses metaphors, but rather that she “uses *unlabeled* metaphors” (205). In Bateson’s account of schizophrenic etiology, the schizophrenic’s “weak ego function” impairs her ability to

⁴ In particular, Laplanche and Derrida both use the prefix *hyper* as a mode of articulating the excesses of psychoanalytic epistemology, the former in the notion of “hyper-archeology” and the latter in the idea of the “hyperanalytic” and a “psychoanalysis-to-come.”

discriminate between communicational modes, both within her own subjectivity and between herself and others (205). Moreover, she is unable to use context to distinguish and discriminate between these modes (206); in particular, the schizophrenic's maladaptation to classes of logical types causes her discourse to be characterized by logical distortion and fallacy. Bateson describes in detail the logical fallacies of schizophrenic discourse, for instance, the distorted syllogism produced by Bateson's patient, Barbara: (1) Men die, (2) Grass dies, (3) Men are grass (205). This logical flaccidity is characteristic of her very adaptation to the 'can't win' situation: "[the schizophrenic] *must live in a universe where the sequences of events are such that his unconventional communication habits will be in some sense appropriate...* for such unresolvable sequences of experiences, we use the term 'double bind'" (206).

What is signaled here is a crisis of internal/external discernment, a disorientation provoked by the confusion of the literal and the metaphorical. Bateson likens the situation to that of a student of Zen Buddhism: "The Zen master attempts to bring about enlightenment in his pupil in various ways. One of the things he does it to hold a stick over the pupils head and say fiercely, 'If you say this stick is real, I will strike you with it. If you say this stick is not real, I will strike you with it. If you don't say anything, I will strike you with it'" (208). Unlike in the pedagogical exercise, however, the schizophrenic finds herself in this kind of communicative impasse at all times. Readers of Freud will surely liken this formulation to what we now refer to as "kettle logic," based on the anecdote of a man who returned a broken kettle and related three contradictory arguments in support of his behavior, a story that Freud used to illustrate how contradictions can be lassoed together in the course of a dream (*SE* 4: 119–20) or a joke (*SE* 13: 206). Dwelling in the double bind is not just the condition of the schizophrenic or the

deconstructive critic, therefore, but evident in the very general mechanisms of the dream-work and humor.

For a thinker like Derrida, who used the double bind to characterize a broader ontological conundrum of textuality, it was surely important that Bateson's double bind situation was not limited to schizophrenic experience. In the latter's account, any person who finds herself caught in a double bind may respond in a manner similar to that of the schizophrenic (209). "An individual will take a metaphoric statement literally when he is in a situation where he must respond, where he is faced with contradictory messages, and when he is unable to comment on the contradictions" (209). In accounting for any individual who finds herself unable to judge accurately the message she receives yet who is still excessively concerned about what the message means, Bateson describes several alternative modes of defense. The "hebephrenic" individual may give up attempting to discriminate between types of message and accept literally all that is said to her—a decidedly Beckettian posture that 'laughs off' all metacommunicative signals (211). The "catatonic" individual, perhaps unable to laugh it off, may ignore the situation entirely, "concentrating on his own internal processes and, therefore, giv[ing] the appearance of being a withdrawn, perhaps mute, individual" (211)—the Bartleby defense. The third and final mode of defense, the paranoiac, seems in Bateson's rendering a sly indictment of the occasionally paranoid aspects of analysis. The individual in a double bind might,

...for example, assume that behind every statement there is a concealed meaning which is detrimental to his welfare. He would then be excessively concerned with hidden meanings and determined to demonstrate that he had not been deceived—as he had been all his life. If he chooses this alternative, he will be continually searching for meanings behind what people say and behind chance occurrences in his environment, and will be characteristically suspicious and defiant. (211)

It is no wonder, perhaps, that Derrida was drawn to this essay, especially as he characterized the deconstructive drive as “a hyperbolicism of analysis” (*Resistances* 29). Deconstruction, in its continual compulsion to track the double bind, thus mimes “the interminable drama of [psycho]analysis” (29).

This same compulsive tracking also animates my own approach to repudiative modernist texts. Lawrence’s *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* is one of the first stagings of the “interminable drama of analysis,” though certainly from a most unsympathetic viewpoint. An exemplary modernist obloquy against psychoanalysis informed by vulgarized knowledge, Lawrence describes the “unspeakable horror of the *repressions* Freud brought home to us” from the slimy cave of the unconscious, and his prose is rather purple in its treatment of the “myriad repulsive little horrors spawned between sex and excrement” (9). Nevertheless, this poetic characterization shared a similar tone to that of many German psychiatric practitioners confronted with the psychoanalytic vogue in the late teens and early twenties. Psychiatrist Ernest Kretschmer used strikingly analogous language to denounce the psychoanalytic science, stating that Freud’s use of the word ‘unconscious’ as a noun created “a kind of mystic underworld for spectres of scientific fancy.” He called the Freudian unconscious “a conception chimera,” and “a hellish spook from a brain mythology” (qtd. in *LWSF* 3: 11). Likewise, Lawrence’s observation that the populace had been gradually inoculated with psychoanalysis by medicine-men playing doctor seems quite at home with eugenicist psychiatrist Alfred E. Hoche’s description of Freud’s “impermissible mystical efforts in a scientific veil” (qtd. in *LWSF* 3: 11). Ernest Jones is somewhat reluctant to spend much time in his voluminous history of the movement discussing these baroquely-phrased critiques, merely noting that there was “a great deal of talk” about Freud and his theories in English intellectual circles following the war, and that this “considerable cult

or vogue... was by no means welcome to serious students, and we did our best to confine ourselves to our scientific work—even at the cost of being labeled sectarians or hermits” (11).

Likewise, Lawrence’s first ‘psychologic’ text takes decisive aim at the more popular uptake of psychoanalysis outside of the psychiatric establishment. As he writes, “Amateur analyses became the vogue”; the Oedipus complex was now “a household word,” and “the incest motive a commonplace of tea-table chat.” “‘Wait till you’ve been analysed,’ said one man to another,” a cliché accompanied by the sinister look of the initiates, that “famous, or infamous, Freud look.” “You could recognize it everywhere, wherever you went,” Lawrence glumly announced (4). Peter Gay’s biography of Freud gives a detailed description of this period of popular uptake, describing the discussions of psychoanalysis that proliferated in coffeehouses, cocktail parties, and at the theatre as largely devoid of sober understanding. Vulgarization was the name of the game, as “technical terms and fundamental ideas were misread, usually debased, to serve as common currency” (450). Gay’s text provides a lively sampling of the caricatured descriptions of both Freud and his theories in popular texts, concluding that the quality of discussion swirling around Freud, “whether sympathetic or antagonistic, was often on an appallingly low level” (451).

For better or worse, Lawrence seemed to recognize that the vulgarized uptake of psychoanalysis had decided ethical consequences for its practitioners. “The moral issue” broached by the psychoanalytic vogue was, for Lawrence, not an issue of mere reform or a set of new values, but rather the “life or death of all morality.” “Probably most of their followers are ignorant,” he reasoned, “and therefore pseudo-innocent. But it all amounts to the same thing” (4). Lawrence took a predictably catastrophic tone in describing the psychoanalytic colonization of the public sphere:

The psychoanalytic elders know what they are about, and shrewdly keep quiet, going gently. Yet however gently they go, they set the moral stones rolling. At every step the most innocent and unsuspecting analyst starts a little landslide. The old world is yielding under us. Without any direct attack, it comes loose under the march of the psychoanalyst, and we hear the dull rumble of the incipient avalanche. We are in for a *débâcle* (4).

As we shall see, this seemingly bizarre conflation of a certain kind of clinical ignorance with the yielding of the old world would be echoed decades later in more sympathetic appraisals of psychoanalysis.

Vulgarization and Understanding ‘the Modern’

Of the many thinkers who have addressed popularization as it relates to the ethical, it is perhaps Paul Ricoeur who takes the most generous view of misunderstanding. In his 1974 essay on “Psychiatry and Moral Values,” Ricoeur conducts a close reading of Freudian texts that might pertain to the ethical values espoused by psychoanalysis. He takes special interest in Freud’s insistence on the definitional role of transference, citing Freud’s statement in “On the Beginning of Treatment” that the appellation “psychoanalysis” can only be applied to a therapeutic encounter “if the intensities of the transference have been used for the overcoming of resistances” (*SE* 12: 155–6). Venturing that this largely consistent clinical observation perhaps outweighs other more speculative statements regarding the limits of psychoanalysis in Freud’s metapsychological works, Ricoeur argues that the sole ethical value brought into play by psychoanalysis is *veracity*. Bolstered by Freud’s resolute redeployment of the Delphic trope, Ricoeur concludes that what is at stake in psychoanalysis is self-recognition, “and its itinerary runs from misunderstanding to recognition.” If what psychoanalytic technique lends access to is therefore “a true discourse,” then the revolutionary capacity of psychoanalysis remains potent,

“which is certainly something different from social adaptation, talk of which all too quickly leads to overthrowing the scandal of psychoanalysis in order to make it socially acceptable” (143).

“For who knows,” Ricoeur grandiloquently asks, “where a true discourse may lead as regards the established order, that is, for the established disorder?” (143). However, if veracity is the sole ethical value in analytic technique, then psychoanalysis inaugurates what Ricoeur calls “a suspension of the ethical” with regards to the rest of moral philosophy. This is not a trivial suspension, in Ricoeur’s estimation, as it “contains the seeds of new attitudes, drawn from the putting aside of dissimulation” (143–4). The moral stones are indeed rolling, and the old world is in for an avalanche.

Yet Ricoeur is fully aware of the perils of a popularized psychoanalysis. In his opinion, it induces both “babbling about anyone and everyone’s libido” and “reductive schemes...[that] authorize saying the first thing that comes to mind about all the eminent expressions of culture,” thus ultimately reinforcing a Weberian form of disenchantment. Misunderstanding inclines popular consciousness to “look for a system of justifications for moral positions in vulgarized psychoanalysis,” a decidedly perverse turn for a discipline designed to “unmask every justification.” Popular justifications derived from psychoanalysis are as varied as misinterpretations of the technique: “some want [psychoanalysis] to ratify education without restraints—because neurosis comes from repression—and see in Freud a discreet apologetic for and camouflaging of a new Epicureanism.” Others, co-opting the ontogenetic account of maturation and perversion, utilize psychoanalysis to reinforce the aims of traditional morality, for “did not Freud define culture as the sacrificing of instincts?” Popular misapprehension then lays the groundwork for ‘psychoanalyzing psychoanalysis’ itself: “Did not Freud publicly provide a ‘bourgeois’ justification for the discipline of monogamy, while secretly providing a

‘revolutionary’ justification for orgasm?” Popular appropriation of psychoanalysis is always trapped in what Ricoeur calls an “ethical either-or,” an enclosure that fundamentally betrays the “laborious search for truth” implicit in psychoanalytic technique (144–5).

The emphasis in this account on ignorance and judgment seems to come directly from Freud’s own retrospective discussions of popularization in the *Autobiographical Study* of 1925, though Ricoeur never cites the text directly in his essay. In a paragraph that begins with a pointed allusion to the break with Carl Jung, Freud muses that “It is remarkable, indeed, how incorrectly most people act when they are obliged to form a judgment of their own on some new subject.” Freud notes that to the present day he hears the same critique over and over again from supposedly benevolent critics, namely “that psycho-analysis is right up to such-and-such a point but that there it begins to exaggerate and to generalize without justification... though nothing is more difficult than to decide where such a point lies, [and] these critics have been completely ignorant of the whole subject only a few weeks or days earlier” (*SE* 20: 50). Freud thus playfully acknowledges that many of the harshest judgments on the limits of his science issue from people only casually acquainted with the basic premises.

While all of this is likely true, Ricoeur concedes, nevertheless, that this is “the price that modern culture must pay for a better understanding of itself.” As he writes,

Whether we like it or not, psychoanalysis has become one of the means through which our culture seeks to understand itself. And it is unavoidable that we should become aware of its significance only through the truncated representations that are allowed by the narcissism of our resistance. *Misunderstanding is the unavoidable path to understanding.* (144, my emphasis)

As a philosopher committed to understanding psychoanalysis without access to direct clinical training, Ricoeur here takes a decidedly generous view of the sea-change in modernity posed by psychoanalysis, even in its most vulgar iterations. Freud does not bring a new ethic, Ricoeur

surmises, rather he *changes awareness* for those of us “for whom the ethical question remains open” by illuminating the ruses of our consciousness. “Freud can directly change our ethics because he is not directly a moralist” (145).

These speculations regarding the epistemological stakes of psychoanalysis as it conditions the modern reflect a question simultaneously addressed from ‘within’ the psychoanalytic institution during the same period of time that Ricoeur was writing. In the seminars held between 1975 and 1977 (collected as *Problématiques III: La sublimation*), Jean Laplanche ended his lectures with an observation that “the unfinished journey of sublimation” that he had been tracking for the previous two years—a task that may have appeared to his listeners a destruction of the very concept of sublimation itself—now seemed to him “to be inseparable from psychoanalysis itself and the historical moment introduced by psychoanalysis” (251, translation mine). Psychoanalysis introduced an epistemological drift, a “branching-out” not only in how we were able conceive of sublimation in cultural development, but in the essential quality of sublimation itself. Freud did not invent the notion of an energetic conversion of base energies into higher aims, but something about analysis did provoke an irreversible change in the coordinates by which that idea could be approached. Laplanche suggests that while psychoanalysis can and does function as a technique of individual change, it also functions appreciably, and irreversibly, beyond the limits of the clinic. Or, as he summarized it twenty years later in the essay “Du transfert: sa provocation par l’analyste,” “we could no longer speak of sublimation as an eternal and unchanging process: sublimation ‘was no longer what it was,’ it had drifted because of the irreversible introduction of analysis into culture, through all the modalities of analytic praxis, of which the practice of analytic treatment is the most eminent, without perhaps having the greatest impact” (*Otherness* 233). Laplanche gestures here to the

modes of transference that exist ‘before’ and ‘after’ analysis, taking note of the interplay between transference and the cultural sphere.

Laplanche’s meditative statement on the transmogrification undergone by sublimation also suggests something about psychoanalysis writ large. By connecting the shift in sublimation’s terrain to the ‘irreversible introduction of analysis into culture,’ Laplanche alludes to a permanent discursive movement inaugurated by psychoanalysis as a whole, or what one might call in Foucauldian parlance an *episteme*. One might equally say that the psychoanalytic revolution introduced an epistemological drift, a ‘branching out’ in terms of how we conceive of modernity in the cultural moment, but also in the essential quality of modernism itself. We might conclude, moreover, that the misunderstanding of psychoanalytic precepts is as critical an aspect of this modern episteme as the application of doctrinal clinical practice.

Resistances in Freud

Throughout his essays, Laplanche mobilizes Freud’s repeated references to Copernicus—even titling the collection of his principal essays *La révolution copernicienne inachevée* [*The Unfinished Copernican Revolution*—in much the same way that Ricoeur tracks Freud’s use of the Delphic Oracle. These motifs perhaps reflect an implicit cynosure to each thinkers’ appraisal of Freud, who was certainly cognizant of the prophetic or pioneering implications of his work and used these figures deliberately. By the mid-teens, Freud had begun making an explicit comparison between the advent of psychoanalysis and the Renaissance astronomer’s theory of heliocentricity. Both the *Introductory Lectures* as well as the short essay “A Difficulty in the Path of Psychoanalysis” detail what Freud calls the three great blows to man’s self-love in history. The first is of course the Copernican, a cosmological blow to man’s sense that the earth

is the center of the universe. The second is the Darwinian, a biological affront to man's sense that he is somehow radically different from animals. The third and most recent blow to man's narcissism is the Freudian, a psychological realization that "the ego is not master in its own house." In Freud's opinion, the psychoanalytic blow is perhaps the most wounding discovery. Reflecting that psycho-analysis has informed us that "the life of our sexual instincts cannot be wholly tamed, and that mental processes are in themselves unconscious and only reach the ego and come under its control through incomplete and untrustworthy perceptions," Freud attributes the popular resistance to psychoanalysis to this two-fold assault to man's psychic security. "No wonder, then," he writes, "that the ego does not look favourably upon psycho-analysis and obstinately refuses to believe in it" (*SE* 17: 143).

In a text itself overrun with anthropomorphism, *From The History of an Infantile Neurosis* (otherwise known as the Wolf Man case), Freud selects a peculiar metaphor to describe the contradictory amalgam of resistances to psychoanalysis emerging from outside the institution as a result of this final narcissistic blow. "The whale and the polar bear," he writes, "cannot wage war on each other, for since each is confined to his own element they cannot meet. It is just as impossible for me to argue with workers in the field of psychology or of the neuroses who do not recognize the postulates of psycho-analysis and who look on its results as artifacts" (*SE* 17: 48).⁵ Nearly two decades later, while revising his *Autobiographical Study*, Freud remained troubled by the illegibility of his doctrine to certain parties. Troubled enough, it seems, to add an additional paragraph to the 1935 English text—though not to the German—supplementing his existing discussion of why psychoanalysis should be evaluated just like zoology, botany, or physics. He describes the "gross injustice that people have refused to treat psycho-analysis like any other

⁵ No comment is made here of the fact that polar bears are quite proficient swimmers.

science,” a refusal expressed, in Freud’s view, through a series of “most obstinate objections” that he had encountered throughout his career.

The first objection arises from the relative insufficiency or incompleteness of psychoanalysis as a ‘theory of everything,’ which Freud counters with the remark that “it is plain that a science based on observation has no alternative but to work out its findings piecemeal and to solve its problems step by step.”⁶ Second, Freud addresses the so-called ‘pan-sexualism’ of his discipline, which he sees as little more than prudishness in the face of his endeavor “to obtain for the sexual function the recognition which had so long been withheld from it.” Finally, he repeats the persistent critique that in laying “stress on the hitherto neglected importance of the part played by the accidental impressions of early youth,” he was in fact “denying constitutional and hereditary factors—a thing which I had never dreamt of doing.” Summing up three decades of outside resistance, Freud inveighs that “It was a case of contradiction at any price and by any methods” (*SE* 20: 58).

The repudiation of psychoanalytic findings from *inside* the institution was more extensively discussed in his work of the teens, surely because that decade gave birth to the first oppositional schools of Alfred Adler and Carl Jung. The aforementioned Wolf Man case, arguably Freud’s most significant theoretical elaboration of this period,⁷ is especially

⁶ One can also track the opposite reproach—namely that psychoanalysis *claims to be* a comprehensive theory of everything—repeated again and again in the literature, though Freud does not mention it in this text. See also the discussion between Deleuze and Leclaire on the encyclopedic *livre-machin* of *L’anti-Oedipe* in my conclusion.

⁷ Mikkel Borch-Jacobsen’s lucid narratological appraisal of early psychoanalytic doctrine argues that the few Freudian case histories are “invested with an exorbitant epistemological role in psychoanalysis, since they, and they alone, are responsible for presenting the clinical ‘evidence’ on which the whole edifice rests” (59). Borch-Jacobsen rightly reminds us that Freud’s reliance on the “detailed narrative exposition of a few individual cases” was largely at odds with the move towards statistical analysis of experimental trials on large populations during the same time period (59). Borch-Jacobsen’s work asks critical

preoccupied with the development of these internal resistances to Freudian psychoanalysis, and their misapprehension of psychoanalytic truth is figured throughout the text in explicitly martial terms. In this “present phase of the battle which is raging round psycho-analysis,” opposition had taken on a new form. Rather than “dispute the reality of the facts which are asserted by analysis” by avoiding them, “people are now adopting another plan—of recognizing the facts, but of eliminating by means of twisted interpretations [*Umdeutungen*, lit. ‘reinterpretations’], the consequences that follow from them, so that the critics can still ward off the objectionable novelties [*anstößigen Neuheiten*, lit. ‘offensive novelties’] as efficiently as ever” (*SE* 17: 9, *GW* 12: 30).

Thus if the popular resistance to psychoanalysis might be described by the metaphor of a war between the whale and polar bear, the internal fissions in the institution might be characterized by the dynamics between the whale and a kraken. Although the breaks with Adler and Jung had occurred years earlier,⁸ Freud expresses his continued rancor when describing the opposition of those who “in their own opinion at all events, take their stand upon the ground of analysis, who do not dispute its technique or results, but who merely think themselves justified in drawing other conclusions from the same material and in submitting to other interpretations” (*SE* 17: 48). While he doesn’t name names right away, after an extensive discussion aimed at refuting the resistance raised to the idea of the primal scene, Freud levels an acidic critique of the logical fallacy committed by his former colleagues:

I may here venture to point out that the antagonistic views which are to be found

questions of the “narrative truth” of the case histories, and is thus an important extension of Ricoeur’s claim that explanations in psychoanalysis are narratives and must be read as such.

⁸ See Chapter Two for a more comprehensive discussion of the break between Jung and Freud, especially as it concerns the case of Otto Gross. The anagogic approach in Jung’s *Wandlungen und Symbole der Libido* is addressed in relation to Lawrence in Chapter Three.

in the psycho-analytic literature of to-day are usually arrived at on the principle of *pars pro toto*. From a highly composite combination one part of the operative factors is singled out and proclaimed as the truth; and in its favour the other part, together with the whole combination, is then contradicted... Jung picks out actuality and regression, and Adler, egoistic motives. What is left over, however, and rejected as false [*Irrtum verworfen*, lit. ‘rejected mistake’], is precisely what is new in psycho-analysis and peculiar to it. This is the easiest method of repelling the revolutionary and inconvenient advances [*unbequemen Vorstöße*, lit. ‘uncomfortable raids’] of psycho-analysis. (*SE* 17: 53, *GW* 12: 81)

Two strange dynamics emerge in this passage. First, Freud seems to be asserting that psychoanalysis only functions as the sum of its operative factors; thus, the ‘uncomfortable raids’ made by the Oedipus complex, or the disavowal of castration, cannot be extracted—either for mobilization *or* repudiation—without undermining the operative whole. Secondly, that which remains after extraction, rejected as a mistake, is precisely what constitutes psychoanalytic peculiarity and novelty. Freud thus suggests, perhaps untenably, that psychoanalytic innovation is determined by certain types of negation. In other words, certain forms of psychoanalytic repudiation, at least of the *pars pro toto* variety, help to *condition our understanding of the epistemological moves of psychoanalysis*. Freud’s text suggests that it was by enduring the Jungian and Adlerian resistances that his epistemology gained definition; what remained after the attack was, in effect, precisely what gave psychoanalysis its agency and novelty. In a sense, Freudian psychoanalysis is stronger precisely for having “worked through” those “twisted” reinterpretations; the unspeakable horror of its “offensive novelties” is in fact shored up by these attacks.

Hermeneutics and Determinism: Restatements of the Problem

As Ricoeur points out in his monumental *De l'interprétation: Essai sur Sigmund Freud* (*Freud and Philosophy: An Essay on Interpretation* [1965/1970]), Freud’s use of the word

Deutung or *Auslegung* made its way from philology into philosophy through Nietzsche, whose work opened up “a new career” for the concept of ‘interpretation.’ Linked directly to the problematic of representation [*Vorstellung*], the question of interpretation after Nietzsche was no longer the Kantian query of how a subjective representation or idea can have objective validity. In lieu of the Platonic opposition between truth/science and error/opinion, Nietzsche’s appropriation of *Deutung* instead suggested “a new possibility which is no longer error in the epistemological sense or lying in the moral sense, but [rather] illusion...” Interpretation can thus be used as a “tactic of suspicion and as a battle against masks; this use calls for a very specific philosophy which subordinates the entire problem of truth and error to the expression of the will to power.” As to what this inaugurated for Freud, Nietzschean *Deutung* gave “new extension to the exegetical concept of interpretation” (*FP* 26). In defining hermeneutics as the science of exegetical rules, Ricoeur is nevertheless careful to insist that there is no *general* hermeneutics, “no universal canon for exegesis.” Rather, his work traces the hermeneutic field “internally at variance with itself,” composed of “disparate and opposed theories concerning the rules of interpretation” (26–7).

Ricoeur isolates “the polarized opposition that creates the greatest tension at the outset of our investigation.” At one pole, hermeneutics is understood “as the manifestation and restoration of a meaning addressed to me in the manner of a message, a proclamation, or as is sometimes said, a kerygma.” On the other, hermeneutics functions as “demystification, as a reduction of illusion” (27). An initial impression would suggest that psychoanalysis belongs to the second understanding, a supposition in line with Freud’s own characterization of his illusion-busting science in “A Difficulty in the Path of Psychoanalysis” and his *Autobiographical Study*, as

described above.⁹ Yet to align Freud's interpretative volition with only one pole would miss out on a central feature of this tension:

From the beginning we must consider this double possibility: this tension, this extreme polarity, is the truest expression of our "modernity." The situation in which language today finds itself compromises this double possibility, this double solicitation and urgency: on the one hand, purify discourse of its excrescences, liquidate the idols, go from drunkenness to sobriety, realize our state of poverty once and for all; on the other hand, use the most "nihilistic," destructive, iconoclastic movement so as to *let speak* what once, what each time, was *said*, when meaning appeared anew, when meaning was at its fullest. Hermeneutics seems to me to be animated by this double motivation: willingness to suspect, willingness to listen; vow of rigor, vow of obedience. In our time we have not finished doing away with *idols* and we have barely begun to listen to *symbols*. It may be that this situation, in its apparent distress, is instructive: it may be that extreme iconoclasm belongs to the restoration of meaning. (27)

For a writer often noted for his dry style, this passage is a particularly passionate articulation of the stakes of a modernity in the "crisis of language," one which forces us to "oscillate" between demystification and restitution. Moreover, as Ricoeur insists, this "roundabout way" of approaching the problem is the only way to introduce the psychoanalysis of culture. And make no mistake, Ricoeur's project is to show how the psychoanalysis of culture constitutes a hermeneutics, as he himself states: "there is no doubt that psychoanalysis is a hermeneutics: it is not by accident but by intention that it aims at giving an interpretation of culture in its entirety" (66).

The precise contours of that hermeneutics, however, undergo significant alterations through the course of Ricoeur's text. In the early "Problematic" section, Freud is regarded—

⁹ See also the concluding sentence of the aptly titled *The Future of an Illusion*, "No, our science is no illusion. But an illusion it would be to suppose that what science cannot give us we can get elsewhere" (*SE* 21: 56). Ricoeur describes Freud in this moment as "the exegete who rediscovers the logic of the illogical kingdom and who dares, with unparalleled modesty and discretion, to terminate his essay...by invoking the god Logos, soft of voice but indefatigable, in no wise omnipotent, but efficacious in the long run" (*FP* 35).

along with Nietzsche and Marx—as a representative of a “reductive and demystifying hermeneutics,” (59) “restricted to psychiatry and decked out with a simplistic pansexualism” (33). Gradually, and through a sustained encounter with the Freudian *oeuvre*, Ricoeur comes to read Freud differently, not in a merely contrary position (as the “nonreductive and restorative” Freud), but rather as a privileged witness (59–60). Here, perhaps recycling the militaristic metaphors of the Wolf Man case, Ricoeur describes the progressively “panoramic view of the battlefield governing” the text of *De l'interprétation*. He states that Freud forces him to engage in “indecisive combat,” precisely because “Freud is nowhere because he is everywhere.” “[T]he limits of psychoanalysis will finally have to be conceived not so much as a frontier beyond which exist other points of view, rival or allied, but rather as the imaginary line of a front of investigation which constantly advances, while the other points of view filter through the dividing line” (60).

Ricoeur thus marshals Freud’s *revolutionären Vorstöße* for his own interpretative congress. As anyone surveying the battlefield of the Freudian corpus from above might discover, Freud’s writings present themselves as a mixed or even ambiguous discursive field, with contradictory points often issuing between the more expressly clinical writings and the metapsychological project. Moreover, Freud was often tentative in expressing his own hypotheses, quick to broadcast his own doubts or reservations, and he obsessively refined and revised his prior works. Ricoeur locates a central epistemological problem in this heterogeneous discourse: at certain points, Freud posits a “conflict of forces subject to an energetics,” and at other times “relations of meaning subject to a hermeneutics” (65). “At first glance, there seems to be an antinomy between an explanation governed by the principles of the metapsychology and an interpretation that necessarily moves among meanings and not among forces, among

representations or ideas and not among instincts,” that is, the perspective of clinical interpretation (66). Rather than eschew one for another, Ricoeur attempts to show how this mixed discourse is the *raison d'être* of psychoanalysis (65). Ricoeur believes that the whole problem of Freudian epistemology may be formulated in a single question: “How can the economic explanation be *involved* in an interpretation dealing with meanings; and conversely, how can interpretation be an *aspect* of the economic explanation?” Rather than “fall back on a disjunction” posed by this confrontation (that is, decide firmly that psychoanalytic understanding is either an energetics *or* a phenomenology), Ricoeur instead insists, “Freudianism exists only on the basis of its refusal of that disjunction. The difficulty in the Freudian epistemology is not only its problem but also its solution” (66).¹⁰

This disjunctive refusal was echoed from within the Lacanian school three years later, with the publication of Serge Leclaire’s *Psychanalyser: Un essai sur l’ordre de l’inconscient et la pratique de la lettre* (*Psychoanalyzing: On the Order of the Unconscious and the Practice of the Letter* [1968/1998]). The text begins with a discussion of the viability of the only explicit ‘rules’ of clinical analysis: free association on the part of the analysand and evenly suspended attention on the part of the analyst (see *SE* 12: 112). In a sense, Leclaire also begins with the perils of the vulgarized knowledge of psychoanalysis, this time from a clinical perspective as it affects the behavior of a patient who has come to be analyzed. Leclaire focuses on the specific

¹⁰ Ricoeur is certainly influenced here by Foucault’s work in the 1966 *Les mots et les choses* (*The Order of Things*), which opposes the methods of interpretation of modern thought to techniques of formalization. Foucault describes the nineteenth century as provoking a “double advance,” both towards “formalism in thought” as well as towards the discovery of the unconscious (299). “The critical elevation of language... also explains the tendency of one to move towards the other, and of these two directions to cross: the attempt, for example to discover the pure forms that are imposed on our unconscious before all content; or again, the endeavor to raise the ground of experience, the sense of being, the lived horizon of all our knowledge to our discourse” (299). This double movement sounds suspiciously like the play between determinism and hermeneutics.

form of aggression that can arise when the analysand is confronted by an interpretation that conforms to a certain popular vision of psychoanalysis:

“So then,” [the analysand] says to his interlocutor, all the while feigning surprise, “apparently I really felt hostility towards my father, who prevented me from stealing his precious goods. Let me guess: it must be a matter not only of my revolver—why not just say his penis—but also and above all his wife, my mother, whence one must infer that I wanted to possess my mother. What a discovery! ...and what a mockery!” (6)

Leclaire recounts this amusing anecdote to point to a certain problem posed by the fact that “before beginning analysis the patient knew, as everyone today knows, that he had experienced an oedipal situation.” Obviously, from a therapeutic perspective, it is the “transferential character of the aggressive feelings” broadcast in this statement that are of real importance. Yet Leclaire also acknowledges that the patient, “in this instance, is justified in feeling that his speech has been overlaid with a kind of pre-comprehensive grid in which everything that might occur to him will be made to fit necessarily and in an organized fashion around the model of Oedipus and castration, according to a few—in fact very few—stereotypes” (6). The expectation of such an aggressive trap in turn leads the analyst into a now common, but nevertheless “extraordinary” situation, “in which seemingly the sole concern of the appointed interlocutor is never to show himself at every point where he is expected” (i.e. the oedipal story) (8). “If one takes no account of the importance of this common implicit reference to knowledge,” Leclaire warns, “then psychoanalysis very quickly becomes installed in a misrecognition of the fact of this theoretical complicity and ends up producing effects of almost total enclosure, not to say alienation” (9).

Even Freud himself—in the very passage described above in which the Wolf Man’s primal scene is extracted, in part to refute the *pars pro toto* objections emerging from within psychoanalytic circles—might be accused of ‘overlying a pre-comprehensive grid’ on his

patient's narration and reconstruction. Leclaire points to the fact that all the material relevant to the primal scene was obtained "under the inexorable pressure" of a date set by Freud (*SE* 17: 11), "which already manifests the analyst's hopeful expectation that he be given something" (Leclaire 11). This is to say, the contours of that formative primal scene—both for the patient and the discipline of psychoanalysis more generally—might be seen as "supplementary proof" of the analyst's own expectations. Leclaire reads the later Grusha scene in the case history as further demonstration that "decisive representations of the analyst's unconscious can interfere with the conduct of the analysis" (11).

The next chapter will interrogate the issues of the 'pre-comprehensive grid' and pressuring or rushing the patient as they come to inform the idea of 'wild' psychoanalysis in the first decades of clinical practice, and how the 'wild' might subsequently come to figure resistances that blur the boundary between 'inside' and 'outside' the psychoanalytic institution. For now, our focus will instead be on Leclaire's discussion of the problems imposed by the supposed 'neutrality' of the analyst's free-floating attention. Leclaire points to the contradictions in Freud's "Recommendations to Physicians Practicing Psycho-analysis," in which Freud encourages practitioners to withhold all conscious influences in listening to their patient's free associations, never allowing themselves to 'select' important parts of the material in their interpretation. As Leclaire sees it, this "may readily be compared to some mad undertaking in which a blind navigator invites his passenger to take the wind whichever way it blows" (13). There is indeed a clear, conscious influence on all psychoanalytic interpretation, a feature that the discipline itself 'selects' as being of especial import. "[E]veryone knows," Leclaire observes, "that there is nevertheless one place where one is more or less certain to run into the psychoanalyst: at the crossroads that is the place of the missing phallus, there where any

discourse whatsoever can be interpreted in terms of sexual value. Everyone will agree that we have here a prejudice of the first order” (15).

It is rather anomalous to read an essay as readily critical of the canonical Freudian monograph and as frank about an obdurate psychoanalytic bias—in a manner that sounds rather like a claim of pansexualism—coming out of the Lacanian school. Yet the conclusion that Leclaire reaches in “On the Ear with Which One Ought to Listen” is decidedly productive, at least as concerns our discussion of psychoanalytic epistemology. In articulating the demands of interpretive reconstruction, Leclaire defines the double requirement imposed on the analyst. First, “he must have at his disposal a system of reference, a theory that can permit him to order the mass of material he gathers without prior discrimination.” At the same time, he must also “set aside any system of reference precisely to the extent that adherence to a set of theories necessarily leads him, whether he likes it or not, to privilege certain elements.” Taking the question of a psychoanalytic pansexualism seriously, Leclaire then asks “whether the reference to the fact of sex, which is central for psychoanalysis, is sufficient to guarantee respect for this double requirement” and if it is, he accedes that “one must be prepared to explain how” (15).

Explaining ‘how’ is no small feat, and Leclaire reaches an impasse similar to the one encountered by Ricoeur in his confrontation with Freud’s heterogeneous corpus. He asks “*how can one conceive a theory of psychoanalysis that does not annul, in the very fact of its articulation, the fundamental possibility of its practice?*” (15). Signaled by this question is the simultaneous ‘necessity and difficulty’ of a true theory of psychoanalysis, one which prevents the analyst from operating either solely from scientific objectivity or intuition. Adapting psychoanalysis to “a complete formalization,” which Leclaire acknowledges is the natural aim of the collective effort like that of the post-Lacanian to theorize the discipline, would have to then

“exclude from its field, ipso facto, the very possibility of analysis in search of extreme singularity” (16). Yet this would of course ignore what is new and revolutionary about psychoanalysis, those uncomfortable advances that reveal to the subject the precise specificity of meaning once foreign to him. No, what must instead be achieved in theory is the following, according to Leclaire:

Only a true theory can advance a formalization that maintains, without reducing it, the domain of singularity; the always recurring [*toujours renaissante*] difficulty of psychoanalysis, which no institution will ever be able to resolve, derives from the fact that it is vulnerable, on the one hand, to the degradation of a closed systematization and, on the other, to the anarchy of intuitive processes. The theory of psychoanalysis has to keep both these pitfalls [*écueils*] simultaneously in view [*dans le champ de son regard*], to avoid them [*les éviter*] but also to orient itself [*se guider*] by them. (16/27)

In this rich passage, Leclaire makes a series of important observations about the epistemological status of psychoanalysis. First, he suggests that “a true theory” of psychoanalysis is always in a state of deferral, and that no institution will ever be able to fully suture formalization and attention to singularity. Second, he articulates the two fundamental vulnerabilities of psychoanalysis—“degradation to a closed systematization” and “the anarchy of intuitive processes”¹¹—susceptibilities that nevertheless appear to condition the agility of psychoanalytic theory as such. A true theory of analysis, at least as far as Leclaire seems to be concerned, is about spatialized perception, a “keeping in view” that allows interpretive avoidance and guidance. Or as Ricoeur might put it, a true theory poses a highly mobile refusal of the disjunction between systematization and intuition.

¹¹ Translator Peggy Kamuf beautifully translates Leclaire’s text for an English-speaking readership, and rightly chooses ‘pitfall’ for the French *écueil*, which has a literary connotation of ‘danger’ or ‘hazard.’ I would also add that *écueil* has the more common marine connotation of ‘reef,’ thereby figuring psychoanalytic interpretation as a ship’s navigation that simultaneously steers clear of and guides itself by [dangerous] reefs.

As will become increasingly evident as we begin our survey of literary modernist repudiations of psychoanalysis, there is a peculiar concordance between the epistemological dangers or ‘reefs’ defined by Leclaire and the critiques of psychoanalysis issuing from the popular sphere. That is to say, “the degradation of a closed systematization” sounds suspiciously close to pan-sexualism, or the criticism that psychoanalysis reduces all trauma to the impressions of early childhood or all relationships to those of the Oedipal triangle. Likewise, “the anarchy of intuitive processes” might be found in the more colloquial criticism that one’s analyst is just making it up as she goes along, or (more in synch with the modernist rebuttal of a ‘new priesthood’) that the analyst is playing God.

Laplanche’s essay “Interpretation between Determinism and Hermeneutics: a Restatement of the Problem” (1992) commences with a discussion of one such analyst-as-demiurge. After stating that the debate regarding psychoanalytic interpretation is now effectively in a “post-Ricoeur situation,”¹² Laplanche goes on to survey the most recent developments in discussions of psychoanalytic interpretation. While he observes that “the various protagonists’ starting points and philosophico-epistemological foundations differ,” two antithetically-termed positions have emerged in the debate: *reconstruction* and *construction*.

‘Reconstruction,’ or what comes to be read by Laplanche as the *determinist* position, “claims that neurosis is a ‘disease of memory’ and that only the recovery of the subject’s *real*

¹² While Laplanche’s essay introduces Ricoeur’s *De l’interprétation* primarily to acknowledge the incontrovertible effect that text had on both French debates and the international dissemination of French psychoanalytic theory, Laplanche’s assessment of Ricoeur’s hermeneutic approach is elsewhere quite hostile. I do not mean to suggest in my tracking of similar figures and modes of thinking about psychoanalytic epistemology that these are thinkers who necessarily agree on all points. For a fuller discussion of the dynamic between Laplanche’s anti-hermeneutic approach and the correlation between Ricoeur and Jung, see “Interpreting (with) Freud,” especially pp. 176–8. For more on Jung and the anagogic, see my discussion of his use of the Miller Fantasies in chapter three.

history...can allow the ego to detach itself from blind mechanisms and achieve some degree of freedom” (*Otherness* 139). This position might also be called *historicist* or *archeological*. As far as the strategic vulnerabilities that Leclaire articulates, reconstruction or determinism would likely fall into the category of a pre-comprehensive grid or closed systematization.

The alternative, which Laplanche assigns to the ‘constructive’ or *hermeneutic*, focuses rather on the inventiveness and creativity of psychoanalytic interpretation, “taking cognizance of the fact that every object is *constructed* by my aim and that the historical object cannot escape this relativism” (139). “The anarchy of intuitive processes” as defined by Leclaire would here sum up the repudiation of this particular perspective. The work of Serge Viderman—sadly still unavailable in English at this point in time—is the operative voice for this position in France. As Laplanche notes, Viderman’s take on interpretation in *La Construction de l’Espace Analytique* (1982) is that “What matters is that the analyst, without regard to reality [*sans égard à la réalité*], adjusts and assembles these materials to construct a coherent whole which does not reproduce a fantasy pre-existent in the subject’s unconscious but causes it to exist by telling it” (Viderman 164, qtd. in Laplanche, *Otherness* 140). Truth, in this reading, is the union of two levels: “It is the conjunction of a chance, as unexpected as it is happy, that leads to this error which clarifies for us the deep truth [*la vérité profonde*] of the phantasm in a light sharper than the surface truth [*la vérité superficielle*] of an exact translation might have been able to make” (Viderman 164, translation mine). In Viderman’s assessment, “truth is a rectified error,” (164) and analytic interpretation holds the position of the *sovereign*, “because any past is determined from my present, or even from my future, my pro-ject” (Laplanche, *Otherness* 140).

A footnote to Laplanche’s text is particularly insightful for the dynamic developing here. He points out that Viderman’s “deliberately provocative formulations” were predictably met

with the accusation that Viderman saw himself as “analyst-as-demiurge.” What is fascinating, however, is Viderman’s seemingly contradictory supposition in *La Construction* that “the analyst’s interpretation, while it must be ‘inventive,’ ‘plural,’ and often even ‘arbitrary,’ is nonetheless definitively guided by the hypothesis of a primordial biological id and innate primal schema or fantasies” (140). Thus the *singularity* of the subject’s history that determines his actions is a modulation of what Viderman calls the deep, fundamental form of the primal fantasy. Laplanche is right to connect this with the hermeneutic, or perhaps even *anagogic*, movement of Ricoeur’s project, where “the *telos* of the interpretation is not arbitrary but in effect coincides with what constitutes each individual’s *arche*: his primordial, hereditary and—why not?—phylogenetic id.” Closed systematization (this time of a biological, species-historical variety) and the anarchy of intuitive processes (inventive, plural, and even arbitrary as they may be) begin to feel like a continuum instead of a polar opposition in Viderman’s (and thus perhaps Ricoeur’s) account.

Laplanche notes that Viderman is right to find evidence for this paradox in Freud’s own ‘mixed’ approach. Viderman contrasts one legitimate Freud with another, “a Freud-as-historian with a Freud who could be described as a Kantian, in that he postulates *a priori* categories, the common heritage of all men which regulates their apprehension, their ‘construction,’ of the real.” It is again the Wolf Man case where these two Freuds might be seen to do battle, one searching for the “factual, detailed, chronological truth about the primal scene.” The other,

...at a stroke wholeheartedly embracing Jung’s objections and abandoning almost all of the reality so painstakingly reconstructed, admits that all this may be nothing but retroactive fantasy, with only a few clues, if that, as foundation; but it must be added that for Freud such a fantasy in turn finds its full justification only in the existence of phylogenetic schemata, tantamount to categories which *a priori* inform every individual experience. (140–1)

The problem here, as Laplanche sees it, is not whether or not ‘one’ Freud is more correct, as both positions of reconstruction and construction can find kinship in the multivalent case history of the Wolf Man. The problem is rather epistemological, or as Laplanche puts it, “*the major problem here is the comparison with the historians, historiography.*” The debate that Viderman engages in—that is, whether a ‘real’ historical artifact can be located or if the historical object is rather constructed by our gaze—belongs to an “entirely different field” (141). It is not history or historiographers that “makes Freud tick” (147); instead,

[w]hat he is aiming at is a history of the unconscious, or rather its genesis, a history with discontinuities, in which the moments of burial and resurgence are the most important of all; a history, it might be said, of repression, in which the subterranean currents are described in as much detail as, if not in more detail than, the manifest character traits. (148)

Laplanche hazards a new phrase to describe this history of the unconscious, an archeology that goes beyond archeology in its fascination for the object, a *hyperarcheology* (152). Rather than conceiving of the unconscious as a form of memory and thus repression as a “modality of memorizing,” Laplanche instead proposes that repression is “cataclysm and burial in the unconscious” (152). The project of hyperarchaeology excavates a nebulous ‘third domain,’ a *hyperreality* that Laplanche locates in Freud’s description of the internal and external categories of reality in the essay “Negation.” As Freud writes, “What is unreal [*Das Nichtreale*], merely a presentation [*bloß Vorgestellte*] and subjective [*Subjektive*], is only internal; what is real is also there *outside* [im Draußen]” (*SE* 19: 236, *GW* 14: 12). Hyperarcheology is “the locus of another demand—and another aporia—of Freud’s search, the one called ‘psychical reality’” (152).

Laplanche situates *das bloß Vorgestellte*, ‘mere presentation,’ in so-called “psychical reality,”¹³ that which is neither “material, factual, perceptual reality” (there *outside*) nor subjectivity (internal). This *thing* [*das Ding*] of a third domain of psychical reality never finds phenomenological terms in Freud’s work, and according to Laplanche it carries the status of other “distorted” entities that Freud grasped but was unable to fully explain: the ‘return of the repressed,’ primal fantasy, and the primordial ‘id’ anchored in the biological (153). These psychical entities, “hard as iron, and perhaps stronger than the perceptual fact itself,” are in fact the navel of the hyperarcheological search for psychical reality that organizes Freud’s epistemology and that of any ‘true theory’ that tries to follow.

To be clear, however, Laplanche is not asserting that Freud’s search in any way resembles Jung’s *anagogische Deutung* [anagogic interpretation], a term used by Herber Silberer to describe the “mode of interpretation of the products of symbolism (myths, dreams, etc.) which is said to bring out their universal ethical meaning” (*LP* 33).¹⁴ In fact, the relation of symbols to ‘elevated ideas’ in anagogic interpretation might be seen as explicitly antithetical to the specificity achieved by analytic interpretation through its refusal of disjunction between systematization and intuition. Elsewhere, Laplanche situates Ricoeur’s impulse under the same banner as that of Jung and Silberer, pointing to the fact that the “very act of restoring to [Freudian interpretation] its ‘true meaning’” simultaneously revives “the theological tradition which requires the ascension from the literal to the ‘spiritual’ meaning of sacred texts” (“Interpreting (with) Freud” 175–6).

¹³ The term ‘psychical reality’ [*die psychische Realität*] is not used in “Negation,” though it is used extensively elsewhere in the Freudian corpus. Nevertheless, Laplanche is of course correct to point to its relation to *das Ding* and the problems of internal and external objects to psychic life.

¹⁴ This dissertation refers to the modality of anagogic interpretation and its adherents as “the anagogic line,” especially as it represents the Jungian opposition to psychoanalysis.

The search for origins always takes on a certain ontotheological mood, one that implicates the problem of the sacred in the archeological impulses of psychoanalysis. Laplanche's very use of 'aporia' in this discussion, along with how he positions certain "kernels" of psychoanalytic truth (152), demonstrate an obvious conversation between his theoretical elaborations and the advent of Derridian deconstruction. Derrida's 1966 lecture "Structure, Sign, and Play in the Discourse of the Human Sciences" had already defined a certain two-fold aspect to interpretation that might have been influential in the psychoanalytic discussion of hermeneutics and epistemology.¹⁵ Derrida's lecture describes the two-fold itinerary, or two-fold interpretation *of* interpretation, as follows:

There are thus two interpretations of interpretation, of structure, of sign, of play. The one seeks to decipher, dreams of deciphering a truth or an origin which escapes play and the order of the sign, and which lives the necessity of interpretation as exile. The other, which is no longer turned toward the origin, affirms play and tries to pass beyond man and humanism, the name of man being the name of that being who, throughout the history of metaphysics or of ontotheology—in other words, throughout his entire history—has dreamed of full presence [*la presence pleine*], the reassuring foundation, the origin and the end of play. (292)

For Derrida, these two interpretations of interpretation, "which are absolutely irreconcilable even if we live them simultaneously and reconcile them in an obscure economy," share the space of what we problematically call 'the social sciences'—or what I might more precisely call *psychoanalysis* or more generally *modernity*. As Derrida writes, "these two interpretations must acknowledge and accentuate their difference to define their irreducibility," a posture that recalls Leclaire's stipulation that psychoanalytic interpretation must both orient itself by and avoid the poles of systematization and intuition. While he does not call this position that renounces

¹⁵ See also Alan Bass' explication of this passage as it relates to the disavowal of difference in fetishism in the third chapter of *Interpretation and Difference: The Strangeness of Care* (2006).

disjunction explicitly *the modern*, Derrida does say that in the “region” where we find ourselves today—and by that he means “a region of historicity”—“the category of choice seems particularly trivial.” Moreover, “we must first try to conceive of the common ground, and the *différance* of this irreducible difference” (293).

Laplanche is right, in my estimation, to show us how these ‘two interpretations of interpretation’ might be conceived as *reconstructive* and *constructive*; in eschewing the conflation of analysis with historiography, he is further correct to situate the anagogic/Jungian position along the former line. I disagree, however, with his assessment of Ricoeur’s hermeneutics, as I would maintain that the trajectory of *De l’interprétation* in fact edifies the supposition that psychoanalytic epistemology is a disjunctive refusal, and it attempts to find a ‘common ground’ for an ‘irreducible difference.’ Ricoeur’s articulation of our modern condition as double possibility, a play of tension between extreme polarities, seems to me quite in line with Derrida’s two interpretations of interpretation. The pole that aims to “*let speak* what once, what each time, was *said*, when meaning appeared anew, when meaning was at its fullest” is fundamentally reconstructive, while the purification of “discourse of its excrescence” and “the liquidation of idols” is constructive, the attempt to pass beyond man and humanism, realizing our degeneration and poverty so as to heal it (*FP* 27).

In my brief elaboration of Freud’s treatment of popular and intra-institutional resistance to psychoanalysis, I did not fully convey the aporetic structure of resistance in Freud. In his 1996 discussion of “resistance-to-analysis,” Derrida indicates that a certain resistance is installed at the very core of psychoanalysis, “like an auto-immune process,” “a resistance *of* psychoanalysis as we know it, a resistance to itself, in sum, which is just as inventive as the other.” This resistance is a peculiar characteristic of the modern, or as Derrida puts it, “[b]y coming to the aid of

psychoanalysis despite itself, it constitutes one of the cards dealt to our time” (*Resistances* vii–viii). Derrida suggests that the Freudian mandate that all resistance in analysis must be interpreted implies that resistance “has as much meaning as what it opposes; it is just as charged with meaning and thus just as interpretable as that which it disguises or displaces: in truth, it has *the same meaning*, but dialectically or polemically adverse, if one can say that” (13). Derrida’s essay thus traces the various connotations of resistance, both in and toward psychoanalysis, and in the process, begins a project that traces the contours of analysis determined by a central resistance. He writes,

If one considers that psychoanalysis developed not only as the analysis of individual psychic resistances but as a practical analysis of the cultural, political and social resistances represented by hegemonic discourses, notably in the form of its philosophical or scientific knowledge, it would have been necessary, if this history were to form *one* history and if it were to be unified in *one tradition*, for psychoanalysis itself to have a *unified* concept of resistance, of its logic and its topic. And this was never the case. (20)

While the concept of *resistance to analysis* cannot unify itself in the Freudian corpus, this is not to say that psychoanalysis is paralyzed, or at least, it is not in “a banal and negative paralysis” (21). Rather by teasing out the *resistances* of analysis, Derrida is able to articulate both the epistemological project of deconstruction and a psychoanalysis-to-come.¹⁶

First, Derrida elucidates two constitutive motifs of analysis by teasing out the etymology of the Greek *analuein*, motifs that echo the ‘two interpretations of interpretation’ from his earlier work. The first, marked by the movement of *ana-*, is “a recurrent return to the principal, the most originary, the simplest, the elementary, or the detail that cannot be broken down.” Derrida calls

¹⁶ “I desired the word ‘resistances,’ exercising the basic caution of putting it in the plural so as to keep the exit doors clear. To pluralize is always to provide oneself with an emergency exit, up until the moment when it’s the plural that kills you” (*Resistances* 25). I begrudgingly thought of this passage when I made the resistance in my own title plural.

this the *archeological* or *anagogical* motif. The second, marked by *-lysis*, is a tendency toward “breaking down, untying, unknotting, deliverance, solution, dissolution or absolution, and by the same token, final completion.” This motif, which Derrida suggests might be called the *lytic*, *lytological*, or *philolytic*, produces an *eschatological* movement that doubles the work of the *archeological*, “as if analysis were the bearer of extreme death and the last word, just as the archeological motif, in view of the originary, is turned toward birth” (19–20). Derrida had previously explored this dynamic in *La carte postale* in his reading of the repetition compulsion, which Freud himself had proposed calling simply (and in a quite primal fashion) “resistance of the unconscious.” The repetition compulsion, in its ungovernability and absolute proximity to the death drive, emerges as a kind of resistance *par excellence* that combines the two central motifs of all analysis, both “the regressive or archeotropic movement and the movement of dissolution that urges toward destruction, that loves to destroy by dissociating” (23).¹⁷ The fundamentally irreducible, then, is resistance in psychoanalysis.

The “fundamentally bizarre” procedure of “entangling” these two analytic necessities, however, allows Derrida to articulate the double bind of all resistance. Resistance always implies a tension, and conceiving of it as a double bind gives rise to “neither an analysis nor a synthesis, neither to an analytic or a dialectic.” Rather, it “provokes both the analytic and the dialectic to infinity, but in order to resist them absolutely” (26). Derrida implies that by privileging the thematics of repetition, we may make a strategically economical maneuver, one which highlights *iterability*, defined as “the condition of the constitution of identities, of ideality ...the becoming-objective of the object or the becoming-subjective of the subject, thus the becoming-analyzable

¹⁷ See also Derrida’s “To Speculate—on ‘Freud’” in *The Post Card: From Socrates to Freud and Beyond*, 256–409, as well as Lacan’s commentary on psychoanalysis’ role as a kind of epistemic break in “The Freudian Thing,” in *Écrits*.

in general.” As iterability also “perturbs any analysis because it perturbs, by resisting, the binary and hierarchized oppositions that authorize any principle of distinction in the common discourse as well as in philosophical or theoretical discourse,” it is constituted by the double bind (31).

Deconstruction begins with this double bind, and itself “obeys an *analytic* exigency.” Deconstruction is “always a matter of *undoing, desedimenting, decomposing, deconstituting* sediments, *artefacts*, presuppositions, institutions,” and like analysis, deconstruction follows the “*archeological* or *anagogical* motif of return to the ancient as archi-originary and the *philolytic* motif of the dissociative...unbinding” (27). But this is just the first aspect of deconstruction, it simultaneously “begins only with a resistance to this double motif” (27). Here, Derrida is perhaps thinking of Laplanche when he describes the movement of deconstruction of presence as not a counter-archeology, but the experience of “*hyperanalytic* dissociation of the simple and the originary” (27, emphasis mine). *Hyper-* becomes the consummate prefix for the deconstructive drive:

What *drives* [*pousse*] deconstruction to analyze without respite the analysistic and dialecticistic presuppositions of these philosophies, and no doubt of philosophy itself, what resembles there the drive and pulse of its own movement, a rhythmic compulsion to track the desire for simple and self-present originarity, well, this very thing—here is the double bind we were talking about a moment ago—drives it to raise the analysistic and transcendentalistic stakes. It drives deconstruction to a hyperbolicism of analysis that takes sometimes, in certain people’s eyes, the form of a hyperdiabolicism. In this sense, deconstruction is also the interminable drama of analysis. (29)

This interminable drama of analysis cannot be surmounted; rather, like the double bind, it must be “endured in passion” (36). For Derrida, this ‘endurance’ can take several forms. The first—Bateson’s route—assigns to the double bind “a schizogenic power to which some fall victim while others are immune” (36) As we shall see at the end of our itinerary, Deleuze and Guattari modify this form of endurance to suggest that capitalism is itself the schizogenic power of the

double bind, a kind of systematization that exhibits the same features as that which it attempts to critique.

The other mode proposes that the double bind “cannot be assumed but is rather endured in a thousand different ways, [as] if all passions are irreplaceably assigned to singularity, [as] if a double bind is never one and general but the infinitely divisible dissemination of knots” (37). Without this plurality of singularities, analysis and responsibility for analysis as such could not take place. Deconstruction’s ‘ordeal with aporia’ is also the ordeal of psychoanalysis, thus a form of “deconstructive psychoanalysis” finds real exigency in Derrida’s epistemological inquiry into psychoanalytic resistance.

I have tracked here a group of thinkers whose discussions of psychoanalytic epistemology might be seen to map onto one another. All of these thinkers suggest that psychoanalysis refuses disjunction, operating rather in the sustained inhabitation of a double bind. All of these thinkers also allude to the fact that psychoanalysis’ own epistemological negation might be the source of its peculiar mobility and strength, and that this kind of hyper-epistemological status might condition the modern as we have now come to understand it. I have also suggested that the various poles these authors elaborate find striking concordance with vulgarized repudiations of psychoanalysis issued from the popular sphere and misapprehensions of the metapsychological and clinical terrain from inside the institution. This is certainly not to argue that the psychoanalytic epistemology I have sketched out in this chapter avoids all of the pitfalls accused of it, from both within and without. Rather, it is to suggest that we cannot begin to track the modernist repudiation of psychoanalysis without acknowledging the fundamental role of resistance in the constitution of a psychoanalytic epistemology as such.

CHAPTER TWO

“Watch out, he *bites!*”: Otto Gross and ‘Wild’ Psycho-Analysis

Oh it is a wild life that we live in the near West, between one apocalypse and another!

Wyndham Lewis¹

As if we could reproach someone for having an ambiguous relationship with psychoanalysis, without first mentioning that psychoanalysis owes its existence to a relationship, theoretically and practically ambiguous, with what it discovers and the force that it wields.

Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari²

I will not say that I have not yet named the analyst’s desire, for how can one name a desire? One circumscribes a desire. There are many things in history that provide us with tracks and traces here.

Jacques Lacan³

In the spring of 1907, Frieda von Richthofen—then known as Frieda Weekley and the wife of British professor Ernest Weekley—met and commenced a love affair with Otto Gross, an Austrian psychotherapist and revolutionary anarchist. Though the affair was short—the couple spent a mere week together in Munich followed by a week in Amsterdam the following autumn—this was certainly not a simple love affair. Gross was already entangled in an affair with Frieda’s sister Else, who happened to be best friends with Gross’s wife, who was coincidentally also named Frieda. The letters that Gross and Frieda von Richthofen exchanged were among her most prized possessions, so valuable, in fact, that she furnished them as evidence of her motives to Weekley when she left him for D.H. Lawrence in 1912. Gross and von Richtofen’s experiment in free love was convergent with the bohemian attitudes of the Munich Schwabing community, and the circle surrounding them directly and indirectly included

¹ *Paleface* 100.

² *Anti-Oedipus* 117.

³ *Four Fundamental* 254.

many of the intellectual luminaries of the era in the fields of economics, sociology, literature, and psychoanalysis.

The personal histories of the von Richthofen sisters and their impressive social circle have been carefully chronicled by Martin Green, John Turner, and Emanuel Hurwitz; there is a dearth of intellectual history and translation of Gross in English, however, despite Gross' fascinating role in the emergence of twentieth century counterculture.⁴ This is likely due to his excommunication from the official literature and history of psychoanalysis, following his 1909 diagnosis of psychosis by Carl Jung, and his resistance towards many of the fundamental tenants of Freudian psychoanalytic theory and clinical practice. Despite his institutional elision, this chapter argues that Gross—as both resistant theorist and resistant analyst—was seminal to Freud's delineation of the analytic sphere through the ethics of handling transference. The events that surround Gross's departure from the psychoanalytic establishment in the first decade of the twentieth century form the first part of the rather peripatetic journey I intend to trace, one that interrogates those first 'wild' decades of psychoanalytic practice and the role that those events

⁴ There is remarkably little written about Gross in English and much of the current material paints the man in nearly mythological terms while relying on a surprisingly limited amount of biographical information. The primary resource on this subject for English-speaking scholars until recently has been cultural history texts by Martin Green, the best-known being *The von Richthofen Sisters: The Triumphant and Tragic Modes of Love, Else and Frieda von Richthofen, Otto Gross, Max Weber, and D. H. Lawrence in the years 1870–1970* (1974). This text—together with Emanuel Hurwitz's untranslated German biography *Otto Gross: Paradies-Sucher zwischen Freud und Jung* (1979) and John Turner's insightful introduction (1990) to the translated correspondence of Otto Gross and Frieda Weekly—have formed the basis here for the dates that lie outside of the collected correspondence between Freud, Jung, Jones, Ferenczi, and Abraham, as well as psychoanalytic histories, though there is some disagreement among all of these sources as to the precise sequence of events. I have attempted to present the dates that stick as closely as possible to documented historical events, though I suspect that the terrain in Gross studies might change in the coming years. In 2001, Gottfried Heuer published "Jung's Twin Brother: Otto Gross and Carl Gustav Jung" in the *Journal of Analytical Psychology* as a prelude to an edited collection of essays on Gross and modernity: *Sexual Revolutions: Psychoanalysis, History and the Father*, released in 2012. Since 1999, Heuer and other scholars have been working under the auspices of the International Otto Gross Society (www.ottogross.org), promoting English translation and scholarship on Otto Gross by hosting symposia and publishing new scholarship. Their website, which is freely available to the public, provides invaluable reproductions of most of Gross's work in German, with projected English translations to be attached when available in the future.

may have had in Lawrence, Lewis, and Loy's later repudiation of psychoanalysis after the first world war.

The "White Dionysos" and *Mr Noon*

Though Frieda von Richthofen's affair with Gross ended in 1908 and she didn't meet Lawrence until the spring of 1911, her autobiography *Not I, But The Wind* effectively elides that three year span in the description of her first meeting with Lawrence. "I had just met a remarkable disciple of Freud," she writes, "and was full of undigested theories. This friend did a lot for me. I was living like a somnambulist in a conventional set life and he awakened the consciousness of my own proper self" (*Wind* 3). This process of coming into 'proper' subjectivity was difficult: "Being born and reborn is no joke, and being born into your own intrinsic self, that separates and singles you out from all the rest—it's a painful process" (3). That this 'birth' was wrapped up in Frieda's conception of her own sexuality is evident; she immediately follows the description of the painful process of the emergence of her true subjectivity with the observation that "When people talk about sex, I don't know what they mean—as if sex hopped about by itself like frog, as if it had no relation to the rest of living, one's growth, one's ripening. What people mean by sex will always remain incomprehensible to me, but I am thankful to say that sex is a mystery to me" (3). One of Gross's philosophies that seemed to haunt in particular her was his fanatical belief that "if only sex were 'free' the world would straight-away turn into a paradise." Adhering to this belief would, she felt, cut her off from the rest of the world, yet she couldn't seem to shake her attraction to such a philosophy. As a result, she "suffered and struggled...with society, and felt absolutely isolated" (3).

D. H. Lawrence was likewise in a tenuous state in December of 1910 after the death of his mother. The couple's first encounter in Frieda's home was the result of Lawrence's search for a lectureship at the university where Ernest Weekley taught. Their conversation ended with Lawrence announcing that he had "finished with his attempts at knowing women," leaving Frieda amazed with how "fiercely" he denounced the opposite sex. Their talk then turned to the psychoanalytic vogue: "We talked about Oedipus and understanding leaped through our words," Frieda wrote (4). After his departure from this animated encounter, Lawrence began writing Frieda love letters. She claimed that she found this development surprising: "What I cannot understand is how he could have loved me and wanted me at that time. I certainly did have what he called 'sex in the head'; a theory of loving men. My real self was frightened and shrank from contact like a wild thing" (5). Thus while the process of coming into her 'intrinsic self' had only begun with the free love theories Gross introduced into her life, her skittish 'real self' still evaded the kind of radical congress promised by Lawrence's affection. Yet following a pastoral scene of Lawrence playing with her children by a babbling brook, paying them such rapt attention that he appeared to have forgotten entirely about their mother, Frieda claims that she suddenly knew that she loved him. Their relationship began to develop quickly, culminating in her eventual departure from her marriage with Weekley and their children for a life of travel with Lawrence.

Lawrence provides another fictionalized perspective on this origin narrative in his unfinished novel *Mr Noon*, a text that was written in chunks between November of 1920 and October of 1922, when Lawrence announced that he was unlikely to finish the novel. The first part of the text tells the sardonic tale of Gilbert Noon's ill-fated affair with a young woman named Emmie in the Midlands, while the second half gives an account of Gilbert's romance with

a married German woman called Johanna in 1912. The change of setting from the Midlands to Germany between the two halves of the novel is abrupt; Emmie is abandoned, and the tone of the narration and Gilbert's characterization undergo a rather stark transition. Should the reader feel dissatisfaction over this hasty shift, she is directly chastised by the narrator, whose first person, limited omniscient voice recurrently draws attention to the textual features of the novel: "Eat this sop I've given you, and don't ask for more until I've got up the steep incline of the next page and have declined like a diminished traveller over the brow of the third" (97). If this excerpt is any indication, *Mr Noon* is certainly one of Lawrence's prickliest efforts, and despite the author's desire to see the novel published in serial form, it never made it to print during his lifetime. While the first half of *Mr Noon* was published in two posthumous volumes (*A Modern Lover* of 1934 and *Phoenix II* of 1968), the manuscript of the second half languished in publisher Thomas Seltzer's possession for fifty years, only appearing at auction in 1972.⁵ The complete Cambridge edition of the novel wouldn't appear until 1984, thus a particularly arresting—if acutely cutting—autobiographical text was absent in over fifty years of Lawrence criticism, including Green's 1974 attempt to compare the conceptual productions of Otto Gross and Lawrence as a result of their respective relationships with Frieda. Gross is never mentioned explicitly in any of Lawrence's surviving correspondence and references to him in the fiction are few and far between.

Green contends, I believe rightly, that Lawrence is likely referring to Gross when in the autobiographical *Twilight in Italy* he claims to have impersonated the wandering son of a doctor from Graz. Green points to the strange confluence of biographical details, as well as to a previous passage in the text describing the leader of the Italian anarchists—a magnetic, sensuous,

⁵ See Lindeth Vasey's detailed introduction to the Cambridge edition of *Mr Noon* for more information on the publication history of this 'lost' novel.

“star-like” spirit with revolutionary ideas—to suggest that Lawrence might have been thinking about Gross during his writing of *Twilight in Italy* (Green, *von Richthofen Sisters* 60). Indeed, Lawrence does seem to channel Frieda and Otto’s self-mythologizing love letters when he describes his encounter with the anarchist leader:

In him a steady flame was burning, burning, burning, a flame of the mind, of the spirit, something new and clear... He seemed to look at me, me, an Englishman, an educated man, for corroboration. But I could not corroborate him. I knew the purity and struggling towards birth of a true, star-like spirit. But I could not confirm him in his utterance: my soul could not respond. I did not believe in the perfectibility of man. I did not believe in infinite harmony among men. And this was his star, his belief. (*Twilight* 113–4)

Green soundly notes that this humble depiction of another man in such a prophetic stance is rare in Lawrence’s work, but I don’t find his link between the later convergence of biographical details about Gross and this passage about the Italian anarchist a complete justification for the idea that the text contains steady allusions to Gross, though the suggestion is certainly fitting, as Gross was certainly one most prominent anarchists that Lawrence would have heard about.⁶

A far more explicit allusion to Gross comes in the second half of *Mr Noon*. While Gross remains unnamed, he appears in an interchange that vividly reflects Frieda’s own explicitly autobiographical account of her first meeting with Lawrence. In the novel, Gilbert and Johanna meet by accident when Johanna, the wife of an American doctor, arrives unexpectedly at the home of her cousin Professor Kramer, where Gilbert is staying in Munich (though why is uncertain—our petulant narrator informs us that “How Gilbert came to be living in [Kramer’s] flat I shan’t tell you. I am sick of these explanations” (*MN* 100)). While travelling from Boston to visit her parents in Frankfurt, Johanna had fallen asleep on the train in the final leg of her

⁶ Green also argues that Lawrence’s brief stay in Locarno in 1914 during his walking tour of Italy and Switzerland put him within close range of Ascona—the center of Gross’s influence—though he admits that the men did not meet at this time as Gross was under psychiatric confinement elsewhere. See Green, “Weber, Lawrence, and Anarchism.”

journey, missing her stop. She wakes in Munich, flustered and exhausted, and decides to spend the night at her cousin's home before venturing back to her destination. The cousin is travelling and the maid Julie is out on the town, and so Gilbert lets Johanna into the apartment and loans her money to pay for her cab. He's smitten from the beginning, describing her as a "Wagner Goddess" (120) when she emerges from the elevator. He is "all eyes and ears and soul-attentiveness" when the two launch into a long conversation. Johanna queries Gilbert about his family in the Midlands, and Gilbert acknowledges that he didn't remember his mother very well.

"Well, I think you're lucky. Mothers are awful things nowadays, don't you think?"

Gilbert had not been accustomed to think so, therefore he inquired "why?"

"Don't you think they all want to swallow their children again, like the Greek myth?—who was the man?—There isn't a man worth having, nowadays, who can get away from his mother. Their mothers are all in love with them, and they're all in love with their mothers, and what are we poor women to do? ...One wants a man to oneself, and one gets a mother's darling. —*You* don't know what it means. They're all Hamlets, obsessed by their mothers, and we're supposed to all be Ophelias, and go and drown ourselves." (124)

The two banter about Johanna's sexual attraction towards a Japanese man on the train—"I should love to have a little Japanese baby: brown and solemn and so different," she blithely declares (125)—and Gilbert recounts the story of his failed liaison with Emmie. In turn, Johanna tells Gilbert about her affair with a man named Eberhard, a "doctor and philosopher" from Munich who freed her from her "crazy boxed up" life as "the conventional wife." "Oh, I loved him so much—and I waited for his letters—" she declares, immediately suggesting Frieda von Richthofen's deep epistolary devotion to Otto Gross. She describes Eberhard as a marvellous lover, a drug fiend who never seemed to sleep or stop talking. He could "work up the animals" in the zoo just by looking at them (126). This "white Dionysos" was first her sister Louise's lover, and that Louise was the best friend of Eberhard's wife Wilhelmine, suggesting of course the dynamic between Frieda's sister Else Jaffe, the best friend of Gross's wife, Frieda. All of this

was openly acknowledged among these women: “You couldn’t try to keep a man like that,” Johanna declares, though she admits that she herself couldn’t bear Eberhard’s propensity to have “two women, or more, going at the same time.” Gilbert, rather predictably, finds all of this terribly depressing, and asks why Johanna thought this Eberhard so wonderful. She responds,

“Oh, he was a genius—a genius at love. He understood so much. And then he made one feel so free. He was almost the first psychoanalyst, you know—he was Viennese too, and far, far more brilliant than Freud. They were all friends. But Eberhard was spiritual—he may have been demoniacal, but he was spiritual. Which Freud isn’t, don’t you think.” (127)

On this last point Gilbert agrees, but he still doesn’t understand how what happened between Eberhard and Johanna acted as such a conduit to freedom. She explains,

“He made me believe in love—in the sacredness of love. He made me see that marriage and all those things are based on fear. How can love be wrong? It is the jealousy and grudging that is wrong. Love is so much greater than the individual. Individuals are so poor and mean.—And then there can’t be love without sex. Eberhard taught me that. And it is so true. Love *is* sex. But you can have sex all in your head, like the saints did. But that I call a sort of perversion. Don’t you? Sex is sex, and ought to find its expression in the proper way—don’t you think. And there is no strong feeling aroused in anybody that doesn’t have an element of sex in it—don’t you think?”

These theories were not new to Gilbert. How could they be, in the professor’s house? But he had never given them serious attention. Now, with the gleaming, distraught woman opposite him, he was troubled by the ideas. He was troubled, and depressed. It all saddened him, and he did not agree, but did not know what to say.

“I never know quite what you mean by sex,” he said.

“Just sex. It is the kind of magnetism that holds people together, and which is bigger than individuals.”

“But you don’t have sexual connection with everybody,” said Gilbert, in opposition.

“Not directly—but indirectly.”

“Nay,” he said. “I don’t see that. Sex is either direct sex, or it is something else which I don’t call sex.”

“But don’t you see,” she said, “sex is always being *perverted* into something else—all the time.”

“Ay,” said Gilbert. “And perhaps something else is always being perverted into sex.”

“Yes,” she said. “Yes.”

It was evident that she was all distraught, bewildered, roused, and yet not having any direction. (127)

The direction Johanna (Frieda) ends up taking that evening, of course, is toward Gilbert (Lawrence), as the two go to bed together and begin a tumultuous relationship. As a discussion, this remains one of the better accounts of the early accusation of pan-sexualism against Freudianism, which continues to haunt the couple. Johanna's affair four years earlier with Eberhard still exercises a kind of magnetic pull, and his 'philosophy' plays a significant role in Johanna and Gilbert's future arguments about monogamy. Johanna remains under the white Dionysos's spell, and claims that she feels compelled to love every man that she meets. Her logic is somewhat bizarre and reductive—undigested, one might say. If understanding is what leads to love, and there is something intrinsically understandable about every man, and there is love without sex, then she should in turn love every man sexually. Gilbert acidly accuses her of thinking of herself as a Panacea, and she responds "I *am* something of a Panacea—I know I am, And I know love is the only panacea—and where we make a mistake is that we don't use it or let it be used." Gilbert sardonically responds that she is "A damned patent medicine that poisons more than it cures." Johanna ignores this aporetic statement, and reproaches Gilbert for not believing in love. He agrees that he doesn't believe in general love, but may have some faith in particular love. This of course leads again to a discussion of Eberhard, whom Johanna refuses to abandon as a model (165). The tension between general and particular love animates the remainder of the novel, culminating in Johanna's infidelity with another man.

This is heady grist for the biographical mill. The original manuscript of *Mr Noon*, like many of Lawrence's other novels, is rife with various slips that give away the autobiographical

templates for the characters populating the narrative,⁷ a practice that emboldened decades of critics to debate the authorial intention behind these *romans à clef*. Yet if we allow ourselves to commit this intentional fallacy and couple it with Frieda's account of her initial meeting with Lawrence written a few decades later, it would seem that both the *Weltanschauung* of Otto Gross, as well as a popularized notion of the Oedipus complex, informed the earliest foundations of the Lawrences' relationship.

That my examination begins not with Lawrence, but rather with Gross, requires a bit of explanation. In the third chapter, I will argue that Lawrence was in various ways interpellated by the psychoanalytic establishment. While this process began professionally when his fictional work was placed "on the couch" in 1916,⁸ from a personal perspective, the beginning of his relationship with Frieda was marked by her earlier affair with Gross. Lawrence's thinking about the unconscious—in alternately sympathetic, hostile, and warped ways—reflects the impact that Gross's ideas had on an impressionable Frieda. Lawrence's focus on the 'pansexualism' of Freudian theory and the limits of sublimation, as well as his critique of the liberties taken by psychoanalytic interpretation, likely had a great deal to do with Gross's interpretation of the Freudian model.

Gross felt that he was on to something special in his relations with Frieda von Richthofen, something that transcended the personal and represented the dawning of a new political era. As evidenced by their correspondence,⁹ Gross saw in von Richthofen (in the letters,

⁷ For example, Professor Kramer is modeled on Edgar Jaffe, the husband of Frieda's sister Else. Lawrence wrote 'Edg' on one occasion instead of Kramer in the manuscript. See *MN* 310.

⁸ See Kuttner.

⁹ The surviving correspondence of Gross and von Richthofen is held by the Harry Ransom Center at the University of Texas at Austin. The letters have been transcribed, translated from the German, and annotated by John Turner with the help of Cornelia Rumpf-Worthen and Ruth Jenkins.

she is referred to by her then-married name, Weekley) a new kind of woman, one ready to break the shackles of conformity:

I know now what people will be like who keep themselves unpolluted by all the things that I hate and fight against—I know it through you, the only human being who already, today, has remained free from the code of chastity, from Christianity, from democracy and all that accumulated filth, remained free through her own strength—how on earth have you brought this miracle about, you golden child—how with your laughter and your loving have you kept your soul free from the curse and the dirt of two gloomy millennia? (Gross and Weekley 165)

Apparently it was not only Gilbert who saw Johanna as a Wagnerian goddess. Gross here mobilizes modernist discourse on degeneration and a kind of eschatological mood to describe Frieda's singularity. We can perhaps see why these letters were so important to her. The emphasis upon the evils of Christianity and democracy seem to owe less to Gross's immersion in Freud and more to his reading of Nietzsche, two theoretical traditions he would attempt to synthesize over the next decade. In his 1913 essay "Zur Überwindung der kulturellen Krise" ("On Overcoming the Cultural Crisis") in a special edition of *Die Aktion* edited by Franz Jung (no relation to Carl), Gross exhibits a continued allegiance to Freudian doctrine (despite his expulsion from the psychoanalytic community) while also signaling the distinctly ethical and political direction he sees for the future of clinical practice: "The psychology of the unconscious is destined to become the philosophy of revolution." The "incomparable revaluation of all values" in the "coming time" will be a result of the synthesis of Nietzsche's philosophy with the psychoanalytic technique of Freud, a "practical method" that will free unconscious material for "empirical realization," one which will rest on the "moral imperative" that we both know ourselves and the people who surround us more deeply. Gross characterizes modern consciousness by the increasing incapability of individuals to resist forms of authoritarian suggestion and interference, resulting in a collective fragmentation from the forms of authority

introjected from earliest childhood (Gross, “Zur Überwindung” 384).¹⁰ One of the most interesting suggestions that Gross makes in this paper is to suggest that current regimes of power encourage the perception of the strong as weak, animal-like, or pitiable, and that it is those who we perceive as mentally ill who will actually lead the revolution (386). As Green aptly puts it, Gross “made it his life work to show that as a direct effect of existing institutions of authority, every man must be sick, and the significant man more so, in proportion to his significance. To recognize this is to demand revolution as a human hygienic necessity, and thus to demand the inward liberation of the revolutionary individual as clinical preparation” (69).

More cynically, however, it is a philosophy that conveniently positions Gross—a man others unanimously agreed to be significantly unwell—as merely the exaggerated symptom of a sick age, and his eventual psychic rehabilitation as a significant political achievement in the march towards revolution. Throughout his letters to von Richthofen, Gross suggests that his own journey towards ‘inward liberation’ is the result of his unique destiny, one that he figures in distinctly prophetic terms:

I have a feeling that my destiny has *not yet fulfilled itself*—that this is *only the beginning*. I have had *far too much* of the most wonderful happiness of all—a happiness *too high* for the human condition—I have felt in myself *too much* creative power, too many high intentions—there is a sentence in Heraclitus that is dreadfully true: the sun dare not exceed the bounds of its course—otherwise the spirits of revenge would seize it.—Now I feel it is *me* they are about to grab.
(Gross and Weekley 173–4)

Here, in a letter most likely written in the spring of 1908 when Gross was first gaining serious contact with an international group of psychoanalytic practitioners, we can see him as a self-conceived prophet who has somehow mastered the dynamics of sublimation, but also as a man plagued by growing paranoia, a reflection of both his growing persecution by the authorities for

¹⁰ All translation of Gross’s political work are mine unless otherwise noted.

euthanasia as well as his struggle with mental illness. In a letter to von Richthofen's sister Else Jaffe, Gross nevertheless resists this posture of the prophet, perhaps as a result of self-analysis:

I realized in myself that every tendency to prophecy is an expression of self-falsification, when one substitutes for oneself, by an illusion, the truth which one knows in principle to be beneficent and powerful. From that conflict I have freed myself, and so am now much further from Prophecy than ever before. Else, I have nothing else to 'announce' except always this one thing—that only through one's consciousness of one's own development does the individuality really free itself. In that way is fulfilled in the individual case what I in my vocation have to do: to free the essential personal style of the individual from all that is alien, destructive, contradictory. (qtd. in Green 58)

What in particular does Gross find alien, destructive, and contradictory in modernity? Why does he locate Frieda von Richthofen as the “womb of the future”? According to Gross, the revolution to come will take as its primary target the bourgeois family structure, which according to Gross is particularly oppressive to women in its strictures on marriage and monogamy (two institutions that Frieda von Richthofen certainly eschewed). The coming time will be a time of *Mutterrecht* [‘matriarchal rule’], an idea that Gross developed further in “Die Einwirkung der Allgemeinheit auf das Individuum” (“The Influence of the Collective on the Individual”), also published in *Die Aktion* later in 1913. In that text, Gross gives the example of hysterical women, who introject the pathogenic aspects of the community into themselves, thus spending “immense energy in either repressing sexuality or in giving it an unnatural, socially acceptable form” (Green 70). In his analysis of this essay, Green is right to point to Gross's use of ‘unnatural’ repression. Both here and in “Anmerkungen zu einer neuen Ethik” (“Notes for a New Ethics”), Gross delineates between a “natural,” “primary” tableau of polymorphous sexual expression (for both men and women) and productive aggression (for men). While women who repress their sexual drive might suffer from hysteria, the repression of the (uniquely male, in Gross's account) aggressive drive is pathological cowardice. While marriage and the bourgeois family structure (*die*

Familienkonstellation) are especially repressive to the true sexual nature of women, it is the state—with its perpetual corruption of the erotic by homosocial power structures—that is responsible for the psychic fragmentation of modern men. Both bourgeois family structure and the hierarchical authority of the state represent the corruption of sex by power, and the solution to this pathological condition lies not in the achievement of sublimation via the transference relationship founded in analysis, but rather through a restoration of the erotic. As Green puts it, Gross believed that “erotic love alone can finally overcome man’s loneliness. Relationship understood as that third thing, worshipped as a supreme value, will allow the lover to combine an erotic union with an uncompromised drive to individuality” (Green 70). Gross’s affair with Frieda von Richthofen, who openly bucked the strictures of monogamy and traditional motherhood and appeared to worship Gross’s sexuality and creativity, was the perfect embodiment of this idea. As he lovingly declared to her,

I need you— I need you so that something special within my soul does not become lost to me—Something that you have loved in me and that belongs in me if I am to do and to create the things that are truly mine— You can help me as it is rarely given to one person to be able to help another— ...I can’t put it accurately into words—You sensed it wonderfully and only then through you did I understand something of it. “You *are* the Erotic,” you said to me— (Gross and Weekley 178)

Here, we have something like the language of psychoanalytic intersubjectivity percolating in Gross’s description of his relationship with Frieda, with an added inflection, of course, of romantic love. Gross promulgated this idea outside of his personal entanglements, as evidenced by a letter Jung wrote to Freud in late September of 1907 regarding Gross’s ideas about transference and the possibility (or impossibility) of sublimation:

Dr. Gross tells me that he puts a quick stop to the transference by turning people into sexual immoralists. He says the transference to the analyst and its persistent fixation are mere monogamy symbols and as such symptomatic of repression. The truly healthy state for the neurotic is sexual immorality. Hence he associates you

with Nietzsche. It seems to me, however, that sexual repression is a very important and indispensable civilizing factor, even if pathogenic for many inferior people. Still, there must always be a few flies in the world's ointment. What else is civilization but the fruit of adversity? I feel Gross is going along too far with the vogue for the sexual short-circuit, which is neither intelligent, nor in good taste, but merely convenient, and therefore anything but a civilizing factor. (*FJ* 90)

Many biographers¹¹ have suggested that this early denunciation is actually symptomatic of Jung's growing attraction to Gross's sexual licentiousness, a trend that would culminate in a series of inappropriate liaisons with female patients in the years that followed. While this makes for a lovely narrative arc—it's not for nothing that John Kerr's book about the analyst Sabina Spielrein was taken as the basis for a 2011 David Cronenberg film—it remains unclear to what extent Jung was actually aware of Gross's experiments in polyamory in 1907. While Jung also frequented the Monte Verità commune at Ascona, we do not have any record to suggest that Jung witnessed any of Gross's experimental behavior first-hand. Jung certainly didn't convey an awareness of Gross's sexual proclivities to Freud, beyond the exasperated description of what he regarded as Gross's half-baked theory of erotically short-circuiting the work of sublimation.

Green's work vividly describes Ascona as one of the originary scenes of twentieth century counterculture. Originally conceived as a sanatorium, Monte Verità transformed in the first decade of the twentieth century into a center for alternative lifestyles—promoting vegetarianism, living outdoors, nudism, free love, and women's emancipation—according to the history museum now housed there. During Gross's years at the commune, theosophical and anarchist ideas flourished, with Dr. Raphael Friedeberg housing both free-thinking bourgeois patients as well as politically-exiled anarchists. During this period of time, numerous accounts

¹¹ See Aldo Carotenuto, *A Secret Symmetry: Sabina Spielrein between Jung and Freud* (New York: Pantheon, 1982) and John Kerr, *A Most Dangerous Method: The Story of Jung, Freud, and Sabina Spielrein* (New York: Random House, 1994).

suggest that Gross hosted sexual orgies and other experiments designed to break down inhibition, and encouraged the use of narcotics among his followers. This radical experimentation in Ascona was complimented by Gross's romanticized public persona in Munich, enthusiastically described by Ernest Jones in his autobiography *Free Associations*. Having met Gross for the first time at the Premier Congrès International de Psychiatrie, de Neurologie, de Psychologie, et de l'Assistance des Aliénés held in Amsterdam from September 2–7, 1907, Jones spent the following autumn in Munich observing Gross, whom he called “his first instructor in the technique of psychoanalysis” (173). This was no conventional training analysis:

It was in many ways an unorthodox demonstration. The analytic treatments were all carried out at a table in the Café Passage, where Gross spent most of the twenty-four hours—the café had no closing time. But such penetrative power of divining the inner thoughts of others I was never to see again, nor is it a matter that lends itself to description. (173–4)¹²

Jones relishes his retrospective insight into Gross's character, rather floridly writing that Gross “was the nearest approach to the romantic ideal of a genius I have ever met, and he also illustrated the supposed resemblance of genius to madness, for he was suffering from an unmistakable form of insanity that before my very eyes culminated in murder, asylum, and suicide” (173). Whether Jones was actually prescient in 1908 to Gross's ‘unmistakable’ madness and the tragic events that would follow in the coming years seems somewhat doubtful, or else he had sought out a most controversial mentor in Gross. That said, the closeness of the circles that these men traveled in would suggest that it was common knowledge that Gross was already practicing extremely dubious medicine: two years earlier at Ascona, Gross had administered

¹² In a 1936 letter to Fritz Wittels, translated and published for the first time by Gottfried Heuer, Jung describes these free-wheeling analyses in much darker terms, writing that Gross “practiced psychoanalysis in the most notorious bars,” with “the transference affairs” usually ending “with an illegitimate child.” “He mainly hung out with artists, writers, political dreamers, and degenerates of any description, and in the swamps of Ascona he celebrated miserable and cruel orgies” (qtd. in Heuer 670). While it is well-documented that Jung himself also frequented “the swamps of Ascona,” one can only speculate whether this depiction of Gross comes first-hand or as hearsay.

lethal poison to a suicidal patient named Lotte Chatemmer, ostensibly so that she wouldn't take her life by more painful means (Green 65). While this event is never explicitly mentioned in Freud and Jung's correspondence, it is clear by early 1908 that his colleagues were fully aware of Gross's drug abuse and mental unease. Moreover, it appears that Gross's growing instability served to bond Freud and Jung together in an increasingly paternalistic relationship. In a February 1908 letter destined for future Hollywood treatment, Freud declares Jung as "the only one capable of making an original contribution, except perhaps for O. Gross, but unfortunately his health is poor" (*FJ* 126).¹³ Jung would make these familial metaphors explicit, imploring Freud to let him enjoy their friendship "not as equals but as that of father and son," (122) observing that "in Gross I discovered many aspects of my own nature, so that he often seemed like my twin brother" (156).

Entering the 'Wild'

It has become a commonplace to describe those members of original circles who broke from doctrinal Freudian psychoanalysis as 'wild' analysts, regardless of whether their break was towards group therapy, body techniques, mystical practices, or orgone generators. Likewise, the use of 'wild' as an adjective characterizing varied psychoanalytic practices has itself demonstrated a kind of wildness in recent decades. The sundry and often haphazard deployment of 'wild' suggests a substantially larger semantic range for the concept beyond the perimeters of Freud's initial elaboration of the term. In fact, Freud's own conceptualization of wildness developed over the course of a decade: there is a transition between Freud's initial, rather

¹³ Of course Freud often made similarly paternalistic declarations about his other favorite adherents, including Otto Rank, Sándor Ferenczi, and Ernest Jones. However, he did appear to reserve the most significant declarations regarding the futurity of the movement for Jung.

bemused concerns surrounding the misapplication of technique in his 1904 article “On Psychotherapy,” the grave dangers posed by such savagery outlined in the definitive “‘Wild’ Psychoanalysis” of 1910, and the expulsion of Jung and Adler for wild practices in the *Jahrbuch* of 1914. During this period of time, a particularly ‘wild’ case likely marked Freud’s thinking and amplified his sense of danger operating from both within and without: the bungled ‘mutual analysis’ of Jung and Gross that took place in the spring of 1908. The events that surround Gross’s flirtation with and eventual departure from the psychoanalytic establishment shed light on why Freud—as a response to the vulgarization of psychoanalysis and the mishandling of analytic technique—came to articulate ‘wildness’ specifically in terms of transference both at the inception of the term and in its gradual sedimentation in clinical hermeneutics.

The earliest psychoanalytic practitioners, ostensibly keen on internationally disseminating their new science, were nevertheless aware of the problems posed by popularization, as I discussed in Chapter One. Karl Abraham wrote to Freud in December of 1908 to describe a peculiar cluster of Freudian academics and pseudo-academics that had suddenly erupted in the Charlottenburg area of Berlin (*FA* 69). Freud likely had Otto Gross in mind when he responded to Abraham:

The Charlottenburg endemic is priceless. There seems to be a similar centre of infection in Munich, and it seems to have affected the craziest artists and the like. No doubt one day there will be a great deal of noise, if the appropriate impulse is given. But that is nothing to look forward to. Every theory sacrifices so much that is of value when it becomes popular. (72)

Gross was certainly at the locus of this crazed, wild circle of artists and intellectuals in Munich. Early on, Freud at least knew of Gross as the son of the renowned criminologist Hans Gross, who frequented many of the same academic circles as Freud despite considerable divergences in the two men’s respective approaches toward the deviant mind. Otto Gross discovered Freudian

psychoanalysis around the same time that he became a medical doctor and travelled to South America as a naval physician in 1899, a trip that likely introduced him to lifelong drug abuse. He may have encountered Jung between 1901 and 1902 during his first treatment for drug addiction at the Burghölzli Mental Hospital in Zürich, where Jung had been working as an assistant physician since December of 1900, though it is unlikely that Jung treated Gross in any capacity at that time. Freud and Gross met sometime around 1904, but there is little historical evidence to suggest that this was anything other than a casual encounter, and it was certainly not a clinical one.

Gross first appears in the collected correspondence between Freud and Jung in June of 1907, when Jung critiques Gross's recently released *Das Freud'sche Ideogenitätsmoment und seine Bedeutung im manisch-depressiven Irresein Kraepelins* as possessing "all sorts of oddities," the text unfairly painting Freud as "merely...the mason working on the unfinished edifice of Wernicke's system" (FJ 66). Freud is less generous in his response, conceding that while Gross is indeed a "highly intelligent man," his book contains "too much theory and too little observation," is unsound in its logic, and rhetorically "wallows in superlatives." Freud likens Gross's attempt to synthesize Freudian ideas with those of Wernicke and Anton to the religious impulse of the ancient Egyptians, "who never modified their pantheon, but superimposed every new god and every new concept on an old one, the result being incredible confusion." He attributes these issues to Gross's "abnormal affective life," which ostensibly he and Jung had previously discussed (though not in the surviving correspondence) (69). It is difficult to parse Freud's formal objections from his diagnostic impulses here, though Gross's delirious narrative voice certainly contributes to this blurring of the critical and the clinical. The critique of Gross's work, however, does seem to suggest two important aspects of what will

come to be known as ‘wild’ psychoanalysis: the privileging of theory over clinical training and practice, and the supposition that psychoanalysis can be functionally ‘superimposed’ on existing ideological structures and medical techniques.

Freud rarely employs the word *wilde* in his work, and it is always hedged with hesitation in the form of angled quotation marks. Initially, Freud used the term ‘wild’ to describe the “procedure of amateur or inexperienced ‘analysts’ who attempt to interpret symptoms, dreams, utterances, actions, etc., on the basis of psycho-analytic notions which they have often as not misunderstood” (*SE* 11: 225). Reluctantly coined in the “face of the dangers” posed to both patients and the emergent discipline by inexpert application, Freud’s aim in describing ‘wild’ psychoanalysis seems primarily to isolate a problem of medical pseudo-professionals appropriating psychoanalytic techniques in a piecemeal fashion without the benefit of exposure to the clinical expertise of established psychoanalytic practitioners (226). In a sense, then, the term also responded to the brisk popular uptake and application of Freudian ideas in the first decades of the twentieth century, often in vulgarized or bastardized forms.

‘Wild’ psycho-analysis, however, is a peculiar conceptual vehicle for describing the inexpert, or non-technical application of ideas. Rather than defining such practices as non- or anti-psychoanalytic, Freud instead chose to draw an ethical perimeter around the field of transference, with the *wilde* (with attendant connotations of savagery, the beast, and madness shared between German and English) on the outside. Missing from both the 1904 article “On Psychotherapy,” in which the errors demarcating wild psychoanalysis are first suggested, and the definitive “‘Wild’ Psycho-Analysis” published five years later, however, is an explicit counterpoint to the *wilde*. Given that Freud made the peculiar decision to name that which opposes the basic strictures of handling transference with a savage adjective rather than an

outright negation, in some way retaining *Vermutungen* under the rhetorical umbrella of his discipline, what might the conceptual opposition to ‘wild’ psychoanalysis be? *Domestic* psychoanalysis? *Civilized* psychoanalysis?

The likely answer would seem to be *trained* psychoanalysis, though this term is completely absent from both early articles. Instead, Freud rebukes those who attempt to gain practical psychoanalytic technique from mere book learning or who conduct analysis without “great sacrifices of time, labour, and success... Like other medical techniques it is to be learnt from those who are already proficient in it” (*SE* 11: 226). The lack of technical codification evident in this formulation—Freud only suggests that one “cannot yet” learn psychoanalytic technique from books—represents the general lack of guidelines or strictures for training analyses in this period. The article “‘Wild’ Psycho-Analysis” narrates an account of a mishandled analysis from the perspective of the patient, though Freud admits that his rendering of events comes second-hand. “I therefore have reason to hope that this lady gave me a tendentiously distorted account of what her doctor had said, and that I do a man who is unknown to me an injustice by connecting my remarks about ‘wild’ psycho-analysis with this incident.” Freud rationalizes such slander—if it could even be called such, since he never gives the name of the ‘wild’ physician—with the idea that such a conflation might “prevent others from doing harm to their patients” (*SE* 11: 222).

Thus the anecdote of the unnamed, unknown doctor is used as a vehicle for addressing two layers of misapprehension implicit in ‘wild’ psycho-analysis: ignorance or neglect of the *technical rules* of clinical practice as well as of the *scientific theories* undergirding the discipline. The doctor’s alleged behavior towards his patient—which included rushing her free association towards conclusions she was not ready to hear, failing to allow the transference to properly

develop, and prescribing that she consider taking a lover to ease her sexual anxieties—suggested to Freud a fundamental lack of understanding of both the theoretical and technical dimensions of psychoanalytic practice, misapprehensions with decidedly ethical consequences. The patient continued to be dominated by anxiety following her ‘wild’ analysis, and in addition to her suffering she had gained hostile feelings towards the psychoanalytic process, which Freud saw as a pernicious disciplinary effect of the vulgarization of technique. Yet Freud’s refusal to name the doctor or provide any indication as to where he might be practicing, and expression of hope that he ‘does an injustice to a man unknown to him’ in the process of drawing inferences from his former patient, imply that Freud is anxious not to alienate those newly interested in psychoanalytic technique. “‘Wild’ Psycho-analysis” is a warning regarding some of the perils of popular consciousness, but I believe that Ricoeur is right to suggest that Freud’s work teaches us how “misunderstanding is the unavoidable path to understanding,” and that the articulation of what lies outside of proper analytic technique is still certainly on the same developmental trajectory (*On Psychoanalysis* 144).

Moreover, given the fact that early analyses of the aughts were the testing ground that established cautionary codes of conduct and procedure, I believe that Laplanche and Pontalis’s speculation that we “might retrospectively describe psycho-analysis at its beginnings, when as Freud often stressed it was still unclearly marked off from hypnotic and cathartic techniques, as ‘wild analysis’”—deserves extension through the first decade of the century (*LP* 481). The difference between an expert and an amateur would be especially specious prior to the establishment of the International Psychoanalytical Association in the spring of 1910, the founding of which occupies the conclusion of Freud’s discussion of ‘wild’ psycho-analysis, and which required all members to “declare their adherence by the publication of their names” (*SE*

11: 227). Thus while he won't name the 'wild' physician who prescribed an extramarital affair to his patient, from now on all psycho-analytic practitioners will be required to name themselves publically. This juridical frame of naming would allow the righteous to "repudiate responsibility for what is done by those who do not belong to us and yet call their medical procedure 'psycho-analysis'" (227).

Freud further suggests that 'wild' technical error can be made even by trained analysts, that is, by misapprehending the dynamics and specificity of a given analysis.¹⁴ In particular, Freud describes the amateur tendency to 'rush' the patient by revealing repressed content without heed to the resistances present in the analysand or the development of the transference. Here, Freud locates a popular misconception about psychoanalysis in modernity, namely the idea that what the patient fundamentally suffers from is a kind of ignorance, and that the analyst's work is to remove the analysand's naiveté by issuing him or her information about the repressed content as it reveals itself through the course of analysis. As Freud insists, "the pathological factor is not his ignorance in itself, but the root of this ignorance is his *inner resistances*; it was they that first called this ignorance into being, and they still maintain it now... informing the patient of his unconscious regularly results in an intensification of the conflict in him and an exacerbation of his troubles" (225). Thus Freud insists that revelations of unconscious material must only proceed from a well-developed transference in the analytic scene, and that the revelation of repressed content must already be close to the analysand's consciousness. If these conditions are not met, the analyst may provoke an anxiety-situation in the patient that is outside the control of the analysis.

¹⁴ This dynamic might play an unspoken, if nevertheless significant role in how Ricoeur comes to read the situation of misunderstanding in both psychoanalytic knowledge and the conditioning of modernity. See also my discussion of resistances to psychoanalysis from within and without in Chapter One.

Sándor Ferenczi recognized that both unanalyzed ('wild') analysts and their incompletely cured patients suffered from a kind of "compulsive analyzing." He contrasted this to the unhampered mobility of the libido that is the result of a complete analysis, a mobility that makes possible the exercise of analytic self-knowledge and self-control when necessary, while in no way hampering the free enjoyment of life (Ferenczi, "Elasticity" 99). Gross, both as a theorist and analysand, fundamentally troubled this idea of "unhampered mobility of the libido" achieved through analysis, and his own 'wild' lack of self-control exhibited an almost magnetic attraction to those whom he encountered. That his work on psychopathic inferiorities was characterized by Freud as "full of bold syntheses and overflowing with ideas," leaving the reader with "an exquisitely paranoid impression" (*FJ* 227) seems to me doubly diagnostic, both of Gross as himself a wild analyst and an incompletely cured patient (perhaps impossibly so).¹⁵

Enchevêtrement: The Gross/Jung Affair

The events that lead up to Gross's entry into the Burghölzli clinic in 1908 and Jung's treatment are of especial interest in a discussion of how the 'wild' came to be figured in psychoanalysis. Anticipating that Gross, Freud, and Jung would be together at the First International Psychoanalytic Conference in Salzburg to be held on April 27, 1908, Freud wrote to Jung on April 19 that Gross was "probably in the early phase of toxic cocaine paranoia" and desperately in need of Jung's help. Freud's tone towards Gross had substantially warmed since

¹⁵ The characterization of Gross's work as leaving a "paranoid impression" is characteristic of the idiosyncratic mode of criticism Freud and his followers often made of dissenting authors. As Peter Gay aptly observes, "the psychoanalysts of the first generation employed an intrusive style that would have been wholly out of place in the discourse of other mortals. They fearlessly interpreted one another's dreams; fell on each others' slips of tongue or pen; freely, much too freely, employed diagnostic terms like 'paranoid' and 'homosexual' to characterize their associates and indeed themselves. They all practiced in their circle the kind of wild analysis they decried in outsiders as tactless, unscientific, and counterproductive. This irresponsible rhetoric probably served as a relief from their austere labors in the psychoanalytic situation, a kind of noisy reward for keeping silent and being discreet most of the time" (Gay 235).

the autumn of the previous year, and he describes Gross as “such a gifted, resolute man” (*FJ* 141). Freud also admits a great sympathy for Gross’s wife, Frieda: “one of the few Teutonic women I have ever liked” (141).¹⁶

Whether Jung was actually receptive to taking Gross on as a patient at this point is unclear from his response. He admits to being uncharacteristically moody because of the upcoming “affair with Gross” (likely to be a “painful intermezzo”) and explains that Gross’s father Hans had written him, imploring Jung to take his son back to Zurich for treatment, presumably following the upcoming conference. Jung also informs Freud that cocaine paranoia may be the least of Gross’s problems: “Gross takes not only cocaine but also large quantities of opium.” The letter concludes with Jung emphasizing how much he is looking forward to seeing Freud and what a debt he owes to their correspondence for the theoretical essay he intends to present: “I had the greatest difficulty in preventing it from becoming simply a peroration addressed to you” (142–3). As a result of his work under Eugen Bleuler at Burghölzli clinic, Jung was positioned as a burgeoning expert of dementia praecox; the topic of Jung’s presentation at the conference shrouded by “the Gross affair” was an increasingly Freudian theoretical discussion of that disease. The correspondence between Freud and Jung seems to suggest that the period of time surrounding Gross’s analysis marked a significant pulling away of Jung from Bleuler’s mentorship and toward Freud. More specifically, the correspondence on the subject of

¹⁶ This comment forms part of an interesting racial subtext to the larger psychoanalytic movement at this juncture, as Freud made no secret that a significant factor in his paying court to the Swiss establishment lay in the fact that Eugen Bleuler and Carl Jung were Gentiles. Freud wished to divest the public appearance of psychoanalysis of its origins in the Viennese Jewish community and felt the most expedient way of doing this would be to appoint a Swiss successor, thus placing a non-Jewish face on psychoanalysis in the ever-growing international sphere of the discipline. Peter Gay quotes Fritz Wittel’s (admittedly melodramatic) account of Freud’s confrontation with the Viennese analysts in 1910: “He said: ‘Most of you are Jews, and therefore are incompetent to win friends for the new teaching. Jews must be content with the modest role of preparing the ground. It is absolutely essential that I should form ties in the world of general science. I am getting on in years, and am weary of being perpetually attacked. We are all in danger... The Swiss will save us—will save me, and all of you as well.’” (Gay 218). This would take an ugly turn in 1914 when Freud would accuse Jung as having held anti-Semitic views before their relationship began. See *SE* 14: 43, as well as Sander L. Gilman, *Freud, Race and Gender* (Princeton UP, 1993).

Gross conveys Jung's growing interest in producing a Freudian taxonomy of dementia praecox, one that would move away from Bleuler's model (which continued to locate a primary organic deficiency at the heart of the disintegration of the mental processes) and toward Freud's notion that a dispositional fixation in development must be responsible for the condition. Freud's own work of the period attempted to provide nosological categories for the fixations at various stages (oral, anal, genital, etc.) that disrupt the normative ontogenesis of the libido. In particular, he was working out a theoretical framework for a case of obsessional neurosis, a project he presented at Salzburg that would later become the Rat Man case. In a bit of tailored irony, it was these two pet projects—dementia praecox and obsessional neurosis—that would constellate the tug-of-war analysis that would follow the Salzburg conference.

Despite the fact that he was working as an assistant in Emil Kraepelin's psychiatric clinic beginning in 1904, Gross loathed the fact that Kraepelin had barred the new psychoanalytic model from entering practice. Doctors working under Kraepelin's direction rarely had any kind of conversations with their patients, public or private, a model distinctly at odds with Gross's free-wheeling café analyses. From a nosological perspective, Kraepelin used "dementia praecox" as a categorical term to denote a group of psychoses, keeping a rigid distinction between the three "classical" varieties of the disease: the hebephrenic, catatonic, and paranoid types (*LP* 408–10). In 1911, Bleuler published *Dementia praecox oder Gruppe der Schizophrenien*, rejecting the term dementia praecox as presenting an inadequate picture of the clinical situations that it was meant to represent, and instead instituting the term 'schizophrenia,' a term that he felt evoked the fundamental symptom of the disease: "the 'splitting' of the different psychic functions" (Bleuler 8).

An interesting omission from this official history of dementia praecox's evolution into schizophrenia lies precisely in Gross's work during the aughts. In an article published in *Neurologisches Zentralblatt* in 1904, Gross proposes that dementia praecox be exchanged for "dementia sejunctiva." Sejunction, according to Gross, is "the simultaneous collapse of several functionally separate series of associations." Where the Kraepelin model attempted to lasso a large group of illnesses under a single term and then categorically group varieties based on disparate symptom groups (hallucination, disordered thoughts, inappropriate emotions, bizarre behavior, catatonia, unreasonable anxiety, etc.), Gross instead tried to create a nomenclature that would find a fundamental psychological mechanism of the disease, treating its symptoms as accessory. Gross regards consciousness as "the product of many simultaneously ongoing psychophysical processes," thus the "unity of consciousness is never apparent to us in its entirety, but is produced by the synthesis of simultaneous processes" ("Zur Nomenclatur" 1144). The sejunction mechanism is the functional disturbance of this synthesizing activity. Gross notes his predecessors, specifically Wernicke, viewed the "activity of consciousness as a succession of events in time." From this perspective, the factors involved in sejunction might theoretically be localizable. In contrast, Gross's own model emphasized the "co-existence and intertwining of simultaneous processes" in consciousness and the diffuse factors involved in the gradual deterioration of the affect and intellect (1145), making the origin of the sejunction mechanism likely untraceable to the terminal origin, even in analysis. Thus as early as 1904, Gross had articulated both the model of split consciousness as well as the intractability of such a condition to any kind of regressive therapy. Bleuler's process-oriented characterization of "a primary loosening of the associational structure which can lead to an irregular fragmentation of such

solidly established elements as concrete ideas” owes a great deal of conceptual debt to Gross’s work published seven years earlier, a fact that did not go unnoticed by Gross (Bleuler 10).

Unfortunately, Gross’s legacy within psychoanalytic discussions of dementia praecox would be as an analysand, not as a theorist. Following an intervention by Gross’s father, Freud sent Jung a certificate on May 6, 1908 declaring Otto mentally incompetent and outlining his institutionalization, asking that Jung hold Gross at Burghölzli until at least October, when Freud intended to take over the case (*FJ* 147). It is unclear here what Freud’s exact intentions were regarding Gross’s care: he would say later on that he originally anticipated Jung would only see Gross through the drug withdrawal, and that beginning in the autumn, following the detoxification period, Freud himself would have been responsible for Gross’s analytic treatment. Jones wrote Freud on May 13 to relay that Gross had indeed entered Burghölzli and that he was having a difficult time with drug withdrawal. Jones was also surprised to hear that Jung was going to treat Gross psychically, feeling “a little uneasy about that for Jung does not find it easy to conceal his feelings and he has a pretty strong dislike to Gross; in addition there are some fundamental differences of opinions between them on moral questions” (*FEJ* 1). This seems to paint a very different picture of the two men’s relationship than the one depicted by either Jung or Freud. A day later, Jung wrote to Freud that he was deep into a very time-consuming analysis with Gross, that the case seemed to be “a definite obsessional neurosis,” and that he was “eager to see how it turns out.” (*FJ* 151). Whether or not Freud regarded Jung taking the initiative with Gross as poaching is uncertain, but he responded to say that he was pleased to hear that Jung had begun analysis with Gross and that he was relieved to have saved himself the energy. Freud also emphasized that it was best for Gross to be solely Jung’s patient so as to avoid any confusion over the dividing line between property rights in creative ideas. Ever since a particularly difficult

entanglement in 1904 with Wilhelm Fliess over intellectual ownership,¹⁷ Freud had been loathe to enter into situations where it would be difficult to “disentangle” individual ideas “with a clear conscience” (*FJ* 152).

Freud then goes on to support Jung’s preliminary diagnosis of obsessional neurosis: “I think your diagnosis of Gross is correct. His earliest childhood memory (communicated in Salzburg) is of his father warning a visitor: Watch out, he *bites!* He remembered this in connection with my Rat Man story” (*FJ* 152). This anecdote was likely suggested by Freud’s account of the Rat Man’s father, who “by all accounts was a most excellent man” (*SE* 10: 200). Yet the regressive analysis of childhood memories in the Rat Man revealed that “there was something in the sphere of sexuality that stood between the father and son, and that the father had come into some sort of opposition to the son’s prematurely developed erotic life” (201). Freud conjectured that sometime before the Rat Man was six years old, his father caught the child masturbating and beat him. In a rather amusing response to this violent interlude,

The little boy had flown into a terrible rage and had hurled abuse at his father even while he was under his blows. But as he knew no bad language, he had called him all the names of common objects that he could think of, and had screamed: “You lamp! You towel! You plate!” and so on. His father, shaken by such an outburst of elemental fury, had stopped beating him, and had declared: “The child will be either a great man or a great criminal!” (205).

The juxtaposition between the great man and the great criminal would certainly not have been lost on the son of a criminologist, whose tempestuous relationship with his father was well

¹⁷ Fliess accused Freud of transmitting Fliess’s then-unpublished ideas on bisexuality to Freud’s patient Hermann Swoboda during the course of analysis. Swoboda in turn conveyed them to philosopher Otto Weininger, who subsequently published them as his own in *Sex and Character*. Complicating matters further was Weininger’s dramatic suicide at age 23, making any attempt for Fliess to sort out his intellectual precedence publically seem ghoulish. Freud admitted that not only had he detailed Fliess’s thesis to Swoboda, but he had also been privy to the manuscript of *Sex and Character* before its publication. While Freud *did* claim to discourage Weininger from publishing the book, he failed to state Fliess’s intellectual priority to the young author. This incident, while not the catalyst for the dissolution of Fliess and Freud’s once close friendship, certainly acted as one of the nails in its coffin. For further details on these events, see Gay 153–5.

known. What likely cinched the association, however, was that the Rat Man subsequently questioned his mother about the beating, an event that loomed large for both the patient and his father, who never beat him again. “She confirmed the story, adding that at the time he had been between three and four years old and that he had been given the punishment because he had *bitten* some one” (206). Freud’s association between Gross and this event in the Rat Man’s case history would prove to be significant in the coming months as he waded through Jung’s account of his analysis of Gross.

What transpired between Jung and Gross during their analysis in Burghölzli has assumed a kind of legendary stature within psychoanalytic history, despite its unconventional contours.

On May 25, Jung reported to Freud:

I have let everything drop and have spent all my available time, day and night, on Gross, pushing on with his analysis... Whenever I got stuck, he analysed me. In this way my own psychic health has benefited... Psychically his condition has improved a lot, so that the future looks less sombre. He is an extraordinarily decent fellow with whom you can hit it off at once provided you can get your own complexes out of the way. (*FJ* 173)

Several things are striking about this passage. First, Jung hints that the analysis—one with a patient still very much addicted to morphine and in the early stages of withdrawal, lest we forget—had taken on an increasingly codependent turn, with Gross analyzing Jung whenever he was “stuck” and Jung finding his own psychic health improving.¹⁸ Second, Jung suggests that the

¹⁸ While Jung’s analysis of Gross does appear to be the first explicit ‘mutual analysis’ on record, I am hesitant to characterize it as such due to Jung’s seeming lack of theoretical preapprehension, Gross’s withdrawal from morphine, and both men’s later ambivalence when the intellectual property rights derived from these events came to the fore. Ferenczi is often credited as the creator of “mutual analysis,” a technique that he experimented with while analyzing psychotic ‘lost causes’ during the late 1920s. Ferenczi’s clinical diary, far from providing an explicit program for such a procedure (as Gay suggests in his analysis of Freud’s admonishment of Ferenczi for allowing his patients to kiss him), vividly and sympathetically chronicles the analyst’s own struggles with positive and negative countertransference. All of this reflects the extremity of the cases that he was treating in a mutual manner, as Ferenczi’s couch had become the dumping ground for cases most other practicing analysts were unable or unwilling to broach. Ferenczi never endorsed mutual analysis in the broad manner of Trigant Burrow, nor did his clinical diary neglect the many problematic side effects of such a practice. While there are indeed ‘heretical’ suggestions in the diary, especially regarding Freud’s own lack of a training analysis and turn from seduction theory, I find the

analytical sessions were extremely long in duration. In his 1955 biography of Freud, Jones recounted the events of May 1908 as such:

In 1908 [Gross] was treated in the Burghölzli Mental Hospital in Zurich, where Jung, after weaning him from morphinism, conceived the ambition of being the first to cure a case of schizophrenia. He worked hard and told me that one session continued for twenty-four hours until both their heads were nodding like china mandarins. (*LWSF* 2: 33)

A few years later, in his autobiography *Free Associations*, the time frame as well as the metaphor had changed:

Shortly afterwards [Gross] was in the Burghölzli asylum, where Jung did his best to help him. Jung had the laudable ambition of being the first to analyse a case of dementia praecox, and he laboured hard at the task; he told me that one day he worked unceasingly with Gross for twelve hours, until they were almost reduced to the condition of nodding automata. (174)

Jones likely amended “schizophrenia” to “dementia praecox” because schizophrenia would have been an anachronism in 1908 (Bleuler didn’t coin the term until 1911). Why he decided to change the length of the marathon session from twenty-four hours to twelve, or the metaphor of “china mandarins” to “nodding automata” is less certain. What does remain consistent between the two accounts, however, is the suggestion of the stakes of this analysis as the first recorded psychoanalysis of a patient with dementia praecox, that Jung had conceived Gross as psychotic from the start.

This is at odds with the account that Jung presented in his brief progress reports to Freud on May 14 and 25, in which Jung appears to concur with Freud’s Rat Man connection, writing that Gross suffers from a “typical obsessional neurosis with many interesting problems.”

Furthermore, Jung states that he had finished the analysis on May 24 and that “all that remains now will be gleanings from a very long string of minor obsessions of secondary importance” (*FJ*

depiction of Ferenczi’s investment in mutual analysis to be overstated by many historians, and directly contradicted by texts like “The Elasticity of Psycho-Analytic Technique,” especially pp. 27–9. See also Ferenczi, *Clinical Diary*.

153). Freud seemed to recognize that Jung's estimation of the situation was only partial. Responding on May 29, he wrote, "I must say I am amazed at how fast you young men work—such a task in only two weeks, it would have taken me longer. But one's judgment of a man is bound to be uncertain as long as he uses drugs to overcome his resistances" (154).

Freud's conviction in Gross's exemplarity is nowhere more evident than this letter, as he describes Jung's work as "a benefit to society." The tension between Gross as a 'wild' analytic contributor and Gross as an untamed patient seems particularly fraught. While Freud notes that "[i]t would be a fine thing if a friendship and collaboration between the two of you were to grow out of this analysis," suggesting that this might resemble a training analysis, he also emphasizes Gross's role as a kind of Ur-analysand, musing that "Still, I have never had a patient like Gross; with him one ought to be able to see straight to the heart of the matter" (154–5).

Despite Jung's early conviction that only a "long string of minor obsessions of secondary importance" remained to be dealt with and a seemingly clear diagnosis of obsessional neurosis on May 25, something transpired to radically change Jung's perspective (at least as far as he was honest about his diagnosis of Gross to Freud) in the weeks that followed. After a long period of silence, Jung finally wrote to Freud on June 19, describing himself as a shattered man. After Gross had voluntarily given up all medication, Jung and Gross proceeded to spend the following three weeks working with infantile material. Movingly, Jung describes the post-morphine period as follows:

Little by little I came to the melancholy realization that although the infantile complexes could all be described and understood, and although the patient had momentary insights into them, they were nevertheless overwhelmingly powerful, being permanently fixated and drawing their affects from inexhaustible depths. With a tremendous effort on both sides to achieve insight and empathy we were able to stop the leak for a moment; the next moment it opened up again. All these moments of profound empathy left not a trace behind them; they quickly became insubstantial, shadowy memories. There is no development, no psychological

yesterday for him; the events of early childhood remain eternally new and operative, so that notwithstanding all the time and all the analysis he reacts to today's events like a 6-year-old boy, for whom the wife is always the mother, every friend, everyone who wishes him well or ill always the father, and whose world is a boyish fantasy filled with heaven knows what monstrous possibilities. I am afraid you will already have read from my words the diagnosis I long refused to believe and which I now see before me with terrifying clarity: Dem[entia] praec[ox] (155–6).

This passage eloquently, and rightly, signals the abyss presented by psychotic delirium to psychoanalytic technique, a problem that would come to define post-Freudian theory. Jung's attempts to 'stop the leak' speak to the problems of regressive therapy in addressing a patient whose temporality is greatly at odds with that of his or her analyst. As such, psychosis has always presented a kind of necessity of venturing into the 'wild,' and it is no coincidence that analysts who were historically accused of going 'wild' often were the ones who took on cases of schizophrenia.¹⁹

Nosography aside, however, one wonders if Freud was thinking of this account when he described the experience of working through the Rat Man's infantile material regarding oral aggressivity and the violent beatings by his father, that is, the material that was so suggestive to Freud of Gross's condition. In a footnote to the Rat Man case, likely written during the same period of time as this correspondence with Jung, Freud writes:

In psycho-analyses, we frequently come across occurrences of this kind, dating back to the earliest years of the patient's childhood, in which his infantile sexual activity appears to reach its climax and often comes to a catastrophic end owing to some misfortune or punishment. *Such occurrences are apt to appear in a shadowy way in dreams.* Often they will become so clear that the analyst *thinks* he has a firm hold of them, and will *nevertheless evade any final elucidation*; and *unless he proceeds with the greatest skill and caution* he may be compelled to leave it undecided whether the scene in question actually took place or not (*SE* 1.0: 206, emphasis mine)

¹⁹ Ferenczi is a particularly apt example of this dynamic between 'wild' experimentation and work with psychotic patients.

Here, Freud perhaps signals in a subterranean way his hesitation regarding Jung's "skill and caution" in elucidating Gross's infantile material. We also must wonder how Freud felt about Jung's depiction of the strange conclusion of these manic sessions:

[Gross's] exit from the stage is in keeping with the diagnosis: the day before yesterday Gross, unguarded for a moment, jumped over the garden wall and will doubtless turn up again in Munich ere long, to go towards the evening of his fate. In spite of everything he is my friend, for at bottom he is a very good and fine man with an unusual mind. He is now living under the delusion that I have cured him and has already written me a letter overflowing with gratitude, like a bird escaped from its cage. In his ecstasy he has no inkling of the revenge which the reality he has never even glimpsed will wreak upon him. He is one of those whom life is *bound* to reject. (*FJ* 156)

Jung describes his realization of the impossibility of Gross's cure as "one of the harshest [experiences] of my life" and "tragic," yet he seems to console himself with the fact that "in the end [the analysis] has given me, with the help of a unique personality, a unique insight into the nethermost depths of Dementia pr[ae]cox" (156). Gross was indeed the analytic goldmine that Freud had suspected he might be; while Jung's diagnosis of dementia praecox didn't synchronize exactly with Freud's expectations, Jung's plumbing of "the nethermost depths" of Gross's condition did lead him to some distinctly Freudian conclusions, namely that the disease is not fixated by any kind of complex (organic or otherwise) arising later in life, as Bleuler insisted, but rather from the earliest infantile sexual complex:

The ostensibly later "outbreak" of the disease is nothing but a secondary conflict, an "enchevêtrement [entanglement]" resulting from his infantile attitude, and as such soluble but only up to a point. The devaluation of reality in D[ementia] pr[ae]cox seems to be due to the fact that the flight into the disease takes place at an early infantile period when the sexual complex is still completely autoerotic; hence the persistent autoerotism. (157)

Freud's immediate reaction to this diagnosis was ambivalent. He notes that "before the cure" he had always perceived Gross's behavior to be "totally paranoid," asking Jung to forgive him for using that "old-fashioned term." But, he writes, paranoia still means more to him as a

psychological-clinical type than dementia praecox, which “still has no precise meaning for me” and is “often not a real diagnosis” as far as he is concerned. Freud backhandedly concedes that “he has no reason to doubt” Jung’s diagnosis, and that the most important thing is that the two men “seem to be in agreement about the impossibility of influencing [Gross’s] condition and about its ultimate development.” That is to say that while Freud refuses to acknowledge “incurability or a bad end” as a regular feature of dementia praecox, he nevertheless agrees with Jung that the ‘evening of Gross’s fate’ is upon him and a cure in this case would be unlikely. Analysis terminated, prognosis deemed terminal.

Yet Freud’s letter also suggests that he is unable to shake the suspicion that an obsessional psychoneurosis might be a more appropriate diagnosis, and in this suspicion is a veiled comment on the problems of transference that arose during Jung’s treatment of Gross. He persists in asking difficult questions: “[C]ouldn't his condition be another (obsessional) psychoneurosis, with negative transference caused by his hostility to his father, which presents the appearance of absence or impairment of transference?” (158). Given that Jung had only obliquely referenced the positive outcome from the imposition of a circuit of transference and counter-transference into the analytic scene (“in Gross I discovered many aspects of my own nature, so that he often seemed like my twin brother—but for the Dementia praecox” (156)), Freud’s suggestion here that transference was ‘absent’ or ‘impaired’ might actually be a delicate gesture towards the probability that Jung had not allowed the transference to properly develop. Yet even this critique is swept under the rug—Freud defers to Jung’s practical experience with dementia praecox patients, applauds his efforts with Gross, and announces with paternalistic pride, “your views have once again come much closer to mine” (158). Shuttling back into uncertainty, the letter closes with Freud doubting that the precocity of infantile fixation creates a

predisposition to dementia praecox, perhaps hammering home his reservations about Jung's treatment of the case.

Freud's concurrent work on the Rat Man case, which he was extensively revising at this period of time, gives us some clues as to how Freud understood Jung's analysis of Gross. In a footnote directly appended to the very account that was so evocative to Gross ("Watch out, he bites!"), Freud ruminates on the problem of "historical reality" when dealing with "shadowy" infantile material. Likening the work during puberty of consolidating infantile memories to the "complicated process of remodeling... by which a nation constructs legends about its early history," Freud notes that the individual's endeavor to efface the recollection of his auto-erotic activities takes the form of "exalting their memory-traces to the level of object-love, just as a real historian will view the past in light of the present" (*SE* 10: 206). One can't help but wonder if herein lies a critique of Jung's depiction of Gross's lack of a "psychological yesterday," and Jung's own inability to "stop the leak." Following an explication of the Rat Man's repressed childhood memories and the mother's confirmation of the events, Freud describes in detail how the analysis had traversed "the painful road of transference," reaching a point that in his dreams, waking phantasies, and free associations, the patient heaped "the grossest and filthiest abuse" on Freud and avoided being in the same part of the room as his analyst. Finally confessing that he feared a beating from Freud in reprisal for his insults, the Rat Man gradually became more cogent about his own father's violent temper. "Thus, little by little, in this school of suffering, the patient won the sense of conviction which he had lacked—though to any disinterested mind the truth would have been self-evident." Only after achieving this sense of conviction did the path for analysis become clear enough to begin working-through the rat idea that so plagued the patient (209).

There are two provocative insinuations here. First, Freud chose this particular moment to introduce a critique of ‘wild’ analysis in his assertion that, despite the fact that “the truth” would be obvious to a “disinterested mind,” only through the patient’s hard-won sense of conviction achieved via the transference could the resistances effectively be tackled; we can infer that some disinterested minds might commit the fatal error of brusquely introducing this self-evident information to an ill-prepared patient. Second, Freud highlights the instinctual ambivalence that often typifies the transferential relationship, noting that both affectionate as well as hostile feelings can be present when the analyst is inserted into the psychical series leading back to the infantile conflict. This is one of the first discussions of the two types of transference, positive and negative, the latter of which Freud so strongly cautioned Jung about in his analysis of Gross. Whereas an analyst is never supposed to relax the vigilance and criticism made necessary by his own subjective trends, Jung facilitated a short-circuit in the transference every time he was stuck by allowing Gross to analyze him. Jung’s epistolary account to Freud, furthermore, emphasizes Jung’s laborious description and reiteration of the infantile complexes to Gross, suggesting that rather than following the patient’s lead in deciding the timing of activity, “or at any rate giv[ing] unmistakable indications that the time is ripe for it,” Jung instead fell prey to the typical posture of the “wild” analyst: rushing the patient, impatiently telling him the secrets discovered by the physician while ignoring the inner resistances that led to and maintain the patient’s ignorance (*SE* 11: 225).

Freud insists that information can only be ‘revealed’ to the patient if two conditions are met. The patient (1) must himself have reached the “neighborhood” of what he has repressed during the course of steady production, revision, and working-through of associational material, and (2) must have formed a sufficient transferential attachment to the analyst over the course of a

fairly long period of analytic treatment (*SE* 11: 225–6; see also Ferenczi, “Elasticity” 96–7). It is perhaps not entirely coincidental that Freud, writing in 1910 only a year after the Gross affair, describes transference (the “emotional relationship”) in light of the revelation of repressed material as the only factor inhibiting a “*fresh flight*” of the analysand from the analyst (*SE* 11: 226), a phrase that might remind us of Gross’s gleeful gratitude towards Jung after his flight from Burghölzli: “like a bird escaped from its cage.” (*FJ* 156).

Yet it is not only the analysand who is tainted by ‘wild’ analysis. During the course of analysis, the analyst’s “cathexes oscillate between identification (analytic object-love) on one hand and self-control or intellectual activity on the other” (Ferenczi, “Elasticity” 98). In Jung’s case, his cathexes towards Gross appear to have been particularly fervid, shuttling between a radical fraternal identification and the intense intellectual desire to be the first to stake an analytic claim on dementia praecox. To claim that he did not exercise self-control in the latter regard is beyond the scope of historical evidence, but I do sense from the documentation available that the sense of primacy Jung felt in the Gross case might have provoked the kind of “compulsive analysing” that Ferenczi locates in the wild analytic context, and his momentary certainty about the diagnosis he achieved under some analytic duress seems to transgress the maxim that an analyst’s confidence in his own theories should be conditional. Ferenczi emphasizes the strain involved in the analyst’s task, writing that “during the long day’s work [the analyst] can never allow himself the pleasure of giving his narcissism and egoism free play in reality, and he can give free play to them in his fantasy only for brief moments. A strain of this kind scarcely occurs otherwise in life, and I do not doubt that sooner or later it will call for the

creation of a special hygiene for the analyst” (98).²⁰

The correspondence that followed Gross’s flight is littered with evidence of Jung’s exhaustion, as well as gradual second-guessing of his behavior during the course of Gross’s treatment. Gross himself does not directly reference his time at Burghölzli in his undated letters to Frieda Weekley, though they probably overlap based on a few references to travel plans and psychoanalytic conferences. In a letter likely written just after his flight from Zurich, Gross describes the events as follows: “Just lately, using our methods, I had to liberate *myself* from the burden of repressed childhood memories—that was for me *my most important* professional development so far, and I must pay for it *most dearly*—” (179). This passage is telling, in that Gross appears to regard his analysis with Jung as both an exhausting professional development and penalty. Although he appears to regard the analysis as successfully terminated, he expresses concern that his wife, Frieda Gross, might still be suffering from many of the same repressions that he was himself able to shake. Jung is never explicitly mentioned, and the analysis is not brought up again in the existing correspondence between Gross and Weekley.

The gap between Jung’s characterization of his labors as an analyst (always professional and self-sacrificing) and his analysands’ views of Jungian treatment started to surface in problematic ways by March of 1909. Jung relays to Freud that an unidentified female patient, whom years ago Jung “pulled out of a very sticky neurosis with unstinting effort,” had violated his confidence and friendship in the “most mortifying way possible,” that is, by threatening to go public with their sexual relationship (207). The patient in question was Jung’s ‘test-case’ in hysteria, Sabina Spielrein, and he clearly associated her with Gross as a kind of Ur-analysand:

Like Gross, she is a case of fight-the-father, which in the name of all that’s

²⁰ See also *The Clinical Diary of Sándor Ferenczi*, in which Ferenczi carefully describes his own fatigue from dealing with patients and various strategies he devised for dealing with the strain.

wonderful I was trying to cure *gratissime* (!) with untold tons of patience, even abusing our friendship for that purpose. On top of that, naturally, an amiable complex had to throw an outsize monkey-wrench into the works... During the whole business Gross's notions flitted about a bit too much in my head... Gross and Spielrein are bitter experiences. To none of my patients have I extended so much friendship and from none have I reaped so much sorrow. (229)

If Gross's ideas about eroticism as a short-cut to transference were flitting about in Jung's head during this interlude, Freud's suspicion that Gross was actually a case of obsessional neurosis likewise discomfited his own commentary during this period. Gross appears to recurrently remind Freud of the Rat Man, the case that so compellingly reminded Gross of his own childhood oral aggressivity. Following his receipt of Gross's new book on June 3, Freud relates to Jung that he "suddenly feel[s] like writing about the Salzburg rat man" (227). After the resolution of the Spielrein affair in "a manner acceptable to all," Freud wrote to Jung on June 30: "You have been oscillating, as I see, between the extremes of Bleuler and Gross. When I think that I owe your ultimate conversion and profound conviction to the same experience with Gross, I cannot possibly be angry and can only marvel at the profound coherence of all things in this world." The disciple is forgiven for his transgressions... but not, perhaps, for his diagnosis. Something is still gnawing at Freud: in the same letter, he complains that his paper on the Rat Man is "wretched business," a "bungled reproduction" of psychic nature. He worries it will be "intelligible to no one outside our immediate circle." He signs the letter "I am too deep in my rats" (238-9).

Jung responded to Freud in June of 1908 with new developments involving Gross. Apparently Gross's wife Frieda had spoken with Bleuler and conveyed that Gross's behavior had become increasingly paranoid (likely because Gross almost immediately recommenced his

cocaine and opium use after his flight from Burghölzli).²¹ While Jung admits that the undecidability between dementia praecox and paranoia are weighing on his mind, he nevertheless believes the “negative father transference” that Freud located in the case “explains nothing,” as it is neither absolute in Gross’s case and often the exact opposite in other cases of dementia praecox. Logical fallacies aside, Jung emphasizes that, to him, the defining features of Gross’s condition are “the infantile fixation, the infantile associations and the absolute but long-drawn-out incurability—the permanent exclusion of sizeable chunks of reality.” Acknowledging his anger that Freud sees the “problem in a different light,” Jung then wishes that Gross could undergo treatment with Freud for the “sake of comparison” (160–1).²² By this point, Jung and Freud’s appraisal of Gross as a legitimate colleague has almost completely dissipated, with Freud responding on June 30 that “Unfortunately there is nothing to be said of [Gross]. He is addicted and can only do great harm to our cause” (162). We are miles away from anything resembling a collaborative analysis, and Gross’s primary status as a fascinating analysand seems clear.

By 1909 Jung had officially resigned from the Burghölzli, and following a trip to America with Freud in which Jung attempted to analyze Freud’s dreams and was spurned, relations

²¹ This is supported by Jones’s rather different depiction of the Gross affair in his letters to Freud, the responses to which have not been published (and may have been lost). Jones claims that Frieda Gross is not nearly as attracted to him as Freud suspected, rather that “[Otto] Gross gets great delight in getting other men to love her—no doubt a perverse paranoiac development of his free love ideas. This she doesn’t like, as she says it is her own business; in addition she has been very jealous about his relations with other women” (*FEJ* 1). Jones asked Freud to regard these observations as “strictly private” and asks for advice in navigating this exceedingly complicated affair. While we don’t know how Freud responded to this information, Jones wrote back to thank Freud for his kind response and to update him on the situation with Gross. Gross by this time has escaped from Burghölzli and had returned to Munich. “I saw him yesterday,” Jones reported, “He seems to be much worse, quite paranoiac—shut off from the outside world—and has already started taking cocaine again. He wants to provoke a lawsuit to prove the value of psychoanalysis, to drag Kraepelin in and expose his ignorance before the world!!! He is extremely *euphorisch und aufgereg*t [‘euphoric’ and ‘agitated/nervous/excitable’]. It is a bad business altogether” (3–4).

²² Freud and Jung met in September of 1908 and continued their discussion of paranoia. Freud wrote to Ferenczi describing this debate (the letter is regrettably lost), and Ferenczi provocatively responded “It is probable that in the end it will come out that the path from paranoia via paranoid dementia to dementia praecox is a continuous transition, and that the proportional relationship of autoerotism and projection can be different in every case of disturbance of object love. The content of the delusional ideas will also probably *always be explicable* if in each case one asks: From which libidinal tendencies could the patient completely withdraw cathexis, and which ones were projected by him to the outside?” (*FF* 1: 22).

between the two men begin to reflect growing unease. The year also saw the publication of Jung's "The Significance of the Father in the Destiny of the Individual," a decidedly anagogic piece that directly references the analysis with Gross: "The most recent thorough investigations demonstrate the predominating influence of the father often lasting for centuries... These experiences, and those gained more particularly in an analysis *carried out conjointly* with Dr. Otto Gross, have impressed upon me the soundness of this view" (Jung 157). Here we are back to Gross as intellectual collaborator, the participant in "an analysis carried out conjointly." Gross more or less drops out of the correspondence for several years, with only a brief mention when Jung excluded Gross while preparing the list of addresses for the *Jahrbuch* of 1910.

Writing to Freud in February of 1910, Ferenczi references Gross in describing a patient suffering from the perpetual high of "self-imposed grandiose optimism," "a colossally many-sidedly talented person" who nevertheless "never did anything right." "The colossal optimism in this patient reminds me of the manic production of pleasure along the lines of Gross" (*FF* 1: 141–2). Perhaps as a result of this association, Ferenczi reported the following month that he was in the midst of reading Gross's book about inferiority (*Über psychopathische Minderwertigkeiten* of 1909, a text that Jones also queried Freud about).²³ Freud summarily dismissed both Gross and his book to Jones and Ferenczi, and the latter appears to have begrudgingly agreed with the judgment of the man, if not the text. Ferenczi reported that "There is no doubt that, among those who have followed you up to now, he is the most significant. Too bad he had to go to pot" (154).

Both Jones and Ferenczi's apparent esteem for the work Gross was producing as well as Freud's summary dismissal of the text are indicative of the first of Jung's several conceptual

²³ See *FEJ* 62.

debts to Gross. Gross's theory of cerebral secondary function published in 1902 posited that the character of the individual was directly related to the relative time that nervous cells took to regain electrical stasis after a primary discharge. As German Barrios notes, Gross builds on this theory in *Über psychopathische Minderwertigkeiten*, in which he "differentiated between subjects with a short secondary function, who responded to stimuli but were distractible, and those with longer secondary functions (or 'inferiorities') who showed slowness and 'narrowness of' consciousness" (429). Barrios, among others, suggests that Jung directly borrowed his notion of extroverts and introverts from Gross's theory (434).

While Jung did openly acknowledge the relationship between Gross's understanding of secondary function and his own creation of psychological types in the 1930s, other ideas came into serious dispute for priority. In April of 1911, Freud wrote to Jung that Gross had come out of the woodwork, having written Freud a "most respectful letter from Steinhof sanatorium," requesting that Freud publish an enclosed communiqué:

It is scribbled in pencil and entitled: 'In Self-Defense. Concerning the so-called Bleuler-Jung school.' It makes two accusations: that Bleuler stole the term *Dementia sejunctiva* from him and used it as a designation for schizophrenia, and that your article 'The Significance of the Father, etc.' was derived from statements he made to you during the course of his analysis. Nothing more. (FJ 414)

Freud answered Gross, declining to publish this statement of self-defense and claiming that he had always disliked intellectual priority disputes (see footnote 22). Furthermore, the first issue was "a trifling matter of terminology" and the second "involved a discovery that everyone can make for himself." He ostensibly reassured Gross that everyone was aware of the importance and his originality of his contributions, but that even Freud himself couldn't lay claim to ideas "dropped in conversation." To be fair, the first matter may have indeed seemed "trifling;" Freud could not have possibly know that Bleuler's contribution (and the terminology he used

surrounding schizophrenia) would become the preferred nomenclature over “paraphrenia” (the term that Freud proposed to replace dementia praecox due to its conceptual proximity to paranoia). That said, Freud himself had come around to Jung’s model of dementia praecox, and his momentous “Psycho-Analytic Notes on an Autobiographical Account of a Case of Paranoia (Dementia Paranoides)” (otherwise known as the Schreber case), published in the *Jahrbuch* of 1911, contains a nearly word-for-word description of Jung’s conclusions from the Gross case:

The prognosis [for dementia praecox] is on the whole more unfavorable than in paranoia. The victory lies with repression and not, as in the former, with reconstruction. The regression extends not merely to narcissism (manifesting itself in the shape of megalomania), but to a complete abandonment of object-love and a return to infantile auto-eroticism. The dispositional fixation must therefore be situated further back than in paranoia, and must lie somewhere at the beginning of the course of development from auto-eroticism to object love. (*SE* 12: 77)

As for the second matter, those ideas that Gross “dropped in conversation” during the course of analysis, we cannot really say how either man conceptualized the professional stakes of their bizarre encounter. Gross’s hazy description to Frieda Weekley suggests that he felt that he had done most of the heavy lifting during the course of analysis, and his furious missive to Freud insinuates that Jung had violated his confidence in some way. He wrote to Freud, asking that the latter return his scribbled rant, which Freud confirmed to Jung that he had done (*FJ* 414).

As usual, Jung’s response concerning Gross’s accusation of intellectual theft lacks Freud’s habitual tact: “Gross is a complete nut...He would be better employed on something productive instead of writing polemics. Infringement of priority is out of the question, since the passage in my paper mentioning Gross was the formula we agreed on. Furthermore, he was perfectly free to use his ideas himself and if he didn’t that’s his affair. He battens like a parasite wherever he can” (*FJ* 416). It’s entirely unclear if and when Jung and Gross agreed on a formula for describing the events that transpired between them at Burghölzi (was this before or after

Gross scaled the wall in the middle of the night?), or what Gross's frame of mind (and level of morphine use) was when such an agreement was put in place.

Gottfried Heuer brings to this discussion a previously unpublished letter from Jung to Fritz Wittels regarding Gross, dated January of 1935 but likely mis-dated by Jung and written in January of 1936. Heuer rightly describes this letter as a "diatribe," in which Jung describes in vivid detail Gross's "ingenious instability," "never-ending addictions," "most awful mother-complex," "unlimited megalomania," and "wisecracking and incessant chatter." He completes his "very negative description" with a note of acquiescence, writing, "amid all the sick entanglements that he developed...every now and then there would be a sort of flashes of brilliancy." Jung explains that it was because of these flashes that Jung attempted to do right by this patient during his time at the Burghölzi, "albeit without any success whatsoever" (qtd. in Heuer, "Jung's Twin Brother" 570). Heuer rightly speculates about the possible causes for this vitriolic rendering of events, written decades after the end of the analysis, suggesting that the diagnosis of dementia praecox was primarily an attempt at fratricidal character assassination, a claim bolstered by the work of Hurwitz, Michaels, and anonymously authored documents Heuer located in Bollingen Archives in the Library of Congress. While Heuer is reluctant to state with certainty that the diagnosis of dementia praecox stemmed solely from Jung's reaction to the failure of the analysis and his subsequent desire for revenge, he nevertheless notes that something fishy is afoot.

I will further note one point that Heuer does not mention, namely that Jung's memory of these dates does not correspond to the other historical records we have of Gross's internment at Burghölzi. Jung states in the letter to Wittels that he never saw Gross after their mutual analysis in 1906, whereas all other sources (including the correspondence between both Jung and Freud,

as well as that between Jones and Freud) locate the dates of Gross's internment as beginning in the second week of May of 1908 and ending with Gross's escape on June 17, 1908. This two year error is particularly significant in light of the fact that Freud and Jung had only began their correspondence in 1906 and met face-to-face for the first time 1907, with Gross occupying a significant role in the two men's growing epistolary relationship during the course of 1908. By retrospectively (and erroneously) dating the Gross affair as having occurred in 1906, Jung effectively writes Freud's involvement in the case (including his primary ownership of the case, his skepticism and suspicions regarding the transference and the diagnosis, and his patience with Jung's working-through in the aftermath) out of this history. I would argue that both his laceration of Gross's character as well as his omission of Freud's involvement confirm both Heuer and Barrio's claim that Jung owed more than a small conceptual debt to Gross and Freud's reaction to Gross, and his attitude in the mid-1930s reflects his desire to excise these obligations from the development of analytic psychology.²⁴

Excommunication

Gross is not mentioned again in the existing correspondence between Freud and Jung after April of 1911, and by the end of 1912, Freud and Jung's relationship finally reached a breaking point. On the 18th of December, Jung leveled a series of sharp recriminations at Freud,

²⁴ Heuer suggests several major areas of Gross's personal and theoretical influence on Jung: (1) the significance of the role of father (the paper Gross directly accused Jung of writing during the course of their mutual analysis), (2) the polyamory reflected in Jung's treatment of his patients Sabina Spielrein, Toni Wolff, and Christiana Morgan, (3) the direct relationship of Gross's notion of secondary function on Jung's concept of psychological types (the one inspiration Jung openly acknowledge into the 1930s), and (4) the psychology of intersubjectivity as inspired by the role of transference in the Gross/Jung analysis. As of 2001, Heuer intended to expand this list to include an explication of a variety of Jungian concepts (see Heuer 678). As this chapter, and my own work, takes a limited in interest in Jung and the development of analytic psychology beyond its association with Freud, I cannot speak extensively to Heuer's suggestion of an incalculable number of ideas that Jung "borrowed" from earlier work by Gross, other than to say my own reading of Gross does indeed suggest that this is a viable and important excavation project.

beginning with the accusation that Freud treated “his pupils like patients,” a blunder that resulted in “either slavish sons or impudent puppies” (*FJ* 534).²⁵ He also indicted Freud’s paternal posture and resistance to undergoing a training analysis like all of his followers, arguing that his own behavior was neurotic, and that far from curing those closest to him, he cultivated their neuroses. Much has been made of Freud’s ambiguous response to this biting tirade. With a tone of resignation, he writes that his emotional tie with Jung has “long been a thin thread—the lingering effect of past disappointments.” Whether or not Gross, the drug-addled patient whom Jung treated as a collaborator, or Spielrein, the patient and pupil whom Jung likely treated as a lover, were among those past disappointments is better left as fodder for biographers and filmmakers. I find more interesting the comments that Freud makes directly before this allusion to previous disenchantments: “It is a convention among us analysts that none of us need feels ashamed of his own bit of neurosis. But one who while behaving abnormally keeps shouting that he is normal gives ground for the suspicion that he lacks insight into his illness” (539).

The *Jahrbuch* of 1914 saw the publication of Jung’s official expulsion in the form of Freud’s scathing “On the History of the Psychoanalytic Movement.” After dealing a series of blows to Alfred Adler, whose followers had been in secession more or less simultaneously to the Swiss school, Freud turned to Jung and Bleuler. Freud accused Jung of pushing the sexual factor in psychoanalytic theory into the background, a modification that certainly made psychoanalysis more publically palatable, but abandoned the hard-won truths of the science (*SE* 14: 58).

[Jung and Bleuler] traced in detail...the way in which the material of sexual ideas belonged to the family complex and incestuous object-choice is made use of in representing the highest ethical and religious interests of man—that is, they have illuminated an important instance of sublimation of the erotic instinctual forces

²⁵ In a letter written to Freud in December of 1909, Ferenczi confessed “I wrote to Jung a long letter in which I confessed candidly about my “brother complexes” and explained that guerrilla war cannot be the tactic of choice in psychoanalysis; someone must lead, and this one person besides you, is by nature Jung himself” (*FF* 112).

and of the transformation into trends which can no longer be called erotic. This was in complete harmony with all the expectations of psycho-analysis, and would have agreed very well with the view that in dreams and neurosis a regressive dissolution of this sublimation, as of all others, becomes visible. But the world would have risen in indignation and protested that ethics and religion were being sexualized. Now I cannot refrain from thinking teleologically for once and concluding that these discoverers were not equal to meeting such a storm of indignation. (61)

Freud continues with this logic, arguing that if one held a resistance to the sexualization of ethics and religion and maintained the illusion that they “had to be something ‘higher’ from the start,” and yet also held, nevertheless, that they “seemed undeniably to be descended from the Oedipus and family-complex,” there could only be one way out. “It must be that from the very first these complexes themselves do not mean what they seem to be expressing, but bear the higher ‘anagogic’ meaning... which made it possible for them to be employed in the abstract trains of thought of ethics and religious mysticism” (62).

The consequence of this elimination of questionable material from the family-complexes for clinical practice is dire, according to Freud. He reinforces that the only way a neurotic’s present-day conflict becomes comprehensible and admits of solution is when “it is traced back to his prehistory, when one goes back along the path that his libido took when he fell ill.” Neo-Zurich therapy spurned this laborious task, and Freud turns to an anonymous first-person account from one of Jung’s patients to describe the ensuing clinical disaster: “This time not a trace of attention was given to the past or to the transference... I left the analysis as a poor sinner with intense feelings of contrition and the best resolutions, but at the same time in utter discouragement. Any clergyman would have advised what he recommended, but where was I to find the strength?” (63–4). Thus three years after “‘Wild’ Psycho-analysis,” Freud is again presenting an anecdotal rendering of another clinician’s bungled analysis, but this time he names those he repudiates. While this unknown patient’s supposedly “spontaneous” confession of

Jung's failure as a clinician to Freud is admittedly strange, Freud makes quick use of it in delineating the differences between psychoanalysis and the practices described as Neo-Zurich. He accuses Jung of abandoning the transference before it had been properly worked through, and calls the emphasis on introversion, religious meditation, and sexual activity nothing but an empty "ethical encouragement." Recall here Freud's contempt for the 'wild' physician's prescription that the lady in question take up masturbation or a lover to ease her sexual anxieties. He bitingly asked "[D]oes the physician think that a woman over forty is unaware that one can take a lover, or does he over-estimate his influence so much as to think that she could never decide upon such a step without medical approval?" (*SE* 11: 223–4). In attributing to Jung a similar short-sightedness and pride, Freud's lack of conviction in any physician's ability to 'prescribe' either erotic short-circuits or sublimation has never been more evident:

Jung... formulates the task of therapy as the detaching of libidinal cathexes from these complexes. This can never be achieved, however, by directing the patient away from them and urging him to sublimate, but only by exhaustive examination of them and by making them fully and completely conscious. The first piece of reality which the patient must deal with is his illness. Efforts to spare him that task point to the physician's incapacity to help him to overcome his resistances, or else to the physician's dread of the results of the work. (*SE* 14: 66)

There is no short-cut to building transference, Freud seems to remind his pupil, seven years after Jung himself accused Gross of bad taste in taking the 'convenient' route of "turning people into sexual immoralists." Taking short-cuts through the wild will only result in untamable resistances.

The Political Golem

The confluence of psychoanalytic and political theory in Gross's work significantly predates both Freud's social texts of the twenties as well as the work of the Frankfurt School in the thirties. Gross confronts the central, normative problems of psychoanalysis, or as Herbert

Marcuse puts it, “while [Freudian] psychoanalytic theory recognizes that the sickness of the individual is ultimately caused and sustained by the sickness of his civilization, psychoanalytic therapy aims at curing the individual so that he can continue to function as part of a sick civilization without surrendering to it altogether” (245). This acceptance of the reality principle (a.k.a. the transformation of hysterical misery into everyday unhappiness) was fundamentally unacceptable to Gross. Rather than adapt to an authoritarian society that would turn individual happiness and productive development themselves into structures of repression, Gross argued that it is the prevailing values of society must be turned inside out. We might think here of Wilhelm Reich’s early work on the relation of between instinctual and social structures, emphasizing “the extent to which sexual repression is enforced by the interests of domination and exploitation, and the extent to which these interests are in turn reinforced by the reproduced by sexual repression” (Marcuse 239). In Reich’s case, sexual liberation *per se* became the panacea for individual and social ills, and the sweeping primitivism that overtook his later work feels especially proximate to Gross’s line of thinking. Erich Fromm’s projects also emphasize the idea that a matricentric order might create a reality principle that acts not in the interest of domination, but toward the gratified libidinal relations among all people. Fromm accordingly revises the analytic procedure such that the analyst rejects “patricentric-authoritarian taboos” and instead enters into a positive rather than neutral relationship with the patient. “The new conception is characterized chiefly by unconditional affirmation of the patient’s claim for happiness and the liberation of morality from its tabooistic features” (Fromm 395). Fromm attributed this positive relationship to Ferenczi.

In his suggestion that regimes of power invert our perception of the strong into those who are animal-like and weak, Gross ultimately suggests that it is in the mentally unwell that true

individual sovereignty and revolutionary capacity will be found. (“Overcoming the Cultural Crisis” 386). As Nicolaus Sombart points out, Gross’s respect for individual sovereign freedom not only justified his use of assisted suicide, but also allowed him to regard illness as an expression of a legitimate protest against a repressive society. We will hear echoes of this position decades later in R. D. Laing’s work on schizophrenia and the politics of experience, and in Deleuze and Guattari’s investment in correlating revolutionary militancy with “schizo-processes.”

“What else is civilization but the fruit of adversity?” Jung had asked Freud rhetorically in 1907, arguing that sexual repression acted as an “important” and “indispensible” civilizing factor, “even if pathogenic for many *inferior* people” (FJ 90). That early letter might have been on Freud’s mind when he wrote “On the History of the Psycho-Analytic Movement,” when his anti-humanist view of history is made explicit:

Jung’s argument *ad captandam benevolentiam* rests on the too optimistic assumption that the progress of the human race, of civilization and knowledge, has always pursued an unbroken line; as if there had been no periods of decadence, no reactions and restorations after every revolution, no generations who have taken a backward step and abandoned the gains of their predecessors. (SE 14: 59)

This vision of history aligns with the project of focusing on the ontogenic account instead of the phylogenic: recall Freud’s characterization of shadowy, insubstantial childhood memories and the necessity of not regarding infantile material as an unbroken trajectory to the present. Perhaps in retrospect, Freud might have seen the secessions of Adler and Jung coming had he paid closer attention to the reactions of his patients in analysis. While he knew very well that “anyone may *take to flight* at his first approach to the unwelcome truths of analysis” (emphasis mine), he had not expected “that anyone who had reached a certain depth of understanding of analysis could renounce that understanding and lose it.” And yet his daily encounters with patients

demonstrated that the total rejection of analytic knowledge was one of the most formidable resistances that can arise during the course of analysis, that all the patient has learned can be easily thrown to the winds. “I had to learn,” Freud muses, “that the very same thing can happen with psycho-analysts as with patients in analysis” (48).

Decades later, in a rather peculiar metacommentary on disciplinary progress for the *Vocabulaire*, Laplanche and Pontalis warn that ‘wild’ analysis is not merely the domain of unqualified psychotherapists nor of “an era now passed for psycho-analysis itself.” In fact, “such claims are merely expressions of the desire to be immune from this type of error oneself. Indeed, what Freud castigates in wild analysis is less ignorance than a certain attitude adopted by analysts who justify their power by appealing to their ‘superior knowledge’” (LP 481). It is not so easy, Freud warned as early as 1904, to play upon the instrument of the mind (SE 7: 262). Laplanche and Pontalis go further, arguing that in this light, “analysis of defences or of the transference may obviously be every bit as *wild* as analysis of unconscious contents.” They close their article by characterizing wild analysis as a resistance on the part of the analyst, writing that “One might describe wild analysis, be it of the ‘expert’ or the ignorant variety, as a resistance of the analyst to the particular analysis in which he is involved—a resistance that incites him to misunderstand his patient’s statements and to impose ready-made interpretations” (LP 481). One can’t help but hear in Freud’s third person rebuke of Jung—as “one who while behaving abnormally keeps shouting that he is normal,” leading to “the suspicion that he lacks insight into his illness”—an indictment of Jung’s continued psychic resistances to confessing his missteps, both inside and outside the clinic (FJ 539). Given that Jung himself described the Gross analysis as one of collaboration, a mutual analysis in which the circuits of transference and counter-transference would have come to the forefront of the analytic work, one can’t help but see Jung’s

own fantasies of immunity contributing to his conviction (and diagnosis) that his patient, colleague, and friend was beyond help.

As for Gross, the aforementioned euthanasia charges formed significant evidence in the case compiled by his own father and the Austrian authorities that Otto was a dangerous psychopath, leading to his arrest and institutionalization in 1913. He was confined in the Troppau insane asylum, an event that caused significant uproar in bohemian circles, leading to his release from the asylum in the following year. He would go on to produce and publish increasingly revolutionary work throughout the teens, influencing a generation of German artists and writers. Despite this, he spent much of the last decade of his life in and out of psychiatric institutions, and in 1920 he died of pneumonia after being found frozen and starving in the streets of Berlin.

To the psychoanalytic establishment, he was dead much earlier. Aside from Jones's brief references, he was effectively written out of the history of psychoanalysis until the publication of Freud and Jung's correspondence in 1974. As Ferenczi wrote to Freud in February 1918, two years before Gross's actual death:

A young colleague brought me his wife, whom I naturally was unable to accept. He came to psychoanalysis by way of *Dr. Otto Gross*. Dr. Gross is supposed to have worked in the hospital for infectious diseases in *Ungvár* as a physician attached to the Home Guard regiment. Naturally he also made his circle of disciples there, who, among other things, had the duty without exception to enter into sexual relations with Dr. Gross's lover, named "Mieze." They supposedly classified the young colleague, who found that repugnant, as "morally unreliable" for that reason. Incidentally, the young colleague had some time ago received news of Dr. Gross's *death*, which has, however, not been substantiated. He will still pop up here and there as a "Golem." (*FF* 261)

In Jewish folklore, a Golem is an anthropomorphic being conjured from inanimate matter, conceived to protect the community from outside hostilities, but more often turning on the community from within. This account of Gross might commit a similar type of error, cobbling together a poorly fleshed-out man through a symptomatic reading of 'wild' conditions that

circumscribed his interaction with the psychoanalytic establishment. While those of us working on the legacy of Gross must continue to advocate nuanced readings of the work and contributions of the man himself, this essay attempted to instead show how the figure of Gross came to inform Freud's delineation of the ethical boundaries of the analytic sphere. Just as the uncontrollable Golem is as likely to attack friends as enemies, Freud's ethical elaboration of treatment protocols contributed to fundamental shifts in his own community. Jung's exit from the International Psychoanalytical Association foregrounded the stakes of the resistance to analysis in both patient and doctor, and allowed Freud to dismiss his colleague's optimistic view of historical progress and his essentially mythico-religious approach to the treatment of duress. But even earlier, Freud's work on obsessive neurosis and 'wild' psycho-analysis during the aftermath of the Gross affair demonstrated the necessity of defining the analytic field in terms of the constancy of transference conflict and the laborious "school of suffering" that it entails. As such, the case of the analysand who bites back punctuates an important development in how the psychoanalytic establishment came to hem in its technical perimeters, and fence out the wild.

CHAPTER THREE

“Mind it doesn’t bite you”: D. H. Lawrence and Psychoanalytic Interpellation

To consider only resistance, whose use is increasingly confused with that of defence, and all that this implies in terms of reductive manoeuvres—and we can no longer remain blind to the coercion that such manoeuvres exert—it is as well to remember that the first resistance with which analysis has to deal is that of the discourse itself in that it is first a discourse of opinion, and that all psychological objectification will prove to be bound up with this discourse. This, in effect, is what motivated the remarkable simultaneity with which the psychoanalytic practice of the burgraves of analysis came to a standstill in the 1920s: by that time they knew both too much and not enough to get their patients, who scarcely knew less about it, to recognize the fact.

Jacques Lacan¹

Against the end of the world foreshadowed by the forward march of analytic theory, Lawrence mobilizes a strange apparatus in his two ‘psychologic’ books and their sister text: *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* is rightly, in my estimation, regarded as a kind of preliminary elaboration of topics treated in more extended form in the two longer texts *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, which broadens the scope of the inquiry in more poetic prose, and *Education of the People*, which treats the ideas more pragmatically and with a more sustained discussion of Lawrence’s pedagogical project.² These texts have been problematic for Lawrence’s legacy, as their repudiation of psychoanalysis is among the least offensive aspects of their diatribes. *Psychoanalysis* is most directly concerned with the attack on psychoanalysis, giving an explicit exegesis of the moral dilemma of the psychoanalytic fixation on incest in the first chapter, followed by discussions of infantile subjectivity, the relation between the sexes, and descriptions of what Lawrence refers to as the “pristine unconscious” unsullied by “sex in the head.” Especially in his discussion of “The Birth of Consciousness,” he elaborates a body traversed by

¹ *Écrits* 129–30

² Evelyn J. Hinz, however, makes a clear case for the rhetorical discrepancies between the two psychologic books in “The Beginning and the End: D. H. Lawrence’s *Psychoanalysis* and *Fantasia*,” one of the first sustained treatments of these texts by modern Lawrence scholars.

poles, planes, chakras, and plexuses, a vital, energetic system that courses with a “blood consciousness” that reveals the paucity of any intellectual or mental knowledge. *Fantasia* takes this process further: after a sustained, and more detailed reiteration of the terrain of *Psychoanalysis*, Lawrence offers against Freud’s “frightful merchandise” a kind of willful ignorance and the glorification of a “savage” mode of primary sensory experience. “The Five Senses,” the chapter in which Lawrence dissects ‘savage’ consciousness according to each of the sensory categories, might be particularly disturbing to the modern reader. Lawrence implies that forms of physiological change have marked the shift from primitive blood consciousness to the modern, mental era:

We have been converting ourselves into ideal creatures, all spiritually conscious, and active dynamically only on one plane, the upper, spiritual plane. Our mouth has contracted, our teeth have become soft and unquickened. Where in us are the sharp and vivid teeth of the wolf, keen to defend and devour? If we had them more, we should be happier. Where are the white negroid teeth? Where? In our little pinched mouths they have no room. We are sympathy-rotten, and spirit-rotten, and idea-rotten.³ We have forfeited our flashing sensual power. And we have false teeth in our mouths.—In the same way, the lips of our sensual desire go thinner and more meaningless, in the compression of our upper will and our idea-driven impulse. Let us break the conscious, self-conscious love ideal, and we shall grow strong, resistant teeth once more, and the teething of our young will not be the hell it is. (*FU* 100)

I quote this passage at length as it exhibits many of the most important motifs of Lawrence’s texts of this period. First, and most obviously, it displays Lawrence’s particular brand of primitivism, one that glorifies the ‘flashing sensual power’ of the ‘negroid’ savage in the same

³ Lawrence persistently uses the word ‘idea’ in this and other texts of the period, which is also the word that Barbara Low (rather problematically) selects as the English equivalent of Freud’s *Vorstellung*. See discussion of the issues of representation and *Vorstellung* in the development of psychoanalytic epistemology in Chapter One. With regard to Lawrence’s “position” in this debate, note that in a letter to Aldous Huxley he referred to Kant as a “grand pervert” (*LDHL* 6:342). Lawrence shared with Pound a suspicion about fixed ideas, and the germinal capacity of ideas that generate from men of genius. As Pound writes, “An *idée fixe* is a dead, set, still, varnished ‘idea’ existing in a vacuum. The ideas of genius, or of ‘men of intelligence’ are organic and germinal, the ‘seed’ of the scriptures. You put one of these ideas somewhere, i.e. somewhere in a definite space and time, and something begins to happen” (*Jefferson* 21).

manner as it describes animal instinct.⁴ It presents a kind of phylogenetic devolution, one that parallels a kind of loss of sensuality in the development of ‘mental knowledge’ alongside the physiological changes that mark the ‘civilized’ races (he goes on to describe in detail the forms of noses that mark “predominant dynamic consciousness in the individual” (*FU* 101)). Finally, he makes the deliberate leap to ontogeny, likening the phylogenetic devolution of the lips and teeth to the teething of modern children. This is part of a larger fixation in these texts on the developmental trajectory of the infant in terms of nursing, sucking, teething, and weaning. We can infer at least a popularized rendering of Freud’s *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* operating here, with its focus on infantile life and the erotogenic zone of the mouth, motifs which I will track throughout this inquiry.

Fantasia joins *Education* in extensive discussions of child-rearing, pedagogy, the sex dynamic in young people, and marriage. Lawrence wryly proposes that we close the schools, ban reading in the general populace, rear children with gender-specific handicrafts, and focus entirely on technical education except for the elite few with intellectual or creative proclivities. He promises that this early intervention in childhood will help to restore the cosmic polarity between the sexes, the energetic balance of the cosmos, and the peaceful subjection of the masses, who will abandon their ideas of democracy in favor of the strong authoritarian ideal that can only come from dynamic, blood-knowledge. The texts shuttle quickly from the descriptive to the prescriptive, and are dredged throughout with Lawrence’s particular abhorrence for democracy. Here, Lawrence has been rightly categorized as part of a proto-fascist strain of the modern episteme, though the tenor of his argument tends more towards end times than a final solution:

⁴ As Torgovnick argues, for Lawrence, “‘the primitive’ held an important key to alternative social directions; it could recoup for the West possibilities obliterated by history” (160). Torgovnick provides an excellent reading of various dimensions of Lawrence’s primitivism, especially in terms of his work on Mexico, in the eighth chapter of *Gone Primitive*.

Fantasia exhibits a distinctly eschatological mood, with the recurring motif of a new form of poison gas being developed in America that could annihilate entire cities in minutes. While some of these inferences are satirical, the exhortation that “We have to sink back into the darkness and the elemental consciousness of blood. And from this rise again. But there is no rising until the bath of darkness and extermination is accomplished” (*FU* 192) feel uneasily earnest.

This may sound somewhat familiar to readers of Lawrence’s more canonical fiction. Many of Lawrence’s characters nourish “dreams of explosion.” The catastrophic events of many novels are prefigured by a kind of apocalyptic *longing* in the characters, an outward figuration of the death drive, especially in those that assume the privileged point of view of the artist or cultural observer. Gudrun Brangwen of *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, an artist, is overcome early in the latter novel: “a sudden fierce anger swept over the girl, violent and murderous. She would have liked them all annihilated, cleared way, so that the world was left clear for her” (11). Rupert Birkin, an obviously autobiographical figure for Lawrence, can see no other solution for the modern condition than a kind of apocalypse: “We’ve got to bust [contemporary life] completely, or shrivel inside it, as in a tight skin. For it won’t expand any more” (51). Looking out at the evening landscape, Birkin thinks, “Let mankind pass away—time it did. The creative utterances will not cease, they will only be there. Humanity doesn’t embody the utterance of the incomprehensible any more. Humanity is a dead letter. There will be a new embodiment, in a new way. Let humanity disappear as quick as possible” (57).

Yet the psychologic texts mark a particular change in the eschatological mood of Lawrence’s fiction. The apocalyptic desires in the novels of the twenties often take the form of explosions or bombs. Kate Leslie—the outsider and critic in *The Plumed Serpent*—rather perversely exclaims to the revolutionary leader Don Ramón, “Oh if only the world would blow

up like a bomb!” (269). Earlier in the novel, when the omniscient narrator is attempting to provide a history of the development of the Quetzalcoatl cult, Kate is introduced into the autofocusing myth as follows: “Then came Kate, with this centre of sheer repudiation deep in the middle of her, the will to explode the world” (252). An ambivalence towards mechanical warfare has, it seems, fully infiltrated Lawrence’s desire for the end of days. Lawrence’s final book, *Apocalypse* (1931), ostensibly an exegesis on the Book of Revelation, unabashedly shows Lawrence’s profound identification with the impulses of John of Patmos, “his passionate and mystic hatred of the civilization of his day... gives one a feeling of relief, of release into passionate actuality, after the tight pettiness of modern intellect” (41).⁵ As Torgovnick suggests, together these texts suggest “a wish that human beings would annihilate themselves and give the life-force a different chance for expression” (170).

Moreover, the eschato-logic inaugurated in *Fantasia*, and to a lesser extent, *Education*, hinges dreams of explosion to a particular form of pastoral reverie, one which might be summed up by the odd impulse that one has in wide-open, untrammelled natural spaces to wonder what the entire world would be like devoid of humanity. The chapter “Trees and Babies and Papas and Mamas” begins with an extraordinarily self-conscious description on the woods near Ebersteinburg where Lawrence composed that section of *Fantasia*. He describes being overcome by the “primeval individuality” of the trees there, their frightening, overshadowing will. Lawrence feels his individual self become lost in the trees’ enormity and age, and the self is lost in contemplation of these impassive giants. He then excuses his digression in one of many direct addresses to the reader, and returns to his discussion of family relations. The text is profoundly

⁵ Deleuze argues that Lawrence identifies with the “collective, popular, uncultivated, hateful, and savage” aspects of John of Patmos over the “aristocratic, individual, soft, amorous, decadent, always rather cultivated” aspects of the Gospel of John (*Essays Critical* 36).

inflected by this self-consciousness, both in describing the labor of its composition, as well as in the way it directly speaks to its would-be reader, often in invective or sardonic tones.

Undressing Lady Liberty

In an ironic turn, *Fantasia* directly addresses an American audience, which comes to be figured as Lawrence's last and best hope for critical success. He assured his American publisher, Thomas Seltzer, that "if any book of mine is going to make your fortune, this *Fantasia* will be one" (*LDHL* 4: 104). Whether this confidence was for the sake of his publisher's goodwill, or whether Lawrence held genuine enthusiasm for the possible reception of the text is uncertain, though Lawrence does acknowledge later in the same letter that the American publishing industry was in an economic downturn. As with most works of this era, Lawrence's feelings about *Fantasia* reflected both his highly ambivalent relationship toward his reading public and toward America. While the expansiveness of the American southwest certainly captured Lawrence's imagination—especially in his projections for the utopian colony of Rananim—his first encounter with American shores was quite bleak: "the thought of New York is much more awful than the thought of a savage jungle: not because it is savage, but because of the overwhelming mechanical civilization" (*LDHL* 3: 357).

For better or worse, the European psychoanalytic establishment was in a similar, economically-motivated pickle regarding American consumers and would-be adherents. Following the war, Viennese analysts took on the waves of currency-rich Americans seeking training analyses in Europe. As Jones puts it, "In the parlous state of Austria at that time, when most of the urgent necessities of life were hard to come by, it is not surprising that financial considerations impelled a few analysts, both lay and medical, to relax the standards generally

thought desirable in professional work.” Jones recalls asking Otto Rank how he could, in good conscience, adequately certify the capabilities of an American who had only been in a training analysis for six weeks. “He replied with a shrug of the shoulders ‘one must live’” (*LWSF* 3: 292). The pragmatism of this statement was echoed in Freud’s 1928 assessment of an American ‘wild’ analyst who, after an abbreviated training analysis in Vienna, infuriated the American psychoanalytic establishment by claiming his expertise in New York newspapers. According to Jones, Freud “merely shrugged his shoulders, considered that they were making a mountain out of a molehill, and remarked: ‘Anyhow the man knows more about psychoanalysis than before he came to Vienna’” (296).

Yet concerns about the distance between Europe and America during this period exceeded the bottom line. In a 1955 lecture delivered in Freud’s hometown, Jacques Lacan began his discussion of the return to Freud by commenting on the gulf between the Vienna that begat the Freudian message and the United States of America, at that point several decades into the development of her own psychoanalytic paradigms. In Lacan’s reading of his contemporary situation, America represented a limit-case for understanding the meaning of history, a nation holding at once a peculiar kind of cultural ahistoricism that characterized the style of its industrial corporations alongside its maintenance of difference in identity formations. Lacan judged the latter quality as decidedly perverse when assessed against capitalist profit motives, flying both in the face of facility and the bottom line. As Lacan wrote, “It is certainly easier to efface the principles of a doctrine than the stigmata of one’s origins, more profitable to make one’s function serve demand; but, here, to reduce one’s function to one’s difference is to give in to a mirage internal to the function itself, a mirage that bases function upon difference.”

Acceding to this mirage of difference had stark consequences for the revolution Freud

represented both to the medical profession and to epistemology conceived more generally. “It is a return to the reactionary principle operant in the duality of the sick and the healer, the opposition between someone who knows and someone who does not” (*Écrits* 115). Lacan commented on the virtual impossibility of disregarding this opposition as true when it is *felt* as real, and asks “how can one avoid becoming a manager of souls in a social context that demands such an office?” America thus represented a modern impasse for the intellectual that attempted to avoid the managerial position, the ‘corrupting comfort’ of intellectual comfort, that is, “the worst corruption that of the best” (116).

Lacan then related one of the originary scenes of psychoanalytic mythology: Freud, Jung, and Ferenczi’s arrival in the New York harbor in the autumn of 1909, an anecdote that would be apocryphal but for Lacan’s assurance to his listeners that he had it “from Jung’s own mouth.” Having caught their first glimpse of “the famous statue illuminating the universe,” Freud ostensibly uttered ““They don’t realize we’re bringing them the plague,”” a phrase that for Lacan exhibited both hubris and gloom, a “troubled brightness.” Lacan invoked Nemesis, the Greek goddess who punished presumption, presaging that the Goddess needed only to take Freud at his word to catch him in her trap. Worse yet, “Nemesis had added a first-class return ticket” back to Europe, now “effaced from the concerns, the style, not to say the memory, of those who left, together with the repression of their bad memories.” Europe had only itself to thank for its own obliteration from the memory of America, an act of forgetting that also spoke of America’s devouring epistemological pull, fueled by the very strength of repression itself (117).

While he claims not to begrudge this act of forgetting and demurs from positioning himself and his revival of Freud as a “return of the repressed,” Lacan’s project of revitalizing the primary meaning of Freud so as to sustain the continued development of the psychoanalytic

movement in Europe nevertheless inaugurates itself with an address to a recalcitrant audience on the other side of the Atlantic. Lacan acknowledges that this is a somewhat paradoxical project; while assimilation to American culture required the categorical will to adopt cultural ahistoricism, that is, the will to abandon the past, the discipline of psychoanalysis in its fullest capacity represented “the bridge linking modern man to the ancient myths.” In characterizing the American psychoanalytic establishment’s abandonment of the latter principle, succumbing thus to the ‘temptation that bases function on difference’ between the sick and healer, Lacan is likely alluding to the 1938 decision of the American Psychoanalytic Association to officially limit their membership to physicians who had first trained medically as psychiatrists and subsequently undergone a training analysis at a European psychoanalytic institute, following two decades of debate on the question of lay analysis. This definitive American statement on non-medical analysis would inaugurate a half-century of cleavage between the American and European psychoanalytic schools and perhaps, more than any other event, represent the eschewal of Freudian psychoanalysis and the rise of cognitive theory in the United States.

Lacan’s subtextual address to ‘America the reluctant’ echoes some of Freud’s own reticence towards the new audience he encountered at Clark University in 1909, following his gloomy prescience at the sight of Lady Liberty. Freud’s distrust of America manifested itself in a variety of physical ailments, and he blamed his trip to America for (long-preexisting) intestinal problems, prostate pain, and the erosion of his formerly elegant handwriting. Even steadfastly sympathetic Jones suspected that Freud’s dislike of America was symptomatic of something greater, commenting that it surely had taken more than unfamiliar cuisine and the absence of wild strawberries for Freud to declare that “America is a mistake; a gigantic mistake, it is true, but none the less a mistake” (qtd. in *LWSF* 2: 60). Freud nevertheless kept close watch on the

psychoanalytic developments in America, perhaps because it seemed to him the most fertile ground for wild psychoanalytic practices that must be kept in check.

In 1930, Freud contrasted the supposed popularity of psychoanalysis on American soil with the paucity of both American knowledge of the scientific problems and cultural significance of the discipline and the lack of financial support for the backing of American psychoanalytic institutions (*SE* 21: 254). Alongside a laundry list of other complaints, Freud wrote that American physicians commonly wield only “a few catch-words” of psychoanalytic theory and lump them alongside other incompatible systems of thought in therapeutic deployment.⁶ Freud may have recognized that America was a critical addressee for his work, but that didn’t stop him from leveling several decades of suspicion and disapproval at her shores. *La célèbre statue éclairant l’univers* from Lacan’s account underwent a significant metaphorical transformation in an August 1925 letter that Freud wrote to Ferenczi: “It would be interesting to know where the American newspapers get their wealth of fabricated news. I recently offended an American with the suggestion that the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor should be replaced by a monkey holding up a Bible. I.e., I tried; he didn’t seem to understand me at all” (*FF* 226–7). Whether Freud approved of this simian insult that had been slanderously attributed to him is unclear, but his sense of the inevitable distortion undergone by knowledge crossing the Atlantic is certainly not.⁷

⁶ Ironically, while Lawrence attempted to reappropriate Freudian terminology like ‘unconscious,’ he dismissed other psychoanalytic terms like ‘Father complex’ and ‘Mother complex’ as “so many other catch-words” (*FU* 151). Lewis’s *Time and Western Man* also sees the correlation: “all the up-to-date, ‘modernist’ afflatus, consists of catchwords, and is a system of parrot-cries, in the case of the crowd. Even so they are vulgarizations, of the coarsest description, of notions inaccessible to the majority in their original force and significance. The cheap, socially available simulacrum bears little resemblance to the original” (120).

⁷ Late in his life, Ferenczi took a darker view of Freud’s relationship with his American audience. In an August 1932 entry in his clinical diary on the weakness Freud showed when he refused Jung’s attempt to analyze his dreams during the voyage to New York, Ferenczi wrote: “(Possibly his [Freud’s] contempt for Americans is a reaction to this weakness, which he could not hide from us and himself. ‘How could I take so much pleasure in the honors the

Four years earlier, Lady Liberty had undergone a similar metaphoric disrobing at Lawrence's hand in his closing remarks to the second and final volume of his psychologic endeavors. In an epilogue to the American edition of *Fantasia* written from Taromina in October 1921, Lawrence hailed his American reading public in the metonymic guise of the Statue of Liberty, "that brawny lady" who held her "carrot-sceptre" high in the New York harbor. The immigrants flooding into American shores are transformed here into donkeys drawn to the statue's decidedly lurid torch: "many an ass has strayed across the uneasy paddock of the Atlantic to nibble your carrot, dear lady" (*FU* 202) The narrator of this curious epilogue is himself a "little ass," one who has trotted up to America and offered the "nice present of this pretty book": a "posy" of sorts. Lawrence retrospectively consigns his text to Walt Whitman's "Columbia": "If the publisher would let me, I'd dedicate this book to you, to 'Those States.' Because I wrote this book entirely for you, Columbia. You may not take it as a compliment" (202). This posture of disregard towards the reception of his text, this insinuating, even invective mode marks in some ways the culmination of an extended rhetorical ploy of direct address to his reader that spanned several years and their attendant works during Lawrence's career. *Fantasia's* status as a gift is a significant aspect of this invective address:

You needn't throw down the thinnest carrot-paring you can pare off, and then say: 'Why should I pay for this tripe, this wordy mass of rather revolting nonsense!' You can't pay for it, darling. If I didn't make you a present of it you could never buy it. So don't shake your carrot-sceptre and feel supercilious. Here's a gift for you, Missis. You can look in its mouth, too. Mind it doesn't bite you (201-2).

Lawrence thus positions his text as a perverse present, a dangerous object inserted into the circulation of the gift economy, a book that answers no demand and expects no payment, but

Americans have bestowed on me, when I feel such contempt for Americans?') Not unimportant is the emotion that impressed even me, a reverent spectator, as somewhat ridiculous, when almost with tears in his eyes he thanked the president of the university [Clark University] for the honorary doctorate" (*Clinical Diary* 184). See also *FJ* 534-535.

postures itself as a trap. In the forward, Lawrence describes the metonymic displacement of his own fight onto his text: “[The author] must fight it out with his own soul, alone, or with a book which is like his own self speaking, making him appeased in his aloneness. But he must not have sex oozing out of his mouth in words, and out of his eyes in glaucous looks, and out of his ears in greediness, and swilkering like stagnant water in his mind” (55). The book is thus a stand-in for the integral author, and it is a book that bites back.

This chapter will investigate a case of psychoanalytic interpellation and the resistances posed against it, a case that took place during the first decades of psychoanalysis’ saturation into European culture and charged with the ideological shifts that marked the irreversible introduction of psychoanalysis into modernity, as well as that era’s ability to know its own politics. I will begin by examining the texts that constellated Lawrence’s understanding of the psychoanalytic apparatus, then move to the cosmogony he constructed in the two psychologic texts as a rebuttal to the psychoanalytic field. Finally, I will discuss Lawrence’s peculiar relationship with a certain repudiative form of clinical practice that grew up in America—group analysis—thus suggesting a direct clinical itinerary between Lawrence’s psychologic work and the groups that informed anti-psychiatric dehierarchization.

Applied Psychoanalysis, Jung, and Archaic Myth

On September of 1919, Lawrence wrote a rather paranoid missive to publisher Benjamin Huebsch, claiming that one of the psycho-analysts that he knew in London had gone to Vienna and was planning to ‘graft’ some of the ideas that Lawrence had espoused in *Studies in Classic American Literature* onto Freud and the Freudian theory of the unconscious. “I know they are trying to get the theory of primal consciousness out of these essays,” Lawrence wrote, “to

solidify their windy theory of the unconscious. Then they'll pop out with it, as a discovery of their own. You see Ive [sic] told Ernest Jones and the Eders the ideas. – But they don't know how to use them" (*LDHL* 3: 400). Lawrence does not explicitly state who he imagines to be smuggling his intellectual property across the continent—likely Jones, from the context of the letter—but it does seem that Lawrence was nourishing some serious doubts about the intentions of the British psycho-analytic community towards him and his theory of primal consciousness. The stakes of his psychologic project were clear in his appraisal of *Studies of Classic American Literature* to Huebsch, writing that it contained “a whole Weltanschauung – new, if old, even a new science of psychology – pure science” (3: 400).

Lawrence likely overestimated Jones's opinion of him; the latter's autobiography *Free Associations* describes Lawrence as a malignant narcissist, “all too vital” and “hare-brained” in his holding forth on schemes to start Rananim. “It was very plain to me as a psychologist that Lawrence, with his obvious lack of balance, was the last person with whom it would be possible for anyone to co-operate very long,” Jones wrote. “All that he wanted was ‘disciples,’ and I have always been too independent to play that part” (251). While David and Edith Eder (and their sister-in-law Barbara Low) certainly maintained a higher opinion of Lawrence than Jones, it seems unlikely that anyone in this group made much of an attempt to ‘graft’ anything of Lawrence's chaotic theory onto Freud, malevolently or otherwise. Lawrence's paranoia is certainly not substantiated by the records and correspondence kept by his friends in the relatively nascent psychoanalytic community in London. Yet Lawrence's remarks to Huebsch reflect several years of his growing hostility towards psychoanalysis, despite his close friendships with practicing analysts, and, in Frieda, a wife with at least a serious layperson's interest in the

development of the discipline.⁸ This animosity would find a bizarre rhetorical outlet in *Psychoanalysis, Fantasia, and Education*.

What events and cultural conditions led to Lawrence's transferential sort of obloquy? He had begun writing *Sons and Lovers* in the late summer of 1910 (under the title *Paul Morel*), working and making significant revisions during his courtship of Frieda throughout the autumn of 1912. Frieda's son with Ernest Weekley, Monty, recalls his mother devouring progressive drafts of the novel during this period of time (Meyers 86). Both Frieda's autobiography and the text of *Mr Noon* suggest that the lovers spoke extensively about the "psycho-analytic vogue" for Oedipus during their initial meeting and courtship. This certainly bolsters the claim, propagated in various literary circles of the era, that *Sons and Lovers* (published in Britain in May 1913) exhibited distinctly Freudian themes (*LHDL* 2: 1). In an oft-quoted snippet from a letter to Mitchell Kennerly written a few months after the novel's publication, Lawrence claimed "I never did read Freud, but I have heard about him since I was in Germany" (2: 80). This certainly doesn't support the argument made by some biographers that Lawrence *never* read Freud; rather, it suggests to my reading that he was quite cognizant of the popular dissemination of Freudian theory during the early teens.

Our documentation of Lawrence's ties with the growing psychoanalytic community in England come largely from his correspondence with Barbara Low, whom he had met through their mutual involvement with the Fabian Society. Low had become interested in psychoanalysis through her brother-in-law Eder, an important early translator of Jung and Freud. After undergoing clinical training with Hanns Sachs and Jones, Low emerged as one of the most

⁸ See the discussion in Chapter Two of Frieda von Richtofen's relationship with Otto Gross and her early conversations on psychoanalysis with Lawrence.

significant figures in the early Anglophone psychoanalytic community, helping Jones to found the British Psycho-Analytical Society in 1913.

Lawrence's letters to Low suggests that their discussions of psychoanalysis were relatively benign at the beginning, reflecting the fashionable deployment of "Freudian" to describe the pathological events of everyday life. Lawrence referenced his emotional 'transference' with E. M. Forester in one letter, and following a suggestively symbolic passage in another, exhorted Low to "find Freud in *that*."⁹ During the First World War, Lawrence was living in Cornwall in increasingly uneasy conditions: there was a perpetual threat that he would be conscripted despite his poor health, and Frieda's German nationality subjected the couple to constant rumors and police surveillance. In less playful moments of this Cornwall correspondence, it becomes clear that Lawrence imagines Low to be an integral part of his plans for the utopian community that will address the myriad wrongs he sees in the world. In February of 1915, he urges her to put aside any sadness in her life. "Soon we will put our own immediate lives away, we will devote them to that which is to be done. We must revolutionise this system of life, that is based on *outside* things, money, property, and establish a system of life based on *inside* things. The war will come to the end, and then the Augean stables¹⁰ are to be cleansed" (2: 280). The following year he declared that he had begun writing philosophy, but is uncertain if the

⁹ After S. S. Koteliansky (or Kot, as the Lawrences called him) sent Frieda a box of cat's tongues (a type of butter cookie), Frieda declared the gesture "Freudian," "like Barbara and her wasps." What exactly Barbara had to do with wasps is unknown, though it perhaps has something to do with the Gentile company that Low (a Jew) was keeping at the time (or perhaps her own playing-WASP). Either way, the Lawrences delighted in riffing on these two suggestive tropes in a March 1915 letter to Low. Lawrence writes, "I hear the question of wasps still troubles you. But don't you know that a wasp which has stung once, dies? At that rate, will you consider yourself a wasp? But one day I will make you a box, of honey-comb and honey bees and flowers as sweet as spice. And it shall be brown-gold and green and pink. And it shall be filled with little coloured sweets. And when Cerberus opens his mouth, and when any other dog shall bark, he shall be shushed with one of the sweets. Now find Freud in *that*." Frieda shot back in a note at the bottom of the letter, writing "The wasps are *his* unconscious 'waspishness', *he* thought they were bees. – Kot has just sent me some 'cats tongues' so there --! (*LDHL* 3: 304–6.)

¹⁰ The Cleansing of the Augean stables was the fifth of Hercules' labors, thought to be the most humiliating (rather than heroic). The livestock of Augeas (one of the Argonauts) were immortal and had produced an impossibly large amount of dung. Hercules succeeded in completing this labor by rerouting two rivers to cleanse the filth.

people who will be able to understand it will ever be born. Yet he ends with an affirmation of their friendship: “I count you as one to come” (2: 496–7).

This warmhearted attitude was soon altered after Low sent Lawrence a copy of an article by Alfred Booth Kuttner entitled “‘Sons and Lovers’: A Freudian Appreciation,” published in the *Psychoanalytic Review* of 1916, the first of what was to become a prolific tradition of applied psychoanalytic readings of Lawrence’s fiction. Kuttner, who showed a high regard for Lawrence’s talents in his essay, argued that the novel’s central preoccupation was “the struggle of a man to emancipate himself from his maternal allegiance and to transfer his affections to a woman who stands outside of his family circle” (296), and that this independently reflected Freud’s theories surrounding love and transference. Basing his biographical speculation on an early play and some poems written before the Freudian craze had spread around Europe, Kuttner surmised that themes in *Sons and Lovers* were indeed original, that is to say, they were not conceived in an effort to illustrate Freudian theory. While Kuttner did try to limit his remarks “to the testimony of Mr. Lawrence’s work,” he couldn’t help but to suggest that the novel might be autobiographical, a fact he supported with what “meager personal detail” he had scrounged together regarding the author’s own deep affections for his mother (313). Despite conceding that he could not comment on Lawrence’s life without the author’s consent and collaboration, Kuttner did offer this uplifting conclusion to his analysis of the novel:

For Mr. Lawrence has escaped the destructive fate that dogs the hapless Paul by the grace of expression: out of the dark struggles of his own soul he has emerged as a triumphant artist. In every epoch the soul of the artist is sick with the problems of his generation. He cures himself by expression in his art. And by producing a catharsis in the spectator through the enjoyment of his art he also heals his fellow beings. His artistic stature is measured by the universality of the problem which his art has transfigured. (Kuttner 316)

Kuttner's conviction in the curative power of artistic sublimation and the cathartic nature of art enjoyment echo Low's own feelings on the subject. Both were decidedly unconvincing to Lawrence, who certainly still found himself 'sick with the problems of his generation,' especially in light his surveillance and persecution in Cornwall during the course of the war and the public debacle that surrounded the suppression of *The Rainbow* in November of 1915.

Bruce Steele, in his introduction to the Cambridge edition of *Psychoanalysis and Fantasia*, suggests that Lawrence likely perused the rest of the *Psychoanalytic Review* volume that housed Kuttner's article. Among other things, the journal also contained a review of the first English translation of Jung's *Wandlungen und Symbole de Libido*. Among the many aspects of Jung's text that might have piqued Lawrence's interest, the unnamed reviewer describes the conflict between the libido's persistent attachment to the mother and the desire for freedom, as well as the two aspects of the maternal in Jung: both the nourishing source of all life as well as the destroying, ferocious, "terrible mother," the sphinx and dragon of mythology. These motifs were also significant in Kuttner's exegesis on *Sons and Lovers*, so Lawrence might have joined the Jungian project with a particularly wounding aspect of Kuttner's reading.

Whether this correspondence was indeed the impetus, or whether Jung's book was merely a hotly anticipated translation in London intellectual circles, Lawrence borrowed the Beatrice Hinkle translation of *Wandlungen* from his friend S. S. Kotliansky in late 1918, and forwarded the book to Katherine Mansfield and John Middleton Murray in turn after he had finished reading it. In a letter that accompanied the text, Lawrence warned Mansfield to "beware" the book, as "this Mother-incest idea can become an obsession." Lawrence found truth in the idea "that at certain periods the man has a desire and a tendency to return unto the woman, make her his goal and end, find his justification in her. In this way he cast himself as it were into

her womb, and she, the Magna Mater, receives him with gratification. This is a kind of incest.” He does not explicitly reference the self-annihilating aspect of this desire, though it certainly seems implicit in the idea of casting oneself back into the womb. He went on to speculate that this was indeed the dynamic operating between Middleton Murray and Mansfield, and the source of Mansfield’s alternating repulsion and fascination for her husband. Lawrence confessed that he himself had a similar kind of suicidal desire for Frieda in the past, and now struggled with all his might to get out of it. He called Frieda “the devouring mother,” and bemoaned the difficulty of recovering from a sex relation gone awry. The stakes of this particular struggle were particularly high; “If we don’t recover,” Lawrence announced, “we die.” Obviously Frieda didn’t share this sentiment, and called Lawrence “antediluvian” in his attitudes. But Lawrence felt at his core that “a woman must yield some sort of precedence to a man, and he must take this precedence.” “I do think men must go ahead absolutely in front of their women,” he wrote to Mansfield, “without turning round to ask for permission or approval from their women. Consequently the women must follow as it were unquestioning. I can’t help it, I believe this. Frieda doesn’t. Hence our fight” (*LDHL* 3: 302–3).

That Lawrence staged his domestic turmoil around Jung’s book in this letter seems felicitous, as the teens marked a significant moment of upheaval in the psychoanalytic establishment, leading to Jung’s resignation from the presidency of the International Psychoanalytic Association and his public excommunication in the form of Freud’s *On the History of the Psychoanalytic Movement* of 1914. Without question, the text that cemented Jung’s break from the Freudian establishment and founded his school of analytic psychology (if rather inchoately) was *Wandlungen*, parts of which were first published in the 1911–12 *Jahrbuch für psychoanalytische und psychopathologische Forschungen*; the book was translated in 1915

into English by Beatrice Hinkle as *Psychology of the Unconscious: A Study of the Transformations and Symbolisms of the Libido*.

The text was the result of several years of fervid research, work that Jung attempted to share with a skeptical Freud in their correspondence. In November of 1909, Jung told Freud that he was immersed every evening in the “history of symbols, i.e. in mythology and archaeology,” and was opening up “rich lodes open up for the phylogenetic basis for the theory of neurosis” (FJ 258). A few more weeks of reading led him to declare that “For me there is no longer any doubt what the oldest and most natural myths are trying to say. They speak quite ‘naturally’ of the nuclear complex of neurosis” (263). Jung was convinced that a full understanding of the psyche could only be achieved through an explication of humanity’s archaic history. As he wrote in the beginning of December 1909, “What we now find in the individual psyche—in compressed, stunted, or one-sidedly differentiated form—may be seen spread out in all its fullness in times past. Happy the man who can read these signs! The trouble is that our philology has been as hopelessly inept as our psychology. Each has failed the other” (269).

Lawrence’s foreword to *Fantasia* takes quite a similar position, making the epistemological claim that the “objective science of modern knowledge” closes off the ability to see the plenitude of the “lived experience and sure intuition” of archaic cultures. Lawrence presents a radically compressed history of the tectonic shifts in knowledge, arguing that during the Glacial Period, men circulated easily around the globe and were invested in an esoteric priesthood, a great pagan world in which “interchange was complete, and knowledge, science was universal over the earth, cosmopolitan as it is today” (62–3). With the melting of the glaciers, this interchange was fragmented. The “refugees from the drowned continents fled to the high places,” and

some degenerated naturally into cave men, Neolithic and Paleolithic creatures, and some retained their marvelous innate beauty and life-perfection, as the South Sea Islanders, and some wandered savage in Africa, and some like Druids or Etruscans or Chaldeans or Amerindians or Chinese, refused to forget, but taught the old wisdom, only in its half forgotten, symbolic forms. (63)

These “half forgotten, symbolic forms” constitute the very marrow of Jung’s inquiry: “ritual, gesture, and myth story” (63). Lawrence is as convinced as Jung that these forms converge in archaic history, announcing that across cultures, “the great myths all relate to one another.” Moreover, Lawrence argues that it is the conditions of modernity that have necessitated this archaic excavation: “And so it is that these myths now begin to hypnotise us again, our own impulse towards our own scientific way of understanding being almost spent.” As Lawrence sums up his aim in *Fantasia*, “I believe I am only trying to stammer out the first terms of a forgotten knowledge,” thus situating his project along the anagogic line, at least initially.

Fused with this growing interest in mythology was Jung’s increasing preoccupation with psychoanalysis’ failure to possess the mass magnetism of a religious order, complaints that sound a great deal like Lawrence’s frustrations surrounding Ranim. As Jung wrote to Freud in February of 1910, “An ethical fraternity, with its mythical Nothing, not infused by any archaic-infantile driving force, is a pure vacuum and can never evoke in man the slightest trace of that age-old animal power which drives the migrating bird across the sea and without which no irresistible mass movement can come into being.” Jung instead imagined “a far finer and more comprehensive task for ΨA ,” hoping that as psychoanalysis infiltrated the general consciousness, intellectuals would experience a revived feeling for symbol and myth. If the movement could harness and “absorb those ecstatic instinctual forces of Christianity for the *one* purpose of making the cult and the sacred myth what they once were—a drunken feast of joy where man regained the ethos and holiness of an animal.” In this Dionysian reverie, “infinite rapture and

wantonness lie dormant in our religion, waiting to be led back to their true destination!” Jung’s recent analysis with Gross, who espoused similar ideas, was obviously still percolating in Jung’s thinking. While still overcome with enthusiasm for the prospects of this religio-psychoanalysis-to-come, attaching itself to “everything that was ever dynamic and alive,” Jung rather sheepishly closed his rant with the observation that he had “abreacted enough for today—my heart was bursting with it. Please don’t mind all this storming” (*FJ* 294–5). Freud apparently did mind, as he curtly dismissed Jung’s ravings: “you mustn’t regard me as the founder of a religion... I am not thinking of a substitute for religion; this need must be sublimated. I did not expect the Fraternity to become a religious organization any more than I would expect a volunteer fire department to do so!” (295).

The tension this rebuke suggests might also reflect a certain professional competition over the mode of inquiry that Jung was performing in *Wandlungen*. While the text did draw substantially on Jung’s own clinical experience, the core of the inquiry was a case of applied psychoanalysis, a reading of the pseudo-anonymous memoirs of a young American woman known only as Miss Frank Miller. Jung never met this woman, thus his analysis of her fantasies constituted a theoretical departure from his previous clinical case studies. Coincidentally, Freud had begun working on his own case of applied psychoanalysis in the summer of 1910, when he began writing his “Psycho-Analytic Notes upon an Autobiographical Account of a Case of Paranoia (Dementia Paranoides),” popularly known as the Schreber case. While Daniel Schreber’s *Denkwürdigkeiten eines Nervenkranken* [*Memoirs of My Nervous Illness*] had been the subject of psychiatric discussion and debate since its publication in 1903, Freud only became interested in producing a study of the text seven years later, during the same period of time that

Jung had announced that “the Miller fantasies really add up to a redemption mystery can be proved to the hilt” (355).

Freud noted that the two men were on the same track towards understanding the psychogenesis of religion in a letter written to Jones in November of 1911 (*FEJ* 119). Both men began this project by producing applied psychoanalytic readings not of fiction, as they did elsewhere and as Kuttner did in his reading of *Sons and Lovers*, but to first-person accounts of psychic life, appending to it a wide-ranging amount of literary and ethnographic material. Both Schreber and Miller wrote in great detail about their fantasy life, following what might be described as a proto-associative technique, and provided their own version of self-analysis in the form of speculations about the causes of their symptoms. Yet neither Schreber (who died in an asylum in 1911) nor Miller (whose real identity was never known and whose original text was never found) were clinical patients of either analyst, nor could either author provide additional associational material following their analytic interpretation, thus we might refer to their texts as ‘closed’ clinical material.¹¹

In his discussion of the stakes of applied analysis as it concerns the expanded field of transference into the cultural sphere, Laplanche describes the “approximate, journalistic character” of the gesture of “putting Victor Hugo, Jules Verne, or Leonardo ‘on the couch,’” or for that matter, using Paul Morel as a stand-in for Lawrence in the *Psychoanalytic Review*. “The author is always absent, definitively or not,” Laplanche writes, “but is he perhaps *essentially*

¹¹ Low’s work also contains numerous instances of applied psychoanalysis, using both King Lear and Prince Lev Nikolayevich Myshkin as instances of when the primitive interests that dwell in the Unconscious ‘burst though’ the ‘Censor-barrier’ in obscene speech (65–66). Thumbikin and Alice in Wonderland are shown to express the desire for the first stages of life and ante-natal life when the subject is an omnipotent, protected being (76). And finally—in a rhetorical maneuver that obliterates most outward forms of identitarian difference alongside the distinction between history and fiction itself—Low in one sentence diagnoses Lear, Othello, Becky Sharp, Richard Burton, and Jonathan Swift as all that type of person “who by initial temperament are very unsuited to the particular environment into which they are born, and therefore have special difficulties to meet” in the process of sublimating their primitive desires (86).

absent, whether or not he is dead” (“Transference” 222). In any case, the author cannot respond to the interpretation with new associational material, so the equation that the analysis of Dora is equivalent to the analysis of Leonardo (or, for that matter, the analysis of Schreber or Miss Frank Miller) would largely miss the point. Here, Laplanche usefully draws on André Green’s description of “applied psychoanalysis” as the space in which “the analyst is the analysand of the text” (qtd. in “Transference” 223), a formulation that puts back into question what characteristics might differentiate the case of applied psychoanalysis from the clinical case study.

Green’s structuration seems especially apt for describing Jung’s reading of the Miller fantasies. While Schreber’s memoirs provide a detailed account of over a decade of mental illness, the Miller fantasies are substantially less developed, providing only meager autobiographical material (likely because the author had wished to remain anonymous). Jung became acquainted with the Miller fantasies through his Swiss colleague Théodore Flournoy, Miller’s personal acquaintance during her stay in Geneva and the translator of her English text into French for the 1906 *Archives de psychologie*. In his 1924 introduction to the second edition of the text, Jung acknowledged that his use of Miller’s material had given rise to a good deal of misunderstanding, the most significant issue being the suggestion that *Wandlungen* represented Jung’s practical method of treatment. While he dismissed this “impossibility,” he nevertheless allowed for some retrospective self-congratulation with regard to his insights about Miller’s psychology. Flournoy confirmed that Jung had “hit off the young woman’s mentality very well,” and following the publication of *Wandlungen*, an American colleague confirmed to Jung that he was treating Miller for a schizophrenic disturbance that had broken out after her sojourn in Europe. As Jung proudly reported, “He wrote to say that my explosion of the cause was so exhaustive that even personal acquaintance with the patient had not taught him ‘one iota more’

about her mentality.” Thus while insisting that the process employed in *Wandlungen* of reconstructing “semi-conscious and unconscious fantasy processes” based on a short memoir did not represent his method of treatment, Jung also remarked that the procedure “evidently hit the mark in all essential respects,” just as the clinical method might have. Jung’s work in the clinical context is explicitly left to the side, only remarked upon as an afterthought that confirms “the real purpose” of the book: “to working out the implications of all those historical and spiritual factors which come together in the involuntary products of individual fantasy” (*Symbols* xxix). The emphasis here on the recapitulation gambit to synch together an account of ontogeny with phylogeny likely influenced the scope of Lawrence’s project, which makes explicit parallels between the “blood-consciousness” of the infant and mother and the blood-consciousness of so-called “savage” peoples.

Yet lest one think that Jung might be conceding here a certain kind of investigative work to lay analysts, Jung makes clear instead the necessity of both a clinical and a philological background for such an endeavor: “This book has to perform the thankless task of making clear to my contemporaries that the problems of the human psyche cannot be tackled with the meager equipment of the doctor’s consulting-room, any more than they can be tackled with the layman’s famous ‘understanding of the world and human nature’” (*Symbols* xxvii). Bolstered by the confirmation of the diagnosis he was uniquely capable of producing, Jung introduced later editions of *Wandlungen* as “...an extended commentary on a practical analysis of the prodromal stages of schizophrenia. The symptoms of this case form the Ariadne thread to guide us through the labyrinth of symbolistic parallels, that is, through the amplifications which are absolutely essential if we wish to establish the meaning of the archetypal context” (xxv).

To say that the 1912 version of the text lacks this guiding thread would be something of an understatement. The Hinkle translation of *Psychology of the Unconscious* that Lawrence would have read is a difficult and vexing text, with little to guide the reader through a morass of speculative material. Among other issues, the translation did not include a reproduction of the Miller fantasies, which were only available at that point to readers of French. As such, *Psychology of the Unconscious* required significant revision before it would become the standby text of analytic psychology *Symbols of Transformation*.¹² In September of 1950, while writing the introduction to the fourth Swiss edition, Jung confessed that he had never been happy about the original state of *Wandlungen*, as it was written in a rush without the time to let his thoughts on the voluminous material mature. “The whole thing came upon me like a landslide that cannot be stopped,” he recalled about the writing process, “The urgency that lay behind it became clear to me only later: it was the explosion of all those psychic contents which could find no room, no breathing-space, in the constricting atmosphere of Freudian psychology and its narrow outlook” (*Symbols* xxiii).

Jung openly acknowledged that the text marked his break with Freud, calling the book “a landmark, set up on the spot where two ways divided” (xxiv). “I was acutely conscious, then, of the loss of friendly relations with Freud and the lost comradeship of our work together” (xxvi).

¹² Since Freud helped to edit the *Wandlungen* of 1912, and Lawrence read Hinkle’s 1916 translation *Psychology of the Unconscious*, these are the texts that I consulted and refer to in the writing of this chapter, with the exception of references to the later introductions published in the 1956 Bollingen edition of *Symbols*. As a further note, I want to point out that despite the radical revisions that occurred between 1912 and the 1950s, most readers of Jung are only acquainted with the final edition of *Symbols of Transformation*, as this is the text that forms the fifth volume of the Bollingen *Collected Works of C. G. Jung* as well as the mass market paperback editions of the text. This is particularly disturbing in the case of Jung’s expurgation of passages like the following from *Psychology*: “When, therefore, the unconscious pushes into the foreground the coitus wish, negatively expressed, it means somewhat as follows: under similar circumstances primitive man acted in such and such a manner. The mode of adaptation which today is unconscious for us is carried on by the savage Negro of the present day, whose undertakings beyond those of nutrition appertain to sexuality, characterized by violence and cruelty” (Jung, *Psychology* 433). We have no indication in the editorial remarks of *Symbols* as to why Jung made the decision to excise this type of reference to lascivious black savages, but one can’t help but find such editorial whitewashing problematic in light of Jung’s perennial popularity.

One cannot help but read Jung's musings about his state of mind when producing *Wandlungen* against his debate with Freud over the mission of psychoanalysis:

Hardly had I finished the manuscript when it struck me what it means to live with a myth, and what it means to live without one. Myth, says a Church Father, is 'what is believed always, everywhere, and by everybody'; hence the man who thinks he can live without myth, or outside it, is an exception. He is like one uprooted, having no true link either with the past, or with the ancestral life which continues within him, or yet with contemporary human society. He does not live in a house like other men, does not eat and drink like other men, but lives a life of his own, sunk in a subjective mania of his own devising, which he believes to be the newly discovered truth. This plaything of his reason never grips his vitals. It may occasionally lie heavy on his stomach, for that organ is apt to reject the products of reason as indigestible. The psyche is not of today; its ancestry goes back many millions of years. Individual consciousness is only the flower and the fruit of a season, sprung from the perennial rhizome beneath the earth; and it would find itself in better accord with the truth if it took the existence of the rhizome into its calculations. For the root matter is the mother of all things.
(*Symbols* xxiv)

The poetic inflection of this retrospective appraisal is Lawrentian (if not proto-Deleuze and Guattarian in its suggestion of the "perennial rhizome") to say the least. The "matrix of mythopoetic imagination" (*Memories, Dreams, Reflections* 213) that Jung was searching for during this period came out of the realization that he "was not living with a myth, or even in a myth, but rather in an uncertain cloud of theoretical possibilities which I was beginning to regard with increasing distrust... I simply had to know what unconscious or preconscious myth was forming me, from which rhizome I sprang" (*Symbols* xxiv).

The source text that Jung chose to guide his reading of "the unconscious as an objective and collective psyche" was peculiarly personal. One might roughly conceive the Miller Fantasies as consisting in two parts. The first is an assessment of various instances of what Miller terms "transitory suggestion" and "instantaneous autosuggestion," that is, her fleeting immediate experience of sensations and affects transplanted from the outside. For example, Miller loved caviar, but following the suggestion of one of her family members who found caviar disgusting,

Miller was momentarily overcome with nausea. Miller suspected that such suggestibility, far from being an anomalous phenomenon, might very well be linked to a kind of nervous temperament and imagination, especially in terms of a particular type of susceptibility to *literary impressions*, a *Bovarysme*, if you will. Miller might ironically be described as the spectral *jeune fille* that necessitated censorship and haunted Lawrence's address in the late teens and early twenties (more on this to come).

The second section of her essay is an account of three "hypnagogic poems" that came to her in various stages of proximity to sleep. Miller recorded, to the best of her ability, these fleeting verses, as well as the precise contexts in which they occurred to her. Far from suggesting the supernatural (or as she terms it, "contranatural") origin of these fantasies, Miller believed that they arose from a "mosaic" of half-remembered literary and artistic references, which she attempted to catalogue for each poem. The source-material for her phantasmagoria is extremely varied, including Biblical stories, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha," Buddhist hagiography, Wagner's operas, newspaper snippets, contemporary theatre productions, and a postcard image of Vesuvius erupting. As she put it, "In the feverish life one leads in New York, a thousand different elements are often mixed in the total impression of a single day. Concerts, lectures, books, reviews, theatrical performances, etc., there is enough to put your brain in quite a whirl" (qtd. in Jung, *Symbols* 461). Miller attempted to carefully unravel the various threads in each poem by explicating her travels, reading, and theatre-going. While this exegesis obviously risked a certain level of personal exposure that Miller likely wished to avoid, she saw this kind of work as an important component in the fight against occult charlatans. In her postscript to the text, she excuses the personal turn her

observations have taken, weighing the maintenance of her pseudo-anonymity against the possible relief others might take from her writing.

Lawrence, who likely felt exceedingly exposed during the period of time he was reading *Wandlungen*, surely took note of the fact that this anonymous presentation was likely the product of a well-bred, widely-read young woman of an inquisitive nature. The emphasis on dream analysis in his psychologic texts, while primarily a reaction to popularized Freudianism, likely gained especial force from Jung's account of the correlation between individual fantasy and archaic symbolism mined out of Miller's dreams. Moreover, it cannot have escaped Lawrence's notice that the author of the Miller Fantasies did not solicit such applied psychoanalytic reading, nor did she contribute to their analysis in the form of additional associational material, much in the same way that Lawrence did not solicit Kuttner's exegesis.

While Miller attempted to provide a rational explication of her fantasies by carefully cataloguing the associational material that lead to their production, Jung analyzed her text with a very different aim in mind. Rather than demonstrating how impulses from the external world became transmuted in her fantasies according to the same logic as dreams, Jung was instead positing that the proto-schizophrenic gradually withdrew all interest from the external world. This was a direct affront on Freud's reading of paranoia in the case of Schreber, which he characterized as the withdrawal of libido from the outside world. Jung claimed in contrast that the psychotic lacks any sense of reality and withdraws the totality of her interest from the external world, not just her libido.

While Jung was fully aware of the departure he was making from the Freud in the text, he nevertheless hoped to have Freud's input on the first part of the manuscript, which he sent to Freud in the spring of 1910. Freud responded with careful notes, summarizing his reaction to the

text as follows: “Despite all its beauty, I think, the essay lacks ultimate clarity... Nevertheless everything essential in your essay is right. But there is a gap between the two forms of thinking on the one hand, and the contrast between fantasy and reality on the other.” Freud also remarked that the essay should probably be called “Symbolism and Mythology,” as it seemed to throw far more light on the latter than the former (*FJ* 335). After Jung confessed that the text he had sent to Freud was very much a work-in-progress, Freud responded with a remark that likely stemmed from his own parallel attempts to pursue the originary scenes of psychic life. “The main difficulty in such work of interpretation cannot have escaped you; to wit, that one cannot interpret the whole façade as in the case of allegory, but must confine oneself to the content, tracking down the genesis of its elements so as not to be misled by later overlayings, duplications, condensations, etc. In other words, we must proceed very much as we do with dreams” (338–9).

It appears that Jung didn’t particularly heed this advice, as the text he eventually published in 1912 might be described as an encyclopedic catalogue of overlayings, duplications and condensations, with little relation to the explicit content of Miller’s account. As Jones put it, *Wandlungen* was “a most rambling and disconnected shoveling in of mythology with occasional remarks of his own. It is written in great excitement and flurry, and exceedingly badly arranged and presented—most obscure. I cannot think that many people will make much out of it.” To Jones and Freud, more significant than the formal disorder was Jung’s claim that “much of the *Ur*libido has been already sublimated in bygone ages and is therefore no longer sexual in the individual child” (*FEJ* 154). While Jung didn’t go so far as to deny infantile sexuality *in toto*, he was well on his way to such a position. Freud claimed in the *Jahrbuch* that he had begun reading the first published transcript of Jung’s *Wandlungen*, but had quit at the point that he realized that

Jung was merely “bagging the question and misunderstanding” him on the subject of the withdrawal of libido from the outside world (*FEJ* 162). Freud later made a devastatingly clear appraisal of Jung’s direction toward ethics and religious mysticism and away from infantile sexuality when he wrote *On the History of the Psychoanalytic Movement*:

Jung’s modification... loosens the connections of the phenomena with instinctual life; and further, as its critics (e.g. Abraham, Ferenczi and Jones)¹³ have pointed out, it is obscure, unintelligible and confused as to make it difficult to take up any position on it. Wherever one lays hold of anything one must be prepared to hear that one has misunderstood it, and one cannot see how to arrive at a correct understanding of it. It is put forward in a peculiarly vacillating manner, one moment as ‘quite a mild deviation, which does not justify the outcry that has been raised about it’ (Jung [in *Wandlungen*]), and the next moment as a new message of salvation which is to begin a new epoch for psycho-analysis, and indeed, a new *Weltanschauung* for everyone. (*SE* 14: 60)

Freud rightly understood the consequences of a text like *Wandlungen* to a public already growing skeptical of the new science of psychoanalysis. Lawrence, writing in 1919 after having read Jung’s *Wandlungen* in 1918, might as well be parroting Freud’s concerns about the religious order implied by Jung’s project:

Psychoanalysts know what the end will be. They have crept in among us as healers and physicians; growing bolder, they have asserted their authority as scientists; two more minutes and they will appear as apostles. Have we not seen and heard the *ex cathedra* Jung? And does it need a prophet to discern that Freud is on the brink of a *Weltanschauung*—or at least a *Menschanschauung*, which is a much more risky affair? What detains him? Two things. First and foremost, the moral issue. And next, but much more vital, he can’t get down to the rock on which he must build his church. (*PU* 7)

While Lawrence was certainly out of touch with psychoanalytic politics at the end of the teens by describing Jung as the *cathedra*, it seems most certain that Lawrence had *Wandlungen* in mind when he launched his official critique of psychoanalysis in print. In what was originally projected to be the first of a three-volume ‘psychologic’ project, the title of *Psychoanalysis and*

¹³ Not completely coincidentally, these were Freud’s remaining core acolytes following the splits with both Adler and Jung.

the Unconscious bears a startling resemblance to the title of the Hinkle's English translation of *Wandlungen: Psychology of the Unconscious*.

The Limits of Sublimation

Low's most significant work, *Psycho-Analysis: A Brief Account of the Freudian Theory*, was published in 1920. While Low positioned her book as an introduction to the discipline for English-speaking laypeople, she nevertheless made significant additions to extant Freudian theory and produced an idiosyncratic vocabulary for describing Freudian concepts: it was in this text that she coined the term "Nirvana principle," a concept that was to be her lasting contribution to the Freudian apparatus.¹⁴ While Lawrence departed from England before the publication of Low's text in April of 1920 and thus would not have likely read the text before composing the first of his psychologic texts, their correspondence from the teens suggests that he was closely acquainted with the ideas in Low's work. As a teacher, Low was particularly invested in the social conclusions that psychoanalysis might have in attitudes towards child-rearing and pedagogy, areas she discussed at some length in the final chapter of her text. Lawrence's own background as a schoolteacher, coupled with his discussions with Low, likely informed the *Fantasia* chapters "First Steps in Education" and "Education, and Sex in Man, Woman, and Child," which he began composing after the publication of Low's text. An additional concordance between Low's text and *Fantasia* can be found in Low's peculiar rhetorical decision to capitalize technical nouns (e.g. Psycho-Analysis, Science, Ethics,

¹⁴ According to Laplanche and Pontalis, the Nirvana Principle denotes "the tendency of the psychical apparatus to reduce the quantity of excitation in itself, whether of internal or of external origin, to zero—or failing that, to as low a level as possible" (*LP* 272). This concept would animate much of Freud's conceptual work in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (1920) and "The Economic Problem of Masochism" (1924), which is not to say that these texts wholeheartedly endorse the universal application of Low's principle. For more on the development of this concept in the Freudian corpus, see Laplanche, "Why the Death Drive?" in *Life and Death in Psychoanalysis* 103–124.

Unconscious, Dreams, Repression, Transference), which Lawrence echoes with a degree of irony in the introduction of *Fantasia* (“Let us start by making a little apology to Psychoanalysis” (*FU* 66)).¹⁵

But perhaps Low’s most resounding effect upon Lawrence’s understanding was on the status of sublimation in psychoanalysis. Lawrence’s text describes the call of analysis in modernity: “The analyst promised us that the tangle of complexes would be unraveled, the obsessions would evaporate, the monstrosities would dissolve, sublimate.” What they would sublimate *into* wasn’t entirely clear, but sublimate they would. “Such is the charm of a new phrase that we accepted this sublimation process without further question. If our complexes were going to sublimate once they were surgically exposed to full mental consciousness, why, best perform the operation” (*PU* 9). Sassy as this description of the state of affairs in the psychoanalytic establishment might have been, Lawrence was almost certainly alluding here to a significant ambiguity in the Freudian apparatus as it negotiated the Jungian break. In Freud’s work of this period, sublimation was the economic and dynamic term that described the exchange of an originally sexual aim for another one, which is no longer sexual but which is still

¹⁵ It is unclear why Low chose to capitalize technical nouns. Perhaps it was a nod to Freud’s original German texts, though it appears that the bulk of her information on Freud’s work came through the English writings of Jones, who followed standardized English capitalization procedures. Or perhaps Low’s background as a teacher caused her to adopt the rhetorical procedure of school primers, in which vocabulary words are often capitalized for emphasis. Either way, the procedure makes for an occasionally comical experience for the modern reader, and might have contributed to the lapse in interest in Low’s work. In particular, Low’s stylistic depiction of the analyst and analysand in her discussion of transference as “Analyst” and “Analysand” lends a particularly rigid character to the dynamic (and, unsurprisingly, leaves little room for any meaningful discussion of the analyst’s unconscious reactions to the individual analysand, that is, counter-transference). Low describes the psychoanalytic scene as the singular intersubjective relationship in which “the Unconscious is revealed and the Analyst is in the position of knowing and understanding all those intimacies which the Patient himself learns for the first time under treatment, experiences which are unobtainable in any other way. The Analyst gains possession of a fund of material which is the key to his patient’s most secret and intimate psychic experiences” (Low 138). While Low acknowledges both the inevitable resistances on the part of the analysand to such intimacy and disclosure alongside the necessary integrity and capacity for dispassionate observation on the part of the analyst, she fails to address counter-transference entirely, and this is exacerbated by the position of analyst-as-demiurge assumed by her capitalization. See also the discussion of Ferenczi and Burrow in this dissertation’s methodological note.

psychically related to the first.¹⁶ But what was the domain of this capacity for sublimation? Was it only the highest echelons of human intellectual and creative achievement, as was suggested in *Leonardo da Vinci and a Memory of his Childhood*? Or might other kinds of adaptive activities along a broad spectrum of work and leisure qualify as instances of sublimated aims? Was it merely the aim of the instinctual process that mattered in this equation? Or might the aim *and* the object undergo a certain transformation during the process of sublimation?

These were questions that remained largely unanswered in Freud's work, though not in Jung's. Jung took the evolutionary route, claiming that with the march of the generations the primal libido was gradually transforming into secondary impulses, "that is to say, sexuality became deflected from its original destination and a portion of it turned, little by little, increasing in amount, into the phylogenetic impulse of the mechanisms of allurements and of protection of the young." This evolutionary diversion was still taking place, with the sexual libido gradually moving from sexual territory into associated functions. Jung's reading of this mechanism was far more cut and dried than his mentor's: "Where this operation succeeds without injury to the adaptation of the individual it is called *sublimation*. Where the attempt does not succeed it is called *repression*" (*Psychology* 150).

While Lawrence acceded that the psyche functions with a kind of "organistic, mechanistic activity," he nevertheless saw psychoanalysis as treading in psychology with the supposition that the neurotic complex resembles "the stopping of one little cog-wheel [that] will arrest a whole section of the machine" (*PU* 10). This allowed Lawrence to pose what might be called the central issue of wild analysis:

Now the analyst found that a complex did not necessarily vanish when brought into consciousness. Why should it? Hence he decided that it did not arise from the stoppage of any little wheel. For it refused to disappear, no matter how many

¹⁶ See especially "Civilized' Sexual Morality and Modern Nervous Illness" (1908) (*SE* 9: 187–9).

psychic wheels were started. Finally, then, a complex could not be regarded as the result of an inhibition. Here is the new problem. If a complex is not caused by an inhibition of some so-called normal sex-impulse, what on earth is it caused by? It obviously refused to sublimate—or to come undone when exposed and prodded. It refuses to answer to the promptings of the normal sex impulse. You can remove all the possible inhibitions of normal sexual desire, and still you cannot remove the complex. All you have done is to make conscious a desire which was previously unconscious. (10)

Lawrence calls this the “moral dilemma of psychoanalysis,” namely that in his excavation of the unconscious, the analyst uncovers an “incest craving as part of the normal sexuality of man” (10). As neurosis is the product of inhibition, “the inhibition of incest-craving is wrong, and this wrong is the cause of practically all modern neurosis and insanity” (11). The discovery of a normal incest craving would thus require modern people to “admit incest as you now admit sexual marriage, as a duty even” (10). Even though “psychoanalysts will never openly state this conclusion,” it is nevertheless the baggage that “every analyst must, willy-nilly, consciously or unconsciously, bring his patient” (11). Now it would be easy enough for a Freudian in 1921 to refute this description of the state of affairs, to point to Lawrence’s ostensible ignorance of transference. At the same time, his description of rushing the patient or providing analysis before the analysand is ready is a canny description of wild analysis, as is his supposition that the analyst brings something to his patient, be it “willy-nilly, consciously or unconsciously.” But while it is true that what Lawrence describes is more accurately psychoanalysis in its wild form, what he signals to more broadly is the epistemological crisis posed by the psychoanalytic appropriation of sublimation and the ethical dilemmas thus posed. Freud’s insistence that the neurotic suffers from a psychological conflict originating in his childhood history—symptomized by the compromises made between wishes and defense mechanisms—was both theoretically and clinically incompatible with Jung’s theory that the patient has shrunk back from the “life task” of reality by avoiding an unpleasant or difficult task. This difference in opinion forced the

conceptual break between psychoanalysis and analytic psychology for a century of therapeutic practice. As Karl Abraham put it in a 1914 letter to Freud, there is indeed a distinction between the ego-ideal and true sublimation, and this is where the difference between Jung's analytic psychology and psychoanalysis might be most pointedly stressed: "The "life task" and all similar concepts (including the prospective tendencies of the unconscious) are in fact nothing but an appeal to the ego-ideal and thereby a path that by-passes all real possibilities of sublimation (with the unconscious intention of avoiding them)" (*FA* 226). What the "real possibilities of sublimation" might consist of is left opaque here, but Abraham points to the fact that there are no shortcuts in getting there.

Elaborating on the distinction between primary and secondary processes, Low betrays her sympathy with Jung in her mechanistic description of the sublimatory function. Sublimation, for Low,

is the turning of the repressed sexual impulses away from their original object—namely, the Ego—to objects which subserve the social and cultural life of the Individual and Community, and in this way we are always experiencing indirectly the influence of the Unconscious. The primitive curiosity-instinct (originally a curiosity centered upon the body of the individual himself and of those around him) gets sublimated into the impulse for knowledge, study, scientific pursuits; the primitive cruelty-instinct gets turned into an impulse towards fighting, a skill in surgery, or a love of the chase; the primitive auto-eroticism becomes sublimated into interest in an object outside the self and thus develops into "normal" sex-impulse and activity, and from that stage again develop the further sublimations of sex in the direction of art and all creative imagination. Again we see the Unconscious working in the character-reactions which bridge the gulf between the two sets of Narcissistic and Sublimating desires. (Low 68–9)

This passage exhibits several important departures from Freud. First, Low imagines sublimation to have a far more extensive field of influence than Freud, whose own introduction of the term by reference to the 'sublime' suggests that his sense of the domain of sublimation be limited to artistic and intellectual pursuits (in particular, there is little suggestion in Freud that the

channeling of early forms of aggression into adult violence would constitute “sublimation”). Low uses a son’s affectionate relationship to his mother as her example of this “Sublimating desire.” She traces how the relationship begins as an “expression of the more primitive Narcissistic self-love, in its desire for fulfillment and therefore pleasure,” and then evolves into “a more sublimated development—the interest and tenderness for an object outside himself and a capacity for consideration towards that other object” (69). All expressions of affect towards the mother-object—hostility, tenderness, self-sacrifice, jealous protectiveness, doting—are read by Low as points in a negotiation between the “civilizing” sublimating process and the demands of the Unconscious (which in Low’s reading is collapsed entirely into the idea of ‘primitive’ Narcissism).

This leads her to conclude her discussion along class lines, arguing that the “‘uneducated’ classes are hedged in by fewer inhibiting forces” than those of “the highly educated and civilized class,” and thus in the former one can witness more instances of Unconscious processes made manifest. Her evidence for this disparity forms an upper-class catalogue of stereotypes: the “uneducated classes” take sex more lightly, make little of bodily functions, and vent their emotion without restraint (in particular, Low saw this concretized in the contrast between the gallery and the stalls and good seats of the theatre). While Freud’s 1905 *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* does suggest the anaclitic relationship of the sexual instincts to the self-preservative ones (*SE* 7: 206), it is only with 1923’s *The Ego and the Id* that the relationship between the capacity for sublimation and the narcissistic dimension of the ego is made explicit. Nowhere in Freud is the distinction between unconscious and conscious processes (or primary and secondary processes) replaced by narcissism versus sublimation. As Laplanche and Pontalis point out, while Freud did eventually suggest that the capacity for sublimation was a significant

aspect of the psychoanalytic cure, it remained a conceptually primitive idea, and “we only have the vaguest hints as to the dividing lines between sublimation and processes akin to it (reaction-formation, aim-inhibition, idealization, repression)” (*LP* 433). In contrast, Freud’s topographical and economic model of primary and secondary processes becomes effectively displaced by what Low labels “Primitive” and “Sublimating Impulses,” whose tensions produce all types of civilized subjectivity. Low’s conceptual expansion of the inchoate Freudian idea of sublimation for her layperson’s introduction thus had two unfortunate consequences: 1) sublimation was conceptually reduced to the reality principle and the forces of pedagogy and civilization at large, and 2) sublimation was laced with a particular brand of democratically-inflected British class-privilege that Lawrence found abhorrent.

As Lawrence wrote in his attack on the modern educational system in “First Steps in Education” in *Fantasia*,

There are *few, few people* in whom the living impulse and reaction develops and sublimates into mental consciousness. There are all kinds of trees in the forest. But few of them indeed bear the apples of knowledge. The modern world insists, however, that every individual shall bear the apples of knowledge. So we go through the forest of mankind, cut back every tree, and try to graft it into an apple-tree. A nice wood of monsters we make by so doing. (*FU* 116)

To be fair, Low had also suggested that compulsory sublimation “has perhaps asked too much and asked it too hastily, and the result has been an upset of balance, a conflict for the human being endeavoring to fulfill unconsciously and consciously this sublimation-process” (36). This extreme pressure of Civilization contributes directly to the strength of the “Herd-instinct” in modernity. Low attributes a variety of socially conservative behaviors—anti-Alien legislation, terror at ‘the German menace,’ the denial of sexual education to children—to the modern individual’s propensity to submit to crowd-impulses and the guidance of ‘Authority’ caused by overactive Sublimatory Impulses. Like Gross before her, Low reads Nietzsche with Freud,

locating psychoanalysis' educational capacity to produce a "transvaluation of values" precisely in its creation of individuals who through "self-understanding and internal harmony" can rely on their own impulses and will therefore no longer find themselves prey to the herd mentality (167–8).

Lawrence takes a typically contrarian view to this pedagogical optimism. His rant on education insists that all compulsory teaching of reading and writing cease immediately, and that "*The great mass of humanity should never learn to read and write—never*" (FU 118). The "ghastly white disease of self-conscious idealism" can only be cured by the adherence of the mass of people to a strong authority. In its substitution of genuine action for the "gnawing disease of mental consciousness," "the war was really not a bad beginning," Lawrence eschatologically proclaims, "But we went out under the banners of idealism, and now the men are home again, the virus is more active than ever, rotting their very souls" (118). Lawrence's text shows no enthusiasm for the potentials of a psychoanalytically-inflected pedagogy à la Low: "The mass of people will never *mentally* understand. But they will soon instinctively fall into line" (119). *His* proposal for America, the perennial national addressee: a proud, highly regimented military autocracy, in which "the leaders assume responsibility," relieving "the comrades forever of finding a way" (119).

Lawrence's uneasiness about the idea that sublimation might be a catch-all palliative for the ills of modernity was echoed by Freud in *Civilization and its Discontents*. There, musing on the limits of sublimation, he noted that it "creates no impenetrable armour against the arrows of fortune, and it habitually fails when the source of suffering is a person's own body" (SE 21:

79).¹⁷ Thus, over a decade after Lawrence's rant was published in Britain, the viability of sublimation as a *techne* for alleviating suffering was still very much in theoretical contention. And while the concept was increasingly dismantled of any transcendent capacity within the Freudian apparatus proper, the discipline's introduction of this charming "new phrase" into popular culture at large manifestly and permanently altered the general understanding of the energies expended in labor and creative production.

"Dear Reader," or the Politics of Address

In May 1915, Lawrence wrote a rather different account of his artistic intentions to Low than the one attributed to him by Kuttner's (decidedly Jungian) exegesis:

It is very lovely here, with the gorse all yellow and the sea a misty, periwinkle blue, and the flowers coming out on the common. The sense of jeopardy spoils it all -- the feeling that one may be flung out into the cess-pool of a world, the danger of being dragged in to the foul conglomerate mess, the utter disgust and nausea one feels for humanity, people smelling like bugs, endless masses of them, and no relief: it is so difficult to bear.

I have begun the second half of the *Rainbow*. But already it is beyond all hope of ever being published, because of the things it says. And more than that, it is beyond all possibility even to offer it to a world, a putrescent mankind like ours. I feel I cannot touch humanity, even in thought, it is abhorrent to me. (*LDHL* 2: 602–3)

After perusing Kuttner's assessment of the concordance between his novel and theories of transference, he wrote to Low with a snarl, ending with the exhortation that she chuck all the social theories of psychoanalysis out the window. When he sent the copy of the review back to Low the following week, he continued:

I can't help hating psychoanalysis. I think it is irreverent and destructive... The world is changing so rapidly, the bracken dying, the blackberries sodden. I do wish one could have a new world, where people could be happy together, and

¹⁷ An interesting subtext to Freud's comment—and Lawrence's own reservations about sublimation—is the poor health of both men. Indeed, it seems those most skeptical about the potentialities of sublimation in modernity have often been those afflicted by chronic illness.

pure in spirit. This world makes one's soul ache with weariness. But I suppose what does not exist, one can create, in some measure. And one does want to strangle the world that is. (2: 659)

While Low would continue to be friends with the Lawrences for years to come, often spending weeks at a time visiting them in their various homes and later acting as Lawrence's informal London agent, something went sour following the Kuttner incident. Low was no longer counted among the elect. Months after the incident, Lawrence implored her to abandon her analytic work: "The longer I live the less I like psychoanalysis. Depart from evil and do good -- I think analysis is evil" (3: 42-3).

To Low's niece, Catherine Carswell, he wrote "I think one understands best without explanations. Aunt Barbara does not *want* to understand -- her sort never does. They want a lot of words to chew over: it all *means* nothing to them, but a certain mental conceit" (3: 138). Mental mastication soon came to be joined with another unfortunate image: to Katherine Mansfield, Lawrence described Low as "the Jewish magpie" that had "settled chattering on his roof" (3: 307). In describing later visits from Low, Lawrence continuously complained to others of her garruline chattering and his exasperation with Jews. Upon the American publication of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, Lawrence urged Kot to hold his copy of the book at bay from Low and her psychoanalytic circle until its release in England, that way, "They shan't begin pecking at me beforehand" (4: 23). This suggests, of course, the rabid Anti-Semitism that often accompanied early criticisms of psychoanalysis as a "Jewish science."

The aggregating tropes demonstrated here bear a significant similarity to the figurations of a "dear reader" addressed in both Lawrence's fictional and discursive work of the late teens and early twenties. The anonymous addressee hailed by this persistent rhetorical call often assumed individualized traits, suggesting both Lawrence's assumptions about a critical reading

public and his struggles with censorship and suppression, along with an enigmatic relationship with the imagined recipients of his work in the future, those readers-to-come. While the “dear reader” transforms along a series of tropes in the texts of this period, several registers in particular emerge from this protean subject of address.

The first is the *jeune fille*, the intelligent, likely upper-class young woman assumed to be the primary consumer of novels, as well as the cause of the “great Hush! Hush!” in publishing that resulted in the widespread censorship and suppression of Lawrence’s novels. In contrast to the expectations of her handlers, Lawrence’s young woman was far from innocent, “flinging all sorts of fierce questions at your head, in all sorts of shameless language, demanding all sorts of impossible answers” (*Phoenix* 519). (This was most often how Lawrence characterized that most terrifying version of modern femininity, the American woman.) Whether she goes under the guise of the “gentle reader” or more provocatively as “dear Magdalena,” she is most apparent in both the first and second parts of *Mr Noon*, perhaps because the text itself masquerades as a romantic novel. The narrator confesses that he only calls this reader “gentle... as a child says ‘Nice doggie’ because it is so scared of the beast,” imploring his “gentle reader—don’t bite then, don’t bite—” (*MN* 118).

The gentle reader stands on occasion in direct contrast to a second recurring figure, the *gentilissimo* critic of “the sterner sex” whose aim is to dictate the contents of fiction and censor the author’s efforts. Sometimes this reader takes the form of “the private detective,” here of course representing the censoring publisher, the suppressing judge, the moralizing literary critic, or perhaps the psycho-analytic reader, all of whom would confuse the narrator’s elevated exegesis in the pursuit of their own “messy little feelings and licentiousness” (*MN* 137). He urges all of these readers to take an “indiarubber gag” between their “quivering, innocent lips” and

implores them “don’t look at the nasty book any more: don’t you then: there, there, don’t cry” (141–2).

There are two features I want to draw our attention to here. First, the narrator’s infantilizing rhetoric towards his readers of both the “gentle” and “sterner” sexes recurrently relies on oral imagery, that of nursing, sucking, crying, and biting. The oral imagery also recalls the characterization of Low and her fellow psychoanalysts as those who wanted to endlessly “chew over” ideas: analysis as mental mastication. Second, the narrator delineates not only his desired audience, but also encourages the critical reader to put the book down. We can see these same gestures repeated in the American epilogue to *Fantasia*, where the gift-book itself morphs into a canine vehicle for oral aggressivity, and the narrator preemptively declaims any interest in munching on the discarded carrot parings of his reader, now explicitly American and subject to the violence of a book that bites its lector.

Many scholars—David Ellis, Howard Mills, and Anne E. Fernald, most recently—have pointed to the dearth of literary criticism on *Psychoanalysis* and *Fantasia*, a fact that is usually attributed to the logical incoherencies of the texts or the aggressive posture that the narrator of the two texts takes towards his readers. The direct address to the “dear reader” is treated by most critics as only of marginal importance. Evelyn J. Hinz, in an admirable first attempt to treat the texts rhetorically and with an attention to their respective differences, nevertheless skirts the issue of Lawrence’s direct appeal to the figure of the reader.¹⁸

¹⁸ In Hinz’s defense, the 1960 Compass edition of *PU* and *FU* that she consulted for her argument is rife with serious editorial issues, including the significant omission of the first two thirds of “An Answer to Some Critics,” the forward to *Fantasia* made by Thomas Selzer in the first American edition published in 1921. The American edition also contains significant censorship of Lawrence’s references to what he terms “mild sex perversions, such as masturbation, and licking, and so on” (*FU* 146). Even today the current mass-market paperback sold today by Dover ironically suffers from the same problems; most casual readers of the text thus miss significant complexities by reading the only affordable version of the text currently in print. On this issue and the problematic publication history of these texts, see Steele’s insightful introduction to the Cambridge Edition of *PU* and *FU*.

In *D. H. Lawrence's Non-Fiction: Art, Thought, and Genre*, Ellis and Mills suggest that, following a particularly condescending address to the “dear reader” at the beginning of the chapter on cosmology, a “certain percentage of the copies of *Fantasia* must always have crashed against the wall” (72). They later make rhetorical use of their own “reader,” that is, the one who threw the book against the wall and returns to the text to vengefully point out the incompatible elements of Lawrence’s argument. This imaginary reader’s perspective is tempered against “a more moderate response” which we assume to be the position of Ellis and Mills (78). After completing one of the more generous surveys of the relationship the psychologic texts have to Lawrence’s larger *oeuvre*, they suggest in summary that “one ought to be restrained from claiming too much for them [*Psychoanalysis* and *Fantasia*], especially as regards lucidity and coherence,” citing Lawrence’s own admission that his ideas about philosophy and psychology contradict themselves on every page (95). They locate moments in the text that “make one wonder which other great novelist was capable of such rubbish” (95), and question whether or not the texts could be, in good conscience, “recommend to someone not already familiar with Lawrence’s life and work” (90). After cautioning that “blanket judgments [about Lawrence] are much more likely to work against him than for him,” they close their essay by hedging their bets, stating that “[i]t is reasonable to be very glad that Lawrence chose to write about this subject and not be sorry that he stopped—or rather, not be sorry that he eventually found it a subject whose ramifications were better dealt with in other, less obviously discursive literary forms” (96–7). For Ellis and Mills, this would be the novel *Kangaroo*, whose fictional form allows for a more nuanced, experimental “acting out” of many of the same issues of leadership that are discussed in *Psychoanalysis* and *Fantasia* (89).

Likewise, Fernald finds a fictional counterpoint to *Fantasia* in *Women in Love*, whose characters enact the kind of confrontational struggle that she sees operating rhetorically in Lawrence's direct invectives to his reader. Significantly, Fernald is one of the few scholars to connect the fictional musings about the end of the world in *Women in Love* to the apocalyptic register of Lawrence's discussion of poison gas in *Fantasia*, pointing to this as the limit-case of Lawrence's coercive appeal to his audience, "forcing us to listen to an appalling conversation-stopper, provoking us" (195). It is precisely because he "picks a fight" with his reader that Lawrence deserves our attention, Fernald claims, as it draws our attention to the dilemmas of readership and modernist politics. "Does reading mean assent?" she asks, "How far are we willing to follow? What kind of resistance can the reader mount?" She attempts to show that the psychology books, along with *Women in Love*, "show how Lawrentian conversation," in all its exasperating and annoying forms, "offers a model of political engagement—on the part of both author and reader—that has been overlooked by most commentators on modernist politics" (184). It seems that in Fernald's reading, the value of these texts comes *precisely from* Lawrence's aggressive goading of his audience, "his power to make the reader throw the book across the room in anger" (186) and his repeated invitation that the reader do so. This form of provocation, which she admits is "adolescent," nevertheless represents Lawrence's rejection of "the modes of discourse of the dominant group" (201). "That faith in fighting, that desire to provoke," she writes, "tests the liberal belief in the marketplace of ideas. While liberalism honors the conversational model, liberal arguments rarely address the reader with anything like the frequency or intensity of Lawrence" (197).

Fernald is to be commended for her attentive, rhetorical reading of the texts that promote such "readerly frustration," as well as her desire to introduce decidedly "unsettling" texts into the

larger conversation about political modernisms. Yet I find her gloss on Lawrence's relationship to psychoanalysis problematic, as evidenced by the oversimplified statement that "Although Lawrence does not have much patience for Freud, early on he explains that at least Freud, unlike Jung and Bergson, is frank in making sex and sexual impulses central to human experience" (188). Her larger point, of course, is that as the centrality of sex and sexual impulses to human experience is an important theme of Lawrence's work, likewise *Fantasia* ought to be at the center of Lawrence studies. This is all fine and well, but there seems to be a smokescreen operating in her synopsis of *Fantasia*'s objective as combining "human myths with modern psychoanalysis" (188). Even the most casual reader would probably say that Lawrence's relationship to psychoanalysis in these texts is far more fraught than this would suggest (unless of course, that casual reader hadn't already thrown the book against the wall and called it a day, as these critics repeatedly suspect she had done). For all of her talk of fighting back, it is as if Fernald chooses not to take Lawrence's rant seriously precisely when it aligns itself against the proliferation of psychoanalytic discourse in modernity.

This fits neatly with what Fernald sees as the aim of Lawrence's bullying and coercion, that is, "finding a strong opponent, not followers" (202). Fernald optimistically sees the reification of this aim in the feminist critics she calls Lawrence's "followers"—Kate Millet and Doris Lessing—who ostensibly granted Lawrence's wish of finding women who will fight back. I can't help but wonder how Millet and Lessing might respond to that description, along with Fernald's assertion that they themselves resemble the characters Lawrence created and the theoretical concerns he took seriously: "Like Ursula in *Women in Love* [Lawrence's feminist critics] have the power to fight back; like Lawrence, they take the questions of the nature of our consciousness to be serious and central" (202). Lawrence's refusal to accept liberal "niceties"—

and the “admirable integrity” (as Fernald puts it (201)) of stressing his ideas over his likeability—do not imply that his work in some way leads to a feminist reading, any more than suggesting that the best way to get a woman to stand up for herself is to hit her in the face. Likewise, Fernald’s rhetorical reading attempts to neutralize the radical language of racial physiognomy in “The Five Senses” by equating it with the larger project of “thinning his audience,” as if he merely dabbled in these ideas for the sake of being confrontational (199). Rather than recognizing Lawrence’s participation in what Al-Kassim calls “the constant intimacy between both race and sexuality in the configurations of modern power” in modernisms of both left *and* right (Al-Kassim 48–9), Fernald reads Lawrence’s belligerence as merely a critical impetus for identity politics. Instead of situating his mode of address in an ambivalent shunting between repudiation and identification, especially when it came to psychoanalysis—perhaps the discourse most exhaustively concerned with “questions of the nature of human consciousness” (Fernald 202) and the racial industry of modernity when *Fantasia* was written in 1921—Fernald provides us with an a-contextual reading which does little to support her case that this text deserves a vigorous critical return.

Ellis and Mills provide a more historical reading of the texts, highlighting the various causes of Lawrence’s growing anxiety in the face of the reading public. They present Lawrence’s direct address to the reader in the psychology books and *Mr Noon* as an “uneasy and unsuccessful” strategy for dealing with this anxiety, “a failed experiment by a writer most of whose experiments came off” (73). While Ellis and Mills are right to point to the fact that this often “patronizing yet defensive” tone might signal Lawrence’s growing unease with his readership, I think that they miss the mark when characterizing this unease as “a radical uncertainty about who could be expected to listen” (72). By 1921, in fact, I believe that

Lawrence was more aware than ever of “who could be expected to listen” to his little obloquy, as suggested by his increasing imbrication in the British psychoanalytic community and the metaphorical cross-contamination between his letters, his discursive writing and his fiction.

I also would like to point out that the direct address to the reader is not limited to the psychologic books and *Mr Noon*: it can also found in *Aaron’s Rod*, a text that was composed between the writing of *Psychoanalysis* and *Fantasia* and finished in May of 1921. This novel—often conceived by critics as Lawrence’s most successfully executed of this period—does not make nearly as sustained use of the direct address to the reader; the “dear reader” arrives in a particularly significant moment in the text, however, after a period of radical introspection, when protagonist Aaron Sisson finds himself confronted by his lost illusions of himself, a catharsis that is figured in strongly poetic language. Lest the reader disagree with the narrator’s rendering of the character’s psychological state, what Lawrence calls his “word-user” translation of “deep conscious vibrations into finite words,” he goads her directly: “Don’t grumble at me then, *gentle reader*, and swear at me that this damned fellow wasn’t half clever enough to think all these smart things, and realise all these fine-drawn-out subtleties. You are quite right, he wasn’t, yet it all resolved itself in him as I say, and it is for you to prove that it didn’t” (*Aaron’s Rod* 164). Lawrence’s feelings towards applied psychoanalysis are clear here, as he explicitly claims the prerogative to conduct the primary psychological analysis of his characters and the right to assign a critical language to those affects as he saw fit.

This rhetorical seizure of analytic control is more forcefully executed in the second half of *Mr Noon*, which was likely drafted during the same period as the section of *Aaron’s Rod* quoted above. As one might expect in contrasting an edited and published text with an abandoned manuscript, *Mr Noon* presents a significantly more raw address to the reader. The

narrator's condescension towards his gentle reader's class standing is palpable, and he reminds her that her current social status is ephemeral: "What is man, his days are as grass. Though he rise today above the vulgar democratic leaves of grass as high as a towering stalk of fools-parsley, tomorrow the scythe of the mower will leave him as low as the dandelion" (MN 99). The pastoral, yet apocalyptic tone of this statement is often repeated in later direct address, especially as the narrator's progressive annoyance towards his audience's "lovey-dovey" attitude grows. As Gilbert and Johanna sit together in the morning sunshine while "myriads and myriads of dandelion seed-heads stood in the grass that sloped down from their feet," the narrator comes to a crescendo in his direct invective toward his reader, stripping her of any pretensions to gentility and signaling the coming catastrophe:

And so, gentle reader—! But why the devil should I always *gentle-reader* you. You've been *gentle reader* for this last two hundred years. Time you too had a change. Time you became rampageous reader, ferocious reader, surly, rabid reader, hell-cat of a reader, a tartar, a termagant, a tanger. —And so, hell-cat of a reader, let me tell you, with a flea in your ear, that all the ring-dove sonata you'll get out of me you've got already, and for the rest you've got to hear the howl of tomcats like myself and she-cats like yourself, going it tooth and nail. ...Therefore you *sniffing mongrel bitch of a reader*, you can't sniff out any specific why or any specific wherefore, with *your carrion-smelling, psycho-analysing nose*, because there *is* no why and wherefore. If fire meets water there's sure to be a dust. That's the why and the wherefore. ...All right then, fiery one, spit on your hands and go for him. It will clear the air, consume the flabby masses of humanity, and make way for a splendor time. (MN 204–5, emphasis mine)

In this vivid passage, the dog that the narrator was previously afraid will bite becomes a carrion-smelling, psycho-analysing, mongrel bitch, implying that her impulse to analyze strips her both of her class pretensions and her humanity. Moreover, the passage concludes in a decidedly eschatological mood, one that betrays the tenor of the previous address to the dear reader with cackling glee at the incineration of the "flabby masses of humanity." While this is the only explicit reference to both the reader that bites and the burgeoning trend of applied psychoanalytic

criticism, the conflation of the spiritual poverty of modernity with the cultural uptake of psychoanalysis and the coming apocalypse depicted in the form of pastoral reverie was echoed in Lawrence's correspondence with Low, suggesting a critical operation that extended past the limits of fiction.

Ontogeny, Phylogeny, and the “Whys and Wherefores” of Poison Gas

The post-war novels and contemporary correspondence examined in the section above suggest that Lawrence's primary beef with psychoanalysis (or psychoanalysts) was the endless chewing over meaning, what we might call 'hermeneutic play' or what Leclair might call "privileged, systematic sidestepping." These texts also imply a certain terror of the analyst-as-demiurge who conducts a kind of 'wild' analysis in her applied readings of cultural ephemera. But by 1920, when Lawrence had settled in Taormina to write *Psychoanalysis of the Unconscious*, he had developed quite the opposite suspicion, namely that the incessant "why and wherefore" of the analytic enterprise was aimed at a decidedly deterministic and lurid conclusion: incest. Lawrence does not dispute the fact that something like a Jungian incest-motive may exist, but where Jung attempts to phylogenetically displace such a motive onto an archaic collective history, Lawrence instead argues that such a motive is absent in what he calls the "pristine unconscious," which is both an ontogenetic and phylogenetic figure in his cosmogony. As such, Lawrence fundamentally disputes the idea that the unconscious is a product of repression, arguing that "when the analyst discovers the incest motive in the unconscious, surely he is only discovering a term of humanity's repressed *idea* of sex" (*PU* 11), an idea that sounds suspiciously close to the *pars pro toto* maneuvers of Jung that resituated infantile sexuality in archaic human history.

In an effort to cleanse the Augean stables of ontogenesis, Lawrence invests much of his work in what we might call the most primal “why and wherefore,” the emergence of subjectivity. Both psychologic books present extended descriptive accounts of infantile life, focusing on the relationship of the child to her mother at birth, during breastfeeding, and at weaning. Lawrence is at pains here to distance his argument from what he calls “our epoch of worship of the objective mode,” writing that it is difficult for us to understand the “strong, blind power of the unconscious on its first plane of activity.” The dark subjectivity of the infant takes sustenance in a “great, positive imbibing”; the child then “recoils clean upon itself,” breaking loose from attachment, “trying out its *power*, often playfully.” In rejecting her mother’s breast, the infant breaks for the first time against continuity with the outer universe. The child and mother, acting as “blind desideratum” to each other, function in a profound energetic circuit, a dualism that establishes a polarity “that maintains the correspondence between the entity and the external universe, which is the clue to all growth and development” (25–30).

If this all seems strangely prescient for a 1920 counter-narrative to psychoanalysis, it’s because it does foreshadow many of the contours of what in the following decade of came to be known as object relations. Lawrence indeed seemed to recognize that an important question still up for grabs in theories of psychic life was the correlation between sciences of the mind and the biological supposition of recapitulation. Freud’s *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* had set the stakes of the infantile situation for psychoanalytic inquiry in 1905, and “The Claims of Psychoanalysis to Scientific Interest” of 1913 spoke to the trespasses psychoanalysis makes on the terrain of biology in its very conception of drive. Jung and Spielrein had been working on the parallels between the development of the organism and of the species for over a decade; perhaps more significantly, Abraham was hard at work in Berlin drafting his study of the development of

the libido which would see its first public appearance in 1924¹⁹ and definitively shape the developmental phases we now associate with an ontogenic account of the emergence of object relations (i.e. oral, anal-sadistic, and genital). But let us be clear: at the time Lawrence wrote the first of his psychologic texts, Melanie Klein had not yet even gone to Berlin for her training analysis with Abraham. While Freud had introduced the idea of incorporation in 1915, it would not be until much later that the term would be associated with infantile experiments with mastery and power in the Kleinian apparatus.

My reader might now suspect that I am in some way substantiating Lawrence's paranoia about the psychoanalytic theft of his ideas. Rather, it appears that Lawrence himself took much of his impetus for his account of early infantile life from an early, and largely forgotten analyst. Many scholars have noted that there is but one friendly reference to a practicing clinician in Lawrence's psychologic books; it is, in fact, the only explicit reference to a psychoanalytic text in the entire work. Lawrence's chapter on "Psychoanalysis vs. Morality" in *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* closes with a positive description of one Trigant Burrow, an American with whom Lawrence maintained a friendly correspondence and for whose work wrote a laudatory introduction. History would be unkind to Burrow, whom Freud referred to in his letters as a "muddled babbling." Burrow is only dryly mentioned in the official rosters of Jones' voluminous biography, and Peter Gay allots poor Burrow but a single line: "a curious amalgam of physician and crank and an inconsistent supporter of psychoanalysis" (476).

As a young psychiatrist fresh out of medical school at Johns Hopkins in the summer of 1909, Burrow was introduced by Abraham Brill to two visitors from Europe during a theatre intermission in New York City. These visitors were, of course, Freud and Jung, and this

¹⁹ Karl Abraham's "A Short Study of the Development of the Libido, Viewed in the Light of Mental Disorders" of 1924.

introduction would represent an important turning point in Burrow's psychiatric career. In September of that year, Burrow moved to Zürich to begin a year of psychoanalytic training with Jung. While the Lifewynn editorial committee responsible for Burrow's collected correspondence reminds us that the choice to study with Jung was largely arbitrary—as Jung and Freud's split had not yet occurred, and in 1909 the two men would have been seen by the American as representing a unified training front—Jung's sticky analyses with Spielrein and Gross were recent memories, and certainly their reverberations were already being felt in the relations between Zürich and Vienna.

Burrow's letters to his mother during the period of his training analysis with Jung are marked by his total infatuation with Jung's projects and the potentialities of psychoanalysis. He gleefully notes that the American psychoanalytic field was practically empty: "I am the first man of American birth to take up this work," he declared, the first alien of course being the Austrian-born Brill (30–1). Upon his return to the States, Burrow began conducting analyses of what he referred to as "functional neurotics," gradually building up an impressive practice from a bungalow he built in the Adirondacks. He kept up an avid correspondence with both the clinicians of his era and other cultural figures, including Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson, with whom he had a lifelong friendship.

In May of 1911, Burrow helped to found the American Psychoanalytic Association, of which he would later serve as president. Interestingly, when Burrow was given word of Freud and Jung's fissure, he took the former's side despite his time in Zürich, describing Jung as a "splendid genius" who had nevertheless been "mislead" in his assumptions (38). It was during this time that Burrow began developing his ideas of a *primary subjective phase* that predated the Oedipal conflict, a phase he described as a period "of organic sensation and awareness that

antedated the infant's earliest objective appreciation of its surroundings." Writing of the infant's primary identification with the mother during this phase, Burrow surmised that "there existed between the infant and maternal organism a *tensional* rapport... a total physiological continuity in sensation and reaction that underlay the entire developmental life of the organism and was quite different from the tensional modifications brought about with the infant's adaptation to its environment *and to its mother* though the process of outer objective awareness," that is, what he called the "employment of the symbol" (*Search* 312). The 1917 paper that *Fantasia* references directly, "The Origin of the Incest-Awe," reads as if it were written by Lawrence:

The relation between the mother and the suckling infant is primary and biological. It is unitary, harmonious, homogeneous. For the infant, the relationship is essentially a subjective one. It exists simply, without conscious arrangement or adaptation. It is the one single instance of inherent biological union—the one perfect, complete phase of conjugation. It exists simply and of itself, being exclusive of choice, of calculation. It is spontaneous, disinterested. Existing without object, it is, so to speak, one with life, like the course of the planets or the growth of trees. (246)

In a startling parallel, Lawrence describes pre-objectal consciousness as follows: "Between the quick of life in the foetus and the great outer universe there exists a perfect correspondence, upon which correspondence the astrologers based their science in the days before mental consciousness had arrogated all knowledge unto itself" (*PU* 20). Passages such as this prompted Burrow to claim in his memoirs that Lawrence had based his own repudiation of psychoanalysis on speculations from Burrow's early papers. Whether or not this was true, both Burrow and Lawrence's work draw parallels between this pre-objectal unity and what we might call a modernist fantasy of unified social consciousness. Burrow provides a phylogenetic parallel to the ontogenetic oneness of the mother and child in the following passage from *The Social Basis of Consciousness*:

In their original organic commonness, individuals were complete and sufficient. They were undisturbed by the separative attitude of mind that mars our present development with competition and dissension. They did not spend their days in self-interested comparison. They had not yet come into the conflict of a self-conscious image-worship. In this sense—that the mental tissue of our common species was then differentiated—the aggregate consciousness of the race was synonymous with the consciousness of the individual. It was an organically unified consciousness. (162)

This suggestion makes quite a parallel to the “equilibrium” that Lawrence attributes to the infant in “Trees and Babies and Papas and Mamas,” and the “savage” consciousness in “The Five Senses.” Lawrence certainly agrees that a certain “organically unified consciousness” has been disrupted, though his descriptions of the physiological decay that comes from such a disruption are uniquely his own. The bridge between the ontogenic and phylogenic always takes on a cosmological tenor in Burrow’s *Social Basis*: “Each [individual] stands as a sort of solar centre within a planetary system comprising his self-determined affects. He thus reflects the universe surrounding him, and it is thus by him defined” (89). One cannot help but immediately think here of Lawrence’s own take on the Copernican revolution in the assertion of the interplay between the individual solar plexus and the vast, life-giving force of the sun.

Burrow’s Lawrentian theoretical speculations had found a clinical outlet a decade earlier when he met Clarence Shields through one of his patients, a man whom Burrow felt was “sane” but nevertheless “socially inaccessible” (*Search* 43). Embarking on something like a training analysis with Shields, Burrow was confronted one day with resistance:

It unexpectedly happened one day, however, that while I was interpreting the dream of a student-assistant [Shields], he made bold to challenge the honesty of my analytic position, insisting that...the test of my sincerity would be met only when I should myself be willing to accept from him the same analytic exactions I was now imposing on others. (44)

While Burrow acknowledged such a suggestion had often arisen in other analyses, his “pride was not a little piqued at the intimation it conveyed” (44). Deciding to reverse the roles of analyst and

analysand as an “experiment,” Burrow discovered that relinquishing the analytic role felt like a loss of sovereignty, leading him to conclude that “in its individualistic application, the attitude of the psychoanalyst and the attitude of the authoritarian are inseparable” (45). From that session onwards, Burrow began experimenting with various forms of reciprocal analytic efforts in pairs and small groups, eventually settling on the name of “group therapy” to describe his centripetal practice. These “laboratory endeavors” eventually led Burrow to declare in 1927 that he had made “much progress toward unearthing what is probably the specific microgenic event in the causation of mental disorders.” Years of “daily experimentation in the reactions *inter se* of individuals comprising social units” left him with the conclusion that the origin of nervous disorders was “essentially social” (*Social* 160). As he would write in the mid-twenties, “the objective analyst remains always outside the real problem of the social disharmony represented in the nervous and mental disorders of the individuals by whom he is confronted. The truth is, he is himself a part of the disorder which in his unconscious absolutism he is presuming to treat in others” (101).

Burrow’s repudiation of the psychoanalytic transference dynamic is particularly pertinent to our theoretical elaborations thus far, and deserves discussion. In *Social Basis*, Burrow notes that once the analyst is capable of laying aside “the incentives of personal-self defence” and able to view his own reactions with ‘impartial self-composure,’ then “we shall realize that it has been our own unconscious that first quickened in the compensative defence-reactions which later culminated in the objective system when know to-day as psychoanalysis” (102). Psychoanalysis, in its attempts “to offset neurotic disharmonies due to an unconscious repression of the sexual life of the individual,” has instead made adjustments “that are the mere *alternative* of repression—a repression legislated by the dictates of an equally unconscious and repressed

society, be its expression opportunistic, sublimative, or *en règle*” (103). Recalling my discussion of psychoanalytic epistemology in Chapter One, Burrow can be here seen to describe something very much like a constitutive aporia to the very psychoanalytic system, as well as a very early critique of psychoanalysis’s oft-conservative, or even repressive aims.

In discussing resistance from the viewpoint of the individual, Burrow draws a vivid portrait of the ‘failed’ (Freud might say ‘wild’) psychoanalytic scene. “Never in the drama of human vicissitude has there been staged anything more ironical than the spectacle of an analyst’s perplexity when the patient, having become by implication a ‘cure,’ fails to acquiesce in the principle she is now understood to illustrate” (166). Having failed in its aim, the analyst then “seek[s] shelter under the cover of a subterfuge,” an effort that “is called, in scientific phraseology ‘the sublimation of the patient’s sexuality’ and is the closing act of our little comedy” (167). The theatrical trope continues:

As the curtain is finally rung down (the management is fortunate if it drops without a hitch), it descends upon a much perplexed psychoanalyst. He feels distinctly that something went wrong. He is not certain just what it was, but knows that, whatever it was, the fault lay entirely with the patient. But the circumambient gods, as one’s fancy pictures, who from their remote recesses have witnessed until now with unsubdued mirth the transient episode of our unconscious charade, observing the wretched fate of the patient in her unanswered need, suddenly alter their mood from levity to grave concern as they thoughtfully remark one to another in their own wise way that the essential catastrophe, after all, is the unconscious of the analyst and that the real drama has but just begun. (166–7)

Lest this passage seem to stage the analytic catastrophe as a comedic farce, Burrow is quite clear elsewhere in his texts about the dire stakes of modern subjectivity. Like Lawrence, Burrow finds psychoanalysis ‘mere alternative to repression’ inadequate to the crisis of the modern, a landslide he figures in decidedly apocalyptic terms:

In what has just been experienced sociologically as the World War, man is afforded an organic warning of the impending distintegration which lurks unseen

beneath the surface crust of immediate and temporary social adaptations within the depths of the unconscious. In that far-sweeping manifestation there are felt the first rumblings of a sociological disturbance that bodes the utter destruction of our old order of habituations, and in that desperate expression of man's social unconscious there is evident the need in which he stands of an earnest and far-searching self-analysis. For as overwhelming as is the catastrophe of the present war—and present it is—this catastrophe is but the detonator preceding the crash that is to come—a crash that has been gathering momentum within the unconscious of the race through centuries past and that will descend upon the world with inevitable fatality in the absence of a more societal and inclusive reckoning among us. (132)

Burrow had kept a largely disinterested Freud appraised of his “drama of the unconscious of the analyst” and the reckoning to come, periodically sending letters and articles to Vienna for Freud’s perusal. Freud did respond to Burrow, though the murmurs of the Central Committee suggests that Freud never took him very seriously. Following a serious admonishment that his work in groups violated the fundamental strictures of psychoanalytic treatment, Burrow wrote to Freud in February of 1927, inserting himself in a history of resistance to psychoanalysis. “I cannot but feel that I stand in relation to my work in precisely the same position in which you stood at the outset of your discoveries in psychoanalysis. Every one said ‘I do not understand’ and placed upon you the burden of their being made to understand” (*Search* 161). Appealing to Freud’s intimate understanding of the difference between ‘wild’ analysis and a properly developed transference, Burrow implores Freud to understand the conditions that necessitated his group experimentation:

No one knows better than you that it is not possible for the psychoanalyst to win acceptance from his individual patient through mere theoretical discussion and explanation but only through his own affective experience and the method and disclosures of psychoanalysis. In the same way I cannot stand opposite my hearers and explain unconscious *social* processes which are secretly concealed within their own social personality when in the affective life *they do not wish these unconscious social processes explained*. (162)

Burrow was already on the outs with the European circle thanks to his position against lay-analysis, in accordance with the rest of the American Psychoanalytic Association, a somewhat paradoxical position for a clinician who saw analysands in treatment equally as capable of producing interpretations as those who had undergone clinical training.²⁰ By 1927, his experimentation with group analysis was a joke in Vienna, though the procedures he named and developed that would come to define much of what is meant by therapy in North America today, for better or worse, especially in the treatment of addiction.

On the same day that he wrote to Freud in early 1927, Burrow also penned a letter to Lawrence expressing his frustration that nobody in the psychoanalytic establishment would listen to him. Lawrence responded with his faith in Burrow's therapeutic vision, stating in a letter that he would very much like to meet someone who had come out of Burrow's laboratory as a "societally unrepressed" person. He also provided another meta-commentary on the role of resistance to psychoanalysis:

It is really funny – resistances – that we are all of us all the while existing by resisting –and that the psycho-analytic doctor and his patient only come to hugs in order to offer a perfect resistance to mother or father or Mrs Grundy – sublimating one resistance into another resistance – each man his own nonpareil, and spending his life secretly or openly resisting the nonpareil pretensions of all other men – a very true picture of us all, poor dears. All bullies, all being bullied. (*LDHL* 6: 99)

Lawrence closed his letter with the hope that Burrow would one day come to Europe, and together they could "pull the loose legs out of the tripods of the psychoanalytical pythonesse," recalling, of course, the Pythian oracle of Delphi, a favorite Freudian allusion (6: 99). A few months later, he wrote again: "I must come and be present at your group-analysis work one day,

²⁰ In 1926, Burrow had written to Freud "It seems to me that psychoanalysis will be liable to the misuses of charlatanism until the universities have demanded a laboratory qualification for the student who undertakes psychoanalytic methods of treatment..." (*Search* 150).

if I may. Myself, I suffer badly from being so cut-off. But what is one to do? One can't link up with the social unconscious. At times, one is *forced* to be essentially a hermit" (6: 113).

Burrow's wish to return to our inherent biological union with the other—exemplified by his primary subjective phase—imagined a space of radical communion and harmony, something he shared with Lawrence. But there is peril in romanticizing the pre-objectal state. The desire for full presence, for nondifference, the tendency of the organism to reduce the quantity of its excitation to zero: these are the fundamental tenants of the death drive as Freud would first articulate it in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, written in the same year as Lawrence's *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*. In a telling formulation here, as Leclaire would describe the operation of Deleuze and Guattari's *L'Anti-oedipe* decades later, the system always seems threatened by a sort of reabsorption into the very annulment whose permanent transgression it performs.

The fundamental tendency of the system toward its own annulment sees perhaps no more vivid imagery than the ghastly apocalyptic visions that erupt, often senselessly, in the psychologic texts, echoing perhaps Burrow's own appraisal of the "utter destruction of our old order of habituations." Lawrence's ontogeny always contaminates his wishes for the species, and nothing sums up his hopes more than the advent of poison gas:

There is no way out of a vicious circle, of course, except breaking the circle. And since the mother-child relationship is today the viciouslest of circles, what are we to do? Just wait for the results of the poison-gas competition presumably. Oh ideal humanity, how detestable and despicable you are! And how you deserve your own poison-gases! How you deserve to perish in your own stink. ...Once we really consider this modern process of life and the love-will, we could throw the pen away, and spit, and say three cheers for the inventors of poison-gas. Is there not an American who is supposed to have invented a breath of heaven whereby, drop one pop-cornful in Hampstead, one in Brixton, one in East Ham, and one in Islington, and London is a Pompeii in five minutes! Or was the American only bragging? Because anyway, whom has he experimented on? I read

it in the newspaper though. London a Pompeii in five minutes. Makes the gods look silly! (162)

And later, continuing the tree motif he shares with Burrow:

If it were not for this striving into new creation on the part of living individuals, the universe would go dead, gradually, gradually, and fall asunder. Like a tree that ceases to put forth new green tips, and to advance out a little further. But each new tip arises out of the apparent death of the old, the preceding one. Old leaves have got to fall, old forms must die. And if men must at a certain period fall into death in the millions, why, so must the leaves fall every single autumn. And dead leaves make good mold. And so do dead men. Even dead men's souls. So if death has to be the goal for a great number, then let it be so. If America must invent this poison-gas, let her. When death is our goal of goals we shall invent the means of death, let our professions of benevolence be what they will. (189)

America the fickle addressee is now the bearer of technological annihilation, the fruition of which Lawrence seems eager to see. As I have been tracking, there is a mutually constitutive tension between the compulsion to analyze (the will to seek an originary why and wherefore) and an apocalyptic mode (the death drive at its furthest limits) developing in Lawrence's discourse, a dynamic close to something like the archeological/eschatological impulses traced by Derrida in his work on resistance to psychoanalysis and outlined in Chapter One above. In effect, Burrow and Lawrence both reproduce the aporetic structures of psychoanalysis in their own contrapuntal elaborations. Like in Derrida's reading of Artaud, Burrow and Lawrence must inhabit the discourses they wish to destroy, and in the process, fall prey to fantasies of the first and final order.

Recall here both Lawrence and Burrow's insistence upon circuitry over opposition, of a blood-connection and life-unity that precede the individual's assertion of his own being. Lawrence argues that rupture, the assertion of pure individual being, is the highest goal of man, yet he also paradoxically insists that this break is only effected through maintaining these blood-ties, or as he puts it, "subtilizing" them. Lawrence declared in letters that with "subtlety, we can

get round the neck of the vast obscenity at last” and strangle it to death (*LDHL* 2: 658).

Lawrence himself seems to recognize the difficulty a formulation such as “subtilizing” presents for the reader, and reminds us at this point, as his dear readers, that there is not the slightest need for us to believe him, or even to read him.

Yet something like Burrow’s “tensional rapport” is embedded in the accounts of both the ontogenic and the phylogenic in Lawrence; the ties that bind us to this primary state of physiological continuity also represent the relational models of these men’s respective utopic visions. Tensional rapport, then, is something like the double bind. In Derrida’s reading, the double bind renders iterability a quasi- or inconceivable concept, but this is not to say that it enables “confusion, approximation, or nondistinction.” Rather it reaffirms the exigency of analysis and inaugurates “the project of a new general analytic” that allows for “the phenomena of anomaly, accident, the marginal, and the parasitic” to be taken into account, properties that characterize Lawrence’s discursive resistances towards psychoanalysis well (*Resistances* 32). The *restanalysis* that Derrida proposes acknowledges that the double bind cannot be assumed but only *endured* in passion, or, as Lawrence’s might put it, the “passional” endurance of contradiction. Like the figure of resistance, the double bind is “never one and general but the infinitely divisible dissemination of knots, thousands and thousands of knots of passion” (37) thus the practice of endurance allows not only for “one to take into account what resists analysis, for example, what resists analysis as psychoanalysis” (32), but the very conditions of that are constitutive of the event of analysis itself.

This chapter has traced a transferential contamination between two discourses: on the one hand, we have Lawrence’s vituperative, oblique rejection of his own psychoanalytic hailing; on the other, we have the internal resistance of psychoanalysis to itself, the central impossibility

of reconciling theory and practice that endlessly projects a psychoanalysis-to-come. Both of these discourses engage in the double movement of the archeological and the eschatological, and propose the passionate endurance of those very knots that, by calling his text a “fantasia,” Lawrence so hoped we would avoid.

CHAPTER FOUR

“The full Idiot”: Wyndham Lewis’s Attack on Primitivism and Psychoanalytic Sociogeny

In attacking a doctrine, a doxy, or a form of stupidity, it might be remembered that one isn't of necessity attacking the man, or say "founder", to whom the doctrine is attributed or on whom it is blamed. One may quite well be fighting the same idiocy that he fought and whereinto his followers have reslumped from laziness, from idiocy, or simply because they (and/or he) may have been focussing their main attention on some other goal, some disease, for example, of the time needing immediate remedy. The man who builds dykes is not of necessity an anti-irrigationist.

Ezra Pound¹

Of D.H. Lawrence's many detractors, perhaps none repudiated the author with the exacting bile of Wyndham Lewis. We have but meager evidence of a single meeting between the two men, despite their shared circle of acquaintances. On July 8, 1914, Lawrence reported to Arthur McLeod that he was "awfully sorry not to get back last week," but "Wyndham Lewis came in, and there was a heated and vivid discussion – you will understand" (*LDHL* 2: 193). It was a conversation that appears to have stuck in Lewis's craw, as he spent nearly a decade skewering Lawrence's so-called exotic primitivism. In the early twenties, Lewis penned "Paleface: Or 'Love? What ho! Smelling Strangeness,'" an essay he published in the second issue of *The Enemy* released in late 1927. That text would form the basis of *Paleface: The Philosophy of the "Melting Pot"* of 1929, Lewis's most sustained discussion of the racial politics of modernity and among the most scathing critiques of Lawrence to date. As my own reader may remember, it was that book that Lewis's friend Eliot cited so warmly in his own attack on

¹ *Guide to Kulchur* 7.

Lawrence in *Against Strange Gods*, where he posed Lewis's book as an antidote of sorts to Lawrence's 'degenerate' thinking.²

My own interest in *Paleface*'s imbrication in the larger history of modernist resistances to psychoanalysis came quite by chance. I was working with Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak on a very different project on the subject of feminist activism and psychoanalysis, and she recommended I read her seminal article, "Psychoanalysis in left field and fieldworking." In her critique of Kumkum Sangari's "Figure for the 'Unconscious,'" a project that warns against dehistoricizing, romanticizing and thus disempowering the autochthonous tribal," Spivak notes that Sangari is ultimately "not really engaging with the rich Freudian conceptmetaphor of the Unconscious." Rather, "she is engaging with the implicit conflation of the Unconscious with a primitivist goldenageist view of history, often advanced in colonial and post-colonial societies in the interest of patriarchal consolidation" (50). I was concurrently reading *Paleface*, and I was immediately struck by how canny a description of Lewis this 'implicit conflation' was to his understanding of the pernicious "return to the past" that he located in the work of Lawrence and Freud. At the same time, I was also amazed at how startlingly prescient this conflation was of the post-colonial critique of the "dehistoricizing, romanticizing and ultimately disempowering" maneuvers of such a primitivist stance, decades in advance of the very dissolution of colonialism itself. The argument that Spivak takes in her essay to be "trivially yet murderously true,"—namely that "if psychoanalysis is part of 'modernization' in its special sense of making accessible to Eurocentric subject-constitution by default, it has quietly displaced itself into the project of 'development'"

² Eliot's lecture details three aspects of Lawrence's character, the first being "his lack of sense of humour, a certain snobbery, a lack not so much of information as of the critical faculties which education should give, and an incapacity for what we ordinarily call thinking. Of this side of Lawrence, the brilliant exposure by Mr. Wyndam Lewis in *Paleface* is by far the most conclusive criticism that has been made" (Eliot 63).

(52)—also seems to be sharply forecasted by Lewis’s understanding of the collusion of Capital and knowledge-making in a discipline he fundamentally acknowledged had little to do with the world outside of Europe and its colonies.

This is perhaps the fundamental trap to reading Lewis in the present moment, though I am comforted by the fact that I am not the only one to fall into it. Writing in the late eighties, Reed Way Dasenbrock’s editorial afterword to *The Art of Being Ruled* spoke to how much of that text resonated with then-recent “Marxist critiques of the ‘commodification’ and ‘reification’ found in ‘late Capitalism,’ but bemoaned that no other Marxist thinker that Dasenbrock was aware of “had such a sharp eye for the surfaces of modern life” as Lewis (438). In a passage whose sentiment I share, with perhaps a few caveats, Dasenbrock writes,

I have often wished for a moment that Lewis were still alive so that he could lambast yet another absurdity. But that feeling rarely lasts for more than a moment, as I quickly realize that he has already written about it, that somewhere in his work he saw this tendency fifty or sixty years ahead of its full flowering and denounced it with all the vividness and ferocity that makes his work so powerful. With minor variations, we still live in the society Lewis depicted, and his vivid portrait of and attack on our society and our values in *The Art of Being Ruled* is still astonishingly contemporary and up-to-date. (438)

As to my caveats? Race and sex always brush up against one another in the power alignments of modernist discourse, be they modernisms of the left or right. While Lewis was both unapologetically (and irredeemably) racist and sexist, he also detailed how narratives of subjectivity and subjection are mutually constitutive in the modern era. This chapter will develop the peculiar suggestion that Lewis in some way anticipated a set of post-colonial readings of psychoanalysis well in advance of the disbanding of the European colonies, readings that may or may not hem closely to orthodox Freudianism but are not less compelling (or effectual) for that fact. Freudianism may ultimately not have been the ideology of gush and flow that Lewis perceived it to be, but a certain modernist misapprehension of psychoanalysis that Lewis

attacked certainly was. Lewis extensively cited many of the authors he engaged with across his texts, though I cannot find a single instance where Lewis quoted Freud directly. I say this not to conjecture that Lewis did not read Freud carefully—I suspect he did—but rather to suggest that his real concern was not with Freud but with little-f freudianism, the potent vulgarization of psychoanalysis that saturated modern thinking, often in ways directly antithetical to the stated aims of the field. Absolved, Lewis is not, nor should he be, and the absolution game is a silly one to play with modernists. But he does teach us something about the “moral situation” of the West facing both an epistemic break in disciplinary knowledge and the historical calamity of colonialism.

Swimming Against the Tide

Like most tandem treatments of the authors, Christopher Lane’s recent pairing of Lewis and Lawrence relies on the assumption that their respective fictional efforts not only thwart, but render futile any attempt to parse the philosophical claims of the authors or to turn them into coherent propositions (770).³ Nevertheless, Lewis’s expository work—and to a lesser degree Lawrence’s—has recently been the focus of much of the work of so-called “bad” modernist studies, a field lead by Douglas Mao and Rebecca Walkowitz’s anthology of the same name. Yet while scholars of modernism are indeed beginning to re-engage with Lewis’s most prickly texts, commentary about how psychoanalysis inflected Lewis’s thinking is notably absent. Lewis may have thought Lawrence’s romanticism pernicious, but he shared with Lawrence the sense that something smelled fishy about the psychoanalytic approach toward history.

³ While article only cursorily discusses the psychologic texts and the nonfiction components of *The Man of the World*, Lane’s insightful comments about Lewis and Lawrence’s fiction are particularly interesting in terms of the ambivalent dynamic between “irritation and enjoyment” (788) both authors exhibit towards homosexuality and Judaism.

The olfactory aspect of Lewis's tirade, 'Smelling Strangeness,' resonates with Lawrence's one published reference to Lewis in his introduction to *Bottom Dogs* by Edward Dahlberg. Writing in the early months of 1929, Lawrence describes the "inward revulsion of man away from man, which follows on the collapse of the physical sympathetic flow" (*Phoenix* 270). Lawrence declares that "For a long time, the *social* belief and benevolence of man towards man keeps pace with the secret physical repulsion of man way from man," a statement that recalls his conversations with Trigant Burrow about social consciousness (270). Ultimately, however, repulsion outstrips any kind of social feeling:

The only power motive left is the sense of revulsion away from people, the sense of the repulsiveness of the neighbour. It is a condition we are rapidly coming to—a condition displayed by the intellectuals more than the common people. Wyndham Lewis gives a display of the utterly repulsive effect people have on him, but he retreats into the intellect to make his display. It is a question of manners and manners. The effect is the same. It is the same exclamation: They stink! My God, they stink! And in the process of recoil and revulsion, the affective consciousness withers with amazing rapidity. (*Phoenix* 270–1)

Biographer Jeffrey Meyers is right to point to the odd admixture of "moral judgment, personal bias, and self-criticism" involved in this "crude condemnation" (320). Certainly Lawrence was not immune to the occasional flight of 'recoil and revulsion' from social life, as I discussed at length in the previous chapter. William H. Pritchard, in one of the only sustained discussions of the relationship between Lewis and Lawrence, suggests "as novelists, even more than as critics, what holds the two writers together is a violence of thought, a persistent effort to imagine themselves (through protagonists of their novels) as lonely heroes: embattled figures out of step with fashion and its wares" (Pritchard 94). Pritchard draws our attention to the contradictions inherent in both authors' oeuvres; how despite his partisanship of the body and the dark unconscious, Lawrence's characters deliberate endlessly, "always talk and more talk about matters said to be beyond language" (95); and how Lewis, "the clever wordy satirist who retreats

into his intellect,” nevertheless displays moments of genuine sentimentality in novels like *The Vulgar Streak* (95–6). In approaching both of these authors’ superabundant works, Pritchard insists that we should assume Lawrence’s famous dictum from *Studies in Classic American Literature*: “Never trust the artist, trust the tale” (Lawrence 8). Writing in 1971 in an atmosphere⁴ finally “cleared of recriminations”—be they “Leavisian or Eliotic”—Pritchard argues that if one reads either Lawrence or Lewis, “one would naturally and necessarily take the most sustained interest in the other” (96).

Modernist studies may no longer be in a phase of armed camps as Pritchard describes in his discussion of F. R. Leavis and Eliot, but we still lack a serious discussion of the relationship between Lawrence and Lewis’s respective expository treatments of feeling “out of step with fashion and its wares.” Nevertheless, the two writer’s superficial similarities are evident to a contemporary reader. Outsiders to the creature comforts of many of those who circulated among the Bloomsbury literati of London and the bohemian expat community of Paris, both Lawrence and Lewis were—to one degree or another—self-declared enemies of the circles we now call modernists. Both men lead highly peripatetic adult lives, were conversant in several languages, struggled to finance their writing careers, and suffered unusually badly from physical ailments. Both worked in the plastic arts, though Lewis would have surely abhorred the suggestion that his meticulous visual productions inhabited the same universe as Lawrence’s crudely rendered paintings. Both nourished extraordinarily high hopes for their critical endeavors, and produced

⁴ Despite this declaration of a zero sum game, value-driven comparison of the merits of these authors’ fictional efforts continued throughout the seventies. Timothy Materer’s now-classic *Wyndham Lewis The Novelist* (1976) closes with a comparison of Lewis, Lawrence, and Joyce in terms of their respective contributions to the English novel, and he concludes that many of Lewis’s characters are “mere grotesques” and “his creative limitation is evident” (160). In comparing passages of Lawrence and Lewis’s prose, Materer argues that the “grating effect” of Lewis’s writing puts him in an “opposing and vital relation” to the other writers of his time, as “his ability to irritate and provoke is one of his great strengths” (162).

extensive interdisciplinary works while decrying the encyclopedic impulse in others. Both can be said to have written texts highly inimical to women and queers, and likely deserve either the contempt of an entire generation of feminism (Lawrence) or general neglect (Lewis). Both can be said to have at least dabbled in a form of authoritarianism or fascism, and these political persuasions justly or unjustly marred their canonical legacies in ways unfamiliar to other modernists of similar proclivities.

Finally, and most pertinent to this study, both Lawrence and Lewis shared a deep hostility towards psychoanalysis and its wares, perhaps the exemplary intellectual fashion of their period. In the previous chapter I examined Lawrence's interpellation by psychoanalytic practitioners and the apparatus he mobilized to respond to the hailing of applied psychoanalysis. I detailed the particular mode of aggressive direct address to the reader that accompanied such efforts, and how that rhetorical strategy related to the eschatological aspects of that period of his work. I also pointed to the curious convergence of those ideas with other 'resistant' discourses originating from within the psychoanalytic establishment, especially regarding the recapitulation gambit and the religious aspirations of the anagogic line. Lawrence's interactions with members of the British Psychoanalytic Society and American analyst Trigant Burrow reflect a certain understanding of clinical conversations of the period not usually attributed to the author, and point to the bizarre prescience of his work in terms of infantile object relations and group analysis.

Lewis's repudiation of psychoanalysis is far less explicit than that of his nemesis, though it is woven throughout the extant pages of the behemoth *Man of the World* project of the twenties, and the shorter novels and journalistic works of the following decade. I take my

impetus for this reading from a rather peculiar comment in *Paleface*, one that echoes the earliest applied psychoanalytic readings of Lawrence in the teens:

On the same principle as ‘Back to the Land,’ the cry of Mr. Lawrence (good little Freudian that he has always been) is ‘Back to the Womb!’ For although a natural communist and born feminist, it required the directive brain of Freud and others to reveal him to himself. (*Paleface* 184)

Anyone acquainted with Lawrence’s ‘psychologic’ texts, or perhaps even just the preceding chapter of this project, might do a double take in the face of such an assertion. Lawrence the *good little Freudian*? The natural *communist*? The born *feminist*?! What Lawrence might you be reading, Mr. Lewis? Yet further examination reveals an important confluence between Lewis’s forceful denunciation of Lawrence’s “exotic” primitivism and his more subterranean critique of Freud, one that helps us to better understand the contours of Lewis’s somewhat inchoate description of the time-cult and class wars that define modernity.

Moreover, the point at which Lawrence and Freud meet in Lewis’s thought gives us unique insight in the racial politics of an author tainted by his lukewarm assessment of Nazism, a politics that in turn cannot be disentangled from the posture of address that Lewis assumes towards his own reader. In oblique but significant ways, Lewis’s resistance to psychoanalysis forecasts the postcolonial critiques of Freud: the bourgeois Eurocentrism of the Oedipal family, the primitivism of phylogenetic forays, and the gaps between psychoanalytic praxis and revolutionary change. As such, Lewis marks an important development in the modernist repudiation of psychoanalysis, and an alternative instance of the mode of transferential obloquy we have been tracking thus far.

Whether Lewis read Lawrence’s introduction to Dahlberg’s novel is unknown, though his 1950 description of the postwar intellectual class—“A society has premonitions of its end...Mortification already set in at the edges. They began to stink. I have recorded that stink”—

certainly suggests that he did (*Rude Assignment* 185). We can say for certain, however, that he encountered Lawrence's most famous fictional retort to *Paleface*. Meyers contends that the character Duncan Forbes in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928) was based on Lewis, and the portrayal of Forbes as a "fellow with straight black hair and a weird Celtic conceit of himself" does feel quite apropos to Lewis's self-stylized dandyism. In the novel, Forbes paints "ultra-modern" works that share superficial similarities to Lewis's own paintings. According to the gamekeeper Oliver Mellors, Forbes's paintings are "stupid enough for anything, and pretty sentimental. They show a lot of self-pity and an awful lot of nervous self-opinion," an assessment that would certainly have provoked the insecure, anti-romantic in Lewis (qtd. in Meyers 144–5).

Thus it is no surprise that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* erupts symptomatically throughout Lewis's fiction of the late twenties and early thirties, books that were themselves beset by the kinds of suppression and popular dismissal that plagued Lawrence throughout his career.⁵

⁵ Allen, LaFourcade, Meyers, and O'Keeffe all provide accounts of Lewis's failed attempts to write novels that would achieve popular acclaim, so I won't address these biographical details at length here. Lewis's work ironically displays a vexed attitude to the reading public quite similar to that of Lawrence, who certainly produced texts like *The Lost Girl* in hopes of garnering a larger readership and bigger profits, and was dismayed to find such efforts were largely in vain. At moments, Lewis hoped that the commercial success that accompanied infamy in Lawrence's case might apply to his own books, likely overestimating the financial gains Lawrence reaped during his lifetime. Meyers quotes a letter Lewis wrote to his publisher in 1932: "Half the popular success of D. H. Lawrence it is obvious was due to the constant banning of his books, and the exhilarating spectacle of his batter with antiquated and unreal prejudices of puritan conscience" (qtd. in Meyers 319). Likewise, *The Roaring Queen* and *Snooty Baronet* both make reference to the popular book-of-the-month clubs that promoted literature quite unlike that of Lewis (or Lawrence). In *The Roaring Queen*, the narrative is structured around reviewer Samuel Shodbutt's (Arnold Bennett's) decision to name as 'Book of the Week' the novel *It Takes Two to Make a Bedroom-Scene!*, written by the roaring queen himself, Baby Bucktrout's fiancé Donald Butterboy. Following the bloody showdown in the desert in *Snooty Baronet*, Snooty announces that The Book of the Month Club has "taken up these papers," promising "wads of ill-gotten dough to the author of these pages" (*Snooty* 251). These references, along with the riotous humor of these texts, show a certain popular tension in Lewis's writing: he both hoped to appeal to a broader audience and garner the financial rewards of a commercially successful novel, while nevertheless poking fun at the very institutions that enabled such triumphs.

Though it was completed in 1936, Lewis's novella *The Roaring Queen*—a satire of a fickle book publishing industry—remained unpublished until 1973. Despite the novel's close resemblance to the positively-reviewed satire *The Apes of God*, Lewis's British publisher Chatto & Windus was uninterested in taking on another risky and potentially libelous novel. As biographer Paul O'Keeffe notes, the “troublesome little novel” would be “attended by mixtures of commendation and regret” as it made its way through a number of different publishers over the following years (292).

The Roaring Queen is a romp populated by a Bloomsbury who's who, with thinly veiled characterizations of publisher Arnold Bennett, Virginia Woolf, and Nancy Cunard, a sometime friend and financial supporter of Lewis. Cunard likely appears in the guise of Baby Bucktrout, a precocious teenager who spends much of the novel attempting to seduce a gardener using *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as her guidebook. Baby, like many of the other characters, suffers from being “too susceptible to the written word,” or what the narrator calls “a case of advanced *Bovarysme*” (51). The standards of the old and new guard are raised around the unauthorized French paperback edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which circulates throughout the narrative as a thrown (rather than a read) object. In a spat with her governess, Miss Corse, Baby accuses the older woman of having read Lawrence's novel. Miss Corse responds: “Yes, *I* had a look at it, never you fear, my fine young lady! *There's* a nice book for young ladies to be given! I only wish I could meet the dirty filthy man that wrote it and tell him what I thought of him!” (38).

Later in the novel, Baby dramatically denounces her mother, Lady Saltpeter (a stand-in for the famous society hostess Lady Cunard), as an Edwardian devil from that “Sodom and Gomorrah” of the 1890s. Revivifying the idea of the Lawrentian *vade mecum*, Baby announces,

“I am compelled to read *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, if you please, and such books as that, in order to prevent myself from falling back into the vices upon which I was nurtured – which in the cradle were insinuated into my suckling-milk – yes, that with my first lisp I was taught to prattle of!” (71–2). The narrator assesses this hysterical account of historical degeneration as follows: “Baby Bucktrout showed signs of emotional disintegration as she referred to the Past – that Past in which the Naughty N’s bulked so lurid and so large” (74). One recalls here, of course, Lawrence’s own vehement denunciation in “Pornography and Obscenity” of the grey-haired Censors inherited from the nineteenth century who encouraged that very Naughtiest of acts—chronic masturbation—in the pornography-addled, Bovarsyme-afflicted youth of the modern era (*Phoenix* 170–187).

It is the more archaic Past that Lawrence comes to represent in *Snooty Baronet* of 1932. The first-person narrator, Snooty, is himself a writer, as well as an amputee war veteran and adherent of Behaviorism. His own characterization of his attitude towards the world suggests that there are autobiographical aspects to Snooty’s character, the very posture of the Enemy that Lewis himself cultivated: “What I suppose I was doing was to hatch a plot against Mankind, a plot that had only one plotter: for I rapidly discovered that I was alone, with my hard vision, and there was no one alive I could trust. But I kept my own counsel. I never opened my mouth” (*Snooty* 63). A narrative of a bloody adventure in Persia, Snooty takes his impetus for the trip from a book on the Mithraic cult, ostensibly penned by none other than Lawrence himself. The chapter “Mithras” gives an account of Snooty’s acquisition of the book, *Sol Invictus – Bull Unsexed*, from the Somerset House bookstore:

I stamped snortingly out of the place to the great amusement of the assistants of both sexes (a big peachy girl has served me, I made her lips blush with my knowing glances) who were all of course nourished beyond question upon this Savage Messiah and perfectly fathomed my excited condition... for was I not in

the eyes of these initiates upon the eve of a New Revelation? I had just opened the book and look inside it while one of the men assistants was making signals to me (I think he had a copy of *Lady Chatterly* – non-authorized – he wanted me to see *sub rosa* but I am not sure)” (*Snooty* 84).

The fictional Lawrence text is then excerpted at length, and the text is, as editor Bernard LaFourcade points out, “blatently un-Lawrentian in its style” (278).⁶ At any rate, the projection of a bull obsession on Lawrence provides space for Lewis to slyly insinuate Lawrence’s bestiality, while at the same time Snooty declares “D. H. Lawrence and Yours Truly however are on the same side of the argument – both of us are Nature-crankers, if you like to put it that way – if it gives you any *pleasure* to put it in that way, do so!” (86). The text so “beautifully” allows Snooty to see “*distinctly* a Mithraic Europe” of archaic times that it convinces him to go to Persia. In direct address to the reader, Snooty remarks, “If you consider this too glowing an account, all I can do is refer you to Lawrence’s book. You will find that that *glows* very much more than my potted version. As a matter of fact it glowed so much I simply had to pot all of it for you...” (90). The joke, of course, is that no such book actually exists aside from Lewis’s deranged graft.

A later episode in the novel turns theory into praxis, we might say, and stages a bullfight that bears obvious comparison to the opening scene of Lawrence’s *The Plumed Serpent*. But against Kate’s visceral sense of abjection as a spectator to the gristly violence of a Mexican bullfight in Lawrence’s novel, Snooty takes quite a different approach to his friend McPhail’s

⁶ Instead, LaFourcade suggests that this section likely owes more to satirical poet Roy Campbell’s interest in the Mithras cult and affection for Lawrence than Lawrence’s limited depiction of bulls. Campbell shared Lewis’s hostility to Freud and Marx, and LaFourcade points to conversations between Lewis and Campbell during the previous summer that suggest the confluence of all of these topics when Lewis was composing the “Mithras” section. Certainly, the information that Snooty gleans from *Sol Invictus – Bull Unsexed* would suggest that Lewis had read Franz Cumon’s *Les mystères de Mithras*, the basis for Campbell’s poems *Mithraic Emblems* of 1936, whose poems suggest a “contradictory interpenetration” of all of these authors, at least according to LaFourcade (277).

bullfight. “I yawned because I was *bored with McPhail*. His five minutes upon the sanded mock battle-field of man-versus-nature should have answered all the requirements of the case. At bottom I still felt perfectly confident that he really was a priest of Nature and only shamming antagonism to her horned representative” (179). The previously self-proclaimed ‘Nature-crank’ is thus extremely bored by the spectacle: “I got so sick of it that I opened my mouth as far as it would go – it threw my nose up at right angles to my forehead – shut fast my eyes, and began a long-drawn shattering yawn” (*Snooty* 179). Thus Snooty does eventually ‘open his mouth’—in a decidedly Cubist manner—but only to issue a contemptuous yawn rather than detail his plot against humanity. The overdetermined yawn is followed by McPhail’s gruesome dismemberment by the bull; however Snooty remains bored as he surveys the bloody scene, continuing to yawn and remarking that he “experienced practically no trace of that human sympathy that was I suppose to be anticipated (in a European)” (181). Timothy Materer is right to point to the way that “Lewis’s manipulation of the first-person narrative, which allows him to attack the pseudo-scientific inhumanity that is his target in the work, justifies the novel’s violence” (Materer 101). I would only additionally ask that we contemplate the implicit indictment of Snooty’s identification with “St. Lawrence” (*Snooty* 86) and this utterly impassive reaction to his friend being gored alive.

If unauthorized copies of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* metonymically surface in the fiction of this period, Lewis’s 1950 “intellectual autobiography” *Rude Assignment* describes a veritable army of peachy shopgirls and Baby Bucktrouts that assembled in the thirties and forties to defend those very texts.

Only a few years ago (1940) in New York an English writer of my acquaintance went about for a while with an American woman-intellectual. He told me how one day ‘Lady Chatterley’s Lover’ had been mentioned. He expressed contempt or indifference to it. Thereupon his lovely friend burst into tears. It was almost as if

he had spoken disparagingly of her person; or had high-hatted the sexual impulse, while visiting the Venusberg.⁷

This was the kind of atmosphere heavy with emotion one had to contend with from the start. When lecturing at Oxford once I ventured a few criticisms of Lawrence's 'dark unconscious'. Immediately I became aware of the presence of a 'dark unconscious'. Indeed the room was full of them. At the end of my address I was darkly heckled for half-an-hour by woman after woman. (221)

Lewis's sardonic tone does not mask his contempt for the 'woman-intellectuals' that defended Lawrence's *oeuvre*. To some degree, Lewis blames these Baby Bucktrouts for the suppression of three of his books in the 1930s—*The Roaring Queen* as well as *The Doom of Youth* and *Filibuster in Barbary*, both of 1932—in the wake of his sustained indictment of Lawrence in *Paleface*. Following his description of that darkly-tinged question and answer session at Oxford, Lewis bemoans the fraught legacy of the latter text: "Many people were just as sick as I was of Lawrence's invalid dreams, his arty voodooism. That is proved by the excellent reception the book [*Paleface*] received in a still largely independent press. But it added a black mark to my name. Those for whom books were either good or bad propaganda chalked it up as a *bad* book" (221).

It is interesting to note that Lewis's most notorious *bad* book, *Hitler* of 1931, also has an intense fixation on the figure of Lawrence. Lewis retrospectively describes this fixation as 'diagnosing' a wrong direction and swimming against a tide:

It had at that moment the name of *Lawrence*: for 'tides' have names. It was the floodtide of the great reputation of that sick man of genius. —There was nothing antipathetic to the Red and the Black, of course, in 'Paleface'; it was against the exotic romanticism of Lawrence, involving 'poor-white-trash' attitudes, not against the coloured skin.

⁷ In German mythology, the Venusburg was a mountain whose caverns housed Venus and her court. While these dangerous caverns were hidden from most mortals, the knight Tannhäuser spent a year there worshipping the goddess, a story which forms the basis of Wagner's opera of the same name. More importantly, the Venusburg is the most sustained symbol of psychoanalytic pansexualism in Lewis, and following that trope is one such way for the reader to begin to track down the correspondence between the critique of Lawrence and Freud in Lewis's nonfiction texts.

‘Paleface’ attacked the visceral philosophy – ‘the consciousness in the abdomen’, which (as I wrote) removes ‘the vital centre into the viscera; taking the controls out of the grasps of the “hated intellect” ’ (219).

Lewis then denounces Lawrence’s “abdominal raptures” about the Mexican Indian in texts such as *Mornings in Mexico*, “The Woman Who Rode Away,” and *The Plumed Serpent* as irrational and “backward-looking,” urging that if you sent “a peon to Yale or Oxford (as an experiment, not because it would be good for him)... you will find out his abdomen was the same as anybody else’s” (219).⁸ This snappy rejoinder to Lawrence’s phylogenetic primitivism seemed sane enough to Lewis twenty years later, through he recognizes where the offense was laid. Lawrence was “dear to the avant-gardist” and Lewis thus “had sinned” in his attack (219).

“The highly spiced incestuous pastry of Freud”: Psychoanalysis in *The Man of the World*

The “Paleface” essay that appeared in *The Enemy* was mostly composed in the summer of 1927 during Lewis’s first visit to New York since childhood. Lewis was in the process of breaking up his enormous, multi-genre treatise *The Man of the World* into shorter works for publication during this period of time. Out of that ostensibly 500,000 word project, four of Lewis’s most significant works of the twenties were culled: the nonfiction *The Art of Being Ruled* (1926) and *Time and Western Man* (1927), and the fictional works *The Childermass*

⁸ The peon is rendered in far more vicious terms in *Hitler* (1931), which also presents a scathing account of the colonialist backdrop of Lawrence’s primitivism: “It was Mr. D.H. Lawrence who got a lot of romantic, self-indulgent, satisfaction out of contemplation of the Mexican peon. But had Mr. D.H. Lawrence gone to Mexico five hundred years ago, attracted by the marvellous romance of the plumed Serpent-God, then Mr. Lawrence would immediately have been pole-axed and popped into the sacrificial pot for the God’s breakfast at sunrise the next morning... Mr. D.H. Lawrence, five hundred years ago, would have been a Cortes—or nothing. And in that case he would have been too busy defending his own White Skin to have had either the time or the inclination to swoon at the beauty of the Mexican Indian’s greasy copper integument... conquering—this copper-skinned ant-heap, sunk in its stupid blood rites” (118). The rhetorical question that Lewis poses with this racist fantasy is “What after all is the Exoticist but the White Conquerer turned literary and sentimental?” (117), and it’s a question that deserves to be asked. But this passage also reveals Lewis’s own appalling racism, even if it is of a non-interventionist, phobic variety.

(1928) and *The Apes of God* (1930). Reed Way Dasenbrock and Paul Edwards present archival accounts of how Lewis excerpted the material for these “four pillars” of Lewis’s thought, though neither editor suggests that material added to the original essay “Paleface” to compose the 1929 book edition was part of the project. Both Dasenbrock and Edwards point to the fact that the fragmentary texts occasionally retread the same territory, suggesting the enormous editorial work necessary to separate the opus into independently publishable texts. Given the Lawrence-fixation evidenced in Lewis’s autobiography, and the near-total absence of references to Lawrence in *Time and Western Man* (in which the other modernists Pound, Stein, and Joyce are pilloried as members of the “time-cult”), I don’t believe it is going too far out on a limb to suggest that sections of *Paleface* may have originally been conceived as part of *The Man of the World* project, perhaps from the section Lewis tentatively titled *The Politics of the Primitive* in a letter to his publisher McAlmon in April 1925.

Certainly *Paleface* is best read in tandem with *The Art of Being Ruled* and *Time and Western Man*. These texts share a particular mode of address to the reader, a rather combative “politics of style,” as Lewis might have put it (*Time* 113). Lewis himself saw the parallels between his style and that of Cynic philosophy in terms of the “disturbing, irritating challenge” both presented to the world (131). While Lewis acknowledged the limits of that analogy, he nevertheless detailed his resemblance to Diogenes and his ilk, parroting Edward Caird’s 1901 description of the Cynics:

I am doing a very different thing from what the Cynic was doing, and I am very differently placed. But certainly I am issuing a “challenge” to the community in which I live. I am “criticizing all its institutions and modes of action and of thought.” I “create disgust,” that I proved, “among the ordinary members of the community,” that is to say among the established orthodoxy of the cults of the “primitivist” so-called “revolution”: what I say is “violently resented,” and I very sincerely hope will “awaken thought.” Finally, what I say is “*one of those*

beginnings of progress which take the appearance of reaction.” (131, emphasis in original)

The Man of the World thus levels its critiques as the “so-called” revolutions of modernity: the intertwined, degraded and falsified movements in art, sociology, and science that attempt to pass as genuinely revolutionary, psychoanalysis among them. This passage complicates both Fredric Jameson’s Marxist critique of Lewis as a fascist, as well as Toby Foshay’s more recent declaration that “Lewis’s interest in politics is fundamentally reactive” (98). Lewis’s truck isn’t with modern art or science *per se*, rather it is in vulgarization where he smells the rot:

“Modern” or “modernity” are the words that have come literally to stink: every intelligent man stops his nose and his ears when somebody approaches him with them on her lips: but that is not, I argue, because what is peculiar to the modern age, or because the “new” in itself is bad or disgusting, but simply because it is never allowed to reach the public in anything but a ridiculous, distorted, and often very poisonous form. The interpreter – not seldom the interpretative performer, where it is art or science – is to blame. (130)

This modern interpreter is always already a political agent, as “politics do invade and pollute spheres where the plain man is not taught to find them” (130). As such, Lewis presents himself as someone who can unmask ideology for the reader, and he positions the successful reader of his texts as someone who cannot be bested by the “revolutionary simpleton” in all his guises (*Art* 375). It is unclear, of course, how Lewis’s form of demystification evades the perils of interpretation, much less the posture of ‘interpretative performer.’

The Cynic analogy certainly suggests a reading in terms of *parrhesia*, that is, the speaking of truth to power as Michel Foucault conceived it in his final seminar at the Collège de France. However, Lewis’s vexed rhetoric and overt manipulation of his “general educated man or woman” reader evade neat characterization alongside Diogenes or Socrates (*Time* xi). While on the surface Lewis does present his fearless project as “truth-telling as a duty to improve or help other people,” as Foucault would characterize *parrhesia*, it would be difficult to

characterize Lewis's obvious self-interest and moral haziness as that of a *parrhesiastes* (Foucault 19–20). In his own words, then, Lewis is “differently placed.” As Dasenbrock generously puts it, “Lewis gives his reader a crash-course in the kind of deception that flourishes in the modern world. It is therefore up to that reader to separate the wheat from the chaff in Lewis's discourse, to follow the ‘manifold byways’ of his argument, and sort things out for himself” (*Art* 438).

Such a sorting-out, however, is no small task. As Paul Stanfield observes, “Lewis's polemical concerns are so rhizomatically interlaced that in trying to tug any one of them free, you will instantly find the whole bushel basket of them in your hands” (244). Stanfield's own essay elegantly tugs at the critique of behaviorism in *Snooty Baronet*—a difficult task, for as Stanfield rightly points out, behaviorism was “messily cathected to everything else Lewis feared and loathed” (242). The same might be said of Lewis's repudiation of psychoanalysis, and this is perhaps why there is to my knowledge no sustained account of Lewis's attack on Freud and the psychoanalytic enterprise as it is interwoven into the larger project of unmasking modernist interpretation in *The Man of the World*.⁹

In Lewis's expository texts and fiction his contempt for the American school of Behaviorism, which he primarily understood through the work of John B. Watson, is certainly more pronounced. Hugh Kenner's classic study describes *Snooty Baronet* as “the snapping-

⁹ I have no particular interest here in applied psychoanalytic readings of Lewis's fiction; instead, I am interested in the critique of Freud that Lewis himself produces. In terms of the former, Bernard Lafourcade notes that there is a notable absence of applied psychoanalytic readings of Lewis, especially when compared to the enormous field-in-itself of modernist psychobiography—especially that of Lawrence—and that this seems inimical to the rampant diagnoses of Lewis's “persecution mania” by critics of all stripes (83). His own essay addresses Lewis's revision of ‘The Wild Body,’ arguing that “it is certainly the recent discovery of Freud which must have started Lewis on the path of a more or less liberating self-analysis” in the process. Lafourcade asks out of what “timorous superciliousness the critics have refused to contemplate the appropriateness of applying Freudian analysis to a notoriously complex, secretive, and aggressive author” (83). But Lafourcade is unwilling to do this work, and suggests only the limitation in reading ‘The Wild Body’ as a family novel that negotiates the death of Lewis's parents. Lafourcade ends up filing away Lewis's address to Freud as merely a mimicking parody (84).

point” of a “latent contradiction” between Lewis’s expository and fictional efforts: “*Time and Western Man* had argued that the behaviorist, in reducing the person to a set of predictable gestures, was insulting the human race...[while at the same time] Lewis was producing a body of fiction on the premise that people were nothing else” (Kenner 107). Stanfield’s work brilliantly explicates this trend across the nonfiction and in a close reading of *Snooty Baronet*. Stanfield points to the strange self-contradictory aspect of Lewis’s deployment of first-person narration: “foregrounding of his own interiority is surprising, since as a behaviorist, interiority is precisely what he ought to consider ruled out of discussion” (Stanfield 254). The novel’s climax, in which the narrator is both “target as well as marksman,” reveals Lewis’s own peculiar relationship to behaviorist science. As Stanfield writes, the “reason for this tortuous aiming-at-himself satire is that Lewis both wants to destroy the assumptions of behaviorist psychology and knows he has committed himself to complicity with them” (243–4).

Stanfield does not address how psychoanalysis might work in that particular “bushel-basket” of complicity. The critique of Behaviorism would certainly seem to put Lewis in Freud’s corner, if only according to the logic that the enemy of my enemy is my friend.¹⁰ Freud himself had assessed the American science as “a theory which is naïve enough to boast that it has put the whole problem of psychology completely out of court” (*SE* 20: 52), an apt characterization of what Lewis attempts to expose in his anti-Behaviorist efforts. Indeed, an odd defense of psychoanalysis comes in the language Lewis employs to refute Behaviorism in *Time and*

¹⁰ It is not only behaviorism and psychoanalysis that receive harsh treatment across *The Man of the World*. Jung’s analytic psychology is compared to a comedian trying out impressions of various personalities (*Time* 342). The work of Louis Berman, an early proponent of the idea that the endocrine system was influenced by human behavior, was likened to the logical fallacies of psychoanalysis: “Freud, from the point of view of the intelligence, is written all over [Berman’s] book. Its pages swarm and fester with florid contradictions of huge emotional bulk” (*Time* 334).

Western Man: “It is in the forest or undergrowth of words that the behaviorist tiger of clear-cut stimulus response, or his ‘futurist’ maker, can become entangled” (*Art* 341). Psychoanalysis, as perhaps the interpretative technique *par excellence* for navigating the ‘forest or undergrowth of words,’ would certainly seem to be the antidote to such tigrine confusion.

Yet Lewis equally dislikes the reliance of psychoanalytic interpretation on the chain of signification, most especially in the way that such a detangling process relies on aberrance. He assesses “the exploitation of madness, of ticks, blephorospasms, and eccentricities of the mechanism of the brain,” as “a thing of a similar order in language to the exploitation of the physical aspect of imbecility in contemporary painting,” such as in “the acromegalic monsters of Picasso” (*Art* 347). Psychoanalytic interpretation is thus exploitative of the peripheral functions of the human mind, which Lewis extends to a greater epistemological critique of psychoanalytic foundations: “psycho-analysis is founded on the curiosities of the clinic” (*Time* 389).

Both *The Art of Being Ruled* and *Time and Western Man* make numerous references to Freud and psychoanalysis, though neither presents an extended discussion of Freud’s relationship to the Bergsonian time-cult. Psychoanalysis is most-often referenced in adjectival form, and Lewis seems to take as a given that his reader will understand the way the Freudian is caught up in the various class wars that punctuate modernity. *The Art of Being Ruled* outlines four principle forms taken by the “anti-intellectual campaign” of the modern “Great God Flux”: (1) The Child, (2) The Amateur, (3), The Lunatic/Demented, and (4) The Pragmatic. “Within the dominions, generally speaking, of the Great God Flux, are to be found (distributed amongst all or any of these four groupings) the psycho-analysts, futurists, dasdas, proustites, etc. We are all the patients of a great cult,” Lewis declares (*Art* 344). Lewis echoes his enemy Lawrence in pointing out that

a “sort of clinical religion is being built up to accommodate us, the priesthood of which is recruited principally from the ranks of the alienists” (*Art* 344).

In particular, it is the two cults of the Child and the Lunatic/Demented that are “linked together by psycho-analysis, the link being its dogma of the unconscious”; in contrast, the Amateur is more closely related to the “socialist religion of the Demos and the dithyrambic action of the crowd” (346). Like Lawrence, Lewis sees psychoanalysis as providing an empty salutary language to the cults of the modern, which themselves arise from the exigency of exhaustion:

It is in freudian¹¹ language, for instance, the desire of man to return into the womb from whence he came: a movement of retreat and discouragement – a part of the great strategy of defeat suggested to or evolved by our bankrupt society... It is the diagnostic of a frantic longing to refresh, rejuvenate, and invigorate a life that, it is felt, has grown old and too unsimple, and lost its native direction. It is the most thoroughly organized reversal and returning on its steps of mankind that has occurred (162).

Lewis assesses neurosis as conceived by the Freudian as “the *willed* sickness of the modern man,” and connects it directly to the “atmosphere of revolution and threatening chaos – it could even be taken as a measure of precaution against the crowd-atmosphere” (346). This is a characteristic statement of *The Art of Being Ruled*, which can be said to dramatize the “experience of powerlessness, of being the instrument in an impersonal engine of destruction,” as critic Foshay put it. Foshay understands the text to be “intended as a manual of survival in what he saw as an apocalyptic situation” (Foshay 91), which puts the book in direct competition with the psychoanalytic institution’s own palliative or reconstructive aims.

¹¹ Lewis maddeningly refuses to capitalize certain proper adjectives (“freudian” is always with a lower-case ‘f’ in his writing), though this does not appear to be a particular slight to Freud, as most the theories of the time-cult (joycean, bergsonian, etc.) receive similarly dismissive capitalization. *The Enemy No. 2* contains an extensive note about “the Question of Capitals,” which he attributes more to a stylistic preference than a particular feeling towards the groups represented, though his capitalization is not as consistent as he would suggest (Lewis ix–x).

There are several major critiques of psychoanalysis leveled across *The Art of Being Ruled* and *Time and Western Man* that are then further advanced in *Paleface*. The first, and surely best known, concerns the “heavily freudianized-milieu” of Stein, Joyce, and Pound (*Time* 74). In Lewis’s estimation, these writers’ interest in psychoanalytic thinking was to their literary impoverishment. Lewis reads disparate instances of Pound and Stein’s studied babble as a prose instantiation of the child-cult, while Joyce’s use of Jamesian stream of consciousness narration¹² is “rambling and structureless,” lacking “firm or logical linear structure,” a “chaotic mosaic” (*Rude Assignment* 60). As the critique of *Ulysses* in *Time and Western Man* was parodied in *Finnegan’s Wake*, Lewis’s reading of Joyce is well traversed by modernist critics and doesn’t bear much repeating here. I will point out, however, that Lewis remains fixated on the idea that *Ulysses* is the ‘Summa’ of a series of *bad* doctrines (60), psychoanalysis at the forefront. Lewis reads Joyce’s “powerful impressionism,” as “the fluid material gushing of undisciplined life,” and argues that it takes its “mental” method “from [Bergson’s] *Matière et Mémoire* or the earliest psycho-analytic tracts” (112). Joyce is depicted as a veritable Freud-toady: “It was in the company of that old magician, Sigmund Freud, that Joyce learnt the way into the Aladdin’s cave where he manufactured his *Ulysses*; and the philosophic flux-stream has its source, too, in that

¹² In the chapter “The Object as King” of *Time and Western Man*, Lewis assesses the “theory of Sensa” in Russell, Alexander, and James. “The sensa-world is a world of the Unconscious or automatic... It is the world of things that, in the usual way, we do not explicitly notice, which we *repress* and push down and away, out of sight, and which throng our sense-field. They are the stream of sensations that pour in (*the stream of unconsciousness* would be a better way of putting James’ *stream of consciousness*). For we are not conscious of this inrush, but only of its accommodation to the waiting forms of cognition, the ‘physical objects’ that it feeds – our static strove within” (*Time* 388). This account of consciousness shows an obvious debt to Freudian theory, which Lewis acknowledges by italicizing *repress*. This passage demonstrates that Lewis disagrees less with the metapsychological apparatus, and more with what is ‘done’ with psychoanalysis in other facets of culture. This puts his repudiation of Freud at odds with Lawrence, who took issue with both.

magical cavern” (101).¹³ Psychoanalytic flavor is seen as an inevitability; in discussing the “supposed obscenity” of *Ulysses*, Lewis finds that much of the ‘sex’ matter in the book is simply “freudian echos (they had to enter into it)” (92). Joyce’s most memorable characters are seen as mere ventriloquists of psychoanalytic doctrine: “Then the viennese school of psychology made Molly Bloom mutter, ‘What are they always rooting about up there for, to see where they come from, I wonder?’ or words to that effect. No Irish Molly – however much of an ‘eternal feminine’ abstraction – would even have soliloquized in that manner but for Sigmund Freud” (107), Lewis concludes.

The Art of Being Ruled goes at this same point from a different angle, arguing that “The more art goes to science for its inspiration, the more of the *inside* of things, and the less of the *outside* of things, and natural science as the science of the inside of things” (349). Here, Lewis is not so far off from Anderson and Lawrence, who both decried the psychological endeavor as a kind of creative vivisection.¹⁴ As Lewis sees it, the more creative production “buries itself in and burrows into the vitals of things (by surrendering itself to psycho-analytic suggestion, with all the paraphernalia of neuroses, to the tester’s and anthropometrists’s obsessions), the less superficial shape and contour it will have. Its objective qualities, in which it is supreme and which is its unchallenged province, will be surrendered for more mixed and obscure issues” (349). In effect, Lewis is concerned that the arts will steadily lose ground, handing over its concerns to the psychiatrist, a strange cautionary tale about theorists such as André Green if there ever was one. It will also taint the material that the artist seeks out: “The doctor’s clients are the

¹³ See also the extensive description of Freud’s spelunking in the cave of the unconscious in the opening pages of Lawrence’s *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, and my discussion of this trope in the Introduction.

¹⁴ See Introduction.

sick and imperfect, and they become the artist's clients too. That is how [art] may get its present bias for disease" (349).

Lewis ultimately constructs a binary to describe the inside / outside preoccupations of the artist:

A preoccupation with the *vitals* of things is related to *vitalist* enthusiasms. "Life" (of the "Up life! down art!" cry) means invariably the smoking-hot *inside* of things, in contrast to the hard, cold, formal skull or carapace. The *emotional* of the bergsonian dogma is the heat, moisture, shapelessness, and tremor of the vitals of life. The *intellectual* is the ectodermic case, the ideality of the animal machine *with its skin on*. Finally, the bergsonian (jamesesque, psycho-analytic, wagnerian, Venusburg) philosophy of the hot *vitals* – of the blood-stream, of vast cosmic emotion, gush and flow – is that of a *blind* organism. There are no Eyes in that philosophy. It *sees* no more than the embryo: it is hardly yet male or female: it is sightless and neuter. It is the creed of a sightless, ganglionic mass, in short: and as such invites to that 'eternity of intoxication' of the gibe of Plato. (*Art* 349)

Thus we have the vital organs against the ectoderm, the emotional against the intellectual, the blind reliance on touch against the hard vision of the Eye, the gush and flow in Joyce against sharp delineation in Lewis. Lewis would contend that the latter term in each pair is both constitutive and preservative of the aesthetic, as "The ideas of beauty, of a god, or of love, depend severally on separation and differentiation" (*Art* 22). In his own sort of phylogenetic account, Lewis argues that it is a capacity to rend that separates 'savagery' from the modern: "The savage ate his god to procure divinity for himself, so showing his foolishness; for his act was like attempting to devour the *beauty* of a mountain or a river, or to convert his *love* for another person into the tissue of his own body, or like buying and selling a dream" Lewis adds an interesting addendum to this evolutionary account of incorporation: "Freud's obsession of incest is in the same order of things" (*Art* 226). The sentence construction is odd—I take "obsession of incest" to be Freud's *concept* of the incest taboo, not Freud's *own* obsession with incest—though such a careful writer as Lewis certainly meant for this ambiguity to remain.

If his treatment of Molly Bloom is any indication, Lewis sees the “vitalist” depiction of women as a significant component of this philosophy of “gush and flow.”¹⁵ In the early novel *Tarr* (1918), which was revised around the same time that Lewis was composing *Paleface*, the eponymous protagonist takes up just this issue:

“How foul and wrong this haunting of women is!—They are everywhere!—Confusing, blurring, libeling, with their half-baked, gushing, tawdry presences! It is like a slop of children and the bawling machinery of the inside of life, always and all over our palaces. Their silly flood of cheap illusion comes in between friendships, stagnates complacently around a softened mind. I might almost take some credit to myself for at least having the grace to keep this bear garden in the background.” (28)

Lewis is thus eager to demolish any ‘eternal feminine’ abstraction while tearing down the ‘viennese’ theoretical edifice, as evidenced by *The Art of Being Ruled*. The valuation of the child as an “object of worship” is a “woman-value,” thus the cult-child is a direct function of the so-called “sex war” posed by feminism (*Art* 253). Thus the second major critique of psychoanalysis comes in the way Lewis situates Oedipal aggression not as a timeless conflict, but rather as the exact confluence of the modern bourgeois family and feminism: “That it [the child, which is usually neuter for Lewis] should at once develop an antagonism for the adult, or ‘the man,’ is natural enough, seeing that at the same time of its birth, as a fashion, the woman was engaged in a ‘war’ of freedom with ‘the man.’ It is perhaps as well to add that all the freudian oedipus-complex propaganda has greatly assisted this situation” (253). In Lewis’s account, these feminist mothers additionally fall victim to educational propaganda, and believing their children to be uniquely gifted, a sentiment he shared with the Lawrence of *Education of the People*. As Lewis

¹⁵ *Paleface* links Lewis’s own method to that of the catholic revival, again in terms that eschew “gush and flow”: “To solidify, to make concrete, to give definition to—that is my profession: to ‘despise the fluid’ (mépriser le fluent) and ‘to postulate permanence’ (postuler la permanence); to crystallize that which (otherwise) flows away, to concentrate the diffuse, to turn to ice that which is liquid and mercurial—that certainly describes my occupation, and the tendency of all that I think” (254). The French terms in this passage come from Pierre Rousselot.

puts it, “[T]he highly educable, sensitive child – has already been stirred up against papa by his feminist mama, and is pondering already, if he is a reader of Freud, if he shall slay and eat him” (253). Sardonic as this description of miniature Freudians might be, it nevertheless demonstrates in short order Lewis’s distinctly modern situation of the Oedipal family structure, that is, at the intersecting historical coordinates of bourgeois development and the advent of feminism.

Time and Western Man treats Freudian pansexualism as part and parcel of this sex-war, emphasizing “the power of ‘sex’ as a lever in the modern european world (to which the success of Freud is witness)” (17). It is in this text that the “ideologic formula” of a “*return to the Past*” really begins to solidify in Lewis’s thinking, and he argues that “all the most influential revolutions of sentiment... in the world of science, sociology, [and] psychology” are all directed in such a backwards way. Here, he also targets the modernist advances on recapitulation theory: “The cult of the savage (and indirectly that of *the Child*) is a pointing backward to our human origins, either as individuals (when it takes the form of the child-cult) or as a race (when it takes the form of “the primitive”)” (35). Psychoanalysis, far from playing a merely theoretical role in its forays into the other human sciences, has actually *conjured something up* in its diagnostic advances:

Freud’s teaching has resuscitated the animal past of the soul, following upon Darwin, and hatched a menagerie of animal, criminal, and primitive “complexes” for the Western mind. All these approaches stress *the Past*, the primitive, all that is *not* the civilized Present. There is no revolutionary theory or movement that does not ultimately employ itself in bringing to life ghosts, and putting the Present to school with the Past. (*Time* 35)

Lewis calls this the “work of archeology,” “the science of the *old* and the *primitive*” (35), but it seems to me that he is much more interested in the instrumentalization of the Past for the *sake* of the Present than the simple project of excavation. In this regard, he also makes the parallel with the academic discipline of history:

How much ethnology, biology, archaeology, sociology, and so forth today is really *history*, is not sufficiently realized. Darwin was, after all, a history of our species. Much of psycho-analysis is a history of the Past of our species. And all those various forms of history have this in common: they all affect to give a correct account of the Past. The Past is the preserve of the historian; and, as I began by saying, the science or art which is *par excellence* that of the time-philosophy, is *history*. In most cases, further, the historian is a politician; attempting, by the colour he gives to his version of the Past...to influence his contemporaries to imitate that particular version of the Past. (*Time* 248)

Book Two of *Time and Western Man* ultimately attempts a “radical reevaluation of the psychic” by showing how “fashionable doctrines in psychology” are complicit in the “social tendencies of the times” (343). Perhaps riffing on the martial metaphors that punctuate all of Freud’s writings about the defense of his discipline, Lewis depicts a “battle” between the Unconscious and the Conscious, with the Unconscious the recent victor. This account uneasily shuttles between an account of individual subjectivity (the “interior economy of the personality) and a description of the ascent of certain psychological doctrines, and I think that Lewis keeps this ambiguity operative for a purpose. The “civil war” he describes also takes up the Individual as well as “the part of him that is *not* individual” (an obvious nod to the anagogic line). “Inside us also,” Lewis writes, “the crowds were pitted against the Individual, the Unconscious against the Conscious, the ‘emotional’ against the ‘intellectual,’ the Many against the One.” The subject’s entry into subjecthood isn’t at all organic: “So it is that *the Subject* is not gently reasoned out of, but violently hounded from, every cell of the organism: until at last (arguing that ‘independent,’ individual life is not worthwhile, nor the game worth the candle) he plunges into the *Unconscious*, where Dr. Freud like a sort of mephistophelian Dr. Cagliari, is waiting for him” (300–1). It’s a rather tremendous satire that Lewis composes in this passage, one that mocks psychoanalytic discourses about the emergence of subjectivity and crowd psychology as much as it does the fortifications of psychoanalysis as a discipline. Far from the contention that

psychoanalysis presents an objective account of ontogenesis, Lewis argues in effect that the psychoanalytic account of the emergence of subjectivity *actually produces the modern subject*, pitiful and abject as he may be.

In its presumptions to throw open “the magnificent private-picture gallery of its stretched-out imagery” of the mind to *everyone*, psychoanalysis is thus also complicit in the projects of a naïve democratic impulse, one that hunts out the symbols of subjective inequity (376). Ultimately, the riven liberal subject turns on his own interior kingdom: “What it *looks like* is that man, as he has been engaged in an internecine war with other men on the grounds of the inequality found among us, has fanatically, at the same time, been engaged in tearing off and out of himself everything that reminded him of the hated symbols, ‘power,’ ‘authority,’ ‘superiority,’ ‘divinity,’ etc.” (344). Psychoanalysis provides all the tools needed for such a purge:

Turning his bloodshot eyes inward, as it were, one fine day, there he beheld, with a start of horror and rage, his own proper mind sitting in that state, and lording it over the rest of his animal being – spurning his stomach, planting its heel upon his sex, taking the hard-work of the pumping heart as a matter of course. Also he saw it as a *mind-with-a-past*: and he noticed, with a grin of diabolical malice, that the mind was in the habit of conveniently forgetting this *humble* (animal) and *criminal* past, and of behaving as though such a thing had never existed. It did not take him long to take it down a peg or two in that respect! The “mind”—that greek divinity or egyptian spirit, that celtic paladin, that symbol of everything that he was, for those hated feudal times, “pure” and “noble,” save the mark! – was soon squatting with a cross and snarling monkey, and scratching itself. (344)¹⁶

In *Solid Objects*, Douglas Mao smartly calls the chapter “The Subject as King” (from which this passage is taken) an “epistemological tale,” a fable with an unhappy ending. In line with his broader thesis about the treatment of physical objects in modernist writing, Mao reads the self-division Lewis details as a battle of subject and object, a row that “both subject and object lose, because the inert object will never gain any kind of volition (no matter how earnestly the self-

¹⁶ We recall, of course, the image of the Statue of Liberty as Bible-clutching simian erroneously attributed to Freud by an American newspaper, as he detailed in a letter to Ferenczi (see *FF* 226–7).

abnegating subject may desire it), and so will never be able to fill the power vacuum that must follow the subject's abnegation" (Mao 103). I'm not entirely won over by the narrative that Mao overlays here, especially in its elision of the object-relations discourse that was fomenting while Lewis was writing the *Man of the World*. Nevertheless, I am totally in agreement with Mao's assertion that Lewis's larger point is "to insist finally upon the *limits* of its applicability," an argument I will return to in my discussion of *Paleface*.

Before that, let me just underline that Lewis's attack on psychoanalysis in *Time and Western Man* is finally about the worthlessness of the inward turn to "that extraordinary Aladdin's Cave" of the Unconscious (376), though it is an attack that he cleverly stages using the very terms of the discourse he seeks to critique. In its reliance on the binary of surface and depth, however, this claim is decidedly of a Lawrentian "alas we ever looked" variety. "[W]e are surface creatures only," Lewis argues, "and by nature are meant to be only that, if there is any meaning in nature." No self-respecting metaphysician ever wholly departs from the surface of things, for "such departures result in self-destruction, just as though we hurled ourself [sic] into space – into "mental-space," if you like, in this case." Lewis's reading of Lawrence is quite evident here, not only for the recycled trope of the 'cavern of anterior darkness,' but also for the 'maggot in the flowers' idea of psychology that can be seen in *St. Mawr*. The latter is evident in Lewis's eschewal of Kant's "practical reason": "We are surface-creatures, and the 'truths' from beneath the surface contradict our values. It is among the flowers and leaves that our lot is cast, and the roots, however 'interesting,' are not so ultimate for us. For us the ultimate thing is the surface, the last-comer, and that is committed to plurality of being" (377).

In his generously-worded afterword to *Time and Western Man*, editor Paul Edwards sums up the exigency of the text as the imperative that the artist "analyze and understand the

implication of all the ideologies that now, almost unnoticed, saturate the world. Until he does this, he cannot hope to know who he is, or what his preferences are, since these ideologies saturate him, too” (462). Edwards believes that Lewis’s central complaint with his artistic milieu was that many writers “have simply allowed themselves and their work to be invaded by ideologies of which they have no real understanding” (462). His remedy, a sort of kitchen-sink encyclopedic attack on these ideologies, comes down ultimately in favor a rather reductive pluralism. Edwards doesn’t see this as a particular detriment to a Lewis’s revival; rather, “the solemn earnestness of the metaphysical system-builder [that Lewis hates] is anyway out of style with the philosophical dandyism of our fin-de-siècle Humanities departments” (473).¹⁷ *Paleface* is yet another blitz on the ideological saturation of modernity by dandyist discourses like Freudianism, yet it is a text that is ineluctably more decisive about its stakes.

Complex after complex: *Paleface* as Satiric Case-Study

The *Psychoanalytic Review* of 1930 presents an odd “case” study by Philip S. Graven—I use scare quotes because the brief article, entitled “Case Study of a Negro,” presents a single psychiatric case study of a black man suffering from anxiety and speech impairment to assess a broader subjective sense of “race inferiority” in the American black population. Graven’s piece begins by noting a lack of analytic literature on African-Americans: “The negro has been far more systematically studied in his native haunts, Africa, than in his civilized environs, America” (274). As “the negro acquires the rudiments of race pride when he no longer will wish to be assimilated by whites, we will become more conscious of other aspects of the colored man whom

¹⁷ If not, perhaps, the post-2008 recession-driven conservatism with which many Humanities departments now grapple.

we have ignored, regarded with amusement, or viewed with contempt and pity” (274). The strongest indicator of this burgeoning “race pride,” according to Graven, is the flourishing of African-American art forms. Who does he appeal to for evidence on this count? “That this is a definitely palpable factor is clearly shown in the spirited reaction evoked in the form of Wyndham Lewis’s book ‘Paleface,’ wherein he sets forth salient facts in this connection and cautions us about its possible ramifying influences” (274). Ultimately, Graven concludes that “nothing characteristically ‘negro,’ such as race inferiority, can be deduced from this case,” though it remains a possibility that the patient’s speech disturbance could be a result of “a racial complication” (279).

For Graven, the problem with making such a general observation is that there is a dearth of evidence available on this subject; this is perhaps why the only outside reference he cites is *Paleface*, and only so as to symptomatize the *Zeitgeist*. It’s certainly a rare reference to Lewis in clinical literature, as he was largely disregarded by psychoanalytic practitioners on either side of the Atlantic. It’s also a strange inversion of Lewis’s argument, which treats rather the “white inferiority complex” in a series of mock psychoanalytic passages. Graven’s patient was the child of uneducated parents who hoped their son would have a university education. As such, “His mother would not allow him to stay on the farm with his grandmother except for short periods for fear he would become ‘countrified’” (277). Graven quotes the patient’s feelings as follows: “I loathed these restrictions and wished only to be free to play... I did not want to be brought up in the careful way planned out for me... I have always wanted to run wild and have nothing to do with books... My main fantasies run along the lines of sex and adventure... Even now, I cannot settle down to work... I am still a kid and I know it now” (277–8). Lewis’s text is a truly bizarre counterpoint to this account, as much of *Paleface* is an attack on the sentimental primitivism of

Sherwood Anderson, who treats his black characters as natural “kids” that buck the strictures of modern education, ultimately merging all black people into a single conceptual entity, “one featureless, anonymous black organism, like a giant centipede” (222). Here is Lewis’s distillation of the “andersonian message”: “Only the adult White is no sport, is *against Nature!* it is he that has invented discipline! It is the White that spoils everything! So, down with discipline! Down with the White! Let Children and Niggers moist-eyed and hand in hand, run wild and free!” (226). Graven may attempt to hide under the guise of an empirical “case study,” but Lewis would have surely pummeled Graven for the same essentializing sins as Anderson. Moreover, these sins extend to all the “emancipated, freedom-loving Children of Nature, to all Behaviorists, to all Bergsonians, Gestaltites and Emergent Evolutionists,” (226) whom Lewis chides for their total lack of pragmatism: “discipline is the enemy of the ‘good time,’ certainly, whether it is discipline in a family, army, school, or state: but that no good time, even, ever was secured for very long by a studied neglect of disgusting disciplines” (228).

First published in 1927 in *The Enemy*, the text of *Paleface* was published as a book in May 1929 by Chatto & Windus in London. In April of that year, Lewis wrote to C. H. Prentice: “It is unlikely that *Paleface* will be taken by any American publisher – the Colour question is a very delicate one in the U.S.A. (I have learnt in my visits to N.Y.) and can only be approached with great sentimentality” (Lewis, *Letters* 187). Describing *Paleface* as Lewis’s “first serious tactical error,” Hugh Kenner notes that “Having, as he has since put it, ‘crashed headlong into a political racket’ which exploits for irrelevant purposes the American Negro’s very real miseries, he was widely represented as a jack-booted racist” (Kenner 78). It’s certainly a problematic text, but *Paleface* is ultimately an indictment of the liberalism that would both romanticize the racialized other in the service of ultimately regressive politics, as well as the elision of

l'expérience vécue du Noir in structural critiques of class. This is a difficult argument to make coherently using the methodology of literary criticism, and especially in the tone that Lewis' opted for in many of these quasi-journalistic shorter books, texts he "dashed off" for a payday (*Rude Assignment* 211). *Paleface* often makes rhetorical appeal to 'real' or "average" Hopis, Aztecs, Chinese, or American blacks in an effort to undermine the de-individuation these peoples suffer at in the hands of romantic primitivism, but that gesture obviously performs its own subjective flattening through its presumption of 'speaking for' such a population in a more pragmatic register.¹⁸ The heady irony of Lewis's tract may rightly be said to conceal the author's racism, though I do incline to take him at his retrospective word that his intention was "to attack the Paleface sentimentalizing about the dark skin, and the mysterious dark soul within it (as if all souls were not mysterious), and *not* the Asiatic or the African" (221). Other parts of the text explicitly make the (quite Woolfian) point that if there are not many "distinguished philosophers, men of science, and poets" in the black community, this is due to a lack of structural opportunity and nothing else. Ultimately, Lewis was bewildered by the criticism that his text was attacked by intellectuals for "attaching a reactionary value to White culture" (221).

Indeed, the text's eventual political program—calling for the dissolution of European borders, the institution of an international governmental body, the promulgation of a universal language like Volapük, and the eventual miscegenation of all races and nationalities—in short, his proposal for a Model Melting-pot (*Paleface* 283) seems almost too ludicrously like *It's A Small World After All* to befit its cranky author. As always, Lewis is both deadly earnest and utterly tongue-in-cheek: he presents a "brutal outline" of how the ethical problem of the Melting-

¹⁸ For example, Lewis conjures up "*the average Hopi*" for rhetorical effect (*Paleface* 195), suggests that the Aztecs themselves would scarcely recognize Mr. Lawrence's account of their beliefs (252), and correlates general political apathy and pacificism to the 'nature' of Indians, blacks, and the Chinese (262).

pot might be resolved without a “gloomy and passionate infusion,” but ultimately doubts if his suggestions will have any traction in “the passionate atmosphere of jingo ideology” of the present moment (286). Ultimately, I suspect his real feelings about difference might cleave more closely to an earlier passage, in which he suggests a sort of organic segregation,

I believe we cannot, in fact, be polite enough to all those other kinds of men with whom we are called upon to pass our time upon the face of this globe. We should grow more and more polite: but, if possible, see less and less of such other kinds of men between whom and ourselves there is no practical reason for physically merging, nor for spiritual merging, or even very many reasons against both—for there are such people, too. (258)

Lewis then describes a kind of anti-colonial alternate reality, in which the “White World” had kept to itself and interfered less with other peoples, had in effect been “another China” of isolationism: “the Negro would still be squatting outside a mud-hut on the banks of the Niger: the Delaware would still be chasing the buffalo” (258). He calls this merely an ideal—and not *his ideal* at that—but notes that it would probably be quite an appealing fantasy to the average, working-class white person.

Accordingly, the politics of address in *Paleface* are quite fraught. The text positions itself as directed at “readers of imaginative literature,” presumably that of W.E.B. Du Bois, Lawrence, and Anderson, as well as those who read “that very considerable literature directed to popularizing scientific and philosophic notions,” such as by H.L. Mencken (109). Straight off, Lewis goads any reader whose charity comes with a political agenda: “When a person as it were *selfishly* immolates himself, in response to some very tawdry emotional appeal, we call it sentimentality. Are you sure that your asceticism (or humanitarianism, radicalism, or liberalism) is not of that kind? If you want to know the answer to these questions of mine, see whether my further analysis outrages or annoys you or not. Then you will know” (6–7). Lewis claims his book presents a “sort of key,” in “a language as clear and direct as possible,” and with its help,

readers “may be able to read any work of art presented to them, and, resisting the skilful [sic] blandishments of the fictionist, reject this plausible ‘life’ that often is not life, and understand the ideologic and philosophical basis of these confusing entertainments, where so many false ideas change hands or change heads” (109). As is customary in his work, bad reading is equated with oral passivity: “As it is, the popularizer is generally approached with the eyes firmly shut and the mouth wide open” (109). This metaphor continues later in the text, and readers that have gone over to Lewis’s system (or succumbed to it) are given a mantra with which to sharpen their teeth: “I am proposing to you an entirely new system of feeling and thought, a new way of looking at the world in which, since the War, we have been called upon to live. ‘I Want to Know Why’ is a good thing to exercise your teeth on if you are giving this system a trial” (224).

If “the system” of *Paleface* provides a new way of surveying the sort of world that has arrived since the First World War (and what a tremendous passive construction Lewis gives us to describe that fact), the text may fundamentally be probing what kind of political postures are even possible in the modern moment. Critic Tyrus Miller foregrounds the belatedness, or “late” modern aspect of Lewis’s critique of modernity. Working off this idea, Martin Puchner Lewis as an exemplar of what he calls “rear-guardism,”: “Caught between advancement and retreat, the rear-guard lacks room to move and thus engages in an endless and often disoriented back and forth, sideways maneuvers and feints, and often breaks off from the main corps to find itself alone and surrounded by enemies everywhere” (Puchner 45). Locating ambivalence as one of the primary characteristic of rear-guardism, Puchner also points to “distancing, adapting, redirecting, containing” strategies as they operate in work like that of Lewis (57).

The self-referential posturing in *Paleface* may both support and undermine this theory. Lewis declares himself “a man of the ‘transition,’” though he sees this as an inevitability, not a

decision: “we none of us can help being that—I have no organic function in this society, naturally, since society has been pretty thoroughly dismantled and put out of commission; though of course, if you ask me that, I would prefer a society in which I was beneath a law, which I could illustrate and interpret” (83). Certainly this self-situation would suggest the posture of correction and containment that Puchner locates in rear-guardism (45). At the same time, however, Lewis was highly prescient of such a description of his work, and quick to suggest that it is he that is the real avant-gardist: “I am what is called a ‘bitter’ critic of all those symptoms of the interregnum that suggest a compromise or a backsliding or a substitution of romantic policies (prepared to follow every sinuosity of the landscape, rather than build spectacular escapes) for a policy of creative compulsion” (*Paleface* 83). Whether Lewis’s system is one such spectacular escape, or yet another Puchnerian feint is left to the side here; I only note that Lewis was quite aware of the position he would be accorded by modernist critics at the millennium.

Whether Lewis was an exemplar avant-gardist or merely a reactionary seems to me a semantic quibble, and *Paleface* certainly doesn’t address itself to avant-garde debates in the way that a text like *Men Without Art* does. *Paleface* is only really interested in Europe *après le fait*: Europe as instigator of colonial genocide and trans-Atlantic passage. Isolating the “puritan morality in the present situation,” Lewis argues that “[h]aving wiped out or subjugated all people who had not the advantages of christian training in gentleness, humility, or other-worldiness, the puritan Palefaces of America and Europe naturally were very contrite and tried to make up for it to those who were left” (5). The result? “Quantities of edifying books (which were translated into all languages) were produced, pointing out what a beast the Paleface was” (5). Lewis’s point is not that so-called Palefaces should be proud of this history, but that no amount of edifying literature is going to fix the staggering violence of colonialism, nor will such liberal

whitewashing do anything to solve the race problems of the real world, despite the best intentions of a late-comer like Graven's "Case Study of a Negro."

Paleface might be read as an improvisation both on the conventions of the case study and of literary criticism. The conclusion to the text notes that it was originally Lewis's intention, "as an excursus to this preliminary essay, to provide a carefully sifted list of the great group of 'complexes' carried about by the average White Man to-day." Here, he makes his engagement with the language of psychoanalysis abundantly clear: "I use the word 'complexes' as that will convey to the general reader what is meant, and it also particularly recommends itself, since it is precisely Freud and his assistants, who, along with the idiotic word, have supplied the idiotic thing – have helped in short to build up the full Idiot, as he is emerging today" (238). Thus, just as in *Time and Western Man*, the diagnosis of a complex in effect *constitutes* its existence. The genetic view of psychosexual development *actually produces the modern subject*, here "the full Idiot." And it is an extraordinarily effective discursive machine: Lewis in fact decides that he can't possibly create a full appendix of complexes, as "it would be necessary, of course, to overhaul this list every six months, as new material arrives by every post" (238).

It is at this point in the text that Lewis's argument is at its most darkly apocalyptic, and it is perhaps this section that generated Al-Kassim's observation that Lewis's thematization of the primitive is as "a degenerate threat," a "story of social wreckage and ruin" that inscribes the raced body "as morbid cause" (59). Lewis details the political, economic, and social causes of the diminution of the "White spirit": the "burden of war, business insecurity, blood-tax, domestic interference, domestic disunion, constant threat of revolutionary cataclysm, anti-cataclysm, and so forth..." The effect of this disastrous history is that "Everywhere to-day the White European (both as a European and also among the great White colonies and nations) is profoundly uneasy,

and looks apprehensively behind him at all moments, conscious of a watchful presence at his back, or somewhere concealed in his neighborhood, which he does not understand” (239). This threat, of course, “is of a different category and menace from the fairly harmless concrete Negro” (239). It’s a tricky form of racism, but one ultimately more interested in staging the White fantasy of the Black than speaking to the lived experience of black people as such. Fanon might call this the *overdetermination* of the phobic object (115). *Peau Noire, Masques Blancs* describes the construction of a “crushing objecthood” for the black person as precisely the result of such fantasies, “the other, the white man, who had woven me out of a thousand details, anecdotes, stories” (Fanon 111). For Fanon, racist fantasy *is* epistemological force:

The black man has no ontological resistance in the eyes of the white man. Overnight the Negro has been given two frames of reference within which he has had to place himself. His metaphysics, or, less pretentiously, his customs and the sources on which they were based, were wiped out because they were in conflict with a civilization that he did not know and that imposed itself on him. (110)

Lewis would likely agree with this statement. As Mao puts it, “Lewis’s racism is founded not on a conviction that whites were inherently superior, but, on the contrary, on a belief that they put themselves in danger by surrendering any power whatsoever to nonwhites, who had thus far been inferior only on the point of sheer force and due to utterly contingent events” (101–2).

In Lewis’s account, this guilt-generated vulnerability of the white population is as much a product of the “intellectualist disease” of psychoanalysis as it is the economic situation in Europe: “‘complex’ after ‘complex’ is introduced, attack[ing] some moral centre of life and vitality, and a further portion of the White civilized soul is disintegrated: a further stagger, hop or shamle is given to the White machine” (239). Thus it is mostly tongue-in-cheek that Lewis explicates the so-called ‘inferiority complex’ of the American towards the European, though he admits that he is uncomfortable about using “the language of Freud” to delineate its terms (138).

Walt Whitman, who Lewis diagnoses as the father of American infantilism, “show all those enthusiastic expansive habits that we associate with the [American] Baby. He rolled about naked in the Atlantic surf, uttering ‘barbaric yawps,’ as he called them, in an ecstasy of primitive exhibitionism. He was prone to ‘cosmic raptures’” (141). Peculiarly, Lewis decides to analyze this behavior from the perspective of a psychoanalytic literary critic: “A freudian analyst specializing in inversion or perversion would have said, observing his behavior over a suitable period, that he was certainly the victim of a psychical ‘fixation,’ which incessantly referred him back to the periods of earliest childhood. He was a great big heavy old youngster, of a perfect freudian type...” (141). Likewise, Lewis sees Anderson as also blighted by a “brand-new ‘inferiority complex,’ a writer “very much puzzled and befuddled: he is a poor henpecked, beFreuded, bewildered White...” (203). Lewis sees Anderson’s writing as the fusion of “zolaesque romance” and Freudian incest fantasies: Anderson keeps a “dutiful eye on Dr. Freud” as he describes a little boy lusting after his mother (208). Lewis doesn’t give Anderson much credit in terms of his awareness of his sources: “he is far from realizing, I should say, where these ideologic borrowings would lead him, had he the curiosity to track them back to their true sources” (220).

Lawrence, on the other hand, is complicit with the Freudian advocacy of “consciousness in the abdomen,” as if the unconscious could somehow constitute an agenda in the first place. Lewis situates Lawrence as a “servant of the great *philosophy of the Unconscious*,” of which he gives a thumbnail genealogy: it “began as the Will of Schopenhauer, became ‘The Philosophy of the Unconscious’ with Von Hartmann, launched all that ‘the Unconscious’ means in Psychoanalysis, and was ‘Intuition’ for Bergson, which is ‘Time’ for Spengler, and ‘Space-Time’ for Professor Alexander” (177).

Lewis thus believes Lawrence to be a propagandist for three things: (1) The Unconscious; (2) The Feminine; [and] (3) The Communist” the latter being of the “natural” as opposed to the “indoctrinated, or theoretic” type (180). Together, they form

...the main principles of action of the mind of Mr. Lawrence, linked in a hot and piping trinity of rough-stuff primitivism, and freudian hot-sex-stuff. With *Sons and Lovers*, his first book, he was at once hot-foot upon the fashionable trail of incest; the book is an eloquent wallowing mass of Mother-love and Sex-idolatry. His *Women in Love* is again the same thick, sentimental, luscious stew. The ‘Homo’-motive, how could that be absent from such a compendium, as is the nature of Mr. Lawrence, of all that has long passed for ‘revolutionary,’ reposing mainly for its popular effectiveness upon the meaty, succulent levers of sex and supersex, to bait those politically-innocent, romantic, anglo-saxon simpletons dreaming their ‘anglo-saxon dreams,’ whether in America or the native country of Mr. Lawrence? The motif of the ‘child-cult’ which is usually found prominently in any ‘revolutionary’ mixture, is echoed, and indeed screamed, wept and bellowed, throughout *Sons and Lovers*. (181)

While Lawrence’s novels of the teens are called out for their complicity in incest-mongering and Freudian pansexualism, it is in Lewis’s treatment of the later travelogue *Mornings in Mexico* that his criticism of Lawrence takes a racial turn. *Paleface* was composed in the late summer of 1927, directly following the US publication of *Mornings in Mexico*, which was published shortly before Lewis arrived in New York (O’Keeffe 271).

Lewis argues that the text conflates “evolutionary apologue” and “psychological introduction to a study of the Indian, especially as contrasted with the White mind” (191), surely a comment on the psychoanalytic proclivity of elucidating the psychology of the Savage in service of a phylogenetic trajectory. Lewis sees *Mornings in Mexico* as issuing a “suicidal” invitation: “ ‘Give up, lay down, your White ‘consciousness,’ it says. ‘Capitulate to the mystical communistic Pan of Primitive Man! Be Savage!’” (194). Lawrence’s romanticization of the Native American serves only to de-individuate people of color in favor of a “‘primitive’ type of ‘consciousness,’” a move that poses an insurmountable gulf or cleavage between “Dark and

White”: “It is all arranged to heighten, or deepen, the separation between the Indian and the White—or the Bantu or Hindu or the American Negro and the White” (198).

Lewis’s argument is that in all the literature he surveys, whether “the White Man is confronted by the Black, the Red or the Brown, he now feels inside himself a novel sensation of *inferiority*” (240). Where colonial psychiatric discourse had assigned an inferiority complex to indigenous populations, Lewis instead counters that it is the White Man who carries “an ‘inferiority complex’ where every non-White, or simply alien personality or consciousness, is concerned. Especially is it in his capacity of *civilized* (as opposed to *primitive*, ‘savage,’ ‘animal’) that he has been taught to feel *inferior*” (240). And how might this inverting slight of hand have been accomplished? Lewis begins as if he is appealing to psychoanalytic theory for an explanation of his complex: “The trick of this inferiority could all be laid bare by any inquiring person who took the trouble to examine, not the purely curative doctrine of Dr. Freud, but his philosophical, literary, and sociological teaching, and its psychological ramifications throughout our society” (240). But no, this appeal to Freud is not as an explanatory discourse, but rather, as Al-Kassim might put it “as morbid cause”: “There are many factors beside Freud: but Psychoanalysis is in itself quite adequate” (240). That is to say, while other discourses have been complicit in the production of this complex, Psychoanalysis did enough of the work to shoulder most of the blame. As creative fiction illustrates, Psychoanalysis has gradually imposed a belief on “White Consciousness” that

...man *cannot* ‘progress’ beyond the savage or the animal: that when he tries to (as the White European has done, as the Hellene did), he becomes in the mass ineffective and ridiculous: therefore, that the sooner he turns about, and retraces his steps until he is once more like the Huns of Attila, or any community whose main business in life is to ‘smite hip and thigh’ some other rival community—or like the plain unvarnished man-eating tiger, or wild boar, the better. (240)

Just as in “The Subject as King,” the mechanism of the phylogenetic account is thus not simply one of *reversal*, but also of *return*. Psychoanalysis, with Lawrence and Anderson as barkers, ultimately *builds* the white inferiority complex, which can be seen in the child-cult, in which adults seek to infantilize themselves so as to return to nature, and in the triumph of ‘inversion,’ in which “feminine chaos” and intuition are prized over intellect (241). This “backward-cult” (241) is also highly conducive of communism, as Lewis sees it as “the psychology appropriate to a highly communized patriarchal society in which *the family* and its close relationship is an intense obsession, and the obscene familiarities of a closely packed communal sex-life a family-joke, as it were.” This is a psychology that he sees as totally “foreign to the average European and his individualistic life. The incest-theme is inappropriate to European communities, on whom no severe religious restrictions of race or of caste have been imposed (208). This argument will surely seem particularly bizarre to contemporary readers conditioned by the post-structural and post-colonial reading of psychoanalytic Eurocentrism.

Mao’s book shows the structural parallels between the “epistemological tale” in “The Subject as King” and the historical tale of imperialism, though he points out that these narratives have divergent endings. If the subject and object both ultimately lose their confrontation, Lewis seems to think that the outcome of a conflict between former colonials and White Europeans will be quite clear: the former will triumph “by deploying against their guilt-ridden masters the powers of science they have been bequeathed” (Mao 103). Mao finds that this “positive claim for nonwhites is radically descriptive (if no less alarmist), an impassioned insistence that these Others are more capable and hence more dangerous than Europeans think” (103). Lewis derides the assumption that others are objects without will, a lesson “to the very crudest approximation” that is also that of “Franz Fanon and so many other interrogators of racist thinking, writers whose

agenda could hardly be less like Lewis's own" (103). Mao concludes that this is perhaps precisely why we *ought to read* Lewis, "repellent and bizarre" as he may be. Lewis's "explorations of the epistemology of European domination confirm that the question of the imperialism of subjectivity and of subjectivity under imperialism had been explicitly connected well before the last phase of colonialism's dissolution," if, unfortunately, in the service of a racist prophecy. Dina Al-Kassim recognizes that this move is imbedded in Foucault's history of modernity, in which "neither the exigencies of capital nor the inevitable march of knowledge alone can account for the development of modern subjection." Borrowing from Carl von Clausewitz, she eloquently describes how these "contingent historical forces required the cultivation of 'war by other means' or the development of the human subject as exhibition space of power's signifying practice" (59). While this exercise of power is girded around race and sex, it is also those terms that provide the space of resistance in the modern period, even if this is not a space in which Lewis chose to dwell.

If my description of Lewis's treatment of psychoanalysis has been itself somewhat hazy in its judgment, it is perhaps because I find Lewis's final conclusion largely the same way. Perhaps far more than any of the modernists I treat in this study—or that Lewis attacks in his work—Lewis grasped the epistemological hunger of the burgeoning discipline, and cautioned about the dangers of vulgarization. In his explicit alignment of analytic psychological phylogeny with artistic primitivism, Lewis deftly points to the way in which the recapitulation gambit is always dependent upon a negated term, an epistemic violence. As Homi Bhaba puts it in his introduction to Fanon,

The Black presence ruins the representative narrative of Western personhood: its past tethered to treacherous stereotypes of primitivism and degeneracy will not produce a history of civil progress, a space for the *Socius*; its present, dismembered and dislocated, will not contain the image of an identity that is

questioned in the dialectic of mind/body and resolved in the epistemology
'appearance and reality.' (xxv)

Bungled as it may be, I tend to see Lewis's "model Melting-pot" as his own stab at a space for the Socius, a space that actually acknowledges the ethical problems posed by race. Of modernist expository work, I know of none that as forcefully insists upon the genocidal aspect of European colonialism. In its treatment of the psychology of race, Lewis's work anticipates colonial psychoanalytic projects, be they Wulf Sachs's *Black Hamlet* ('The Mind of An African Negro Revealed by Psychoanalysis') or Octave Mannoni's work on the "inferiority complexes" of black Africans. Lewis's account is one of the first of its kind to point to how the representative narrative of modern Western personhood, girded as it is by psychoanalysis, is in effect a production of a racial economy and a certain (racist) view of historical 'progress.'

Moreover, Lewis's argument that subjection is the product of the twinned processes of Capital and disciplinary ideology can easily be turned around, like Fanon does in his articulation of the "double process" behind a sense of black inferiority as both the product of economic inequality and the internalization (epidermalization) of ideologies of inferiority (Fanon 4). Lewis's insistence on the historical contingency of a complex or a theory of neurosis to the conditions of European modernity would also find a strange echo in Fanon's pronouncement in *Peau Noire, Masques Blancs* that "neurosis is not a basic element of human reality" (151). Fanon acknowledges that (unlike Graven) neither Freud, Adler, nor "cosmic Jung" ever even bothered to think about black people in their investigations (151). As he writes, "Like it or not, the Oedipus complex is far from coming into being among Negros... it would be relatively easy for me to show that in the French Antilles 97 per cent of the families cannot produce one Oedipal neurosis. This incapacity is one on which we heartily congratulate ourselves" (151-2). This is precisely the opposite of Lewis's argument, who saw the incest-theme as inapplicable to

European societies, and rather as a Viennese phylogenetic projection. Lewis and Fanon agree—though I am loathe to point out any concordance between these otherwise vastly different men—that psychoanalytic schemata of the first decades of the century have nothing to do with any kind of understanding of the world outside of Europe or of consciousness outside of that of a white body.

Ultimately, Lewis's account points to the primitivism involved in Freud's substitution of an ontogenetic perspective for phylogenetic theory. Whether or not this represents a misunderstanding of Freud is perhaps beside the point. It certainly represents the general tenor of the anagogic line at the point that Lewis was writing, and may be one of the most cutting (if covert) indictments of Jung's primitivist forays into early culture that we have on record, and likely one of the last, given analytic psychology's whitewashing of its founder. In his peculiar insistence upon a "concrete Negro"—appalling as it may be—Lewis acknowledged that psychoanalytic recapitulation was fundamentally, as Fanon would later argue, "a question of a sociodiagnostic," a *sociogeny* (4), and not about the lived experience of blacks. In effect, Lewis cautions against the very "case" historicizing of race that he would later be called to testify for in Graven's article.

"Not simply idiotic, although it is speculative":¹⁹ Lewis in the Thirties

Lawrence died in 1930, and thus he evaded the conflation of his authoritarian fantasies with the catastrophic developments of fascism in the twentieth century; Lawrence's own fascism remained, shall we say, micro not macro. His ghost was called to testify, however, in perhaps the 'baddest' of the bad books of the 1930s, Lewis's *Hitler* of 1931. Like many critics who study

¹⁹ *Hitler* 135.

Lewis, I have struggled to write about this text, and I worry that doing so will set my own project on a catastrophic path. It isn't about psychoanalysis *per se*, and I had hoped to avoid it entirely. Fredric Jameson's classic 1979 study of Lewis, *Fables of Aggression: Wyndham Lewis, the Modernist as Fascist*, is one of the few texts to engage this book at some length, devoting the epilogue to the problems presented by *Hitler*. Jameson notes that scholars of Lewis generally pass over the book "in embarrassed silence," or half-heartedly exculpate Lewis by reminding readers that he changed his mind, publishing "an anti-Nazi counter-blast" in 1939, *The Hitler Cult and How it Will End*. I agree with Jameson that *Hitler* is of a very different character than Pound's foray into fascism, that Lewis "means to convey the spirit, to the British public, of a phenomenon culturally alien to it; he intends to translate and to explain the Nazi movement as a matter of some historical significance, but not necessarily to endorse it" (Jameson 180). As an example of one of the most idiotically prosaic lessons of psychoanalysis, however, *Hitler* goes to show that there is often a gap between what we mean to do and what we end up doing.

The fifth section of *Hitler*, entitled "'All That is Not Race in This World Is Dross,'" might well be called *Paleface Strikes Back*. Lewis's direct address to the idiot reader returns with a vengeance, as he attempts to explicate the notion of *Blutsgefühl* to the "lackadaisical non-political mind of the Anglo-Saxon," announcing that he will do his "best to make it pass into that particular intellectual receptacle 'without tears'" (*Hitler* 103). The section invokes a spectral Lawrence a great deal, precisely because he embodied that Exotic Sense that Lewis saw as paving the way for "nationalsocialist doctrine" (115).²⁰ The English have suffered for a century from "the perfect frenzy of exoticism," which Lewis likens to a drug, "a stupid intoxication... that has at last thoroughly enervated our minds" (111). Lawrence is the exemplar promoter of

²⁰ If it wasn't evident by now, an entire dissertation could surely be written on the subject of "Truth, Lies, and Lewis's Capitalization."

this frenzy, one of a series of “promiscuous and expansive mystics, with their super-emotional appeals, [who] prepared the way for the disintegration of our Western society” (108). Freud has fallen out of this intellectual history of exotic primitivism, though the language of Lewis’s critique of psychoanalysis remains in his description of the capitalized Exotic Sense, now first and foremost a philosophy of “self-repudiation” (115). “It is the delicious suicide of the group-soul in us—this romantic abandonment to ‘the Strange’ for strangeness’ sake. The Exotic Sense, in the nature of things, is a direction taken by the mind that implies a decadence. For it is a flight from the Self, is it not—a yearning for violent change?” (115). Channeling Charles Maurras’s binary between the active, creative, masculine mind and the softened, decadent feminine, Lewis assigns the Exotic Sense the role of the latter: “it possesses the characteristics of the traditional feminine surrender, rather than of male insurgence and egoism” (116). In a passage littered with bait for Lacanians-to-come, Lewis extrapolates the ontological stakes of this Exotic Sense:

At its heart, it can be nothing but a pathetic diffusive expansion toward some Otherness, which will, it is felt, satisfy, where the thing-we-know does not. The ego is discredited, when such a state of mind exists as causes the individual to fling himself at the feet of one alien Ego after another, in flight from his own, in a feverish centrifugalism... In its result, it provides for a superficial assimilative existence, passed as sampler, or taster, of things we can never make our own. (116)

A resounding indictment of the bourgeois bohemian class, Lewis situates “the pseudo-artistic appetite for the Not-Self” within a hemispheric division of power:

...the Exotic Sense postulates a state of affairs in which the person indulging in it belongs to a social system still powerful and superior in its resources to the system to which the object of the exoticist’s infatuation belongs. That is essential. It is an aristocratic, or plutocratic, indulgence—of the same order as Globe-trotting, or Big-game-hunting, or Foreign Missionary Work. (116–7)

In effect, *Hitler* again asks the great question of Western liberalism: “..do we *act upon* our newer and profounder critical values?” (112). Or “[d]o we not just affect those values (in order to be

up-to-date) and then stagnate?” (112). It is a question that still resonates in its critique of the mere performance of progressive values that is ultimately insignificant in the face of Capital. As in *Paleface*, this critique finds its most perverse realization in Lewis’s staging of the racialized fantasies of the so-called progressive classes:

The heavily-scented, old, exoticism lingers still among monied amateur art-students, of course. There are always a few rich high-brow tourists and super-studio-tenants, big game-hunters, film stars, executant musicians, and american society women who wish to demonstrate how staggeringly original they can be (how broad-minded and unbabbitty). The latter do still in the province of New York, I believe (oh horror of horrors!), go to bed with a Negro—who it is to be hoped, stout fellow, laughs at them with a hyena-whoop of hysterical ‘black-laughter’ from time to time up his sleeve. There is too, of course, still the D.H. Lawrence vogue—it languishes but it lives on. (113)²¹

Al-Kassim might read this passage as she does the evocation of the sexual in Lewis’s earlier work: “individual bodily acts reflect a social order and its potential for disorder... the body of the subject is never his own, for he is always also a member of a larger population for which the treat of undisciplined sexuality holds open the possibility of crisis” (Al-Kassim 59). In Lewis’s rendering, the “Hitlerist” is the one who fully understands the apocalyptic ramifications of such a seemingly trivial, compensatory ‘miscegenation,’ guided, as it were, by the Exotic Sense.²² The Hitlerist understands “that there is *something*, the monopoly of a single race, which, when it disappears, will leave mankind plunged once more into a Dark Age of semi-animal eclipse. Since

²¹ While W.E.B. Du Bois would certainly have his own rebuttal to this final, withered deployment of his trope, I will instead invoke Fanon one final time, and this time let him speak for himself. “I could no longer laugh, because I already knew that there were legends, stories, history, and above all *historicity*... assailed at various points, the corporeal schema crumbled, its place was taken by a racial epidermal schema... I had already stopped being amused. It was not that I was finding febrile coordinates in the world. I existed triply: I occupied space. I moved toward the other... and the evanescent other, hostile but not opaque, transparent, not there, disappeared. Nausea... I was responsible at the same time for my body, for my race, for my ancestors. I subjected myself to an objective examination, I discovered my blackness, my ethnic characteristics; and I was battered down by tom-toms, cannibalism, intellectual deficiency, feticism, racial defects, slave-ships, and above all else, above all: ‘Sho’ good eatin’” (112).

²² See also Al-Kassim’s excellent explication of Lewis’s coinage of the phrase “global village” (50).

the original gift of civilization was an accident that is unlikely to recur, the Primitive Darkness would then doubtless be permanent” (134). It is an uneasy moment in Lewis’s text—is he merely explaining a “culturally alien phenomenon,” to parrot Jameson? “All I am suggesting,” Lewis writes, “is that it is not in itself a *ridiculous* notion, as it is too much the habit—in the anti-‘aryan’ West—to assert” (135). He goes on to “recapitulate”—only to ridicule—the racism born of philology that undergirds the ‘aryan,’ an endeavor that ultimately designates a field “so wide, indeed, as to endanger this ideology altogether” (139). But the tension between analysis and endorsement remains, and the idiot is exculpated of his idiocy:

In short, it is necessary to remember that the ‘aryan’ *White-hope* notion is not simply idiotic, although it is speculative. It would only be idiotic if you considered it idiotic to wish the particular race to which you belong to be the inventor of civilization. And I do find it difficult to see why that should be so idiotic, even if you say that it does not matter so much as that. (135)

We have strayed away from Lewis’s critique of psychoanalysis to perform this indictment, a detour that I hope my own reader will have understood as a necessary one. By way of conclusion, I’ll suture the observation that Lewis—explicator par excellence of the modernist recapitulation gambit in its myriad sociogenic forms—understood precisely how much such retrospective longing might *matter*. The idiotic thing, in fact, might just be the pretension that such “speculation” yields no force of historicity, or that its author might evade the guilt he so skillfully diagnosed in others.

CHAPTER FIVE

“We fight with Brains”: Mina Loy and Freudian Supersession

“My war brought me many things; let yours bring you as much. Life is not to be told, call it as loud as you like, it will not tell itself. No one will be much or little except in someone else’s mind, so be careful of the minds you get into, and remember Lady Macbeth, who had her mind in her hand. We can’t all be as safe as that.”

“Dr.” Matthew O’Connor in *Nightwood*¹

How could one know, literature merely figures the impossibility of a perfect psychoanalysis.
Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak²

In the summer of 1922, Mina Loy was introduced to Sigmund Freud by Scofield Thayer, the poet and editor of *The Dial* who was at that time in therapy with the father of psychoanalysis. As Loy and her daughter Joella were staying in Vienna for several weeks, she was able to meet with Freud on a few occasions following this first encounter at the theatre. Carolyn Burke’s extraordinary biography of Loy—which remains one of the most lively and readable accounts of her era—gives some detail on this series of meetings, though we have maddeningly little information directly from either Loy or Freud about the content of their discussions. Burke does note that this was not a psychoanalytic consultation; rather, the two had an extended discussion about artistic expression. Loy sketched Freud’s portrait in profile “against a black background from which his forceful head emerged as if disembodied—a portrait of pure thought” (Burke 212). In turn, he read some of her short stories, including “Hush Money,” an autobiographically inflected piece on reconciliation with a dying parent (313). Freud ostensibly pronounced the work “analytic,” a fact that has been gleefully seized upon in the explosion of literary scholarship on Loy in the past decade. Few commentators, however, note Burke’s subtle assessment of

¹ Barnes 129.

² “Psychoanalysis in left field” 64.

Freud's pronouncement as "ambiguous praise in that it implies a tendency to overintellectualize" (313).

While it may be in bad taste to assess a given moment in a biography in terms of the narrative conventions of climax, Loy's life story was certainly punctuated by extreme events and Burke's text develops accordingly. In this light, Loy's encounter with Freud might be judged to be decidedly anticlimactic, especially since it represents the culmination of the years Loy spent negotiating with a milieu drenched in psychoanalytic fervor. Burke's account signals how the psychoanalytic vogue informed the circles in which Loy travelled, including those surrounding the salons of Mabel Dodge in Florence, Gertrude Stein in Paris, and Walter and Louise Arensberg in New York. Burke deftly sorts through the various entanglements of psychoanalytic concepts with Theosophy, spiritualisms, and Christian Science in these groups, while also acknowledging the "vulgarized form" (221) knowledge about Freud often assumed, especially in the United States.

There was little doubt, even among her contemporaries, that Loy's reading of Freud had influenced aspects of her writing. Critics of the day often accused her of misrepresenting or misunderstanding psychoanalysis or sexology, and the misogyny of these critiques is readily apparent. Burke gives us the example of Louis Untermeyer's appraisal of Loy's "Love Songs": "She was, he felt, a notorious example of the sort of new women who, 'having studied Freud, began to exhibit their inhibitions and learned to misquote Havelock Ellis at a moment's notice'" (Burke 195). A few recent scholars—in particular, Keith Tuma and Andrew Gaedtke—have begun to repair this underestimation of Loy's engagement with Freud and other contemporary psychoanalytic thinkers. Through close readings of three crucial texts from different points in Loy's career as a writer, this chapter will delineate how a set of key psychoanalytic concepts

percolated through Loy's work in ways that have not yet, to my knowledge, been noted by literary critics. I also intend to show, moreover, how Loy negotiated with Freud's clinical apparatus as well as his metapsychological and social theory, refining and resisting 'orthodox' psychoanalysis so as to articulate feminist and transcendental critiques of the therapeutic practice and discipline at large (if not, exactly, a simultaneously transcendental feminist critique). The texts I discuss—the manifesto "Psycho-Democracy" of the late teens, the long-form poem "Anglo-Mongrels and the Rose" of the early twenties, and the novella *Insel* of the thirties—track how Loy's own obloquy of psychoanalytic resistance developed in form, politics of address, and in the stakes of its critique over three decades of engagement. Finally, through a brief discussion of Loy's friend and doctor Roberto Assagioli, founder of "Psychosynthesis," we can see how Loy's modernist resistance may have inflected the development of transcendental clinical discourses, in addition to its obvious contributions to the feminist critique of psychoanalysis. As Tuma points out, Loy's interlocutors, among them Assagioli, "represent discourses nearly off the map of contemporary intellectual life: spiritualisms, Christian Science, revisionary Freudian psychology that seemed therapeutic in the degree of agency promised to women" (Tuma 182), discourses that further flesh out the landscape of modernist reaction to the psychoanalytic endeavor.

The "Psycho-Democracy" Manifesto and Psychosynthesis

The first, and perhaps most pronounced, example of Loy's engagement with psychoanalysis came relatively early in her career, with the 1918 manifesto "International Psycho-Democracy" (also called *Psycho-Democracy, a movement to focus human direction on The Conscious Direction of Evolution*). This work is lesser known than Loy's "Feminist

Manifesto” of 1914, which advocates violent eugenics to remedy the “feminist question” and veers fascist in both its insistence on the “surgical destruction of virginity throughout the female population at puberty” and its mandate that “Every woman of superior intelligence should realize her race-responsibility by producing children in adequate proportion to the unfit or degenerate members of her sex” (*TLLB* 270). The evolution that Loy advocated four years later in “Psycho-Democracy,” however, is a “*Psychic Evolution*” (279). The bullying tone of the prior manifesto is absent, and the emphasis is now on the revolutionary social potentials of psychology: “Our party is an **Invitation**, not a **Control**. We **fight with Brains** for the substitution of **Preference** for **Prejudice** and the obviation of social crises by the Excavation of individual and group psychology” (276). The manifesto argues that modern social activity is the product of a set of “*Ideas promoted by the self-conscious minority of Power*” (278). Modern governmental, military, capitalist, and church institutions represent “the tendency of human institutions to outlast the psychological conditions from which they arose” (278). The remedy? “A psychological gauge applied to all social problems, for the interpretation of political, religious, and financial systems... the Substitution of consciously direct evolution for revolution, *Creative inspiration for Force*, Laughter for Lethargy, Sociability for Sociology, Human psychology for Tradition” (277). The manifesto acknowledges the psychic magnetism (281) of contemporary modern power structures and social ideals, and recommends creative substitution and redirection of those aims toward a “life-amplifying” ideal (282).

In many regards, this eight-page pamphlet is extraordinarily prescient of the development of group psychology in the twentieth century. While Gustave Le Bon’s work on crowd psychology was well known by the teens, Freud’s *Massenpsychologie und Ich-Analyse* would not be published in German until 1921, appearing in English as *Group Psychology and the*

Analysis of the Ego in 1922. Freud argues that the crowd is dominated by primitive emotions and obeys the same structural logic as the primal horde. Effectuating lasting change of leadership requires that individual morality must be reinstated, thus his argument follows much of the same substitutive logic as Loy's, which encourages "the expression of individual psychology in place of mob-psychology." Moreover, Loy's sense that a "*Dummy Public* originated by the Press, financed by the Capitalist: For whom the politician legislates, The army fights, [and] The church collects" predicts Theodor Adorno's "Freudian Theory and the Pattern of Fascist Propaganda" of 1951 in which, along with the Frankfurt School's more general "culture industry" argument, he emphasizes that the masses are the artificial construction of institutional forms of administration.

This is not to say that Loy was writing in a vacuum; indeed, "Psycho-Democracy" was the product of years of discussion and debate with her contemporaries. February of 1913 was the beginning of a dark period in Loy's life: her first husband Stephen Haweis set sail for Australia, effectively abandoning both his wife and children at a rented villa in Florence. Artistically stalled, she yearned for a divorce and was still in mourning over the death of her first child, Oda. Loy was especially isolated when Haweis left, as Mable Dodge, her closest friend in Florence, had decamped for America. As Burke describes it, "Mabel's letters were full of news about the upheavals in consciousness taking place in the New World, where people spoke of mind cures and the most advanced planned to try psychoanalysis" (143). This was certainly true of Europe as well, where prominent figures in modernist groups like Leo Stein were also turning to the psychoanalytic cure. Dodge and Loy's reading material of the period leaned more metaphysical and Theosophist, and both were immersed in the work of Frederic Myers, one of the founders of the spiritualist-influenced Society for Psychical Research in the 1880s. Loy's letters to Dodge from this period already suggest her sense of the limitations of the Freudian apparatus: "Freud

who seems to have been a sort of wet nurse to sub-c[onscious] would not leave much room in it for evolving creative inspiration.” To supplement the Freudian subconscious, which sounded to her like “a dumping ground for cast off impressions,” Loy endorsed Dodge’s new notion of a limitless, imaginative “superconsciousness” (qtd. in Burke 144).

The notion of a transcendental “superconscious” is related to, but not synonymous with, the Jungian collective unconscious. The former is more closely affiliated with the school of Psychosynthesis developed by Assagioli, an early psychoanalytic practitioner. Assagioli and Loy frequented the same library and shared many acquaintances in Florence. In particular, Assagioli was a friend and collaborator with Giovanni Papini, one of Loy’s Futurist paramours. During her 1913 depressive episode, Loy consulted with Assagioli, who prescribed “daily rest in a dark room and vapor baths followed by cold compresses,” as well as visits with Assagioli, “whose presence was itself soothing” (146). Burke does not detail if these visits were of an analytic temperament, though she does emphasize the doctor’s sympathy for women as compared to many of his colleagues: “Assagioli was “particularly sensitive to the spiritual concerns of women: he was perhaps the only man in Italy interested in Christian Science, meditation, and his mother’s new faith, Theosophy” (Burke 146–7).

It is unlikely that their consultation resembled Freudian practice by this point, as Assagioli was already well on his way to elaborating the basic tenants of Psychosynthesis. The school was not against psychoanalysis, per se. In fact, Assagioli’s introduction to the technique emphasized the preliminary importance of plumbing the ‘cavern of anterior darkness,’ arguing that a mere “inventory of the elements that form our conscious being” is not sufficient to the task of Self realization. “An extensive exploration of the vast regions of our unconscious must also be taken. We have first to penetrate courageously into the pit of our lower unconscious in order to

discover the dark forces that ensnare and menace us – the ‘phantasms,’ the ancestral fears that paralyze us, the conflicts that waste our energies” (*Psychosynthesis* 21). This exploration of the “lower unconscious” is accomplished through the techniques of psychoanalysis. Assagioli emphasizes a cold, impersonal form of observation and critical analysis, the creation of a “psychological distance” between the self and the complexes, which he calls “objectification” of harmful images or conflicts (23). But he emphasizes that this is not an energetic reduction, but rather a diversionary project: “This does not mean the suppression or repression of the energies inherent in those manifestations but their control and redirection into constructive channels” (23). In addition to the “lower” unconscious, Assagioli’s model also posits the existence of a “middle” and “higher” unconscious, regions where individuals can discover “hitherto unknown abilities, our true vocations, our higher potentialities which seek to express themselves, but which we often repel and repress through lack of understanding, through prejudice or fear” (22). These regions are also the repository of an “immense reserve of undifferentiated psychic energy latent in every one of us; that is, the plastic part of our unconscious which lies at our disposal, empowering us with an unlimited capacity to learn and create” (22).

This emphasis on the undifferentiated plasticity of (libidinal) energy once unblocked, as well as the heroic capacity of each subject to harness that energy towards sublimated aims, aligns Assagioli with the anagogic line. Yet while Assagioli declares “the goal of Psychosynthesis is to unite with the higher Self,” he recognizes the difficult terrain of that process: “...between the starting point in the lowlands of our ordinary consciousness and the shining peak of Self-realization there are many intermediate phases, plateaus at various altitudes on which a man may rest or even make his abode, if his lack of strength precludes or his will does not choose a further ascent” (24). This recalls, of course, Freud’s statement in “The History of the Psycho-Analytic

Movement,” in which the anagogic line is critiqued for its “too optimistic assumption” of progress, its ignorance of “the generations who have taken a backward step and abandoned the gains of their predecessors” (*SE* 14: 59).

At the same time, Assagioli readily acknowledged his debt to Jung, and there is a decidedly “mythico-religious” flavor to Psychosynthesis literature. Assagioli’s work is convinced of the structural parallel between the neuroses of individuals and groups, and argues that the solution to the latter is “interindividual psychosynthesis” which “should therefore be pursued along the same lines and by similar methods as for the achievement of individual psychosynthesis” (31). Recapitulation is explicitly transcendental in this model, as Psychosynthesis declares itself “*the expression of a wider principle, of a general law of inter-individual and cosmic synthesis... each and all are included in and part of the spiritual super-individual Reality*” (30–1).

Five years after her psychiatric consultation with Assagioli, some of these terms found their way into Loy’s “Psycho-Democracy.” It was a text composed in another period of extreme psychic distress. Moving to New York in 1916, Loy divorced Haws the following year after having become involved with Arthur Cravan—the notorious poet-boxer, nephew of Oscar Wilde, editor of an “insolent little magazine, *Maintenant*” (Burke 234)—perhaps the great love of Loy’s life. Cravan was a repeated draft-dodger; he fled to Mexico in 1918 when the conscription authorities were close on his trail. Loy joined him in Mexico City soon afterwards, and the couple married. Economically dependent on Cravan’s sporadic pugilism, their situation quickly became destitute, and at points, the couple was close to starving. Leaving Mexico City, the couple hoped to make it to Buenos Aires, where the economic situation was sunnier and the lifestyle more European (263). But the Allies were increasingly cracking down on international

deserters through naval shipping and passenger routes. The couple decided to separate, and Cravan bought a rickety boat to sail alone to Argentina from Salina Cruz. On a trial sail, the wind picked up and he was taken out to sea. He was never seen again, and it is assumed that he died. Loy made her way to Buenos Aires, where she found herself again abandoned, delirious with grief, and pregnant.

At the same time, the mood in Buenos Aires was electric—the war had ended and the Allied victors were meeting in Paris to discuss a lasting program for peace. President Wilson’s “fourteen point program” and call for a League of Nations was the subject of conversation and debate worldwide (Burke 269–70). It was in a state of near-manic ambivalence—suffering incomprehensible personal loss in a city animated with revolutionary energy and relief at the end of the Great War—that Loy composed “Psycho-Democracy,” her first work after a long creative dry-spell.

While the fourteen-point program is an obvious reference to Wilson, the form of Loy’s manifesto riffs on Futurist conventions of bold typography, capital letters, and suggestive spacing. The content is heavily inflected by Assagioli and Psychosynthesis, especially the movement’s conviction that undifferentiated energy can be focused towards sublimation. The techniques to achieve Self-realization, which Assagioli calls the “utilization,” or transformation of available energies, draw from yoga, Christian mysticism and asceticism, alchemy and, yes, psychoanalysis (*Psychosynthesis* 28). Utilization is coupled with techniques of psychological self-fashioning: the “development” of deficient aspects of the personality through creative affirmation or methodical training, and the “coordination and subordination” of other energies and functions (29). Assagioli delineates three applications of Psychosynthesis: (1) a technique of Self-realization for individuals who desire to become master over their internal drives, (2) a

method of treatment for psychological and psychosomatic disturbances impeding the realization of the Self, and (3) a pedagogical approach, or “method of integral education which tends not only to favor the development of the various abilities of the child or the adolescent, but also helps him to discover and realize his true spiritual nature and to build under its guidance an harmonious, radiant and efficient personality” (30).

Likewise, Loy’s manifesto appeals directly to the kinds of individuals that she believes will come together in a “concerted effort to evolve”: “the thinker, the scientist, the philosopher, the writer, the artist, the mechanic, [and] the worker.” If these individuals can “apply the force of reason to the solution of their life problems,” social institutions can be transformed. As in Assagioli’s description of a method of integral education, Loy emphasizes the role of a “revised education” to this collective direction of evolution (*TLLB* 282). Ultimately,

The Aim of Society is the Perfection of Self
Man’s Desire is for Self.
His desire is commensurate with possibility.
The earth offers super-abundance for All.
Human imagination is illimitable. (281)

Lest this sound naïve, Loy emphasizes the difficulty of displacing the collective will around militarism. “Like all concentrated human forces it is *psychically magnetic*.” The only form of opposition to this “imposing and efficiently organized social foundation is the pacifist *Don’t*,” which fails to provide “a creative substitute for the military ideal,” offering only a “void in social psychological construction” (281). Assagioli shares the anti-war sentiment of Loy’s manifesto as well as her sense that effective substitutions—“the cultivation of other, better interests, the systematic focusing of the attention on constructive things” (75)—are essential to the anti-war project. Assagioli’s *The Act of Will* (1973) ends with its own form of manifesto, introducing the program of the so-called “Will Project.” Arguing that “no amount of political agreements and

treaties or external manipulation can itself ensure a lasting peace,” Assagioli argues that only the “constant application of good will” can effect “men’s inner attitude, both individual and collective” for the prevention of “violent conflicts and wars” (*Act* 203). Both Assagioli’s outline for the trajectory of the Will Project as well as “Psycho-Democracy” insist on how compelling the substitution of creative or intellectual heroism through self-realization might be to a modernity conditioned by the “criminal lunacy” (*TLLB* 279) of war:

For it is logical to suppose that if the slight amount of magnetism in the make-up of the world’s leader of today is sufficient to rush great people on to death and agony, it will be a simple task to persuade great people to the effort of self realization in a life-amplifying ideal; and to apply the force of reason to the solution of their life problems, which have been so acutely aggravated by the force of explosives. (282)

The Act of Will emphasizes much the same mechanisms and feels marked both by Loy’s early manifesto and by the development of the Jungian vernacular. The work describes the “pull from the Transpersonal Self to transcend the limitations of ‘normal’ consciousness and life” (*Act* 115–6), a Jungian-sounding drive if there ever was one. Yet even Assagioli notes that Jung does not discuss “will” in the sense of a consciously directed volition, nor does he use it in his therapeutic procedures (241). This is an important point, and I think it also critical that we untangle Loy from the Jungian web.

Elizabeth Frost, for instance, believes that Loy was “profoundly influenced by Jungian philosophy” (167), first attributing this current to Loy’s use of the term “collective consciousness” in the following passage: “Psycho-Democracy considers social institutions as structural forms in collective consciousness which are subject to the same evolutionary transformations as collective consciousness itself, and that our social institutions of today will cause future generations to roar with laughter” (*TLLB* 278). Frost thus conflates “collective consciousness” with Jung’s well-

known concept of the “collective unconscious.” This is not an *entirely* anachronistic suggestion, as the latter term was first used by Jung in a 1916 presentation to clinicians in Zurich and published in French later that year in the *Archives de Psychologie*. However, two issues exist with this correlation. Loy was already camped out in Mexico with Cravan by 1917. Not only was the couple destitute, they were also extremely isolated; thus, the idea that a term only circulating in Continental clinical circles would have reached Loy by 1918 seems unlikely. The paper that made the Jungian term enter the *Zeitgeist*, “The Concept of the Collective Unconscious,” was not published until 1936.

Moreover, “collective consciousness,” is not a Jungian concept. It belongs, rather, to sociologist Émile Durkheim, whose 1893 *De la division du travail social* coined the term *conscience collective* to describe “a set of shared beliefs, ideas, and moral attitudes which operate as a unifying force within society,” (Jary & Jary 93). Given the context, and the fact that Loy’s manifesto prescribes a substitution of “Sociability for Sociology” (*TLLB* 277), it seems more likely that she intended the reference to be to Durkheim, especially as regards his emphasis on public knowledge.

Frost is right (if also wrong about the chronology) to suggest a Jungian flavor to Loy’s transcendental convictions about individual development and the “Democracy of the Spirit” (15) and perhaps Loy was indeed a reader of Jung by the time she penned “Anglo-Mongrels and the Rose,” the text that Frost examines most closely. Still, it would be more deliciously historical to conjecture that the tri-continental “International Psycho-Democracy”—written in South America, first published in 1920 as a pamphlet in Florence, reprinted in the American literary magazine *The Little Review* in 1921—somehow made its way to Jung and impacted *his* work of the thirties.

“Open your mouth! / and I will tell you what you have been reading”: “Anglo-Mongrels and the Rose” as Palingenic Automythology

If “Psycho-Democracy” counseled the joint “Excavation of individual and group psychology” (*TLLB* 276), Loy followed her own prescription in the early twenties with the composition of “Anglo-Mongrels and the Rose.” A long-form, semi-autobiographical poem, “Anglo-Mongrels and the Rose” tracks the development of a figure called Ova—through her parent’s own upbringings and courtship, her gestation and birth, her infantile memories and entry into language, and her religious instruction—against commentary on the decaying social institutions of Europe. The poem also addresses the childhoods of two other figures, Esau and Colossus, who closely resemble Haweis and Cravan, perhaps in an effort to “contrast various childhoods, to imagine character in its formative stages” (Tuma 183). The composition of “Anglo-Mongrels” likely began during a long winter Loy spent in Berlin in 1923, where as Burke puts it, “individual neuroses seemed like symptoms of societal breakdown (349). The poem insists on the recapitulation gambit, and on the radical intimacy of the subject’s molding by the social order:

personality
being mostly
a microcosmic
replica
of institutions (*TLLB* 153)

Both Frost and Tuma conjecture that psychoanalysis is percolating in the poem’s description of Ova’s development and kinship relations, though neither discuss how emergent discourses on infantile life and object relations may have informed Loy’s elaboration of Ova’s emergent subjectivity. Freud’s pronouncement ten years after the composition of the poem that

“Where Id was, there Ego shall be” (*SE* 22: 80) plays out in the gradual shaping of Ova’s
“psychic-larva” by her mother’s discipline:

There is no liberation
from this inversion
of instinct
making subliminal depredations
on Ova’s brain (147)

The subject’s initial narcissism,

the ego-axis
intoxicates
with the cosmic
proposition of being IT

that is, until

the inconsiderate
competitive brunt
of its similar
informs it
of several millions
‘pulling the same stunt’ (152)

Moreover, the universalized “formulate education” that inserts the subject into normalized forms
of kinship relations ultimately acts in the interests of national ideology:

New Life
when it inserts itself into continuity
is disciplined
by the family
reflection
of national construction
to a proportionate posture
in the civilized scheme (153)

Commentators on the poem especially enjoy the description of Ova’s entrance into
language in the section “Ova Begins to Take Notice.” A fragment of the word *diarrhea*,
murmured by Ova’s nurse and mother over her bassinet, lodges in the child’s mind:

Sometimes a new word comes to her
and she looks before her
and watches
for its materialization
'iarrhea'" (139)

Later, Ova hears them consulting over her diaper:

And in her ear
a half inaudible an
iridescent hush
forms "iarrhea"

"It is
quite green" She hears

The cerebral
mush convolving in her skull
an obsessional colour-fetish (140-1)

Again hearing the beautiful word *iarrhea*, Ova's brain "veers / to the souvenir / of the delirious ball" and then to the "verdigris" "cat's eyes horse-shoe / pinned to a bended bust" of her mother or Nurse, humorously conflating the repeated sound with these attractive verdant objects:

this fragmentary
simultaneity
of ideas
embodies
the word (141)

As Tuma points out, this rather hilarious scene may be Loy's way of "suggesting that her career as an avant-gardist is grounded in new perceptions of the excremental" (196), which I take to mean the emerging discourses about ontogenic development advanced by Freud and Abraham, and later in the decade, by Klein.

I would further point to this section's manifest engagement with Freud's *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, which first saw publication in German in 1920. The English translation was hot of the presses in the summer of 1922 in both London and Vienna, the same summer that Loy

met Freud. Given his intense preoccupation during this period with the implications of his text, especially in terms of the death drive, it would surely not be going too far out on a limb to suggest that Loy might have spoken to Freud about its contents, or perhaps even read it herself. I argue that this suggestion is supported by the ample, if veiled, allusions to the famous *fort/da* scene in “Anglo-Mongrels.”

Freud’s text famously recounts the behavior of a small boy of a year and a half, not yet able to express himself in language and possessing “only a few comprehensible words; he could also make use of a number of sounds which expressed a meaning intelligible to those around him” (*SE* 18: 13). Freud describes a peculiar game that the child enjoyed: he would repeatedly toss his toys out of sight, making a cooing noise as he launched them under the bed or into a corner, a sound his family interpreted as meaning ‘*fort*,’ or ‘gone.’ One day, Freud observed the child throwing a wooden reel with a string attached. He would “hold the reel by the string and very skillfully throw it over the edge of his curtained cot, so that it disappeared into it, at the same time uttering his expressive ‘o-o-o-o’ . He then pulled the reel into the cot again by its string and hailed its reappearance with a joyful ‘*da*’ [‘there’]. This, then, was the complete game—disappearance and return” (13). Freud noted that while the act of disappearing the object was “repeated untiringly” it was the return of the object to which the child attached the most obvious pleasure.

Freud interprets this game as a performance of the child’s “great cultural achievement” that is, his “instinctual renunciation (that is, the renunciation of instinctual satisfaction) which he had made in allowing his mother to go away without protesting. He compensated himself for this, as it were, by himself staging the disappearance and return of the objects within his reach (14). The *fort/da* game also stages how the pre-verbal child, who begins in an overpowering, passive

situation, gradually begins to assume an active role through the repetition of an (admittedly unpleasant) gesture. “These efforts might be put down to an instinct for mastery that was acting independently of whether the memory was in itself pleasurable or not” (15).

Likewise, the preverbal Ova “is at the mercy / of the enigmatical behaviour / around her” (*TLLB* 148) especially that of her distant English Rose of a mother, whose “aura of sub-carnal anger” (147) either overshadows the child or abandons her to her nurses and governesses. As in Freud’s essay, the poem stages the development of Ova’s sense of object permanence with a toy, this time a red ball:

A crimson ball
bouncing
to her spontaneous psalms
of happiness
rolls
into non-being (137)

Conflated again through color, the ball is linked to both a “prismatic sun” (that presumably disappears) and a rose made “out of red thread.” The stanza on this floral embroidery ends with a widely spaced out line—“The red reel rolls”—a spool of red thread slowly rolling away from Ova, not unlike the experience of the *fort/da* child. Moreover, Ova projects her own subjectivity onto these red objects:

Her entity
she projects
into the sudden colours
for self-identification
is lost in recurrent annihilation
with an old desperate unsurprised (137–8)

Ova’s mother and nurse shuttle in and out of her perception, sometimes drawing “near unnaturally” and then receding again into the darkness. As Ova begins to attach her attention to the beloved word *iarrhea*, it is the *lost* object that “embodies the word.” Her

cerebral mush
veers
to the souvenir
of the delirious ball
deleted
in the ivied
dust (141)

The section closes with the child's attempt to rescue the lost object:

And as it vanishes
she crawls into the macabre
 shadowiness
upon the floor
under the white valences
of the furniture
to look for it (142)

The Law intervenes on this exploratory effort, and the final line of the section states, "She is pulled out by her leg" (142). Ova's mother, the Rose, is most certainly an *English* rose, and the restrictions she places upon her child come to be equated with the civilizing repression of Victorian culture. The section of Ova's religious instruction by her mother ends with a decree from the "Oracle of civilisation": "'Thou shalt not live by dream alone / but by every discomfort / that proceedeth out of legislation'" (172).

If there is an implicit critique of psychoanalysis in the poem, it is around this very idea that civilization is built out of the renunciation of instinct. The final section of the poem, "The Social Status of Exodus," gives a radically condensed history of religion "through varying civilizations," beginning with

the aboriginal
muscle-pattern
with its ominously
cruciform completion
[...]
indulged its uniform
imputation

of the image and likeness
of Deity
to satiety (172)

Here, it is possible that Loy is referencing Freud's idea in *Totem and Taboo* that man fashioned his Gods to resemble the forces that overpowered him and gave those Gods the likeness of his absent father. Satiety may well reference the prohibition on eating the totem animal, which represents this relationship to the father spirit, except in ceremony. Freud's argument is that man fashions the forces of nature into gods following not only an infantile prototype, but a phylogenetic one as well (*SE* 21:17). Loy's poem telescopes outward, exploding a narrative of infantile development into a civilizational history of religious investment.

This radically abridged treatment of "theological tinkering" ends with the secular appraisal of Christ, and there is a good case to be made that Loy's extensive discussion of the figure of Christ in the latter part of the poem hides a veiled reference to Freud, as is Tuma's contention. His excellent essay on the poem is one of the most sustained examinations of Loy's relationship with Freudian theory to date, though he acknowledges that he is "less interested in Loy's rejection of Freud (or part of him) than in the enormous respect according to him in this pairing of his influence with Christianity" (185). Tuma argues that Freud and Freudianist discourses of instinct "aid Loy in her struggle to articulate a Christianity opposed to her mother's evangelical Christianity" (184), but ultimately the poem is "critical of Freud and the various discourses of instinct then ascendant on the European intellectual scene" (183).

This argument hinges on a particularly nebulous point in the poem: "there arose another / greater than Jehovah" (173) who trumpets the "concept of a man-made God." While Tuma acknowledges that this figure is "impossibly cryptic," he conjectures that this may be a reference to Freud, who "would insist that God was a projection of human desire and need, an illusion

without a future (Tuma 200). This would seem to me to be supported by the poem's condensation of various Jewish male figures into a single name, Exodus, who is at once Ova's father, God, Jesus, and now possibly Freud.

Tuma is in a unique position to extrapolate the relationship between Loy's understanding of psychoanalysis and her faith, as he is the editor of the posthumously published "Notes on Religion," which Loy composed about twenty years after "Anglo-Mongrels." In these ephemeral notes, Loy eschewed the Victorian Christian insistence on a mind-body dualism, privileging instead Christ as a "mystic who has abandoned all systematic thought, the Christ of the *via negativa*" (Tuma 184). The Christian epistemology she describes is essentially a predetermined eschatology: "Jesus knew that a certain element in human consciousness would inevitably ask where we are going to—towards what we are tending—and presented it with a synopsis of the future" ("Notes" 14). This doctrine was "insanely inadoptable to the entire mass world consciousness"; nevertheless, it would remain a kind of typological "antidote to extinction" to those who have reached the limits of their intellect ("Notes" 14–15).

In this sense, Loy renounces both the Judaism of her father (Exodus in the poem) and the evangelical Christianity of her mother on behalf of what Tuma calls "an experience beyond intellect which she believed to be a direct sensual and intuitive apprehension of divinity" (Tuma 184). While the Freudian endeavor may have given a conceptual language for the rejection of her inherited religion, through its articulation of the instinct (*der Trieb*, or more closely in English 'the drive'), Tuma points to the fact that Freud also instigates the collapse of Christ's utility in the modern era. As describes this affective genealogy in "Notes on Religion": "When it required a savior they nailed up a Christ. When it required a second savior to counteract the effects of the first, Freud was at its service" ("Notes" 15).

Tuma's reading is also supported by the text "Conversion,"³ which, according to Suzanne Hobson, was probably written closer to "Anglo-Mongrels and the Rose" (she dates the fragmentary text between the mid-1920s and 1930s). Here, the structural similarity between the confessional and the space of analytic therapy are made apparent: "The obsessions prescribed by the Holy Church of Rome, are re-edited by the Psychoanalyst. The Fathers and Freud successively established confessionals for neurotics, and it will not be long before they are fitted with domestic appliances" (Loy, *Stories* 227).⁴ After mocking the language of Lawrence's "Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious," Loy concludes that Lawrence's ethical intervention on Freud is too little, too late: "If Freud is not in the pay of the Jesuits, the omission should be immediately remedied" (229). Ultimately, the text suggests that psychoanalysis is something of a pernicious diversion for the artist, whose "aim" is "to miss the Absolute-----the only possible creative gesture." In contrast, the mystic impulse is "to embrace a 'ready-made' in the way of absolutes / And the Absolute in this new mechanised mysticism of the Psycho Analyst is the Unconscious" (228). Loy's conviction seems to be that psychoanalysis is a radically determinist epistemology, antithetical to the creative potentialities of the artist.

"Anglo-Mongrels and the Rose" may also be saying something about the wide diffusion of the mechanized mysticism of psychoanalysis, which Loy likely felt she encountered everywhere she went, be it in Continental Europe, England, or the United States. The Tailor who reveals that God is a man-made illusion, that is, Freud, is a "prestidigitator cutter," a magician of

³ See the introduction for further discussion of this text, especially as an indictment of Lawrence.

⁴ While I do not have the space to explore the correlation at length here, it is worth noting that Loy's discussion of structural parallels between psychoanalytic therapy and Catholic confession is quite close to Michel Foucault's suggestion, over fifty years later, in *The History of Sexuality Vol. 1* that the "clinical codification of the inducement to speak" is one way "of reinscribing the procedure of the confession in a field of scientifically acceptable observations" (65), that is, a disciplinary reinscription of the body's speech within the determinist coordinates of the post-Enlightenment.

sorts, one “who achieves / the unachievable Act of the Apostles” (*TLLB* 174). This unachievable act likely refers to the apostolic mission to reach the entire world with the Gospel in every language; thus Loy may here be obliquely suggesting that the analyst-disciples who preach “under the shears” (174) of Freud had been far more effective in their dissemination of the Father’s teaching than their Catholic counterparts.

Insel and the Limits of Analysis

By the time Loy composed the novel *Insel* in the early thirties, a *roman à clef* about her relationship with Surrealist artist Richard Oelze, European culture was in effect fully saturated with psychoanalytic thinking. Tyrus Miller contends that Loy’s turn from the “fractured lyric and manifesto-like forms” to “relatively straightforward prose” “might suggest an attempt to represent her social context in a more comprehensive and discursive fashion” (Miller, “Everyman” 341-2). Miller considers *Insel* a *Künstlerroman* or artist-novel, a genre that “presupposed a general mythology about the special status of artists and the making of art, cultural values which these novels in turn served to elaborate, reinforce, and extend” (343). If Loy’s autobiographical protagonist-figure, Mrs. Jones “literally embodies the predicaments of the artist during this time” (342), one such predicament is certainly that of the artist in an increasingly psychoanalytic milieu. The novella treats the ecstatic relationship between one Mrs. Jones (Loy) and Insel (Oelze), ecstatic in the sense that Jones often feels a hallucinatory sense of telepathy and mystical sense of self-transcendence while in Insel’s presence.

Despite the obvious religious connotations, Jones’s description of her relationship with Insel is also freighted with the language of psychoanalysis, and can be read to some degree as a commentary on the arrangement of clinical analysis. Before Jones’s wild analysis of Insel even

begins, her aptitude as analyst is broached. The first paragraph of the novel juxtaposes Jones' idle "subconscious" with her "workaday consciousness" (*Insel* 19), the latter being that which must be suppressed for effective analytic listening to the analysand's speech. Insel offers himself to Jones as a magnetic analysand, one who helps to ready her for the therapeutic task at hand while also signaling the tug of the countertransference. As the narrator puts it, "he cleared my recollections of the prejudice for his madness as he sat disseminating in my amusing sitting room a pleasant neutrality, pulling one's sympathies in his direction" (20). The two characters' relationship begins with Jones's failed attempt to write Insel's biography, a project that is immediately undermined by the free associational quality of Insel's discourse: "The strain on this biography would consist in his too facile superposing of separate time—his reminiscences flitted about from one end of his life to the other" (33). Freud's "Recommendations to Physicians Practicing Psycho-analysis" encourages practitioners to withhold all conscious influences in listening to their patient's free associations, never allowing themselves to 'select' important parts of the material in their interpretation. This withholding is facilitated by typical spatial organization of couch and the analyst's chair in the Freudian consulting room: the analysand and analyst do not face one another. Likewise, Jones's attention to Insel's corporeal presence seems to obey a similar kind of discipline: "Whenever his features obtruded on the sight some impulse of the mind would push them out of the way as if one obeyed an implicit appeal not to look at him but rather to give in to the mischievous peace which seemed to enclose him in a sheath" (20). In one of her earliest conversations with Insel, Jones tries to untangle Insel's fears of abandonment and his persistent attachment to key-like objects, both of which punctuate the childhood memories and dreams he recounts. In an unmistakably analytic elucidation, Jones teases out the symbolic condensation back to Insel's father, a *Schlosser* (blacksmith) who made

keys and appears to have left his family destitute. In serving up her analysand this tasty little interpretation, she even goes so far as to invoke Freudian terminology: “Some people are accompanied throughout their career by a *fixation* of their destiny—yours is a key,” she remarks (27, emphasis mine).

At the point in the novel, the psychotherapeutic stakes of the pair’s encounters become even more pronounced, as Jones now refers to their meetings as “sessions” (35). She begins to suspect the veracity of her analysand’s speech, and wonders if he is putting her on: “If he was a lunatic, he was prodigious, dressing up his insanity in another man’s madness” (35). She reads this duplicity as a form of resistance, and decides to abandon the project of writing Insel’s biography.

The novel’s obvious relationship to psychoanalysis is barely mentioned in David Ayer’s survey of Loy’s context, and only so as to make a dig at the Freudian endeavor. According to Ayers, Loy’s narrative “conserves the parallel with Freud by casting the artist as the neutral analyst of his or her own experience, and conceivably allows a role for the artist as the analyst of the experience of others—an analyst who, unlike the Freudian variety, will make no pronouncements about the analysand” (Ayers 237). On this point, I cannot help but wonder if Ayers and I read the same book. What, then, might we make of Mrs. Jones’s worry about whether or not to reveal the psychological ‘truths’ she has uncovered to her patient: “Should I risk an attempt to reveal to Insel those real-essences in Insel?” (116). Or her diagnosis to Insel that his condition was “not pathological – only unprecedented” (117). Or finally, her declaration that “Unquestionably, I had cured him. Here was the ‘normal’ man. An Insel unobsessed” (166). While Mrs. Jones certainly questions both the staying power of this cure as well as the efficacy of their peculiar form of mutual therapeutic engagement, these are not queries outside of the

purview of analysts of “the Freudian variety,” as a quick gander at “Analysis Terminable and Interminable” will certainly demonstrate.

Like an uncertain therapist, Jones is unable to shake her interest in Insel, and with “An urgent telepathy impinging on my mind, I automatically dashed off a card” (*Insel* 35) to resume their sessions. Here, both the language of psychoanalysis as well as that of Surrealism is operating. In her extraordinary afterword, Elizabeth Arnold, the editor of the Black Sparrow edition of *Insel*, argues that the novel can be read as a satirized turn on André Breton’s *Nadja* and a critique of Surrealist misogyny; ultimately it is Loy’s expression of her “indignation at the compromised role the Surrealists assigned to women” (Arnold 186). Some readers of the novel conflate this criticism with a critique of Freud, though as Tuma aptly notes, “To criticize Surrealism, of course, is not the same as criticizing Freud, as the movement from its beginnings was itself critical of Freud, especially of Freud’s failure to recognize instinct and impulse as the ‘mechanism of an avalanche: ultimately, a revolution’ (Tuma 182).

I would argue further that Loy’s treatment of Surrealism cannily displaces the movement’s engagement with the occult, poking fun at the stylized, “magical contrariness” that undergirded Surrealist elitism, and Loy remains wary, as Ayers puts it, of “the movement’s romanticization of madness and incarceration” (Ayers 238). Moreover, and this is a point I have not encountered in the critical literature, Loy’s novel may also be gesturing at Freud’s own fraught engagement with the occult in his work of the twenties and early thirties, spanning from “Psycho-Analysis and Telepathy” (1921) to the lecture on “Dreams and Occultisms” in *The New Introductory Lectures* of 1933.

While the former article was never published during Freud’s lifetime, he certainly could have discussed it with Loy during their meetings in 1922. The paper is animated by Freud’s

worries about the relationship between telepathy (thought-transference) and analytic transference, as Freud fears that if something like telepathy were to be established by objective science, the scientific prospects of psychoanalysis will be endangered. “Psycho-Analysis and Telepathy” is a fascinating document for our purposes, as it begins with the solemn announcement that “We are not destined, so it seems, to devote ourselves quietly to the extension of our science” (*SE* 18: 176). Freud briefly acknowledges the “triumphant repulsion” of two major internal repudiations of psychoanalysis to date: “one of which sought to deny once more what we had brought to light and only offered us in exchange the theme of disavowal” [Adler], while the other tried to persuade us that we had mistaken the nature of what we had found and might with advantage take something else in its place [Jung].” Continuing the martial motif, Freud writes, “scarcely, then, do we feel ourselves safe from these enemies, when another peril has arisen.” This new enemy, the occult, “is something tremendous, something elemental, which threatens not us alone but our enemies, perhaps, still more” (176). Freud not only blames Theosophy and other mystical movements for the surge in interest in occult phenomena, he also cites the discovery of radium and the theory of relativity as unwittingly complicit in a diminished belief in the objectivity of science by the general public (176–7). Sympathy for the occult would seem to go hand-in-hand with interest in psychoanalysis, as both had been marginalized by mainstream science.

Ultimately, however, those who are attracted to the occultism are,

...on the contrary, convinced believers who are looking for confirmation and for something that will justify them in openly confessing their faith. But the faith which they first adopt themselves and then seek to impose on other people is either the old religious faith which has been pushed into the background by science in the course of human development, or another one even closer to the superseded convictions of primitive peoples. Analysts, on the other hand, cannot repudiate their descent from exact science and their community with its representatives. Moved by an extreme distrust of the power of human wishes and of the temptations of the pleasure principle, they are ready, for the sake of

attaining some fragment of objective certainty, to sacrifice everything—the dazzling brilliance of a flawless theory, the exalted consciousness of having achieved a comprehensive view of the universe, and the mental calm brought about by the possession of extensive grounds for expedient and ethical action. In place of all these, they are content with fragmentary pieces of knowledge and with basic hypotheses lacking preciseness and ever open to revision. (178)

Freud thus concludes that psychoanalysts are, and should be, “incorrigible mechanists and materialists,” a conviction that Loy would certainly echo in “Conversion.” Freud encourages practitioners to be “self-disciplined,” avoiding the dangers of attraction to the occult, and ultimately, mystics who use “methods of scientific enquiry only as a ladder to raise them over the head of science” (179). While occultists may be hailed as “liberators from the burden of intellectual bondage” (179) their work is a threat to psychoanalytic epistemology, and Freud concludes by expressing his ambivalence and lack of enthusiasm about the perception that psychoanalysis might be regarded as “savouring of mysticism” (177).

If Freud’s article is ultimately a warning about the cooperation between psychoanalysis and occultism, Loy’s narrative blurs transference and telepathy and oscillates between the language of the clinic and of the séance, perhaps making a larger joke about the coterminous terrain of the two fields. Jones even describes her method as a “willful descent into a forbidden psychology” which seems adequately evocative to support my point (*Insel* 99). The continuing resistance that Insel exhibits to Jones’s therapeutic advances is likened to amateur fortunetelling: “As mediums on becoming professional, obliged to continue an intermittent condition, lapse to the most lamentable dupery, Insel would actually plagiarize his innate mediumistic quality of which he appeared to be but partially conscious” (47). Gradually, the interchange between the two characters becomes ever-more telepathic and hallucinatory: “Either he had a peculiar power of projecting his visualizations or some leak in his psyche enabled you to tap the half formulated

concepts that drifted through his mind: glaucous shades dissolved and deepened into the unreal tides of an ocean without waves” (61).

In many regards, this encounter mirrors the radical identification Jung described in his ‘mutual’ analysis with Gross, especially in the sense that it seems impossible to “stop the leak” (*FJ* 155). Indeed, Mrs. Jones finds herself suddenly possessed of the ability to form a “mental double” of Insel (*Insel* 65). Likewise, he greets her “with the relief of an object which, having fallen apart, should chance upon its other half again” (71). As Jones begins to feel herself dissolving as a result of her peculiar energetic convergence with Insel, the question arises as to who might actually be in the position of the analyst. Mrs. Jones? He certainly appeals to her for diagnostics both psychic and physical; “Do I look any fatter?” he inquired after he had eaten, as if consulting his doctor” (49). Yet at other points, their roles seem to entirely reverse; Insel at one point in the novel is described as attending to Jones’s behavior like “a vindictive psychiatrist” (167).

Moreover, the narrative is candid about the fact that Jones is far from selfless in taking on this particular “case,” as Insel is described in the palliative register as “this lunatic whose essential void I had found so soothing” (171). Insel is a sort of existential balm, “So seldom had I come across *anything* sufficiently *condensed* to satisfy my craving for ‘potted absolute.’ This man sufficed me as representing all the hungry errantry of the human race” (58). While she rather superficially contrives to rid him of his obsession with his own ugliness, she seems to ultimately register that his condition is of a greater ontological value:

“Insel,” I set out determinedly. “You must get over your ugliness—it’s an obsession! That’s not all there is to you—you have some intrinsic quality I have never found in anyone else. It’s difficult to tell you about it because I have no idea

what it is. But it's something so valuable it's one's duty to keep you alive to discover it's nature."

"Several alienists have offered to examine me—regularly—" said Insel, with self-complacence, "twice a week!"

"It's not pathological—only unprecedented. A kind of radio-activity you give off—" (117)

My own readers will surely recall here Freud and Jung's subtle jostling over Gross, who represented a kind of epistemic goldmine. One might also remember the too-quick diagnosis that Jung issued of his patient, perhaps in an effort to seize intellectual priority. Insel suddenly appears to forget his former anxieties that women found him repulsive, and when Mrs. Jones reminds him of that fear, he declares "All of that is changed now." For her part, Mrs. Jones is thrilled with her work: "Quite forgetting my determination to slug him—I glowed with the satisfaction of a successful psychiatrist—'I have cured him of his fixed idea—' I congratulated myself—" (119). Her diagnosis is uncertain, however. In a conversation with Mlle. Alpha, Mrs. Jones confesses: "At first I was indignant with you for launching the opinion that Insel is mad—. Now I am not sure—. It occurs to me that I can't even make out what sanity is" (125). Later, after Jones has "cured" him of his obsession with his unattractive appearance, Insel becomes a regular ladykiller: "I have never known any man to catch so many women. He seemed to be somehow barricaded with women" (169). Confronted with the "blatant lubricity of the normal Insel," (169) that is, a monster of her own making, Jones thinks:

I remember Geronimo⁵ taunting me that I was 'no psychologist.' 'You just walk into a man's brain, seat yourself comfortably in an armchair to take a look around—afterwards, you write down all you have found there,' he had said. Then what the hell in Insel had I 'walked into'? His complaint was true. Nobody saw in him what I saw in him. A kind of consciousness unconscious of its own potency. Even now he was disgusting to the point of revelation" (171).

⁵ Loy's nickname for Giovanni Papini.

Later, as she attempts to parse out Insel's peculiar effect on time and space, she concludes with some futility: "Anyway, it was useless trying to analyze it. This alone was certain" (174).

Loy's text thus problematizes both the analyst's qualifications and the capacity of analysis to achieve anything like a lasting 'cure.' Moreover, as the ultimate untrained or undisciplined analyst, Jones might be seen as a larger commentary on the intelligentsia 'playing psychoanalyst.' The apostolic reach of psychoanalysis, as well as its interpenetration into a variety of academic disciplines, was in part made possible by the movement's initial receptivity to lay practitioners. The third volume of *The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud* contains a fraught chapter on lay analysis, detailing the early years of *Laien-analyse*, the proliferation of wild practices, the main quackery and charlatanry cases, and the controversies between the American and European schools. As Edith Kurzweil points out, while *Laien-analyse* certainly meant "non-medical" psychoanalysis to Freud, "in England [it] could just as readily mean non professional or nonlearned" (53). While Ernest Jones fundamentally disagreed with Freud on this point, believing that the growing divorce of psychoanalysis from medical institutions was to the movement's "practical and theoretical detriment" (*LTSF* 3: 310), he nevertheless remained faithful to Freud's broader outlook on training and protected the rights and interests of lay practitioners in the British School. His chapter presents an extensive catalogue of the prominent early lay analysts in his history of the movement—including Anna Freud, Melanie Klein (who analyzed Jones's two children), Barbara Low, Joan Riveire, and Ella Freeman Sharpe—yet Jones fails to mention how the issue related directly to feminist claims. Marie Bonaparte was perhaps the strongest advocate of lay analysis, as she understood that "non-medical" analysis was a feminist issue precisely because of the structural limitations that prevented women in most countries from attending medical school in the first place. While she acknowledged the need for

a didactic analysis and some sort of formalized psychoanalytic curriculum, she nevertheless saw the relationship between the protection of *Laien-analyse* and the growing population of female professionals in the field.

Loy's varied literary productions certainly traverse much of the same territory as that staked out by early lay analysts, especially the work of Low, Klein, Riveire, Bonaparte, and Sharpe, as well as Otto Rank and Theodor Reik. Even Jones, in his discussion of the problems of lay analysis, recognized the myriad fields such practitioners had access to: "the upbringing and education of children; the significance of artistic endeavor; the vast field of sociology with a more penetrating estimate of the various social institutions, such as marriage, law, religion, and perhaps even government; possibly even the apparently insoluble problems of international relations" (*LTSF* 3: 308). Given this background, it is interesting to suggest, as Gaedtke does, that *Insel* is Loy's own subversive staging of "unorthodox lay analysis" (Gaedtke 152), by a "Jones" no less. It would furthermore be compelling to correlate such lay analysis not only with the increasing epistemological range of the psychoanalytic endeavor, but also with Loy's feminist convictions.

Gaedtke doesn't take this perspective, and his interest in Loy as *Laien-analyst* is concerned with what such a posture might offer to our understanding of the limits of psychoanalytic therapy in terms of the treatment of psychosis, the unsettling of the roles of analyst and analysand, and the 'writing machine' generated by the production of a case study (a term he borrows from Victor Tausk, who was trained in medical neurology before becoming a psychoanalyst). It's a strong claim, but one that does elicit some caveats. From a technical perspective, nothing in *Insel* suggests that Mrs. Jones has undergone any sort of psychoanalytic curriculum or didactic analysis, thus her engagement with *Insel* would more properly be

described as a ‘wild’ analysis. This is not merely a semantic argument; given the strong mesmerist and Christian Science motifs in the novel (Gaedtke mentions the former, but not the latter), one might argue that Loy’s engagement with psychoanalytic concepts in the novel might have more to do with the attitude of psychoanalysts toward her chosen faith than any particular convictions she may have had about the psychoanalytic treatment of psychosis. Peter Gay notes that the proliferation of wild psychoanalytic practices (both in the United States and in Continental expatriate communities) was linked directly to the diffusion of new religious practices in the 1920s. “As one prominent American psychoanalyst, Smith Ely Jelliffe, told Ernest Jones in 1927, ‘The many ‘cults,’ like ‘Christian Science, Mental Healing, Couéism, and innumerable other aspects of pseudo-medical practices,’ would never have become so prominent ‘if the ‘doctor’ had been on the job’” (qtd. in Gay 494).

The primary allusion to Christian Science in the novel comes from the repeated references to Insel’s magnetism and emission of communicative and attractive *Strahlen* [‘rays’]. While insisting on the “psychic rather than the object world as the preferred domain of *Insel*” (231), David Ayers nevertheless situates the text’s central concern with healing in the domain of Christian Science. Ayers rightly notes that Loy’s relationship to Christian Science presents a difficulty to her commentators, as “her commitment to the beliefs of the movement is not well documented” (222). Likewise, Ayers builds a bridge between Loy’s faith in Mary Baker Eddy’s new religion and the essentially mesmerist practices of Eddy’s own healer, Phineas P. Quimby (222), and as such provides a compelling religious rubric for the “occult reverberations” of *Insel*’s “loosely synthesized vocabulary of electricity, magnetism, radioactivity, energy, vibration, and aura” (226). This troubles Gaedtke’s largely materialist account of the

development of mesmerism into psychiatry, one that does not gesture at the complicated, and often confounding, role of Christian Science in Loy's oeuvre.⁶

Miller interprets the sequential description of Insel's *Strahlen* in Benjaminian terms of the technological loss of the aura of the work of art. Gaedtke also takes a materialist line on the transmission of rays between Jones and Insel, arguing that Loy was deploying both a commentary on contemporary technological innovation as well as of discourses of psychotherapy. Peculiarly, neither Miller nor Gaedtke mention arguably the most pronounced discussion of *Strahlen* and psychosis in the modernist repertoire, those of judge Daniel Paul Schreber, whose memoir *Denkwürdigkeiten eines Nervenkranken* (1903) traversed the psychotic fantasy that miraculous *Gottesstrahlen* ['rays of God'] were gradually turning the author into a woman. Miller and Gaedtke do not to engage Schreber's text or Freud's subsequent applied psychoanalytic treatment of the memoirs in the 1911 *Psychoanalytische Bemerkungen Über Einen Autobiographisch Beschriebenen Fall von Paranoia (Dementia Paranoides)*, an omission that seems bizarre to any student of psychoanalytic history, as *Strahlen* is nearly synonymous with Schreber in a post-Freudian modernity. Moreover, as Eric Santner argues, Schreber's *Memoirs* might be read as itself a critique of therapeutic authority, "the story of the catastrophic

⁶ Ayer's discussion of the novel's "contexts" assesses *Insel* against Christian Science doctrine and mesmerist practice, Wyndham's Lewis's artistic postures, Oelze's paintings, the legacies of Surrealism and Benjamin's reading of that movement, Gilles Deleuze's work on Lewis Carroll Stoicism, and, finally, a "model [of] gender difference in the very realm of selfhood." This ostensibly "systematic" evaluation is eventually frustrated by the text's supposed 'nebulosness' and 'lack of specificity.' Ayers concludes that "*Insel* is a fine work and worth attention. While it proposes a loose system of ideas and images, it was never intended to be as systematic as this study has been" (244–5). This is, frankly, as bizarre a way of describing a novel's 'intentionality' as I have encountered. Though it is likely not *his* intention, Ayer's 'systematic' assessment of the novel—a book that was the outcome of three decades of writing and revision from the early thirties until Loy unsuccessfully sought to publish it in 1961—seems to perversely devalue what seems to me a tightly-woven text.

effects that ensue when a trusted figure of authority exercises a surplus of power exceeding the symbolic pact on which that authority is based” (Santner 37).

One possible explanation for the elision is that Miller and Gaedtke’s arguments about Loy’s materialist critique depend on the advent of technological innovations more than the evolution of the psychoanalytic vocabulary. Miller’s argument hinges primarily on visual media and the development of the photographic and cinematic image, technologies that were well-established by the time Schreber was writing in 1903 (film stock for motion pictures was available as early as 1889). Gaedtke also focuses on Loy’s technological metaphors of Mrs. Jones as a form of “photographic film capturing and recording [Insel’s] auratic rays,” but adds to the mix the fact that Jones is at other points like “a radio receiver for his transmissions.” Gaedtke’s point here, which he draws from media theorist Friedrich Kittler, is that Loy “transposed” various mediatic forms into narrative, thus demonstrating that both the vocabularies of psychoanalysis and the technological “are mutually imbricated in a historical syncretism of discourses.” The mind then becomes “simply another technological medium (alongside print, radio, cinema) for the transfer of information” (Gaedtke 159).

It’s a clever argument, one that at first glance I will admit I might have wished I had made myself. Effectively bookending Freud, Gaedtke presents a smart conflation of modern communication technologies and the Mesmerist prehistory of modern psychiatry. Here, Gaedtke owes some debt to Wolfgang Hagen, whose *Radio Schreber* also plumbs the Spiritualist background of Schreber and Freud’s work while engaging with the advent of radio transmission. One of Schreber’s sustained hallucinations was that the soul of his psychiatrist, Paul Flechsig, was persecuting him through a form of somatic “nerve-language.” A peculiar aspect of this hallucinated discourse is that the soul would replace supernatural terms with more “modern-

sounding and therefore almost ridiculous terms,” a form of posturing that Dr. Flechsig the psychiatrist may have been guilty of himself. Thus the Flechsig-soul assigned to the “fleeting improvised men” that Schreber encountered in public spaces the archeological term “fossils,” and said that the “mutual attraction of rays and nerves” in their somatic-language adhered to the “principle of light-telegraphy,” a piece of techno-jargon of the first order (Schreber 116).

Hagen links the strange expression “light-telegraphy” with radio, a move which would have made for an all-too-convenient bridge between the “vibrations” of Schreber’s nerves and the “network of vibrational force” (*Insel* 56) that Mrs. Jones attributes to the artist. For instance, when Jones attempts to wrest Insel from the filthy suit he has been continuously wearing for over five years, he writhes “in a bitter determination to protect his own.” It occurs suddenly to Jones that he might believe that laundering his clothes may disrupt their hallucinatory light-telegraphy and Insel’s own galvanization: “‘Are you afraid,’ I asked, in a sudden concern for his ‘rays,’ ‘that it would interfere with your *Strahlen*?—I’m not going to wash it. You can’t short-circuit” (108). The electrical current here is clear, as is the old cliché about dropping the radio in the bathtub. Likewise, Miller cannily points out the merging of the auditory with the visual in Loy’s punning deployment of the adjective *aural* to describe Insel’s “intangible aural matter” (*Insel* 64), both for the word’s explicit denotation of *hearing* as well as its semantic proximity to *aura*. As Miller puts it, “Insel would seem to personify an inter-transparency of word and image which, properly ‘developed,’ [Miller’s point is, after all, about film] would overthrow the limits of the senses and represent no less than a total revolution in artistic language” (351). I will only gesture now at the fact that the “inter-transparency of word and image” has a long history in psychoanalytic conversations about word/thing presentation, a history that may have indeed supplanted this particular point.

But as Zvi Lothane rightly points out, equating the *Flechsigsseelen* light-telegraphy with radio is Hagen's own delusional fantasy, as Schreber neither used the word "radio" nor would it have been chronologically appropriate to do so, for the first radio transmission did not take place until 1906 (Lothane 13–4). Moreover, "Schreber's rays (*Strahlen*) were not machine influences but emanations from God that, as he explained, alternated between ruining and restoring his bodily integrity" (14). Lothane also makes the astute note that *Strahlen* also had the connotation of *Seelen* ['souls'] in Schreber's account, and "here the puzzle was the hypnotic-suggestive power of one person over another, e.g. Felchsig's power over [Schreber]" (14).

Insel also conflates *Strahlen* with *Seelen*, and in a manner that overlays the dynamic of transference with one of transcendence:

Insel consecrated our spontaneous comradeship with his tom-tom reiterations of how he delighted to talk to me, and I, nonplussed, would hazily inquire, "What about?" I kept on naming him to myself. "*Die nackte Seele*," and again, "*Die nackte Seele*." It seemed quite fortuitous that sitting beside him I should feel I was up against "the naked soul." Practically anything might substitute in my consciousness for a man, who, however long I looked at him I could never entirely "put together." (70)⁷

The fragmented subjectivity presented in this passage can only be reassembled, it seems, though a radical upheaval of the world as we know it. Schreber's narrative shares with *Insel* this eschatological tenor. Schreber achieves a sense of harmony with God following "a conviction that the world had come to an end and that the self alone survived" (*SE* 12: 72). As Michael Eigen understands it, Freud read this "caesura" in Schreber's narrative "as the withdrawal of

⁷ *Die nackte Seele* is the counterpoint to *die schöne Seele*. In Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*, the beautiful soul "does not possess the power to renounce the knowledge of itself which it keeps to itself, it cannot attain to an identity with the consciousness it has repulsed, nor therefore to a vision of the unity of itself in the other, cannot attain to an objective existence... lacking an *actual* existence, entangled in the contradiction between its pure self and the necessity of that self to externalize itself and change itself into actual existence... conscious of this contradiction in its unreconciled immediacy, is disordered to the point of madness, and wastes itself in yearning and pines away in consumption" (406–7).

libido from objects to ego, expressed in a sense of world destruction and megalomania. He took Schreber's consequent messianic vision to be an attempt at recovering the lost object-world in a new key." The hallucinatory delusions marked the return of the libido, which could express the latent love wishes that were masked by Schreber's sense of persecution (Eigen 262–263). Like Freud, Jones treats Insel's psychic life in terms of the hallucinatory co-imbrication of libido and obsessive repetition. Jones describes the stories that Insel relates about his lesbian ex-girlfriend or the magnetic rays the he emits to attract the opposite sex as "repeated over and over, becoming autohypnotic, attain[ing] to faith in each retelling, these stories grew vaster, lasted longer, reaching farther into a kind of absolute of confidence. As if with incantation he must summon up his past because some unimaginable impediment withheld the present and the future from him." As in Freud's interpretation of Schreber, this megalomania is apocalyptic in its temporality: "His mind besieged the barred outlet of today-into-tomorrow in an effort to break it down and gather fresh material, but on finding itself impotent revoked to memory, dilating his souvenirs until for him the story of the universe was blotted out by the gigantism of his meager individual experience." Insel's resistance is finally an ego-preservative rechanneling of libidinal energy: "So surely it was an exquisite nucleus that in his somewhat comatose exaltation he struggled to save" (*Insel* 67–8).

How then can this struggle be narrativized, either as novel or psychoanalytic text? Gaedtke cannily points to how *Insel* reconfigures both the clinical relationship and the ethical status of the case study. As he argues, "the Jones-Insel rapport becomes a machine of writing whose end product may not be the patient's relief, but rather a document freighted with cultural and professional capital: a case study" (Gaedtke 152). Gaedtke thus locates *Insel's* ethical critique at two points: first, "the violence that might inhere in the asymmetrical relation between

doctor and patient” is addressed through the “unorthodox rearrangement of the therapeutic roles of doctor and patient” (152); second, “the subordination of the patient’s interests to the clinical writing that is then produced,” is intervened upon through “an alternative understanding of authorship of the document that will record the progress of the relationship” (152). Despite his omission of Schreber, Gaedtke points to Freud’s own frustrations with psychotics and the fraught history to follow of the application of psychoanalytic therapy to psychosis, ultimately suggesting that Jones’s ability to “tune in” to Insel’s hallucinatory *Strahlen* is a clinical fantasy of analytic omnipotence.

Gaedtke thus claims that Jones has lived out the impossible fantasy of every analyst, achieving “precisely that which endlessly frustrated the father of psychoanalysis, at one point she even declares that she has ‘superceded Freud’” (152). It would be a compelling argument, but for the fact that Jones only ‘declares’ such a triumph with utterly ironic derision. The scene develops as follows: Insel visits Jones’s apartment during a chaotic moment, as she is directing packers for a move and her belongings are suggestively strewn about. Insel is furious, “Cavilling and bilious, whenever he caught sight of me he hardly refrained from spitting. Our relative positions entirely reversed, I had become for him a strange specimen, to whose slightest gesture he pinned an attention like that of a vindictive psychiatrist” (*Insel* 166). As he invasively surveys her things, Insel fastens his attention to the materials she has assembled for one of her decorative lampshades, among them a set of shocking pink identification tags for pigeons. “‘Ha-ha!’ he neighed irately, ‘I find little ‘still life’ in this flat. It would surely be of greatest interest to Freud’” (166). Jones is astounded by his vitriol, reflecting, “Out of this harmless even pretty object an ignorant bully had constructed for me, according to his own conceptions, a libido threaded with some viciousness impossible to construe” (167). Dismayed, she reflects, “We had,

in our ‘timeless conversation,’ with Insel’s concurrence in my ‘wonderful ideas,’ superseded Freud. I must always have known he had never the slightest idea of what I was talking about—yet only now did this fact appear as negatory” (167). The scare quotes around ‘timeless conversation’ and ‘wonderful ideas’ are in Loy’s text, and to this reader indicate a fundamental cynicism about actual intersubjective *exchange* between the two characters: it seems here neither timeless, nor wonderful, nor particularly transcendental of the Freudian affair.

If the analytic-cum-spiritualist encounter between Jones and Insel is ultimately a failure—having depleted one another, the narrative concludes with the characters girding their own narcissistic ego-enclosures—this failure is perhaps suggestive of Loy’s perception of the limits of clinical transference in accessing the transpersonal self. Assagioli, in a 1974 interview, describes the emphasis in Psychosynthesis on the “higher unconscious” and development of a “transpersonal self”:

In one of his letters Freud said, “I am interested only in the basement of the human being.” Psychosynthesis is interested in the whole building. We try to build an elevator which will allow a person access to every level of his personality. After all, a building with only a basement is very limited. We want to open up the terrace where you can sun-bathe or look at the stars. Our concern is the synthesis of all areas of the personality. That means Psychosynthesis is holistic, global and inclusive. It is not against psychoanalysis or even behavior modification but it insists that the needs for meaning, for higher values, for a spiritual life, are as real as biological or social needs. We deny that there are any isolated human problems. (Keen)

Loy would echo this architectural metaphor in meditations on morality that were located in her papers and chosen for a reading at her funeral in the fall of 1966. Burke’s biography ends with a citation from these musings: “We are but a ramshackle edifice around an external exaltation, a building in which the moralities are flight of stairs whose bases dissolve in the wake of our ascension” (qtd. in Burke 440). The entry questions if Life has “escaped us while we essayed to

reason it out,” perhaps the most poetic critique Loy could offer on the psychoanalytic endeavor, whose impulses she obviously knew well.

CONCLUSION

Oedipal Rot: The Post-Structural Appropriation of Modernist Obloquy

In a 1972 roundtable discussion of *L'anti-Oedipe*, published in France the same year to much acclaim and indignation, authors Félix Guattari and Gilles Deleuze note that their book might be too serious for their imagined militant reader. Guattari states, with some resignation, that the book is still “too intimidating,” and that theoretical work of this nature should not be reserved for specialists: “A theory’s desire and its statements should stick as closely as possible to the event and to the collective enunciation of the masses” (*Chaosophy* 71). Deleuze, perhaps somewhat in jest, locates the ideal addressee of their text as a person “now between 7 and 15 years old,” while acknowledging that this addressee remains merely ‘ideal.’ In point of fact, the text remains “too difficult, too cultivated, and makes too many compromises” for such a reader. Speaking on behalf of both authors, Deleuze retrospectively sums up the product of their five-year collaboration as follows:

We have not been able to be direct enough, clear enough. Nevertheless, I must say that the first chapter, which has seemed difficult to many favorable readers, does not require any prior knowledge. In any case, if a book responds to a desire, it is insofar as there are already a lot of people who can’t stand a current type of discourse. It helps refocus a lot of efforts, and make[s] works or desires resonate. In short, a book can only respond to a desire politically, outside the book. For example, an association of angry users of psychoanalysis wouldn’t be a bad place to start. (75)

This dissertation took up the question of an earlier, but equally vehement anger towards psychoanalytic discourse, asking if there is a particular form that the repudiation of psychoanalysis takes in modernity. In my closing remarks, I would now like to ask if the

modernist obloquy against psychoanalysis could be seen to then directly influence the shape of Deleuze and Guattari's project.¹

Deleuze's remarks on the ideal reader reflect a disavowal of the highly stratified academic discourse that his texts in some ways helped inaugurate. Those idealized adolescent and teenage laypeople—mad as they might be at their therapists—might nevertheless contradict Deleuze's supposition that the first chapter "Les machines désirantes" presumes no prior knowledge or understanding. That chapter alone assumes relative fluency in (among other things) both the first and second Freudian topographies, Marxist theories of production, distribution, and consumption, social anthropology, and Anglophone and Continental avant-gardism. The works of Samuel Beckett, Antonin Artaud, Maurice Blanchot, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Franz Kafka, Raymond Roussel, Alfred Jarry, Henry Miller, and Edgar Allen Poe are referenced, as are Immanuel Kant, Frederic Nietzsche, and Michel Foucault. A veritable history of clinical psychiatry and psychoanalytic theory is summoned, with Emil Kraepelin, Eugen Bleuler, Gaëtan Gatian de Clérambault, Ludwig Binswanger, Melanie Klein, Wilhelm Reich, Wilfred Bion, Jacques Lacan, and Jean Oury all making appearances in addition to Freud. In articulating the foundations of its 'materialist psychiatry,' the chapter conducts a sustained reading of the case of Daniel Paul Schreber, discussing both the judge's memoirs and Freud's 1911 monograph on *dementia paranoïdes*. In short, of all descriptions one could formulate of the first chapter of *L'anti-Oedipe*, the supposition that it "requires no prior knowledge" is perhaps

¹ Both Bradley Buchanan and Fiona Becket's studies of Lawrence discuss briefly the centrality of his work to Deleuze and Guattari's project, though neither elaborate on the seeming tension between the proto-fascist Lawrence and the anti-fascist aims of *L'anti-Oedipe*, nor is there an attempt made (as here) to point to the formal parallels between these authors.

the most laughable, and it certainly should have come as no surprise to the authors that many “favorable” readers found it challenging to read.

In spite of his seeming obtuseness as to the real dimensions of his reading public, Deleuze nevertheless articulates something quite fascinating in the statement above regarding the book as a response to a political exigency, that is, a collective desire located outside of itself. Deleuze describes a desire rising out of an unbearable tension, an inability to tolerate a certain type of discourse any further. Not insignificantly, it is precisely the discourse of psychoanalysis that is intolerable, the exigency of this book arising from an angry mob of dissatisfied “users.”

I have argued that the exigency that Deleuze rather nebulously describes here as a choleric desire to repudiate psychoanalysis originates in the earliest interface between clinical psychoanalytic circles and the enterprise of literary modernism. Tracing modernist literary repudiations of the Freudian apparatus—and how such repudiations mirror simultaneous epistemological debates among psychoanalysts as they attempted to situate analytic interpretation between determinism and hermeneutics—this dissertation has attempted to provide a kind of obverse history of the forms of modernist repudiation of psychoanalysis, both on and off the couch.

Anti-Oedipal Lawrence

Among the profusion of thinkers mentioned in “*Les machines désirantes*,” many of whom might be characterized as dissatisfied with psychoanalysis, one stands out for both what we might call his originary anger towards psychoanalysis as well as his rhetorical deployment in Deleuze and Guattari’s book. While he is announced along with many other British and American modernist authors throughout “*Les machines désirantes*,” it is Lawrence who occupies

the crest of the chapter's rising paroxysm, and not in the vehicle most familiar to most readers of his fiction in the sixties and seventies. Deleuze and Guattari write,

Let us remember, and not forget, Lawrence's reaction to psychoanalysis. For Lawrence, at least, his reluctance came not from terror at the discovery of sexuality. But he had the impression, the pure impression [*pure impression*], that psychoanalysis was in the process of shutting up sexuality in a bizarre box with bourgeois ornaments, in a sort of quite disgusting artificial triangle, that suffocated the whole of sexuality as the production of desire so as to reframe it in a new style as a "dirty little secret," [« *sale petit secret* »] the dirty little family secret, an intimate theatre in the place of the fantastic factory of Nature and Production. He had the impression that sex had more strength or potentiality. And maybe psychoanalysis itself arrived at "disinfecting the dirty little secret," [« *désinfecter le sale petit secret* »] but it was not better for that, the poor and dirty secret of Oedipus-modern tyrant. (*L'anti-Oedipe* 58, translation mine)²

"[S]ale petit secret" appears in guillemets in the original French text of *L'anti-Oedipe*, as does "désinfecter le sale petit secret" a few lines further in the passage. Following proper adjectival procedure, the English "dirty little secret" would have been grammatically translated into French as "petit secret sale," thus Deleuze and Guattari's curiously ungrammatical structuring of "petit sale" makes this unmistakably a reference to the phrase Lawrence repeats again and again throughout his 1929 essay "Pornography and Obscenity." Likewise, the expression "to disinfect the dirty little secret" comes directly from the same posthumously published Lawrence essay, not in a reference to psychoanalysis, but rather to the work of Marie Stopes (1880–1958), a British paleobotanist and women's right activist who opened the first birth control clinic in London in 1921.³ Lawrence accuses Stopes of "being wise and scientific in the serious and earnest manner

² In most cases, I will use the Robert Hurley et al. translation of *L'anti-Oedipe* and Brian Massumi's translation of *Mille plateaux* for English language citations. In this case, however, a significant issue in the Hurley translation led to my decision to translate the passage directly. Future issues with the translation will be marked accordingly.

³ Lawrence was likely responding to the popularity of Stopes's texts *Married Love* and *Wise Parenthood*, both published in 1918. These pragmatic texts foregrounded birth control and family planning in their description of the ideal marriage. To the twenty-first century reader, however, Lawrence's attack reads as crypto-misogynist, especially given the dismal situation of working-class and poor British women in the teens. Activists like Stopes and Margaret Sanger accomplished tremendous reform work. It is certainly an odd moment for the supposedly feminist

you kill sex altogether with too much seriousness and intellect, or else leave it a miserable disinfected secret” (*Phoenix* 182).

Earlier in the passage from *L’anti-Oedipe*, the American translators made the peculiar decision to translate the phrase “pure impression” as “purely instinctive impression,” perhaps in an attempt to suggest an essential irrationality to Lawrence’s insight not made explicit in the original French text. Lawrence’s psychologic texts are not directly cited in the limited footnotes to the first chapter of Deleuze and Guattari’s original French text, though they are the obvious nodal point of the passage above. I trouble this momentary interpolation on the part of the translators precisely because “pure impression” was key to both Lawrence and his French enthusiasts in how they came to understand—and translate into experimental texts—the category of lived experience.

Paul Sheenan’s work on antihumanism and modernism isolates a central aporia that lies beneath our knowledge of the human: “the more we know about it, the more it slides from our grasp” (21). Following Paul Ricoeur’s suggestion in *Time and Narrative* that key aspects of “lived experience” are lost in process of sustained analysis, Sheenan argues that many modernists—Lawrence among them—deal with the problem of tracking lived experience precisely through narrative experimentation. According to Sheenan’s account, the modernist novel not only attempts to break free of narrative convention, but in the process also seeks “release from the grip of the humanistic discourse of Victorian liberalism.” This liberation experiment that can be tracked in various categories of the inhuman—the animal, mechanical, and transcendent—that punctuate the modernist novels of Conrad, Lawrence, Woolf, and

Deleuze and Guattari to pull from the Lawrentian oeuvre, and speaks to the odd deployment of “Pornography and Obscenity” throughout *L’anti-Oedipe*. For another treatment of the interface between Stopes and modernism, see Peppis.

Beckett. It is not a coincidence, then, that many of the becomings accredited to Lawrence in Deleuze and Guattari's work—becomings that evade the task of sustained analysis and instead enact something different—are precisely becomings-inhuman (becoming-tortoise and becoming-God).

Despite the American translators' laudable attempts to repair Deleuze and Guattari's abysmal citational procedure, the psychologic texts do not appear in the American endnotes to this passage, nor does either the French or English text cite the essay "Pornography and Obscenity." In the latter text, Lawrence's description of the "dirty little secret" was perhaps even filthier than the intimate theatre of family life accredited to it by Deleuze and Guattari. Written after two decades of suppression and censorship, Lawrence's essay describes pornography—in direct contrast to his own treatment of the erotic—as "the attempt to insult sex, to do dirt on it" (*Phoenix* 175). Always the proto-psychobiologist, Lawrence reasons that the "sex functions and the excrementory functions in the human body work so close together, yet they are, so to speak utterly different in direction." "Sex is a creative flow," he informs us, whereas "the excrementory flow is towards dissolution, de-creation." Projecting back to a primordial subjectivity, a sort of ontogenetic "fantasy of the first order," to borrow Al-Kassim's formulation, Lawrence writes that in "the really healthy human being, the distinction between the two [flows] is instant, our profoundest instincts are perhaps our instincts of opposition between the two flows" (176). We can assume that Lawrence believed that this "really healthy human being" has nothing to do with the developmental account Freud and Abraham give of the neurotic muck of anal-fixations and feces-gifts that so troubled him at the beginning of the decade.

Strangely, it is not then psychoanalytic theories of infantile object relations in the teens and twenties that cloud the waters in this particular Lawrence essay. Rather, Lawrence targets

sex-hatred inherited from the nineteenth century, which “coupled with the yellow disease of dirt-lust,” results in the deep degradation of the human being. “The deep instincts have gone dead, and then the two flows become identical.” *This*, Lawrence informs us (in italics no less),

*This is the secret of the really vulgar and pornographical people: the sex flow and the excrement flow is the same to them. It happens when the psyche deteriorates, and the profound controlling instincts collapse. Then sex is dirt and dirt is sex, and sexual excitement becomes a playing with dirt, and any sign of sex in a woman becomes a show of her dirt. This is the condition of the common, vulgar human being whose name is legion, and who lifts his voice and it is the *Vox populi, vox Dei*. And this is the source of all pornography. (176)*

Lawrence, it seems, takes a very different view of popular audiences who raise their voices than the French Anglophiles who quote his essay forty years later. “Pornography and Obscenity” is a scathing indictment of popular film and literature to which the censor turns a blind eye, thus promoting, in Lawrence’s view, a veritable epidemic of masturbation in the young people who consume this popular media. Lawrence’s “dirty little secret” is fully corporeal, metonymically inscribed on the bodies of the mob: “a kind of hidden sore or inflammation which, when rubbed or scratched, gives off sharp thrills that seem delicious. So the dirty little secret is rubbed and scratched more and more, till it becomes more and more secretly inflamed, and the nervous and psychic health of the individual is more and more impaired” (177). The elder censors, those grey-haired guardians come down from the nineteenth century, encourage masturbation-crazed youth to “abandon all modesty, so long as you hug your dirty little secret” (177).

These “grey ones elderly ones,” with their “grey self-importance” and their “grey disease of sex-hatred” (183, 175, and 176) also make a rather cryptic appearance in Deleuze and Guattari. The final chapter of *L’anti-Oedipe*, “Introduction à la schizo-analyse,” argues that sexual repression in a variety of disguises will continue to survive as long as “the narcissistic, Oedipal, and castrating co-ordinates” of psychoanalysis still operate, and this is *le triomphe des*

plus rigoureux censeurs, les bonhommes gris parlait Lawrence [“the triumph of the most rigorous censors, the grey gentlemen spoken of by Lawrence”] (*L’anti-Oedipe* 420, translation mine). Likewise, both *L’anti-Oedipe* and *Mille plateaux*, the second text in the Capitalism and Schizophrenia project, are as populated by Lawrence’s psychoanalytic priests as they are by his grey-haired censors. Deleuze and Guattari mimic the naïve postures that their modernist forebear assumed in his description of the discipline: “Psychoanalysis becomes the training ground for a new kind of priest, the director of bad conscience: bad conscience has made us sick, but that is what will cure us!” (*Anti-Oedipus* 332). *Mille plateaux* makes clear the dimensions of this *pharmakon*: “The discovery of the psychoanalyst-priests (a discovery that every kind of priest or seer made in their time) was that interpretation had to be subordinated to signification, to the point that the signifier would impart no signified without the signified reimpacting signifier in its turn” (*Thousand* 114). Interpretation becomes infinite, and “never encounters anything to interpret that is not already itself an interpretation” (114). The double bind situation is here rendered an infinitely extensible, paranoiac, hyperbolicism of analysis.

Deleuze and Guattari were not wrong, of course, to link the dirty little secret to the psychoanalytic enterprise. In the psychologic texts of the early twenties, Lawrence had indeed attributed the confusion of sex and excrement to the psychoanalytic account of ontogenesis. At the beginning of the decade, the *Vox populi* Lawrence feared most emanated from those who adhered to psychoanalytic pseudo-science. To be clear, however: “Pornography and Obscenity” was written nearly a decade after Lawrence’s most forceful attack on psychoanalysis, and in it makes no reference to or claims against the Freudian apparatus. Lawrence’s target is rather the so-called scientific “idealists” like Stopes, and the emancipated young bohemians who “swank most about sex,” but are nevertheless “still enclosed in the vicious circle of self-conscious

masturbation” (“Pornography” 184). Deleuze and Guattari’s insistent deployment of Lawrence’s dirty little secret trope—with its inflamed supposition of mass degeneracy in the ostensibly progressive classes—is then rather curious on that count. What are we to make of Deleuze and Guattari’s projection of the phrase onto Lawrence’s critique of psychoanalysis in the late teens and early twenties, where it is entirely absent? Why the utter citational elision of “Pornography and Obscenity” from any version of *L’anti-Oedipe*? And moreover, what are we to make of Lawrence’s own recycling of the trope of “little horrors spawned between sex and excrement”—first as an indictment of psychoanalytic pregenital theories of the libido, and only later standing in for an all-too-adult degradation and hatred of sex?

Rather ironically, “Pornography and Obscenity” includes one of the more sympathetic statements Lawrence made on record toward psychoanalysis, though the Freudian revolution is of course not explicitly credited with any particular insight. In his discussion of authorial intention as it relates to the charge of obscenity, Lawrence writes, “It is the old vexed question of intention, become so dull today, when we know how strong and influential our unconscious intentions are.” Lawrence questions whether a man should be held culpable only for his conscious intentions, “since every man is more made up of unconscious intentions than of conscious ones.” “I am what I am,” Lawrence muses, “not merely what I think I am” (173). After years of doing battle with both the clinical institution of psychoanalysis as well as its forays into applied literary criticism, Lawrence appears to be laying down his sword. Freud’s famous statement in “A Difficulty in the Path of Psycho-Analysis”—“the ego is not the master in its own house” (*SE XVII*: 143)—reverberates loudly in Lawrence’s comments, and Deleuze and Guattari perhaps rightly realized that “Pornography and Obscenity” might not be the text to reference in

citing Lawrence's originary contribution to the repudiation of psychoanalysis.⁴

Clinical foundations in institutional psychotherapy

In 1957, a young Félix Guattari joined the La Borde clinic run by Jean Oury. Guattari's directorial residency at the facility lasted for nearly a decade. François Dosse's excellent double biography, *Gilles Deleuze & Félix Guattari: Intersecting Lives*, gives us a window into the environment at La Borde, an experience that was formative in Guattari's later repudiation of Freudian psychoanalysis with Deleuze. A site of radical experimentation in liberalized psychiatry, La Borde operated on the idea that dehierarchization between patients, staff, and psychiatrists would draw out psychotics and create a dynamic community instead of a sterile, alienating hospital. Guattari immediately founded the Daily Activities Commission, which carefully assigned the work schedules of the staff on a monthly grid. Dosse interviewed many of the former La Borde employees, one of whom recounted: "Félix really liked declassifying people, like having a doctor come work in the office. He had the psychologists doing the dishes" (qtd. in Dosse 56). Guattari ran the grid with a dictatorial furor: "those who were subjected to the work assignments typically overinterpreted them; they saw the grid as a way for Guattari to attack and test this or that inhibition or phobia" (57). Nevertheless, this de-hierarchized arrangement caused a fair amount of confusion and debate, especially over the administration of medicine and the appropriate levels of compensation. While some of the resulting arrangements may be exaggerated—"Another woman who leads patients to the chicken coop! A washerwoman monitoring the insulin!" (58)—Dosse's lively account illustrates how the tenets of Oury's

⁴ Nor, for that matter, in asserting Lawrence's anti-humanism against a humanist Freud, as does Buchanan in *Oedipus Against Freud*.

“institutional psychotherapy” were practiced at La Borde. “Spatial permeability, freedom of movement, a critique of professional roles and qualifications, institutional flexibility, and the need for a patient’s therapy club” (44) were joined by the countercultural mood of the sixties, punctuated of course, by internal feuds, alliances, and romances.

Outside of the clinic, Oury and Guattari were leading participants in the Society for Institutional Psychotherapy [SIP], which gathered together leading clinical practitioners outside of their home institutions. According to Dosse, the field of institutional psychotherapy was defined by two assumptions: (1) “mentally ill patients could only be treated in an institution that had reflected on how it operated itself,” and (2) “psychosis could not be treated by any supposedly direct access to a strictly individual, socially disconnected pathology, an approach that reduced treatment to a simple interaction between two individuals: the patient and doctor” (60). The conceptual debt of the SIP to a figure like Gross will hopefully be evident to my readers.

To break up the ‘monadology’ of the doctor/patient, to borrow Laplanche’s term, as well as the internal hierarchies that could be generated in therapy groups, Guattari proposed the notion of “transversality” in essays that would be later collected in 1972 as *Psychanalyse et transversalité: essais d'analyse institutionnelle*. Analogizing “the way meaning slips for psychotics and the mechanism of growing social discord,” Guattari systematized the opposition between subject-groups and subjected groups (62) in an attempt to define micropolitical modes of intervention. Guattari in effect challenged both vertical and horizontal organizations that created binaries of any kind, suggesting that a kind of “transversal” was the only way to access a group’s unconscious subject. As he would later frame it, “this would involve an invitation to all parties and groups concerned, in accordance with the appropriate modalities, to participate in the

activity of creating models that touch on their lives” (*Soft* 174). One might recall here, of course, Ferenczi’s early work in mutual analysis, and more importantly, Burrow’s de-hierarchized groups. Guattari explicitly links this kind of a therapeutic posture to social movements at large. Throughout his work with the SIP, Guattari was also continuing his political activism, rejecting theories that would compartmentalize the individual and society; as he put it in 1983, “In my view, the singular and collective dimensions always tend to merge. If one refuses to situate a problem in its political and micropolitical context, one ends up sterilizing its impact of truth” (175). In his later work, Guattari would turn away from the notion of the “subject-group” towards “arrangements of enunciation, of subjectivization, pragmatic arrangements that do not correspond with circumscribed groups... arrangements [that] can involve individuals, but also ways of seeing the world, emotional systems, conceptual machines, memory devices, economic, social components, elements of all kinds” (179–180). But it was surely the experience of attempting to establish transversality in clinical contexts and locate “the underpinning of a group’s desire” (Dosse 62) that helped him to elaborate the later critique of ideology. Schizoanalysis, far from articulating a “super-psychoanalysis” or a “univocal reading of the political,” instead tried to provide a conceptual machine for the individual to use as she saw fit (180).

In a 1980 interview on institutional intervention, Guattari responded to the criticism that his schizo-analysis ultimately “comes down to the work of social assistance or savage psychoanalysis,” a mis-translation of *psychanalyse sauvage*, the French term for ‘wild’ psychoanalysis. “Analysis,” these imaginary critics say, “is not at all about that; it’s about interpretation and pure listening [*écoute*] to the unconscious, it’s the exact opposite of all intervention” (53). Guattari responded by contending that interpretations are never neutral, nor is

anything ever neutral in analysis. “In practice, whether or not we like it, we are, each and every one of us, thrown with all hands into intervention” (*Soft* 54). Five years later, he further accounted for the kind of “systematic disorganization” that he cultivated both in clinical institutional settings and in his impulse to join together many disciplinary kinds of knowledge. He situated the critique of Freudian psychoanalysis and Lacanian “psychoanalysis” as a central epistemological node in his ability to address contemporary formations of power:

My ideas on psychoanalysis wouldn't interest me if they didn't also help me understand all the garbage one encounters, not only in one's personal life, but also in institutions and groupuscules, that is to say in all kinds of power relations. And, conversely, if you are not capable of understanding someone's personal difficulties in light of the social investments and collective subjectivity involved, none of it can work. (*Soft* 66)

The cancerous turn: Lawrence's eschatology in *Mille plateaux*

Another possible reason for Lawrence's simultaneous prominence and citational disavowal in Deleuze and Guattari's first joint effort might be the extreme proximity of the former's “impression,” conceived over a half-century earlier, to the latter's initial suspicions about psychoanalysis. As Deleuze's late collection of essays *Critique et Clinique* reveals, Lawrence is one of a battery of thinkers that Deleuze mobilized to counteract “the logic of judgment,” that is, the psychological logic of a priest (*Essays Critical* 127). Just as Schreber may have ultimately revealed that the “power to judge and to be judged is given to whomever stands in this relation” (127), Deleuze quickly locates the impulse to judge in the group-psychology of psychoanalytic practitioners: “Groups that are deeply interested in dreams, like psychoanalysts or surrealists, are also quick to form tribunals that judge and punish in reality: a disgusting mania, frequent in dreamers” (130). In delineating a *system of cruelty* to stand against this infinitely extensible theological doctrine of judgment (130), the former relies on combat in lieu of

judgment, both combat *against* judgment and the authorities that impose it, as well as the combat *between* the combatant and his own parts, “between the forces that either subjugate or are subjugated, and between the powers that express these relations of force” (132). *Combat-against* the Other is characterized by the attempt to destroy or repel a force, or as Deleuze puts it, “All gestures are defenses or even attacks, evasions, ripostes, anticipations of a blow one does not always see coming, or of an enemy one is not always able to identify: hence the importance of the body’s postures” (132). In contrast, *combat-between* tries to take hold of a force in order to make it one’s own, “the process through which a force enriches itself by seizing hold of other forces, joining itself to them in a new ensemble: a becoming” (132). In Deleuze’s reading of Lawrence’s fiction, this dynamic plays itself out in the relations of male and female characters. “Men and women often treat each other as enemies, but this is the most mediocre aspect of their combat, fit for a domestic scene. More profoundly, man and woman are two flows that must struggle, that can either seize hold of each other alternatively, or separate while devoting themselves to chastity, which is itself a force, a flow” (132–3). In this passage, Deleuze makes explicit the conceptual debt of the “body without organs” not only to the work of Artaud, but also to Lawrence’s psychologic works:

The body without organs is an affective, intensive, anarchist body that consists solely of poles, zones, thresholds, and gradients. It is traversed by a powerful, nonorganic vitality. Lawrence paints the picture of such a body, with the sun and moon as its poles, with its planes, its sections, its plexuses... This nonorganic vitality is the relation of the body to the imperceptible forces and powers that seize hold of it, or that it seizes hold of, just as the moon takes hold of a woman’s body... The way to escape judgment is to make yourself a body without organs, to find your body without organs. (131)

This is certainly a reading of *Mr Noon* that Lawrence would have very much liked; the novel turns mystic in its final chapters, and the narrator announces the cosmic tensional rapport signaled by his staging of Gilbert and Johanna's domestic squabbles:

...the old, the eternal game of man and woman: the time-balancing oscillation of eternity. In this we live, and from this our lives are made. There is duality in opposition, between man and woman, between man and woman. There is a dual life-polarity. And one half can never usurp the other half—the one pole can never replace the other. It is the basis of the life-mystery. The universe swings in the same dual polarity. Let scientists say what they will, the sun is but one pole of our gravitation. There is another: perhaps the moon: perhaps the invisible. (*MN* 212)

This vitalist passage would surely be characterized as demonstrating *supple segmentarity*, the line most often associated with the primitive in Deleuze and Guattari's *Mille plateaux*. In *Mr Noon*, Lawrence is quick to indict the machine age for the very disruption of this cosmic flow in a passage we might classify under the logic of *rigid segmentarity*, the line of the modern (210).

As always, Lawrence's own critique of the modern oozes with apocalyptic longing:

Let life overbalance in either direction, and there is fight, a terrific struggle to get back the balance. And let the mechanistic intervention of some fixed ideal neutralise the incalculable ebb-and-flow of the two principles, and a raging madness will supervene in the world. A madness which is pleasantly accumulating in mankind today. (*MN* 212)

While the publication of *Mr Noon* postdated the second volume of the *Capitalism and Schizophrenia* project by four years, Deleuze and Guattari were certainly no stranger to the eschatological mood of Lawrence's figures, and perhaps in particular the implicit eschatology of the very body they had appropriated from his work during the late seventies.

Throughout *Mille plateaux*, Lawrence is the signal of absolute deterritorialization (197), the figure that announces "We can't turn back" (189). At some unspecified point, the urgency of critiquing the dirty little secret of psychoanalysis was overtaken by something more monstrous.

Lines of flight, so joyously elaborated in *L'anti-Oedipe*, turn out to be studded with troubles

(204). “No one of them is transcendent, each is at work within the others” (205). The body without organs turns out to be quite difficult to compose:

Supple segmentarity continually dismantles the concretions of rigid segmentarity, but everything that it dismantles it reassembles on its own level: micro-Oedipuses, microformations of power, microfascisms. The line of flight blasts [*fait exploser*]⁵ the two segmentary series apart; but it is capable of the worst, of bouncing off the wall, falling into a black hole, taking the path of the greatest regression, and in its vagaries reconstructing the most rigid of segments... Between the matter of a dirty little secret in rigid segmentarity, the empty form of “What happened?” in supple segmentarity, and clandestinity of what can no longer happen on the line of flight, how can we fail to see the upheavals caused by a monster force [*une instance tentaculaire*],⁶ the Secret, threatening to bring everything tumbling down. (*Thousand 205 / Mille 251*)

In their schematic conclusion, Deleuze and Guattari warn that while these three lines (segmented, molecular, and flight) are inevitable, each has its own dangers. While the segmented lines (of Freudian psychoanalysis, for instance) may “cleave us,” the molecular lines ferry their own internal black holes (506). The lines of flight promised by the multiple becomings of a writer like Lawrence are always threatened by a cancerous turn, “always risk abandoning their creative potentialities and turning into a line of death, being turned into a line of destruction pure and simple (fascism)” (506). Deleuze and Guattari seem to grudgingly admit that the potentiality promised by Lawrence’s attack on psychoanalysis may always have been strangled by the tentacles of his own micro-Oedipuses and his (not so micro-) fascism.

⁵ The French *fait exploser* is a nice allusion to Lawrence’s combustible, incendiary dreams of explosion.

⁶ Monstrous force, while vivid, does not quite capture the French *tentaculaire*. Like its English counterpart (the adjectival form of tentacle), *tentaculaire* connotes an insidious spread of control and influence. Moreover, “monstrous” loses the structural specificities of a tentacle, which does not just grasp and strangle, but also bears exquisitely-tuned sense organs.

Interpretosis and the *livre-machin*

I have recurrently returned to how Derrida teased out Artaud's metaphysics in "*La parole soufflée*." Under "inexpert scrutiny," Derrida bemoans that his essay may appear to have been criticizing Artaud's metaphysics from the privileged position of metaphysics proper when, in actuality, the aim of the text was to show the "fatal complicity" between modes of avant-garde critique and the discursive structures they attack. Thinking through the mutual imbrication of metaphysics and Artaud, Derrida writes, "Through this complicity is articulated a necessary dependency of all destructive discourses: they must inhabit the structures they demolish, and within them they must shelter an indestructible desire for full presence, for nondifference: simultaneously life and death" (*Writing and Difference* 194–5). Moving this observation to a different register of discourse, Derrida has here produced a canny description of the kind of complicity between discourse that seeks to demolish psychoanalysis from without and resistant discourses that simultaneously produce and erode psychoanalysis from within. Derrida's statement speaks to the peculiar fact that this type of vituperative address gradually discloses its own complicity with the very discursive structures it aims to destroy. It also speaks to the strangely optimistic apocalypticism that underlies the destructive impulse.

In another joint 1972 interview, this time published in the Italian journal *Tempi Moderni*, Deleuze describes the beginnings of schizoanalysis in a telling fashion: "We began with an impression, and I really mean an impression, not a piece of knowledge, that something was amiss with psychoanalysis, which had become an interminable narrative revolving around itself" (*Chaosophy* 56). Or as they put it in *Mille plateaux*, "It is well known that although psychoanalysts have ceased to speak, they interpret even more, or better yet, fuel interpretation on the part of the subject, who jumps from one circle of hell to the next. In truth, significance and

interpretosis are the two diseases of the earth or the skin, in other words, humankind's fundamental neurosis" (114).

Wait a second, I've lost track. Wasn't that Lawrence's impression? That is, Lawrence's *pure impression* about psychoanalysis, the one that the American translators of *Anti-Oedipus* were so quick to call *instinctive*?

The fraught relationship that Lawrence held with practitioners in the nascent psychoanalytic institution finds compelling parallels in the work of Guattari, who vocally struggled with his personal and theoretical imbrications in the then-hegemonic Lacanian school. Guattari's working papers for *L'anti-Oedipe*, published in English as *The Anti-Oedipus Papers*, reveal his angst-filled relationship with Jacques Lacan. By mid-1971, Guattari's dream journal recounts his resistance—both personal and institutional—to Lacanian analysis:

August 24, 1971

Another dream about Lacan! This is insane! I can hear them, from here, saying: "badly eliminated transfer," etc. In a sense, it's true if transfer is oedipal reterritorialization artificially woven into the space of the couch. I have oedipal rot sticking to my skin. Not passively, but with all the will to power of the death drive. The more I become disengaged—the more I try to become disengaged—from twenty years of Lacano-Labordian comfort, the more this familial carcass enfolds me *secretly*. I would rather admit anything else! (*Anti-Oedipus Papers* 305).

The impossibility of total disengagement from transference, the experience of "oedipal rot" rendered corporeal—this is perhaps the *sale petit secret* most intimately held by Guattari in relation to psychoanalysis. "You hold onto transfer," Guattari wrote a about a month later, "but in doing so, you shroud desire's virulence in a coat of muck" (321). 'Desire's virulence' is a telling formulation of what remains after the dirt is washed away.

The various encounters between the modernist enterprise and clinical practitioners that have been detailed in this project—Burrow and Anderson, Gross and Jung, Lawrence and Low,

Lewis and Graven, Loy and Assagioli—all speak to desire’s virulence and the muck of transference. Both Lawrence and Guattari seem especially keen to allude to that filth in their repudiative exegeses of the psychoanalytic enterprise. True, psychoanalytic literature is loaded with descriptions of the sticky, intractable nature of both transference and the resistance that provokes it.⁷ As early as 1909, Jung describes in correspondence with Freud the process of pulling out of a “very sticky neurosis” with Spielrein, a painful affair that left his “sensitive conscience” unable to “feel clean.” “The devil can use even the best of things for the fabrication of filth,” he wrote to Freud (*FJ* 227). Freud, who may have suspected something quite unhygienic in his protégé’s behavior towards Spielrein, nevertheless reassured Jung that the issue seemed to him one of the “permanent problem” of transference and countertransference, and that these kinds of experiences “help us to develop the thick skin we need” (231). As both this facile example and Green and Laplanche’s more sophisticated analysis of applied psychoanalysis suggest, the field of transference is significantly larger and more ill-defined than the clinic walls, and plays no small role in both Lawrence and Guattari’s sense that they had been dirtied by their encounter with analysis.

Lawrence and Guattari (who died and was born, respectively, in the same year) form, if not the terminal points in either direction of this contaminated mode of address, certainly the bookends of the conceptual history we have traced. Their insistence upon something obliquely described as ‘pure lived experience’ and ‘pure impression’—along with their insistent evasion of logic in favor of sensation—unite these thinkers’ epistemological tacks in spite of the divergent political conclusions they derived from these techniques. The repudiation of psychoanalysis

⁷ See Nacht, Meltzer, and Mendelsohn.

makes for unlikely bedfellows—Lawrence the anti-democratic authoritarian and Guattari the militant anti-fascist share more politically than either would have enjoyed admitting.

In the *Tempi Moderni* interview, Deleuze and Guattari refute Silvano Arieti's description of 'paleo-logic,' the kind of pre-logical system of primitive societies dependent on sensible qualities, or, as we might say, impressions. Continually circumspect about the all-too-technical, Deleuze notes that "the logic of sensible qualities is already too theoretical a formula." "We're neglecting something which is pure lived experience," he states, "But lived experience does not mean sensible qualities, it means 'intensification,' it requires an 'I feel that...'. 'I feel that' means that something is happening inside of me, which I am living intensely, and the intensity is not the same thing as sensible qualities; in fact, it's quite different" (*Chaosophy* 62).

What such a sensation-driven posture might imply for a book that purports to do many things besides merely *feel*, however, presents certain reception issues. Deleuze and Guattari suggest that their text was conceived as a machine, a contraption that "functions in the real," and as such, a document that itself eschews the question of epistemology. As Deleuze rather petulantly announced, "we couldn't care less about returning to Freud or Marx. If someone tells us that we have misunderstood Freud, we won't argue about it, we'll say too bad, there is so much to do." He speculates about the agenda of such interventions in the first place: "It's curious that epistemology has always hidden an imposition of power, an organization of power. As far as we're concerned, we don't believe in any specificity of writing or thought" (*Chaosophy* 76). One might equally apply this rebuttal to my critique of Deleuze and Guattari's citational practice in the first section of this conclusion: we may have misunderstood Lawrence, or perhaps misquoted him, but too bad, there is so much to do!

Yet such reliance on the ‘I feel that...’ of intensification, coupled with a lack of interest in the epistemological stakes of such a maneuver, might also have the nefarious capacity of intercepting any intervention besides its own. The only genuinely critical voice in the roundtable discussion with Deleuze and Guattari published in *La Quinzaine Littéraire* with which this conclusion began, Serge Leclaire noted his own peculiar ‘impression’ of the mechanism of

L’anti-Oedipe:

Actually I get the impression that this book is engineered so that every intervention ‘on the molecular level’ will be digested by the machine of the book. I think that, by your own admission, your intention to come up with ‘a book where all possible duality would be suppressed’ was achieved beyond your wildest hopes. That puts your readers, if they are somewhat perceptive, in a situation that leaves them only the prospect of being absorbed, digested, tied up and quashed in the admirable operability of the machine... [W]hat is the function of such a book-contraption [*livre-machin*]? Because at first it seems to be perfectly totalizing, absorbing, liable to integrate and absorb all the questions one might attempt to raise, by backing the interlocutor into a corner by the very fact that he is speaking and asking a question. (qtd. in *Chaosophy* 77)

Deleuze counters this accusation with a rather ironic observation: “...it’s curious that Leclaire would be saying that our machine works too well, and is capable of digesting everything. That’s exactly what we held against psychoanalysis. It’s curious that a psychoanalyst would reproach us with that in turn” (79).

I have suggested that modernist repudiations of psychoanalysis often exhibit the very kind of epistemological gluttony as that accused of psychoanalysis, and that moreover, this totalizing epistemological posture is often attended by a particularly aggressive mode of address characteristic of the obloquy. Deleuze and Guattari couldn’t have cared less about having misunderstood Freud on the pretext that there was simply too much to be done, which might be one way of also understanding the way that thinkers like Lawrence or Lewis ran with their own vulgarizations to elaborate their own encyclopedic treatises.

If T.S. Eliot ultimately appraised *Fantasia of the Unconscious* as a book to “keep at hand” and re-read when dealing with the modern world, Michel Foucault’s oft-quoted preface to *L’anti-Oedipe* is rather instructive. In jacket-cover fodder for the American edition, Foucault writes, “Paying a modest tribute to Saint Francis de Sales, one might say that *L’anti-Oedipe* is an *Introduction to the Non-Fascist Life*” (*Anti-Oedipus* xiii). The characterization is pertinent: Sales’ 1609 *Introduction to the Devout Life* was a *vade mecum* of sorts, written especially for devout laypeople. Foucault likely made this reference to Sales’ text due to its wide audience and emphasis on protocols to attain virtue and resist temptation. *L’anti-Oedipe*, he reasons, is less concerned with “*why* this or that than with *how* to proceed,” especially for those militants who wish to “ferret out” the last vestiges of fascism in their own lived subjective experiences (xii). Foucault cautions against reading the text as a “much-heralded theory that finally encompasses everything, that finally totalizes and reassures, the one we are told we ‘need so badly’ in our age of dispersion and specialization where ‘hope’ is lacking.” Instead, he insists on the qualities of the text as a handbook or manual, alluding to ‘the life style’ it provokes, the practices of thinking and living adopted by so-called ‘anti-Oedipal’ practitioners (xii). Deleuze and Guattari care so little for power, Foucault reasons, that they have neutralized its effects throughout the text, setting up traps and snares, and issuing many “invitations to let oneself be put out, to take one’s leave of the text and to slam the door shut” (xiv). This too they may have taken from their reading of Lawrence, who often suggested that his dear reader put the book down and slam the door. Foucault insists that this rhetorical play isn’t all “fun and games,” but rather an endeavor of “extreme seriousness.” One hopes, of course, that this is a different breed of seriousness than the kind Lawrence accused poor Dr. Scopes of imposing on sex with her pesky birth control, the seriousness that ‘disinfected the dirty little secret.’ And one also hopes that Deleuze and

Guattari's persistent invocations to leave their text can be sorted out from Lawrence's reveries on poison gas.

In a letter to Katherine Mansfield on the 27th of September 1916 from Cornwall, Lawrence wrote,

There is hope too. I know that, in the end, we will turn slap round against this world, and choke it. It is time to be subtle and unified. It is a great and foul beast, this world that has got us, and we are very few. But with subtlety, we can get round the neck of the vast obscenity at last, and strangle it dead. And then we can build a new world, to our own minds: we can initiate a new order of life, after our own hearts. One has first to die in the great body of the world, then to turn round and kill the monstrous existing Whole, and then declare a new order, a new earth. (*LDHL* 2: 658)

The overt utopianism of this passage describing the subtle strangulation of 'the vast obscenity,' the dirty little secret of the foul beast of modernity, reflects the stakes of many counter-formations proposed by those who repudiate psychoanalysis. Deleuze and Guattari were perhaps seduced by this position, but they also warn of the strange tentacular [*tentaculaire*] force that threatens to bring everything tumbling down. Resistance to psychoanalysis might even be necessarily posed in eschatological terms, complicit, in effect, in the discipline's own ambivalent relationship to the end.

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