Beyond the Uncle Charles Principle

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Beyond the Uncle Charles Principle

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Like *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, "The Dead" begins with someone else's story.[1] Lily, the maid, is not only "literally run off her feet," but, as every Joyce student knows, somehow her "literally" has slipped past more exacting, educated censors, subtly putting her own harried, overworked, ungrammatical self front and center (*D* 175). Hugh Kenner's "Uncle Charles Principle" suggests that Joyce's rhetoric is something machinic, "in such delicate equilibrium, like the components of a sensitive piece of apparatus, that they detect the gravitational field of the nearest person."[2] Thus, just as Simon and his moocow give way to another, larger story, so does Lily's agitated introduction in "The Dead" merge into another voice, under the "gravitational field" of another presence, this one less harried, more chatty, partial not to Lily but to the employers running her ragged. As Margot Norris points out, this voice has turned into a cool warning targeted back at Lily herself: "But the only thing [the sisters] would not stand was back answers" (*D* 176).[3]

One of the most familiar elements of Joyce studies, Kenner's Principle offers a means of describing this dynamic in Joyce's prose; it is what he calls "great economy" and an "iridescent" way to delineate character (15). If "The Dead" engages great pain, beauty, conflict, and critique, all under the aspect of empirical, secure, late-Victorian narration, then the critical instigator of this double structuring, of this hiding in plain sight, is the Uncle Charles Principle. Through a series of new close readings, and then an analysis of these readings alongside Melanie Klein's psychoanalytic theory of projective identification,[4] we can see how the Principle moves far beyond the aesthetic realm, grounding terms such as "equilibrium" and "sensitive piece of apparatus" into the rhetorical and political negotiations of the text at hand—negotiations Joyce forces us to participate in, whether we like it or not.

Though. . . . But. . . . fussy. . . . But. . . .

Norris argues that the trajectory of the narration in "The Dead" has a pointed political effect: women's voices, such as Lily's, are suppressed to make room for the emerging narrative of Gabriel's educa-

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tion, and the story is structured so that the careful reader can bear witness to this suppression. With regard, for instance, to Kate Morkan's brief diatribe against the Pope and in defense of her sister, she writes, "Joyce embeds in 'The Dead' itself a kind of shadow text, the ghost of a counternarrative that provides a 'back answer' or articulation of Julia's grievances, a complaint necessary for the critique of the social function of art to be heard" (492). Those who dare to give "back answers" to the social order, almost all of them women, are smothered under the gathering force of Gabriel's tragedy. The overt narration, with its bourgeois scene, its extradiegetic narration, its increasing focalization on a protagonist who offers his own reflection on events, and its exquisite lyrical conclusion, offers all the tools necessary for the reader to approach "The Dead" as the story of Gabriel's education and the Conroys' pitiable, unbridgeable difference. The traditional elements of the story hide the smothering in plain sight, according to Norris: "By inscribing in his disavowing narration a series of linked and analogous 'back answers' or protests that trouble the text and cause it to stifle them in collusion with characters who do the same, Joyce stages art's censorship of its own oppressiveness" (502).

Unlike earlier stories in *Dubliners* in which narration binds itself to a character—the unnervingly naive narration of the boys in "The Sisters" and "An Encounter," or the perspective in "Eveline" limited to her own romantic self-understanding—the narration of "The Dead" is far more promiscuous. After Lily has been run off her feet, for instance, the narrator moves away to her wider context, the Morkan sisters' party, and to its history—or at least to the misty, nostalgic stories told of it: "It was always a great affair"; "Everybody who knew them came to it"; "Never once had it fallen flat"; "For years and years it had gone off in splendid style as long as anyone could remember"; "That was a good thirty years ago if it was a day" (*D* 175, 175-76, 176). Where "The Sisters" presents the unreadable as content (the cryptic "*paralysis*," "*simony*," and "*gnomon*," to start—*D* 9), and where "Eveline" offers it in the claustrophobic perspective on the protagonist's life, "The Dead" embeds it even more subtly, an outgrowth of the narrator's changing identifications, its constant shifting of the Principle. With these encomia, the paragraph is no longer Lily's but more likely that of one of the partygoers who will praise, and overpraise, the aging sisters for their hospitality. So many flat assertions, so many totalizing descriptors (*everybody* they knew? *always* great and *never* flat?), such a clichéd and chatty tone ("if it was a day")—it is too solicitous, a little anxious, a bit eager to prove a point not yet in perceptible dispute. Each chatty assertion in this conduit for acceptable gossip sets the party discourse spinning, a momentum characters will pick up and spin further, often with similarly fact-free, sentimental praise.

As this second paragraph comes to a close, the narrative voice moves yet again, this time toward the sisters, themselves not yet present physically but emerging from within the hazy praise. The voice quickly loses its breeziness and enters a different state:

> Lily, the caretaker's daughter, did housemaid's work for them. Though their life was modest they believed in eating well; the best of everything: diamond-bone sirloins, three-shilling tea and the best bottled stout. But Lily seldom made a mistake in the orders so that she got on well with her three mistresses. They were fussy, that was all. But the only thing they would not stand was back answers. (*D* 176)

As Norris points out, we end here with a threat, an early indicator of the ultimate silencing of Lily and of other women to come (479-80). But before the threatening conclusion, stranger forces are at work.

The narrator, for instance, finds it necessary to re-introduce Lily, as though the frame, in just a few sentences, has shifted so far that she is from a different story or as though, after reading the history of the Morkans' grand party, we might have forgotten about the maid downstairs—or, for that matter, as though Lily now needed to be recast in her lower position, using, now ironically, the same words. She does not even rise to the level of housemaid; she does "housemaid's work" for them but is not formally installed in their lives. What matters is not what Lily does (no matter how run off her feet she is) but her familial, infantilizing relationship to their caretaker, thus subordinated to this subordinate.

The lifeless repetition of that appositive—which at the start sounded more or less like a neutral descriptor—thus crosses into some kind of passive-aggression, that maddening category of behavior characterized by its putative neutrality, an aggression one cannot put one's finger on, and one disguised by socially acceptable gestures. Lily *is* his daughter, after all. The "them" hanging at the end of the sentence does not help; this is the scene of the sisters, not of Lily, now doubly subordinate to them. In the space of a sentence, the story invites the reader away from the first impression of Lily in the scene of her exhaustion, and into the more sensually pleasant, charming position of the hostesses themselves. Lily is coolly restated in their terms, as though we were guests at their party: "You remember Lily, our caretaker's daughter. She does our housework."

Though Kenner argues that the first sentence of "The Dead" exemplifies the Uncle Charles Principle, at this point, Lily's rhetorical influence expands beyond it in complexity. "Literally" might be Lily's, but the loaded repetition of that appositive redounds backward to the top of the page, disrupting our first reading of the sentence. It is hard to see, now, how Lily might choose to describe herself this way

(unless, perhaps, she has come to think of herself in these reductive terms); other forces, other "gravitational fields," are at work. Norris addresses the issue: "The social interests of the opening narrative are not Lily's interests but rather Morkan and [Gabriel] Conroy interests—perhaps even Morkan and Conroy constructions of what they would like Lily's views to be, what Lily ought to be saying and thinking about herself and them" (479).

And yet these interests, and their supposed alignment, are not in control here either. What Lily ought to be saying is nothing like what comes next. The sentences that follow illustrate a different valence at work, revealing—or inciting—an anxious instability that covertly attaches to the laudatory narrative trajectory. The next sentence subtly loads a certain hypocrisy onto the anticipating, expiatory conjunction "though": "Though their life was modest they believed in eating well: the best of everything."[5] The narrative voice thus extols two mutually exclusive bourgeois values: the sisters are indulgent yet modest, humble yet extravagant; they have their sirloin and eat it, too. The narrator's indiscriminate praise catches in its throat; even the comma expected after the subordinate clause is omitted in the rush to get at the food, past such troubling self-deception back into sumptuous praise.[6]

The narration then runs up against the start of the next sentence—a "[b]ut" demarcating a contrast of an argument that cannot logically exist here: "But Lily seldom made a mistake in the orders so that she got on well with her three mistresses" (*D* 176). What is the narrator saying "[b]ut" to? The narrator was just speaking of lavish dinners, and now Lily has re-emerged. There is some transaction going on in the space between these sentences, a lost sentence or hidden thought. What is at stake are the self-images, and the reader's judgments, of Lily and the Morkans. After the middle-class self-deception, perhaps gone too far in its litany of expensive food, Lily appears almost as if to divert attention; in a back-handed compliment (what history rides on that "seldom"?), she is returned as a more certain problem, the sisters exhibiting their generosity toward her to restore their place in the social equilibrium.[7]

Yet, because Lily has indeed been brought back, she can disrupt that equilibrium once more, as in the next sentence: "They were fussy, that was all." "Fussy" is as ambiguous, freighted, and passive-aggressive a term as "the caretaker's daughter." It is placating, even expiatory, but carries with it its own infantilizing connotations: babies and old ladies are fussy. It serves Lily's interests more than those of the sisters. She has returned, obliquely, and the consequence of this return is the final, leaden sentence: "But the only thing they would not stand was back answers." This impassive "[b]ut" performs the same function as the preceding one: not instantiating a logical contrast with its preced-

ing sentence (as this sentence has nothing to do with fussiness), but serving as a counterargument against Lily's furtive re-emergence in the narrator's tale. The illogical "[b]ut" turns the statement about back answers into a slap (with those flat "a"s of "stand," "back," and "answers"), a back answer itself.

These sentences are a heated debate, with back answers, exposed hypocrisy, and *ad hominem* attacks, but it is a debate that *no one is having*. The needle of that "sensitive piece of apparatus" in Kenner's Uncle Charles Principle spins in these contesting magnetic fields, sensitive not only to the characters in its presence and to the stories they might tell about themselves but also to their interpersonal conflicts and unspoken, even unthought, interests. The chatty, adulatory third-person narrator is all-too-omniscient—and in its anxiety to keep the story going, to keep the party going, leaves a trace within its syntax of the hidden dialectic: "Though. . . . But. . . . fussy. . . . But. . . ." The breezy, already wistful voice regains its footing in the next paragraph by batting the dialectic, and all three women, aside: "Of course they had good reason to be fussy on such a night" (*D* 176). It is the politic and quietly violent hospitality that reappears in the words of Mary Jane, shepherding the guests away from meaningful controversy and informed empathy for her Aunt Julia, back to the party, back to the march toward the lyricism of the story's final paragraphs.

What is at stake in this passage is the judgment of Lily and the sisters. The subtextual negotiations, these battles of ghostly voices, expose the forces contending for favorable, if not accurate, resolution: the stresses located in the movements of the rhetoric ("seldom," "always," and "never"), in oblique resistance ("fussy"), in the sheer will ("would not stand") necessary to maintain direction. In this respect, the operations that originate with the Uncle Charles Principle open onto a wider rhetorical field well beyond the scope of single-character idiolect, a field where assessment (of Lily, of the sisters, of Gretta, of Julia's singing, of Michael Furey, and of singers long forgotten) is at once demanded and resisted, necessary and impossible to accomplish. The gaps in the story are no longer merely mysterious words or characters (like Frank in "Eveline") romanticized into unknowability; they exist at the very places where judgment—meaning, interpretation, contextualization—is most urgently needed. The high stakes and the constant contestation suggest that the Uncle Charles Principle opens up a narrative dynamic far beyond mere aesthetic innovation on Joyce's part, more than a sign of Joyce's "great economy" or his "iridescent" way of delineating character.

This uncannily destabilized force in "The Dead" stems from the narrator's pervasive, promiscuous, multiple alliances as it moves through the story. Gabriel clearly focalizes the tale; he gets the most textual space, reflects on his encounters, and stands at the story's

close. But in following the text's lead in placing Gabriel in this position, the reader performs an act of interpretation, of judgment, parallel to Eveline's estimation of Frank: just as there is a slot in Eveline's narrative for a mysterious lover to sweep her off her feet, there is an area in the Morkans' party for a literary, earnest, self-reflective family man at the heart of things. The sisters put him there (will he appear? will he carve the goose?); the partygoers put him there; the story, by devoting much of its focus on him, places him there; in identifying with a young, earnest, intelligent artist, we read him there. The plot makes it easy: he is narrated there because he and they (and we) think of him there, and we think of him there because that is how he is narrated. It is a seamless and perhaps pernicious loop, a way of turning "The Dead" into "Distant Music"—Gabriel's title for the rarefied, aestheticized portrait he imagines could be painted when he sees his wife on the stair, listening to the song that, he will only later learn, recalls Michael Furey to her mind (*D* 210). Gretta's revelation at once disrupts Gabriel's central role and cements it in place: she falls asleep, and he is the one at the window, gathering the narration's focalization, looking outside as the narrative takes his gaze and sweeps it "all over Ireland" (*D* 223).

To whatever extent Gabriel serves the role of protagonist, he never possesses the organizing power of, for instance, Stephen in *A Portrait* or any other protagonist in *Dubliners*. "The Dead" offers no such organizing figure. The content of the story consists, largely, of people in a room, and the narration mirrors that content, the narrator sweeping against them like the skirts Gabriel hears brushing against the door (*D* 179, 202). The Morkan house is a movement of idiolects that demands some kind of interpretive center, some place from which to judge and make sense. Every moment of the story requires a form of judgment: it is what torments Gabriel's thoughts from start to finish—of himself, of Molly Ivors, of the bewildering story of Michael Furey—as well as of Lily's thoughts on men today, of Kate's on the church, of Julia's singing, and of the guests at the dinner table debating passionately the merits of people they cannot even remember.

The Problem of Idiolect

Idiolect—a person's own pattern of language—presents an irreducible linguistic and philosophical paradox. While an idiolect inheres wholly within the "intrinsic properties of some single person," it is at the same time "a language (or some part or aspect of a language)."[8] Therefore, an idiolect exists exclusively in relation to the person (at a moment in space and time) who uses it, and yet exists also, inasmuch as it is communicative, only in relation to a wider, common abstraction. It is thus impossible to delineate boundaries between idiolect

and common language or, for that matter, to isolate cause from effect: an idiolect is "a person's partial grasp of, or pattern of deviance from" the common language, according to Alex Barber, but it is equally true that common language is nothing but a combination of idiolects—of actual people using their partial grasps of common language. An idiolect is thus at once a marker of personhood (of a subject and her qualities or her history) and, as language, abstract and held by no one. It is analogous to the Saussurean logic of *langue* and *parole,* each term generating the other.[9]

The structure of this linguistic paradox mirrors the very social conflicts under consideration here. If we take the first view of idiolect—that language originates with speaking people and can only afterward be considered as an abstract entity—then this leads, in "The Dead," to the kind of contestation observed in the "back answers" passage. Language and narration begin with speakers struggling to be heard and to create a narration that will serve their interests. Elsewhere in the story, this concrete view of idiolect can destabilize characters, as when Lily's rough "palaver" line knocks Gabriel's emotional equilibrium off-kilter, or when Freddy's "because he's only a black" halts the easy movements of the party's discourse (*D* 178, 198). The effects of language, both as spoken dialogue and oblique, idiolectic contestation, begin with people's "partial grasp" of the situation and only afterward become part of the general, genial party discourse and, simultaneously, that of "The Dead."

But if we take the second view of idiolect—that language is an abstract entity and that speakers have a "partial" and subordinate grasp of it—then this leads to the reproduction of the social regimentation the story describes. If language is to bear meaning, it must have limits. Lily's language is the coarsest, and she disappears from the common language. Gabriel's is the most refined; it puts him in the appropriate slot; and he takes over.

In "The Dead," the structures of idiolect and sociality not only mirror but reproduce one other. The story, in fact, foregrounds a bizarre dimension to fictionality itself: that, in Gérard Genette's phrase, the utterances of narrative fiction "institute the universe they claim to describe."[10] This observation is almost too obvious, a part of the readerly contract learned in childhood—but "The Dead" puts pressure on the paradox, unfolding its implications. Those four sentences of the "back answers" passage, for instance, trace both the ways in which Lily's and the sisters' idiolects contest to form the "common," communicative language of the narration, and the ways in which that narration has its own, un-owned authority as abstraction, telling the story of Lily and the sisters. The effect is vertiginous: the content tells the story that creates it.

What is missing here is some authorizer to keep this dynamic in check—to stop this sliding about and to instantiate direction and meaning. The late-Victorian, *Irish-Homestead*-style narration is no longer strong enough to maintain mastery over its own story. It drops thoughts, allows Lily and the Morkans to argue *in absentia*, and anxiously praises the sisters to the point of (perhaps morbid) sentimentality. It is an almost hysterical hypersensitivity to desires and motives of characters who may not, in fact, even have them. To believe in this narrator as the *sujet supposé savoir*—that fantasy figure in Lacanian analysis who gives us permission to construe meaning[11]—is to trust that it knows more than we do. But it seems that what this narrator knows are the characters who tell that story about themselves. Trusting this "subject supposed to know" becomes problematic, perhaps impossible, precisely because the idiolectic contradiction that inheres within its knowledge has become exposed. To read the content of this story *as* a story, in fact—to give this party a plot and a theme, to incorporate Gabriel's education and Gretta's loss—is to call down the Law of the Father where it does not exist.

Fathers themselves are nearly absent in the content of "The Dead." Gabriel is the only father we meet at the party, and his children have been left at home. Gretta even pokes fun at his fathering skills: "He's really an awful bother, what with green shades for Tom's eyes at night and making him do the dumb-bells, and forcing Eva to eat the stirabout" (*D* 180). His aunts place him at the paternal center of the party, and twice he threatens not to do his duty, showing up late for the party itself and delaying later as the head of the table.

Kate recalls Gabriel's mother as the "brains carrier" of the Morkan family (*D* 186), and her photograph is the one that sits before the pier glass. There is no mention of her husband, and amid all the talk of the dead, the only mention of an ancestor is the foolish butt of Gabriel's joke, his grandfather, Patrick Morkan. Constantine, Gabriel's brother, is a curate, mentioned briefly and absent from (and perhaps not invited to) the party. The lewd Mr. Browne, the finicky Bartell D'Arcy, and the drunk Freddy Malins are all bachelors; Freddy brings his mother, and no one mentions his father. The agents in the room are all women, the subjects of all of Gabriel's significant (at least to him) encounters. Whatever male or paternal authority he accrues to himself by simple virtue of his gender and marital status is, if not fully undermined, certainly threatened in his own mind by women.

The content of the story thus mirrors the lack of the Father's authorizing Law. In Lacanian terms, the Law of the Father introduces the domain of the Symbolic by separating the subject from a narcissistic, quasi-incestuous Imaginary functioning (epitomized by the placid,

self-pleasing child feeding at her mother's breast), and into the wider world of language, socialization, and symbolization.[12] The Father's injunction, which breaks the Imaginary hold, is necessary for communication, interpretation, and meaning.

In "The Dead," the narrator identifies with characters to the extent that it not only speaks their language, but it speaks anyone's language. Because the narration eludes the Law of the Father, the Oedipal "No," it starts sliding imperceptibly along the continuum between idiolect and common language. The narrative engages in its profligate, Imaginary identifications, incorporating the problem of idiolect beyond any clear, definitive boundaries, and the characters themselves blur.

Alternatives, even experimental ones, were fully available to Joyce, of course. He could easily have created a story in which such a boundary-making, no-saying Law is present, stabilizing the narrative contract with its authority. The first sentence, for instance, could have read, "She thought, 'I am literally run off my feet,'" or "She was the sort of person who would have thought, 'I'm run off my feet'"—or even "I'm literally run off my feet." Each alternative would have demarcated Lily within a wider, symbolic context, putting her in her place not only within the party but within the narrative structure. Quotation marks (or, in Joyce's case, a new paragraph with an em dash) would indicate where she stops speaking. An omniscient narrator would reveal where she stops being; as it stands, though, after her first sentence, Lily does not exactly stop anywhere:

> Hardly had she brought one gentleman into the little pantry behind the office on the ground floor and helped him off with his overcoat than the wheezy hall-door bell clanged again and she had to scamper along the bare hallway to let in another guest. It was well for her she had not to attend to the ladies also. But Miss Kate and Miss Julia had thought of that and converted the bathroom upstairs into a ladies' dressing-room. Miss Kate and Miss Julia were there, gossiping and laughing and fussing. (*D* 175)

By the end, Lily has disappeared from view, the narrative having moved on to the sisters. But "Miss Kate" and "Miss Julia" are Lily's terms. Even upstairs in the bathroom, her presence registers. It could well be that Lily imagines the whole thing, picturing the sisters and their "fussing." But it is also the form all representation takes in "The Dead," mediated as it is through an idiolectic narration operating beyond a set of definite rules; the narrator in its chatty partygoer mode is not any more reliable.

The narrative apparatus Joyce constructs is so sensitive that it buries Lily's demarcation as a figure in the narrative, as though the

narrator cannot sustain its own authorizing, self-identical integrity. An authorizing, legitimizing Law of the Father would put to rout the contending and nonexistent voices of the "back answers" passage: either the women would argue, or they would not; either we would be told of their conflict, or we would not. Characters would enter and exit as if onstage. This poor stand-in for the Law of the Father—this over-focalizing, wobbly function—is not strong enough to rule her in or out. With this narrative technique, we lose Lily's demarcation, her full presence, but we gain her ubiquity. Lily never goes away.

Because the narrator of "The Dead" is (literally) derivative, almost rudderless in the currents of the idiolectic problem, this weak Symbolic authorizer cannot create its own alternative to the Symbolic social order in which it floats. In other words, it cannot shape the story away from the givens of the social order and its own overarching plots and themes. Instead, it hands the social order, like the opaque "*paralysis*," "*simony*," and "*gnomon*," on to us. The narrator thus colludes with the social dynamics, doing its dirty work: the sisters do not stifle Lily because they do not have to do so. The narrator will do it for them.

"The Dead" is not an overt chorus of voices, like Virginia Woolf's *The Waves,* nor is it a serial consideration of idiolect, like William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*.[13] It is not "about" anything in a documentary sense. The conflicts and syntheses are never clear, submerged as they are beneath the forward-moving current, adopted by this narrator, of traditional, extradiegetic narration. As such, it operates in a way similar to Freudian parapraxis: like dream content or a joke, it never jolts the ego into full consciousness of the repressed contents slipping past the censor; it can thus continue its work without the subject's waking or facing the full, unnerving contents behind the joke.[14] Joyce can therefore weave into this realistic story "about" a party another kind of realism, one that is a function of the story's "real" characters and events themselves. The narrator, fully implicated in the problem of idiolect, cannot represent "The Dead"; it can only produce it.

The Actual Ignorant Old Woman

The story, in its drive towards a traditional narrative form and conclusion, might over-identify with Gabriel, but just as in "The Sisters" and "Eveline," there are significant, signifying gaps in Gabriel's understanding, elements unassimilable to the mastering force granted to him by the group. Contrast the image of Gabriel's mother[15]—its ghostly, unspoken, revered authority reflected outward from its position before the pier glass into the room and the narrative voice—with another mother in the room, this one very much alive,

with zero authority, ghostly or otherwise: Mrs. Malins. Though virtually the only attention she is paid is as a victim of her son's embarrassing behavior, she actually claims to be happy:

> She was a stout feeble old woman with white hair. . . . Gabriel asked her whether she had had a good crossing. She lived with her married daughter in Glasgow and came to Dublin on a visit once a year. She answered placidly that she had had a beautiful crossing and that the captain had been most attentive to her. She spoke also of the beautiful house her daughter kept in Glasgow, and of all the nice friends they had there. . . . [She] went on to tell Gabriel what beautiful places there were in Scotland and beautiful scenery. . . . Her son-in-law was a splendid fisher. One day he caught a fish, a beautiful big big fish, and the man in the hotel boiled it for their dinner. (*D* 190-91)

What interrupts Mrs. Malins's speech halfway through is Gabriel's fuming thoughts about Molly Ivors. His anger spoils Gretta's hopes of returning to Galway, and rather than giving him a back answer, Gretta passive-aggressively uses Mrs. Malins as an audience: "There's a nice husband for you, Mrs Malins" (*D* 191). Mrs. Malins seems not to notice either of the Conroys, and she plows through her pleasant, bland tale. Once she is done, she is not heard from again until she is "hoisted" and "settled" into a cab to be carted home (*D* 208). The only other attention she is paid is at a distance when other guests whisper to each other their pity with regard to her son Freddy's drunkenness.

The irony no one notices is that Mrs. Malins's story, emerging in the narrative only because Gabriel comes near her, reveals that she not only produces some of the least "thought-tormented" narration in a room full of thought-tormented people (*D* 203), but also provides a form of support to Gabriel in his debate with Molly. The sole moment Gabriel expresses anger in the story is when he tells Molly he is "sick" of Ireland; he is not going to learn Irish because "Irish is not my language"; and he is not going to spend his holidays in the West—but his reasons, even to himself, are conflicted and unclear (*D* 189). Mrs. Malins, on the other hand, has actually left Ireland, and she expresses nothing but joy at the fact. Her diction is banal, that of a stereotypically boring old lady, but even so she gradually manages to take over the narrative. Before the break, when Gabriel storms off and returns, the sophisticated word "placidly" (perhaps Gabriel's term) enters into her speech, but by the time she resumes her story, she is in full possession: three more "beautifuls" and an even more idiolectic "big big."[16]

Without any further comment or reflection on this episode, the story invites the reader to speed through the text as quickly as Gabriel does. With less power or authority than anyone else in the room, Mrs. Malins cannot contextualize herself nor alert Gabriel or the narra-

tion to her story's significance. Even Norris, in her consideration of women in "The Dead," does not mention her. The privileged position of Gabriel and his literary, tormented thoughts elides her from the story, and we are invited to do the same; she is the residue in this narrative drive.

Yet what is most significant is her own critical reflection, like that of Gabriel's mother before the pier glass, back into the room. Amid the tormented thoughts and contestations of "The Dead," Mrs. Malins's words do not indicate that she particularly *wants* to emerge further in the narrative. She is pleased to be spoken to, tells her story, expresses no anxiety about her son, and perhaps cannot wait to get back to Scotland. Unlike Mr. Browne's canned jokes told to charm women or the overwritten rhetoric of Gabriel's dinner speech, Mrs. Malins does not seem to wish her rhetoric to influence anyone. Her story is simple, not anxious, and wholly developed: "One day he caught a fish, a beautiful big big fish, and the man in the hotel boiled it for their dinner." Even with its flatness, her narrative suggests an alternative social scene to the party going on around them, an atmosphere that might not be as lyrical as that of the Conroys' final paragraphs, but that might in its own way represent a "placid," less tormented celebration of family and company.

At the same time, her story contains within it the historical violence to which Molly's nationalism refers. Like thousands of her fellow Irish citizens displaced to Glasgow, Freddy's mother moved from Ireland to a brutal industrial center in a foreign country. It is not the romantic, nationalist ideal of the Aran Islands but is a stark fact in Irish history. Mrs. Malins's tale, too, occludes, but her description is neither negative nor judgmental. One does not have to go west to be Irish. Mrs. Malins exists in Glasgow (and persists) outside the text, sitting in the corner of the room, creating a space to which the strivings of the Morkan sisters, and of Gabriel and Molly Ivors, can refer but not incorporate. In such a position, Mrs. Malins is the one who, in the double meaning of Kate's term, "never would be said" by anybody (*D* 194)—she speaks for herself, and no one says anything about her. She is, then, perhaps alone in her immunity from the anxious economy of contestation, of social advantage, of competing idiolects that emerge in "The Dead." She presents, unsentimentally and rather boringly, her own self-sufficient center, and the narrator, after giving over the story to her entirely—her whole story, such as it is—then simply drops her, not knowing what to do with her. Norris writes of Lily that the narrative "sweet-talks and abandons her, treating her essentially as a decorative fixture at the party" (495). Mrs. Malins's resistance, and the narrative's resistance to her, throw into relief the limits of the identificatory transactions and the concomitant judgments surrounding her; for a moment, the economy just stops. Her "back answer"

to her pitying fellow partygoers is not so much silenced as politely nodded toward and dismissed. Gabriel will later stand at the window and imagine the world beyond the party; here is an answer for him, which he and all the others ignore.

Projective Identification

These identificatory transactions, both among the characters and between reader and text, are the motor of this story—what to make of Molly Ivors; what to make of Lily's conflict with the sisters; and what to make of the hyper-reactive narration whose "generous" but weak hold on it all makes such identificatory dynamism possible. Mrs. Malins's silence illuminates this economy, and we can begin to analyze how these transactions themselves work.

Klein elaborated on Sigmund Freud's earlier concept of projection into projective identification;[17] the *New Dictionary* describes projective identification as "an unconscious phantasy in which aspects of the self or of internal objects are split off and attributed to an external object" (*Dictionary* 126).[18] This difference is, in a sense, a difference in prepositions—in Freud, the subject projects materials *onto* the object, while for Klein the projection goes *into* the object and back again—and this difference is profound.

In *The Claustrum*, Donald Meltzer outlines the difference with a reading of Freud's case of the Wolf-Man (*SE* 17:3-122).[19] In Freud's analysis, the Wolf-Man identifies with his mother's menorrhagia and thus creates an imaginary link with himself—an incorporation of his mother into his own ego. But in Klein's theory, as Meltzer points out (7-11, 14), the process is dynamic. The Wolf-Man suffers not because of his monstrous egoism (in which he takes in his mother once and for all), but because he is taking her in and expelling her, back and forth, over time. The taking-in and expelling-out, Meltzer notes, is an anal process, which can dilute the difference between child and mother and can become a structure lasting into adulthood (14-16).

This is how projective identification operates, and it offers a ruthlessly and, in some ways, risibly concrete conception of subjectivity. The simple metaphor of the infant introjecting the mother's milk and the later projection of bodily waste materials turns out not to be much of a metaphor at all. The genesis of subjectivity occurs precisely at this affective moment where inside and outside lose their boundaries, where "stuff" goes out and comes back, filling up a psychic and physical interiority and projecting it all outward to constitute and comprehend the outside world. This infantile encounter with uncertainty becomes organized at a fundamentally physical level, with the coarsest kind of thinking charged with crude and powerful affect.

The dynamic nature of projective identification can produce the

world for the infant: for instance, as David Bell notes, the baby's smile creates the mother's smile.[20] Elizabeth Bott Spillius argues the following in *Melanie Klein Today*:

> What Klein's concept of projective identification has done has been to add depth and meaningfulness to Freud's concept of projection by emphasizing that one cannot have a phantasy of projection impulses without projecting part of the self, which involves splitting, and, further, that impulses and parts of the self do not vanish when projected; they are felt to go into the object.[21]

This dynamic—the child's ability to produce the mother's smile—can become uncanny, even pernicious, when accompanied by a proprietary, acquisitive dimension. As described in the *New Dictionary*, the subject might "induce the recipient of the projection to feel and act in accordance with the projective phantasy" and might also fantasize about "entering the mind of the other to acquire desired aspects of his psyche" (*Dictionary* 126). In other words, as the subject projects and introjects materials from the object, she not only can (in fantasy) rob materials from the object but can split off parts of itself and invade the object, robbing it of its will. While it sounds outrageous on its face, it can be understood by way of the example of Othello and Iago—Iago's actions are more than consciously manipulative, and instead work (particularly via language) to evacuate, then invade, Othello's mind, producing in Othello the psychic reaction Iago cannot quite produce for himself.[22] As Eve Kosovsky Sedgwick puts it in her analysis of projective identification, "for Freud, when I've projected my hostility onto you, I believe that *you* dislike *me*; for Klein, additionally, when I've projected my hostility into you, you *will* dislike me."[23] In projective identification, the other person responds *within* and *because of* one's fantasy.[24]

Finally, as pernicious as it may be, projective identification is necessary for creating the world—it is the only way the parade of meaningless objects can take shape and become meaningful for the infant. It is the central function of Klein's theory of the "paranoid-schizoid position," the way that infants and adults sort the chaotic world into something that might, provisionally, make some sense.[25] And the cost for this sorting is projective identification, the splitting of the ego into fragments to hold this psychic world in order.

Judgment Night

We can think of projective identification as the mental activity that creates meaning in reading as well, with similar hermeneutic and affective effects. As Julia Kristeva notes in "Joyce 'the Gracehoper,'"

literature operates via "the mechanism of identification as motor of the Imaginary"; the projecting reader "forms One with the Other," with literature's "human characters, its verisimilitude, its catharses."[26] The reader projects part of herself into the characters, re-encountering herself in the guise of another, and re-introjects these parts, evaluating them affectively and imaginatively, often through catharsis. Kristeva argues further that the Joycean text illuminates "the details of identification's mechanisms, one that presides over the Imaginary's genesis, and consequently over its realization" ("Return" 168).

This, however, is just the identification side of the story. The narrator of "The Dead" is marked by a deep Kleinian projective identification—introjecting the words and intentions of the characters and projecting them back out into the text without the middle step of intentionality or, in the infantile semi-metaphor, digestion. While the narrator is positioned as a traditional storytelling persona, the story is in a real sense not told; language is churned through this pointedly non-personalized force of constant, replicative projective identification. In its hyper-identification with its characters, its inability to call down the Law of the Father, the barrier between itself and the characters becomes impossible to locate. The narrator's sympathetic instability drives only more projective identification, chasing after that desperate, paranoid-schizoid phantasy of a sure and stable world.

Thus projective identification gives birth to the Imaginary: only through its functioning, its investments in external objects and reintrojection of those objects as perceived or modified, can an infant (or any subject) begin to apprehend the outside world—but only in an Imaginary way. Klein herself writes of the "reciprocal action between projection and introjection which seems to be of fundamental importance not only for the formation of his super-ego but for the development of his object-relations and his adaptation to reality."[27] And Kristeva observes of this process that "[t]he very notion of the object becomes increasingly irrelevant in the light of the fluid exchange of fragments expelled without and integrated within" (*Klein* 72).

But this genesis of the Imaginary, and of the infant's world, is always also a defensive process, protecting it from anxiety and fear. It fiercely (if not always accurately) discriminates between perceived "good" and "bad" objects, usually splitting whole objects to appropriate, invade, rob, and reject their contents, forcing the world into sense. As Esther Sanchez-Pardo writes, not only must the external world be manipulated, but consequently the internal world as well: "The system of appearance of external coherence that we present to the world is, in Kleinian theory, part of a complex process of introjections and projections that also gives shape to our inside. Interiority and exteriority are constituted not as opposites but as intimately and problematically linked."[28] All this desperate psychic manipulation

leads inevitably to a loss of energy in the ego, an *abaissement*. As Klein notes, "if this projective process is carried out excessively, good parts of the personality are felt to be lost to the self. . . . [T]his process, too, results in weakening and impoverishing the ego" (*Children* 102).

In "The Dead," then, projective identification is not merely the work of an interpreting reader, as in Kristeva's formulation. It is the activity of a narrator insufficiently organized, one under the influence of the only partially repressed problem of idiolect. The narrator's promiscuity produces its own *abaissement:* its ego-function as narrator diminishes as it projects into the characters, submitting to their idiolectic controls, constantly (in Spillius's terms) "splitting off" and allowing itself to be "attributed to an external object." Most crucially, the narrator Joyce creates is not, as it could have been, a person: it is a depersonalized agency that never succeeds in forming "One with the Other" precisely because its *abaissement* allows the problem of idiolect to emerge, generating only more projective identification in its paranoid-schizoid efforts to banish anxiety and create a sure and stable world in the text. Such efforts are psychically, and narratively, exhausting. As Wilfred Bion writes,

> the splitting mechanism is brought into action to minister to the patient's greed and is therefore not simply an unfortunate catastrophe of the kind that occurs when the patient's ego is split in pieces as an accompaniment of his determination to split his objects; it is the outcome of a determination which can be expressed verbally *as an intention to be as many people as possible, so as to be in as many places as possible, so as to get as much as possible, for as long as possible*—in fact timelessly. (223, my italics)

In this capacity, the narration is ready to reproduce the projective identifications at work at the level of content, among the characters, their self-perceptions, their memories, their own defensive, nostalgic splitting and judging. It is why Freddy Malins's angry challenge ("because he's only a black?") halts the litany of revered singers; it arrests the easy, satisfied, Imaginary splitting process of judgment (who is good, who is bad) by introducing an element from the symbolic order, a blunt focus on the racial assumption submerged by that Imaginary process. Freddy's self-consciousness outside this reverie calls the whole process into question, if only for a moment, before it can be explained away.

Just as the narrator does not represent the story but produces it by its idiolectic double-loop, so via idiolect does the narrator attempt to identify with characters and events. Its nonjudgmental tone disguises a constant projective investment in characters and events that always carries with it latent aspects of judgment—laudatory, pitying, tragic—

even when at the logical, Symbolic level these judgments remain in blatant conflict. The acquisitive dimension of identification, the attempts to claim "desired aspects" of the object, helps us understand the story's peculiar passivity towards its characters, its eagerness to bring in a character's idiolect without speech, to allow Lily to fight with the sisters when there is no one in the room, to allow Gabriel to become the "tragic hero" of the story's final pages.

The latent judgment inherent in such identification thus mirrors the questions of judgment at the level of content. Vicki Mahaffey analyzes a similar problem of judgment in her analysis of the joke in the first chapter of *A Portrait:*

> When Wells asks Stephen whether or not he kisses his mother before he goes to bed, he implicitly limits the range of responses to two mutually exclusive possibilities, so that whether he answers yes or no, he is still bound by the configuration of the question. The questioner retains his authority and reaffirms his superiority as long as the respondent accepts the terms of the question.[29]

The urgency of judgment in "The Dead" operates in the same way: the evaluation necessary for interpretation, for dealing with "the terms of the question," is inconspicuously and deliberately undermined both by the content of the story (its back answers) and by the unstable narrating apparatus that forecloses perspective, reflexivity, and even demarcation. From the first sentence, it demands identification with Lily and some opinion of her condition, and by the end of the page it has reversed itself, demanding the opposite perception with no epistemological ground from which the reader can reconcile these "two mutually exclusive possibilities." Any interpretation within this field—either answer to Wells's question—is built to fail.

The problem emerges in almost every scene of the story. Molly Ivors, for instance, makes the question of judgment the thrust of her challenge to Gabriel. Indeed, he fails to grasp her point, but he finds her ambiguous because that is the very game she is playing. As they change hands in the quadrille, she alternatively criticizes him ("West Briton!"—*D* 188) and then says she is only teasing. There is no way for him, or the reader, to assess her (quite possibly valid) argument in its deliberately confusing, passive-aggressive exposition. If Gabriel finds this behavior annoying, thereby confirming Molly's perception that he does not take her views seriously, it is not because he is wrong.[30]

In her consideration of Gabriel and Mary Jane, Norris writes, "[S]o the Morkan sisters are left with a pompous nephew who considers them ignorant old women" (499). But in a night full of praise of the Morkan sisters, the highest tribute they hear—that which has the

most powerful effect on them—is from Gabriel. It is, to feature the much-debated word Gretta later uses to describe Gabriel, "generous" (*D* 217). To judge his speech as "pompous" or fatuous means one must judge the sisters, moved to tears by his comments, as ignorant old women.

The same can be said for another of Norris's opinions—that Gabriel's "petty paternal tyrannies [were] masked as solicitude and practices on the bodies of wife and children" (487). Like all such judgments in the story, this is not untrue. But one "tyrannical" demand Gabriel makes is that Gretta wear galoshes, a requirement with double significance: first, that she can refuse and turn it into a joke on Gabriel, and, second, as Gretta knows, that bitterly cold weather can kill a person who is not dressed properly for it.

With regard to Gabriel's greatest blind spot, the one that many readers turn into his "tragic flaw," Norris writes,

> Gabriel's coldness toward her home might explain Gretta's secrecy about Michael Furey as the result of his own interdiction. Gabriel's desire to control Gretta's memory and attention serves the interest of suppressing the social reality of their marriage and their lives in order that the idealized forms of a socially stripped union . . . might be distilled from their lives. (487)

Gabriel's refusal to go to Galway, even after Gretta has demonstrated excitement about the possibility, is certainly cruel and ungenerous. Gabriel's coldness here could, in fact, stem from a general attitude towards all things western and (in his mother's description of Gretta) "country cute" (*D* 187). But it is at least equally likely that Gretta, in her enthusiasm, unwittingly allies herself with the recently infuriating Molly Ivors. Gretta's response to Gabriel's rudeness is indirect, both at the moment and again later, when they are alone (and when, in fact, she calls him "generous"); she responds instead with passive-aggression, using the oblivious Mrs. Malins in her "nice husband" retort. It is easy to extrapolate these interactions into a pattern typical of their relationship—angry outbursts, indirect resistance—but no such statement is made in the story; with this narrator, no such statement can be made. Nor can we see further inside Gabriel's attitude toward Ireland. Though he says he is sick of it, and though he tells Gretta she can go to Galway by herself, not only does he have plans at the end of the story to go west, but his speech's commendation of Ireland's hospitality might not be insincere or bombastic at all.

The claim that he desires "to control Gretta's memory" similarly makes a definitive judgment that screens out much of the story, mirroring the narrator as it stifles contradictions in its drive towards coherence. Gretta's memory of Michael Furey is at least as self-

aggrandizing as anything Gabriel says. Nothing is more egocentric than Gretta's "I think he died for me" (*D* 220). To read Gretta's memory not only as a beautiful romance (as it might have been) but as more true than her relationship with Gabriel is, again, to collude with the narrator, to fall into the same blind trap as Eveline. Gretta's memory is as much a persistent, morbid obsession as it is an example of rural or western "authenticity." If self-absorption prevents Gabriel from seeing Gretta's "truth," what of this moment from her adolescence blocking Gretta's sight of Gabriel?

It can, in fact, be said that Gabriel listens to Gretta all too well. Though he may aestheticize the experience and lose himself once again in his own "tragic" narrative, it is because he does not defend himself against her story. It might be that he "wondered at his riot of emotions" (*D* 222), but that is only because he is earnestly confounded by her story in the first place.

This is not to "rescue" Gabriel from any negative reading, to forge yet another meaning-making judgment from the rhetorical field of "The Dead." Most importantly, this suspension of judgment does not lead toward a bourgeois-humanist "to know all is to forgive all" acquiescence. Quite the contrary: such general goodwill is, in fact, the idiolectic narrator's special problem. Its oversensitivity to characters fails to address and resolve the real conflicts, personal and political, that arise among them—working-class Lily's treatment at the hands of her employers, the oppression (possibly fatal, in Norris's reading) of Julia by the Catholic Church, and a seemingly insurmountable alienation of Gabriel and Gretta within their marriage. The narrative apparatus over-identifies with the characters in an attempt at stability and impartiality, and this kind of empathy is a real form of paralysis.[31]

Just because the story prevents the judgments upon which it insists does not prevent it from presenting and explicating conflicts of great urgency. As readers, we are not permitted to sit with Mrs. Malins in the corner, taking it all in as a charming blur. Nor can we stand with Gabriel at the window—no matter how lyrical the invitation—imagining our way out of the troubling facts at hand. Nor, finally, can we render this text as a literary game or masterly trick without leaving such pain aside—without making "Distant Music."

The most significant, and violent, contestations happen at the level of the "unthinkable"—these subtle narrative movements that start with Lily's isolatable "literally" but shade into a subtlety that becomes impossible to detect. This violence never rises fully to the level of theme, plot, or characterization; it never becomes what the story is *about.* But the discerning reader cannot help but suspect that what is most important in "The Dead" are the ways these contestations are strangely obscured from view by the narrative apparatus itself. That reader cannot help but feel helpless, in a way, with a story in which

the normal solutions merely repeat the problem itself—where judgment represses complexity, where identification turns sentimental, and where poignant aestheticism becomes morose delectation.

Such a reader might have to respond in a way that is entirely different from the solutions for which the story seems to call. Instead, we can turn back to the story itself. We might imagine a way in which Gretta and Gabriel could now recognize one another—that Gabriel might give up his aesthetic idealization of Gretta, and Gretta might do the same with Michael Furey. According to Kleinian theory, such recognition would open the possibility for true pain, reparation, and love. And that possibility exists—but only as further labor, beyond the scope of the story itself. That would be the labor of reading.

NOTES

[1] See James Joyce, "*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man": Text, Criticism, and Notes*, ed. Chester G. Anderson (New York: Viking Press, 1968), and "The Dead," "*Dubliners": Text, Criticism, and Notes*, ed. Robert Scholes and A. Walton Litz (New York: Viking Press, 1969). Further references to *Dubliners* will be cited parenthetically in the text by *D* and the page number.

[2] See Hugh Kenner, *Joyce's Voices* (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1987), p. 16. Kenner continues, "So let us designate the Uncle Charles Principle: *the narrative idiom need not be the narrator's*" (p. 18). Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text.

[3] Margot Norris, "Stifled Back Answers: The Gender Politics of Art in Joyce's 'The Dead,'" *Modern Fiction Studies*, 35 (Fall 1989), 479-80. Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text.

[4] See Elizabeth Bott Spillius, Jane Milton, Penelope Garvey, Cyril Couve, and Deborah Steiner, eds., *The New Dictionary of Kleinian Thought* (London: Routledge Publishers, 2011), pp. 126-46. Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text as *Dictionary*.

[5] In his "*Ulysses*" (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1987), pp. 18-19, Kenner examines Joyce's similar use of the word "though" in selections from the "Nausicaa" episode.

[6] The notion of "Morkan interests" aligns almost too well with the narrative's conflation of the two sisters. It proceeds from this wider conception of the Uncle Charles Principle, the double-looping of narrative power: if the two sisters see (and "tell") themselves as sharing a life, it is at least in part because society "narrates" them that way, and their own adoption of that conceit cements it. When Gabriel is alone with Lily, he sees her quite differently. Her appellation in these scenes is "the girl"—certainly no less demeaning but offering sight of a separate, contrasting relationship. Under his rhetorical influence, we are told of her appearance, within her actual, physical, present context: "She was a slim, growing girl, pale in complexion and with hay-coloured hair. The gas in the pantry made her look still paler" (*D* 177). He even recalls her history, her playing with a rag doll on the lowest stair (*D* 177). Yet perhaps typically, he does not overtly register the internal changes age might have brought, and he ends up surprised (as Frank is with Eveline) at the differences he has missed.

[7] We learn later that Lily does not, in fact, get on well with the family, and it has nothing to do with getting their orders right: "There's that Lily," Kate says, adding, "I'm sure I don't know what has come over her lately. She's not the girl she was at all" (*D* 181). The narrator continues, "Gabriel was about to ask his aunt some questions on this point but she broke off suddenly to gaze after her sister" (*D* 181). Gabriel, who was earlier shocked by Lily's anger about "[t]he men that is now" (*D* 178), wants to inquire further, but is thrown off again; the change in Lily, and the rancor between her and the sisters, remains unexplained.

[8] Alex Barber, "Idiolects," *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, <http://plato.stanford.edu/entries/idiolects/>. Further references to this website will be cited parenthetically in the text.

[9] See Ferdinand de Saussure, *Course in General Linguistics* (London: Duckworth Publishers, 1983).

[10] Gérard Genette, *Fiction and Diction*, trans. Catherine Porter (Ithaca: Cornell Univ. Press, 1993), p. ix.

[11] See Jacques Lacan, *The Seminar Book XI: The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychoanalysis*, trans. Alan Sheridan (London: Hogarth Press, 1977), p. 232.

[12] See, for example, Lacan, *Écrits: A Selection* (New York: W. W. Norton, 2006), pp. 480-85.

[13] Virginia Woolf, *The Waves* (London: Hogarth Press, 1931), and William Faulkner, *The Sound and the Fury* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1929).

[14] See Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, ed. James Strachey et al. (London: Hogarth Press, 1953), 5:577-80. Further references to Freud's work will be cited parenthetically in the text to this compilation by *SE* and the volume and page numbers.

[15] Even her photograph disseminates its idiolect: "It was she who had chosen the names for her sons for she was very sensible of the dignity of family life" (*D* 186).

[16] Mrs. Malins might have had an effect on Gretta, too, if only via the narration: the "nice" from her story migrates to Gretta's dialogue, her "nice husband."

[17] Freud's 1895 letter to Wilhelm Fleiss contains his earliest written material on projection (*SE* 1:209-12). He discusses the phenomenon more fully in the Schreber case—see *Psycho-analytic Notes on an Autobiographical Account of a Case of Paranoia* (*Dementia Paranoides*), *SE* 12:3-82, and particularly 66-71.

[18] Melanie Klein and her school use the spelling "phantasy" to distinguish their theory from the more circumscribed Freudian concept of "fantasy" as a response to frustrated desire. In *Melanie Klein,* trans. Ross Guberman (New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 2001), p. 138, Julia Kristeva puts it this way: "[Susan] Isaacs proposed the spelling 'phantasy' in order to denote the psychic activity preceding the repression that interested Klein. . . . In Isaacs's view, 'phantasy is (in the first instance) the mental corollary, the psychic representative, of instinct.'" It has as much to do with affect as with thought; in fact, in its infantile way, thought and feeling are indistinguishable in phantasy. We might begin to think about this difference as analogous to the first pages of *A Portrait*: Stephen's fantasy of marriage with Eileen versus the entire, unspoken, phantastic *approach* he takes towards his world, an approach foregrounded in these pages, this phantasy elaborated within (or

as) the language of representation. Further references to the Kristeva work will be cited parenthetically in the text as *Klein*.

[19] Donald Meltzer, *The Claustrum: An Investigation of Claustrophobic Phenomena* (London: Karnac Publishers, 2008), p. 14. Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text.

[20] David Bell, "Projective Identification," *Kleinian Theory: A Contemporary Perspective,* ed. Catalina Bronstein (London: Karnac Publishers, 1999), p. 146.

[21] Spillius, *Melanie Klein Today: Developments in Theory and Practice, Volume I, Mainly Theory* (London: Routledge Publishers, 1988), p. 82. Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text.

[22] In "Projective Identification in *Othello* and Verdi's *Otello*," *International Journal of Psychoanalysis*, 94 (12 January 2013), 39, Richard Rusbridger makes the following argument: "Iago manages this projection of his own disturbance into Othello. In several scenes in the play he acts like a theatre director or puppeteer, orchestrating public violence." In Giuseppe Verdi's opera, Otello slowly begins to incorporate Iago's musical motifs.

[23] Eve Kosovsky Sedgwick, *The Weather in Proust* (Durham: Duke Univ. Press, 2011), p. 135.

[24] In "Language and the Schizophrenic," in *New Directions in Psycho-Analysis: The Significance of Infant Conflict in the Pattern of Adult Behavior,* ed. Klein, Paula Heimann, and Roger Money-Kyrle (London: Tavistock Publications, 1955), p. 224, Wilfred Bion writes of a case in which his patient is silent for some twenty minutes. Bion begins to fear the patient will attack him physically. He says to the patient, "You have been pushing into my insides your fear that you will murder me." The patient's knuckles turn white from making fists; there is no other change. After more silence, Bion says, "When I spoke to you, you took your fear that you would murder me back into yourself; you are now feeling afraid you will make a murderous attack on me." Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text.

[25] See Klein's 1946 paper, "Notes on Some Schizoid Mechanisms," *Envy and Gratitude and Other Works: 1946-1963* (London: Vintage Books, 1997), pp. 1-24.

[26] Kristeva, "Joyce 'The Gracehoper' or the Return of Orpheus," *James Joyce: The Augmented Ninth*, ed. Bernard Benstock (Syracuse: Syracuse Univ. Press, 1988), pp. 167, 172, 167. Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text as "Return."

[27] Klein, *The Psychoanalysis of Children,* trans. Alix Strachey (New York: Grove Press, 1960), p. 203. Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text as *Children*.

[28] Esther Sanchez-Pardo, *Cultures of the Death Drive: Melanie Klein and Modernist Melancholia* (Durham: Duke Univ. Press, 2003), p. 11.

[29] Vicki Mahaffey, *Reauthorizing Joyce* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1988), p. 57.

[30] This also happens to be a classic form of projective identification—to provoke someone else until they angrily respond, confirming your "suspicion" that they do not like you.

[31] Even this reading of Mrs. Malins risks valorizing her in a patronizing way, making "simplicity" indistinguishable from "simple-mindedness."