

How to Strike Psychological Pay Dirt in Biographical Data

Choosing a subject to think and write about is the first step in any psychobiography. At some point a person, for an untold surplus of reasons partly conscious yet usually mostly unconscious, starts waving at you, calling out from a distance. Come see about me! Sometimes you stop to wonder, *Why this individual particularly?* Or you wonder why later, after finishing your work, especially in cases when this individual seems to have a lot in common with other individuals who have waved and called in similar fashion before. Perhaps a certain type of person fascinates you uniquely, pulls on you in ways difficult to resist. Maybe the people you write about resemble you. Maybe you write about those you detest, with the aim (unconscious) of justifying your enmity. Maybe you write about people you admire, in possession of talents you wish you possessed. Whatever the case, this “why” question is worth mulling over. It may even constitute a place to start, or at least somewhere to sojourn as the process of research unfolds. As I discuss in my chapter on Diane Arbus (see Schultz, chap. 8 this vol.), it sometimes happens that the “why” factor interferes with “whats” and other “whys.” Our own needs can get in the way, that is, leaving us dangerously cock-eyed. So be watchful. The doing of psychobiography occasionally careens into autobiography. And when that happens, as it did to Freud in his work on Leonardo, even the most elegantly assembled edifice goes up in smoke. Elms’s (1994) advice works well as a general principle: best to select a subject for whom your feelings are neither strongly negative nor strongly positive. It’s not possible to feel nothing. You won’t sustain any interest at all lacking some in-

tensity of affect. The proscription is against letting that affect run away with you. Use it but don’t abuse it, or better yet, don’t let it abuse you.

Once you put your motives in order to the extent possible short of psychoanalysis, then the process of working with sources rises front and center. Sources must be various enough and sufficiently psychologically oriented to proceed. There will be times when you choose a subject about whom very little has been written or about whom what has been written relates not at all to his or her mental life or life history. You search long and hard but come up empty-handed. Then what? Sad to say, you simply start over with someone new. No amount of interest—your own or the world’s—compensates for lack of evidence. At the very least, a detailed biography is a must. Lacking that, there just isn’t enough to go on. You need data to interpret.

But let’s say you are lucky, and having chosen as your subject Kingsley Amis, for instance, you discover a biography, a book of letters, a memoir, a memoir by Amis’s son Martin, and a long list of fiction titles, poems, literary criticism, and accounts of Amis’s life. You are now on solid ground. In fact, what you face is truly quite daunting, but in a different sense. In front of you there lies not a paucity but a superabundance of relevant material. You find yourself at a critical juncture. Now the question is how to identify within this mound of biographical, psychological, and literary data those that deserve special emphasis—episodes or events of unique saliency. Which interpretable moments—and these are numberless—ought to be singled out for closest scrutiny? On one hand, you might simply go

forward intuitively, focusing on factors catching your interest for whatever reason. That strategy may well suffice in certain cases, when intuitions are especially finely tuned and guesses educated. On the other hand, one may do better yet to rely on some sort of system for sifting through and winnowing out facts of a life, letting the system guide you, in effect making your choices for you. That is this chapter's burden. Its aim is to provide the psychobiographer with two slightly overlapping strategies for working with biographical data and highlighting those of unusual prominence and psychological importance. Irving Alexander's (1990) indicators of saliency are introduced first, followed by my own concept of the prototypical scene. Both methodologies serve as guides for the delineation of life events most mysterious, most revealing, and therefore most in need of elucidation.

Selecting Saliencies

All lives are momentous, packed with events. The overwhelming majority of these events we dismiss as irrelevant or else unimportant as far as who the person is or how she became what she became. They don't really matter, in other words. They make no difference in the life, or at least seem not to make a difference (rarely some may turn out to; we don't know for sure). Other events we judge to be central, constellating, defining, nuclear. Our sense is that they shape the person and, in combination, form a major component of personality. What's inessential from the standpoint of knowing someone and what is, on the other hand, core to the person are judgments we make moment by moment in life, and almost always unconsciously. We can't say for sure why we zeroed in on one event as opposed to any other, but zero in we do. This data selection process can be done more deliberately, however, or, as I put it above, less intuitively (not that intuition always leads one astray).

As soon as one enters the orbit of a life and begins to acquaint oneself with that life's details, a realization slowly dawns: There are too many damn details! Alexander's (1988; 1990) "textual indicators of psychological saliency" were invented to reduce this embarrassment of riches.

Based for the most part on strategies used in psychoanalysis, and in some cases on Freudian concepts directly, these cues or pointers for homing in on uniquely meaningful utterances can be relied on while wending one's way through any set of biographical data—diaries, letters, autobiography, even biography, and fiction. They serve as markers. They point to events we may want to re-examine, or take up later in more detail. They reduce the signal-to-noise ratio and thus help us "hear" our subjects a little more clearly. Using these pointers we less often go astray, and increase our chances of striking psychological pay dirt.

The pointer of primary usefulness is, in my experience, frequency or repetition (see Table 3.1). For Freud, repetition denotes neurosis. Doing the same thing over and over again, or dreaming the same dream recurrently, or writing books always containing the same egoistic female character—such actions signal the presence of a core conflict demanding disguised expression. Freud named this tendency the "compulsion to repeat" or the "repetition compulsion." In his system repetition emphatically did not lead to mastery or overcoming of the conflict. It was purely defensive, one of the surest indications of the reality of the death instinct. Whatever one thinks about repetition's potential for growth, when we detect it in a life, we should pay special attention. Patterns or scripts that occur with frequency comprise nuclear constituents of personality.

An example of frequency provided by Elms (1994) and explored in detail by Barenbaum (chap. 16 this vol.) is trait theorist Gordon Allport's repetitive retelling of a story about his meeting Freud. Elms makes the case that this meeting, "pungent" in its "significance" (according to Allport), not only reveals much about Allport's personality but also led him to invent a personality theory with assumptions directly challenging those made by Freud. The theory, then, was (at least partly) what Freud would have called a "reaction formation"—a "psychological attitude diametrically opposed to a repressed wish" (Laplanche & Pontalis, 1973, p. 376).

Elms (1994) includes another nice example of frequency in his chapter on Nabokov, who made the most of every opportunity to proffer "extreme and insistent denunciations of Freud," many of these included in forewords to his novels. As Elms

Table 3.1 Irving Alexander's (1990) "primary indicators of psychological saliency"

1. <i>Frequency</i>	Any repeated communications, themes, scenes or events or happenings, means-end sequences, relationship patterns, conflicts, obsessions, and so on (see, e.g., Barenbaum, chap. 16 this vol., on Allport's repeated references to his meeting with Freud).
2. <i>Primacy</i>	What comes first in a text occasionally tells us more than anything else, or tells us something uniquely significant (see, e.g., Anderson on Wharton's earliest memory, chap. 13 this vol.).
3. <i>Emphasis</i>	The effort by a subject to, in effect, italicize a happening in some way. This can assume the form of over-, under-, or misplaced emphasis (e.g., Bill Clinton taking great pains to emphasize how he "did not have sex with that woman").
4. <i>Isolation</i>	The so-called "come again?" criterion, at issue when material jarringly stands out from surrounding text, and thus seems not to fit at all, as in the example of Kathryn Harrison's "ambulatory tongue" (this chap.).
5. <i>Uniqueness</i>	Material that is marked by the subject as unprecedented or somehow especially singular (e.g., "I have retained just one memory from my childhood," or "One incident always comes to mind from the period of my adolescence").
6. <i>Incompletion</i>	When a subject begins a story but neglects to finish it, in effect trailing off without adding necessary details, a kind of avoidance to reach conclusion.
7. <i>Error, distortion, omission</i>	The act of getting, say, a memory wrong, or distorting what really happened, or else omitting certain relevant facts altogether (see, e.g., for error in particular, Elms & Heller on Elvis, chap. 10 this vol., and Schultz on Plath, chap. 11 this vol.).
8. <i>Negation</i>	Strenuous disavowal especially in the absence of any positive assertion to the contrary, a kind of "Gertrude Rule," in the sense of "protesting too much" any given psychological or biographical fact—for instance, George W. Bush's assertions that he is not his father (see Renshon on Bush, chap. 22 this vol.).

declares, "For a man who rejected Freud so vehemently, Nabokov was astonishingly preoccupied with him" (p. 164). And of course, the question is why?

One of Nabokov's critics called his Freud bashing "obsessive." This brings to mind another point worth making regarding the frequency cue. Sometimes key repetitions come across as obsessions, particularly, I think, when the subject is an artist. I say something similar in a later chapter on Diane Arbus (see Schultz, chap. 8 this vol.), but it bears mentioning here as well: It is always useful to ask of an artist (or a politician, or a theorist) what is her obsession? What subject does she return to over and over again? For photographer Diane Arbus, the answer is eccentrics; for poet Sylvia Plath, the answer is her father. For Freud, the answer is sex; for Erikson, the answer is identity. Obsessions tell fundamentally revealing stories. Stay on the alert for them, maybe above all else. And when you find them, ask yourself what they mean for your subject, whoever he or she might be.

One final observation about the frequency pointer: Repetitions need not be literal or exclu-

sively textual in nature. The children's author and illustrator Maurice Sendak habitually drew engorged moons (which he himself identified as breasts) in the corners of many of his frames—hence, a pictorial repetition of psychological import (see Martinsen, 2003). Kerouac included in several of his books—*Dr. Sax*, *On the Road*—a shrouded, black-caped shadow figure, a dark traveler who "ghosted" Jack's fictional alter-ego (see Schultz, 2003). This seems best described as a symbolic repetition. One can even focus on repetitions of musical form. Along such lines, a student of mine once wrote an essay on Kurt Cobain's tendency to compose rock songs with suddenly shifting dynamics—a smoothly melodic, pianissimo section followed by crashing, bar-chord atonality ("Smells Like Teen Spirit," e.g.).

Anyway, the point is that repetitions assume many forms. Don't look only for the textual.

Primacy is another of Alexander's indicators of psychological saliency. What comes first in a text occasionally tells us more than anything else, or tells us something uniquely significant. Psychoanalysis attaches importance to earliest memories, and more recently McAdams (1993) does

the same in his life story model and interview protocol. Not all “first things” of any kind are revelatory, but some are, or may be, so paying attention to them can’t hurt. I find this pointer applying most usefully to autobiographical writing, especially when an autobiography begins with an event or happening, and not chronologically (e.g., “I was born in,” etc.). A few days ago I bought at an estate sale two autobiographies by men I know very little about: Robert Evans, erstwhile production chief of Paramount Pictures, and Frank Lloyd Wright. The books are *The Kid Stays in the Picture* (1994) and *Frank Lloyd Wright: An Autobiography* (1977). Out of curiosity I checked this morning how each began, and in both cases the answer was telling, revealing, in a way illustrating the value of primacy as a cue to meaning. Evans recounts how he managed to full-Nelson Henry Kissinger into attending the premiere of *The Godfather*—which Evans had produced—despite the fact that the North Vietnamese offensive had just begun. Evans’s wife at the time, Ali McGraw, had the same day returned from shooting *The Getaway* with Steve McQueen. The premiere goes splendidly; Ali, though exhausted, looks radiant; Kissinger is drolly charismatic; and the film, as we know, in time is regarded as a masterpiece of cinema. “Holding Ali tightly in my arms, I felt,” Evans recalls, “I was the luckiest man in the world. It was the highest moment of my life. Was I dreaming? I was. It was all a facade. The beginning of the end” (p. 11). We learn in Peter Bart’s foreword to the book how, after *Godfather*, Evans became increasingly obsessed with his work, developed a reliance on painkillers and so-called “vitamin shots,” and found that his wife Ali was having an affair with McQueen. “The Gatsby-like image began to fade,” we are told. And this fade-out followed directly on the heels of the highest moment of Evans’s life. Evans begins with a peak experience, only to contrast it with the nadir to come. He is a winner about to lose big. Disaster hangs in the air like one of Sendak’s full moons.

Wright starts his autobiography with a memory of a moment shared with his uncle. The two make their way across a snow-covered field, his uncle assuring him, “Come, my boy, and I will show you how to go” (Wright, 1977,

p. 23). The destination is a “point upon which he [Wright’s uncle] had fixed his keen blue eyes.” Uncle walks straight, neither to right nor left—“possessed.” But the boy, Wright, breaks free from the man’s grasp, running willy-nilly to collect bunches of weeds, their “delicate clusters of dark bronze heads” having caught his eye. The two reunite at the top of a hill. The uncle shoots Wright a “stern look.” He points to the straight path he had taken, then contrasts it with the boy’s “wavering, searching, heedful line embroidering the straight one like some free, engaging vine as it ran back and forth across it” (p. 24). Wright says Uncle John’s meaning was clear: neither to right nor to left, but straight, is the way. Yet Wright, the boy, is troubled. “Uncle John had left out something—something that made all the difference to the boy.” What? What had Uncle John left out? And why did it make all the difference? Is Wright telling us that the searching, more adventurous and risky line is in fact preferable to heading directly toward one’s goal? Does the anecdote symbolize Wright’s feeling about his art? Does his Uncle’s reaction (reproof) to the weed bunches Wright offered anticipate the world’s initial reaction to his architecture? I don’t know the answers to such questions, and I don’t know if Wright returns to this reminiscence later in his book in order to draw out its meaning (as I said, I bought the book only a few days ago!). But by looking closely at how the autobiography begins, we do get a sense of the sorts of themes that may emerge as the greater story takes shape.

In both cases—Evans’s and Wright’s—the decision of where to begin was doubtless made with a great deal of thought. The intent is to start in such a way as to foreshadow, and also to compress in one anecdote major features of the entire life story, or at least its central themes. Indeed, whenever autobiographies commence with a specific episode, I suggest (following Alexander) looking at the episode extra-carefully, and asking, simply, Why? Why did he or she start here? The answer can lead to promising hypotheses and jump-start inquiry.

Alexander also recommends the pointer of emphasis. This fact seems obvious enough: When our subjects italicize some happening, we ought to mark it as salient. The matter gets a little more

complex. Alexander subdivides the cue into the components over-, under-, and misplaced emphasis. We should stay alert for occasions when something apparently mundane is given fierce attention (overemphasis), when something that seems like a major life experience is passed over with little comment (underemphasis), or when an irrelevancy is stressed with undue force (misplaced emphasis). Over three pages devoted to her descent into depression and bulimia, Kathryn Harrison in *The Kiss* (1997) repeatedly mentions the “green vinyl chair” she likes to sit on in her college room. Why keep referring to the chair and its greenness? Why such over- and misplaced emphasis? Later in this chapter I answer these questions in the process of examining Harrison’s “prototypical scene.”

When, in poring over the details of a life, we suddenly meet with puzzling content, something that seems not at all to fit, we’ve probably, knowingly or not, noticed an instance of isolation. Elms (1994) jokingly suggests renaming this the “come again?” criterion. We could also call it the “sore thumb” cue—isolated material simply, and jarringly, sticks out. Maybe the best example is a Freudian slip. Such speech errors are at odds with their surrounding content, and they call attention to themselves as a direct result. Again, they don’t fit, so we need to ask, What is their motive or purpose? What are they “doing there?”

For Freud isolation is a mode of defense that “consists in isolating thoughts or behavior such that their links with other thoughts or with the remainder of the subject’s life are broken” (Laplanche & Pontalis, 1973, p. 232). The goal is to deprive an idea of its associative connections to repressed material; isolating it, or splitting it off, makes it less likely to remind us of something we’d rather forget. Indeed, the subject rarely notices consciously the thought’s relation to earlier trauma—and that is the whole point. If he did notice, the defense would be ineffective.

An excellent illustration of isolation comes from the writer Kathryn Harrison. Harrison’s novel *The Seal Wife* (2003) concerns a weather-mapper named Bigelow who in the icy anonymity of Alaska falls in love with a native, and mute, Aleut. The book has its surreal moments, and we aren’t ever certain whether the Aleut is real or a

sort of “silky,” but no passage compares with the ambulatory tongue as far as bizarreness goes. Bigelow imagines it giving chase. The tongue, belonging to a repulsive store owner named Getz, sneaks up on him, follows him around corners, pokes at him, and flashes him the universal sign for cunnilingus. In this instance, “come again?” seems like a clearly justifiable response. What is this tongue doing in the book? What accounts for its mobile malevolence? Readers of Harrison’s notorious *The Kiss* (1997) may be in position to hazard a guess. That book, a memoir, describes her consensual affair with her own father, commencing in an airport when Harrison was nineteen. Seeing her visiting father to his gate, she offers a chaste kiss. Her father has different ideas. He sticks his tongue in her mouth. Harrison has told me that she identifies with Bigelow (K. Harrison, personal communication, March 16, 2003). That being so, when the tongue chases him sinisterly, the scene recapitulates Harrison’s anguished subjection at the hands of her father.

Harrison’s example raises an important point. Isolation can serve as a useful marker. But as in psychoanalysis, the task for the psychobiographer is to restore the link between the isolated fragment and the web of unconscious ideas for which it stands. If we don’t ever associate what is initially dissociated, the cue can’t serve its optimal purpose, which is revelation, the uncovering of deep meaning.

Still another pointer is uniqueness. As Elms puts it, “if you have many biographical data that say one thing and you suddenly come across something that says another, it’s worth a closer look” (1994, p. 246). Something unique may also be isolated, but not necessarily. Uniquenesses need not jar, and they don’t always seem like slips. They don’t, in other words, precipitate “come again?” reactions, though one does notice their singularity. As an example Elms (1994) points to Leonardo’s one childhood memory, or fantasy, of a bird visiting him in his cradle and thrusting its tail into his mouth.

Incompletion is in evidence when a subject, say, starts a story and then stops in the middle, or changes the subject, or in whatever way fails to see a thought through to its conclusion. And like the other pointers, incompletion may apply

outside merely textual domains. When an artist has difficulty completing works—as did Leonardo, to take just one example—that may be telling. Even writer's block can, depending on the context, represent a form of incompleteness. (And if so, we might ask, Why is she blocked? Does it relate to the content of the work? Does it relate to the motive her work subserves?) Mozart was reluctant to complete *Requiem*, some say because he felt he'd die if he did. Gary Snyder took decades to finish his "Mountains and Rivers" poem—why such dilation? I suppose incompleteness is easiest to grasp when regarded as a form of avoidance. We don't finish things we'd prefer not to think about or have to do, or whose content leads to thoughts that provoke guilt or anxiety.

Error, distortion, omission, and negation might also signify the presence of psychologically salient material. Nothing happens by accident, according to Freud (or does so exceedingly rarely). So when we make a mistake—fail to mail a letter, dial one friend's number when we meant to dial another's, call our spouse "mom" or "dad"—it is never "innocent" in nature. "Mischiefments," as Freud called these missteps, are motivated. We commit them for a reason or usually for several reasons combined, and the reasons, or motives, are generally unconsciously driven. In her journals Sylvia Plath (1993) muses, when pursuing types of suffering and psychological pain, "no one I ever loved has died"—but that isn't so. Her father died a week after she turned eight. An odd error, to say the least, and maybe revealing. (For other examples of Plath errors, see Schultz, chap. 11 in this vol.) Also in her journals, she mentions reading Freud's essay "Mourning and Melancholia," which has to do with the relationship between loss, depression, and suicide. The one childhood loss Plath experienced was her father's death. But for reasons I believe particularly potent, she misunderstands the essay, applying it not to her dead dad but to her still living (at the time) mother. A motivated misreading? I think so.

Errors and/or distortions can assume infinite forms. Subjects might misdate an event. They might contradict themselves. They might exaggerate tendentiously. They might even lie, I suppose, an act of certain importance psychologically.

Freud may go too far. Some mistakes do seem pretty insignificant. After all, we can't analyze every stubbed toe. Still, it will not hurt to treat errors as provisionally meaningful until we convince ourselves otherwise. Plath's, for instance, one would err in overlooking.

Omission means just what it sounds like it would. Elms (1994) refers to it (cleverly) as the "Sherlock Holmes Rule": "Sometimes we should ask more questions when a dog doesn't bark than when it does" (p. 246). Leaving things out can be accomplished by way of incompleteness (defined above). But omissions can also function as total (or partial) lacunae: an absence of expectable content. Apparently the photographer Diane Arbus avoided ever talking about her poet brother, Howard Nemerov, and vice versa. Why? Sisters are supposed to mention their brothers from time to time, aren't they? When they assiduously do not, we ought to take note.

Negation refers to the suspiciously emphatic, sometimes also incongruous "NO!"—especially when "no" is said in the absence of any question. When Allport told Freud of the "dirty boy" on the train, Freud asked ultra-Freudianly, "Was that little boy you?" And in reply Allport spent his life saying no, no, a thousand times no! Again and again he felt the need to make it clear: "I am not that little boy." Think of negation as the "Gertrude rule" (as in Hamlet). Sometimes people simply "protest too much."

Oscar Wilde was imprisoned for homosexuality. He had an affair with Lord Alfred Douglas, Douglas's father pressed charges, Douglas urged Wilde to countersue, and Wilde did—and famously lost (Schultz, 2001). In his letter from prison—subsequently titled *De Profundis* (1996)—Wilde repeatedly tells Douglas, "I do not blame you; I blame myself." After a while, the protests start to seem excessive; Wilde's magnanimity the reader begins to doubt.

As I said above, after we select a psychobiographical subject, thoughts turn to the data and how to winnow out the trivial from the telling. Usually we are dealing with an excess, of fact and of opinion. What content can we set aside and safely ignore, and what privilege? There is no failsafe answer. And it's difficult even to consider the question in a theoretically neutral fashion (some regard dreams as the royal road to the

unconscious, others as epiphenomenal brain burps that the cortex dutifully, but meaninglessly, shapes). Alexander's cues are not atheoretical; they draw, as advertised, on Freud. But they also derive from common sense. We emphasize what's important, for instance, and when we leave things out, we often do so tendentiously. So as commonsensical, Freud-inspired guides to identifying psychological saliences, they come in handy. I use them in all my psychobiography courses and with uniformly positive results. Students always have questions when it comes to qualitative data; Alexander's is one model for organizing and prioritizing it. Use of saliency cues may lead to misses (how could it not?). But it also leads to lots of hits. In a field where hits can be hard to come by, that's saying something.

Now I'd like to shift focus slightly. The use of pointers for homing in on especially interpretable moments or events leads to the identification of potentially numberless saliences. We might discover ten, we might discover hundreds. But is it possible to prioritize still more finely? Are some saliences more striking than others? And could there even exist, possibly in every life, one and only one "supersaliency," a single scene encapsulating all the core parameters of a life story? I believe so. Or at least I'm willing to hypothesize as much. I call these constellating memories prototypical scenes, because in them one finds revealed the outline for, and model of, a life. They are a blueprint, a kind of personality X-ray allowing us to peek transdermally. In a moment I want to talk about how one locates prototypical scenes in lives, and then provide a number of examples. But before doing so, a reference case for what I'm trying to get at may be useful.

Diane Arbus is best known for her photographs of subjects she referred to, without malice, as freaks (see Schultz, chap. 8 this vol.). Her earliest memory, and the only memory from before age ten she discusses in any detail, predicts this later artistic preoccupation. It also qualifies as a prototypical scene. Arbus tells interviewer Studs Terkel,

I always had governesses. I had one I really loved until I was seven and then I had a succession of ones I really loathed. I remember

going with this governess that I loved—liked—to the park [Central Park in NYC], to the site of the reservoir which had been drained; it was just a cavity and there was this shanty town there. For years I couldn't get anyone to remember this, but finally someone at the Museum of the City of New York said yes, there was this shanty town. This image wasn't concrete, but for me it was a potent memory. Seeing the other side of the tracks holding the hand of one's governess. For years I felt exempt. I grew up exempt and immune from circumstance. The idea that I couldn't wander down . . . and that there is such a gulf. I keep learning this over and over again. . . . My brother and I never went far afield . . . the outside world was so far. Not evil, but the doors were simply shut. You never expected to encounter it. For so long I lived as if there was contagion. I guess you would call it innocence, but I wouldn't call it pretty at all. (quoted in Bosworth, 1995, pp. 278–279)

Though not concrete, the memory is "potent." There is, moreover, the insinuation, or at least the possibility, that no shanty town ever existed in that reservoir cavity, that Arbus's recollection is more fantasy than reality, a construction. The scene symbolizes family tensions—Arbus's parents were unavailable. Her father owned Russek's department store, and had little time for his kids, and her mother was prone to occasional crippling depressions. When she could take notice of Diane and Howard, she found them both strange and hard to understand, likely because of their giftedness. Governesses, then, became for Diane and Howard parent surrogates. Arbus is clear that she loathed most of hers, and though she wants initially to say she loved Mamselle (the governess referred to above), she retracts that effusion, replacing it with the word "liked"—to use the term "love" would put Mamselle in direct competition with Diane's mother, thus engendering anxiety and guilt, I would guess. The taboo shadow-world represented by the shanty town reminds Arbus of her alienation as a rich girl. She wants to explore it, to "wander down" into what seems a disguised image of the unconscious itself, only Mamselle says no. Certain doors have been sealed against