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The Family Romance of the Artist[1]

Phyllis Greenacre, M.D.

The present paper is a continuation of preoccupations giving rise to preliminary investigative studies, finally brought to some focus in "The Childhood of the Artist" **(Greenacre, 1957)**. The subject of creativity had not previously been in the arena of my clinical research interests and I had never expected to tackle it. Perhaps I was intimidated by a latent interest which might become too engrossing. At any rate, it was through the stimulation—even the persistent prodding of the late Ernst Kris that my concern with the subject was brought into the daylight. Now I am grateful for this gift—surprising to me at the time and hesitatingly accepted. His friendship was immensely enriching; and I am glad of this opportunity to contribute to an occasion in his honor and memory.

The study of the creative artist presents, from the analyst's angle, a particularly difficult set of obstacles. First, not many very creative people come to analysts—at least they do not come to me; second, they present peculiarly difficult problems in analysis; third, the publication of clinical material from their analyses contains unique hazards. The study of the analyses of moderately gifted people is of great help, but I found that I had to have contact with the patient of marked gift before I adequately appreciated and used fully the depths of those of slight or moderate gift, in collecting my observations and translating them into the beginnings of theory. I turn then, in order to supplement my own clinical observations, to the study of creative artists of the past, whose lives are moderately well known and whose artistic products are also available. As this requires an enormous amount of investigation, any such study proceeds very

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The New York Psychoanalytic Society and Institute and The Western New England Society and Institute co-sponsored the Ernst Kris Memorial Meeting, which was held at The Academy of Medicine, New York, on September 24, 1957. The Editors wish to express their gratitude to those who organized and sponsored this meeting for their permission to print the proceedings in this annual.

[1] Adapted from a paper read at the Kris Memorial Meeting, September, 1957, New York.

[2] From the Department of Psychiatry of the New York Hospital and Cornell University Medical College, New York.

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slowly. Further, it launches one at once into the subject of biography and autobiography: what functions they have served throughout history; to what extent they are molded by the "myth-in-the-making" demands of the group; and to what extent is the unique individuality of the artist preserved.

Perhaps at no time so much as at present has there been such an active interest in the specific influences of childhood on the development of the man. This emphasis, originating before Freud, has been given enormous impetus and implementation by the work of psychoanalysis, even in the hands of those who believe themselves opposed to psychoanalytic theory. Consequently, at present it is somewhat exceptional to find a contemporary biographical or autobiographical study which does not include some kind of a detailed account, either direct or implied, of the early years.

I would emphasize that in using the term *artist* I designate the creative individual no matter what the medium of his artistic expression be—i.e., the person whose work-product shows not only the skill due to learning and practice, but also unusual capacity for imaginative creation, original thought, invention or discovery. While much of my reading has been in the biographies, autobiographies, and letters of writers, since they are unusually articulate and have more frequently left direct records of themselves, it has not been confined to them. I would further include among artists, those prophets, religious leaders and scientists whose philosophies and discoveries have influenced the course of their times and left an imprint on history.

After reading a great many accounts of artists, I was struck with the prominence of the family romance in their lives. The germ of the family romance is ubiquitous in the hankering of growing children for a return to the real or fancied conditions at or before the dawn of conscious memory when adults were Olympians and the child shared their special privileges and unconditional love without special efforts being demanded. Family romance fantasies of a well-organized nature seem to emerge most clearly in the early latency period; are indicative of a marked degree of ambivalence to the parents, especially due to grossly unresolved oedipal problems. This ambivalence seems reinforced by the ambivalence of the anal period in which good and bad, applied to the self and to the parents, appear

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like black and white twins in so many relationships. One has only to talk to a number of institutionalized children to see how fact and experience are counterbalanced by fantasy born of longing, and their own parents, though disappointing and sometimes overtly cruel, become ideal, powerful and magnaminous, once they are out of sight for a time. But in the artist there seem to be some special ingredients to the family romance.

If what I have postulated in my earlier paper is true—namely, that the artist has an inborn heightened perceptiveness of the outer world

(including intensified and precocious awareness of form and rhythm) and that this leads to the development of the background of "collective alternates" (ultimately cosmic emotional conceptions) which invest the main personal relationships of life—then it may be seen that the child who is the potential artist starts out with different materials for his sense of his parents and his developing sense of himself from what is true in the less gifted child. The fact of the development may then depend in some measure on the sort of relationship which is maintained between the personal parental figures and the cosmic ones. If one or the other actual parent (more often the father) is able in sufficient degree to qualify for the mantle of greatness in any sustained way in the postoedipal period and at the same time to keep a warm relationship with the child, or even if one or the other parent (without greatness) maintains a warm, sustained belief in the unusual potentialities of the child, then I think that child has a much greater chance of fulfilling somewhat his creative destiny than if neither of these conditions is true. In the one instance, the child gets the reinforcement for himself from the postoedipal identification with the father; in the other, from the acceptance by the parent of the increasing power within himself. Yet the developing gifted child, even in very untoward circumstances, will sometimes be able to find a temporary personal adult substitute or even to extract from a cosmic conception some useful personalized god conception on which to project his necessary ideal for his father and himself to enable him to develop further.

Kris, in his paper on "The Image of the Artist, A Study of the Role of Tradition in Ancient Biographies" **(1935)**, presents the family romance pattern which became the accepted traditional biography of the Renaissance. According to this pattern, the artist of genius

[3] A degraded form of this story appeared in the juvenile American literature of this country during the Victorian period—in such boys' books as the Henty stories.

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was a poor boy; often a shepherd boy, whose talent developed in his solitude and was accidentally discovered by an older established artist who then became his patron and his genius father.[3] Kris further indicated that the emergence of this patterned story was given a definite form and in a sense authorized by commentators on Dante's *Divine Comedy,* who constructed this account from scant references of Dante's and developed the tradition that Giotto was a shepherd boy thus discovered by Cimabue, the master, whom Giotto then surpassed. Actually, there was little or no factual evidence for this beautiful oedipal fable; but for some time it became the accepted story in one way or another of the development of the genius of the Italian Renaissance. It obviously had an earlier version in the Christ story, and one may suspect that it was much affected by the way in which the monastic Christian life had held the hope and the learning of the Dark Ages, and came then to furnish the content of the Renaissance painting, while the fierce, cruel aspects which are inevitable in any organized religion found expression first in the frightful religious wars and finally in the Inquisition.

This shepherd boy tradition is in distinct contrast to the opinion of Galton **(1869)**, who concluded that relatively few geniuses came from families who had not been well-established people of distinction for generations. He was himself probably of genius calibre, a member of a well-established family, and made his study in the middle of the nineteenth century, when class-conscious England felt itself secure and mighty. His methods of selection of genius for study reveal thoroughly the pitfalls of statistical methods of this kind. Since his selection was made on the stated assumption that "high reputation is a pretty accurate test of high ability," necessarily supplemented by his subsequent conviction that the power of genius is so great that it will always mature sufficiently to make itself well known (i.e., that the pressures of genius are so great as to overcome all obstacles), he had to use many different channels in trying to arrive at criteria for judging "high reputation." It was quite striking that he felt on safer statistical ground when he was making his study of genius in judges, statesmen and military men, in whom attainment might be recognized by rank, while publicized position and renown were generally

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achieved in the man's own lifetime, than when the study concerned literary men, poets, musicians, painters or even scientists. In all of these latter fields full recognition of superior achievement is often not accorded during the artist's lifetime and attainment is only rarely stamped by an official designation or title. Galton concluded that genius was hereditary and invested in certain leading families. Although his study is fascinating in his suggestions regarding certain essential qualities of genius, it is unconvincing in many of the respects in which he felt it to be most assuredly sound.

II

I shall attempt in the present paper to discuss the family romance as it is evident in the lives of five men of genius: one was a religious leader in Italy in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; one an English poet of the eighteenth century; one a writer of plays and fiction in Russia in the first half of the nineteenth century; one a Welsh-American explorer of the second half of the nineteenth century; and one was a Czech poet whose life spanned the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth. Their lives thus cover a considerable range of time, of space, of experience, and of interests. The choice of these men is not a symmetrically balanced one, nor is it entirely random. It springs probably from personal interests of my own, for I picked them from a number of biographical or autobiographical accounts which I have read in the last few years, when a former interest in biography was revived. They are all men whom I had meant to read more about some time, because the vague snatches of information I had about them somehow invited me. But I had not studied the lives of any of them until recently. First is St. Francis of Assisi, the founder of the Franciscan Order of the Catholic Church; next I refer to Thomas Chatterton who committed suicide before his eighteenth birthday, yet reached posthumous fame as one of the greatest English poets of his century. Third is Nikolai Gogol, whose *Dead Souls* is considered by many as the great prose classic of Russia and its author as the beginner of the Russian novel. Fourth is the fabulous American explorer, Henry M. Stanley, who was born John

Rowlands in North Wales and died Sir Henry Stanley in London, in 1904. The last is Rainer Maria Rilke, perhaps the most complex

[4] St. Francis of Assisi was born Giovanni Bernardone in Assisi in 1182 and died there in October, 1226. Thomas Chatterton was born in Bristol, England, in 1752 and died in London in 1770. N. Gogol was born in a Ukrainian village in 1808 and died in Moscow in 1852. Henry M. Stanley was born John Rowlands in Denbigh, Wales, probably in 1840 or 1841 and died in London in May, 1904. Rainer Maria Rilke was born René Maria Rilke in Prague in December, 1875, and died in Switzerland in December, 1926.

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- 13 -

of those I have mentioned and the one of whom I can say least in this paper, although he deserves much more.[4]

Chatterton

Perhaps the most gifted and most tragic of them all is Thomas Chatterton, the English boy poet from Bristol who committed suicide before he was eighteen. Not only did he reach posthumous fame, but he was himself a posthumous child, born three months after his father's death in 1752. From a simple family background, the son of a schoolmaster of a family who through generations had furnished a sexton to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, in his infant years he was cared for by his mother, a hard-working woman of barely twenty years, who ran a needlework school to gain a livelihood for him, his sister two years older, and the paternal grandmother who lived with them. The boy Thomas always seemed strange, had an unusually large head and a condition which caused one eye to seem to light up with excitement more than the other. He was a dull-appearing, sullen child, given to violent tempers and infantile depressions. In his sixth year he was dismissed from school as too dull, after a few months' trial. The school, interestingly, was the one in which his father had been master. The character of the father is not definitively known: teacher and singer in the church choir, he was said by some to be honest and worthy, but there are also reports of extreme violence and half-concealed dissipations.

A few weeks after his dismissal from school, a miracle happened to Thomas: the little boy fell in love (these were the mother's words) with the Gothic script in a songbook which lay about the house and about which his mother had remarked that it belonged to his father. The infatuation continued into a sustained love affair in which the child learned the letters, then the words and was presently reading, in a way that showed extreme precocity and absorption. Some ten years later another observer caught him in another love affair, this time with the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe. Of him it was said, "He

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- 14 -

was fond of walking in the fields, particularly the Redcliffe meadows and of talking of his manuscripts and sometimes reading them there. There was one spot in particular full in view of the Church in which he seemed to take peculiar delight. He would lay himself down, fix his eyes upon the Church and seem as if he were in a kind of trance. Then of a sudden he would tell me, 'That steeple was burnt down by lightning: that was the place where they formerly acted plays'" **(Masson, 1856)**. This imaginary cosmic primal scene furnishes much for an understanding of the preoccupation and the disaster of Thomas Chatterton.

The little boy had a weird sense of his own power and greatness and made bizarre suggestions regarding the illustriousness of his future. A further attempt at school, in an endowed boarding school formerly attended by his father, lasted several years, but seemed sterile and disappointing. By ten years he was writing verse, and soon he had a poem published, entitled "On the Last Epiphany or Christ's Coming to Judgment." Again he lampooned the churchwarden who proposed to level the churchyard and cart off excess earth and clay—a desecration in the eyes of the infatuated child. At fourteen he was writing to the local pewterer, telling of old manuscripts he had located which gave evidence of the noble ancestry of this gentleman, the pedigree dating back to the time of the Norman Conquest. And soon he unearthed a number of poems dating back to the fifteenth century, written by a monk Rowley, who was part of a group around the great Canynge, fifteenth-century Mayor of Bristol and donor of funds for the Cathedral of St. Mary Redcliffe.

The connecting links between these events and his inspiration by the Gothic letters in the old songbook of his father at the age of five is a fantastic contribution to the understanding of genius. Some years before the birth of Thomas Chatterton, his father's brother, John, sexton of St. Mary's, had been present at the opening of some old coffers used as storage places for old documents of the church. One of these reputedly contained valuable papers concerning Mr. William Canynge, five times Mayor of the city of the fifteenth century. The others were full of unimportant records to be cleaned out and disposed of. Sexton John took some of these home with him and gave some to his brother, the schoolteacher, who used the old parchments to cover schoolbooks for the children. Some of this was still on

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- 15 -

hand, and Thomas's mother used bits of it on which to wind her thread.

The little boy's love affair seemed now to have extended itself from the songbook to the church and the parchments. It seems probable that his fantasies carried him back, in his own genealogy, in the fashion similar to what he had offered the pewterer. Gradually he constructed a group of men whom he asserted were contemporaries of Canynge and brought them to life in his imagination with extraordinary vividness. It seems possible that this was going on during the period of his prodigious reading when he was attending the unsatisfying school. Now he was in an equally unsatisfying position—after the age of fifteen—apprenticed as a scrivener to a local attorney where his hours were rigid and his work light, so that he had ample time for thoughts and pursuits of his own. The medieval

manuscripts which emerged, many of which contained poems by the monk Rowley, were welcomed by the local surgeon Barrett, who was writing a history of the city. Chatterton also repudiated orthodox religion, drew up his own articles of faith which he carried always with him and became an adolescent freethinker.

Presently seeking wider fields he sent a manuscript by this Thomas Rowley, concerning the "Ryse of Peyncteyne in Englande," to Horace Walpole and received an encouraging and cordial reply. But with naïve lack of shrewdness, he presently sent a supplement along with a description of his own situation, and a hint that he needed help. By now he was seventeen years old and dreaming of establishing himself as a writer in London. Walpole's suspicions were now aroused and presently confirmed by those to whom he sent the manuscripts—that they were a hoax and a forgery. He wrote in this vein to Chatterton and in his reaction to having been almost taken in by a charlatan, he paid little heed to the poems themselves. Chatterton was at first apologetic, gradually worked himself into a grievance, furthered by Walpole's dilatoriness in returning the manuscripts, and soon was assuming a somewhat boastful, arrogantly defensive attitude, which covered inadequately his moods of depression with suicidal threats. These probably caused him to be dismissed from his position.

He next set out for London, with scant financial backing and exaggeratedly optimistic expectations of trying his hand in political writing. It was obvious that he expected much from obtaining an

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interview with the Mayor of London, who may have been a present-day version, in his feeling, of the good father Canynge of Bristol. Things went from bad to worse; his employment was scant and irregular, and the sudden death of the Mayor almost on the eve of the interview was a final blow. He seemed gradually to disintegrate. It was only four months after his arrival in London that his death from arsenic poisoning occurred in August 1770. Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith, back in London after a summer away, saw an elegy published in his memory in a journal to which he had been an occasional contributor, obtained the Rowley manuscripts and saw that the writing was that of a genius. Most interesting, however, is the fact that the Rowley poems were infinitely superior to anything which he wrote in his own name. One suspects that in the character of Thomas Rowley, the priest, Thomas Chatterton lived.

Stanley

The Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley **(1909)** is an impressive document in the sense of restraint, of personal dignity, of apparent wish to be accurate in a factual way, in spite of the abuse and ridicule which he had suffered. It is a massive volume and gives an impression of granite texture. He is undoubtedly not wholly accurate in his presentation of himself as a human being and it may represent rather his image of himself as a historical figure—actually symbolically represented after his death in the huge natural monolith marking his grave. A recent biography, *Dr. Livingstone, I Presume* **(1957)**, written by an Englishman, Ian Anstruther, forms an interesting contrast to the autobiography, as it illustrates well the varyingly slanted selection of material and the indelible imprint of the writer. The author plays down the importance in the life of Stanley of the search for Livingstone, saying that most biographers make no more than a passing mention of it. The title itself is chosen as an illustration of the banality of the Victorian era—a banality forever associated embarrassingly with Stanley. It casts a bright light on many of the events of life which Stanley had himself deleted or trimmed down, in his official version which he had himself come to believe. Stanley suffered in some measure from the need for a personal myth, of which Ernst Kris wrote so recently **(1956)**. Anstruther seems to

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have as little understanding of Stanley's poignant story and less of the real genius of the man than Stanley himself had. He presents Stanley as an American whose harsh voice and pronunciation grated badly on English ears, while his lack of humor and resiliency, his pomposity and gaucherie always made him slightly ridiculous to any well-educated Englishman. That he happened to have been born in Wales, and to have spent the first fifteen or seventeen years of his life in the British Isles is also described by this author; but still by the time he was thirty and found Livingstone (1871), he was indubitably an American in the eyes of the English public. It is probable that consciously and for unconscious reasons he promoted this idea and suffered from it. Incidentally I was first interested in reading more carefully concerning Stanley when I read a brief, not very reliable account which presented him as the proverbial shepherd boy, ultimately rescued by a patron who established him.

John Rowlands, the future Henry Stanley, was born in February 1841. The father died a few weeks after the birth of his son and before he had gotten around to marrying the mother. The child, however, bore the father's name. The mother promptly left the child in the care of her father, a man in his early eighties, with whom John lived until six years. This grandfather was a stern, reliable and respected man and may have contributed something to the tenacity of the small boy, who never knew either of his parents and can hardly have had a very favorable picture of them. He next spent some months, perhaps a year or more, being boarded with an elderly couple, where he was filled with stories of ghosts and devils. Then under the pretext of taking him to his Aunt Mary's, he was actually deposited in the local workhouse "which housed poor people and superfluous children." This was a nightmarish place, in charge of a teacher, an ex-miner whose chief qualification to teach was that he could no longer be a miner because of the loss of a leg. He was a chronically enraged man who later became psychotic. Here the boy remained until after ten years he could no longer stand it, and thrashing the headmaster and fearing at first that he had committed murder, he lit out in search for his own family and a home. In spite of his unhappiness young Rowlands had succeeded in gaining recognition as the outstanding student of the school, but perhaps because of the very content of the conflict he was unable to accept the outward

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signs of this, for when he was selected to represent the school at a National Welsh festival, he promptly fell ill. The same thing happened forty years later when he was scheduled to speak to such a gathering; this time he broke a leg at the eleventh hour.

The period at the poor farm had several significant crises. At twelve to thirteen one of the boys died, with the suspicion that he had been flogged to death by the headmaster. John Rowlands, recovering from an illness in which he was semidelirious, had fears of ghosts and devils, reminescent of the period of his grandfather's death (which according to his memory had occurred after the grandfather, enraged at some apparent vandalism of the five-year-old boy, had threatened to punish him). The boy fortified himself with an intense friendship with another boy, at the same time constructing an image of a Personal Guardian Angel, who represented God and protected him. In this same era (at the age of twelve) his mother visited the poor farm, not so much to visit him as to deposit another child, a half-sister, there. There was still another child, a boy, who accompanied her, but whom she took back with her. All three children were illegitimate. She was probably a habitually delinquent woman, though coming from a rather sturdy background of farmers. although the sister remained at the school, John Rowlands apparently saw little of her.

It is interesting that by the time of his leaving the poor farm, the critical pattern of life seemed well set for this boy. At the turning point of each epoch of his life, the oedipal crime seemed re-enacted and initiated a new period of wandering in search of the good, protective, forgiving father—the God-father, the patron. In the weeks that followed his leaving the workhouse school, he did find some temporary protection at Aunt Mary's, the same to whom he supposedly was going when he left his grandfather's home. And at this time he did actually work as a shepherd boy for some little time. But he did not find his patron for some months and many misfortunes later.

After several other attempts to gain an independent footing he shipped as cabin boy on a boat going to New Orleans. But life aboard ship was so cruel and uncertain that he jumped ship in this new world rather than return to the mistreatments aboard the vessel. Here the frightened and unworldly boy had his first experience with

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a prostitute, and around the same time discovered to his wonder and dismay that the sailor boy with whom he shared a bed in a sailors' rooming house had bumps on his chest and was really a transvestite girl. Presently, looking for a job to give him food and pocket money, he sought out a commission house which had advertised for help, and advancing on the middle-aged gentleman sitting near the door, asked, "Do you want a boy, sir?" This was the forerunner of "Dr. Livingstone, I presume," which was later to impress the British with its awkward banality. But here it was different—the gentleman was Henry M. Stanley, who apparently was very much in need of a boy. Stanley was a former clergyman, turned broker, looking to trade and commerce to develop the lower Mississippi Valley, where organized religion had failed. Mr. Stanley evidently did want a boy, employed this one, spent much time training him in a kind of apprentice relationship, and finally adopted him and gave him his name. This followed a period when Mrs. Stanley was ill and died during an epidemic while Stanley was away in Cuba, and young John Rowlands had done what he could to help and comfort her. The account in Stanley's *Autobiography* (p. 134) would indicate that the boy went through some sort of rebirth at this time in which he relinquished the personal paternal God on whom he had depended, and gave the place more satisfactorily to the earthly Stanley. One sees in this account an indication of real growth, a development from an anal-phallic emphasis on people as tangible possession to an awareness of an object love with personal ideals and desired positive influences—to resemble rather than to mimic, an art in which he had shown some talent. It was a period of temper outbursts without the expected punishments. Father and son explored the Mississippi Valley in a way which was a strange precursor of the Congo and the Nile explorations, which were to follow in a few years. Then a temporary separation, due to the elder Stanley's obligation to go to his brother in Cuba, proved permanent, for Stanley Sr. died only a few weeks before his expected return.

In the meantime this twice orphaned Welsh boy, now named Henry Stanley, had become as fascinated as a Hudson with the wild forest country, and his writing of this time, though clumsy, showed a poetic responsiveness to the new country where he found himself. The next years, from twenty to twenty-seven, saw him drawn into the

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Civil War, fighting first for one side and then on the other, in a way which showed a complete confusion of loyalties and values—which was certainly also involved with his struggle to maintain his new identity as Henry M. Stanley, son of a worthy Southern gentleman. That his deepest sympathy was with the black man there can be little doubt, though expressed in faltering and sometimes ambivalent ways. At one time in this period he made his way back to the Welsh village of his birth, obviously with the fantasy of presenting himself to a welcoming mother. If he had sought a father for a reinforcement of his masculinity, the complete bisexuality of his nature is apparent in his Journals of this time; for he sought his mother for help in his depleted feminine state. In November 1862 he wrote: "Like a bride arraying herself in her best for her lover, I had arranged my story to please one who would at last, I hoped, prove an affectionate mother! But I found no affection and I never again sought for or expected what I discovered had never existed."

The years immediately after the Civil War were spent exploring the West, where he acted as a reporter for various news publications. By 1868 his reputation as an intrepid and colorful reporter brought him contact with the powerful and garishly inventive James Gordon Bennett of *The New York Herald,* who commissioned him to report on the Abyssinian Campaign, then on the building of the Suez Canal, and finally sent him on the mission to find Dr. Livingstone, the Scotch missionary doctor explorer who seemed lost or overlooked by the British in the heart of Africa. That this was less an act of science or of mercy than a news coup is apparent. Yet to Stanley this man was

inevitably a reincarnation of the God-father, a superior version even of Henry M. Stanley, Sr., whom he had known so briefly in his teens. He was only twenty-seven when he started on this mission and thirty when he accomplished it. Again he was to greet this father, stay with him briefly and part from him forever. One suspects that the grandfather, Moses Parry, was the original God-father, and that in the mission to find Livingstone, there was an unconscious Saviour quality which was to undo the deaths of father, grandfather, and foster father. The tragedy was that he had again to abandon and in a sense to be abandoned by the old man who elected to stay in Africa where he died less than a year later.

The mission to Africa also served for a reworking of his attitude

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toward slavery. Stanley knew well what it was like to be in the servile position of an outcast. He was a hardened man with a violent temper, curbed but frightening; and he believed thoroughly in thrashing helpers whom he could not control otherwise. But he had great reverence for Livingstone's gentler methods. All of this was played out in another version of his family romance, in his adoption of a native African boy, Kalulu, whom he attempted to educate in England, and later took on further explorations in Africa. On one occasion after the boy had deserted, he was whipped by Stanley's orders. Not long after this he was drowned when his canoe failed "to make" the falls. Stanley's grief was extreme. He subsequently wrote a fictional account of the boy entitled *My Kalulu, Prince, King and Slave* **(1887)**. He explained that the book was intended to describe the evils of the slave trade in Africa.

Stanley was a man of small stature, a fact which one would hardly learn from his *Autobiography*. He was sensitive, vain and hungry for recognition and applause, which he had been led to expect would come to him after his successful finding of Livingstone. The Livingstone expedition was a complex affair, since the British had sent out a rival expedition on hearing of Stanley's efforts, and they were, to say the least, begrudgingly cautious in their attitude toward him; and he was not only ridiculed for his banal greeting of Living-stone, but he was denied recognition and considered an impostor by the British Geographical Society, one of whose recent president was Sir Francis Galton. When he returned to England no one was there to greet him except one or two of his now unwelcome relatives from Wales. He became bitter and withdrawn, nor was this really much relieved by belated English apologies, or by a raucous American reception when he came to this country. Ultimately he was to return to England and to head the work of exploring and developing the region of the Congo—an international project resulting in the founding of the Congo Free State. Again England became his home, but he was really identified with Africa, of which he wrote, "It is like looking at the face of a promising child: though we find naught in it but innocence, we fondly imagine that we see the germs of a future genius, perhaps a legislator, a savant, a warrior, or a poet."

Stanley died in 1904—Sir Henry Stanley, a man of renown

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throughout the world. He had been an unhappy member of Parliament where he suffered a kind of claustrophobia and felt a degradation in being one of a number herded around like a flock of sheep. He married late. His only child, a son, was born in 1896. He wrote to his wife then, "Denzel is now inseparable from you—and you from him. Together you complete the once vague figure of what I wished; and now the secret of my utmost thoughts is realized, a pre-natal vision, embodied in actual existence."

Gogol

Both Gogol and Rilke were the sons of extremely devoted, solicitous mothers, probably warm but fantastically exaggerated in their adoration, while the fathers were sterner, older and sought to masculinize their sons with discipline. Neither father inspired the son greatly or aroused any desire for emulation, though Gogol's father was a raconteur and a writer of plays for amateur theatricals and may have influenced his son somewhat. Gogol's mother was fourteen when she married and only eighteen when Nikolai was born. Two children born before him had died soon after birth, and his survival, which for a time seemed precarious, was attributed by his mother to her prayers to Saint Nicholas for whom the child was named. There were twelve children, only five of whom survived. One of these, a brother, Ivan, died when Nikolai was ten. The effect on this sensitive boy of the almost endless succession of deaths of siblings has never been especially noted by his biographers, and the fact that he himself did not mention it is certainly no indication that it was not powerful, and may have been one factor in promoting his aversion to marriage. His mother was a naïve, silly and improvident woman **(Magarschak, 1957**, p. 35), who believed that God worked always for her good no matter through what channels, and bored or amazed her friends by her similar faith in her son, maintaining "that railway engines, steamers and what not had been invented by her Nikolai and drove her son to the limits of irritation by her coyly suggesting that he was the author of any trashy novel that came her way **(Nabokov, 1947**, p. 19). The father died when the boy was sixteen, and within a few days he was writing to his mother of his intentions to become a writer. One biographer, Lavin **(1951)**, has remarked that Maria Gogol used her son as a fetish.

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Within three years he was making efforts to get away from her and fled from his Ukrainian homeland to St. Petersburg, and in a few months, disappointed at the failure to win acclaim immediately, he was moving on further. Embezzling a sum of money sent him by his mother for another purpose, he wrote her that he must travel because of a chest ailment. (He had been a delicate and scrofulous child and always remained hypochondriacal.) Soon forgetting this, however, he wrote her again, now giving the story of a *femme fatale* whom he

had a compulsion to follow wherever she went (**Lavin, 1951**, p. 28). He also wrote sententiously of his awareness of God and his need to work for the welfare of the world (**Nabokov, 1947**, pp. 20-21). These letters, callow, pompous, insincere sounding, might incline one to think of their author as a prankish schoolboy outwitting his mother and exploiting her gullibility by writing to her this sort of exaggerated unreliable statement that he was used to getting from her. Yet from the further course of his life, in which he seemed never to form a sexual or deep emotional relationship to any women, it seems that the maneuvers of this period were an oedipally determined flight from his mother and led to an overt outcropping of the family romance. Communion with God and his Muse and a real sense of compelling destiny were embedded in the flamboyant symptoms of his individual and severely neurotic character. Certainly his sense of obligation to do something for the welfare of mankind, expressed early, was later praised by the serious-minded and his *The Inspector General, Dead Souls* and the *Overcoat* were considered documents of social protest against the Russian bureaucracy. It has been suggested, however, that Gogol had no conscious aim of campaigning for reform, but rather that he wrote with comic tenderness and touching absurdity of all the little men's aspirations in a "world of utter futility [in which] the highest degree that passion, desire and creative urge can attain is the new cloak which both tailors and customers adore on their knees" (**Lavin, 1951**, p. 145). That he was pursued by his oedipal fears and ambitions was apparent at the end of his life when he felt sure he would die because he was at the age at which his father had died. He had returned in torment to the kind of superstition-invested God with whom his mother had been on such intimate terms and whom for years he had abandoned and ridiculed.

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- 24 -

Gogol was himself a little man, in stature almost a dwarf. His face was dominated by an enormous beak of a nose which was the source too of the greatest sensual pleasure (**Magarschak, 1957**, p. 165), as he wrote in one of his letters.[5] And in one of his stories a nose got loose from its owner, a certain military man, who then met it walking on the street in a military uniform. This was considered a satire directed against officialdom. It is interesting too that literary censorship would not permit the detached nose to visit Kazan Cathedral as Gogol would have it, so that he had to relegate it to a shopping trip instead (**Magarschak, 1957**, p. 125). One can understand in this nose story, however, the depth of Gogol's fears and fantasies and his inability to have any physical relationship with a woman.

At twenty-two his literary success had begun with the publication of a collection of Ukrainian ghost stories. He met Pushkin, who, ten years older and established as a writer, served somewhat as a patron to the younger man. This friendship had already become attenuated at the time of Pushkin's death in 1837. But this coincided with the beginning of a critical time for Gogol. Then living in Paris, he apparently was now passionately attached to a former schoolmate, and following the death of his friend's mother (June 1838) he broke out into a violent assertion of his claims. The friend was unresponsive and furthermore seemed to have turned in the direction of a woman. Gogol begged his friend's walking stick as a memento of their past love (**Magarschak, 1957**, pp. 167-173). He is said at sixteen to have responded to the death of his father with a euphoria (**Ermakov, 1924**),[6] and with a sense of liberation. Pushkin's death and the defection of his friend seemed to begin a period of disastrous confusion involving a sense of personal contact with a supervising God as well as the identification with the collective God-force of the creative artist.

There was a period of frantic flight from place to place during

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[5] He wrote in April 1838 from Rome, "What air! When you breathe it, it is just as though seven hundred angels flew into your nose. A wonderful spring! The whole of Rome is covered with roses, but sweeter still is the scent of the flowers which have just begun to bloom and whose name I have forgotten … I know you won't believe me, but I am often overcome by a mad desire to be turned into one enormous nose—to have nothing else, no eyes, no hands, no feet, except one huge nose with nostrils the size of large buckets so that I could inhale as much fragrance of spring as possible."

[6] I am indebted to Dr. Alexander Bromley for translating this work.

[7] Between 1838-1839 he wrote *Dead Souls*, followed soon by the *Overcoat*.

[8] This has recently been dealt with by Mark Kanzer (**1955**).

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- 25 -

which he wrote several of his best satires,[7] but this was followed by a long period of restless movement without literary production and with a gradual increase in his paranoid sensitivity,[8] and in his personal religiosity, culminating in his conversion to Catholicism under the tutelage of a vigorously exorcising priest, who admonished him (1852) "Renounce Pushkin. He was a sinner and a Pagan." After a period of self-starvation, he burned his manuscripts, including the second and third parts of *Dead Souls* and on March 4, 1852, he died at the age of forty-three.

Rilke

A recent biography of Rilke by W. L. Graff (**1956**)[9] presents a valuable study of the Czech poet. He was a premature baby, born with proverbial distinction just at midnight on December 4, 1875 in the city of Prague. Both parents wanted a girl, and since December 4, Saturday, was the day of the Holy Mary, he was given, among other names, that of Maria (p. 11). His first name was René, which he bore until his young manhood, when with the supporting influence of Lou Andreas Salome, he changed it to Rainer. It was felt that René was too readily confused with Renée, and emphasized too much the wishes for the girl by his parents. Like Gogol's mother, Phia Rilke was an immature buoyantly imaginative woman given to excesses of play acting the grand lady, in some fantasied continuation of her own

girlhood, which had been spent in the comfort and distinction of a well-to-do home. But as the wife of a railway employee, living in cramped, drab quarters, she still managed an occasional great party. At such times the child, René, had to give up his sleeping quarters to add to the sweep of the party rooms and was secreted in his crib behind a large embroidered screen, on the other side of which the party continued. Whether or not this was actually true or only a primal scene screen memory is difficult to determine. Phobically anxious and oversolicitous, she rationed nearly everything he did. He is reported to have had twenty-four nurses during his first year. Yet she is supposed to have shown genuine warmth and devotion, though Rilke himself did not think so. He was dressed

[9] The following page references refer to this biography.

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and played with as a girl until his fifth year. At this time he presented himself as of two characters, Ismene, the good little girl, and René, the good-for-nothing boy (p. 13).

While Gogol was described as being his mother's fetish, Rilke is said to have become his mother's glamorous show child. The mother showed a colorful religiosity too, perhaps greater even than that of Maria Gogol, in which she immersed the small child.

The father bore some resemblance to Gogol's father, too. Brought up in the expectation of becoming an army officer, he could not realize this because of ill health and was reduced to the position of a civil clerk in railway offices. For a time he attempted to escape by becoming the manager of a country estate, but failed in this venture. He had a strong sense of social decorum and bore himself in a military fashion even in civilian life. He was devoted to his son, wished him to develop as a boy, and attempted to instill in him a wish for virile exercise and military training. Already by the age of ten to twelve, however, the boy's independent genius had begun to show itself, he had begun to write poetry and to paint pictures. These latter are described as of two types; those emphasizing space and movement and caricatures.

He too had a rather unhappy adolescence in a military school, which his father recommended and his mother railed against, the two having been divorced when Rilke was nine. An open identification with Christ appeared in his letters. When unable to stand up to the fighting of the other cadets, he wrote, "I suffer it because Christ suffered it, silently and without complaint, and while you were hitting me I prayed my good God to forgive you" (p. 20), although at other times he daydreamed of becoming a great military leader. He left military school under a cloud because of "an affair of morals" and reacted with a mild elation—which reminds us again of Gogol's elation following his father's death at about the same time. Following this, however, he made an attempt again to comply with family wishes and enter the University to study law, but this, too, petered out, possibly forced out by his stronger compulsion to be a poet, even at the expense of chronic estrangement from his parents and other relatives. Insistently rebellious against bourgeois life and values, he also maintained then and later that he was of noble descent (p. 27).

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He had begun to write poetry already in the military school days and even earlier, and he was progressively preoccupied with his relation to God, not at all in the phobic and compulsive sense of the religiosity of his silly mother nor seemingly with a feeling toward a stern commanding paternal God, but with his own direct relationship to the cosmos, drawn over and over again into personal and sensual forms. At the outset of his career he was tempted to try for personal applause, but abandoning this quickly, wrote that he would rather "be endured by God than idolized by the mob" (p. 33). In a poem written at thirty-two on the Isle of Capri, he wonders whether the rush of blood to his ears has suddenly become louder or whether he actually hears the voices of the cloistered nuns in the latticed choir of the church nearby. A single voice detaches itself, "A pale, a light, a small voice clinging to God's ear like the hollow of a shell." At forty-five or so, while staying at the Castle of Bergam Irchel in Switzerland, he wrote a number of poems, supposedly dictated to him by a fictitious ancestor of the Estate, Count C. W., in which many childhood memories appear.

There is evident a constant vibration and need for harmony between an inner sensual reality (based, I believe, on the internalized collective alternate experiences of infancy) and the ever-changing new experiences with similar aurae. These may be condensed incompletely, intensely and usually unsatisfactory in various personal relationships, but come to full expression only in his poetry. Graff defines this well when he says, "It is in this layer of inner sensual reality, not in any abstract ideal world, that we must eventually look for Rilke's angel of the *Elegies,* for the maidens and women of his poems, for his Prodigal Son, for his *Weltinnenraum* (Inner Cosmic Space), and last but not least, for his longed for childhood" (p. 32). Throughout all his writing there is, in various forms, an insistent identification with the family of God. Perhaps the strongly feminine part of his nature was expressed in his preoccupation with growth, with slow creative change, transition from day to night and night to day, changes of the seasons, development from infancy to childhood and finally to maturity. But the demon of work which possessed him always may have been more masculine in form, and at times was given angelic form. Rilke's own expression in regard to God was "O mere direction of the heart, an unfinished, a future God, for the

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creation and realization of whom the artist has a special mission" (p. 271).

It is a temptation to continue further, but for the purposes of this paper it is probably better to sacrifice this in the interest of further clinical example. I would turn then next to another creative man of extremely different background and experiences.

St. Francis of Assisi

It is said that there is no saint about whom more has been written than St. Francis of Assisi,[10] partly because the Franciscans are the most widespread institution in the Church; yet it is not only the Catholics who write of him (Sabatier, 1908, pp. 19-23). The Poverello has the appeal of a universal poetic myth. He is the Stigmatized Saint, the most perfect imitation of Jesus.[11]

The child of Pietro and Madonna Pica Bernardone was born in Assisi in 1181 or 1182, while his father, a prosperous and energetic cloth merchant was away in France. He was first called Giovanni. There is a pretty story that when the father returned home and unpacked his cloth, he named the boy Francis in memory of the land where he had so recently been—which meant also the land of his wife. It is remarked (Mrs. Oliphant, 1907, p. 3) that the father had probably had a prosperous trip and struck good bargains, but it is also said that Pica was of Provencal origin and possibly of noble birth (Mrs. Oliphant, p. 7), in which the good bargain could mean his marriage as well, which had brought him this son. It is not clear whether he was the oldest child, but it seems likely. Some accounts refer to two brothers as though they were younger.

Of his youth it is reported that he was carefree and extravagant and aped the young nobles of the town with whom he associated. His earliest biographer, Thomas of Celano, described him as being given to the vilest excesses. But this may be a feat of ecclesiastical bookkeeping, for Thomas of Celano was an official biographer and

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[10] See Tamassia (1905), Chesterton (1923), Mrs. Oliphant (1907), Sabatier (1908), Engelbert (1950), Jörgensen (1912).

[11] It was a picture of St. Francis receiving the Stigmata painted by Fra Angelico, which first fascinated me, at a time when I had become vaguely interested in the relation of art to fetishism. The composition of the picture, together with its content, was so directly an expression of the forces of fetishism, that I thought again that the miraculous charm of religion must have some relation to the function of art and the more mundane service of the fetish in the less gifted individual.

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such an account increases the value of his subsequent redemption. Another story is that, in spite of merriment, dandyism and prankishness, he was "a model in all that related to the opposite sex" (Jörgensen, 1947, p. 15); and that like "all the pure of heart, Francis had great reverence for the mysteries of life." Either side of the coin is quite possible and he has become so long established as a myth that it would be impossible to say which of these opposites was predominately true. He is described even during his golden gay days as phobic, fearful of disease, especially of bad odors, and inordinately afraid of hurting anyone by violence. In contrast to his father, he was both self-indulgent and impulsively generous; and spontaneous and vivid in his response to the natural beauties of the countryside.

At about nineteen to twenty he was imprisoned for a few months during an outbreak of war between Assisi and the neighboring town of Perugia. Here he was classed with the local nobility, and seemed to have a quite jolly time. At twenty-three, following a dream in which the cloth of his father's business was replaced by spears, he was deciding to participate in another war to the south of Assisi, and started out with dreams of glory and avowed intentions of returning as a conquering prince. But he fell sick only a few miles from Assisi, and gave up the enterprise before it was fairly begun. Whether from shame or illness, his high spirits were reduced and he entered then a period of indecision and uneasiness, finally relieved by his miraculous conversion, which occurred gradually and amid much difficulty. He forced himself to overcome his fear of illness and took especial care of the lepers. He attempted under direct guidance to rebuild the crumbling church of San Domiano, and for this purpose stole the goods from his father's shop, during the father's absence, and sold it in the market place, giving to the priest this money to be used in the restoration. In return he was permitted to live in the church and began his religious life. The rest of the story of his conflict with his father sounds not so unlike clinical accounts of many a young man's acute illness, in the special struggle between father and son. In this, the father returned, received the ill-gotten money back from the priest, had the young man seized and shut up in a cellar to cool down and recover his senses. The father then went on another business trip and the devoted and indulgent mother liberated her son and provided him with money. The father next sued to banish

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his son and recover the money. The lawyers withdrew from the case, perhaps when they found that the young man had already received the lower order of the Church, and the quarrel between father and son was then pursued by the representatives of the Church. Reacting to the reproaches from his father who said he had given his son the only clothes and money which Francis possessed, the young man tore off his clothes, returned them defiantly to his father whom he disowned: "I shall not say 'Father Pietro di Bernardone, but Our Father who art in Heaven.'" The sympathy of the crowd turned in Francis' direction, and his life as an apostle and Evangelist began. As one reads further the account of the teachings of Francis, the gathering of a group of disciples around him and the foundation and spectacular growth of the order, the self-denial so rigidly and absolutely applied, it impresses one as the ultimate in a control of rage.

But although Francis was seemingly fearful of women, two were so bold as to enter his life: Clara Seifi, daughter of the most prominent family of Assisi, and Jacoba de Settisoli, the widow of a Roman nobleman. Jacoba was a woman of manly character, for which he named her "Brother Jacoba." Clara Seifi was sixteen when she fell in love with him and his preaching, thereby escaping a marriage which had been planned for her. She became the founder of the order of St. Clare. It was the manly Jacoba who cared for him when he visited Rome and nursed him when he was sick. In return he gave her a present of a lamb, which may have been the prototype of the lamb of Mary in the nursery rhyme, for it followed her to Church, slept while she prayed and called her to awake and attend to her devotions by butting her with its horns and bleating in her ear (Tamassia, 1905, p. 231).

III

These case histories are samples taken from a large number of biographies and autobiographies read in the course of trying to study other problems of the character of the artist. All of these show, in dramatic overdetermination, the outlines of the family romance. In three, Chatterton, Stanley, and Gogol, the circumstances of birth already contributed to the sense of specialness, and added to the coloring of the story, thus giving in fact what tradition demands in any case.

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There are conditions further which make the family romance more durable in an almost obligatory way in the life of the artist. If the tentative formulation of my earlier paper is correct—that in the artist exist certain inborn qualities of greater sensory responsiveness, greater capacity to organize sensory impressions into related engrams with special sensitivity to rhythm and form—then personal relationships in the gifted individual may also have a heightened intensity; further, an extension of empathy may occur with animation of related inanimate peripheral objects. It is this widened area of responsiveness, with the inclusion of peripheral highlighted objects that I have referred to as the field of the collective alternates. The effect of this would be to promote precocious development and diminish the boundaries between libidinal phases. Naturally the oedipal phase would thus also be prematurely developed with an increase in intensity, but with a diminished probability of its achieving even the ordinary degree of relinquishment of oedipal strivings, since these can instead remain attached as well to the collective alternate objects of the outer world. Further, the heightened sensitivity to bodily sensations and rhythms, as well as to the outer world, causes a continual searching for a harmony of balance between the two. States of imbalance may then be played out in disturbance of body sensations (hypochondria) as well as in disturbances of perception of the outer world and of emotional relationships to other human beings.

The tendency to ambivalence and the splitting of images into good and bad parts proceeds not only from the unresolved oedipal complex but from the heightened capacity for ambivalence of the anal phase, and especially from masturbatory fantasies associated with strong phallic pressures. These disturbances are not so much regressive in character as in a neurosis, but arise more from an unusual degree of fusion of phase pressures, with shifts of emphasis from one instinctual drive to another, and often with the coalescence of certain part reactions from different phase drives reinforcing each other.

Another source of the disturbance of family identification as seen in the family romance appears in the latency period, still under unusual sway of oedipal fantasies. This is the sense of difference which the child then feels when confronted by the social group. Whether

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unusual precocity has developed or the reverse picture of blocking and pseudo stupidity is uppermost, in either case the child of great potential creativeness often feels different and strange among his colleagues, and at a time when, as in adolescence, there is a strong wish to conform, the family romance furnishes a further rationalization for this sense of difference and is reinforced by it.

The ambivalence of the anal phase and its association with masturbatory fantasies are especially important. Not only is the stool valued so predominantly as good and bad, but there is concomitantly a sense of heightened and mysterious sensation in the phallus. And the smell derived from the stool lends itself further to growing concepts of air movement, flying, communion and communication without touch, an increasing sense of life and death, of thought and spirit, i.e., a nontangible representation of the self and others. Even in the not especially gifted child this is a period of great vitalization. In the potentially creative one this sense of phallic pressure begins earlier, but still reaches its height at the phallic age. From the few unusual creative patients I have known, I have thought that such children were erotized early and if subjected to extreme frustration, sickness or bad handling got readily into states of frenzied masturbation, sometimes of a compulsive sort. Whereas the "free" masturbation, i.e., of a noncompulsive type, was transitory and associated with feelings of well-being and positive feelings of power and capacity for inventiveness, the compulsive masturbation took the place of anger or rage. In the latter case the fantasies were colored by sadistic wishes, sometimes leading to feelings of destructive inventiveness of great proportions. Thus the compulsive perfection drive later derived from these is a still further masked sadism, which may be one of the main obstacles in loosening the full power of the creative drive. The other aspect of the wish for perfection is essentially a need for harmony as part of creativity. The attitude expressed in these two types of masturbatory fantasies may be reflected in the family romance.

Consideration further of the God identification of the artist and of the shepherd boy story will close this paper. In all of the individuals studied here, some identification with God was prominent—experiences connected with deep religious feeling. In Chatterton and Stanley there was the adoption of a concept of a God-father in the actual absence of the personal father, and this God-father had some

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worldly form in myth or in fact. In Gogol, the God-father was contaminated by the mother's conceptions passed on to the child, with subsequent attempts to discard or overcome them, but with a final self-destructive submission.

But the inner side of these stories is not so vivid or so easily decipherable but basically more important; namely, the obligatory identification of the artist with God and Nature, or with Nature as God, through the force of the own body feelings which respond to and cause a kind of amalgamation of body imagery with outer forms in the world. The thrust of such body feelings usually reaches a first crescendo in the phallic-oedipal period but it carries with it some influence from the whole gamut of the earlier development. This peak of the thrust toward and incorporation of the world reappears in some special degree and forms in the later experience of inspiration. These

can be dealt with more profitably in the consideration of the creative process. But it is important that the extraordinary strength of the body sensitivity and the pressure of developmental feelings are so much greater in the artist than in less gifted people, and may be more compelling to the individual than the actual personal experiences which reinforce and give secondary molding and content. It is very striking how many creative people describe memories of experiences of revelation, awe or some kind of transcendental states in childhood and how regularly this is placed at the age of four to five. But there is another component of religious feelings from early childhood which involves not so much of sharp ecstasy in which fear gives some special intensity, but rather a sense of fusion with the outer world in a state of mutual permeability, sometimes described as an *oceanic feeling*. This latter state seems derived from rearoused infantile experiences of nursing. A sense of special lightness or airiness may pervade either of these subjective states producing an illusion of flying or of floating.

Now to return to the shepherd boy and his sheep: I do not believe that this figure is so limited to the traditional image of the Italian Renaissance artist as Kris's early paper **(1935)** suggested, although at that time with the special connection of art with the Christian Church, it was given an especially firm and generally accepted form. The same imagery of the shepherd boy becoming the great leader and influencer of men reappears time and again, somewhat

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molded and reshaped in the stories of the lives of great men. It is so often that of the lonely or isolated youth, with scant human contact, who turns to animals for companionship which supplements his world of dreams. But the shepherd boy with his sheep was for many centuries a singularly good symbolic picture. Anyone who has really seen the shepherd and his sheep realizes how physically filthy, isolated and monotonous such a life must often be. The black side of the shepherd boy story is the development of bestiality and perversion. That it provides, however, a culture ground for the split between the sense of hopelessness and degradation and the fantasies involved in the hope for salvation is apparent. It is a parable of the anal-phallic period. The sheep (of which we recently heard that there are a fifth as many in the world as humans) are the proverbially docile animals, to be herded and led like a hypnotized mob; and on the other hand, they have in ages past, more than any other domesticated animal, supplied man's essential needs to an extraordinary degree, with their wool, their flesh, and their skin. It is interesting too that the word "sheepskin" is still used as an idiom for a diploma, marking attainment, presumably, of ambition. But the sheep, in its softness, in its smelliness, in its pliable docility, i.e., a quality of dumb reliability, has possessed more fetishistic qualities than most other domestic animals. The fetish, it seems, has a peculiar significance in both religion and art.

Further, the child of potential genius is inevitably a lonely child, no matter how many people surround him. For he is a child who senses his own difference, feels isolated and inferior thereby: or, if he becomes aware of his gift, is still isolated, finding the greater sustenance in fantasy until his ability begins to be realized in some definite expression. I believe that this realization of ability is often of great relief to extremely talented people, not so much because of the narcissistic gratification of recognition and not because of realization of balance and harmony, but because of the temporary interruption of essential loneliness. But this sense of difference, whether it seems to be by special ability or is felt as it must often be in childhood, as purely social inferiority, is probably a reinforcing factor to the development of the family romance.

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