

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Memories, Dreams, Reflections.* By C. G. Jung. (London: Collins and Routledge, 1963. Pp. 383. 45s.)

The publication of this book provides psychoanalysts with a chance, perhaps the last chance they will have, to come to terms with Jung. If we fail to come to terms with Jung we are self-proclaimed partisans, partisans in a false cause.

Jung was a being, a real person, one who happened to live in Freud's time and who inevitably met Freud. The impact of their meeting provides material for serious study, and the manner of their parting is no less interesting to the student of human nature. Psychoanalysts can choose to line up with Freud, and to measure Jung against him, or they can look at Jung and look at Freud and allow the two to meet and to go together and to separate. In the latter case they must know their Jung, and the value of this book is that it allows us to know Jung as he was when entirely unaffected by Freud and all his works.

By 'this book' I mean the first 115 pages. These first three chapters are genuine autobiography. Here is an autobiography to take its place with the other really convincing autobiographies; one has no doubt about the value of these chapters as a truly self-revealing statement. My review will concern itself with these important chapters, and mostly with the first chapter: 'First Years'.

I am sure that *every psycho-analyst must read* these first three chapters and so meet Jung as he was, and that no analyst who has failed to read them is qualified to talk or write about Jung and Freud and their meeting and their ultimate failure to understand each other.

In discussing these early details of Jung's life I put myself in the category of people who in Jung's words: 'always remind me of those optimistic tadpoles who bask in a puddle in the sun, in the shallowest of waters, crowding together and amiably wriggling their tails, totally unaware that the next morning the puddle will have dried up and left them stranded' (p. 28). In spite of this I must go ahead using the rich material Jung has supplied in order to look closely at the man Jung had it in him to be, and then was.

Jung, in describing himself, gives us a picture of childhood schizophrenia, and at the same time his personality displays a strength of a kind which enabled him to heal himself. At cost he recovered, and part of the cost to him is what he paid out to us, if we can listen and hear, in terms of his exceptional insight. Insight into what? Insight into the feelings of those who are mentally split.

I must ask the reader at this stage to understand that I am not running down Jung by labelling him a 'recovered case of infantile psychosis'. I may be a 'tadpole amiably unknowing of my fate', but I am not besmirching Jung's personality or character. If I want to say that Jung was mad, and that he recovered, I am doing nothing worse than I would do in saying of myself that I was sane and that through analysis and self-analysis I achieved some measure of sanity. Freud's flight to sanity could be something we psychoanalysts are trying to recover from, just as Jungians are trying to recover from Jung's 'divided self', and from the way he himself dealt with it.

In a way Jung and Freud turn out to be complementary; they are like the obverse and reverse of a coin; we can see when we know Jung, as we can now do, why it was not possible for him and Freud to come to terms with each other in those early years of the century, those early years in which Freud was struggling to establish a science that could gradually expand, and Jung was starting off 'knowing', but handicapped by his own need to search for a self with which to know. At the end of a long life Jung reached to the centre of his self, which turned out to be a blind alley; and compared with this we may prefer Freud's groping and his gradual failure to finalize anything except that he had set going a process which we and all future generations can use for therapy, which is research into the nature of man, and for research, which is a therapy of man.

Let us say this about the relationship between Freud and Jung; they had to meet, but Freud could not have gone to Jung for analysis because Freud invented psycho-analysis, and also Freud needed to leave aside the area of insanity in order to forge ahead with the application of scientific

principles to the Jung could not be because in fact Freud's analysis, which was psycho-analytic in a century later, development of psychoanalysis. In other words, it was by a daimon, and without basic unconscious. The manner of this is of interest but...

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principles to the study of human nature; and Jung could not have had analysis from Freud because in fact Freud could not have done this analysis, which would have involved aspects of psycho-analytic theory that are only now, half a century later, beginning to emerge as a development of psycho-analytic metapsychology. In other words, these two men, each possessed by a daimon, could only meet, communicate without basic understanding, and then separate. The manner of the meeting and of the separation is of interest but of little significance.

I can best contribute to a consideration of this book by making a preliminary study of the first chapter. It must be remembered, however, that when autobiography is under review no comment can supplant the actual experience of reading. I can only communicate with those who have read the author's own statement and have already absorbed it.

Because of my special interests I can bring more to the early chapters than I can to the later, and I come to the first chapter 'First Years' with a precise and detailed theory of the emotional development of the infant and with considerable clinical experience of all the various kinds of observation, direct and indirect, which are the stuff of child psychiatry practice. Naturally I am excited by discovering this exceptionally rich source.

Jung's early memories are of a consciousness of beauty and happiness, and these show this only child's (a sister was born when he was already 9 years old) introduction to the world of beauty by those who cared for him. There is a negative to this sort of positive feeling experience, which in the end we must try to discover. It will turn out to be a distortion of integrative tendencies secondary to the mother's maternal failure due to her own illness.

By the age of 4 Jung's psychotic illness was established, and defences which were to be lifelong served him well; it is remarkable that in the end he was able to understand his own psychosis as deeply as he does in this autobiography.

I have stated elsewhere<sup>1</sup> that it is in the area of psychosis rather than that of psychoneurosis that we must expect to find cure by self-healing. Jung provides an example of this, but of course self-healing is not the same as resolution by analysis.

Before the age of 4 Jung had had the break-

down which underlies the organization of a defence pattern. This was remembered as a time when his father carried him round and sang to him. He was suffering, he thinks, from a generalized eczema, and he relates this illness to the estrangement between his parents that was taking shape at that time. In other words he was threatened by an ego-disintegration (a de-personalization), a reversal of the maturational processes; and his defences settled down into a splitting of the personality, related at one level to the parental separation. We may guess that in Jung's case the splitting was not an inherited ego-weakness, if there is such a thing, and not entirely a primary failure to achieve unit status at earlier stages of emotional development, but that it was a defence organized at a time of dependence on parental union. There is evidence of an earlier external factor, namely the maternal depression, which affected his infancy and provided the negative for the positive qualities that he projected on to the landscape, on to things, and on to the world. His earliest memory is not of his mother. He made use, however, of women who were not his mother, and one of these women formed the basis for his conception of his own anima. (For me, the anima is the part of any man that could say: I have always known I was a woman.)

Jung is able to report a significant dream which gave the pattern for his life and lifework. *This is true Jung*, and it is legitimate to build on it tentative theories of Jung's personal difficulties and of his way of dealing with these difficulties.

I had the earliest dream I can remember, a dream which was to preoccupy me all my life. I was then between three and four years old.

The vicarage stood quite alone near Laufen castle, and there was a big meadow stretching back from the sexton's farm. In the dream I was in this meadow. Suddenly I discovered a dark, rectangular, stone-lined hole in the ground. I had never seen it before. I ran forward curiously and peered down into it. Then I saw a stone stairway leading down. Hesitantly and fearfully, I descended. At the bottom was a doorway with a round arch, closed off by a green curtain. It was a big, heavy curtain of worked stuff like brocade, and it looked very sumptuous. Curious to see what might be hidden behind, I pushed it aside. I saw before me in the dim light a

<sup>1</sup> Metapsychological and Clinical Aspects of Regression within the Psycho-analytical Set-up' (1954). *Collected Papers* (Tavistock, London), pp. 283-4.

rectangular chamber about thirty feet long. The ceiling was arched and of hewn stone. The floor was laid with flagstones, and in the centre a red carpet ran from the entrance to a low platform. On this platform stood a wonderfully rich golden throne. I am not certain, but perhaps a red cushion lay on the seat. It was a magnificent throne, a real king's throne in a fairy tale. Something was standing on it which I thought at first was a tree trunk twelve or fifteen feet high and about one and a half to two feet thick. It was a huge thing, reaching almost to the ceiling. But it was of a curious composition: it was made of skin and naked flesh, and on top there was something like a rounded head with no face and no hair. On the very top of the head was a single eye, gazing motionlessly upwards.

It was fairly light in the room, although there were no windows and no apparent source of light. Above the head, however, was an aura of brightness. The thing did not move, yet I had the feeling that it might at any moment crawl off the throne like a worm and creep towards me. I was paralyzed with terror. At that moment I heard from outside and above me my mother's voice. She called out, 'Yes, just look at him. That is the man-eater!' That intensified my terror still more, and I awoke sweating and scared to death. For many nights afterwards I was afraid to go to sleep, because I feared I might have another dream like that.

At this stage we can already map out Jung's illness as follows:

Healthy potential.

Infancy disturbed by maternal depression, this being counteracted by father's motherliness.

Three years: psychotic breakdown, related to parental separation.

Temporary defence: psychosomatic disorder eliciting father's motherliness (dependence continued).

Four years: main defensive organization and the achievement of independence.

With the help of the rest of the book we can continue:

Various threats of breakdown in later childhood, with self-cure.

Defences include: True self (secret); False self; The forging of a life-work out of the

defence organization along with a permanent tendency to heal the split in the personality.

Eventually, in the arduous work of the autobiography, the remembering of significant details of infancy and childhood, the nearest possible self-cure of childhood schizophrenia. Here the true self is no longer secret, and the false self, which had immense value because it enabled Jung to lead a 'normal' life in the world, has become relatively useless.

Seen in this way Jung's remarkable life takes a shape, and for us a valuable thing emerges, because we become able to understand the lie that Jung told to Freud. A dream was reported to Freud (pp. 155, 156) which ended:

Thick dust lay on the floor, and in the dust were scattered bones and broken pottery, like remains of a primitive culture. I discovered two human skulls, obviously very old and half disintegrated. Then I awoke.

What chiefly interested Freud in this dream were the two skulls. He returned to them repeatedly, and urged me to find a wish in connection with them. What did I think about these skulls? And whose were they? I knew perfectly well, of course, what he was driving at: that secret death wishes were concealed in the dream.

... I submitted to his intention and said, 'My wife and my sister-in-law.' ...

And so I told him a lie.

In its place in Jung's life the telling of this lie is perhaps the nearest that he came to a unit self, until he was able, in old age, to write his autobiography.

When Jung deliberately lied to Freud he became a unit with a capacity to hide secrets instead of a split personality with no place for hiding anything. In this way perhaps Freud did perform some sort of a service for Jung, albeit without knowing it. We can see why Freud would not know, but it is for us to know and to understand as far as we can on the facts available. 'Tout comprendre rend très indulgent.'

It does not matter much what the lie was about. At some point, however, Jung had to lie to Freud, or else he had to start an analysis with him, one that could not possibly have led to cure, though it might have led to a flight from psychosis to sanity or to psychoneurosis.

Could it be said that Freud's famous fainting turns tell the same story the other way round?

It seems to be a breakdown of the ego, a fainting; but an impulse, a (dis)integration, a maturation.

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It seems significant that in Jung's threatened breakdown at the age of twelve his symptom was fainting; behind the fainting was a 'suicidal impulse', and behind this was infantile madness (disintegration, depersonalization, reversal of maturational processes).

We may well be glad that Jung and Freud separated, and that each maintained a personal integrity and lived to enrich the world exceptionally.

#### *Jungians and Freudians Now*

It is now necessary to examine some of the effects of Jung's defence organization against psychosis on the thinking of latter-day Jungians and Freudians. We cannot help noticing when we meet to discuss human nature that we are apt to use the same terms with meanings that are not only different from each other but that seem irreconcilable. The two worst offenders are the words *unconscious* and *self*.

#### *Unconscious*

*From the time of Jung's dream when he was four years old it was certain that he and Freud would not be able to communicate about the unconscious.* Whatever Freud was, he had a unit personality, with a place in him for his unconscious. Jung was different. It is not possible for a split personality to have an unconscious, because there is no place for it to be. Like our florid schizophrenic patients (though he was not one) Jung knew truths that are unavailable to most men and women. But he spent his life looking for a place to keep his inner psychic reality, although the task was indeed an impossible one. By the age of four he had adopted the sophisticated theory of the underground of the dream, closely associated in his case with the burial of the dead. He went down under and found subjective life. At the same time he became a withdrawn person, with what was wrongly thought at the time to be a clinical depression. From this developed Jung's exploration of the unconscious, and (for me) his concept of the collective unconscious was part of his attempt to deal with his lack of contact with what could now be called the unconscious-according-to-Freud.

This gives us the idea of Jung's work as being out of touch with instinct and object-relating (except in a subjective sense). Jung's extravert No. 1 personality (False Self in my language) evidently gave a rather normal impression, and gave Jung a place in the world, and a rich

family and professional life, but Jung makes no bones about his preference for his True Self (Jung's language) No. 2 personality which carried for him the sense of real. The only place for his unconscious (Freudian sense) would be in his secret True Self, an enigma wrapped in an enigma. This was dramatized in the secret contents of a pencil box secretly hidden, and then forgotten for several decades. Naturally the secret contents were significant and were eventually found to be closely related to common denominators in anthropological lore.

If Jung's special meaning for the word unconscious be understood and kept distinct from the various uses which Freud gave to the term, then it is possible for the psycho-analyst to join in with those many who find in Jung's writings a tremendous contribution to the study of people and to the correlation of facts gathered from far and wide. But the psycho-analyst would sacrifice essential values were he to give up Freud's various meanings for the word unconscious, including the concept of the repressed unconscious. It is not possible to conceive of a repressed unconscious with a split mind; instead what is found is dissociation.

When Jung contemplated the idea of the erect penis in the place of the king on the throne in the underground chamber of his dream as a four-year-old he did not connect this with, for instance, a projection of his own phallic excitements. He seemed to fear that a tadpole of an analyst would insist that he had seen an erect penis somewhere, but the thing an analyst would find lacking is any attempt to relate this with the four-year-old Jung's instinctual life.

In this way there is but little Oedipus conflict in the split personality, nor is there a clash with the father in extravert living; and a clash with the father was in any case interfered with by the estrangement of his parents at that time, and by the fact that Jung's father became the reliable mother-figure in his life. He was therefore unprepared as a man to clash with Freud. An imaginative clash with Freud would alone have formed a basis for a friendship (sublimated homosexuality), and there is evidence that Freud would have welcomed some such imaginative clash.

Jung reached to his father's hate in an amazing way by having the idea of God's intention that his created men and women should sin, following the idea he had that God had shat from his golden throne on the beautiful new roof of the cathedral, breaking the walls asunder. Here

again, naturally, Jung does not go one step further back and relate this to his own destruction of beauty. We could not expect to find Jung feeling God to be a projection of his own infantile omnipotence and the shitting as a projection of his own hate of the father in the mother; or at a more primitive level, his own destruction of the good object because of its being real in the sense of being outside the area of his omnipotence.

Jung describes his playing (which had to be done very much alone till he went to school) as a constant building and rebuilding followed always by the staging of an earthquake and the destruction of the building. What we cannot find in the material Jung provides is imaginative destruction followed by a sense of guilt and then by construction. It seems that the thing that was repressed in Jung's early infancy, that is, before the infantile breakdown, was primitive aggression—and we remember here that it is precisely this primitive destructiveness that is difficult to get at when an infant is cared for by a mother who is clinically depressed. (Fordham<sup>2</sup> has referred to Jung's fear of his own destructiveness.)

### *The Self*

More difficult for me is a discussion of Jung's use of the word self. (This has been discussed with clarity by Fordham.<sup>3</sup>)

The word self is not a psychological term, but it is a word we all use, and it is possible that Jung contributed more than did Freud to an understanding of what the word means or can mean. It was Fordham himself who jolted me into a recognition that I was using the words self and ego as if they were synonymous, which of course they are not; they cannot be, since self is a word, and ego is a term to be used for convenience with an agreed meaning.

The fact is that the term ego is used differently, according to whether Freudian or Jungian jargon is employed. Freud certainly used the term in differing ways, according to the era in which he was writing. In Freudian metapsychology the concept of the ego has its own evolution. The early idea of the ego as a part of the id has not stood the test of time. Ego psychology in psycho-analytic circles began to develop in the thirties, and has now been carried

a long way, so that the idea of there being an ego from the beginning (prior to and covering id-experience) is considered, especially if this be looked at as related intimately to ego-support given sensitively by the mother to the infant who is lucky enough to have an ego-supportive mother.

Work has been done in psycho-analytic literature on maturation in terms of the evolution of the ego, including the concept of the tendency towards integration and towards a capacity for object-relating and for the psychosomatic partnership. Much expansion of theoretical understanding along these lines is to be expected in the near future. All this seems to be ignored in Jungian writings, and we cannot afford to ignore anything that is valid. Nevertheless the idea of the self is very well dealt with by Jungians, and it is for the psycho-analysts to learn what they can in this field.

What must be remembered, I think, is that Jung himself spent his life looking for his own self, which he never really found since he remained to some extent split (except in so far as this split was healed in his work on his autobiography). In old age he appears to have dropped his No. 1 personality to a large extent and to have lived by his True Self, and in this way he found a self that he could call his own. Was he not clinically somewhat withdrawn in so doing?

Eventually he reached the centre of his self. As I have suggested earlier, this seems to have been satisfying for him, and yet somewhat of a blind alley if looked at as an achievement for a remarkable and a truly big personality. In any case he was preoccupied with the mandala, which from my point of view is a defensive construct, a defence against that spontaneity which has destruction as its next-door neighbour. The mandala is a truly frightening thing for me because of its absolute failure to come to terms with destructiveness, and with chaos, disintegration, and the other madnnesses. It is an obessional flight from disintegration. Jung's description of his last decades spent in search of the centre of his self seems to me to be a description of a slow and wearisome closing down of a lifetime of splendid endeavour. The centre of the self is a relatively useless concept. What is more important is to reach to the basic

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<sup>2</sup> Fordham, M. (1962). *An Evaluation of Jung's Work*. (London: Guild of Pastoral Psychology Lecture No. 119.)

<sup>3</sup> Fordham, M. (1963). 'The Empirical Foundation and Theories of the Self in Jung's Work.' *J. Anal. Psych.*, 8.

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forces of individual living, and to me it is certain that if the real basis is creativeness the very next thing is destruction.

This is a matter that needs special treatment in a different setting. The fact remains that the search for the self and a way of feeling real, and of living from the true rather than from the false self, is a task that belongs not only to schizophrenics; it also belongs to a large proportion of the human race. Nevertheless it must also be recognized that for many this problem is *not* the main one; their infantile experiences took them satisfactorily through the early stages, so that a solution was found in infancy to this essential human problem. Generally, the problems of life are not about the search for a self, but about the full and satisfying use of a self that is a unit and is well grounded. There are plenty of troubles of other kinds for the unit personality, though for the unit personality the word self has a clear meaning that does not need explaining.

It is truly difficult for those with healthy unit personalities to achieve empathy with those whose divided selves give them constant trouble. Jung has helped here, and among psychoanalysts there are some who are drawing our attention to the inapplicability of the so-called classical psycho-analytical technique to the treatment of schizophrenia.

Jung's life has shown, I believe, how psychotic illness may not only give a person a lot of trouble but may also push that person on to exceptional attainment. He has, of course, thrown a beam of light on the problem that is common to all human beings, in so far as there are common defences against intolerable or what might be called psychotic fears.

This is a book that can enable us to become objective in our assessment of Jung, in the same way that we wish to be objective about Freud. We ourselves undergo analysis, and we must be able to analyse our masters too; they could not have analysis by the very nature of things.

The whole book deserves careful reading. It is well translated. One word I question: 'attained' as a translation of 'erreichten'. 'Ich konnte mich nie aufhalten beim einmal Erreichen.' Could this not be 'I could never stop at anything once I had reached to it'? 'Attained' seems to imply assimilation. An error of translation here could queer the pitch for further games of Jung-analysis.

D. W. Winnicott

*Curiosity.* By Herman Nunberg. (New York: Int. Univ. Press, 1961, pp. 88. \$3.00.)

This is an expanded version of the Freud Anniversary Lecture delivered by Nunberg in New York in 1960. It is a beautiful and profound piece of work, as one might expect from the author of 'The Synthetic Function of the Ego'. Here again Nunberg reveals himself as one of the few psycho-analytic writers who have shared with Freud the rare quality of being able to integrate concept with content, theoretical argument with clinical exposition.

What is the psychology of asking a question? Can one ask a question before one can speak? Can one ask a question in a dream? To answer these 'meta-questions' Nunberg unfolds with precision, economy and a superb sense of timing, the analysis of a patient whose pathological curiosity drove him to compulsive questioning. 'Are there times when you tell a story and are there times when you are telling things which are not stories?' his patient asks, only to seek quick comfort in the safe but non-discriminating, self-given answer: 'Everything that you say is a story to a degree.' In this perversion of the secondary process of interrogation, the patient tries to reduce the gap between question and answer, between known and unknown, between self and other: he tries to approximate to the primary process, in which the question *is* the answer, the answer the question.

Nunberg shows in detail how the oral drives leave their impress on the ego's need to know, how these early roots of curiosity ramify through later stages of body and object relationships, and how they extend through the superego's 'watching and biting' of the ego. For the primitive ego—open-mouthed and wide-eyed in face of the unknown—has used its only means of removing danger from view: incorporative denial. In his self-defeating series of questions, Nunberg's patient was trying to fulfil his wish to discover and yet at the same time to remove from consciousness, from his internal world, that most puzzling, exciting and dangerous of all infantile unknowns: the primal scene.

This is a rich and complex essay in psycho-analytic ego psychology. Nunberg's clarity and freshness of thought are matched by his form of presentation, which sustains the reader's curiosity at that point of balance where he can enjoy both the hunger of his own questions and the nourishment of the author's answers.

Cecily de Monchaux