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9. *Ibid.*, p. 297.
 10. *Ibid.*, p. 345
 11. *Ibid.*, p. 323.
 12. *Ibid.*, p. 342.
 13. *Ibid.*, p. 338. Much of the criticism here applies to Dinnerstein and Chodorow as well who also fail to account for culturally defined, gender characteristics.
 14. *Ibid.*, p. 373.
 15. *Ibid.*, p. 397.
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WOOLF'S REFUSAL

Stephen Trombley, *ALL THAT SUMMER SHE WAS MAD: VIRGINIA WOOLF: FEMALE VICTIM OF MALE MEDICINE*. New York: Continuum Press, 1982.

In 1909, when Sigmund Freud spoke about the new science of the mind at Clark University, in Worcester, Massachusetts, U.S.A., he brought with him several disciples. One of them was Carl Gustav Jung. Much has been made of the encounter: a variant of The Son Slays The Father — and lives to outdo him.¹ Freud had the qualities of self-annihilation a Jew would have in a German culture, especially one incubating The Final Solution. Though Swiss, Jung was equally Germanic. One proselytizing Atheist who claimed to be German; one God-worshipping Christian who is suspected of Nazism ! Each has a similar, seamy sexual past that will not bear scrutiny.² They are so clearly halves of one whole — we need them both, and we have them both, and now our job, the task of those who live in their wake, is to marry together their ideas.

The areas of major disagreement between Freud and his former student Jung are not about female illnesses, but about human will, power, God, and, thus, the methodology of cure. For Sigmund Freud, God was a lesser Freud with whom he contended. Freud's relation to God is, simply stated, that which he attributed to Moses in *Moses and Monotheism*: an atheist to the last, he inherited the failures of male body-denial and anthropomorphic delusion from Descartes. Because he felt he knew all, Freud was offended and fearful of his unconscious content. For Jung, God was the cornerstone of an integrated sense of one's real size in the cosmos. If one is willing to let be, to accept, to know that one is ultimately but a cipher for a larger figuration, one is less tyrannical in one's treatment of clients — especially female clients. Rightly related to his own size, ability and place on the planet, Jung did not deride or trivialize his unconscious content. Thus Jung is

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able to undo male rationalism's plundering of the planet because Jung, not thinking he is God, sees the unconscious as part of a larger balance.

Their disagreements, however different their therapeutic results, end when women are considered. Jung and Freud both defined female as "for our use", and the lives of each reveal lies, dissimulation, sexual advantage taken over female patients and co-analysands. Freud is by no means as trivial about women as unsympathetic readings make him: he himself posited the cornerstone of feminist therapeutic techniques enabling women to accept our self-hate, competitive and sexual feelings for our mothers, and, thus, the major idea of female recovery, and said that in pre-oedipal sexuality for the mother lay the daughter's basic physicality. Conversely, Jung is unhelpful theoretically about women for he blithely assumes as immutably "female" what is culturally engendered — nurturance, humane love, moony-dream states, cooperation and decency.³ Since this reading of "female" underlies his whole system of archetypal typology and patterns, to see it as false destroys much of his interpretation of the human psyche. Neither Freud's nor Jung's flawed hypotheses give the whole picture. Jung particularly was so great a healer in therapeutic practice that the system's inadequacy pales in comparison to the good granted by their agreements — and disagreements.

Whatever Jung may have thought he rarely said, and thus, was of especial use with those who could not respond with self-respect to Freudian rationalism as a methodology of explanation or cure. It is Jung's tolerance, humane heart, and belief in his small place in a benevolent, God-created cosmos which is at the back of "the new therapies": Laingian, Reichian, and ultimately, of Trombley's book.

Generally dismissed as a trivialization of biography as applied to novels,⁴ *All that Summer She Was Mad: Virginia Woolf: Female Victim of Male Medicine* is one of the finest cultural assessments of female insanity since Phyllis Chesler's *Women and Madness* reopened the debate. Trombley does not acknowledge that his argument is based on Jung's influence on R.D. Laing's methodology combined with feminist "embodiment" theory. Virginia Woolf was not disembodied, Trombley argues, and thus, he does not conclude that her active heterosexuality made her healthy.

For feminists, the use of sexuality as the cure-all for so-called female madness is not useful. If one is female, one is told that "sexuality" will bring the self back to the body, and the soul back to the writer. But "sexuality" in psychiatry usually means "Cultural Heterosexism"⁵. Trombley rises to the height of his considerable powers (no pun intended, though one is available), when he waxes witty on Woolf's male doctors' theories of the healthy pursuit of the missionary position for women. He wastes no time proving by narrative technique alone that a method of treatment which doubles disembodiment because it doubles self-alienation is of no use in salvatory autonomy.

Embodiment for Woolf, Trombley argues, came not from heterosexual intercourse, nor child bearing, but from her own relation to what he defines as Woolf's eating disorder. Speculation that Woolf inherited anorexia nervosa and possibly bulimia is made by Elaine Showalter, Jane Marcus, and Quentin Bell.

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Like his daughter, Leslie Stephen feared fat, and desperately exercised in a punishing way to keep his weight well below a normal level for a man of his height. Susie Orbach has suggested that punishing exercise is a key indicator of an eating disorder, and a primary method of its denial.

Today's feminist theorists explain in veiled language a stark fact: women cannot stomach any more the culture's assessment of our relation to our bodies. Is starvation and stuffing a culture-wide admission that we have had enough of the absence of the true food of Franz Kafka's "The Hunger Artist"? How many women can say, as Dickinson did, that "I found that hunger was a way of persons outside windows the entering takes away"?⁶ Trombley's intelligent speculation that Virginia Woolf's so-called eating disorder shaped her self-relation, her relation to lesbian and to heterosexual sex, and, ultimately, to others, makes his book central to a deeper sense of who Virginia Woolf really was, though she was so various, and grew so deeply, that no assumption is completely accurate.

Trombley thus proposes Woolf's solution to Woolf's use of her body to embody her own health: thinking physically. He proves that Woolf not only had a body, wrote from her body, used her body as a perceptual barometer, she was obsessed with her body, one of the few ways in which she really was an ordinary white Western middle class 20th-century woman. My only quibble is that Trombley did not cite *To the Lighthouse* as proof. By feeling deep physical needs for silence, space, rest, and the crucial absence of needy observers, male or female, Mrs. Ramsay feels her way by bodily indications into her intellectual thoughts.

Trombley has thus written one of the most important studies of Woolf. Lacking personal malice toward them, he has remorselessly examined the unconscious assumptions behind the labelling of Woolf by her husband, by her gay male friends, and by her male readers and doctors. Taking Jung's tactic, Trombley, by the use of their own language, has proved it is her observers, not she, who have a problem. Virginia Woolf knew what her problem was — it was not disembodiment; her "problem" was solved by her refusal to be seized as prey by a male rationalizing imagination which could further separate her from the only sources of her salvation, and that of anyone — her creative urge to anarchic pleasure in speech and eating and lesbianism interspersed with celibacy, and in political poaching with delightful dexterity on "the professor's" preserve. Woolf's refusal to be so sacrificed resulted in a lucid and malicious prose, a devilish delight in mischief — and that even at her own expense — and a level-headed look at the worst of male culture, and the usual feminist mystical witchcraft methods in healing it. Stephen Trombley is the first male Woolf scholar not in her family to understand and to commend her revolutionary fictional embodiment in the larger context of the culture where she herself first named herself to be.

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