

# ENG 300 Class Plan

## Psychoanalytic Theory

key terms & definitions  
applications → life  
- literature

} group  
work

## Frankenstein passages - Volume 1.

themes  
close reading  
character analysis

## Virtue Essay Workshop.

# Psychoanalysis : Key Terms

sublimation

ego, superego, id

infantile

Oedipus complex

libido

oral, anal, phallic stages.

displacement

Eros / Thanatos

condensation

dream work

repression

transference

projection

unconscious / conscious.

Freudian slip

deconstruct

displacement

association

defense mechanisms

screen memory.

sibling rivalry

①

DREAMS & DREAM SYMBOL

②

DEATH & DEATH  
DRIVE,  
THANATOS

③

FAMILY ROMANCE

④

SEXUALITY, EROS

⑤

The Human Psyche :

ID, EGO, SUPEREGO

①

# DREAMS & DREAM SYMBOLS

subconscious  
dream work  
displacement  
condensation  
analysis

(Natalie  
Adiyah  
Bianca)

②

# DEATH & DEATH DRIVE TRIANATOS

self-destructive behaviors

(Gabby  
Elizabeth  
Mara)

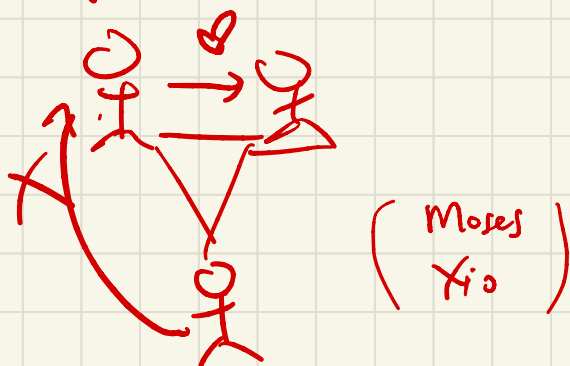
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# FAMILY ROMANCE

sibling rivalry  
jealousy

Oedipal complex

infantile desire.



④

# SEXUALITY, EROS

libido

oral, anal, phallic  
stages

repression

(Genesis, Melina, Michelle)

⑤

# The Human Psyche :

ID, EGO, SUPEREGO

(Richard, Michelle)

pleasure principle  
instant gratification  
desires, fears, rage

society  
rules

ID

SUPER  
EGO

EGO

←→  
constant struggle

Natalie Jacobellis, Briana Schwartz, Aaliyah Taylor

## 1. Dreams and Dream Symbols

According to Freudian terminology, *dream work* helps people interpret events of a dream to gain information about what their subconscious attempted to communicate in the dream images. Freud's terminology includes *dream work*, and this causes real life events to transform into dream images (98). One term included in *dream work* is *displacement*: a person or event is represented in a way that associates it with another through similar sounds or specific symbolism (98). For example, if you spent the day with someone you love like a family member, they might appear in your dream symbolically through a dream image. They would not necessarily appear as themselves, they might appear in a dream-like image that further analysis connects to the family member. Furthermore, *dream work* includes *condensation* where a group of people, events, or meanings are all represented by one image in a dream (98). Potential anxieties about the world, familial conflicts, and feelings in general are all represented by one dream image that can be interpreted according to Freudian terminology. However, the dream would not specify what the dreamer is anxious about, as dreams oftentimes seem like a lot of nonsensical images (98). The purpose of *condensation* helps the interpreter determine what real-life issue, person, or event is causing this image to appear in the subconscious mind. This helps the dreamer further understand the message the subconscious shows the dreamer during their sleep. The interpretation of the dream, according to Freud, makes sense of nonsensical dream images using context from the dreamer's real life.

“A final example of important Freudian terminology is the *dream work*, the process by which real events or desires are transformed into dream images. These include *displacement*, whereby one person or event is represented by another which is in some way linked or associated with it, perhaps because of a similar sounding word, or by some form of symbolic substitution; and *condensation*, whereby a number or people, events, or meanings are combined and represented by a single image in the dream. Thus, characters, motivation, and events are represented in dreams in a very ‘literary’ way, involving the translation, by the dream work, of abstract ideas or feelings into concrete images. Dreams just like literature, do not usually make explicit statements. Both tend to communicate obliquely or indirectly, avoiding direct or open statement, and representing meanings through concrete embodiments of time, place, or person.” (98)

*Analysis*: Analyzing the dream after discussing with a therapist to further understand it using Freudian analysis.

Group work: (Maria, Gabriella, Elizabeth)

### **Death and Death Drive** (Thanatos)

- **Thanatos (Greak word for death) is a way to describe self-destructive tendencies... it's the opposite of eros (life), and it's also called the death instincts which include aggression, risky behavior, reliving trauma. More extreme examples of this would be through self-harm and suicide.**
- **PG Examples:**
  - You're on a diet, you go in a Dunkin Donut to smell the coffee but end up buying a donut instead---> destroying your diet....
  - Phineus and Ferb: mom's restraint and "cake is a sometimes food"...
  - Gabriella's coworker: ex-smoker asking to have smoke blown in her face.

### **More Notes:**

- an innate and unconscious tendency toward self-destruction postulated in psychoanalytic theory to explain aggressive and destructive behavior not satisfactorily explained by the pleasure principle.
- "the goal of all life is death" - Freud
- Self-destructive tendencies
- The death indistinct: aggression, risky behavior, reliving trauma
- Self-harm, or suicide
- Freud noted that people who experience a traumatic event would often reenact that experience. From this, he concluded that people hold an unconscious desire to die but that the life instincts largely temper this wish.
- In Freud's view, the compulsion to repeat was "something that would seem more primitive, more elementary, more instinctual than the pleasure principle which it overrides." He further proposed that the death instincts were an extension of that compulsion wherein all living organisms have an instinctive "pressure toward death" that stands in stark contrast to the instinct to survive, procreate, and satisfy desires.
  - For example: you tend to relive/think about embarrassing situations over and over again in your mind.



returning home

The road ran by the side of the lake, which became narrower as I approached my native town. I discovered more distinctly the black sides of Jura, and the bright summit of Mont Blanc;<sup>5</sup> I wept like a child: "Dear mountains! my own beautiful lake! how do you welcome your wanderer? Your summits are clear; the sky and lake are blue and placid. Is this to prognosticate peace, or to mock at my unhappiness?"

I fear, my friend, that I shall render myself tedious by dwelling on these preliminary circumstances; but they were days of comparative happiness, and I think of them with pleasure. My country, my beloved country! who but a native can tell the delight I took in again beholding thy streams, thy mountains, and, more than all, thy lovely lake.

Yet, as I drew nearer home, grief and fear again overcame me. Night also closed around; and when I could hardly see the dark mountains, I felt still more gloomily. The picture appeared a vast and dim scene of evil, and I foresaw obscurely that I was destined to become the most wretched of human beings. Alas! I prophesied truly, and failed only in one single circumstance, that in all the misery I imagined and dreaded, I did not conceive the hundredth part of the anguish I was destined to endure.

It was completely dark when I arrived in the environs of Geneva; the gates of the town were already shut; and I was obliged to pass the night at Secheron, a village half a league to the east of the city.<sup>6</sup> The sky was serene; and, as I was unable to rest, I resolved to visit the spot where my poor William had been murdered. As I could not pass through the town, I was obliged to cross the lake in a boat to arrive at Plainpalais. During this short voyage I saw the lightnings playing on the summit of Mont Blanc in the most beautiful figures. The storm appeared to approach rapidly; and, on landing, I ascended a low hill, that I might observe its progress. It advanced; the heavens were clouded, and I soon felt the rain coming slowly in large drops, but its violence quickly increased.

I quitted my seat, and walked on, although the darkness and storm increased every minute, and the thunder burst with a terrific crash over my head. It was echoed from Salève, the Juras, and the Alps of Savoy; vivid flashes of lightning dazzled my eyes, illuminating

<sup>5</sup>Mont Blanc, the highest peak in the Alps and the subject of a poem by Percy Shelley. See p. 258.

<sup>6</sup>Victor is confused; it's actually to the north. A league is a variable measure, 2.5 to 4.5 miles.

the lake, making it appear like a vast sheet of fire;<sup>7</sup> then for an instant every thing seemed of a pitchy darkness, until the eye recovered from the preceding flash. The storm, as is often the case in Switzerland, appeared at once in various parts of the heavens. The most violent storm hung exactly north of the town, over that part of the lake which lies between the promontory of Belrive and the village of Copêt. Another storm enlightened Jura with faint flashes; and another darkened and sometimes disclosed the Môle, a peaked mountain to the east of the lake.

While I watched the storm, so beautiful yet terrific, I wandered on with a hasty step. This noble war in the sky elevated my spirits; I clasped my hands, and exclaimed aloud, "William, dear angel! this is thy funeral, this thy dirge!" As I said these words, I perceived in the gloom a figure which stole from behind a clump of trees near me; I stood fixed, gazing intently: I could not be mistaken. A flash of lightning illuminated the object, and discovered its shape plainly to me; its gigantic stature, and the deformity of its aspect, more hideous than belongs to humanity, instantly informed me that it was the wretch, the filthy daemon to whom I had given life. What did he there? Could he be (I shuddered at the conception) the murderer of my brother? No sooner did that idea cross my imagination, than I became convinced of its truth; my teeth chattered, and I was forced to lean against a tree for support. The figure passed me quickly, and I lost it in the gloom. Nothing in human shape could have destroyed that fair child. He was the murderer! I could not doubt it. The mere presence of the idea was an irresistible proof of the fact. I thought of pursuing the devil; but it would have been in vain, for another flash discovered him to me hanging among the rocks of the nearly perpendicular ascent of Mont Salève, a hill that bounds Plainpalais on the south. He soon reached the summit, and disappeared.

I remained motionless. The thunder ceased; but the rain still continued, and the scene was enveloped in an impenetrable darkness. I revolved in my mind the events which I had until now sought to forget: the whole train of my progress towards the creation; the appearance of the work of my own hands alive at my bed side; its departure. Two years had now nearly elapsed since the night on which he

<sup>7</sup>A lake of fire is one of the features of Hell in *Paradise Lost* (1.52, 210). See also Byron's famous stanzas on the Alpine thunderstorm in *Childe Harold III*, pp. 267-69, and Mary Shelley's description in *Six Weeks' Tour*, pp. 257-58.



notwithstanding every evidence, until I heard that you had yourself declared your guilt. That report, you say, is false; and be assured, dear Justine, that nothing can shake my confidence in you for a moment, but your own confession."

"I did confess; but I confessed a lie. I confessed, that I might obtain absolution; but now that falsehood lies heavier at my heart than all my other sins. The God of heaven forgive me! Ever since I was condemned, my confessor has besieged me; he threatened and menaced, until I almost began to think that I was the monster that he said I was. He threatened excommunication and hell fire in my last moments, if I continued obdurate. Dear lady, I had none to support me; all looked on me as a wretch doomed to ignominy and perdition. What could I do? In an evil hour<sup>1</sup> I subscribed to a lie; and now only am I truly miserable."

She paused, weeping, and then continued—"I thought with horror, my sweet lady, that you should believe your Justine, whom your blessed aunt had so highly honoured, and whom you loved, was a creature capable of a crime which none but the devil himself could have perpetrated. Dear William! dearest blessed child! I soon shall see you again in heaven, where we shall all be happy; and that consoles me, going as I am to suffer ignominy and death."

"Oh, Justine! forgive me for having for one moment distrusted you. Why did you confess? But do not mourn, my dear girl; I will every where proclaim your innocence, and force belief. Yet you must die; you, my playfellow, my companion, my more than sister. I never can survive so horrible a misfortune."

"Dear, sweet Elizabeth, do not weep. You ought to raise me with thoughts of a better life, and elevate me from the petty cares of this world of injustice and strife. Do not you, excellent friend, drive me to despair."

"I will try to comfort you; but this, I fear, is an evil too deep and poignant to admit of consolation, for there is no hope. Yet heaven bless thee, my dearest Justine, with resignation, and a confidence elevated beyond this world. Oh! how I hate its shews and mockeries! when one creature is murdered, another is immediately deprived of life in a slow torturing manner; then the executioners, their hands yet reeking with the blood of innocence, believe that they have done a

<sup>1</sup>Milton's punning description for the fall of Eve, *Paradise Lost* 9.780.

great deed. They call this *retribution*. Hateful name! When that word is pronounced, I know greater and more horrid punishments are going to be inflicted than the gloomiest tyrant has ever invented to satiate his utmost revenge. Yet this is not consolation for you, my Justine, unless indeed that you may glory in escaping from so miserable a den. Alas! I would I were in peace with my aunt and my lovely William, escaped from a world which is hateful to me, and the visages of men which I abhor."

Justine smiled languidly. "This, dear lady, is despair, and not resignation. I must not learn the lesson that you would teach me. Talk of something else, something that will bring peace, and not increase of misery."

During this conversation I had retired to a corner of the prison-room, where I could conceal the horrid anguish that possessed me. Despair! Who dared talk of that? The poor victim, who on the morrow was to pass the dreary boundary between life and death, felt not as I did, such deep and bitter agony. I gnashed my teeth, and ground them together, uttering a groan that came from my inmost soul. Justine started. When she saw who it was, she approached me, and said, "Dear Sir, you are very kind to visit me; you, I hope, do not believe that I am guilty."

I could not answer. "No, Justine," said Elizabeth; "he is more convinced of your innocence than I was; for even when he heard that you had confessed, he did not credit it."

"I truly thank him. In these last moments I feel the sincerest gratitude towards those who think of me with kindness. How sweet is the affection of others to such a wretch as I am! It removes more than half my misfortune; and I feel as if I could die in peace, now that my innocence is acknowledged by you, dear lady, and your cousin."

Thus the poor sufferer tried to comfort others and herself. She indeed gained the resignation she desired. But I, the true murderer, felt the never-dying worm alive in my bosom, which allowed of no hope or consolation.<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth also wept, and was unhappy; but her's also was the misery of innocence, which, like a cloud that passes over

<sup>2</sup>Jesus refers to Hell as a place "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" (Mark 9.44), echoed in *Paradise Lost* 6.739 in the Son's reference to Satan's eternal torment as "th'undying Worm"; in *The Bride of Abydos* (1813), Byron describes remorse as "the worm that will not sleep—and never dies . . . That winds around and tears the quivering heart!" (2.644–49).