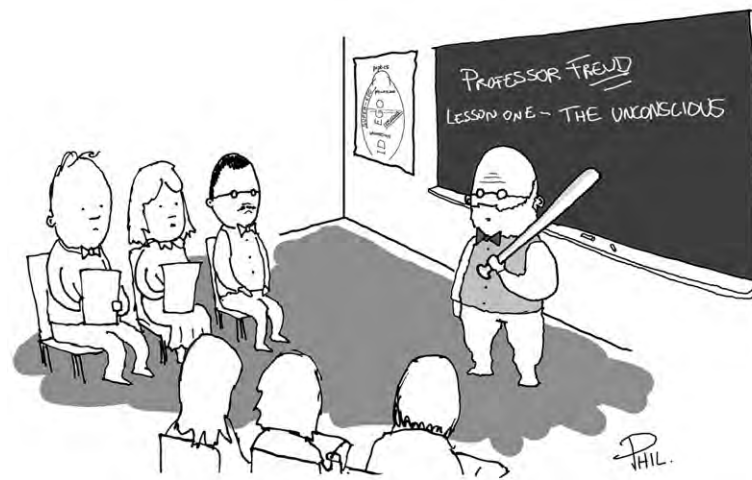


# In the name of the Father

Moving between Jewish and Jewish  
American Culture, Freud, and Kafka

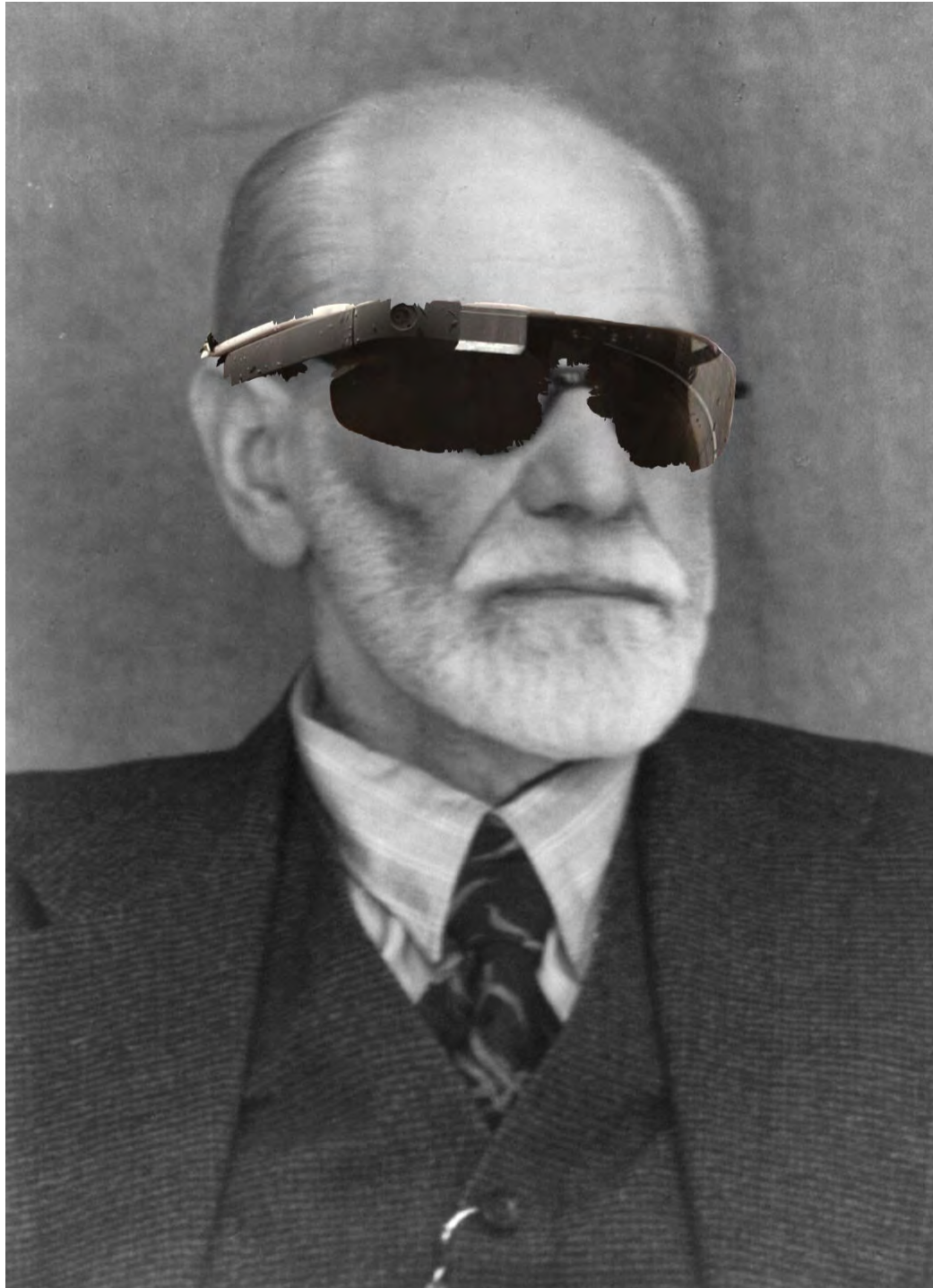


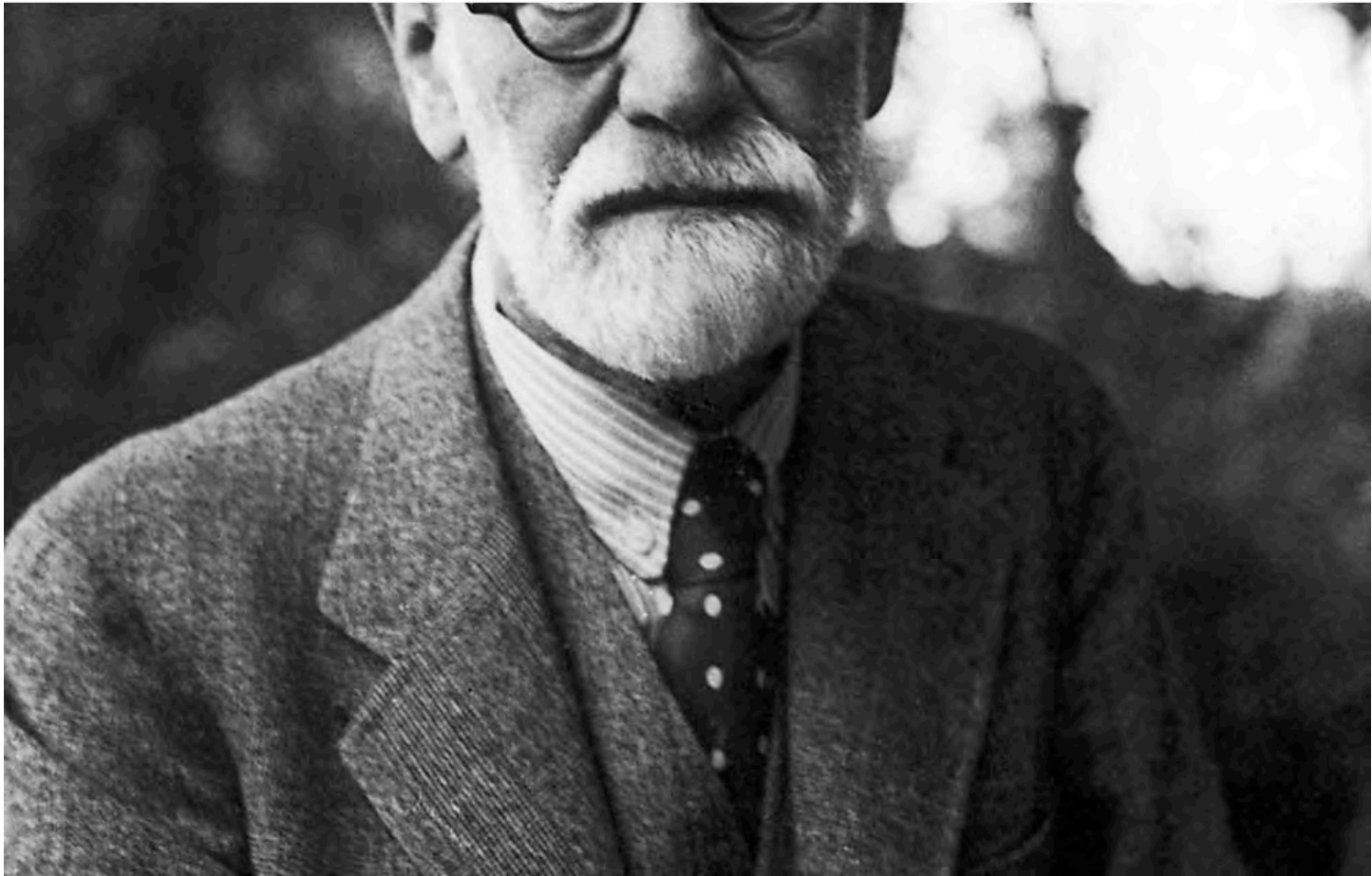


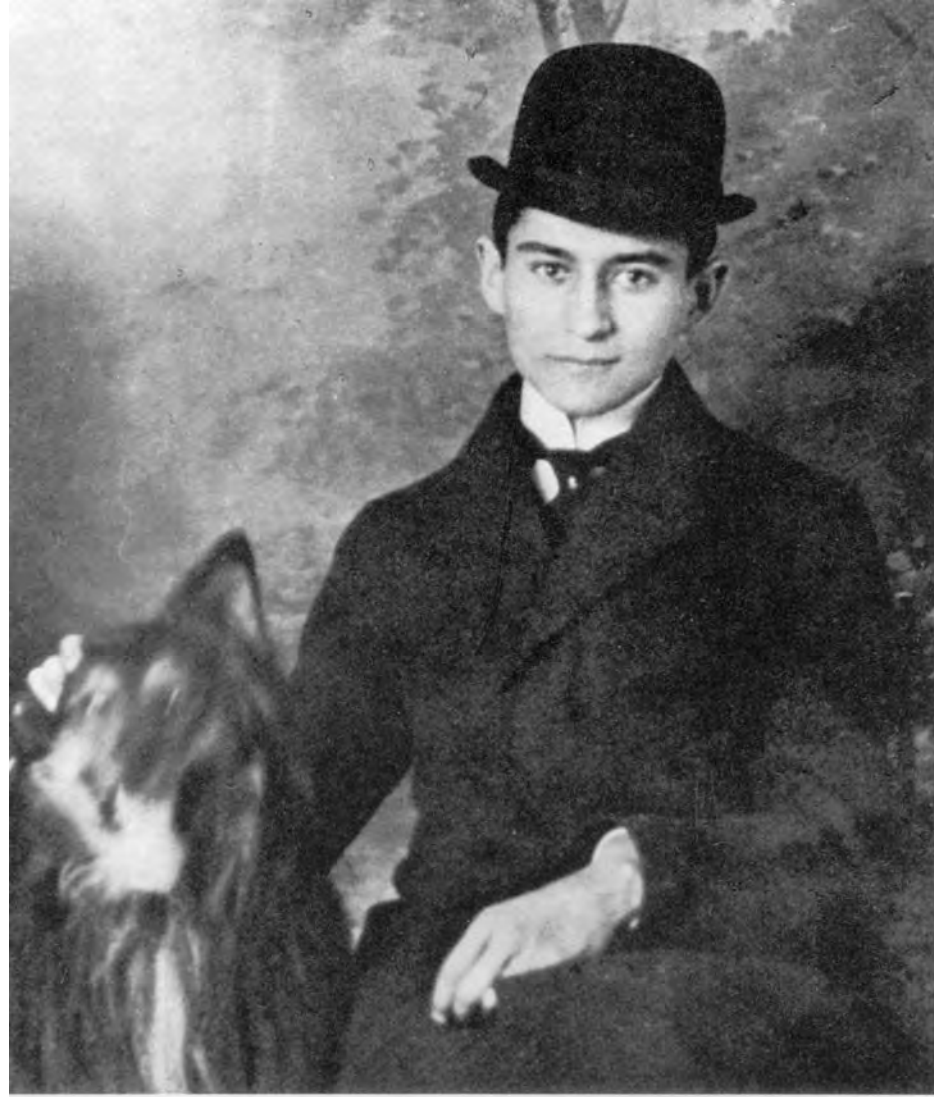
*"Can I have a volunteer, please."*











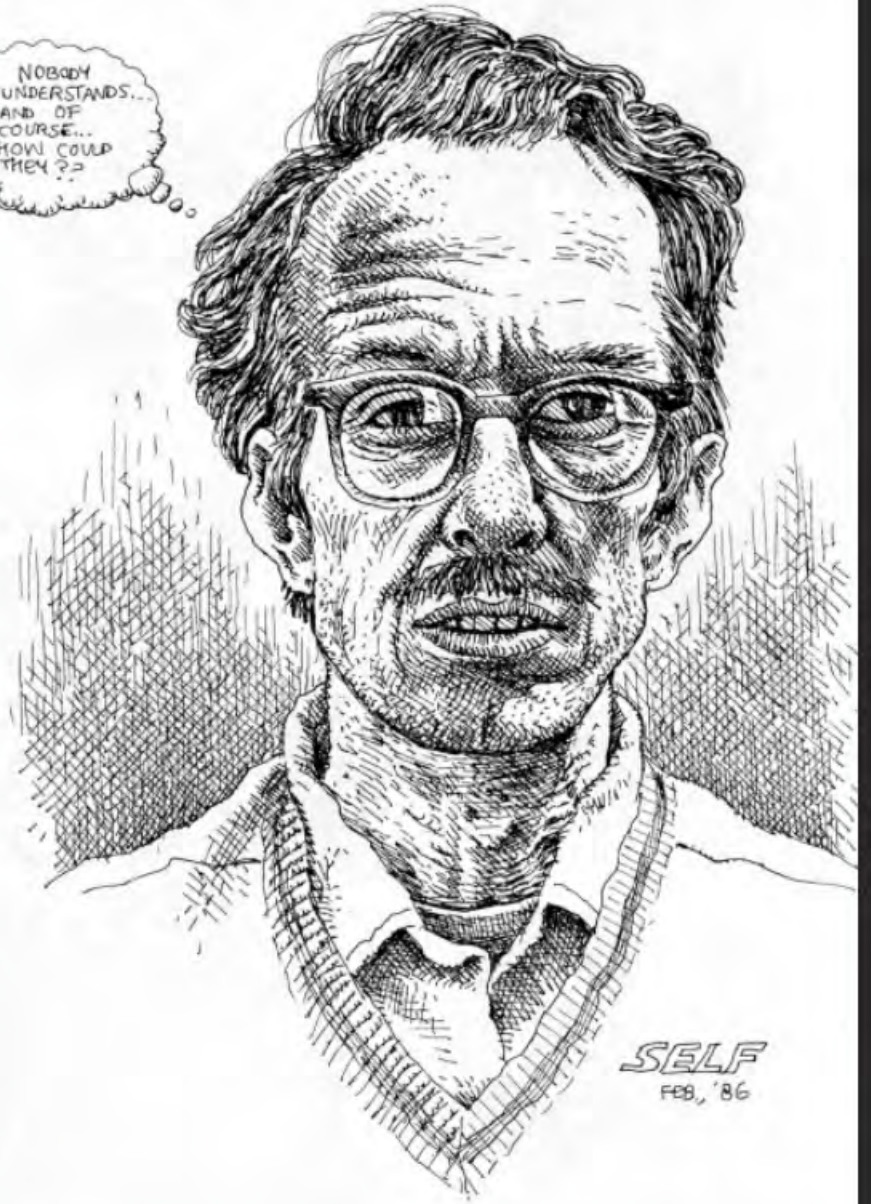




6

JUST MY NORMAL DAY...

NOBODY  
UNDERSTANDS...  
AND OF  
COURSE...  
HOW COULD  
THEY??



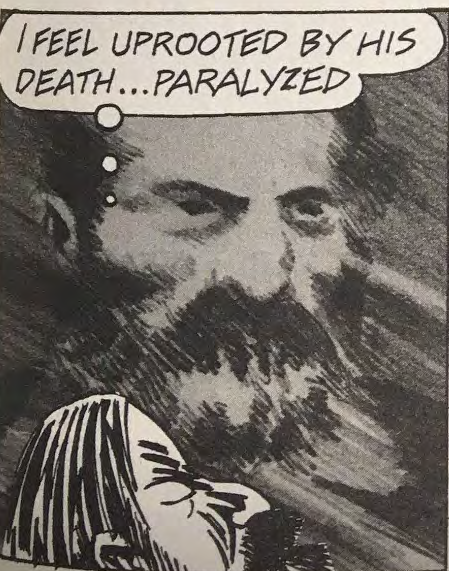
*SELF*  
FEB, '86

## An excerpt from THE JUDGEMENT by Franz Kafka

With this letter in his hand Georg had been sitting a long time at the writing table, his face turned toward the window. He had barely acknowledged, with an absent smile, a greeting waved to him from the street by a passing acquaintance. At last he put the letter in his pocket and went out of his room across a small lobby into his father's room, which he had not entered for months. There was in fact no need for him to enter it, since he saw his father daily at business and they took their mid-day meal together at an eating house; in the evening, it was true, each did as he pleased, yet even then, unless Georg -- as mostly happened -- went out with friends or, more recently, visited his fiancée, they always sat for a while, each with his newspaper, in their common sitting room.

Oscar Zarate's interpretation of Freud's  
Oedipus theory!

23 Oct. 1896: Freud's father dies.  
During this period of crisis and self-analysis Freud begins writing  
**The Interpretation of Dreams.**



ZARATE'S  
DISPLACEMENTS

---

NOTE SHIFTS!  
MOTHER / FATHER  
PEN → PENCIL  
Juxtapose to  
p4/5

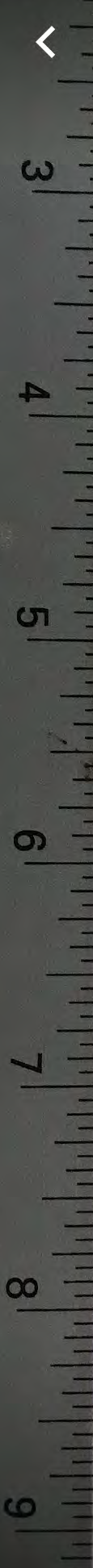
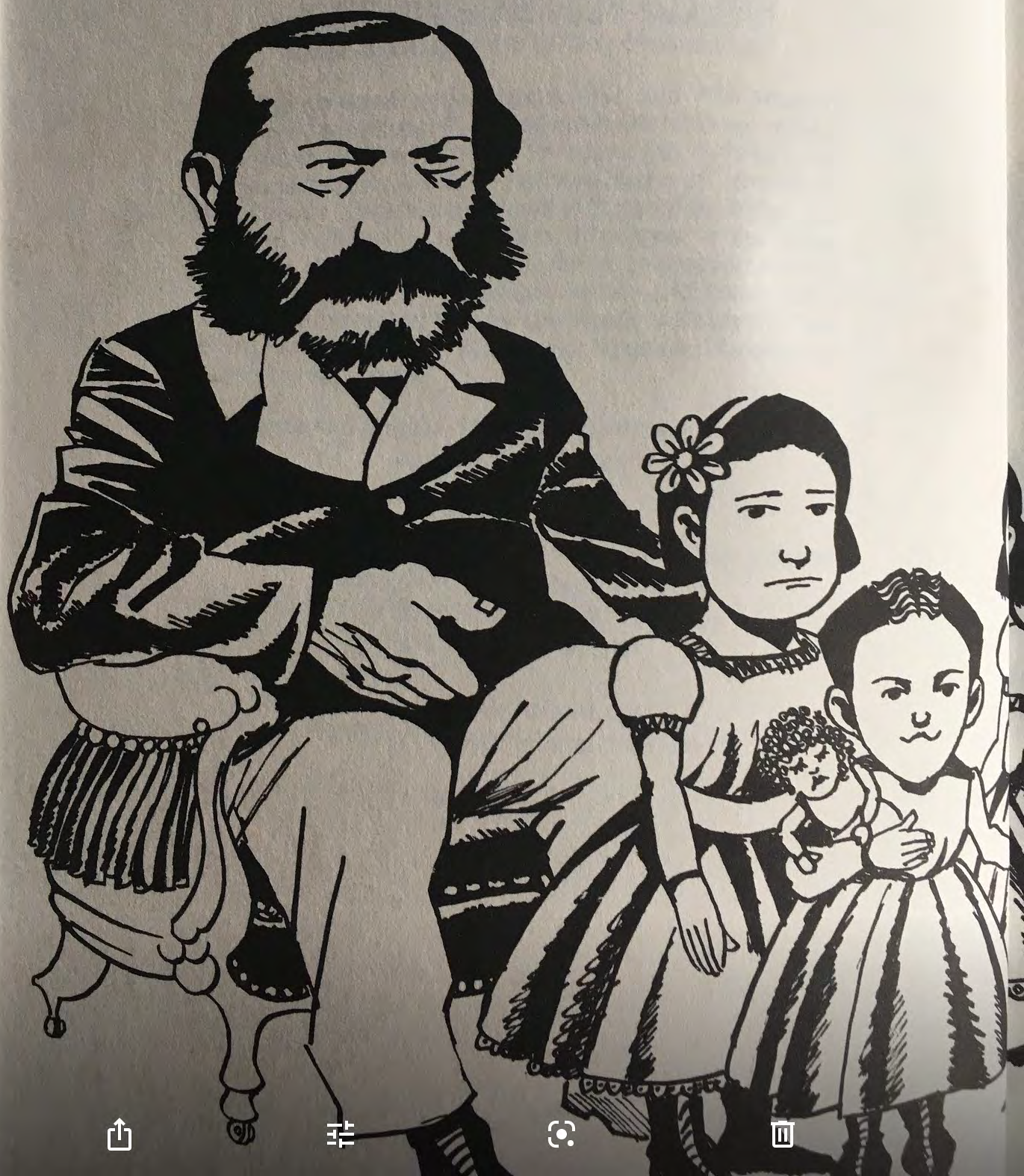
YOUR CHILD WILL  
GROW UP TO MURDER  
HIS FATHER AND  
MARRY HIS MOTHER!



Crop & adjust



HIS FATHER, **JAKOB FREUD** (1815-96), WAS A FAIRLY SUCCESSFUL WOOL MERCHANT. JAKOB WAS 40, WITH TWO GROWN SONS AND ALREADY A GRANDFATHER, WHEN HE WAS MARRIED, FOR A SECOND TIME, TO **AMALIE NATHANSON** (1835-1930). SIGI WAS THE FIRST- AND FAVORITE- OF AMALIE'S 8 CHILDREN.



It surprised Georg how dark his father's room was even on this sunny morning. So it was overshadowed as much as that by the high wall on the other side of the narrow courtyard. His father was sitting by the window in a corner hung with various mementoes of Georg's dead mother, reading a newspaper which he held to one side before his eyes in an attempt to overcome a defect of vision. On the table stood the remains of his breakfast, not much of which seemed to have been eaten.

"Ah, Georg," said his father, rising at once to meet him. His heavy dressing gown swung open as he walked and the skirts of it fluttered around him. -- "My father is still a giant of a man," said Georg to himself. "It's unbearably dark here," he said aloud.

Meanwhile Georg had succeeded in lowering his father down again and carefully taking off the woolen drawers he wore over his linen underpants and his socks. The not particularly clean appearance of his underwear made him reproach himself for having been neglectful. It should have certainly been his duty to see that his father had clean changes of underwear. He had not yet explicitly discussed with his bride-to-be what arrangements should be made for his father in the future, for they had both of them silently taken it for granted that the old man would go on living alone in the old house. But now he made a quick, firm decision to take him into his own future establishment. It almost looked, on closer inspection, as if the care he meant to lavish there on his father might come too late.

He carried his father to bed in his arms. It gave him a dreadful feeling to notice that while he took the few steps toward the bed the old man on his breast was playing with his watch chain. He could not lay him down on the bed for a moment, so firmly did he hang on to the watch chain. But as soon as he was laid in bed, all seemed well. He covered himself up and even drew the blankets farther than usual over his shoulders.



# THE Judgment

IN THIS EARLY STORY GEORG BENDEMANN, A YOUNG MERCHANT LIVING ALONE WITH HIS AGING FATHER, SINCE THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER, HAS BEEN WRITING TO AN OLD FRIEND IN RUSSIA.

I have saved my best news for the end. I've become engaged to Frieda Brundage, a girl from a well-to-do family.



WITH THE LETTER IN HIS POCKET, GEORG CROSSED THE CORRIDOR TO HIS FATHER'S ROOM...



Crumb  
"renders"  
KAFKA

render: produce  
version  
rend: tear  
part

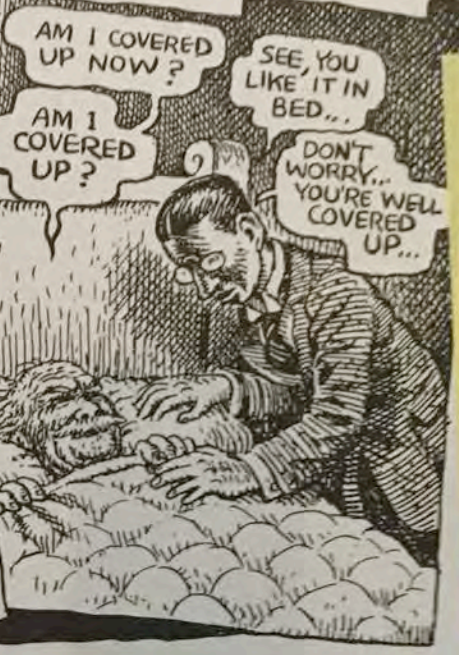
element  
her

GEORGE REMOVED HIS FATHER'S WOOLLEN TROUSERS AND SOCKS, THEN PICKED HIM UP AND CARRIED HIM TO BED. SEEING THE NOT PARTICULARLY CLEAN STATE OF HIS FATHER'S UNDERWEAR, HE REPROACHED HIMSELF FOR HAVING NEGLECTED THE OLD MAN.

AN AWFUL FEELING CAME OVER HIM AS HE BECAME AWARE THAT HIS FATHER, CURLED UP IN HIS ARMS, WAS PLAYING WITH THE WATCH-CHAIN AT HIS LAPEL.



ONCE HE WAS IN BED, HOWEVER, EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE FINE...



AM I COVERED UP NOW?

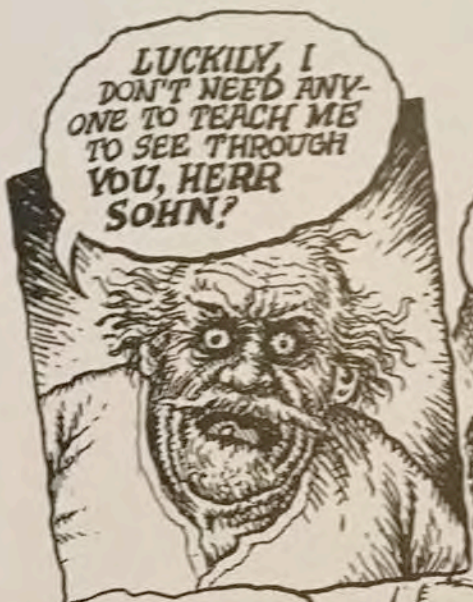
SEE, YOU LIKE IT IN BED...

AM I COVERED UP?

DON'T WORRY... YOU'RE WELL COVERED UP...

Freudian Displacement  
 = Father as child  
 yikes

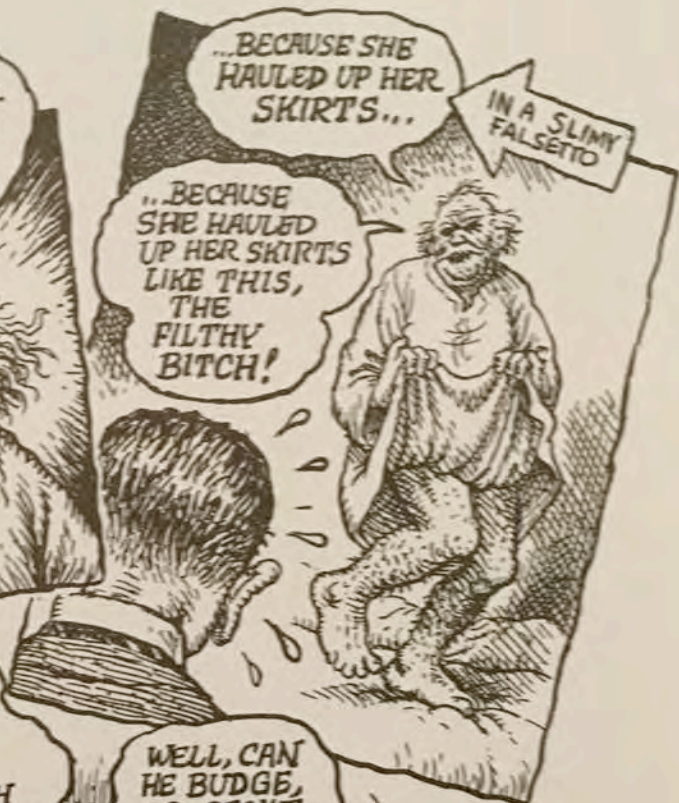
LUCKILY, I  
DON'T NEED ANY-  
ONE TO TEACH ME  
TO SEE THROUGH  
YOU, HERR  
SOHN?



...BECAUSE SHE  
HAILED UP HER  
SKIRTS...

IN A SLIMY  
FALSETTO

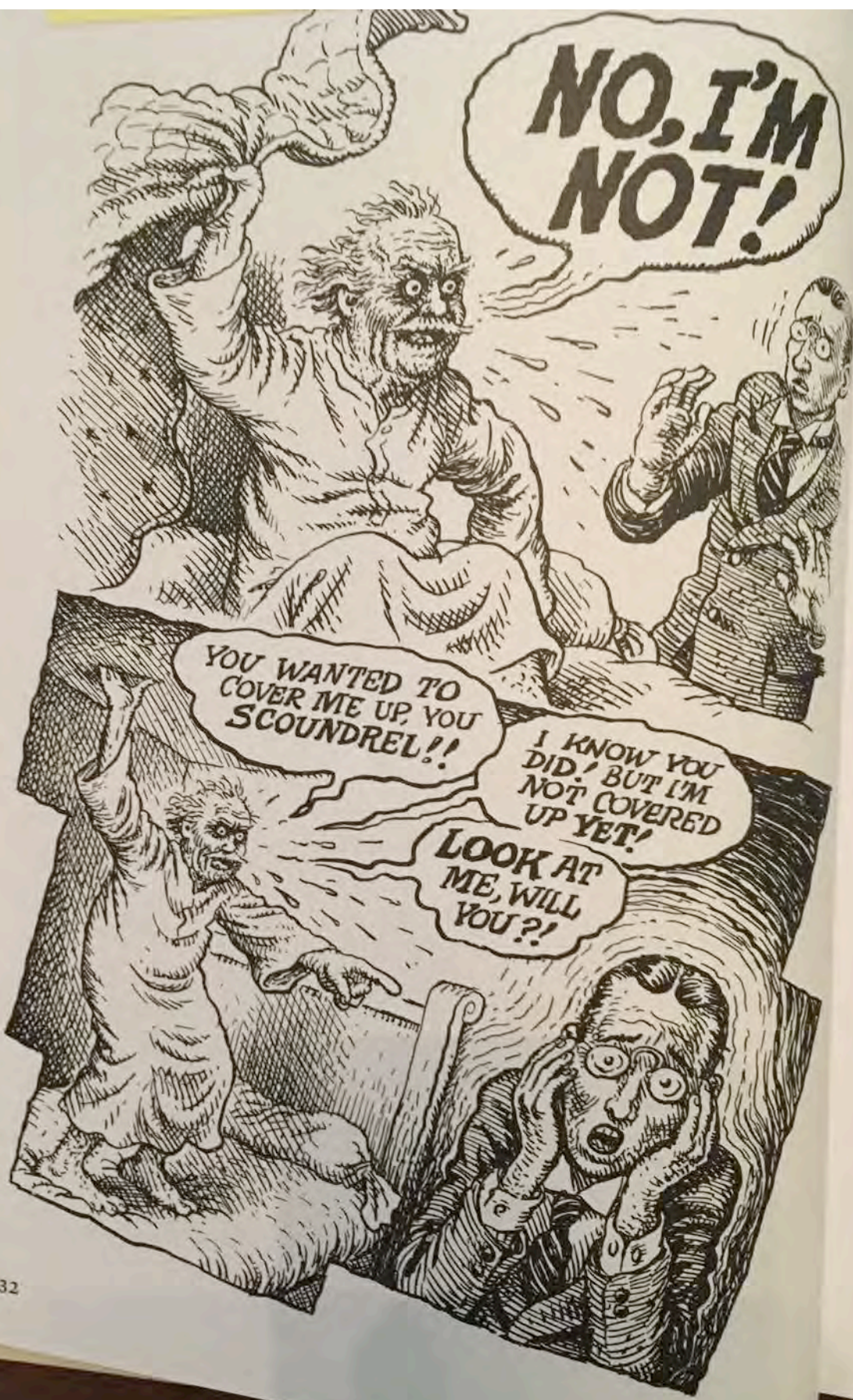
...BECAUSE  
SHE HAILED  
UP HER SKIRTS  
LIKE THIS,  
THE  
FILTHY  
BITCH!



...LIKE THIS AND  
LIKE THIS AND LIKE  
THIS, YOU HAD A  
GO AT HER, AND TO  
MAKE SURE YOU CAN  
HAVE YOUR WAY WITH  
HER UNDISTURBED YOU  
DEFILE YOUR MOTHER'S  
MEMORY, BETRAY YOUR  
FRIEND, AND STICK  
YOUR FATHER  
IN BED WHERE  
HE CAN'T  
BUDGE!

WELL, CAN  
HE BUDGE,  
OR CAN'T  
HE??



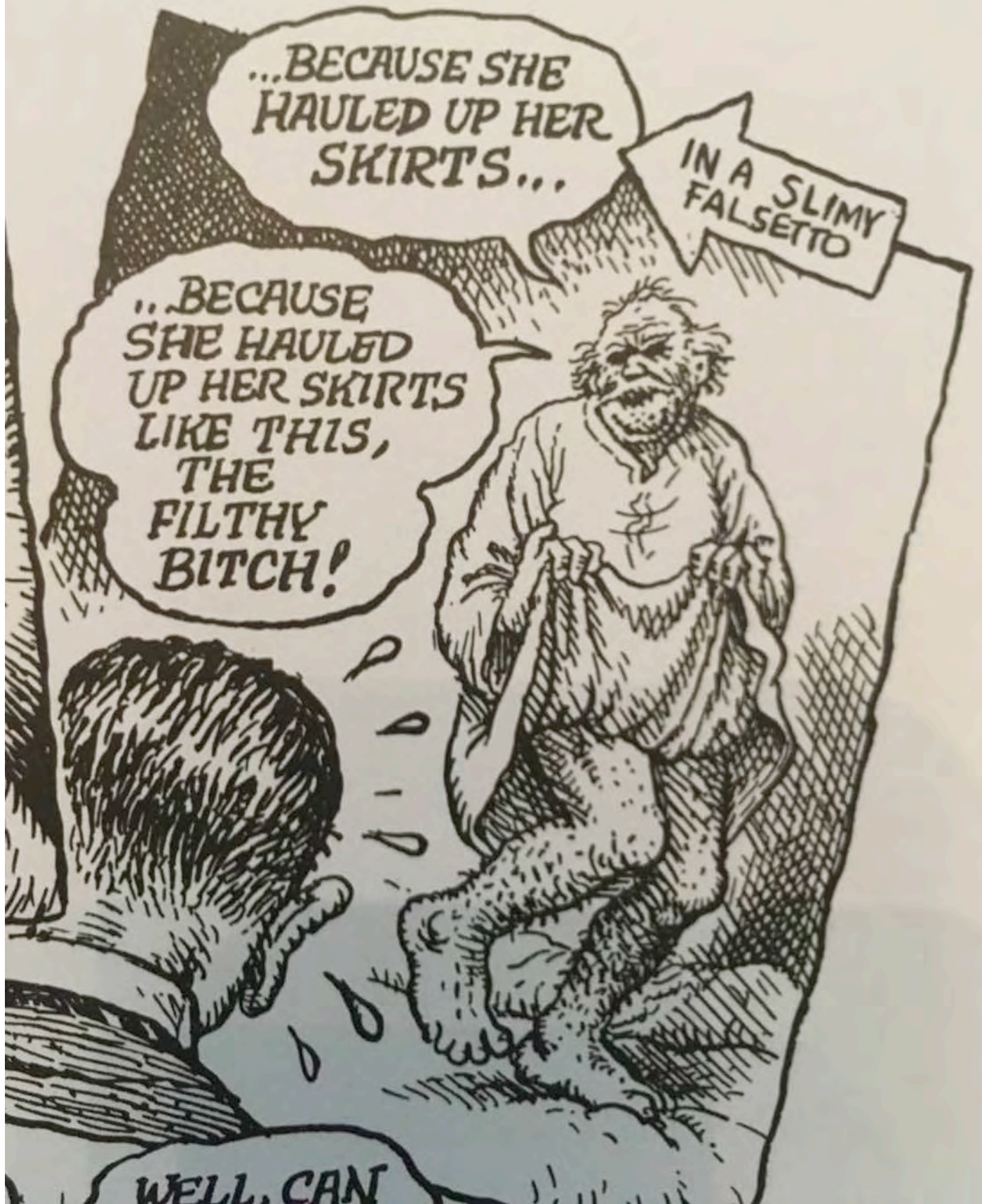


...BECAUSE SHE  
HAULED UP HER  
SKIRTS...

IN A SLIMY  
FALSETTO

..BECAUSE  
SHE HAULED  
UP HER SKIRTS  
LIKE THIS,  
THE  
FILTHY  
BITCH!

WELL CAN



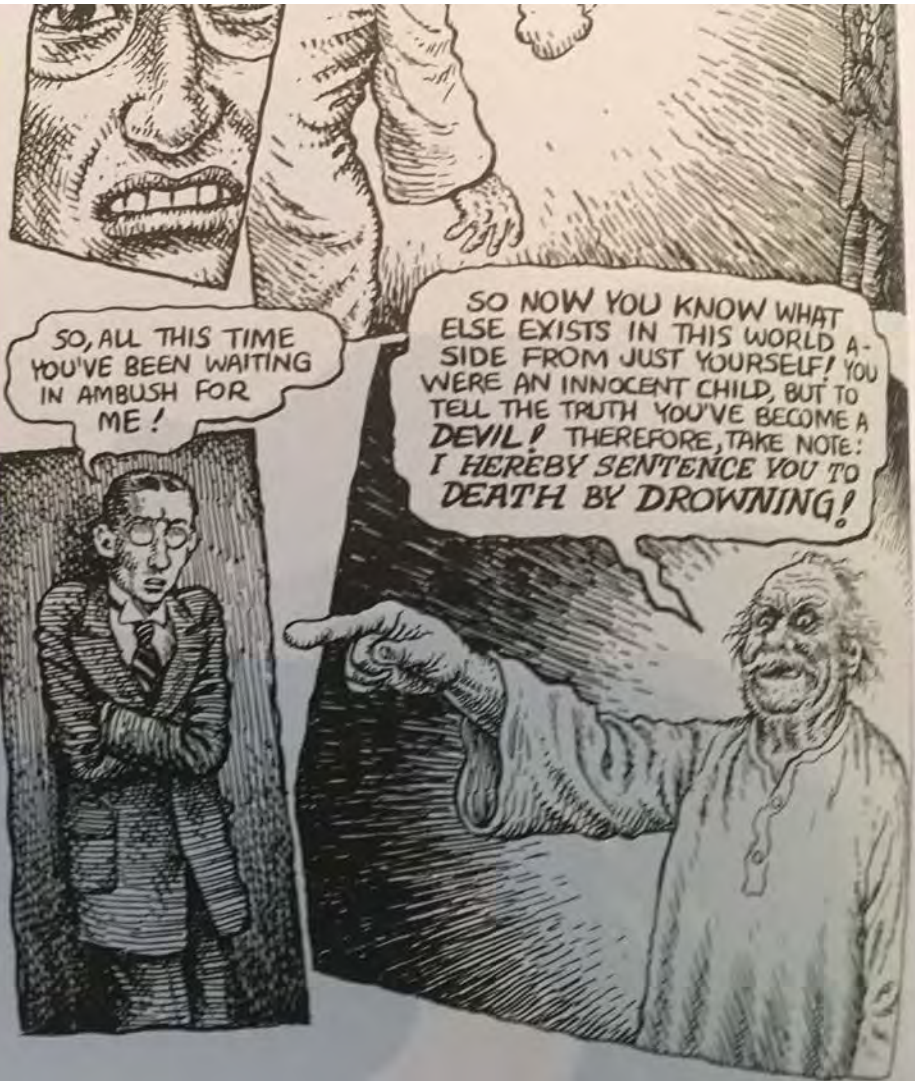
"How you amused me today, coming to ask me if you should tell your friend about your engagement. He knows it already, you stupid boy, he knows it all! I've been writing to him, for you forgot to take my writing things away from me. That's why he hasn't been here for years, he knows everything a hundred times better than you do yourself, in his left hand he crumples your letters unopened while in his right hand he holds up my letters to read through!"

In his enthusiasm he waved his arm over his head. "He knows everything a thousand times better!" he cried. "Ten thousand times!" said Georg, to make fun of his father, but in his very mouth the words turned into deadly earnest.

"So you've been lying in wait for me!" cried Georg.

His father said pityingly, in an offhand manner: "I suppose you wanted to say that sooner. But now it doesn't matter." And in a louder voice: "So now you know what else there was in the world besides yourself, till now you've known only about yourself! An innocent child, yes, that you were, truly, but still more truly have you been a devilish human being! -- And therefore take note: I sentence you now to death by drowning!"

The  
Judgment  
itself!



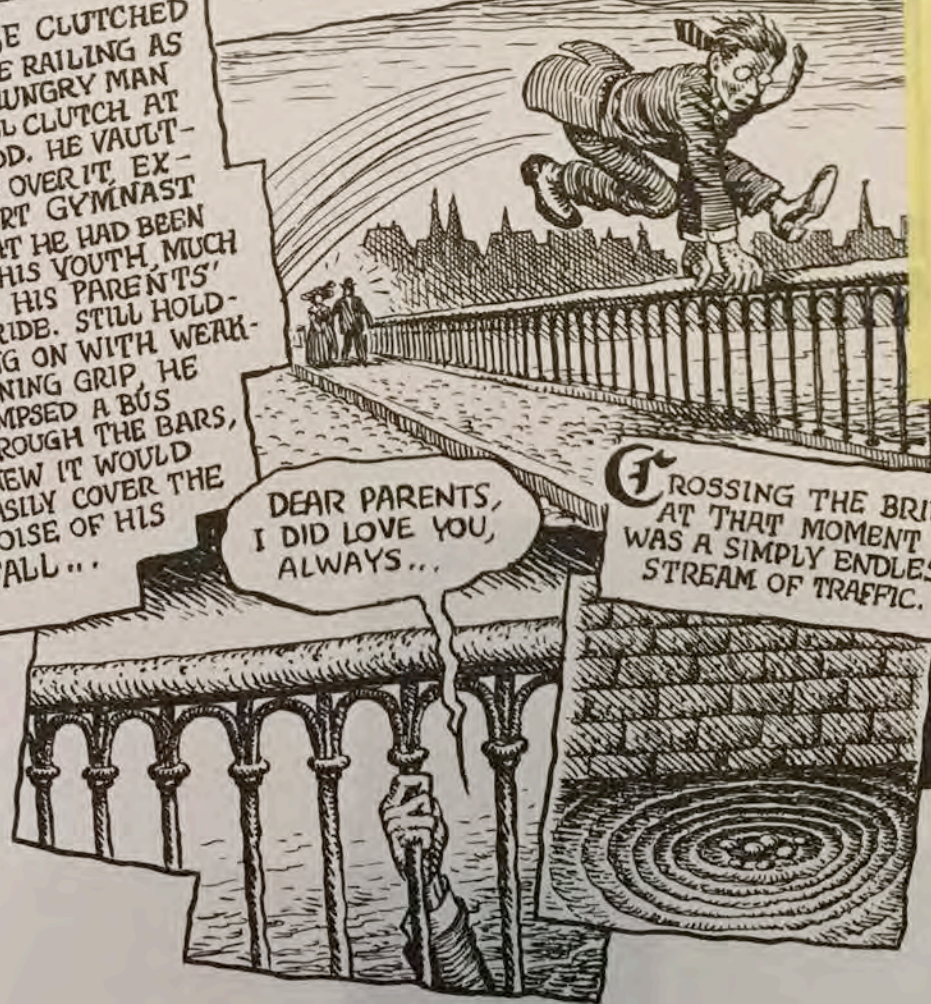




HE CLUTCHED THE RAILING AS A HUNGRY MAN WILL CLUTCH AT FOOD. HE VAULTED OVER IT, EXPERT GYMNAST THAT HE HAD BEEN IN HIS YOUTH, MUCH TO HIS PARENTS' PRIDE. STILL HOLDING ON WITH WEAKENING GRIP, HE GLIMPSED A BUS THROUGH THE BARS, KNEW IT WOULD EASILY COVER THE NOISE OF HIS FALL...

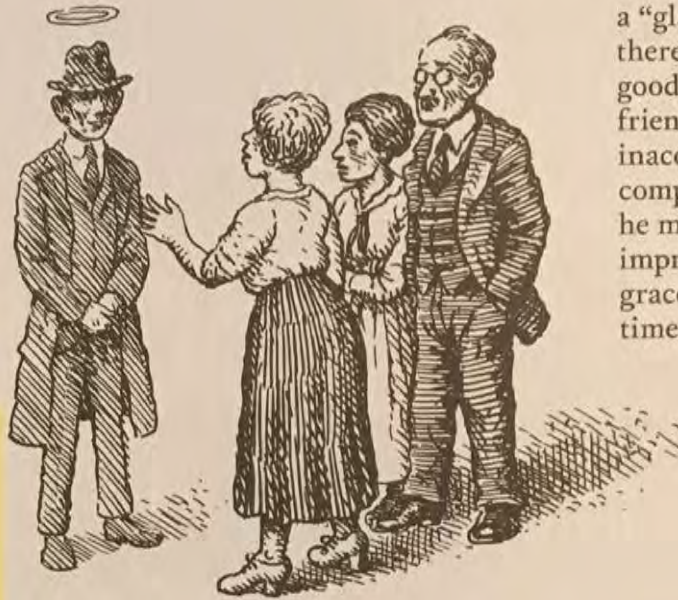
DEAR PARENTS, I DID LOVE YOU, ALWAYS...

CROSSING THE BRIDGE AT THAT MOMENT WAS A SIMPLY ENDLESS STREAM OF TRAFFIC.



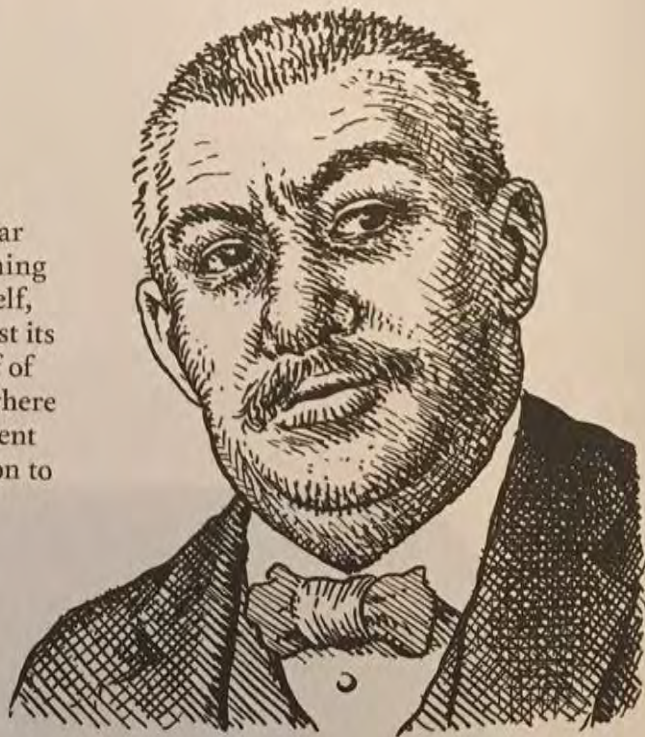
nightmare  
fantasy as  
literature!

"Daddy  
Dearest"  
yikes!



Those who knew Kafka well felt he lived behind a "glass wall." He was there, smiling, kindly, a good listener, a faithful friend and yet, somehow, inaccessible. A jumble of complexes and neuroses, he managed to give the impression of distance, grace, serenity and, at times, even *saintliness*.

His capacity for swallowing his fear of others and turning this against himself, rather than against its source is the stuff of all his work. Nowhere is the more apparent than in his relation to this man...



Hermann Kafka (1852-1931)

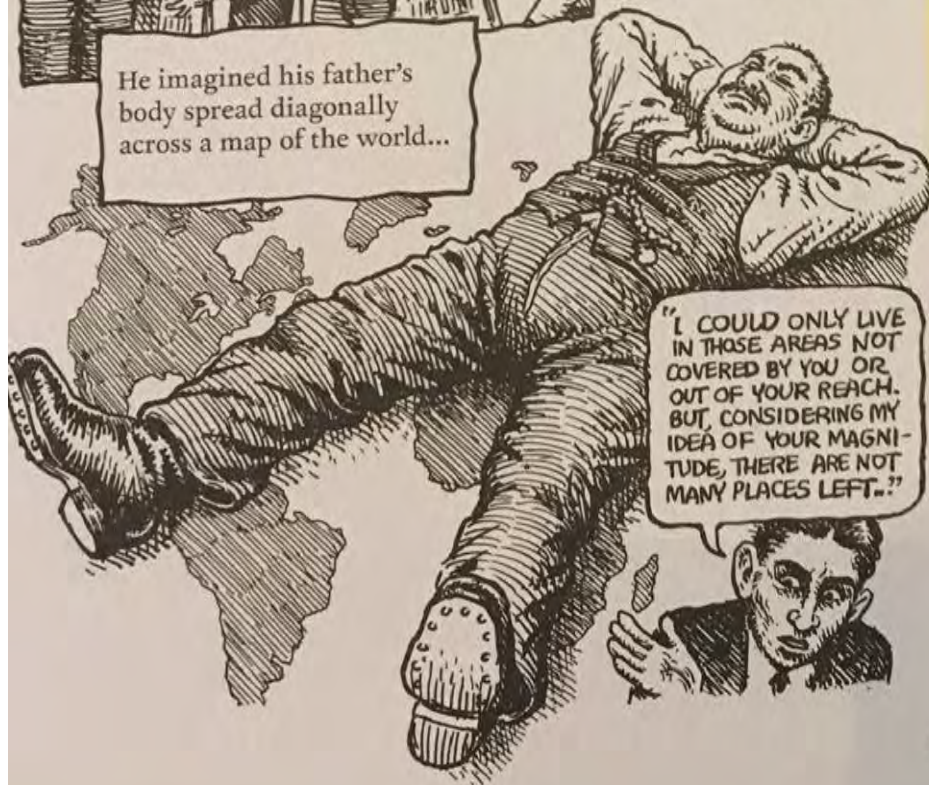
Kafka liv  
independ  
hyper-se  
Senior, a  
nothing



Kafka lived with his parents nearly all his life (even when he was financially independent and could have moved out), in very close quarters where his hyper-sensitivity to noise was put to the test on a daily basis. For Kafka Senior, a giant of a man, his son was a failure and a *Schlemiel* (good-for-nothing), a grave disappointment. He never hesitated to let him know.



He imagined his father's body spread diagonally across a map of the world...



HEGEMONIC  
"MAN-  
SPREADING"

element  
her

And at the dinner table...



Crumb, a  
Master of  
the  
Visceral  
(from Viscera,  
guts)

Kafka's lifelong awe in the face of superior power, made famous in the novels *The Trial* and *The Castle*, begins with Hermann Kafka. He feared and hated his teachers at school, but had to see them as "Respektspersonen," to be respected for no other reason than that they were in positions of authority.

But he never rebelled. Instead, he turned his fear into a self-abasement or psychosomatic illness. In every contretemps with authority, he made himself the guilty party. Moreover, as in the classical relationship between master and slave, between colonizer and colonized, he began to see himself through his father's eyes.

THE  
I  
I have  
best news  
I've become  
Franklin's  
field, a girl  
do family  
H  
HIS P  
GEOR  
THE  
TO  
FAT  
RO

# THE Judgment

IN THIS EARLY STORY GEORG BENDEMANN, A YOUNG MERCHANT LIVING ALONE WITH HIS AGING FATHER SINCE THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER, HAS BEEN WRITING TO AN OLD FRIEND IN RUSSIA.

I have saved my best news for the end. I've become engaged to Friedl Friedl Brandenberg, a girl from a well-to-do family.



WITH THE LETTER IN HIS POCKET, GEORG CROSSED THE CORRIDOR TO HIS FATHER'S ROOM...



Crumb  
"enders"  
KAFKA

render: produce  
version  
rend: tear  
apart

at present  
her

GEORGE REMOVED HIS FATHER'S WOOLLEN TROUSERS AND SOCKS, THEN PICKED HIM UP AND CARRIED HIM TO BED. SEEING THE NOT PARTICULARLY CLEAN STATE OF HIS FATHER'S UNDERWEAR, HE REPROACHED HIMSELF FOR HAVING NEGLECTED THE OLD MAN.

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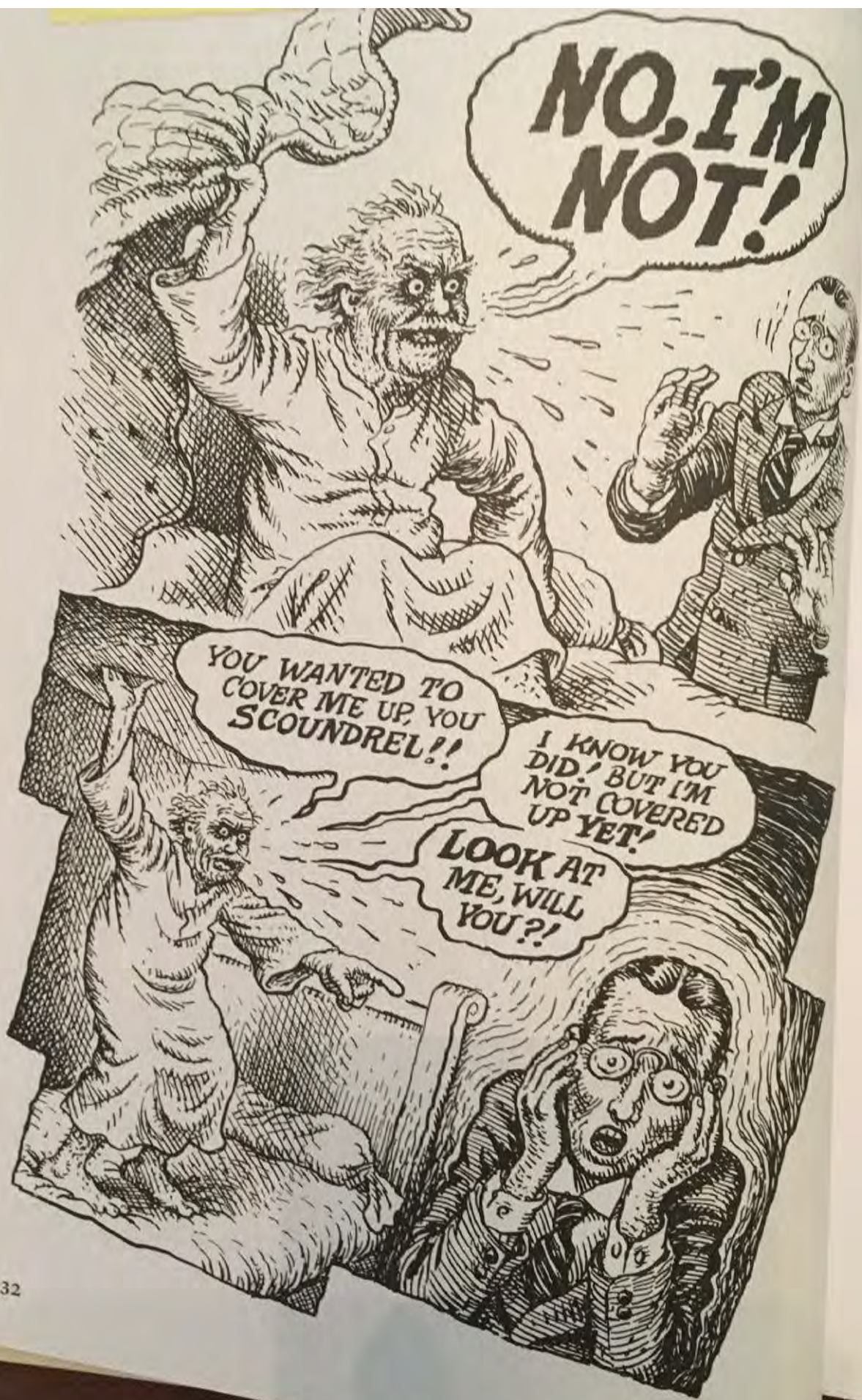
SEE, YOU LIKE IT IN BED...

AM I COVERED UP?

DON'T WORRY... YOU'RE WELL COVERED UP...



Freudian Displacement = Father as child / yikes



**NO, I'M NOT!**

**YOU WANTED TO COVER ME UP, YOU SCOUNDREL!!**

**I KNOW YOU DID! BUT I'M NOT COVERED UP YET!**

**LOOK AT ME, WILL YOU?!**

D  
ONE  
TO  
V  
S

...LIKE  
LIKE T  
THIS,  
GO AT  
MAKE  
HAVE  
HER UN  
DEFIL  
MEN  
FR



LUCKILY, I  
DON'T NEED ANY-  
ONE TO TEACH ME  
TO SEE THROUGH  
YOU, HERR  
SOHN?

...BECAUSE SHE  
HAULED UP HER  
SKIRTS...

IN A SLIMY  
FALSETTO

..BECAUSE  
SHE HAULED  
UP HER SKIRTS  
LIKE THIS,  
THE  
FILTHY  
BITCH!

...LIKE THIS AND  
LIKE THIS AND LIKE  
THIS, YOU HAD A  
GO AT HER, AND TO  
MAKE SURE YOU CAN  
HAVE YOUR WAY WITH  
HER UNDISTURBED YOU  
DEFILE YOUR MOTHER'S  
MEMORY, BETRAY YOUR  
FRIEND, AND STICK  
YOUR FATHER  
IN BED WHERE  
HE CAN'T  
BUDGE!

WELL, CAN  
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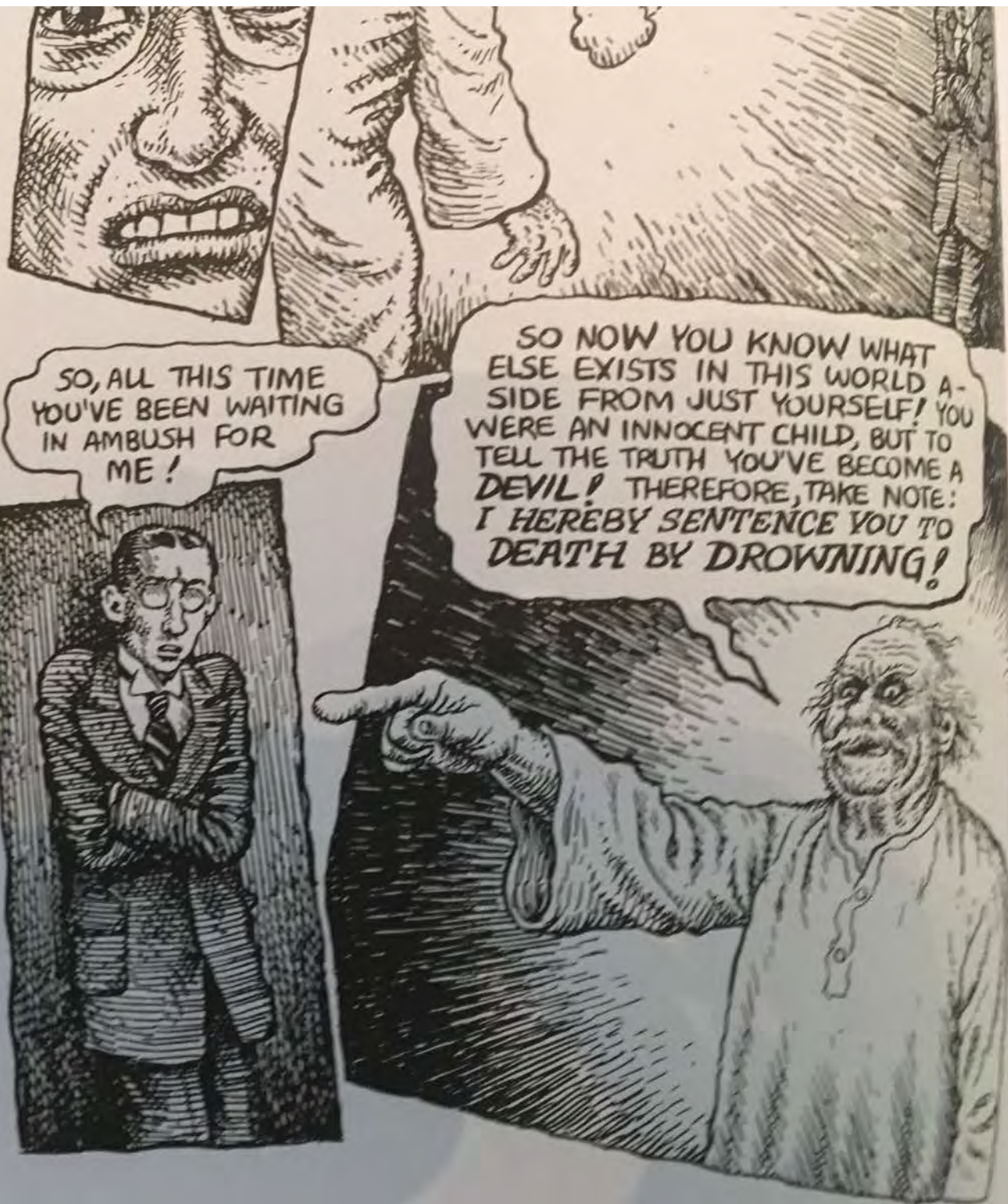
IN A SLIMY  
FALSETTO

..BECAUSE  
SHE HAULED  
UP HER SKIRTS  
LIKE THIS,  
THE  
FILTHY  
BITCH!



WELL, CAN

The  
Judgment  
itself!  
→



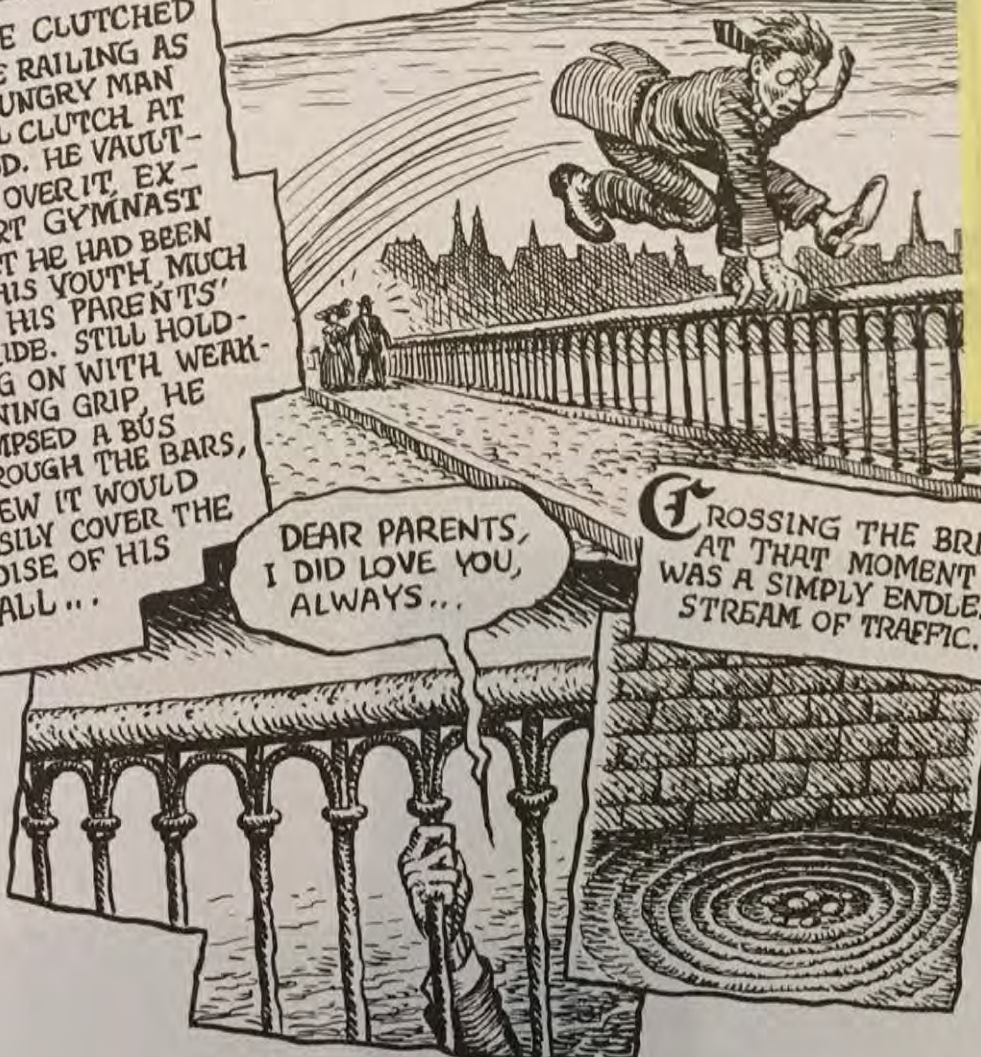


**G**EORG FELT HIMSELF THRUST FROM THE ROOM. HE TOOK THE STAIRS AT A RUSH... OUT THE DOOR HE SHOT, HIS MOMENTUM CARRYING HIM ACROSS THE ROAD TO THE WATER'S EDGE...

**H**E CLUTCHED THE RAILING AS A HUNGRY MAN WILL CLUTCH AT FOOD. HE VAULTED OVER IT, EXPERT GYMNAST THAT HE HAD BEEN IN HIS YOUTH, MUCH TO HIS PARENTS' PRIDE. STILL HOLDING ON WITH WEAKENING GRIP, HE GLIMPSED A BUS THROUGH THE BARS, KNEW IT WOULD EASILY COVER THE NOISE OF HIS FALL...

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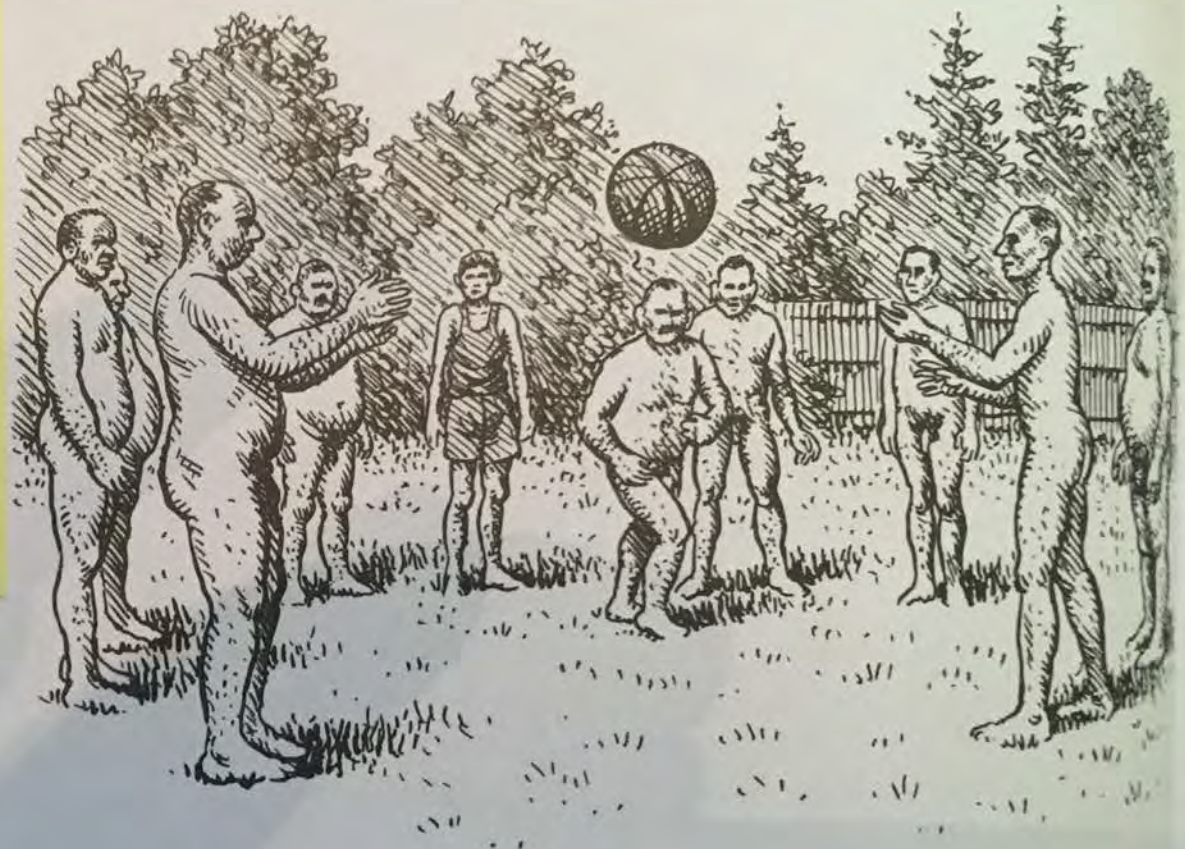
**C**ROSSING THE BRIDGE AT THAT MOMENT WAS A SIMPLY ENDLESS STREAM OF TRAFFIC.



nightmare  
fantasy as  
literature!

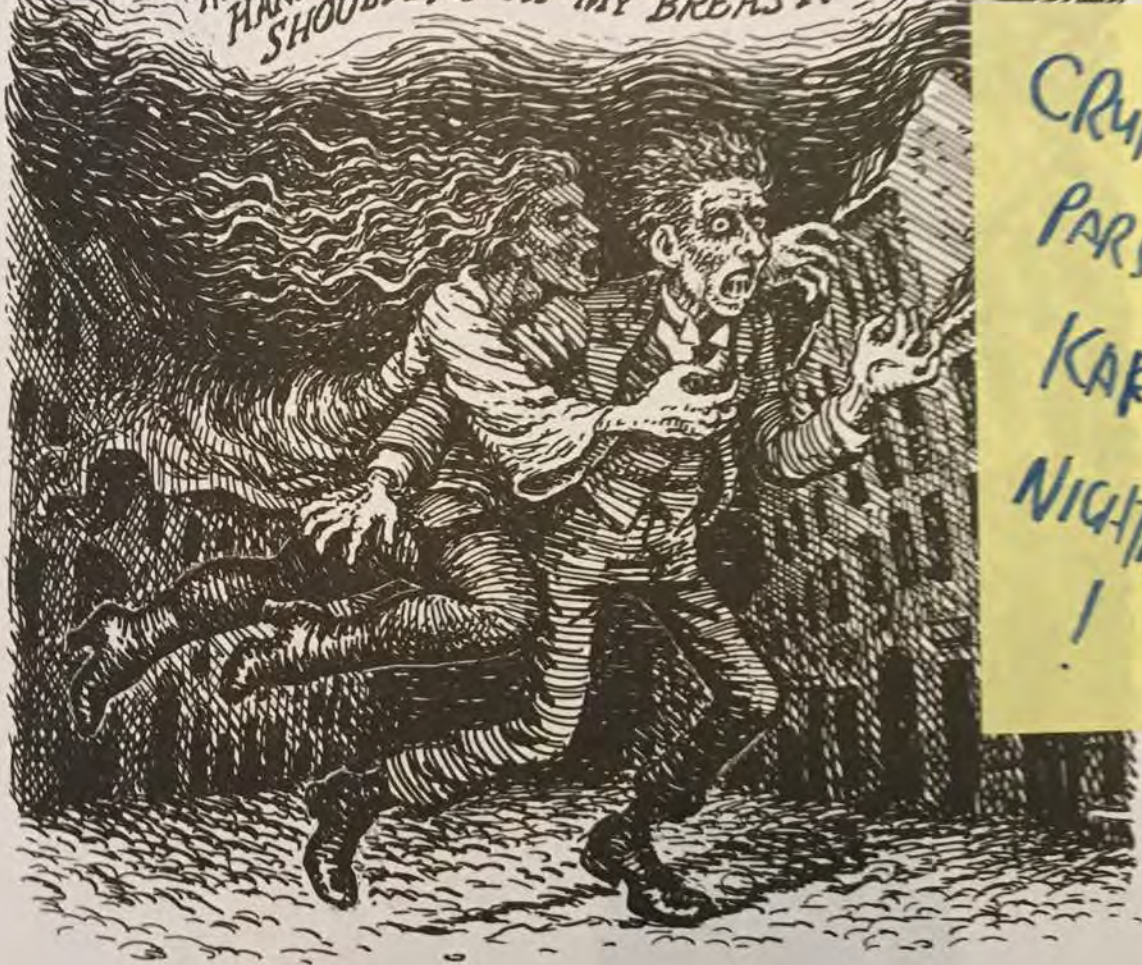
In many of the sanatoriums, nudism was the rule,  
but there was one exception:

Neurotic  
~~K&K~~  
K&K



They also seem to have performed the "disease of the instincts" on one of their rare meetings, and it does not appear to have provoked in Kafka the desire for more. By August 1917, after five years of trying to save himself from his father by marrying, he now needed to save himself from marriage. A random, disconnected diary entry from this time reads:

"NO, LEAVE ME ALONE! NO, LEAVE ME ALONE!" I SHOUTED ENDLESSLY ALL ALONG THE STREETS, WHILE AGAIN AND AGAIN SHE GRABBED AT ME, AGAIN AND AGAIN THE SIREN'S CLAWED HANDS STRUCK SIDEWAYS OR OVER MY SHOOLDERS AT MY BREAST."



CRUMB  
PARSES  
KAFKA'S  
NIGHTMARE  
!

Some days after this, the "siren's claws" must have reached their mark, Kafka was too cowardly to tell Felice that it was over for good, but a sudden hemorrhaging of the lungs — the first sign of tuberculosis that would kill him seven years later — did the job for him.

# "INTERIOR EMIGRATION"



The only solution was a kind of self-hypnosis or "interior emigration" which simultaneously cut him off from the world and allowed him to take it all in...

"WRITING... IS A DEEPER SLEEP THAN DEATH... JUST AS ONE WOULDN'T PULL A CORPSE FROM ITS GRAVE, I CAN'T BE DRAGGED FROM MY DESK AT NIGHT."

*"Every word first looks around in every direction before letting itself be written down by me."*

