

The Aesthetic Archive and Lamia Joreige's Objects of War

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Since the end of the Lebanese civil war in 1990, intellectuals and artists have been preoccupied with the absence of memory cultures. This is because forgetting has been the official strategy of post-war Lebanon. In lieu of state-sponsored monuments and memorials, a general ethos of “No Victor, No Vanquished”¹ and of letting “bygones be bygones” defined the government of Rafiq Hariri, the former and late prime minister of Lebanon. This political recipe of reuniting Lebanon required benevolence, the forgetting of sectarian differences, and oblivion toward the past and the crimes of war. Solidère, Hariri's reconstruction project of Beirut, had a similar strategy. It razed the remains of the war in downtown Beirut and replaced them with architecture reminiscent of an ancient Beirut and with upscale stores and cafés. By invoking a nostalgic aesthetic of an “authentic” Phoenician and Roman heritage, Solidère covered the ruins of the sectarian war, and with it the past. Its strategies of unity were psychologically repressive and politically neoliberal in that differences were placated and flattened to make way for commercial success.

Of course, no one in Lebanon has actually forgotten the war, and cultural narratives of the war, as I shall soon identify, do exist. Instead, the resistance to memory has more to do with the capacity to think about how the pre-existing social and political context led to the war, how the war changed people, and how the traumatic residues of war continue to have a painful and precarious afterlife in Lebanese politics and public life. Letting bygones be bygones, as to be expected, has had limited success in abating conflict. Indeed, the assassination of Hariri in 2005 was arguably an outcome of unresolved differences. Though his assassination, which was

blamed on Syria, had the effect of ending Syria's almost thirty-year military occupation of Lebanon and uniting the Lebanese through the narrative of nationalist independence, it also made apparent the nation's sectarian conflicts. That is because Hezbollah, the political party of Lebanon's Shia, maintained and continues to maintain ties with Syria and may have also been involved in Hariri's assassination.

Though a collective memory or narrative of war ostensibly might help Lebanese people to come together to address the traumas of war, in a place as religiously/ethnically plural (18 official religious sects) and politically tumultuous as Lebanon, this is certainly not easy to accomplish. The identities of these groups both overlap and conflict. As Lucia Volk argues,² many of Lebanon's groups make symbolic gestures of religious co-existence in their respective memorial sites and monuments. But there remains a schism between national identity and sectarian identity. Hence, initiating state-sanctioned memory practices that would represent the nation as a whole are potentially dangerous because they could incite conflict among groups who might have competing cultural memories of the war. Under these conditions, Hariri's neoliberal strategies of forgetting and co-existence are understandable, though not tenable. Even if Lebanese people could agree on a narrative of war, even if it were possible to manage differences, a collective memory often authoritatively establishes, closes and cements the past in resistance to more subjective or deeper memories. It offers a kind of redemption from confusion, but it does not necessarily help people work through it complexly or ethically. This paper will turn to the aesthetic archive to think about how it contributes to the work of reparation from the traumas of war. Unlike the official archive famously critiqued by Jacques Derrida in *Archive Fever*,³ this is an archive that invites subjective responses, acknowledging the singularity of experience. Its effect is not individualistic or relative. Strongly characterized by ambiguity and

contradiction, this aesthetic archive seems to invoke responses rooted in relationality where the losses of the past return in the space between the self and the aesthetic object and between self and other. In Lamia Joreige's video series "Objects of War,"⁴ on which this paper will focus, this complex and painful space of relationality is worked through by asking individuals to speak on video about the significance of an object left behind from their personal archive of war. The result is fascinating and surprising. For me, it had the effect of unbinding the affective remains of my own childhood experience of the Lebanese civil war.

Lamia Joreige is among a group of war-generation artists (Walid Raad, Khalil Joreige, Joana Hadjithomas, Rabih Mroué, Jalal Toufic, Akram Zaatari to name a few) who have been publicly denouncing what has been dubbed Lebanon's war "amnesia." These artists, however, are not demanding museums and monuments. They are not suggesting that there is a singular collective truth about the war to be told and nationally represented. In other words, they are not interested in resolving Lebanon's war amnesia with certainty. Rather, they are more interested in creating an aesthetic space where the conditions of recollection are opened up. Indeed, their aesthetic archive of war is an assemblage of objects gathered from memory's affective repository.

All born in the late to mid-sixties to early 70s and therefore children and adolescents when the war broke out, the war-generation artists represent the generation most affected by the war. For many of the artists, their personal suffering in the art is transparent, as is the impulse to work through grief. None of the artists represent a sectarian point of view, though for many the violence of sectarianism, especially in the case of Rabih Mroué, haunts the work. What unites these artists is not what they remember, but how they remember. Memory is represented as subjective, fragmented, ghostly, contested, unreliable, obfuscated and fictitious. The archives

they have produced, both individually and collectively, stubbornly refuse endings and resist a cogent narrative. For some, the archive is a site for critique of official histories and a metaphor for how memory is stored, resisted and negotiated in the subject.

Walid Raad was one of the first to work with the metaphor of the archive. In his project, *The Atlas Group* aims to document the history of Lebanon, especially its recent wars of 1975 to 1990 by locating, preserving and studying audio, visual, literary and other artifacts “to shed light on the contemporary history of Lebanon.”⁵ The objects it finds and collects include notebooks, statistics, films, videotapes, photographs and other items. Established in 1999, this real and fictional archive produced memory as something to be excavated, constructed, studied and aesthetically reproduced in multimedia representations, performances and lectures. By blurring the line between fiction and fact, Raad playfully disputes the authority of official archives and histories. Though it ended officially in 2004, *The Atlas Group* presented the archive, or a counter-archive, as a storehouse where the unfinished past returns in new objects of memory, gesturing towards an interminable future. Resonant with the structure of trauma understood psychoanalytically, the past is revisited in the present and remade with every newly found or made object.⁶

In the archival interventions of Raad and others, much of what is being documented in their respective “archives” are the quotidian, the unheroic and the tragic, and these qualities illuminate counter-histories and counter-narratives. A theme running through the body of work of the war-generation artists is the plurality of experience and a noticeable emphasis on the subjective and the first person. Rasha Salti, curator and programmer of Middle Eastern and African cinema and video, explains the turn to the subjective in this way:

By the end of the war, the Lebanese had grown habituated to being “subjects” of representation, their lives, traumas, sacrifices and struggles were relentlessly recorded

and reconfigured in the format of broadcast documentary. The rules for formatting TV-commissioned documentary films were perceived by serious artists – including filmmakers – as appalling, reductionist, shallow – often racist – and invariably towing the line of political correctness of the particular country to which the television station is affiliated. In many respects, first person documentary emerged as a reaction to this format, and as such it proceeded in an opposite logic. Rather than package an issue or cause through the bias of a “human” story, using a single character with whom a TV audience might “identify,” first person documentary was neither interested in issues nor in causes, and one of its chief motivations was to complicate representation and understand rather than simplify. Through the bias of a single character’s story, the viewer is intimated to a world of unresolved paradox, ambivalence, ambiguity ... [and a] fearless expression of subjectivity.⁷

In my view, what the war-generation artists and filmmakers are creating is an archive of war that privileges uncertain subjective knowledge. Rather than produce subjects for representation that make knowledge whole, recognizable and evocative of identification, these artists offer first-person subjectivity, the personal or psychic archive, to stage the fragmentation and confusion inherent in representing human experience.

Derrida has had a significant impact on how we have come to think about the limits and potential of the archive. Most important is that he makes psychic life the organizing feature of the archive. The archive is of course generally understood as the place where memory is collected and safeguarded. However, Derrida’s *Archive Fever* suggests that the archive is constitutively defensive because it is compelled to gather the signs in a single corpus, that is “in a system or synchrony in which all the elements articulate the unity of an ideal configuration” (3). Paradoxically, Derrida argued that the archive is not so much a preservation of the past but the preservation of the breakdown of memory. The archive takes place at death. Working with Freud’s concept of the death drive, Derrida explained that death and destruction never leave an archive. Rather, the archive emerges from the desire both to hold on to the remains and to return to death, to the wreckage. Archives, from this viewpoint, contain the fragments of memory in an effort to make sense of it. Our archival impulse has a duplicitous agency: anxious and

ambivalent, it both conserves the past and undermines its sovereignty with unconscious renderings.

Derrida's thinking has made it possible to conceive how psychic processes define the archive and in this way it resembles how the subject stores memories. In turn, the archive can be viewed as an archaeological metaphor of the psyche.⁸ The subject, like the archive, is made through the limits of representation and the failure to represent or understand the effects of lost experience and the breakdown of memory. This very failure, with its residual and troubling affects, defines the subject. In the psychic archive, loss is put into a semblance of order so that the subject has a coherent self. But it is also, in Jonathan Boulter's words, paradoxically where "loss is maintained and nourished."⁹ The psyche stores involuntary fragments of memory, sometimes materialized or nourished in real objects that stand in for the lost moment. What is at work here is an unconscious will that seeks to grasp and make sense of the vanishing past. Perhaps, this impulse is best understood in dreams, which recall the unconscious remains of how we feel about the past in garbled representations. Dreams are opportunities to help us make sense of our lives, though often they slip away before we can even hold on to a mere fragment. As for the objects contained in an archive, personal or institutional, we might think of them as fragments of a dream. We may not know why we want to hold on to them or store them in a box, but they seem important even if their significance is not yet narrativized. In other words, their aesthetic or reparative potential is left unrealized.

In psychoanalytic thinking, nothing that slips away or that we hold on to is arbitrary: a lesson I apparently needed to relearn. When my family fled Lebanon during the civil war in the late 1970s, we had to leave behind most of our belongings. A child at the time and allowed only to bring a few small mementos that would fit my suitcase, I chose my "autograph book."

Autograph books are small notebooks with pretty paper used for collecting the autographs of others. They are exchanged among friends and classmates to fill with poems, messages, jokes, pictures and drawings. I don't recall the thought processes that went into my choosing this object, but it's the only object that accompanied me to England, and eventually to Canada. It's the only material object in my personal archive of war. Buried with pictures and albums from England and Canada, the first time I thought about my autograph book was after I saw Lamia Joreige's "Objects of War." The work's simple aesthetic form, as my analysis and my own aesthetic experience will make evident, created the conditions for remembering the war deeply and ethically.

"Objects of War" archives the testimonials of individuals who lived through the Lebanese civil war. Each witness brings an object of war from their personal archive and is asked to talk about its personal relevance. The artist is behind her camera recording their stories. What becomes plain to see is that Joreige provides her subjects the opportunity to witness themselves in relation to an object and to the artist, who sits behind the camera. This psychoanalytically rich context provides them with an imaginative opening through which painful lived experiences of war are given the chance to find expression. Arguably, the effect on the viewer is similar in that the work itself can act as a transitional object through which the traumas of war are worked through.

"Objects of War," in the artist's words, aims to "show the impossibility of telling a single History of this war." Among the people she interviews are Muslims, Christians, Palestinian refugees and a foreign worker. Their experiences are completely unique. But there are also threads that speak to a collective or shared experience of war across sectarian difference. Her subjects are able to speak of being terrorized by fear or finding comfort in objects like a

teddy bear, worry beads or a Walkman. They speak of the bonds and attachments to others that were made in times of great distress and insecurity. But their narratives also unravel the psychic implications of sectarian violence. Told through their objects of war, the viewer gets in touch with the emotional and unconscious impact of sectarianism and a divided nation.

This opening onto the affective terrain of sectarianism is important because it makes visible the cracks of Lebanese amnesia, which is not only staged politically but also embedded in cultural narratives. As Sune Haugbolle explains, sectarianism is deeply embarrassing for Lebanese people because it runs counter to the common Lebanese self-image of an accepting and civilized nation.¹⁰ Many Lebanese come together on the idea that the war was fought for others (Israel, Syria, U.S.). “The war of the others” is a common expression in Lebanon and a convenient collective narrative that deflects from the sectarian aspects of the conflict.¹¹ If this is true, then it would make sense to think of sectarianism as in and of itself a site of trauma that is hard to digest and very difficult to narrate. Indeed, several of Joreige’s subjects brought up Israel and its invasion of Lebanon in 1982, but strife among Lebanese Christians and Muslims was more awkwardly articulated or obfuscated.

There are many ways to engage with Joreige’s “Objects of War” and many insights to be gleaned from this work. What I would like to do in this short paper is to identify how Joreige’s aesthetic practice creates the conditions to experience the remains of the war, which come to life affectively in her subject’s stories, sometimes in ways that threaten collective narratives of Lebanon. In Kleinian psychoanalysis, objects are the means through which anxious-making experiences find expression and in which damage to the other or relational conflicts can potentially be repaired.¹² The inner finds outsideness in an object that has an affective hold. Arguably, the object is the placeholder for an experience whose impact on the subject has not

been fully assimilated, but not foreclosed. The object promises clues to a difficult experience and is held in abeyance, not yet discarded and not yet sufficiently narrativized. The artist seems to know that those who have suffered a difficult experience cannot easily narrativize it. If, as George Hagman argues, every human experience of the world has an aesthetic dimension because we are compelled to symbolize and give value to the world in which we live,¹³ then it stands to psychoanalytic reason to ask people to present their objects and talk about them, but to also treat the objects of war as aesthetic objects. The objects of war, as André Green might put it, embody a “non-literal reality” and are “an emotional source.”¹⁴ As an emotional source, the object lives in an in-between space of not quite inside, not quite outside. It is a transitional object, in the Winnicottian sense, that helps bridge “the separation that is not a separation but a form of union.”¹⁵ In the words of Hagman, these objects give form to “the experiences of self and self-in-relation” (1). Winnicott describes this intermediary in-between space as a “potential space” (132) that offers a dynamic playground of learning and meaning-making.

“Objects of War” is an archive of loss. It does not represent what is remembered but what is lost to memory and leaves residues in its wake. These residues are the objects of war, and Joreige’s installation video art offers an emotional archive of the losses experienced by the civil war. They provide insights into the experiences of self in relation to the losses that affect people. One significant loss in any war, especially a civil war, is the nation itself. If the nation is assigned the role of providing nurturance and protection, it stands in, as Klein argued, for the mother.¹⁶ In other words, the nation is an affectively loaded site. If the nation emotionally enacts the maternal, then a civil war is deeply traumatic because one’s home becomes a dangerous and divided place. Ties and networks get broken. Relationships are severed. Walls are erected. Neighbours are now suddenly enemies and a threat to one’s safety. But the official war is now

over and Lebanese people must co-exist, and do co-exist.¹⁷ But what gets lost or covered over when they merely co-exist? What happens to those residual affects of loss, apprehension and insecurity? How do people find each other beyond mere co-existence? Perhaps the answer lies in relationality itself.

“Objects of War” begins the work of telling the painful stories of conflict, severed relations and the loss of the idealized nation that is imagined as plural and accepting: a happy family. It does this by creating the very conditions of relationality, and perhaps even reparation, in its aesthetic method. Indeed, Joreige’s method incorporates multiple and simultaneous relationalities. First, her subjects are being asked to position themselves in relation to the war vis-à-vis their objects. Second, the artist positions herself in relation to her subjects with an aesthetic object in between them. Finally, we the viewers are positioned in front of Joreige’s aesthetic object, which might act as a transitional object for the viewer and, maybe, for Joreige too. I have to wonder if in “Objects of War,” the artist, who also lived through the 15-year-old war, creates a placeholder for her own hard-to-digest experiences of war. As a placeholder, it creates the conditions or the potential space for her to inadvertently narrate her war.

Adriana Cavarero contends that we are dependent on each other to narrate our lives. We come to know ourselves from narrating our selves and from having our selves narrated to us.¹⁸ In other words, we come to know ourselves from the inside and from the outside. While inanimate objects of war project on the outside what’s inside the self, it makes psychoanalytic sense that we would depend on an actual Other (such as an analyst) to help us narrate the emotional significance of those objects. In the words of Deborah Britzman, “we are closest to our unconscious when it can be witnessed by another, when the Other puts us on notice, gives us back our conclusions so that we can redo them again.”¹⁹ Arguably, Joreige is the screen through

which her subjects are able to symbolize the affective residues of war transferentially. However, in her installation, she is more than just a faceless screen. She is Lamia, the woman behind the camera, quietly engaged. Almost all her subjects make references to her or talk to her directly as they give their testimonials. In one of the sweetest testimonials, we learn that the subject before us knew Lamia when they were children. His object is a sketch of the house they both lived in during times of shelling. He tells her that in that house that overlooked Beirut, a city that was burning up, something else was born. They discovered their adolescent sexualities and they found each other. When she asks, Is there anything else you want to say? he coyly resists her formality or her desire for another story about his object when he answers *ahibke* (*tr* I love you). Here, the artist positions herself not only outside her aesthetic object as objective video-maker or artist, but inside it as Lamia, someone who is also presumably also grieving the traumas of the war. Perhaps, when she is beseeching her subjects to speak and to tell their story, it is not just they who depend on her to help them narrate their lives: she too might be looking to hear or understand her own story. Or maybe in “Objects of War” she finds a phantasmatic playground where her desire to reassemble a broken house magically comes together through an aesthetic device.

If the imaginary nation was lost through war and sectarian difference, then it is conceivable that Lebanese people have not properly mourned this loss. It’s possible that the embarrassment that surrounds sectarianism is the effect of a melancholic and nostalgic relationship to the lost object. In melancholy, there is a resistance to loss as a loss. The object is not quite alive and not quite dead. The object thrives in the psyche as a phantom limb, frozen, preserved and idealized. In “Objects of War,” the shattered nation returns in multiple iterations.

Sometimes, as already mentioned, it is foreclosed altogether in a narrative that blames external causes of war such as Israel. But the more interesting iterations are far more ambivalent.

I want to end by talking about one such narrative from a woman by the name of Chaza Charefeddine whose object of war is her lost identification card. The day she loses her identity card – actually she only loses half of it, the part with the picture – was in 1982. Israel had just invaded Chemlan, a small Christian village where she and her family were vacationing at their summer home, and everyone was asked to hide in the village monastery. She recalls that it was “a strange experience.” Without a second thought, the monastery became divided. The people of the village who were Christian huddled in one room, and the summer vacationers, who were mostly Muslim (herself included, one can assume), huddled in another. The children, all mixed, took the largest room. Despite everything that happened, she explains, the two groups remained separated. Only if you walked through the corridors could you hear voices meet: women reciting the Quran on one end and women reciting the Gospels on the other, an interesting image for Lebanon’s political context. But “everyone was on good terms,” Chaza insists. Indeed, she goes on to explain that the man who owned the local pastry store would bring them food – both Christians and Muslims – because at that time, she starts to say, “there were of course no...,” and then she stops in mid-sentence. In the English subtitles her sentence is finished off for her: “there were of course no problems.” The translator clearly could not let her have her hesitation. After two or three days inside the monastery, the Israelis attacked it and for the first time in her life, she recalls, she was in the presence of an Israeli. Also for the first time, she tells Lamia, she felt hatred. Never, she claims, had she ever felt so much hatred. It felt foreign. But stranger still is that when she “dared to look at him,” she saw a kid, twenty years old, and not the face of evil. Not only did he not have an aggressive face, but he also looked scared. He looked, she says, like

a person to her. “Suddenly this feeling of hatred evolved into this feeling of ... I don’t want to say humane but rather a really objective feeling.” This feeling was, we could say, not a sentimental love of the Other, but in the words of Adam Phillips, an objective hate, and therefore an ethical hate.²⁰

From here, Chaza turns back to the day she lost her identity card, the same day they left the monastery to go back home. On her way home, and before she makes the realization about the missing half of the identity card, she sees the scattered body parts of dead Palestinian and Syrian soldiers (later they learn that the bodies were only Syrian because the Palestinians had managed to flee). What she found most disturbing was not the horrifying sight of death but the events that came after. She and her cousin had asked the Israeli soldiers to bury the dead, but they “of course” (in her words) refused. So then they turned to the young men of the village who also, to her horror, refused by saying “we don’t want to desecrate village land with them.” In light of the fact that Lebanon became divided along religious lines, over the question of Palestinian refugees in the country and the arrival of the PLO and their guerilla forces, and in light of the fact that ordinary young men were joining militia groups and killing each other all over the country, it is more shocking, at least to me on my first impression, that she assumed that these young men would be interested in burying the dead Palestinians. Indeed, it would seem that on this day her defenses perhaps started to break down. Not only was it hard for her to sustain her hatred of the Israeli soldier, who conveniently had been the object of hate that externalized the causes of the civil war. Also, the incident with the young village men made it even harder for her to hold on to the fantasy that the Lebanese people were co-existing on good terms. So much so that Chaza needed to lose her identity by losing her identity card. For if identity did not

separate the Muslims from the Christians, then those dead bodies would have received a burial worthy of grievable bodies.

The belief that Lebanon has worked out a peaceful co-existence of diverse religious and ethnic communities is a defensive fantasy. Though I do not ever recall subscribing to this belief, it may have been my childhood wish. What drove my family out of Lebanon was not bombs, but sectarian hatred. Living as Iraqi Christians in a right-wing Maronite Christian neighbourhood, my family was subjected to constant threats. Reiterated in the playground in childhood bullying and pranks, these threats made me learn some early lessons about sectarianism. But those lessons perhaps did not abate my desires. Completely cynical about groups and group bonding, to which much of my academic work attests, perhaps I, not unlike Chaza, in holding on to my autograph book could have been holding on to the wish that it was possible for everyone to get along.

In this short paper, I have attempted to demonstrate the reparative potential of aesthetic experience. In thinking about the archive as a psychic storehouse for our conflicted relationship to remembering the past, I have suggested that the aesthetic is the simple but profound act of making memory's objects come to life with an open imagination. Art will not cure the political conflicts of Lebanon, but it may get us closer to what we cannot see and help us to reevaluate our positionalities. Joreige's aesthetic practice made it possible for Chaza's ambivalence to find expression, which in turn made it possible for me to discover that what underlies my cynicism is an unconscious wish for religious co-existence.

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Notes

¹ “No Victor, No Vanquished” is a phrase that circulated after the 1958 civil war in Lebanon. Lebanon’s prime minister at the time expected leaders who were fighting each other to “let bygones be bygones.” This discourse was revived by Hariri’s government and became the general ethos of the country.

² Lucia Volk, *Memorials and Martyrs in Modern Lebanon* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2010).

³ Jacques Derrida, *Archive Fever: A Freudian Impression* (Chicago: Chicago University Press, 1996). Further references to this book are incorporated into the text.

⁴ This paper only discusses two of the four videos (Objects of War no.2 and no.3) made in this series as that is what the artist made available to me: Lamia Joreige, *Objects of war, Documentary no. 3* (2000; Seville: Fundación BIACS, 2006), video; and *Object of war, Documentary no. 2* (2000; Chalon-sur-Saône: Fundación BIACS, 2003), video.

⁵ “The Atlas Group Archive.” *The Atlas Group*. Accessed November 18, 2013. <http://www.theatlasgroup.org/>

⁶ Before Walid Raad, Akram Zaatari founded the Arab Image Foundation (AIF) in 1997. (See *Arab Image Foundation*. 2009. Accessed November 18, 2013.

<http://www.fai.org.lb/Template.aspx?id=1>

Its mission, according to the website, is “to collect, preserve and study photographs from the Middle East, North Africa and the Arab diaspora. The AIF’s expanding collection is generated through artist and scholar-led projects.” Though more “real” than Raad’s The Atlas Group, Zaatari’s collection is driven by artist curiosities and is interested in thinking critically about archival practices.

⁷ Rasha Salti, “From Unbearable Lightness to Undaunted Seriousness: The Uncanny Story of How Lebanese Cinema Took Itself Seriously.” (Unpublished paper, shared with author in June, 2012).

⁸ See Juhani Ihanus, “The Archive and Psychoanalysis: Memories and Histories toward Futures,” *International Forum of Psychoanalysis* 16 (2007): 119-131.

⁹ Jonathan Boulter, *Melancholy and the Archive: Trauma, History, and Memory in the Contemporary Novel* (New York: Continuum, 2011), p. 1.

¹⁰ Sune Haugbolle, *War and Memory in Lebanon* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2010).

¹¹ See Lina Khatib, *Lebanese Cinema: Imagining the Civil War and Beyond* (London and New York: I.B Tauris, 2008).

¹² Melanie Klein, “Love, Guilt and Reparation,” *Love, Guilt and Reparation and Other Works* (London: Hogarth Press, 1998 [1937]), pp. 306-343.

¹³ See George Hagman, *Aesthetic Experience: Beauty, Creativity and the Search for the Ideal* (Amsterdam; New York: Rodopi, 2005). Further references are incorporated into the text.

¹³ André Green, “The Unbinding Process,” *New Literary History* 10 (1980): 11-39, pp. 21, 18.

¹⁴ D.W. Winnicott, *Playing and Reality* (London: Routledge, 2005 [1971]), p. 132. Further references are incorporated into the text.

¹⁵ Melanie Klein, “The Importance of Symbol-Formation in the Development of the Ego,” *Love, Guilt and Reparation*, pp. 219-232.

¹⁶ Albeit co-existence is more and more precarious since the revolution in Syria has been dividing the nation in conflicted loyalty to president Bashar al-Assad.

¹⁷ Adriana Cavarero, *Relating Narratives: Storytelling and Selfhood* (New York: Routledge, 2000).

¹⁸ Deborah Britzman, *Novel Education* (New York: Peter Lang, 2006), p. 39.

¹⁹ Adam Phillips, *Terrors and Experts* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1995).