



## EXPLORING THE MOTHER-FATHER-CHILD TRIAD: A FRESH INSIGHT ON THE ROOTS OF LATENT VIOLENCE

CASE STUDY

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### ABSTRACT

This work examines the early childhood and pre-natal environment through a collection of multiple biographical and autobiographical resources, which, in addition to containing personal memories, reconstruct transgenerational stories of the well-known historical personalities. Numerous works have already emphasized the mother-child dyad; this work emphasizes the importance of the mother-father-child basic triad. By exploring several archetypal cases, this study should also contribute to the understanding of the roots of self-destructive behaviours and the origin of violent feelings and thoughts.

**Keywords:** violence, case study, Hart Crane, Ernest Hemingway, Blaise Pascal, Goethe, Schopenhauer, Carl Gustav Jung, Oscar Milosz, Maximilian (Max) Voloshin, Andrei Bely, Sergei Prokofiev, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, Mother-Father-Child Triad, temporology, biography

*To the precious memory of my mother*

### Introduction

Seen in a broader context, violence has much deeper roots. This paper will illustrate the fact that early experiences, as portrayed by autobiographical statements by well-known brilliant writers in their reminiscences, journals, diaries or memoirs, provide the most valuable and authentic information about the relationship in the basic mother-father-child triad, and therefore are of great importance for prenatal and perinatal psychology studies.

While most psychological studies, such as psychological bestsellers by Alice Miller [1] or Susan Forward [2] are concerned mostly with the parent-child dyads, this research explores all the complexity of the triad

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as a system, when the nature of mother-father ties precedes, predetermines and moulds the future mother-child, father-child and child-parents bonding. We shall see how the conflicts that arose between the future father and mother, will be reflected in the conflicts between the offspring and each of the parents, and finally between the child and social groups or institutions (such as the school, the state or the church).

Linking the primary family ties with temporology (i.e. the time and birthtime studies) provides a fresh interpretation of the formation of our personalities in general, including the roots of latent or accumulated violent feelings. We shall see how temporological approach and time-codons symbolism [3, 4] indicate which kind of relationships was dominant around us before our birth and how our needs were met when we were infants. Many attendants of my temporological lectures report that such an understanding of the family as a complex system helps them to move beyond laying blame on their parents. Furthermore, by identifying their own responsibilities and *Whole-Self* resources they can lessen their repressed feelings of frustrations, outrage or violent self-destructiveness.

A personal anecdote. One of my early memories deals with a child's fear to be torn between the mother and father. My grandmother was known for her hospitality. On holidays and birthdays, many relatives and friends were gathering in her house. Although it should have been an exciting event, I hated such meetings. The reason for this was an embarrassing habit of some of Grandma's guests to ask me a common for those days question: "Whom do you love more: your mother or your father?" It was an awful moment for a four-or-five-year old child who used to stick to the truth. I could not hurt the feelings of my parents. I wished to disappear, to dissolve, but I had to whisper an "appropriate" answer: "Equally, I love them the same way, equally." Of course, it was a lie, because each bond is unique. The truth was that I loved my parents dearly but differently. In my eyes they were two distinct people, and I could not and did not want to compare my love for different constituents of the same family complex unit. At that time, I was too young to express my thoughts eloquently, so I tried to conceal my feelings and to say something so straightforward and simplified that it turned out to be a lie.

Later in my adult life, I was deeply moved while I was writing a chapter for *Celestial Twins* about the tragic, dramatic and suicidal story of two talented people – Hart Crane and Ernest Hemingway [5]. I was pondering:

"Both were extremely sensitive people who in their youth dreamed of absolute beauty and love, striving to present in their works a vital and tangible emotion. Unfortunately, that lovely dream did not survive their later years, when they grew self-absorbed and embittered. Behind their success lurked a feeling of emptiness and self-alienation. In the end, their self-destructiveness became so great that both committed suicides. How did they become such frustrated adults?" [5, p. 137].

From their writings it became clear:

"Both claimed that the roots of their troubles were hidden in their childhood. Hemingway claimed that the best early training for a writer is 'an unhappy childhood,' while Crane prayed to get 'an improved infancy.' From early childhood they felt estranged from their fathers; in their adulthood both waged a prolonged vendetta against their mothers; in the end, both blamed their parents for all their misfortunes" [5, p. 138].

Both celestial twins have experienced their parents as the two opposites who were tearing them apart during their entire lives. Consequently, both felt themselves "like being put up on a cross and divided."

Reading Crane's and Hemingway's bitter letters made me cry. "If it made me sick just to think over the provocative questions of my Grandma's guests, how could they survive such a perpetual torture?" – I

pondered over and over again. I could not stop asking myself: how can we prevent such tragic events in the future?

Gradually I was gaining a deeper understanding of the symbolic messages written in the skies in the time of our birth. Traditionally, the coordinates of the Sun represent the father-image and the coordinates of the Moon represent the mother's image as both are seen through the eyes of the newborn [6, 7]. The combination of the two (including the aspect between them) indicates the basic nature of the newborn's future view of human interrelationships. Usually it is believed that when a child is born with a challenging aspect between the Sun and the Moon (such as 90° or 180°), some degree of hostility, grief or disharmony is indicated between the mother and father [6, p. 108]. Such discords may also imply that the relationship is not what the parents expected it to be. Whatever the cause, the child picks up the parental tensions, frustrations or mourning, and it seems to the child that his parents have a conflict. As a result, the person with the challenging aspects between Sun and Moon is vacillating between following the different parental patterns. Such people have more self-doubt regarding relationships than other people. It is widely believed today that we cannot ignore either part of our personality, and therefore when we tend to suppress one of them for a long time, it will eventually burst forth in violent words or actions.

Looking temporologically, we can see, for example, that in Crane's family such challenging Sun-Moon aspects appeared not only during his birthdate, but also during that of his mother. So, are we talking about hereditary inborn patterns?

In Hemingway's family we find such aspects not only in Ernest's birth data, but also in that of his older sister Marcelline and their younger brother, Leicester, who also eventually committed suicide. So, was Crane predestined to hate his mother and to destroy his own life? Or were Hemingway and his brother predestined to follow their father's self-destructive pattern, taking their own lives?

The *Whole-Self Prebirth Psychology* approach does not agree with such a deterministic conclusion. On the contrary, it argues that when we accept the validity of all the patterns, exemplified by seemingly irreconciled parents and their ancestors, we can learn a unique way to feel in peace with ourselves by expressing, correcting and adjusting all the inherited traditions. Yet to succeed in such a complex task, to avoid the negative tendency of blaming our parents, adults with the challenging Sun-Moon aspects are requested to transform their accumulated frustration and rage. They should accept that for them it is useless and even wrong to blame the parents. Betty Lundsted suggested that spiritual needs are especially important for such persons. "When we start to become conscious we are in fact beginning the trip that Jung describes – the search for the spiritual or conscious self" [6, p. 107].

For more than two decades I have been collecting materials that could clarify and illustrate the rather vague term "spiritual needs." It led me also to ponder on the questions of the personal responsibilities of each member in the triad father-mother-child.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to describe here the dozens of relevant life stories that I came across during this long researching period. Each family is different, and each child learns a unique lesson in his/her specific family triad. Each Sun-Moon challenging aspect in the skies is repeated in different celestial configurations affecting slightly different reactions. In addition, I believe that to examine the roots of personal feelings, we need the most truthful first-hand information about personal experiences.

Usually, each therapist can survey his patient's life just for a short flash of time while both – a healer and a client – are confined to a controlled and artificial environment. To eliminate these restrictions, in *Celestial Twins* I argued that, like in the case of modern medicine, which began with the study of anatomy, it would be most effective to start learning modern psychology and temporology on the dissecting table of the anatomy of destiny [5]. I supposed then and I still believe now that the autobiographical records, journals

and memoirs of deceased well-known people are the best window we will ever have into our mind and soul. It is problematic to evaluate the level of emotions and aggressiveness of living people *in situ* because people may either deliberately conceal their impulses or change their reactions both in the presence of other people and in other periods of their life. Therefore, in the present study I have also chosen to deal with the archetypal biographical narratives of well-known historical personalities, whose life stories had been "completed" and whose autobiographical materials were published and examined by multiple researchers. In that kind of study, the subjective experiences are collected from authentic resources, while the objective indicators are associated with the historical birth data in each case.

The common feature of all the following cases is that the parents of the described historical personalities had different temperaments and opposite values. As a result, from their birth (or even from their conception) these people were constantly facing the contradictory and irreconcilable expectations from their parents. While all of them were extraordinarily mentally gifted, they were primarily the children of their historical epochs, the flesh and blood humans with their talents, aspirations, pains and faults. Unable to reconcile the conflicting exaggerated demands of their parents, these people lived with the constant feeling of guilt and frustration which eventually led them to experience outbursts of violent hatred and self-destructiveness. These are the symptoms of an accumulated despair, which does not infrequently result in suicide, and which, in so-called "ordinary families" were more frequent than can be imagined.

In addition to the radical differences between the parents, temporological aspects in all the following cases displayed amazing similarities. Although these cases are describing deceased people from the past, their experiences and feelings are still relevant for many people in their self-growth journey.

I shall begin with the brief reminder of the Hemingway-Crane survey, and then I shall explore in a chronological order nine additional archetypal cases, going back as early as the days of Blaise Pascal (b. 1623) and getting closer to our days with the extraordinary life of Jacqueline Kennedy (b. 1929). I tried to include in this list remarkable people from different countries, speaking different languages. Belonging by birth to all the four traditional elements (Fire, Earth, Air, Water), they had also different emotional inclinations [4, 8]. (According to the philosophy of the four elements, Fire is the prime element of volition and desire; Earth is the prime pragmatic element, associated with matter; Air is the prime mental element, associated with human thoughts; Water is the most sensitive element, associated with human feelings. The current findings suggest that people with different innate emotional nature prefer different emotions. As a result, there are many conflicts between people born in different elements [4, 8]).

In my earlier publications I have described the drastic changes which were introduced by the rare Phoenix-born generation (born between 1885-1900) in all the fields of our lives, including prenatal psychology [9]. We shall see the similar changes in the following stories.

Finally, it happened so that this chapter is more about men than women. The objective reason lies in the difficulties of confirming birthdates of the well-known women and finding their published autobiographical records. There is less access to their inner life and feelings. To compensate this lack and to bring this study even closer to our days I made an exception, and, in the end, I included a contemporary story of one amazing female medical doctor. Of course, to save her privacy, I had to hide her identity, but I believe that her case will help many people to lessen their anxiety and to attain greater peace of mind. In addition, in each case we meet all the fabulous mothers of our heroes; we can listen to them, reconstruct their feelings and learn about their suppressed frustrations and rage.

Additional note: unless otherwise indicated translations from Russian are my own.

## **Cases 1&2. Hart Crane and Ernest Hemingway – Lives with Tragic Consequences**

One of the most significant writers (Ernest Miller Hemingway) and one of the most significant poets (Harold Hart Crane) of the so-called Lost Generation were born on the day of the full moon of July 21, 1899. They were born as celestial twins, and both belonged to respected and prosperous American families. On the one hand, in accordance with the most common Sun-Moon opposition's features, both celestial twins were born into families with parents who frequently opposed each other, and both experienced their fathers and mothers as two different poles of existence. On the other hand, the scenarios of Hemingway's and Crane's early lives resembled the stories of many other emotionally gifted children who felt themselves humiliated by rigidly ridiculing and insensitive parents as it was described by Alice Miller in her psychological classic *The Drama of the Gifted Child* [1]. Unfortunately, the future lives of these celestial twins demonstrated almost all the mechanisms of defense suggested by Miller – such as dreams of grandiosity, depressions, alcoholism, escape from attachments and self-destructiveness. The similarities in Hemingway's and Crane's prenatal experiences, in heart-breaking dramas of their emotionally charged lives, in their suicidal personalities and in their letters are so striking that I have decided to explore these cases as a unity [5, pp. 137-158].

Hemingway's and Crane's mothers were daughters of war veterans. Both were born in Oak Park and named Grace: Grace Edna Hart and Grace Hall. Both Graces were attractive girls who received voice training and dreamed of becoming famous singers. Their lives were changed radically when they met their future husbands, Clarence Edmonds Hemingway and Clarence Arthur Crane. One-year senior than their future wives, both Clarences were charming young men, who enjoyed sports, hunting and fishing, but who had no special interest in music. Although their families thought that the match was a splendid one, both Graces were reluctant to raise a family instead of pursuing a promising musical career. Eventually, the two marriages took place in Chicago, but both Graces felt that they had sacrificed their dreams, and that frustration rankled within them for most of their lives.

For both celestial twins, it is possible to trace the roots of their future conflicts to the prenatal period. The Hemingways and the Cranes eagerly pretended to look like happy families. Yet the reality was different.

Ernest Hemingway recalled that he always felt the underground currents in the family. Two such highly strung personalities as Grace and Clarence Hemingway, hedonistic and spartan, often got on each other nerves so that they welcomed temporarily separations. Hemingway's older sister, Marcelline, (b. 15.1.1898) who was also born with the challenging Sun-Moon aspect, witnessed in her autobiography:

"Opposites are said to attract, and surely no two young people could have been more opposite than my father and mother" [10, p. 49].

In Crane's family, extremely romantic but terrified of sexuality, Grace Crane imagined marriage as a continuing courtship, where the wife's role was to sing to her husband and to accompany him to parties. On the contrary, Clarence was jealously possessive; he expected Grace to be the sympathetic friend during the day and the passionate lover at night. From their wedding day, "their marriage was a source of mutual agony. Never entirely out of love, each found essential characteristics of the other well-nigh unbearable" [11, p. 7]. Later Grace would speak about men in general: "They make me sick, they make me tired" [11, p. 494].

On July 21, 1899 two sons were born: in Oak Park – Hemingway, in Garrettsville – Crane. Neither deliberately cruel nor malicious, their parents were extremely rigid people who saw everything as black and white. Tragically, the two Graces held different values from those of two Clarences'.

Clarence Crane was remembered as "a person with a pure and single devotion to one set of values, which made him blind to all conceptions of life but his own" [12, p. 163]. A pillar of the local Congregational

Church, Clarence Hemingway showed a piety that was sometimes indistinguishable from intolerance, and his opposition to smoking, drinking and dancing was notorious.

Hemingway's younger brother, Leicester (b. 1.4.1915, with the Sun-Moon opposition), described Grace Hemingway: "Mother would get so involved looking at her side of a problem she could forget there was another side" [13, p. 62]. A self-righteous Christian Scientist, Crane's mother was described in his letters as an insensitive woman: "The weight of this terrible Christian Science satisfaction I feel growing heavier and heavier on my neck" [14, p. 33].

Each parent tried to mold his sons after himself, but the clash of their ideals made frequent quarrels unavoidable. As a result, the lives of both children became in Crane's words a constant struggle to "reconcile the irreconcilable." Years later, when working in business became as necessary to Crane as composing poetry, he complained that he felt himself "like being put up on a cross and divided" [12, p. 138]. In his childhood Hemingway complained that the domestic quarrels between his parents led them to plan separate vacations, and that he usually took sides with one or the other in order to preserve what he called "an armed neutrality." In his adulthood Hemingway maintained that he was forced to be ambitious in two directions; hunting in Africa was every bit as necessary to him as looking at Goyas and El Grecos in the Prado [15, p. 85].

Crane and Hemingway remembered their adolescent problems during 1915 and 1916. Hemingway recollected that he had tried to run away from home, while Crane remembered trying to commit suicide. Both claimed that the roots of their troubles were hidden in their childhood. Hemingway claimed that the best early training for a writer is "an unhappy childhood" [16, p. 232], while Crane was praying to get "an improved infancy" [17, p. 86]. From early childhood both were blaming their parents in all their misfortunes.

Harold and Ernest were very sensitive children who were desperately trying to get the love of their parents. Yet all was in vain, and nothing could please them. Both fathers were harsh disciplinarians who had never enough time to spend with their sons. Clarence Crane, who would eventually become a prosperous candy manufacturer in Cleveland, was extremely busy with his business. His dream was that when the only son would grow up, he would become his partner. A medical doctor, Clarence Hemingway wrote to the 11-year-old Ernest about his dream: "... it will be only a few years before you and Papa will be visiting clinics together" [18, p. 21]. Yet meanwhile, he was so nervously busy that any sign of idleness among his brood roused him to sharp words and sudden scolding.

Both Graces tried to cultivate in their sons the love for arts and music, but both found it difficult to be warm mothers. Constantly focused on their own needs and frustrations, both mothers were insensitive to the pain they inflicted to their sons. Whenever there were any emotional problems in their families, the Graces rushed to their darkened rooms declaring they had a strong headache. Leicester remembered: "Having her wishes crossed always produced a crisis, and there were hundreds of them while we children were growing up" [13, p. 42]. Describing Grace Crane's nervous breakdown in 1917, Crane's biographer wrote: "Incessant brooding aggravated her condition, so that much of the time she was confined to her bed. There, as in years before, Harold again took up his post, sitting beside her in the darkened room for hours..." [11, p. 83]. It is widely accepted that both Graces often used guilt and manipulations to control their children. In his later years Hemingway usually called his mother "that bitch" [19, p. 17]. Seeing in his mother the sole cause of his crippled life, Crane in his last years spread incredible stories concerning her character and morals.

One of the most touching recollections of his painful boyhood, Crane's poem *Passage* discloses his solution to the unbearable emotional trauma: to escape by forgetting. Stop remembering and life would be better. "My memory I left in a ravine," wrote Crane. Similarly, Hemingway's life has been called a *Life*

*Without Consequences*, because he had chosen not to remember [18]. In one of his best stories, *Big Two-Hearted River*, Hemingway through his autobiographical hero Nick Adams revealed his method of escaping from his troubling memories: to stop thinking, to stop remembering.

Harold and Ernest were very sensitive children who tried hard to get the love of their parents. Unfortunately, both Graces not only loved beauty, but also hated everything which they thought to be ugly or dirty. Both were convinced that their duty was to teach their children how to conduct themselves to fulfill their mothers' plans, and both could turn immensely stern with the children when they neglected to perform some chore. Leicester witnessed: "There were rules, which could not be broken, and expectations, which absolutely had to be met. The individual and his special needs and circumstances were secondary" [13, p. 62]. Yet how could a child meet the expectations of his/her parents when they were unrealistic and sometimes even inhumane? Later Ernest would complain: "I remember Mother saying once that she would rather see me in my grave than something – I forgot what – smoking cigarettes perhaps" [20, p. 259]. In cases of major infractions of the rules Dr. Hemingway punished his children with a razor strap, while Grace employed on such occasions a hairbrush. As if being beaten was not humiliating enough, the children had to kneel asking God for forgiveness. Later Ernest would remember that after such punishments, he was thinking about patricide: "He had sometimes sat in the open door of the shed with his shotgun, drawing a bead on his father's head" [21, p. 31].

But can we blame Hemingway's father, who suffered from a depressive disorder? Tragically, his condition worsened as he aged, leaving him increasingly more withdrawn, subject to outbursts of irrational rage that confused his children. At the age of 57, he shot himself to death. Three of his children would also eventually commit suicide.

From his early days Hart Crane also suffered from his mother's scolding. At the age of 16 he blamed his mother: "For the last eight years my youth has been a rather bloody battleground for yours and father's sex life and troubles" [14, p. 18]. Even after his parents' eventual divorce in 1917, Crane found himself caught in their tug-of-war for his affections. Grace's pressure on him was so strong that after one of her breakdowns he wrote: "The hardest thing for me to bear is the blame that Mother puts on me as being in a major way responsible for her present condition... This trouble will never, never end, I'm afraid, or if it does, it will be in insanity" [11, p. 99].

A word in defence of Grace Crane. Of course, from the point of view of her child, she could be blamed for all his problems. But, as far as it is known, she also was born with a challenging Sun-Moon aspect. Her abusive behaviour was stemming from her own self-destructive personality inherited from her parents. Who can blame her, when most of her life she spent alternately suffering from psychosomatic illnesses and undergoing Christian Science therapy?

In 1925-1926, Boni & Liveright published Hemingway's *In Our Time* and Crane's *White Buildings*. Both books were highly praised by critics; Crane and Hemingway simultaneously became famous, but for both celestial twins this achievement was a poisoned success when they understood that even their fame could not please their parents. Crane's parents as usual were overwhelmed by their troubles. Hemingway's parents responded by refusing to read the "naughty" things he wrote.

After 1926, Crane increasingly turned to the blind alleys of alcoholic and sexual debauchery, wilfully seeking escape in the most brutal degradations. In his drunken rages he shouted that he was "caught like a rat in a trap" [22, p. 229]. He felt that he had been too cruelly exposed to the treacheries of human relations ever again to trust them completely. On April 27, 1932 Crane leapt to his death from the deck of the liner on which he was sailing from Mexico to New York. He was lost in the Caribbean, near the coasts of Cuba.

Astonishingly, Hemingway as if anticipated Crane's death, when in 1926 he was contemplating his own suicide: "When I feel low, I like to think about death and the various ways of dying. And I think about probably the best way unless you could arrange to die some way while asleep, would be to go off a liner at night ... There would be only a moment of taking the jump and it is very easy for me to take almost any sort of jump" [20, p. 19].

In 1932, Crane realized Hemingway's black dream. Hemingway had survived. Yet his surging and ebbing of suicidal dreams would continue, forcing him to take "any sort of jumps" and to turn toward drunken debauchery. To mention just one example of his violent behaviour, in London in 1944 he mounted a photograph of his future wife Mary's husband on a toilet seat in Ritz Hotel's men's room and machine-gunned it.

Even the Nobel Prize could not bring Hemingway peace of mind. In 1959 he showed signs of a mental breakdown. On July 2, 1961 he shot himself dead.

Unfortunately, Hemingway and Crane were not pursuing any spiritual quest. Their instinctive defence was to blame their parents and their societies. Nevertheless, born during the Phoenix Hour of 1885-1900, Hemingway and Crane independently developed several emotional theories, which should be known to all parents interested in a loving care. One of them was: never impose your personality on another person's emotions.

### **Case 3. Blaise Pascal – Life in the Shadow of Death**

Blaise Pascal (1623-1662) was one of the greatest physicists and mathematicians of all time who had also contributed to the fields of literature, philosophy and theology. Though fragmentarily, the details of Pascal's early life were highlighted by his older sister Gilberte Perier and her daughter Marguerite as fully as it could be expected for their distant epoch [23, 24]. Pascal's *Thoughts*, written in a personal style as his own "spiritual autobiography," were regarded by Emile Cailliet as the "journals" of his life [25].

In his introduction to Pascals's *Thoughts*, the Nobel Laureate Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888-1965) wrote:

"Pascal is one of those writers who will be and who must be studied afresh by men in every generation. It is not he who changes, but we who change. It is not our knowledge of him that increases, but our world that alters and our attitudes towards it. The history of human opinions of Pascal and of men of his stature is a part of the history of humanity. That indicates his permanent importance" [26, p. vii].

The following text will show how Pascal's life-story can contribute to new approaches to child-raising.

Pascal's father, Étienne (1588-1651), was an educated man and a wealthy lawyer. He belonged to the French aristocracy and served as king's counsellor. On the one hand, he is remembered as an honest man and a person of great knowledge who was befriended by men of eminence in science and arts. On the other side, he was a stern person and a harsh disciplinarian who wanted to mould his children's will, expecting them to obey his wishes. In addition, he was fond of the ascetical ideas of Stoics and disapproved any demonstration of physical affection.

Little is known about his wife, Antoinette Begon (1596-1626), whom he married in 1616. Gilberte described her as a very fragile, pious and charitable young woman who was in many senses quite an opposite of her husband.

The couple's first daughter Antonia was born in 1617. She lived just a few days and died even before her baptizing. This tragedy is rarely mentioned by Pascal's biographers. It appears that because of high infant mortality, references to such events seemed to be too ordinary, too commonplace to be included in the family chronicles. The French historian Philippe Ariès (1914-1984) wrote about those days: "It was thought that the



little thing which had disappeared so soon in life was not worthy of remembrance: there were far too many children whose survival was problematical" [27].

Yet the reality of pain, fear and grief is far from being unworthy of mentioning. The sad fact is that Blaise and his two sisters, Gilberte (1620-1685) and Jacqueline (1625-1661) were born into the atmosphere impregnated with the distress, fears of illness and death. It seems that Pascals' lot was to deal regularly with illness and death [28].

One of the most symbolic and striking family's legends, recorded by Marguerite, described how Pascal was snatched from the jaws of death when he was a baby. When Blaise was just one year old, he suffered from a mysterious malady. At the beginning, it looked like an ordinary intestinal disorder, but later it was accompanied by two extraordinary and frightening symptoms:

"Pascal could not look at water without having violent transports; he could not bear the sight of his father and mother close to each other. He allowed his parents to caress him separately, but if they both approached him, 'he cried and behaved with excessive violence. All that lasted a year, while the evil grew; he fell into such an extreme state that he was believed to be near death'" [29, p. 50].

Nothing could help the baby, and he was wasting away. His attacks were more violent and more exhaustive, and his parents became desperate. Then one day they heard a rumor that Blaise was bewitched by a local witch who wanted to take her revenge on Étienne, because he refused to help her when she had asked him. To make a long story short, Étienne forced the woman to break the spell, and that midnight:

"...'the child appeared dead; he had no pulse, no voice, no sensation; he grew cold, and had all the signs of death'. Close to one o'clock in the morning he began to yawn; they started warming him and gave him some wine with sugar in it. The wet-nurse gave him suck. As he revived, Blaise saw his mother and father close together and began screaming. Although not cured, Blaise was at least alive.' About six or seven days later he began to be able to tolerate the sight of water... and in three weeks the child was entirely cured" [29, p. 51].

The fairytale symbols of this story are striking. Pascal's inner conflict, indicated by the positions of the Sun in the rational Airy Sign of Gemini and the Moon in the emotional Watery Sign of Pisces, was projected into the outer world as his inability to consume or to see the water and as his violent protest against the union between his Father (his rational thoughts, the Mind) and his Mother (his religious feelings, the Heart).

This time Pascal was cured, but the next tragedy was already close, and it struck him at the early age of three, when his mother died in 1626. What was the impact of this tragedy? We do not know. Silence. John R. Cole wrote: "Our embarrassment is most acute with respect to his mother's death and its possible significance. Antoinette Begon's early death is a historical fact but so, too, is the silence of the sources on any immediate or deferred psychological effects on her young children" [30, p. 261].

Étienne has never remarried. He became a dedicated father who decided that he alone would be his children's educator. The father adored his daughters and son, but he was undemonstrative with his affections. He demanded much from them, and in the absence of the warming maternal influence, there was no one to offset Étienne's rigorous schedule he planned for his son. Like in the preceding case, the intellectual side (Ratio, Mind) of such home education was brilliant, but the emotional side (Love, Heart) was deeply suppressed and frozen. The family environment was filled with tensions between the Mind and the Heart, between the rigorous thinking and the inner serenity of belief.

Gilberte remembered that learning rarely ceased in the Pascal home, even during mealtimes. Pascal's health began to fail under the strain, and from the age of 18 he did not have any single day without suffering from pains and various psychosomatic ailments [23]. Indirectly, Eliot blamed Pascal's father for his excessive demands from Blaise: "For his application to studies in childhood and adolescence impaired his health and is

held responsible for his death at thirty-nine" [26, p. viii]. Maybe this reasoning sounds logical, but from the prenatal point of view, Pascal's health was impaired much earlier, perhaps before his birth, when his mother was in pain of loss after Antonia's death.

Whatever the reason might be, Pascal's behaviour became extremely self-destructive. Gilberte recorded several striking examples of him consciously hurting himself. She mentioned his preference for sickness ("sickness is the natural state of Christians") and his choice to love no one. Although he loved to help people and to talk with friends, he wore a studded iron belt beneath his shirt to keep him from enjoying conversations with them. He went so far as to lash himself with an iron belt when some thought of pleasure or vanity came to him. Pascal's asceticism became so extreme that he hated food and resorted to self-destructive mortification of his body. His rejection of the body became almost unbelievable. In his *Thoughts* he claimed: "I can easily conceive a man without hands, feet, head, for it is only experience which teaches us that the head is more necessary than the feet. But I cannot conceive a man without thought; he would be a stone or a brute."

As the years passed by, Pascal's inner conflict between his love to God and his love to rational scientific inquiry became more profound and painful. He saw the entire world as torn apart and divided:

"Those who are accustomed to judge by the heart do not understand the process of reasoning, for they wish to understand at a glance, and are not accustomed to seek for principles. And others on the contrary, who are accustomed to reason by principles, do not at all understand the things of the heart, seeking principles and not being able to see at a glance."

At some point his view of the love of God became so all-consuming that he was prone to criticize normal affection or to condemn his own pursuit of scientific and mathematical research. Pascal's biographer Donald Adamson portrayed him as having a dual personality: "Precocious, stubbornly persevering, a perfectionist, pugnacious to the point of bullying ruthlessness yet seeking to be meek and humble" [31]. Pascal's inner split was felt also by Voltaire, who respected Pascal's eloquence, but described him as "the sublime misanthropist."

As we have already seen in the previous case, much hostility may be accumulated with the Sun-Moon challenging aspect. In Hemingway's oeuvre this hostility manifested itself in violent war-time reports and novels. In Pascal's case, it was said that in *The Provincials* he attacked his theological opponents with ferocity and personal hatred. It was further suggested that "*The Provincials* may have been Pascal's opportunity to rid himself of suppressed emotions his lifestyle caused" [28, p. 93]. I should like to add here, that Pascal's lifestyle, his austerity and his problems with affection can all be traces to his prenatal and perinatal periods.

Among the disturbing manifestations of the challenging Sun-Moon aspects (90°), Hickey described possible separations from the parents in the early childhood; tensions between the will and the emotions, between the past and the future; poor health and tendency "to feel that everyone around him is wrong" [7, p. 206]. It seems that Pascal's life illustrated most of these tendencies.

It is doubtful that in his own life Pascal has found the middle way to appease the opposite sides of his personality. Yet his life can become an example and lesson for the future generations. Analysing Pascal's dual and divided personality, T. S. Eliot insightfully wrote: "Pascal is a man of the world among ascetics, and an ascetic among men of the world; he had the knowledge of worldliness and the passion of asceticism, and in him the two are fused into an individual whole" [26, p. xv]. And he added:

"It is the just combination of the scientist, the *honnête homme*, and the religious nature with a passionate craving for God, that makes Pascal unique" [26, p. xviii].

Pascal's life journey might be seen either as an inner tug-of-war or as a search of a way toward a higher plane of consciousness where the mathematics of love is not the same as the arithmetic of the material world. By dividing his love and withholding it from his body and his mind, Pascal actually was killing himself. In his times

it was too bold to think that the more love you give the world and its inhabitants, the more love gets the whole Universe and its Creator. Wishing to bring joy and happiness to the world, Pascal however was spreading more sorrow and pain. Trying to love God, he was his own worst enemy. But maybe, this behaviour was a manifestation of the repressed grief for the loss of his oldest sister and his mother? We can only speculate about the causes of Antoinette's early death, and it is a striking fact that there is no information how Pascal reacted to her death, either as the little boy or later as an adult.

Whatever the results of his own life, Pascal should be gratefully remembered for his courage to reveal and share his thoughts. That's was perhaps the reason why T. S. Eliot could "think of no Christian writer, not Newton even, more to be commended than Pascal to those who doubt, but who have the mind to conceive, and the sensibility to feel, the disorder, the futility, the meaninglessness, the mystery of life and suffering, and who can only find peace through a satisfaction of the whole being" [26, p. xix].

Pascal did not write autobiography, but he left us a striking self-portrait: "Man is neither angel nor brute, and the misfortune is that whoever would play the angel plays the brute."

#### **Case 4. Goethe – the "Werther Fever" and Confessional Writing as Self-therapy**

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832) has gained recognition as one of the most famous German poets of all times. He is also internationally known for his brilliance in art theory, natural science, literature, philosophy and memoirs.

Accounts from the modern biographical dictionaries typically convey near-perfect pastoral childhood-stories of well-known people while stressing more educational activities of children than any diversions they might have had. Goethe's autobiography, *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (*Poetry and the Truth*) gives us a more comprehensive and personal point of view of the child [32]. This autobiography was so unique and important that it inspired Sigmund Freud to analyse Goethe's early memories and to publish his conclusions in a short essay [33]. Freud believed that the earliest memory we have is also our most important memory that shapes our life. Reading *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, he suggested that Goethe's conflicts with his mother that affected his capacity for love in adulthood went far back into his childhood, to the early age of four. Freud's ideas seemed to be revolutionary in his days, but during the new Phoenix Hour our consciousness was rapidly expanding [9], and now we can trace Goethe's problems further into his prenatal and perinatal periods.

Until the 20<sup>th</sup> century children often received little respect from adults and could not pursue their own aspirations [9, 27]. Like Pascal, Goethe was not an exception. Goethe's father, Johann Caspar Goethe (1710-1782) came from a wealthy family. He was an Imperial Councillor and an educated man. Although good-willed, he appears in Goethe's memoirs as pedantic, impatient, remote and opinionated person, who overburdened his children with studies and despotically controlled all the important decisions concerning their lives. Later Goethe would complain: "Too many parents make life hard for their children by trying, too zealously, to make it easy for them."

Goethe's mother, Catharina Elisabeth Goethe (1731-1808) was twenty years younger than her husband whom she married at the tender age of 17. Their marriage was not a love match and the great age gap between the spouses was accompanied by significant differences in their temperaments. She was a contrast to him in almost everything: while Catharina had a cheerful personality, her husband was known for his "stern sense of order." During the first years of their marriage Johann Caspar kept his young wife busily engaged in multiple intellectual pursuits. Later he would demonstrate the same attitude to their children. In contrast, Catharina would secretly take part in her son's occasional rebellion against the paternal dictate and see in him her only true companion.

Like in Pascal's case, less is known about Goethe's relationships with his mother than with his father. Those days most women were not allowed or encouraged to publish their archives, and it is difficult to reconstruct

Catharina's true feelings, because in 1792 Goethe burned almost all her letters. It is widely believed that Catharina had a great influence over her son during his early days, but less is known about his attitude towards her. Whatever the reasons for this, Goethe could not forgive his parents. In 1808 he did not attend his father's funeral. In his Weimar years Goethe avoided his mother. She never visited him in Weimar, and in more than 33 years, he met her only four times. He did not attend her funeral either [34, p. 234].

Being an insightful astrologer, Goethe described his own birth on a full moon day as an extremely dramatic event:

"On the 28th of August 1749, at mid-day, as the clock struck twelve, I came into the world, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. My horoscope was propitious: the sun stood in the sign of the Virgin, and had culminated for the day; Jupiter and Venus looked on him with a friendly eye, and Mercury not adversely; while Saturn and Mars kept themselves indifferent; the Moon alone, just full, exerted the power of her reflection all the more, as she had then reached her planetary hour. She opposed herself, therefore, to my birth, which could not be accomplished until this hour was passed.

These good aspects, which the astrologers managed subsequently to reckon very auspicious for me, may have been the causes of my preservation; for, through the unskillfulness of the midwife, I came into the world as dead, and only after various efforts was I enabled to see the light. This event, which had put our household into sore straits, turned to the advantage of my fellow-citizens, inasmuch as my grandfather, ... took occasion from it... to introduce or revive the tuition of midwives, which may have done some good to those who were born after me" [32].

In his poetical way Goethe described the differences between his practical father (the Sun in the Earth sign of Virgo) and his vivacious mother (the Moon in the Water sign of Pisces):

From father my inheritance

Is stature and conduct steady.

From mother I have my love of romance

And a tongue that's ever ready.

Goethe's life began with a near-death experience and throughout all his childhood he was haunted by illnesses and deaths. More than once his condition was perilous. He had measles, chickenpox and many other common infectious childhood diseases. He remembered his brother, about three years younger than himself, who was likewise gravely ill but was too tender to survive. In his memoirs Goethe perfunctorily mentioned a very pretty and agreeable girl, who also soon passed away. In fact, the family had either six or seven children (Goethe's biographers are not sure about their exact number). Goethe was the firstborn son. He and his one-year-younger sister Cornelia were the only surviving children.

The available information about the other children is scarce. Most of Goethe's biographers choose, like in Pascal's case, to keep silent about those poor kids. As far as I could find, their names were: Hermann Jacob, born in November, 1752, died in January, 1759; Catharina Elisabeth, born in September, 1754, died in December, 1755; Johanna Maria, born in March, 1757, died in August, 1759; and Georg Adolf, born in June, 1760, died in February, 1761. Just try to imagine the nightmare of this family when for more than 12 years, the young mother was either pregnant or was burying her infants one after another! Much was obscure in the family where losses were not openly discussed or grieved. What was the psychological impact on the surviving siblings? We now learn more about the parental loss and attachment theories, but what do we know about the early loss of younger siblings? We do know that Goethe's sister, Cornelia (1750-1777), was depicted as a hypochondriac, overburdened with the studies and robbed from the joys of childhood. Goethe himself

admitted in his autobiography that since his childhood and during all his life he suffered from "a feeling of solitude, and a sense of vague longing resulting from it." In addition, the consequences of Goethe's maladies were doubly grievous for the boy because his pedantic and didactic father practiced "pedagogic oppressions" and imposed double lessons upon his surviving convalescent kids.

One of the earliest Goethe's memories was his delight from throwing family crockery out of the window of his house. He was clapping his hands for joy when all the collection of mugs, plates, etc. was dashed over the pavement and destroyed. Why did the child enjoy crashing fragile things? Perhaps the life itself and the family relationships were too fragile for him to endure?

Goethe experienced the gloomy atmosphere of his house as if it was intended "to awaken dread and terror in childish minds." His father's strict educatory rules compelled children to sleep at night alone in their rooms, and when they could not overcome their fears and asked for help, their father was frightening them and demanding that they get back to their sleeping places.

Speaking about the family relationships presented in Goethe's autobiography, E. L. Stelzig stressed the conflicts between the parents: "What is clear is that the fault line that runs through the Goethe household puts the father on one side and the mother, son, and sister on the other" [ 35, p. 180]. This contradiction in the family increased with years. Goethe remembered: "My father followed out his views unshaken and uninterrupted. The mother and children could not give up their feelings, their claims, their wishes."

The children were frightened and upset to be a part of the conflict between their parents. Such relationships were not healthy either between his parents, or between the parents and the children. They had even induced suicidal ideas described by Goethe at the age of 24 in one of his most celebrated and powerful autobiographical novels *The Sorrows of Young Werther*. Written "with the blood of his heart" (in Goethe's own words), this book started the phenomenon known as the "Werther Fever": the wave of copycat suicides by young men throughout Europe. There is no doubt that Goethe's intentions were innocent and good, but the results were violently morbid.

Suicide is an event of self-violence, hatred and the extreme self-destructiveness. According to Goethe, we have here to do with those whose lives are embittered by exaggerated demands upon themselves: "Since I myself was in this predicament, and best knew the pain I suffered in it, and the exertion it cost me to free myself, I will not conceal the reflections which I made, with much deliberation, on the various kinds of death which one might choose."

*Werther* became an intense version of Goethe's lifelong practice of confessional writing as self-therapy. Unlike Werther, Goethe had survived. Yet keeping in mind his parental troubled relationships, it is not surprising that he dreaded any idea of being bonded by marriage. There were multiple sad love stories, departures and painful rejections in Goethe's life. Here I would like to mention his only marriage with the young flower-girl, named Christiane Vulpius (1765-1816), whom he met in 1788. For 18 years she remained his mistress, although she was officially his housekeeper. Only in 1806 the 57-year-old Goethe legitimized their relationship by marrying her. It is very important to stress that he – a celebrate polymath – and his uneducated wife, 16 years younger than him were very dissimilar people.

Furthermore, Goethe's marriage was not from love. The Goethe's early family pattern was tragically repeated when four of his children died in their infancy. The only surviving Goethe's son was Julius August Walter von Goethe (1789-1830). He was blamed by Goethe's biographers for inheriting "his mother's vice of drinking." Yet it is worth keeping in mind that he had inherited also his father's challenging Sun-Moon aspect (Sun in Capricorn making 90° with the Moon in Aries). It is also time to remind that mothers do suffer from the loss of their babies, and it is very cruel to blame poor Christiane for her moodiness and weakness. Yes, she and Goethe were very

different in their temperaments and intellects, and yes, their only surviving child had extremely tensed relations with his father. Julius August died before his father, when he was just 40 years old.

While Pascal was torn between being an angel or a brute, Goethe's Mephistopheles saw himself as a "Part of the darkness which gave birth to light." Already in 1797 Goethe in his *Hermann and Dorothea* wrote: "We can't form our children on our own concepts; we must take them and love them as God gives them to us." Maybe for Goethe this was just a momentous insight, but it is our task and privilege to make those dreams an everyday reality.

### **Case 5. Schopenhauer – in Search of "Better Consciousness"**

Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860) was one of the most read Western philosophers who had a profound posthumous impact on literature, music and science. In his writings he presented his original views about love, marriage, sex and the value of life. Most of his life he remained "a lonely, unfriendly, and practically unrecognized figure" [36, p. 8]. Sometimes he is regarded as a pessimist and sometimes he is defined as a misanthrope – a person who once had a childish belief that all people are basically good, but later was deeply disappointed by the entire humanity. During his entire life he felt homeless, and this sense of homelessness became the leitmotif of his philosophy. He went as far as to declare that our world is a sad and ill-made place; "that the world itself was not his home" [37, p. 1]. For him: "Life is deeply steeped in suffering, and cannot escape from it; our entrance into it takes place amid tears, at bottom its course is always tragic, and its end is even more so" [38].

A more intimate glance into his prenatal history and his earliest experiences enables us to understand better the origins of his pessimism, misanthropy and the violent outbursts that were periodically accompanying them.

Arthur's mother, Johanna (née Troisiener) Schopenhauer (1766-1838) was born in Danzig. She came from a middle-class honourable but rather poor family: her father was a merchant and city councillor. Johanna grew up as a precocious child who possessed great talent for foreign languages. Later she was described as a pleasure-loving, gifted, witty, but rather insensitive girl whose dream was to become a painter. Unfortunately, her authoritative parents forbade her to even think about becoming an artist – a profession that in those days did not suit girls. During the 1820s-1830s she became a popular German writer and salonnière who established a friendship with Goethe.

At the tender age of 18, Johanna married Heinrich Floris Schopenhauer (1747-1805) who was twenty years her senior. In her memoirs, Johanna openly admitted that she "no more pretended ardent love to him than he demanded it" [39, p. 13]. Heinrich Floris became a Father figure for his young wife, and Johanna explained that it was a marriage of convenience: she was attracted not to him but rather to his social rank and the possibilities that his wealth could open to her.

Arthur's father, Heinrich Floris, was a wealthy prosperous ship-owner and merchant. Short and stout (somebody would add "ugly"), he lacked physical attractiveness and did not love his wife. Both spouses were united by their love to travels, but otherwise they had very different temperaments and interests. He was a man of iron will, remembered also for his intelligence and ruthless candour combined with volcanic wrath and frightening depths of gloom. In addition, there was in him a fear of mental illnesses that showed up in other members of the family. For young vivacious Johanne to be married to him meant to be dominated solely by Heinrich Floris.

Later Schopenhauer would claim that to his father he owed his "will; that is, his temperament and character; to his mother, the quality of his intelligence" [40]. Paradoxically, in his notorious essay *On Women*, Schopenhauer would also declare that women "are childish, foolish," "intellectually short-sighted," and "their reasoning powers are weaker."

The first act in the drama of Johanna's marriage, which was to have profound effect on future Schopenhauer's philosophy and life, began as early as in 1787. Prior to Arthur's birth, when Johanna was still unaware of her pregnancy, the Schopenhauers took their summer journey to England. At the beginning Johanna was delighted to see the world. But soon she found out that there was a secret reason for their trip: her husband was considering a move to England. Heinrich Floris used to make all the decisions alone, by himself, without consulting anybody, including his wife. That time he had decided in advance that they would have a son, that his name would be Arthur, that he would become a merchant like his Dad, that he would be born on English soil and that as a future international merchant he would enjoy a British citizenship.

The first serious conflict between the spouses occurred in England when Johanna became aware of her pregnancy and felt homesick. In her memoirs she told about her anxious longing for the calming presence and beneficial care of her mother. She begged her husband to return to Danzig and stay there near her mom's place until confinement. In this clash of wishes she had no chance to win. Her destiny was to obey her husband's dictate. After her "hard struggles" with herself she obeyed but continued to hold resentment: "...no one helped me, I had to overcome my grief alone. The man dragged me, in order to cope with his anxiety, half-way across Europe" [39, p. 11].

Eventually, it was Heinrich Floris's wish to return to Danzig before Arthur's birth. During London's winter foggy time he suffered from irrational fears – a kind of mental disorder – and he decided to leave the island. The echo of this event will appear in Schopenhauer's secret diary: "I have inherited from my father that fear, which I myself is cursing" [39, p. 12].

The child was born on the full moon of February 22, 1788. 39-years younger than Goethe, Arthur had the same challenging aspect as him, but exactly in the opposite signs. While Goethe was born in Virgo with the Moon in Pisces, Schopenhauer was born in Pisces with the Moon in Virgo. There were many parallels in the parental relationships in Goethe's and Schopenhauer's families. In their adulthood both firstborn sons would be left with many similar scars. Nevertheless, born in an emotional Water sign, Schopenhauer, perhaps, felt himself wounded deeper than more Earthy and practical Goethe.

After Arthur's birth, Johanna spent the following five lonely years in their country villa. Heinrich Floris did not like to meet people, but exactly the opposite was true for his sociable and charming 20-year old intelligent wife. She did not like her new lifestyle that bound her to a growing son. Soon she found that motherhood itself was a highly unsatisfying occupation for her: she felt greatly bored and restricted to stay far from the eventful life in the cultural centres. The sensitive boy demanded love, but in his mother's heart there were only growing frustration and resentment.

The boy's father took no part in his early upbringing. He was visiting them only once a week, and like in the case of Hemingway and Crane, his life was devoted to his business matters. Moreover, he believed that the father's educational role should begin later, when the child will grow up. But later it was already too late: in Arthur's adolescence, the differences between him and his overcritical father's expectations became unbearable: "No matter what Arthur promised about living up to his father's expectations, nor what good reports he received from his son, Heinrich Floris found a way to find fault" [37, p. 85].

As a result, from Arthur's s early days until his death he felt himself as an abandoned baby, robbed of parental warmth and affection. In his essay *On Women* he would make from his subjective experience a universal generalization:

"As in animals, so in man, the original maternal love is purely instinctive and therefore ceases with the physical helplessness of the children. In its place, there should then appear one based on habit and reasoning; but often it fails to appear, especially when the mother has not loved the father. The father's love for his children is of a

different kind and is more enduring. It rests on his again recognizing in them his own innermost self and is thus of metaphysical origin."

Like in Hemingway and Crane's cases, young Arthur was desperately craving for missing love and affection. When he was six years old, his parents returning from a walk found him in perfect despair, imagining that they had abandoned him [41, p. 264].

When Arthur became just 9 years-old his father sent him away to study in France. He was left there for two years with the family of a business partner. (An important detail: that time Arthur's only sibling, Adel, was born. Was it surprising that Arthur would never feel close to his only sister?)

Since his adolescence Arthur worried over his imagined and unimagined diseases. After his father's death, he worried that his mother (and later his sister as well) would try to deprive him of part of his inheritance. In his adulthood Schopenhauer was afraid of intimacy; in his old age he suffered from *harpaxophobia*, i.e. his morbid fear of robbers, thieves or being robbed.

Like Goethe, Schopenhauer early began to loath the professional life his father designated for him. Arthur's own dream was a university education and a scholarly life, but like Hemingway or Crane, he felt depressed being divided between his duty to choose the father's occupation and his natural inclination to follow his mother's artistic or intellectual lifestyle.

His father's untimely death, in 1805, most likely as a result of suicide, was a crucial point in Arthur's life. With the consent of his mother, he withdrew from business and embraced the career of the scholar. Yet the feeling of the duality did not leave him. Unfairly as it were, years later he would even blame his father's death on his mother. He viewed Johanna as a bad wife to his father and an unloving "bad" mother to himself.

After Henrich's death, mother and son did not get along. Johanna did not want to suffer from Arthur's irritating and overbearing personality and refused to live under the same roof with him. During his short visits, mother and son clashed frequently and violently; his behavior depressed her, it "ruined her serenity" [37, p. 132]. In letters written to Schopenhauer, Johanna made it clear how distressed she was at her son's pessimism, his arrogance, and his imperious ways. After 1814 (for more than two decades!) mother and son never met again (which reminds us of Goethe's avoidance of his mother). Schopenhauer continued to speak ill of Johanna even after her death, making little of her mother skills and depicting her as a thoroughly self-centered woman.

Another German philosopher, Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762-1814), wrote that "The sort of philosophy a man has, depends on the sort of man one is." Symbolically, Schopenhauer's attitude towards Fichte reflected his usual pattern of conflicts and perplexity in relationships: from admiration and attraction to disappointment and repulsion. At first, he admired Fichte's works and wanted to attend his lectures at Berlin University. Nevertheless, his "*a priori* veneration for Fichte, which drew him to Berlin, 'soon turned to scorn and derision'" [37, p. 159].

Philosophical studies could not help Schopenhauer overcome his accumulated rage. To grasp his feelings, it is most important to see the events via Schopenhauer's own eyes. In his journals he recorded that while listening to Fichte's lectures he was gripped by anger: he felt that Fichte "said things which made me wish to place a pistol to his chest and say to him: You must now die without mercy, but for your poor soul's sake tell me whether with all that *gallimaufry* you had anything precise in mind or whether you were merely making fools of us?" [39, p. 141].

It was neither the first, nor the last Schopenhauer's violent outburst. During his school years there were numerous fights; he drank alcohol and smoked cigars. He also possessed a pair of fine pistols, and it was reported that he got carried away with some experiments with gunpowder, which led to some minor burns [37,



p. 30]. During her son's university years Johanna warned him that he will ruin his life, unless he transforms his behaviour:

"... because of your rage at wanting to know everything better than others; of wanting to improve and master what you cannot command. With this you embitter the people around you, since no one wants to be improved or enlightened in such a forceful way, least of all by such an insightful individual as you still are; no one can tolerate being reproved by you, who also still show so many weaknesses yourself, least of all in your adverse manner, which in your oracular tones, proclaims this is so and so, without ever supposing an objection. If you were less like you, you would only be ridiculous, but thus as you are, you are highly annoying" [37, p. 130].

"Almost all of our sorrows spring out of our relations with other people" – wrote Schopenhauer. In 1821 a violent event, known usually as a seamstress lawsuit complicated Schopenhauer's life and did not allow him to teach at Berlin University. This lawsuit was made by a 47-year-old Caroline Luise Marguet, who occupied another room in the Berlin rooming house where he lived. Her habit of talking loudly on trivial matters outside his door irritated Schopenhauer who hated noises. One day he could no longer abide her chatter and requested her to go away. When she refused him and talked back, the confrontation escalated and he pushed her down the stairs. Later Marguet accused Schopenhauer of beating and kicking her. In her civil suit against him she claimed that she could not move her right arm due to the assault, a situation that made it impossible for her to continue her trade. She also claimed that Schopenhauer pushed her against a commode, which caused injury to her genitals [37, p. 410]. She won, and Schopenhauer was ordered to pay her a monthly maintenance for the rest of her life. The woman lived for twenty more years. When she died in 1852, Schopenhauer had to present to the court a copy of her death certificate, on which he had written in Latin: *Obit anus, abit onus* (the old woman dies, the debt departs).

Obviously, Schopenhauer did not love his deceased neighbour-seamstress. Yet he did not love either his mother or women in general. He wrote that "men are by nature indifferent to one another, but women are enemies" [42]. Following this belief, he had male acquaintances, but he had no friends. As to the women, obsessed with a malignant vision of them, Schopenhauer was trying to demonstrate their inferiority. In his attempt to stress contrasts between rational male and irrational female temperaments one could find rather subjective autobiographical details than general philosophical views. In his essay *The Metaphysics of Sexual Love* Schopenhauer revealed his deepest fears of intimacy and relationships with women in general:

"Every day it brews and hatches the worst and most perplexing quarrels and disputes, destroys the most valuable relationships, and breaks the strongest bonds. It demands the sacrifice sometimes of life or health, sometimes of wealth, and happiness. Indeed, it robs of all conscience those who were previously honorable and upright, and makes traitors of those who have previously been loyal and faithful" [37, p. 22].

Nevertheless, as always, Schopenhauer was divided between his contradictive needs, moods and wishes. Despite his negative views of sexuality, during most of his life he occasionally had sexual affairs. It appears that he was never in love, and all his partners were of lower social status, such as maids or prostitutes [37]. In a letter to his friend Anthime, Schopenhauer revealed that he had two out-of-wedlock daughters (born in 1819 and 1836), both of whom died in infancy.

R. Tsanoff summed up Schopenhauer's problematic personality:

"There are unlovely, amusing, pathetic, revolting traits in Schopenhauer's character. He was sensual; he was in many ways shameless. Something of a coward he was, and afflicted from his childhood with fright that bordered on mania" [41, p. 265].

The Nobel Laureate, Erwin Schrodinger (1887-1961), who was influenced by Schopenhauer's philosophy, wrote:

"It is quite irrelevant whether Schopenhauer himself lived in accordance with this higher ethic. His notorious diary-entry, '*obiit anus, abiit onus*' tells against his having done so .... I would prefer personal contact with Sancho Panza rather than with Schopenhauer; he was the more decent of the two. But Schopenhauer's books are still beautiful – except when some superstitious madness suddenly breaks out in them" [43].

Although Schopenhauer failed to refine his character or to heal his prenatal traumas, he at least tried to search for "better consciousness." In our next case we shall meet a person who was greatly influenced by Schopenhauer's writings and whose life and theories open new opportunities for self-growth.

#### **Case 6. Carl Gustav Jung – a Spiritual Way of a Healer**

Carl Gustav Jung, one of the most famous psychologists and philosophers of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, was born in Switzerland, in the small village of Kesswil on the evening of July 26, 1875, when the Sun in Leo and the Moon in Taurus were in a challenging aspect of 90°.

While writing his remarkable autobiography, *Memoirs, Dreams, Reflections*, he experienced and revived "long-submerged images of childhood" [44, p. 15]. Eventually, the author revealed the story of a solitary, unhappy and even violent youth [45]. Jung's numerous biographers described his parents' marriage as an unhappy affair marked by prolonged separations and periodic mental illness: "Clearly Jung's childhood was a critical period of intense conflict that persisted in some ways throughout his life" [44, p. 15].

In his autobiography Carl Jung mentioned proudly that according to family legends, his paternal grandfather was Goethe's illegal son. Although there was no evidence to support or disprove such myth, Goethe's life, poetry and philosophy had influenced Jung deeply.

Jung's father, Johann Paul Achilles (1842-1896), was a gifted, but frustrated, man. His early dream to become a philologist came to a sudden end because of a financial crisis in his family. He was forced to live in very modest circumstances as a village pastor. Jung would later write about his father: "the days of his glory had ended with his final examination. Thereafter he forgot his linguistic talent. ... and discovered that his marriage was not all he imagined to be" [45, p. 91].

Jung remembered that because of doing "a great deal of good – far too much" his father became a tired, irritable man who fell frequently into angry moods and burst into towering rage at home [46, pp. 16-17]. As his father's depressive moods grew worse, Jung felt that theology alienated his father from him. Johann Paul Achilles died in 1896, not yet 54 years old.

The grim fact is that Jung was born into the tensed atmosphere of frustration and grief. It is frequently going unmentioned that he was **the fourth child** of the family but the first to survive, followed nine years later by a sister.

Jung's mother, Emilie Preiswerk (1848-1923), had many reasons to feel herself frustrated and depressed. She married at the young age of 17 and as a result, she gave up her literary gift. Her father was a pastor, but both her parents demonstrated unusual psychic abilities such as talking with spirits or having second sight. Having inborn mediumistic abilities, Emilie reacted to the arrival of stillborn children in 1870, 1872, and 1873 by withdrawing from the reality and speaking to her ghosts. We may touch the depth of her pain by reading McLynn's description of the 27-year-old Emilie whose youthful charms faded fast, to the point where she was considered "ugly as well as domineering" [47].

Later Jung concluded that his ability to perceive something, which he supposed he could not know at all, was inherited from his maternal ancestors. He remembered: "My mother was a good mother for

me. She had hearty animal warmth, cooked wonderfully, and was most companionable and pleasant" [45, p. 48]. Yet her warmth was only one of the faces of his mother. Her other and frightening face was that of a visionary woman whose psychic powers expressed themselves powerfully but unpredictably. Jung remembered that when this second "archaic" nature of his mother was emerging: "...she would then speak as if talking to herself, but what she said was aimed at me and usually struck to the core of my being, so that I was stunned into silence" [45, p. 49].

From his early days Jung perceived hidden tensions and hostility between his parents. As an adult he would believe: "Life is a battleground. It always has been, and always will be" [48]. It is symbolic that the metaphor of a battle is one of the most frequently referred to by many people with the Sun-Moon challenging aspects.

In his early years Jung suffered from long periods of diseases and had several brushes with death. He tried to share his rich visionary experiences with his father but feared that he would be misunderstood. As the times passed by, Jung became his mother's confidant and she shared with him all the troubles that she could not share with her husband. Jung wrote:

"Dim intimations of trouble in my parents' marriage hovered about me. My illness in 1878 must have been connected with a temporary separation of my parents. My mother spent several months in a hospital in Basel, and presumably her illness had something to do with the difficulty in the marriage. ... I was deeply troubled by my mother's being away. From then on, I always felt mistrustful when the word 'love' was spoken. The feeling I associated with 'woman' was for a long time that of innate unreliability. 'Father,' on the other hand, meant reliability and – powerlessness. That is the handicap I started off with" [45, p. 8].

During Jung's school years the teachers regarded him as a stupid and superficial pupil. Jung remembered: "A kind of silent despair developed which completely ruined school for me" [49, p. 48]. Since childhood Jung was aware that he, like his mother, had a second personality. The first personality, which Jung called No. 1, was the ordinary son of his parents. The second personality, No. 2, was an old, wise man, who looked down from above with reflective calm, analysing all the contradictory elements of each situation. Jung soon learned how to pass into this state of calmness and "of sheer poetry of the spirit" as exemplified by his No. 2 [49, p. 195].

After his father's death Jung's personality went through a temporary metamorphosis, and it was as if a new, extraverted personality emerged within him. This new self could get drunk and enjoyed asserting itself with an abrasive force. Jung was also able to sit in the student pub through the night, steadily drinking beer and forgetting his mother and sister waiting at home. Acknowledging the destructive side of himself, Jung explained such erratic behaviour by the existence of what he called his "demon": "There was a demon in me... It overpowered me and if I was at times ruthless it was because I was in the grip of the demon" [49, p. 20]. When Jung offended some people, it was because the demon insisted that he should not tolerate their inability to understand him.

Jung's middle-life crisis was the most violent and self-destructive one. After his break with Freud, Jung suffered to the point of near madness as if he had reached a dead end. One day in December 1913, unable to understand one of his dreams, he remembered that a loaded revolver was in the drawer of his night table. He felt that if he failed this time, he would have to kill himself. Jung's deep self-investigation brought a fear of madness and caused violent resistance to any further exploration. When Jung was already on the edge of breakdown, he had a vision of Elijah, the prophet, who came to him in the image of Philemon. Walking up and down in the garden, giving the impression of a madman listening to his inner voices, Jung held extensive conversations with Philemon, who became

for him almost as real as a living person. Eventually Philemon became his spiritual teacher who taught him the truth of existence.

Later Jung saw the ego "as a fragile archipelago of islands floating in the dark sea of the collective unconscious." According to him, these islands are made up "of the nuclear ego plus partial egos" [50, p. 96]. Allegedly connected with Jung's own peculiar multiple personalities, this definition is very impressive in connection with the childhood visions of the Russian writer Andrei Bely, who will be described later, in Case 9.

In his *Psychological Reflections*, Jung argued:

"In the adult there is a hidden child – an eternal child, something is always becoming, is never completed, and that calls for unceasing care, attention, and fostering. This is the part of personality that wishes to develop and complete itself. But the human being of our time is as far from completion as heaven is from the earth."

Jung's hidden child was deeply wounded by parental grief and by the tragic split between his parents. Nevertheless, Jung was able to find a unique way to unite his father's linguistic heritage with his mother's mystical visions. One of Jung's daughters, Gret Jung-Baumann, became a renowned Swiss astrologer. She believed that Jung was impelled to become an explorer of the hidden depths of the soul by his birth sign, Leo, and by the planetary positions at the moment of his birth.

In *Celestial Twins* I analysed Jung's relationships with his beloved ones [5]. Here I would like just to mention that his confrontation with the inner demons helped him transform his attitude to life. He and his wife Emma Jung (née Rauschenbach, 1882-1955) had five children: Agatha Regina (1904-1998), Anna Margaretha (Gret, 1906-1995), Franz Karl (1908-1996), Marianne (1910-1965), Helene (1914-2014). All of his children already belonged to the new Phoenix Year. At least two of his daughters would follow their father and become presidents of the International Psychoanalytical Association.

Jung was born at the end of the previous Phoenix Year, before a new generation of the prenatal psychologists was born. His creative effort to seek wholeness and integration was not futile. Today humankind has already greatly diminished the rates of infant mortality, and there is also the growing hope that by the proper education we shall be able to lessen the level of tensions and frustrations in families.

A peculiar coincidence: two Nobel Laureates in physics, Erwin Schrodinger (1887-1961) and Louis de Broglie (1892-1987), who made ground-breaking contributions to quantum theory were born with the same aspect as Jung: when Sun in Leo and Moon in Taurus where in a challenging aspect of 90°. While Jung intended to reconcile the irreconcilable features of our psyche, de Broglie and Schrodinger were developing their theories of wave-particle duality. Born during the new Phoenix Hour (between 1885-1900), they were able to change the old paradigms and to open new possibilities for the following generations of holistic scientists. However, their detailed stories are beyond the scope of this paper.

### **Case 7. Oscar Milosz – The Wounded "Knight of Love"**

Oscar Vladislav de Lubicz Milosz (1877-1939), a francophone poet, writer and thinker became a legendary, mythical figure already during his lifetime. His nephew, the Nobel Laureate Czeslav Milosz, wrote about him: "We can imagine him ...as a member of one of the 'mystical lodges'" [52, p. 22]. Milosz is remembered as a truth-seeker who looked for initiation and eventually got it [5].

It is symbolical that a French Symbolist poet and critic Paul Fort has named him as "The French Goethe" [51, p. 412]. He did not know that Milosz, like Goethe, was born on a full moon day (May 28,

1877) and had a challenging aspect between the Sun and the Moon, accompanied by significant differences between his parents' temperaments and mentalities.

On his father's side, Milosz's ancestors were probably from an ancient Serbian royal family of Lusatia who left their estates near Frankfurt on the Oder while fleeing German pressure. The poet's great grandfather obtained the vast estates of Czereĩa, then a part of Grand Duchy of Lithuania (now Belarus). The poet's grandfather was an officer in the Polish-Lithuanian army who married an Italian opera singer, a descendant of an ancient, impoverished Genoan family.

Milosz's father, Wladislav Milosz was a wealthy man of unrestrained character. According to a family legend, once, riding in his carriage in Warsaw, he was taken by the beauty of a young Jewish girl. Surprisingly, without a word being exchanged between them, she agreed to become his mistress. Daughter of a Warsaw Hebrew teacher, Miriam Rosalia Rosenthal was 20 years younger than Wladislav who later became her husband. The new couple left for Czereĩa, where their only child Oscar was born. All his life Oscar tried to remain faithful to both his aristocratic and his Jewish parentage.

His parents belonged to different worlds remaining distant from him and from each other. Oscar grew up as a solitary and unhappy child. Oscar's father was violent and ill; his mother's uncomprehending solicitude oppressed him so much that the boy was never able to give free rein to his affection to her. In his poems Milosz described the uttermost sadness of a child's heart, remembering the parental place as a frozen, dumb and dark house, in which his "soul was dying from neglect" [52, p. 121].

As a 12-year-old boy, Oscar was sent to study in Paris, at the Lycée Janson de Sailly, first as a boarding student, then as a day student living in the household of his pedagogue. The necessity of separation, the need to break the depressive ties with the mother, who did not know the way of her son, and the feelings of loneliness lurk behind Milosz's poem *Nihumim* (which is the Hebrew word for *Consolations*).

The depth of Milosz's early trauma made him bear the stigma of loneliness and of an unappeased craving for love. Although in 1900 he was already recognized by the French literary critics as a genius, Milosz felt horribly sad and empty. Despite his success, he became a violent and deeply frustrated young man. His loneliness and thoughts about the absurdity of existence led him try to take his own life. On January 1, 1901 he shot himself in the region of the heart with a revolver. Milosz remembered that to his surprise he missed the heart and instead injured the lung. The lung became dangerously swollen, but to the great astonishment of the doctors he soon recovered.

This suicidal attempt led Milosz to a painful long process of soul-searching. Gradually he concluded that there is no solution for human problems either in hatred or in killing. In 1905 he proclaimed himself the "Knight of Love," pondering his role in the renewal of Christian metaphysics. In his search for healing and initiation Milosz studied theosophy, travelled intensively through Europe and North Africa and joined a few esoteric circles. Eventually he was initiated on December 14, 1914, when he experienced the visionary night of illumination, which he described just in a few words: "I have seen the spiritual sun" [52, pp. 447-449].

Nevertheless, known as a basically kind, loving and friendly person, during all his life the poet suffered from the deficiency of true intimacy in his relationships. During the WWI, Milosz was mobilized by the Russian Division of the French Army, where his job was to brief war correspondents. When the Russian writer Ilya Ehrenburg, as a war correspondent met him at the *Maison de la Presse*, he was shattered by the frightening disharmony between Milosz's aloof eyes and the horrible violence of his words:

"He would gaze at me with his pale, faded eyes and say, very calmly and quietly, that soon someone would invent a machine which would write poetry, and then some little boy of a genius, still in short trousers, would hang himself with his father's tie when he realized that he could never move anyone with words" [53, p. 188].

Milosz loved people, as he said in one of his poems, "with an old love exhausted by loneliness, pity and anger" [52, p. 28]. People felt this tragic split in his soul, because true love can be accompanied neither by pity nor by anger. He remained a bachelor and he had no children. In 1909 he fell in love with young Emmy Heine-Geldern, the great-niece of Heine. He believed that she was his celestial spouse, yet his happiness lasted just one year – the next year she married someone else. The poet wrote:

I am too great for the daughters of men;  
They cannot understand my love.  
My love is so great that no creature  
Would dare approach it... [52, p. 93]

The most distinguishing feature of Milosz's later years was his emotional non-involvement in the life of the outer world, and after 1926 he grew increasingly solitary. The knowledge he gained from esoteric studies brought him to believe that his Earthly existence was anything but a transitory stay. Feeling that the obscurity of his work was commanded to him, Milosz declared that his message was not meant for everybody, but for the salvation of only a few. In his most spiritual works, such as *Ars Magna* (1921) or *The Exegetic Notes* (1926) he gave humanity a doctrine, which, he believed, would be understood only after his death.

When Milosz died, his name meant little to the wide public. The turning point in the public's attitude toward Milosz's poetry took place 20 years after his death. In 1966, an association *Les Amis de Milosz* was founded in Paris; its members gather every year on the anniversary of the poet's death and publish a journal, which reproduces biographical documents and records new publications on his writings.

Reading Milosz's story of a spiritual quest of a solitary child, reminded me one of King David's passionate prayers in his Psalms (27: 10,11):

*When my father and my mother forsake me, then the LORD will take me up.  
Teach me thy way, O LORD, and lead me in a plain path.*

Although the next case is very similar to Milosz's story, and in *Celestial Twins* both life-stories were treated in parallel, here I decided to stress the different nuances between them and to tell them separately.

#### **Case 8. Maximilian (Max) Voloshin – a Tragic Split**

Like Milosz, the prominent Russian poet Maximilian Voloshin (1877-1932) was born on May 28, 1877, i.e. he was Milosz's celestial twin [5]. Like Milosz and Goethe, Voloshin was born on the day of a full moon. By significant coincidence, one of Voloshin's biographers and friends, the Russian poetess Marina Tsvetaeva, believed that he was "the real Goethian" [54, p. 253].

From his early childhood Voloshin was exposed to dual cultural and religious forces. On his father's side he was a descendent of a Cossack family from Zaporozhe in the Ukraine. Voloshin's father, Alexander Kirienko-Voloshin, was born in 1838, the same year as Milosz's father. Like Milosz, he was a

wealthy man who led the typical life of a Russian nobleman. In 1868 he married the very young and beautiful Elena Glaser. She was a descendant of German Protestants who fled Germany and settled in Russia in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. In his *Autobiography* Voloshin mentioned that in addition to German there were also Italian and Greek ancestors on his mother's side. Like that of Milosz, this was an unusual match. The husband was almost 20 years his wife's senior and the couple had profoundly different temperaments and mentalities. Their first daughter – Voloshin's older sister – died in her infancy before his birth. The atmosphere in Voloshin's house was gloomy and disharmonious. After Max's birth the relationship between his parents deteriorated gradually until Elena took her 2-year-old son and left her husband for good. Two years later Max's father prematurely died.

Elena loved Max dearly, yet she was a very masculine woman with deep traumas, which she never discussed openly with anybody. There were strong bonds between Voloshin and his mother, yet there was no kindness in her love and no friendship in their relationship. Her coldness caused deep pain in Voloshin's life. For the rest of his days he would ponder the question of the nature of the maternal bond, looking for new ways of education. In his poem *Motherhood* (1917), 40-year-old Voloshin lamented: "Darkness... Mother... Death... What an assonant unity..."; "From all the knots and tying of life – the knot / of the sonhood and the motherhood – it / is most closely and tightly strained...."

According to Voloshin, the task of the mother is to "love for the sake of love," to give her child each day a new birth for the sake of his freedom to become a separated individual. Such love should be totally unselfish: "And there is no reward or repayment for your love, / Because in love itself there is reward and repayment!" But this understanding would come to Voloshin in his forties.

In his childhood and youth, Voloshin suffered from loneliness, unhappiness and depression. As a result of the absence of proper parenting and as the unconscious need to duplicate the pattern established by the parents, he began to bear the stigma of an unappeased craving for love. He suffered from the deficiency of true intimacy in his relationships. Voloshin confessed: "I have a tragic split. When I am attracted to a woman, when I feel a spiritual closeness to her, – I cannot touch her. It seems to me like blasphemy" [55, p. 370].

Voloshin pondered: "Homeless long way is given me by fate.../ I am wanderer and poet, dreamer and passerby" [55, p. 12]. And he continued, "In your world I'm just a passer-by, / Close to everyone, stranger to all" [56, p. 23].

The Russian writer – Ilya Ehrenburg, Voloshin's friend, described the terrible loneliness hidden in Max's eyes: "Max's eyes were friendly but somehow aloof. Many people considered him indifferent or cold: he looked at life with interest but from the outside. No doubt there were events and people that moved him, but he never spoke of them; he counted everyone among his friends, but it seems, he never had a friend" [53, p. 125].

In 1906 Voloshin married young Margarita Sabashnikova, a descendant of a well-known Russian family of publishers, who shared his interests in anthroposophy and art. Yet this marriage failed within less than a year. Voloshin's second marriage took place twenty years later, when in 1927 he married 40-year-old Maria Zabolotskaya, a practical woman who took upon herself all his materialistic problems. Voloshin's biographers would describe him "a man of uncertain or underdeveloped sexuality, both of whose marriages were of the marriage blanc variety" [57, p. 35]. Calm, loving, endlessly-detached, he would never have children.

Voloshin's youth was filled with turbulent and even violent events. In Moscow he was involved in student disorders and clashes with the authorities. His university studies became checkered with periods of suspension, during which he was either deported to Crimea or travelled in Europe. Eventually his university education ended with his arrest in 1900. On his release from prison, Voloshin

withdrew to Tashkent. There he worked as an administrator on the extension of the Russian railway system, traveling in the heat of the desert through Middle Asia. Later Voloshin would remember this half a year spent in the desert with a caravan as the crucial moment of his spiritual life.

During his wandering years Voloshin had been attracted to the occult and the mystic. He studied Buddhism with a Tibetan lama, he became a friend and pupil of the Austrian mystic Rudolf Steiner. In Dornach, near Basel, Voloshin participated in the building of the first anthroposophical temple. This Goetheanum was designed by Steiner to become a school of spiritual science.

During the WWI Voloshin claimed that violence cannot bring peace and he dared to say that his love embraced the German wounded as well as Russian. Yet his road to such love, which embraces all the living, was not a straightforward one. For example, in 1909 Voloshin had a pistol duel with another famous Russian poet, Nikolay Gumilyov. Voloshin challenged him in order to protect the "good name" of a young poetess. Happily, both the duelists missed, and for Voloshin this accident became the last recorded time that he sought a violent solution to a problem.

In 1917, Voloshin's friends were surprised by his choice to stay in Russia. He could emigrate, and they expected him to leave for Paris. As time passed Voloshin became increasingly isolated in the inhumane state, where most of his friends became its victims. Nevertheless, Voloshin denied the possibility of overthrowing the Bolsheviks by force of weaponry; instead, he proposed accepting the teachings of the Russian Orthodox St. Seraphim, whose spiritual doctrine centred on a program of contemplative prayer directed toward mystical experience. Following St. Seraphim, the poet argued for practice of spiritual cleansing by taking on, through compassion and forgiveness, all the various vices and sufferings of all beings, and by giving to them, through love, healing and peace of mind.

Voloshin's ideal world of love was a world of knowledge and not a world of hurtful feelings. However, other peoples did not agree with him. The themes of Voloshin's works became unacceptable to the Soviet censors, and from 1926 he was unable to publish anything. His later poetry circulated only in handwritten notebooks. Often on the brink of starvation, Voloshin was saved only by the parcels from friends and by a small literary pension. On August 11, 1932 Voloshin died at his home.

The turning point in the posthumous history of Voloshin's works came about the same time as Milosz's, when Khrushchev's so-called period of "the thaw" had begun in the USSR. Voloshin's name was gradually coming back to the Russian consciousness, first as painter, then as a lyrical poet-symbolist, and eventually as a mystic, historian and prophet.

Our next case will take us already beyond the usual recollections into the enigmatic world where, according to Andrei Bely, the souls dwell before their incarnation on the Earth.

### **Case 9. Andrei Bely – Expanding Consciousness**

Boris Bugayev (1880-1934), a distinguished Russian poet, writer and memoirist known under the pen name of Andrei Bely, was a symbolist. Symbolically, he has chosen as an epigraph of his most important autobiographic novel *Kotik Letaev* the following passage from Tolstoy's *War and Peace*:

" – You know, I think," – Natasha said in a whisper... – "that when you remember, remember, remember everything, you remember, back so far that you remember what it was like before you were on this earth..." [58, p. 3].

Bely believed that a new-born baby is far from being a white page. Even though they do not have the language to share their impressions, the new-borns are part of a universal sea of consciousness and their memory extends back before birth. The babies can feel themselves mute, abandoned, frustrated,



misunderstood or neglected. Those unexpressed feelings usually become vague or forgotten as the child grows up, but they still exist in our minds.

Following this belief, Bely was sure that the roots of his own troubles were hidden not only in his early infancy, but even in his historical predecessors, in the timing of his birth and in the troubled relationships between his parents who had, essentially, opposing views on life. One of Bely's favourite epithets is "scissors." In the first volume of Bely's memoirs, *On the Border of Two Centuries*, he defined his life as revolving about "the problem of scissors." He was born in 1880, on the edge between the passing Phoenix Year, and the new Phoenix Hour of 1885. He describes his terrible feeling of seeing the coming future but inability to enter and join it: "In many ways, we, children of the edge, are incomprehensible: we are neither the "end" of the century, nor the "beginning" of a new one, we are – the battle of centuries in our soul; we are scissors between the centuries; we should be treated in the light of the problem of scissors, realizing: we could be understood neither in the criteria of the 'old', nor in the criteria of the 'new'" [59, p. 180].

Born on October 26, with a challenging aspect (90°) between the Sun in the Water sign of Scorpio and the Moon in the Fiery Sign of Leo, he sees his parents "tearing me apart; fear and suffering overwhelm me; scissors again" [59, p. 185]. At the early age of four, Bely invented a peculiar game of transforming the conflicts of scissors into symbols and music. This was his way to solve the "'scissors' problem 1) between his parents and myself, 2) between father and mother, 3) between different views of the authoritative figures" [59, p. 180].

It is symbolic that in his childhood and youth Bely was deeply influenced by Schopenhauer. He described him as a "knife" which helped him to diminish the scissors problem. Indeed, Bely, like Schopenhauer, depicted the profound differences between his parents: "It is difficult to find two people as different as parents... rationalist and something completely irrational; the power of thought and hurricanes of conflicting feelings" [59, p. 96].

Like in Schopenhauer's case, the seeds of future quarrels in Bely's family could be seen already before the marriage of his parents, when the 40-year-old professor of mathematics at the Moscow University, Nikolai Vasilievich Bugaev (1837-1903), met his nineteen-year-old bride Alexandra (1858-1922). They differed so much that one can hardly imagine them as having a point of intersection. He was a venerable and respected scientist; she felt herself as a little girl. He was clear-minded, she suffered from neural upheavals. He was physically unattractive if not ugly, she was a beauty. Three times he proposed to her, and three times she refused him. Eventually, in January of 1880, "Mother married him for 'respect'; father married her for 'proportions'; but neither 'respected proportions', nor 'proportional respect' did not work out in any way" [59, p. 102].

For Alexandra, like for Johanna Schopenhauer, this was a marriage of convenience greatly influenced by social and economic considerations. Such arranged marriages were a common practice at the time, yet it did not make Bely's lot easier. He was an extremely sensitive boy. He grew up as an only and solitary child, and from his earliest days he saw himself as the only link between his different parents; this "tormented him." Most of Bely's memoirs and writings revolve around the conflict between the child's father and mother (modelled after his own parents) over the best way of bringing him up. Like in all the previous cases, during all his life Bely often would be criticized for the notorious complexity of his character. One of his friends, the Russian poet Vladislav Khodasevich (1886-1939) described this tense situation:

"The very imagination of Andrei Bely was once and for all struck and – I daresay – shaken by the constant threats of his home life. These threats exerted the most profound influence on his character and on his entire life" [60, p. 53].

Khodasevich has vividly recreated the atmosphere in the Bely's family:

"His mother was very attractive: her husband was ugly, sloppy, ever lost in abstractions, with the beautiful, flirtatious wife, given over to the earthiest of desires...From these circumstances derived such a lack of harmony, from one day to the next manifesting itself in turbulent quarrels for hardly any reason at all. Boris was affected by all of them" [60, p. 53].

Bely inherited both temperaments of his parents. During the rest of his life he tried to fuse the orderly, rational and mostly mental approach of his father with irrational impetuosity of his mother. He sought harmony, but the main problem was that the mother disgusted her husband's icy intellect and was determined to make her best to prevent their son from continuing his father's scientific pursuits.

The descriptions of family's conflicts and the conscious and unconscious life of the child became the central themes in Bely's oeuvre. The first volume, *On the Border of Two Centuries*, presents Bely's early life as an open trauma due to ceaseless conflicts between his mom and dad. As a mathematician, his father was devoted to sciences, and his emotional insensitivity was something that his mother could not withstand. In one of his poems Bely described the striking portrait of his father (under the fictional name Letaev) and his critical attitude towards his son:

My father, Dean Letaev, says

Throwing his arms up into air:

"You, my young fellow, –

It makes me sick

Really, the rot you are talking!"

And a mathematician's aridity

Would peep out of his tiny eyes [61, p. 13].

Mother used to complain with tears in her eyes that the father: "is prematurely developing the baby, – that's my business: I know how to raise children..." [59, p. 155].

Bely's mental gifts were evident early in his childhood, yet they were severely suppressed by his mother. Each of the parents tried to mold their son after himself or herself. Bely tried to be ambitious in both directions, but his mother demanded that he should not learn to read and write early. She was furious when she found out that her son was learning the alphabet. She reproved her little child frequently by calling him an incorrigible little "brainy mathematician":

" – Mommy used to kiss me: suddenly she would start to weep; and – she would put me aside: – 'He's not like me: he's like – his father'" [58, p. 130].

The moments when his mom was pushing him away were "the most frightening things" in his life [58, p. 155].

Like Crane, Bely was deeply upset by the fact that he could not bridge his parents' temperaments. Like Hemingway, he was even considering patricide. In the spring of 1921 in St. Petersburg, Andrei Bely told his sad story to a young poetess Irina Odoevtseva (1901-1990):

"My parents fought over me. I took side with my ugly father against my beautiful mom and with my beautiful mom against my ugly dad. Each of them pulled me in his or her direction. They ripped me in

half. Yes. Yes. They tore my childhood consciousness, my child's heart. I've been divided from my childhood. I felt myself a sinner. It was a sin to love my mom. It was a sin to love my dad. What could I, a sinner, do? I was locked into a circle of the family drama. I loved and hated... I've been a potential killer since childhood. **Yes. Yes. I could kill my father.** The Oedipus complex perverted by love. Mom beat me for my love to dad. She cried, looking at me: 'A big-foreheaded, brainy. He is like him, absolutely like him, and not like me...'"

Sometimes it is very difficult and disturbing to read Bely's testimonies because they present quite a maddening picture, but there is a great deal in them that reflects not only his family, but an archetypal situation in many modern families as well.

Like in Pascal's case, the accumulated frustrations, created by a painful dichotomy between rational and spiritual inner needs, led to periodical violent reactions. His relationships with colleagues were suffering because the style of his attacks against other symbolists was often too brutal and aggressive.

Before meeting Rudolf Steiner in 1912 and prior to attending his anthroposophical lectures, Bely was involved in a series of stormy relationships, including two of the most dramatic and scandalous love triangles of his days. The first of them included Alexander Blok (a famous Russian poet), his wife Lyubov Mendeleeva-Blok and Bely. The second one was between Bely, Valery Bryusov (another famous Russian poet) and Nina Petrovskaya (a writer on her own right). This latter story, described by Bryusov in his novel *The Fiery Angel*, became later the plot of Prokofiev's opera of the same name. Both affairs became extremely violent: first Bryusov called Bely out to a duel; then in turns, Bely and Blok called each other out to a duel. In addition, Bely was obsessed with morbid thoughts. There were even days when he stopped eating and considered suicide. There were also especially dark days when he was so frustrated and outraged that he felt a burning desire to wipe out an entire city. A crisis came when Nina attempted to shoot Bely at one of his lectures. Luckily, most of these destructive and self-destructive attempts were futile threats, but tragically, Petrovskaya's life was ultimately destroyed: following bouts of alcoholism and narcotics addiction, she finally committed suicide.

This stormy period was followed by Bely's passionate search of transformation and new meanings of life. Between 1912-1916 he lived in Dornach and, like Voloshin, participated in the building of the Goetheanum – the world center for the anthroposophical movement. For Bely, his meeting with Steiner became the beginning of his spiritual work and a turning point in his attitude to life. Claiming an exceptionally good ability to recall the earliest impressions, in his writings he revived spectacular prenatal and perinatal pictures of the world and of the expanding consciousness as if they are experienced by a baby. Embracing Goethe's ideas of *Zeitgeist* and following his own insights, Bely stopped blaming his parents and came to conclusion that the most important task of the poet is to recover the memory of the time before his soul left the realm of its eternal dwelling and the ego descended into its earthy body. In *Kotik Letaeu* he exclaimed: "...the impressions of childhood years, that is, memory, is a reading of the rhythms of a sphere, a remembering of the harmony of the sphere; it is – the music of a sphere; of the realm where – I lived before birth!" [58, pp. 140-141].

Such conscious adult work brought Bely to discover multiple interconnections between different hereditary traits and patterns in each of us. In his view, both an individual and the entire society are associated with numerous "rooms" and "apartments" with their specific cyclicities. In his second volume of memoirs, *The Beginning of the Century*, Bely made an attempt to transform his parents' patterns by accepting his own responsibility for his adult personality. I should like to quote a rather long passage that is somewhat foggy and difficult (as most of Bely's texts are), but which contains a very important message written with his own pain and blood:

"All the words about the beautiful and the novel in each friend – are an apartment in a series of apartments, whose roomers live neither in a new nor in a beautiful way; dreaming of a common cause that connects friends closely, you also dream of the connection between apartments, that is, the unity of experiences; it would seem that a connection has been made. Not at all! Series, hundreds of apartments with unknown, sometimes terrible, roomers were introduced into community; and inertness is revealed that is not liquidated in everyone; 'fathers' are not just inside me: often they are not overpowered; they lurk inside of us; that's why the borders between near and far, between the old and new are sometimes invisible to us: they are broken in each instant; and our impulses to change life are crashed every minute; a warder is always present; he is inescapable; and he is – you yourself who have not identified yourself; you think that you are winning, that the circle of your new tasks is expanding and coming into being; you have broken the ties with your past; you are only about the future, with the future; and suddenly – you are back to square one; you – have completed the circle; your release from a 'prison' is just a dream of release" [62, p. 521].

Bely's strongest message to all of us: **"you are – not Papa's, not – Mama's"** [58, p. 94]. As a child, he felt himself belonging to the sky, to the Milky Way, to the cosmos...

Bely's life was turbulent. He witnessed the First World War and survived the Civil war in Russia. He was married twice but had no children. One of the aims of Bely's case-study lies in outlining one of the original ways in which Bely enriched the genre of memoir, i.e. his earliest first-hand impressions as an infant, an embryo and a purely expanding consciousness. To date, the autobiographic materials or the memoirs have not attracted the same attention as the clinical cases. Yet even though they might include factual inconsistencies or discrepancies, the diaries or memoirs seem to have no rivals in providing a glimpse into the innermost personal experiences. In that sense, one of the important functions of Bely's brilliant historic-literary memoirs is to supply a true portrait of his epoch and its attitude towards the parental role in the child-raising.

In the next case we shall meet Sergei Prokofiev, a person of the Phoenix-Hour generation, whose diaries open a new possibility to trace our roots of frustration or cruelty.

#### **Case 10. Sergei Prokofiev – a Child of the Stormy Age**

First, I'd like to note that the following text is mostly based on my latest book *Opera PRKFV* dedicated to the temporological case-study of Sergei Prokofiev [63].

**Unlike all the previous cases, Sergei Prokofiev (1891-1952)**, one of the most prominent composers ever, a virtuoso pianist and conductor, belongs already to a new historical epoch. According to the Phoenix Clock model, he was born during the Phoenix Hour of 1885-1900 and therefore belonged to a very rare kind of generations whose historical mission was to become precursors of new paradigms [4, 9].

Earlier I wrote that this was also the generation of the first psychologists who became aware of the crucial importance of the early developmental periods. Among the precursors and founders of the Prenatal psychology we find the names of Jean Piaget (1896-1980), Anna Freud (1895-1982), Nandor Fodor (1895-1964) and Gustav Hans Graber (1893-1982). Strikingly, Prokofiev too felt very acutely a new stream of consciousness or Goethe's *Zeitgeist*. From his early childhood he believed in his special mission both as a composer and a diarist. He began to keep diaries since his childhood as if he apprehended his personal life to be special, meaningful and different from that of the previous generations [64].

From Prokofiev's 2,250-page diaries, published in 2002, we get a personal account of the everyday life in his environment. From his brilliantly written *Childhood* – the first part of *Autobiography* – we have

first-hand information about his early years, as well as about the history of his family and relationships between his parents.

Prokofiev was born on the full moon of the April 23, 1891. **Like in all the previous cases**, during all his life Prokofiev was often criticized for the striking complexity and contrasts of his character. Sometimes he suffered from violent outbursts of irrational rage. His friend Nicholas Nabokov admitted that Prokofiev's rudeness sometimes "bordered on sadistic cruelty." For example, once in his conservatory days, Prokofiev stuck his fingernails into a hand of his fellow student, the violinist Lazare Saminsky. Although Prokofiev tried to temper his reactions, according to Harold Schonberg: "He was stubborn, ill-tempered, obstinate, and surly. He had pink skin that would turn red when he was in a rage (which was often). He disturbed everybody: always ready with a crushing repartee, with an irritating chuckle and a celebrated leer" [65].

On the other hand, Prokofiev considered himself to be so vulnerable and touchy that he was worried why "his love could be easily turned into acute hatred?" [66, v.1, p. 164]. In 1933, when Natalya Sats (a Russian stage director who worked closely with Prokofiev on the creation of *Peter and the Wolf*) told him that sometimes he can be meek as a lamb, he muttered in response that sometimes he can be "evil as a devil". And he added: "Yes, I am sharply continental, and it's hard not only for those around me" [63].

Here I'd like to stress that **unlike** the previous cases, Prokofiev was early **and acutely aware** of his contrasts. "In my own character there is the need for freedom and independence; there is also despotism in it," he admitted in the *Diaries* [66, v.1, p. 176].

Moreover, he tried to ask himself sincerely: where does his rudeness come from? His self-search brought him to understand that the roots of his cruelty could be traced to his earliest days of life. Step by step we shall follow Prokofiev's prenatal history and find out possible influences in his formational years.

It should not already be a surprise that Prokofiev's duality and his roots of frustrations were accompanied by the sharp differences between his parents who constituted two different poles of his existence. His mother, Maria Grigorevna Prokofieva (1855?-1924) was born in St. Petersburg. She had a fine musical taste and was a serious amateur pianist. She loved to attend concerts and enjoyed social life in the cultural centers of Russia. She became her son's first piano tutor and she dreamt of promoting his musical career.

Nine years her senior, the composer's father, Sergei Alexeyevich Prokofiev (1846-1910), was a serious and responsible, but rather introvert person. He graduated from the Moscow Agricultural Academy and became a skilful agronomist. For thirty years he managed the estate of Sontsov, now Ukraine. He loved his quiet village life and preferred to stay far away from the intense life of the capitals.

During the 13 years of their marriage before Sergei's birth, the Prokofievs lost two daughters. That loss has deeply affected his parents' emotional nature and froze his father's natural warmth. The elder child, Maria, died at the age of two. Her younger sister, Lyubov, lived only nine months. Maria was told that the death of both daughters was caused by teething and that this problem was due to her own "bad" heredity. When, after a nervous waiting a son was born to the Prokofievs, they were afraid to lose this baby too, and this fear permeated their relationships with the baby. To keep him alive, Maria was ready to accept the most eccentric advice. One of her neighbours told her that the problem was in the breast milk of Maria herself, and to reduce the threat of the disease, it would be better not to feed the baby with mother's milk, but to take a nurse for him. In his *Childhood* Prokofiev recalled: "A healthy village girl was hired who had an out of wed-lock child. She had enough milk for two, but she didn't love

her baby and, wishing to get rid of him, she held him upside down. My teeth erupted safely, but didn't I absorb with her milk of a stranger also her cruelty of character? " [67, p. 25].

Whatever the reasons for this, Prokofiev's reaction was violent and immediate: at the age of six weeks he almost died of bloody diarrhoea; his parents could lose their third child.

The next scene from the *Autobiography* was also very painful for the baby. Despite her "warm" love to her son, in December 1891 his mother felt terribly bored and frustrated in the village. To cheer up she left her 8-month baby with his father and grandmother, while she was planning to spend the winter (as usual) in St. Petersburg. How could this little baby feel her absence? Children feel time differently, and a clue to this can be found in Andrei Bely's memoirs. When he was four years old, he was greatly upset by a temporary separation from his mother: "Mother spent in St. Petersburg about two months; but it was like years passed" [59, p. 185].

If it was so painful for a toddler, how should it have been for a baby who was separated from his mother during the crucial stage of a mother-child symbiosis? Two months for him were more than a quarter of his entire lifetime! Did he feel himself abandoned, or guilty, or worthless? We cannot be sure, but there is a hint in Prokofiev's *Autobiography*: "I was a nasty baby, I beat my mother in physiognomy when I didn't like her pince-nez, and I awfully shouted 'macaque!', Which meant 'milk'" [67, p. 25].

Why should any baby feel oneself as "nasty" or violent? What feelings did his parents mirror to him? Why didn't his mother want to witness his first steps and first words? We cannot know, but we do know the consequences of this behaviour. From the *Diaries* it is seen how the echo of this first separation from the mother periodically came back as the refrain throughout the entire Prokofiev's life. His ambivalent attitude towards his own sons, his harshness and tactlessness, as well as numerous quarrels and periodic breaks with the loved ones were like a continuation of the process that began in his early (unconscious) childhood, when his mother suddenly left him during the formational period of his personality.

According to Prokofiev's first wife, Lina, sentiments in Prokofiev's relationships as in his music were "anathema." Prokofiev's "lack of basic human feeling could be shocking, as was the strange comfort he found in transferring matters of the heart to the mind" [68, p. 34]. As an example of his insensitivity, Lina quoted Prokofiev's chilling entry from his 1910 diary, written soon after his father's untimely death: "Did I love him? I do not know ... He served me, his only son, unstintingly, and it was thanks to his tireless work that I was provided for so long with all my material success" [68, p. 34].

At the early age of nine Prokofiev wrote his first opera. The "Giant" is an opera in three acts and six scenes to a libretto by the young composer. In the beginning of that story a terrible Giant tries to kidnap the little girl Ustinya, who is rescued by Sergeyev (the composer himself) and his friend Yegorov with the assistance of a good King. However, the opera ends with the defeat of the King by the Giant and the King's suicide. This plot indicates that at the age of nine, Prokofiev's imagination was already inspired by the violent and far from being childish narratives. In a way, his first libretto became prophetic. As an adult, Prokofiev would confront his helplessness, when his friends, relatives and his first wife Lina would be victimized by a terrible Giant – The Russian Revolution and its notorious leader, Stalin.

Let us proceed to another meaningful scene from Prokofiev's *Childhood*. Till the age of 12 Prokofiev was home-schooled. In 1903 his parents had to accept a difficult decision, where should he continue his education. The parents had opposite opinions, which led to frequent quarrels between them. One night, Prokofiev woke up from a depressing scene when he overheard his father shouting to his mother: "In that case, nothing remains for me but to shoot myself" [67, p. 105]. The boy took these words seriously

and began to cry. The parents tried to calm him down. In the end, his father began to cry too, and then he left the room.

As a child, Prokofiev felt himself guilty for the quarrels between his parents. His mother wanted to educate him in the capital, because she herself wanted and needed to move there. His father opposed this wish, because he had to stay in the estate, and he could not move with the family. On the other hand, he could not live without his wife and son. It was a deadlock. The mother won, but the father soon became gravely ill.

Is it so surprising that Prokofiev had a difficulty to express his feelings without fear of hurting either his mother or his father? Is it a surprise that he chose not to express his feelings at all? Yet the price for such tranquillity is usually high. The accumulated feelings of frustration and rage caused Prokofiev to suffer from acute headaches and later from high blood pressure.

He desperately tried to be good with everybody, but sometimes it did not work. One of the sad facts was that his firstborn son, Svyatoslav, has inherited from him a challenging aspect (90°) between the Sun and the Moon. Unfortunately, it is obvious from Prokofiev's *Diaries* that he did not want to marry his first wife Lina and he did not intend to have a child at that period of his life. His first attitude to the baby was ambivalent. The baby's crying irritated him, and he even insisted to give the child away to a nursing family. There were numerous quarrels between him and Lina about raising their son. Finally, the situation improved when Prokofiev became a practitioner of Christian Science [66].

During all his conscious life Prokofiev tried to improve his "nasty" temperament. During his conservatory years in St. Petersburg he looked for the answers in Schopenhauer's philosophy. During his years spent outside Russia he, like Grace Crane, was attracted to Christian Science teachings, which helped him diminish his inner tensions. Indeed, his second son, Oleg, was born during a quieter period of Prokofiev's life, and he did not inherit this demanding aspect. For a while, Prokofiev's spiritual work on improving his nature was efficient, but it could not solve all his health problems for a long time.

After returning to the USSR, Prokofiev could not continue his self-growth journey. His relationships with Lina were deteriorating. His intense life-style was gradually becoming more self-destructive. In 1938 he met his future second wife Mira Mendelson. 24-years younger than Prokofiev, fragile and delicate Mira also had a challenging Sun-Moon aspect (90°). She felt in love with Prokofiev and threatened him to commit suicide if he would not leave his wife.

Somebody might say that Prokofiev should not have paid attention to such childish threats. Yet it was not true in his case. During his students' years, his best friend, Max Schmidthof, committed suicide. Prokofiev felt at least partly guilty, because he did not take seriously Max's words about suicide and did not prevent it. Prokofiev could not allow himself to witness the second such tragedy.

This short sketch does not intend to retell the entire narrative of Prokofiev's contradictory life. In my book and articles, I tried to be as objective as I could by adding to his amazing story a fresh look of the *Whole-Self Prebirth Psychology* and temporological approaches [4, 63, 64]. Recently I read in the *Observer*, an interview with Lina Prokofiev's biographer, Simon Morrison. He supposed that Prokofiev's letters to Lina revealed "a real indictment of his personality." And he continued:

"I have a moral question. Prokofiev's music is some of the most emotional of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, but he was a person of very little feeling. As a biographer, you have responsibilities. As a listener, I don't think I can listen to the music the same way again. It is a harrowing story."

At least in one thing I can fully agree with Morrison. Prokofiev's life story as well as the stories of all the other cases in this study were harrowing stories. And it is true that our knowledge of

Schopenhauer's, Pascal's, Hemingway's or Bely's biographies will alter our perception of their works. Yet should we blame them? And is there any way out of those patterns?

I hope that the answer is positive. To mention just two facts. First, in the new Phoenix Year the rate of child mortality is dramatically lessened. In parallel, there are less morbid feelings of grief and fear in young families. Second, there is no more "code of honour" and there are no more pistol duels in our generation. Men and women are more open to listen to each other and to respect each other.

From the practical point of view, let us listen carefully to Prokofiev. At the age of seven, young Sergei composed his first march for four hands. He was fascinated by the cooperation of all the hands: "Each of them plays a different thing at the same time and yet together it does not sound bad at all."

In this story, like in all the previous cases, there were no "good" or "bad" guys. There were many fears and too many conflicting needs. But at the same time all those people who have chosen a creative way of self-improvement left us their oeuvre and together their voices do not sound bad at all.

### **Case 11. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis – "the Kennedy Curse" and Jackie's Legacy**

As the widowed First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy (1929-1994) became a popular object of media myth making. After John F. Kennedy's death, she became a single mother who is also remembered as a person who tried to protect her children from the notorious *Kennedy Curse* – a series of deaths, accidents, and other calamities involving members of the American Kennedy family.

Her extraordinary life was explored and commented on by numerous reporters and biographers. Unavoidably, some of their writings were full of inaccuracies or subjective opinions, but nevertheless that does not change the most well-known objective facts. On the one hand, many people envied Jacqueline for her beauty, intelligence, wealth, fame, power and life full of excitement and glamour. Liz Smith wrote that Jackie was "the Kennedy Blessing" and for more than five decades she captured people's imaginations "as no other woman has or probably ever will again in our time" [69]. On the other hand, Jacqueline is seen by many people as a tragic historical female figure. Married to a complex man, her life was kept in the public eye. For many decades she was haunted by multiple losses, violent deaths, personal destruction and the unbearable price she was requested to pay for her achievements. As a result, she is often depicted as a strong undefeated person whose survival was attributed to the less known, mysterious side of Jacqueline, which was described by Liz Smith as "an impenetrable air of reticence and spiritual-psychic secrets" [69].

Like in all the other cases, born on July 28, 1929 with a challenging Sun-Moon aspect (90°), Jacqueline (known also as Jackie) was described as a person with extremely complex character, being the most attractive, exasperating, intelligent and frustrating historical icon.

Sadly, Jackie declared: "I want to live my life, not record it." It is a pity that she did not leave her memories written in her own words. It is especially frustrating that the earliest part of her life, as well as the last part of it, has generally been minimized by her biographers. Fortunately, some authors tried to reconstruct Jackie's life using her own words from letters and public interviews [70, 71]. Although such records are less informative than the recollections of Bely or Prokofiev, they at least give us a clue to her troubled childhood and youth and enable us to find out common lines with all the previous cases.

The sad fact was that Jackie's early life became shattered by her parents' acrimonious divorce. Her mother, Janet Norton Lee (1907-1989) was the daughter of a lawyer of Irish descent. In 1928 she married John Vernou Bouvier III (1891-1957). He was the eldest son of Major John Vernou Bouvier Jr. (1866-1948), a successful attorney whose family gathered from France, Scotland and England. Both families were



Catholic, both were proud of achieving the immigrant's highest dreams and becoming wealthy, respectful and influential members of their communities.

Janet's marriage seemed to be a successful pairing and this merry event was attended by more than five hundred guests. The groom was a stockbroker, a young son of a millionaire, a handsome charmer whom young women found irresistible. The bride was an accomplished horsewoman.

The couple had two daughters, Jackie and Lee (1933-2019). Their father was not happy to have a second daughter. He wanted a son, and he had a clear preference for the elder daughter. Their close relationship often excluded Lee. Both daughters, in their turn, preferred their permissive father to their demanding mother.

The bright facts about Jackie's early years were that she grew up having a generally privileged lifestyle. The dark side of Jackie's childhood related to the family's dim secrets. Her father was nicknamed by friends and foes as "Black Jack," mainly because of his vice-filled lifestyle and gambling addiction. D. Porter writes in his biography that he was "a hedonist, a rogue, a gambler, a scoundrel, a rascal, a libertine, and a heartbreaker. He led a dissolute life which featured promiscuous sex and reckless spending" [72]. Right from Jackie's birth, the life in the house turned into continuous battles between the parents. They separated in 1936. Eventually John's gambling and philandering led to the couple's divorce in 1940, with the press publishing intimate details of the split [73]. The scandal was enormous. Jacqueline was deeply affected by the divorce and subsequently had a "tendency to withdraw frequently into a private world of her own." After the divorce, her mother, Janet, continued to treat her ex-husband as her enemy. "For years, Jackie and Lee would hear nothing but vitriolic diatribes against Jack by Janet (and, in turn, against Janet by Jack)" [73].

As a young, beautiful, well-educated woman with a razor-sharp sense of humour, Jacqueline was attracted to a brilliant and handsome John Kennedy, who by "coincidence" was also born with a challenging Sun-Moon aspect (90°). They married in 1954. Jacqueline's mother was so vindictive that she forbade the bride's father to attend the wedding and threatened to cause a scene if he arrived at the church. Jackie loved her dad, and she never forgave her mother for what she did to him that day [73]. Sadly, the day of her wedding was marred by her parents' continuing resentment and battles. Nevertheless, Jacqueline's ability to hide her feelings was amazing. One of her closest friends remembered that her seemingly serene face in fact was "a look of absolute fury."

It is unnecessary to remind here that under the surface Jackie and John Kennedy had a tumultuous marriage, and that, like her father, her husband JFK had an array of mistresses. How did it affect their family life? Whatever the reasons might be, one tragedy followed the other. In the book *A Thousand Days* by the historian Arthur Schlesinger we read that Jacqueline Kennedy and JFK had five children in ten years, of whom only two survived the first year. In 1955 Jackie was pregnant and waiting for a girl, whom she wanted to name Arabella. Tragically, it was a stillborn child. A year later Jacqueline was pregnant again, yet the child was stillborn again. The great joy of birth of their daughter, Caroline (b.1957) and that of their son John F. Kennedy Jr (1960-1999), was followed by another tragedy. In 1963, their second son Patrick died just two days after his birth, and three months before his father's assassination. Sadly, John F. Kennedy Jr. was also born with his parents challenging aspect between the Sun and the Moon. His life was also full of losses and violence. His father was killed three days before John's third birthday. His mother was deeply depressed and lived in a perpetual fear for the lives of her children. His uncle Robert was killed when little John was eight years old. His mother died of cancer in 1994. At the age of 38 he fulfilled his mother's worst fears and died in a plane crash.

Back to Jacqueline's life. When JFK was killed in 1963, she was grief-stricken. It was claimed that her mother and younger sister, Lee Radziwill, feared she would harm herself. She could not sleep, she had

nightmares and often threatened suicide. Taraborrelli wrote that Jackie was given a lot of medication and she spent quite "a few years really not in her mind" [74].

During the coming years Jacqueline relied heavily on her brother-in-law Robert F. Kennedy. When he decided to run for presidency, she worried about his safety. Despite her concerns, Jacqueline campaigned for Robert and supported him. The next tragedy came on June 5, 1968, when Robert was killed. No surprise that Jacqueline had a relapse of her depression she had suffered in the days following her husband's assassination. Barbara Leaming vividly described her pain which finally led her to seek professional help:

"The old invasive memories, nightmares, and 'difficult times' persisted, as did those strange moments when, exclusive of any act of will on her part, intimations of danger and doom became manifest in her body, which 'remembered' what had happened in 1963 and 1968, and therefore remained in a permanent state of alert for the next attack in whatever form it threatened to take. Jackie's decision to seek psychiatric treatment was a huge step, an important acknowledgement that she needed help" [75, p. 277].

Jacqueline came to fear for her life and those of her children and wanted to get out of the USA. It is interesting to remind here that while Schopenhauer felt himself homeless, Jackie's belief was: "The trouble with me is that I'm an outsider. And that's a very hard thing to be in American life."

On October 20, 1968, she married her Greek friend Aristotle Onassis (1906-1975). She hoped that he would be able to provide the privacy and security she sought. Yet the tragedies continued. In 1973 Onassis's son Alexander died in a plane crash. Afterwards Aristotle Onassis' health deteriorated rapidly, and he died at the age of 69.

After her second husband's death Jacqueline had a strength of will to develop her independent career. Her pathway to enlightenment included books. She began to reinvent and transform herself as a literary editor and writer. This was a huge step for her. Looking back, she reflected: "What is sad for women of my generation is that they weren't supposed to work if they had families."

The carrier brought a short relief. Yet like in Prokofiev's case it could not solve all the problems. As the life went on, the violent accidents continued to come back. In 1993 Jacqueline was thrown from her horse while participating in a fox hunt in Middleburg, Virginia. Following this accident her health began to deteriorate rapidly. She was diagnosed with cancer and in 1994 she began chemotherapy. She died the same year at the age of 64.

Her colleagues remembered that Jackie had her share of idiosyncrasies, foibles, and character flaws. Yet she touched many lives, her fate having led her onto the pages of history. As a woman of a new generation she spoke to her contemporaries, urging women to achieve something irreconcilable: to be first of all the mothers, but at the same time not to give up their professional aspirations. To people of both genders she reminded: "If you mess up your children, nothing else you do really matters."

As a mother, a wife and at the same time a much venerated celebrity, she left us one of the most universal messages: "Even though people may be well known, they hold in their hearts the emotions of a simple person for the moments that are the most important of those we know on earth: birth, marriage and death."

She could not say that her own life was an example to be followed. She did not see herself as a spiritual teacher. She saw herself neither as a fighter, nor as a philosopher, but rather as a survivor:

"I think my biggest achievement is that, after going through a rather difficult time, I consider myself comparatively sane" [71].

In the introduction to this chapter I wrote that according to Lundstedt, the people with the Sun-Moon challenging aspects should seek spiritual development. As if echoing this statement, Jacqueline in her legacy reveals the sources of her inner strength and the reasons for her weakness: "If you cut people off from what nourishes them spiritually, something in them dies" [71].

Jacqueline belonged to a generation of the first phase of the new Phoenix Year. Maybe she made many mistakes, but she gave all the women of the world a new hope for meaningful life. She also tried to encourage each person in his/her ability to make a difference:

*"One [person] can make a difference and every[one] should try."*

A concluding personal remark: I hesitated whether to include this case in this study, since it lacks Jacqueline's first-hand prenatal experiences and Jacqueline's personal feelings about her relationships with her brilliant but promiscuous husband, JFK. Yet we can feel the tensed atmosphere of the family. We can touch Jackie's frustrations and grief. And we can give Jacqueline's legacy a new chance by at least trying to make a difference. Her belief in the ability of a single person to make a difference was the most meaningful conclusion of her own spiritual work, and I hope that we can diminish the level of violence by encouraging conscious respect, kindness and love inside our own families.

#### **Case 12. BD – The Intensity of Pain**

This concluding case does not tell a story of a well-known person. On the contrary, I try to conceal the real name of BD, and for that I even must somewhat alter a few details. Nevertheless, this contemporary story brings us even closer to the roots of the self-destructiveness.

BD was born in Israel on one of the full moons of 1942. Her parents were refugees from Eastern Europe who succeeded in flight from the Holocaust. They came to Israel penniless. All their relatives died in the Holocaust. BD was born into the dark atmosphere of fears, instability, grief and poverty. After the birth, her mother was exhausted. She became gravely ill and died when BD was just one year old.

BD's father was devastated. He could not take care of his baby daughter. With all the sorrow he had to give her away to an orphanage. Unimaginable as it can be, she remembers her horror to stay in the orphanage. She hated every moment of being there. She cried, but nothing could help the poor baby.

After three long years as a widower, her father met a nice and kind woman. The second wife of BD's father was a survivor of Auschwitz concentration camp. She lost her family in the Holocaust and could not have any more children of her own. Her first wish was to bring BD home. That was one of the best periods in the girl's life. Of course, the atmosphere in her new-old home remained as gloomy as we can imagine in those days, yet it was HER home, and she sincerely loved her stepmother.

Days went on, and BD decided to become a medical doctor. She was a bright student who studied hard and worked to support her parents. Eventually the girl became a good doctor who tried to help other people to avoid the tragedy of early parental loss.

While BD's career was developing successfully, her personal life was not successful at all. She was married twice, both times for about half a year. She felt guilty for "killing" her biological mom. Thinking about her basic family triad father-mother-child, she decided that as a child she was a sole cause of her mom's death and her father's grief and misery. She did not want children and had two abortions. Her third pregnancy ended in miscarriage. Afterwards she had a hysterectomy and could not have any more children.

After the death of her parents she remained alone. In her forties she became interested in the spiritual development. She studied Jung's works and practiced meditations. Her work of self-growth widened dramatically her healing abilities. She began introducing alternative medicine into her common practice. The results were amazing, and people were thankful to their healer.

Today, in her late seventies, BD feels that she still can help many people. She told me that reading stories of other remarkable people with similar problems brings her a relief. And she added: "Such inner split as I had experienced is still too painful to be touched directly." Therefore, an opportunity to see it like in a film about other people is a blessing for her. The understanding that her spiritual work is her inborn necessity brought her to a conclusion that it is time to stop looking for whom to blame for her suffering. Like Bely, she recites an affirmation: "It is my responsibility and my lesson in life. The Creator and cosmos brought me in this special timing to reconcile different Elements and different people."

Is BD happy? I cannot know. But I do know that: she does not feel angry or miserable anymore. She reached that point of her life when she accepts that it is impossible to change the past, but it is worth changing our attitude towards it.

### **The Mother-Father-Child Triad**

Mother and Father are engaged in a perpetual dialogue about nurturing, teaching and learning. Our behavior may shape our children's identities within our own conscious or unconscious wishes, dreams and desires. Despite our best intentions, each of the parents may both contradict the other and interrupt or hinder the child's own dreams of his or her life-path, and vice-versa. Each child can change his or her parent's life in a profound way when his/her timing of birth may catch them at the most challenging moments of their lives.

The main difference is that the parents are already adult people who are responsible for their actions and words. The little children cannot yet either talk or act as responsible human beings. They are learning from adults to express themselves in the most appropriate way for them.

When the parental dialogue is conducted in a non-confrontational way, with the feelings of self-worth as well as with respect and kindness to the other human beings, the child may eagerly follow such a pattern. There is a good chance that as an adult such a child will respect versatility and become a tolerant and kind human being. On the contrary, when each parent is trying to alienate the child from their spouses or the outer world, the child feels torn apart and outraged. He might develop a violent and stern personality.

Is it possible to find a middle way and to reconcile all the contradictive needs and strivings of all the members of that triad? One of the suggestions for solving this problem is to gain an understanding that while our entire life is a process of learning and self-growth, the learning is done by collaboration and conversation with the others. The difference between the four Elements, which are the basic constituents of the creation, makes this world ever changing and ever living [4, 8, 76]. When there will be a struggle between them, there will be no versatility, the world would become dull and stagnation will overpower it. Our respect to the importance of all the Elements in us (namely to all the wishes, dreams, feelings and actions) may contribute to the more harmonious relationships in the triad.

### **Conclusions**

Believing in the cosmic rhythms and cycles, Bely claimed that "It's not me who is to blame, but time." In my research I do confirm Bely's intuitive insights about cyclicity. He is right: each epoch has its specific limitations which can create the tensions between the generations. On the contrary, I cannot share his attitude of blaming either his parents or his times. Time should not be identified with immutable fate.

What has been done wrong or spoiled by the generations of our parents can be improved through gaining new knowledge, awareness and kind understanding. Success depends, however, on both: proper deliberation and proper timing. It is our responsibility to find out and to name the causes of the past misunderstandings in order that the endings of past faults may be followed by new beginnings.

In those memoirs we saw how the children were influenced by the conflicts between their parents. There is no doubt that a strong authority is needed in the family; this is represented by the parents. When the parents respect each other's personalities and both respect their child's unique needs and temperament, then the family is in harmony, and the baby's inborn inclinations are properly taken care of and nourished.

The family is a tiniest cell or an embryo of the society. When harmonic family ties are created, they will be gradually widened to include all the human relationships. But when the parents do not respect each other and do not respect the child's own needs, such attitude can lead the offspring to resent their parents. As a result, frustration, hatred, and violence are created and propagated.

After many years of lecturing and educating I presume that our most important long-life lessons are the ones we learn at home from our families. Our parents may not be teaching us sciences, arts or poetry, but they can teach us the lessons of kindness, respect and gratitude. The challenge of improving relationships in the family cell might be not easy, but the efforts of setting human values for the future and stirring up current public opinion can become praiseworthy.

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