

FICTION



**PSYCHOANALYSIS OF CHILDHOOD
FEARS, OR BEHIND GRANDFATHER
FREUD`S BACK IN THE FRAME OF
ANXIETY / AT THE STAGE OF PHANTASMS**

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This text may be of interest to both proponents of intellectual literature in general and sympathizers of Sigmund Freud's psychoanalysis in particular. However, the promise of an intellectual game is already implied by the title of the story: the terrain 'behind Dr. Freud's back' concerns those psychoanalysts who have transformed his teachings in many ways. Their traces accompany both the scriptor and the character of his session, a child at a crisis age (six and a half years old): in the aspect described by the author of philosophical (structural) psychoanalysis Jacques Lacan, those who behind Freud / after Freud, emerging in the mirror stage of child's development behind their back, turn out to be possible analogues of that universal symbolic Other, which, in relation to the Ideal Self and the Self-Ideal, brings to the stage their fantasy about the most important loss / the greatest desire to return – the agalma. As a parallel to mother's womb, it has a figurative equivalent in the story, that is an abandoned, waterless pool. The mirror never emerges in the text, but here is its main effect, the objectification of what could not be revealed in any other way, what a human being could never know about himself, as well as it's impossible to see his own eyes without a mirror, a view from the side, within limited limits, for a short time, before the eyes of the stormy world, under the circumstances of control deprivation

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/ prohibition by adults, in anxious anticipation of the elimination of domesticated / humanized feelings by the breakthrough of the avalanche of horror. That works as the Freudian Unheimlich. In the story, this hidden position behind Dr. Freud allows the interpretation of various psychoanalytic stereotypes (Oedipus complex, antithetics / war of Έρωσ and Θάνατος, castration complex as a traumatic experience of helplessness etc.) in a new, more complex way. The story belongs to the category of those texts that provoke the anxiety of micro-interpretation, attracting it and at the same time questioning its effectiveness: the territory of the story is a place reminding the ruins of the pool / drying the moisture of the unconscious under the fire of consciousness. A possible basis and impetus for micro-interpretation could be given by J. Lacan, whose 10th book of seminars, held at the turn of 1962/1963, is available to everyone in Alexandr Tchernoglazov's Russian translation: "L'ANGOISSE" / «ТРИ-БОГА» / "Anxiety"* (2010).

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Psychoanalysis of childhood fears, or behind grandfather Freud's back

Scene # 1

A resort town with tourists, with their number is four times the population of it. We learn about it from the newspapers, carried by the wind along the deserted street. A storm warning. You are about six years old. She's about the same age. You are sitting in an empty pool near an abandoned boarding house, the name of which has been erased from your memory by the time. The pool walls are high and slippery. The ladder which helped you go down is lying next to you, yellow with rust. You are sitting with your elbows on the slippery cold wall and your friend's head rests on your lap. She's crying, and you're trying to calm her down. You say that soon someone will come and find you. You take a deep breath. You run your hand through her long hair. You're trying not to look at her right leg, the skin on which seems stretched and reddened. You're trying not to look there, but you fail. You notice a bump, a little red bump on her leg. This is where the fragile child's bone broke. Creepy. You feel sorry for her, but you find yourself being glad to stay with her in this pool. You're



glad to touch her hair. And keep her head on your lap. But you keep repeating that soon someone will find and save you. Get you out of here. You're whispering this, and understand at the same time that you want to extend this day, even at the cost of girl's pain. You don't want to be found and you admit it to yourself. But not to her. And she's waiting. You're giving her hope. It's drizzling, all right.

The pool in which you're sitting is designed for both children and adults, or rather, for adults with children. This is due to its middle-sized construction. The pool is an artificial reservoir and you know about it even in your six-something. You are trying to keep your childish mind from thinking that the feelings you have for your captive are also artificial. Yes, she is your captive, only with the difference that she does not know that she is in captivity. The storm warning has locked tourists in hotels, hostels, local homes and no one will come to your aid. You understand this, but after repeating the phrase «They will come, they will find and take us out of here» several times, you forget about it and you yourself begin to believe in your lies. Nobody will come. Rescuers are searching along the coastline. Nobody will come. Adults are drinking in their rooms so that an extra day of their well-deserved vacation wouldn't associate with boredom and lack of memories. They are engaged in creating memories of a fabulous vacation by the sea and they have forgotten about you. Nobody's coming. But you've already stopped believing in it. And when you believe, you are afraid and lie again.

Scene # 2

Have you made up your mind to build a pool in your backyard? Our company will help you choose a pool and make the best choice. Building a swimming pool today is a reality! Make your dream come true right now by calling +38 (098) 62-65-4 **

Scene # 3

You are still stroking her hair. And she is crying. Your meeting began with her tears. But she's crying over and over again. She takes breaks. Stops. Approaches. And then again she's overwhelmed with self-pity, and tears start dripping onto your short shorts. The fabric darkens because of tears. It forms small circles. But they're growing larger and larger with each of her thoughts about the hopelessness of the situation and with your every breath of pleasure. Yes, you're happy – for the first time under the pressure. She is unhappy for the first time for the same reason. This is how your childhood will be remembered. And also that phrase: everything will be all right.

By the way, as for the phrase. By uttering these words of comfort, you're imitating

your father. When you were a little younger, he told you that everything would be fine, that everything would work out every time you'd been crying. And you believed him. And you stopped crying. But it doesn't work now. She doesn't stop. And you don't know what to do next. You just don't know other words. Once you were running, very fast. It seems like you were running from an angry dog. And you fell. You fell on the asphalt. You bruised the skin on your knees and palms. There was blood flowing. But for the first time you felt you could endure pain. You didn't like it, of course, but you could put up with it. And you didn't cry for the first time. You didn't cry and your father didn't tell you anything. So now you don't know what to say to her next. Her leg is very swollen. It scares you. But you don't tell her anything. Both of you are too short to climb out of the pool without the ladder that literally fell apart as you descended. First, She fell, and the ladder fell on Her. A rusty shard of stairs of a non-operating pool, located by an abandoned boarding house, and you still do not remember its name.

Scene # 4

The rain. Now it leaves his marks on your shorts. The drain is clogged with what looks like a dead cat, but you're scared to walk up and check. Moreover, you do not want to leave her for a single moment. The first puddle forms in the far corner.

"I'm afraid of dying," She declares. For the first time in her short life, She felt the presence of Death. - I am very afraid of dying.

"I'm not," you say. And you are telling the truth. While She first thought about Death, you first thought about Love. You really think that you are in love with Her, but you are not sure yet, because you have often heard from adults that Love is not as simple as people think about it. And it turns out that Death is known to you only by one of its facets - Love.

Scene # 5

It's a theatre stage. There is a projector on it. A video is projected onto a white canvas - your childhood, distorted exactly as much as your memory could distort it. You can't see your face or torso, only two clumsy baby hands, legs in beige sandals (your mother liked this color) and a small shadow. You found a chick. It was lying under a tree. You never liked birds. Couldn't know whether you like them or not. But at least was never interested in them. And you liked this chick. It attracted you not by its gray feathers, not for the sharpness of its beak, but by its helplessness. You could protect it from the outside world. You could feel your importance. Perform a selfless



act of kindness. And your hands lifted a fluffy shaking body from the ground. They pressed it to your chest. To the chest where a kind child's heart was beating. You ran home. You imagined how your mother would be delighted with this creature. How you'd feed it pizza and chips together. But the chicks don't eat pizza or chips, your mother told you. Chicks have no place in an apartment. Take it back. Immediately! You tried to argue. Nobody listened to you. Neither your mother, nor your father. No one. You were not allowed to do a good deed. You were denied your act of mercy. You had no choice but to take the dark side, or so you thought. There were no more colors in your world except for black and white. Either yes or no. All or nothing. You will be with me or no one else. And you killed the chick. You buried it under the tree where you'd found it. Your hands were cold. It was getting dark. You took a large stone. So big it was hard to hold. And you dealt with it in three fatal blows. In fact, the chick died from the first. You will forever remember how his wings, not fully formed yet, were shaking. No, mom, please let me leave it, you begged. You see, it's just fluff on its head, it's not from disease, just fluff. But she glanced upon you with her stern look, which filled you with fear. And you killed the chick. Now it's always yours. But you didn't save it. Now it belongs only to you forever.

Scene # 6

What are 6-year-olds talking about? At this age, they actively imitate the adult world in their role-playing games. You will be my husband and I will be your wife. I will be your boss, and you will work for me. Yellow fallen leaves will be our money. Tear off a piece - this is your change. What about the salary? Buy a plantain from me, sooner or later you will fall and cry! But you don't cry from the bruises anymore. You endure. Your parents tolerate your naive questions. Sometimes it amuses them. Sometimes it's a bit irritating. But they put up with you. You endure pain. They hurt each other in a different way. All adults for some reason hurt each other. This is their game. Such a game. With abstract rules. Sometimes they play and replay. They forget that this is a game. They don't play at all. But they endure. Adults often have to endure. They expect too much from the world. Therefore, they are often disappointed. Come up with alcohol. Come up with vacations. Get drunk. You never liked it when your parents got drunk. But you put up with them. And the world tolerates them, too. Life is tolerable. There is another word - bearable. But usually 6-year-olds don't know this word. Let's build sand castles! Shall we? But there is no sand in the deep pools. Artificial reservoir. Artificial senses in an artificially created situation. A storm

warning. You have the ability to save me. Just save me. But you want to wait a bit. A little. Just a little bit. Life is bearable. And you say that you can play doctor and patient. You have no idea how to imitate the hospital, when one of the toys turns out to be real blood, slowly flowing over the tiles, flowing into a small puddle at the feet of your captive. Or a patient. You see the rain aiming at this red spot of your general helplessness. Bloody tunnels form at the joints of the tiles. Red threads. Smooth red threads. 90-degree turn. She says she doesn't mind you trying. Says you are courageous enough to be a doctor. Then she doubts. Asks if a doctor should be courageous. And you know the answer. It comes off your bright red lips. Your voice sounds: «The doctor should be able to endure, even if he does not hurt.» Passable. You have defended your right to be her attending physician. This cannot continue. She lifts her head from your lap and you get up. You feel a slight tingling sensation in your feet. Numbness. Everything will be alright. The pool of blood scares you. Everything will be alright. You are standing. You think this is probably what the Red Sea looks like. But your resort is located by the Black Sea. Although it is not black at all. Adult games are comprehensible only for adults. Overcoming disgust, you touch her leg, right by this red bump. She groans. She's in pain. You immediately move your hand aside. You put it behind the head. You are already touching your hair. You don't know what to do next. She doesn't know either. The walls of the pool are treacherously silent. You first get acquainted with Love and watch how helpless it is. You don't even know if you want to love. To play Love - yes. But love? You want it to be you who saved her. Who pulled her out of this pool. To whom she would be grateful all her Life. Someday you will grow up and you will live in a big house. By that day, everything will definitely be fine for a long time. Words have an expiration date. You will definitely build a pool in your backyard as a reminder. For her. You are such a dreamer. But that is why in the back pocket of your children's shorts there is an ad with the text: « Have you made up your mind to build a pool in the backyard of your house? Our company will help you choose a pool and make the best choice ...»

Scene # 7

Doctor, please do your best, your mother cries. Her persistence comes from cruelty, and her cruelty comes from helplessness. Your throat hurt. Your throat was very sore. The doctor said the tonsils should be pulled out. You were scared. Your childish hands were shaking. As much as the unformed wings of the chick you'd killed. The father said: «Everything will be fine.» You have already learned to endure pain.



You didn't need those words anymore. And for some reason he repeated them. Then you thought something was wrong with your father. Why does he always say the same thing? Before the surgery, your parents promised that they would take you to the sea when you recovered. And you loved that promise. You agreed. You imagined yourself going into the salty sea water and you wanted to get to the surgery faster so that you could begin to recover as soon as possible. The operation was not long to come. It was painful. And you could endure this pain. But it was the most severe pain you had ever endured in your 6 years. You cried. But you didn't want anyone other than the doctor to see those tears. You didn't want to hear your father's voice and see your mother's eyes. You felt like a chick. You thought it had been in pain. But you saved it. Now it's your turn to receive a portion of the forced salvation. This is just a game. You almost felt like an adult.

Scene # 8

Her body, damp from the rain, was sweating. You made a second attempt to touch her broken leg. She screamed. You were at a loss. Something broke in you. You didn't know what to do. The third attempt also ended with a scream. With a crash. And you hit her. Slapped her face. The skin on her cheek turned red. You watched the scarlet color of her cheeks change shades. Getting brighter. More noticeable. More reproachful. You took a step back. You were ashamed. You took off your shirt. Without saying a word, you moved a piece of rusty staircase. It was heavy. You tied her leg to it. You apologized. She pretended not to hear. But you knew she had heard it. You knew that.

Scene # 9

In this scene from your childhood, the wind noticeably increased. Trees, the tops of which were visible from the bottom of the slippery pit, swayed from side to side. The trees creaked. I'm scared, She said. You were scared, too. You repeated that everything would be fine, and you promised yourself not to repeat these words again. You didn't want to be like your father in anything. He pushed you away. You didn't trust him. He always spoke to you in templates. You didn't know the word «template» yet, but you already realized how unpleasant it was. Your mother cried at night. He spoke with templates with her, too. You still had to grow up and choose frames for yourself, put them together in a cozy house and never go beyond its limits. You were free now. But as soon as Marya Nikolaevna dictated the definition of freedom at the Russian language class, you'd understand that you had lost it. Yet now you have it.

The cold pool walls give you a new memory. Impression. You will protect it. And cherish. First, you will become its master. Then – its slave. Then you will try to take it out on someone. You will pretend that nothing like this has ever happened at all. You will try not to notice deep in yourself the masochist who held this helpless little girl captive. You will fail. And you will know what vice is. You will fall even deeper. This will be the bottom of your imaginary pool. Why are you keeping her here? Because you think you love her? You can jump high enough to grab the edge. You could pull yourself up and climb up. You could find rescuers. You know that all the lifeguards are searching along the coastline. Now. But you don't. Jumping, you do not give all the best. You pretend the floor is too slippery and the edge is too far away. At the moment of the jump, your arms are bent. But She does not notice it. You are the only one who happened to be with her at this moment. And she trusts you. You are her savior. An angel. She thinks she couldn't have held out here long enough without you. She needs your presence. She thinks that if you weren't here, she would go crazy. Drowned in my own tears. The wind is getting stronger. It's getting dark.

Scene # 10

It's getting dark. But it is not yet dark enough for parents to come to their senses, tear themselves away from plastic cups with alcohol, from the fun and noise of a good mood, and remember their children. It is not yet dark enough to remember responsibilities. Not dark enough to try on a stressful outfit. It's not dark enough yet to sober up and go to the rescue. Even if this help ruins your son's dream of a large private home with a backyard pool.

Scene # 11

When you asked your mother to describe 5 happiest moments of her childhood, she said she couldn't do it. It surprised you. Childhood was in your hands, you felt happy, but you did not want to believe that it would pass and that one day you would not be able to remember it. Like your mother. But time passed slowly. Time seemed to be something viscous and endless. One event created a day, and that day dragged on for weeks. Empty cells were filled with new events. You felt like a character of a very long film. You wanted to tape your life. You told your parents about it. And they gave you a video camera. And you filmed. You filmed how you spend your day. Your parents loved watching your films. It gave them peace of mind. You thought you had talent. You filmed your friends. They were shy of the camera. You weren't, but you were the director. You loved the rain. You found the rain beautiful. You liked getting



wet under it. But it upset you that the rain looked no better than the TV interference on the recording. This is how you learned to be disappointed. And now you knew that your future home, the house that you are building in your imagination, in reality may turn out to be completely different. But you were ready to buy a home with a very small pool. You were ready.

Scene# 12

When an impromptu splint was applied to the leg. When the resentment for the slap faded away. When dreams of a fabulous future became clear, like reality. The rain intensified and made Her shiver with cold. You tied her leg to the ladder. On the one hand, it was first aid. The role of the doctor had been successfully fulfilled. On the other hand, these were shackles and a guarantee of her non-escape. Anchor. You liked being in control of the situation. Your father and mother fought so often. You never understood why they did it. Your mother yelled at your father for turning on the light in the corridor when he goes to the toilet. He said he did it automatically. Reflex, he explained. And she chided him with the electricity bill. You thought that you would not quarrel with Her. You didn't give a damn about electricity and your bills. You wanted to love. Love Her. Only Her and no one else. Perhaps your mother. But definitely not your father. Everything will be fine, dad. Everything will be fine.

Scene # 13

Your bedroom will be on the second floor, you dreamed. And you'd hang blinds on the windows. White ones. And there will be cacti everywhere. Lots of thorny cacti. Of all the houseplants you loved only them. But what did She love? You have never asked this question. You had the answer. She loved everything that you love. This usually happens in films. If She didn't love cacti, you would not have a desire to keep her in this pool. But you kept Her. «When are they coming for us?» She asked in a childish voice. You took it as an insult, but still squeezed out a smile and replied: «Soon. Of course, they will come for us soon.»

Scene # 14

This «for us» meant that they would come for Her. They will come to tear you apart. It scared you. The opposite frightened her. You have not expressed your desires. There was a wall of misunderstanding between you. This is how it should be, you thought, this is how it should be. Different motives for doing the same thing. And in your case that was waiting. You have been waiting for different events. Your dreams. Her ordinary salvation. But for some reason it seemed to you that the house

with the pool would happen much earlier than the lifeguards who accidentally would come here from the beach or adults. No one will save us, you thought, because there is nothing to save us from. Meanwhile, more and more puddles were forming in the pool.

Scene # 15

Apart from the bedroom, your study will be located on the second floor. Your father had one. You thought that every man should have a similar place where he can read newspapers with an intelligent look. You could imagine your future study in the smallest detail. You've always had a good imagination. When you go to school you will write wonderful compositions. You will be praised by the teachers. You will light up a new dream - to become a journalist, but that will come later. Now your beige sandals are splashing in the puddles in the pool. You cannot find a place for yourself. What color will the cactus pots be? You are puzzled. You go in circles. It annoys her. She asks you to stop. But you don't hear Her. Your dreams speak louder. Brown ceramic pots add a touch of coziness to your home. And the white plastic ones are strict. Stop walking in circles, She screams. You stop. You're surprised.

Scene # 16

Never shout at me, you say rudely. Your tone scares Her. She feels even more unprotected than a minute ago, although even then it already seemed to her that She was near the line. Why do you think you can yell at me?! You're not my mother! He needed to be in charge. Even as a child, his voice had a salty taste of tyranny. Little Hitler in wet shorts stuck at the bottom of the pool. Nobody can yell at me! (Especially if that someone is my property). You played husband and wife. She didn't notice when this game started. You didn't give a warning when you started. Didn't announce the title. Didn't say start. Forgot. You were scared. According to the rules, she must obey you. This is what happens in ordinary families. You are the doctor's wife. You are a journalist's wife. You are Hitler's wife. Therefore, be so kind as to close your little mouth!

Scene # 17

The rain has intensified. Has turned into a downpour. Where was your camcorder that day? You wanted to capture these events. What a pity that it is impossible to film your dreams, you thought, and it upsets you. Project your fantasies onto the white surface of the screen, onto the mirror. Alas. Over the past half an hour, all the puddles at the bottom of the pool have merged into a big one. This is how oceans form, you



thought. This creates an ocean of pain, she thought. The pain is white. This means that this ocean should also be called white. The White Sea. The water is clear. The tears are transparent. Little things rule the world. Both of you have made a silent journey from a teardrop to the ocean and back. How long does it take for the pool to fill up with rainwater and put an end to it? An hour? Two? The whole night? How long could you play? Continue your wicked game. Parents would not approve of this. If they knew what you were doing right now, they would definitely put you in a corner. But they won't know, you think. You're a hero. Without you, a certain someone might have gone mad. You are her only connection to the rational world. This is how it looks from the outside. You play several games at the same time.

Scene # 18

She asked to help her up. To sit down so that she would be leaning against the wall. She couldn't stand. She couldn't lie, either. You helped her. It was an excuse to touch her body. And you did it with pleasure. The water was almost covering her legs. Ten centimeters, you thought, maybe a little more. These must be ceramic pots, you have made your choice. Comfort is more important. And blinds can be replaced with curtains. Beige. Your mother loves this color and it was not for nothing that she made you buy these sandals. So, all the girls like beige. All the girls you like.

You watched her shiver. You listened to her teeth chattering. The skin of her hands was covered with small dots. You hardly distinguished them in the darkness, but you were still able to see a bit. She didn't look at you and you asked her why. She did not understand what you were asking about. She couldn't read your mind and that surprised you. Your mother always knew what you were thinking. Knew what you wanted. She had always indulged your desires. But she didn't. It upset you. But you thought that time would fix it. Another template from your father. You graciously talked to him when the mother was somewhere in the vicinity and fell silent when she was away. You wanted to please your mother. You knew she was pleased to see you get along well with your father. But you didn't care what your father thought. You didn't believe he could make up his ideas in any other way. Everything will be fine. Time cures. Everything will be alright. Time will pass and everything will fall into place. Sorry, dad. He was that chick of yours. You wanted to be kind to him, but your mother would not let that happen. You wanted to be nice to your father, but if your mother no longer needed it, you'd gladly take him to the same tree and finish him off. You'd even be happier without a father. You could take his place in the double bed. You liked

sleeping with your mother. If your father were suddenly gone, you wouldn't need to hold this pretty hostage here at all. You would play completely different games. Since mother will never die. She knows everything, and even the recipe of the eternal youth. She's very beautiful. Why did she choose your father? Where did she get it? Why does she need him? You could replace him, you thought, still walking in circles. The water made it more and more difficult to walk. Every step you took formed a wave. You were these waves. They crashed against the pliant body of the captive. But she never asked you to stop again. She was afraid to speak.

Scene # 19

The evening was noisy. You were silent, but nature spoke for you. The rain with all its body was falling on the smooth surface of the clear water, it had formed itself. The drops were falling quietly, but fought off the invisibility of the liquid surface with the noise of an indignant housewife who had lost Love in the dust, the liquidation of which she herself had devoted her entire period of maturity. Drop. Time is running. Drop. Running away like water. Drop. There is nothing left but to endure. Drop. No one will come to an aging abandoned housewife or to you.

Why aren't our parents looking for us, she found her voice. Because nobody believes in storm warnings, you thought. But you said something else: "Don't worry, they are looking! Just let them save us. «She kept silence for a moment, deeply lost in thought. This "let" was taken out of context with a tinge of ambiguity. Let me be with you for a little longer. Let me save myself this way. Let my dreams stay alive. Let me extend this game.

Water. She worried both her and you. The water was coming. The water lasted for hours. The water was time. Look what this hole is clogged with, she asked. You didn't realize right away that she was referring to the drain hole. And when you did, you were not happy with her request. You didn't want to leave her. You were not afraid of her escape, though. The ship was stopped with an anchor. You were afraid of something else and could not understand what of exactly. But still you made up your mind. You managed a short trip of ten baby steps to the opposite side of the pool. It seemed to you that the drain hole was clogged with the corpse of a cat. Turned out it really was. The corpse of a cat. Fucking cats. A thin one. Death had mutilated its body. It wasn't cute and fluffy anymore. Empty eye sockets. Looks like your father when he's drunk. That's how you saw him. That's what he looked like in your mind. As a skinny corpse of a cat. As a slain chick. Death and its reverse side which is Love. Father



and his reverse side which is mother. The two make up a whole. The whole wants to change. Otherwise to destroy. Mutilate. So what is there, she asks you. You've been standing there for about a minute. You didn't do anything. Just watching. It's a dead cat, you say. And you are telling the truth. You finally tell her the truth. She begins to cry with renewed vigor. A cat? She asks this again. You don't answer, just mentally pronounce the answer – ever so slowly: «Ca-a-a-a-at.»

Scene # 20

Try to pull it out of there, she asks. That's rude. It Rude it is to ask someone to touch the corpse of a cat. It is impudent to ask someone to touch the body of Death. If Life is something common and bearable than Death is something purely individual. It's a shame to ask for this, even if you're a six-year-old girl. I will not do it, you say. But I will drown in here in this water, she says. Don't you want to save me? With this phrase, she aims straight to your heart. To save in order to be saved is what you want. Or not. It's too hard. You are small. You are entangled in your desires. But you decided to give it a try. You needed at least to pretend to make an effort. To improve the image of the savior with another fake attempt to change the course of events. The cat's thin belly stretched out like a hairy liana and fell down into the drain hole. From one side its head is shaking, from the waves that you'd created with your steps. On the other side there's its shabby tail, like a giant worm, unhealthily white, with a tinge of blue and of course death. What is better to grab, you're pondering, the head or the tail. The choice is not easy. Usually, when you were faced with a choice, you wondered what your mother would do in a similar situation. And it worked. Always. But not now. You could not imagine what your mother would choose in this situation: the head or the tail. Your path to Love goes through Death. Don't be sad, just a short touch. So, what's up? She asks, in a hurry. The water and the freshness of the evening air in stormy weather makes her shiver from the cold. But you're standing there, not able to make up your mind and act. What if it works out, you think. What if you grab that damned cat and pull it out. The drain hole will be used as intended. Sooner or later, someone from the world of adults will find you and your dream will come to an end, leaving you alone, face-to-face with the corpse of a tattered cat in your hands. No, it won't work, you think. Believing in yourself is for weaklings, your pitiful ego asserts itself. And you're bending over. She sees it. You choose the tail. You can already feel it in your hands. Grab. Pull. Hold some strength for rescue. Look like a hero. Be the villain. No, be yourself. Be a little boy who fell in love for the first time. A boy who

fights for his Love with Death. No, with his own father. No, with water and with time. Sorry, it didn't work out, you say, leaving your attempt to pull out the corpse of a street animal, a wanderer. And you wonder why you said sorry. She asks to try again. And you try. But you're trying like an adult. Like an adult because you're actually acting. Overacting. And you fall. The floor is too slippery. Your left beige sandal is torn apart. Your mother loves these sandals. Your mother loved these sandals. Especially their beige colour. And you blame your captive for this unfortunate situation. She doesn't even say sorry. One short word. Sorry. She doesn't say it. It makes you angrier and angrier with each and every passing second. This way you will find out why some husbands beat their wives.

Scene # 21

We will die, she says. It's easy to hear the overtones of an irreparable tragedy in her voice. We are going to die, I can feel it. You're looking at her carefully. With a bit of caution. You know you have to comfort her. Again. But you don't. You're sick and tired of her constant crying. Why do girls cry so often? You have already learned to endure pain. It surprises you that she hasn't learned it yet. You are the same age. You could be at the same school next year. In the same class. Sitting at the same desk. And never part. But water will come. You know, the water will come and wash everything away. You've already played doctor and patient. You are still playing husband and wife. But it seems to you some playful moment is missing, the precious moment for her to be able to escape from the inevitable. Let's play house, you suggest. It's like we are husband and wife and we are building a house for us. You're embarrassed. You've voiced your dream for the first time. You and her are husband and wife, and – what is the most important – the house. You are building your own home. OK, let's, she agrees, and you're happy about that. She starts. She says it should be a two-story house. You're happy about that. You hear the word «two-story». This is how you imagine it yourself. She then says that your bedroom should be on the second floor. Cacti, you add. Let cacti grow on all windowsills. But she says she likes ficus plants. Cacti are prickly, she explains. It makes you sad. You suggest that the ficus plants should grow in ceramic pots. You say it will create comfort. She agrees with you, but says that she likes plastic white ones better. You clarify with displeasure that yes, it will give the house austerity. You look away from your imaginary house and onto your backyard lawn. You ask what about the pool. She is laughing. For the first time today, she's laughing and says that after this incident with her leg she will never get



into the pool again. But this is the place where our Love began! You suddenly lose your temper. Your scream makes her scared again. She says it might not be a good idea to play house. And the house is crumbling. You can clearly hear how someone drives a huge eraser over your dreams. You're giving up. You're sitting down into a puddle. This pool is the biggest puddle you've ever sat in.

Scene # 22

You will kill your father someday. At least this idea has visited you more than once. What if you stop trying to find a replacement for the mother? What if you just stay with her? Love her the way children can. Love her the way adults are able to. Live with her in a house with a swimming pool. In a house with a pool and without a father. Without bringing any chicks into the house. From now on and forever. Becoming moderately obedient. Pleasing her with high grades. Asking to pat your back while watching a movie. Buying her favorite brand of cigarettes. Dancing with her to her favorite music. Going to the cafe. Reading books. Together. One day, she will teach you how to smoke. How to take a vacation and get drunk in your room. You will never even start a conversation about a child. Your mother doesn't need a husband or a child. She already has you. You are her whole world. Five minutes before the start and five minutes until the end. Some games that have turned into reality, which have incorporated into reality, are destined to stay the reality for good. You throw invisible dice on the invisible table. Heads or tails. Kill your father or love your father? So easy. Ultimately easy. If your father could read your mind, he would have died of a heart attack. The ideal weapon against a person you love is to expose the wires. Allow a short circuit to happen. Walls. Concrete. Wires. Water. No, we will definitely die here, she says again. No home, no you either, you think. Silence. The rain. Water fills the vessel. You don't say anything. You wanna see your mum.

Scene # 23

You wanna see your mum. Your warm home mummy. Your mummy who smells like milk. Whose hands are tender. And the hair is smooth. Mummy, who will hide and protect. Mummy who's built a nest out of her life. For you. The only child in the family. You are spoiled. Too much warmth and care for a single person. This is how good bears evil. Hitler in baby shorts. You will be my revelation. If the game does not become life, then the game will have to die. The water tickles your knees. You want to end it all, but you don't know how. You want to press the stop button and exit the game. The game in which you feel like an actor on the stage. It's time to improvise.

You want to approach the cold pool wall. Grab the edge. Pull up. And just walk away. Exit the game. Save your progress. But you don't do it. Otherwise, the image of the hero will turn into a liar. Your mother will disapprove. She will stop loving you. Love is the key word. Feelings are encoded in your every move. The father will be delighted. You hate your father. And she ... come what may.

Scene # 24

Trees bend in the wind. You can hear them crunch. Trees are malleable. There are a lot of them. They are faceless. Their green leaves will soon turn yellow. They will fall. It's a fact. And you can't do anything about it. Your mother is sleeping drunk, embracing your drunken father. They're lying in a hotel room not thinking about you. At least that's how you're imagining them at this moment. You're unable to know what they're thinking about you right now. And this is also a fact. And the broken leg of your captive is also a fact. As well as the high walls of the pool. As well as your hatred for your father. And your love for your mother – for that matter. As well as the attempt to replace the mother with a captive. As well as the water that's slowly creeping up to the girl's breast, which has yet to grow and find peace in the lacy serenity of the first bra.

Scene # 25

Now you reckon you're in the need of help. You're disappointed. Your fairy-tail house is to collapse any moment now. And you are waiting for them to come and rescue you. Someone, anyone from the world of adults. It would be nice if it were mummy. But for some reason she doesn't come. And neither do they. Now you feel like a captive. Your foot is not attached to the anchor. Your anchor is your lie about not being able to get out of here. You could try again and you would succeed. But it feels like something completely implausible. Two anchors - two ships. And a storm warning in the area of a swimming pool.

Scene # 26

I've got you through, she started unexpectedly. I know you can get out of the pool. These words have shocked you. You just don't want to leave me here alone, do you? No, it's not true, you deny. I know you are also afraid of Death, although you do not speak about it. Not true! You are, I know. No, I am not afraid. You're lying! Why would I? I can hear the fear in your voice. Not true! Not true! Not true! I just wanted to make sure, she said. They both grew older that night. Not one day older, but several buckets of rain.



Scene # 27

Talk to me, she asked after about half an hour. This pool has completely deprived you of your time orientation. You didn't answer 'cause she is no longer your mother.

Scene # 28

The water's reached the level of her shoulders. You kindly untied her leg from the ladder. Your T-shirt was stained with yellow - with rust and watered blood. She stood up, leaning on your arm. The courtesies ended there. You realized that you'd begun to hate her. Her touch was unpleasant. Being in the same water felt disgusting. It resembled two straws in a cocktail with arsenic. She couldn't stand on her own without holding on to you. You didn't want to hold her. You didn't love her. Love is not that easy. The adults were right. I can't swim, she said. And you let her go.

Scene # 29

She fell into the water. It's the inevitability of a cigarette butt thrown from the window of a block of flats. It's a pity for the flower in the trash bin. To the puppy in the well. To a chick that has fallen out of the nest. She tried to grab onto the life. She was looking for it in the water, along the slippery walls. In you. But you pulled away – further and further. Cheers to you, oh Lady Death. The other side of Love opened its arms. Help me, she screamed in a frantic voice. Six-year-old girls don't scream like that. Six-year-olds don't act like that in other people's dreams. They do not demolish two-story houses. They don't overshadow someone's mothers. You see, it had to happen. It's unavoidable. You were born to die. So do it here and now. You haven't learned to swim for this very reason. This day was destined for us. We must admit and accept it. Let it settle in our hearts. Let this cold rainwater seep into your lungs. Fill them up. Tear them apart with its aloofness. The water doesn't care. Don't spit it out - drink it! Absorb like cacti that haven't grown on those not our windowsills. Absorb all the moisture that you did not give them. You are to blame for their non-existence. You are to blame for my mother. You don't even know what you have done just turning out here. Just being present in this swimming pool. Why are you here? To die. So absorb the water to become it. Possess Death to taste my Love for you. This pool has become a vessel for the two of us. Don't stop there! Now it's your turn to become a vessel. Come loose! Do it at the cellular level. Step over the edge we couldn't reach. Step over the edge!

Scene # 30

All boys should go in for sports, your parents' reasoning had been somewhere

along those lines when they'd signed you up to the school swimming club. And you didn't mind. You didn't care. Here. Now. You had been swimming around a child's corpse for an hour. Around the corpse of your first big unfulfilled dream. What have you done?! You didn't realize it yet. You were just swimming around her immobilized body knowing for sure that if you now got out of this pool and went straight to the hotel room, where your parents were waiting, no one would ever convict you of a lie. You will learn about the death of your captive from tomorrow's newspapers. «The storm took away one child's life,» you'll read the headline. Perhaps more than one. You won't need to explain anything to your parents. Your mummy will not know anything, which means she won't be angry. You will ask her to stroke your back. In the bus. On your way home. And she will be sitting next to you. And she will stroke you. Pat your back. Never knowing about your cheating. You will feel like your father. The father you hate. This is how you learn about self-loathing. And a good bus will take you straight to a cozy family nest.

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