

levelly. "All the time," he says. "We see people like you all the time." This is Coetzee's last lesson, that of the universal found in the particular; it is his story about art and about lives. The lesson I learned as I got to know Costello/Coetzee better was that I had failed to read the *Lives of Animals* as literature, failed to realize that Costello/Coetzee knew better than I that the argument for animal rights could only be emotional. That indeed is Mrs. Costello's response to questions from the audience. She does not have axiomatic answers; one has to open one's heart. I also failed to credit Coetzee with writing that note from the Jewish Professor. Coetzee's books now litter my office, and as I read more and more my respect and admiration for him grows. He is the modern master of irony—not irony as cynicism but as the novelist's unblinking search for truth—knowing that we will never be sure what is the metaphor and what is the reality.

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Goldberg: Variations, by Gabriel Josipovici. Manchester, U.K., Carcanet Press, 2002, 202 pp., \$16.95 (paper).

Experimental fiction has a consistent shortcoming; it appeals to the mind more than the heart. Certainly "new novels" had this failing. They were thin books—most by mid-century French authors—aimed at subverting readers' expectations. Alain Robbe-Grillet, for example, might describe an object at length, but the eraser or venetian blinds would prove to have scant relationship to the characters' inner being and no moral import, except the negative one, that the world stands apart from us.

Gabriel Josipovici writes in the tradition of the new novel, but with the improvement that his work can be deeply moving. That Josipovici's name, and his books, are not better known in the United States is puzzling. He is highly regarded in the United Kingdom for writing that spans the genres—literary essay, social criticism, biography, short fiction, and novel. He has told his own life story indirectly in a biography of his mother, the poet Sasha Rabinovitch (1). Josipovici was born in France and raised there and in Egypt, in a family with Jewish and Muslim roots, but, in the new multicultural fashion, he has been thoroughly British since his college years at Oxford.

Josipovici's latest book, *Goldberg: Variations*, plays a novelistic riff on the premise that Bach's similarly titled work was written to soothe an insomniac patron. In Josipovici's version, set in rural England in the eighteenth century, a Jewish writer is hired by a country gentleman to compose and recite stories that will ease his troubled nights. The 30 variations represent distinct voices and styles.

We hear first from Samuel Goldberg as he describes his encounter with Tobias Westfield. Then Westfield's story is recounted in the omniscient third person. Next is a Chekhovian intimate account, in a third person that moves close to the

character's train of thought, introducing and dispensing with Westfield's first wife. And so on.

Some of the chapters are fully objective, in the manner of the *nouvelle roman*. One begins with a fragment of description: "A shelf in a shallow recess, above which is a cupboard with two small doors, one of which is partially open, but not enough to allow one to see inside, the other firmly shut." The narrative is pictorial, in exact scientific fashion. Another chapter is historical: "By far the most vivid picture available in Britain of the material equipment and domestic economy of a Neolithic community is to be seen at the celebrated prehistoric village of Skara Brae." Yet another begins, "Here I am, one hand raised in mock salute." The voice is that of a figure in the Paul Klee illustration *Wander-Artist (Ein Plakat)*, which adorns the book jacket of *Goldberg: Variations* and, as a postcard, inspires the contemporary (fictive) author of the book we are reading. One of the most effective chapters is, in effect, a work of literary analysis—a reading of a John Donne poem devised by Goldberg for the entertainment of King George III. This indirection does not rob the book of action; the narrative contains a novel's worth of conflict, death, divorce, mental illness, failure, romance, and victory.

What is extraordinary about this bravura performance—Josipovici's, as well as Goldberg's—is how compelling it remains throughout. The individual pieces puzzle, inform, and entertain; they are anything but soporific. The plots and voices hang together, creating a meditation on time and mortality, and on the beauties and limitations of language, that rivals and bests, in its emotional effects, any of the overwrought efforts that plague the contemporary scene.

An earlier novel by Josipovici, *Moo Pak* (2), is built around a commentary on literature and the writer's life. Its narrator divides authors into wet and dry. Aristophanes is dry, as are Donne, Jonathan Swift, Jane Austen, and Ivy Compton-Burnett. Above all, Josipovici praises the precision of Homer, who dispatches Odysseus' loyal dog Argos in a single line.

Spareness, as Josipovici demonstrates in his own fiction, can be as profound as fustian. *Goldberg: Variations* succeeds at every level. It should serve as an accessible introduction to Josipovici's work, for American readers who favor fiction undiluted by false sentiment.

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LOVE

Love at First Sight: Why You Love Who You Love, by Suzi Malin. New York, DK Publishing, 2004, 176 pp., \$20.00 (paper).

The human face, arguably the most obvious object of psychiatric study, has been overlooked by psychiatry. Perhaps it is because Freud and many of his followers have had an obsessive dislike of looking people in the eye and have preferred to keep faces out of sight on the couch (1). Ekman and Friesen (2) picked up on Darwin's observations of similarities be-

tween the expressions of humans and great apes and devised a scoring system for the major affects plus surprise and disgust, which physicians might consider somewhat more automatic. Beebe and Lachman (3) investigated the facial affective rapport between infant and mother. If Freud had looked a bit more at faces, he might have solved one of his great enigmas: the nature of love.

Suzi Malin, the author of *Love at First Sight*, is a portrait painter in London; she is a colleague of Freud's grandson Lucien. (Lucien Freud's latest show [in New York through May 2004], by the way, featured scabrous and florid humans and sleek animals.) This is a book of astonishing photos of mostly beautiful and all famous people in pair bondings. It purports to demonstrate the ways we fall in love visually with our lover's face. The first way, called "harmonism," involves shared facial proportions—"the relative distances between the forehead and bridge of nose, base of nose and mouth, and mouth and chin" (p. 10). An example given is Charles and Diana. The second way is "echoism," an echoed shape of the upper eyelid line, the upper lip line, and the sweep of the eyebrow. Yoko and John had echoism, as do Brad and Jennifer; Marilyn had harmonism with Robert but both echoism and harmonism, and probably a stronger bond, with Jack. In addition to these two ways, which one might suggest are narcissistic mechanisms because they involve loving aspects of one's own image, Malin terms a third way "prima copulism"—falling in love with one's first bond: the mother or nanny for men and the father or other close male relative for women. Leonardo and Mona, Charles and Camilla, and John Jr. and Carolyn are examples. Liz resembles Dick's much older sister Cecilia, who brought him up when his mother died when he was 2. Strong love attraction occurs when all three ways of falling in love at first sight are present, as in Bill and Monica and Elton and David.

One might object that a little girl's first love object is her mother or nanny, not her father. Maybe men are more visually determined than women, but girls' crushes on movie stars and boyfriends are intense. Malin provides instructions on scaling and comparing photos. Fortunately for those who might not fit the theses, she offers a nonvisual category called "slow love" in which the basis is warmth and friendship and shared interests and lifestyles, a more "rational" love, "grounded in reality" (p. 11).

One critique might be that the photos may be highly selected and atypical. Or limited to the superficialities of popular culture, which includes not just movie stars but the similarly envied and misbehaving European royalty. Would it work for genius and high art—beyond the Leonardo speculations? Balanchine was a man who looked constantly at a lot of women. A photo from 1967 shows him holding Suzanne Farrell's hand, she in her *Diamonds* costume for his then new ballet masterpiece *Jewels*, and both facing forward. The arch of the brows and the line of the mouths, the elegant noses—inescapable! Scientific claims for this book would be premature, but it will be difficult for me to view a couple from now on without thinking of it, and the hypotheses are testable.

Any psychiatric interest in the face would be welcome and overdue. The genetically determined and fixed aspects of physiognomy shown in this book are the basis of facial identification as well as object choice. Security concerns have prompted the development of recognition software for these

static data. Beyond this, facial movements, expressive or merely indicative, are exquisitely connected to affective and cognitive brain function. They more truly convey personality in relationships and remain the largest and most vital trove of unmined physiologic data in humans for psychiatry and neurology.

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***Why Love Matters: How Affection Shapes a Baby's Brain*, by Sue Gerhardt. New York, Brunner-Routledge, 2004, 246 pp., \$69.95; \$17.95 (paper).**

Given the title of this very interesting and readable book, one cannot help but be drawn to it in the way one is drawn to the infants and young children that are its subject matter. The author identifies herself as a psychoanalytic psychotherapist whose practice has focused on "working with the disturbed or malfunctioning relationships between babies and their mothers" (p. 1). Branching out from her direct clinical experience, she explores in this book a growing body of research on the developing brain in infants and how that might be influenced by early attachment experiences, as well as how psychopathology in the adult caretaker(s) could influence attachment experiences and brain development and therefore could affect adult behavior.

The author's viewpoint is perhaps best illustrated by the following quote from the introduction:

My approach to understanding emotional life is a systemic one. I argue that human beings are open systems, permeated by other people as well as by plants and air and water. We are shaped by other people as well as by what we breathe and eat. Both our physiological systems and our mental systems are developed in relationship with other people—and this happens most intensely and leaves its biggest mark in infancy.

The human baby is the most socially influenced creature on earth, open to learning what his own emotions are and how to manage them. This means that our earliest experiences as babies have much more relevance to our adult selves than many of us realise. It is as babies that we first feel and learn what to do with our feelings, when we start to organise our experience in a way that will affect our later behaviour and thinking capacities. (p. 10)

The book is divided into three parts. The first deals with brain development in infants and how this can be influenced by attachments and the "corrosive" (p. 56) influence of cortisol. It is primarily based on attachment theory as postulated by Bowlby and Ainsworth. Largely missing is the widely recognized and pioneering work of Harry Harlow and other primatologists, which has recently been well summarized by Debo-