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## Paolo and Francesca

Each of us feared the other would be transformed.  
 You came to me in a dream before dawn,  
 a white crucible in your whiter hands.  
 Flash from the vessel, then a rising star  
 blinded and woke me trembling. You were gone.

I thought you would return with a heart changed  
 by love's journey, worn dull and slow,  
 or worse, with a heart tempered, unbreakable.  
 Or that your hair, now grown the brighter  
 medium of the sun, might fade in my shadow.

You were afraid I might return with other desires.  
 Rich from kisses in the distant land  
 of your lips and tongue, opulent with caresses,  
 I might return with a fabulous new language,  
 names for a love you would not understand.

Then our souls looked down on our embracing  
 in mortal envy of immortal happiness  
 and I held you tighter, bold to realize  
 we might return to each other with nothing  
 stranger than this view from each other's eyes

and I put all my faith into a single kiss.  
 Lovers have gone through Hell for less than this.

—Daniel Mark Epstein

## She

So Dante exalted his Beatrice, a girl  
 "Of great beauty and utterly without charm"  
 Of whom his wife once wrote Ann Landers, Ann  
 My husband is a decent kindly man  
 Though on the road a lot, but has this thing  
 About a dame's been dead for half his life  
 He's writing this enormous poem about  
 And I want to know should I bring the matter up?  
 The wise woman answered Better leave it lay,  
 And added Gemma baby you need help.

So whether you call your girl O goddess or  
 You stupid cunt is some damn thing to do  
 With your psychology or how you feel  
 Or what she is or some other bloody thing  
 Nobody understands or ever will.  
 She is a point of faith, a mystery, and  
 Like God the Just she has a secret name  
 Distinguishable only to initiates  
 Muttering betsy clara jenny jane  
 In bed and childbed and the holy grave.

—Howard Nemerov

## FILM

## P(l)aying Penance

Paul Skenazy

Fanny and Alexander,  
 directed by Ingmar Bergman, 1983.

WE SIGN a very peculiar contract when we allow the lights to die around us in a movie theater showing a new Ingmar Bergman film. We agree to participate in a ritual by flagellation. Armed with a friend at our side, business worries and car repair bills buffering the brain, a bucket of popcorn protectively guarding our laps, we beg artistic assault. We willingly submit ourselves to the cold and often cruel eye of Bergman's camera, eager for a biannual hit of angst and misery. One way or another, Bergman manages to hurt. His wounds of spirit seem impermeable to shifts of time or even geography, ignorant of the ephemeral realignments of habit and politics of these last forty years which have turned many of us in the audience affably, or ironically, or simply resignedly middle-aged. Nobody resigns in a Bergman movie. They might die, they might crack; they might be trapped on an agony rack. But Bergman still manages to create characters who take themselves more seriously than sin.

Lacerations from film heal relatively quickly, of course. Suffering, of a certain sort, can be a comfort. But the fact remains that when we decide to see a new film by this director, we're not looking for a flick, but an experience. We go to see a Bergman the way we go to certain museums to see a Cézanne or a Monet or a Francis Bacon. Call it a fix, call it a booster, call it art. A lot of us have grown up on such doses over the past thirty years, and we can even measure change in the distance we have traveled (or not) since the day *Wild Strawberries* or *The Passion of Anna* or *Scenes from a Marriage* was right, and true, and all that needed to be said about whatever it was that needed to be said then. First it was God and religion we had to get settled, then we got on to relationships and the deep terror of growing up middle-class mangled. Just when we were getting flip enough to discover that all that early black-and-white symbolism was too showy, it disappeared. And suddenly, instead, we found ourselves in a colorful domestic hell that made the devil seem so much meatloaf. Always there were the gripes about identity and the wry confusions of social and theatrical acting, always a curious sense of displacement from each landscape of soul or person or place the world offered, always a haunting sensation of loss. Behind all Bergman's windows and doors and kitchens and bedrooms and blood-red walls stood the image of a house we loved but had never lived in, and inside that house an imagined smile of unconditional affection that might preserve us from our lonely, tortured dreams.

Bergman has been our voice of "must" in a world of "want", the superego made cultural saint. We've counted on him to remind us of the anguish of our souls, the life of our spirit, the violence people must inflict on each other in love, the cold inevitability of nights of

longing. His Swedish austerity was a perfect mask for our closet emotionality, similarly dormant; we'd not yet come out wholeheartedly as hedonists then—we only wished for more instead of assuming our right to it. Bergman helped confirm our belief in revelation through suffering. He taught us to accept the idea that repression begins at home and that unexpressed emotion will erupt in fitful and powerful volcanic incidents. We asked him for reassurance that personal relations were not as easy as the self-help books taught, that we had been indelibly stamped by our elders and they damn well deserved to be hated every once in awhile, and that Freud could help us understand those deceptively sleek, shiny steel lines and comfortable but off-putting fabrics of the too white, too refined, too polished contemporary interiors decorators called "living rooms."

And his famous, wonderful ambivalence: Bergman made indecision heroic. To settle for less than total understanding was to be a less than whole person, even if to know all was tantamount to paralysis. Self-questioning was like a limp that kept us from jogging after a lover, a hitch in the elbow that held us back from throwing the first stone. Remember that beautiful tormented last scene of *The Passion of Anna*, when Bergman's lean man; Max von Sydow, whom we had watched overcome the tortures of religious uncertainty for a decade and whom we now watched battle the even more obscure enemy of feeling, was captured alongside his car in a long, flat horizontal landscape of doubt? Back and forth he moved in ever-constricted lines across the width of the screen, torn apart and drawn in opposite directions by the pressure of his irreconcilable loyalties, trapped in his inconclusive walk while the color density that gave him substance gradually disintegrated to a stark and shattering white. Could anything be more meaningful than that?

We could also feel something of a sense of superiority watching such characters, or at least of difference. Our repressions were legion, but not that legion; our agonies dear, but perhaps not that precious. When the black-and-white parody of *Wild Strawberries* (and the whole early lost-revelation-just-behind-the-rosebush period) invaded those uncomfortable art theaters and university lecture halls we haunted, we were old enough for some self-mockery. The not-quite-Swedish cognates reminded us just how much we really did understand about ourselves without the help of some foreign translation. And later, when Woody Allen had to make *Interiors*, we had to watch that too, and smile at Allen's rather wooden self-scrutiny and mauve East Coast imitation of Bergman's icy tundra. Allen of course grew up on Bergman as much as he did on lox or rye bread or the Marx Brothers. What he didn't seem to understand was that he had been doing Bergman all along, in every anxiety fit and migraine attack and psychiatrist joke that filled his films. He was the perfect comic outcome of

taking Bergman to heart and hearth in an America of tennis clubs and alfalfa sprouts and whole-grain romance. Bergman was the other voice of our blustery political stridency (mom and dad made us, really, and it's them we're after), the undercurrent of our dreams of sexual fulfillment (I'll pay in the end), the buried landmine in our Aquarian landscape. Allen's humor turned Bergman's demons into nerdy little bumbler, the kind of ghost advisors that help you fall flat on your face just when you thought of looking in the mirror. Our styles of self-scrutiny and self-torture—or at least our artistic depictions of it—were changing. We needed a bite of irony, a brush with mockery. Self-deprecation, we discovered, was just as satisfying when people laughed at us as it had been when we cried alone.

Now *Fanny and Alexander* is here. Bergman's statement that this is his last film has prompted critics to write less about the movie than about a career. It's hard not to view the picture with the sentimentality appropriate to such a swan song. We demand the lyrics of truth and reconciliation, something of the poetic aptness of a *Tempest* in a modern key. Bergman's confessional "leaks" about the story further channel our perceptions. We know that the Ekdahls are modeled on Bergman's own family, transported back in time a bit to 1907: late Victorian, pre-war, yet the glorious moment when Ibsen and Strindberg, Freud and Picasso were already dismantling the house of Progress. We know that Bergman himself is Alexander, his beloved mother is Emilie, his feared father is projected into the sensuous and ascetic Bishop, Alexander's stepfather (whose love is "not sloppy," but "harsh and strong," steely as the cross that guards his chest, cold as the voice of his flute). The scene is Uppsala, where Bergman grew up. Critics proudly realize that Ewa Froling, as Emilie, looks "like a younger (some even say more vital) Liv Ullman"; Erland Josephson, as Isak Jacobi the Jew, provides an aged and heartening echo of those late Bergman husbands in menopausal crisis Josephson played so well. And besides quoting himself like this, Bergman alludes briefly and lightly to his favorite artistic predecessors: actors rehearse the ghost scene from *Hamlet*, Fanny plays with a doll's house, there is talk of producing a play by "that misogynist" Strindberg.

Watching *Fanny and Alexander* behind and through this critical and biographical scrim makes me wonder, though, about information overkill; press releases and interviews have become such a part of film plots that it is almost impossible to see this movie (or others) except as defined by the autobiographical and other circumstances lugged out by myopic writers who don't trust what's before their eyes. Who goes to a movie blind these days? It seems as out-of-date a notion as a blind date, something reserved for sitcoms. And I've also been impressed with the invariable tone of admiration mixed with nostalgia in all the articles (weighted by the even more deadly voice of last rites). I've been asking myself why we're all so concerned about Bergman's retirement, treating it as something akin to caffeine withdrawal; why we're so interested in his story and memories; especially, why

we're all so happy to see Ingmar Bergman smile. He has done it before, remember; not too often, but frequently enough that we know he can. Yet we applaud Bergman's applause at this world, as if contentment were the sign of impending... something: world peace, the end of hunger, a cancer cure. Maybe just proof that it's all right to grow old.

It's nice for us to know that Bergman has, finally, reconciled himself with his past and his world. But I can't help remembering Carlyle's wonderful response to the news that Margaret Fuller had decided to accept the universe: "She damn well better!" Our response, unlike Carlyle's, illustrates the enormous investment many of us still have in Bergman's life and art. This apparent return to health makes us believe that time *does* wear the edges off those craggy moments of horror, grind down some mountains to molehills, and reveal experience as more a flat plain than an endless terrain of insurmountable peaks and impassable gorges.

*Fanny and Alexander* culminates the relationship between Bergman and a sect in our culture—filmgoers, call us, or auteur-addicts—who have not merely watched his movies but have participated in an ongoing drama with him, in which he shows us his world and asks us to confirm that it remains ours as well. We're immensely pleased for us both that the story has ended so grandly, with so much warmth, in so much light and life and art. Lately it's gotten a bit embarrassing to admit our family resemblance to this man. While humor, or at least irony, has become our voice of disparagement, Bergman has just seemed to keep getting more and more morose, serious, and down at the mouth. *Autumn Sonata* was a gorgeous, solemn, steadfast achievement. But there seemed something tired to the demonstrations of pain, out of tune or touch, as if Bergman had neglected to reread himself in the last decade. We had somehow lived too long and through too much in Liv Ullman's features, Ingrid Bergman had grown more dowdy than we wanted to believe, and the melancholy tone and melancholy rooms seemed cloying rather than helpfully claustrophobic. It felt like a vacation planned for the rainy season in a depressing hotel where they piped in Beethoven's quartets. Just a little too much showing off of scars.

From *the Life of the Marionettes* of two summers ago was all wrong, a cruelly arch and petulant vision of the contemporary world which pretended less culpability than we could accept. Like Saul Bellow's *Dean's December*, the master's distaste had become an indulgence, had turned into its own form of satisfaction. This was Bergman at his most relentless, hugging the fabrics and flesh and faces of the characters like a leech while he made them talk endlessly about themselves in small zones of light enclosed by acres of darkness and horror. One wanted to laugh outright at all the heartwrenching. Everything was constricted. People walked clenched, sat stooped, held their arms inside their knees, enclosed themselves in cloaks and blankets. The Bergman announcement of universal misery was thoughtful but boring; the familiar note of self-interest seemed a little silly. The film betrayed our estrangement from Bergman as much as

his from the world. The characters seemed puppets of his personal obsessions. What became apparent was the almost entire absence of any middle ground between the self, within its worrisome circle of vampirish relationships, and the suffering soul, alone in a vast indifferent universe. Characters were entirely isolated from the social forms which might encode and verify their private existences.

Happily for Bergman and his still-loyal followers, that isolation is the bad guy in *Fanny and Alexander*, represented by the church, the devouring piety of the Bishop, and the insufferable anorexic lust for purity of his sister (whose face kept reminding me of the Wicked Witch of *The Wizard of Oz*). For those eager to applaud, Bergman has supplied an abundant feast of a film, filled with delights. It is the summary he has promised, the valedictory for which we hoped. It reminds us of everything that has mattered before, and impresses us because Bergman seems to have learned so much more about it all in the intervening years—enough more than we have to regain our begrudging admiration and surprise us with unexpected delights. We get our lacerations and a more or less happy ending. For all its unmistakable tone of Sweden, the film also presents a startling interest in farce, masque, and the exaggerated and comically grotesque we associate more with someone like Fellini. It's got everything, from roomfuls of furniture to roomfuls of puppets, from plays within plays to wicked aunts and evil servants and sisters that burn the house down. There is bedroom farce, there is flogging. There are lots of secrets and lies, almost everyone gets to shed tears, relatives are locked up and rescued. God (more or less) appears on screen, ghosts talk and play piano. There's cruelty for the misanthrope, kindness for the optimist among us.

The movie is a memorial to the tastes and tolerance and imaginative abundance of bourgeois life, or at least one rather special, magisterial, and highly theatrical bourgeois family. The opening scenes consist of a series of disconnected glimpses into the lives of a slew of unidentified characters. We roam about the unknown town, uncertain whom we are watching, what relation one scene has to another. A boy plays with his little cardboard theater, wanders through a deserted house, leaps into his grandmother's bed, watches a nude statue move its arms; a man gives instructions to a restaurant staff carrying food and then leads a procession; a Christmas pageant ends and we circulate backstage with the actors; an older woman prepares her home for guests, snaps nervously at the servants, then collapses into a chair for an inexplicable cry; a worried, blustery blond retrieves a carousing husband from his startled drinking companions; an old Jew exits an antique or junk shop, walks to a mansion, gives his formal hostess a pin, and they sneak a wonderfully long, passionate kiss; a stream moves beneath edges of ice which lean out over the banks like a precarious balcony.

The Ekdahl Christmas party defines and relates all these separate, disparate scenes and figures in a joyous annual celebration that marks the continued cohesion and corporate health of this

brood and betrays its tensions, discordances, and weariness. The Ekdahl Christmas, and life, is religion gone secular, an unabashed celebration of sensual delights from a brother's rendezvous with a servant and his wife's giggling and angry acquiescence to the elaborate, endless parade of dishes and wine at table and irreverent farts on the staircase for the children. Although the massive feast evokes envious murmurs from the health-constrained, budget-constrained film audience, it is the row on row of flickering candle lights that one remembers, an assault of aggressive, overpowering, delicate illumination.

The joyous Christmas party that integrates the fragmentary opening scenes, and the marvelous froth of the joint christening that more or less concludes the three-plus hour epic, manage to frame and contain, if not quite obliterate, our memories of gruel and punishment at home with the Bishop. The weaving dancers of the opening episode, and the charmed circle of diners at the close, symbolize the incorporative prosperity of the Ekdahls, and its conquest of the forces of prurience and sanctimonious faith. Couples tolerant of indiscretion and responsive to sexual drive, actors in and owners of the local theater, the Ekdahls are tasteful guardians of the appetites and imagination. For all their faults, they are as close as one can imagine Bergman coming to a communal ideal.

At the center of their lives, and central to this film, is theater, Bergman's inclusive metaphor for art, imagination, and the saving graces and values of civilized behavior. As a character says near the beginning of the film, theater both reflects "the big world so that we understand it better," and provides "the chance of forgetting" it for awhile. Helena, the family matriarch, was once an actress; Emilie and Oscar, Fanny and Alexander's parents, are actress and theater manager. Alexander manipulates female figures across a toy stage as the film begins. He reads plays, lights up a paraffin diorama in the nursery, attends rehearsals. As she puts him to bed his first night at the Bishop's, Emilie entreats him: "Don't turn Hamlet on me." Uncle Isak's helper has his own puppet theater and makes oversize masks. And all the world's a performance arena; there is no backstage, only different roles, changing faces and costumes and makeup. If society is a drama of relationships, the bedroom is a melodrama (or farce) of passion, the church a pageant of service. Bergman sets his story in a series of artificial, almost cardboard, environments that add a fairy tale quality to the proceedings: the Ekdahl mansion, the Bishop's home, the summer retreat, Uncle Isak's baroque chambers. People live one life in public and another behind closed doors, but there is always posing, always the problem of saving face, of acting sincere. Bergman is generous to most of his characters' lies, from Alexander's tall stories to Gustav Ekdahl's pretense of sexual prowess and business acumen and Oscar Ekdahl's killing illusion that he could act. Lies are, after all, imagination playing on and against the world's stacked deck; as Alexander tells the Bishop on his own behalf, we lie to get an advantage, and we often need and deserve one. The venom is reserved for the Bishop's

hypocrisy, the lie of self-sacrifice which justifies self-denial and cruelty to others. It is the vain cloak of emotional immunity and superiority. As the Bishop himself realizes, his real crime is not in lying, but in lying inflexibly, from the desire only to deprive. Wearing only the one mask of sanctity, he denies himself the multiplicity of fictions the imagination can create.

**T**HERE ARE a lot of faults in this film and some disconcerting imbalances in the plot. The title is an evasive misnomer, since Fanny—who appears as a pair of huge blue eyes directed towards her brother's behavior—functions mostly as an on-screen audience and inarticulate chorus. And Alexander is just a wee bit too gloomy and frail to maintain our attention and unquestioning sympathy. More important is the way Bergman continually waffles about how solemnly he is going to approach his life in this re-enactment. Sometimes he deservedly takes events with horrifying seriousness, as when Alexander cowers on the floor, fearfully avoiding a view of his father's dying face while we watch man and boy. And similarly stringent and effective are the two scenes when the Bishop forces Alexander into an embarrassing, painful admission of his lies.

But several incidents, particularly near the end, combine necromancy, prophecy, wish-fulfillment, homosexuality, and Oedipal titillation in an uneasy and confusing mix. Part of Bergman's exploration of secrecy and family hypocrisy involves offering tantalizing glimpses of black sheep locked away from the prying eyes of the world, such as the Bishop's comically obese sister and a beautiful androgynous relative of Uncle Isak's. But both these creatures are fabricated creations whose symbolic content impinges on the realistic framework of the story. The sister is all appetite and all fat, an alter-ego of the scrawny females of the Bishop's family; Isak's nephew is a seemingly bisexual version of Jewish spiritualism and Talmudic wisdom gone mad. When these relatives become agents of doom and rescue at the film's dramatic climax, we're left with an uneasy suspicion that Bergman's intellectual balance has deserted him. We enact a dream of revenge in which the Bishop is consumed in his own hellfire sermons and beliefs. It's all wonderfully bizarre and even heartening in its way, but absolutely unconvincing. Are we watching Alexander prophetically intuit the Bishop's death, or actually will it himself through the intensity of his hatred? I doubt if even Bergman knows for sure.

Finally, Bergman is far too evasive in his revelation of the sexual lives of his characters. One Ekdahl male's sado-masochistic bedroom behavior is tediously examined though entirely superfluous to the story. Another brother's randy sexual whims are excused with benevolent patience and humor. Yet we see nothing at all of the private, nighttime life of Alexander's parents. Pauline Kael says that in an earlier version of the screenplay Oscar was not Fanny's and Alexander's biological father (each was the product of an affair). This romance fantasy has blessedly disappeared, but Bergman maintains a curious fastidiousness about Emilie's sexual life with Oscar. He views them entirely as parents and theatrical entertainers.

When Oscar dies and turns stoop-shouldered Edwardian ghost, appearing gently before Alexander (usually fingering a piano in a listless, weary fashion), he is the same sentimental, sexless figure he was when alive. Libidinal issues are deflected into the perverse, sadistic person of the handsome and solemn Bishop, whose religious austerity is permeated with sensuality. But such dislocations of sexual life mean that nowhere in the film does Bergman come close to acknowledging the irconcilability of passion and society he visually depicts.

All this said, still the film is glorious. It's exhausting and confirming, uplifting without becoming too pompous, delicately profound through a wonderful undercutting of its own pretensions. After the Christmas party sequence, for example, as we peek at one Ekdahl brother berating himself and his wife, and another collapsing meekly beneath a bed that comes tumbling upon him during his rather flimsy attempts at a sexual liaison with a servant, Helena decides she wants to cry for all that has

camera is comparatively discreet, even polite, in this film—less a peeping tom than an appreciative guest able to accumulate revelation by dusting swiftly across the surface of the world. Bergman not only wants to proclaim that decency matters; he wants to grant his creations a right to err, and to survive to err again. As brother Gustav says near the end of the film, life's cruelties and horrors cannot deny the truth and value of moments of love or fulfillment or pleasure. The Bergman wisdom is that, even amid the affirmation, the opposite case might as easily have been made, and made as the conclusion to this same film. Bergman knows both truths, and so should we. It's just that Bergman doesn't want to whistle the gloom tune this time, and neither do we want him to. At the end of the film, when the Bishop's ghost replaces Oscar's to trip up Alexander as he sneaks extra cookies from the kitchen, we sense this as the devil's due, but not his victory. Alexander knows how to pick himself up and make his way to grandmother Helena's lap, where he safely nestles

incongruities and improvisations. . . . For [the dreamer] there are no secrets, no illogicalities, no scruples, no laws. He neither acquits nor condemns, but merely relates.

Nothing could be a more appropriate fantasy of contentment from this man of tormented dreams than that vision of the cradling safety of a woman's lap and a dramatist's words. Women in this film remain as inscrutable and mysterious and overpowering as they always have been to Bergman. He has created many of the finest roles for women in film (disclosing the great talents of great actresses—Ingrid Thulin, Bibi Andersson, Ullmann), and yet he has never understood a thing about these heroines, portraying them as constructions and projections of male fascination and terror, translators of male fantasy. As so often in recent Bergman stories, the Ekdahl men are all weak; they die young, they are impractical, they succumb to their vices. It is the women who last, whom one depends on in crisis, who live on as vital characters able to face life's variety without windy declarations of false sentiment. Helena's matronly power combines her skills as an actress, her lifelong passion for Isak, her roles as wife, mother, and matriarch, her business sense, and her forgiving knowledge of her family. Queen of this small domestic domain, she presides with the dignity and grace Bergman has reserved for only his very favorite creations.

At the end of his story, Bergman has his women reassume their theatrical roles. Instead of making his creations throw away their magic books, as Shakespeare does Prospero in the *Tempest*, Bergman has his pick them up again: his valedictory ends not in a return to the world from art's enchanted island, but in the incantatory balm and promise of dream. Twentieth-century testaments of faith face the task of acknowledging the long tradition of which they are a part. The quotation from Strindberg is Bergman's self-conscious confession that in summing up his career and assessing his achievements, he realizes that he has said little that is unique but has, rather, echoed the wisdom of the great visionaries who have preceded him. But the allusion is devious and self-serving as well as humble, since the lines send us scampering back across Bergman's own career to his production of *A Dream Play* in 1963 for Swedish television, and his adaptation and revision of the drama in 1970 for the stage. Reading Strindberg to Alexander, then, Helena is quoting Bergman to us, alluding to the way he has given new life and form to dead thoughts. If Bergman is Alexander, seeking comfort, he is also now Helena and Emilie.

When the film began, Alexander was alone in the house with his private stage and players; now he sleeps in the illusory promise of Strindberg's words, given substance in his family theater. But Bergman and Strindberg are self-deceptive in describing the limitless powers of dream. The imagination can do anything but entirely undo. "You can't escape me," the Bishop tells Alexander, and the horrid man is right. Art can imprint, but not erase. As Bergman's voluntary captives, we leave this last illuminating magic lantern display to enter nights a little more infested by unremedied hobgoblins. □



gone wrong in her world. But she cannot summon the tears. Isak, meanwhile, trying to be sympathetic, keeps falling asleep to her litany of family woes. Only later, as the two of them joyfully remember being discovered by Helena's husband in bed together, do the tears come, mixed now with laughter and regret and shame and deep, deep pleasure at the absurd way time has worked on their passion and friendship. This is Bergman at his warm-hearted best, proudly and playfully mocking his own tendency to overdramatize. The humor is reassuring, since it promises that someone behind the camera knows the difference between self-pity and the real tragedies death and chance and error can intrude into our lives.

Except for the clumsy but rare voyeurism I mentioned before, Bergman's

his head. There may be nightmares to come for him but they haven't, yet. Instead there are Alexander's two surrounding comforts, which Bergman wants to leave behind as his final words and image for us: grandmother Ekdahl sitting on the sofa, stroking Alexander's ghosts away as she thoughtlessly rubs her hand through his hair; and the preface to Strindberg's *A Dream Play*, which she reads aloud like a calming fairy tale, preparing for a new role she is about to assume in the family theater:

. . . the author has . . . attempted to imitate the inconsequent yet transparently logical shape of a dream. Everything can happen, everything is possible and probable . . . On an insignificant basis of reality the imagination spins, weaving new patterns; a mixture of memories, experiences, free fancies,