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Accommodating the Other or the Self?

The Illusions of Hospitality

in Jhumpa Lahiri's "Hema and Kaushik"

Hospitality as a means to reactivate a sense of community is a common topic in diasporic fiction. This theme has been frequently broached by Jhumpa Lahiri. However, her story cycle "Hema and Kaushik" presents different situations in which the very act of "offering" shelter to an Other is far from being a philanthropic gesture, and where even natural relationships are not exempt from an alteration of hospitality.

For every immigrant who tries to set foot on a foreign land, the question of acceptance is crucial. It is indeed the responses he gets from natives that determine the degree of difficulty or ease in his attempts to become part of a country he is at first unaccustomed to and for which he is a foreigner. This somehow never ending uncertainty about being a potential insider or a definite outsider is at the core of diasporic writing, a category which has been explored and enriched by Jhumpa Lahiri. But very surprisingly, rather than depicting the resistance of natives to the arrival of migrants from non-Western countries and cultures, this author focuses on portraying the interactions within the exile community. This original approach is still visible in her innovative triptych composed of interrelated stories and entitled "Hema and Kaushik," which belongs to her second collection of short stories, *Unaccustomed Earth*.¹ Even though the narrative is mainly set in Western locales, Western characters are scarcely present within the plot and within the lives of the main protagonists, who belong to the Indian diaspora. Throughout the story, the desire to be in contact with White Americans never seems to be an essential preoccupation for the Indian migrants. On the contrary, the latter are strongly inclined towards getting acquainted with their fellow countrymen. Remaining within one's original community, where one is considered an insider, can be seen as a need to limit one's cultural disorientation as well as a strategy to avoid contact with a troubling environment, an unknown outside world. But even within small and disparate communities, differences abound, a situation that complicates one's own sense of belonging. Being considered as an insider also depends on the community's approval, which is conditioned by one's conformity to common behaviors and rules. The newcomer is rarely given the choice to define himself, for the simple reason that it is the established community that draws its social and cultural borders, deciding who is inside and who remains outside. As a consequence, the migrants' desires are frustrated and turned inside-out, for their assimilation within the larger community does not depend on them. In these conditions, one may wonder whether meeting people with the same cultural origins in a foreign country constitutes a way to find or to lose oneself.

The representation of home as a metaphor for the homeland, old or new, can serve as a prism to observe different attitudes to a compatriot turned into, or considered as, an Other in Jhumpa Lahiri's works. Though this subject of home as related to homeland has been discussed in previous essays,² the place made for the foreigner, for the guest, as well as the space reserved for oneself, has scarcely been studied, especially

1. All further references are to the 2008 edition listed in the Works Cited.

2. See for example Dominique Nagpal's *Between Heaven and Hell*.

concerning Jhumpa Lahiri's "Hema and Kaushik." The intricate issues of private space, of what can be offered or, at least, shared, in a brotherhood of men, form the basics of Jacques Derrida's poetics of hospitality in which the theoretician makes a clear distinction between "conditional" and "unconditional hospitality" (Deutscher 5-6). The "conditional" mode refers more or less to what is formally acknowledged by governments of developed countries while "unconditional," or absolute "hospitality" is an ideal conception of the reception that can be given to an Other (Seffahi 98, 122, my translation).

At first, one would be tempted to assume that hospitality is an almost natural instinct within the Indian community settled in the United States. This is well illustrated by the speed at which Hema and Kaushik's respective mothers develop an almost sisterly relationship. "They became instant friends, spending their days together" (225). This intimate bond between women coming from different social backgrounds – one is the daughter of a high-profile Anglophile lawyer, while the other is the offspring of a simple clerk – would have been rather inconceivable in India, as is suggested on the same page. But previous class distinctions within the Indian community are apparently smoothed out in the American context. "Those differences were irrelevant in Cambridge, where they were both equally alone" (225). Solitude and a feeling of complete alienation are the primary causes of these immediate impulsive affinities to people with whom it is not necessary to build bridges. Such chance encounters come as an actual relief, and perhaps even as a source of happiness for those in exile.

From the outset, finding oneself in the realm of the Other can be viewed as a remedy to the maladies of exile.³ To be a foreigner is to be acutely conscious of the divide that separates one from the natives. On the contrary, to become acquainted with another individual can be interpreted as a counter-reaction, as a sign of resistance to this imposed exclusion. Still, to open one's home to the Other, no matter how familiar the latter might be, is no simple feat.

If we refer to canonical definitions, the friendship that develops between Shibani and Parul, Hema and Kaushik's respective mothers, has nothing to do with the noble notion of hospitality, as elaborated by Jacques Derrida: "Hospitality, in an ethical sense, might consist in welcoming the other within the private sphere, or offering shelter in the traditional Greek sense" (Seffahi 99, my translation). This ethical gesture supposes an imbalance in the power relations between the protagonists from the very beginning – a situation where one mother is in a position that allows her to offer hospitality, while the other is supposed to be in need of being received. But this discrepancy is precisely abrogated by the friendship shared by Shibani and Parul. If one of these women opens her door to the other, the latter does the same. There is reciprocity, an interpenetration of their respective private spheres, a sharing of places, tasks and household products that deny them the disinterestedness they may think they embody (225). It is a mere mutual assistance which cannot compare with the generosity that is implied in the notion of hospitality. In plain language, the term "hospitality" cannot be applied to the sheltering

3. If we see life in exile as a new beginning, as a rebirth, it would not be exaggerated to consider early experiences as a period of infancy and to compare the moment when one meets one's *alter ego* to Jacques Lacan's "mirror stage." Discovering a reflection of one's particular features in the Other is hopeful proof that as an Other, as a member of a minority, one can fully exist apart from the seminal "uniformity" of society. However, the exile's condition differs from the one described by Lacan insofar as it is not a universal phenomenon. Neither is it, hopefully, a compulsory condition for growth, or perhaps emancipation, in a new homeland.

of the Same, unless the latter is in an urgent need of a roof. As another consequence, the concept of “hospitality” surpasses that of friendship on moral grounds.

Hospitality is not limited to people who belong to different families, it can also concern diverse elements of the same family. Chitra, an Indian woman who got married to Kaushik’s father some time after Parul’s tragic death (252-3), can be seen as an outsider. The power imbalance that exists between host and guest is perhaps the cause of Chitra’s apprehension on the eve of Kaushik’s stay at his father’s house. She is anxious about the place she is going to have in the young man’s life, for she expresses her wish as soon as she meets him for the first time. “I would like for you to call me Mamoni [...] Do you have any objection to that?” She asked this kindly, smiling, wary of my reaction” (260). By introducing herself as his Mamoni, as a parent, Chitra gives the impression of having thoroughly prepared her encounter with Kaushik Choudhuri. Her words are carefully chosen and even give the illusion that the young man has a choice in the new situation. At the same time, her hesitant behavior indicates her dread of Kaushik’s uncertain answer, for his reaction can determine her status in the household, since he is, after all, supposed to be one of the “masters” of the place.

The question of hospitality involves both host and guest. Being a guest implies the need to take into account the host’s home as a pre-existent whole. Chitra is, for instance, comparable to an element previously belonging to another set and trying to fit into the Choudhuris’ family puzzle. The puzzle in question is characterized by the empty space left in it by Parul’s death, an empty slot which enables Chitra to move from intruding guest, in the eyes of Kaushik, to the status of unquestioned host, since the young man, very symbolically, devours the meal she has prepared. “My mouth watered, in spite of my reluctance to eat, and I was suddenly grateful for the vast amount of food in front of me” (261). Feeding one’s guest is an integral part of the rituals of hospitality. Furthermore, according to Asha Choubey, “[o]ut of all the significant aspects of community life, food [...] is perhaps the only one that binds [...]” (Choubey n.p.). And, effectively, through food, a first barrier is overcome. Though Kaushik can never even consider the idea of Chitra as his new mother, at least he accepts her hospitality. At this moment, a transition has been implicitly made: Chitra has become the host.

Moreover, when Kaushik acknowledges his gratefulness for the abundance of food offered by Chitra, a contrast is clearly made with the frugality of the father and son’s lives after Parul’s passing away (254). In general, the suffering guest’s level of satisfaction is proportionate to the scarcity and deprivation he has endured. While trying to justify his second marriage, Kaushik’s father diagnoses his own state of mind: “I was tired, Kaushik [...] tired of coming home to an empty house every night” (255). Without its heart, home is lifeless. It is precisely the emptiness of the house and the loneliness this implies for Dr. Choudhuri as well as for Kaushik, who is studying far away from home at Swarthmore, that are unbearable. During that period of time, the house is undoubtedly inhospitable. Even its occupants are affected by its melancholic and lifeless quality. As a consequence, the profusion of food displayed is metaphorically seen as an antidote to the previous emptiness and deadly atmosphere of the house. No matter how out of place Chitra may appear to Kaushik, the fact remains that with her daughters’ presence and her own, life is back in the house, even if only for Dr. Choudhuri’s sake.

Chitra’s main goal is to secure this newly established relationship between her children, her husband, and herself. Indian customary law as defined by the *Manusmriti* –

also called *Laws of Manu* where the most important rituals of Hinduism are detailed – equates “household duties” to a kind of “worship” for women (Buhler 6). *The Laws of Manu* link the idea of home to the notions of unity and harmony. Wherever those fundamentals are missing, the house is nothing more than a *makaan*, a mere architectural structure devoid of any tangible sign of life. In that sense, a newly-built house or an abandoned one are equally talked about as *makaan*. The same is true for an inhabited house when communication or mutual respect is inexistent among its occupants. It is only when the inhabitants of the *makaan* fulfill these lively and formal requirements that the house can actually be recognized as a *ghar*, the most suitable place of residence for a family.⁴ It is possible to consider that Chitra, who is portrayed as a traditional Indian woman in her attire as well as in her mindset is preoccupied by the smooth running of her new house, and following this logic, she is, at first, open to the idea of welcoming Kaushik for her husband’s sake.

Things, however, take a slightly different turn. Chitra wants her daughters to call Kaushik “Dada.” “She had treaded cautiously in terms of what I was to call her, but now referred to me without hesitation as the girls’ older brother” (262). This inclusive gesture of hers is not well-received by Kaushik. Neither does he wish to accept this nickname (263), nor does he agree with his father’s decision to ban alcoholic drinks from the house in order to accommodate his new wife’s “old-fashioned” customs (264). The young man progressively learns that his mother’s house is being inevitably turned into a foreign woman’s residence, where everything is being decided according to the latter’s wishes. He could have predicted that turn of events beforehand for, even prior to his arrival at the family house, his father had already informed him that he thought of allotting his room to Chitra’s daughters: “Would you mind terribly staying in the guestroom when you visit, Kaushik? [...] It is just a matter of where to sleep” (255). By using the adverb “terribly,” Kaushik’s father implies that his son’s claim over his bedroom would be excessive. The words employed by this character aim at defusing Kaushik’s inevitable feeling of rejection. At the same time, when he reduces the whole matter to a mere question of where one sleeps, he does not seem to realize that it is a father’s duty to provide a shelter, protection, and above all warmth, to his progeny. One can consider that the signification of a guestroom is precisely that of a place which stands apart from the accustomed home, where the intimacy that can exist among members of the same family is interrupted, to give way to the territory of an Other. By trying to minimize the emotional implications of this deliberate ousting, Dr. Choudhuri implicitly acknowledges his moral failing, for his decision to (re)move his son from his own place, to make him endorse the role of a guest, can only be perceived as an insulting injury. If one follows the father’s logic, one would be inclined to believe that providing a roof to someone is a sufficient condition of hospitality. Penelope Deutscher argues that hospitality consists in the exercising of values directed towards the Other: “generosity towards the other, fraternity with the other, duty towards the other” (11). To expect something from the Other, as Dr. Choudhuri does here, cannot be defined as hospitality. On the contrary, since hospitality can, to some extent, be viewed as a philanthropic attitude and, as such, as a gratuitous gesture, it cannot be compared to the relationships

4. Though Jhumpa Lahiri dwells on Bengali characters and the Bengali language, referring to Hindi words such as *makaan* and *ghar* (the Bengali equivalent of which is *ghor*) remains pertinent, because their philosophical significations are commonly shared by Indians, all over the subcontinent and elsewhere.

that should exist between father and son: that of duty. Within this perspective, Dr. Choudhuri's moral fault is flagrant, since he does not even seem to have the intention to accommodate both parts of his family on an equal basis. Even if Kaushik is relocated in the guestroom, he is not really considered a guest if we take into account the fact that his father wants him to arrange things for the girls' first Christmas celebration in their new homeland (265, 278). Notwithstanding this uncertain position, Kaushik assumes the role of a cultural host when he willingly tries to introduce Chitra's daughters, Rupa and Piu, to the ways and customs of America when he brings them along with him to Dunkin' Donuts' (271-5). In the end, though, he is denied any right to what was once his house, as Chitra progressively claims his father's full attention (280-4). One can witness a clear wish to keep Kaushik at bay, to prevent him from claiming his legitimate place. Jacques Derrida mentions Kant's idea that hospitality is not to be given to someone whose intention is to become "a resident" – though this is not Kaushik's desire –, but only to one who remains a "visitor" (Seffahi 105, my translation). Therefore, in Dr. Choudhuri's house and heart, there is no longer any place for Kaushik, for no matter how new her presence might be, Chitra takes precedence over her husband's only son, however legitimate the latter might be. By assuming the wish to be both guest and host, the house's new mistress leaves Kaushik without any possible role to play. While Dominique Nagpal suggests that this young protagonist is "a quasi homeless traveler" (Nagpal n.p.), one is tempted to remark that, since he has no definite status in his father's house, Kaushik can be literally considered an absolutely homeless person.

Early on in the trilogy, another character is also forced to leave her bedroom in order to accommodate a newcomer. After having spent a few years in India, Dr. Choudhuri and his family are back in America, and they solicit their old-time friends' hospitality while they look for their own house. During their stay, the young Hema has to relinquish her own bedroom so that Kaushik, the Choudhuris' teenage son, can enjoy a relative amount of comfort and privacy (228). Dr. Choudhuri and his wife Parul are naturally received in the family's guestroom, which indicates the family's inclination towards hospitality, a practice generally observed within the community of Indian exiles (Fernandes 115). But while these occasional gatherings are mostly enjoyed by immigrants who find an opportunity to reactivate traditional and cultural activities linked to their former country, reactions are bound to differ when the duration of hospitality is extended. Moreover, if Hema's parents have the most hospitable intentions at the start (227, 228), their cohabitation with the Choudhuris, with whom they had been previously acquainted, strangely troubles them. Though they belong to the same community, they realize what differentiates them. The discrepancies that exist in terms of dissimilar degrees of assimilation within the American society clearly set the two families apart. In fact, the house goes through several rearrangements (229-30), highlighting the necessity felt by Hema's parents to upgrade their home in order to enhance the hospitality offered and to give a more flattering image of themselves. As suggested by Jacques Derrida, "[h]ospitality has to be highly inventive, in tune with the Other and with the way to welcome him, to the point that each experience of hospitality has to invent a new language" (Seffahi 98, my translation).

However, Shibani finally speaks out when she and her husband retire to their bedroom at night. It is in the privacy of the new limits of their familial space, their bedroom, where they and their daughter sleep for the moment, a reduced home within the

larger, actual home, that she voices her actual feelings: "My parents were at once critical of and intimidated by yours, perplexed by the ways in which they had changed. Bombay had made them more American than Cambridge had, my mother said, something she hadn't anticipated and didn't understand" (235). To them, the Americanness of the Choudhuris lies in their appearance and in their consumption of alcoholic drinks (235-6), both of which are regarded as transgressive and, therefore, as contemptible. If we consider the concept of home as a sanctuary governed by a set of rules, it is obvious that whoever refuses to abide by these rules disrespects the house and threatens its integrity. Frustration and resentment are at play here, because Shibani understands that in terms of Westernization she has been definitely "outdone" by her guests, who have reached a new level of social advancement that her own cultural and psychological limits will never allow her to catch up with. Jacques Derrida introduces the idea that the host has to accept the possibility that a guest can constitute a "threat" for him, that "he can bring about disorder within the house" (Seffahi 100, my translation). On the same page, Derrida also acknowledges that such danger is accompanied by "anguish and hatred." At the same time, this woman is confronted with a harsh sense of helplessness regarding the implementation of her rules in her own house, since hospitality requires adjustments on the part of the host for the sake of her guests' comfort. The situation is further complicated due to Jhumpa Lahiri's distribution of power roles. If Derridean hospitality amounts to a compassionate sheltering act, what we witness in this story cycle is rather a gesture of gratitude, as acknowledged by Shibani herself, who considers the Choudhuris' previous contribution to their lives as a "blessing," and who adds: "Now it's our turn to be helpful" (228). In truth, giving back can no longer be considered as hospitality, for unconditional hospitality "fails as such if it is offered only under duress, or to fulfill a debt, or out of legal or moral obligation" (Deutscher 12). Furthermore, hospitality's usual configuration is completely turned upside down here for the reason that the well-to-do are not the ones who are offering board and lodging to others but, on the contrary, are received in a more modest milieu.

The dichotomies that can be observed between these families inevitably occasion incomprehension. The inferiority complex experienced by Hema's parents is especially brought to light when the Choudhuris visit prospective houses which appear to be beyond their means while never being quite satisfied by their quality. "My parents felt slighted by your parents' extravagant visions, ashamed of the modest home we owned. 'How uncomfortable you must be here,' they said, but your parents never complained, as mine did, nightly, before falling asleep" (245). Though they are aware of their "defective" hospitality with respect to their guests' status and standard, the young girl's parents are exasperated by what they perceive as an invasive, prolonged occupation of their physical and mental spaces. As a matter of fact, they refuse to understand that it is perhaps not their situation that is the most difficult to experience but the Choudhuris'. It is precisely the latter who make an extraordinary effort by restraining their individual personalities in order to adjust to their hosts' lifestyle and rules, all this without complaining.

Ironically, Shibani conveys the idea that she has reached the end of her tether because she feels obliged to accept what she supposes to be rules implicitly proclaimed by her guests. At some point, this woman ends up judging those whom she once considered as her very own in the harshest of fashions. "Again and again I heard how much

your parents had changed, how we'd unwittingly opened our home to strangers" (245). By defining them as "strangers," Hema's mother literally becomes estranged from someone with whom she shared a sisterly relationship. She removes that family from her heart of hearts. The "forced intimacy" experienced by these families can be seen as a metaphor for the issue of the place given to foreigners and to minority members of a community or nation, with this difference that here both parties are supposed to belong to the same community (251). While considering the ways in which difference has to be apprehended, the political notion of toleration as theorized by Michael Walzer can be useful. When cultural practices differ, one may have the impression that to make compromises with one's fundamental principles constitutes an unbearable act of violence directed against oneself. But it is the requirement of hospitality to accept "the stranger in all his strangeness" (Baker n.p.). In this sense, hospitality allows the host to augment his own identity, if not his own humanity, since he forces himself to overcome his original aversion to difference: "To tolerate someone else is an act of power; to be tolerated is an acceptance of weakness. We should aim at something better than this combination, something beyond toleration, something like mutual respect" (Walzer 52). Hospitality, in its unconditional sense, is certainly a one-way road; but one cannot ignore the fact that the outcome of every kind of interaction gives way to an exchange that enriches both parties spiritually.

Nevertheless, this end is not achieved here. "Somewhere, in that cramped house, a line was drawn between our two families" (245). Even if nothing is clearly expressed, Shibani's implicit animosity has unavoidable repercussions on the general atmosphere. Hospitality cannot be limitless; this is all the more true if one has the impression of having to make too many compromises with one's principles and values, or with oneself. For that reason, in order to avoid transforming one's identity into a battlefield, it is advisable to avoid common activities as much as possible from a certain point in time onwards. On the other hand, each individual is bound to feel the need to recover her or his privacy and the orderly routine she or he is used to. Nevertheless, ignoring her friend's secret hostility towards her family and herself, Parul, for once, decides to help her in the kitchen and goes to the extent of treating everyone to a home-made trifle (247), which makes her take over as a host even if for a very short-lived moment. In the same vein, Kaushik's parents try to entertain their hosts as often as they can. "On Fridays your parents often took us out to dinner . . . The outings were intended to give my mother a break from cooking, but she complained about these, too" (246). This reminds us of Jacques Derrida's description of the perfect situation between guest and host: "the inviting, welcoming, host becomes his guest's guest" (Seffahi 118, my translation). Though Shibani is not as welcoming, she is turned into a guest by her very guests. The Choudhuris try to balance a probable sense of embarrassment with the best of intentions towards their hosts. And, by exempting Shibani from fulfilling her household duties, they once again symbolically become occasional hosts. In the end, one is entitled to question the characters' actual goodwill, for it is not always the householder who is the most benevolent actor in the context of hospitality.

Even the least adversarial relationship of all, the one that exists between a mother and her son, does not guarantee a Derridean sense of "unconditional hospitality." Emphasis is laid on the Choudhuris' selectivity in their search of a house (244-45). Parul, in particular, highlights specific criteria, such as the importance of acquiring "something

contemporary” which has “an in-ground pool” and “water views” (244). The house they finally purchase has been “designed by a well-known Massachusetts architect” and possesses all these characteristics, except for “water views” (251). Some months later, her son Kaushik gives an account of his vision of the edifice – “[i]t was not an easy, typically inviting place” –, insisting on its inaptitude for hospitality. It even seems to be uncomfortable for its own occupants – “[t]he house had always maintained an impersonal quality” (258). In fact, Kaushik comes to compare his mother’s house to the one owned by Hema’s parents:

I had hated every day I spent under your parents’ roof, but now I thought back to that time with nostalgia. Though we didn’t belong there, it was the last place that had felt like a home [...]. The second house was different [...]. In spite of all the effort and money my mother put into that house, we had never been able to inhabit it properly, and because of what was happening to her we never felt happy (291).

Retrospectively, Kaushik ends up feeling grateful for the moments spent in Hema’s house because, after having lived so many unfulfilling and traumatic dislocations, he comes to realize that what appeared as an alienating place was, after all, a temporary h(e)aven, before the hell he was going to experience. Hema’s abode is, at least, a functional house where the mother is preparing meals for the whole family, whereas Parul does not usually cook (231, 263). And Kaushik’s acknowledgment of this house as a home is indicative of the fact that, even if everything does not work perfectly within a home, one can still be moved by the converging energies, or synergies, that keep a family together. According to him, it is not necessary to be an insider to feel connected with and integrated within a lively home. In truth, his father’s house is more alienating, for it is irremediably linked to memories of his dying mother and, hence, it will always appear as the most inhospitable place to Kaushik. What is striking here is that at the time of the purchase of that residence, Parul is aware of her forthcoming end (249-50). Instead of establishing a comfortable and warm nest for her son, a secure haven as a legacy, his mother settles him in the antechamber of her last resting place, plunging him into a period of infinite mourning.

As she often does, Jhumpa Lahiri deconstructs long established stereotypes regarding traditional societies’ tendency to offer disinterested hospitality. Those assumptions tend to convey the idea that solidarity and generosity are automatically enhanced in the context of diaspora for the reason that actors engaged in the experience of assimilation are supposed to be aware of a shared struggle. But nothing is less true. On the contrary, the quest for acceptance is perhaps the most essential one within human experience, and no one is ready to relinquish his/her hard-won position in the world. The outsider’s overriding desire to become an insider, and to be accepted as such, in a new homeland can be equated to Herbert Spencer’s “survival of the fittest” theory, a socioeconomic appropriation of Charles Darwin’s theory of natural selection, in the sense that each individual negotiates her or his way in the world (Spencer 444). But, by doing so, she or he cannot ignore that competition is a cardinal law of this world. It is thus necessary to defend one’s territory and to fight in order to acquire one. The exile’s condition does not differ: he is destined to live in a state of perpetual tension, external and internal.

Jhumpa Lahiri’s microcosm presents an acute demonstration of how the myth of Indian hospitality abroad is in effect turned upside down. One can infer that, according to the stories under study, for immigrants, community reunions do not necessarily ce-

ment the group. They serve the purposes of individuals who wish instead to be accepted and integrated. Even when it is “offered” to Others, hospitality is most often interested and selfish. No position is definitively granted, even at the intimate scale of the familial home. Unconditional hospitality or love is not to be expected from those one considers to be insiders, and one has to rely only upon oneself. Individuals are condemned to remaining frustrated in their absolute desire to discover the Other and themselves. The practice of selfish hospitality does not allow the guest to experience an enhancing adventure of discovery. For this is at the basis of every relationship: the possibility to discover the Other, to freely choose what to learn or not from him, to be transformed by him. Though the hosts are convinced they are making an extravagant effort to adjust to the ones they “welcome,” in Jhumpa Lahiri’s story triptych it is the guests who are truly at the receiving end of the inherent violence of the interaction. In this context, the guest’s identity is rather negotiated by Others. In order to accommodate the Other, one’s identity has to go through a series of contortions, resulting in a dramatic reduction of the self. And as a concomitant consequence, because one’s identity is determined by the Other’s intentions, it is finally impossible to know oneself inside-out.

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