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- 1 What in psychology has been termed “attachment history” and treated as foundational for identity formation seems to be a significant aspect of various kinds of autobiographical narratives. In John Bowlby’s theoretical formulation (cf. 666-669), people are endowed with an innate system of forming attachments with broadly understood caretakers. Attachments are not always fully remembered, though they can be recovered from what Conway and Pleydell-Pearce see as “a self-memory system” which stores memories as transitory mental constructions which may “activate autobiographical memory knowledge structures and, in this way, form specific memories” (261). “Autobiographical memory,” they go on,

is of fundamental significance for the self, for emotions, and for the experience of personhood, that is, for the experience of enduring as an individual, in a culture, over time. As a consequence autobiographical memory is researched in many different subareas of psychology, for example, cognitive, social, developmental, clinical, and neuropsychology to name only some of the most prominent. (261)

- 2 What the idea of autobiographical memory inevitably brings to one’s mind is autobiographical writing, the genre of autobiography, or life writing, in which some kind of attachment history seems to be strongly present, especially in the case of those autobiographers who wrote about changing places, and who themselves changed their places of stay or of living. What is involved in such changes seems to be the change of ones attachments and the possibility of changing one’s attachment into detachment. In what follows, I am looking at the writings of two women writers, coming from two different places from the perspective of what may be called configurations of attachments. What links the two writers is not only the fact that they are women, but also the changes of places which they experienced as changes of attachment to those who cared for them and for whom they cared. If, broadly understood, home can be seen as a place which cares about us, then the change of the place of one’s home necessarily refigures the attachment history of one’s life. The two women writers are Sylvia Plath who changed her place of living from America to England, and Halina Poświatowska

who, for some time, left Poland for America. What thus also links their attachment histories is America in which the two histories somehow meet.

- 3 Sylvia Plath's *Letters Home: Correspondence 1950-1963* (published in 1975, years after the author's death) and *The Bell Jar* (published only a month before Plath's death in 1963 under a pseudonym, and in 1967 with her own name) have predominantly been read in an autobiographical mode. Though from Al Alvarez we learn that Plath spoke of the *Bell Jar* "with some embarrassment as an autobiographical apprentice-work which she had to write in order to free herself from the past" (19), the motivation for the writing of the book may well be ascribed to a confession rather than to an autobiography, to a way of renouncing one's previous life and beginning a new one in order to somehow display a hybrid coexistence of two lives in one. Halina Poświatowska's *Opowieść dla przyjaciela* (*A Story for a Friend*) was published in 1967—nine years after heart surgery for which she went to the US and after the publication of her first volume of poetry and less than a year before her death in October of 1968 at the age of thirty two. This *Story*, which is a poeticized account of the experiences the poet had in America, is also frequently read as an autobiography despite the fact that in the opening paragraphs of the book she informs the reader that she is only going to talk: "I will talk, my friend" (Poświatowska 7). The text is also to be an expression of a certain togetherness, of "common days" and of a "common past" (Poświatowska 7) whose mien is not a singular person, a singular subject, but rather a kind of hybrid whose literary rendition demands a hybrid kind of writing. Though in some sense both Plath and Poświatowska do write about themselves, their texts are strongly concerned not so much with their selves, but with what is, or was, near to them and around them. The hybrid literary forms of Plath's and Poświatowska's prosaic works make room for various, though not mutually exclusive, readings: a meditation on love, closeness and friendship; a story of un/success; an account of (always already) failed translations of a life re-gained, though one where wild hunger for life all too frequently leads to linguistic, mental and culturally troublesome recognitions which are voiced in defense of instincts and ethics *going beyond* self-love and self-preservation. This kind of writing might be called, after James Olney, "periautobiographical"—writing "about and around the self" (Olney xv). Though, as he claims, what characterizes periautobiography is "its *indefinition* and lack of generic rigor" (Olney xvi), it simultaneously decentralizes the self of the traditional autobiography and "brings forth ever different memorial configurations and an ever newly shaped self" (Olney 20). The self is thus brought forth not as what it is, but as a hybrid upshot of an economy of attachment in which the attached does not simply come from the outside, but which also affects the inside through various bonds of friendship and links with what is close to oneself, even if this closeness is sometimes unwelcome and troublesome.
- 4 One of the senses of the verb "to attach" is associated with binding, with tying things together and fastening them so that they constitute a unity in contiguity, that is to say a seeming unity of elements which can exist independently from the whole. The relationships of attachment are those of closeness, and thus may be generally seen as metonymic. Closeness, however, is in fact a category of distance despite the fact that it may also be standing in opposition to distance. Distancing separates, while becoming close almost unites, though the seeming unity is an effect of nearness which strengthens the bond of attachment. Though what has been attached can be recognized as an added other, this cognitive recognition can be annulled through the affective

identification with this otherness which thus becomes a stranger within ourselves. Paradoxically, however, foreignness can be felt as foreign only when it is close to us. For Julia Kristeva the foreign is attached to us from within. “Strangely,” she writes, “the foreigner lives within us: he is the hidden face of our identity, the space that wrecks our abode, the time in which understanding and affinity founder” (1). For some reason, the something within, though close (can anything be closer than something within?), is something to which we are not attached through love or friendship, something which we’d rather do without and get rid of.

- 5 Plath’s wish to free herself from the past through writing *The Bell Jar* can be read, as I have already noted, as a confession. Plath as it were writes a text through which she wants to detach a part of her life from herself, perhaps the stranger within with whom she does not feel to be friendly. This detachment, importantly, is not the Christian renunciation which Foucault saw in his reading of confession as a technology of the self, consisting in a verbalization of guilt which “rubs out the sin and yet reveals the sinner” (42). Plath’s declared attempt to free herself from the past seems to be belonging to another kind of confession, one used “without renunciation of the self but to constitute, positively, a new self” (Foucault 49).
- 6 Perhaps the solitude and withdrawal so typically ascribed to her and her writings can be read as a politics of detachment from the past whose unfriendly intimations haunt her like the specter of the Rosenbergs which opens the text:

It was a QUEER, sultry summer, the summer they electrocuted the Rosenbergs, and I didn't know what I was doing in New York. I'm stupid about executions. The idea of being electrocuted makes me sick, and that's all there was to read about in the papers—goggle-eyed headlines staring up at me on every street corner and at the fusty, peanut smelling mouth of every subway. It had nothing to do with me, but I couldn't help wondering what it would be like, being burned alive all along your nerves. (Plath 1)

- 7 This recollection of a New York summer is Plath’s initial distancing gesture in which the detaching—“It had nothing to do with me”—is accompanied by the imaginary identification with burning alive juxtaposed with the omnipresent smell of peanuts. Both are seen as “unfriendly”, and it is this unfriendliness, or strangeness, of the recollected space that activates both withdrawal and exteriorization. The recollection which Plath wants to write down and forget somewhat aggressively steps in from the outside as the unwanted Americanness not only of New York, but also of the more private space of home:

Ours was a small, white clapboard house set in the middle of a small green lawn on the corner of two peaceful suburban streets, but in spite of the little maple trees planted at intervals around our property, anybody passing along the sidewalk could glance up at the second story windows and see just what was going on. (94)

- 8 The constant being seen in the American suburb along with the violent visibility of America seem to be leaving no space for detachment. Though America praises privacy, this privacy is in fact under constant surveillance, which situation seems to be unbearable to Plath. In a sense Plath’s America is too close, it presses too closely so that rather than being simply attached, it infringes upon her “self” and makes it into an intolerable patchwork.
- 9 Robert Scholes, I think rightly, summarized *The Bell Jar* in *The New York Times Book Review* as “a novel about the events of Sylvia Plath’s twentieth year; about how she tried to die, and how they stuck her together with glue” (Scholes). The image of being made

up of fragments, of being stuck together into a seeming whole is augmented in Esther's recollection from the psychiatric hospital in which the doctors are seen as intrusive and too numerous to take care of a single patient:

I lay on my bed under the thick white blanket, and they entered my room, one by one, and introduced themselves. I couldn't understand why there should be so many of them, or why they would want to introduce themselves, and I began to think they were testing me, to see if I noticed there were too many of them, and I grew wary. (153)

- 10 There seems to be no space for singularity in the hospital and Esther's body is made into a whole which is a patchwork made up of the collective medical gaze. The space of the hospital is a space devoid of privacy, and what she misleadingly perceived as a room of her own on arrival ("I had my own room, again"), turns out to be belonging to an outside which is also linked with the past and with history. The history of the hospital as related by one of the psychiatrists (Doctor Nolan), is attached to the history of America which, for Esther, is a banal repetition of what she knew only too well:

Finally, a handsome, white-haired doctor came in and said he was the director of the hospital. Then he started talking about the Pilgrims and Indians and who had the land after them, and what rivers ran nearby, and who had built the first hospital, and how it had burned down, and who had built the next hospital, until I thought he must be waiting to see when I would interrupt him and tell him I knew all that about rivers and Pilgrims was a lot of nonsense. (153)

- 11 What makes the hospital an inhospitable place is the vulnerability of its denizens to intrusions of both the doctors and, along with them, of the notorious stories of the making of America which seem to be culminating in the making of the hospital. The hospital is a besieged place in which there is no space for one's own story, and so is the home whose space is easily penetrated by noises and lights of the outside world, culminating in the unstoppable ringing of the telephone:

I crawled back into bed and pulled the sheet over my head. But even that didn't shut out the light, so I buried my head under the darkness of the pillow and pretended it was night. I couldn't see the point of getting up. I had nothing to look forward to. After a while I heard the telephone ringing in the downstairs hall. I stuffed the pillow into my ears and gave myself five minutes. Then I lifted my head from its bolt hole. The ringing had stopped. Almost at once it started up again. Cursing whatever friend, relative or stranger had sniffed out my homecoming, I padded barefoot downstairs. The black instrument on the hall table trilled its hysterical note over and over, like a nervous bird. I picked up the receiver. 'Hullo,' I said, in a low, disguised voice. (94)

- 12 Though the outside world is in fact friendly, and the telephone call Esther receives is from a friend, she is clearly inhospitable to the outside. *The Bell Jar* seems to be a story of detachment in which friendship is not seen in terms of the duty of reciprocation in which detachment may be seen as an offence. What Esther/Plath experiences in America, from what she wants to "free herself", may be the kind of friendliness which America offers both in its public and private spaces, the friendliness in which closeness is performed intrusively, braking the metonymic demand of remaining close, of being there as another. Plath is not hostile to the America she revisits in the book, and yet "cursing whatever friend, relative or stranger," she as it were conjures the question of enmity which, in Jacques Derrida's reading of friendship, inevitably haunts the idea of friendship through the paradoxical relationship which he terms "pharmacological":

The possibility, the meaning and the phenomenon of friendship would never appear unless the figure of the enemy had already called them up in advance, had

indeed put to them the question or the objection of the friend, a wounding question, a question of wound. No friend without the possible wound. The tension between friendship and enmity would be pharmacological. (Derrida, *Politics of Friendship* 153)

- 13 The kind of friendship which can be traced in Plath's book, and from which she detaches herself, seems to be one-sidedly curative, a pure remedy for lack of a togetherness unspoiled, or "unpoisoned" by the logic of *pharmakon* which is "neither remedy nor poison, neither good nor evil, neither the inside nor the outside, neither speech nor writing" (Derrida, *Positions* 43). The curative power of *pharmakon* lies in the complicity of contrary values thanks to which "presenting itself as poison, may turn out to be a cure" (Derrida, *Dissemination* 125).

- 14 What America hides, and what Plath sees and experiences, is the poisonous aspect of its overt friendliness. According to Carole Ferrier, Plath is "a victim of the fifties and its ideology of the family" (Ferrier 215), of its oppressively patronizing protectiveness also embodied, paradoxically, in the figure of her mother and visible in Plath's hostility to her (cf. *Journals* 429). One may call this kind of friendliness fake, while Plath seems to be longing for a more real kind of attachment to the world. She expressed this quite literally in her *Journals*:

My main thing now is to start with real things: real emotions, and leave out the baby gods, the old men of the sea, the thin people, the knights, the moon-mothers, the mad maudlins, the lorelei, the hermits, and get into me, Ted, friends, mother and brother and father and family. The real world. Real situations, behind which the great gods play the drama of blood, lust and death. (471)

- 15 The above quotation extends Plath's feeling of non-attachment outside America, to her new British milieu which she also sees as unreal. It was only for a while that attachment to another person withdrew her from the "real world": "my whole being has grown and interwound so completely with Ted's that if anything were to happen to him, I do not see how I could live. I would either go mad, or kill myself. I cannot conceive of life without him" (274). For a while the metonymic contiguity changes into unity with Ted Hughes and becomes a part of her own being. This unity is strongly underlined in *Journals*, the idea of separation becoming associated with withering and dying. In May 1958 she wrote: "I am superstitious about separations from Ted, even for an hour, I think I must live in his heat and presence, for his smells and words – as if all my senses fed involuntarily on him and deprived for more than a few hours, I languish, wither, die to the world" (378). The inseparability from Hughes and the demand for togetherness may be an example of what Martina Bilá sees as "Plath's obsession with doubles" (68), with alter egos of sorts with whom she sometimes does not identify herself. A year later, in 1968, the need for being incessantly together with Hughes gives way to a need of remaining apart. Hughes's company becomes poisonous to her "self" and, like earlier America, intrusive:

I enjoy it when Ted is off for a bit. I can build up my own inner life, my own thoughts, without his continuous 'What are you thinking? What are you going to do now?' which makes me promptly & recalcitrantly stop thinking and doing. We are amazingly compatible. But I must be myself—make myself & not let myself be made by him. He gives orders—mutually exclusive: read ballads an hour, read Shakespeare an hour, read history an hour, think an hour & then 'you read nothing in hour-bits, read things straight through'. (401)

- 16 Plath's wish to make herself rather than allow for being made by others seems to be a gesture of periautobiographical writing around the self in which the autobiographical

subject is more than one. As she declared in the *Journal* entry for 15 November 1959, “[t]he thing is, to develop other first persons” (530), an art which demands a detachment from the singularity of the ego with an eye to develop other egos, other first persons. Such other persons are, to use Jean-Luc Nancy’s phrase, singularly plural and thus always evading and avoiding their having been made by others. The detachment from the singular “I” of the first person along with the creation of “other first persons” may signify that “there is no Other and that the ‘there is’ is not an Other. Being is not the Other, but the origin is the punctual and discrete spacing between us, as between us and the rest of the world, as between all beings” (Nancy 19). Plath’s detachment from the past is thus also a way of creating a distance, or a space, between the “I” and the present, a space which allows for a declaration of one’s non-belonging to the appropriating demands of singular identities.

- 17 For the Polish poet and writer, Halina Poświatowska, America seems to have been a promise of regaining health and of becoming another person. Her *A Story for a Friend* was published in 1967—nine years after heart surgery for which she went to the US and after the publication of her first volume of poetry; less than a year before her death in October of 1968 at the age of thirty two—and constitutes a poeticized account of the experiences the poet had in America. The *Story* covers the time of travel, the surgical procedures and the years of Poświatowska’s American education (Smith College and summer courses at Columbia), of numerous travels and walks she took in New York and other cities (with one longer trip to the South). The *Story* seems to be, as in Plath, a way of bidding farewell to the past and to things left behind in Poland, the things which had made her through various kinds of being attached to places and to people in Poland. The America of Poświatowska’s *Story* figures as a land of life regained, though one where the wild hunger for life all too frequently leads to linguistic, mental and culturally troublesome recognitions which are voiced in order to be heard at the other shore of the ocean. This seems to be a defense of instincts and ethics different from the ones governed by the idea of self-preservation. The economy of life and the economy of friendship constitute the backdrop against which the *Story* is told to disturb the conventional conceptualizations of friendship and attachment, of the topographical and mental closeness as the determinant of being oneself, of constituting a singular identity.
- 18 If Plath’s America is a space of the past, Poświatowska visited America before she actually went there. Mostly tied to her bed, hardly attending a school, she learned about the world by hearsay, from her mother. “I was everywhere”, she wrote in her *Story*, “in the prairies of the American west, I took part in African expeditions, and crossed the stormy ocean” (31).¹ As a child, paler and weaker than other children, having problems with breathing, she was visibly different, though the protective lies of her mother placed her in a fake zone of security whose fragility she felt only intuitively. Her mother’s eyes “were hiding a secret code whose each sign strengthened the feeling of security in me. I did not know then, I did not even suspect, that my mother could lie with her eyes” (35). Her mother also took care of the publication of her first poetical works, perhaps seeing in her propensity to writing an extension reaching farther beyond the sick reality of the body. The man she married had also a sick heart, he suffered from *angina pectoris*, and died two years after their marriage. He was also an artist, and what seems to have kept them together was again the spectral sphere of fantasies which was in a way more vivid than their bodies.

- 19 Both her illness and the fantasy of creation can be read as an outsiderness of sorts within which there hides a besieged interior of healthy reality which is in fact empty. The illness and, say, the literary production can be viewed here as a kind of clothing with which this bare inside does not fully identify itself. They are contiguous, attached to each other, but kept separate. However, if what Susan Sontag calls in her reading of illness as metaphor the aesthetic pose of “romantic agony”—a kind of interior décor of the body whose poetic expression produces the, in fact desirable, aesthetic effect—Poświatowska, even before her travel to America, as it were interiorizes both her illness and the world of words by way of what Jacques Lacan called “extimacy,” a process in which the exterritorial outside, though seemingly strange an alien, infiltrates “the most interior of the psyche” (cf. Pavón-Cuellar 1). Or, as Slavoj Žižek phrases it, we begin to deal with the paradoxical situation in which “an external, contingent, found element... simultaneously stands for the subject’s innermost being” (Žižek 205). The external reality becomes thus eliminated as false or inauthentic, while the interior begins, at least provisionally, to be positively valorized. This is noticeable in Poświatowska’s poem “An Advertising Device” (“Chwyt reklamowy”):

the world has tired me,
everything was
and *nihil novi*
under the round shining
is explained under the letter k: knowledge
—study the encyclopedia—
now I want to lie flat
and kiss the uneven nails
of your hand—sticky and dirty (*Hymn bałwochwalczy* 12)

- 20 The poem was written before her visit to America, though its published version was sent to Poświatowska when she was already there. The title of the collection of poems in which it was included was *An Idolatrous Hymn* (*Hymn bałwochwalczy*, 1958), perhaps also indicating some shift of her veneration not only from the external world of culture, from the world of words (encyclopedia), but also from the sick body to the bodily sexual pleasure. What the poem also “extimates” is the encyclopedic fantasy of the full picture and knowledge of the world which is transformed into the intimate experience of wild lovemaking which hinges upon tearing apart of the body and nearly cannibalistic transubstantiation:

*Study the encyclopedia
Clench your teeth more tightly
On my left arm
Tear off the skin—it prevents
Our tightened muscles
From interlacing into uninterlacable*

*People
Study the encyclopedia (13)*

- 21 Make wild love and study the encyclopedia is not exactly a watchword of her contemporary Americans who wanted to make love in peace, though perhaps in a “wilder” milieu than a middle-class home. The *nihil novi* in the poem also signifies a disbelief in the newness of the world, in the possibility of finding a new world out there, even in the New World which has already been encyclopedized as a historical past. The image of America which appears in *A Story for a Friend* is also the image of an overdomesticated space where there seems to be nothing new, and where there is no

space for an authentic relationship. Her first impression when she sees America through the window of the airplane is unequivocal:

This is already America. Not only letters connect me to this land, those few sheets of paper, a few names. This country is strange to me and I don't know the people on whom my future depends.

Under the wing of the plane the light-gray New York City, x-rayed by the sunset.... I notice the ashy outline of the island falling into blueness - the ocean, the glitter of sunlight in the tops of trees. (112)

- 22 Poświatowska does not seem to be having any adventurous expectations about America, a touristic thrill of a semi-discoverer of something unusual or exotic. What she ironically conquers there are domestic places and cheap things: "You see, my conquest of America was not highly impressive. I washed dishes in clean kitchens and my only attainment were a few ancient dresses" (125). What she also discovers is America's familial, umbilical linkage with the homely security of Europe: "Who of us does not have cousins in America, my dearest, it has turned out that I have too" (119). What has changed is that immigrants have become "pragmaticized," deprived of the perhaps less domesticated natures from the past, which resulted from the long work of a few generations. When she informed one of her newly discovered cousins about her decision to stay in America, what he saw in the decision was a trace of the American mind as it were residing within her: "A cousin with a pragmatic mind—to which the work of a few generations has contributed—expressed his recognition of the practicality of my idea" (119-120).
- 23 Poświatowska's America has been encyclopedized, though in a different language than her native one. There is no space for strangers in it, and thus for friendship whose dynamics, as I have already noted, demands the unfriendly otherness. Her text can be read as a kind of translation addressed to a friend, a figure of friendship posited outside, far away, and demanding translation. This translation does not have to reach for what Lawrence Venuti called foreignization, as the seemingly new reality is itself a plain text, as clear as an encyclopedic entry. What surprises her a little is that there are no black students at Smith, the fact which she mentions to her friend seeing in it a potentiality of disbelief: "you may check, not a single black man from Harlem is studying at this university, at this one and at any other one" (152). The passages referring to her travel to the South, however, do not contain any marks of surprise, perhaps except for the fact that she chooses it as an object of description: "Through the wooden screens of advertisements there show dirty, neglected huts of the settlements of blacks; doors frequently rigged up of plywood, the dark rectangles of windows deprived of glass. Weeds grow over the shallow ditches, on the paths, in the yellow sand half-naked colored children are playing" (188). Interestingly, this uninvolved view is juxtaposed in the text with the enthusiastic exclamation of one of her travel companions, Anita, expressing excitement about having reached this legendary region of America: "It's already the South, the real South—Anita is shouting out" (189). Unlike Plath's, Poświatowska's America is non-intrusive. She is not attached to it and though decides to live there for a few years, the contact enforced by this decision always remains superficial. The relationship may be called a friendly apartness, with friendship being reserved for something else, for her life "poisoned" with illness. The world around her is friendly, perhaps smiling, but throughout the text she remains notoriously indifferent to it.

- 24 *A Story for a Friend* is a letter written from a friendly world which Poświatowska wants to preserve as a milieu for her visibly disappearing life which takes place within her mind and her body. Perhaps what really mattered in her predicament was some language of the heart, the heartbeat whose sound must have been for her more valuable than all the other sounds coming from the distant world. Though the brief improvement of her health was made possible, and took place in America, the sphere, or zone which really concerns her lies beneath language, within the bodily flows of blood thanks to which she can see and read the world, however encyclopedic it may be. A heart, of course, may symbolize both a loved person, a dear friend, and the site of love, the place from which love originates and which keeps the beloved within itself. In Poświatowska, however, the heart figures as a bodily part which speaks life rather than love, a part which provides life with a rhythmicity whose repetitive work is also discernible in the monotony of the world outside as its translation. Towards the end of the *Story* Poświatowska discloses that what she wrote, including the America she went through in her text, was dictated by a strange kind of friendship, exactly a “pharmacological” one in which it is the dying body which speaks the words of life:

I can hear the sound of the foamy water and can feel how the most sensitive of the measuring instruments—the heart—is delicately beating. It is still weak, but it is daringly beating and with great patience is pumping the warm blood.

- Listen, my friend, all these pages are only its rhythm.

- 25 The friend seems to be herself, the listener to oneself who is bound to hear the other. Such a listening to oneself is not a gesture of selfishness, but rather of a much more complex possibility of friendship with oneself as attached to the other. Such a listening, to reach to Derrida’s politics of friendship once again, “inscribes friendship, knowledge and death, but also survival, from the start, in a single, *selfsame* configuration. The same here is none other than the other. It has at least the figure of the other” (Derrida, *Politics of Friendship* 7).
- 26 Poświatowska’s friend within herself does not read the outside world as hostile and, as I have already noted, her America is non-intrusive and seems to be only one of the figures of the other in her attachment history. Unlike in Plath, she does not detach herself from America seeing in it an “everywhere” about which she heard from her mother’s stories. What speaks through the fragments of Plath’s writing which I have read here seems to be a stranger within herself, something which I have tentatively called the intolerable patchwork of her “self”—a fragmented narrative in which attachment, as was the case of her attachment to America, easily changes into detachment and obstructs the construction of Derrida’s “*selfsame* configuration” (see above) of friendship.

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NOTES

1. All translations of fragments from Poświatowska are mine, unless otherwise stated.

ABSTRACTS

The paper addresses the question of attachment to places and the modes of its reflection in the “periautobiographical” (James Olney’s term) texts of Sylvia Plath and Halina Poświatowska. For these two women writers the change of the place of living (from America to England in the case of Plath, and from Poland to America in the case of Halina Poświatowska) was a significant event which can be read as a history in which the topographical change becomes crucial for the construction of autobiographical memory. This memory, partly constituted by the play of attachments and detachments, is also crucial for the understanding of the role of the ideas of home and homeland seen as a refigured space of attachment in which the idea friendship and its various bonds are links with what is close to oneself, even if this closeness is felt as unwelcome and troublesome.

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Keywords: Sylvia Plath, Halina Poświatowska, autobiography, attachment, friendship

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