

UDK: 82-311.1+82-3Winterson, J.
(616.895.7+2-853):2-312.47Winterson
82-94

Izvorni znanstveni rad
Primljeno 10. ožujka 2022.
DOI: 10.38003/zrffs.15.3

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PARANOID RELIGIOSITY IN JEANETTE WINTERSON'S NOVEL *ORANGES ARE NOT THE ONLY FRUIT* AND MEMOIR *WHY BE HAPPY WHEN YOU COULD BE NORMAL?*

Abstract

This paper represents an attempt to give a psycho-religious analysis of the character of Mrs. Winterson, who is the main protagonist of Jeanette Winterson's debut novel *Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit* (1985) and her memoir *Why Be Happy When You Could Be Normal?* (2011). Mrs. Winterson was the author's adoptive mother, and was characterized by a pronouncedly idiosyncratic psychology. Here we will try to suggest that Mrs. Winterson had a personality disorder of the paranoid kind, based on the DSM-5 (*Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, Edition 5*) psychiatric criteria for diagnosing this disorder. Every single criterion will be substantiated by instances and quotes from the two analyzed works. This personality pathology inevitably spilled over into the way she approached religion, practiced it, and imposed it on those around her, primarily on her adoptive daughter. Unlike with some other mental illnesses, it is very difficult to develop healthy religiosity in case one has a personality disorder, due to the proverbial lack of objective self-observation and meaningful insight into one's authentic personality. Nevertheless, Mrs. Winterson rigidly and intensely upheld the social and religious values of extremely dubious nature, and instilled them in her daughter. Such direct, strong, and essentially unwholesome parental influence was detrimental for the healthy development of Jeanette Winterson's personality, which may be corroborated by both of her books, in which she described the same autobiographical story. The personality of Mrs. Winterson is dominant in both the novel and the memoir, an unmistakably idiosyncratic axis around which these two texts revolve, forcefully blurring the borders between the two genres.

Key words: Jeanette Winterson, Mrs. Winterson, paranoid personality disorder, paranoid religiosity, *DSM-5*, memoir

Jeanette Winterson's debut novel *Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit* came out in 1985, and went from being more or less unnoticed in the beginning, to eventually winning the Whitbread Award for the best first novel that same year. Ever since, the book has become a modern classic, "has made its way into the secondary school syllabus", (Makinen 2005: 5) and "has remained the most popular and most written-on of Winterson's novels" (Makinen 2005: 1).

When asked if the book is an autobiographical one, the author responds: "No not at all and yes of course" (Winterson 2011: xiv). However, to make things less ambiguous in this respect, when compared with Winterson's memoir *Why Be Happy When You Could Be Normal?* (2011), it is quite clear that her first novel does cover the most crucial moments of her early life, thinly and somewhat euphemistically veiled in fictitious garb. Her story is a difficult one, and her literary rendering of it came about with an urgency of "a downstream force by a high wind" (Winterson 2011: xii). It had to be told, and retold. Perhaps one of the most significant factors of her childhood and adolescence, which left an ineradicable mark on her adult personality, was the fact that she was adopted as an infant, and that her mother was a textbook religious fanatic, as will be shown in the following analysis. Jeanette Winterson's case corroborates the fact that being brought up by someone who most likely had a disordered personality means being deeply affected by it for a long period of time, probably even for life.

The strand in the above mentioned books which follows the theme of personality disorder and religious fanaticism, as well as the ramifications thereof, has not been in the focus of the major critical reception of this novel. Most studies approach it from one of the two following angles – "the discussion in relation to her as a lesbian writer and in relation to her as a postmodern writer" (Makinen 2005: 2). *Oranges* is one of the most famous books of lesbian literature, which paints "a portrait of the artist as a young lesbian" (Duncker 1998: 77–78) in her struggle of coming out amid "the ecclesiastic homophobia" (Makinen 2005: 10). In the words of Susana Onega, it is "an astonishing *tour de force*, a truly innovative and self-conscious experiment in *écriture lesbienne*" (Onega 2006: 34). On the other hand, it also has many elements of postmodern writing, such as "a complicated narrative structure designed as a simple one" (Winterson 2011: xiii), which is interspersed with bits of her own story and with "remote intertextual references from the Bible to fairy tales" (Makinen 2005: 3). Such "anti-linear" (Winterson 2011: xiii) interpolations "disrupt and dislocate" (Makinen 2005: 8) the chronological progress of the story and "deconstruct the divisions between fact and fiction, reality and fantasy, and masculinity and femininity" (Makinen 2005: 3). However, this paper is moving the focus from these two major points of discussion, and directing it to considerations of psycho-spiritual content in Winterson's novel and memoir.

Most of the novel is a first-person narrative "stretching from the age of seven to twenty one" (Andermahr 2009: 49). Winterson tells the story of growing up as the only child of adoptive parents Constance and John Winterson in the Lancashire town of Accrington, her dramatic home-leaving at the age of sixteen, and the years immediately after she left home. Roughly, the most crucial elements in her developmental history were: her parents' affiliation with the Baptist Pentecostal Church and their strict religiosity; the fact of being abandoned by her biological parents and adopted by the Wintersons; and the adolescent budding of homosexual attractions. When speaking about the parents' religiosity, it is more accurate to speak exclusively about her mother, because her father was just a follower, a pale figure always in the shadow of his wife, so he did not figure significantly in the unfolding domestic drama, other than just being physically present.

The mother, or Mrs. Winterson henceforth, is the one who pulled all the strings of the macabre family dynamics in the scant settings of their home at Water Street 200, their local church, and the small religious community they belonged to. She is the giant who dominates both the autobiographical novel and the mentioned memoir, and everything that happens within the confines of this small family is first and foremost submitted to her standards, either to be sanctioned or fiercely rejected.

For the purposes of this analysis, the novel *Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit* (henceforth *Oranges*) is fortunately complemented with the memoir *Why Be Happy When You Could Be Normal?* (henceforth *Why Be Happy*), written almost forty years after the novel. The character of Mrs. Winterson presented in this paper will be a merger of the fictionalized mother from the novel and the real-life portrait from the memoir. The difference is in the mode of presenting some of the details and in the degree to which the author is ready to reveal the secrets of family life, otherwise there seems to be no essential dissimilarity in the portrayal of Mrs. Winterson in these two texts. *Oranges* is the somewhat more sanitized version, for several reasons. The author was not yet ready to face some extremely painful details that she revealed decades later, and Mrs. Winterson was still alive. Even so, when the book was published she sent her daughter "a furious note [...] demanding a phone call" (Winterson 2012: 2). She knew that, despite the fact that Jeanette did skip many tricky details, the power of the novel's in-between-the-lines script pierces deeply and sharply, and that this one exposed "the sanctity of family life as something of a sham" (Winterson 2011: viii). The memoir could be published only after Mrs. Winterson was deceased. Neither of the two renditions of her character is flattering, but she is also not being entirely rejected by the author. Even the titles of both of these books are the sentences Mrs. Winterson uttered. The fact is that "the relationship between mother and daughter is central" (Andermahr 2009: 50–51), and that, as will be shown later, the nature of this relationship is much more complex than the sheer antagonism obvious at a first glance would suggest.

The plot of the novel is straightforward, the accompanying details thorny. Jeanette grows up steeped in the family atmosphere dominated by fanatical religious doom. In her prepubescent years the unconscious outlet from this situation, the impossibility of which she does not yet understand, are stories, those she hears (mostly biblical ones), and those she invents. As the capacity to see things from her own perspective expands, she gradually gets more and more disillusioned, eventually becoming outraged by the captivity she was held in physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. The first time she falls in love turns out to be with a girl, which is not only unacceptable in her community, but deemed to be outright demonic possession. This did not make the situation any easier for Jeanette.

For a while longer, "storytelling" continues to be her "way of resisting parental control" (Saxey 2008: 99) until the point at which she feels the need to physically dislocate herself from her adoptive family, in order to preserve her identity and autonomy. However, being young, completely alone, and broke, she finds it hard to decide whether to leave home or not. The one who helps her make the final decision is her mother who, unhappy with Jeanette's stubborn attitude, literally kicks her out of the house and makes it clear that she is no longer welcome. After some rough

patches in the beginning, Jeanette gradually finds her feet and manages to get into Oxford. This is the point in time at which *Oranges* end. In *Why Be Normal*, she discloses the later developments of becoming a world-renowned author, getting in touch with her birth mother, but also struggling with the inner demons planted in her soul at a very early age, that occasionally took her to the brink of suicide.

Major critical examinations of *Oranges* mainly fail to portray the full extent of madness and malignancy of Mrs. Winterson's religiosity. For example, she is described as "a strong maternal figure who is eccentric, domineering and zealous" (Andermahr 2009: 51). Such phrases only approximately and palely reveal the overall scope of her personal rigidity and intensity. She requires some bombastic expressions like the one used by her daughter herself – calling her a monster, even though she mitigates it by calling her "my monster" (Winterson 2012: 229) who was nevertheless there, unlike her birth mother. Before turning to the analysis of her alleged monstrosity, and delving deeper into her personality traits, we will present a brief account of her life trajectory. The sequence of events in her life will be presented chronologically, unlike in either of the two books. It has to be remarked that the larger amount of biographical material, as expected, comes from the memoir.

Constance Winterson was born in what appears to have been an unfortunate marriage between "a genteel woman" and "a seductive thug" (Winterson 2012: 9–10). She was attached to the mother and loathed the father, who used to beat both of them up. There was also a brother, whom she loathed, too. Sometimes she would tell stories of her youth during the Second World War, in which she played the accordion in the air-raid shelters, sew parachutes, and stole the silk to make dresses. Apparently, she was good looking and had many suitors, but found them all wayward. She eventually married John William Winterson, a poor working class chap returned from the war. This infuriated her father and made him sever all ties with her. He also disinherited her for marrying down, leaving everything to the son. Constance's life with John was anything but standard. It is unclear whether they had ever consumed their marriage at all. One night early on in the marriage he came back home drunk and she locked him out of the bedroom. When he broke the door down, she took her wedding ring and threw it out of the window. Then she left the house, temporarily. Both of them used to drink and smoke before they found Jesus and joined the Pentecostal Church. After that the drinking stopped, but she resumed smoking, secretly. John was left with only one pleasure, though – Polo mints. They moved into the house at 200 Water Street in 1947. She would stay up all night, listening to the radio, reading the Bible, doing odd chores, and go to bed only after her husband got up to go to work. They did not have a bathroom for many years, which she was ashamed of. However, they remained in that hated house all until her death.

As Mrs. Winterson really had no friends, she decided to adopt a child – whether she could have had her own children or not remained a mystery. She was thirty-seven, her husband forty. They had opted for a boy named Paul, but for unknown reasons ended up bringing home a girl, Janet, whom she renamed Jeanette. From the very start the girl was intended to become the only companion in the odd religious world that Mrs. Winterson had created for herself, and eventually become a missionary in

distant lands. The mother would not have sent the girl to school at all had she not been forced to by the law, but teach her herself, along with the education Jeanette was receiving at the local Elim Pentecostal Church. As long as the daughter was young and complied with the parental/maternal demands, the life of the small family kept moving on, but as soon as Jeanette started the struggle to establish her own identity and rebel against the imposed norms she was supposed to follow unquestioningly, things fell apart. Her awakening homosexuality only sped up the separation. Jeanette was sixteen when Mrs. Winterson ordered her to leave the house. She did come back for Christmas several years later, as an Oxford freshman, and that was the last time they saw each other. Mrs. Winterson died in 1990, her husband John remarried and lived until 2009.

Throughout the two analyzed books the author lists various psychological illnesses she suspects Mrs. Winterson was suffering from. The most common lay diagnosis that young Jeanette repeatedly hears from others was that her mother was mad. Jeanette does not call her mad, but rather says that she was depressed, pointing in the books to a few episodes that might corroborate this supposition. She also implies a touch of bipolarity by saying that her mother would stay bedridden for days, after which ensued manic episodes of all-night baking, knitting, and reading. Other adjectives used in the two books are compulsive-obsessive, disordered, monstrous, impossible. However, the author never mentions the word that probably applies to her mother more than any other – paranoid. The closest she came to it was her statement that Mrs. Winterson was suspicious of everything and everyone. We believe that she had a paranoid personality disorder. What follows is a rough outline of Mrs Winterson's psychological portrait, sifted through the criteria of paranoid personality disorder, accompanied by some additional pathological traits she might have had.

The traits most commonly associated with paranoia are mistrustfulness and persecution mania. They represent the two sides of the same coin. *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, 5th Edition (DSM-5)* proposes seven criteria for paranoid personality disorder, four of which are directly related to mistrustfulness, suspiciousness, doubting. Persecutory ideation is an underlying quality that flares up during psychotic episodes, while “a pervasive and unwarranted mistrust and suspiciousness of others” (Sperry 2005: 191) is constantly present. Mrs. Winterson's behaviour reveals consistent suspicions of exploitativeness, disloyalty, harmfulness, deceitfulness, and untrustworthiness of others. In her experience, people were far from being kind, and there was nobody she really liked. Quite rare for a woman, she even had a revolver hidden in her bedroom drawer. The synonym for school in her paranoid vocabulary was “Breeding Ground” (Winterson 2007: 16), she saw nothing unusual in nightly flashlight inspections of Jeanette's bedroom, or in scaring away all those who knocked on her door. Consistent with the reluctance “to confide in others because of unwarranted fear that the information will be used maliciously against [...] her” (*DSM-5* 2013: 649), everything in her world was kept a secret. Not only that she never told Jeanette who her biological parents were, she had even crossed out all the names on the birth certificate that was found in the house after Mrs. Winterson's demise, in order to completely obliterate the child's origins. So, her

“distrustful, secretive, and isolative” (Sperry 2005: 192) nature ticks several boxes of paranoid personality disorder.

Another DSM criterion states that paranoids “read[...] hidden demeaning or threatening meanings into benign remarks or events” (*DSM-5* 2013: 649). Indeed, the world according to Mrs. Winterson was a gloomy place full of threats she was constantly wary of. She sees what others do not, and connects the dots in her own way, disregarding objective facts. Sometimes the kitchen is full of ghosts, so she wouldn't let hungry Jeanette go in there to have something to eat. She would let her in only when the dead were gone, which could last for hours. Oftentimes paranoids “believe they are in communication with the unseen world” (Stoddard, 1908: 349). Danger is perceived everywhere. In Mrs. Winterson's mind, books were dangerous, refrigerators too (if a child got trapped inside, it would freeze to death). Bodies were disgusting and full of sin, the whole world was teeming with misdeeds. In both books Jeanette Winterson mentions the War Cupboard into which her mother put a new tin every week since 1947, in case of a new world war. The whole Constance Winterson universe is “a cosmic dustbin” (Winterson 2012: 22) with the lid tightly on, from which there is no escape. The master of the cosmic ceremony, of course, is Devil himself, in his many forms. This shows that the overall outlook of her world was thoroughly paranoid in a very gloomy way.

Moving on to the next DSM criteria, which provide that a paranoid personality “persistently bears grudges, i.e., is unforgiving of insults, injuries, or slights” (*DSM-5* 2013: 649), and “perceives attacks on his or her character or reputation that are not apparent to others and is quick to react angrily or to counterattack” (*DSM-5* 2013: 649), it can easily be proved that these prerequisites are applicable to Mrs. Winterson, too. Her unattractiveness and unpopularity derive largely from being “hostile, stubborn, and defensive” (Oates 1987: 111), as well as from the propensity to “retaliate by every means” (Stoddard 1908: 346). On the very first page in *Oranges* her quarrelsomeness is accentuated – while Mr. Winterson liked to watch wrestling, Mrs. Winterson liked to wrestle, with whoever and whatever came along. She was also spiteful and fed on the clashes she provoked. In a predominantly Labour town she would put the Conservative flag in her window. Her anger was permeating the household as much as her gloom. She would get angry with her husband and daughter for as trivial a reason as staying too long in the outhouse toilette. For what she perceived to be graver offences she smashed plates, burned Jeanette's books and letters, cut off the heads of flowers from the bouquet Jeanette had brought her. One of the most iconic moments in Jeanette's development was the attack that ensued one day after she had confided to her mother that she was attracted to girls. While just silently listening and nodding during Jeanette's confession (as described in *Oranges*), the next day in church the pastor and Mrs. Winterson pointed their fingers at Jeanette and the girl she liked in front of the whole congregation, and accused them of being possessed by demons. Exorcism was arranged. After that Jeanette felt she could not confide in anyone any longer. The inner demons that sometimes chased her were essentially recriminatory, just like her mother. Upon meeting Ann, the biological mother, and realizing that she was open-minded, uncomplicated and warm, Jeanette felt uncomfortable around her and out of her comfort zone, for

mothers are supposed to be "labyrinth-like and vengeful" (Winterson 2012: 214). The only DSM criterion that does not apply to Mrs. Winterson is the one referring to suspicions of the "fidelity of spouse or sexual partner" (*DSM-5* 2013: 649), because the sexual component was altogether banned from her marriage and was not to be mentioned in any context. When she was forced to acknowledge some form of sexual activity, such as when they heard the noises from the next door neighbours, or when Jeanette's sexuality started emerging, Mrs. Winterson would get extremely uncomfortable, negative and vengeful, due to her own unresolved and contested relationship with sexuality.

Venturing out into the wider zone of paranoid personality disorder (outside of the seven listed criteria), or of psychopathology in general, Mrs. Winterson's behaviour was symptomatic in other ways, too.

Since paranoid personality disorder is frequently associated with serious distortions of truth, Jeanette was rightfully confused by the maternal role model while growing up, for Mrs. Winterson was perpetually mixing truth and lies. It might be more likely that her mother did not "know exactly where the truth [lay]" (Millon 2004: 462) rather than trying to confuse Jeanette on purpose. The baseline of Mrs. Winterson's cognitive and emotional organization was an accentuated dichotomy of the way she experienced the world, a sharply black-and-white picture she imposed on everything, in which there was no room for mixed feelings of any kind. *Oranges* humorously opens with the lists of her mother's friends (such as God, dog, the novels of Charlotte Brontë) and enemies (the Devil, next door neighbours, slugs, sex). Such sharp polarizations to all good and all bad, with no grey areas in between, are the result of the defense mechanism of projection, most frequently employed by paranoids, which allows them to deflect to the outside world all the negativities within themselves they are not willing to face (but subconsciously feel to exist deep within). For people with paranoid personality disorder, this projective-binary principle is the major mechanism of disfigurement of reality.

Another common characteristic of this disorder attributable to Mrs. Winterson was a belief "to be special and different from others" (Sperry 2005: 193). She would not buy in discount stores like other women of similar means, she brought up Jeanette instilling into her a sense of absolute specialness, snobbishly changing her name from the common Janet to the Frenchified Jeanette. Even though she could not afford to buy Jeanette school meals, she refused to have them given to the child free of charge. On top of that, her religious position in the word, as will be expounded on later, was full of superiority, assumed martyrdom, glorious first-rateness. Similar to the defensiveness of projection, the elements of narcissistic grandiosity also "compensate[...] for deep feelings of inferiority" (Millon 2004: 451).

In interpersonal relationships paranoids "can be obnoxiously controlling" (Benjamin 1996: 315), authoritarian, dominant and entitled to always be in the right. Mrs. Winterson was no exception in this respect either. She was genuinely convinced that she was the only person in the house and in her small social circle who knew the right answers. Her husband was weak and submissive so he never stood up to her, and Jeanette went along with it all while she was still young enough to be rebellious. They were assigned duties by the *materfamilias*, which included walking the dog

by Jeanette, and cleaning all the shoes by her husband John. Lapses were never tolerated, such for example as John watching television on holy Sunday while his wife and daughter were out. At the same time, she tolerated and justified her own bigotry and the many lapses she herself was prone to.

Another way of controlling the family members, especially Jeanette, was to give them no private space at all. The daughter never had the key to the house for as long as she lived with the Wintersons, and being locked out at night, which happened frequently, was another way of her mother exercising utmost control.

The emotional world of people with paranoid personality disorder is barren and cold. These "intimacy-avoiders by nature" (Sperry 2005: 192) tend to be "cold, aloof, unemotional, and humorless" (Sperry 2005: 193). Mrs. Winterson easily checks all of these categories. She never laughs and never finds anything funny. In *Oranges* the author uses one of the globally most threadbare phrases when describing an unfeeling personality. Jeanette Winterson wrote that her mother had a heart of stone. However, setting this brief sentence apart as a single paragraph, and brilliantly linking it to the biblical parable of casting stones in the following, equally brief sentence-paragraph, the triteness of the phrase evaporates and exudes a rediscovered freshness that taps into the raw source of emotional observation. There was no warmth in Mrs. Winterson's eyes, nor in her voice, and she was not the one to show compassion, soothe, or offer reassurance. However, as soon as Jeanette started asserting herself in her own right (as is expected and healthy for every adolescent), the mother's emotional dryness disappeared, turning into intense hatred. Another seemingly trite phrase that reverberates through both the novel and the memoir flawlessly expresses this searing abhorrence: "You're no daughter of mine" (Winterson 2012: 112).

The gamut of insensitivities towards family members, or anyone else Mrs. Winterson interacts with, ranges from seemingly small instances of inconsiderateness, to utmost lack of affection or empathy. This is a trait common to most personality disorders. Skipping the multiple cases of minor insensitivities illustrated throughout both books, let us single out several examples that veritably show the extent to which Mrs. Winterson was unfeeling. While still a young schoolgirl, Jeanette once had a problem with her adenoids, which left her deaf for several months. Neither her mother, nor anyone else for that matter, noticed anything wrong with her at all for quite a while. Asked why her daughter was not responding to questions, Mrs. Winterson answered that it was the Lord working in mysterious ways. In church it was assumed that the girl was full of spirit. When she wrote a note to her mother on a piece of paper that the world was very quiet, the mother hardly even acknowledged it. It was only a woman from the church who finally understood what was going on, and she took Jeanette to the hospital. Mrs. Winterson's reaction to this was that Jeanette was just a little bit deaf, which was no big deal, and she accused the girl of not telling her what the problem was. After this, she hardly ever came to the hospital to visit her daughter. She had other more pressing business, such as waiting for the plumber. This absurd situation is presented very humorously in *Oranges*, as if humor helped the author deal with the trauma she decided to share with the reader, and the whole passage "has us laughing about things that we realize should make us weep" (Makinen 2008: 5).

The sense of guilt was instilled in Jeanette from an early age by being told repeatedly that during the adoption process her new parents were led by the devil to "the wrong crib" (Winterson 2012: 1). The phrase soon became painfully synonymous with the girl herself. The wrong crib. The adoptive parents wanted a boy named Paul, who would have been an incomparably better choice, but for some reason they did not manage to get him. Knowingly or unknowingly, but in any case uncaringly, the parents left deep marks on Jeanette's psyche sending such loveless messages.

One of the most tragic moments in Jeanette's childhood took place one day when she heard her mother arguing with an unknown woman in the front garden. When Mrs. Winterson came back to the house and Jeanette asked her whether the woman was her birth mother, as the girl suspected, she received such a blow that made her fall back on the floor. The matter was never raised again.

The final illustration of Mrs. Winterson's lack of affection and interest in others may sound pale in comparison to the previous ones, but is also quite indicative. The first and the only time Jeanette visited her adoptive mother after she left home at sixteen was over Christmas five years later. Many things had happened in the meantime, and she was now studying at Oxford. However, Mrs. Winterson never asked what Jeanette had been doing all that time, and Jeanette did not have the need to explain anything, easily falling back into the domesticated pattern of communication with her mother in which the girl had no say in the matters and no control over the course of the conversation. It takes a severe personality disorder to be lacking in such basic human interests.

As Len Sperry notes in his *Handbook of Diagnosis and Treatment of DSM-IV-TR Personality Disorders*, people with paranoid personality disorder tend to have "a depressive core" (Sperry 2005: 204) which makes them "brood about their predicament" (Sperry 2005: 197). Mrs. Winterson fully fits the depressive pattern, too. When most of the hurt and antagonism in Jeanette ebbed after years of living away, she understood that this dominant and rigid maternal figure, who said daily prayers to die, was in essence deeply unhappy. She did not love life, she did not have hope, she reveled in apocalyptic gloom, and her household resembled creepy settings from horror movies. The years spent with the Wintersons are dark memories in the author's mind, in which the father was invisible and the mother the black axis around which everything revolved, and which sucked everything into its ghastly centre. The pith of the struggle between the mother and the daughter was running along the lines of happiness versus unhappiness. Mrs. Winterson thought that being happy was somehow sinful, while being unhappy was virtuous. Jeanette's attempts to find happiness were consistently sabotaged. The iconic moment in their relationship was when they were talking about Jeanette's love for a girl, and when the mother seemingly tried to understand the motives behind such a disgraceful act. Upon Jeanette's statement that when she was with that girl she just felt happy, Mrs. Winterson responded, after a pause: "Why be happy when you could be normal?" (Winterson 2012: 114). The state of chronic dissatisfaction and gloom was the comfort zone she did not wish to leave. Still, there were several exceptions which prove that the capacity to rejoice was not altogether absent from Mrs. Winterson's world.

Mrs. Winterson loved Christmas, the only time of the year when she would go out into the world; she loved traditional summer Gospel Tent camps, activities of the Baptist missionaries worldwide; she liked opera and hummed a little; and had a gift to read the Bible aloud very dramatically. Cinema was among her passions, too, but the church did not allow it. Jeanette suspected that her mother went to the Odeon on her frequent "Disappearances" which lasted for approximately 24 hours, during which nobody really knew where she was. Other benign penchants were for beans on toast in a local café, or Albert Royal ceramics, that both Jeanette and her father tried hard to afford and thus make the mother happy. However, her tastes were somewhat more bizarre than that, for the Christmas presents that brought tears into her eyes were a box for little scrolls with quotes from the Bible in the shape of an elephant foot, a catapult to attack the cats of the next door neighbours, and "a sword stick" (Winterson 1997: 175). Furthermore, she loved electrical gadgets, such as bulky headphones for her radio, or an electrically heated corset. When it overheated there was no other way for her to cool it down but to go out into the yard and stand there for a while, because it was worn underneath the petticoat. Most curious of all, she was a big fan of suppositories and enemas, probably addressing her unconscious urge for purging. Still, all of the instances of the things she enjoyed were not central enough to disperse the essential depressiveness that abided in her blood and bones. As already noted, sex was definitely not among the things she enjoyed; she outrightly abhorred it. Any references to it, however distant, made her uncomfortable to the point that in her readings she would censor the Bible and leave out expressions such as 'a bastard', or the mention of male anatomy such as testicles. In fact, it was her body, or more generally the human body, that terrified and disgusted her. Bringing up a baby, which involved dealing with all the detestable physiological functions, was a great challenge for this mother, and inevitably for the child, too.

The possibility that Mrs. Winterson had actually never had sex is quite likely. However, this exclusion of sexuality from her daily life did not mean that she was asexual, nor was her mind as innocent and naïve as it would have been expected; quite the contrary – it was very corrupt. She would sense sexual energy from afar, and call it Devil's business.

Taking into account the whole constellation of things described, as well as the mores of the 1960s and the 1970s when the story took place, the only thing in Mrs. Winterson's mind more disgusting and sinful than sex was homosexuality. Surprisingly, she was very astute in sensing this, too. Jeanette was at a certain point forbidden to go to a sweet shop run by two ladies who always gave the girl a small treat. When asked why, her mother responded that "they dealt in unnatural passions" (Winterson 2012: 95). Jeanette's childish mind thought this meant that the ladies put some illegal stuff in the sweets they were selling. Later on, when Jeanette brought a female friend home to spend the night, the mother knew that it was not just friendship, and she proved her suspicions by coming into their room in the middle of the night, exposing them with a flashlight. How come that this spot-on recognition of a homosexual element that even Jeanette was unaware of was so unailing in a celibate, post-World-War-Two woman whose life revolved around church and religion?

When Jeanette was still a child Mrs. Winterson showed her an album with the photographs of her "old flames". Among the pictures of handsome men there was one of a young woman, too. Upon Jeanette's question who that was, the mother replied that it was a sister of one of the boys. However, the next time they looked at the album, the photograph of the young woman was gone. Perhaps that was the only real flame that Mrs. Winterson had had, and perhaps by stifling that flame she had buried her sexual and emotional energy deep into the ground, choosing instead the socially acceptable role of a religious devotee piously married to a God-fearing man. That was the superficial picture she wanted to believe in and show to the world, but her inner life did not match the outer picture at all. She was a frustrated, unfulfilled, loveless, envious woman who, in fact, just needed love like anybody else, but had lost the capacity to either give or receive it, as many people with personality disorders will. The pressure of the emotional and sexual frustration within her was so powerful that when Jeanette told her about her emotional and physical attraction to women, Mrs. Winterson's varicose vein burst splashing all the way up to the ceiling (as described in *Why Be Happy*). The curious thing is that even though the author hinted about her mother's potentially suppressed homosexuality, her reaction many years later to the question whether Mrs. Winterson was a latent lesbian was one of shock. Jeanette Winterson could not answer it, she felt like choking, like being asked to reveal a darkest taboo. This is how strong a grip on everything Mrs. Winterson had, even years after her death.

If she put her mind to something, Mrs. Winterson would unfailingly work her way through to accomplishing it. As a newly elected treasurer of the Society for the Lost, the membership in the Society almost doubled under her direction. Generally, she was a very good businesswoman. She was probably also well-read in youth, so it is not intelligence that she lacked. However, her intelligence was trapped in the rationalized cage of mad religion, made even tighter by various restrictions, and fed by her own depression. Within such mental context her cognitive potential was narrowed down to oversimplifications and distortions. She explained everything resolutely and finally, giving young Jeanette a completely false model of reality. If the daughter complained that she had bad dreams, the mother would say that it was because she had eaten sardines for dinner. In the same vein, she equated being in love with the sensation when you have a stomach ulcer. In the consistent manner of a disordered personality, all the elements of being were bent and subordinated to feeding the idiosyncratic picture of life her knotty mind had created.

The distortions described above applied to religiosity and morality, too, for Mrs. Winterson, though allegedly strictly religious, in essence did as she pleased, bending the rules or following them very selectively. Not allowed to smoke, she still did it, hiding cigarettes and using fly-spray to dispel the smell. Also, she read mystery novels all the time, and probably surreptitiously went to the cinema, too. Her acts smacked of bigotry, and like all bigoted people, she was not aware that her hypocrisy was easily see-through. She never bargained at the market, but made her husband do so. She also never beat Jeanette, but delegated the corporeal punishment to him, too. A butcher she knew was an "old flame" and she took discounts from him, even though he was devil incarnated. The list goes on and on.

The only unexpectedly liberal thing about Mrs. Winterson was that she could not stand any racists remarks. Such absence of racism was in line with her passion for missionary work, but in reality she did display essential ignorance about different cultures. When Jeanette visited from Oxford she brought along a friend who was black. The visit was bitter-sweet due to Mrs. Winterson's misunderstanding of black people – she gave the girl pineapple for every meal every day (and got mortally offended when the girl said she even did not like pineapples), and knitted her an extra blanket believing that the girl would feel very cold, despite the fact that she hailed from Luton. Unfortunately, these instances slightly discredit the only bright moral spot on Mrs. Winterson's horizon.

Elements of personality disorder other than the paranoid one are identifiable in Mrs. Winterson's behavior, too. The mood swings that she experienced resemble borderline personality disorder; her isolation, aloofness, bizarre tastes and fringe beliefs are quite schizotypal; she was also narcissistic and obsessive-compulsive. The analysis of her idiosyncratic personality could go far and wide. However, based on the criteria of personality disorders that she does meet to a largest extent, as well as the overall impression her behavior leaves, it might be concluded that she had a predominantly paranoid personality.

Mrs. Winterson's paranoid attitudes found a snug fit within the orbit of the Pentecostal Baptist church, which she and her husband joined after attending an annual tent crusade in their early married years. She liked to say that finding Jesus solved all their marital problems, but it is more likely that in reality her drive for domination only received a religious pretext. She knew that it was much more difficult to criticize or dispute religious principles than her personal caprices, which is why a religious shield was incontestably convenient.

The evangelical denomination they adopted was strongly focused on several facets: the Bible (she would read it aloud to Jeanette and John every night, from A to Z, with a week in between finishing one and starting a new round); the praying (even for the washing to dry if put out on an overcast day); the theological discussions (whether to bury or cremate the deceased with or without dentures). The Elim Church's social function, however, was quite cohesive, for its members felt they belonged to one big family with a high level of camaraderie, especially during summer tent crusades. Belonging to such tightly knit congregation fulfilled Mrs. Winterson's need for connectedness, at least to the extent to which she was capable of connecting. Outside of the summer camps and Christmas celebrations, she was generally rather isolated, arrogant, and dismissive of the opinions of other church members. Still, she felt great admiration for the pastor, who was also a missionary, and whose sermons burst with the urgency to stamp out demonic forces, evident all around.

Where church dogma and rules of conduct were concerned, such for example the restrictions of alcohol, sex, or cigarettes – Mrs. Winterson adhered to some, but consciously breached others. Her personal rigidity did resonate well with the inflexibility of her church, but at the same time it was too sinewy to be completely broken down by a higher authority. Hence, she put her own twist on every rule and every idea the Pentecostal church propagated.

Pray she did, of course, but not in accord with the prescribed norms. Instead of kneeling down and praying with the congregation, she prayed standing up (with the pretext of having bad knees), and alone. Submission was a difficult notion for her, even to the Almighty she allegedly believed in. Her prayers always included vengeful ideation against those who did her wrong, who were many. Once she crossed off blind Nellie from her praying list, simply because Nellie complained about the gift of tinned black cherries and chestnuts in brine she received from Mrs. Winterson's War Cupboard.

Instead of tapping into spiritual inspiration when she sang hymns and accompanied them by playing the piano, she flung them spitefully at Next Door, considering them unbelievers and vermin. She allowed no heathens in her house. If possible, she would not have sent Jeanette to the pagan school at all, but was forced to by the law. Still, she was not willing to risk prison (despite the fact that St. Paul somehow always ended up in it). Her rebellion did not venture so far. While everybody else went to tent crusades together, she always arrived there on her own, taking a separate coach so that she wouldn't be seen smoking. There were no obstacles to whatever she wanted to accomplish – and if her accomplishments clashed with clerical rules, she bent the rules and employed rationalizations as a defense to justify her own ways.

She also made significant interventions at the level of theological ideas, believing only half of what the church prompted her to believe. In fact, she concocted quite a lot of theology herself, in which the meekness of New Testament did not figure, and turning the other cheek was not an option. She was all about eschatology, Apocalypse, End Time, Armageddon, Book of Revelation, no-forgiveness, hardcore Old Testament justice. Also, the notion of the resurrection of the body was unacceptable to her, which had partly something to do with the fact that she never felt comfortable in her own body and did not want it back in the other world either, but partly also with the basics of scientific knowledge that she had acquired. She was familiar with the laws of physics that life is all mass and energy, and that when we die we leave the mass behind and our energy goes on. Like with everything else, she indulged herself in the theological sense, too, but not with an aim to iconoclastically reach out for higher truths. Her unconscious aim was solely to protect the defensive personality construction that sprang from her deep neurosis, imprisoning herself within its unbending bars.

Mrs. Winterson had visions and saw ghosts everywhere. Mice were ectoplasm to her, the kitchen would sometimes be packed with dead people in uniforms, demons were in the radio and in the workers' slums. One of her most detested enemies were slugs, and when once she heard a radio show about the life of a family of snails, she cried out that it was an abomination. Still, the direct mention of spiritist mediums and voodoo practitioners upset her deeply. The inner fields of unresolved and jumbled complexes, anxieties, non-acceptances, and fears, significantly reflected on her spiritual outlook on life, which was just as jumbled and unsorted.

The eccentricity of her belief and the fascination with electric gadgets combined into a rather bizarre picture that Jeanette came across when she visited her mother for the last time – of a woman sitting by the radio with huge headphones on, turning the knobs up and down, receiving missionary reports, and speaking into the microphone:

“This is Kindly Light calling Manchester, come in Manchester, this is Kindly Light” (Winterson 1997: 176). She was planning to form a group of electronic believers and start its newsletter. Since this was happening in the early 1980s, the idea would have been very advanced had she not been so completely erratic.

Another trademark feature of religious psychopathology that was very much alive in Mrs. Winterson too was the hatred of religious traditions other than her own. First of all, within the context of missions in distant places she was obsessed with, she considered Christians superior to “unbelievers”. Such absence of doubt in the superiority of Christianity over native religions was characteristic for most of the Western world, but in her mind it could not have been questioned in any conceivable way. However, Christian denominations other than her own were to her equally demonic. She loved it when the Mormons came to her house, for she would fling open her door and shout words of eternal damnation at them. Apart from the Mormons, she hated Catholics, too, and the enemies of the Pope were her friends. When Jeanette was small, her mother told her that Catholic saints were wicked, indulgent, and completely unfit for worship. The religious pettiness, intolerance, and a lack of a larger spiritual picture of the world is so frequently present in a believer with a personality disorder, such as Mrs. Winterson was.

Mrs. Winterson saw herself as a local missionary, though unwilling to leave the confines of her Accrington safe zone, however much she hated it. Her religious ideation fed on things grand and miraculous. She imagined flames, doomsday spectacles, the final destruction of the material world. Amid all this, she saw herself as a stag-bearer, probably the only true believer out there, while everybody else was either Heathen or Devil. Instead of identifying her failures, she interpreted them as successes. Failing in her parental role, after Jeanette’s departure, she took it upon herself to offer support to parents whose children were also possessed by the devil, like her own adoptive daughter. She even set up a self-help kit for them, including the useful information of what to do and what not to do, which numbers to call, which lines of the Bible to read. The delusions of people with personality disorders are capable of turning things completely upside down and presenting black as white.

The lack of genuine insight into her whims resulted in justifying anything she did by saying it was what the Lord wanted her to do. She did not cringe from insensitively hurting others while performing “God’s will”, because the notions of compassion, gentleness and understanding for fellow humans, that are underlying a healthy spirituality, were completely alien to her. The minds of people with personality disorders are generally not equipped to read the finer script of religious texts, however well they know the scripture, despite multiple readings and re-readings of it. Beneath the nominal knowledge of the Bible, the idiosyncratic adherence to religious rules, and coloring of every single element of daily life with religious hues, a legitimate question that can be posed is whether there was even a trace of mature spirituality in Mrs. Winterson’s rigid self. Although the relationship between an individual soul and God is a tricky terrain where even angels fear to tread, based on Mrs. Winterson’s behaviour, her understanding of the world, and most crucially her treatment of others, it might be concluded that she simply did not possess spiritual

subtlety, and that the coarseness of her personality structure was too inflexible to let in any nuanced religious feelings or cognitions.

Apart from treating her husband in an indifferent and domineering way, and not having real friends to develop genuine friendly relationships with, the major area of Mrs. Winterson's interpersonal functioning was her relationship with Jeanette. It was flawed from the very beginning, even before she met the child, because she saw the whole enterprise as following God's will, not fulfilling her motherly instincts. She was convinced that she had followed a star that led her to the orphanage. Living an isolated life, she needed someone to exert her influence over, so finding an infant she would raise, with strict and great expectations, was the major motivation for adopting Jeanette. She never saw in the child an individual personality, but a future missionary, an ally and a confederate in the hermetic pseudo-religious world she inhabited. This is why the first signs of the girl's resistance to such aims were mortal offences in the eyes of the mother, because the whole project she had sacrificed a lot for was falling apart. Whoever does not completely comply with those who have a personality disorder is immediately turned into a bitter enemy, or, in this case, Devil incarnate.

For Jeanette, her mother was the center of the universe all until she reached puberty. The family life was anyway arranged in such a way that Mrs. Winterson was the Sun and the Moon, and to a child the mother is naturally the focus of her world. The young ones do not have the cognitive capacity to understand it when parents are abusive or toxic, they just follow them like Lorenz's ducklings, until they develop the ability to think more independently. Thus, in order to appease her mother, Jeanette always drew pictures of Hell in school and chose biblical themes for various projects, failing to understand why the teachers were not as delighted as her mother was, and why she never received any prizes. She would tell other children about Hell, until they and their parents started complaining. Jeanette thought her mother had healing powers, and learned from her to interpret various signs that the others were blind to. In other words, she was misused to reinforce Mrs. Winterson's bizarre religious practice, and was from the earliest age trained not to contradict. If Jeanette had had a weaker personality, she might have inherited her mother's legacy, protecting it with the same insane intensity as Mrs. Winterson had done, and as sometimes does happen with children of imbalanced, intense parents. However, at a certain developmental point, Jeanette felt the urge to turn away from this unhealthy source of influence in order to create room for personal growth, even though this departure came at an enormous cost. Not only that she was kicked out in the street with no means of livelihood, but she was also emotionally rejected (for the second time in her life), which is difficult to accept even if it comes from such a person as Mrs. Winterson, with whom Jeanette in fact never even had a warm emotional bond.

As soon as Jeanette showed signs of contrarianism, and most of all when her emotional and sexual attachment for another girl was shrewdly detected by Mrs. Winterson, she became completely unacceptable. She could not have been allowed to have something her mother had probably deprived herself of very early on. In fact, she was given one chance to change. After being accused of demonic possession, and after a horrific and abusive act of exorcism was performed on her, she was allowed

to return to the fold. However, when she strayed one more time – and all of this was happening before the age of sixteen – she was accused of deliberate sinning, abomination, bringing evil to the house, selling her soul, and there was no other option for her but to leave immediately. Upon complaining that she had nowhere to go, Mrs. Winterson told her that the Devil always helps his cohorts. Knowing it would be futile to hope for any compassion, Jeanette leaves, and moves gradually from living in an old, battered car, to becoming a wealthy, world renowned author. The legacy of Mrs. Winterson has been heavy and long-lasting. It was she who indirectly pushed her daughter into the world of literary fame (at the same time believing that Jeanette's success was from the Devil), who figured most dominantly in the author's memoir, and whose character was played by Geraldine McEwan in a BBC TV series based on *Oranges*. But most of all, her pathology inscribed itself indelibly into Jeanette Winterson's mind, in a darkly convoluted way. Surprisingly, despite the obvious negative influence the adoptive mother had over this girl, Jeanette Winterson points out some positive aspects of their relationship, too. However, let us briefly restate the negative developmental effects of being Mrs. Winterson's daughter.

The family atmosphere, extremely significant in a child's development, was not wholesome in the Winterson household. It was dominated by the mother's intensity and rigidity, and the father's submissiveness and invisibility. With a hindsight, the author recalls that her home provided no safety or order, two crucial conditions for healthy development. In her early teens, Jeanette did get a small room of her own, which offered some privacy. She could hide books of fiction, otherwise forbidden, under the mattress on her bed, but one day Mrs. Winterson discovered and burned them all, so even this personal space was not invasion-proof. The emotional climate was dismal and always on the verge of tension. Such darkness, confusion, and lack of freedom stirred in young Jeanette a very natural response – rage.

She took the domestic emotional mayhem out on other children at school, bullying and upsetting them with stories of Hell and Apocalypse. If another girl expressed fondness for Jeanette, Jeanette would push her away, run off, and feel thrilled for having the overall control, but cry her heart out afterwards. Based on the models she was exposed to at home, it was difficult for her to maintain even a semblance of normalcy. She learnt never to confide in anyone; never to belong; never to be able to live with someone else, for others are impossible to live with. Her experience was that the ones closest to you must hurt you. When she met the members of her biological family, who seemed decent and normal enough, Jeanette did not want to be included, because her early family experience deadened her ability to belong. Later in life, she also found it extremely challenging to live with long-time partners, for she had internalized a lunatic character that was "part Mrs. Winterson, part Caliban" (Winterson 2012: 175). Within and without, Jeanette's life was overarched by the toxic influence of the dominant and deranged maternal figure. The girl protected herself by furtively reading and telling stories to herself, by instantly falling asleep when upset, and eventually by being courageous enough to stand up for her own life and all that it entailed. She managed to get away from the grip of family madness, but the scars

remained, and many of the pathological pockmarks she inherited continued to wreak havoc in her later life.

The most sensitive and the most tragic field of family dysfunction is the field of love. The unfailing question that all children ask themselves is whether they are loved. Jeanette was not, for a mother with a personality disorder, who was raising her, did not possess the capacity to love. Devoid of love, she became very nervous and insecure, adopting a cognition that love is unreliable. Believing that one cannot be loved for who one was, she asked herself whether it was possible for another person to love her at all.

All of these detrimental lessons were learned thanks to Mrs. Winterson. However, no matter how negative an influence she was, family relationships are never dichotomously simple. There was a lot of hate, but Jeanette admits that there was some love, too, at least on those days on which Mrs. Winterson was able to love. That was the best she could do, but that was far from being enough for Jeanette. However, when her biological mother Ann criticized Mrs. Winterson, Jeanette got offended, because Mrs. Winterson was at least there, unlike Ann. Yes, the adoptive mother was a monster, "but she was my monster" (Winterson 2012: 229), she was the only one to offer this girl protection, however unsuitable.

In a more profound sense, the author also tries to understand her difficult childhood in terms of receiving "a dark gift" (Winterson 2012: 214) from her mother, and asks herself whether she would be what she is if Mrs. Winterson had not been the way she was. Some critics think that "through her mother she acquires the self-conviction, determination and power of prophecy, which sustain her as a lesbian and, we are lead to believe, as an artist" (Andermahr 2009: 53). Wherever the truth lies, however, it is difficult to minimize the trauma Jeanette unnecessarily had to go through, and the psychological and emotional hurt she has had to bear.

Mrs. Winterson was angry when *Oranges* came out. To her, just like to most other people with paranoid personality disorder, "family loyalty was a basic value, and sharing family secrets with others was not tolerated" (Sperry 2005: 199). Whenever there is dysfunction, there is the need for secrecy too, and her dysfunctionality was profound and dark. Sensing this mostly on a subconscious level, she strove to keep it all within the confines of her small circle, and hence she experienced the publication of Jeanette's novel as an ultimate betrayal.

If we were to look for the roots of Mrs. Winterson's psychopathology, she was also the one who did not have it easy in her own childhood, for she probably might have "grown up in an atmosphere charged with criticism, blame, and hostility" (Sperry 2005: 195), and her "siblings [...] were plainly preferred by the parents" (Benjamin 1996: 316). As Jeanette herself wrote, Mrs. Winterson was "the baby nobody picked up. The uncarried child still inside her" (Winterson 2012: 3). If what psychologists assume is true, she was probably unconsciously forced to immunize herself against the emotionally unfavorable environment she was growing up in, by applying paranoid defenses that she later never grew out of. Besides, sensing potential lesbian attractions in an age that was extremely hostile to such leanings, she might have "related paranoid tendencies to the repudiation of latent homosexuality through projection" (Sperry 2005: 191). Whatever her story might have been, it pushed her

into a fanatical religiosity that was only masking a deep-seated psychopathology Mrs. Winterson never managed or never wanted to assuage, souring the air around her, and having a malignant effect on everybody in her proximity, first and foremost on her daughter Jeanette.

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PARANOIDNA RELIGIOZNOST U ROMANU *NARANČE NISU JEDINO VOĆE* I
MEMOARU *ZAŠTO BI BILA SRETNNA KADA MOŽEŠ BITI NORMALNA?* SPISATELJICE
JEANETTE WINTERSON

Sažetak

Ovaj rad predstavlja pokušaj psihološko-religiozne analize ličnosti gospođe Winterson, protagonistice debitantskoga romana Jeanette Winterson naslovljenoga *Naranče nisu jedino voće* (1985), kao i njezine memoarske proze *Zašto bi bila sretna kada možeš biti normalna?* (2011). Gospođa Winterson, žena s naglašenom idiosinkratičnom psihološkom strukturom ličnosti, bila je autoričina pomajka. Hipoteza u ovoj analizi odnosi se na to da je gospođa Winterson imala poremećaj ličnosti paranoidne vrste, što potkrepljujemo psihijatrijskim kriterijima za dijagnosticiranje toga poremećaja navedenima u *Dijagnostičkome i statističkome priručniku za duševne poremećaje – peto izdanje* (DSM-5, *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, Edition 5*). Svaki od spomenutih kriterija ilustriran je primjerima ili citatima iz dvaju analiziranih tekstova. Patologija ličnosti protagonistice neizbježno se odražava i na način na koji je pristupala religioznosti, prakticirala je i nametala članovima obitelji, prije svega posvojenoj kćeri Jeanette. Za razliku od drugih mentalnih poremećaja, ljudi s paranoidnim poremećajem ličnosti teško mogu dostići razinu zrele religioznosti, upravo zbog odsustva objektivnoga samopromatranja i dodira s vlastitom noetičkom autentičnosti, što je odlika koja ih karakterizira. Bez obzira na to, gospođa Winterson rigidno se i intenzivno pridržava socijalnih i vjerskih vrijednosti izuzetno sumnjive prirode ugrađujući ih u vrijednosni sustav svoje pokćerke. Takav izravan, snažan i iz temelja nezdrav roditeljski utjecaj predstavljao je ogromnu prepreku za normalan razvoj ličnosti Jeanette Winterson, što je jasno opisano u analiziranome romanu i memoaru jer u obama djelima piše istovjetnu autobiografsku priču. Ličnost gospođe Winterson dominantna je u objema knjigama predstavljajući neizbježnu, ekscentričnu silnicu na koju se usmjeruju dva navedena teksta, a istovremeno upravo njezin lik briše granice između fikcijske i autobiografske proze.

Ključne riječi: autofikcija, *DSM-5*, gospođa Winterson, Jeanette Winterson, memoar, paranoidna religioznost, paranoidni poremećaj osobnosti