Imagining Minds
Young, Kay

Published by The Ohio State University Press


For additional information about this book
https://muse.jhu.edu/book/24300

For content related to this chapter
https://muse.jhu.edu/related_content?type=book&id=860074
Parts of this book have appeared elsewhere.

A portion of chapter 1 was published as “Imaginado la Coscienza di Emma” in a special issue of *il cannochiale: IL VALORE COGNITIVO DELL’ARTE*, edited and translated by Brunella Antomarini, 2 (2000): 157–66.


A shorter version of chapter 3 was published as “*Middlemarch* and the Problem of Other Minds Heard” in a special issue of *LIT: Literature Interpretation Theory: Victorian Realism*, guest edited by Margaret E. Mitchell, 14 (2003): 223–42.


Figures 1 and 2 are reproduced here from Herman Helmholtz’s *On the Sensations of Tone as a Physiological Basis of Music*, translated by Alexander J. Ellis (New York: Dover Press [1954]): 136, 140.

Figures 3 and 4 are reproduced here from Wilder Penfield and Herbert Jasper’s *Epilepsy and the Functional Anatomy of the Brain* (Boston: Little, Brown and Co. [1954]): 70, 71.

I owe profound and ongoing thanks to my teachers—to Philip Fisher, a remarkable teacher and scholar, who taught me how to read Austen, Eliot, and Hardy and how to think about the novel; to Stanley Cavell whose voice as philosopher continues to sound within me the call to search for meaning and to give it my voice; to Martha Nussbaum who first made the relation between the novel and philosophy a necessary part of my life; to Elaine
Scarry whose recognition of and moving attention to the representation of that which we imagine cannot be represented models for me the best of what scholarship in the humanities should seek to do; and to Jim Phelan and Peter Rabinowitz for their sustained interest in and engaged reading of my work and for bringing it to the attention of others. The Mellon Fellowship in the Humanities, what is now the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship, supported me throughout my graduate studies at Harvard—I owe my graduate education and career to their generosity and commitment to me and to the humanities. Over the course of the many years of writing this book, two intellectual homes emerged for me—the Institute of Contemporary Psychoanalysis, Los Angeles, and the Literature and Mind Initiative at the University of California, Santa Barbara. I am deeply grateful to my colleagues and friends from both worlds for sustaining me intellectually with the company of their far-reaching, generative minds and for their unfailing support. My thanks to the photographer Arash Afshari for his fine work and desire to make every image just right. Sandy Crooms, the wonderful Acquisitions Editor at The Ohio State University Press, has made every step of this book’s production easier to move through and more enjoyable than I ever could have imagined. I am grateful for her committed, positive editorial support through all stages of this book’s birth. Maggie Diehl’s and Kristen Ebert-Wagner’s skillful, gracious editorial attention has made this a better book—I am indebted to them for their knowledge of language and suggestions for how to better mine. My deep gratitude to Janna Thompson-Chordas for the beautiful cover design and her responsive attention to my color palate and to Jennifer Shoffey Forsythe for the striking textual design. Together, they have made my book a work of art. Many thanks are due my students Erica Firman, Geoff McNeil, and Summer Star for their patient, thoughtful, careful research assistance. To Dashiell Fellini, who reminds me daily of what matters and asks like a refrain, “When will you get to work writing that bestseller?” At last I can answer, “Today.” To Nelly, thank you for your sweet face and the quiet of your company through every writing moment. I owe the greatest thanks to the brilliant neurologist-philosopher Jeffrey Saver for knowing everything and for sharing your knowledge with such profoundly moving generosity. To my mother, the artist Eleanor Young, a lifetime of thanks for showing me what it means to imagine. My first words of dedication are my last—for my father—who taught me the power and wonder of an idea.