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Uncanny Doubles: Appropriating the Guru–Devotee Dyad

Already back in 1901, Rudyard Kipling had had all it took to remark that "all India is full of holy men stammering gospels in strange tongues; shaken and consumed in the fires of their own zeal; dreamers, babblers, and visionaries: as it has been from the beginning and will continue to the end" (Kipling 1969: 40). The foundations of the tradition of the Mystic East had already been set, and the subcontinent opened up at the feet of the pilgrimaging masters, dragging along or — at times of strife — being dragged along by their faithful pupils. The accounts of the adventures of, among others, Kim and his lama or Narcissus and Goldmund testify to the strength and durability of the guru–devotee bond which inscribes both of the involved sides within the dialectics of teacher and pupil. The teacher — an impeccable character who has learnt the value of silence, who knows how to tame both his/her mind's and body's desires — on the course of the spiritual journey he/she literally or metaphorically undertakes with the pupil bequeaths all his/her wisdom onto the devotee who, through treading on the path paved by the master, acquires the chance to achieve a higher transcendental goal.

The fascination with oriental religions and philosophies has not abated to the present day; quite the contrary, each year, steadily growing numbers of Westerners arrive in Asia, with the hope of finding what seems to have been irretrievably lost in the West — spirituality, paradise, beauty, love, adventure. The circuit runs both ways, though, and the unprecedented popularity of the Orient among Westerners has triggered off yet another trend. The Easterners, the Orientals are on the move, too, having embarked on a quest of a sort — it is not much of an exaggeration to say that they travel to the West in their thousands, pursuing the time-honoured dream of finding a niche out there for themselves to lead a comfortable, economically secure life. They go to the West with the hope of making a living by answering the Westerners' craving for the exotic.

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In the process the Orientals adopt the invariable role of spiritual teachers for the disillusioned Westerners; unfortunately, however, more often than not the part which becomes their share in this exchange is, to say the least, imbued with tensions and controversies — how far a cry the present-day situation is from the one hailed in the accounts of old hopefully my analysis will show in greater depth. By resorting to Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's novel *Three Continents*, Ameena Meer's short story "I Want to Give You Devotion," and Jane Campion's film *Holy Smoke!*, in the following paper I aim at elucidating the conditions of (un)familiarity which structure the guru–devotee relation, investigating also questions of consuming cultures that are grounded firmly in the vicious economy of the Western craving for the exotic, a desire just as passionate as it is melancholic and conflicted. In this light, I propose to read the guru and his/her follower as melancholic figures propelled by forces to a large extent beyond their control; consequently, my analysis focuses on issues of split consciousness and doubling evident in the chosen texts which embody the guru and the devotee as a frightening pair, one making up for an evil twin to the other, leading each other to often unavoidable madness and psychosis. Sigmund Freud's and Julia Kristeva's readings of the uncanny and the other within will be engaged in the present study in order to shed light on the elaborate exclusions with which the self attempts to elevate protective walls around its integrity. The question of whether such a barricading stands a chance of success will also be looked at, weighed from the perspective of Freudian melancholia, which breeds the ego and Kristeva's notions of the "Foreigner" as one's own "unconscious — that 'improper' facet of [one's] impossible 'own and proper' " (Kristeva 1997: 289).

However, in their depiction of India, many authors stray away from the conception of it being a fabled land of nearly paradisial happiness, a safe haven for the needy, the lonely, the miserable, towards a subversive and ambiguous myth of "India as Destroyer" (Afzal-Khan 1993: 19), the myth which draws heavily on what Rubin describes as "indissoluble and threatening Indian trinity... of race, sex, and spirituality" (Rubin qtd. in Afzal-Khan, 19). This theme is central to many of Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's works. Jhabvala brilliantly sees through the spiritual Indian façade, revealing what other Indian authors choose rather to leave intact and screened off. This is so because Jhabvala somehow stands alone among her fellow writers, and her uniqueness stems from the fact that her multicultural upbringing and diversified ethnic background (born to Polish parents of Jewish descent in Germany, growing up in London, married to a New Delhi architect, now dividing her time more or less equally between New York City and New Delhi) allow her to adopt a certain outsider's perspective on India, which accounts for the author's, often highly critical, handling of the theme of the East–West encounters (Afzal-Khan, 19).

Jhabvala's 1987 novel *Three Continents* definitely is a case in point. The plot centers on the story of Harriet and Michael, teenage twins coming from an affluent American family. The family, however, has long since fallen to pieces, and the brother and sister are now living with a neurotic mother and her female friend

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in a beautiful, if a little neglected, mansion with the telling name of "Propinquity." Harriet and Michael seem afflicted with a very particular type of teenage angst which does not manifest itself in a heightened inclination to drinking, partying, making out and, generally, leading a footloose, fancy-free existence of rich young people concerned predominantly with enjoying themselves — Harriet and Michael are not in the least bit drawn to such shallow entertainments. Instead, they want to find a higher cause which would imbue their lives with a deeper meaning. They are young, somewhat starry-eyed and naïve, idealists. Their lofty idealism, though, leaves them particularly vulnerable to the air of spirituality surrounding the three charismatic leaders of the World Movement — Crishi, the Rawul and the Rani — who, through staging a magnificent oriental spectacle, swiftly worm their way into Harriet and Michael's minds, so hungry for an elevated spiritual experience.

It all begins as a seemingly quite innocuous adventure — the leaders arrive at Propinquity on Michael's invitation, as so many have done before them, but this time Michael's treatment of the guests is, to say the least, preferential: "He wanted all the best bedrooms made up, including the big front one where our grandparents slept when they came, and the entire house and grounds to be cleared up for these friends of his who were apparently very important" (Jhabvala 1999: 12). The moment the three have set their feet on the grounds of Propinquity, the lives of Harriet and Michael take on a new direction leading them towards an experience from which it would be impossible for anyone to emerge unscathed. Crishi, the Rawul and the Rani appear to be creatures from out of this world; there is a special magnetism about them which dims just about anything else, making everyone's attention focus irrevocably on them alone. As Harriet, who narrates the story, notices, everything else was "eclipsed by the ones at the center" (Jhabvala, 12). The Rawul, she goes on to relate, has something "mystical" about him; he seems to be a magnanimous and impartial royal figure totally unaware of the material aspects of the Movement. The Rani, in turn, is truly intoxicating: "dark and voluptuous, and though she usually moved slowly and languorously, she gave an impression of power and energy held in check" (Jhabvala, 13). Her sensual appeal is further accentuated by her beautiful clothes and opulent jewellery which she generously lavishes on herself. The most hypnotizing of the three, though, is certainly Crishi towards whom Harriet initially has very ambivalent feelings. At first she actually dislikes him, feeling very much disconcerted in his presence. Everything about Crishi is ambiguous and laden with mystery:

> It was hard to tell how old Crishi was ... He looked, at first sight, quite young. That may have been because he was so lithe and quick and always on the go ... And it was as difficult to make out his nationality as his age. His way of speech was a strange mixture — sometimes there was a slight Oriental lilt...; but his most basic accent was the sort of Cockney that was fashionable at the time ... His appearance too was ambiguous: At first sight, he might have been an Italian or a Spaniard, but then there were his slightly slanted eyes, his double-jointed fingers, his very slim ankles, and feet so narrow that he had difficulty getting shoes to fit him. (Jhabvala, 23)

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As Afzal-Khan rightly observes, Jhabvala here makes quite explicit use of the light–dark binary opposition: the World Movement's leaders are all dark, both literally — in their exotic looks — and metaphorically, in terms of the air of enigma around them (Afzal-Khan, 20). Mysterious, inscrutable, seductively sensuous, the Rawul, Crishi and the Rani constitute an extremely powerful temptation, which is enhanced by a juxtaposition with Harriet and Michael's paleness and, when compared to the flamboyance of the three, their plainness. Against the background of the Rawul's, the Rani's, and Crishi's extravagance, Harriet and Michael come across as transparent; in this vein, it seems safe to assume that the twins symbolically stand for the rationality of the Western scientific mind which needs no ornaments of any sort. They are, then, the force of light, evident even in the style in which both of them choose to decorate their bedrooms: "bare walls, bare floors, and no curtains, to let in as much light as possible" (Jhabvala, 16). Harriet and Michael's similar preferences stem from the fact that, as twins, they have always been uniquely bonded and could immediately sense what the other was thinking or feeling in any given situation. The arrival of the Rawul, the Rani, and Crishi puts an abrupt end to their special relationship, driving a wedge between them, at least initially when Michael is already utterly devoted to the Movement and approaches its leaders with respect and admiration, unlike Harriet who for quite a while struggles with serious misgivings as to the true intentions of her brother's guests. Originally indifferent, she passes through a phase of suspiciousness which reaches its peak the moment when Michael, backed up by the rest of the family, decides to donate Propinquity to the Movement, only to be eventually won over by Crishi.

Her doubts overcome, Harriet finds herself inexplicably drawn to Crishi, and her admiration for him evolves into an obsessive, fanatical love, which seems to be devouring her wholly. She is possessed with Crishi, the embodiment of oriental sensuality, untamed eroticism, vitality and energy, and it is she who obsessively follows him around asking him to make love to her. And so Harriet becomes incorporated into the ranks of the devoted followers of the Movement. As it turns out, sex is just another tool of the Orientals to manipulate and win over the Westerners. Together with lofty ideology, it works to achieve the Movement's ultimate goal, which is to lead to Harriet and Michael's total subjugation, culminating in their horrifying decision to sacrifice just about anything, family, country, Propinquity, life of privilege, and elope with the Movement to the Rawul's Kingdom of Dhoka, the supposed land of milk, honey and abundance. At this point, Jhabvala's readers are treated to a brutal realization of what disastrous effects this decision will trigger off. From the Rawul's kingdom, there can be no turning back. A bitter irony underlies the text; what only now begins to dawn on Harriet, has already been foreshadowed a couple of times early on in the story in between the lines for the readers to make sense of. Harriet's eyes are finally opened, just in time for her to notice that the oriental façade is beginning to crumble: Dhoka, the Rawul's nearly mystical kingdom, is a godforsaken land of terror and abject poverty; the Rani's real name

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is Renee, and she is in no way related to the Rawul or Crishi, what is more, her lavish and colourful outfits stand in clear contrast to her appalling neglect of even the most basic tenets of personal hygiene. To cap it all, Crishi, the self-professed heir to the Rawul, is a sly and cunning trickster who will not stop at anything to get what he wants. However, this realization stays repressed, and Crishi goes to great lengths to assure her unfailing devotion. Michael, who has become fully aware of the gravity of their situation and knows perfectly well that they have made a horrific mistake, disappears in mysterious circumstances. The young Americans fall victim to the Movement; Michael dies, Harriet remains trapped in her obsessive love for Crishi, although she knows deep down that Crishi has had something to do with her brother's disappearance and untimely death. Thus, witnessing Harriet while she rewrites Michael's supposed farewell note in an overriding desire to please Crishi, is all the more terrifying. The rational West is made to bend humbly before the East:

> At one point he told me to correct the end part of Michael's note and I did so, correcting 'apoint' and 'inheritence,' for Michael's spelling was always perfect ... Every now and again Crishi lifted the strands on one side to kiss my cheek, murmuring to encourage and comfort me; and to please him and also in gratitude for his concern, I tried to smile, though I was crying too. My tears fell on the paper, and when I wiped them off they smudged the writing, *but Crishi said that was all right, for they appeared to be not mine but Michael's tears.* (Jhabvala, 384; emphasis added)

Quite without realizing the full gravity of the processes which led to this ultimate subjugation, the West is duped by the oriental power mongers into acquiring features which for years stood for defining traits of the other. A dramatic role reversal appears to have taken place; dramatic yet possible to be pinned down to a most plain and down-to-earth observation — that nowadays there are Indians everywhere gorging over supermarkets, and elsewhere Westerners ferociously rummaging through souks…Who, then, can be described as going well beyond the acceptable length? Or have the boundary lines been transposed too? So it appears that rickety though they seem, the 'new' dialectics leads to a dissolution of all absolutes and essences and, as aptly articulated by Susan Friedman, no act of moving can occur without somehow "cutting back and forth" (Friedman 1998: 56) between the poles of what she describes as "transgressive bordercrossings" (Friedman, 56). Even though modern-day cultural interaction successfully opposes determinate quantification, its impact becomes everyone's share to experience in one way or the other, but at all times acutely.

In tracing the debate that flares up among the proponents and opponents of the broadly understood Indian experience — a term supposed to envelop the multi-aspectual façade of the phenomenon under investigation — another question surfaces. While there exist, to overkill, statements of faith or pronouncements of one's innermost parts being spiritually transformed, the actual doers behind all these benevolent and mystic acts remain closely guarded by what might just as well be

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a smoke-screen, judging by its permanence and durability. This is where Ameena Meer's short story "I Want to Give You Devotion" steps in to give the matters a further twist. Meer's text reveals truths about the gurus that have otherwise been hidden. Her work posits that the goddess is in fact self-professed and self-made, and not dependent on any hierarchy or internal structure.

"I Want to Give You Devotion" opens with an exposition of a predictable suburban way of life: initially, the holy mother-to-be is just an average, mortal mother who leads the life of a typical dutiful Indian wife, running the house, taking care of the children, always ironing her husband's shirts and making sure that every evening a steaming plate of a savoury and nourishing dish awaits his coming back from work. The narrator — the young girl Anu — so puts it: "Believe it or not, in those days, my mother was a normal, suburban housewife in blue jeans, pushing a shopping cart down the aisles of the supermarket, looking for sales on tuna fish" (Meer 1996: 92). This very ordinary lead-in does gain a deeper purport, though, and the atrocities to follow shed a very different light on the seeming treadmill of suburban life, with actions such as picking up the dry-cleaning or buying groceries for dinner entering yet another dimension. The moment Bina embarks on the life-teaching path, there can be no turning back, neither for her, the ecstatic followers, nor for the narrator.

What never ceases to strike about Bina is the fact that she is a figment of her very own zeal and vision, capped up by her inherently spiritual ethnicity. She volitionally turns herself into a gurani, putting into practice what could tentatively be described as her own version of the American dream. Consequently, Bina self-professedly becomes the guru for masses of followers to look up to and gratify with what means are available to them, be that money, luxury cars, expensive mansions, or sex. Bina's extortions and subversions of authority are disturbing, and the mode of their presentation to the reader works to further enhancing that uneasy sensation. However, the specificity of Anu's relation goes to the effect of distancing the words on the paper from the immediate realization of what they actually convey. After a while of such a narration, confusion begins to preside over perception so that the readers find themselves accepting everything that is being said, thinking that since it is not made a secret, there cannot be anything vile in it, but then, incredulity gets the edge and the readers shrug off such insidious thoughts, wondering how they could have got so taken.

This peculiar sinking feeling gains in acuteness with the realization that Bina is the narrator's mother; moreover, if one agrees with Judith K. Gardiner that "the most disturbing villain in recent woman's fiction is not the selfish or oppressive male but instead the bad mother" (Gardiner qtd. in Baym 1997: 289), Bina indeed resurfaces in an altogether different light. Though never explicitly voiced, the permeating terror of the mother further enhances the hunch feeling that there must be an abundant repository of skeletons somewhere in the narrator's closet, pertaining clearly to her relationship with none other but her own mother. Anu's superficial

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passivity and detachment might constitute acts of taking revenge on her mother, conducted by depriving Bina of voice. In this vein, then, the passivity turns out to be a subverted and repressed — but always undeniably present — violence and aggression. By extension, Anu and Bina's relationship acquires features characteristic of the colonial encounter between the self and the other, between the superior and the subaltern. Anu colonizes her mother by taking away Bina's right to speak and by forever assuming the authority to speak for her. This act bears resemblance to the West's traditional mode of representing the East: depriving of voice equals writing off, that is, subjugating, making (nearly) invisible, though by no means absent. Anu takes on the role of the aggressor and drives Bina into upholding the prerequisite to remain silent. It proves illuminating to acknowledge here Janis Stout's analysis of silence and reticence as the building blocks of the female experience and the sole means through which her identity can be performed. Stout posits, after Simon de Beauvoir, that the woman "is the emptiness that awaits the creating Word" (Stout 1990: 9). Anu creates her mother with her words; she produces Bina's account by putting forth her own story, in this way substantially complicating their relations. Strangely enough, Anu the daughter does in fact subjugate Bina the (m)other, which is simply another facet of the colonizing project as understood in the traditionally sanctioned sense of the West forcing the East, the Other, out into the margin, into the periphery where voices demonstrate frightening qualities, at best incomprehensible.

The revelation of these voices constitutes a sort of a turning point for both the mother — guru and the daughter — faithful devotee, in that none of them can ever hope for a healthy existence without the lingering shadow of their others; others which, as Tzvetan Todorov notes, "are also *I's*" (Todorov 2001: 3), no matter how hard one struggles to repress this acute realization. In a similar vein, Julia Kristeva rightly calls attention to the constructed quality of the figure of "The Foreigner," whom she defines as "the hidden face of our identity, the space that wrecks our abode, the time in which understanding and affinity founder" (Kristeva, 264). Elaborating on how one experiences instances of an acute sense of estrangement from one's own self, Kristeva posits that these uncanny moments occur when "the consciousness of [our] difference arises," vanishing once "we all acknowledge ourselves as foreigners" (Kristeva, 264). In other words, following Todorov's argumentation, "we can discover the other in ourselves, realize we are not a homogenous substance, radically alien to whatever is not us" (Todorov, 3).

Still, the new awareness does not go down easily, and the self chokes on the dangerous excess which threatens its stability and integrity. The perverted doubling of the guru and the devotee has forced the emergence of yet another figure — the intrepid guru basher, the self's safety valve keeping the fear and chaos resultant from communing with its shadowy reflection at bay. In order to explore the rugged terrain of the guru's contrarian, Jane Campion's film *Holy Smoke!* will now be employed for analysis, with emphasis shifted from self-professed gurus

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to the gurus' self-professed nemeses. As will be shown in the course of the investigation, P.J. Waters and Ruth Barron, his entrusted charge, also build a specific type of relationship which, if disentangled from a particular angle, turns out to be the nexus of uncanny strangeness, conditioned by a peculiar gender indeterminacy.

In this 1999 film, the central character — young Australian Ruth — travels to India with a friend, pursuing the desire to simply "see the world". However, already in the Land of the Holy, Ruth becomes attracted to the cult of the Hindu guru Baba and fully embraces his teaching, which means shedding her ordinary name in favour of "Nazni" and a staunch refusal to ever go back to Australia. Desperate times call for desperate measures and her relatives resort to an emotional trick in order to lure Ruth back home, where she is immediately landed in the hands of the charismatic P.J. Waters exuding his machismo with his every pore, a famous exit counselor called on by the family to cure Ruth. As a result of the family's successful charade, Ruth and P.J. find themselves locked away in the Australian Outback for three days and nights in the course of which P.J. expects to de-program Ruth and have her back to normal. What follows is a dramatic and immaculately ironic *tour de force*, and the film, which starts off as a mystic travelogue recording a Westerner's quest for untainted spirituality, deviates into a nearly grotesque show of P.J.'s double standards, finally taken out on him by none other but Ruth. Ruth's initial unwillingness to surrender to P.J.'s "three-steps strategy" gradually turns into a weakening of her defences, followed by a spectacular and subversive comeback to full powers once she learns to see through P.J. In the end, she does whatever she pleases with him, which includes getting sexually involved with him but largely on her terms. As it turns out, P.J. perpetuates the very same wrongs and breaches of trust that a "standard" guru does — after all, isolation, separation from personal objects and challenging the recently held-fast to beliefs do ring a bell, and the effect aimed at is that of crushing Ruth and leaving her weak and vulnerable.

However, there is also another edge to this subversion, because the circle of subjugation and forceful domination does not close at P.J. suppressing Ruth — she does exactly the same to him. She masticates him like a worm and emerges powerful, unbeatable and worthy of adulation, the true and unquestionable goddess, embodiment of the mother principle. The peculiar gender ambiguity further strengthens the effect of perversion, made evident in the ensuing feminization of P.J. As Jane Campion puts it:

> fundamental to P.J.'s character is a deep need for a challenge, maybe even an experience of surrender, that his empowered position in life denies him. Thus when he sets eyes on Ruth, at some unconscious level he recognizes the opportunity — the challenge — he has secretly sought out. (qtd. in Nichols and Walsh 2000)

Ruth's domination over P.J. might then be read as a gratification of a secret wish of his which is to be subjugated and overpowered, also sexually, but since this desire threatens to demolish the carefully constructed façade of P.J. as the ultra-male, it has to be abjected so that his macho persona can safely be sustained.

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The girl — by unearthing what has been buried under the macho mask — alerts P.J. to this other part of his being which he has so far tried to keep sealed off, pretending even to himself that it does not exist. That P.J. crumbles is understandable — Ruth's intervention turns the unrevealed core of P.J.'s personality to a no-longer-hidden capacity, and the resultant tension decides about the sense of insecurity taking its toll on the shaken awareness of the self. The cynical middle-aged opportunist, dressed in flashy clothes designed to make him come across as much younger than he really is, who would do just about anything to lure a young woman into his lair, becomes humiliated by one of his prey, and, significantly, finds himself liberated in this act of vindictive feminization.

Ruth throws back at P.J. a reflection of his chauvinism and sexual aggression, and as Jane Campion herself has it, "that is why she dresses him up in the red dress, so that when he looks at himself, he is seeing a woman his age, someone sexually undesirable" (Nichols and Walsh 2000). Still, however, the victory cannot be said to be Ruth's entirely because P.J. also gets back at her, turning his enforced victimization into a defence tool when he writes backwards on her forehead, "Be nice." Thus, even though at least a part of P.J. enjoys his surrender, he nevertheless retains the strength to reproach Ruth for her cruelty with the effect that Ruth realizes the degree to which she has abused her newfound power and grows tender towards the grotesquely clad and made-up P.J. In the concluding shot of the film P.J. looks at Ruth and perceives as her the eight-armed goddess Kali who ultimately seals his surrender by carrying him up the hill like she would a wounded warrior. In what seems like a major role reversal both of the affected sides find the relief that they unconsciously need — P.J. feels freed from the suffocating requirements of his at least partially self-imposed machismo and retrieves into the cosy and familiar-yet-strange realm of the maternal, and Ruth discovers anew the sense of exhilaration granted by a reunion with one's physicality.

What binds the two scenes together is the significance of looking at oneself in the mirror, a situation which already Freud established as a potentially uncanny one. As he has it, by looking at oneself in the mirror, a person relinquishes his/her position of a subject because he or she becomes an object of their gaze and, by extension, thoughts (Freud 2003: *passim*). Freud warns that one cannot be at the same time the observer and the observed, and such a liminal moment creates a dissonance within the experiencing being, alerting the self to the lurking possibility of the existence of others, made even more monstrous because located within, not outside (Freud, *passim*). Indeed, we are not homogenous, as Todorov posits, and "the discovery self makes of the other" (Todorov, 3) — the way it has become the share of both Ruth and P.J. — does not cease to nest the deeply ingrained element of the ambivalent, of what is known, yet difficult to fathom and accept.

What strengthens the sensation of a certain unreality implied in the story is the rich imagery and abundant colour scope of the work. The Indian scenes grant a real hallucinogenic magic, whereas the Outback spaces generate a sense

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of haunting and an uneasy attunement with nature. The natural environment also works towards enhancing the feeling of P.J.'s displacement, accentuating the hazards posed to his virility. Moreover, the director so weaves her account that, as rightly observed by Bob Graham, the film "sometimes has the mentality of an encounter group ... and a terrific subject and the spirit to bring it off" (Graham 2000). This is actually interesting for a couple of reasons at least, because it strikes a peculiar resemblance to Ameena Meer's short story. Meer's text, owing to its subversive organization, offers a vicarious version of the cult experience, with the readers caught unawares at assuming the role of prospective devotees gradually inclined to reinforce the troops of the sect, represented and acted out by the text itself. Moreover, the encounter group and the cult share a set of qualities, too: judged from the perspective of what each of them offers it might be asserted that they are one another's doubles — and so the circle of subjugation and domination, just as it does not stop at P.J.'s oppression of Ruth, or Ruth's consequent subjugation of P.J., does not terminate in the course of the development of the textual plane, either.

By looking at melancholically split formations through the prism of the guru–devotee dyad, this investigation aims at providing a viable critical framework with which to approach questions of uncanniness, (un)familiarity and perverted doubling evident in the selected literary and filmic examples. Moments of seeing/not-seeing pervade the singled-out works, and the unceasing teetering between the known and the unknown, the desired and the rejected further complicates the relation that the self unconsciously and somewhat guiltily maintains with the "other-made-ghostly" (Cheng 2001: 8). Whether it is the entangled bond between the guru and the devotee, the devotee and the exit counselor, or between the self and its shadow, the uncanny continues to operate on a plethora of levels, denoting a largely mismatched, but indispensible nonetheless, condition of love and hate, denial and incorporation, or loss and gain.

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