A Tightly Raveled Mind

Anne M Giangiulio, University of Texas at El Paso

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In retrospect, I was far too concerned about things that had no importance—like whether I’d made some therapeutic mistake or whether Howard’s absence presaged my losing a hard-earned analytic patient. In retrospect, I wasn’t concerned enough about things that really mattered—like the fragility of the human psyche and life itself. Or the potential for one terrible event to start a catastrophic slide down a slope made slippery by fear and selfishness.

“For all the good that retrospect does.”

The classic film noir of the 1940s capitalized on the similarities between psychoanalytic sleuthing and the more earthbound work conducted by flintfoot detectives. Diane Lawson revives this connection as she deftly weaves crime-solving and the psychoanalytic understanding of unconscious mental life into an absorbing read.

—Glen O. Gabbard, MD, The Psychology of the Sopranos

Taut, lively, unconventional. A surprising mystery, beautifully written.

—Robert Boswell, Tumbledown

A gifted writer and consummate psychoanalyst, Diane Lawson provides a unique and exciting insider’s view of the contrasting minds, moods, and motives of an anxious clinician and a cynical detective as they join forces to solve a mystery.

—Stuart Yudofsky, Fatal Flaws: Navigating Destructive Relationships with People with Disorders of Personality and Character

A Tight Raveled Mind is her first novel.

Diane Lawson is a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst who has worked with patients for more than thirty years. Born in Missouri, she received her medical and psychoanalytic training in Chicago and her later-in-life MFA in Writing from the Vermont College of Fine Arts. She maintains a full-time practice in San Antonio, where she shares her life with Masoud Rasti. Her adult children, Pilar and Alejandro Martinez, live in Houston and Dallas respectively. Her previous creative piece, an essay titled “The Road to Kotor Varos,” appeared in the Bellevue Literary Review. A Tightly Raveled Mind is her first novel.

Lawson’s insight into the mysteries and witchcraft of psychoanalysis—the lying on the couch kind of therapy—combined with her extraordinary writing skills make this a one-of-a-kind debut.

—ABRAHAM VERGHESE, CUTTING FOR STONE

Ignatius Freud would have liked Dr. Nora Goodman, a sexy forty-something psychoanalyst with her handful of neurotic patients who can’t seem to allow themselves happiness, love, or reason. She’s not exactly a steady customer herself, born to a ranting bipolar Talmudic scholar and a mother with a heart as cold as a slaughterhouse. But now she has two kids and an overbearing psychiatrist husband. She hates him. She hates his insular social world. Nora wants a new life sans husband, but what she gets is something terribly different. It starts one Monday morning when her eight o’clock patient blows himself to smithereens. The following week, another patient dies. The police see the first as an accident, the second a straightforward suicide. Nora thinks her practice is being targeted by a killer. She hires private investigator Mike Ruiz, a tightly wound ex-cop who couldn’t care less about Sigmund. “Oh, Freud,” Mike says. “Isn’t he dead?” Freud though is always watching while the unlikely pair struggle to an unexpected end.

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psychiatrists, who can’t handle her as she has two

Patiently, with some of the

Biunick Freud, aSexy hands, to allow not fantastically
neurotics

Goodman, who has Liked Dr. Nora

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