Abstract

Philip Roth's Portnoy's Complaint is more than an intricate and complex soliloguy on relationships, sexuality, fantasies and human nature; the novel plays with language, with misshapen forms of speech, with misused words, with fragmented or out-of-balance discourses while, at the same time, conveying the sometimes chaotic, sometimes frightening existential narrative of the egotistic and intelligent Alex. Talking to his doctor, he enters an abyssal spiral of shame, guilt, Oedipal compulsions and alienations that require no solutions, no answers – his therapy is not cathartic, it is merely explanatory.