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THE PICARESQUE TRADITION:  
FEMINISM AND IDEOLOGY  
CRITIQUE

ILLUSTRATION VOLUME

## CONTENTS

Preface to the Illustration Volume	2
List of illustrations	5
Illustrations	14
A reproduction of the text of Hélène Cixous's <i>The laugh of the Medusa</i> (1975), analysed in chapter 11	44
A reproduction of the text of Werner Hofmann's <i>Don Quijote's Seele im Körper des Sancho: Honoré Daumier</i> (1979), analysed in chapter 11	59

## PREFACE TO THE ILLUSTATION VOLUME

The Illustration Volume consists, firstly, of reproductions of visual material referred to in the Text Volume. This study, especially in chapter 12, aims at arguing visually, and it is hoped that the arrangement of the images over several pages – repeating images that are referred to more than once, so that the reader/viewer need not page back and forth – will aid in visualizing the reasoning. Therefore all printed visual material is bound in a separate Illustration Volume, in order to facilitate easy referencing when following the arguments in the Text Volume.

The visual material printed in the Illustration Volume was scanned from slides onto CD-ROM. The printouts of the images arranged by computer were then photocopied in colour, in several sets, to be bound into Illustration Volumes. A CD-ROM with the arranged images is also provided with each Illustration Volume. A copy of the List of Illustrations provided in the Text Volume is included below, as well as on CD-ROM. The slides had been made over a period of several years, from reproductions in various journals, catalogues and books.

Clearly, the images suffered a great deal of unintended distortion, displacement, manipulation and arbitrary alteration of dimensions, which should rather be acknowledged than concealed! However, as Craig Owens (Owens 1992: 327) quipped: "Art history is, of course, not the history of works of art: it's the history of slides of works of art". Such distortions have become part of the fabric of art history as a discipline. Preziosi (1989: 72) observes that:

The powerful network of apparatuses constituting the modern discipline of art history presupposes the existence of photography. Indeed, art history as we know it today is the child of photography: From its beginnings as an academic discipline in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, filmic technologies have played a key role in analytic study, taxonomic ordering, and the creation of historical and genealogical narratives.

Lantern-slide projection entered the field very early, establishing the formats of study, analysis, and comparison of images.

The presentation of visual material has lately been influenced by the sophistication of digital imaging and reproductive technologies. Thus chapter 12 is not only distortive as far as its 'troubled picaresque' slant is concerned, but also inevitably with regard to the reproduction and presentation of images.

Secondly, copies of two primary texts that are analysed in chapter 11 are provided in the Illustration Volume, as well as on CD-ROM, for easy reference. The close readings are of the following texts:

1. CIXOUS, H. 1991 (1975). *The laugh of the Medusa*. Warhol & Herndl (eds.) 1991: 334-349.
2. HOFMANN, W. 1989 (1979). *Don Quijotes Seele im Körper des Sancho: Honoré Daumier*. Hofmann 1989: 253-260.

To use the CD-ROM to view illustrations:

1. Insert CD into CD-ROM drive
2. Open Windows Explorer
3. Select CD-ROM drive
4. Select **Run**

Picture Disk comes on. You now have the following options:

5. To view the illustrations in either slow or fast succession: In the taskbar select the **Slideshow** icon
6. To view a specific illustration in full screen: Select thumbnail image. (Use scroll to view all the thumbnails). In the taskbar select **Edit Picture**.

To read the MSWORD documents:

1. Insert CD into CD-ROM drive
2. Open Windowe Explorer
3. Select **Documents** folder
4. Choose document

The minimum system requirements to view the illustrations are: a Pentium 1, a 60 million colour video card and WINDOWS 95. The minimum system requirements to read the MSWORD documents are: Pentium 1, WINDOWS 95 and MSOFFICE WORD 97.

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

1. Anonymous Dutch artist. *Fool's portrait*. Early sixteenth century. Stockholm: Statens Konstmuseen (Vandenboeck 1987: 48).
2. Anonymous Dutch artist. *Fool's portrait*. Early sixteenth century. Wellesley College Museum, Jewetts Arts Center, Massachusetts (Vandenboeck 1987: 48).
3. Anonymous German master. *Fool's portrait*. Early sixteenth century. Woodcut. Nürnberg: Germanisches Nationalmuseum, Kupferstichkabinett (Vandenboeck 1987: 49).
4. German Master of the Angerer Portrait, maybe Marx Reichlich. *Fool's portrait* (c. 1520). New Haven: Yale University Art Gallery (Vandenboeck 1987: pl. II).
5. Pieter Brueghel the Elder (1568 - 1625). *Parable of the blind* (1568). Canvas, 86 x 154 cm. Napoli: Galleria Nazionale di Capodimonte (Nationaal Bruegelcomité Catalogus 1969: pl. 20).
6. Detail: Pieter Brueghel the Elder. *Parable of the blind* (1568). Canvas, 86 x 154 cm. Napoli: Galleria Nazionale di Capodimonte. (Nationaal Bruegelcomité Catalogus 1969: pl. 20).
7. Cindy Sherman (b. 1956). *Untitled #156* (1986). Colour print. 49,5 x 72, 5 cm. Edition of 6 (Krauss 1993: 154).
8. Pieter Brueghel the Elder. *Landscape with the fall of Icarus* (1558). Tempera on canvas with oil *touches*, 73,5 x 112 cm. Brussel: Koninklijk Museum voor Schone Kunsten (Claessens 1969: 162).
9. Pieter Brueghel the Elder. *The Netherlandish proverbs* (1559). Panel, 117 x 163 cm. Berlin: Staatliche Museen, Gemäldegalerie (Stechow 1974: 56).
10. Pieter Brueghel the Elder. *The beekeepers* (c. 1568). Berlin: Kupferstichkabinett (Sedlmayr 1959: 288).
11. Pieter Brueghel the Elder. *The fight of the blind* (1569). Copy (original lost). Tempera on canvas, 98 x 46,5 cm. Basel: Kunstmuseum (Claessens 1969: 229).

12. Cindy Sherman. *Untitled #92* (1981). Colour print, 24 x 48 cm. Edition of 10 (Krauss 1993: 88-89).
13. Cindy Sherman *Untitled #86* (1981). Colour print, 24 x 48 cm. Edition of 10 (Krauss 1993: 94-95).
14. Cindy Sherman. *Untitled 145* (1985). Colour print, 72,5 x 49, 5 cm. Edition of 6 (Krauss 1993: 151).
15. Honoré Daumier (1810 - 1879). *Nadar raising photography to the height of art* (1863). Lithograph, D. 3248. Published in Étienne Carjat's *Le Boulevard* (Wechsler 1982: 21).
16. Honoré Daumier. *Crispin and Scapin* (c. 1878). Oil on canvas, 60 x 82 cm. Paris: Musée du Louvre. The date of this work has been set at 1863/65 by Maison (1968). It has been suggested by Adhémar that the title should rather be *Scapin et Silvestre* as it represents a scene from *Les Fourberies de Scapin* by Molière (Maison 1968: 139).
17. Barbara Kruger (b. 1945). (*Untitled*). *You are not yourself* (1982). Photograph, 72 x 48 cm. Private collection (Linker 1990: 31).
18. Barbara Kruger. (*Untitled*). *Buy me. I'll change your life* (1984). Photograph, 72 x 48 cm. Collection Edward R. Downe, Jr. (Linker 1990: 69).
19. Roy Lichtenstein. *Him* (1964). Graphite and touche on paper, 54 x 42,5 cm. Saint Louis: The Art Museum (Coward 1981: 20).
20. Abigail Lane (b. 1967). *Blue print* (1992). Installation. Chair with felt ink pad seat, blue ink, framed print, 122 x 46 x 91 cm. London: Saatchi Collection (Kent 1994: 172).
21. Jan Steen (c. 1626 - 1679). *Twelfth Night* (1662). Canvas 131,4 x 164,1cm. Boston: Museum of Fine Arts (Chapman 1996:158).
22. Roy Lichtenstein (1923 - 1998). *I can see the whole room and there's nobody in it ...* (1961). Oil on canvas, 122 x 122 cm. Connecticut: Burton Tremain (Busche 1988: 248).
23. Rembrandt Harmenz van Rijn (1606 - 1669). *Raising of the cross* (c.1633). Oil on wood, 89, 4 x 65,2 cm. München: Alte Pinakothek (Haak 1969: 96).



24. David Salle (b. 1952). *Symphony Concertante II* (1987). Oil, acrylic and photosensitized linen on canvas, 78 x 96 cm. Ellyn and Saul Dannison Family Collection (Whitney 1994:118).
25. Dottie Attie (b. 1938). *Interest in anatomy* (1988). Oil in canvas, 15,25 x 140,8 cm overall (Kozloff 1991: 102-103).
26. Dottie Attie. *A violent child* (1988). Oil in canvas, 39 x 709 cm overall. 40 panels, 15,25 x 15,25 cm each. Private collection (Kozloff 1991: 137).
27. Joseph Beuys (1921-1986). *Photograph of the artist. La rivolutione siamo Noi* (1972). Photo print on polyester foil. Heidelberg: Edition Staeck (Groblewski 1993: 38).
28. Photograph of Andy Warhol by Duane Michals (1958). New York: Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts.
29. Andy Warhol (1930 - 1987). *Myths* (1981). Silkscreen on acrylic on canvas, 254 x 254 cm. Private collection (Groblewski 1993: 83).
30. Andy Warhol. *Camouflage self-portrait* (1986). Silkscreen on acrylic on canvas. 208,3 x 208,3 cm. New York: Metropolitan Museum of Art (Groblewski 1993: 83).
31. Jan Steen. *Self-portrait* (1670). Canvas, 73 x 62 cm. Rijksmuseum: Amsterdam (Chapman 1996: 228).
32. Jan Steen. *Self-portrait as a lutenist* (1663-1665). Panel, 55,3 x 43,8 cm. Madrid: Fundación Colección Thyssen-Bornemisza (Chapman 1996: 180).
33. Jan Steen. *The doctor's visit* (c.1668-1670). Oil on panel. Philadelphia: Museum of Art (Chapman 1996: 44).
34. Jan Steen. *The doctor's visit* (c. 1661-1662). Panel, 47,5 x 41 cm. The Board of Trustees of the Victoria & Albert Museum, exhibited at Wellington Museum, Apsley House, London (Chapman 1996: 151).
35. Frans Hals (1581 - 1666). *Peeckelhaering* (c. 1628-1630). Oil on canvas, 75 x 61, 5 cm. Kassel: Gemäldegalerie, Staatliche Kunstsammlungen (Seymour 1989: 31).
36. Frans van Mieris (1635 - 1681). *Doctor's visit* (1657). Copper, 33 x 27 cm. Wien: Kunsthistorisches Museum (Naumann 1981: 18).

37. Jan Steen. *The lovesick woman* (c. 1661-1663). Oil on canvas. München: Alte Pinakothek (Chapman 1996: 150).
38. Stephen Murphy. *Self-portrait as a rabbit* (1992). Cibachrome print on board, 40 x 90 cm. London: Saatchi Collection (Kent 1994:195).
39. Hannah Wilke (1940 - 1993). *INTRA-VENUS. January 30, 1992: #1, 1992-1993*. Chromogenic supergloss print, 10,4 x 15,8 cm. Edition of 3 (Isaak 1996: 224).
40. Jan Steen. *Girl offering oysters* (1658-1660). Panel, 20,5 x 14,5 cm. Den Haag: Koninklijk Prenten Cabinet, Mauritshuis (Chapman 1996:127).
41. Jan Steen. *The merry threesome* (1670-1672). Panel, 39 x 49,5 cm. Private collection (Chapman 1996: 235).
42. Jan Steen. *Rhetoricians at a window* (1663-1665). Canvas, 74 x 59 cm. Philadelphia: Museum of Art (Chapman 1996: 177).
43. Jana Sterbak. *Flesh dress for and albino anorectic* (1987). Flank steak, dimensions vary daily (Spector 1992: 99).
44. William Hogarth (1697 - 1764). *Self-portrait with a pug* (1745). Canvas, 14,2 x 11 cm. London: Tate Gallery (Hinz 1988: 171).
45. William Hogarth. *The harlot's progress* (1732). Six etchings, c. 30 x 37,5 cm (Hinz 1988: 83).
46. William Hogarth. Plate 3 of *The harlot's progress: the apprehension*. Etching, 30 x 37,5 cm (Hinz 1988: 85).
47. *Temperance*, an emblem of from Ripa's *Iconologia* (Ripa 1952: 149).
48. William Hogarth. *Industry and Idleness* (1747). Twelve etchings, c. 26 x 33 cm each (Hinz 1988: 138.).
49. William Hogarth. Frontispiece of *The analysis of beauty* (1753) (Hinz 1988: 175).
50. William Hogarth. Plate II of *The analysis of beauty: The dance* (1753). 37,2 x 49 cm (Hinz 1988: 180).
51. William Hogarth. Detail of figures 71, 123 and 122 on Plate II (*The dance*) from *The analysis of beauty* (Hinz 1988: 181).

52. William Hogarth. Figure 71 mounted over plate II (*The Dance*) like a mask, as described in Hogarth's text.
53. William Hogarth. *Scholars at a lecture* (1737). Etching, 20,6 x17,6 cm. (Hinz 1988: 167).
54. William Hogarth. *The laughing audience*. Etching. London: British Museum (Ireland 1884: 330).
55. A page from Richardson's (1689 - 1761) *Clarissa* (1747/8) showing asterisks dividing sections of the text (Preston 1970: 66).
56. A page from Richardson's *Clarissa* showing hands pointing at important sections of the text (Preston 1970: 47).
57. Two pages from Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* (1759) schematizing variations on the story line (Conrad 1978: 101,102).
58. Diagrams 1 - 2. Two readings of *Industry and Idleness* schematized.
59. Diagram 3-4. Two readings of *Industry and Idleness* schematized.
60. Diagram 5. A picaresque reading of *Industry and Idleness*.
61. William Hogarth. Plate 8 from *Industry and Idleness: the industrious 'prentice grown rich and sheriff of London* (1747). Etchings, c. 26 x 33 cm. (Hinz 1988: 144).
62. *Gluttony* from Sebastian Brant's *Narrenschiff* (1494). Woodcut. (Brant 1985: 62).
63. William Hogarth. The first six plates of *Industry and Idleness* (1747). Etchings, c. 26 x 33 cm each (Hinz 1988: 138ff.).
64. Roy Lichtenstein. "*I can see the whole room ... and there is nobody in it!*" (1961). See Figure 22.
65. Examples of slides projected in the "flashroom" of the Visual Demonstration Center at the Ohio State University in Columbus, by Professor Hoyt L. Sherman (Busche 1988: 29).
66. Roy Lichtenstein. *Blueprint*. c. 1954. Oil on canvas, 55 x 75 cm. Signed. Provenance unknown - stolen in 1977 (Busche 1988: 173).
67. Roy Lichtenstein. *The cotton gin*. c. 1954. Oil on canvas (?), Signed. Provenance unknown (Busche 1988: 175).

68. Still from the Charlie Chaplin film *Modern Times* (1939) (King 1985: 253).
69. Cover of a *Popular Mechanics* magazine, December 1956.
70. Page from a *Popular Mechanics* magazine, February 1956: 258/9.
71. Page from a *Popular Mechanics* magazine, March 1956: 194/5.
72. Page from a *Popular Mechanics* magazine, February 1956: 250/1.
73. Roy Lichtenstein. *Flying machine* (1954). Four coloured woodcut, 31,1 x 38,5 cm. Signed and dated (Busche 1988: 111).
74. Page from a *Popular Mechanics* magazine, December 1956: 139.
75. Roy Lichtenstein. *Exhuming the Mastodon* (1951). Oil on canvas, 91,5 x 106,7 cm. Signed and dated. Cleveland, Ohio: Mr and Mrs D J Sloane collection (Busche 1988: 100).
76. Charles Willson Peale (1741-1827). *Exhuming the Mastodon* (1806-1808). Baltimore: Peale Museum (Busche 1988: 100).
77. Plate II from William Hogarth's *The analysis of beauty* (1753). See Figure 51.
78. Detail of figures 71, 123 and 122 on Plate II of *The analysis of beauty* (1753). See Figure 52.
79. Roy Lichtenstein. *Fastest gun* (1963). Oil on canvas, 90 x 170 cm. L M Ashley collection (Coplans 1971: 81).
80. Roy Lichtenstein. *Pistol* (1964). Felt, 205 x 122,5 cm. Edition of 20 (Coward 1981: 90).
81. Roy Lichtenstein. *Cowboy on horseback* (1951). Oil on canvas, 45,5 x 50 cm. Signed and dated. Private collection (Busche 1988: 48).
82. Roy Lichtenstein. *Killing the dragon* (c 1950). Oil on canvas, 61 x 51,8 cm. Signed. Washington, DC: Mr and Mrs Martin Tolcott collection (Busche 1988: 55).
83. Roy Lichtenstein. *The explorer* (c 1952). Oil on canvas, 40,7 x 35,6 cm. Signed. Youngstown, Ohio: Butler Institute of American Art (Busche 1988: 152).
84. Advertisement reproduced in an article in *Life* magazine, 29th August, 1949, 7(5): 48. Lichtenstein used visual material reproduced in this article as a basis for various works of art (Busche 1988: 153).

85. Roy Lichtenstein. *Entablature* (1975). Oil, magna and metallic paint on canvas, 150 x 250 cm. Private collection (Alloway 1988: 71).
86. Roy Lichtenstein. *Entablature* (1974). Magna and metallic paint, with sand on canvas, 150 x 225 cm. Private collection (Alloway 1983: 69).
87. Roy Lichtenstein. *Grapefruit triptych* (1973). Oil and magna on canvas, 60 x 210 cm. London: Felicity Samuel collection (Cowart 1981: 88).
88. Roy Lichtenstein. *"As I opened fire"* (1964). Magna on canvas, three panels, 170 x 140 cm each. Amsterdam: Stedelijk Museum (Alloway 1983: 32).
89. Roy Lichtenstein. *"I can see the whole room ... and there is nobody in it!"* (1961). See Figure 22 and 64.
90. William Kentridge (b. 1955). *Easing the passing (of the hours)* (1992). *The general*. Still from the video animation (Van Rensburg 1993: 1).
91. William Kentridge. *Easing the passing (of the hours)* (1992). Various stills from the video animation (Van Rensburg 1993: 1).
92. Otto Dix (1891-1969) *Prague Street* (1920). Oil on canvas and collage, 101 x 81 cm. Stuttgart: Stuttgart Municipal Gallery (Karcher 1988: 64).
93. Erhard Schön (c. 1491 – 1542). *Aus, du alter Tor* (1538). Etching. Wien: Albertina. (Baltrusaitis 1969: 19 & 20)
94. Anonymous Bolognese artist. *Cucuba and other 'commedia dell'arte' characters* (seventeenth century). Oil copy of one in a series of engravings by Jacques Callot. Published in Naples (1622) (Burke 1987: 4).
95. *Maidenform* advertisement M185 (1987) (Goodrum & Dalrymple 1990: 81).
96. David Salle. *Symphony Concertante II* (1987). See Figure 24.
97. Photograph from Gillo Dorfles's *Kitsch. The world of bad taste* (Dorfles 1968/9: 221).
98. Photograph from Gillo Dorfles's *Kitsch. The world of bad taste* (Dorfles 1968/9: 248).
99. Man Ray (Emmanuel Rudnitsky) (1890 – 1976). *Le violon d'Ingres* (1924). Gelatine-silver print, 29,6 x 23 cm. New York: The Jean Paul Getty Museum. First published in *Littérature* 13, June 1924 (Weaver 1989: 246).

100. Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres (1780 - 1867). *The Turkish bath* (detail) (1859-63). Oil on canvas affixed to panel, 108 x 108 cm. Paris: Musée du Louvre (Edelstein 1983: 125).
101. Jean Martin Charcot. *Attitudes passionnelles: menacé* from his *Iconographie photographique de la Salpêtrière* (1877-80) (Isaak 1996: 159).
102. Théodoré Gericault (1791 - 1824). *Insane woman (Envy)* (1822-23). Oil on canvas, 11,5 x 9,3 cm. Lyon: Musée des Beaux-arts (Haskell 1966: pl 15).
103. *New Freedom* advertisement (no. 209) reproduced in Irving Goffman's *Gender advertisements* under the rubric 'The ritualization of subordination' (Goffman 1976: 50).
104. Advertisement (no. 215) reproduced in Irving Goffman's *Gender advertisements* under the rubric 'The ritualization of subordination' (Goffman 1976: 50).
105. David Salle. *Untitled* (1992). Ink and sensitized linen mounted on canvas, 85 x 75 cm. Collection of the artist (Whitney 1994:189).
106. David Salle. *Hamlet mind* (1990-1991). Acrylic and oil on canvas with three inserted panels, 90 x 116 cm. New York: Private collection (Whitney 1994: 168).
107. G.G. de Clerambault (1934†). *Etudes d' Etoffes*. One of 40 000 photographs taken in Morocco between 1914-1918. Silver emulsion. Paris: Bibliotheque Musée de l'Homme (Copjec 1989: 57ff).
108. William Wegman (b. 1949). *Guise* (1981). Polaroid colour photograph, 25 x 20 cm. (Perrone 1992: 102).
109. *Medici Venus. Front view*. (3<sup>rd</sup> century A.D). Roman. Marble copy of Greek original. Florence: Uffizi Gallery (Hinz 1988: 123).
110. *Medici Venus. Back view*. (3<sup>rd</sup> century A.D). Roman. Marble copy of Greek original. Florence: Uffizi Gallery (Hinz 1988: 123).
111. Abigail Lane. *Blue print* (1992). See Figure 20.
112. George Bickham (career: 1731 - 1769) *Idol-worship or The way to preferment* (1740). London: British Museum Catalogue of Satires (Döring 1991: 276).

113. Photograph of Marilyn Monroe. (Farran 1990: 262).
114. William Hogarth. *Taste à la Mode or Taste in high life* (1798). Etching, 35,7 x 44,2 cm, after the painting of 1742. Earl of Iveagh Collection (Hinz 1988: 122).
115. William Hogarth. Detail: *Taste à la Mode or Taste in high life* (1798).
116. Guerrilla Girls publicity photograph (1990). *Artforum* Sept 1990, 19(1): 125.
117. Ferdinand-Victor-Eugène Delacroix (1798 - 1863). *Model in studio* (1850). Photograph (Pireaux 1966: 172).
118. Edward Weston (1886 - 1953). *Anita nude* (1926). Printed from silver salts. Arizona Board of Regents, Tucson: Centre for Creative Photography (Lemaguy & Rouillé 1987: 110).
119. Jeff Koons. *Pink Panther* (1988). Porcelain, 104,1 x 52,1 x 48,3 cm. *Banality*, Installation. New York: Sonnabend Gallery (Muthesius 1992: 112).
120. Kathy Grove. *The other series: after Man Ray* (1989). Photograph, silver gelatin print, 46 x 41cm. (Isaac 1996: 54).
121. Cindy Sherman. *Untitled #156* (1986). See Figure 7.
122. Jeff Koons. *Made in heaven* (1989). Lithograph billboard, 317,3 x 690,9 cm. Edition of 3 (Muthesius 1992: 124).
123. Cindy Sherman. *Untitled #155* (1985). 72,5 x 49,25 cm. Edition of 6 (Krauss 1993: 136).
124. Hans Bellmer (1902-1975). *The doll* (1932-45). Painted wood and various materials (hair, socks and shoes), 61 x 170 x 51cm. Paris: Musée National d'Art Moderne, Centre Georges Pompidou (Clair 1995: 444).
125. Jana Sterback. *Flesh dress for an albino anorectic* (1987). See Figure 43.

## ILLUSTRATIONS





Figure 1

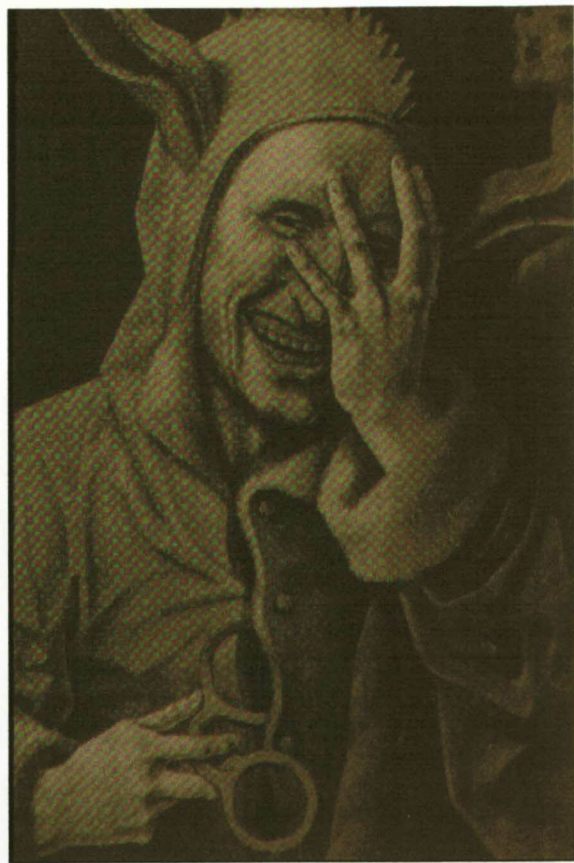


Figure 2

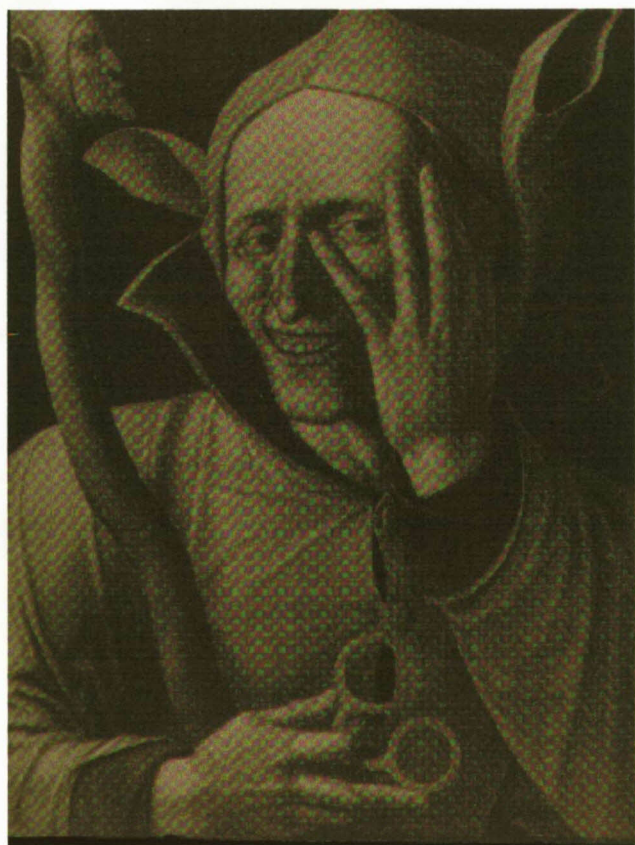


Figure 3



Figure 4



Figure 5



Figure 6



Figure 7



Figure 8



Figure 9

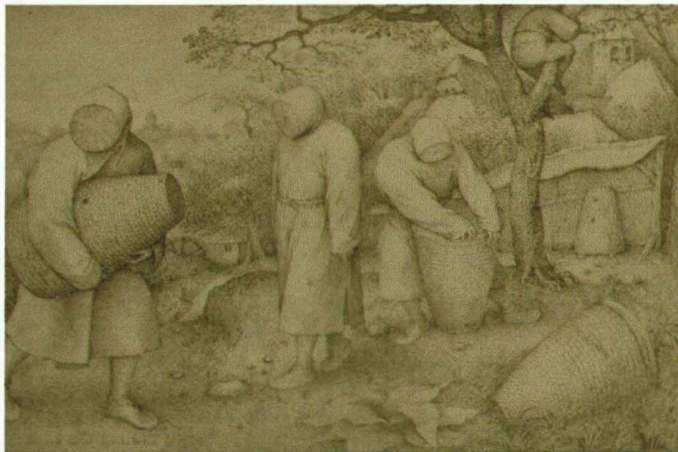


Figure 10



Figure 11

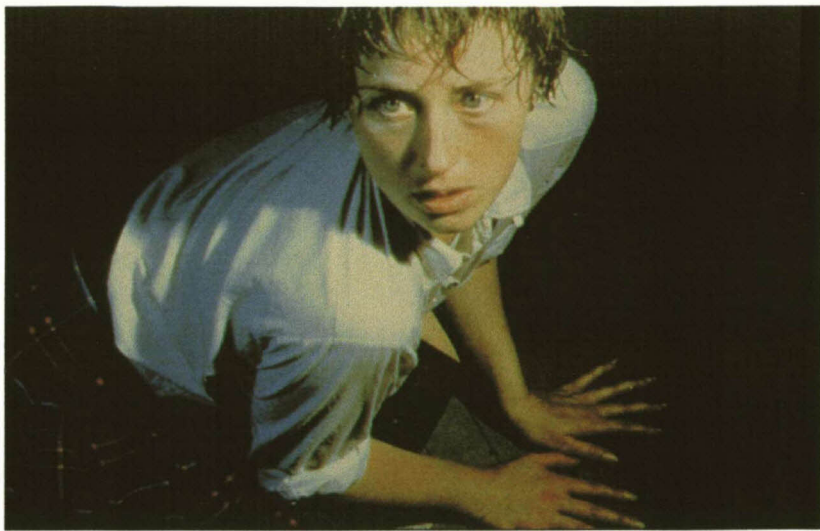


Figure 12



Figure 13



Figure 14

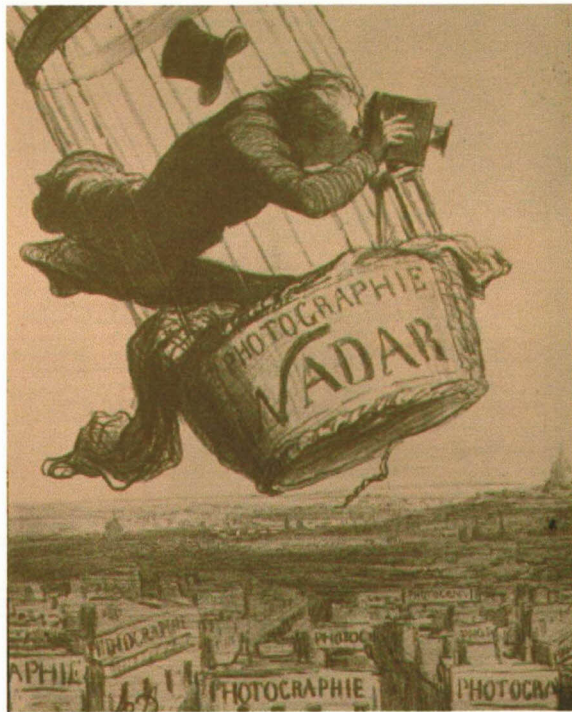


Figure 15



Figure 16

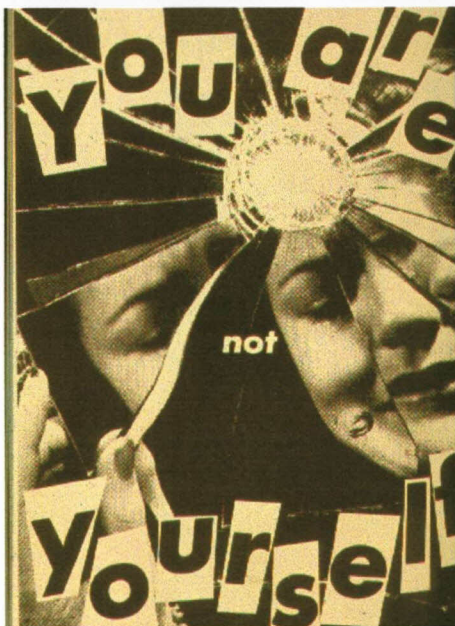


Figure 17

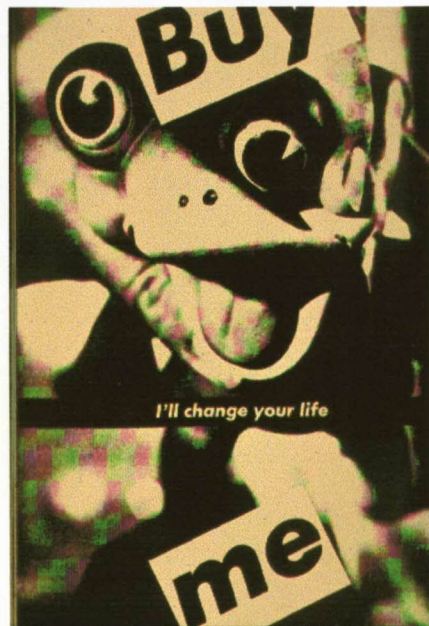


Figure 18



Figure 19

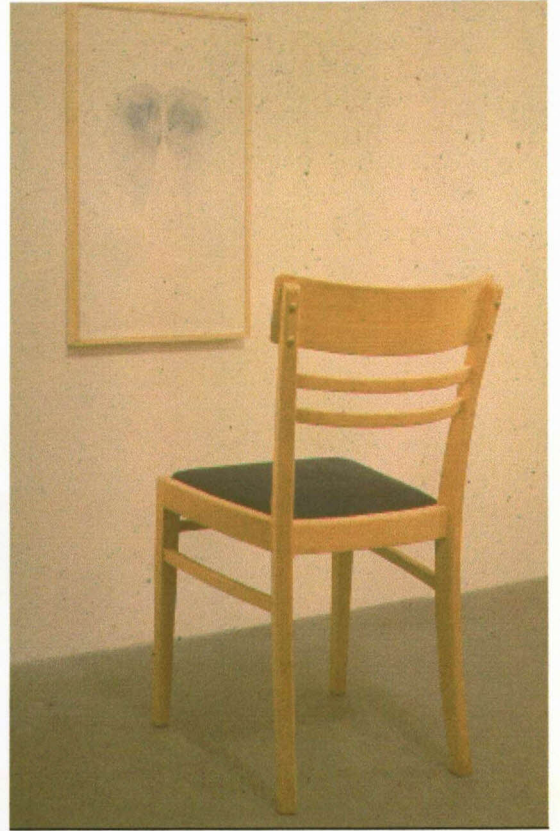


Figure 20



Figure 21

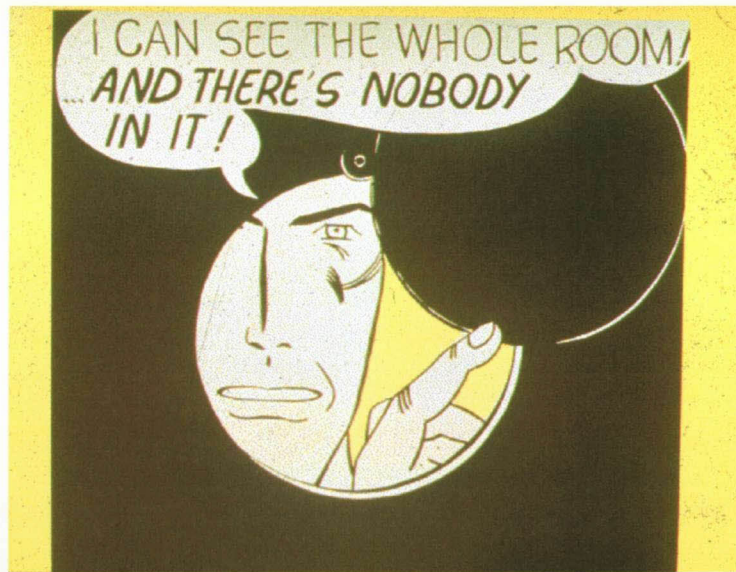


Figure 22

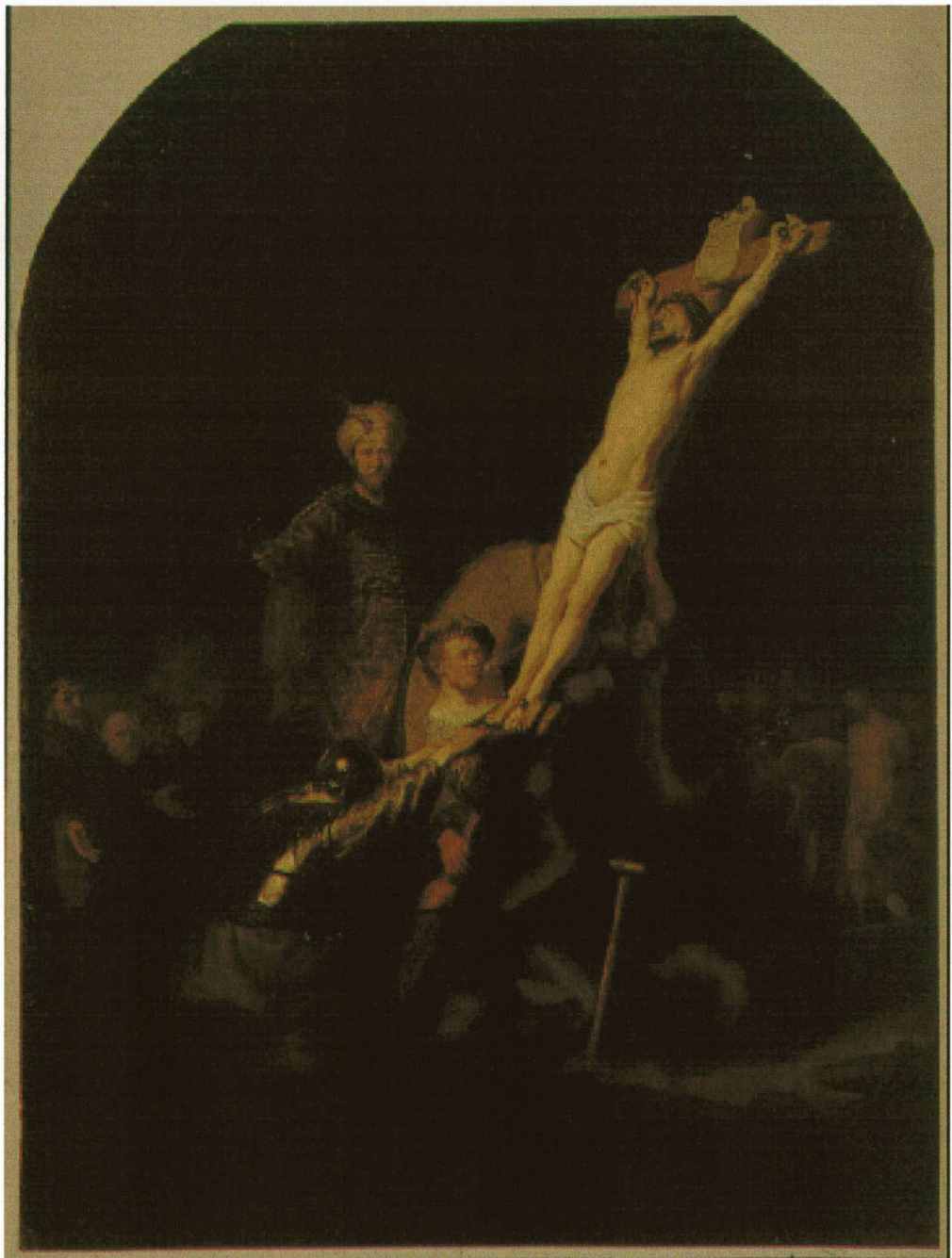


Figure 23



Figure 24



Figure 25

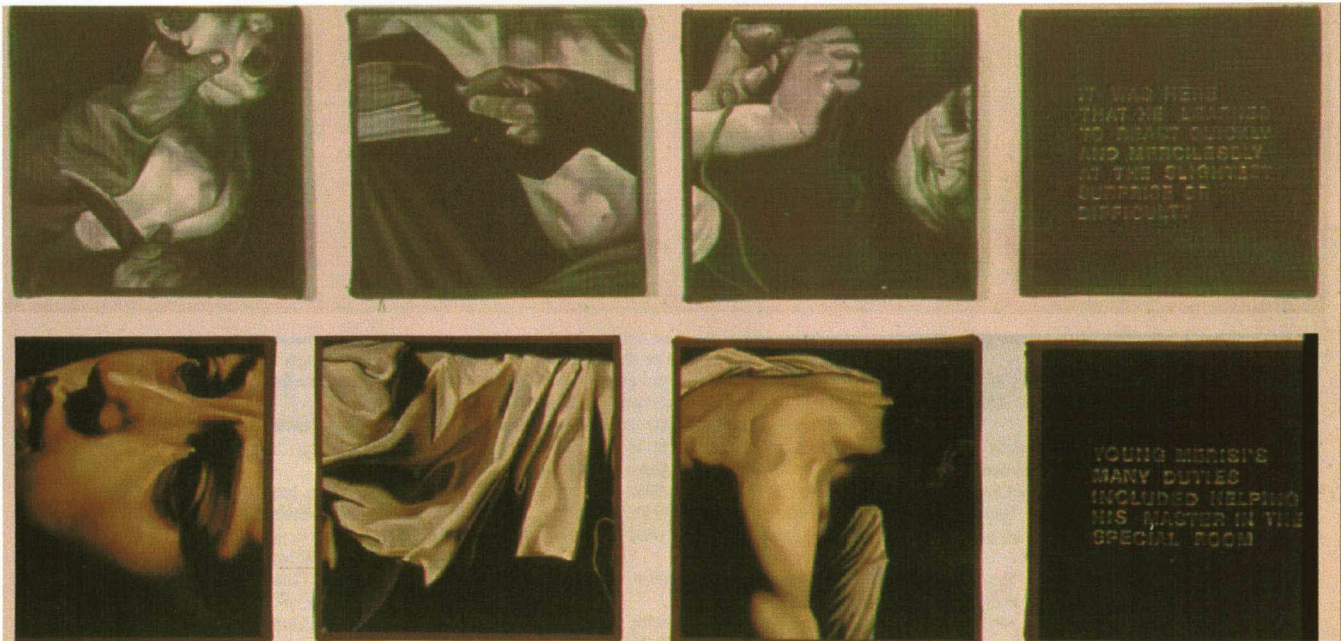


Figure 26



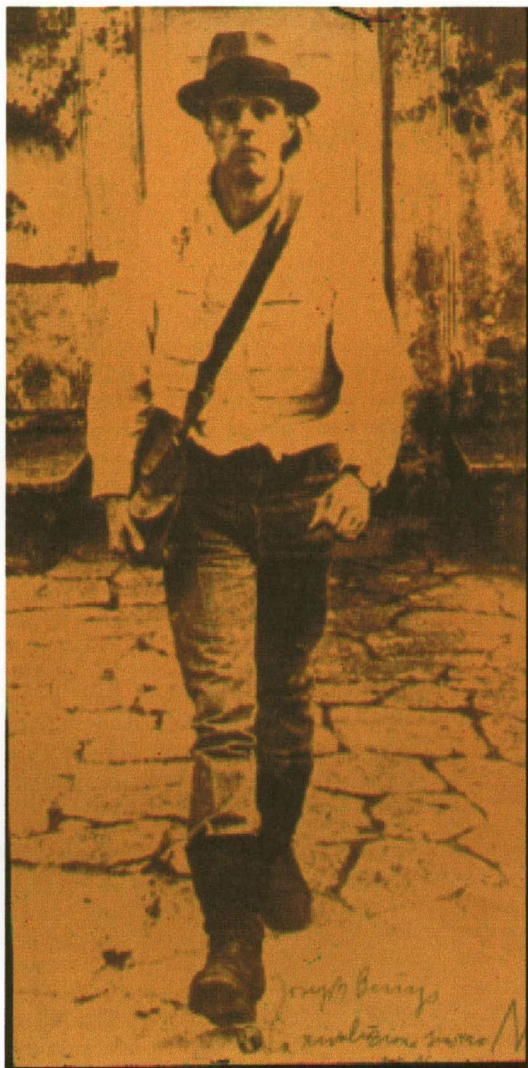


Figure 27

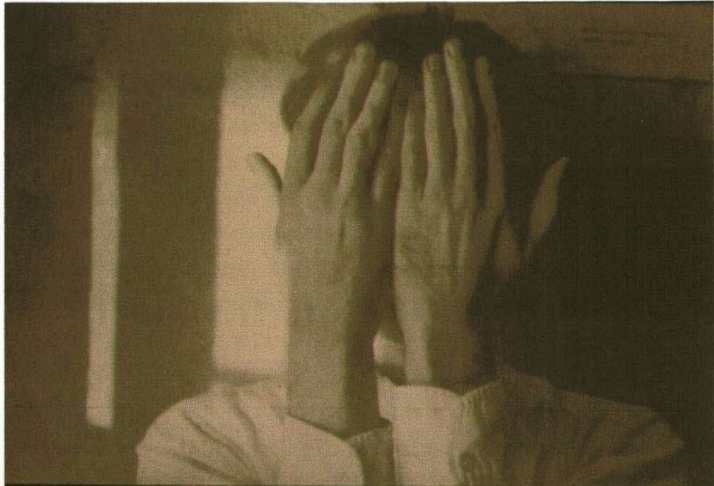


Figure 28

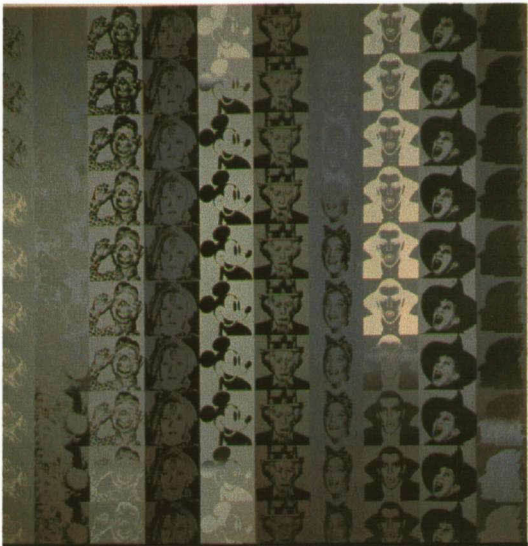


Figure 29



Figure 30



Figure 31



Figure 32



Figure 33



Figure 34



Figure 35

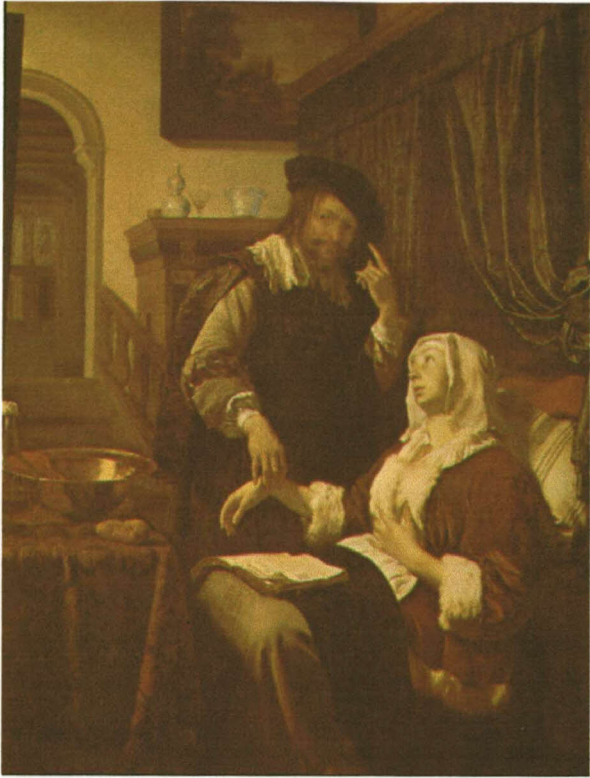


Figure 36



Figure 37

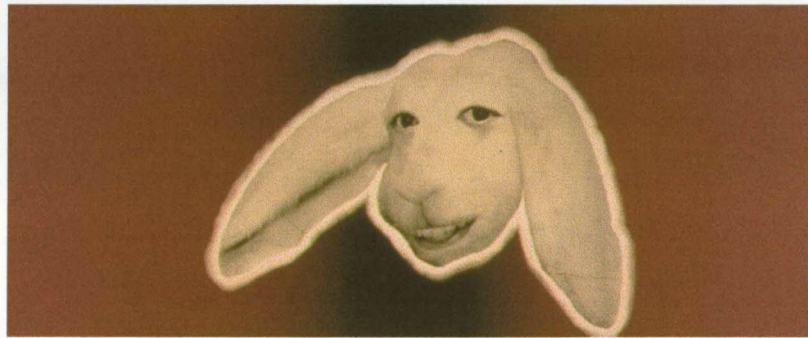


Figure 38



Figure 39



Figure 40

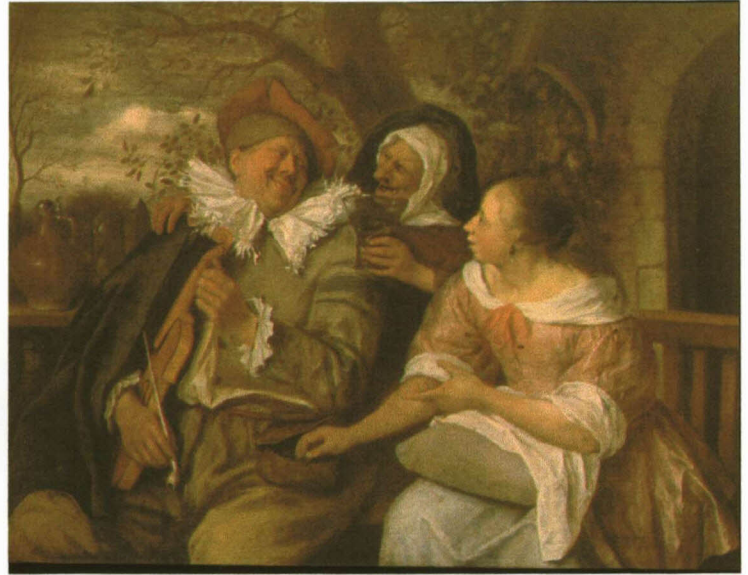


Figure 41



Figure 42



Figure 43



Figure 44



Figure 45



Figure 46



Figure 47



Figure 48

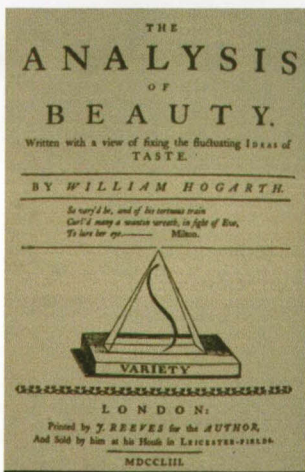


Figure 49



Figure 50

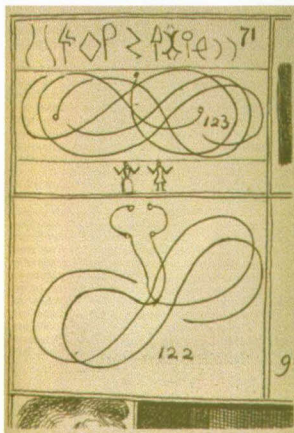


Figure 51

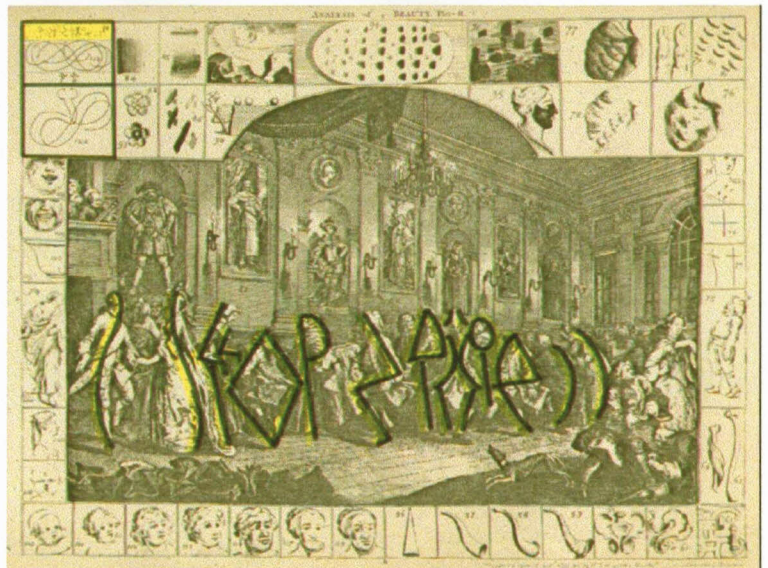


Figure 52



Figure 53



Figure 54

I dare say, we shall be all to-pieces. But I don't care for that. It would be hard, if I, who have held it out so sturdily to my Father and Uncles, should not—But he is at the garden door—

I WAS mistaken!—How may noises *un-like*, be made *like* to what one fears!—Why flutters the fool so!—

I WILL hasten to deposit this. . . (II, 31; i, 470)

Figure 55

. . . "That therefore, if he can obtain no new advantage over you as he goes along, he is resolved to do you all the *poor justice* that it is in the power of such a wretch as he, to do you. He is the rather induced to do this, as he sees, that all his own family have warmly engaged themselves in your cause: and that it is his *highest interest* to be just to you. Then the horrid wretch loves you (as well he may) above all women. I have no doubt of this; with *such a love* as such a wretch is capable of: With *such a Love* as Herod loved his Mariamne.—He is now therefore, very probably, at last, in earnest." (IV, 40; iii, 10)

Figure 56

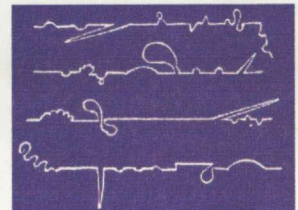


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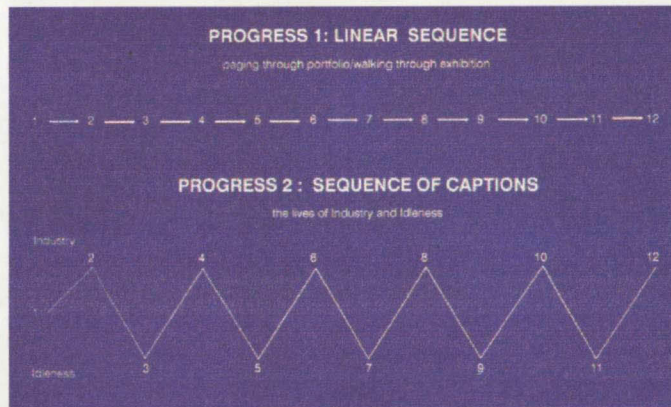


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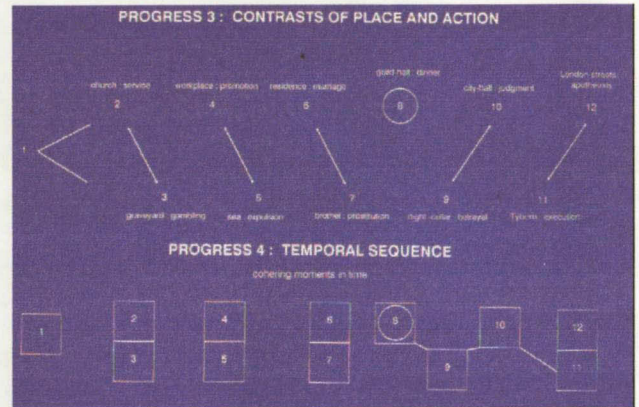


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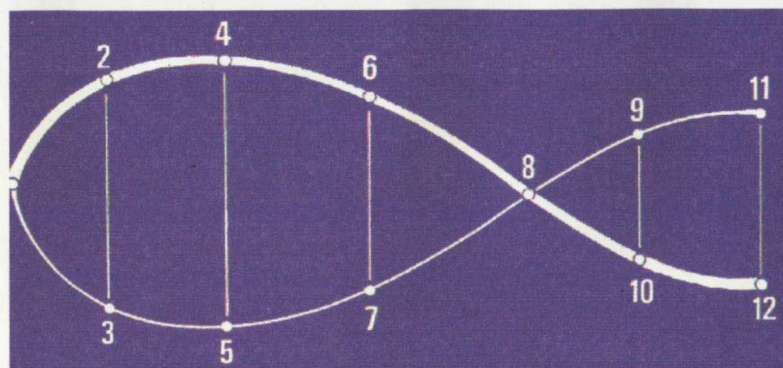


Figure 60



Figure 61



Figure 62



Figure 63





Figure 64  
(Cf. Figure 22)

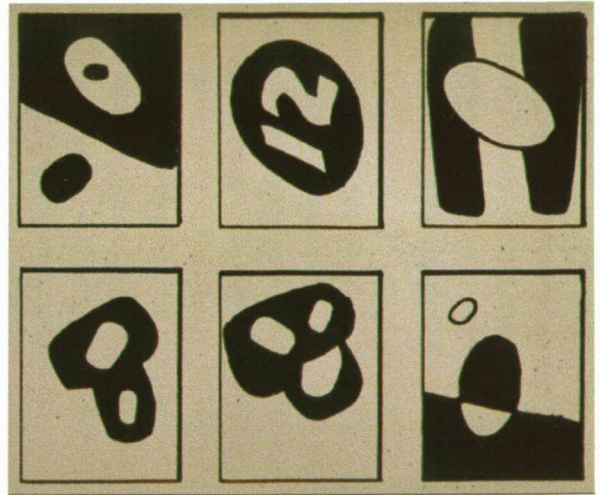


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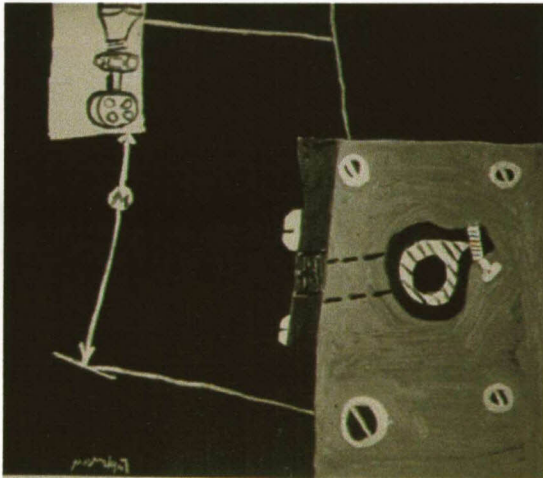


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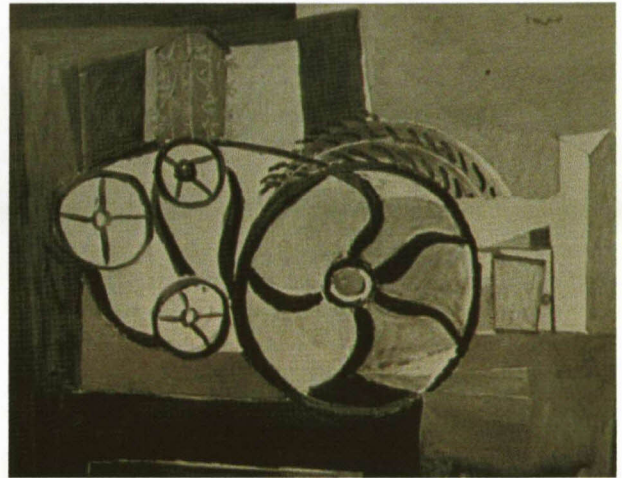


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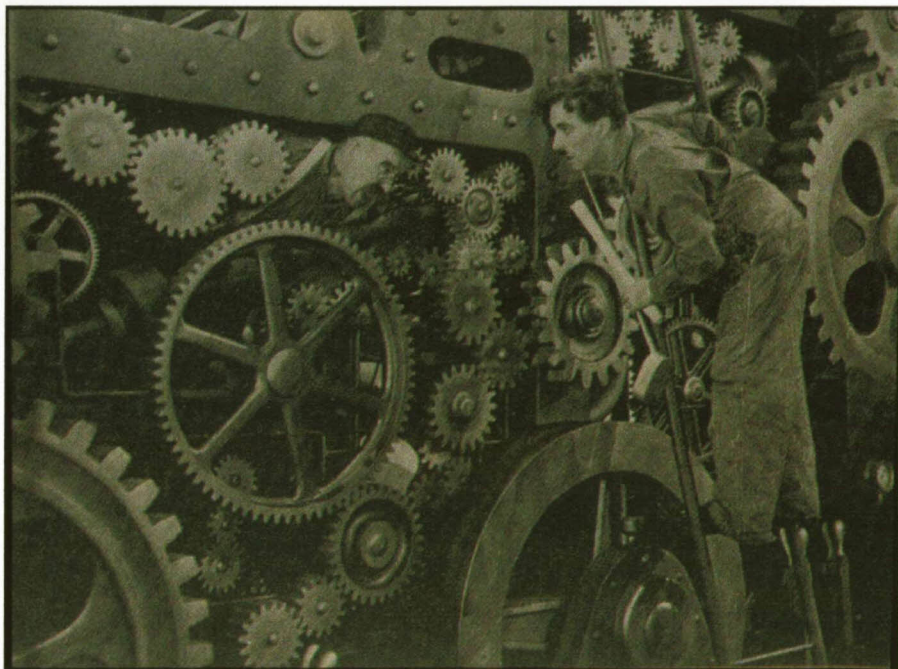


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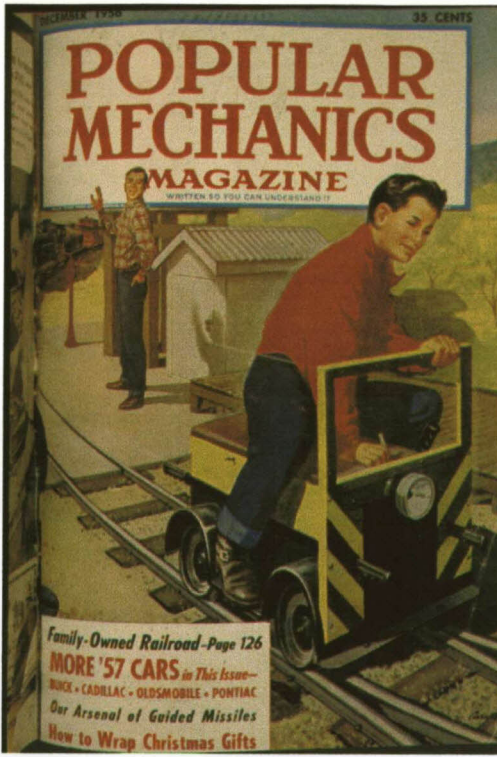


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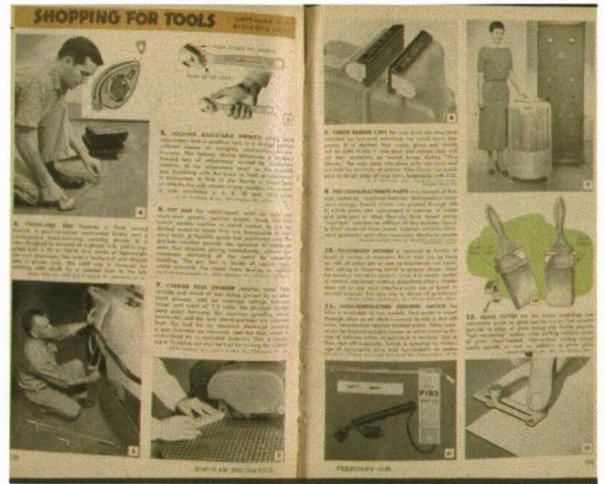


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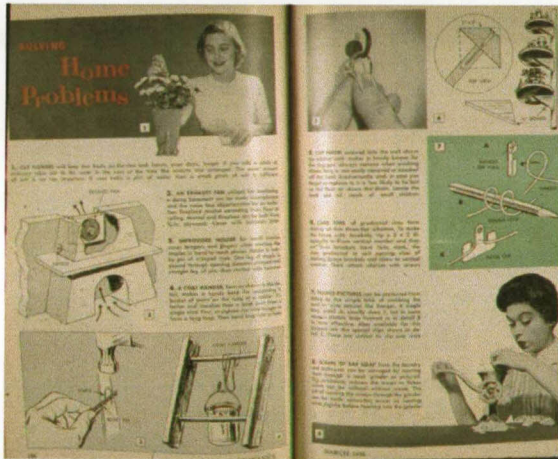


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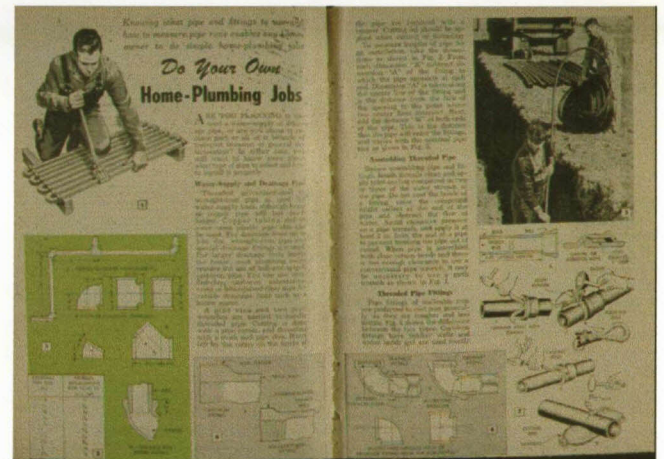


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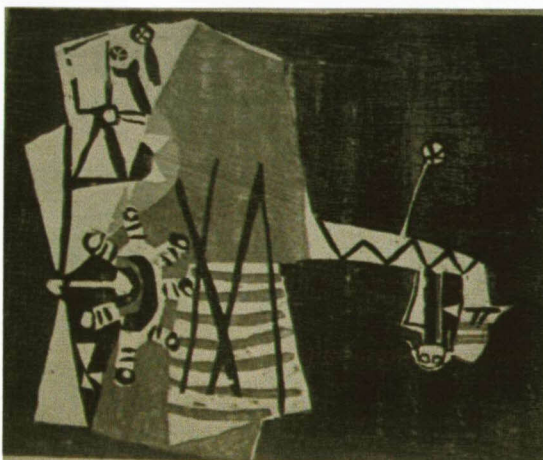


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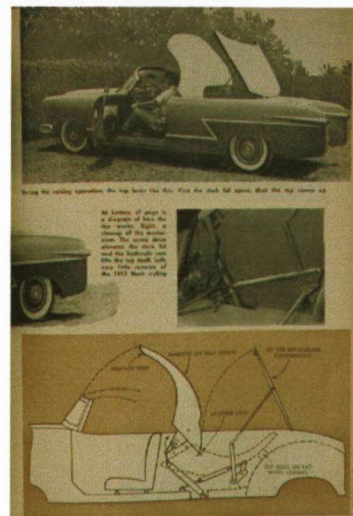


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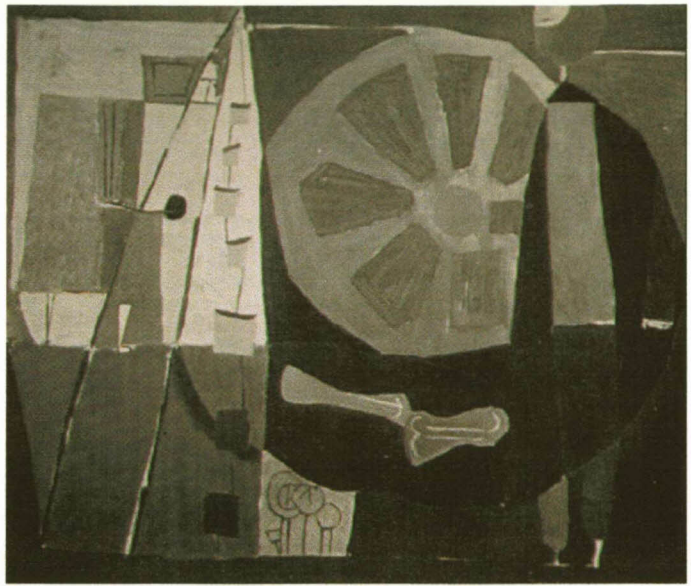


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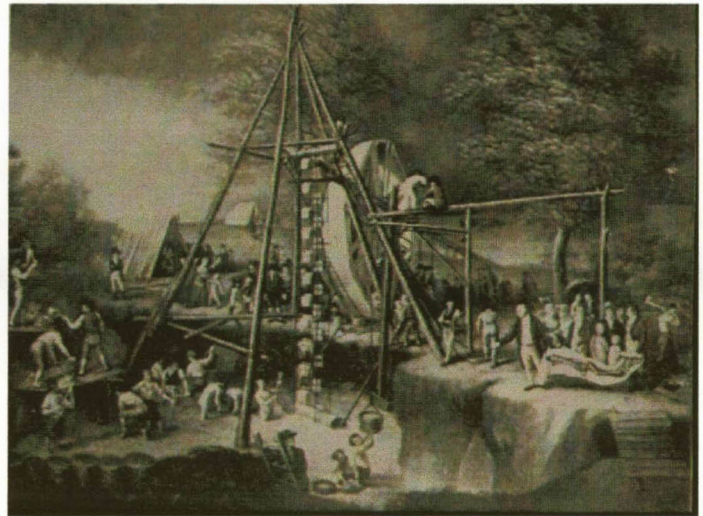


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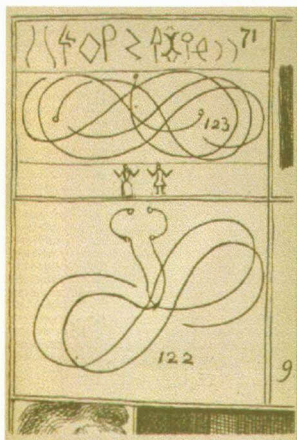


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(Cf. Figure 51)

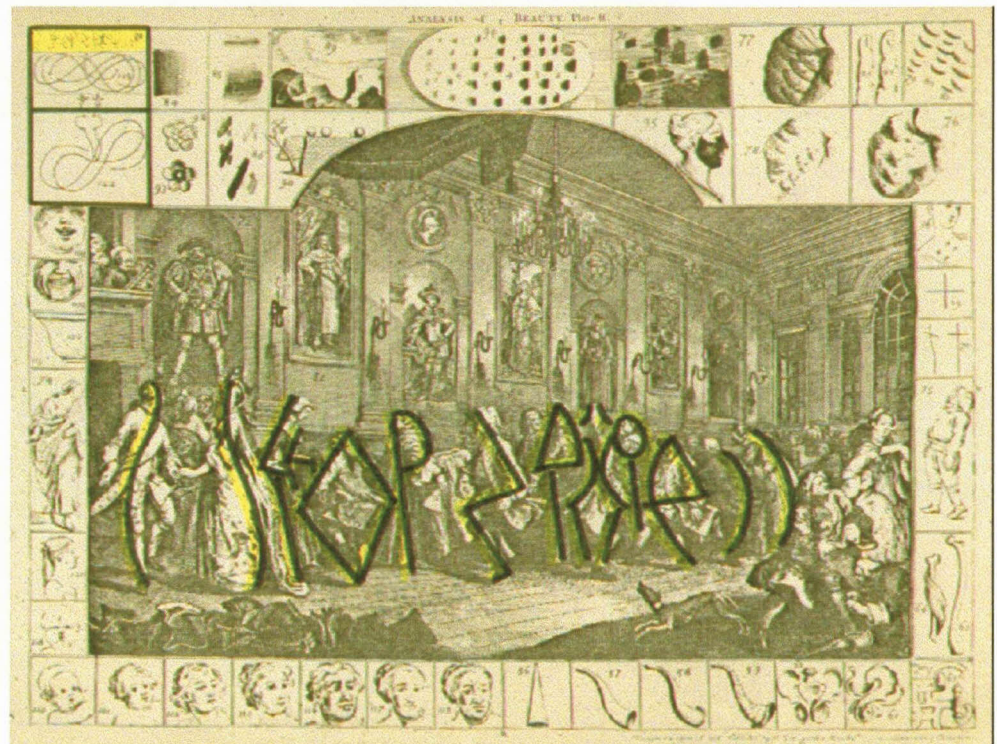


Figure 78 (Cf. Figure 52)

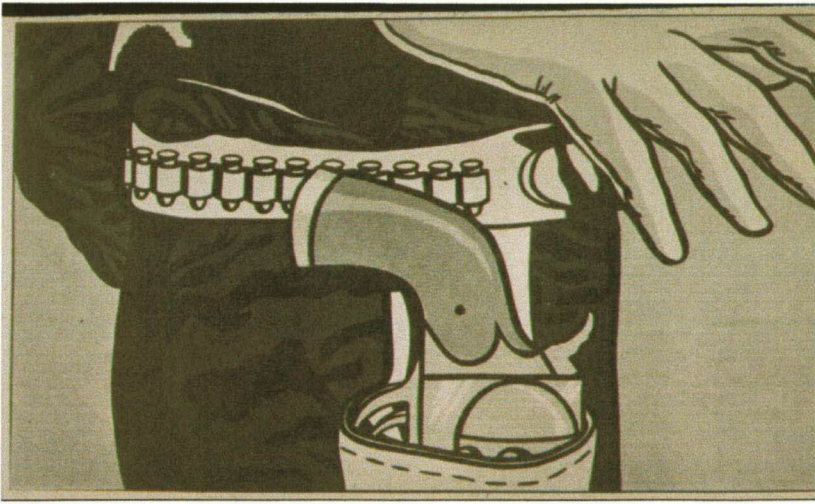


Figure 79



Figure 80



Figure 81

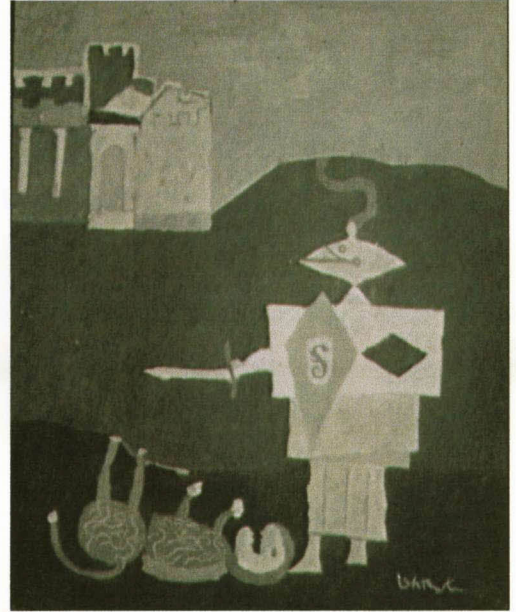


Figure 82



Figure 83

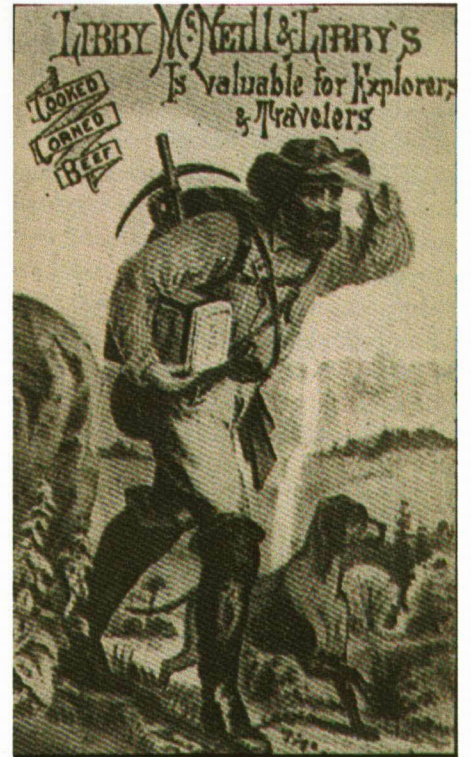


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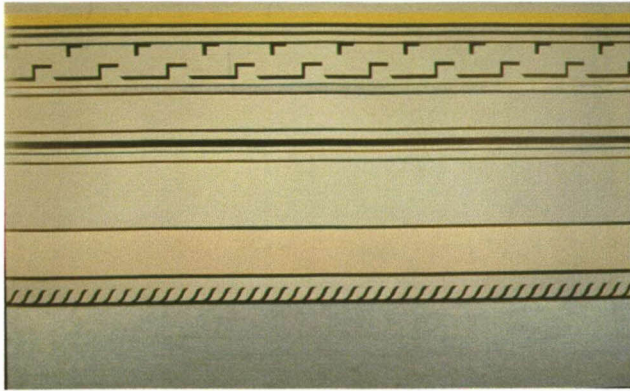


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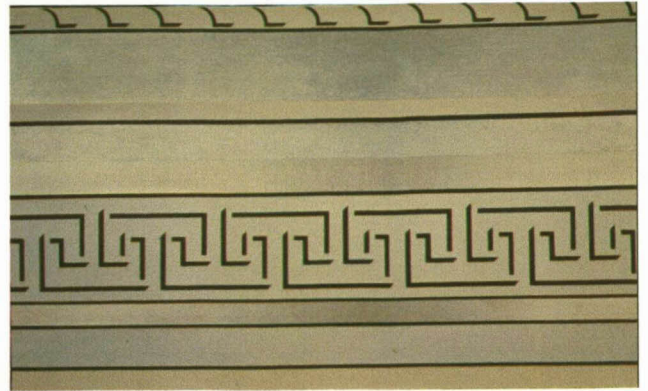


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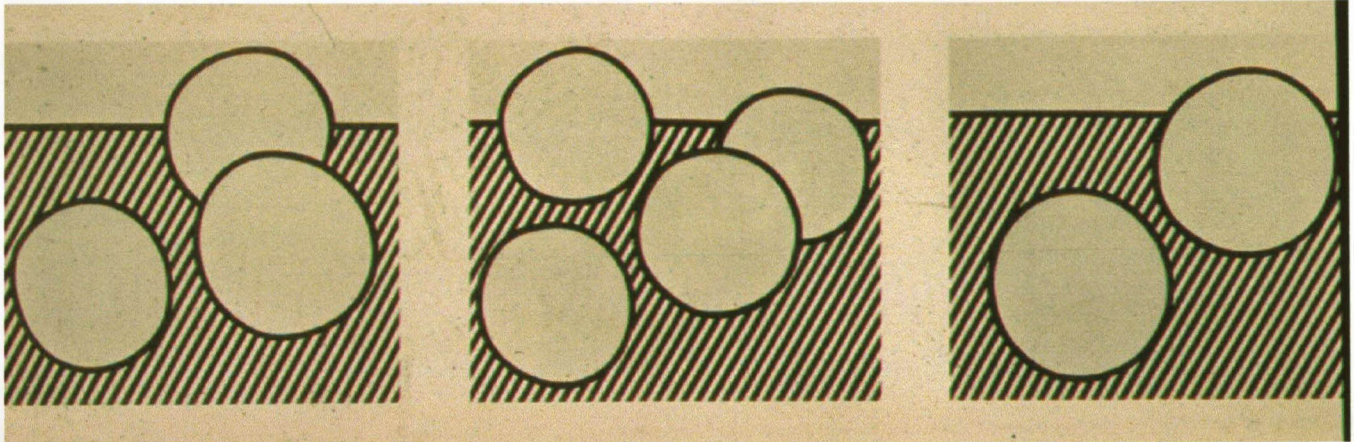


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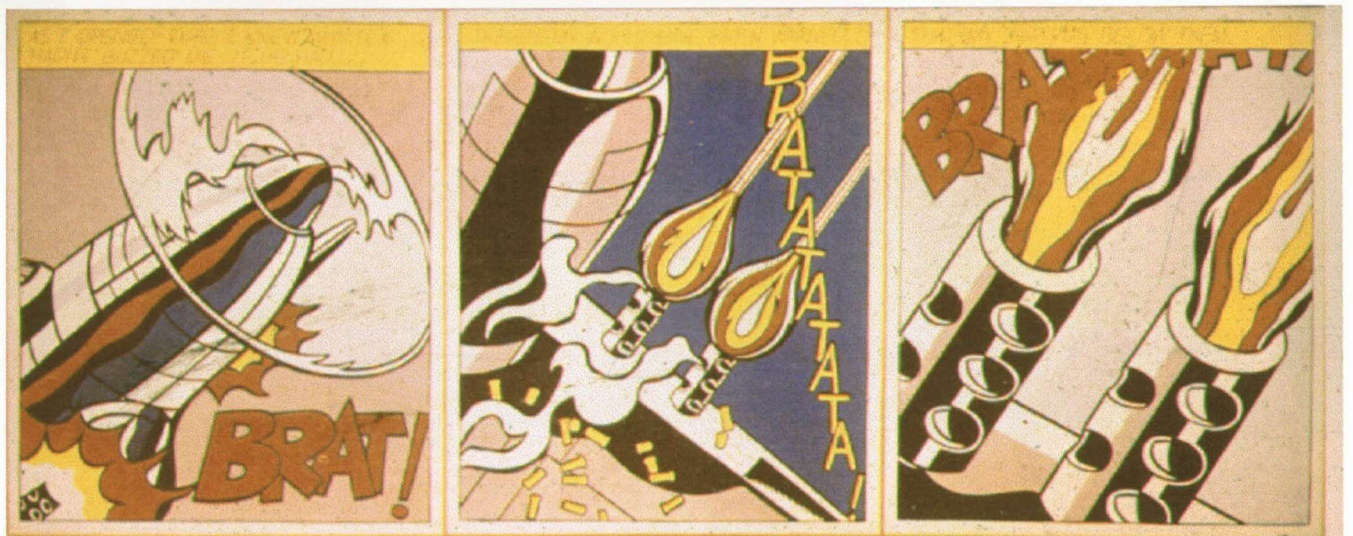


Figure 88



Figure 89 (Cf. Figure 22 & 64)



Figure 90

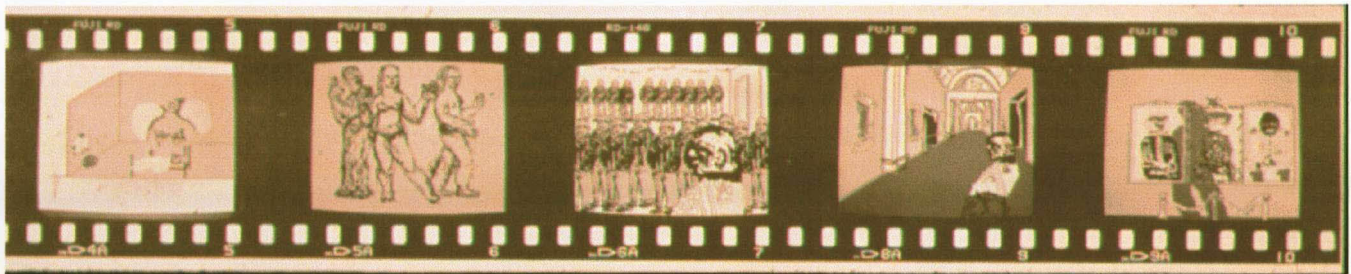


Figure 91



Figure 92



Figure 93



Figure 94

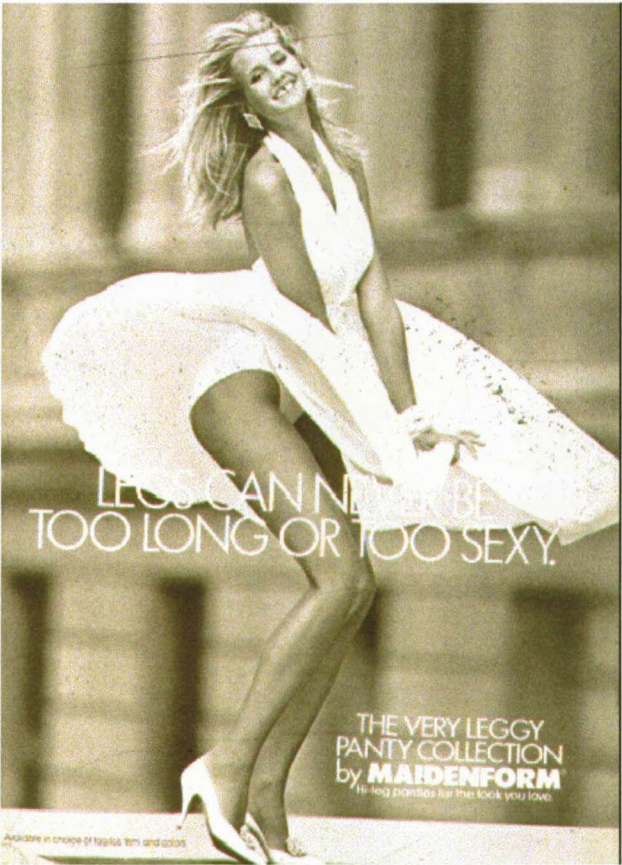


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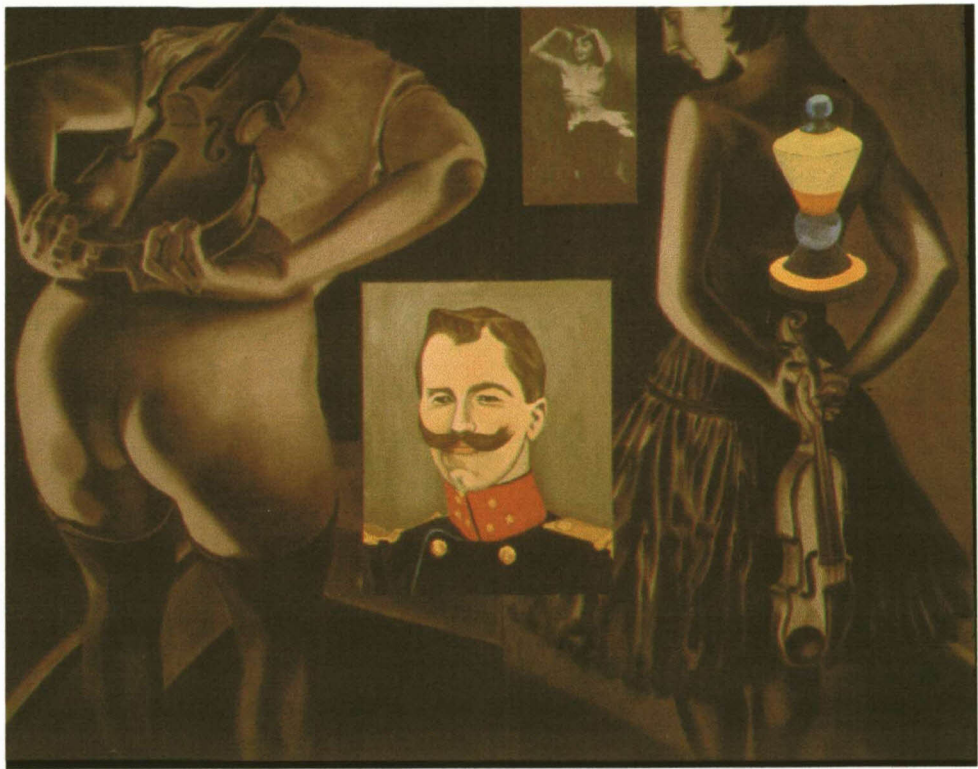


Figure 96 (Cf. Figure 24)

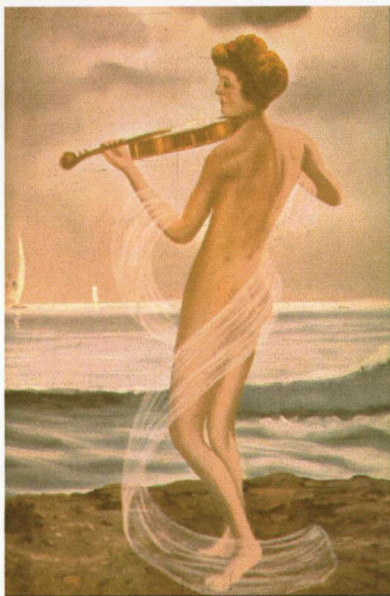


Figure 97



Figure 98



Figure 99

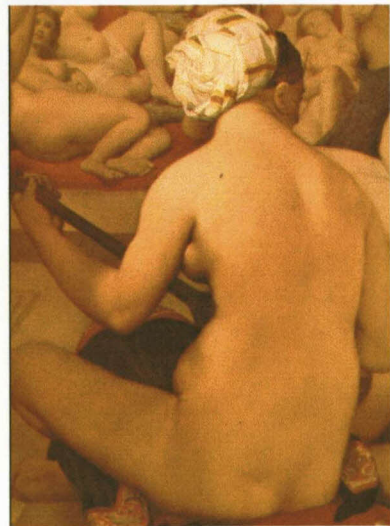


Figure 100





Figure 101



Figure 102



Figure 103



Figure 104

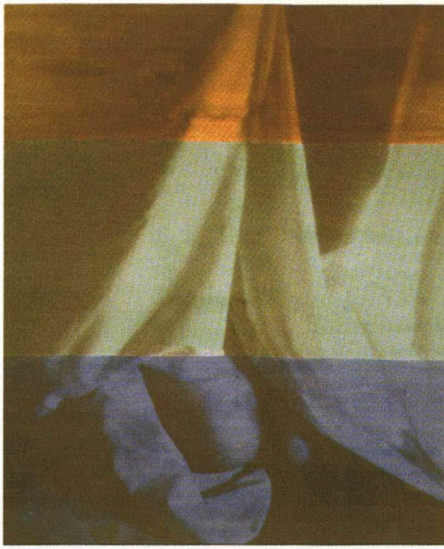


Figure 105

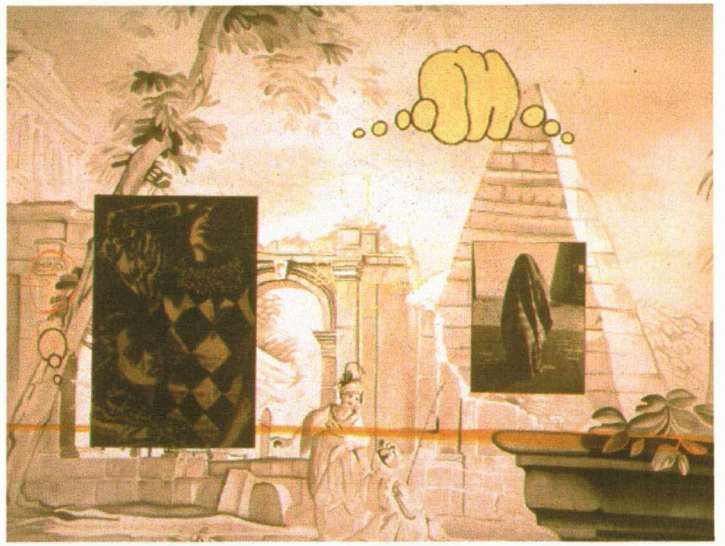


Figure 106



Figure 107

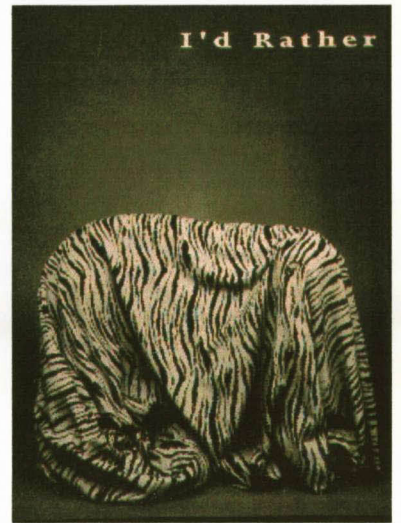


Figure 108



Figure 109

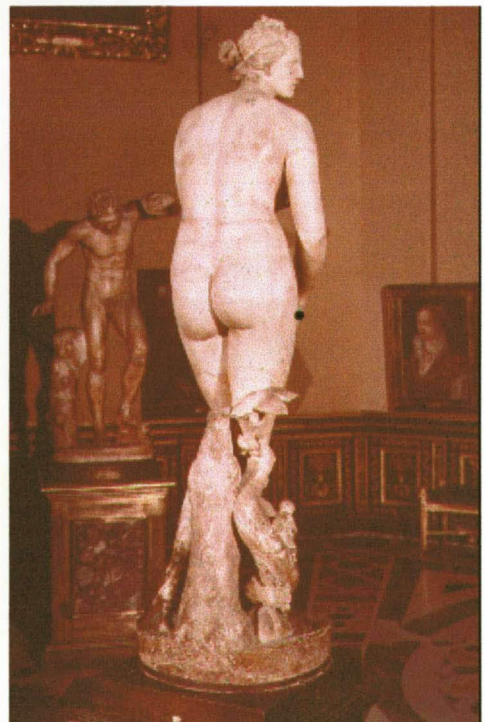


Figure 110

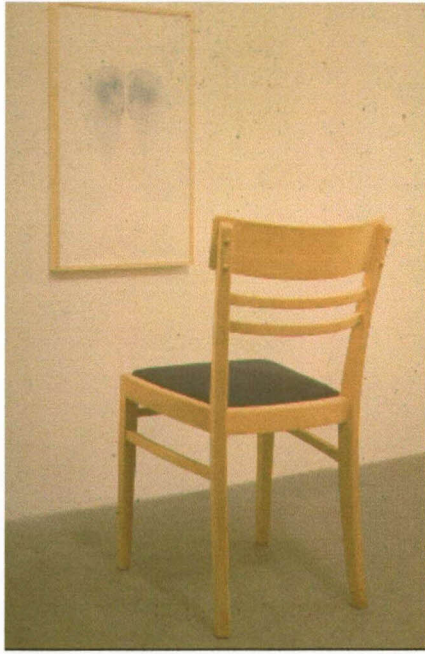


Figure 111  
(Cf. Figure 20)

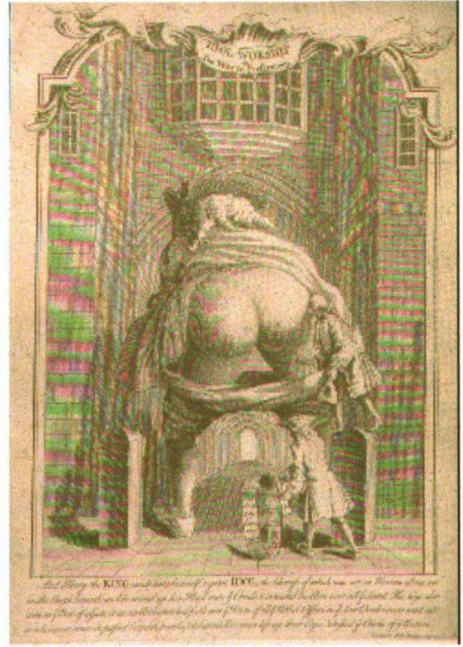


Figure 112



Figure 113



Figure 114



Figure 115

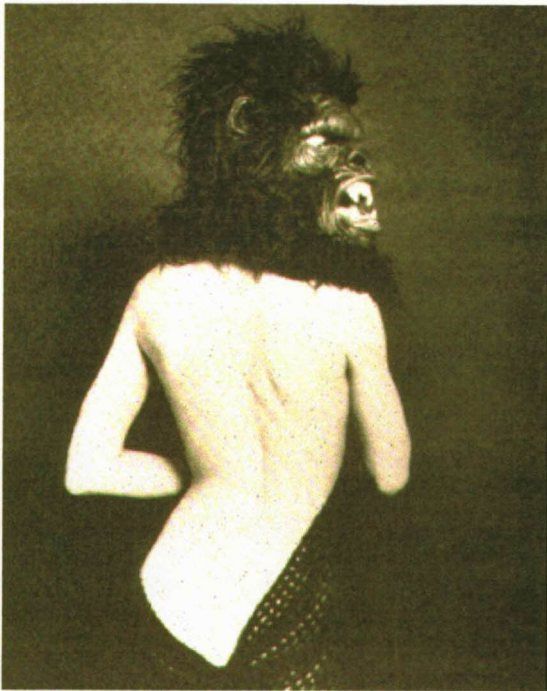


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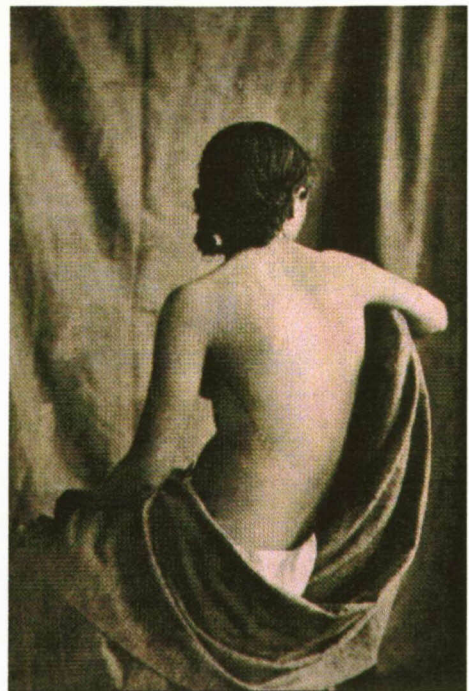


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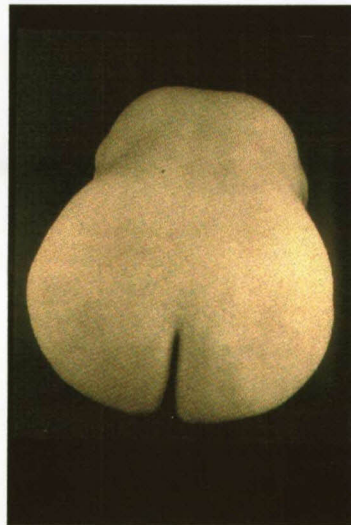


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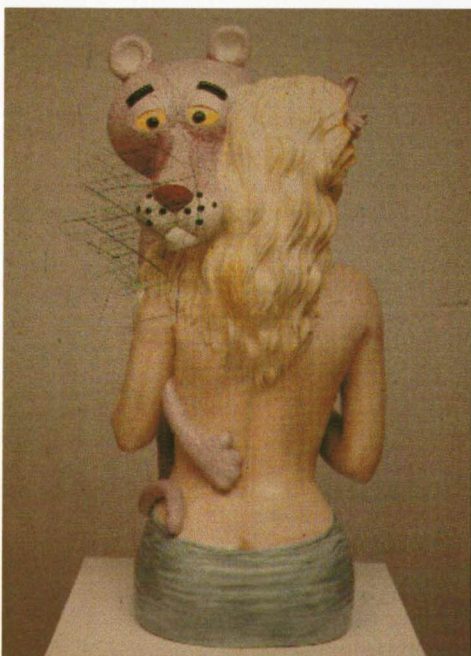


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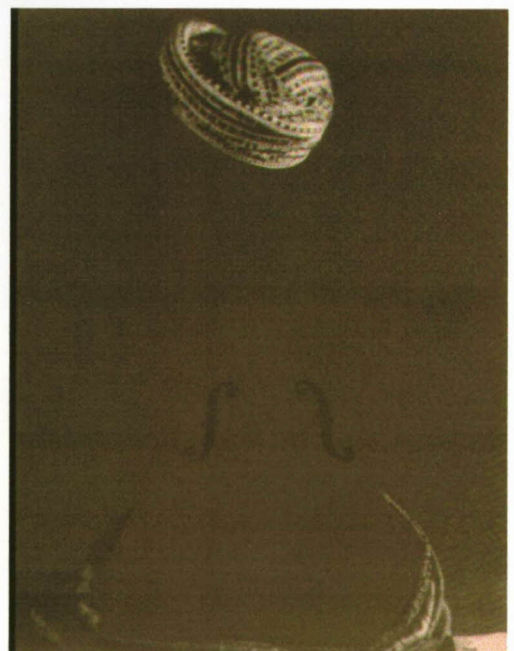


Figure 120



Figure 121 (Cf. Figure 7)



Figure 122



Figure 123



Figure 124



Figure 125  
(Cf. Figure 43)

HÉLÈNE CIXOUS

THE LAUGH OF THE MEDUSA (1975)

Page 334

I shall speak about women's writing: about what it will do. Woman must write herself: must write about women and bring women to writing, from which they have been driven away as violently as from their bodies – for the same reasons, by the same law, with the same fatal goal. Woman must put herself into the text – as into the world and into history – by her own movement.

The future must no longer be determined by the past. I do not deny that the effects of the past are still with us. But I refuse to strengthen them by repeating them, to confer upon them an irremovability the equivalent of destiny, to confuse the biological and the cultural. Anticipation is imperative.

Since these reflections are taking shape in an area just on the point of being discovered, they necessarily bear the mark of our time – a time during which the new breaks away from the old, and, more precisely, the (feminine) new from the old (*la nouvelle de l'ancien*). Thus, as there are no grounds for establishing a discourse, but rather an arid millennial ground to break, what I say has at least two sides and two aims: to break up, to destroy; and to foresee the unforeseeable, to project.

I write this as a woman, toward women. When I say "woman," I'm speaking of woman in her inevitable struggle against conventional man; and of a universal woman subject who must bring women to their senses and to their meaning in history. But first it must be said that in spite of the enormity of the repression that has kept them in the "dark" – that dark which people have been trying to make them accept as their attribute – there is, at this time, no general woman, no one typical woman. What they have in *common* I will say. But what strikes me is the infinite richness of their individual constitutions: you can't talk about a female sexuality, uniform, homogeneous, classifiable into codes – any more than you can talk about one unconscious resembling another. Women's imaginary is inexhaustible, like music, painting, writing: their stream of phantasms is incredible.

I have been amazed more than once by a description a woman gave me of a world all her own which she had been secretly haunting since early childhood. A world of searching, the elaboration of knowledge, on the basis of a systematic experimentation with the bodily functions, a passionate and precise interrogation

Page 335

of her erotogeneity. This practice, extraordinarily rich and inventive, in particular as concerns masturbation, is prolonged or accompanied by a production of forms, a veritable aesthetic activity, each stage of rapture inscribing a resonant vision, a composition, something beautiful. Beauty will no longer be forbidden.

I wished that that woman would write and proclaim this unique empire so that other women, other unacknowledged sovereigns, might exclaim: I, too, over-flow; my

desires have invented new desires, my body knows unheard-of songs. Time and again I, too, have felt so full of luminous torrents that I could burst – burst with forms much more beautiful than those which are put up in frames and sold for a stinking fortune. And I, too, said nothing, showed nothing; I didn't open my mouth, I didn't repaint my half of the world. I was ashamed. I was afraid, and I swallowed my shame and my fear. I said to myself: You are mad! What's the meaning of these waves, these floods, these outbursts? Where is the ebullient, infinite woman who, immersed as she was in her naiveté, kept in the dark about herself, led into self-disdain by the great arm of parental-conjugal phallocentrism, hasn't been ashamed of her strength? Who, surprised and horrified by the fantastic tumult of her drives (for she was made to believe that a well-adjusted normal woman has a . . . divine composure), hasn't accused herself of being a monster? Who, feeling a funny desire stirring inside her (to sing, to write, to dare to speak, in short, to bring out something new), hasn't thought she was sick? Well, her shameful sickness is that she resists death, that she makes trouble.

And why don't you write? Write! Writing is for you, you are for you; your body is yours, take it. I know why you haven't written. (And why I didn't write before the age of twenty-seven.) Because writing is at once too high, too great for you, it's reserved for the great – that is for "great men"; and it's "silly." Besides, you've written a little, but in secret. And it wasn't good, because it was in secret, and because you punished yourself for writing, because you didn't go all the way, or because you wrote, irresistibly, as when we would masturbate in secret, not to go further, but to attenuate the tension a bit, just enough to take the edge off. And then as soon as we come, we go and make ourselves feel guilty – so as to be forgiven; or to forget, to bury it until next time.

Write, let no one hold you back, let nothing stop you: not man; not the imbecilic capitalist machinery, in which publishing houses are the crafty, obsequious relayers of imperatives handed down by an economy that works against us and off our backs; and not *yourself*. Smug-faced readers, managing editors, and big bosses don't like the true texts of women – female-sexed texts. That kind scares them.

I write woman: woman must write woman. And man, man. So only an oblique consideration will be found here of man; it's up to him to say where his masculinity and femininity are at: this will concern us once men have opened their eyes and seen themselves clearly.<sup>1</sup>

Now women return from afar, from always: from "without", from the heath where witches are kept alive; from below, from beyond "culture"; from their childhood which men have been trying desperately to make them forget, condemning it to "eternal rest." The little girls and their "ill-mannered" bodies immured, well-preserved, intact unto themselves, in the mirror. Frigidified. But are they ever seething underneath! What an effort it takes – there's no end to

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<sup>1</sup> Men still have everything to say about their sexuality, and everything to write. For what they have said so far, for the most part, stems from the opposition activity/passivity from the power relation between a fantasized obligatory virility meant to invade, to colonize, and the consequential phantasm of woman as a "dark continent" to penetrate and to "pacify." (We know what "pacify" means in terms of scotomizing the other and misrecognizing the self.) Conquering her, they've made haste to depart from her borders, to get out of sight, out of body. The way man has of getting out of himself and into her whom he takes not for the other but for his own, deprives him, he knows, of his own bodily territory. One can understand how man, confusing himself with his penis and rushing in for the attack, might feel resentment and fear of being "taken" by the woman, of being lost in her, absorbed or alone.

it – for the sex cops to bar their threatening return. Such a display of forces on both sides that the struggle has for centuries been immobilized in the trembling equilibrium of a deadlock.

Here they are, returning, arriving over and over again, because the unconscious is impregnable. They have wandered around in circles, confined to the narrow room in which they've been given a deadly brainwashing. You can incarcerate them, slow them down, get away with the old Apartheid routine, but for a time only. As soon as they begin to speak, at the same time as they're taught their name, they can be taught that their territory is black: because you are Africa, you are black. Your continent is dark. Dark is dangerous. You can't see anything in the dark, you're afraid: Don't move, you might fall. Most of all, don't go into the forest. And so we have internalized this horror of the dark.

Men have committed the greatest crime against women. Insidiously, violently, they have led them to hate women, to be their own enemies, to mobilize their immense strength against themselves, to be the executants of their virile needs. They have made for women an antinarcissism! A narcissism which loves itself only to be loved for what women haven't got! They have constructed the infamous logic of antilove.

We the precocious, we the repressed of culture, our lovely mouths gagged with pollen, our wind knocked out of us, we the labyrinths, the ladders, the trampled spaces, the beyes – we are black and we are beautiful.

We're stormy, and that which is ours breaks loose from us without our fearing any debilitation. Our glances, our smiles, are spent; laughs exude from all our mouths; our blood flows and we extend ourselves without ever reaching an end; we never hold back our thoughts, our signs, our writing; and we're not afraid of lacking.

What happiness for us who are omitted, brushed aside at the scene of inheritances; we inspire ourselves and we expire without running out of breath, we are everywhere!

From now on, who, if we say so, can say no to us? We've come back from always.

It is time to liberate the New Woman from the old by coming to know her – by loving her for getting by, for getting beyond the Old without delay, by going out ahead of what the New Woman will be, as an arrow quits the bow with a movement that gathers and separates the vibrations musically, in order to be more than her self.

I say that we must, for, with a few rare exceptions, there has not yet been any writing that inscribes femininity; exceptions so rare, in fact, that, after plowing through literature across languages, cultures, and ages,<sup>2</sup> one can only be startled at this vain scouting mission. It is well known that the number of women writers (while having increased very slightly from the nineteenth century on) has always been ridiculously small. This is a useless and deceptive fact unless from their species of female writers we do not first deduct the immense majority whose workmanship is in no way different from male writing, and which either obscures women or reproduces the classic representations of women (as sensitive – intuitive – dreamy, etc.)<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> I am speaking here only of the place "reserved" for women by the Western world.

<sup>3</sup> Which works, then, might be called feminine? I'll just point out some examples: one would have to give them full readings to bring out what is pervasively feminine in their significance. Which I shall do elsewhere. In France (have you noted our infinite poverty in this field? – the Anglo-Saxon countries have shown resources of distinctly greater consequence), leafing through what's come



Let me insert here a parenthetical remark. I mean it when I speak of male writing. I maintain unequivocally that there is such a thing as *marked* writing; that, until now, far more extensively and repressively than is ever suspected or admitted, writing has been run by a libidinal and cultural – hence political, typically masculine – economy; that this is a locus where the repression of women has been perpetuated, over and over, more or less consciously, and in a manner that's frightening since it's often hidden or adorned with the mystifying charms of fiction; that this locus has grossly exaggerated all the signs of sexual opposition (and not sexual difference), where woman has never *her* turn to speak – this being all the more serious and unpardonable in that writing is precisely the very possibility of change, the space that can serve as a springboard for subversive thought, the precursory movement of a transformation of social and cultural structures.

Nearly the entire history of writing is confounded with the history of reason, of which it is at once the effect, the support, and one of the privileged alibis. It has been one with the phallogocentric tradition. It is indeed that same self-admiring, self-stimulating, self-congratulatory phallogocentrism.

With some exceptions, for there have been failures – and if it weren't for them, I wouldn't be writing (I-woman, escapee) – in that enormous machine that has been operating and turning out its "truth" for centuries. There have been poets who would go to any lengths to slip something by at odds with tradition – men capable of loving love and hence capable of loving others and of wanting them, of imagining the woman who would hold out against oppression and constitute herself as a superb, equal, hence "impossible" subject, untenable in a real social framework. Such a woman the poet could desire only by breaking the codes that negate her. Her appearance would necessarily bring on, if not revolution – for the bastion was supposed to be immutable – at least harrowing explosions. At times it is in the fissure caused by an earthquake, through that radical mutation of things brought on by a material upheaval when every structure is for a moment thrown off balance and an ephemeral wildness sweeps order away, that the poet slips something by, for a brief span, of woman. Thus did Kliest expend himself in his yearning for the existence of sister-lovers, maternal daughters, mother-sisters, who never hung their heads in shame. Once the palace of magistrates is restored, it's time to pay: immediate bloody death to the uncontrollable elements.

But only the poets – not the novelists, allies of representationalism. Because poetry involves gaining strength through the unconscious and because the unconscious, that other limitless country, is the place where the repressed manage to survive: women, or as Hoffman would say, fairies.

She must write her self, because this is the invention of a *new insurgent* writing which, when the moment of her liberation has come, will allow her to carry out the indispensable ruptures and transformations in her history, first at two levels that cannot be separated.

a) Individually. By writing her self, woman will return to the body which has been more than confiscated from her, which has been turned into the uncanny stranger on display – the ailing or dead figure, which so often turns out to be the

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out of the twentieth century – and it's not much – the only inscriptions of femininity that I have seen were by Colette, Marguerite Duras, . . . and Jean Genet.

nasty companion, the cause and location of inhibitions. Censor the body and you censor breath and speech at the same time.

Write your self. Your body must be heard. Only then will the immense resources of the unconscious spring forth. Our naphtha will spread, throughout the world, without dollars – black or gold – nonassessed values that will change the rules of the old game.

To write. An act which will not only "realize" the decensored relation of woman to her sexuality, to her womanly being, giving her access to her native strength; it will give her back her goods, her pleasures, her organs, her immense bodily territories which have been kept under seal; it will tear her away from the superegoized structure in which she has always occupied the place reserved for the guilty (guilty of everything, guilty at every turn: for having desires, for not having any; for being frigid, for being "too hot"; for not being both at once; for being too motherly and not enough; for having children and for not having any; for nursing and for not nursing . . . ) – tear her away by means of this research, this job of analysis and illumination, this emancipation of the marvelous text of her self that she must urgently learn to speak. A woman without a body, dumb, blind, can't possibly be a good fighter. She is reduced to being the servant of the militant male, his shadow. We must kill the false woman who is preventing the live one from breathing. Inscribe the breath of the whole woman.

b) An act that will also be marked by woman's *seizing* the occasion to *speak*, hence her shattering entry into history, which has always been based on *her suppression*. To write and thus to forge for herself the antilogos weapon. To become *at will* the taker and initiator, for her own right, in every symbolic system, in every political process.

It is time for women to start scoring their feats in written and oral language.

Every woman has known the torment of getting up to speak. Her heart racing, at times entirely lost for words, ground and language slipping away – that's how daring a feat, how great a transgression it is for a woman to speak – even just open her mouth – in public. A double distress, for even if she transgresses, her words fall almost always upon the deaf male ear, which hears in language only that which speaks in the masculine.

It is by writing, from and toward women, and by taking up the challenge of speech which has been governed by the phallus, that women will confirm women in a place other than that which is reserved in and by the symbolic, that is, in a place other than silence. Women should break out of the snare of silence. They shouldn't be coned into accepting a domain which is the margin or the harem.

Listen to a woman speak at a public gathering (if she hasn't painfully lost her wind). She doesn't "speak," she throws her trembling body forward; she lets go of herself, she flies; all of her passes into her voice, and it's with her body that she vitally supports the "logic" of her speech. Her flesh speaks true. She lays herself bare. In fact, she physically materializes what she's thinking; she signifies it with her body. In a certain way she *inscribes* what she's saying, because she doesn't deny her drives the intractable and impassioned part they have in speaking. Her speech, even when "theoretical" or political, is never simple or linear or "objectified," generalized: she draws her story into history.

There is not that scission, that division made by the common man between

the logic of oral speech and the logic of the text, bound as he is by his antiquated relation – servile, calculating – to mastery. From which proceeds the niggardly lip service which engages only the tiniest part of the body, plus the mask.

In women's speech, as in their writing, that element which never stops resonating, which, once we've been permeated by it, profoundly and imperceptibly touched by it, retains the power of moving us – that element is the song: first music from the first voice of love which is alive in every woman. Why this privileged relationship with the voice? Because no woman stockpiles as many defenses for countering the drives as does a man. You don't build walls around yourself, you don't forego pleasure as "wisely" as he. Even if phallic mystification has generally contaminated good relationships, a woman is never far from "mother" (I mean outside her role functions: the "mother" as nonname and as source of goods). There is always within her at least a little of that good mother's milk. She writes in white ink.

*Woman for women.* – There always remains in woman that force which produces/is produced by the other – in particular, the other woman. *In* her, matrix, cradler; herself giver as her mother and child; she is her own sister-daughter. You might object, "What about she who is the hysterical offspring of a bad mother?" Everything will be changed once woman gives woman to the other woman. There is hidden and always ready in woman the source; the locus for the other. The mother, too, is a metaphor. It is necessary and sufficient that the best of herself be given to woman by another woman for her to be able to love herself and return in love the body that was "born" to her. Touch me, caress me, you the living no-name, give me my self as myself. The relation to the "mother," in terms of intense pleasure and violence, is curtailed no more than the relation to childhood (the child that she was, that she is, that she makes, remakes, undoes, there at the point where, the same, she mothers herself). Text: my body – shot through with streams of song; I don't mean the overbearing, clutchy "mother" but, rather, what touches you, the equivocal that affects you, fills your breast with an urge to come to language and launches your force; the rhythm that laughs you; the intimate recipient who makes all metaphors possible and desirable; body (body? bodies?), no more describable than god, the soul, or the Other; that part of you that leaves a space between yourself and urges you to inscribe in language your woman's style. In women there is always more or less of the mother who makes everything all right, who nourishes, and who stands up against separation; a force that will not be cut off but will knock the wind out of the codes. We will rethink womankind beginning with every form and every period of her body. The Americans remind us, "We are all Lesbians"; that is, don't denigrate woman, don't make of her what men have made of you.

Because the "economy" of her drives is prodigious, she cannot fail, in seizing the occasion to speak, to transform directly and indirectly all systems of exchange based on masculine thrift. Her libido will produce far more radical effects of political and social change than some might like to think. Because she arrives, vibrant, over and over again, we are at the beginning of a new history, or rather of a process of becoming in which several histories intersect with one another. As subject for history, woman always occurs simultaneously in several places. Woman un-thinks<sup>4</sup> the unifying, regulating history that homogenizes and channels forces, herding contradictions into a single battlefield. In

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<sup>4</sup> *Dé-pense*, a neologism formed on the verb *penser*, hence "unthinks," but also "spends" (from *dépenser*)– Tr.

woman, personal history blends together with the history of all women, as well as national and world history. As a militant, she is an integral part of all liberations. She must be farsighted, not limited to blow-by-blow interaction. She foresees that her liberation will do more than modify power relations or toss the ball over to the other camp; she will bring about a mutation in human relations, in thought, in all praxis: hers is not simply a class struggle, which she carries forward into a much vaster movement. Not that in order to be a woman-in-struggle(s) you have to leave the class struggle or repudiate it; but you have to split it open, spread it out, push it forward, fill it with the fundamental struggle so as to prevent the class struggle, or any other struggle for the liberation of a class of people, from operating as a form of repression, pretext for postponing the inevitable, the staggering alteration in power relations and in the production of individuals. This alteration is already upon us-in the United States, for example, where millions of night crawlers are in the process of undermining the family and disintegrating the whole of American sociality.

The new history is coming; it's not a dream, though it does extend beyond men's imagination, and for good reason. It's going to deprive them of their conceptual orthopedics, beginning with the destruction of their enticement machine.

It is impossible to define a feminine practice of writing, and this is an impossibility that will remain, for this practice can never be theorized, enclosed, coded – which doesn't mean that it doesn't exist. But it will always surpass the discourse that regulates the phallogentric system; it does and will take place in areas other than those subordinated to philosophico-theoretical domination. It will be conceived of only by subjects who are breakers of automatisms, by peripheral figures that no authority can ever subjugate.

Hence the necessity to affirm the flourishes of this writing, to give form to its movement, its near and distant byways. Bear in mind to begin with (1) that sexual opposition, which has always worked for man's profit to the point of reducing writing, too, to his laws, is only a historico-cultural limit. There is, there will be more and more rapidly pervasive now, a fiction that produces irreducible effects of femininity. (2) That it is through ignorance that most readers, critics, and writers of both sexes hesitate to admit or deny outright the possibility or the pertinence of a distinction between feminine and masculine writing. It will usually be said, thus disposing of sexual difference: either that all writing, to the extent that it materializes, is feminine; or, inversely – but it comes to the same thing – that the act of writing is equivalent to masculine masturbation (and so the woman who writes cuts herself out a paper penis); or that writing is bisexual, hence neuter, which again does away with differentiation. To admit that writing is precisely working (in) the in-between, inspecting the process of the same and of the other without which nothing can live, undoing the work of death – to admit this is first to want the two, as well as both, the ensemble of the one and the other, not fixed in sequences of struggle and expulsion or some other form of death but infinitely dynamized by an incessant process of exchange from one subject to another. A process of different subjects knowing one another and beginning one another anew only from the living boundaries of the other: a multiple and inexhaustible course with millions of encounters and transformations of the same into the other and into the in-between, from which woman takes her forms (and man, in his turn; but that's his other history).

In saying "bisexual, hence neuter," I am referring to the classic conception of bisexuality, which, squashed under the emblem of castration fear and along with the fantasy of a "total" being (though composed of two halves), would do away with the difference experienced as an operation incurring loss, as the mark of dreaded sectility.

To this self-effacing, merger-type bisexuality, which would conjure away castration (the writer who puts up his sign: "bisexual written here, come and see," when the odds are good that it's neither one nor the other), I oppose the *other bisexuality* on which every subject not enclosed in the false theater of phallo-centric representationalism has founded his/her erotic universe. Bisexuality: that is, each one's location in self (*répérage en soi*) of the presence – variously manifest and insistent according to each person, male or female – of both sexes, nonexclusion either of the difference or of one sex, and, from this "self-permission," multiplication of the effects of the inscription of desire, over all parts of my body and the other body.

Now it happens that at present, for historico-cultural reasons, it is women who are opening up to and benefiting from this vatic bisexuality which doesn't annul differences but stirs them up, pursues them, increases their number. In a certain way, "woman is bisexual"; man – it's a secret to no one – being poised to keep glorious phallic monosexuality in view. By virtue of affirming the primacy of the phallus and of bringing it into play, phallogocratic ideology has claimed more than one victim. As a woman, I've been clouded over by the great shadow of the scepter and been told: idolize it, that which you cannot brandish. But at the same time, man has been handed that grotesque and scarcely enviable destiny (just imagine) of being reduced to a single idol with clay balls. And consumed, as Freud and his followers note, by a fear of being a woman! For, if psychoanalysis was constituted from woman, to repress femininity (and not so successful a repression at that – men have made it clear), its account of masculine sexuality is now hardly refutable: as with all the "human" sciences, it reproduces the masculine view, of which it is one of the effects.

Here we encounter the inevitable man-with-rock, standing erect in his old Freudian realm, in the way that, to take the figure back to the point where linguistics is conceptualizing it "anew," Lacan preserves it in the sanctuary of the phallos (Ø) "sheltered" from *castration's lack!* Their "symbolic" exists, it holds power – we, the sowers of disorder, know it only too well. But we are in no way obliged to deposit our lives in their banks of lack, to consider the constitution of the subject in terms of a drama manglingly restaged, to reinstate again and again the religion of the father. Because we don't want that. We don't fawn around the supreme hole. We have no womanly reason to pledge allegiance to the negative. The feminine (as the poets suspected) affirms: ". . . And yes," says Molly, carrying Ulysses off beyond any book and toward the new writing: "I said yes, I will Yes."

The Dark Continent is neither dark nor unexplorable. – It is still unexplored only because we've been made to believe that it was too dark to be explorable. And because they want to make us believe that what interests us is the white continent, with its monuments to Lack. And we believed. They riveted us between two horrifying myths: between the Medusa and the abyss. That would be enough to set half the world laughing, except that it's still going on. For the phallogocentric sublation<sup>5</sup> is with us, and it's militant, regenerating the old pat-

<sup>5</sup> Standard English term for the Hegelian *Aufhebung*, the French *la relève*.

terns, anchored in the dogma of castration. They haven't changed a thing: they've theorized their desire for reality! Let the priests tremble, we're going to show them our sexts!

Too bad for them if they fall apart upon discovering that women aren't men, or that the mother doesn't have one. But isn't this fear convenient for them? Wouldn't the worst be, isn't the worst, in truth, that women aren't castrated, that they have only to stop listening to the Sirens (for the Sirens were men) for history to change its meaning? You only have to look at the Medusa straight on to see her. And she's not deadly. She's beautiful and she's laughing.

Men say that there are two unrepresentable things: death and the feminine sex. That's because they need femininity to be associated with death; it's the jitters that give them a hard-on! for themselves! They need to be afraid of us. Look at the trembling Perseuses moving backward toward us, clad in apotropes. What lovely backs! Not another minute to lose. Let's get out of her.

Let's hurry: the continent is not impenetrably dark. I've been there often. I was overjoyed one day to run into Jean Genet. It was in *Pompes funèbres*.<sup>6</sup> He had come there led by his Jean. There are some men (all too few) who aren't afraid of femininity.

Almost everything is yet to be written by women about femininity: about their sexuality, that is, its infinite and mobile complexity, about their eroticization, sudden turn-ons of a certain miniscule-immense area of their bodies; not about destiny, but about the adventure of such and such a drive, about trips, crossings, trudges, abrupt and gradual awakenings, discoveries of a zone at one time timorous and soon to be forthright. A woman's body, with its thousand and one thresholds of ardor – once, by smashing yokes and censurs, she lets it articulate the profusion of meanings that run through it in every direction – will make the old single-grooved mother tongue reverberate with more than one language.

We've been turned away from our bodies, shamefully taught to ignore them, to strike them with that stupid sexual modesty; we've been made victims of the old fool's game: each one will love the other sex. I'll give you your body and you'll give me mine. But who are the men who give women the body that women blindly yield to them? Why so few texts? Because so few women have as yet won back their body. Women must write through their bodies, they must invent the impregnable language that will wreck partitions, classes, and rhetorics, regulations and codes, they must submerge, cut through, get beyond the ultimate reserve-discourse, including the one that laughs at the very idea of pronouncing the word "silence," the one that, aiming for the impossible, stops short before the word "impossible" and writes it as "the end."

Such is the strength of women that, sweeping away syntax, breaking that famous thread (just a tiny little thread, they say) which acts for men as a surrogate umbilical cord, assuring them – otherwise they couldn't come – that the old lady is always right behind them, watching them make phallus, women will go right up to the impossible.

When the "repressed" of their culture and their society returns, it's an explosive, *utterly* destructive, staggering return, with a force never yet unleashed and equal to the most forbidding of suppressions. For when the Phallic period comes to an end, women will have been either annihilated or borne up to the highest and

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<sup>6</sup> Jean Genet, *Pompes funèbres* (Paris, 1948), p. 185 [privately published].

most violent incandescence. Muffled throughout their history, they have lived in dreams, in bodies (though muted), in silences, in aphonic revolts.

And with such force in their fragility; a fragility, a vulnerability, equal to their incomparable intensity. Fortunately, they haven't sublimated; they've saved their skin, their energy. They haven't worked at liquidating the impasse of lives without futures. They have furiously inhabited these sumptuous bodies: admirable hysterics who made Freud succumb to many voluptuous moments impossible to confess, bombarding his Mosaic statue with their carnal and passionate body words, haunting him with their inaudible and thundering denunciations, dazzling, more than naked underneath the seven veils of modesty. Those who, with a single word of the body, have inscribed the vertiginous immensity of a history which is sprung like an arrow from the whole history off men and from biblico-capitalist society, are the women, the supplicants of yesterday, who come as forebears of the new women, after whom no intersubjective relation will ever be the same. You, Dora, you the indomitable, the poetic body, you are the true "mistress" of the Signifier. Before long your efficacy will be seen at work when your speech is no longer suppressed, its point turned in against your breast, but written out over against the other.

*In body* – More so than men who are coaxed toward social success, toward sublimation, women are body. More body, hence more writing, For a long time it has been in body that women have responded to persecution, to the familial-conjugal enterprise of domestication, to the repeated attempts at castrating them. Those who have turned their tongues 10, 000 times seven times before not speaking are either dead from it or more familiar with their tongues and their mouths than anyone else. No, I-woman am going to blow up the Law: an explosion henceforth possible and ineluctable; let it be done, right now, *in language*.

Let us not be trapped by an analysis still encumbered with the old automatisms. It's not to be feared that language conceals an invincible adversary, because it's the language of men and their grammar. We mustn't leave them a single place that's any more theirs alone than we are.

If woman has always functioned "within" the discourse of man, a signifier that has always referred back to the opposite signifier which annihilates its specific energy and diminishes or stifles its very different sounds, it is time for her to dislocate this "within," to explode it, turn it around, and seize it; to make it hers, containing it, taking it in her own mouth, biting that tongue with her very own teeth to invent for herself a language to get inside of. And you'll see with what ease she will spring forth from that "within" – the "within" where once she so drowsily crouched – to overflow at the lips she will cover the foam.

Nor is the point to appropriate their instruments, their concepts, their places, or to begrudge them their position to mastery. Just because there's a risk of identification doesn't mean that we'll succumb. Let's leave it to the worriers, to masculine anxiety and its obsession with how to dominate the way things work – knowing "how it works" in order to "make it work." For us the point is not to take possession in order to internalize or manipulate, but rather to dash through and to "fly".<sup>7</sup>

Flying is woman's gesture – flying in language and making it fly. We have all learned the art of flying and its numerous techniques; for centuries we've been able to possess anything only by flying; we've lived in flight, stealing away, finding,

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<sup>7</sup>. Also, "to steal." Both meanings of the verb *voler* are played on, as the text itself explains in the following paragraph. Tr.

when desired, narrow passageways, hidden crossovers. It's no accident that *voler* has a double meaning, that it plays on each of them and thus throws off the agents of sense. It's no accident: women take after birds and robbers just as robbers take after women and birds. They (*illes*)<sup>8</sup> go by, fly the coop, take pleasure in jumbling the order of space, in disorienting it, in changing around the furniture, dislocating things and values, breaking them all up, emptying structures, and turning propriety upside down.

What woman hasn't flown/stolen? who hasn't felt, dreamt, performed the gesture that jams sociality? Who hasn't crumbled, held up to ridicule, the bar of separation? Who hasn't inscribed with her body the differential, punctured the system of couples and opposition? Who, by some act of transgression, hasn't overthrown successiveness, connection, the wall of circumfusion?

A feminine text cannot fail to be more than subversive. It is volcanic; as it is written it brings about an upheaval of the old property crust, carrier of masculine investments; there's no other way. There's no room for her if she's not a he. If she's a her-she, it's in order to smash everything, to shatter the framework of institutions, to blow up the law, to break up the "truth" with laughter.

For once she blazes her trail in the symbolic, she cannot fail to make of it the chaosmos of the "personal" – in her pronouns, her nouns, and her clique of referents. And for good reason. There will have been the long history of gynocide. This is known by the colonized peoples of yesterday, the workers, the nations, the species off whose backs the history of men has made its gold; those who have known the ignominy of persecution derive from it an obstinate future desire for grandeur; those who are locked up know better than their jailers the taste of free air. Thanks to their history, women today know (how to do and want ) what men will be able to conceive of only much later. I say woman overturns the "personal," for if by means of laws, lies, blackmail, and marriage, her right to herself has been extorted at the same time as her name, she has been able, through the very movement of mortal alienation, to see more closely the inanity of "propriety," the reductive stinginess of the masculine-conjugal subjective economy, which she doubly resists. On the one hand she has constituted herself necessarily as that "person" capable of losing a part of herself without losing her integrity. But secretly, silently, deep down inside, she grows and multiplies, for, on the other hand, she knows far more about living and about the relation between the economy of the drives and the management of the ego than any man. Unlike man, who holds so dearly to his title and his titles, his pouches of value, his cap, crown, and everything connected with his head, woman couldn't care less about the fear of decapitation (or castration), adventuring, without the masculine temerity, into anonymity, which she can merge with, without annihilating herself: because she's a giver.

I shall have a great deal to say about the whole deceptive problematic of the gift. Woman is obviously not that woman Nietzsche dreamed of who gives only in order to.<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>8</sup> *Illes* is a fusion of the masculine pronoun *ils*, which refers back to birds and robbers, with the feminine pronoun *elles*, which refers to women – Tr.

<sup>9</sup> Reread Derrida's text, "Le style de la femme," in *Nietzsche aujourd'hui* (Union Générale d'Éditions, Coll. 10/18), where the philosopher can be seen operating an *Aufhebung* of all philosophy in its systematic reducing of woman to the place of seduction: she appears as the one who is taken for; the bait in person, all veils unfurled, the one who doesn't give but who gives only in order to (take).



Who could ever think of the gift as a gift-that-takes? Who else but man, precisely the one who would like to take everything?

If there is a "propriety of woman," it is paradoxically her capacity, to deappropriate unselfishly, body without end, without appendage, without principle "parts." If she is a whole, it's a whole composed of parts that are wholes, not simple partial objects but a moving, limitlessly changing ensemble, a cosmos

Page 345

tirelessly traversed by Eros, an immense astral space not organized around any one sun that's any more of a star than the others.

This doesn't mean that she's an undifferentiated magma, but that she doesn't lord it over her body or her desire. Though masculine sexuality gravitates around the penis, engendering that centralized body (in political anatomy) under the dictatorship of its parts, woman does not bring about the same regionalization which serves the couple head/genitals and which is inscribed only within boundaries. Her libido is cosmic, just as her unconscious is worldwide. Her writing can only keep going, without ever inscribing or discerning contours, daring to make these vertiginous crossings of the other(s) ephemeral and passionate sojourns in him, her, them, whom she inhabits long enough to look at from the point closest to their unconscious from the moment they awaken, to love them at the point closest to their drives; and then further, impregnated through and through with these brief, identificatory embraces, she goes and passes into infinity. She alone dares and wishes to know from within, where she, the outcast, has never ceased to hear the resonance of fore-language. She lets the other language speak – the language of 1,000 tongues which knows neither enclosure nor death. To life she refuses nothing. Her language does not contain, it carries; it does not hold back, it makes possible. When *id* is ambiguously uttered – the wonder of being several – she doesn't defend herself against these unknown women whom she's surprised at becoming, but derives pleasure from this gift of alterability. I am spacious, singing flesh, on which is grafted no one knows which I, more or less human, but alive because of transformation.

Write! and your self-seeking text will know itself better than flesh and blood, rising, insurrectionary dough kneading itself, with sonorous, perfumed ingredients, a lively combination of flying colors, leaves, and rivers plunging into the sea we feed. "Ah, there's her sea," he will say as he holds out to me a basin full of water from the little phallic mother from whom he's inseparable. But look, our seas are what we make of them, full of fish or not, opaque or transparent, red or black, high or smooth, narrow or bankless; and we are ourselves sea, sand, coral, seaweed, beaches, tides, swimmers, children, waves. . . . More or less wavyly sea, earth, sky – what matter would rebuff us? We know how to speak them all.

Heterogeneous, yes. For her joyous benefits she is erogenous; she is the erotogeneity of the heterogeneous: airborne swimmer, in flight, she does not cling to herself; she is dispersible, prodigious, stunning, desirous and capable of others, of the other woman that she will be, of the other woman she isn't, of him, of you.

Woman, be unafraid of any other place, of any same, or any other. My eyes, my tongue, my ears, my nose, my skin, my mouth, my body-for-(the)-other – not that I long for it in order to fill up a hole, to provide against some defect of mine, or because, as fate would have it, I'm spurred on by feminine "jealousy"; not because I've been dragged into the whole chain of substitutions that brings that which is substituted back to its ultimate object. That sort of thing you would expect to come straight out of "Tom Thumb," out of

the *Penisneid* whispered to us by old grandmother ogresses, servants to their fathers. If they believe, in order to muster up some self-importance, if they really need to believe that we're dying of desire, that we are this hole fringed with desire for their penis – that's their immemorial business. Undeniably (we verify it at our own expenses – but

Page 346

also to our amusement), it's their business to let us know they're getting a hard-on, so that we'll assure them (we the maternal mistresses of their little pocket signifier) that they still can, that it's still there – that men structure themselves only by being fitted with a feather. In the child it's not the penis that the woman desires, it's not that famous bit of skin around which every man gravitates. Pregnancy cannot be traced back, except within the historical limits of the ancients, to some form of fate, to those mechanical substitutions brought about by the unconscious of some eternal "jealous woman"; not to penis envies; and not to narcissism or to some sort of homosexuality linked to the ever-present mother! Begetting a child doesn't mean that the woman or the man must fall ineluctably into patterns or must recharge the circuit of reproduction. If there's a risk there's not an inevitable trap: may women be spared the pressure, under the guise of consciousness-raising, of a supplement of interdictions. Either you want a kid or you don't – *that's your business*. Let nobody threaten you; in satisfying your desire, let not the fear of becoming the accomplice to a sociality succeed the old-time fear of being "taken." And man, are you still going to bank on everyone's blindness and passivity, afraid lest the child make a father and, consequently, that in having a kid the woman land herself more than one bad deal by engendering all at once child-mother-father-family? No; it's up to you to break the old circuits. It will be up to man and woman to render obsolete the former relationship and all its consequences, to consider the launching of a brand-new subject, alive, with defamilialization. Let us demater-paternalize rather than deny woman, in an effort to avoid the cooptation of procreation, a thrilling era of the body. Let us defetishize. Let's get away from the dialectic which has it that the only good father is a dead one, or that the child is the death of his parents. The child is the other, but the other without violence, bypassing loss, struggle. We're fed up with the reuniting of bonds forever to be severed, with the litany of castration that's handed down and genealogized. We won't advance backward anymore; we're not going to repress something so simple as the desire for life. Oral drive, anal drive, vocal drive – all these drives are our strengths, and among them is the gestation drive – just like the desire to write: a desire to live self from within, a desire for the swollen belly, for language; for blood. We are not going to refuse, if it should happen to strike our fancy, the unsurpassed pleasures of pregnancy which have actually been always exaggerated or conjured away – or cursed – in the classic texts. For if there's one thing that's been repressed, here's just the place to find it: in the taboo of the pregnant woman. This says a lot about the power she seems invested with at the time, because it has always been suspected, that, when pregnant, the woman not only doubles her market value, but – what's more important – takes on intrinsic value as a woman in her own eyes and, undeniably, acquires body and sex.

There are thousands of ways of living one's pregnancy; to have or not to have with that still invisible other a relationship of another intensity. And if you don't have that particular yearning, it doesn't mean that you're in any way lacking. Each body distributes in its own special way, without model or norm, the nonfinite and changing totality of its desires. Decide for yourself on your position in the arena of contradictions, where pleasure and reality embrace. Bring the other to life. Women know how to live

detachment; giving birth is neither losing nor increasing. It's adding to life an other. Am I dreaming? Am I misrecognizing?

Page 347

You, the defenders of "theory," the sacrosanct yes-men of Concept, enthroners of the phallus (but not the penis):

Once more you'll say that all this smacks of "idealism," or what's worse, you'll splutter that I'm a "mystic."

And what about the libido? Haven't I read the "Signification of the Phallus"? And what about separation, what about that bit of self for which, to be born, you undergo an ablation – an ablation, so they say, to be forever commemorated by your desire?

Besides, isn't it evident that the penis gets around in my texts, that I give it a place and appeal? Of course I do. I want all. I want all of me with all of him. Why should I deprive myself of a part of us? I want all of us. Woman of course has a desire for a "loving desire" and not a jealous one. But not because she is gelded; not because she's deprived and needs to be filled out, like some wounded person who wants to console herself or seek vengeance. I don't want a penis to decorate my body with. But I do desire the other for the other, whole and entire, male or female because living means wanting everything that is, everything that lives, and wanting it alive. Castration? Let others toy with it. What's a desire originating from a lack? A pretty meager desire.

The woman who still allows herself to be threatened by the big dick, who's still impressed by the commotion of the phallic stance, who still leads a loyal master to the beat of the drum: that's the woman of yesterday. They still exist, easy and numerous victims of the oldest of farces: either they're cast in the original silent versions in which, as titanesses lying under the mountains they make with their quivering, they never see erected that theoretic monument to the golden phallus looming, in the old manner, over their bodies. Or, coming today out of their *infans* period and into the second, "enlightened" version of their virtuous debasement, they see themselves suddenly assaulted by the builders of the analytic empire and, as soon as they've begun to formulate the new desire, naked, nameless, so happy at making an appearance, they're taken in their bath by the new old men, and then, whoops! Luring them with flashy signifiers, the demon of interpretation – oblique, decked out in modernity – sells them the same old handcuffs, baubles, and chains. Which castration do you prefer? Whose degrading do you like better, the father's or the mother's? Oh, what pretty eyes, you pretty little girl. Here, buy my glasses and you'll see the Truth-Me-Myself tell you everything you should know. Put them on your nose and take a fetishist's look (you are me, the other analyst – that's what I'm telling you) at your body and the body of the other. You see? No? Wait, you'll have everything explained to you, and you'll know at last which sort of neurosis you're related to. Hold still, we're going to do your portrait, so that you can begin looking like it right away.

Yes, the naïves to the first and second degree are still legion. If the New Women, arriving now, dare to create outside the theoretical, they're called in by the cops of the signifier, fingerprinted, remonstrated, and brought into the line of order that they are supposed to know; assigned by force of trickery to a precise place in the chain that's always formed for the benefit of a privileged signifier. We are pieced back to the string which leads back, if not to the Name-of-the-Father, then, for a new twist, to the place of the phallic-mother.

Beware, my friend, of the signifier that would take you back to the authority of a signified! Beware of diagnosis that would reduce your generative powers.

"Common" nouns are also proper nouns that disparage your singularity by classifying it into species. Break out of the circles; don't remain within the psychoanalytic closure. Take a look around, then cut through!

And if we are legion, it's because the war of liberation has only made as yet a tiny breakthrough. But women are thronging to it. I've seen them, those who will be neither dupe nor domestic, those who will not fear the risk of being a woman; will not fear any risk, any desire, any space still unexplored in themselves, among themselves and others or anywhere else. They do not fetishize, they do not deny, they do not hate. They observe, they approach, they try to see the other woman, the child, the lover – not to strengthen their own narcissism or verify the solidity or weakness of the master, but to make love better, to invent.

*Other love.*— In the beginning are our differences. The new love dares for the other, wants the other, makes dizzying, precipitous flights between knowledge and invention. The woman arriving over and over again does not stand still; she's everywhere, she exchanges, she is the desire-that-gives. (Not enclosed in the paradox of the gift that takes nor under the illusion of unitary fusion. We're past that.) She comes in, comes-in-between herself me and you, between the other me where one is always infinitely more than one and more than me, without the fear of ever reaching a limit; she thrills in our becoming. And we'll keep on becoming! She cuts through defensive loves, motherages, and devourations: beyond selfish narcissism, in the moving, open, transitional space, she runs her risks. Beyond the struggle-to-the-death that's been removed to the bed, beyond the love-battle that claims to represent exchange, she scorns at an Eros dynamic that would be fed by hatred. Hatred: a heritage, again, a reminder, a duping subservience to the phallus. To love, to watch-think-see the other in the other, to despecularize, to unhoard. Does this seem difficult? It's not impossible, and this is what nourishes life – a love that has no commerce with the apprehensive desire that provides against the lack and stultifies the strange; a love that rejoices in the exchange that multiplies. Wherever history still unfolds as the history of death, she does not tread. Opposition, hierarchizing exchange, the struggle for mastery which can end only in at least one death (one master – one slave, or two nonmasters = two dead) – all that comes from a period in time governed by phallogocentric values. The fact that this period extends into the present doesn't prevent woman from starting the history of life somewhere else. Elsewhere, she gives. She doesn't "know" what she's giving, she doesn't measure it; she gives, though, neither a counterfeit impression nor something she hasn't got. She gives more, with no assurance that she'll get back even some unexpected profit from what she puts out. She gives that there may be life, thought, transformation. This is an "economy" that can no longer be put in economic terms. Wherever she loves, all the old concepts of management are left behind. At the end of a more or less conscious computation, she finds not her sum but her differences. I am for you what you want me to be at the moment you look at me in a way you've never seen me before: at every instant. When I write, it's everything that we don't know we can be that is written out of me, without exclusions, without stipulation, and everything we will be calls us to the unflagging, intoxicating, unappeasable search for love. In one another we will never be lacking.

Translated by Keith Cohen and Paula Cohen

Werner Hofmann

**Don Quijotes Seele im Körper des Sancho:  
Honoré Daumier (1979)**

Seite 253

Der Strich verläuft, ohne je zu erschlaffen, in gezügelten, überschaubaren Energiebahnen. Souverän gegenüber den Sachinhalten, die er bezeichnet, ist er mit rhythmischem Eigensinn ausgestattet. Darin äußert sich die disponierende Intuition eines großen Formstrategen. Immer gelenkt vom Blick auf das Ganze, ist diese Linienkraft ein Totalereignis, das die geheime Fülle, welcher es entspringt, bald straff, bald wuchernd, bald geschmeidig, bald ungebärdig mitteilt, aber immer unberührt bleibt vom glatten Jargon oder von der gefälligen Floskel. Der Duktus schwillt an und ab, er mutet organisch an, wenn darunter verstanden wird, daß die Summe sich dem Blick einprägt, ehe er ihre Teile und Gliedmaßen wahrnimmt. Organisch bedeutet auch, daß diese Linienergebnisse in Analogie zu Wachstumsprozessen zu lesen sind, und es besagt, daß ein und derselbe Gestaltner über den formalen Gesamtverlauf gebietet: wie die Nase, so der Hut.

Dieser Strich ist nicht keuscher, feststellender Umriß oder nervös chiffrierte Formel, er ist weder kurzatmige Schraffur noch ornamentale Reduktion – genau besehen ist in ihm ein Bündel von Strichen, von Kraftstrahlen verflochten, die sich lockern, öffnen oder zusammenschnüren können. Auch von Linienbündeln konnten wir sprechen, denn die Energien, um die es hier geht, nehmen keinen flächenhaften Verlauf, sondern greifen, körper- und raumhaltig, in die dritte Dimension aus.

Das ist erstmals von Baudelaire und seitdem immer wieder beobachtet worden. Als expressionistische Formvereinfacher wie Hoetger, Barlach und Nolde sich auf Daumier beriefen, hob Kurt Bertels die "Massenbewegung" der Lithographien hervor: "Alles Einzelne steht untereinander in Beziehung. Jedes Detail ist ein Exponent des Gesamtbildes" (1908). Und vor dem Hintergrund der Wölfflinschen Formanalysen und der panrhythmischen Linearität, welche den Jugendstil mit einem Hoelzel oder Marc verbindet, schrieb Erich Klossowski, der Autor der ersten deutschen Daumier-Monographie: »Man wünscht sich, sie [die Lithographien] nach Klangwirkungen, Rhythmen, Harmoniefiguren zusammenstellen zu können" (1908).

Zweifellos ist die formalistische Blickkonzentration für die Basisanalyse unerlässlich, aber sie reicht nicht aus. Überdies wurde sie schon zu

Seite 254

Daumiers Lebzeiten empfohlen Champfleury, der Freund Courbets und alles andere als ein konfliktabstinenter Konservativer, bekannte sich in seiner *Histoire de la caricature moderne* (1865) zur Ästhetik der Entpolitisierung, um den Künstler aufzuwerten: Daumiers künstlerische Bedeutung erführe demnach keinen Abbruch,

überdeckte der Betrachter die Bildlegenden der politischen Satiren; denn was bliebe, ein farbiger Fleck, sichere dem Zeichner die Zugehörigkeit zum "reinen Bereich der Kunst". *Une tache colorée* - in dieser Genügsamkeit des Wahrnehmens erkennen wir einmal die apolitischen Scheuklappen, mit denen sich in den letzten Jahren des Zweiten Kaiserreiches mancher Zeitgenosse versah, um der Zensur zu entgehen, zum andern einen Vorgriff auf die Optik der Impressionisten, und wir konnten noch weiter gehen, Champfleury beim Wort nehmen und Daumier in der Vorgeschichte der Tachisten unterbringen. Was hier zur Diskussion steht, ist keine akademische Streitfrage, sondern betrifft die Ranghöhe von Daumiers Kunst innerhalb einer Epoche, deren Gesamtbild wir mehr und mehr als ein dialektisch-komplementäres Beziehungsgefüge zu erkennen beginnen.

Als Hinweis auf die vorgegenständliche Primärerfahrung unserer Anschauung liefert uns Champfleury's Formel einen brauchbaren Ansatzpunkt, denn dieser "farbige Fleck" ist weder dem Zufall noch der Laune, weder dem Spiel- noch dem Ornamenttrieb entsprungen. Er ist ein artikuliertes Ganzes, das in Spannung zu seinem Umraum steht, Energien abgibt und empfangt, sich behauptet oder expandiert, kurz: dieser farbige Fleck ist der Mensch in seinem Rollenspiel. Alle diese Prozesse fängt das glättende Rubrum »Harmoniefiguren« nicht ein, denn sie begnügen sich ja nicht mit der autarken Selbstbewegung von Formkomplexen, sondern sind Träger von Auseinandersetzungen und Konflikten, anschauliche Äquivalente von vitalen und geistigen Gegensätzen.

### **Der Grenzüberschreiter**

Mit dieser Behauptung gewinnen wir dem Zeichner Daumier das Terrain zurück, von dem Champfleury ihn abheben wollte, die Tageskarikatur, und es stellt sich nun die Frage, ob die formalen Qualitäten, die seinen Strich auszeichnen, bloß das Vorrecht des Karikaturisten sind, der zur Übertreibung und Verzerrung greifen muß, wenn er sein Ziel erreichen will. Wäre dem so und hätte Daumier sich der formalen Sonderrechte einer "Randkunst" bedient, dann müßten wir ihn im Hinblick auf die Kunst des 19. Jahrhunderts als Sonderfall bezeichnen.

Seite 255

Die Frage scheint müßig und längst entschieden, sie ist es aber nicht, denn noch immer wird um den geistigen Besitz von Daumiers Kunst gestritten. Diese Auseinandersetzung dreht sich in letzter Instanz darum, ob die Kunst des 19. Jahrhunderts in den Kategorien des Klassenkampfes verlief oder nicht.

Als Baudelaire im *Salon von 1845* den Zeichner Daumier (geboren 1808) neben Delacroix (geboren 1798) und Ingres (geboren 1780) stellte, sprach er, in bewußter Ablehnung der geltenden Geschmacksnormen, eines seiner einsichtigsten Kunsturteile aus. Wer einen Tageszeichner, der eben erst in seiner *Histoire ancienne* den antiken Bildungstoff verhöhnt (und zugleich aktualisiert) hatte, den beiden erlauchtesten Namen der modernen Schule zur Seite stellte, der handelte zugleich als Provokateur und als Schrittmacher von Umsturzideen, die nicht bloß an die ästhetischen Werttafeln rührten. Es gab und gibt im rechten wie im linken Lager ein puristisches ästhetisches Klassenbewußtsein, das den Grenzüffner und -überschreiter nicht gern sieht. Baudelaire ist es damals nicht gelungen, seinem Helden einen Platz im Pantheon zu erwirken. Aus der Sicht eines geschlossenen

Kunstabgriffes wird Daumier noch heute der Zutritt zum "reinen Bereich der Kunst" verweigert – nur so erklärt es sich, daß er in der enzyklopädischen Ausstellung der französischen Kunst zur Zeit Napoleons III., welche unlängst in Philadelphia gezeigt wurde, mit keinem einzigen Werk vertreten war.

Welcher Zeitgenosse außer Victor Hugo hat das Zweite Kaiserreich früher durchschaut und seine »Charaktermasken« schonungslos auf das Niveau künstlerischer Anklage gehoben als der Erfinder des *Ratapoil*? (Abb. I) Aber auch die Parteigänger ebendieses Kämpfers für die Bürgerrechte verwarfen sich gegen die Rangerhöhung ihres Gesinnungsgenossen. Sie wittern darin heute noch den Versuch der Bourgeoisie, den Kritiker, der ihr vor hundert Jahren die Maske vom Gesicht zog, in der Umarmung mundtot zu machen. Wird Daumier zum großen Künstler erklärt, argwöhnen die Mißtrauischen, daß der Gesellschaftskritiker um seine Stimme gebracht werden soll – würde sich die Beurteilung nur auf Daumiers Anteil am satirischen Tagesgefecht beschränken, müßte man sich mit Gewißheit dem Vorwurf der abwertenden Gettoisierung stellen.

Der wirkliche Daumier ist der ganze Daumier, eine Gestalt, deren mächtiger Umriß sich den ideologischen Landvermessern entzieht. Den Zeitkritiker vereinnahmen und seine viertausend Lithographien zur eigentlichen Wirkungssumme erklären, hieß den Maler ins Abseits der Privatheit verweisen und Daumier zwei getrennte Klaviaturen unterstellen. Dieser Mann litt nicht unter der Persönlichkeitsspaltung

Seite 256

[Abbildung von *Ratapoil*]

Seite 257

von der manche seiner Kritiker betroffen sind. Die "universellen" Themen sind keine privaten Bekenntnisse, sie stecken in der Zeitkritik, gehen aus ihr hervor und wirken auf sie zurück. Gewiß, Daumier hat wie kein anderer den Menschen als Opfer der komplizierten, entwürdigenden Mechanismen der modernen Großstadt, als Objekt von Sach- und anderen Zwängen dargestellt, er hat den täglichen Kleinkrieg zwischen Unterdrückern und Unterdrückten, Ausbeutern und Ausgebeuteten beschrieben – aber nichts wäre falscher, als angesichts des zeitbezogenen Engagements zu übersehen, daß seine Leidenschaft für das Alltägliche, für die signifikante Banalität, getragen wird vom Blick für die Synthese.

Dieser typenprägenden Kraft verdanken wir etwa den *Ratapoil*, welcher sowohl den politischen Zuhälter des Bonapartismus wie den dämonischen Bösewicht schlechthin verkörpert. Überdies steckt dieser mephistophelische Schlemihl in einem Körper, der die Gattung Plastik auf eine neue, erst wieder von Rodin erreichte Freiheit der Modulation hebt. Die künstlerische und die kritische Aussage sind nicht voneinander zu trennen.

Wir entführen Daumier nicht in die unverbindliche Zeitlosigkeit des "Allgemein-Menschlichen" wenn wir ihn in die vorderste Reihe der Künstler stellen, welche – ohne sie zu kennen - auf eine der entscheidenden Fragen des 19. Jahrhunderts eine überzeugende Antwort fanden. Diese Frage, immer wieder zitiert, gewendet und zerpfückt, steht bei Marx in der *Einleitung zur Kritik der politischen Ökonomie*

(1857): "Wo bleibt Vulkan gegen Roberts & Co., Jupiter gegen den Blitzableiter und Hermes gegen den Crédit mobilier?" Daumier hat den Sinnverlust des traditionellen allegorischen Repertoires verspürt und eine den wahren Sachverhalt demaskierende Alternative entdeckt. 1850 schlug er vor, an der Fassade der Pariser Börse die Standbilder von Robert Macaire und dessen Gehilfen Bertrand aufzustellen.

Robert Macaire gehört zu Daumiers großen Gestalten. Er fand ihn, schon zum Prototyp verdichtet, in einem Theaterstück vor, dem der Schauspieler Frédéric Lemaître zu einem jahrelangen Serienerfolg verholfen hatte, ehe es 1835 von der Zensur verboten wurde. Im Jahr darauf begann Daumiers Macaire-Serie in Philipons Charivari zu erscheinen. Dieser anschauliche Inbegriff des skrupellosen Massenverführers ist der Nachfahr des scheinheiligen Bettlers aus der volkstümlichen Literatur des Mittelalters. (Der Taschenspieler von Bosch steht in dieser Tradition.) Zweifellos wollte Daumier in dieser Gestalt die zynischen Spekulanten treffen, welche in den Jahrzehnten des Bürgerkönigtums die ökonomischen Fäden an sich zogen und die sozialen Spannungen schürten. Aber Daumier hat nicht nur bloßgestellt.

Seite 258

Wer einen Betrüger hundertmal bei immer neuen Gaukelstücken zeigt, wird als Erfinder dieser Tricks und Winkelzüge zu seinem Komplizen.

### ***Die Faszination des Bösen***

Der Künstler Daumier ist der Faszination des Bösen in dem Maße erlegen, in dem er es als Kritiker immer wieder von neuem demaskierte. Das verbindet ihn mit Goya. Als Außenseiter, so vermuten wir, bewunderte er insgeheim in Robert Macaire den Alleingänger, den Mann mit dem unerschöpflichen Phantasieüberschuß, den genialen Gauner, den Nichtangepaßten, der über die angepaßte Mittelmäßigkeit triumphiert und mit seinen kühnen Luftschlossern den geldgierigen, einfallslosen Kleinbürger übertölpelt. Macaire ist Betrüger aus künstlerischer Virtuosität und Leidenschaft – als solchen jedenfalls führt ihn uns Daumier vor (und könnte Kierkegaard ihn als Beispiel des "Ästhetischen Menschen" beschrieben haben, dem die Aufregung der Lust die Unruhe betäuben muß): ein Seiltänzer und Dompteur, ein Akrobat der lügnerischen Schaumschlägerei. Damit gehört diese Gestalt typengeschichtlich zu den großen Verführern, ist sie Nachfahr eines Melmoth oder Mephisto, gleich diesen auf allen gesellschaftlichen Ebenen angesiedelt, jedoch, anders als die luziferischen Helden der Romantik, nicht mehr stolzer, ahasverischer Einzelgänger, sondern der demokratischen Vervielfältigung zugänglich. Auf einem Blatt der Serie betrachten Macaire und Bertrand das Getriebe eines Boulevards. Es wimmelt von Vertretern der verschiedensten Berufe – da ist ein Maler, ein Musiker, ein Advokat –, welche alle die Züge der beiden Betrüger tragen. Das sei zwar schmeichelhaft, kommentiert Macaire, aber letztlich würge die Konkurrenz doch das Geschäft ab.

Indem der weltmännische Gauner sich des gesamten gesellschaftlichen Rollenrepertoires bemächtigt, gibt er seiner allegorischen Funktion ein breites empirisches Fundament. Er wird verfügbar. Das ist die Antwort auf die Frage, die Marx stellte und konservativ mit der Verneinung vor der Beispielhaftigkeit der Antike beantwortete. Daumier hingegen betrat Neuland. Allegorie der hemmungslosen



Gewinnsucht, ist Robert Macaire das soziale "Modell", auf das sich unzählige Charaktermasken stülpen lassen: ein Zwitter also, der die Forderung erfüllt, welche Thoré-Bürger eben damals an die neue Allegorie richtete, ein lebender Typus und ein Symbol zu sein. In jedem von uns steckt ein Robert Macaire, aber auch ein Don Quijote und ein Sancho Pansa. Der kleine Mann, der seinen Umständen

Seite 259

entfliehen will, der sich in seinen Träumen eine fragwürdige Gegenwelt erfindet, ist nicht nur buchstäblich ein namenloser Ritter von der traurigen Gestalt, sondern das verkörperte hilflose Illusionsverlangen, von dem alle, denen Macaire den Kopf verdreht hat, herumgetrieben werden. Freilich, beim kleinbürgerlichen Tagträumer reicht der Fluchtentschluß weder zur Verzweiflung, in der nach Kierkegaard die "ästhetische Lebensanschauung" ihr Grundbefinden hat, noch zur radikalen Abkehr von allen Konventionen, zum Verzicht auf alle Sicherheiten: es reicht nicht zum Don Quijote.

Der Held des Cervantes hat viele Dimensionen. Gustave Doré sah in ihm – wenn wir Konrad Farners Deutung folgen – den Mann, in dem Marx die Verkörperung der "kosmopolitischen Prellerei" erkannte: Napoleon III., wie er "als Herrscher der Franzosen in falscher Heldenpose durch die Zeit reitet und Abenteuer sucht, um zuletzt in diesen umzukommen ..." Daumiers Deutung ist vielschichtiger, denn sie setzt bei Sancho an und bezieht ihn in die Tragik des Scheiterns ein. Der feiste Diener ist nicht bloß die Mittelmäßigkeit, die immer zurückbleibt, die sich nicht zum Höhenflug überreden läßt, weil sie sich ans Nahe und Greifbare klammert – in ihm steck auch die Trauer über dieses dumpfe Los. Sancho, dieser Kleinbürger, ist in seinen grüblerischen Stunden mit sich selbst zerfallen, denn der ewige Begleiter, den der Common sense als seinen Sprecher gemietet hat, spürt daß er ein Gefangener ist. Jean Adhémar hat diese Spannung psychologisch zu erklären versucht, als er Daumier "die Seele des Don Quijote im Körper des Sancho Pansa" zuschrieb. Das könnte erklären warum Daumier dem Faktotum das Gewicht der Nachdenklichkeit zuerkennt: dem massigen Sancho, der dumpf im Schatten eines Baumes hockt, steht der schmalwüchsige Don Quijote gegenüber, immer in vollen Licht von Entschluß und Tat und Niederlage. Sancho hält sich zurück, das Wagnis geht über seine Kräfte. Das ist die Tragik des Mitläufers.

### ***Die Verlassenheit des Gauklers***

Als Daumier zu Beginn der fünfziger Jahre sich dem Don-Quijote-Thema zuwandte, schrieb Karl Rosenkranz am anderen Ende Europas, in Königsberg, an seiner *Ästhetik des Häßlichen* (1853). Dort ist der moralische Umriß entworfen, den Daumiers Deutung anschaulich macht: "Er ist tapfer, großmütig, mitleidig, hilfsbereit, ein Freund der Unterdrückten, verliebt, treu, wundergläubig, abenteuersüchtig." Rosenkranz sieht in Don Quijote den Zeitgenossen, der die "Mängel der

Seite 260

bürgerlichen Gesellschaft" bloßlegt, und seine offenbar unerfreulichen Erfahrungen mit der Obrigkeit und der verordneten "Aufklärung" bestimmen ihn dazu, in der Romanfigur den Prototyp der "kraftvollen, hochherzigen Persönlichkeit" zu sehen,

welche der "faulen Zustände" Herr werden könnte.

Ob Daumier in Don Quijote einen politischen Entscheidungsträger sah, ist schwer zu sagen. Zweifellos gab er ihm die Tragikomik dessen, der aus der Reihe tanzt, und die Verlassenheit des Gauklers, der sich prostituiert. Der verspottete Erlöser, das ist Christus, zur Schau gestellt und von lauter geifernden Sanchos umgeben, in denen die Verführbarkeit des Menschen (die Macaire mit Erfolg erprobte) zur Gestalt der kompakten Majorität gerinnt. In diesem Umriß wird Macaire von Prudhomme, dem selbstgerechten Kleinbürger, eingeholt und gegen den Einzelgänger eingeschwören. Daumiers *Ecce homo* in Essen zeigt den Erlöser in einer exemplarisch modernen Situation: die Schaustellung wird zur öffentlichen Mißhandlung. So ergeht es auch dem Künstler, der seine Ware zu Markte trägt. Daumier hat diese artistische Spielart des Don Quijote immer wieder dargestellt und auf ihren Gegenpol, das Publikum der Sanchos, bezogen, somit den Grundkonflikt zwischen Vorläufern und Nachläufern aufgedeckt. Er begreift den Künstler als Außenseiter, mißbraucht in der Rolle des Clowns, von dem die Angepaßten sich zerstreuen lassen. Don Quijote steht für den Künstler, der sich den Marktbedürfnissen verweigert und das Recht auf Selbstbestimmung proklamiert.

1860 hielt Turgenjew einen Vortrag über Don Quijote und Hamlet. Als Daumier am 11. Februar 1879 starb, hätte es eines Sprechers von diesem Rang bedürft, um seine Bedeutung in eine Parabel zu fassen. Der Mann, dem das 19. Jahrhundert einige seiner bündigsten Ausdrucksschiffren verdankt, war als Zeichner in seinen letzten Jahren "der gegenwärtigen Generation fast unbekannt" (Marius Vachon, 1878). Zum Begräbnis versammelten sich rund hundert Personen, um ihre republikanische Gesinnung zu bekunden. Die Lächerlichkeit nicht scheuend, ereiferten sich die Zeitungen der Rechten über den Entschluß der Regierung, die Kosten der Bestattung – zwölf Franc – zu tragen. So rächte sich Prudhomme an Daumier, ehe er sich anschickte, mit seinem Werk Geschäfte zu machen.