

## **Dead in France: a prose poem treatise for bpNichol**

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### **The Dead**

The dead in France, I jested as I passed through the gates, are smaller than the living. Their houses are smaller, their streets are smaller, there is nowhere near as much traffic. There are no garages or driveways. Just like in French cities.

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Why not a series of texts on the French cemetery I wondered, on this odd practice of mimicking the houses of the living in those of the dead, the same architectural styles, grander architectural styles, you can have a style in death that you can't afford to have when living. Most of the dead also have a stained-glass chapel window, a kneeling bench, a cushion, are apparently competing – *m'aidez, m'aidez?* – for passers-by to pray.

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I have written to my friend Barrie telling him about the cemetery & its little playschool houses. Is he or one of the Horsemen planning to stop in Paris & visit on the way to their performance in Tarascon? Gertrude Stein is here in a grave but with no house. Oscar Wilde has a large house which the IRA treats as a billboard. I haven't been able to find Apollinaire. I will send one of my new texts as soon as I have a first draft. There are also two fresh daffodils on Wilde's house. Stein's visitors appear to be borrowing plastic flowers from nearby wreaths & planting them among the weeds above her chest.

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The cemetery is the one large green space in our *arrondissement*. Tourist buses come from Germany, Britain & Holland. Students sit on benches with their books. Small maps that locate the graves of celebrities are sold from a booth by the main gate. I practice my French by answering, from different street-corners, “Où est le cimetière du Père-Lachaise?” Nevertheless there are walls around the cemetery to regulate the living who may not wish to play by its rules, who may want to use it too much for living. Some living is okay, picnicking, feeding birds & cats, reading, strolling. Sleeping permitted but only in daylight. All residential uses – cookery, house-keeping, improvised hostels, drinking after dark – *interdites*.

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I am not sure about the implications of writing about a cemetery. This is one of the questions I want to put to Barrie in my next letter. I'd just wanted a quiet place to read & write, away from the “flat à-deux-pièces” I'm sharing this summer with my son & daughter. Why is it that death can provide here one of few places of repose for the living? Depressives stay overnight to make metaphoric self-declarations. Should I be considering Gray's Elogy, Spoon River, Quaker graveyards, Audrey Thomas, John Toronto? In Montmartre there are several graveyards including one with no monuments, where painters can enact to tourists the painters of the past century. What news can be received when reading the grave of the famous poet?

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I of course thought I was mistranslating when I read that Héloïse & Abélard were buried in Père-Lachaise. I knew that they had died in the twelfth century, I knew that the cemetery was an elaborate gesture by the bourgeoisie who had flourished in Paris after the Revolution. Build the next world that you desire. Heavenly city, earthly city, *avec plan touristique*. On a grid pattern to assist traffic flow. I had seen H. & A. marked on the *plan touristique* but thought they indicated some sentimental memorial. Each day tour buses from all the prosperous countries of Europe are going straight to the H. & A. corner. On Monday August 21<sup>st</sup> I wander down that trail trampled by tourists & find genuine twelfth-

century effigies praying upward to the beech & plane trees. & a genuine government billboard.

## **Héloise & Abélard**

Abélard – he was one of those professors who seduce their students. His was a private student & a convent student & in that privacy he began kissing her alabaster neck & rubious red nipples, some fifty years before the founding of universities in northern Europe & eight hundred fifty before the first university policies on sexual harrassment. Until the founding of universities the educational opportunities for men & women were roughly similar. Some convents & monasteries were coeducational. Héloise’s letters suggest that Abélard was an adept & probably experienced lover. Afterward, convents were gradually dissolved & universities began eight hundred years of planning for the admission of their first freshettes. In Abélard’s time professors probably seduced as many students as they do today but:

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Héloise was a “brilliant” student & Abélard regarded “as the most learned man of his day.” Abélard, it is written, fell in love with Héloise’s mind. There was also the matter of her passionate body, a matter which delighted her greatly & which also became pregnant. The delightful & pregnant body of Héloise was fifteen or sixteen years old while the unpregnant & yet intact one of Abélard was thirty-seven or thirty-eight.

(Find out what Abélard wrote of the mind-body problem.)

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Héloise’s guardian uncle was Canon Fulbert of the Argenteuil convent. When he learned she was pregnant he demanded she & Abélard marry. Marriage at the time was a useful social convention which secured the unborn child the financial support of two parents & an unambiguous place in the social order. Marriage was the generally accepted Pauline means of minimizing the archangels’ bias against sexual intercourse. Marriage could also be a form of punishment, since most scholarly positions were filled, thanks to the

Gregorian reforms of 1075, by officially celibate clergy.

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One problem for the uncle was that Héloïse went crazy with joy whenever Abélard was inside her but also wrote complex theological discourses & would later become a renowned ecclesiastic administrator. Learning & lovemaking involve different words & different ways of placing words together & have rarely been combined except in paradox & risque metaphors like the bride of Christ & never chaste lest thou ravish me. While paradox & metaphor may imply oppression, they are always understood to exclude, as the words of medicine would later say, the exchange of bodily fluids. Héloïse is a contemporary of Eleanor of Aquitaine. Words also do not make a belly swell unless whispered into the ear of, among others, a sweet, passionate, adorable girl theologian.

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The uncle's second problem was that scholarship & theology & the words of scholarship & the words of theology are all mixed up. The Church has been for a few hundred years the only place most people can get an education & getting an education means becoming a sort of unclassified ecclesiast, most often a priest or a monk or nun. Later the state will involve itself in learning & the conventional price of higher education will become a career as a civil servant. But at the time of Héloïse & Abélard the bottom line was that scholars are by expectation ecclesiasts & ecclesiasts can't be married. As one authority writes, "the fact that Héloïse could bear a child & later rise to a position of authority in the church indicates the wide range of flexibility in medieval church practice." Or as Héloïse writes, "there was no divine call but will alone to throw my youth into the rigors of the monastery."

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A third problem was that marriage involves yet more words that have not that much to do with lovemaking, scholarship, or theology. Héloïse's answer to her uncle, as much as we can now decode it from the further words of historians, poets & other romanticizers, was that she enjoyed screwing Abélard & certainly planned to screw him again but didn't

want to be married. Like her uncle, twentieth-century readers have difficulty understanding where she found words for such a discourse or how she managed to conceive herself as a voice which announced that she would rather be Abélard's "mistress" than "the wife of Augustus & empress of the world." "I am the sole master of my heart as well as my body," she wrote. The Père-Lachaise trees & stone canopy allow little direct sunlight to fall on the matching effigies. No commentaries have appeared on the subtext of "sole master."

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Being a mere canon, her uncle did not recognize many of the theological resonances of her words. Her disdain for the secular splendors of Augustus. Her ultimate position among the words of love – "I have kept nothing of myself, if it is not the right to become for all else your property." Being a canon, her uncle shot off his mouth about shooting off Abélard's balls. One of the things I plan to ask Barrie is whether canonical shooting is a worthy metaphor for Church power, or if it confuses Church & the state of Billy the Kid. Gunpowder had only recently been introduced to Europe. *Marco Polo & spaghetti* were not yet household words. There is a scene in the 1954 movie *The Saracen Blade* in which a hole appears mysteriously in the sail of a ship. This hole is the introduction of gunpowder to Europe. The gun, as Barrie & everyone else have been writing since Freud's *New Introductory Lecture*, becomes a sign of the phallus, or an additional sign of the phallus, spears, swords, knives & other cutting & perforating devices being already very much in service.

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Cutting off Abélard's balls was a significant event in the sex life of Héloïse's uncle. Marriage was then, as now, an approved way in which people could communicate sexually. When Abélard seduced Héloïse, or Héloïse seduced Abélard, who knows which, her uncle had begun having marvellous & terrifying dreams about being in bed with his beautiful niece & one way to stop these was to make sure Abélard had married Héloïse & the other was to sever Abélard's balls. To be fair, we must grant that her uncle tried both remedies, although we must also ask whether two was the necessary number, or whether remedies were indeed what was called

for. We do know that Héloïse called for remedies in her dreams. However, these remedies were anything but remedies for her uncle.

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There is no record of the full text of Héloïse's view of marriage. "The title of mistress is sweeter than that of wife," she wrote, "even those of concubine or *fille de joie*." The ideological subtleties of the female service industries were evidently of no interest to her. Or possibly they were, since she was marking "wife" as at least as much a term of slavery as "concubine" or "prostitute." "I prefer love to marriage, liberty to a chain," she wrote. Possibly she had worked up arguments on marriage as legitimated prostitution. Possibly she had asked awkward questions such as why should liking screwing be a determinant of one's education, career opportunities & living situations for the rest of one's life. These are of course not her actual words but as close as anything else that has been written as her words. She also didn't want Abélard to have to stop being a scholar & teacher & become a husband & father, activities which used different & unmixable words.

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At the same time Héloïse's imagination does not extend beyond being a man's "property." I'm hoping Barrie will tell me something about the financial problems of Coach House Press. While linking "wife" & "slavery" she also curiously linked "mistress," "concubine" & "*fille de joie*" & being Abélard's property to "love" & "liberty." Women & theologians have often had to resort to rhetorical figures to imagine themselves free. The only other role Héloïse could see open to women was "empress of the world."

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Abélard was not an emperor but a man of his times & agreed to marry Héloïse. Abélard figured that as a well-known scholar he could get enough work as a private tutor to support a wife & so agreed to marry Héloïse. Abélard was afraid that Héloïse might be hidden away by her uncle, or sent to a nunnery, & that he might never again get to enjoy her brilliant passionate young adorable girl body, & so agreed to

marry Héloïse. All this agreeing of course he did with Canon Fulbert. Abélard couldn't see Héloïse & couldn't talk to her, & despite being the most respected scholar of his time he imagined her grief & desire & confusion & desire & imagined that all these would fit within the institutional structure of society if only he were with her & so agreed to marry Héloïse. After many muddy & confusing walks across medieval Paris, Héloïse & Abélard meet & secretly marry. Gregory VII was the first pope to successfully centralize Church authority. No one now knows why Héloïse consented to marry. Afterward, unknown to Abélard, she continues to tell her uncle they have not married.

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Such issues & events have the makings of a gripping romantic plot, & have been seized on by a variety of narrators. Even those who know the outcome can become gripped, seized or grabbed by the pathos of lovers who act at cross-purposes, who follow contrary systems of belief with which each thinks the other would agree. *Grippe* is French for influenza. In these narratives the words of love triumph over those of theology, propriety & scholarship even though they could not so triumph in Héloïse & Abélard's actual lives. Probably also in the narrators' actual lives, or your actual life. Adding to the pathos & confusion is Canon Fulbert's inability to believe that a woman can be an independent thinker. His words for women cannot mix with her words about her own independence. He thinks she is secretly corresponding with Abélard, that he doesn't want to marry her, that he's coaching her, that he's giving an impressionable girl bizarre words about the sanctity of her self & the absence of necessary links between eros & the institution of marriage.

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The day I stumbled across the tomb of Héloïse & Abélard I wrote to my friend Barrie describing the tomb & remarking on how many different motives & desires had brought the pair to Paris & a bourgeois graveyard, & the next month he is also dead. I had written to Barrie because they were in the same graveyard as Gertrude Stein & Apollinaire & the semiotics of these names all work differently from out of the ground of a single graveyard. I was thinking of Barrie, & of

his thinking about the falling of saints into the words of people, including those of priests & nuns, & of what words Gertrude would have given to Abélard & Héloïse.

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Believing Abélard had not married Héloïse & was refusing to marry Héloïse, her uncle hired assassins to kidnap him & cut off his balls. Castration is a primitive method of birth control. The language of violence meets the languages of eros & logic. In some societies castration has been used to enforce the paternity expectations of others. In *The Arabian Nights* eunuchs are expected to have recreational intercourse with the ladies of the harem. Lucky ladies. There is no record of how “this barbarous act” (*The Encyclopedia of Philosophy*) affected the sexual performance of Abélard. I like to imagine everyone in medieval France believing that the sex life of him & Héloïse was over while over & over they were enjoying what would later become fashionable as “sex without fear.”

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The humanism of Abélard has been misread because of his relationship with Héloïse. Abélard held that sin does not reside in single acts but in the overall shape of a human life. I didn't ask Barrie about the sex life or shape of the breathless Héloïse, I wrote merely that I would send him a copy of the text I was writing in Père-Lachaise.

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Various plot lines run through events. You & I are two of these plot lines, & sometimes these plot lines become mysterious & sometimes they appear to stop altogether. I went for a walk through a Paris cemetery & along the way counted eleven well-fed cemetery cats. The plot line of Canon Fulbert runs through the text life of Abélard & Héloïse. One fine morning by the Gregorian calendar.

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Jim Morrison I hear now is also buried in Père-Lachaise although his grave is not recorded in the official words of the tourist map. Crowds are rumoured to gather around it drinking & playing guitars & leaving empty bottles & lunch



bags on adjacent graves, although the only crowds I saw were five mourners at the grave of a Serbian nationalist, the busloads at the tombs of Héloïse & Abélard, & three cats at their food dishes inside the tomb of Marguerite Berthillon.

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A cemetery is a complex proposition on ways & means of honouring the dead. When Père-Lachaise was opened early in the nineteenth century Héloïse & Abélard were acquired by its developers to give panache to their new graveyard. What was a shock to the bourgeois sensibilities of Héloïse's uncle was high-class stuff to the heirs of the French Revolution. A cemetery is a complex proposition on how the dead can enter the discourses of the living. Shortly after his death in 1142, Héloïse had moved Abélard's body to the convent of which she had become the abbess – & would have her own no-longer-passionate body buried beside his in 1164.

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On Abélard's castration, both he & Héloïse had joined religious orders. In the fall of Barrie's death, the big cultural event in France is the release of Bruno Nuytten's film *Camille Claudel*. Héloïse named their son Astrolabe, although there is no record of that this helped her find her way or even of where the son got to. Camille Claudel was the sister of poet Paul Claudel, *q.v.* "Canon Fulbert made the unwilling Héloïse become a nun at Argenteuil." In the sixties, many unmarried California girls named their kids Sky or Heavenly Love. "In shame," reports the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "Abélard embraced the religious life at St. Denis." The cause of Abélard's shame is not specified, being presumably self-evident. Abélard argued that universals could reside in things, which were necessarily unique. Héloïse & Abélard had varied careers, which converged in 1129 when he founded the convent of Paraclete with himself as abbot & her as abbess. He also argued that sin is not a substance or an act but a consentment to evil. In the early 1130s he & Héloïse composed a collection of their love letters & religious correspondence. At this point in the text the reader & writer can both compose erotic fantasies. Abélard came very close to arguing that all things & events, including sin, are composed of words, that universals are constructions of words, but as an abbot of St. Gildas had

words with his monks & was nearly murdered.

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I've checked my map & there seems to be no grave in Père-Lachaise marked "Auguste Rodin." Rodin, Nuytten's film suggests, is the sentimental & melodramatic sculptor who stole the heart & best ideas of his pupil, the earnest Camille, & became, like Abélard, acclaimed as a genius. If you stroll the graveyards of France, you can detect many of the master narratives of French culture. Have we been missing something, Barrie, about our female students? Freud owes a prodigious debt to his hysterics. *Dead* seems a reasonable adjective to modify Héloïse or Abélard or Auguste Rodin but is painful to place in front the name of a close friend. For this reason the movie-goers weep incredulously when Camille is locked away into thirty years of dying by her mother & brother.

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My daughter observes that all the film reviewers write of Rodin & Camille & not Auguste & Camille, or Claudel & Rodin, & certainly not Auguste & Claudel. I reply that maybe they read *Claudel* as a previously assigned signifier. She does not look satisfied. Rodin gets a two-column entry in most encyclopedia but Claudel gets none except in the *Britannica* where the full entry reads "Rodin's mistress and model." This story of my trip to a graveyard doesn't look like any poem or novel I've read. Maybe it shows too much concern with death or too much fascination with the seduction of talented young women. Although Barrie didn't get to the Tarascon festival, feeling too ill to travel, the rest of the Horsemen did, & one of them, Paul Dutton, came to my little apartment two blocks from the cemetery. Camille & Abélard as victims of phallocratic justice. My son opened a bottle of Bordeaux. Héloïse & Camille as victims of phallic inscription. No, said Paul, I think I prefer to remember Gertrude as someone living.

### **Auguste & Claudel**

When Camille Claudel was a little girl she embarrassed her mother all to hell by wanting to play in the mud. Her brother

Paul would soon write his own ticket as a symbolist poet. The Gregorian reforms were an unquestioned part of Church doctrine in the nineteenth century. Camille's father is said to have thought the mud on her face looked cute. "The main element one sees in the psychosis of Mlle. Claudel is that no matter how useful her suggestions were to Rodin, or how personally satisfying her own sculpture, she experienced herself as without meaning or identity unless also his lover." By World War II Rodin was dead, but her brother lived on to help others collaborate with Germany. Perhaps Camille foresaw the criteria of the *Britannica*. Claudel & her worried younger sister are contemporaries of Jane Avril. W.H. Auden, also a contemporary, but who did not contribute to the *Britannica*, wrote "Time will pardon Paul Claudel." Should Héloïse have a surname? The lead actress of *Camille Claudel* first came to attention in Truffaut's *Adèle H.*

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Camille Claudel was a modernist artist whose work was marginalized by the melodramas of late French romanticism. Camille Claudel was the daughter whose efforts to validate herself to her parents competed inevitably with similar efforts by her brother. Camille Claudel was a paranoid schizophrenic whose early symptoms included her failure to notice that sculpture was a field socially forbidden to women. Camille Claudel gave all for love. Camille Claudel was a woman whose acute perceptions of female persecution were termed 'paranoid' by those more accepting of nineteenth-century values.

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In the movie Claudel strides pluckily through the Paris streets oblivious to the impossibility of her dream & couldn't you just hug her & Auguste did. Her work will be forgotten without signature. Her brother can go to university, become a diplomat, write his verses within the frames of 'career' & a bowler hat. Time will pardon Camille Claudel. She is "un souffle de la passion" for a tired sculptor already becoming businessman who will soon feel this *souffle* as his own. Auguste's hands roam over her body as if it were a wet *souffle*. Paul grows a diplomat's moustache. Auguste's hands roam over her body as if it were wet clay. Intertextual references to Pygmalion. You are mine, he screams at her, or

Gérard Depardieu has him scream at her, or Bruno Nuytten has him scream, at the very moment that the hard difference of her stone assaults him.

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Movie semiotics: mud on Claudel's face; Auguste's top hat & cane; Paul's ocean liners, postcards, his & Auguste's warm carriages. Claudel walking. Mother's black dresses. Father's book-lined man-cave. Claudel kneeling in a ditch. Bourgeois ladies in pastel dresses. Rodin's sculptural house & garden. Claudel drinking with *clochards*. Bronze nymphs arrayed on pedestals. The cinematic beauty of Claudel's scarred hands.

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When Camille Claudel ran away to Paris she knew she would become a sculptor. The concept of *artiste maudit* was an invention of nineteenth-century French romanticism & particularly prevalent among the bourgeoisie. The adequacy of her clay modelling led some of her teachers to compare her to M. Rodin. "In those days, an artist in the family was a social disgrace. People like Camille's mother felt threatened by it and did not know how to cope." Claudel first heard of Rodin from her teachers. Everyone was reading *Fleurs du mal*. One of Rodin's first career moves was to establish his trademark "bp." Rodin must have found it unusual to encounter a female model who could also carve stone as well as himself. "Before him, Camille, eighteen years, is dazzled by adoration, adulation and passion." Rodin was a professor who seduced one of his students. "Il est d'emblée séduit par sa beauté." Rodin was confused by Claudel's versatility & unsure whether to see her as model, student or colleague. Rodin was the son of a policeman & hoped by screwing Claudel to raise his social standing. Claudel & Rodin were physically attractive people who shared a passion for sculpture & fell in love. When Camille Claudel ran away to Paris she was sure she would become a sculptor.

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Over the years Camille Claudel developed a paranoia that Rodin was stealing her work. "Une révolte de la nature: la femme de génie." In Western society, women's labour has usually been co-opted by men who translate it into domestic

or leisure activity. Claudel would not only arrange Rodin's models but carve substantial portions of his commissions. Rodin often talked with her about the *inachevés* of Michaelangelo. Claudel demanded several times that Auguste give up his housekeeper & mistress Rose Beuret & marry her. Marriage was the price most girls of her class expected to receive for their identities. Claudel lived out her brother's bohemian fantasies. Although we know that all art is social, inasmuch as it is produced through & in relation to conventions developed collectively by a culture, one of those conventions is that the individual who produces art through combining these conventions gets personal 'credit' for the work. Claudel's aborting of Rodin's child constituted a rejection of his aesthetics. "Housekeeper & mistress" was an emotionally charged concept to nineteenth-century men. Claudel's aborting of her own child reflected her understanding of her future. Very likely Rodin signed work 'done' by Claudel. After leaving Auguste in 1894, Claudel rented studio space on beautiful Île Saint-Louis, now one of the few remaining intact areas of seventeenth-century Paris.

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One of Rodin's problems was that Camille Claudel damaged his social reputation. Prominent among the subjects of nineteenth-century French art were harem scenes, women being taken as war-prizes, mythological scenes like Hercules & Hippolyta & the rape of Proserpine. He was a responsible citizen who fulfilled government contracts. Among the advantages & disadvantages facing French sculpture in the nineteenth-century was the practice of monumental state architecture that required uplifting statuary. "Ma pauvre soeur Camille, sa morte sera une délivrance." The Seine frequently flooded parts of Île Saint-Louis. One of Claudel's most accomplished later works is "Persée et la Gorgone."

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Another problem for Auguste were the feelings he had when he thought of Claudel. Women in Rodin's work are usually naiads or nymphs or goddesses whom the man has come to in worship. His letters to her were probably destroyed by her mother. When drunk, Claudel would stand in the street shouting curses at his windows. Auguste sent friends to offer her financial help. The packages of cat-shit she mailed to the

Ministre des beaux-arts would have helped mythologize many a male artist. “Camille Claudel est une invention récente.” He worried about her, he remembered her beautiful. Claudel thought his friends had been sent to steal her work. He worried about her – her carelessness about her appearance & her annual destruction of her work denied the erotic & the monumental on which the value of his own productions rested. Clay figures of working-class subjects.

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“Une difficulté somme tout banale.” Barrie & I would have talked about the juxtaposition of Héloïse & Stein, the juxtaposition of those names, of unmarked Héloïse & her who interrupts the march of the phallic sentence. Claudel’s mother signed her into an asylum in 1913, a week after Père Claudel died. For three years she kept her studio tightly sealed. Some readers will wonder what Héloïse & Claudel have to do with Canadian culture. Barrie & I would have perhaps talked about our daughters. Claudel’s mother had detested her since the first mud pie but cannot act until freed by her husband’s death. People thought she was crazy, but an unrecognized part of Claudel’s art had been her annual smashing of what she had produced & carting it off to the Paris dump. “La boulemie de création qui l’incite à multiplier les tirages et à réutiliser les fragments et les chutes.” The movie version of Camille Claudel offers a Rodinesque ending in which she pathetically claws at the windows of the ambulance. For the next thirty years she refused to work the clay she was offered, convinced that anything she produced would enrich the reputation & person of Auguste Rodin. Metaphorically, of course, she was right.

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The dead are dead because they have at best problematical access to discourse. Half-born, my daughter tracked the obstetrician’s instruments, gazing, it is said, as only the law can. Claudel was buried in a common grave which by 1964, when her nephew wrote to claim her body, had disappeared. Her funeral had been unattended. Although it will be known as a Nuytten film, *Camille Claudel* is actually the ‘creation’ of Isabelle Adjani, the lead actress, who after reading Claudel’s biography created the production company Lilith Films, commissioned a script & hired Nuytten to direct its

filming. The only surviving texts by Héloïse are the letters she wrote to Abélard in 1117-18. To possess Abélard's cock & balls, the girl must obey the law of the uncle. I can find little else to say about Claudel's sister. The centralization of Church power under Pope Gregory & the formation of the Third Reich. No one had yet told my daughter that she could not see. & God knelt by a riverbank & fashioned Adam out of clay. My friend Barrie had never accepted the inevitability of fellow centrism. The death tolls of the Inquisition & the Holocaust. "C'est une véritable conspiration des femmes qui tire Camille de l'oubli." Translation is a weapon & a duty. Numerous women knitting & reading in the sunshine of Père-Lachaise. The roles saved for women by Marie de Champagne & Camille's mom. Nuytten is the father of Adjani's son Barnabe. Locking one's sister in prison for the last thirty years of her life then watching Jews being shipped to internment camps in the Hautes-Pyrénées. The roles offered Camille's mom. The metrics of Auden's poem are also problematical. All sculpture is political. As Nuytten knows, a major element of bourgeois art is the forcing of the watcher to identify with the afflicted. Abélard's balls & priestly celibacy. In the nineteenth century, most of these weeping viewers of *Camille Claudel* would have been parents troubled by a daughter who played in the mud.

Paris-Villefranche/mer, August-December, 1988