

Maternal Matters: Jeanne Dielman and Emma Bovary Strange(ly)

Familiar Reflections on Everyday Domestic Scenes

Adriana Cerne

I

... there could not be any more powerful image of this limit of the unanalyzable, of the absence (of any sign) of affect, of the near incomprehensible, or the incomprehensible, utterly bewildering conjunction of near immobility and dangerous, yet precise suddenness, rushing from the tomb that is a living, impossible death, than the character of Jeanne Dielman¹

If you choose to show a woman's gestures so precisely, it's because you love them.
Chantal Akerman²

From her very first foray into filmmaking, Chantal Akerman has displayed a keen recognition of the unsettling effect of bringing together, and thus making strange, incongruous elements. With her first film *Sauté ma Ville* (1968), the comic and the tragic blend incoherently, as the young Akerman is observed messing, cleaning, eating and dissonantly humming her way to a suicidal end in the film. The point was made more explicitly in her recent installation *Walking Next to One's Shoelaces in an Empty Fridge* (2004).³ It is a two part video installation that retraces the contents of a found journal belonging to Akerman's maternal grandmother, and which was written by her as a young woman. On screen, Akerman talks candidly with her own mother about both the contents, and the experience of finding such a precious matrilineal treasure. Elsewhere entwined in this familial discourse are the experiences of Auschwitz, where her grandmother was murdered and where her mother was imprisoned as a child.

During this video Akerman recounts the early television screening of *Sauté ma Ville* and describes how her (now deceased) father reacted to it. She says that he had recognised the coexisting aspects of tragedy and comedy there, and as if in belated response to her father's perception she says: "it's me, it's us". And although claiming that since making that film she has 'never achieved this again', we can at least recognise a type of tragic unrest that is inherent to, and in constant play throughout her later film *Jeanne Dielman 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles* (1975)⁴, which closely follows the protagonist, Jeanne, a widowed housewife and mother, who supplements her income by part-time prostitution, through the domestic events of three days.

If we are on the one hand compelled to conceive of Jeanne as the ‘limit of the unanalyzable’, perhaps, we are equally bound, in taking the model of incongruity as a frame for thinking, to acknowledge that incoherencies herald the expansion necessary to the limitations of analysis. Furthermore, if we return to Akerman’s own often quoted claim, of working with ‘images between images’,⁵ we move directly to a concept of between-ness, where the image comes into a type of focus only as it (inter) relates to the elided, the hidden, the unspoken and the invisible. These then become the nodal points that register the film as a particular type of work that is clearly concerned with intervening in the spaces of vision. By then allowing ourselves to return to *Jeanne Dielman* via Akerman’s own notion of loving attentiveness – to the woman and her gestures – we are in the presence of an attentive looking, which arguably re-situates the notion of cinematic pleasure: it is in this terrain of looking where phallic dimensions of pleasure are disrupted. Here, where as Janet Bergstrom has noted, ‘*La Jouissance du voir* is not denied’,⁶ we arrive at another incompatible intersection, because a problematic intervention occurs in the re-presentation of intra-personal and cultural memories of a m/Other Woman, in which the memories of Akerman’s own mother plays its part.⁷ The complex weave offers us possibilities for bypassing what would otherwise be an intransigent cultural negotiation in which the Mother/Prostitute stand opposed. This moment however, is neither a conflation nor a conjoining of otherwise polarised female figures but rather a schism or point of rupture, in which the familiar phallic structures of either conflation or polarisation are dispelled, or at least begin to dissemble before our very eyes.

II The Familiar... A Strange Force

Existing in the long buried territories of childhood, with its attendant female culture, the familiar struggles at the limits of what can be known. As the uncultivated seeds lying dormant in the everyday memories of the Mother and home come under close examination however, they begin to gather strange forces. As Freud suggested:

The ugliest as well as the most intimate details of sexual life may be thought and dreamt of in seemingly innocent allusions to activities in the kitchen; and the symptoms of hysteria could never be interpreted if we forgot that sexual symbolism can find its best hiding-place behind what is commonplace and inconspicuous.⁸

In her study of the literary history of boredom, Patricia Meyer Spacks introduces the following quote from the critic Reinhard Kuhn who, in analysing *Madame Bovary*, sets up a

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comparison between the fictional figure of Emma Bovary and her (imagined) real-life counterpart, the anonymous bored housewife. In 1976, in the midst of the feminist revolution, Kuhn claimed:

Flaubert's Emma Bovary presents symptoms similar to those felt by the bored suburbanite. And yet to reduce her ennui to this level is to misunderstand the very complex condition of which she is a victim. The former suffers from a metaphysical malady, and the latter only feels a superficial and vague disquiet. It is this difference in dimension that makes of the one a great literary figure and of the other an undistinguished and uninteresting representative of a group.⁹

Considered as not only bored, but, even less forgivably, boring, the suburbanite (read housewife and mother) is forced into silence and an undistinguishable homogeneity in the face of her literary-fictional representative par excellence – Emma Bovary. The notion of reverie to which we are directed in the housewife's 'ennui' opens upon an axis of depression as it culturally collides with the phallogocentric reading of the mother's existence as a time of boredom and waiting; interrupting this paradigmatic inscription however, one could say, co-insiding with it are other imperative sites of potentiality, where reverie waits for, and waiting enables, compassionate views to emerge.

III

A Matrixial Sphere of Fascinance

Compelled by the recent work of the theorist, artist and psychoanalyst Bracha Ettinger, I am fascinated by the question of *fascinance* that she raises, and of its potential operations as an affective pulse *between* viewing and images of the m/Other woman. She explains:

Fascinance is an aesthetic affect that operates in the prolongation and delaying of the time of encounter-event and allows a working-through of matrixial differentiating-in-jointness and copoiesis. *Fascinance* can take place only if borderlinking within a real, traumatic or phantasmatic encounter-event meets compassionate hospitality.¹⁰

In her text 'Fascinance and the girl-to-m/Other matrixial feminine difference', Ettinger proposes and examines the concept by way of two examples, the case of (Freud's) Dora in her contemplative relations with the image of the Madonna¹¹ and also the literary case of Lol Stein by Marguerite Duras.¹² As such, Ettinger manoeuvres with *fascinance* between fictional, phantasmatic and historical accounts.

The radicality of trying to hold together things that do not properly cohere is already implicit in *Jeanne Dielman*. We are already given Akerman's mother as a point of inspiration – as Ettinger might say 'an enigmatic transpiration'¹³ – but we are not in the realm of the real

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mother (yet) and yet we are moved with-in a m/other's realm, to which loving attention is given. If we want to consider this prolonged (and culturally continuing) viewing in terms of *fascinace*, what then of the co-existing idea of Jeanne Dielman and Emma Bovary, who, and whose, own estranged conjunctions of maternal and murder/suicide, appear to collide?

Ettinger's return to the question of feminine desire mobilises other ways to think disastrous and confusing relations for women. Just as she re-engages Lacan's notion of the gaze – *fascinum*, which is described as 'the unconscious element in the image that stops and freezes life' (p. 60), she is supplementing Freud's famous question of what a woman wants (in a matrixial re-framing) to include a m/Other woman. Buried within Freud's question is the limit that is simultaneously the border upon which Ettinger returns in her matrixial expansion when she asks, 'what does a woman want – from a woman?' (p. 61). It is this supplemental notion of an/Other 'Woman' that shifts an underlying absence into a question of 'woman to woman difference'; one that is nevertheless based on a sharing and shared sex difference; the feminine. This question then, if compassionately sustained in the field of images, offers a sphere of/for *fascinace*. As Ettinger says:

The girl needs to find ways, and many times she fails again and again to find them, for sharing in the secrets of femininity with a m/Other whose fascination she must catch in/for their shareable space. She looks for a Woman-Mother figure whom she might adore and whose secrets she would be able to share on condition that such a m/Other would open herself to allow such a sharing and accommodate her gaze. (p. 67)

IV

Inscribing Between Images

A history that prohibits the image is the terrain upon which Akerman's desire to inscribe and to *visualise inscription* is complexly woven. As a Jewish woman, a daughter of Holocaust survivors, the granddaughter of an artist who painted large-scale canvases of solitary female figures, the 'graven image' is precisely the point at which she struggles.¹⁴

Yet, in *Jeanne Dielman*, a particular fidelity to the feminine m/Other as a site of fascination and pleasure, enables Akerman to tip an otherwise un(be)foreseen, or not-yet-spoken into the cultural realm via her film practice. She achieves this by working both with and beneath already culturally and ideologically inscribed images.

Once, in answer to Jean Luc Godard's provocation that she always referred to her filmmaking as inscription, Akerman replied:

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You say that there aren't images already inscribed and I say that yes there are images already inscribed, and it is exactly *under* those that I work: over the inscribed image and the one I would love to inscribe.¹⁵

Although a palimpsest is implicated, Akerman, in remembering her mother elsewhere (through the web-like construction of translation, history and memory), re-appropriates (via an effect of the real) the realms of the culturally inscribed feminine. As such, the work is engaging with what historical memory has chosen to forget.

V

...Finally ...Waiting ... (Re)turns

And all the time, deep within her, she was waiting for something to happen. [...] But every morning when she woke she hoped to find it there. She listened to every sound, started out of bed, and was surprised when nothing came.

Gustav Flaubert *Madame Bovary*¹⁶

If the 'production' of reality occurs when a politics of forgetting replaces historical events, anachronism and fiction may be the only way in which to confront unaccountable losses. This has long been a feminist problematic and an alternative methodological process woven through with the desire to reclaim something of the invisibly enfolded remains of the feminine.

The co-relations between Emma Bovary and Jeanne Dielman have long fascinated me. I imag(in)e them as if in an encounter, that presses the fictional into historical existence and vice versa. Akerman once also claimed that with *Jeanne Dielman* she 'wanted to show a Mme Bovary'.¹⁷ Res(is)ting with Jeanne then, momentarily out of time and place, between the pages of the realist novel enables us to re-consider Emma's traumatic self-murder,¹⁸ and perhaps even more poignantly, provides a way in which to redress or attend to the *waiting* that wrestled 'deep within her'. Conversely, Emma's life-long disappointment, because 'nothing happens', *(re)turns* us to the (later feminist avant-garde) surface of a dead(ly) hyper-reality and to Jeanne's existence as a bourgeois middle-class housewife and part-time prostitute, whilst also attesting to the cultural, and real murder of women (and women's lives) throughout history.

In its own carefully *constructed* and fastidiously detailed moments of *reality*, *Madame Bovary* offers the grounds for a compulsion to return, as if to the uncanny site of an unsolved crime. Once more, and anachronistically coinciding with this compulsion to return, is another moment of killing, one which will be the (missed) subject of Akerman's own video art

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contribution to the 49th Venice Biennale in 2001, which she called ‘Woman Sitting after Killing’.

Twenty-six years (a generational gap) after the making and first screening of *Jeanne Dielman*, Akerman returns to this early film solely through a close reworking of its closing shot.¹⁹ She definitively chooses to re-visualise *this* fragment of the original film by reconfiguring it as a seven-monitored video installation. Although the closing shot can now be considered as a borrowed fragment, it becomes a new and complete work in itself and is renamed. Its title, like *Jeanne Dielman*, continues to signify the work’s gender specificity. These are now, however, images of Woman (x7) shown over seven minutes, and replayed on a continual loop. As such this extensive duration shot is thus transformed into a new work, which is no longer *part* of a film. Nevertheless, it continues to converse with the cinematic, as the film and its accompanying historical moment remain ingrained at the core level of the image. This may also be considered in terms of a deferment through which something, as yet unspoken, has been bequeathed to us, a later generation, or a generation later. In an explicitly prosaic manner, *Woman Sitting After Killing*, with its (new) title, addresses an earlier moment by a process of narrative disruption. The title points backwards – towards an unseen event, to the ‘killing’ prior to the ‘sitting’. This implicates the work as part of a fictive textual plot; the killing that is now referred to however, can be seen *only if* we return to an earlier historical moment, to the film where the killing that is being referenced (but no longer witnessed) occurred.

VI

Jeanne Dielman and the closing shot - seven [“really very strong”] minutes

Speaking of the representation of the murder in *Jeanne Dielman*, the filmmaker says:

[It] was the logical thing to have happen there. To me, she had only two solutions: either to kill herself or kill someone else. Of course there is some part of me in the film and I would have killed someone else. Certain people hate this murder and say, ‘you have to be more pure. If you show a woman doing the dishes you shouldn’t show a murder.’ **The strength of the thing is to show them both in the same film.** And it didn’t end with the murder. There were seven really very strong minutes after that.²⁰ (emphasis mine)



Post-murder, Jeanne pre-poses (as) the woman sitting after killing. Positioned like a contemporary Narcissus, her face and

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upper body (doubled in the reflective sheen of the table) appear to invoke mythology's most melancholic love object. However, she looks neither at us nor at herself.

Although this image in *Jeanne Dielman* may invoke the narcissistic, it equally, and more importantly, refuses it – and it does so at the level of the gaze. Jeanne's self-absorption is here deflected in a sequence of contemplative poses that never fully engages with her mirror image. Jeanne's relation to both her mirrored reflection and reflectivity is dialectical. It is seen in a slowly unfolding series of movements that *open up*, like a chasm (in the interplay of space and time), a site of reverie and its attendant concept, contemplation. In narcissistic terms this leads off in the direction of self-destruction (as in the case of Emma Bovary), but where does this contemplation lead us? To what and where is reverie moving?

In returning to the film's closing shot, it is reflection itself that is obliquely, yet blatantly returned to. As our gaze traverses the slippery and highly polished surface of the table, it glides across a mirrored plane – between the woman and her reflected image. This gleaming symbol of meticulous housekeeping furthermore reflects the literary and artistic trope of women looking into mirrors. However, the significant sight and site of blood on her hand, dripping onto the surface of the table, disturbs the domestic scene and the harmonious balance that is the outward, formal display of mimicry and repetition. It is the indexical mark of a murder that is *yet to become* a point of return. Jeanne's reflective over-visibility appears almost symptomatically to suggest an unseen, yet emergent force and what we encounter in this extensive period of waiting is *waiting-made-visible*.

VII

Becoming m/Other – a reflection on a journey

Like Akerman, I am returning to a m/Other moment. Here, with Jeanne Dielman (now as the anonymous 'Woman'), and via a dialectical gaze that has the concept of 'love' carefully attending to it I find myself in the space of the gallery. This series of images, of the Woman, re-played, over and over again - gives me time to look, and once more indicates, in the direction of contemplation. Moreover, as a newly (re)in-stalled moment of film, in the space of the gallery, and in contemplation of stillness it *finally* points back(to)ward a pre-figuration of its own moment of cinematic production. In our reverie, we can finally re-turn (with it) in the space of the gallery ... towards painting.

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Everything seems domestic. And yet such a strangeness wells up in our eyes, like tears.²¹
Hélène Cixous *Stigmata*

In May 2003, I travelled to the Prado in Madrid. I had long planned to see the exhibition ‘Vermeer and the Dutch Interior’.²² More specifically, I had longed to see the painting *Girl Reading a Letter by an Open Window* (c. 1657). Also known as *The Dresden Letter Reader*, it seemed that this girl before the window had already called me to her as a potential site of *fascinace*.²³ What first struck me as I stood in front of the painting was its unexpectedly large scale, which appeared incongruous to the intimacy that seems to permeate it. The girl reading stands just under the halfway point of the painting’s height. The bareness of the plastered wall, added to the sense of extended space, put me in mind of Isak Dinesen’s short story ‘The Blank Page’,²⁴ and its relation to untold women’s stories. The very idea of which seemed then to travel, back into the painting, towards the unreadable letter held tightly in the clenched hands of the girl, who remained utterly absorbed in the crumpled sheet.



Metaphorically speaking, I thought my clue was firmly held *in the hands* of the girl. However, moving beyond the prosaic title with ‘a letter’ at its central core, her ‘reading’ pointed me towards further contemplation, where at the site of the window itself, another ghostly presence – mirroring reading from elsewhere – *takes (her) place*.



Writing, thinking, is being in a state of waiting for what is yet to come, but proclaims itself ...²⁵

Hélène Cixous *Stigmata*

Although the viewer’s gaze is drawn towards the hands of the girl, which are firmly, yet smoothly offset against the roughly textured *blank space* of writing, the ‘thinking’, or theoretical work of this painted scene of intense contemplation, can be re-viewed as the focal point of the painting. Here, in the doubly reflected face(s) of the girl, we witness the uncanny (and asymmetrical) double as the visage appears divided and yet framed by the window pane(s). Reading and annunciation thus appear to simultaneously proclaim both presence and becoming. This (painting) it seemed was a moment of infinite becoming, and as such, it sets

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out the terms of a resistance to being read (or translated). Ironically, the image appears to refuse the closure to which reading insists, in a visually represented moment of (reflected) reading.

As the letter (usually perceived as a love letter in art-historical discourse)²⁶ falls away to face the vertical shaft of light that represents the open window in front of its reader, the symmetry of girl, letter, and suggested open (window) space, is counteracted by a Vermeer-wealth of folding drapes and tapestry, and an abundance of spilled fruit upon a table in the lower foreground of the painting. The shuttered lids on the girl's visage directly face the source of light entering from the opened window on the left and yet appear to allow nothing in but the epistle's hidden message, which is held openly to a world beyond our gaze on the other side of the window.

In order then to read further, it might be necessary to shift position. In this in-visible space I want to once more return with Emma to the moment before her emotional and physical collapse, where she desperately searches for silence and stillness in which to read a (no longer in) love-letter. The space she is given is her attic window:

... The letter – she must read it through. She didn't dare. How – where – without being seen?

'Oh, in here,' she thought, 'I'll be safe.'

Emma pushed open the door and entered.

The roof-slates cast down a stuffy heat that gripped her temples and stifled her. She dragged herself across to the shuttered window and drew the bolt; the dazzling sunlight flooded in.²⁷

One might re-configure Rodolphe's letter; the rejection of a lover (Emma's fictional tragedy), held in the hands of Vermeer's 'girl'; 'that horrible sheet of paper, which crackled in her fingers like a piece of iron-sheet'²⁸ However, the almost-presence of the girl's mirrored reflection, not as absolute presence, but rather, perhaps, as pre-sense of the not-yet-thought, read, or written, might allow us to re-view this seventeenth century painting of the feminine domestic interior, in the pulsing light of *Jeanne Dielman*'s closing scene, where Jeanne's own reflection appears like a spectre *before* herself.

By allowing this fragmented presence of feminine reflection in Vermeer to both reflect upon Emma and Jeanne, and itself be re-read through the prism of a later light, we can see how (at its threshold) this seemingly diverse, incongruent, and impossible relation of femininities – Jeanne, Emma and the girl at the window, appear folded into, and across, a surface of commonality or everydayness, where the temporal network of past, present and future collapse under the reflective presence of the girl's image in the opened window. This reflection then

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appears to insist upon opening what would remain an otherwise closed and contemplative moment of private reading – into a presentiment of an-other time and place, where the diffused ‘murders’ of Women (like the literary prototype of Emma Bovary) is lulled into a certain trans(late)ability and so becomes un-forgotten, as waiting and contemplation re-turn, reflected differently, in a newly resisting text that persists in living, even after killing.

¹ M. Stone-Richards, ‘Depression and the Logic of Separation: Situating Pierre Fédida’s ‘La Relique et le travail du deuil’ (The relic and the work of mourning)’, in *Journal of Visual Culture*, 2, (1), April (2003), 51-61 (p. 11).

² Part of Chantal Akerman’s answer to the question of whether *Jeanne Dielman* was a feminist film. Excerpt from an interview with *Camera Obscura*, November 1976, reprinted in *Camera Obscura*, part 2, 1977, p.118.

³ The Jewish Museum, Berlin, from August to November 2007, and at the Camden Arts Centre, London in July 2008.

⁴ Hereafter referred to as *Jeanne Dielman*.

⁵ Akerman said: ‘I work with images that are between the images.’ See ‘Chantal Akerman’s Films: A Dossier’ compiled and introduced by Angela Martin, in *Feminist Review*, 3, (1979).

⁶ Janet Bergstrom from the *Camera Obscura* collective, *Camera Obscura*, 2, autumn (1977), 118.

⁷ Whilst discussing the making of *Jeanne Dielman*, Akerman said: ‘I began with several very precise images from my childhood: watching my mother at the stove; my mother carrying packages’. Cited by Janet Bergstrom, ‘Invented Memories’, in *Identity and Memory: The Films of Chantal Akerman* ed. by Gwendolyn Audrey Foster (Trowbridge: Flicks Books, 1999), pp. 94-116 (p. 107).

⁸ Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams* [vol. 4] (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1991), p. 463.

⁹ Cited by Patricia Meyer Spacks in *Boredom: The Literary History of a State of Mind* (Chicago, London: The University of Chicago Press, 1995), p. 179-180.

¹⁰ Bracha Ettinger, ‘Fascinace and the Girl-to-m/Other Matrixial Feminine Difference’, in *Psychoanalysis and the Image: Transdisciplinary Perspectives*, ed. by Griselda Pollock (Malden: Blackwell, 2006), p. 61. All further references to this are given after quotations in the text.

¹¹ For a full account of this case history see Sigmund Freud, ‘Fragment of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria (‘Dora’) (1905[1901])’, in *Case Histories* [vol. 8] (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1990).

¹² Marguerite Duras, *The Ravishing of Lol Stein* (New York: Pantheon, 1986).

¹³ Unpublished quote taken from my notes at a lecture delivered by Bracha Ettinger, ‘Painting Still: Fascinace and Com-passion. New understanding of the Aesthetical via the Heimlich Affect and Proto-ethical Borderlinking’. Fine Art Lecture convened by the fine art critical practice research group at the Royal College of Art, London, 22nd March 2010.

¹⁴ In her Minneapolis Walker Art Centre installation of *D’Est* (1996) and in her documentary film *Akerman on Akerman* (1996), Akerman appears on screen reciting the second commandment on the prohibition of the graven image.

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¹⁵ Cited by Ivone Margulies, *Nothing Happens: Chantal Akerman's Hyperealist Everyday* (Durham, London: Duke University Press, 1996), p. 19-20. Original quote taken from 'Entretien avec Jean Luc Godard' *Ça Cinéma* 19, 1st Trimester (1980), 11.

¹⁶ Gustav Flaubert, *Madame Bovary: A Story of Provincial Life* translated by Alan Russell (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1950).

¹⁷ *L'Enfant Aime ou je Joue a Eetre une Femme Mariée* (1971), *The Beloved Child, or I Play at Being a Married Woman*, (16mm, b/w, 35 min) was Chantal Akerman's second film. Akerman is quoted as saying (in an interview in issue two of *Camera Obscura*) 'It was a very bad film because I didn't understand something. I was using duration for a mood, not as a presence. And the actors were improvising. It was just impossible. It had the same subject as *Jeanne Dielman*. I wanted to show a Mme Bovary.' Cited in 'Chantal Akerman on *Jeanne Dielman*: Excerpts from an interview with *Camera Obscura* November 1976', *Camera Obscura*, 2, autumn (1977), 120.

¹⁸ Emma Bovary commits suicide by taking poison and the long-suffering death is recorded in gruesome detail.

¹⁹ This was not, however, her first return to *Jeanne Dielman*. In the video *Chantal Akerman by Chantal Akerman* (1996) (made for the French television series *Cinema of Our Time*) Akerman, after talking autobiographically about her life shows a series of thirty-four film clips from fifteen of her earlier films; four of the clips shown are from *Jeanne Dielman*.

²⁰ *Camera Obscura*, 2, autumn (1977), 120.

²¹ Hélène Cixous 'Bathsheba or the Interior Bible' in *Stigmata* (London, New York: Routledge, 1998), pp. 10.

²² The show went on at the Museo del Prado between February 19th and May 18th 2003.

²³ I have elsewhere re-traced the Vermeer girl, re-engaging with her via an analysis of both Dora's (Ida Bauer) and Freud's visit to the Dresden Gallery. See Adriana Cerne, 'Fragment(s) of an Analysis: Chantal Akerman's News from Home (or a Mother-Daughter Tale of Two Cities)', *Psychoanalysis and the Image: Transdisciplinary Perspectives* ed. by Griselda Pollock (Malden: Blackwell, 2006), pp. 194-222.

²⁴ Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen), 'The Blank Page' in *Last Tales* (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1986).

²⁵ Cixous 'Bathsheba or the Interior Bible'.

²⁶ The fact that Vermeer had originally painted a picture of Cupid on the bare plaster wall behind the girl appears to be the main justification of this type of 'reading'. But perhaps, one can say that the eradication of this overt figure of love (although remaining as a palimpsest resurrected by the discipline of art history – *with its X ray vision*) might suggest other less explicit meanings – where these layers of love within the material process orchestrates the image into a sublime mixture of ghostly ambiguity.

²⁷ Flaubert, pp. 216-7.

²⁸ Ibid.

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