From Shell to Center: Gaston Bachelard and the transformation of domestic space in the nineteenth-century French novel

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ABSTRACT

This dissertation will look at the house-occupant relationship in four major French novels of the long nineteenth century: Balzac's *Le Père Goriot* (1835), Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* (1856), Zola's *Thérèse Raquin* (1867), and Proust's "Combray," from *Du côté de chez Swann* (1913). Each of these novels relies heavily on the use and description of interior and domestic space, and the manner in which the characters in each novel inhabit and relate to this space is a reflection of the specific and evolving cultural landscape of the moment when these works were composed, I argue, as well as of the particular obsessions of each author. The hermeneutic tool used to explore these novels is the theory of domestic space outlined in Gaston Bachelard's *La Poétique de l'espace* (1957). I rely on four images from Gaston Bachelard's philosophical musing on the house-occupant relationship in this work: the shell, the *armoire*, the miniature and the round. These paradigms of domestic space reflect the evolution of the house-occupant relationship in the aforementioned novels. That Bachelard chose to label his treatise on the philosophy of space a "poétique," makes his treatise particularly well suited to my analysis of the evolution of the house-occupant relationship in the nineteenth-century novel. A "poétique," like Aristotle's first and most influential Poetics, is a blueprint for interpreting or reading a work of literature that can be simultaneously a poetic work of art of its own. Bachelard's inventive and evocative *Poétique* provides, I argue, a useful tool or key to unlocking the private and somewhat mystical nature of the relationship between house and occupant. After introducing the four modes of dwelling outlined by Bachelard in chapter one, I trace a chronological evolution. Through the study of the occupant-house relationship in these novels, we can trace the evolution of the house toward a more independent and self-controlled space that corresponds to the French nation's struggle toward individual freedom. The occupant's new relationship to himself and his intimate space imparts a new way to situate himself inside while also giving the occupant a newer more peaceful and secure way of existing in the world.

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Chapter One: Introduction

Have you seen that new show on PBS called *Downton Abbey*? You know the one; it is the new version of the BBC's famous *Upstairs, Downstairs*. Close your eyes for a moment and imagine your favorite scene. Do you see Mary's eye-roll in her new beaded dress or Dame Maggie Smith's innocent look as she delivers a punchy retort to another out of line family member? Can you see poor Edith as she makes yet another bad decision? Or Carson polishing the silver while simultaneously barking orders? Now, when you close your eyes to imagine this scene, can you imagine it without any kind of setting? Without the house? As if it were some Beckett-like staging of a Victorian drama? It is pretty difficult, isn't it? Whether upstairs where the family lives or downstairs in the kitchen or even in the garden with the house in some corner of the frame, it is nearly impossible to imagine this story or the characters without that majestic chateau imposing itself in some way. The house is absolutely necessary for each and every scene in the show.

This was also the case in nineteenth-century French literature. Can you imagine Quasimodo without Paris's Notre Dame cathedral? Or Madame Vauquer anywhere but inside her boarding house? Victor Hugo's characters run through the sewers and the catacombs and live entire lives in the cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. Chateaubriand's characters spend inordinate amounts of time in cemeteries or around gravesites or locked away in old houses mourning the loss of love and life. Zola's characters buy and sell in old Paris's Les Halles and the new site of consumerism in Paris, the department store. There is a cohesion between characters and space that is an undeniable part of nineteenth-century French literature. And not only does the setting allow readers to understand the characters better, it also allows us to see and understand human behavior a bit better. "For nineteenth-century writers, architecture was not

merely the framing or punctuation of a given space […] Rather, it produce, permitted, and concretized not only a concept of history […] but also the staging of everyday life and of those rituals which expose social behavior,"[1] writes Philippe Hamon in *Expositions*. In nearly every novel, painting, poem, or play of the nineteenth century, built space plays an undeniably critical role. Hamon notes, too, that this was an obsession with space and exposure and not merely a passing preoccupation. "Architecture would become the obsession of the nineteenth century. And literature, particularly fiction, would of course have ample opportunity to bear witness to this obsession."[2] We see this in writers' obsession with monuments to God (Notre Dame de Paris and the Alhambra, for example), monuments to man (the department store and the passageway), and monuments to man's constant battle with time and death (ruins, cemeteries, the catacombs).

Architecture in the nineteenth-century novel permitted exposure according to literary critics. As we have just read, Hamon believed it exposed social behavior. Sharon Marcus writes that the nineteenth-century novel "made the exposure of private life its primary subject." [3] Architecture exposed man's relationship to the outside world, placing him in the context of the city around him, but it also exposed him from the inside, as the exposure of intimate life, habits and rituals and routines made visible the most intimate fluctuations of man's inner life and of his soul.

Perhaps the architectural structure best suited to this intimate exposure of the nineteenth century is the house. The house plays a major role in novels by Hugo, Chateaubriand, and Stendhal as well as Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, and Proust. Using domestic space allowed the spatial

[1] Philippe Hamon, trans. Katia Sainson-Frank and Lisa Maguire, *Expositions* (Berkley : University of California Press, 1992) 4.
[2] Hamon 5
[3] Sharon Marcus *Apartment Stories* : City and Home in Nineteenth-Century Paris and London (Berkley : University of California Press, 1999) 1.

frame to become much smaller than that of the enormous cathedral, expansive cemetery, or larger than life department store. By reducing the size of the frame, writers could increase the sensitivity of their gaze and observations to include details that would transform the way they wrote about space, characters, and the human experience. Issacharoff writes, that the "déscriptions minutieuses d'un Balzac constituent le début d'un courant ou figureront les grands noms du roman moderne."[4] The detailed descriptions of milieu and human behavior inside led to what would become the "modern novel."

In this dissertation, I will look at the house-occupant relationship in four major French novels of the nineteenth century and early twentieth century: *Le Père Goriot* (1835) by Honoré de Balzac, *Madame Bovary* (1856) by Gustave Flaubert, *Thérèse Raquin* (1867) by Émile Zola, and finally "Combray," from *Du côté de chez Swann*, begun by Marcel Proust in 1909 and published in 1913. Each of these novels relies heavily on the use and description of interior and domestic space, and the manner in which the characters in each novel inhabit and relate to this space is a reflection, I argue, of the specific and evolving cultural landscape of the moment when these works were composed, as well as of the particular obsessions of each author.

The nineteenth-century novelists were not the last artists to be obsessed with space and architecture; so too was the twentieth-century French philosopher, Gaston Bachelard. Bachelard is usually classified as a philosopher; however, he was also a writer, a middle school science teacher, a professor at the Sorbonne, a husband, and a father. Of himself, he wrote, "I am a reader and a writer." He wrote and taught first about science and then his teachings and writings moved more toward poetry. But, as Bachelard believed, opposites almost never act in opposing ways; they often complement and support one another. Writing about Bachelard's house found

[4] Michel Issacharoff, *Espace et la nouvelle* (Paris : J.Corti, 1976) 12.

throughout his philosophical writings, Thierry Paquot notes "Le seuil qui sépare une habitation des parcours que son habitant affectionne est aussi ce qui les réunit. Cette séparation est unification. Ma maison n'est pas coupée de ce qui l'environne, au contraire, elle y puise ce qui la qualifie."[5] Like his house, his life was not cut into pieces or cut off from what influenced him. Poetry and science for Bachelard mutually informed his study of the human experience.

Bachelard's thought focuses on the relationship between man and matter. Discussing several differences between Bachelard and Freud, McAllester Jones mentions that for the former, "It is not interpersonal relationships with their instinctual, sexual basis that are formative for human beings, but their relationship with matter."[6] This human-object relationship is clear in Bachelard's examination of *oneiric* space, that space where our dreams live. "Dans quel espace vivent nos rêves? [...] L'espace où nous allons vivre nos heures nocturnes n'a plus de lointain. Il est la toute proche synthèse des choses et de nous-mêmes."[7]

Bachelard's obsession with both the material and the intangible led him to the study of man's experience of domestic space in 1957 in *La Poétique de l'espace*. In this exploration of space, the house is both a "corps d'images" and a tool with which we can analyze human intimacy. "On lit une maison comme on lit une chambre, puisque chambre et maison sont des diagrammes de psychologie qui guident les écrivains et les poètes dans l'analyse de l'intimité."[8] For Bachelar, the house is a universe of memories and moments of a human life. It is a container for human lives and memories and dreams; it takes on the physical characteristics of a human being, and it shapes the human being who lives inside.

[5] Thierry Paquot , *Demeure terrestre* (Paris : Broché, 2005) 64.
[6] Paquot 75
[7] Gaston Bachelard, *Le droit de rêver* (Paris: PUF, 2010) 195.
[8] Bachelard, *La Poétique de l'Espace* (Paris: PUF, 1957) 51.

Bachelard's philosophy of space as outlined in *La Poétique de l'espace* is the principal hermeneutic tool of this dissertation. I rely on four images from Gaston Bachelard's philosophical musing on the house-occupant relationship in this work: the shell, the armoire, the miniature and the round. These paradigms of domestic space reflect the evolution of the house-occupant relationship in the aforementioned novels. That Bachelard chose to label his treatise on the philosophy of space a "poétique" or poetics, makes his treatise particularly well suited to my analysis of the evolution of the house-occupant relationship in the nineteenth-century novel.

Le Petit Robert defines the word "poétique" as "1. Traité de poésie. Théorie génerale de la nature et du destin de la poésie," as well as an "esthétique."[9] *The Oxford English Dictionary* defines " poetics " as « the branch of knowledge that deals with the techniques of poetry. A treatise on poetic art" as well as "The creative principles informing any literary, social or cultural construction, or the theoretical study of these, a theory of form." [10] Both of these definitions clearly state that a "poétique," like Aristotle's first and most influential *Poetics*, is a blueprint for interpreting or reading a work of literature that can be simultaneously a poetic work of art of its own. A poetics is often used as a hermeneutic tool for reading, interpreting, and understanding art but it is also its own work of art.

We see this duality in Aristotle's *Poetics*. It is part classification system and part "Aristotle goes to the movies," or personal reflections on poetry that moves him and what he enjoys. "I propose to treat of Poetry in itself and of its various kinds, noting the essential quality of each…" writes Aristotle in his opening lines.[11] Artistotle's *Poetic*s developed a classification

[9] *Le Petit Robert,* "poétique" 2013.
[10] *Oxford English Dictionary* ,"poetic" 2013.
[11] Aristotle, *Poetics* (Mineola: Courier Dover Publications 2012) 1.

system “focusing on poetry and especially the species-specific traits of epic and tragedy,” while also emphasizing “poetry as a craft” that could be taught and learned.[12]

We see this in Bachelard’s *La Poétique de l’espace* as well. He proposes a way of interpreting the human experience of specific places throughout the house, describing, as Aristotle does the “essential quality” of different types of homes (country homes, city homes, isolated homes, animal homes, object homes) as well as the experiencing human being. His work is a carefully crafted analysis while also, like Aristotle’s *Poetics*, indicative of the type of art and literature he most enjoys. Bachelard often interjects personal meditations on his own homes and literature, adding a more emotional, personal and compelling quality to what could have been a sterile classification system.

In the opening chapters of *La Poétique*, Bachelard describes the human experience of home, the house’s parts, rooms, and areas, and its spatial and spiritual relation to the cosmos. The second distinct part of *La Poétique de l’espace* is dedicated to a series of non-human homes. These object and animal homes include: armoires, shelves, and boxes (object homes), and nests and shells (animal homes). He then continues to explain the dialectic between large and small (this includes the miniature) and the dialectic of inside and outside. He concludes with a chapter on what he calls “roundness.”

The shell, one of the two animal homes Bachelard discusses in *La Poétique de l'espace,* is the shell that is "habitée" or inhabited by non-human animals. This shell is a whole comprised of two parts: the stone and the creature inside. Here the life-giving and life-destroying aspects of this home are intimately interwoven. Bachelard’s shell "étonne"’ it is religiously "sublime," proof of nature's grandeur, and composed of so many contradictory characteristics and

[12] “Aristotle,” *The Norton Anthology of Theory and Criticism* 87-89.

diametrically opposed forces that it becomes, for the philosopher, one of the "étrangetés du Monde." Bachelard's shell-dwelling creatures, "des êtres mixtes," mixed-beings, part animal, part stone live entirely alone. Living in a shell is an isolating business; there is no room for the rest of the family in the shell. This withdrawal to hide or to isolate is also described by Bachelard as being a sort of death. "Se peut-il qu'un être soit vivant dans la pierre, vivant dans ce morceau de pierre?" he asks.[13] But this withdrawal prepares for a creature's resurgence, of renewal and rebirth, or violence and attack. Bachelard writes, "Un signe de violence est dans toutes ces figures où un être surexcité sort de la coquille inerte."[14] This "strangeness of the Earth," while it is considered a comfortable, fascinating, cave-like home, it is also prone to violence, isolation, and confinement.

The *armoire* is the image of order. It orders interiors and exteriors as well as material and immaterial family history. There is a space for folded garments or small objects, a space for clothes on a hanger, a space for folded blankets, but there is no space for disorder. Bachelard writes "Dans l'armoire vit un centre d'ordre qui protège toute la maison contre un désordre sans borne." The *armoire* arranges and orders objects as well as the family story/history and the family secrets, for "toute intimité se cache." The *armoire*'s interior space is also immense. Unlike other objects in the house, the armoire seems scaled to the human body and often functions as a doorway to another world, "on ouvre le meuble et l'on découvre une demeure." Finally, the *armoire*, is also what Bachelard calls an "objet mixte," it is an object as well as a subject. It is one of the "objets qui s'ouvrent" that orders and classifies the objects within, which grants it a role of subject as well.

[13] Bachelard 107
[14] Bachelard 110

The miniature for Gaston Bachelard is a natural and poetic expression of the immense. In *La Poétique de l'espace*, Bachelard begins with several natural miniatures (apple, flower, hillside) that contain towns, cities, houses, and in one case, an entire universe. The smallness of a miniature creates a sort of obstruction of vision that focuses attention and magnifies everything (what is valued, emotions, daily habits, human foibles) housed within. Attention, which is so important to Bachelard's definition, is that great magnifying glass that accompanies the miniature, or what he calls "le regard aggrandissant de l'enfant." The creative impulse to miniaturize in essence does not miniaturize significance; rather it explodes it, rendering the value so expansive that it no longer fits within our field of vision, or the limits of our magnifying glass. This type of hyper-vision, is in a way hallucinatory, or a state of altered perception. Hallucination also takes many forms; we think of it as a primarily visual phenomenon but it can also be tactile, gustatory, or auditory. We will also focus on the auditory hallucination. Hearing something that is not there, or a small sound heard in a silent room that travelled a great distance to reach the listener's ear are both examples of Bachelard's hallucinatory miniature.

Bachelard ends his *Poétique de l'espace* with a chapter called "La phénoménologie du rond." It concludes this inquiry into the image of the house and the inhabited space because it in essence is the ultimate inhabited space, the life inside. Roundness, what Bachelard also calls ""la vie gardée de toute part,"[15] like the miniature, can be very small, like a seed or a nut or even a baby; however, roundness is always the manifestation of life's potentiality. The seed encapsulates its potential life as a plant. The nut is the beginning of a tree's life. The baby is pure human life potential. Here Bachelard concludes with an image of beginning. Bachelard also defines roundness by what it is not; it is not a sphere, nor is it merely geometrical. A sphere

[15] Bachelard 212

is empty, described only by its outside limits. Roundness is "rondeur pleine," like the difference between a basketball that is full of air and a billiard ball that is heavy and solid inside the round exterior shape. (A difference noted in the different French words “ballon” and “balle.”) Roundness is also characterized by isolation, not an imposed isolation, like we have seen with the image of the shell, but an " extrême individualité"[16] and permanent independence.

In this dissertation, I will rely on these four Bachelardian homes, the shell, the armoire, the miniature, and the round to describe the relationship between house and occupant in four major French novels of the late-nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The four Bachelardian images are by no means an exhaustive study of Bachelard’s philosophy and phenomenological system of study. The first two spaces are what Bachelard calls in his introduction to *La Poétique de l’espace*, “lieux inhabitables,” places where man cannot live.[17] The third space, the miniature requires man to become very small. And the fourth, is the space of the full potential of the beginning of a new life.

So what happens when man attempts to live or is forced to live in these “uninhabitable” spaces? Bachelard writes that living in these types of spaces requires men to become “tout petits.”[18] Attempting to live in a space that does not support human life could also be seen as a type of homelessness. Martin Heidegger explains that the “homelessness” that plagues humanity is man’s inability to “properly experience and take over (his) dwelling.”[19] The progression of Bachelard’s images begins with the most familiar and proceeds to the most unfamiliar. We could also see the progression as one moving from the most concrete to the most conceptual. The

[16] Bachelard 212
[17] Bachelard 19
[18] Bachelard 19
[19] Martin Heidegger, *Basic Writings* (New York: Harper Collins, 1993) 241.

progression is also one of moving away from the uninhabitable spaces towards a space that can be lived in.

I will use Bachelard's two uninhabitable homes, his small homes, and his new home to describe the nature of the occupant-house relationship in the four novels I have chosen: Balzac's *Le Père Goriot* (1835), Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* (1856), Zola's *Thérèse Raquin* (1867), and finally "Combray," the initial section of *Du côté de chez Swann*, begun by Proust in 1909 and published in 1913. These four novels are by no means a complete representation of all of the novels of the nineteenth century in France, but they were also not chosen at random. They are representatives of four specific types of dwellings important during specific moments in French history. Balzac's *Le Père Goriot* was chosen, because it is representative of the nineteenth-century apartment building. *Madame Bovary* was chosen to represent the country home outside of Paris. *Thérèse Raquin* was chosen as the representative for Paris's passageways, THE spatial construction of the nineteenth century. And finally, Proust's "Combray" was selected to represent the family home, the home of independence. These four novels are also novels that are included in almost any major survey of French literature of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. By choosing these novels, I have, in fact, chosen a new way of teaching these novels in order to allow students to gain a deeper awareness of the social and material culture of France in the nineteenth century.

Bachelard wrote that the house "se déplace […] sur les souffles du temps."[20] We will see the "breath of time" move the houses along in four moments of French history between the years of 1830-1909. I have chosen the following moments and cultural experiences: the control experienced under the reign of Louis-Philippe, the order experienced under Napoléon III, the

[20] Bachelard 63

chaos of the Haussmann project, and the call for independence of the years following the Second Empire. This is not an exhaustive play-by-play of the events of nineteenth-century France. These are key moments that Bachelard's philosophy helps us understand better with regards to the house-occupant relationship in the novels I have chosen.

The historical periods under question (the nineteenth century and 1950's) as well as the current period in history where I am situated all have important commonalities. The nineteenth-century French novelists, 1950's French Gaston Bachelard, and 2013 American Emily Pace are writing during moments in history when man is grappling simultaneously with the frightening chaos of the outside world and the realization of individual freedom. Nineteenth-century France saw more bloodshed and terror in one hundred years during the fight for the rights and freedoms of man than it did at any other point in its history before or since. The mid- to late-1940's and early 50's saw continued racial prejudice and stymied liberation for many individuals, the "first stirrings of a war (in Algeria) that would shake France to its foundations"[21] and the invention of the hydrogen bomb. Andrew Hussey writes, "The Fourth Republic, a shaky series of governments first established in 1946, lurched from one crisis to another under a constitution that had hardly moved on from the 1930s […] There was consequently a succession of governments, none of whom had either a full mandate or a real plan for France."[22] In 2013, human beings have had to figure out how to control their fears in an era that is defined by its orientation to the new age of terrorism, the "post 9-11" age. And the wars for freedom and independence, whether it is freedom from an oppressive regime as in Syria or the freedom to marry the person you love, rage on. The question of independence arising from eras of chaos seems to align itself with Edward Casey's idea that man cannot be unless he has a place to be. All three of these moments

[21] Andrew Hussey, *Paris: The Secret History* (New York: Bloomsbury, 2006) 394.
[22] Hussey 393

seem to indicate that man is trying to situate himself, to define himself and his freedom in the face of fear and the upheaval of chaos. Again, the house seems particularly well-suited to help man on this journey because it allows him some form of control of the line dividing the inside of his house to the outside world, for the house "establishes orientation, order, and stability in the world."[23] And phenomenological studies, like Bachelard's seem well-suited for this journey, too.

According to David Seamon, the three "significant phenomenological topics" are lifeworld, place, and home.[24] Just as the artists of the late nineteenth century were interested in the house as a site for the study of the most mundane activities for life, phenomenologists were and are still interested in the home because it contains a wealth of human experience within.

"The phenomenon is uncharted territory,"[25] writes David Seamon of the process of phenomenology - "the interpretive study of human experience," "a foundation for identifying deeper, more generalizable patters, structures, and meanings" or "a way of seeing people and place."[26] Martin Heiddegger's phenomenology was defined by "letting things show themselves," and he wrote that to "dwell" is to be human.[27] Gaston Bachelard's phenomenology is one where "the poetic image is a sudden salience on the surface of the psyche," the study of the poetic image as a study of man's experience. What follows now is a brief survey of current phenomenological literature of the home as well as several important historical studies of homes through time and literature.

[23] R.D. Dripps, *The First House* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1997) 1.
[24] Seamon "Phenomenology, Place, Environment, and Architecture: a review"
[25] David Seamon "Phenomenology, Place, Environment, and Architecture: a review" *Environmental and Architectural Phenomenology Newsletter*, Web, http://www.arch.ksu.edu/seamon/Seamon_reviewEAP.htm
[26] David Seamon "Phenomenology, Place, Environment, and Architecture: a review"
[27] "Phenomenology" *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy.* Web.

In *House as a Mirror of Self*, Clare Cooper Marcus proposes a phenomenological study of the home via Jungian psychology. Carl Jung, psychiatrist, writer and founder of analytical psychology, wrote, "Everything in the unconscious seeks outward manifestation."[28] One of the "outward manifestations" he worked on later in life was his own house that he designed and built not with the aid of designers but with the inspiration of his own creative psyche. Marcus writes of the intense relationship people have with their homes and provides case studies and stories describing and analyzing significant ways people interact with this domestic environment. She writes about relationships within the walls of a home, the sense of self derived from selecting a certain place to live, as well as the disconnection that sometimes occurs between the home and its occupant. After each chapter, she also provides exercises for the reader to consider about their own relationships to home. The book becomes not only a testimony of how she helped others explore their homes, but a tool for readers to analyze their own home in new ways.[29]

Dwelling, Place, and Environment is a compilation of phenomenological studies edited by David Seamon that describe "the complex relation between person and world."[30] He proposes that a "new phase has begun as a phenomenology and hermeneutics of embodied person and world considers the complexly integrated core of how we live."[31] In his article in this collection of essays, "The Dwelling Journey", Seamon studies the emigrant experience in the novels of Vilhelm Moberg. Seamon devises a graphic paradigm in the form of a circle to illustrate a "pattern of human experience and behavior."[32] This circle journey is also reminiscent of the work of another phenomenologist, Joseph Campbell. Campbell's hero's journey paradigm

[28] Carl Jung, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections* (New York: Vintage, 1989) n.p.
[29] Clare Cooper Marcus, *House as Mirror of Self* (Lake Worth: Nicolas Hays, 1995).
[30] David Seamon and Robert Mugerauer, *Dwelling, Place, and Environment: towards a phenomenology of person and world (Boston: Kluwer Academic Publishers, 1985) 1.*
[31] Seamon, *Dwelling, Place and, Environment*, 2
[32] Seamon, *Dwelling, Place, and Environment* 227

is also cyclical, signifying the hero's return. Seamon's circle journey overlaps at the end, suggesting the possibility of a cycle and also the possibility of a rupture of the cycle of leaving a place and creating a new community and dwelling.

In *Home* Witold Rybczynski provides what he titles "A Short History of an Idea" of home via the broader idea of comfort. Rybczynski favors word play and etymology and traces intimacy, domesticity, style, austerity, privacy, arriving at comfort and well-being, which for him are central to an understanding of the experience of "home."[33]

Three recent works study the home in literature. Two current essays use phenomenology to study English literature. Elaine Auyoung, studies the phenomenology of Dickens's *Bleak House*.[34] Patrick Fessenbecker uses Paul B. Armstrong's *The Phenomenology of Henry James*, to study freedom and selfhood in *The Portrait of a Lady*.[35] And in *Apartment Stories*, Sharon Marcus writes the history of two nineteenth-century cities (London and Paris) as seen through the apartment building both in literature and historical document. While not a phenomenological study, it is an important text in the study of nineteenth-century literature, especially Balzac and Zola. Marcus examines novels by Balzac and Zola and architectural floor-plans as well as documents written by doctors and journalists as she seeks to understand the meaning of interiority as seen through the communal living space.[36]

For Akiko Busch in *The Geography of Home*, the house is a tool for studying her own experience of home and relating it to the grander world history and evolution of the different

[33] Witold Rybczynski, *Home* (New York: Penguin, 1986).
[34] Elaine Auyoung, "Standing Outside Bleak House," *Nineteenth-Century Literature* (2013): 180-200. *JSTOR*. Web.
[35] Patrick Fessenbecker "Freedom, Self-obligation and Selfhood in Henry James," *Nineteenth-Century Literature* (2011) : 69-95. *JSTOR*. Web.
[36] Sharon Marcus, *Apartment Stories* (Berkeley: University of California, 1999).

spaces inside houses over the course of centuries. In this way it is similar to the work of Bachelard.[37]

Adding Bachelard's *La Poétique de l'espace* to the conversation on *habitations* in the French novel of the nineteenth century provides a new vantage point for the study of the intimate relationship between house and occupant. His images illuminate domestic space in a new way. As we have seen, Marcus has already studied the apartment building in great detail; however, through Bachelard's lens we will see more than the social stratification or the physical manifestation of the Realist agenda; we will see a new sort of unity. We will also see that the images Bachelard focuses on in his text will allow us to study different structures. Rather than focus on Zola's great market structure of Les Halles, Bachelard allows us to study the passageway. Georges Poulet in *Les Métamorphoses du Cercle* studies circles and their meaning in *Madame Bovary*. Bachelard enables us to examine the emptiness inside the square frames instead. Bachelard will also allow us to study not the exterior decadence of Proust's Belle Époque but rather the quieter and equally complex interior search of the individual.

I have divided this dissertation into four chapters, which proceed in chronological order. In chapter one we read Balzac's *Le Père Goriot* through Bachelard's shell. Balzac published *Le Père Goriot* in 1835, squarely within the reign of Louis-Philippe. Louis-Philippe began as the citizen king and then very quickly ignored the "citizen" half of this title, preferring kingly power and control. We see monarchy return to France, that stony, archaic, biologically tranferred power wherein man becomes very small, come to life in Bachelard's shell image. When we apply this image to the occupant/house relationship in Balzac's *Le Père Goriot*, we see that this relationship is out of date, confining, and as inescapable as biology.

[37] Akkiko Busch, *The Geography of Home* (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1999).

In chapter two we read Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* through Bachelard's *armoire*. Flaubert published *Madame Bovary* in 1856 during the Empire of Napoleon III, an emperor whose desire to elevate Paris to Rome's greatness resulted in an obsession with order. Order is one of the primary characteristics of Bachleard's *armoire*. The *armoire* orders the material and the immaterial and the world around it as being inside or outside. When we apply this image to the occupant/house relationship in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, we see that the relationship is confining in a different way than that of the shell. The occupant has gotten much smaller, but the occupant's newly discovered awareness of ordering and their increased familiarity with the abilities of the house (to contain) teaches the occupant how to be not only the thing contained inside but how to become the thing that does the containing. This is a step forward toward the final spatial relationship between house and occupant, where the house resides within the occupant.

In chapter three, we read Emile Zola's *Thérèse Raquin* through Bachelard's miniature. Zola published *Thérèse Raquin* in 1867 at the height of Haussmann's "disemboweling" of Paris. It was a time of grotesque chaos, disorder, and attempted control of Life's less beautiful realities, human waste and death. The presence of the *armoire* remains, but the enclosure is taken to the extreme in the form of Bachelard's miniature, a tiny replica of habitable space that throws the inhabitant into hallucinatory chaos. For Bachelard, the miniature is a noun, a verb, and an experience. It is the apple that houses the universe; it is the desire to make small in order to control; and it is experienced via auditory and visual hallucination. This is the moment of metamorphosis and transformation along the journey toward an inhabitable home, this is the stage that most resembles Joseph Campbell's "Belly of the Whale," "the passage of the magical

threshold (that) is a transit into a sphere of rebirth."[38] The occupant, "instead of conquering or conciliating the power of the threshold is swallowed into the unknown."[39] This phase of "unknown" and the destruction of the old order is the next step in the journey to developing the most liberating, peaceful, and inhabitable relationship between occupant and house.

This new relationship is explored in the concluding chapter, in which we read the first section of the first book of Proust's *À la recherche du temps perdu*, "Combray," through Bachelard's concept of roundness. Proust published *Du côté de chez Swann* (the first book of the series) in 1913 during what would be known in retrospect as La Belle Époque, a moment of great freedom and individuality. From the extremeness of miniature, we have moved on to a relationship to space that is highly evocative of Bachelard's final chapter in his *Poétique*, "La Phénoménologie du Rond." Bachelard's roundness is filled from the inside and characterized by a marked individualism. When we apply this image to the house/occupant relationship in Prous, it is clear that "l'être est rond," as is the construction of the house in Combray, in time and space. Proust has a deep appreciation for the powers of "le rond," questioning the dialectic between inside and outside, and emphasizing the powers of man to re-create himself via the understanding of his environment. It is at this moment that we see that the occupant has finally "taken over" his space. The most habitable space is also the most conceptual and immaterial in *La Poétique*, the space that man houses within.

I am using Bachelard's modes of living to study the relationship between house and occupant in four major French novels of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, because I want to describe the journey of man as he "takes over" his dwelling in order to help my reader

[38] Joseph Campbell, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (Novato: New World Library, 2008) 74.
[39] Campbell 74

better understand depictions of human interaction with domestic spaces during roughly a century-long timeframe. Ultimately the journey looks something like this:

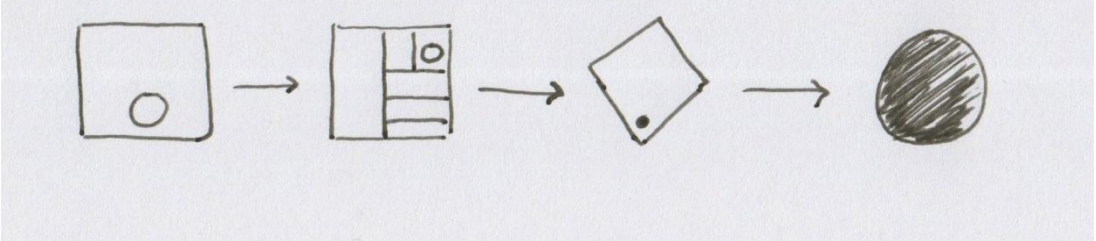


Figure 1: Pace, Emily. "Evolution in four steps." JPEG. 2013.

This is a visual paradigm of the relationship between man and house over the course of the nineteenth century and into the early twentieth. What does this tell us about the period under study? In each new literary iteration, the protagonist developed a different mode of living inside. Each was a movement away from "required smallness" and uninhabitable space toward man's spatial "take over."

In *Le Père Goriot*, the house and occupant are clearly united with man firmly inside, dependent and controlled. In *Madame Bovary*, the occupant continues to be confined by the house and in a more extreme way than that of the shell. In *Thérèse Raquin*, the house overpowers man, making him quite small and throwing the relationship into chaos. The house on its end is the house possessed and no longer a possession. In "Combray," the occupant internalizes the house. Finally, man "takes over" his house and the house begins to live inside him. Through the study of the occupant-house relationship in these four novels, we can trace the evolution of the house toward a more independent and self-controlled space that corresponds to the French nation's struggle toward individual freedom. The occupant's new relationship to himself and his intimate space imparts a new way for him to situate and order his life inside, of course, but it also gives the occupant a more peaceful and secure manner of existing in the world.

Let us begin in Paris with Balzac's house, and we shall take Bachelard's philosophy along with us to be our guide.

Chapter Two : shell homes in *Le Père Goriot*

2.1 Introduction

In the summer of 1830, France battled the heat of yet another Revolution, which would put King Louis-Philippe on the throne for 18 years. Louis-Philippe saw himself as a moderate man, the people pleaser, the Citizen King of the French. Initially, France witnessed the beginning of what could have been seen as one of the most peaceful times in all of Europe. In a speech made in January of 1831, Louis-Philippe proclaims his governing plan and his confidence in the power of the Aristotelian "juste milieu." "Nous cherchons à nous tenir dans un juste milieu, également éloigné des excès du pouvoir populaire et des abus du pouvoir royal."[40] His plan was to find compromise in the middle between extremes, to find the middle ground that would unify France. In fact, in the beginning he seemed like the man for the job; he was that incarnation of two extremes, both "citizen" and "king."

This is also what we see in the important building of that moment in history, the apartment building. "The rental building, intended to house several families and to earn income for the owner, became the basic unit in the denser urban fabric."[41] We begin this chapter with the "basic unit" of the nineteenth-century French city, the apartment house, here the "rental building" and in *Le Père Goriot* the *pension*. A *pension* is a boarding house, a house split up into rented apartments or rooms that share common spaces on the ground floor. Much has already been written about the importance of this type of building by Sharon Marcus in *Apartment Stories*. For Marcus, the apartment building was quite attractive to nineteenth-century writers because it appealed to their Realist ideals. According to Narteau and Nouailhac, "les écrivains réalistes veulent s'en tenir aux faits et étudier les hommes par leurs comportements au

[40] Guy Antonetti, *Louis-Philippe* (Paris: Fayard, 1994) 713.
[41] Bertrand LeMoine, trans. Alexandra Bonfante-Warren, *Architecture in France 1800-1900* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1998), 30.

sein de leur milieu social."[42] The apartment building was a space that was getting a lot of attention at this moment in time in Paris, and it was also the real backdrop for many Parisians' day-to-day life. For Balzac, too, Realism was the detailed study of man and society; "En dressant l'inventaire des vices et des vertus, en rassemblant les principaux faits des passions, en peignant les caractères, en choisissant les événements principaux de la Société, en composant des types par la réunion des traits de plusieurs caractères homogènes, peut-être pouvais-je arriver à écrire l'histoire oubliée par tant d'historiens, celle des mœurs."[43] According to Marcus, the apartment building also functioned within the novel as a sort of physical and narrative unifier. The function of the boarding house was, she writes, a "reconciliation of multiplicity and unity."[44]

However, while wealth increased, so did "poverty, violence, fear, and class antagonism."[45] And as the wealth of the bourgeois class increased, so did their buying power. This, coupled with a deep fear of continued upheaval, chaos, and death, drove people on their search for stability and security at home. And the importance of the house, "instrument à affronter le cosmos,"[46] as Bachelard would call it, began to take root. In 1830, Honoré de Balzac wrote "Cet homme, en apparence froid et compassé, semblait contenir en lui-même un foyer secret dont la flamme agissait sur nous."[47] He recognized that there is a part of a man that remains hidden, a secret room that belongs only to him and felt by others as if it were a burning flame. According to Bachelard it is what unites us all by the hearth of the home. This desire to protect and preserve the family, gave way to what André Maurois calls "a new feudalism" where

[42] Carole Narteau and Irène Nouailhac, *Littérature française: Les grands mouvements littéraires du Moyen Âge au XXe siècle* (Paris: Librio, 2005) 255.
[43] Honoré de Balzac, "Avant Propos", *La Comédie Humaine* (Paris: Gallimard, 1979) 11.
[44] Sharon Marcus. *Apartment Stories* **(**Berkeley : University of California Press, 1999**).** 57.
[45] Paul Harold Beik, *Louis Philippe and the July Monarchy* (Princeton: Van Nostrand, 1965) 23.
[46] Bachelard 58
[47] Balzac, *Deux rêves* (Paris:1830) 351.

"directorships were handed down from father to son, and the well to do of Louis-Philippe's reign believed as naively as formerly did the aristocracy in their rights as a governing class."[48]

As Louis-Philippe's reign continued, it became apparent which part of his title he preferred. "Louis-Philippe instantly forgot that the specificity of a citizen is not to be a king," writes Sandey Petrey. While his coronation ceremony showed the crowning of a French citizen while avoiding the invocations of God and bloodline, Petrey explains that, "The king's inherent right to the throne in fact became so obvious that what was doubtful in 1831 was whether there had been a revolution in 1830."

The light inside man and inside his home had not been safe for very long. Under the charters of 1814 and 1830, "Privacy of the home and of the mails was supposed to be respected. In practice, however, these forms of liberty were still violated."[49] What began as a potential new age for the French, ruled by a King of the French instead of a King of France, found a monarchy suddenly violating its own laws, charters, and standards and with the September laws of 1835 no one was allowed to blame the king. This "interference with freedom of thought and writing and teaching" sentenced the people of France to confined lives lived under yet another French monarch.[50]

Bachelard's primal image of animal home, the shell, like the idea of a "citizen king" is a space of contradictions. It is simultaneously full and empty, active and immobile; it inspires curiosity and fear, as well as liberation and restriction. As we have seen, Louis-Philippe's reign inspired the hope of freedom and ended as a reign of repression. Bachelard's shell functions like this as well.

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[48] André Maurois, *History of France* (New York: Minerva Press, 1968) 403.
[49] Beik 23
[50] Herbert George Wells, *A Short History of the World* (New York: MacMillan, 1922) 349.

The shell, one of the two animal homes Bachelard discusses in *La Poétique de l'espace*, is the shell that is "habitée" or lived in, and it expands our understanding about what it means for human beings to live in and inhabit a certain place. The shell is after all one of several images that allow Bachelard to expand upon the imaginings of one of man's essential and existential needs, to be housed and protected in the world. The shell, an object that usually houses non-human animals, is "astonishing" concrete life, religiously "sublime," proof of nature's grandeur, and composed of so many contradictory characteristics and diametrically opposed forces that it becomes, for the philosopher, one of the "étrangetés du Monde."

This "strangeness of the Earth," while it is considered a comfortable, fascinating, cave-like home, is also prone to violence, isolation, and confinement. Bachelard's shell-dwelling creatures, "des êtres mixtes," mixed-beings, part animal part stone, live entirely alone. Living in a shell is an isolating business; there is no room for the rest of the family in the shell. This withdrawal to hide or to isolate is also described by Bachelard as being a sort of death. , "Se peut-il qu'un être soit vivant dans la pierre, vivant dans ce morceau de pierre?"[51] he asks. But this withdrawal prepares for a creature's resurgence, of renewal and rebirth, or violence and attack. Bachelard writes "Un signe de violence est dans toutes ces figures où un être surexité sort de la coquille inerte."[52]

The nineteenth-century French artist Alfred de Musset wrote, "nous ne vivons que de débris, comme si la fin du monde était proche."[53] It is as if the French people lived in other's debris, or castoffs, like the Bachelard-cited hermit crab or mollusk, who dependent on a shell to exist, makes a home out of what someone else has abandoned. However "sublime" and

[51] Bachelard 107
[52] Bachelard 110
[53] Pierre Gaxotte, *Histoire des Français* (Paris: Flammarion, 1951) 351.

connected to the creature inside the shell may be, it is still a home of biological dependence, isolation, restriction, and interference, without a direct connection to the outside world.

In this chapter, we will see the problem of Louis-Philippe's reign reflected when we use Gaston Bachelard's shell to study the relationship between house and occupant in Balzac's novel, *Le Père Goriot*, written in 1835. Though he does not explicitly denounce the monarchy and country, we see via Bachelard's lens that the problem reflected in the house/occupant relationship is the problem at the center of French discontent during the era of Louis-Philippe. Like the shell, the connection between house and occupant is biological in this novel. Just as wealth and privilege and titles are handed down from father to son in this new feudal age, so are the constraints of shell-dwelling. The occupants in these shell homes experience restriction, interference, and confinement.

The novel follows the story of Eugène Rastignac, a young law student who arrives in Paris from southern France and encounters Parisian society in all of its vainglorious splendor. While in Paris, he lives at a boarding house, the Maison-Vauquer, owned by Madame Vauquer, where he meets le Père Goriot of the novel's title along with the Madame Vauquer's other boarders. The Maison-Vauquer is a critically important physical structure in the novel. It functions as a concrete system of floors and closed doors for the greater more abstract social system at work in pre-Haussmanian, nineteenth-century Paris.

The description of the boarding house in the novel is much like the description of the typical boarding house in Paris at that time. Both are composed of three floors above the ground floor and topped by Mansard roofs. Both are plaster-fronted, and Balzac adds that his boarding house plaster is painted a nauseating yellow. Both descriptions situate the boarding house amongst other buildings on the street and buildings in the city, and we see a sort of non-

uniformity in the heights of the buildings. LeMoine writes that this was typical of the street view; Balzac contrasts this boarding house with the height of the domes of Val-de-Grâce church and the Panthéon, which tower above. Both also write of the importance of the angle of the building with regards to the street. There was what LeMoine calls a "rigorous alignment to the lot line, which unified the street frontage."[54] The buildings of the neighborhood may have lacked unity in height, but not with regard to the street. To the man walking down the street, the individual houses must have seemed like one large, seamless building claiming the entire street from corner to corner.

But the nineteenth-century boarding house was not just a system of angles and plaster. For LeMoine "these apartment houses, raising their spare and sober facades amid the typically disparate urban fabric, were concrete examples of the modernization of French cities."[55] They were also "concrete examples" of the social system at work in the French urban landscape of the nineteenth century. The French word for the physical structure of the boarding house and the amount of money paid to reside in such a structure are both the same word in French, *pension*. The boarding house is inextricably linked to money; it is obviously a business meant to create a living for the owner, in this case Madame Vauquer, but it is also the concretization of the stratification of wealth. Where one lived in the house was determined by how much one could afford to pay for a room. "Le premier étage contenait les deux meilleurs appartements de la maison," writes Balzac of the Maison Vauquer.[56] There are another two apartments on the floor above that, and then "le troisième étage se composait de quatre chambres." The rooms get smaller, and LeMoine notes that often the ceilings lowered after the second floor. The space one is allotted is directly proportional to what one can afford. And when one can no longer afford

[54] LeMoine 30
[55] LeMoine 30
[56] Honoré de Balzac, *Le Père Goriot* (Paris: Pocket, 1989), 28.

the first, second, or third floor above the ground floor, one is most certainly in dire circumstances. That person is then removed from the life in the city and the society of the rooms below and placed to live amongst the pigeons and the laundry in the attic and small attic rooms, *les mansardes*. "Au-dessus de ce troisième étage étaient un grenier à étendre le linge et deux mansardes."[57] The boarding house is, in the eyes of Madame Vauquer herself, "une société complète,"[58] a place where wealth and privilege decide one's life story, including her own.

The boarding house is inextricably linked to the identity of the characters housed within, most notably Madame Vauquer. Balzac is quite firm about the connection of this character to her boarding house. He writes, "Toute sa personne (Mme Vauquer) explique la pension, comme la pension implique sa personne."[59] From this quote, pulled from the very opening pages of *Le Père Goriot*, readers are alerted to the inseparable nature of place and person. However, I'd like to dissect a bit the term *personne*. *Personne* has the meaning of "a certain individual" or a "somebody." All alone it can mean "nobody" or "no one." It could also be translated as "persona," "character," or "personality," taking into consideration what differentiates individuals from the inside. *Personne* can also take on the meaning of simply a human or a human body. It is this connection, the connection of architecture to the body that is so clear in the opening of *Le Père Goriot*. There is something body-like about the building and there is something building-like about the bodies; both are what Gaston Bachelard would call in his chapter on the *coquille* "des êtres mixtes."[60] Shelled creatures or creatures living in a shell are what Bachelard calls "des

[57] Balzac 30
[58] Balzac 37
[59] Balzac 27
[60] Bachelard 108

êtres mixtes," "C'est l'être moitié mort moitié vivant et, dans les grands excès, moitié pierre, moitié homme."[61]

The shell, one of the two animal homes Bachelard discusses in *La Poétique de l'espace*, is a space of contradictions. It is simultaneously full and empty, active and immobile; it inspires curiosity and fear, as well as liberation and restriction: the shell he discusses in this chapter is the shell that is "habitée" or lived in, and it expands our understanding about what it means for human beings to live and inhabit a certain place. The shell is after all one of several images that allow Bachelard to expand upon the imaginings of one of man's essential and existential needs, to be housed and protected in the world. The shell, an object that usually houses non-human animals, is "astonishing" concrete life, religiously "sublime," proof of nature's grandeur, and composed of so many contradictory characteristics and diametrically opposed forces that it becomes, for the philosopher, one of the "étrangetés du Monde." The shell is not necessarily small (he cites several pictoral references to shells large enough for humans to bathe in); neither is the size of the shell indicative of the creature within (almost always the tiny shell hides a huge creature within). The shell-dwelling creatures are what Bachelard calls "des êtres mixtes," mixed-beings, part animal, part stone. They are entirely alone however, for living in a shell is an individual business, there is no room for the rest of the family in the shell as there was in the nest in the previous chapter of *La Poétique*.

In this section, we will read about the connection of Bachelard's *coquille* to the domestic spaces in Balzac's *Le Père Goriot.* Most of the characters form a sort of shell-dweller relationship with their homes. By that I mean that the character-house relationship is so strong that together they form a sort of single biological unit. This, of course, is due largely in part to

[61] Bachelard 108

the importance placed upon *milieu* in nineteenth-century France and also in part to Balzac's own fondness for comparing man and beast.

Joan Yvonne Dangelzer writes, "Il y a plusieurs façons de comprendre le mot 'milieu.' Il peut être pris au sens concret, exprimant l'atmosphère physique qui environne immédiatement une personne. D'habitude, on l'emploie dans un sens plus large et plus figuré, pour designer les idées, la fortune, le rang social d'une personne."[62] She continues to say that Balzac was largely concerned with the "milieu intérieur," while I agree I also believe that as with his characters, Balzac creates relationships between the different milieux and the end result is a more massive, conglomerate re-visioning of the universe. Bachelard writes in *Le droit de rêver* that vertical correspondence is the "élément fondamental de la cosmologie balzacienne."[63] Balzac creates relationships vertically as if between *le ciel* and *la terre*, like the apartment building with its interrelated rooms and floors. In the case of *Le Père Goriot*, the larger milieu imagined by Balzac is that of an aquatic cosmos, a system of mixed beings and mixed spaces that are interconnected to form a larger whole.

On the second floor of the Sully wing of the Louvre, one can find "Les panaches de mer, lithophytes, et coquilles" by Anne Vallayer-Coster, one of the greatest still-life painters of her time.[64] This piece, an oil painting for the Salon of 1771, groups the objects of its title lithophytes, corals, and shells into a pyramid-like pile atop a stone and architectural base. Vallayer-Coster, a self-taught, still-life and portrait painter, was known for her ability to group objects. According to Marianne Roland Michel**,** she "had a very personal way of grouping flowers, fruit, animal trophies, plates and domestic objects in a perfectly organized space over which the chromatic

[62] Joan Yvonne Dangelzer, *La Description du milieu dans le roman français de Balzac à Zola* (Paris: Imprimerie les presses modernes, 1938), 7.
[63] Gaston Bachelard, *Le droit de rêver* (Paris: Presses Universitaires de France, 1970) 131.
[64] See Appendix. Fig. 9

subtleties of her palette could play."[65] As we have noted earlier, Bachelard also saw that Balzac played with grouping and an object's position and vertical relationships. Like Balzac, too, Vallayer-Coster devoted herself to Realism. "She painted with an almost naturalistic realism put to the service of an intense sensuality."[66]

It is an explosion of shells that sit perfectly still. Several of them sit like open hands; they have been flipped so that they show their beautiful flesh-toned undersides instead of the hard, weathered exteriors. As I stood in front of the painting in the Louvre, I could not help but think about how human this arrangement seemed. I couldn't quite articulate why until I learned that Vallayer-Coster was also a famous portraitist. This arrangement of shells looks almost as if it were a portrait of a woman's face in profile. The tall flat shells provide the neutral screen-like background but they also fan up high and back as if lifting like a bouffant hairstyle. Red and pink underbellies of shells occupy the space where lips and cheek would be, and rounded shells, jewel-like, could be suspended from the single ear lobe of the profile. A single piece of coral escaping the group sits in the foreground on the stone as if it were a fan thrown down on the ground, reminding me of Ingre's "Odalisque" and the payment in pearls thrown on the bed painted many years after Vallayer-Coster's "Panaches".

This painting and Balzac's houses are both ingenious groupings of sea objects that reflect the power of interconnectivity and identity. The images of the shell-houses in *Le Père Goriot* are part of the larger milieu of Paris as a marine ecosystem. In this first section he calls "Une pension bourgeoise," Balzac repeats the image of Parisian society as a vast and murky body of water several times. Eugène is the first to make the connection in a conversation with Vautrin. "Mais, dit Eugène avec un air de dégoût, votre Paris est donc un bourbier. --Et un drôle de

[65] Marianne Roland Michel, "Vallayer-Coster, Anne," *Grove Art Online.* 2012. Web.
[66] "Vallayer-Coster, Anne or Dorothee Anne," *Benezit Dictionary of Art*. 2012. Web.

bourbier, reprit Vautrin."[67] Madame de Beauséant, in her speech to Rastignac about how she will help him "parvenir" reprises this reference to Paris as a great mud puddle and extends it to the entire world. "Le monde est un bourbier, tâchons de rester sur les hauteurs."[68] Towards the end of the same chapter, Eugène decides to write to his family members pleading for money. He has decided to try to conquer Parisian society, and he needs the means to begin to acomplish this task. As he throws the letters into the mailbox, he proclaims "Je réussirai." This decisive proclamation transforms his life in several ways. "L'étudiant n'étudia plus," writes Balzac explaining the beginning of the transformation in the young man's life. He is no longer a student, but a fisherman of fortune in the great, murky sea of Paris. It is here where we see the third reference to Paris's aquatic qualities. "Il avait ainsi quinze mois de loisirs pour naviguer sur l'océan de Paris pour s'y livrer à la traite des femmes, ou y pêcher la fortune."[69]

As we will see, Balzac, whom Heinrich Laube called "cet inépuisable observateur des hommes,"[70] observed humans quite often as their animal counterparts. In his "Avant-Propos," Balzac writes, "Il a donc existé, il existera donc de tout temps des Espèces Sociales comme il y a des Espèces Zoologiques."[71] We read of certain characters turning this into a sort of game in the first chapter of *Le Père Goriot* and often in character descriptions Balzac chooses animal modifiers. Madame Vauquer is described as having hair "en ailes de pigeon" that she has carefully crafted every morning.[72] It seems that Madame Vauquer is this sort of hybrid animal living in an empty skull of a house that we will see in section 2.2. Sara Bershtel writes that Balzac's affinity for animal associations aligns him with myth and fairytale, and Renée Riese

[67] Balzac 68
[68] Balzac 98
[69] Balzac 106
[70] Musée Balzac, Passy, France.
[71] Honoré de Balzac, Avant Propos, *La Comedie Humaine* (Paris: Galliimard, 1976) 8.
[72] Balzac, *Le Père Goriot* 39

Hubert writes that "Most studies in fantastic literature from Castex to Todorov include Balzac."[73] All of this to say that just as his characters are hybrid creatures, his spaces hybrid spaces, his style is also a hybrid style made up of the real and the fantastic just like Bachelard's *coquille*. Balzac's scientifically observed image of man and city and society and home, or the reality of nineteenth-century France, becomes what Bachelard would consider an "image dynamique" when described as a society of mixed creatures, part animal, part man, and part stylized stone architecture. "L'idée première de la Comédie humaine fut d'abord chez moi comme un rêve,"[74] writes Balzac in his "Avant-Propos." This is indeed a dream-world bridging reality and imagination. In *Le droit de rêver*, Gaston Bachelard writes that the sleeping man has a "double géometrie;" he is both the man physically asleep and the man active in his dreams. Because he is in fact double he inhabits two spaces simultaneously "Nous restons le centre même de notre experience onirique. Si un astre brille, c'est le dormeur qui s'étoile: un petit éclat sur la rétine endormie dessine une constellation éphémère, évoque le souvenir confus d'une nuit étoilée."[75] It is this way for the spaces in Balzac as well. They are firmly situated in the real (specific streets, buildings, parks), but they are also a part of the imagined animal universe. As we will see in the nineteenth-century French novel, this bridging of both the real and the fictional, the concrete and the spiritual, is not the exception to the rule but more often the standard.

2.2 Sea creatures in the city of the sea

Before Paris was the City of Light, it was a city of the sea. Paris spent millions of years covered by salty ocean water. And due to centuries of oceanic exposure, the rock on which Paris is built is rich in minerals and strong enough, and beautiful enough by Parisian standards, to

[73] Renée Riese Hubert,"The Encounter of Balzac and Picasso," *Dalhousie French Studies* (1983): 38-54. *JSTOR.* Web. 17 Dec. 2012.
[74] Balzac, A.P. C.H., 7
[75] Bachelard, *Le droit de rêver* 196

construct some of the city's most monumental buildings. One quarry, located underneath today's Denfert-Rochereau metro station, was not too far of a walk from Balzac's Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève. The material pulled from these *carrières* built the face of Paris we know today. If you have ever been to Paris on a sunny day, you will remember the gilded aura of the buildings at sunset. It is that toasted yellow created by the light falling on the limestone that imbeds itself on the backs of visitors' eyelids and seduces cinematographers and storytellers alike. The *carrières* have been re-filled with a similar yellow material, that of decayed human bone. Femurs and empty skulls of those long dead line the hallways and pile here and there to form mausoleum-type structures honoring the anonymous Parisians who were emptied into this mass grave for the sake of public health. Today, the *cataphiles*, those who love the Catacombs, dance, drink, and revel amidst the bones, only to surface via the manholes once the party is over.

It looks like the party ended many years ago for most of the inhabitants on Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genevieve. Balzac compares the walk down this street to a descent into the aforementioned Catacombs. "Comparaison vraie! Qui décider de ce qui est plus horrible à voir, ou des cœurs desséchées, ou des crânes vides?"[76] In fact, from the outside the pension resembles the "crânes vides" that it houses within. Once we imagine the skull, Bachelard's *coquille* is not too far removed. With its smooth, bony, limestone exterior ("cette couleur jaune qui donne un caractère ignoble à presque toutes les maisons de Paris"[77]), it is as Bachelard notes like the *coquille* "l'emblème de notre corps qui renferme dans une enveloppe extérieure l'âme qui anime et l'être entier."[78] There is a certain anonymity about this pension that gives it the ability to be any pension in Paris; it is both a very specific building on a very specific street, and, yet it is the color of "presque toutes les maisons de Paris" in a quartier Balzac describes as "Nul quartier de

[76] Balzac 23
[77] Balzac 24
[78] Bachelard, *La poétique de l'espace* 114

Paris n'est plus horrible, ni, disons-le, plus inconnu."[79] It is as if the specificity and generality touch on the death's universality and also, like the mass gravesite of the catacombs, the anonymity as well. These are the ruined homes of ruined people and they line up like skulls on the bottom of the floor of an oceanic Paris.

Madame Vauquer is the first of Bachelard's shell-dwelling *êtres-mixtes* whom we encounter in *Le Père Goriot*. Balzac makes it quite clear that the house and its owner form a unit. "Sa personne dodue comme un rat d'église, son corsage trop plein et qui flotte, sont en harmonie avec cette salle où suinte le malheur."[80] And later his omniscient narrator remarks, "Quand elle est là, ce spectacle est complet."[81] But it is not enough to claim that there is a connection between this house and the character of Madame Vauquer; Balzac has already made this case quite clear. The connection goes beyond the mere mirroring of character in space; the house and the character become one organism of sorts. "Mme Vauquer respire l'air chaudement fétide sans en être écoeurée."[82] Mme Vauquer is not bothered in the least by the air circulating, or not circulating, through the house. She has been there so long, she has grown so accustomed to this air, it is as if there is no difference between the air circulating in the living room and the air in her lungs. "L'embonpoint blafard de cette petite femme est le produit de cette vie, comme le typhus est la conséquence des exhalations d'un hôpital."[83] The connection takes place on a nearly cellular level as if they were one unhealthy being. Even their names seem interchangeable. They have the same syllabic rhythm, the same nasal and maternal "mmm," and have the same last name, Maison-Vauquer and Madame Vauquer. Perhaps it is a sort of familial resemblance at first, but as we read, the resemblance intensifies. As Sharon Marcus writes, this opening

[79] Balzac 23
[80] Balzac 27
[81] Balzac 28
[82] Balzac 27
[83] Balzac 27

sequence shows most famously the "fluid conjunction of interior and exterior spaces" in the realist novel "in which an omniscient narrator proceeds in a unidirectional vector from a boarding house's outer envelope […] to the innermost layer of the landlady's clothing, then to the core of her subjective thoughts."[84]

The organic and biological connection between character and house also extends to the character of Père Goriot and his room. Père Goriot has not had an easy time of it. He began life at the pension on the second floor and moved to the third after a series of financial misfortunes, which are unclear at the beginning, but which we learn later are due to pressures from his selfish daughters. The physical connection between Goriot and his home is first suggested briefly during a discussion of the classification of the pensioners into their appropriate and fitting animal identity. "Chacun dans la pension avait-il des idées arrêtées sur le pauvre vieillard. [...] Il n'avait jamais eu ni fille ni femme; l'abus des plaisirs en faisait un colimaçon, un mollusque anthropomorphe à classer dans les *Casquettiferes*, disait un employé au Museum, un des habitués à cachet."[85] Each of the characters living in the pension has their own theory of the real identity of Goriot. Some think he is a gambler, others believe he is a spy, and still others believe that with all of the female foot traffic back and forth to his room that he is quite the Romeo. However, it is the image of the *colimaçon*, the spiral-shell-backed snail, which evokes the strongest image of the biological connection between house and occupant.

Père Goriot and his room together create "un être mixte." His room is both an organic part of him as well as a structure outside of himself that protects him. Like the snail, Goriot is able to take refuge within his shell, his cave, his "bouge"[86], but his falling position in life, his struggle is quite evident to all around him, an enormous burden he must carry in full view of the

[84] Marcus 51
[85] Balzac 50
[86] Balzac 152

world. His struggle and his identity are a source of intrigue to those in the pension. Bachelard notes that the "mollusque" also inspires this sort of curiosity, "ce complexe de peur et de curiosité. [...] On voudrait voir et l'on a peur de voir."[87] We hear the curiosity and fear in the comments of the other pensioners. There is also a moment when we witness this curiosity mingle with fear outside Goriot's room in the character of Rastignac. Goriot's room is somewhat of a mystery to his fellow house-mates, and one night Rastignac is lured out of bed by the tiny stream of light from under Goriot's door. He peers through the keyhole to reveal the old man and his room. "Il aperçut une ligne de lumière tracée au bas de la porte du père Goriot. Eugène craignit que son voisin ne se trouvât indisposé, il approcha son œil de la serrure, regarda dans la chambre, et vit le vieillard occupé de travaux."[88] The keyhole in a way changes the scale of the room. The entire room and its owner fit into the frame of the small opening in the door, as if it were itself a small doorway into an enchanted space that magically fit inside of a space only as big as perhaps a snail shell for example.

In fact, like the snail, it seems that his room and body are all that remain. "On sait bien," writes Bachelard "qu'il faut être seul pour habiter une coquille. En vivant l'image, on sait qu'on consent à la solitude."[89] Goriot's solitude is due in large part to his fanatical devotion to his two daughters who, as Madame de Beauséant notes, "l'une et l'autre l'aient à peu près renié."[90] Not only does his family reject him, material things seem to be leaving him as well. "Il se passa de tabac, congédia son perruquier et ne mit plus de poudre." His clothing is reduced to a "calicot à quatorze sous." Just as his surroundings have been reduced, the vitality and life in his body begins to dissappear as well. "Il devient progressivement maigre; ses mollets tombèrent; sa

[87] Bachelard 109
[88] Balzac 55
[89] Bachelard 120
[90] Balzac 95

figure, bouffie par le contentement d'un bonheur bourgeois, se vida démesurément; son front se plissa, sa mâchoire se dessina."[91] Goriot, living alone and on the edges of society, is an unhappy version of Bachelard's shell-dweller.

There is also an undeniable connection between Goriot and the age and materiality of his space. Balzac clearly sets his story within the frame of the early nineteenth century, roughly two decades before he published the novel. During the introduction of the building and Madame Vauquer, we read "en 1819 époque à laquelle ce drame commence, il s'y trouvait une pauvre jeune fille."[92] However, the boarding house, the furniture in Goriot's room, and Goriot himself all seem to predate this text by a significant amount of time, placing their origins somewhere in the eighteenth century. LeMoine writes "The typical nineteenth-century apartment building was, in fact, an eighteenth-century invention."[93] Later, when Rastignac surveys Goriot's room he notices "[des] vieilles commodes en bois de rose à ventre renflé," "un vieux meuble à tablette de bois," and a small blanket made from "des vieilles robes de madame Vauquer."[94] The "commodes en bois de rose" with their bulging bellies seem in stark contrast with the body of Goriot, which seems to be wasting away.

Goriot's room is filled with yellowed plaster, dusty fabric, straw, and wood. David McCollough writes that the nineteenth century was a time in France when steel and glass reined, something that awed and pleased Americans journeying to France for the first time. "Especially appealing was the great quantity of glass everywhere --- glass doors, huge plate-glass windows fronting shops and cafés. And mirrors, mirrors everywhere."[95] It seems that glass and windows adorn mostly the public spaces according to this citation; however, glass is noted earlier in the

[91] Balzac 48
[92] Balzac 21
[93] LeMoine 30
[94] Balzac 179
[95] David McCollough, *The Greater Journey* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 2012), 34.

description of the boarding house in the exterior and the interior. Early in the description, Balzac mentions "la porte à claire-voie," and later a glass door is mentioned as an entry into the salon. "Naturellement destiné à l'exploitation de la pension bourgeoise, le rez-de-chaussée se compose d'une première pièce éclairée par les deux croisées de la rue, et ou l'on entre par une porte-fenêtre." In Goriot's room, there is only one window. Rastignac notices "La fenêtre était sans rideaux."[96] The materiality of the room and the pension seem in stark contrast with the dominant nineteenth-century materials of glass and iron.

However, iron, while absent from the description of the structure of the house and the room, does make an appearance early in the novel. Iron, *le fer*, is mentioned twice within the same paragraph describing "l'état physique et moral du bonhomme [Goriot]."[97] First, iron appears within Goriot's body. "Ses yeux bleus si vivaces prirent des teintes ternes et gris-de-fer, ils avaient pâli, ne larmoyaient plus, et leur bordure rouge semblait pleurer du sang."[98] And his physical reaction to a remark by Madame Vauquer concludes the paragraph. " 'Eh bien! elles ne viennent donc plus vous voir, vos filles?' en mettant en doute sa paternité, le père Goriot tressaillit comme si son hôtesse l'eût pique avec un fer."[99] In these two instances, separated only by a few sentences, we read of iron as both color and object. The material represents the change from life to near death and the object not of construction but of destruction and pain. Iron, the material of the modern Paris, while vacant from the *pension*, seems to be making an appearance in the physical body and the psyche of Goriot. It seems that there is something deadly and painful happening within society, something that wasn't originally present in the psyche and body of this man, something troubling and infectiously transformative.

[96] Balzac 152
[97] Balzac 48
[98] Balzac 49
[99] Balzac 49

While we often imagine the great era of Parisian glass and iron to have been around the time of the great *palais*: *le Grand Palais* and *le Petit Palais*, both opened in 1900 for the Universal Exposition, the affinity for glass and especially iron began much earlier during the reign of Napoléon I. In fact, Phillipe Hamon describes in *Expositions* that there was a similar reaction to iron as a building material defacing the old Paris. The structure in question is the now famous and beloved Pont des Arts, now the only pedestrian bridge in the city; it runs directly from the entrance of the Académie Française across the Seine. Hamon cites Francis Wey's discontent: it is " 'made of thin bars of iron, neither elegant nor solid, … devoid of any style capable of suitable connecting together the monuments on either side of the river . . . and strung up like an ugly spider's web on the wave between two buildings,' thereby ruining one of Paris's most beautiful sites."[100] While some saw the material as the hope of the future, many saw it as an ugly intruder.

Iron seems to have intruded into the physical being of Goriot. On one hand, this is comparable to the sour air of the pension filling the lungs of Madame Vauquer; however, the connection between Madame Vauquer and her pension is so symbiotic that the fetid air is no longer intruder but occupant as well. What we can see is that these otherwise outside elements are entering into the bodies of the characters on a biological level. We also see that the air and the iron are not necessarily nourishing elements but rather ugly and destructive. We have seen that the connection between the physicality of the character and the physicality of the domestic structures is so strong that it is as if the two together create a living breathing organism. As we read in the introduction to this chapter, Durkheim, writing of the self, explains that there is a "double existence we lead concurrently: the one purely individual and rooted in our organisms,

[100] Philippe Hamon, trans Katia Sainson-Frank and Lisa Maguire, *Expositions* (Berkeley: Univeristy of California Press, 1992) 126.

the other social and nothing but an extension of society."[101] It seems that the "purely individual" and the "social" have fused together so strongly in *Le Père Goriot* that they create one biological and architectural organism, and an unhealthy one at that.

2.3 : Solitude, isolation, and leaving the shell

Bachelard writes "tous ces exemples [of creatures born from shells] nous apportent des documents phénoménologiques pour une phénoménologie du verbe sortir. [...] L'animal n'est ici qu'un prétexte pour multiplier les images du 'sortir.' L'homme vit des images. [...] Les verbes eux-mêmes se figent comme s'ils étaient des substantifs. Les images seules peuvent remettre les verbes en mouvement."[102] Bachelard classifies *sortir* amongst "les grands verbes,"[103] and he notes that this verb is one of the attributes that differentiates the *coquille*. The verb *sortir*, meaning "to go out" also contains the meaning "to leave home" (for a night out for example, "une sortie") or to leave an enclosed space (like a car) or to definitively change from one state to another (sickness to health or un-released film to released film).

Rastignac's youth suggests that he is leaving one period of his life and moving toward another, but his youth is also a characteristic of the shell. Bachelard writes that the fossil is also a sort of shell, as suggested by J.-B. Robinet in the late eighteenth century. "Les fossiles sont, pour Robinet, des morceaux de vie, des ébauches d'organes qui trouveront leur vie cohérente au sommet d'une évolution qui prépare l'homme."[104] Balzac insists upon the fact that Rastignac is still very young and an "ébauche" himself. "Il était encore bien enfant!"[105] He seems to be at the

[101] Jerrold Siegel, *The Idea of the Self* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005), 481.
[102] Bachelard 109
[103] Bachelard 109
[104] Bachelard 111
[105] Balzac 102

beginning of a great transformation, and the novel follows him on this transformation, or this evolution "qui prépare l'homme."

Even though we don't ever really get a detailed description of Rastignac's room, the verb "sortir" is enough to characterise Rastignac as a shell-dweller as well. He is a distinct part of this oceanic ecosystem of Parisian society even from the beginning intent on leaving his Meridional roots. Bachelard writes, "Ce mollusque ne fait pas sa coquille; il va, aime-t-on à répéter, habiter une coquille vide. Il en change quand il se sent trop à l'étroit."[106] This is exactly what Rastignac does. Balzac explains:

> L'aspect de cette constante détresse qui lie était généreusement caché, la comparaison qu'il fut forcé d'établir entre ses sœurs, qui lui semblaient si belles dans son enfance et les femmes de Paris, qui lui avaient réalisé le type d'une beauté rêvée, l'avenir incertain [...] enfin une foule de circonstances inutiles à consigner ici, décuplèrent son désir de parvenir et lui donnèrent soif des distinctions.[107]

Eugène essentially outgrows his home "la petite terre de Rastignac" and needs to find a new home for his new aspirations and his changing nature in the larger sea of Paris.

As we have seen with Goriot, solitude is one of the essential elements that characterize Bachelard's shell-dweller. Rastignac is also quite alone in Paris. He explains to Madame de Beauséant that she is his only family in the city; however, Rastignac's desire to "parvenir" pushes him to leave the "petite terre Rastignac" to be a part of the salons and society of Paris. "Etre admis dans ces salons dorés équivalait à un brevet de haute noblesse. En se montrant dans cette

[106] Bachelard 122
[107] Balzac 51

société, la plus exclusive de toutes, il avait conquis le droit d'aller partout."[108] To find a new home and a place in Parisian society he must leave in search of a new place-to-be. Edward Casey writes, "While we easily imagine or project an ideal (or merely a better) place-to-be and remember a number of good places we have been, we find that the very idea, even the bare image, of no-place-at-all occasions the deepest anxiety."[109] Rastignac's characteristic desire to *parvenir* propels him to leave, *sortir*, and to seek his place in new houses. Two of the houses Rastignac visits are the homes of Madame de Beauséant and Madame de Restaud. As we will see, the houses are also inseparably linked to the women within. In the mind of Rastignac, these two women and their respective houses are one and the same. Rastignac first visits Madame de Beauséant's home for a ball. Balzac does not allow us to follow Rastignac to the ball, but we read of Rastignac's musings and "fausse énergie" just following, and we read of the woman and her house. "Il venait de reconnaître en madame la vicomtesse de Beauséant l'une des reines de la mode à Paris, et dont la maison passait pour être la plus agréable du faubourg Saint-Germain."[110] Madame de Beauséant is a "queen of fashion" as her house seems to be queen of its quartier, a quartier that is also perhaps one of the queen quartiers of Paris and part of a society "la plus exclusive de toutes."[111] Rastignac dances the night between the golden walls fit for a crown or jewlery box with Madame de Restaud. As they dance, there is a long description of Restaud's curves and movements followed by a grand conclusion: "Mais pour Rastignac, madame Anastasie de Restaud fut la femme désirable."[112]

Anastasie de Restaud's relationship to her house illustrates several characteristics of Bachelard's shell. First, she is that "astonishing" shell-dweller. Bachelard writes "Puisque

[108] Balzac 53
[109] Casey ix
[110] Balzac 52
[111] Balzac 52
[112] Balzac 54

l'habitant de la coquille étonne, l'imagination ne va pas tarder à faire sortir de la coquille des êtres étonnants, des êtres plus étonnants que la réalité."[113] Not only is Rastignac mesmerised my Anastasie's beauty, but it seems as if he is enchanted by a house and a woman that are of another reality. She is, of course, of a different social rank, he thinks, but it seems too that Anastasie's house is of another dimension conjured by the connection between words and her home. Her address "Rue de Helder" functions almost as a chant in the beginning of the novel. This phrase is repeated three times over the course of as many pages and identifies the woman and her house with a specific spot on the map of Paris socially and geographically, but it also seems to conjure the image of the woman and her home in the mind of Rastignac, who has become obsessed with visiting her. Now that Rastignac knows of the woman he has a "furieuse envie" to visit her and know the truth about her relationship with the Père Goriot. However, once Rastignac arrives at the house, he learns that Anastasie possesses another astonishing connection to her house; she is of a class that has the power to reject and eject unwanted visitors from her house and from her social circle with the power of a single phrase. "La jeune femme se tourna vers Eugène, et lui lança un de ces regards froidement interrogatifs qui disent si bien: Pourquoi ne vous en allez-vous pas? que les gens bien élevés savent aussitôt faire de ces phrases qu'il faudrait appeler des phrases de sortie." [114] But Rastignac has miscalculated her actual social position. Anastasie, he will discover later, is Goriot's daughter and whatever social position she enjoys now is a kind of hybrid position. She is constantly between Rue Helder and Rue Neuve-St-Geneviève taking money from her increasingly destitute father.

The ornamentation and the interior of the Restaud house also suggest the isolation of Bachelard's shell. Rastignac enters the house, irritated that he has had to walk because he is a

[113] Bachelard 107
[114] Balzac 79

poor student, and then has to wait because the comtesse is in her boudoir "fort occupée." He leans as he waits, incorporating his body into the frame of the house. "Eugène se posa sur un seul pied devant une croisée de l'antichambre, s'appuya le coude sur une espagnolette, et regarda machinalement dans la cour."[115] His body, like his thoughts, is all over the place and unbalanced. He stands on one foot, in front of the antichambre, elbow on an espagnolette, and looks into the courtyard. His attempt to appear "un homme sûr de triompher un jour" is highly unsuccessful. Balzac neglects to describe the house in much detail except for a single detail about the piece of furniture against which Rastignac leans — the *espagnolette*. According to *The Illustrated Dictionary of Interior Design* an *espagnolette* was "a popular terminal ornament in the 16th and 17th-century French furniture that employs a female bust as part of the support."[116] Not only does this small detail suggest wealth, it also suggests the relationship between Rastignac and Restaud as well as the relationship between Restaud and her house. Rastignac leans against his ornament in a posture reminiscent of his and Restaud's dance in a prior scene. He is off balance, elbow bent almost as if he is frozen mid-waltz, as he plans sentences pulled from Talleyrand to speak once the dance begins again. As we have seen with most of the shell houses, the creatures within accept solitude and live alone within their space and this ornament and Rastignac's subsequent stumbling through her house suggest that he is not at ease, not at home, as it were, in someone else's shell. Instead of following the valet into the salon, Rastignac veers off course and opens another door leading to a surprising room full of lamps, buffets, and a bath towel warmer and where he almost stumbles into the bathtub. It seems that there is no room for Rastignac in the Restaud home from the very beginning of his entry into the interior. After he mentions Goriot, Anastasie begins to sing, and it is time for Rastignac to disappear. "En prononçant le

[115] Balzac 75
[116] Rabun 117

nom du père Goriot, Eugène avait donné un coup de baguette magique, mais dont l'effet était inverse de celui qu'avaient frappé ces mots: parent de madame de Beauséant. Il se trouvait dans la situation d'un homme introduit par faveur chez un amateur de curiosités, et qui, touchant par mégarde une armoire pleine de figures sculptées, fait tomber trois ou quatre têtes mal collées."[117] Rastignac is ejected from the house as he was introduced to it, via words and incantations. The chant, or song, begins and the space shifts as Rastignac imagines himself within a "cabinet de curiosités" before he is thrown out the door and into the rain.

It is not until we get to Madame de Beauséant's house on Rue de Grenelle that we see that Rastignac has created a kind of domestic dialectic. Having just been embarrassed at Madame de Restaud's, Rastignac flees to Madame de Beauséant looking for clarification and family comfort. The house is quite grand. There are "les grands appartements de réception, situés au rez-de-chaussée de l'hôtel de Beauséant." In this house, Eugène "fut conduit par un grand escalier plein de fleurs, blanc de ton, à rampe dorée, à tapis rouge chez madame de Beauséant."[118]

With the other woman and her house fresh in his memory, Rastignac compares and contrasts the women via their houses. "A la Chaussee-d'Antin, madame de Restaud avait dans sa cour le fin cabriolet de l'homme de vingt-cinq ans. Au faubourg Saint-Germain, attendait le luxe d'un grand seigneur."[119] And he calculates his important speeches "Le Meridional en était à son premier calcul. Entre le boudoir bleu de madame de Restaud et le salon rose de madame de Beauséant, il avait fait trois années de ce Droit parisien d'on on ne parle pas, quoiqu'il constitue une haute jurisprudence sociale qui, bien apprise et bien pratiquée, mène à tout."[120] And above

[117] Balzac 83
[118] Balzac 86
[119] Balzac 86
[120] Balzac 91

all, he uses the houses to compare, just as Balzac has asked his readers to do. "Il allait donc voir pour la première fois les merveilles de cette élégance personnelle qui trahit l'âme et le mœurs d'une femme de distinction. Etude d'autant plus curieuse que le salon de madame de Restaud lui fournissait un terme de comparaison."[121] While it seems originally that Anastasie de Restaud's house occupied another realm more astonishing than Rastignac's reality, via this domestic dialectic he seems to have assigned Anastasie and her house to a new reality. What we discover is that Madame de Beauséant on Rue de Grenelle occupies a house that is entirely different from that of Anastasie. Beauséant's interieur is luxurious, guilded, red and pink and what Rastignac sees as "merveilles de distinction." While Anastasie's interieur is blue, the staircase "dérobé," and characterised by the mundane and unarranged storage closet he stumbles into.

> Tout en admirant l'épouvantable pouvoir de ces gens qui, d'un seul mot, accusent ou jugent leurs mérites, Rastignac ouvrit délibérément la porte par laquelle était sorti le valet de chambre, afin sans doute de faire croire à ces insolents valets qu'il connaissait les êtres de la maison; mais déboucha fort étourdiment dans une pièce où se trouvaient des lampes, des buffets, un appareil à chauffer des serviettes pour le bain, et qui menait à la fois dans un corridor obscur et dans un escalier dérobé. [...] Eugène revient sur ses pas avec une telle précipitation qu'il se heurta contre une baignoire, mais il retint assez heureusement son chapeau pour l'empêcher de tomber dans le bain.[122]

Rastignac is learning to situate Anastasie and her home on Rue de Helder as the society of Paris would situate her, amongst the nouveaux riches. Rue de Helder still exists in Paris

[121] Balzac 86
[122] Balzac 75

today. It is not a very long street, near the Opera, that connects the Boulevard Haussmann with the Boulevard des Italiens. On today's Rue de Helder it seems at first glance that nothing of nineteenth-century Paris remains. There are at least two small hotels, a McDonald's, a corner cafe where people were mostly standing drinking coffee in a hurry, and one huge building built in the late 1990's that seemed to be verging on the Art Deco. Rue Helder today seems to be a cut-through street, a street where nothing sticks, where travelers arrive and leave where people rush to get fast food and where even the old architecture seems to have disappeared. This was Paris of the nouveaux riches, where everything and everyone was new. At the point in history described in Balzac's novel and several years later it would be characterized by the restaurants "where cool counted for more than cost. [And] People went there to be seen rather than to have a delectable meal"[123] according to Anka Muhlstein. The people who lived here around 1819 were the new money in Paris and greatly disdained. They also had only just arrived in society, just as the hotel guests on today's Rue de Helder have just arrived to Paris.

By observing the women in this way, Rastignac illustrates the peculiarity of the Balzac shell dwellers--that they live in isolation within a system. The house is now an extension of the women themselves and the society, or the system they exist within. In 1665, Robert Hooke became the first to observe what he would call "a cell." And he described these cells as "little storage rooms" that connected to form what looked to be a sort of "honeycomb network." His observations would revolutionize biology and lay the groundwork for what would become "cell theory." The system created between the shell-dwellers resembles that of a cellular system. Each occupant is biologically connected to its shell, but it is also connected to each of the other shells of the system while remaining separate.

[123] Anka Muhlstein, *Balzac's Omelette,* Trans. Adriana Hunter (New York: Other Press, 2010) 57.

In the Jardin des Plantes, not too far from the Maison Vauquer on today's Rue Tournefort, and where Balzac writes that Mlle Michonneau and M Poiret enjoy taking walks, there is a house dedicated to the honey bees called Hotel à Abeilles.[124] It is a massive wooden structure sectioned off with criss-crossing pieces of wood as if to give handfuls of bees their own private rooms. The bees' habitat is also noted in the final scene of the novel.

> Rastignac, resté seul, fit quelques pas vers le haut du cimetière et vit Paris tortueusement couché le long des deux rives de la Seine où commençaient à briller les lumières. Ses yeux s'attachèrent presque avidement entre la colonne de la place Vendôme et le dôme des Invalides, là où vivait ce beau monde dans lequel il avait voulu pénétrer. Il lança sur cette ruche bourdonnante un regard qui semblait par avance en pomper le miel, et dit ces mots grandioses: "A nous deux maintenant!"[125]

After burying Goriot in Père Lachaise cemetery outside of Paris, Rastignac looks back to confront the city and the society that killed him. Interconnected, the uninhabitable shells together form another uninhabitable space, that of the hive. Instead of a living, life sustaining system of a honey-comb or that of a group of cells, this hive is life destroying. "À nous deux maintenant!" shouts Rastignac at the city beyond, the city that has seduced him and taught him until this moment, for he will return to have dinner with Madame de Nucingen; he will return to Society and to the hive below, for what other choice does he have? He has seen the options of the shell-dweller: live in the shell or die outside, outside of Paris, outside of the system.

[124] See Appendix. Fig. 12
[125] Balzac 256

2.4: The end of Rue Tournefort: Conclusion

Today's Rue Tournefort in Paris's 5th arrondisement, Balzac's Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, is not a very long street, perhaps only two city blocks in length, nor is it a very busy street. Students stroll up and down and populate the patio of the cafe that sits on the street dividing Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève into two halves. The house that provided inspiration for the Maison Vauquer no longer exists on this street, but the street remains largely residential with apartment buildings crammed side-by-side and one or two cafes. At the very end of the street as you walk down a sloping hill, you will find a somewhat monumental building on the left. This is a CROUS (Centre Régional des Oeuvres Universitaires et Scolaires) building, and while it in no way physically resembles the Maison Vauquer, it is a building dedicated entirely to housing and feeding students, just as Balzac's Maison Vauquer housed THE student of the nineteenth century, Eugène Rastignac. It seems only fitting in a quartier known for its academics that there would be a place for students to live, but the existence of this building also seems to retain Balzac's words within the street somehow as if they cast a spell it would forever remain a refuge for students like Rastignac.

After every revolution, it is often the students like Rastignac who hope for a new age, a new season or spring, but in this age begun by the July Monarchy, however, we see a bit pessimistically that nothing is new. It is as if the biology of France cannot be changed; it is as if the hope of a new age beyond monarchical rule is as impossible to change as the past itself. Via Bachelard's lens, we see that the problem reflected in house/occupant relationship is the problem at the center of French suffering during the era of Louis-Philippe. Like the shell, the connection between house and occupant is biological in this novel. Just as wealth and privilege and titles are handed down from father to son in this new feudal age, so are the constraints of shell-dwelling.

The occupants in these shell homes experience restriction, interference, and confinement. We have seen the isolation of the shell-dweller, the material interconnectivity of the occupant and the dwelling, the emergence of the shell-dweller, and the occupants' participation in a system via their houses. But what Balzac assembles is an image devoid of hope, for even if the shell-dweller can emerge from his shell and cast it off, he is still dependent on yet another shell for refuge.

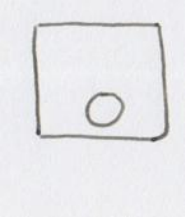


Figure 2: Pace, Emily. "Evolution step one." JPEG. 2013.

This is where the journey begins, for Bachelard's shell is also an image of "emergence." Bachelard's image of the shell-home affords us insight into the problem affecting French society at this specific moment in time (the July Monarchy), and it also allows us to (in retrospect) see the journey the relationship between house and occupant has begun. As we set off to see the next house, we do not entirely leave behind this biological connection between home and inhabitant. We will see upon arriving at our next stop that we've brought along the shells and nests with us in our pockets, and we'll have a place to put them in the *armoire* beside the cigar boxes and in between the stacks of folded Parisian cloth. For Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* brings us to yet another image in another house, overrun with *armoires*.

Chapter Three: *Madame Bovary*'s *armoire*

3.1 Introduction

In 1839, Lamartine remarked that France was bored, and he predicted, "the boredom of peoples easily leads to upheaval and ruin."[126] This is how the reign of Louis-Philippe ended, with ruin and another Revolution. The Second Republic was established in February of 1848 and by December the men of France, who had all been granted suffrage, had elected Louis-Napoléon to be their president. But he would not be Louis-Napoléon, president of the Second Republic for long, for following a coup-d'état a mere three years after his election, he would name himself Napoleon III, Emperor of France's Second Empire.

"My name is the symbol of nationality, order, and glory," he proclaimed.[127] And in his name we see the project of Emperor and Empire, for they of course were one and the same. Of this three-word project "nationality, order, and glory," the second, order, is by far the most common of the three in his own writings. A word search conducted on *The political and historical works of Napoleon III* quickly reveals the word "nationality" used three times, "glory" used twenty-five times, and "order" a whopping eighty-one times. "Material order," he writes "is my responsibility.[128]

It was not merely a political project; order was his obsession. Napoleon III made orders, for he alone "held executive power and had the sole right to make treaties and war."[129] He ordered the French army ("the strongest in the world until 1866,"[130]) to insure social order

[126] Paul Harold Beik, *Louis Philippe and the July Monarchy* (Princeton: Van Nostrand, 1965) 148.
[127] Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte, *The Political and Historical works of Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte* (London: Strand Haull and Edwards, 1852) 91.
[128] Albert Guérard, *Napoleon III* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1943) 169.
[129] Maurois 418
[130] Guérard 169

among the people; “all who remained loyal to the Republic were brutally eliminated.”[131] He ordered the re-ordering of Paris streets, buildings, monuments, and homes to champion social unity, health, and beauty. And all of this was done for the sole purpose of the ultimate re-ordering of the entire world that would find Paris (and by default him) at its center.

For many writers in nineteenth-century France, there was Paris and there was everywhere else. As Priscilla Parkhurst Fergueson notes in her article "Is Paris France?," "The ancien régime had always had two centers, split between Paris and the court at Versailles. After 1789, Paris had no rival."[132] There was a consolidation of power and also of culture. After the Revolution, all eyes were on Paris, and by extension all eyes were off of the rest of France as if it had been forgotten on the map, as if it didn't have a place.

The bourgeois house of the countryside seems to have been caught somewhere in between as well. It does not fit the description of the extreme poverty of the rural farmers, neither can it align itself with the extreme “luxe” of the Parisian bourgeois *hôtels particuliers* or even the significantly important apartment buildings. The *maison rurale* occupies that less public French space of the countryside. With all eyes on Paris, the *maison rurale* is allowed a certain liberty and privacy unknown to the city dweller.

For Bachelard, the *armoire*, one of the "modèles d'intimités" of this chapter, is filled not only with the ojects important to our daily lives but also of contradictions. It is what he calls an “objet mixte,” it is an object as well as a subject. But it is also mixed in other ways as well, characterized by seemingly diametrically opposed elements. Bachelard’s *armoire* is majestic and yet familiar, it orders interiors and exteriors as well as material and immaterial family history. The *armoire,* like the *tiroir* and *coffre,* is a family-owned object and yet the mere fact that they

[131] Maurois 418
[132] Patricia Parkhurst-Fergueson, "Is Paris France?" *The French Reveiw*, 2000, JSTOR. Web.

are all "objets qui s'ouvrent" grants these objects a role of subject as well; they are objects that hold within and classify other objects, giving them an interior intimacy that Bachelard writes, "Sans ces 'objets' et quelques autres aussi valorisés, notre vie intime manqerait de modèle d'intimité."[133] *Armoire* is one of those "mots les plus usuels, les mots attachés aux réalités les plus communes,"[134] a word and object-subject that participates in our act of living in the house. What differentiates the *armoire* from the *tiroir* and *coffre* is what Bachelard calls the "majestueux et familier." The word *armoire*, while so familiar, resonates with human breath and French admiration for "les grands mots" of two syllables. Also, the *armoire* creates a protective intimate order for things. There is a space for folded garments or small objects, a space for clothes on a hanger, a space for folded blankets, but there is no space for disorder. Bachelard writes "Dans l'armoire vit un centre d'ordre qui protège toute la maison contre un désordre sans borne." The *armoire* arranges and orders objects as well as the family story/history and the family secrets, for "toute intimité se cache."[135] And, finally, the *armoire*'s interior space is immense. Unlike the *tiroir* or the *coffre*, the *armoire* seems scaled to the human body and often functions as a doorway to another world, "on ouvre le meuble et l'on decouvre une demeure."[136]

In this chapter, with the help of Bachelard's image of the *armoire*, we will see the problem of Napoleon III's obsession with ordering reflected in the relationship between house and occupant in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, published in 1856. We will see in Bachelard's uninhabitable *armoire*, the object home in which uninhabitability has grown more familiar. Man now assumes characteristics of the ordering *armoire*-house, and we will see that the ordering of the Second Empire built more confining restraints instead of constructed/constructive freedom.

[133] Bachelard 83
[134] Bachelard 79
[135] Bachelard 91
[136] Bachelard 89

In the court of Louis XV, under the influence of Madame de Pompadour, interior decoration and furniture ownership were becoming more and more popular, and the furniture itself was becoming increasingly more important. In Paris, I looked for good examples, good images of *armoires* to include in this study. I looked all over Paris and I couldn't find a single nineteenth-century example. Upon arriving at the flea market, the Marché aux Puces de St Ouen, I found country *armoires*, religious *armoires*, *armoires à deux corps* (in two-pieces), oak *armoires*, pine *armoires*, and *armoires* with and without mirrors. It occurred to me, of course, they are there, because people still live with them. They are objects that are so familiar and so widespread in France and in Paris that they don't make it to the museums. They still hold a prominent place in the French home, almost as if they were members of the family. In his *Dictionnaire Raisonné du mobilier français*, Viollet-le-Duc writes, "Pour le bourgeois et le paysan, l'armoire était le meuble principal de la famille, et il est reste tel dans beaucoup de campagnes, ou la fille qui se marie apporte toujours son armoire dans la maison de son époux."[137] Each of the characters in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* has an *armoire* of their own as well where they keep secrets and certain bed linens to themselves. Via Théodore Rouault, Emma Bovary's father, we conceptualize an *armoire* and its intimate connection to family and family members.

Although we don't ever see Theodore Rouault's *armoire*, he does mention it in a letter to Emma, Charles, and baby daughter Berthe. "J'ai planté pour elle [Berthe], dans le jardin, sous ta chambre, un prunier de prunes d'avoine, et je ne veux pas qu'on y touche, si ce n'est pour lui faire plus tard des compotes, que je garderai dans l'armoire, à son intention, quand elle viendra."[138] We see that his house is not merely his but built by his daughter and his granddaughter. He

[137] Eugène Viollet-le-Duc, *Dictionnaire raisonné du mobilier francais* (Paris: Imprimerie de E. Martinet 1872) 18.
[138] Flaubert 206

mentions that he planted the tree "sous ta chambre." It seems as if Emma's room remains her room even though she has moved out and married and even has her own room in her own house. Rouault, who once is described as being "triste comme une maison demeublée," seems to fill his *armoire* in hopes that his granddaughter will one day visit. In Rouault's *armoire* there are objects of transmission; *compotes* that go from grandfather to granddaughter made from a tree which, he writes, will provide nourishment far into the future. It is in Theodore Rouault's *armoire* where we find fatherly love, nourishment, and the desire for family order or an ordering of the family history. Bachelard writes, "Dans l'armoire vit un centre d'ordre qui protège toute la maison contre un désordre sans borne. [...] L'ordre n'est pas simplement géométrique. L'ordre s'y souvient de l'histoire de la famille." [139]

There are *armoires* and there are different qualifiers like "basse" or "normande." The *armoire normande*, the *armoire* of the XVIIth century, is linked strongly with marriage and family history. The story goes that when a girl child is born the family cuts down a tree and the father designs, or decides how it is designed. The *armoire* travels with the girl when she gets married and contains her dowry. The outside can be very ornately sculpted or smooth and nearly naked. If there is a lot of decoration, the decorations speak of the girl and her family. Flowers and baskets and fruit are sculpted with different meanings but you will never find an apple sculpted into the front, so as to avoid any reference to Original Sin. So, while we don't see Rouault chopping down a tree to build his grandaughter Berthe an *armoire*, what we do see is this idea of inheritance associated with the *armoire* and the story of the family.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the *armoire* evolved into something Henry Havard calls "indispensable." "L'incontestable utilité de ce meuble, le besoin qu'on éprouve de

[139] Bachelard 78

l'avoir constamment sous la main, l'ont fait rentrer dans la chambre à coucher, à l'aide d'une adaptation qui le rend en quelque sorte indispensable, et qui double les services qu'on peut exiger de lui."[140] The addition of mirrors to the doors of the *armoire* multiplied the *armoire*'s intimacy and connection to the human body. While the *armoire* of Rodolphe, Emma's lover, is not an *armoire à glace*, we do see this intimate connection to the human body. Rodolphe keeps an important box in his *armoire.* "Afin de ressaisir quelque chose d'elle, il alla chercher dans l'armoire, au chevet de son lit, une vieille boite à biscuits de Reims ou il enfermait d'habitude ses lettres de femmes."[141] The *armoire*, as we have read in its definition, typically is used for clothing storage. Perhaps this is the most intimate object contained in the house, for it stores fabrics and materials that take on the shape of our bodies and provide a protection necessary for us to exist in the world. Inside the box within the *armoire* Rodolphe stores references to several women's bodies. "Rodolphe dérangea toutes les autres; et machinalement il se mit à fouiller dans ce tas de papiers et de choses, y retrouvant pêle-mêle des bouquets, une jarretière, un masque noir, des épingles et des cheveux --- des cheveux! de bruns, de blonds; quelques-uns même, s'accrochant à la ferrure de la boîte, se cassaient quand on l'ouvrait. [...] A propos d'un mot, il se rappelait des visages, de certains gestes, un son de voix."[142] Tellingly, Rodolphe's *armoire* contains references to the bodies of women with whom he has had affairs. One would expect one's own *armoire* to reflect their own body, clothes they wear, sheets they sleep in, food they eat, and yet here Rodolphe's *armoire* contains the bodies of others, as if locking them away so he can remember and relive these episodes when he opens it. Rodolphe's *armoire* orders a bodily intimacy. But the objects in this *armoire* seem to be thrown in carelessly "pêle-mêle," and it is not a place that protects the objects that seem to fall apart when he opens the lid. Indeed,

[140] Havard, *Dictionnaire de l'ameublement et de la decoration* (Paris: Quantin, 1890) Web.
[141] Flaubert 239
[142] Flaubert 239

Rodolphe's model of intimacy is not one of protection and genuine love, but of momentary interest, carelessness, and risk of destruction.

3.2 Emma Bovary's *armoire*: Ordering outside and in

Bachelard writes "A wardrobe's inner space is also intimate space, space that is not open to just anybody."[143] When it comes to Emma's *armoire*, which is mentioned several times, it is never empty but instead it overflows with a rich complexity of objects and associations. "Et c'était le bruit d'une allumette qu'Emma frottait afin de rallumer la lampe. Mais il en était de ses lectures comme de ses tapisseries, qui, toutes commencées encombraient son armoire; elle les prenait, les quittait, passait à d'autres."[144] Later, we discover that the contents of her *armoire* have multiplied. "Emma en avait une quantité dans son armoire, et qu'elle gaspillait à mesure, sans que jamais Charles se permît la moindre observation."[145]

What we find is that Emma and her house both exhibit characteristics of the *armoire*. As we have seen in *Le Père Goriot*, the house plays a critical role in the structure of the novel as well as the structuring of the characters. In *Goriot*, we saw that the house and the characters became a unit, a sort of living, breathing organism. In the case of Emma Bovary and her house, we also see that she becomes part of her house, but the connection is a bit different. We see that Emma is not "heureusement logé[e]," but what Bachelard would call "bien logé[e]" within a house with which she shares many characteristics. Both the house and Emma are, like the *armoire*, "des objets mixtes." Both seem to order [or orient] the relationship between inside and outside. Characteristics combine to ultimately create the image of what it means to live inside as something that is both "majestueux et familier."

[143] Bachelard 78
[144] Flaubert 152
[145] Flaubert 225

Bachelard writes that we absolutely need a shelter in order to dream and imagine**.** "Si l'on nous demandait le bienfait le plus précieux de la maison, nous dirions: la maison abrite la rêverie, la maison protège le rêveur, la maison nous permet de rêver en paix. [...] A la rêverie appartiennent des valeurs qui marquent l'homme en sa profondeur"[146] Emma's most powerful dream is that of Paris. She dreams of Paris constantly. She dreams of it before going to sleep: "La nuit, quand les mareyeurs, dans leurs charrettes, passaient sous ses fenêtres en chantant La Marjolaine, elle s'éveillait; et écoutant le bruit des roues ferrées, qui, à la sortie du pays, s'amortissait vite sur la terre: Ils y seront demain! se disait-elle." And she dreams of it upon waking up: "Mais, chaque matin, à son reveil elle l'ésperait pour la journée."[147] The Paris dream also takes place during the day, while reading a map or novel, as a sort of daydream. Michael Pollan asks if reading isn't also a form of dreaming? "For what is reading a good book but a daydream at second hand?"

And where do we find Emma's dream of Paris but within her *armoire*. The dream sequence begins with the opening of her *armoire* at the very beginning of chapter 9. "Souvent, lorsque Charles était sorti, elle allait prendre dans l'armoire, entre les plis du linge ou elle l'avait laissé, le porte-cigares en soie-verte. Elle le regardait, l'ouvrait, et même elle flairait l'odeur de sa doublure, mêlée de verveine et de tabac. A qui appartenait-il? ... Au Vicomte."[148] First Charles leaves, and then we read that Emma opens the *armoire* and pulls out the cigar holder of the Victomte, a guest at the ball with whom she danced days earlier. Like her makeup bottles and the cigar case, the Vicomte came from Paris. The tiny box in the *armoire*, hidden within folds of clothing then opens up the story of Emma's dream of Paris. This *armoire* not only holds arbitrary objects like clothing and bed linens, but it holds her dreams and her daydreams of

146 Bachelard 26
147 Flaubert 80
148 Flaubert 72

dancing with another man, and her ideas of romantic love. From the box within the *armoire* also spill out all her dreams of the city and what it represents.

Paris seemed to her "plus vaste que l'Océan,"[149] a "nom démesuré," a place she couldn't help but imagine as her eyes fell on the name of the city on the label of her pommade jar. There is a strong sense of place about Paris for Emma Bovary, and thus it seems to be the place to mark the great chapters of her biography. "Elle souhaitait à la fois mourir et habiter Paris."[150] As for the "reste du monde, il était perdu, sans place précise et comme n'existant pas."[151] Emma's dream of Paris is what Bachelard would call a "daydream of infinity."[152] "One might say that immensity is a philosophical category of daydream. Daydream undoubtedly feeds on all kinds of sights, but through a sort of natural inclination, it contemplates grandeur. And this contemplation produces an attitude that is so special, an inner state that is so unlike any other, that the daydream transports the dreamer outside the immediate world to a world that bears the mark of infinity."[153] Paris, for Emma is infinite possibility. She even mentions infinity as a sort of dream ideal in a conversation with Léon. "Et puis ne vous semble-t-il pas, répliqua Madame Bovary, que l'esprit vogue plus librement sur cette étendue sans limites, dont la contemplation vous élève l'âme et donne des idées d'infini, d'idéal?"[154]

Paris, for Emma, is also very private, associated with objects she keeps in her *armoire*. We read that she keeps the *armoire* closed to Charles and often locks purchased things secretly inside. Bachelard also calls the *armoire* an "image of secrecy" and one of the "véritables

[149] Flaubert 74
[150] Flaubert 77
[151] Flaubert 75
[152] Bachelard 189
[153] Bachelard 183
[154] Flaubert 102

organes de la vie psychologique secrète."[155] Emma's private life also involves a lot of secrecy. She hides her purchases and her affairs from her husband all within the *armoire* alongside her dream of Paris. "A partir de ce moment, son existence ne fut plus qu'un assemblage de mensonges, ou elle enveloppait son amour comme dans des voiles pour le cacher."[156] The beautiful clothes and the affairs are after all a part of the dream for Emma. "J'ai un amant! Un amant!" she repeats to herself at the beginning of her affair with Rodolphe. "Elle devenait elle-même comme une partie véritable de ces imaginations et réalisait la longue rêverie de sa jeunesse, en se considérant dans ce type d'amoureuse qu'elle avait tant envié. "[157]

Yet, while dreaming about Paris and reading about it in magazines and Balzac, we also note that Emma situates herself as an outsider in the city within her personal, intimate dream. "Elle s'acheta un plan de Paris, et, du bout de son doigt sur la carte, elle faisait des courses dans la capitale." [158] Emma imagines herself walking around the streets and she imagines herself stopping "devant les carrés blancs qui figurent les maisons."[159] She has access to the streets and to certain places, but when it comes to the houses she doesn't even allow herself in, she stops her imaginary self in front of them and they seem to occupy a blank, blind spot in her dream. As she continues to dream about Paris, she places "le monde des ambassadeurs" and "la société des duchesses" inside.[160] "Le monde des ambassadeurs marchait sur des parquets luisants, dans des salons lambrissés de miroirs, autour des tables ovales couvertes d'un tapis de velours à crépines d'or. [...] Dans les cabinets de restaurant où l'on soupe après minuit riait, à la clarté des bougies,

[155] Bachelard 83
[156] Flaubert 318
[157] Flaubert 195
[158] Flaubert 74
[159] Flaubert 74
[160] Flaubert 75

la foule bigarrée des gens de lettres et des actrices."[161] These privileged people walk on a different earth, a different floor than most people and they are surrounded by sumptuous tables without sharp edges. However, this reverie is just that, for when she is approached by someone outside, she often slams the window shut.[162] She seems intent on re-creating that dream world of Paris inside her house, and yet she is an outsider in her own dream. She locks it away in her *armoire* and stands outside of it.

The *armoire* is a way for her to order her existence, a way to arrange it spatially and to arrange herself within it as well. What Paris is for Emma is essentially an ordering of her world. Emma seems to have mapped her society even more intricately than she is even aware. While she dreams within her house in Tostes, we see that she has mapped a series of spaces: her house limits, then what she calls her "immediate surroundings," and then up to the horizon, and the fourth space seems to fall beyond that horizon line and that is what she calls "Paris" and the "immense pays des felicités et passions."[163] "Tout ce qui l'entourait immédiatement, campagne ennuyeuse, petits bourgeois imbéciles, médiocrité de l'existence, lui semblait une exception dans le monde, un hasard particulier où elle se trouvait prise, tandis qu'au-delà s'étendait à perte de vue l'immense pays des félicités et des passions."[164] It seems that she takes all of that which she cannot immediately see, that which is beyond the horizon, all of those associations surrounding Paris and society and vast passions and brings them inside to store in the *armoire*.

That the inside contains a vast exterior space is part of the complexity of Emma's *armoire.* The interior of an object that seems to be overflowing with adornments for her house and for herself contains also the dreams of a vast exterior space. This has several implications.

[161] Flaubert 75
[162] Flaubert 106
[163] Flaubert 75
[164] Flaubert 75

As we have seen that the *armoire* is a way of ordering her universe, Emma seems to be the ultimate designer of this universe and wields ultimate power over the *armoire* and the dreams contained therin. This is also the great source of anger and frustration in her life, for her dreams are ultimately an intangible empty space. Flaubert wrote that he too suffered in this way from being forever separated from what he truly desired: "I have always been this way, continuously craving what I don't have, and not knowing how to enjoy it when I do have it [...] So it goes in the human heart, in the nature of man."[165] The box containing Paris stored in the back of the *armoire* is Emma's attempt at owning this dream; she tries to store and keep it for herself and yet it is forever out of reach.

The horizon is an essential part of Emma's dream of Paris, an essential part of the ordering of her existence. Flaubert writes that Emma hopes for a relief to her solitude and searches for it on the horizon line. "Comme les matelots en détresse, elle promenait sur la solitude de sa vie des yeux désespérés, cherchant au loin quelque voile blanche dans les brumes de l'horizon."[166] The horizon suggests Emma's hope for a different future far away on the other side of the exception where she finds herself. But it also suggests limits, the limit line where the earth meets the sky, or the line that marks what she has and what she doesn't have**.**

So, the Bovarys move homes, and where do they move but closer to the horizon, "au bout de l'horizon"[167] in Yonville-l'Abbaye. Yonville is not simply closer to the horizon line for Emma, but it seems overtaken by the horizon and the horizontal. But here the horizon is not simply a line but several lines and a general movement of the earth as if it had lain down and given up. There is a definite horizontality to the landscape surrounding Rouen where Flaubert found inspiration for his imaginary conglomerate village of Yonville-l'Abbaye. The horizontal

[165] Maraini 18
[166] Flaubert 79
[167] Flaubert 88

here is carved in part by the Seine, which flows through parallel with the regional train line. It is almost as if there is a small plateau that follows the river providing a horizon line behind the houses. The sky dominates this part of the country, and when it is overcast and gray, the sky feels as oppressive as a low ceiling. It is as if the lines hem in this part of France, they are the limit lines, the walls that in essence create an *armoire*-like space of detachment from the rest of France and also a walled-in privacy. These lines come together to form a separate little section of France, removed and more private than the rest of France — sectioned off like an *armoire* with its doors closed.

As the family journeys towards Yonville-l'Abbaye, Flaubert writes about dominance of the horizontal in the prairie and the plain. "La prairie s'allonge sous un bourrelet de collines basses pour se rattacher par-derrière aux pâturages du pays de Bray, tandis que, du côté de l'est, la plaine, montant doucement va s'élargissant et étale à perte de vue ses blondes pièces de blé."[168] Here we see two types of planar examples: *la prairie*, *la plaine*, and they are both set up along this east-west axis. Phillippe Hamon has already written of the flatness in *Madame Bovary,* and he notes that "In literary as well as critical texts the themes of flatness and loss of volume […] come up over and over." [169] I would like to point out that it is a special type of flatness; it is a space cut up horizontally, and a flatness, ironically, with an imagined depth.

The prairie and the plain seem very coyly active in their support of the horizontal line to the point that they take on almost polite, human qualities. He writes that "la paririe s'allonge" and "la plaine, montant doucement va s'élargissant et étale." This horizon line is both immense and intimate at the same time. We feel that the prairie and the plain are nearly human in their

[168] Flaubert 87
[169] Hamon 141

detente and their slowness. And Flaubert's note that they "étale(nt) à perte de vue" evokes the immensity of the view of the countryside as well as the overwhelming slowness of it all.

It is not until a few paragraphs later that his disdain is associated with the confinement created by these horizontal lines. "On est ici sur les confins de la Normandie, de la Picardie et de l'Ile-de-France, contrée bâtarde ou le langage est sans accentuation, comme le paysage sans caractère. C'est là que l'on fait les pires fromages de Neufchâtel de tout l'arrondissement."[170] Words like "confins," "bâtarde," "pire," and the repetition of "sans," do not combine to create a glowing review of this area of France. Here we also see that the plains and the prairie and the geographical lines of the French regions combine to create a confined space, a place that is an outcast, kept apart from any inclusion in society while also remaining enclosed and confined within itself.

Bachelard writes that conflating confinement and prison as something exterior is not so unusual. "Parfois, c'est en étant hors de soi que l'être expérimente des consistances. Parfois aussi, il est, pourrait-on dire, enfermé à l'extérieur."[171] Emma is getting closer to her dream of Paris and the urban society life in the move to Yonville-l'Abbaye. Maraini writes that it is "a place much less isolated and lovely than Tostes."[172] But, though she seems to approach her dream of Paris, she remains imprisoned outside of it.

What might this exterior imprisonment look like? It has the vastness of the outside, the space beyond the limit of one's "chez-soi," defined by Carvalho as "la manifestation d'un dedans devenu sans limites."[173] But Emma's "outside" still possesses limits of an "inside" creating a confining yet protective space. Emma could look vaguely like a figure in a Piranesi drawing,

[170] Flaubert 88
[171] Bachelard 194
[172] Dacia Maraini, trans. Vincent Bertolini, *Searching for Emma* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998), 24.
[173] Edmundo Morim De Carvalho, *Poésie et Science chez Bachelard* (Paris: l'Harmattan, 2012) 167.

standing on the floor of a vast and empty, and confusing prison. But, if Emma is imprisoned outside her dream, outside of Paris, a dream place, now she seems to inhabit a vast no-place. In this house in Yonville, Emma sinks again and again into a depression. Shortly after visiting "un grand espace de terrain vide",[174] Flaubert writes of Emma who "se sentit seule." Solitude and emptiness connect in Emma's prison. Edward Casey writes, "The emotional symptoms of placelessness -- homesickness, disorientation, depression, desolation -- mimic the phenomenon itself. Each of these symptoms involves a sense of unbearable emptiness."[175] For Emma, the confines hold a vast emptiness. "The infinity and silence of space reflect its emptiness. They also signify the absence of place. For space as a vast vacuum does not allow for places, even though one might think that there would be plenty of room for them! In such space there are no places for particular things; indeed, there are not even empty places."[176]

3.3 From the inside: studying the house in Yonville-l'Abbaye

In the description of her new house in this place of plains and prairies, Yonville-l'Abbaye, we see that even from the inside her house appears oriented toward the horizontality of the expanding plain. "Dans la chambre, au premier, un jour blanchâtre passait par les fenêtres sans rideaux. On entrevoyait des cimes d'arbres, et plus loin la prairie, à demi broyée dans le brouillard, qui fumait au clair de la lune, selon le cours de la rivière."[177] Here, through Emma's window, we see quite clearly the division between earth and sky along the horizontal line of the prairie. There is something in this insistence on the lack of curtains. In the *Dictionary of Interior Design,* curtains are defined as "Cloth that hangs in a window, doorway, or around a bed for

[174] Flaubert 124
[175] Casey x
[176] Casey x
[177] Flaubert 106

privacy; a moveable drape or screen in a theatre; or something that acts as a barrier, screen or cover to separate, protect, or conceal something." [178] In a way, there is no barrier between Emma and the persistent plain outside, just a frame that seems to heighten the occupant's awareness of it. It is almost as if this vision of where she lives is inescapable.

This house is quite a bit different from all of the other spaces in the novel due in part largely to this insistence on interior space. The constellation of houses in *Madame Bovary* includes three houses Emma passes through as the novel unfolds, Léon's hotel room, Rodolphe's house, and Homais's house, which is also his pharmacy. Most of the houses come with a description of the exterior. Via Charles we see the Rouault farm from the outside. Flaubert dedicates a long introduction to the Tostes house, mentioning the brick facade and the intricacies of the interior, and the exteriors of the residences of the marquis d'Andervilliers and then later of Rodolphe Boulanger are both grandly described.

The house in Yonville is the only house in the entire novel that we read almost exclusively about from the inside, and it is the house that figures most prominently throughout the text. From the very first description of the house, it is as if it is entirely interior. It is, according to Homais, "une des maisons les plus confortables d'Yonville. [...] elle est fournie de tout ce qui est agréable à un ménage: buanderie, cuisine avec office, salon de famille, fruitier, etc." [179] Yet, despite the advertised comfort, Emma's first experience of the house is a bit jarring. "Emma, dès le vestibule, sentit tomber sur ses épaules, comme un linge humide, le froid du plâtre. [...] Au milieu de l'appartement, pêle-mêle, il y avait des tiroirs de commode, des bouteilles, des triangles, des bâtons dorés avec des matelas sur des chaises et des cuvettes sur le parquet."[180] Of

[178] Josette Rabun, *The Anglicized and Illustrated Dictionary of Interior Design* (Upper Saddle River: Prentice Hall, 2012) 93.
[179] Flaubert 103
[180] Flaubert 106

course, it is the discombobulation of moving that we see piled and strewn throughout the house; however, we also see that Emma is physically incorporated into the void of this structure from the first moment. She feels the cold and humid plaster in the air and on her shoulders as she enters the structure, as if from this moment forward she and this house have an inseparable physical bond. Bachelard writes that one of the house's primary functions is to gather ourselves, to keep man from living in too scattered a way. "La maison, dans la vie de l'homme, évince des contingences, elle multiplie ses conseils de continuité. Sans elle l'homme serait un être dispersé."[181] We see that this house gathers around Emma providing a refuge but also providing a barrier.

The house in Yonville-l'Abbaye is also different because it is both confining and protective for Emma. The "immensité de l'intime" is not always a pleasant experience. Bachelard writes that the twentieth-century French poet Jules Supervielle did this, too, by juxtaposing "la claustrophobie et l'agoraphobie quand il écrit."[182] Emma is often caught between pieces of the house or stuck within a doorframe that she cannot open or that she will not walk through. Doorframes, window frames, and the staircase simultaneously cause feelings of claustrophobia and agoraphobia of the "immensité de l'intime." These phobias present in most examples of doorways in the Yonville house freeze Emma inside their frames. Often it is as if she were inside her own *armoire*. Emma seeks out the security of the frame as if it would provide the safety of an *armoire*; she puts herself inside for safe keeping, afraid of the outside. Emma also puts herself inside the frame as if trying to approach that dream of Paris, which she put inside her armoire; she puts herself inside close to that dream of Paris, because she fears the oppressive walls and ceiling of her own home.

[181] Bachelard 26
[182] Bachelard 199

The door frame is the structure that promotes not only psychic liberty but physical liberty as well. For Akkiko Busch in *Geography of Home*, "the front door is not an altogether private place. The front door was traditionally designed to present the house to the world at large, to welcome others. It was once the generous, hospitable part of the house."[183] In fact it is at the front door, where Emma is first presented in the novel, where she is presented "to the world at large." "Une jeune femme, en robe de mérinos bleu garnie de trois volants, vint sur le seuil de la maison pour recevoir M. Bovary, qu'elle fit entrer dans la cuisine, où flambait un grand feu."[184] But, for the most part, Emma seems locked on the threshold of the door. She is neither inside nor outside, neither completely private nor public, she seems to be locked in this in-between space of the door.

Even the parts of the house that would seem to be the most liberating, like doors and windows and stairs, do not bring Emma any closer to the freedom she dreams about. The following scene takes place just after Emma reads Rodolphe's breakup letter and contains a series of these potentially liberating spaces (doors and windows) that follow in quick succession. After receiving Rodolphe's letter, Emma whisks herself away upstairs. "Elle continua vivement à monter les marches (. . .) Au second étage, elle s'arrêta devant la porte du grenier, qui était fermée. (. . .) il fallait la finir, elle n'osait pas. D'ailleurs, où ? comment ? on la verrait. ---Ah ! non, ici, pensa-t-elle, je serais bien. Emma poussa la porte et entra."[185]

This series of spaces begins as a fire escape route. We see this fire spark and begin in Emma's "wild eyes" as she looks at the boy who delivered the basket of apricots with the letter hidden inside. Then Flaubert writes that Emma "trouva la lettre, l'ouvrit, et, comme s'il y avait

[183] Akkiko Busch, *Geography of Home* (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1999), 35
[184] Flaubert 32
[185] Flaubert 198

eu derrière elle un effroyable incendie, Emma se mit à fuir vers sa chambre, tout épouvantée."[186] Typically, when we imagine a house fire, we imagine people running for their lives to get out of the house -- rushing out the door, even throwing themselves from windows in order to stay alive. Instead, in keeping with the theme of the house's intrinsic interiority, Emma runs for her life further inside isolating and limiting the flames so they cannot catch between her and Charles. Emma's trajectory begins on the ground floor, then continues up one flight of stairs, and then almost into her bedroom, when it then continues up another flight of stairs into the attic. The climbing pattern of spaces imitates the path of the flames, but what Emma discovers is that she cannot put out this fire by running from it, because it is within her.

Emma navigates her house as she is navigating her own interior. To attempt an escape, we see that she goes further within herself while going upstairs to the attic. The stairs to the attic are very specific for Bachelard. "L'escalier du grenier plus raide, plus fruste, on le monte toujours. Il a le signe de l'ascension vers la plus tranquille solitude. Quand je retourne rêver dans les greniers d'antan, je ne redescends jamais."[187] We see all of this in this specific staircase as well. We see Emma climb it, but then once she decides she must return, we don't see her climb back down. We also see that this staircase could have possibly led to Emma's suicide, giving yet another meaning to this one-way "je ne redescends jamais." This staircase, like Bachelard's staircase to the attic, is a grueling journey physically and emotionally. Perhaps it is the most uncomfortable, most inhospitable place in the house. It is "raide," "fruste," "on le monte toujours;" there is a sense that the climb is infinitely long and you'll never find the tranquility of the attic. This is the sense we get in this sequence as well; Emma tries to calm herself and only finds well being when she finally crosses the threshold and enters the attic. "Ici,

[186] Flaubert 243
[187] Bachelard 40

pensa-t-elle, je serai bien."[188] Emma finds calm, but only temporarily, in the attic. For Bachelard, the home is arranged vertically like a human. The basement is the level of the unsconcious, "des utilités," and "puissances souterraines."[189] The attic on the other hand is the rational space, where "l'experience du jour peut toujours effacer les peurs de la nuit."[190] In this example, Emma, too, seeks out a rational security to her emotional fire. Above all, like the *armoire,* this is a place where Emma believes she will be safe. "I'll be alright in here," she says. Though as we have seen in her house and within her own daydreams of Paris, safety seems to be at best elusive and temporary, for it is also in this moment where we see the claustrophobia and the agoraphobia so clearly. Flaubert writes that the tiles overhead pour heat down onto Emma almost as if they are forcing her out of the attic, toward the window, and out of the house.

In the previous chapter, Emma uses the window to give Rodolphe the sign to come over. "Ils recommencèrent à s'aimer. Souvent même, au milieu de la journée, Emma lui ecrivait tout à coup; puis, à travers les carreaux, faisait un signe à Justin, qui, dénouant vite sa serpillière, s'envolait à la Huchette"[191] They spend some time together and when Rodolphe arrives home at the beginning of chapter 13, he begins a letter. After he is done writing this terribly dramatic breakup letter, he closes the window as if to shut Emma out and keep her in that "far off distant past" she inhabits for him now. Like doorways, the window is a place of movement and communication. The window in this sequence is in this way a point of communication and expression of the interior. It is how Emma communicates to Rodolphe and how Rodolphe ends the conversation, or in this case, the relationship. In the fire escape sequence, Emma stands in front of a window whose shutters she has just thrown open, and she contemplates again her flight

[188] Flaubert 243
[189] Bachelard 35
[190] Bachelard 36
[191] Flaubert 223

away from the present moment. Emma now gets the chance to throw herself from the window of a burning house. In front of this window, different parts of Emma seem to be in conversation. She begins to talk to herself as if indicative of this psychic split. "Elle jetait les yeux tout autour d'elle avec l'envie que la terre croulât. Pourquoi n'en pas finir? Qui la retenait donc? Elle était libre. Et elle s'avança, elle regarda les pavés en se disant: Allons! Allons!"[192] This is perhaps Emma's most intimate conversation, a conversation with herself, but one that essentially does not go anywhere. Auerbach writes, "Flaubert does nothing but bestow the power of mature expression on the material which she affords in its complete subjectivity. If Emma could do this herself, she would no longer be what she is, she would have outgrown herself and thereby saved herself."[193] Emma is frozen at the window, the place of communication and expression.

While Emma cannot express herself here in a way that would save her from what Auerbach calls her "chronic discomfort,"[194] what we do see at this window is Emma's entrance into her dream space. As we have seen in this sequence, Emma sought comfort, security and order in the attic as if she had walked into her own *armoire*. Here at the window, we see her view her dream of something vast, like Paris, calling her outside into its vastness. It is as if at the back of the *armoire*, or that horizon line, she walks to the window and opens another world. "She drew back the bolt, and the dazzling light burst in with a leap." This other world, while not explicitly Paris, shares the vastness of her dreams**.** "Elle se tenait tout au bord, presque suspendue, entourée d'un grand espace. Le bleu du ciel l'envahissait, l'air circulait dans sa tête creuse, elle n'avait qu'à céder, qu'à se laisser prendre."[195] Once she finishes the letter, the world outside the window becomes even more dreamlike. This other world is "dazzling" and bright,

[192] Flaubert 244
[193] Erich Auerbach, *Mimesis; the representation of reality in Western literature* (Garden City: Double Day, 1957) 427.
[194] Auerbach 430
[195] Flaubert 244

"the stones of the pavement glittered," the ground of the Place "oscillates," the floor below her "dipped on end like a tossing boat." This is an altered reality as if she has walked through her *armoire* into her vast but vague dream space. It seems that the agoraphobia and claustrophobia imposed by the frames are equal for a moment, suspending Emma on the line between inside and outside. And then at the sound of Charles's voice, the claustrophobia becomes more familiar and easier to bear than the fear of what is outside and beyond, and we see Emma yet again back away.

As in *Le Père Goriot*, we see the character and house structure symbiotically complete one another; however, Flaubert, by placing Emma within the doorframes and staircases of the house, exposes a different spatial relationship than that of any organically created home, like the nest or the shell. LeMoine and Loyer write that the bourgeois country houses were an exception to the rule of uniformity of their urban Parisian counterparts. "No type of building was less restrictive in terms of design than the nineteenth-century suburban house."[196] The suburban bourgeois home also avoided the poverty and destitution of the mud-walled houses of the *paysans* that violated "toutes les lois de l'hygiène."[197] This structure should be the ultimate symbol of freedom and independence, and yet Emma is unable to free herself from the frames of the house, instead she seeks them out as if putting herself in the frames as she has situated her dream inside the *armoire*.

[196] LeMoine 36
[197] Michelle Perrot, *Histoire de la vie Privée* : *De la Révolution à la Grande Guerre* (Paris : Seuil, 1987), 352.

3.4 *Être mixte*: Emma and the *armoire*

Of the shell, Bachelard writes "L'être qui sort de sa coquille nous suggère les rêveries de l'être mixte. "[198] Emma Bovary, like her predecessessors in *Le Père Goriot*, shares this quality of "être mixte" with her house. She is partly human and partly from another world; she is part fire and part human; she is continually associated with fire and light and the chimney, and she is also part human, part house. The relationship she shares with her house, her role as the house's eye, could be seen as a biological relationship like those we have seen in the previous chapter about the nest and the shell; however, what separates Emma from Père Goriot and from the women described as their houses in Balzac's novel is the fact that Emma exhibits the qualities of the "être mixte" but also of what Bachelard calls the "objet mixte" in the section about the *armoire*. Bachelard writes that the *armoire* is a "véritable organe de la vie psychologique secrète."[199] It serves as a "modèle d'intimité. Ce sont des objets mixtes, des objets-sujets. Ils ont, comme nous, par nous, pour nous, une intimité." [200] Calling Emma Bovary an "objet mixte" seems to relegate her to the role of object; however, Bachelard clearly states that the *armoire* is classified as "mixte" because it is both object and subject. Emma vacillates between object and subject; with regards to her house, she is both part of the house and that which animates the house; she is the one that is seen and the one who sees.

Let us first consider Emma as that "être mixte" of the shell dwellers of the era before her. At several points in the second part of the novel, Léon, very much like young Rastignac in Balzac's *Le Père Goriot*, associates the woman with her house, the two seem inextricable. Before he leaves for Paris, Léon stops by the Bovary house to say goodbye. "Il jeta vite autour de lui un large coup d'œil qui s'étala sur les murs, les étagères, la cheminée, comme pour pénétrer

[198] Bachelard 108
[199] Bachelard 83
[200] Bachelard 83

tout, emporter tout."[201] It is as if he wants to take Emma and her house with him to Paris. It is only here that we get a brief description of the house from the exterior. Léon stops to contemplate "une dernière fois cette maison blanche avec ses quatre jalousies vertes."[202]

Why does Flaubert wait this long to describe the exterior of the house? It is as if Léon wants to hold the house in his memory to take it with him to Paris. Emma herself envisioned running away with Léon, too. "Des tentations la prenaient de s'enfuir avec Léon, quelque part, bien loin, pour essayer une destinée nouvelle."[203] Here the focus is color (blanche and verte) and also the defining feature of the jalousies. A jalousie is defined as "A window with a series of thin, narrow strips of glass that open outward to shield the interior from rain, yet provide ventilation and privacy."[204] There are two defining points that I would like to investigate in this definition: the "thin, narrow strips of glass" and the fact that these structures are shields, vents and also creators of privacy. The description of the jalousies in the dictionary reminds one of the description of Emma at the very beginning of the novel, more specifically of the description of her hair. "Ses cheveux, dont les deux bandeaux noirs semblaient chacun d'un seul morceau, tant ils étaient lisses, étaient séparés sur le milieu de la tête par une raie fine, qui s'enfonçait légèrement selon la courbe du crâne."[205] Charles examines Emma's head as if she were one of his patients in a way or as if she were a "tête phrenologique" much like the one she gave him for his birthday. What I would like to underscore with these examples is the parallel between the description of Emma's head and hair and the description of the jalousies that feature so prominently in Léon's last glimpse of the house. It is as if the occupant and her house are the same being, an *être mixte* like Pere Goriot and his room.

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[201] Flaubert 145
[202] Flaubert 146
[203] Flaubert 133
[204] Rabun 163
[205] Flaubert 25

A bit later, Léon uses the structure of the hotel in Rouen where they meet to compare and contrast Emma with "une Parisienne." "Auprès d'une Parisienne en dentelles, dans le salon de quelque docteur illustre, personnage à décorations et à voiture, le pauvre clerc, sans doute, eût tremble comme un enfant; mais ici, à Rouen, sur le port devant la femme de ce petit médecin, il se sentait à l'aise, sûr d'avance qu'il éblouirait. L'aplomb dépend des milieux ou il se pose: on ne parle pas à l'entresol comme au quatrième étage."[206] Léon here places the very different women on two different floors as if he is classifying them according to the social stratification of the time. He is more comfortable with Emma on the "entresol."

The transformation from “être mixte” to “objet mixte” occurs when Emma notices the connection between herself and the structure of a house. This is the critical re-ordering of the spatial relationship evoked by the image of the *armoire*. In Balzac’s novel, it was always Rastignac as the observer, the one who classified the others. Anastasie and Madame de Beauséant seemed to exert quite a power over their respective homes and families and yet it was Rastignac who aligned woman and house. Here, Emma recognizes it. After Léon leaves for Paris, Emma sinks into depression. "Le lendemain fut, pour Emma, une journée funèbre. Tout lui parut enveloppé par une atmosphère noire qui flottait confusément sur l'extérieur des choses, et le chagrin s'engouffrait dans son âme avec des hurlements doux, comme fait le vent d'hiver dans les châteaux abandonnés."[207] The metaphor here parallels "le chagrin" with "le vent d'hiver" and "son âme" with "les châteaux abandonnés." The vastness of the soul seems to align with the vastness of the *châteaux*; and it is not merely one *château* but "les châteaux abandonées," so in other words all abandoned *châteaux*. We perceive that the *châteaux*, once abandoned, are also empty, which echos the feelings of her father earlier in the novel when she

[206] Flaubert 274
[207] Flaubert 149

left to marry Charles. The father felt "triste comme une maison démeublée."[208] The difference here is in the extremes of the images of "âme" and "châteaux." Bachelard writes, "l'âme dans un objet trouve le nid d'une immensité." [209] This simple metaphor illustrates so well Bachelard's concept of the immensity of the *intime*. What we see is that Emma's soul, wracked with emotion, is both intimate and expansive like Bachelard's concept of intimate space. Like the château, it is both an enclosed place where humanity can live, but also a place that is so vast that it destroys time in a way and includes every abandoned *château* throughout history. We see shifts in Emma's nature between that of an object to that of the subject. Bachelard writes, "L'immensité est en nous."[210] Like her *armoire*, she contains an interior space that is immense but untouchable.

As the empty-*châteaux* subject, Emma is the one who sees. For Gaston Bachelard, the lamp at the window is the sign of human presence within, and it reveals the life within the house. "La lampe à la fenêtre est l'œil de la maison […] Par la lumière de la maison lointaine, la maison voit, veille, surveille, attend. [...] Par sa seule lumière, la maison est humaine. Elle voit comme un homme. Elle est un œil ouvert sur la nuit." [211] The light at the window is a place of spectatorship. It is both the eye that sees and the place that reveals the life inside.

In the windows in *Madame Bovary*, it is not a lamp but Emma who occupies the space. At the window, Emma can be considered both object and subject; she is seen, by those who read *Madame Bovary* and by the other characters in the novel, but most often she is the one who sees. Charles is the first to notice this special, spatial relationship during his first visit to Emma's father's farm when he sees Emma "le front contre la fenêtre, et qui regardait dans le jardin, où les

[208] Flaubert 42
[209] Bachelard 174
[210] Bachelard 169
[211] Bachelard 48

échalas des haricots avaient été renversés par le vent."[212] This position could suggest relief on her part that the doctor has helped her father. It could also suggest sadness. But we are not given much insight into the psychological component of this body positioning until we look at the object at the end of her gaze. Flaubert writes that as she presses her forehead against the window she looks at the effects of the wind on the garden. Body position ("front contre la fenêtre"), overturned beanpoles, and verb tense (plus-que-parfait) all work together to create an image of Emma's limited role as spectator and not participant. At the window, and like the window space her body inhabits, she can only watch different dramas as they play out. She is spectator and not participant on several levels. Charles is about to leave the house and perhaps there is little Emma can do about his departure. A storm has already swept through; this is clear from the use of the plus-que-parfait, and the overturned beanpoles, as insignificant as they appear, seem to suggest a storm and an uprooting and a drama beyond the glass of the window over which Emma has no control.

In this series of images of Emma at the window, we see that the window possesses both very public and very private characteristics. There is something very private in the first image of Emma with her forehead against the window pane looking out onto the overturned beanpoles. Flaubert allows us to perceive what Emma sees many times throughout the novel. As in the example we have just seen, Emma often looks out and notices the weather; she watches the rain fall and "elle regardait les nuages."[213] All of these images seem to be a sort of screen through which we see how Emma is feeling, and she is never feeling very good when looking through the windows. These images also highlight the passing of time in the natural world and the somewhat parallel stagnation on Emma's side of the window. We've established that the image of Emma

[212] Flaubert 34
[213] Flaubert 127

gazing through the window is an image of distance and inability to control and participate in the outside storm of life. However, the passivity that we might attribute to Emma here disappears at another window.

For Flaubert, we see that the window is also a very social, very public spot, and it is at this public spot that Emma's role changes from object to subject. She watches the comings and goings outside her window as if she were at the theater. "Emma était accoudée à sa fenêtre (elle s'y mettait souvent : la fenêtre, en province, remplace le théâtre et la promenade)." Emma, as audience member in this theatre of entrances and exits, begins with Charles. "Elle se mettait à la fenêtre pour le voir partir; et elle restait accoudée sur le bord, entre deux pots de géraniums, vêtue de son peignoir, qui était lâche autour d'elle."[214] In this example we see that Emma has become part of the window itself; with her robe falling loosely framing the window as if she were wearing its curtains. She first sees Rodolphe from the perch of her window. "Et elle s'amusait à considérer la cohue des rustres, lorsqu'elle aperçut un monsieur vêtu d'une redingote de velours vert." [215] Emma also watched the entrances and exits of strangers from the window of her home in Tostes. "Dans l'après-midi, quelquefois, une tête d'homme apparaissait derrière les vitres de la salle, tête halé, à favoris noirs, et qui souriait lentement d'un large sourire doux à dents blanches."[216] This man with his black sideburns and white teeth could almost be mistaken for Rodolphe and prefigures the new lover's arrival in Emma's window a bit later in the novel. This man is a musician and brings with him "échos du monde qui arrivaient jusqu'à Emma," who then watches as he leaves. The musician returns, not this specific musician but another more sinister one at the end of the novel and at the end of Emma's life. "Tout à coup, on entendit sur le trottoir un bruit de gros sabots, avec le frôlement d'un bâton; et une voix s'éleva,

[214] Flaubert 50
[215] Flaubert 132
[216] Flaubert 78

une voix rauque, qui chantait: Souvent la chaleur d'un beau jour Fait rêver fillette à l'amour."[217] It is the Aveugle who arrives right at the end of Emma's life.

Emma Willard, an American travelling to France for the first time in the nineteenth century, remarks, "In manners also, one remarks a difference between these people and those we see at home under similar circumstances. All seem to live not for themselves, but for others."[218] In a letter to Louise Colet, Flaubert writes something similar. "What one does is not for one's self, but for others."[219] While Emma does indeed often live for others' impressions, the image of Emma at the window is not quite as simple. As we have already seen, the window is both a public and a private space in the Yonville home. What the image of Emma at the window for all of the major entrances and exits of characters into and out of her life does suggest is a consciousness and awareness of how her story is unfolding and perhaps even a bit of control.

Often when Emma is at the window she wants to see and not be seen. When Léon returns her gaze she slams the window shut. "Le lendemain, à son réveil, elle aperçut le clerc sur la place. Elle était en peignoir. Il leva la tête et salua. Elle fit une inclination rapide et referma la fenêtre."[220] And before running to Rouen to meet Léon, "elle se mettait devant les fenêtres, elle regardait la Place"[221] to make sure she could leave the house without being noticed. Emma's frozen position inside the window frame is indicative of her status as the one who sees and also the one seen or trying not to be seen. Auerbach writes, "So she does not simply see, but is herself seen as one seeing, and is thus judged, simply through a plain description of her subjective life, out of her own feelings."[222] The opposite of this statement is also true as we have

[217] Flaubert 299
[218] McCollough 48
[219] Steegmuller 140
[220] Flaubert 96
[221] Flaubert 246
[222] Auerbach 427

seen in the example above. Emma is seen as the one who does not see or who wants to avoid being seen, and for this she is judged as well.

In all of the examples we do notice that the people Emma watches from her window frame are men. According to Catherine Hall's *Histoire de la vie privée*, in nineteenth-century France "ils croyaient fermement que l'homme et la femme étaient nés pour occuper des sphères différentes. […] chaque sexe, naturellement différent, avait ses qualités propres, et toute tentative de sortir de sa sphère était vouée au désastre." [223] Men inhabited the world outside, the world of work and of the *flâneur* walking along the streets and between buildings while women were inside creatures. Space was gendered and continues to be thought of as gendered. Witold Rybczynski writes, "I also began to suspect, and in this I was not mistaken, that women understand more about domestic comfort than do men."[224] While this study does not wish to expand on the gendering of domestic space, the separate realms of men and women must be at the very least mentioned here in the case of Emma. It was a cultural and ideological given that Emma would be inside looking out; that was her role as a woman in nineteenth-century France. However, at the window, the public window in her house in Yonville, she is the spectator, the one looking, the one Freud and Laura Mulvey would perhaps say was wielding the power of the subject now. Susan Sidlauskas, too, seems dissatisfied with the idea that men and women of the nineteenth century occupied completely separate spaces. "The usual polarities between the masculine and the feminine realms of the nineteenth century must be tempered somewhat."[225]

Emma's androgny has been widely discussed and analyzed. In *Searching for Emma*, Dacaia Maraina writes, "Emma, who has a delicately feminine body, sometimes wears some masculine

[223] Catherine Hall, *Histoire de la vie Privée* : *De la Révolution à la Grande Guerre* (Paris : Seuil, 1987), 59.
[224] Rybczynski viii.
[225] Susan Sidlauskus, *Body, Place, and Self in Nineteenth-Century Painting* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), 26.

object: curled hair, a hunter's vest, Turkish pants, pince-nez, a feathered cap." [226] While Maraina mentions that this was closely linked with Flaubert's erotic taste/imagining/life, she also explains that "Emma's decking herself out as a man, however, is seen as a sign of something more than mere braggadocio. Even here, Flaubert seems to tell us, she is typically capricious and volatile."[227] These exterior objects and adornments are signs of Emma's changeable nature and also, as Mariana mentions earlier, her capacity for "duplicity." "What are those men's glasses doing on Emma Rouault's very feminine dress (of blue merino with three flounces)? Are they not there to tell us that Emma is hiding, or only partially revealing, something about herself that makes her different from the way she would like to appear?"[228] Here, too, in the masculine and feminine adornments, we see that Emma is both the one who is looked at and the one who chooses exactly what to reveal. In a society spatially arranged with the man outside, working outside the home, and walking outside the home with the woman inside, the image of Emma at the window subverts the gendered gaze while retaining the spatial arrangement.

3.5 Conclusion: Spatial Re-ordering

> C'est au premier étage de sa villa, dans une grande armoire de chêne, que Mme Grout a réuni tous les brouillons de son oncle. Il y en a des liasses considérables et si l'on compare à cet amas de pages manuscrites le petit nombre de volumes publiés par le romancier, il ne se peut pas que l'on ne

[226] Dacia Maraini, trans. Vincent Bertolini, *Searching for Emma* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998), 49.
[227] Maraini 50
[228] Maraini 7

souscrive à la boutade de Dumas fils rapportée par Paul Bourget :

"Flaubert ? Un géant qui, pour faire une boîte, abattait une forêt ! [229]

In the *armoire*, in the room in Madame Grout's house in Nice, far away from the hustle and bustle of Paris and the rains of Normandy, Henri Steckel ecstatically discovered all of the remaining manuscripts Flaubert left behind.[230] He found stack upon stack of paper with Flaubert's notations and scratchings all crammed into the large oak *armoire* in the corner of the room. Here we see Bachelard's "majestueux et familier" unite in the structure of the *armoire*. That an object that we see every day of our lives could contain the words of a genius is the essence of the *armoire*.

So, too, do they unite in Flaubert's hometown of Rouen and in the novel *Madame Bovary*. In Rouen, there is a simple series of streets connecting Flaubert's childhood home in the Hôtel Dieu to the Rouen cathedral. When describing Flaubert's home, researchers tend to note that it was "serrée" and close with low ceilings. Today, as the Museum of Medicine, Rouen visitors round corners and jump back a little when they meet the gaze of a phrenological head, or a window of stuffed toucans. Suddenly, the rooms feel even smaller when in the presence of a rusty metal tool used to saw off decaying limbs. When you walk into the Rouen cathedral the enormity of it almost takes your breath away. From the outside it is impressive, but its size can only be appreciated from inside, as if the limits marked by the walls only emphasize its incredible size. It is via the small, the *serrée*, the mundane that we open up to the immense interior life of the individual. It is a mapping out of Bachelard's immense intimate, or of Baudelaire's philosophy that "l'homme est un être vaste."[231]

[229] Henri Steckel, "Henri Steckel extrait du *Monde Illustré*, vers 1908," Centre Flaubert, Université de Rouen, Web. Nov. 2012. http://flaubert.univ-rouen.fr/manuscrits/tanit.php
[230] See Appendix. Fig. 16
[231] Bachelard 179

Wasn't this the goal of the novel in the nineteenth century? To reveal that which was so private for so long? To pull the wall off the side of the building and peer in? René Herval writes that Flaubert unwittingly incited the questioning and the searching for Emma and Yonville via his search for complete objectivity "Flaubert lui-même, sans prévoir les conséquences en criant à chaque page, à chaque ligne, sa volonté de faire vrai, laissait supposer qu'il n'accordait aucune place à l'invention." [232] Even Flaubert's confession that his book was more biography than novel places his work on the boundary between fiction and reality.

It also concretizes Flaubert's own model of intimacy, of what he kept more intimate and private and what he allowed the public to access. He drew an emphatic line between his life, his private life, and his work, his fiction. He also wrote that trying to figure out which town or which adulteress inspired Yonville and Emma Bovary would be absolutely futile because he invented everything.

The longheld belief was that it was Ry. Ry, was the real town that inspired Flaubert's fictional town of Yonville-l'Abbaye. Since the publication of the novel in 1856, Ry has developed a whole tourist industry based on the fact that a woman who killed herself because of financial difficulties lived and died there and was married to a local doctor. There is a museum of automats that creepily recreate scenes from the novel; there are tours and tourist booklets directing you through the cemetery to find the burial plots of the town's (in)famous citizens. Yvan Leclerc writes in *Elevé dans les coulisses d'Esculape* that during Flaubert's childhood, when he wasn't mounting plays in the rooms of his family's home in the Hôtel-Dieu in Rouen, he wrote a short story about a woman who committed suicide after killing her husband and child.[233] "Cette nouvelle, inspirée par un fait divers rapporté dans *La Gazette des Tribunaux*, préfigure

[232] René Herval, *Les Véritables Origines de 'Madame Bovary'* (Paris: Librairie A.G. Nizet, 1957), iii.
[233] See Appendix. Fig. 14 and Fig. 15

Madame Bovary: Mazza, amante passionnée et abandonnée, se suicide, après avoir (plus radicale qu'Emma) assassiné son mari et ses enfants." [234]

Flaubert "distances himself from his character or, rather, from his characters. He has nothing to do with them; he never chose them; he did not want them. It was his friends who insisted; it was the situation; it was a bet, a pretext, a challenge."[235] In a letter to Leroyer de Chantepie, Flaubert writes, "Madame Bovary is based on no actual occurrence. It is a totally fictitious story; it contains none of my feelings and no details from my own life." [236] Like Emma, Flaubert seems to be intent on cultivating a public persona, a writer's persona, based around this idea that he was completely removed from his work, completely and utterly objective. This street, like the *armoire*, and ultimately like the house function in more or less the same way. "Among the most fundamental symbolic messages found in houses is the coded distinction between public and private space, concealment and display." [237] The *armoire* is an extreme version of privacy owing in part to its object-ness. It is usually opened only by one individual, suggesting a certain ownership, and an intimacy within that is not a shared intimacy, but often extremely personal and private to a single individual.

3.6 Conclusion

"Weren't people freer and more intelligent in the time of Pericles than in the times of Napoleon III?" wrote Flaubert to Louise Colet in 1854.[238] As we have seen in the relationship between Emma and her house, order and freedom are inextricably linked in Flaubert's novel set

[234] Yvan Leclerc "Les premières impressions ne s'effacent pas, " *Élevé dans les coulisses d'esculape* (Rouen: Musée Flaubert, 2010), 46.
[235] Maraini 142
[236] Maraini 142
[237] Donna Birdwell-Pheasant and Denise Lawrence-Zúñiga, *House life: space, place, and family in Europe* (New York: Oxford, 1999), 4.
[238] Peter Gay, *Savage Reprisals* (New York: W.W. Norton, 2003) n.p.

during Second Empire. But for Napoleon III, freedom had never been a part of the agenda. His was an order at the expense of freedom, for "freedom," he wrote, "has never helped in the establishment of a lasting political structure."[239]

Via Bachelard's *armoire* we see three main progressions in the house-occupant relationship: one is ordering, the second is the question of subject-hood and the last is familiarity. As we have seen, the *armoire* is a way for Emma to order her universe and situate herself within it and outside of her dreams. The relationship Emma has with her house, like the *armoire* itself, reveals that she navigates between the different roles of object and subject. But this is an incomplete subject-hood, for Emma is ultimately unable to act on any kind of passing authority she may have become aware of in recognizing herself as the house. She operates as the gazing subject at the windows of the house and often chooses to be the one looking and not the one seen. These lessons in subject-hood give her familiarity with the abilities of the house (to contain) and ultimately teach Emma how to be not only the thing contained inside but how to become the thing that does the containing. Her most powerful act of subject-hood occurs at the end of the novel when she takes her own life into her own hands and decides to end it. While not the happiest of endings for one who learned to become the subject, this is a step forward toward the final spatial relationship between house and occupant, where the house resides within the occupant.

Napoleon III wanted to create a new Rome, and he wanted to refashion himself as a new Caesar. Dominic Lieven writes that the Roman Empire was defined by its "right to command obedience from the people it had subjected."[240] Emma's subject-hood also reflects this usage of the word "subject," that person or group who submits to the power of the Empire. David

[239] Maurois 418
[240] Dominic Lieven, *Empire* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2000) 8.

Baguley writes that Napoleon III was convinced "that the improvements to the city and the employment opportunities that his program of public works entailed would solve the very problems which gave rise to insurrection."[241] The city was re-ordered to pacify the people, in essence to strip them of any power that could be directed toward the Emperor and jeopardize his authority.

Gaston Bachelard describes the *armoire* as "à la fois majestueux et familier."[242] Emma's brush with subject-hood allows her to become more familiar in a way with the ordering and her order within the universe. The increased porous nature between Emma and her house, the sharing of characteristics, results in Emma's familiarity with the role of the one who orders and the one who imposes limits. Thierry Paquot in *Demeure terrestre* writes about the word "limite" for Bachelard. "Il s'agit, pour lui d'une ligne visible ou non, matérielle ou non, mais poreuse, qui laisse passer le dedans vers le dehors et inversement." Through the *armoire* image, we witness the increasingly porous nature of the relationship between occupant and house, which was not a part of the shell-occupant relationship. Familiarity is also a tactic employed by empires; "As the memory (of independence) fades, a unitary state evolves."[243] But Emma's independence never fully becomes a memory, for she uses it all at the last moment to remove herself completely from the ordering.

[241] David Baguley, *Napoleon III and Hist Regime* (Baton Rouge: LSU Press, 2000) 197.
[242] Bachelard 83
[243] Walter Scheidel, "Republics between hegemony and empire: How ancient city-states built empires and the USA doesn't (anymore)" Princeton/Stanford Working Papers, (2006) Web.

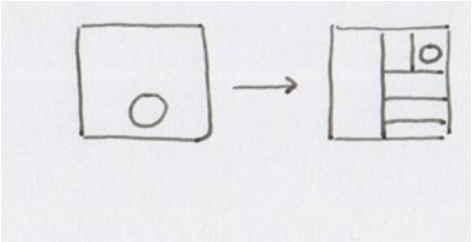


Figure 3: Pace, Emily. “Evolution step two.” JPEG. 2013.

We see that this relationship is confining in a different way than that of the shell. The occupant has gotten much smaller, but the occupant’s newly discovered awareness of ordering and their increased familiarity with the abilities of the house (to contain) teaches the occupant how to be not only the thing contained inside but how to become the thing that does the containing. This is a step forward toward the final spatial relationship between house and occupant, where the house resides within the occupant.

There is Paris and there is the "reste du monde."[244] And the journey back to Paris is quite a long one. First we take the 73 bus back to Rouen and then we grab the inter-city TER train. It is difficult even today to get from the small towns surrounding Rouen back to Paris, unless one has a car and the independence to come and go as one pleases. But as we've seen, independence and freedom are complex when they come in the form of an *armoire*. So we return slowly to Paris, but willingly along with the throngs of French citizens seeking work during the boom of Paris in the nineteenth century. Hold onto that *armoire*. It has a place in this next house as well if there is room for it in the off-kilter, miniature world of *Thérèse Raquin.*

[244] Flaubert 75

Chapter Four: Zola's passageway and Bachelard's miniature

4.1 Introduction

We now return to Paris, center of France and the "capital of the nineteenth century."[245] We are not the only ones gravitating to Paris at this point in history. The second half of the nineteenth century was a time of great growth for the population of Paris. Many factors (technological, economical, social) combined to create this perfect moment for expansion. The city was growing outward geographically as well as upward; buildings emerged from nowhere overnight, and construction and factory jobs lured those faraway who could now take the train and move their lives to Paris. This is certainly the case for the family depicted in Emile Zola's *Thérèse Raquin.* "Huit jours après son mariage, Camille déclara nettement à sa mère qu'il entendait quitter Vernon et aller vivre à Paris. [...] Je trouverai un emploi."[246] With the allure of jobs and the lingering social magnetism, the population more than doubled between the years of 1801 and 1846, when it passed the million mark. But the influx of people began to strain the city. 1832 saw a great outbreak of cholera due largely in part to the densely packed population (according to Loyer "half the city's population was concentrated on a fifth of the city's surface area.")

And the government was forced into action. The project that emerges from this population crisis was aesthetic, political, and eventually deeply disorienting. One question that also arose from health concerns was how do handle human decay and waste. The Paris sewer system opened for tours in 1867, the same year Emile Zola published *Thérèse Raquin*. The *égouts* were a symbol of order and hygienic systems, all placed neatly and firmly below-ground, the bowels of the new modern city. Baron Haussmann considered his work above ground as a

[245] Walter Benjamin, "Paris: Capital of the Nineteenth Century," *Perspecta* (1969): 163-172. *JSTOR*. Web.

[246] Émile Zola, *Thérèse Raquin* (Paris: Gallimard, 2001) 15.

sort of bowel-management system as well. The term he used when referring to leveling great masses of structures on the Ile de la Cité or cutting the Opera Garnier free from the encroaching windmills was the word "éventrement," or disemboweling.[247] Haussmann planned to control the visibility of death just as he planned to control sewage. He planned to move death completely out of the city by purchasing land for a new cemetery in Méry-sur-Oise.[248] Under Haussmann, the insalubrious decay of an aging city was erased, or perhaps it was only masked, moved out of sight and out of mind, so the new modern Paris could live a clean, healthy, and peaceful life. But as we will see in *Thérèse Raquin*, the detritus of man's decay is impossible to hide neatly away in faraway gravesites, or under centuries-thick stone and brand-new boulevards.

Haussmann's erasures and Napoleon III's new pencil lines retraced the map Parisians held inside their minds to orient themselves within their city. "Tel qui croyait connaître son chemin, s'égare dans des voies nées d'hier," wrote Théophile Gautier.[249] In 1860, Edmond de Goncourt, wrote "Mon Paris, le Paris où je suis né, les Paris des moeurs de 1830 à 1848 s'en va. Il s'en va par le matériel et la morale."[250] This Goncourt brother bemoans the creation of the New Paris and the destruction of his youth.

Whether for or against the idea of a new Paris, the shock of finding one's self in a completely different city was unavoidable. For, in fact, it wasn't just that Old Paris became New Paris; Paris had become an entirely different city housing both old and new simultaneously. Baguley writes, "Behind the elegant frontages of the new Paris, the old Paris continued to fester."[251] Napoleon III's desire to refashion Paris into the city at the center of the world, a city

[247] David Jordan, *Transforming Paris: The Life and Labors of Baron Haussmann* (New York: The Free Press, 1995) 188.
[248] Georges-Eugène Haussmann, *Mémoires du Baron Haussmann* (Paris: Victor Havard, 1893) 455.
[249] Théophile Gautier, Preface, *Paris Démoli*, by Fournier (Paris: Auguste Aubry, 1855) i.
[250] Edmond de Goncourt, *Journal des Goncourts* (Paris: G. Charpentier et Cie, 1888) 346.
[251] Baguley 202

like London or Rome, had transformed a city that people had once known as Paris into a city that many saw as "not Paris," or some vaguely familiar shadowy sister city where one could easily lose their way. It was a time when the desire to control toyed with man's orientation in the world, and the line dividing above and below ground, as well as Heaven and Hell, became more misleading and disorienting.

Leveling, destroying, disemboweling are all words that surface repeatedly in historical texts about Baron Haussmann's work. Colin Jones calls it an "erasure;" Baudelaire and Benjamin called it a "vortex;"[252] Gautier called it a "spectacle."[253] "C'est un spectacle curieux," writes Gautier, "que ces maisons ouvertes avec leurs planchers suspendus sur l'abîme . . .leurs escaliers qui ne conduisent plus à rien . . .leurs éboulements bizarres et leurs ruines violentes."[254] The city became frighteningly disorienting, hauntingly artificial as the destruction violently marched Parisians into a deadly abyss.

As chaos, death and metamorphosis swirled around above and below ground, Paris also witnessed the invention of the passageway, a potentially protective and glamorous corridor through the confusion. "As the urban scale grew, passageways were built through the big older blocks to create shortcuts to the center."[255] What began as "shortcuts to the center" evolved into the "glass-covered, marble-floored"[256] "forerunners to the department store."[257] Some of these passageways would become the arcades[258], so famously described by Walter Benjamin in his Arcades project. These passageways "were the setting for the first gas-lighting"[259] and the "new

[252] Colin Jones "Theodore Vacquer and the Archeology of Modernity in Haussmann's Paris" *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society* (2007): 157-183. *JSTOR.* Web.
[253] Gautier ii
[254] Gautier ii
[255] François Loyer, *Paris: Nineteenth Century Architecture and Urbanism* (New York: Abbeville Press, 1988) 81.
[256] Benjamin 165
[257] Benjamin 165
[258] See Appendix. Fig. 17 and 20
[259] Benjamin 166

technology of glass-and-steel roofing."[260] The arcades and the passageways lit the path for the Parisians lost amid the chaos.

Just north of Les Halles and the Louvre in the second arrondissement you'll find a series of passageways that were popular in nineteenth-century Paris. If you hop off the metro at Opéra and follow the Boulevard des Italiens toward Panoramas, the first passageway you come to is Passage des Princes. In mid-October, the toy stores in the Passage des Princes were already in full Christmas mode. People stood in line in the glass-ceilinged passageway waiting for the Salvation Army to wrap their gifts from the Père Noel. This passage turns a corner and spits you out and moves you closer to the Passage des Panoramas a few blocks away.

Entering from the south side of the Passage des Panoramas, one does not expect any great, impressive spectacle.[261] The facade looks to be under construction and is draped with orange and white plastic warning ribbons. The ceiling is low and the floor seems to be made of some shiny concrete. But this entrance is misleading. Once you cross this questionable threshold and make your way toward the stores of stamps and toys and Paris's first gluten-free restaurant inside, you begin to see what all the fuss was about in the nineteenth century when these spaces were the shy but beautiful movie stars of their time. Today, the Passage des Panoramas is a little dusty and a little empty but in the hanging lamps and the black and white tiled floors and the glass, all that glass, you can easily see what used to be. This was the place where seeing was the dominant sense. Shiny rings and shiny fabrics seduced passersby as did the actors onstage in the adjoining Théâtre des Variétés.[262]

The Passage des Panoramas and the Passage Jouffroy form one great passage that cuts through the Boulevard de Poissonière. Both passages have glass ceilings, black bars that come

[260] Loyer 81
[261] See Appendix. Fig. 18
[262] See Appendix. Fig. 19

to a point above the centerline of the walkway filled in between with panes of glass. The panes, not quite transparent from the material itself or from years of settled dust, allow in just enough light for the objects in the store windows to seduce the passersby. The contents of the windows are also similar from passage to passage. What you tend to find are antique stamps and coins, discounted large format art books, and miniatures. There are several stores that sell children's toys and there are several stores along this passage where you'll find a window of shelves with a tiny Paris street scene on the top shelf, furniture for a baby's room on the next shelf down, and tiny kitchen stoves, tables, and even tinier pots and pans.[263] These tiny objects, and more specifically what Gaston Bachelard calls "the miniature," surface again and again in connection with Paris's nineteenth-century passageways as well as Paris's passageways of today.

Across the Seine, we find another intersection between passageway and the miniature. At the end of the Rue Guénégaud, where Rue Mazarine and Rue de Seine all intersect, you will no longer find the covered passageway that provides the shadowy backdrop for Emile Zola's novel, *Thérèse Raquin*.[264] A street as wide as it is short, named after the painter Jacques Callot, now deftly connects all three of these streets.[265] It remains a cut-through street, but now people crowd the terrace of the café on the end near Rue de Seine and walk a little slower to glance at the modern art in the windows framing both sides of this relatively new thoroughfare.

On Rue Guénégaud, at the top of the street closest to the Seine, I found a gallery window with a curious piece of art. It was a small sculpture made of bronze that depicted the interior of a house.[266] The sculpture itself was no more than one-foot square and showed the interior as if the rest of the house had been sliced off and we were peering directly into the house and toward the

[263] See Appendix. Fig. 26
[264] See Appendix. Fig. 21
[265] See Appendix. Fig. 22
[266] See Appendix. Fig. 23

front door. The door is the main focal point of the piece with the grand staircase (worthy of a Cecil Beaton dramatic entrance) and the two ornate hand railings and the ceiling all pointing directly towards it, evoking a sort of vortex created by the door. The house is empty; there is no furniture, which makes this house look a little like a stage set after the lights have dimmed, the audience has gone home, and the stagehands have moved the furniture into storage. Drawn into the wall are several oval picture frames of people in pairs and threes along with what look to be enormous books on the walls in the stairwell. These seemingly permanent etchings in the wall evoke the primal desire to draw the family story on the protecting walls of house and home.

This work, a part of Alain Kleinmann's series entitled "Art et Joaillerie de Création" and its appearance on this specific street, seem to concretize the intersection between the literature and the philosophy, the writings of Emile Zola and Gaston Bachelard. This objet d'art is a miniature; it seems to evoke the space of an entire house in the actual space about the size of a book.

The miniature for Gaston Bachelard is a natural and poetic expression of the immense. In *La Poétique de l'espace*, Bachelard begins with several natural miniatures (apple, flower, hillside) that all house towns, cities, houses, and one an entire universe. "Nous allons montrer que la miniature littéraire --- c'est-a-dire l'ensemble des images littéraires qui commentent les inversions dans la perspective des grandeurs --- active des valeurs profondes."[267] It is this "inversion" that characterizes almost all of Bachelard's points; the seemingly opposing features of large and small do not oppose, they do not contradict one another, but they coexist and complement simultaneously.

[267] Bachelard 142

His miniature is immense, and because of the smallness, or a sort of obstruction of vision, it focuses attention and magnifies everything (what is valued, emotions, daily habits, human foibles) housed within. Attention, which is so important to Bachelard's definition, is that great magnifying glass that accompanies the miniature, or what he calls "le regard aggrandissant de l'enfant."[268] The creative impulse to miniaturize in essence does not miniaturize significance; rather it explodes it rendering the value so expansive that it no longer fits within our field of vision, or the limits of our magnifying glass. This type of hyper-vision, is in a way hallucinatory, or a state of altered perception.

It is also a state of altered self-perception, for Bachelard writes that to miniaturize is to possess. "Je possède d'autant mieux le monde que je suis plus habile à le miniaturiser."[269] The one who enters into the miniature is in possession and control of that world. Thus, those inhabiting the miniaturized world perceive themselves as the ultimate controllers of that world, in itself a nearly hallucinatory, altered state of power.

Via the passageway that houses the Raquin family in Paris, we see several elements of Bachelard's miniature appear in Emile Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*. First, we see the passageway described as if it were a miniature and the importance of the visual and the obstruction of the visual. We also view the inheritance of Flaubert's *armoire*, transformed by the presence of the miniature. Second, we see that the characters seek to miniaturize their space in their desire for safety and control. Next, we see the importance of attention and its connections to the theatrical theme running through the text. Ultimately, we see space and character in flux; emotional and physical ties to space shift and slip resulting in a hallucinatory topography.

[268] Bachelard 146
[269] Bachelard 142

This is the moment of metamorphosis and transformation along the journey away form homelessness and toward an inhabitable home. Via the lens of Gaton Bachelard's miniature, we see the problems (chaos, manipulation, disorientation) with the plan executed by Haussmann and Napoleon III reflected in the relationship between house and occupant in Émile Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*. Man is now at his smallest in this journey in a house that is tipped on its end, swirling in the chaos created by the desire to control.

4.2 Zola's *miniature*

Like Bachelard's miniature, the passageway that opens Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, shifts between hyper-vision and obscured vision. The story begins with a family's great migration to the city of Paris. After growing up together, cousins Thérèse and Camille marry at the insistence of Camille's mother, Madame Raquin. Madame finds the store and home in a passageway in Paris and then orchestrates the move as a unit, so that Camille does not break the family apart. Camille's friend, a painter, Laurent, visits the family and then the drama intensifies. What follows is Camille's murder and Laurent's insertion into the family to play the roles of son and husband left open by Camille and Madame's torturous demise. "Au bout de la rue Guénégaud, lorsqu'on vient des quais, on trouve le passage du Pont-Neuf, une sorte de corridor étroit et sombre qui va de la rue Mazarine à la rue de Seine. Ce passage a trente pas de long et deux de large, au plus; il est pavé de dalles jaunâtres, usées, descellées, suant toujours une humidité âcre; le vitrage qui le couvre, coupé à angle droit, est noir de crasse."[270] It has all of the trappings and the possibility of an arcade, the gas lamps, the glass ceilings, the walkway flanked by stores, but this, it seems, is an arcade gone wrong. The glass is filthy, and no longer functions like glass but

[270] Zola 3

more like plaster or concrete. The floors are not beautiful white marble, but nauseatingly old yellow pavers. And the gas lamps, while indicative of a new age of industry, do not provide much more than circles of pale light. Not only is it difficult to see in this dimly lit space, Zola notes that this is "pas un lieu de promenade," where people would rather rush through than stroll and window shop. Vision seems obscured here in the passageway.

The miniature by definition is making something smaller and in essence more difficult to see. But this obstruction is also clarification, for via the miniature values housed within expand along with the attention accorded it. Counter intuitively, obstruction clarifies and miniature magnifies in Zola, Bachelard, and the architecture of the Paris passageway.

Zola chose to set the novel in a boutique in a passageway on the Left Bank of Paris; this, too, seems to evoke a certain miniature, a Russian doll-like series of spaces that get increasingly smaller as the story progresses. The passageway, or *les passages couvert*s, as I have already noted, was an extremely important space in nineteenth-century Paris. In his guided tour of several of the passages, Patrice de Moncan writes that the passages were cities themselves. "Chacun des passages était, à lui seul, une ville dans la ville. Sous son ciel de verre, il renfermait toutes les composantes de la comédie urbaine. Habitat, travail, commerce et loisirs s'y côtoyaient."[271] Like Bachelard's theory of the miniature, the passageway seems to be a small container for an immense cityscape. Moncan writes, "C'était une pyramide de chapeaux soigneusement lustrés et étiquetés...c'était un amphithéâtre de pendules, un arsenal de bottes et de socques articulés; c'étaient des bas, des brosses, du cirage et des briquets phosphoriques, c'étaient des joujoux, des bijoux, des gâteaux, des parapluies, des images, des pantalons, du pain d'épice,

[271] Patrice de Monçan, *Les Passages Couverts de Paris* (Paris: Les Editions de Mécène, 2001), 26.

des cannes et des faux toupets." [272] Inside the space of a few feet wide by perhaps one block in length, the *flâneur* finds a pyramid, amphitheater, and an arsenal of goods and shiny objects. When one takes into consideration Bachelard's theory of the miniature, these dream-like evocations of the passageway seem completely possible.

The Passage du Pont-Neuf is a microcosm of the Parisian universe, and the boutique the Raquin family inhabit is yet another microdivision within the city. Time and time again Zola insists on the smallness, the miniature of this space. When Madame Raquin comes back to tell Thérèse and Camille about the boutique "elle dit qu'elle avait trouvé une perle."[273] Of course we first take this in the figurative sense, a "perle" meaning she found a beautiful, jewel of a place, to be valued in the middle of an enormous city. Later in this same paragraph we learn that "la boutique humide et obscure du passage devint un palais." [274] This places us within the Bachelardian miniature. The boutique in the Passage du Pont-Neuf is like that apple that contains a universe, or that flower that houses a city; it is a pearl that contains a palace.

But this pearl palace, like the "faux bijoux" contents of windows lining the passageway, is a false promise. In reality, the boutique in the passage is "un peu petite, un peu noire" and "un coin ignoré."[275] It retains all of the smallness of the pearl, but it is perhaps more of a small stone rather than brilliant jewel. The small size of the boutique is made even more extreme by several other factors: the inclusion of *armoires* and boxes in the description, the insistence upon the enclosure of the structure, and ultimately the fear that pervades the space.

As the novel opens, we see that there is still a strong connection between the space and the idea of Bachelard's *armoire*. The *armoires* here, lining the passageway divide the space up

[272] de Monçan 13
[273] Zola 47
[274] Zola 47
[275] Zola 46

into smaller and smaller pieces, much like the passageways divide and create microcities in Paris. "A droite, sur toute la longueur du passage s'étend une muraille contre laquelle les boutiquiers d'en face ont plaqué d'étroites armoires; des objets sans nom, des marchandises oubliées là depuis vingt ans s'y étalent le long de minces planches peintes d'une horrible couleur brune."[276] Not only are several *armoires* described in the opening chapters, but the space also takes on that shadowy fullness of a closed *armoire*. As we have seen in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, the *armoire* is intrinsically connected to the body, transformation, and dreaming. This image perfectly reflects the desire of the family Raquin to relocate to Paris for the promise of jobs and a new way of life, like many other families at this moment in the city's history.

While Zola's passageway points to the *armoire* as an even smaller segmentation of the space, and though it retains the transformative aspect of Flaubert's *armoire*, it expands the image of the *armoire*, or the miniature from the very beginning. This miniaturized space is from the very beginning a sort of hallucinatory space, an important aspect of the miniature we will discuss at length later in the chapter. These *armoires* are somewhat magical and otherworldly; even though they are painted terrible brown colors and "pourissent" from the humidity and dust, their contents, the objects found within are sleepy but alive. First we note that "la marchande sommeille au fond de son armoire, les mains cachées sous son châle."[277] And then the objects she sells sleep as well "un entassement d'objets ternes et fanes qui dormaient sans doute en cet endroit depuis cinq ou six ans. Toutes les teintes avaient tourné au gris sale, dans cette armoire que la poussière et l'humidité pourrissaient."[278] It is as if the objects inside are more alive than the people walking around outside the *armoire*; as if this majestic piece of domestic furniture possesses a certain power, and as if exposing the life of a glittery ring and the lifelessness of the

[276] Zola 32
[277] Zola 33
[278] Zola 34

humans by comparison. The contents of the *armoires* in Zola's passageway, also point to disordered bodies. "D'un côté, il y avait un peu de lingerie: des bonnets de tulle tuyautés à deux et trois francs la pièce, des manches et des cols de mousseline; puis des tricots, des bas, des chaussettes, des bretelles. Chaque objet, jauni et fripé, était lamentablement pendu à un crochet de fil de fer."[279] Zola's description moves from pieces of clothing for the head ("des bonnets"), then sleeves for arms and collars for necks, then coverings for legs and then feet, and torso. The image Zola creates here is that of a somewhat nightmarish disordered and incoherent human body, foreshadowing the nightmarish bodies we will see in the Morgue sequence and later inside the bedrooms in the Passage du Pont Neuf. In this opening chapter, it is the absence of a coherent human body that is so persistent. The woman selling the fake jewels has no hands inside her *armoire*, the *armoire* is a place to hang clothes that are not attached to any human's body, and the description of Thérèse at the counter ultimately brings this all together.

> Vers midi, en été, lorsque le soleil brûlait les places et les rues de rayons fauves, on distinguait, derrière les bonnets de l'autre vitrine, un profil pâle et grave de jeune femme. Ce profil sortait vaguement des ténèbres qui régnaient dans la boutique. [...] On ne voyait pas le corps, qui se perdait dans l'ombre; le profil seul apparaissait, d'une blancheur mate, troué d'un œil noir largement ouvert.[280]

Ultimately, Thérèse is the disordered body contained within that *armoire*-like boutique, dusty, humid and only as alive as the objects she sells. Susan Harrow writes that in this novel the body is wrapped up in the mixing of themes and is "the site criss-crossed by tensions between culture

[279] Zola 33
[280] Zola 34

(social norms, family expectations) and instinct (the 'natural' self)."[281] Here in the *armoire*, an inheritance from Flaubert, we see that the *armoire* and thus domestic space transforms. Even before stepping foot into the Raquin boutique, Zola prepares his readers for the hallucinations that will haunt this miniature.

4.3 *Miniature* as a verb

Another aspect of Bachelard's miniature that we see in those who call the passageway home is the desire to miniaturize. In fact, the miniature seems to be a sort of comfort for all three, Thérèse, Laurent, and Madame Raquin. While looking for a place to live in Paris, Madame Raquin finds the smallness of the boutique comforting and familiar. "L'ancienne mercière trouva la boutique un peu petite, un peu noire; mais, en traversant Paris, elle avait été effrayée par le tapage des rues, par le luxe des étalages, et cette galerie étroite, ces vitrines modestes lui rappelèrent son ancien magasin, si paisible. Elle put se croire encore en province."[282]

According to Bachelard, we find that "le lointain fabrique d'ailleurs des miniatures en tous les points d'horizon."[283] The comfort in the miniature seems to be both the security of the enclosed and controlled space but also the comfort of an imagined escape toward a reassuring provincial past as well. For Madame Raquin, the small boutique, is not Paris but is "encore en province" and faraway from the strangely new luxe of Paris. It is an escape from what frightened her about the city.

For Thérèse, too, the boutique is an escape. Thérèse and Camille spent their lives together from the very beginning. It was as if they were already married from a very young age,

[281] Susan Harrow, "Thérèse Raquin: animal passion and the brutality of reading," *The Cambridge Companion to Emile Zola* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2007) 110.
[282] Zola 46
[283] Bachelard 159

and the only thing that changed when they became married was the way Thérèse turned the corner at the top of the stairwell. "Le soir, Thérèse, au lieu d'entrer dans sa chambre, qui était à gauche de l'escalier, entra dans celle de son cousin qui était à droite. Ce fut tout le changement qu'il y eut dans sa vie, ce jour-là."[284] Even though her life with Camille has been spent primarily inside, the moment she becomes conscious that she can no longer stand to be with Camille, once she and Laurent have begun what they believe to be "nécessaire, fatale, toute naturelle,"[285] she seeks refuge and escape inside the boutique. She refuses to leave the boutique and to allow Camille to show her off to the fellow pedestrians on the Champs Elysees, outside beyond the walls of the boutique. For Laurent, too, the small door and the confined space are also escapes from his hallucinations in his own apartment. Bachelard writes, "le monde familier prend le relief nouveau d'une miniature cosmique éblouissante. On ne savait pas que le monde familier fût si grand."[286] It is as if in searching for the comfort of the familiar and the familial, these three characters find the ultimate, blinding instability within their own home.

Zola repeats several times that Thérèse rarely leaves the boutique. In fact, the only time we see her beyond the boutique walls are in the beginning chapters of the novel when she has not yet moved to Paris and then again when she and Laurent follow through with their murder plans. Once installed in the boutique in Paris, Thérèse rarely leaves as if she, like Madame Raquin, were "clouée derrière le comptoir."[287] First Zola writes that she does not leave the boutique often "[elles] sortirent à peine de la boutique."[288] Then it is more of an inability to leave : "Thérèse ne pouvant sortir, il fut décidé que Laurent viendrait."[289] And then we read that it is simply a

[284] Zola 43
[285] Zola71
[286] Bachelard 158
[287] Zola
[288] Zola 50
[289] Zola 71

preference : "La jeune femme aurait préféré rester dans l'ombre humide de la boutique." [290] It is a sort of self-imposed enclosure within the limited space of the boutique. Nathan Kranowski writes that in *Thérèse Raquin*, one of Zola's "romans de jeunesse," "l'influence du milieu social et physique sur les personnages principaux n'est que médiocre."[291] I ardently disagree. What we see here in these three citations is not only the influence of the space on Thérèse but an evolution of the character via her relationship with the space.

Laurent also finds comfort within the miniature. Laurent, as fear sets in after he kills Camille, conducts a thorough search within his own apartment. "Quand il fut en haut, il ouvrit sa porte et s'enferma, rapidement. Son premier soin fut de regarder sous son lit, de faire une visite minutieuse dans la chambre, pour voir si personne ne s'y trouvait caché."[292] Of course Laurent does this. This seems like such a natural gesture in the face of fear, slamming the door quickly behind you and then searching for invisible intruders. It is the fact that Zola here employs the term "minutieuse" for Laurent's search. This means that Laurent's search is very thorough; we can see him looking under the bed, behind doors, in corners, in his *armoire* perhaps? It is as if he transports himself into a much smaller world where he is in control of his small space, where every inch is observable. But this seems also to be a world where the intruder is small and elusive and can slip in under the cracks of a window or through a door that is not slammed closed fast enough. During this same fevered terror, Laurent thinks about running out of his apartment to be with Thérèse in the boutique. "Il eut l'idée de se lever, de retourner au passage du Pont-Neuf. Il se ferait ouvrir la grille, il irait frapper à la petite porte de l'escalier, et Thérèse le recevrait. A cette pensée, le sang montait à son cou. Sa rêverie avait une lucidité

[290] Zola 101
[291] Nathan Kranowski, *Paris dans les romans d'Emile Zola*, (Paris: PUF, 1968) 14.
[292] Zola 150

étonnante."[293] In his heightened state of fear, Laurent creates an escape route for himself. The small door is not associated with fear, but with comfort and rescue. We can imagine that a small door, especially one hidden away as this one is, seems to more easily lock out Laurent's imagined intruders than a front door that constantly swings open for customers.

4.4 Sound miniatures and synaesthesia

As the characters recognize the miniature nature of their homes and miniaturize their living spaces to exert control and escape fear, and as they empower themselves by increasing the smallness, obscurity and lucidity collide as do the boundaries between reality and fiction, and even life and death. Within his philosophy of the miniature, Bachelard includes this aspect of instability and what he calls "les miniatures sonores" or "hallucinations auditives."[294] "La miniature relève pour nous exclusivement des images de la vision. Mais la causalité du petit émeut tous les sens et il y aurait à faire, à propos de chaque sens, une étude de ses 'miniatures.'"[295] These impossible miniatures of the senses create that sense of hallucination that Bachelard writes was one of the genius abilities of Edgar Allan Poe. "En somme, dans l'ordre de l'audition, nous avons une immense miniature sonore, celle de tout un cosmos qui parle bas."[296] It makes complete sense that a piece of work that spatializes secrecy and a work that would eventually be destined for the stage would be based in this visual and auditory cosmos of the miniature.

Zola heightens the readers' attention to sound by first obliterating it in early scenes. And it is not simply silence, but a silence often accompanied by adjectives that insist that it is a

[293] Zola 152
[294] Bachelard 161
[295] Bachelard 160
[296] Bachelard 162

hollow sort of silence, not a comforting, familiar silence of a retreat. During the family's first three years in the building it is impossible to distinguish any difference between the days. Routine and monotony install themselves along with the Raquin family in the boutique on the Passage du Pont-Neuf. "Thérèse, vivant dans une ombre humide, dans un silence morne et écrasant voyait la vie s'étendre devant elle, toute nue, amenant chaque soir la même couche froide et chaque matin la même journée vide."[297] This description of silence and of Thérèse's life within the boutique, seems to highlight the two seemingly opposing factors within Bachelard's miniature, the immense within the miniature, the unknowable cosmos within the familiar. In this description we find that the boutique contains something as big as an entire life. This life has been scaled down to fit within the confines of the space given it. But this boutique is also a container of days. It holds every day and every night lived or not lived by its inhabitants. The silence here is both gloomy and crushing; the adjective "écrasant" gives silence, usually experienced in an auditory way, form and an immensely crushing mass.

Susan Harrow writes, "With each chapter, Zola penetrates more deeply the mental agony of his protagonists, unfolding the very texture of hallucination. Astonishing descriptions recreate the visual, tactile, even the acoustic dimensions of hallucination."[298] According to Harrow, these hallucinations are "migrations between the senses (synaesthesia)."[299] What we then realize is that the silence Zola attributes to the Raquin home in the passageway already possesses the hallucinogenic synaesthesia of Bachelard's miniature that each sense possesses a sort of miniature.

[297] Zola 51
[298]Susan Harrow, "Thérèse Raquin: animal passion and the brutality of reading," *The Cambridge Companion to Emile Zola*, ed. Brian Nelson (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2007), 113.
[299] Harrow 114

In the chapter that follows, this silence begins to reveal the "miniatures sonores" and what Bachelard calls "des hallucinations auditives."[300] The silence that has already been established below in the boutique also makes its way into the rooms above where the family lives. Even during the Thursday night game night, the rooms are filled with a silence that provides the perfect setting to highlight the miniature sounds. In this one particularly evocative scene, the "miniature sonore" leads to hallucinations for Thérèse. The chapter begins with a sort of listing of physical movements and gestures, (like that of the play *Acte sans Paroles* written by Samuel Beckett fifty-four years after Zola's death), all of which combine to evoke a sort of mime or silent dance of "les habitudes de la famille."[301] A lamp is lit, water is set to boil for the tea, friends arrive, and they wait for the final guests. All of this happens without dialogue and without the slightest suggestion of sound, until the game of dominos starts where "on n'entendait plus que le cliquetis des dominos. Après chaque partie, les joueurs se querellaient pendant deux ou trois minutes, puis le silence retombait, morne, coupé de bruits secs."[302] The clicking of the dominos and the short, meaningless arguments over a game, are the miniatures Bachelard writes of as being auditory hallucinations. These sounds coupled with Thérèse's disgust with her fellow dinner companions lead to what are described as hallucinations at the end of the chapter. "Et Thérèse ne trouvait pas un homme, pas un être vivant parmi ces créatures grotesques et sinistres avec lesquelles elle était enfermée; parfois des hallucinations la prenaient, elle se croyait enfouie au fond d'un caveau, en compagnie de cadavres mécaniques, remuant la tête, agitant les jambes et les bras, lorsqu'on tirait des ficelles."[303] This hallucination is then framed again by another miniature sound, the sound of the bell downstairs that brings Thérèse back from her hellish

[300] Bachelard 161
[301] Zola 53
[302] Zola 55
[303] Zola 55

hallucination. "On avait posé en bas, à la porte du magasin, une sonnette dont le tintement aigu annonçait l'entrée des clientes. Thérèse tendait l'oreille; lorsque la sonnette se faisait entendre, elle descendait rapidement, soulagée." [304]

In his lengthy chapter on the miniature, Bachelard cites the Edgar Allan Poe as being particularly adept at this type of visual and linguistic magic. This "grand ecrivain" who, according to Bachelard, gave auditory hallucinations "la dignité littéraire," wrote *The Fall of the House of Usher*, in which "nous avons une immense miniature sonore, celle de tout un cosmos qui parle bas."[305] Zola's reference to "tintement aigu" parallels the bell ringing of Poe's poem "The Bells" written in 1849 and translated into French by Stéphane Mallarmé in 1888. Mallarmé had to express not only the words but the sounds created by Poe's bells. For Poe's word "tinkle," Mallarmé chose the word "tinte" which repeats many times throughout the poem. Thérèse's sonnette, shrill and high-pitched, pre-dates the Mallarmé translation by twenty years, but it is within the realm of possibility that Zola had read the Poe original. The "tintinabulations" of Poe's bells seem to ring in the boutique in the passage du Pont-Neuf as well. These bells, the "miniatures sonores," the "hallucinations auditives," and "bruits impossibles," mark the passage of time and seem to be auditory markers of transitions in and out of the world of Thérèse's hallucinations.

In *The Life and Times of Emile Zola*, FWJ Hemmings writes that changing the fate of the murderers, allowing them to die undiscovered rather than face a trial (which happened in reality), "enabled Zola to devote the second part of his book to the detailed and excruciating account of the nervous breakdown suffered first by Thérèse and then by Laurent." [306] However, this assessment seems to miss that Thérèse's breakdown begins on page one. The scene of

[304] Zola 56
[305] Bachelard 162
[306] F.W.J. Hemmings *The Life and Times of Emile Zola* (London: Paul Elek, 1977), 66.

hallucinations cited above occurs many scenes prior to Camille's murder. Her hallucinations stem from living a double life, which she admits began long before she and Laurent murdered Camille and even before they became lovers. "Pendant près de quinze ans, elle avait menti, étouffant ses fièvres, mettant une volonté implacable à paraître morne et endormie."[307] The hallucinations also seem to worsen within the narrow walls of the passage and the life with this family. She says, "j'aurais préféré l'abandon à leur hospitalité" and "Ils m'ont étouffée dans leur douceur bourgeoise." [308] But even Laurent's apartment is too small for Thérèse. "Elle entra dans le grenier. Ses larges jupes ne pouvaient y tenir, tant l'espace était étroit."[309] Any inhabited interior space (apartment, boutique, bedroom, or *armoire*) is too narrow, too confining for Thérèse. Her relationship to family and what she calls "hospitalité" and "leur douceur bourgeoise" is too restrictive. It forces her to assume a role that is not "dans sa nature" which only intensifies the hallucinations in the subsequent chapters. It is as if with Camille's murder, Thérèse splits her life again forming yet more roles to play, as if she, like the Russian doll-like series of passageways she lives in, unfolds yet another identity heightening instability and hallucination.

4.5 Hallucination, theatricality, and the attention or "frame" of the miniature

In his book, *The Empty Space*, Peter Brook writes,

> I have sometimes been accused of wanting to destroy the spoken word, and indeed in this absurdity there's a grain of sense. (. . .) Is there another language, just as exacting for the author, as a language of words? Is there a language of actions, a language of sounds --- a language of word-as-part-of

[307] Zola 82
[308] Zola 74
[309] Zola 89

> movement, of word-as-lie, word-as-parody, of word-as-rubbish, of word-as-contradiction, of word-shock or word-cry?[310]

Silence and sound and seeing and obscured vision are all theatrical techniques employed by Zola to heighten what Hemmings calls the "distinct anticipatory flavor of Ibsen," that of human beings rushing full speed towards their downfall and death. Zola writes that he had no interest in writing about moral character and soul; this was a study in types. This too can be seen as a theatrical technique. These types could also be seen as stock theatre characters, characters on stage that have a repertoire of actions and reactions and certain combinations of types creates a certain story and drama. Philippe Hamon writes of the flatness associated with the characters of *Thérèse Raquin*. He mentions the names printed on the surface of the flat glass window of the store front. "She appears as a pure profile, simply a dab positioned behind the window of her notions shop. She serves as the sign for her store in both the novel and for the text, since her description appears in the opening passage."[311] Even Zola's own statement "J'ai voulu étudier des tempéraments et non des caractères," evokes a certain flatness of a one-sided character, all body and no soul. "L'âme est parfaitement absente, j'en conviens aisément, puisque je l'ai voulu ainsi."[312] Zola's work is neither spiritual nor moralizing, but focused entirely on what he called "un but scientifique avant tout."[313] He compares his work in *Thérese Raquin* to that of a surgeon. "J'ai simplement fait sur deux corps vivants le travail analytique que les chirurgiens font sur des cadavres."[314] Zola's study of the body, scientifically or otherwise, is quite theatrical. After the murder, Laurent strolls through the morgue looking for Camille's body. "La Morgue

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[310] Peter Brook, *The Empty Space* (New York: Atheneum, 1978), 48.
[311] Philippe Hamon, trans. Katia Sainson-Frank and Lisa Maguire, *Expositions: Literature and Architecture in Nineteenth-Century France* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1992), 172.
[312] Zola ix
[313] Zola ix
[314] Zola ix

est un spectacle [...] La porte est ouverte, entre qui veut. Il y a des amateurs qui font un détour pour ne pas manquer une de ces représentations de la mort."[315]

Thérèse, after all, is a story of playing and acting, and seeing and hiding, all of which are heightened by the physical structure of the house within the passageway itself. The acting begins in earnest after the murder when Laurent and Thérèse must assume any role that is not the role of murderer. At first, Thérèse plays sick. "La vérité était que Thérèse se sentant faible et lâche, craignant d'avouer le meurtre dans une crise, avait pris le parti d'être malade."[316] Here we see that there is now a division between her truth and the role she is playing. Laurent plays his role with Stanislavski method precision. "Il continua son rôle d'ami éploré avec une science et un aplomb incomparables."[317]Like an actor, Thérèse is aware of the theatricality of her situation. She must now play a certain role, at odds with the secret that she is a murderer. After Camille's murder, Thérèse must reflect on the "rôle terrible qu'elle avait à jouer"[318] before she goes in to meet Mme Raquin.

Not only are the characters aware of new roles they must play, but the domestic space is arranged as if it were a theatre, with a stage and an offstage, designating what is seen and is not seen and when to switch between roles. Just pages from the end, she reflects on the events that have occurred within this house-theatre. "Jamais ils n'avaient soupçonné un instant le drame qui se jouait dans cette maison."[319] This onstage/offstage opposition follows the public/private mechanics already set up within the structure of the house itself. According to Birdwell-Pheasant, this is the most important function of the house. In the structure of the house we see "the most fundamental coded distinction between public and private, concealment and

[315] Zola 84
[316] Zola 76
[317] Zola 77
[318] Zola 91
[319] Zola 228

display."[320] There are three major zones to this structure, ranging from the most public to the most private: the store, the living room, and the bedroom. We see in the description of the space that it is set up as if it were a classic stage, "Elle était plus longue que profonde."[321] The largest onstage/offstage contrast is between the bedroom and the rest of the house (including the store, which is the most public). It is in the bedroom that Thérèse and Laurent begin their affair and there where they concoct the plan to murder Camille. We see that by the light of day in the store, she plays a role that is not herself. "Le jour, dans la boutique, elle s'intéressait aux choses extérieures; elle sortait d'elle-même, ne vivant plus sourdement révoltée, repliée en pensées de haine et de vengeance."[322] At night, in the privacy of her own room, she is offstage; "elle cachait dans l'ombre de l'alcove les pensées qui la tenaient rigide."[323] In the shadows, away from the stage/store lights, Thérèse feels hidden and safe enough to dream a new role for herself. "Elle se croyait petite fille, vierge sous les rideaux blancs, paisible au milieu du silence et de l'ombre."[324]

Beyond the walls of the apartment, and the store, and enclosure of the blackened glass ceiling of the passageway, the play stops. Upon hearing of the news of Camille's death, a neighbor exclaims rather dramatically "On sort de chez soi, et l'on meurt. Comme ça tout d'un coup."[325] Thérèse and Laurent "ne se sentaient plus chez eux."[326] Camille tortures their sleep and haunts their living spaces, and hiding the truth of the murder from Mme Raquin forces them to play multiple roles even within their home. The different roles have in a way killed Thérèse and Laurent; the moment they had to leave "chez soi" and play the role of an innocent, they died.

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[320] Donna Birdwell-Pheasant and Denise Lawrence-Zúñiga, *House Life: space, place and family in Europe* (New York: Oxford, 1999), 6.
[321] Zola 6
[322] Zola 97
[323] Zola 90
[324] Zola 97
[325] Zola 74
[326] Zola 158

This passageway is Bachelard's miniature dwelling. As we have seen, the choice of a miniature renders whatever is contained inside much bigger; instead of making everything associated with the space smaller, it makes everything bigger, from the values to the sensory experiences within. Everything is heightened to the point of hallucination as if it were under the "magnifying gaze of a child" or a simple frame that focuses attention.[327] Arnold Aronson, a theatre history teacher of mine at Columbia University, once said in class, that all theatre needs is a frame. If you can put a frame around it, it is theatre. Put a frame around kids breakdancing in Central Park under that alley of trees and it becomes theatre. Put a frame around the interaction between the cashier at Costco and the woman buying pickles in bulk and it is theatre. Miniature, like theatre, is a focusing of attention that results in a heightening of the values and senses housed and experienced within. The passageway in Zola's novel is the ultimate transformative space, simultaneously frame, theatre, and miniature.

Zola, too, was grappling with a type of frame in his theory of art. For Zola, the frame was a window frame and the art of creation was contained within this frame on a transparent screen:

> Je me permets, au début, une comparaison un peu risquée: toute oeuvre d'art est comme une fenêtre ouverte sur la création; il y a, enchâssé dans l'embrasure de la fenêtre, une sorte d'Écran transparent, à travers lequel on aperçoit les objets plus ou moins déformés, souffrant des changements plus ou moins sensibles dnas leurs lignes et dans leur couleur. Ces changements tiennent à la nature de l'Écran. On n'a plus

[327] See Appendix. Fig. 25

> la création exacte et réelle, mais la création modifiée par le milieu où passe son image.[328]

Theatre, Bachelard's miniature, and Zola's art theory, as well as the house he builds in the passageway for the Raquin family, all share this idea of a frame, of a feature that marks edges, separates the art from the rest of life, and elevates attention. However, unlike the theatre, art theory, or even the dioramas that were popular at the time, Bachelard's miniature and Zola's house in *Thérèse Raquin* take the theory of the Screen and the theme of theatre and add to it the element of participation. Bachelard writes in an example of le Petit Poucet of how he whispers in the ear of an insect. The characters of the miniature participate directly with the miniature world and are creators of this world; they do not simply stand outside and observe. As we have seen in earlier examples, the characters seek to miniaturize out of the desire to control. And this is the ultimate reason, for their eventual demise, for they have tried to control death and life by murdering Camille. And death submitted to the laws of the miniature will, when miniaturized and controlled, become enormous, all-encompassing, and all controlling. By trying to miniaturize death to the size and power of one man's hands, death increases in size, torments Thérèse and Laurent and leads to their destruction in this miniature cosmos.

4.6 The *miniature* and a nightmarish oneiric space

As we have seen in *Le Père Goriot* and *Madame Bovary*, the physical relationship between the domestic structure and the characters within is so strong that one essentially completes the other. Zola also believed this. "Nous estimons que l'homme ne peut être séparé de

[328] Emile Zola, *Oeuvres complètes: Les débuts 1858-1865* (Paris: Nouveau Monde, 2002) 393.

son milieu, qu'il est complété par son vêtement, par sa maison, par sa ville, par sa province."[329] Zola writes in his preface to *Thérèse* that if one pays close attention, one would find that each chapter is a study in "un cas curieux de physiologie."[330] Zola's goal was to create a scientifically observed study of life. "Je me suis perdu dans la copie exacte et minutieuse de la vie."[331] One the one hand, this novel reflects Zola's meticulous biological study, and on the other hand it is a study in the heightened theatricality of human interactions. Establishing the house as a stage allows the boundaries to blur between public and private, social and intimate, reality and fiction; it even blurs the boundary between the living and the dead. In Zola's spaces everything is a mask. The passageway is not an arcade but a shortcut; the characters are playing the roles of innocents as they hide their violent truth. Even the dead Camille returns to life on the stage. At the intimate moments, the living become fixtures of the house and the dead find life in the corners. This theatricality allows for an imaginative sort of merging between character and space, a sort of theatrical hallucination. Bachelard writes of this hallucination in his chapter on the miniature. "Le poète nous a conduit à une situation-limite, vers une limite qu'on craint de dépasser, entre vésanie et raison, entre des vivants et une morte." [332] A play is in a way a sort of miniature of life, life scaled down to fit within the frame of a stage. And on this stage, Zola presents the deadness of the living and the living dead. Man and dwelling are at once flesh, stone, hallucination, and human.

In *Le droit de rêver*, a compilation of Bachelard's short texts published after his death in 1962, we read about what he calls "l'espace onirique," or the space where our dreams live. As with all of Bachelard's concepts, this oneiric space is double; it spreads out infinitely but also is

[329] Michel Issacharoff, *L'espace et la nouvelle* (Paris: J Corti, 1976), 12.
[330] Zola ix
[331] Zola x
[332] Bachelard 162

limited to the backs of our eyelids. "Nous restons le centre même de notre expérience onirique. Si un astre brille, c'est le dormeur qui s'étoile: un petit éclat sur la rétine endormie dessine une constellation éphémère, évoque le souvenir confus d'une nuit étoilée."[333] We are our own oneiric spaces; we are at once human and the space that makes room for the ephemeral constellation. This is also what we see happening during the nightmarish hallucinations of the later chapters. Characters who were once dead come alive through the space of the house; characters who believe themselves alive become architectural features or interior decoration.

Perhaps the most obvious character-house fusion that happens is in the character of Camille. Camille is only alive in the novel for a few chapters, and yet even after his death he seems to be fully present to the murderers. Laurent remarks after Camille's death that "Il l'avait jeté à l'eau, et voilà qu'il n'était pas assez mort."[334] For the killers he is not dead enough, but he doesn't exist in the world as he did before, walking to and from work. The dead Camille remains alive of course via the paranoia and fear of Thérèse and Laurent, but he remains alive because of the house. Perhaps the most shocking example of Camille's invasive presence in the house is the moment when Laurent and Thérèse get into bed for the night. It is in the bed where Camille's physical presence disturbs Thérèse and Laurent. It is so disturbing, in fact, that they feel him between them. "Lorsque les deux meurtriers étaient allongés sous le même drap, et qu'ils fermaient les yeux, ils croyaient sentir le corps humide de leur victime, couché au milieu du lit, qui leur glaçait la chair."[335] It is not Camille returned, alive and well to haunt their bed, but the corpse of Camille, wet from the drowning and cold to the touch.

Camille also remains alive in the corners of rooms. We read of the possibility of Camille's return when Laurent returns to his studio. Laurent "avait peur de trouver un homme

[333] Gaston Bachelard, *Le droit de rêver* (Paris: PUF, 1970), 196.
[334] Zola 151
[335] Zola 150

caché dans sa mansarde."[336] At first Laurent does not identify the intruder; it is simply "un homme." However, Laurent quickly makes the connection. "Il craignait d'apercevoir sa victime dans un coin de la chambre."[337] Later, after Thérèse and Laurent have been married, Laurent sees Camille in another corner. "Il vit Camille dans un coin plein d'ombre entre la cheminée et l'armoire à glace."[338] The corners of rooms after all are the neglected, most often forgotten spaces in the room, the edges that suggest that fragile separation between interior and exterior, safety and danger. The corner for Bachelard is the ultimate solitude, silence, and death. "Par bien des côtés, le coin 'vécu' refuse la vie, restreint la vie, cache la vie. Le coin est alors une négation de l'Univers."[339] How appropriate for the dead Camille to survive thanks to the corners of the rooms, the spaces, which, according to Bachelard are dead, negative spaces in the room and ultimately in the Universe.

The second distinct visual image of character-house fusion that we see is in the character of Madame Raquin. Even before her paralysis, Madame Raquin's movement through the house and store was not very lively. Laurent comforts Thérèse saying that Madame Raquin is "clouée derrière son comptoir,"[340] and therefore poses little threat to their love affair. Already, it is as if she is physically a part of this structure, as if she were herself nailed into the wood. Later, because of an illness that renders her paralyzed and mute, she becomes "comme une chose."[341] Like an object in the house, she has a certain spot within the room. "Sa place ordinaire entre le poêle et la table."[342] And later she is compared to a prie-Dieu, a piece of furniture in the house where Thérèse can confess her sins without the fear that Madame will turn her in. "Elle accabla

[336] Zola 103
[337] Zola 107
[338] Zola 140
[339] Bachelard 130
[340] Zola 40
[341] Zola 173
[342] Zola 184

Mme Raquin de son désespoir larmoyant. La paralytique lui devint d'un usage journalier; elle lui servait en quelque sorte de prie-Dieu, de meuble devant lequel elle pouvait sans crainte avouer ses fautes et en demander le pardon."[343] We see the gradual demise of Mme Raquin. First, she is merely attached to her boutique. Then, she becomes more object-like with an ordinary place between the stove and the table. And finally, with Thérèse's "daily use," Mme Raquin becomes a very specific object, a piece of spiritual furniture. What we see in this transformation is that Mme Raquin also seems to gradually lose control of the space around her. What began as her home, the lovely pearl she discovered wandering through Paris, has now changed hands. As we have seen in previous examples, Thérèse and Laurent take control of the space and miniaturize it in order to impose some form of control and order. This and Madame's physical demise allow the pair to inherit the house even before Madame has died. Madame's demise and her relationship to space reflect the couple's control or ownership as well. She is not part of the greater structure of the home any more, ultimately she is nothing more than a re-arrangeable object.

Walking along the Rue d'Alésia toward the Parc Montsouris, which provides a lush backdrop for one of Corbusier's only domestic structures still standing in Paris today, one finds a typical mish mash of architectural types along the beech tree-lined boulevard. At #20 on your left you'll see a building like many other buildings in Paris. And on the second floor to the left of the front door you'll see two Caryatid statues, one male and one female, framing a window and looking as if they are struggling under the weight of the third story above them.[344] Laurent and Thérèse sit beside the fireplace in the first of these theatrical moments of character and space fusion in perfect harmony with these two Caryatids of #20 Rue d'Alésia.

[343] Zola 198
[344] See Appendix. Fig.27

They have killed Camille, and they have just this day been married and Laurent is now playing the husband and son roles that Camille's death left open. The murderers have succeeded, but being alone together behind the closed doors is agony for the pair. They sit for quite some time by the fireplace in their bedroom. "Laurent s'assit en face de Thérèse, de l'autre côté de la cheminée."[345] And the image that is created is one of two frozen figures framing the void between them almost as if they were part of the chimney itself. "Ils se mirent à chercher désespérément en eux un peu de cette passion qui les brûlait jadis."[346] But they cannot rejoice, and instead "Il leur semblait que leur peau était vide de muscles, vide de nerfs. [...] ils se tenaient là, aux deux coins d'une cheminée, roides, épuisés, l'esprit troublé, la chair morte."[347] They have essentially become nothing more than the role they played beyond these walls; to stretch this metaphor, they have become these facades they have projected not only spiritually, but also physically. In this intimate moment, in the most intimate space of the bedroom, the characters are essentially dead, their bodies composed of "la chair morte" and cold as stone and statue-like. In this moment, these two characters resemble caryatids, the stony sculptures that frame doorways on the facades of the grand homes of the Left Bank.

In a passage written by Vitruvius, we read of the Caryatids: "But he must acquaint himself with many narratives from history; for architects often incorporate many ornamental features in the designs of their works, of which they must be able to give a reasoned account, when asked why they added them. For example, if anyone erects marble statues of robed women, which are called Caryatids, instead of columns on his building, and places mutules and crowning members above them, this is how he will explain them to inquirers."[348] He explains that the

[345] Zola 134
[346] Zola 135
[347] Zola 135
[348] Hugh Plommer, "Vitruvius and the Origin of Caryatids" *The Journal of Hellenic Studies*, 1979, 97.

statues originated as sort of trophies; the dead and enslaved were included on the exterior of buildings as a show of power and victory. Plommer notes that "Vitruvius's Caryatids, widowed and enslaved, were no Delphic girls."[349] And these Caryatids also included male figures as well. Plommer notes one male and female pairing, that of Heracles and Athena. What we recognize in the image created by Zola are two defeated human statues; they are both essentially dead and enslaved to the secrecy of Camille's murder. "Le menton dans la main, elle regardait les flammes vives, fixement. Elle ne tourna pas la tête quand Laurent entra. Vêtue d'un jupon et d'une camisole bordés de dentelle, elle était d'une blancheur crue sous l'ardente clarté du foyer."[350] Thérèse sits by the fire, pale and deathly still compared to the lively, flickering flames in the chimney.

4.7 Conclusion: Haussmannisation and hallucinatory spaces

The plan Haussmann executed championed social unity, health, and beauty; Paris would finally be that most beautiful and powerful city once envisioned by Napoleon III as surpassing London and joining the ranks of Rome. The goal was to "restore urban unity as a way of strengthening social unity,"[351] and the means to this "unity" was to "eliminate the impression of incoherency created by the divergence of earlier projects and typologies and emphasize the city as a coherent whole." [352] With what Philippe Panerai calls a "strategy of control and separation,"[353] Haussmann created an "overall order"[354] to Paris. And with this creation of coherent order there seemed to be an outward uniformity. According to LeMoine, "the numerous

[349] Plommer 98
[350] Zola 134
[351] Loyer 156
[352] Loyer 232
[353] Philippe Panerai, et. al., *Urban Forms* (Oxford: Architectural Press, 2004), 6.
[354] Panerai 8

apartment houses built along the new boulevards were basically identical in their massing and design, the repetitive effect further emphasized by their regular widths, the even rhythm of window bays, the uniform use of limestone ashlar."[355] Loyer also comments on the uniformity and the suppression of the individual for the support of the whole. "Much has been said about bourgeois individualism in the nineteenth century. In architectural matters the concept is utterly ridiculous, for conformity was the general rule."[356] Panerai in *Urban Forms* calls this outward uniformity created by Haussmann a mask. "With Haussmann, only certain agreed values were made readable. They functioned like masks, hiding differences in social status, in districts, in activities."[357]

Panerai's argument here is quite polarizing. There were people who loved and continue to love what often is called "Haussmann's Paris" and there were many who detested it. The demolishing of Paris was called a "fureur," and those who hungrily demolished the houses in the ways of the "percées" were seen as Fate's right hand, "Tel est le destin: le passé est dévoré par le présent."[358] The mask in Panerai's example is indicative of deception, yet it also can be seen as the assumption of a new identity, and transformation. During this transformation, or devouring, or masking, as walls tumbled and many Parisians lost their houses, their physical refuges, they also lost their bearings in the city and indeed the world they had once called home. In the *Paris Guide*, Louis Blanc, a witness to the transformation of Paris, writes, "Je suis comme le voyageur arrivé d'hier dans une ville étrangère. Je me trouve isolé et nouveau à cette place où tout me connaissait et me faisait famille."[359] Not only does the transformation of Paris disrupt a Parisian's sense of direction, but it disrupted their sense of family and home, and ultimately their

[355] LeMoine 34
[356] Loyer 149
[357] Panerai 8
[358] De Cars 126
[359] Jean de Cars, *Paris: Le Pari d'Haussmann* (Paris: Edition du Pavillon de l'Arsenal, 1991), 134.

sense of self. Haussmann's plans destroyed more houses between the years of 1860-1869 than in any other point during the demolition process. Written mostly in the summer of 1867 and published in the Fall of that same year, one year after the year that saw the most houses destroyed of any other year during the Haussmann transformation, we can clearly see the hallucinatory relationship between house and occupant reflected in Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*. Not only are the characters' bearings thrown off in the face of the hallucinatory presence of Camille, but via Bachelard's theory of the miniature we see that the relationship between character and space shifts from the quite unified relationship occupant to shell to that of a more spectator/spectacle relationship in *Thérèse Raquin*. The characters seem to play the roles of both spectator, or miniaturizers, as well as the spectacle itself.

We have seen Haussmann's chaos, Bachelard's miniature, and Emile Zola's *Thérèse Raquin.* Zola published *Thérèse Raquin* in 1867 at the height of Haussmann's "disemboweling" of Paris. It was a time of grotesque chaos, disorder, and attempted control of life's less beautiful realities, human waste and death. The presence of the *armoire* remains, but the enclosure is taken to the extreme in the form of Bachelard's miniature, a tiny replica of domestic space that throws the inhabitant into hallucinatory chaos. For Bachelard, the miniature is a noun, a verb, and an experience. It is the apple that houses the universe; it is the desire to make small in order to control; and it is experienced via auditory and visual hallucination. When we apply this image to the occupant/house relationship in Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, we see that the search for control has uprooted the relationship between occupant and house. The house is out of control -- possessed of a life of its own, it now completely overpowers the occupant.

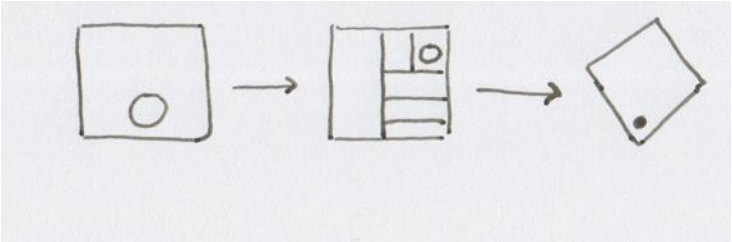


Figure 4: Pace, Emily. “Evolution step three.” JPEG. 2013.

This is the moment of metamorphosis and transformation along the journey toward an inhabitable home, this is the stage that most resembles Joseph Campbell’s “Belly of the Whale,” “the passage of the magical threshold (that) is a transit into a sphere of rebirth.”[360] The occupant “istead of conquering or conciliating the power of the threshold is swallowed into the unknown.”[361] The occupant is now at his smallest in this journey in a house that is tipped on its end, swirling in the chaos and unknown created by the desire to control. Via the lens of Gaton Bachelard’s miniature, we see the problems (chaos, manipulation, disorientation) with the plan executed by Haussmann and Napoleon III reflected in the relationship between house and occupant in Émile Zola’s *Thérèse Raquin* as well as the next step in the journey to developing the most liberating and peaceful relationship between occupant and house.

Susan Harrow writes, "The absence of references to capital projects (Haussmannisation) and to the retail revolution reinforces the compelling interiority of the narrative."[362] I would argue that we do see references to the transformation of Paris here, if not explicitly then implicitly via the hallucinatory relationship between character and domestic space. While Hausmann does not appear until *Au Bonheur des Dames* in the character of Hartmann, Zola

[360] Joseph Campbell, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (Novato: New World Library, 2008) 74.
[361] Campbell 74
[362] Harrow 105

begins the study of the effects of Paris's transformation from the inside, inside the characters as well as the inside of the Passage du Pont Neuf.

Chapter Five: The roundness of house and being in "Combray"

5.1 Introduction

In 1870, Paris witnessed the departure of two political aestheticians, Napoleon III and Baron Haussmann, both of whom transformed the city of Paris and the way Parisians lived their lives. It was a momentous changing of the guard marking yet another shift in spatial and personal expression. Napoleon III left Paris with an army of soldiers to fight in the Franco-Prussian war in which he was defeated and from which he would never be allowed to return to France. By January of 1860, Haussmann had doubled the size of Paris to include its outskirts and the people therein. However, the larger Haussmann's territory became, the more resistance he encountered; he miscalculated the importance of taxes from the annexed portions of the new Paris and the resistance decried not only his math skills but his aesthetics and ideology. "The attacks on Haussmann's Paris were echoed by rather bombastic declarations on art and individualism. Artistic and individual freedom came to be seen as one and the same."[363] His detractors bemoaned his plan's "poverty of expression, its uniformity and its monotony." The rallying cry for art and individualism announced the end of Haussmann's era,[364] and he left his post in early 1870.

From this anti-Haussmann sentiment came the search for a new Paris and a new style. What was born of this shift was the importance of the expression of individuality; diversity would trump monotony, extravagance surpassed poverty, and individuality topped anonymity. "The fin de siècle was characterized by the proliferating inventiveness of a particularly diversified architectural repertoire."[365] But the search for art, individualism, and liberty were not confined to the Paris center; all three were at play in the private suburban house of the nineteenth

[363] François Loyer, *Paris nineteenth century: architecture and urbanism* (New York: Abbeville Press, 1988) 373.
[364] Loyer 373
[365] Loyer 373

century as well. According to Loyer, "The private house, and the suburban house in particular, quickly became a place for the most astonishing extravagances and whims, individuality being the defining characteristic of a family's private property and permanent residence. This was in marked contrast to the anonymity of the rental building, in which occupancy by the owner remained a pure coincidence."[366]

By 1880, the Third Republic was in full swing in France and would be the longest single government the country had seen since the *ancien régime*. "The age of revolution in France thus lasted for a century until the ideals of liberty and equality, masses and market were finally reconciled under the Third Republic in 1880."[367] In 1880, the 14th of July, the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille, legally became the national holiday, uniting all French citizens in a day of great celebration. This celebration also marked a sort of homecoming for the French people. At last they "could feel that they were at least masters in their own house."[368] The call for individualism that began in response to Napoleon III and Haussmann's projects was now realized as the country celebrated its freedom from siege, emperor, and monarch. The people "brutalized and alienated from the city by the twin forces of burgeoning capitalism and Haussmannism wanted to reclaim their own space in the city."[369] By 1880, it looked as if they had done just that.

We see the importance of individuality in Gaston Bachelard's final chapter on roundness. *Le rond*, Bachelard's original French term, rolls off the tongue a little more easily than its English counterpart "roundness," and it is more often seen as a noun giving it a familiarity, which permits it to live more happily in everyday parlance. "Roundness" is a bit awkward and

[366] Loyer 149
[367] Malcom Crook, *Revolutionary France 1788-1880* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2002) 5.
[368] James McMillan, *Modern France* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2003) 1.
[369] Andrew Hussey, *Paris: The Secret History* (New York: Bloomsbury Publishing USA, 2010) 225.

throws the tongue somewhat off balance. Grammatically, what happened to “roundness” is called "nominalization." It started with the adjective “round” and, with the addition of the suffix “-ness,” became the English translation for Gaston Bachelard’s title for his last chapter. Grammar purists lament nominalization's weaker sentence structure, one that takes away the action from the sentence; however, what we see in this example is an adjective functioning as a noun, perhaps a lesser evil of nominalization. Here we see a descriptor made into the central idea or subject. *Round* steps into the foreground of the sentence to become “roundness” and even in the French the definite article preceding *rond* gives it specificity and subject-hood. Bachelard’s idea of roundness is exactly that as well; it is a state of being that takes center-stage. It is not merely round, the adjective form, the description, and all exterior, but it is instead round-ness, the state inside the adjective.

This final chapter of Bachelard's is about the materiality of that adjective ─ *round*’s essence of being. It is that life inside each living being that is isolated within, creating remarkable individuality while also creating coherent unity among all beings. For Bachelard, it is a bird; it is a tree; it is a ball. It is a substance that is more liquid than solid, which moves and breathes and fills a concentrated space that is "la vie gardée de toute part."[370] It’s like a nut, fallen on the ground after a rainstorm; a small object filled with infinite potential for life.

Upon reading Proust’s “Combray,” the first section of *A la Recherche du temps perdu,* begun in 1909 and published in 1913 during France’s long Third Republic, I knew that he understood this roundness, too. My journey to uncover what I was beginning to understand starts in Illiers-Combray.

[370] Bachelard 212

We will see via Bachelard's image of roundness that the relationship between house and occupant in Proust's Combray reflects the homecoming to individuality found during the Belle Époque in the years preceding the Great War. This is the final step as men become "masters of their own house," claiming their space, taking over their home in this the most inhabitable relationship between occupant and house. We will see the internalization of the house in Proust's "Combray." The image is no longer a shell from the outside, an imprisoning *armoire,* or a chaos-inducing miniature. It is the most inhabitable of all of Bachelard's images, and yet it is not inhabitable at all, for it is the most immaterial image of them all. We will discover in this chapter dedicated to Proust's "Combray" and Bachelard's roundness that the most liberating house is the house inside.

5.2 My story of Illiers-Combray: beginning with soup and ending with the Madeleine

I arrived in Illiers-Combray in late November. With the tiny train station at my back, I walked along a street that looked like maybe it would take me towards the center of town. The trees had all been severely cut back; trimmed in such a way that they looked like a mix between enormous spiders and buzz-cut poodles. (Later I would learn that these were linden trees, the "tilleuls" famous for providing Tante Léonie with her healing tea.) Clouds hung low in the sky as kids walked home in search of lunch, and I followed the spires of St. Hilaire in search of inspiration.[371] The town was empty, and so was the church when I got there.[372] I sat in a pew and studied the painted wooden beams above and the saints all around me, and then I realized that the whole town must be at lunch and that I was extremely hungry too.

[371] See Appendix. Fig. 28
[372] See Appendix. Fig. 29

Lunchtime must happen early in Illiers-Combray. Still on Paris time, I didn't think anything of eating lunch around one in the afternoon, but when I finally found a restaurant, the owner wasn't sure if she had any food left for me and the two men who were still in the restaurant were already on coffee. I sat and miraculously heaping plates of hot food appeared before me. There was no asparagus, spinach, fish, or cutlets, familiar fare on the dinner table in Proust's Combray, but after chicken and fries, and hot soup, there was a crème au chocolat, reminding me of Françoise's famous dessert and that "ça se mange sans faim."[373]

After lunch I made my way toward "La maison de Tante Léonie," the house where Proust spent several summers as a boy. This house survived many transformations and many owners until it was finally restored to its original state by Les Amis de Proust and turned into the Musée Marcel Proust. I was told to sign up for a guided tour and then to wait ten minutes for it to begin. I waited in the gift shop with the woman who had asked me to sign in. We silently awaited the arrival of hundreds of other Proust fanatics until it was 2:30 pm, and it looked like I was the only Proust tourist on that cold Tuesday afternoon.

My guide was full of stories and history. We started in the greenhouse and toured through the kitchen, the dining room, up the malevolent staircase, and then on through the bedrooms. In what would have been Proust's room, everything seemed perfectly recreated, the two beds, the "lanterne magique," and the window looking out into the garden where it would be so easy for a child put to bed early to listen to dinnertime conversations. Across the hall was Proust's aunt's room; her bed was pushed up against the window, for easy viewing of the street below. My guide told me how strongly she felt Léonie's presence there; every morning as she opened the curtains to Aunt's window she would say "Bonjour, Tante."

[373] Marcel Proust, *A La Recherche du temps perdu*, (Paris : Gallimard, 1988).

Next to the bed there was a single table with Léonie's objects arranged neatly inside a plastic box. There was the bottle of Eau de Vichy, a small dish of tilleul leaves for making tea, a statue of the Virgin Mary, a Bible, a clock, and on a small round tray a white teacup and saucer and a *Petite Madeleine*. I knew the teacake would be there, and yet I had no idea what shape it would take. I had imaged it a little longer than wide, shaped like an oblong shell, but no, this *Petite Madeleine* found at Tante Elisabette's bedside was round. I asked my guide why it didn't look like other *Madeleines* I had seen. She said that Illiers had always produced round *Madeleines* and that other regions produced a more oblong shaped cake. The roundness that I had discovered in that cake foreshadowed the roundness described in the "Phénoménologie du Rond" of Bachelard, and his final chapter in *La Poétique de l'espace*.

5.3 Towards a Definition of Bachelard's *Rond*

Bachelard ends his *Poétique de l'espace* with a chapter called "La phénoménologie du rond." It concludes this inquiry into the image of the house and the inhabited space, because it in essence is the ultimate inhabited space, the space of the concentrated habitat. Bachelard begins this chapter by citing writers and artists who claim that "life is round," that "intimate truth" that dwells within all beings. This *roundness* is a new way of living inside. He cites three main characteristics of *le rond*. Images of *roundness* "nous aident à nous rassembler sur nous-même, à nous donner à nous-même une premiere constitution, à affirmer notre être intimement, par le dedans."[374] *Roundness* is also "undivided" there is no separation from observer and observed. It is not a state of seeing but of being, and as such there are few exterior descriptions. This is concentrated being, lived from the inside.

[374] Bachelard 210

Bachelard also defines *roundness* by what it is not; it is not a sphere, nor is it merely geometrical. A sphere is empty, described only by its outside limits. *Roundness* is "rondeur pleine," or plenitude, like the difference between a basketball that is full of air and a billiard ball that is heavy and solid inside the round exterior shape. *Roundness* is also not Bachelard's nest from the beginning chapters of *La poétique de l'espace*, but it is like Michelet's bird instead, "l'oiseau (est) presque tout sphérique."[375] While Bachelard has discouraged us from connecting the sphere and the *round*, he uses Michelet's description to illuminate *roundness's* "cosmic situation."[376] Like the bird, *roundness* is characterized by a certain isolation and "extreme individuality."[377] The bird pulls away from the earth as it flies through the sky putting large amounts of space between it and the rest of the world. *Roundness* and the bird are the "une centralisation de la vie gardée de toute part," or life "enclose dans une boule vivante."[378] It is a totally enveloped life "au maximum par consequent de son unité."[379] Bachelard mentions nut and the tree, in addition to the image of the bird ,as examples of images of *roundness.* All of these shapes are full, solid, isolated, and thus the physical expression of "le rassemblement de l'être en son centre."[380]

Roundness does not depend solely on exterior descriptions; it is not, as Bachelard states, only geometry. It surpasses geometry; it is an interior quality with an exterior result. *Roundness* of an exterior does not necessarily imply that the image is a *round* image, though a concentrated life form (tree, human, bird...) will often be a *round* image even if it lacks exterior roundness for the unimaginative reader. A sphere is not considered *round* in Bachelard's sense of the term, for

[375] Bachelard 212
[376] Bachelard 212
[377] Bachelard 212
[378] Bachelard 212
[379] Bachelard 212
[380] Bachelard 213

it lacks an interior "fullness" or solidity; however, a tree is a *round* image because it is a concentrated life form, solid from the inside and isolated and *round* if viewed from above. Bachelard believes that it is essential to imagine, to regress a little, to withdraw from philosophy, to dream and be inside the image in order to understand and imagine *le rond*. "Ces images, elles effacent le monde et elles n'ont pas de passé. […] Il faut un instant, les prendre pour soi seul. Si on les prend en leur soudaineté, on s'aperçoit qu'on ne pense qu'à ça, qu'on est tout entier dans l'être de cette expression."[381]

Finally Bachelard brings us to the conclusion that this "being is subject to no dispersion;" there exists a "permanence de l'être," it is watertight, like the skin of a blueberry. It is the ultimate place of "Bonheur," which he says is the place that houses our subconscious. It is the state of being that calls upon the essence of the human being or what we see as our self, that concentrated me. The ultimate habitat for the human being is the self that houses all experiences and potential across time.

So how does this relate to my discovery of the *petite madeleine*? The *petite madeleine* is perhaps the most famous image of Proust's Combray section; it is round not only because of its geometry but because images of *roundness* are of "rondeur pleine," and ""nous aident à nous rassembler sur nous-mêmes, à nous donner à nous-mêmes une première constitution, à affirmer notre être intimement, par le dedans."[382] In other words, the *madeleine* on a very concrete level is a solid piece of cake that is not very big, no bigger than your palm, and the *madeleine* made in Combray is that of a nearly spherical shell. The *madeleine* is full in one way because it is solid; it is more billiard ball than basketball. It also looks as if it took the form of the shell, as if it grew inside of a shell filling up the shell. Explaining the roundness of life forms Bachelard writes,

[381] Bachelard 209
[382] Bachelard 210

"On vit dans la rondeur de la vie comme la noix qui s'arrondit dans sa coquille."[383] The *madeleine* is solid life and looks as if it formed inside of a shell, like Bachelard's example of the nut here, and the rest of Proust's tome will now take shape from this round cake.

And, yet it is not just from this little cake that the entire novel springs forth, which leads me to the next characteristic of images of *roundness*, that images of roundness "confirm our being intimately inside." Proust describes the *madeleine*'s exterior in only a few sentences because he says the outside really had no meaning for him. "La vue de la petite madeleine ne m'avait rien rappelé avant que je n'y eusse goûté; peut-être parce que, en ayant souvent aperçu depuis, sans en manger, sur les tablettes des pâtissiers, leur image avait quitté ces jours de Combray pour se lier à d'autres plus récents […]" [384] The *madeleine*'s exterior no longer possessed meaning for the narrator, but the experience from within was where he found the meaning and his meaning for the rest of the story. It is that only once he had eaten the cake, ingested it, that he could remember what it was like to be inside again.

5.4 Proust's definition of *roundness*: explicit description of the circle, the *ovale* and the *ovoide*

Only a few times does Proust explicitly attribute exterior *roundness* to an object, and as we have seen with Bachelard's example of the sphere, exterior *roundness* does not necessarily imply that the image is *round*. I would like to discover how each instance is similar and how each is different and what each contributes to Proust's idea or definition of *roundness*.

The very first is the circle that we see surrounding the dreaming/sleeping man. The narrator explains "Un homme qui dort, tient en cercle autour de lui le fil des heures, l'ordre des

[383] Bachelard 209
[384] Proust 46

années et des mondes."[385] Strings of time and space radiate out as if creating a clock face with the sleeping man at the center. Here we see not a sphere, but a circle, a geometrical shape held together by a sleeping man at the center. A man, even while in the most passive state of sleep, actively keeps each "fil" at precisely the same distance creating a perfect circle. Georges Poulet writes, “chaque fois que, chez Proust, une image du passé ou du dehors surgit au fond de l’esprit, c’est pour donner invariablement l’impression d’une réalité perçue au même point-limite, dans un éloignement qui ne saurait ni diminuer ni s’accroître. En d’autres termes, la distance est ici *absolue*."[386] And, indeed this is what we see reflected in the perfect circle with all moments at equal distance.

While in that hazy stage of half-sleep, the space around the man also moves in a round way. Proust's narrator repeats the word "tourner" first as a verb, then as an adjective. "Tout tournait autour de moi dans l'obscurite, les choses, les pays, les années." Time and space turn in the darkness of the unknown space that surrounds him creating a more multi-dimensional whirlwind of the hours and worlds he had originally held in a flat circle around him. The troubling turning never allows him to pinpoint his exact position as if he were inside the kinetoscope of his childhood.

> Ces évocations tournoyantes et confuses ne duraient jamais que quelques secondes; souvent ma brève incertitude du lieu où je me trouvais ne distinguait pas mieux les unes des autres les diverses suppositions dont elle était faite, que nous n'isolons, en voyant un cheval courir, les positions successives que nous montre le kinétoscope.[387]

[385] Proust 5
[386] Georges Poulet, *L’espace proustien* (Paris: Gallimard,1963) 69.
[387] Proust 7

At the Kentucky State Fair, held every summer in Louisville, there is a ride much like Proust's experience here.[388] The ride is composed of a large pole around which people hang in swings. On the ground it looks much like a round swing set. Adults sit in swings that they would have sat in as babies and children. The machine then lifts them off the ground and starts to spin. As it spins, the chains holding the swings fly out wide with the centrifugal force and the people swing around and around flung outward by the spinning machine. So where is Proust's narrator in this nightmarish Fair ride? As the dreamer who holds all of the strings, he seems to be a part of the machine itself, inside it looking at the ends of the strands to see where he is. Proust's Fair ride is less concrete, made up more of rain and stormy ungraspable material that that of the metal Midway amusement machine. The narrator, also, seems to have a difficult time describing anything but the type of movement.

> Sa mémoire, la mémoire de ses côtes, de ses genoux, de ses épaules, lui présentait successivement plusieurs chambres où il avait dormi, tandis qu'autour de lui les murs invisibles, changeant de place selon la forme de la pièce imaginée, tourbillonnaient, dans les ténèbres.[389]

It is as if it is too dark in the shadows for any use of sight. When you're on the ride it is difficult to say where you are, too. Just like any good fair ride, when you are spinning around you cannot look to see where you are. You feel the turning and the movement of the air as it breezes by your body and the distinct green feeling of nausea deep in your gut. Instead of seeing where he is, the narrator's sides and knees and shoulders speak of where he is; his body tries to pin down his location. The body searches to find a location, and there is also that consciousness that witnesses the body searching for location which is also searching for a location. It is as if the

[388] See Appendix. Fig. 33
[389] Proust 6

narrator here is both the machine turning and simultaneously riding along in the whirl. I will expand on this state of consciousness a bit later in this chapter. For now, I merely wanted to examine this turning, churning, dark, uncertain space. It is only at the end of the Combray section that the narrator can call that stormy ride by name, "le tourbillon."

Georges Poulet writes in *L'espace proustien* that "il est toute une série de lieux chez Proust, inconfondables avec les autres, qui semblent exister à l'intérieur de leurs frontières, d'une existence absolument indépendante." [390] On one hand, I agree with Poulet; as Jean de Grandsaigne writes in *l'espace combrasien*, Combray is an entity all its own, a closed and cut off society. Proust notes this as well in the Combray section. "Parfois ce morceau de paysage se détache si isolé de tout, qu'il flotte incertain dans ma pensée comme une Délos fleurie."[391] A bit of the countryside, Combray, detaches itself like a floating, yet blossoming, Greek island. For Bachelard, Jules Michelet's bird is *round* and allows him to study isolation as one of the central characteristics of *le rond*. Cited by Bachelard in this final chapter, Jules Michelet writes "L'oiseau, presque tout sphérique, est certainement le sommet, sublime et divin, de concentration vivante. On ne peut voir, ni imaginer même un plus haut degré d'unité. Excès de concentration qui fait la grande force personnelle de l'oiseau, mais qui implique son extrême individualité, son isolement, sa faiblesse sociale."[392] That which is *round* finds its strength in independence and individuality and flies alone like Michelet's bird. Round images do not find power in association but in isolation and independence.

On the other hand, I wonder what Poulet would make of the "tourbillon" and the turning movement and the "obscurité" and the phrase "dans ma pensée." Poulet writes "il n'est jamais

[390] Poulet 29
[391] Proust 182
[392] Bachelard 212

question d'espace, il n'est question que de lieux, et de la distance qui existe entre ces lieux."[393] Perhaps Proust never questions this "tourbillon," but one cannot deny the existence of it and of a space that exists before and after the memory of places in the section of Combray as if creating bookends for the experience and creating an unsettled space. "Et la demeure que j'avais rebâtie dans les ténèbres était allée rejoindre les demeures entrevues dans le tourbillon du réveil."[394] The characteristics of this "tourbillon" that keeps returning allows us to describe that space before place comes to existence in the sleeper's memory. While describing the dialectic of the inside and outside, Bachelard writes "Et quelle spirale que l'être de l'homme!"[395] Being is a constant movement between inside and outside and really the two ideas aren't so closed off and separate as many might believe. What we see in the "tourbillon" of Proust's sleeper's being is a spiraling movement that provides the connection to specific places, not through mere geography but through the turning sleeper himself. Poulet writes that all distance in Proust's work is emptiness. He cites the example of the child sent to bed away from the adults at the dinner table; distance is alienating, emotional, and empty. And yet here the distance is full; the "tourbillon" is itself a distance and yet also a place where the narrator finds himself. The narrator places himself inside the round movement of the "tourbillon," "tout tourne autour de moi," filling the distance with his own being, his "moi," and thus creating a round image.

In his chapter on *roundness*, Bachelard cites psychoanalytical explanations of *roundness*; "tout ce qui est rond appelle la caresse."[396] A caress is a physical gesture of care and intimacy, in response to the fullness of *le rond*. In a sense the caress is gesture toward roundness that creates a kind of closed circuit; it is the response to the call made by roundness. It is primarily a gesture

[393] Poulet 59
[394] Proust 184
[395] Bachelard 193
[396] Bachelard 211

of hands to body. The hands, tools of creation, imitate the shape of the round form before them and build life and more roundness.

During the Belle Époque, the caress took center stage. Isabelle Julia writes that during the Belle Époque, "le mythe de Paris prend une ampleur qu'il n'avait plus connue depuis des siècles."[397] It was a high-flying time; the world came to Paris to play. In the paintings from this time we see "un monde changeant qui virevolte autour du 'grandmonde' en le reverberant." We also see dancers, partiers, drinkers, and prostitutes. "C'est le monde de Proust et de Colette […] Reines de Paris, reines du monde."[398] The Odettes de Crécy, the Gigis, along with the transformation of women's fashion brought women's bodies into the limelight in a very sexualized way. This is one type of caress, the sexualized caress. But Julia notes that amidst the decadence of the era there was a kind of frightening darkness and even emptiness. "En cette époque on sent souvent *l'envers du décor* – et comme une incapacité d'aimer et de sentir, dans une sorte de dévergondage generalisé."[399] Sex was everywhere, but love was scarce. In the short section on the caress, Bachelard notes that the psychoanalytic understanding of the caress is limited when it comes to studying roundness. It seems that the people of Belle Époque Paris were living the limitations of the caress. "Tout ce qui est rond appelle la caresse," writes Bachelard. But the call to caress cannot be the only defining feature of roundness. We see here that the caresses responded to a sort of hollow roundness, empty of love and of feeling. Proust's Odette de Crécy, "une demi-mondaine," one of the most remembered characters of *Un Amour de Swann*, was a mistress to many and perhaps best embodies the Belle Époque caress. Because I am focusing this chapter on Proust's "Combray" section, I will not discuss Odette here. But I

[397] Isabelle Julia, "Paris le Jour, Paris la Nuit," *Paris: Au Temps des Impressionnistes* (Paris: Skira Flammarion, 2011) 149.
[398] Julia 150
[399] Julia 151

would like to investigate in the future the character of Odette and the paintings of the Belle Époque and Bachelard's roundness. For this chapter, the question is what kind of roundnesses are created by Proust in Combray and is there any relationship between roundness and the caress?

During the famous scenes of bedtime turmoil, the narrator remembers trying to keep his mother's kiss on his cheek long enough to get back to bed and fall asleep. "Ce baiser précieux et fragile que maman me confiait d'habitude dans mon lit au moment de m'endormir il me fallait le transporter de la salle à manger dans ma chambre et le garder pendant tout le temps que je me déshabillais, sans que se brisât sa douceur […]"[400] This sweet and fragile maternal caress, while a bit different fom the caress of the demi-mondaines of Paris, seems most similar to the maternal fullness of roundness of the home Bachelard refers to in his first chapter. "Au-dedans de l'être, dans l'être du dedans, une chaleur accueille l'être, enveloppe l'être. L'être règne dans une sorte de paradis terrestre de la matière, fondu dans la douceur d'une matière adéquate. Il semble que dans ce paradis matériel, l'être baigne dans la nourriture, qu'il soit comblé de tous les biens essentiels.'"[401]

As I stated earlier, there are only a few times Proust describes something as being round, roundness as an external feature. The first time is the circle around the sleeper. The next is a series of associations between the shape of the oval and the shape of the human face, more specifically a woman's face. While little Marcel struggles when faced with the imminent separation from his mother, he describes the moment he kisses his mother as a type of Holy Communion mixed with fairytale qualities of Sleeping Beauty. "Or la voir fâchée détruisait tout le calme qu'elle m'avait apporté un instant avant, quand elle avait penché vers mon lit sa figure

[400] Proust 23
[401] Bachelard 26

aimante, et me l'avait tendue comme une hostie pour une communion de paix où mes lèvres puiseraient sa présence réelle et le pouvoir de m'endormir."[402] Here "sa figure" is "tendue comme une hostie;" the manner in which she holds out her face to him, ceremoniously, graciously, transforms her face into the gift of the bread of life of communion. Initially, I latched onto the possible exterior roundness of the "hostie," for these days communion bread is often a round wafer. However this image of *roundness* is personal in the extreme and devoutly tied to what Bachelard would call "(illustrations) du monde extérieur."[403] The image of the cheek as the "hostie" is also a *round* image, not only due to its exterior roundness, but also due to the transmission of calm. Bachelard writes, "L'être rond propage sa rondeur, propage le calme de toute rondeur. Et pour un rêveur de mots, quel calme dans le mot rond! Comme il arrondit paisiblement la bouche, les lèvres, l'être du souffle!"[404] The mother's kiss transmits calmness to the child and is therefore *round*. Also, the word *round*, or *rond* in French, shapes the face much like that of a kiss. It is this presence of calm in addition to the caress and the roundness of the kiss that make this image a round image.

In a later scene as Marcel studies the face of a woman, trying to decode her identity (later he will realize that this is the Duchesse de Guermantes) we see again the link between face, roundness, and the caress. "Jamais je ne m'étais avisé qu'elle pouvait avoir une figure rouge, une cravate mauve comme Mme Sazerat, et l'ovale de ses joues me fit tellement me souvenir de personnes que j'avais vues à la maison [...]"[405] The oval of this woman's cheeks is familiar to Marcel and so disappointingly common that he refuses to believe that it could belong to his beloved Duchesse de Guermantes. While he is dramatically disappointed, it is the shape of the

[402] Proust 13
[403] Bachelard 208
[404] Bachelard 213
[405] Proust 172

cheek that begins to reveal the potentially *round* image. The oval cheek resembles that of "des personnages que j'avais vu à la maison;" the connection to the family home and thus the family unit here is quite general and though he does not make the direct connection to his mother's face we can see the relationship between them via the *round* descriptors: the "ovale" and the "hostie." We see that one of the initial explicit images of roundness for Proust is related to the caress and the round place on the mother's face with which a child is so familiar. Yet this disappointment, this space between how he imagined the Duchesse and the reality of her face relates directly to the narrator's experience of visiting a place he had only read about. "On cherche à retrouver dans les choses, devenues par là précieuses, le reflet que notre âme a projeté sur elles, on est déçu en constatant qu'elles semblent dépourvues dans la nature du charme qu'elles devaient, dans notre pensée, au voisinage de certaines idées. "[406] This is essentially Bachelard's claim that *roundness* is solitary, personal, and individual. This disappointment is the child's realization that this woman is somehow outside of him; she is at a distance and created, like the visited place, with her own individuality and farther away from his soul than he had imagined. Again we see that the caress, or the cheek, the space associated with the kiss, is not the only characteristic of Proust's *round* images.

Proust repeats the oval image and transposes it on the natural world. While walking along the Méséglise way, Marcel remembers the weather, "le climat du côté de Méséglise était assez pluvieux."[407] "Souvent le soleil se cachait derrière une nuée qui déformait son ovale et dont il jaunissait la bordure."[408] The oval is as celestial and life giving as the sun, with an "éclat" powerful enough to stop life for a moment: "[l']éclat [...] était enlevé à la campagne où toute vie semblait suspendue [...]". But, like the oval of the Duchess's face, this oval of sun is somewhat

[406] Proust 86
[407] Proust 148
[408] Proust 148

deformed. The cloud functions a bit like the pimple by the Duchess's nose. Of the Duchess, the narrator explains "mais elle était si réelle que tout, jusqu'à ce petit bouton qui s'enflammait au coin du nez, certifiait son assujettissement aux lois de la vie."[409] The ovals of faces and the face of the sun are ephemeral in their brilliance, woefully out of reach, and disappointingly imperfect.

Marcel finds another round image in the Vivonne. "J'en jetais dans la Vivonne des boulettes qui semblaient suffire pour y provoquer un phénomène de sursaturation, car l'eau se solidifiait aussitôt autour d'elles en grappes ovoïdes de têtards inanités qu'elle tenait sans doute jusque-là en dissolution, invisibles, tout près d'être en voie de cristallisation."[410] Here the oval has become a more three dimensional "ovoïde." It is essentially an oval container of the life of the tadpoles inside. The oval has become not only life giving like the sun, but a multi-dimensional life itself.

5.5 *En dehors* et *en dedans*

Understanding Proust's *round* images leads us to the ultimate characteristic of *le rond*: that it confirms us as being intimately inside. But as we have seen throughout *La Poétique*, "inside" for Bachelard is not a simple idea. Bachelard thought of the final two chapters of *La Poétique de l'espace* as a bit separated from the rest of his book. They were to begin connections to what would be another book, a compilation of his lectures at the Sorbonne. "Dans notre esprit, ces deux derniers chapitres, alourdis de métaphysique implicite, devraient faire le lien avec un autre livre que nous voudrions écrire encore."[411] In true Bachelardian fashion, just as the conclusion to this book is merely the beginning to another, "inside," we will see, is also a part of being "outside."

[409] Proust 173
[410] Proust 166
[411] Bachelard 21

In her article, “Experience and Use of the Dwelling,” Perla Serfaty-Garzon writes that the first of three phenomenological dimensions of dwelling is that a dwelling “sets up an inside/outside.”[412] Inside and outside are spaces set up by the existence of the dwelling. She also writes, “The dwelling enables the being to pause; it suspends the immediate exposure of the being to the exterior world.”[413] Inside is a space that allows a being to control its exposure, or visibility. It is the limit-line controlled and navigated by the being within. Carvalho writes “le dehors n’est que la manifestation d’un dedans devenu sans limites.”[414] The terms inside and outside are physical as well as metaphysical.

In “La dialectique du dehors et dedans,” Bachelard yet again challenges the idea of opposition. He explains that inside and outside are so often a yes/no or binary code for mathematicians, logicians, philosophers, and psychologists; the dialectic is characterized by “la netteté tranchante de la dialectique du oui et du non qui décide de tout.”[415] "Le philosophe, avec le dedans et le dehors pense l’être et le non-être."[416] And ultimately this opposition "se teint d’agressivité."[417] But, as Bachelard wrote in earlier chapters "l'inconscient est bien logé, heureusement logé."[418] When it comes to being, there is no room for aggression and therefore no aggressive “yes” or “no” dialectic when it comes to the ideas of inside and outside.

So if inside and outside are not at odds with one another, no longer aligned with yes or no, what does “La dialectique du dehors et dedans” look like? As we have seen, Bachelard exclaims that man’s life is a spiral; man moves constantly between inside and outside forming a spiral of being. But being is not simply a spiral for Bachelard. "Alors, à la surface de l’être,

[412] Perla Serfaty-Garzon, “Experience and Use of the Dwelling, www.perlaserfaty.net/texte3.htm.
[413] Serfaty-Garzon, 8
[414] Edmundo Morim De Carvalho, *Poésie et Science chez Bachelard* (Paris: l’Harmattan, 2010) 167.
[415] Bachelard 191
[416] Bachelard 191
[417] Bachelard 212
[418] Bachelard 29

dans cette région ou l'être veut se manifester et veut se cacher, les mouvements de fermeture et d'ouverture sont si nombreux, si souvent inverses, si chargés aussi d'hésitation que nous pourrions conclure par cette formule: l'homme est l'être entr'ouvert."[419] Instead, man's being is a half-opened door, a threshold between inside or outside, "La porte, c'est tout un cosmos de l'Entr'ouvert."[420] As Bachelard notes in several examples, man can experience the inside as the outside and the reverse; and man is constantly navigating between outside and inside, but the main point of this chapter is to note that "l'en dehors et l'en dedans sont tous les deux intimes; ils sont toujours prêt à se renverser, à échanger leur hostilité." [421] Navigation between the two, inside and outside, is not navigation between intimate and vast spaces, it is a continuous navigation of the intimate.

For Proust, this makes absolute sense. Several writers have already noted that the village of Combray is an "inside" unto itself. In *L'espace combrasien*, Jean de Grandsaigne writes "la petite ville dessin(e) autour d'elle la forme d'un cercle parfait;" "ce cercle parfait, est, en effet, a la fois limite et separation."[422] For Grangsaigne, Combray is a closed circle. Combray, the village is essentially Bachelard's *rond*. It is pulled into a center; it is characterized by isolation and extreme individuality; it is a solid roundness filled with the structures and the inhabitants and their lives inside, and it is experienced from the inside. Not to mention that it is "parfaitement circulaire."[423] Combray, though, is also inside the being of our narrator fixed in a moment in time. This gives Combray a double interiority, the separation from the rest of the world and then the separation within the narrator. And it is within the narrator where we see the navigation between the inside and the outside begin. It begins on page one of "Combray" when the narrator

[419] Bachelard 200
[420] Bachelard 200
[421] Bachelard 196
[422] Grandsaigne 49
[423] Proust 47

explains the elusiveness of sleep. His descriptions move from the candle inside to the trains outside, then to imagined trains and then back to his pillow. We are reminded of this inside to outside movement when, while describing the experience of reading, the narrator explains that there is what he calls "incessants mouvements du dedans au dehors."[424] It is via these "incessants mouvements" that he moves closer to "la découverte de la vérité."[425] This inside-outside search for truth begins forty pages earlier with the famous *petite madeleine* scene. Upon tasting it as an adult "un plaisr délicieux m'avait envahi, isolé sans la notion de sa cause."[426] This surprise stirs a search for the recovery, the understanding of what triggered such delicious pleasure. The search begins for an understanding of the feeling that like love "me remplissant d'une essence précieuse: ou plutôt cette essence n'était pas en moi, elle était moi." From the first moment of feeling, the narrator believes that the feeling is not simply housed within him somewhere, but that it has recovered a forgotten, younger version of himself within the person he had until that moment imagined himself to be. Poulet writes that time and space for Proust are simultaneous; there are layers of time and space that coexist. So, therefore, Proust's concept of self seems to be layered as well as if all of the selves his narrator ever was coexist simultaneously. Thus begins the inside outside investigation, until he finally comes to the conclusion: "Il est clair que la vérité que je cherche n'est pas en lui, mais en moi."[427] He becomes stuck trying to discover the truth in the outside object and realizes that he must go inside himself to remember and recover.

What seem to be at odds are the linguistic distinctions Proust makes in his schematization of being. He clearly differentiates between something that is “en moi” and something that is “moi.” First we read, "cette essence n'était pas en moi, elle était moi." And then we read, "Il est

[424] Proust 83
[425] Proust 83
[426] Proust 44
[427] Proust 45

clair que la vérité que je cherche n'est pas en lui, mais en moi."[428] As a child, he was already aware of the distance between him and "un objet extérieur." "Et ma pensée n'était-elle pas aussi comme une autre crèche au fond de laquelle je sentais que je restais enfoncé, même pour regarder ce qui se passait au-dehors? Quand je voyais un objet extérieur, la conscience que je le voyais restait entre moi et lui, le bordait d'un mince lisèré spirituel qui m'empêchait de jamais toucher directement sa matière."[429] Seeing an "objet extérieur" is to be distanced from it, for observer and observed roles keep him from experiencing the essence of the object. Here also it seems that inside and outside are reversed; it is inside that he observes the distance created by "un mince lisèré spirituel," or that which distances him from a truly shared experience. To return to the condundrum of "moi" vs. "en moi" and how it relates to what is "en" or inside, I believe that all of this leads the narrator to conclude that there is a "moi en moi." There was a "moi" that he uncovered that had been covered by years of living that he believed it at first to be outside of him and then realized that the only "mince lisèré" between the child self and the present self was the often uncontrollable nature of memory.

5.6 *Round* unity of the flora and fauna of Combray

"Il arrive dans ces moments de rêverie au milieu de la nature où l'action de l'habitude étant suspendue, nous sortions abstraites des choses mises de côté, nous croyons d'une foi profonde, à l'originalité, à la vie individuelle du lieu où nous nous trouvons."[430] "Et la terre et les êtres je ne les séparais pas," explains the narrator while describing his youthful meditations on solitude and love. While surrounded by the nature of Combray, the young Marcel finds unity in beings and the earth and a profound faith. Bachelard writes in his final chapter, "Le monde est

[428] Proust 45
[429] Proust 83
[430] Proust 154

rond autour de l'être rond."[431] Bachelard and Proust are in agreement here. There is no separation between beings and their surroundings; the surroundings in a way are merely another extension of *roundness*, another extension of themselves.

Earlier, explaining the importance of the two "ways," our narrator mentions unity again in connection with the spirit. "Je leur donnais, en les concevant ainsi comme deux entités, cette cohésion, cette unité qui n'appartiennent qu'aux créations de notre esprit."[432] These two ways are unified in his spirit and just before we see that they are also unified by the house. "Car il y avait autour de Combray deux 'côtés' pour les promenades, et si opposés qu'on ne sortait pas en effet de chez nous par la même porte, quand on voulait aller d'un côté ou l'autre."[433] The two ways were so different that the family would leave by a different door depending on the way they wanted to go, so in a way, the walk outside begins inside the house, by choosing which door to take. Here we see that Bachelard's dialectic of *dehors et dedans*, as he mentions so often, are inverted.

Here, also, we see Bachelard's human being, "l'homme est l'être entr'ouvert."[434] Outside and inside coexist simultaneously in Bachelard's philosophy and in Proust's Combray. We imagine nature, the trees and flowers in Combray, to be outside of the house in Combray; however, what we will see is that nature links the inside to the outside, thus it is another unifying "path" in the Combray text. The trees and flowers also have their own inherent roundness, trees and flowers are described as round, but they also possess Bachelard's characteristics of roundness, isolation, fullness, concentration. So, while possessing their own roundness, they are linked to the roundness of the house; as we have seen in the previous section, they are both

[431] Bachelard 214
[432] Proust 133
[433] Proust 132
[434] Bachelard 200

outside the house and yet also considered intimate space, and thus an intrinsic part of our discussion of the roundness of the house.

In the chapter on the "phénoménologie du rond," Bachelard writes, "Parfois en effet une forme est là qui guide et enferme les premiers rêves. Pour un peintre, l'arbre se compose en sa rondeur. Mais le poète reprend le rêve de plus haut. Il sait que ce qui s'isole s'arrondit, prend la figure de l'être qui se concentre sur soi."[435] The tree for both painter and poet is an image of roundness; it is a concentrated and isolated being that the painter sees as being round and the poet knows it must be round because it is isolated, concentrated, and full of life. Trees for Proust are also images of roundness in Combray. On one of his walks along the Méséglise path, Marcel notices the exterior roundness of the apple trees.

> A intervalles symétriques, au milieu de l'inimitable ornementation de leurs feuilles qu'on ne peut confondre avec la feuille d'aucun autre arbre fruitier, les pommiers ouvraient leurs larges pétales de satin blanc ou suspendaient les timides bouquets de leurs rougissants boutons. C'est du côté de Méséglise que j'ai remarqué pour la première fois l'ombre ronde que les pommiers font sur la terre ensoleillée, et aussi ces soies d'or impalpable que le couchant tisse obliquement sous les feuilles [...][436]

Here we note Proust's usage of the terme "ronde;" the only other time he uses this term throughout the text is in his description of Combray, "Combray, de loin, à dix lieues à la ronde, vu du chemin de fer."[437] He does not say explicitly that the apple trees are *round*, but that the shadow they cast as the sun sets is *round*. Ultimately, we understand that to create a *round* shadow, the object must be round, too; however, the description of a shadow points to a more

[435] Bachelard 214
[436] Proust 144
[437] Proust 47

untouchable roundness, like the "soies d'or impalpable" also created by the setting sun. This is a roundness that also produces apples, or, more roundness. Of course the apple tree is perhaps the most loaded tree image in the history of trees, the tree that caused the fall of man, the tree located in the garden of Eden. It is the apple that fell on Newton's head allowing him to articulate the law of gravity. Here, though, it is not the tree itself that is the focus, but the round shadow, the full essence of life, and the tree's ornamentation, the "larges pétales de satin blanc." The focus here and the reflections on art and aesthetics that follow seem to place this tree in a sort of artistic tableau of the Beauce region, known for its large sky and agriculture.[438] Georges Poulet writes, "Jamais, en effet, chez Proust, un lieu n'est décrit, sans qu'au premier plan ne se profile telle ou telle figure, pas plus que jamais, chez lui, ne surgit une figure, qu'elle ne trouve un cadre tout prêt à l'insérer et à la supporter."[439] Here, the tree's shadow is the figure in the foreground, surrounded by the light from the setting sun in a sky large enough to provide space for both the sun and the shy moon encircling the village of Combray. Here again we notice this shadow tree is round on a round world, attended to by the round sky's round guardians, the sun and the moon.

The tree that reappears many times throughout the text is "le grand marronnier," or the chestnut tree in front of the family house. Like the apple tree, the chestnut tree produces more roundness in the form of round chestnuts. This tree perfumes the family and visiting neighbors as if following the family around in their clothes, as if it too is a member of the family joining the dinner party around the iron table. In "Les marronniers," a poem from *Les Plaisirs et les jours*, Proust notes the curve of the branches back down to the ground, unlike other trees' branches that lift up and out and away from the earth. In this brief description, we also see that the “marronnier” is not only a tree, but also a shelter. Here he mentions that it is like "une

[438] See Appendix. Fig. 32
[439] Poulet 35

grotte" and its green leaves create a "pavillon." We notice that the “marronnier” in the Combray section is also a shelter; it provides cover for the dinner table, but it also shelters Marcel as he reads. "Et ne voulant pas renoncer à ma lecture j'allais du moins la continuer au jardin, sous le marronnier, dans une petite guérite en sparterie et en toile."[440] Here we see the double shelter of the tree as well as the little fabric shelter hanging from its branches. "Beaux après-midi du dimanche sous le marronnier au jardin de Combray [...]"[441] The tree's shelter provides the boy below with a shelter within also, a way to clear out emotional and interior intrusions as well.

This tree is also intrinsically connected to the inside of the house. In Stephane Heuet's illustration of the Combray house we see Proust's description, "Comme si Combray n'avait consisté qu'en deux étages reliés par un mince escalier, et comme s'il n'y avait jamais été que sept heures du soir."[442] Heuet deftly links the small salon on the ground floor to the child's upstairs bedroom with the "mince escalier," which he gives a lot of power by placing it in the center of the frame and of the house. Heuet's house has no front walls separating it from the outside, from the white wicker chair placed beside the *round* iron dinner table and the plants, greenery around the edges that seem to indicate their creation of another outside room. The chestnut tree is a part of this home, and in this frame we see that there is no division between inside and outside in the mind of the narrator. The home includes the tree and the tree includes the family. In another frame, we see that Heuet looks down on the family below, down on the *round* table below as if from the perspective of the chestnut tree. The tree here is positioned as if it were sheltering and taking care of the family, much like a house would, and we are reminded of Bachelard when he

[440] Marcel Proust, *Jean Santeuil. Précédé de Les plaisirs et les jours* (Paris : Gallimard, 1971) 142.
[441] Proust, *Les plaisirs et les jours*, 142.
[442] See Appendix. Fig. 31

wrote, "tout espace vraiment habité porte l'essence de la notion de maison."[443] The chestnut tree houses the family below.

Young Marcel also references the chestnut tree several times from inside. First, when he is inside his room, with the windows open, listening to the dinner party downstairs. "J'ouvris la fenêtre sans bruit et m'assis au pied de mon lit [...], Ce qui avait besoin de bouger, quelque feuillage de marronnier, bougeait. Mais son frissonnement minutieux, total, exécuté jusque dans ses moindres nuances et ses dernières délicatesses, ne bavait pas sur le reste, ne se fondait pas avec lui, restait circonscrit."[444] And then again when he is inside reading during a storm: "Assis dans le petit salon, où j'attendais l'heure du dîner en lisant, j'entendais l'eau dégoutter de nos marronniers, mais je savais que l'averse ne faisait que vernir leurs feuilles et qu'ils promettaient de demeurer là, comme des gages de l'été, toute la nuit pluvieuse, à assurer la continuité du beau temps."[445] In both of these examples, we see that Marcel allows the outside to come inside. From his seated position in both of these instances, he allows his mind to travel from inside to outside; he allows the movement between the inside to the outside to be unimpeded. We also see Bachelard's concluding characteristic of roundness. He writes, "le devenir a mille formes, mille feuilles, mais l'être ne subit aucune dispersion."[446] Being is permanent, and we see the force and the reassurance of permanence via the image of the chestnut tree in both of these examples. In the first we see that the mouvment "restait circonscrit." It is as if the tree has been given a power strong enough to control and contain these tiny movements. In the second example, Marcel is reassured by the chestnut trees; they will not succumb to the thrashing wind and rain of the storm outside. Instead they "promettaient de demeurer là [...] à assurer la continuité du beau temps."

[443] Bachelard 24
[444] Proust 32
[445] Proust 150
[446] Bachelard 214

Their promise, their continued existence just outside the house, assures the return of beautiful weather, a strength and a continuity, a permanence that is "subject to no dispersion."

5.7 The house is *round*

Early in his chapter on *le rond*, Bachelard gives us three specific characteristics of "full roundness." "Encore une fois, les images de la rondeur pleine nous aident à nous rassembler sur nous-mêmes, à nous donner à nous-mêmes une première constitution, à affirmer notre être intimement, par le dedans."[447] The house in Combray can be considered an image of Bachelard's full roundness. The narrator describes this house that collects many memories from summers during his childhood:

> C'est ainsi que, pendant longtemps, quand, réveillé la nuit, je me ressouvenais de Combray [...] à la base assez large, le petit salon, la salle à manger, l'amorce de l'allée obscure par où arriverait M. Swann, l'auteur inconscient de mes tristesses, le vestibule ou je m'acheminais vers la première marche de l'escalier, si cruel à monter, qui constituait à lui seul le tronc fort étroit de cette pyramide irrégulière; et, au faîte, ma chambre à coucher avec le petit couloir à porte vitrée pour l'entrée de maman; en un mot, toujours vu à la même heure isolé de tout ce qu'il pouvait y avoir autour, se détachant seul sur l'obscurité, le décor strictement nécessaire (comme celui qu'on voit indiqué en tête des vieilles pièces pour les représentations en province), au drame de mon déshabillage; comme si

[447] Bachelard 210

> Combray n'avait consisté qu'en deux étages reliés par un mince escalier, et comme s'il n'y avait jamais été que sept heures du soir.[448]

This house is enchanted by that "croyance celtique" mentioned by Proust immediately following this long description of the physical structure, in which an object can house the soul, memory, and being of an individual. Individuality is the key characteristic of Gaston Bachelard's roundness, *le rond*. It is via images of *le rond,* that we begin to understand our being "par le dedans."[449] Bachelard's roundness isolates itself much like Proust's home here at the during the Belle Époque, a time of change in how domestic spaces were conceived of and perceived. As we read in this chapter's introduction, the private home was characterized by its individuality and how it differentiated itself from the outside to establish an interior intimacy, just as we see in the home in Combray. Proust insists on the home's individuality using phrases such as "se détachant seul" and "isolé de tout." We notice, too, that Proust compares Combray not to a sphere but to a pyramid. The presence of "cette pyramide irrégulière" in the house's description might lead one to believe that *roundness* could never possibly be a characteristic of this home. On the contrary! What Proust's pyramid and Bachelard's roundness share is the aspect of volume. Volume, and a filled volume, is one of the essential characteristics of Bachelard's roundness. This house is not merely a triangle or a circle or a neat little square, but an irregular pyramid that possesses a potential fullness, a "plénitude potentielle."

The first of Bachelard's characteristics of *roundness,* that it "helps us to collect ourselves," seems to imply that *roundness,* like the Combray house, is a type of unified space. George Poulet writes, "l'unité de temps emporte la pluralité de l'espace, comme l'unité de

[448] Proust 43
[449] Bachelard 210

l'espace emporte la pluralité du temps."[450] By conferring this unity of space onto the house in Combray, Proust allows for the plurality of time; in one space we see all of the separate moments in time collected under one roof. This is deeply connected to Bachelard's idea of *roundness*, which "helps us to collect ourselves." The home in Combray collects specific moments of the narrator's younger self: summers spent reading, nights spent weeping and away from his mother, afternoons spent leaving and returning to the house after a walk, dinnertimes eating asparagus and crème au chocolat. The self-collected is the child self but also the adult self. Proust writes that his childhood sobs still exist within him as an adult.

> Il y a bien des années de cela. La muraille de l'escalier, où je vis monter le reflet de sa bougie n'existe plus depuis longtemps. En moi aussi bien des choses ont été détruites que je croyais devoir durer toujours et de nouvelles se sont édifiées donnant naissance à des peines et à des joies nouvelles [...] En réalité ils n'ont jamais cessé; et c'est seulement parce que la vie se tait maintenant davantage autour de moi que je les entends de nouveau [...].[451]

His childhood self still exists, but he could only feel it when life quieted down around him. The connection between this image and that of meditation is undeniable. Meditation can take many forms and means many different things to different philosophers and different religious practitioners; however, the one idea that all forms of meditation share is the contact with our true selves via inner stillness and quiet. It seems that Proust's narrator finds that unchangeable part of himself when all around him and then all within him can quiet down and induce a kind of "recueillement." This is the ultimate "collect(ing) of ourselves."

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[450] Poulet 72
[451] Proust 36

Bachelard's second characteristic of a round image allows us to give "à nous-mêmes une première constitution." *Roundness* allows us to give ourselves a first constitution, a first construction, a first arrangement, a first character. The house in Combray does exactly this by allowing the narrator to go back and to collect himself (*se recueillir*, we might say) as a child. Georges Poulet writes that Proust never gives us a character without a setting behind and around them, and he never gives a setting without placing a character or a figure in the foreground. The house is the background to the child's figure.

The topic of childhood was quite dear to Bachelard; he dedicated many pages to the subject including a few paragraphs here and there within *La Poétique de l'espace*. It is here in childhood that he believed that our home becomes written in us. "La maison natale est physiquement inscrite en nous. Elle est un groupe d'habitudes organiques. A vingt ans d'intervalle, malgré tous les escaliers anonymes, nous retrouverions les reflexes du 'premier escalier', nous ne buterions pas sur telle marche un peu haute."[452] For Bachelard, to be alone inside is to be a happy child. "Heureux l'enfant qui a possédé, vraiment possédé ses solitudes! [...] N'est-il pas des enfants qui quittent le jeu pour aller s'ennuyer dans un coin du grenier."[453] In a chapter from *La Poétique de la rêverie* titled "Les rêveries vers l'enfance," Bachelard writes, "L'enfant se sent fils du cosmos quand le monde humain lui laisse la paix."[454] It is that cosmic paternity felt as a child that will move the adult's poetic imagination. Proust's narrator finds this precious childhood solitude in the attic:

> Je montais sangloter tout en haut de la maison à côté de la salle d'études, sous les toits, dans une petite pièce sentant l'iris, et que parfumait aussi un cassis sauvage poussé au-dehors entre les pierres de la muraille et qui

[452] Bachelard 32
[453] Bachelard 34
[454] Bachelard, *Rêverie*, 84

> passait une branche de fleurs par la fenêtre entrouverte. […] cette pièce […] servit longtemps de refuge pour moi, sans doute parce qu'elle était la seule qu'il me fut permis de fermer à clef, à toutes celles de mes occupations qui réclamaient une inviolable solitude; la lecture, la rêverie, les larmes et la volupté.[455]

This solitude was deliciously perfumed and necessary for the child while solitude before bedtime was torturous and alienating. While the adult self is that continous conciousness that Poulet writes about, that voice that creates unity in the novel, and though the child seems quite mature in specific moments, it is still a story of childhood and of beginnings, and essentially of giving the narrator his initial constitution and framework within the house in Combray.

The house, and by their nature all houses, brings the family together into a unit, it collects the people under one roof. Each person is part of the family, and individual in their own eccentricities, but all of these characters are also part of the young Marcel, for as he notes: "Notre personnalité sociale est une création de la pensée des autres. Même l'acte si simple que nous appelons 'voir une personne que nous connaissons' est en partie un acte intellectuel. Nous remplissons l'apparence physique de l'être que nous voyons de toutes les notions que nous avons sur lui, et dans l'aspect total que nous nous représentons, ces notions ont certainement la plus grande part."[456] Revisiting the people who live inside the house allows him to revisit that part of himself that was young and essentially his "initial constitution." The narrator recognizes this in Swann "dans lequel je retrouve les erreurs charmantes de ma jeunesse, et qui d'ailleurs ressemble moins à l'autre qu'aux personnes que j'ai connues à la même époque, comme s'il en était de notre vie ainsi que d'un musée où tous les portrais d'un même temps ont un air de famille, une même

[455] Proust 12
[456] Proust 19

tonalité [...]"[457] What we find here is that the narrator recognizes his "erreurs de jeunesse" contained within the memory of a certain person; he is remembering himself via another character pulled from his memory in his story. Pieces of himself survive via memories of someone else who was also collected under this roof. We also visualize that idea of collection as if it were a gallery of portraits in a museum. Here we grasp that the house encloses and collects these people as if it were a museum; and this collection of portraits is housed within the narrator himself. It collected him within, it collected his "initial constitution," and, yet, it is also within him.

5.8 *Round* living inside

This initial constitution is one of an inside arrangement, and the inside being is Bachelard's *round* image. For Bachelard roundness is a full roundness, not to be confused by an empty sphere. *Roundness* is concentrated being in a filled and solid form. We see that *roundness* for Proust is filled with more *roundness*. According to Georges Poulet, Proust's is a work of layering, of "superposition juxtaposante."[458] It is the "resurgissement du passé, en dépit du présent." [459] Instead of each moment or place occurring next to one another, they simultaneously appear on top of one another. We find that while investigating roundness in the Combray section, the roundness of the house is composed of simultaneous *roundnesses* within.

The first section to describe Combray opens with "A Combray, tous les jours dès la fin de l'après-midi [...] ma chambre à coucher redevenait le point fixe et douloureux de mes préoccupations." [460] Combray opens with the idea of habit and of the habitual or cyclical

[457] Proust 19
[458] Poulet 116
[459] Poulet 114
[460] Proust 9

experience, that which happens "tous les jours." Reflecting on Proust's work, Robert Shattuck writes, "We live by synechdoche, by cycles of being."[461] Samuel Beckett writes of the theme of habit in Proust's work as that which dulls a life; "Habit," writes Beckett, "is a compromise effected between the individual and his environment, or between the individual and his own organic eccentricities, the guarantee of a dull inviolability, the lightning-conductor of his existence."[462] Bachelard on the other hand saw habit as the link between memory and the body. "Le mot habitude est un mot trop usé pour dire cette liaison passionnée de notre corps qui n'oublie pas à la maison inoubliable."[463] Combray is Proust's unforgettable house; and what he remembers most strongly are all of the cyclical experiences within this house. These cyclical experiences resemble the spiral of the sleeper's beginning in that they repeat and circle around those who live inside and via those who live inside. These cycles include seasons, habits, and ceremonies.

Let us begin by looking at the seasons, those universal cycles ascribed to the outside of the house.

> Au commencement de la saison, où le jour finit tôt, quand nous arrivions rue du Saint-Esprit, il y avait encore un reflet du couchant sur les vitres de la maison et un bandeau de pourpre au fond des bois du Calvaire. [...] Dans l'été au contraire, quand nous rentrions, le soleil ne se couchait pas encore; et pendant la visite que nous faisions chez ma tante Léonie, sa lumière qui s'abaissait et touchait la fenêtre était arrêtée entre les grands rideaux et les embrasses, divisée, ramifiée, filtrée, et incrustant de petits

[461] Robert Shattuck, *Proust's way: a field guide to In search of lost time* (New York: WW Norton, 2000) 5.
[462] Samuel Beckett, *Proust* (New York: Grove Press Inc, 1931) 7.
[463] Bachelard 33

> morceaux d'or le bois de citronnier de la commode, illuminait obliquement la chambre avec la délicatesse qu'elle prend dans les sous-bois.[464]

The presence of the seasons on the windows attributes both independence and universality to the house according to Bachelard. "Ces saisons, elles trouvent le moyen d'être singulières en restant universelles."[465] The universe or the universal shines here and bounces off the windows of the family home also bringing to mind Bachelard's candle at the window. The light at the window, as we have seen in earlier chapters is the eye of the home; it is the sign of life inside that gives the home its humanity. Here we see the universal and the individual, the universal shining from the sky outside onto the intimate space of the individual family's home and memory.

While the seasons outside the window point to the cycles that sweep the house up in the movement of the cosmos, a tour through the structure of the house introduces us to several of its inhabitants' habits and lives they create inside. The connection between this family and this house is so strong that the narrator introduces each new character as if on a tour through the home itself.

> Mon père haussait les épaules et il examinait le baromètre, car il aimait la météorologie, pendant que ma mère, évitant de faire du bruit pour ne pas le troubler, le regardait avec un respect attendri, mais pas trop fixement pour ne pas chercher à percer le mystère de ses supériorités. Mais ma grand-mère, elle, par tous les temps, même quand la pluie faisait rage et que Françoise avait précipitamment rentré les précieux fauteuils d'osier de

[464] Proust 131
[465] Bachelard, *Rêverie*, 100

> peur qu'ils ne fussent mouillés, on la voyait dans le jardin vide et fouetté par l'averse [..].[466]

Father is introduced via the barometer, mother through her positioning downstairs away from Marcel. Grandmother is introduced outside the house, yet within the walled in property in the gardens in the rain, while the uncle's absence is felt in the house's closed-off "petit cabinet de repos."

The narrator describes his Aunt Léonie's life inside this, her house in Combray. "Ainsi passait la vie pour ma tante Léonie, toujours identique, dans une douce uniformité de ce qu'elle appelait avec un dédain affecté et une tendresse profonde, son 'petit traintrain.'"[467] Here we see that she lives life in a somewhat circular way, almost as if she is repeating the same day over and over. We also see that she names this type of life and feels profound tenderness for it as well as "un dédain affecté." These habits seem to comfort Léonie as if they were a very close relative, like a sister or younger brother, at once annoying and beloved; it is a familial feeling she has for the way she lives her life, or the habits she creates inside her home.

The narrator also describes *habitude* as somewhat theatrical. We learn that Léonie loves to play out different scenes between people, in what the narrator calls her "spectacle dans un lit." "Elle voulait faire jouer ses pièces" as if recreating or reliving what she has seen and heard from her bed.[468] It is an action repeated, consistently, and it seems to be quite individual and personal to the Aunt's character.

While Aunt Léonie is performing plays upstairs, it is a different type of theatre downstairs where "des tragédies d'arrière-cuisine" take place. If you walk into the kitchen in the home of Tante Léonie, you will find a small door in the back right corner. Walk up a few small

[466] Proust 11
[467] Proust 107
[468] Proust 116

stairs, and you are now in what was called the "souillarde" or the "arrière-cuisine" where "les plus bas des domestiques" were sent to work. It is a tiny space, shoved into a corner of a corner room and located on its own tiny landing, neither on the ground floor nor on the first floor. The narrator describes several instances that take place here as "des tragédies d'arrière-cuisine,"[469] or what essentially amounted to as Francoise's harassment of kitchen girls who worked for her. These "tragédies" seem to be wrapped up in Francoise's identity just as the "pièces" and "traintrain" are characteristic of Tante Léonie, for the narrator tells us later that Françoise did these terrible things not out of sadistic pleasure but instead out of a ferocious loyalty to "la grandeur future de sa maison."[470] Françoise relegates her workers to an isolated, removed spot in the house to keep them from installing themselves within the house and hence within the family's domestic space, for family and house are absolutely inseparable and here they are synonymous.

The tables, *round* domestic objects that surface early in Combray, add ceremony to the cycles of living inside the house. In his illustrated version of "Combray," Stéphane Heuet chose to draw the table just outside the house, in the garden, as a round iron table.[471] Proust never explicitly describes this table, but perhaps it is the repetition of the phrase "autour de la table de fer" that led the illustrator to this representation. Inside, the more formal dining room table is also *round*, though made of wood instead of weather-resistant iron. These tables are the *round* objects around which a *round* routine happens, the ceremony of dinner. During one of the bedtime scenes, Marcel asks Françoise, the cook and right-hand woman of Tante Léonie, to take a note he has written down to his mother. "Troubler la cérémonie" is absolutely out of the question according to Françoise. Françoise's use of the word "cérémonie" here as opposed to a

[469] Proust 120
[470] Proust 122
[471] See Appendix. Fig. 30

familial “traintrain,” or "habitude" as we have seen in previous examples brings an entirely new view of this cycle of life inside the house. Of course it is an early-on testament to what we will later discover as her ferocious loyalty to the family, but it also adds a religiousness or spirituality to the roundness of being inside the house that the other words don't quite suggest.

Dining also returns in one of the most joyful moments in the first section, the "samedi asymétrique."[472] Each Saturday the family lunches one hour earlier than during the rest of the week. "Dès le matin, avant d'être habillés, sans raison, pour le plaisir d'éprouver la force de la solidarité, on se disait les uns aux autres avec bonne humeur, avec cordialité, avec patriotisme: 'Il n'y a pas de temps à perdre, n'oublions pas que c'est samedi!'"[473] What we see in this moment most defines what it is like to live inside this house. In the brief instance, Proust reveals the roundness of being inside. "Le retour de ce samedi asymétrique était un de ces petits événements intérieurs, locaux, presque civiques, qui, dans les vies tranquilles et les sociétés fermées, créent une sorte de lien national et deviennent le thème favori des conversations, des plaisanteries, des récits exagérés à plaisir; il eût été le noyau tout prêt pour un cycle légendaire si l'un de nous avait eu la tête épique."[474] Discarding the weekly routine interrupts thoughtless “habitude” and creates a new ceremonial “habitude” with phrases the family repeats to one another almost in religious code. This moment between the habit of a "vie tranquille" and discarded routine combines to form the "noyau," the core, the kernel, or the stone from which the story originates. The "noyau" is Bachelard's *rond* "saisie en son centre, dans sa brieveté"[475] and key to his "rondeur pleine."

[472] Proust 109
[473] Proust 109
[474] Proust 109
[475] Bachelard 213

5.9 Inheritance of the miniature and becoming *round* in Proust

At two parallel moments (thirty pages from the beginning and again thirty pages from the end of the Combray section) as if swept up in the spiraling structure of Proust's story, we encounter what we could call the inheritance of the miniature. As we saw in the previous chapter on Emile Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, Bachelard finds the immense in the miniature and the search for control in a world in which reality quickly gives way to the hallucinatory. We see this in Proust as well, with the turning, spiraling of space and time as the narrator drifts into and then again out of sleep. What we see, though, in these two aforementioned parallel moments in Combray is a miniature turned *round*. The first of these moments occurs during one of the bedtime scenes. Little Marcel has had to leave the dinner party below. After much anguish, in this scene he discovers calm after the storm.

> Je venais de prendre la résolution de ne plus essayer de m'endormir sans avoir revu maman [...]. Le calme qui résultait de mes angoisses finies me mettait dans une allégresse extraordinaire, non moins que l'attente, la soif et la peur du danger. J'ouvris la fenêtre sans bruit et m'assis au pied de mon lit; je ne faisais presque aucun mouvement afin qu'on ne m'entendît pas d'en bas. Dehors, les choses semblaient, elles aussi, figées en une muette attention à ne pas troubler le clair de lune [...]. Ce qui avait besoin de bouger, quelque feuillage de marronnier, bougeait. Mais son frissonnement minutieux, total, exécuté jusque dans ses moindres nuances et ses dernières délicatesses restait circonscrit [...]. Exposés sur ce silence qui n'en absorbait rien, les bruits les plus éloignés, ceux qui devaient venir de jardins situés à l'autre bout de la ville, se percevaient détaillés avec un

> tel "fini" qu'ils semblaient ne devoir cet effet de lointain qu'à leur pianissimo [...].[476]

What we see here is quite similar to a miniature from Zola. We see the miniature preceded by emotions moving vertiginously from "angoisses" to "allégresse extraordinaire." Then in the calm and stillness, the narrator says, "je ne faisais presque aucun mouvement" and the world outside follows suit. "Les choses" outside his window almost freeze so as not to disturb the moonlight. Thus begins the image of the miniature. The idea of disturbing moonlight plunges the readers into the realm of the miniature, because even the tiniest of movements could upset the particles of moonlight. Proust takes the miniature to an extreme here. No longer do we inhabit the world of trains and iron dinner tables, of a world scaled to man, but it is now a world scaled to moonlight. The light is not sunlight or even candlelight, but moonlight, their more magical and shy and perhaps more easily disturbed cousin. In the moonlight realm, a few leaves on the chestnut tree move below but only with a "frissonnement minutieux" and "moindres nuances." Also in this realm of miniature, the heightened silence allows faraway noises to be heard. The world Marcel experiences from his window in the stillness and the silence just multiplied in size with the help of the miniature; he can now hear "à l'autre bout de la ville." The narrator also compares these sounds not to crickets or small insects, but to an orchestra and "les progrès lointains d'une armée en marche qui n'aurait pas encore tourné la rue de Trevise."[477] Here, again, we see and hear that hallucinatory experience of the immense in the miniature.

In the second instance of miniature, we see the miniature become round. While walking along the "côté de Méséglise" the family is forced to take shelter from a rainstorm.

[476] Proust 32
[477] Proust 33

> Mais d'autres fois se mettait à tomber la pluie dont nous avait menacés le capucin que l'opticien avait à sa devanture; les gouttes d'eau comme des oiseaux migrateurs qui prennent leur vol tous ensemble, descendaient à rangs pressés du ciel. [...] Nous nous refugiions dans le bois. Quand leur voyage semblait fini, quelques-unes, plus débiles, plus lentes, arrivaient encore. Mais nous ressortions de notre abri, car les gouttes se plaisent aux feuillages, et la terre était déjà presque séchée que plus d'une s'attardait à jouer sur les nervures d'une feuille, et suspendue à la pointe, reposée, brillant au soleil, tout d'un coup se laissait glisser de toute la hauteur de la branche et nous tombait sur le nez.[478]

In this scene, we see the miniature given *roundness*. As for the expression for the miniature in this section, we could very well begin by identifying the raindrop's size; however, Bachelard insists that phenomenology needs to take the image to the extreme, and Proust does exactly this when he goes on to tell us exactly how small the raindrops are. Following a single raindrop from the veins of a leaf, to the tip of the leaf, and then to the end of a child's nose plants us firmly in the realm of the miniature. The raindrops are smaller than the veins of a leaf that provide its background and its playground. And to be able to see the raindrop move along the leaf, stop at the end of the leaf, glisten in the sunlight, and then fall is to see the miniature movements of the miniature object.

Proust also compares the raindrops in the storm to migrating birds taking off together. It is easy to imagine the roundness of the raindrop, but the addition of the bird metaphor ("les

[478] Proust 148

gouttes d'eau comme des oiseaux migrateurs") doubles the roundness making the roundness even that more extreme. As mentioned earlier, Bachelard cites Michelet who wrote that "a bird is almost entirely spherical." Bachelard explains that the bird is a concentrated being, pulled into its center, and individual. The individuality inherent in round images is spotted as several raindrops go rogue and begin to play on the leaves and then lazily drop.

The drops in the rainstorm, which began as a prediction in the optician's window, become birds, not via any description of their form or size or any external, but from a description of their internal nature. The raindrops take on the essence of the playfulness, the physical movements, and the habits of the birds. This is the essence of *roundness*; the exterior roundness of the raindrops is the result of its interior round essence.

In his article "Essence and apparition in Proust," Aynesworth concludes with this revelation about Proust's narrator, "In the context of this slow time, this life lived twice, the narrator becomes an analogue of the creative process."[479] Deleuze saw the narrator as "a naked body." What makes the narrator tricky to deal with, though, is the fact that the narrator is not a noun but a verb treated as if it were a noun or a subject, like the word "being." The narrator is "the creative process," or an essence continually creating and recreating. Like Bachelard's "roundness," an adjective that became a noun, the narrator's definition is somewhat difficult to deal with. Who is he? Where is he? When is he? But those are really the wrong questions to ask. Maybe there are no questions at all; the narrator IS and that is all. It is that primordial state of being that creates and recreates; it is that larger consciousness that witnesses the searching, the remembering, the emotions, the dialogues, and their incessant flux. And like the narrator in

[479] Donald Aynesworth "Essence and apparition in Proust " *Studies in the Novel*, 12.1 (1980): 29-45. JSTOR. June 2013.

Proust's search, roundness is the always-present consciousness that gives the entire work of art or human being coherence.

Here we see at the near the end of the nineteenth and dawn of the twentieth century that the house is no longer even a place but a *round* being that reminds us of our individuality and our relation to the cosmos and our connection to the universal. It is no longer that socially derived self, but Deleuze's "naked" being that preceded all of that. It is the place that collects all of those child faces of our own youth, that Bachelard believes come to greet us as we dream. "Quand, dans la solitude, rêvant un peu longuement, nous allons loin du présent, revivre les temps de la première vie, plusieurs visages d'enfants viennent à notre rencontre."[480] And it is from those child faces and the faces of the family inside the home that we remember not only the habits of how we have learned to live but of how we came to reacquaint ourselves with the ultimate intimacy, the space we share with ourselves.

5.10 Conclusion

We had only just reached the attic when my tour guide asked me what time my train was that evening. I took out my phone to check the time thinking I had plenty of time to catch the train back to Paris, and gasped when I realized that my train would be pulling out of the station in only fifteen minutes. I had spent over two dreamy hours in the house and had completely lost track of time trying to describe the smell in the stairwell to my journal and sketching the magic lantern on the table in Proust's room overlooking the chestnut tree and the oblong garden below. I did not want to leave; I hadn't seen every last corner. The feeling reminded me of the child by the hawthorns who threw off his hat and said a tearful goodbye to the beautiful flowers. With one

[480] Bachelard, *Rêverie*, 85

long glance of the photos lining the walls of the attic and my guide steadily rattling off dates and authors to me as we glided down the stairs and through the library room and back to the desk where I checked-in, I left in a big, dramatic sweep of the house and out the door toward the station. My newly purchased Parisian boots would not permit an all-out run but somehow I managed a long-strided jog out of town as I tried to remember the left and right turns my guide had suggested. Just as I made it to the street that would take me to the station a car pulled up alongside me. The drivers' window rolled down and a man leaned his head out the window and asked if I needed a ride. The American child in me remembered to never get in cars with strangers, so I politely declined but smiled thankfully; the man shook his head and drove off. It didn't dawn on me until I had made it onto the train and was most of the way back to Paris that strangers do not exist in Combray.

> A Combray, une personne “qu'on ne connaissait point” était un être aussi peu croyable qu'un dieu de la mythologie, et de fait on ne se souvenait pas que, chaque fois que s'était produite, dans la rue du Saint-Esprit ou sur la place, une de ces apparitions stupéfiantes, des recherches bien conduites n'eussent pas fini par réduire le personnage fabuleux aux proportions d'une “personne qu'on connaissait,” soit personnellement, soit abstraitement, dans son état civil, en tant qu'ayant tel degré de parenté avec des gens de Combray.[481]

I imagine that the man rolled his eyes as he shook his head and drove off. While he very well could have been a serial killer shaking his head as another woman in beautiful boots from Paris got away, I'd like to believe that he shook his head and rolled his eyes knowing that I had

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[481] Proust 56

forgotten that inside the Illiers-Combray bubble everyone was somehow related and no one was a stranger.

As the Beauce slid by and behind me in the train, I scribbled more notes, sketched the floor plan of the house, and thought about what it would be like to know everyone in town or at least delight in my talent of supreme biographical and familial deduction. Viollet-le-Duc, of whom Proust was a "grand lecteur,"[482] once wrote, "L'habitation personnelle seule peut développer l'habitude d'être soi, comme l'habitude d'être soi impose un caractère particulier à l'habitation: les deux conditions se commandent."[483] The occupants of the house in "Combray" and of Illiers-Combray have found this balance and perfectly inhabitable relationship between individuality and unity.

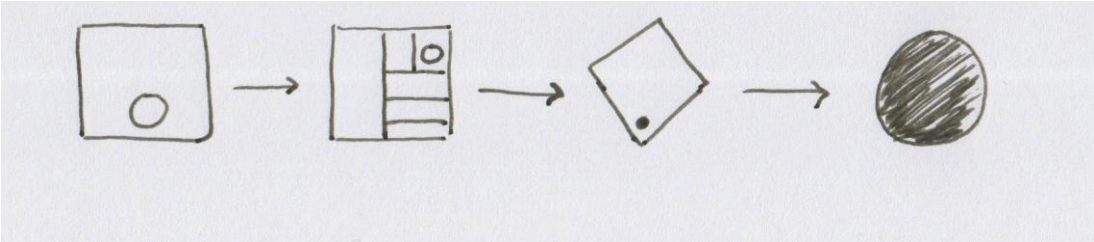


Figure 5: Pace, Emily. "Evolution in four steps." JPEG. 2013.

As we have seen via Bachelard's roundness, the mode of living is no longer that of a shell from the outside, or an imprisoning armoire, or a chaos inducing miniature. It is the most inhabitable of all of Bachelard's images, the home experienced within. While Balzac, Flaubert, and Zola concerned themselves with the exteriority of the house's relationship to the occupant, Proust places the home firmly within the occupant, and allows his readers to follow him inside in order

[482] Luc Fraisse, "Proust et Viollet-le-duc: de l'égthétique de Combray à l'esthétique de La Recherche," *Revue d'Histoire littéraire de la France*, PUF, 100.1 (2000): 45-90. JSTOR. July 2013.
[483] Eugène Viollet-le Duc, *Habitations modernes* (Bruxelles: Pierre Mardaga, 1979) 8.

to see it, experience it, and live it with him. Man can now "experience and take over this dwelling," as Heidegger writes.[484]

In the 1880s French citizens finally had the right to free speech, free press, and free association.[485] The "free expression of thoughts and opinions" had been considered "one of the most precious rights of man" inscribed following the Revolution of 1789.[486] Now, nearly 100 years later, this right became reality. Heidegger called speech "the audible expression and communication of human feelings," "an activity of man," and that which "grants an abode for the being of mortals."[487] Speech is that which communicates what is inside man as well as that which creates a home for him. Proust's work, which follows man's interior speech of memory and experience, has built a new "abode for the being of mortals" of the early modern age.

[484] Heidegger 241
[485] Colin Jones, *The Cambridge Illustrated History of France* (Cambridge: Cambridge Univeristy Press, 1999) 222.
[486] Philip G. Dwyer and Peter McPhee, eds, *The French Revolution and Napoleon: A Sourcebook* (London: Routledge, 2002) 28.
[487] Martin Heidegger "Language," *The Norton Anthology of Theory and Criticism*, Ed. Vincent B. Leitch (New York: WW Norton and Company, 2001) 1121-1134.

Chapter Six: Conclusion

In 1909, just as Marcel Proust was beginning his work on *A la Recherche du temps perdu*, Claude Monet exhibited *Les Nymphéas* for the first time at the Galerie Durand-Ruel in Paris.[488] Like Proust's work, Monet's *Nymphéas*, or *Water Lillies*, "portrayed the changeability and flux of every moment."[489] Trees, sky, and sun are all reflected in the blues, purples, pinks, and yellows of the water's surface as time of day and seasons change. These paintings and the larger formats he would finish in 1914 were not simply beautiful combinations of exquisite colors meant for cursory observation and appreciation; Monet's *Nymphéas* were meant for visual meditation. Monet wanted to create "une méditation paisible au centre d'un aquarium fleuri." Monet accomplished just this when the large *Nymphéas* paintings found their home in the Orangerie in Paris in 1928. The placement of the building was very important to Monet. Built in 1854 to house the orange trees of the Tuileries gardens, the building's situation "entre fleuve et jardin au coeur de Paris" was the perfect place for Monet to create "une retraite vouée au ressourcement de l'homme coupé de ses racines." This building and these paintings combined to create a meditation in peace and "un tout sans fin."[490] The artwork and the building created a permanent retreat for the unrooted man to find stillness in the flux and roots in an urban landscape.

If you could look down from the sky into the structure of the building, you would find two ovals touching on the ends to create the shape of the symbol of infinity inscribed within a large circle contained within the rectangle of the exterior walls of the Orangerie. This is Monet's "tout sans fin," the infinite peace housed within. The connections to Proust's work that we read

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[489] Jerry Saltz, "Not Just Pretty Gardens: The untamed beauty of Monet's last paintings," *New York Magazine*, May 4, 2010, Web. http://nymag.com/arts/art/reviews/66005/

[490] Exhibition of *Nymphéas* in L'Orangerie Paris museum

about in the previous chapter are undeniable. We see the harmony of interior and exterior, the flora of the outside as well as its cosmicity brought inside and affixed to the walls. We see the desire to collect man inside for a moment of peace. Both are monuments (literary and literal) to the permanent home man makes inside.

Also around this time, Hector Guimard wrote of an eternal monument and of his desire to build something permanent that could not be demolished. "Au lieu de concevoir de simples images, j'édifierai des choses que l'on ne pourra pas démolir," wrote Guimard of his experiences in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Guimard would go on to create what would be called Art Nouveau, a style encompassing art, architecture, and interior design and summarized by Guimard in three simple words, "Logique, Harmonie, et Sentiment."[491] Logic, harmony, and feeling unified the interior and exterior of a home and would, he believed, create a structure that could not be destroyed. Just like Monet and Proust, Guimard recognized the strength found inside when exterior and interior are in harmony. "Toute rénovation, toute invention de détail périra dès sa naissance, si elle ne participe pas de l'ensemble, c'est à dire l'architecture."[492]

In his essay, "Les Nymphéas..." Gaston Bachelard writes, "Mais Claude Monet sourit de cette fleur soudain permanente. C'est à celle-là même qu'hier le pinceau de Monet a donné l'éternité. Le peintre peut donc continuer l'histoire de la jeunesse des eaux."[493] Monet, Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, Proust, and Bachelard all participated in the building of a house within, of a house with solid permanence within eternity.

This “permanence” was not created all at once, but rather step-by-step throughout the nineteenth century. As we have seen in the previous chapters, the manner in which the characters in each novel inhabit and relate to domestic space is a reflection of the specific and

[491] Philippe Thiébaut, *Guimard: L'Art nouveau* (Paris: Gallimard/Réunion des musées nationaux, 1992) 1.
[492] Thiébaut 1
[493] Bachelard, *Le droit de rêver*, 11

evolving cultural and political landscape of the moments when these works were composed, as well as of the particular obsessions of each author. My review of the general, theoretical literature on the subject of the house, specifically within the context of the human experience of domestic space, indicated that Gaston Bachelard's philosophical contributions to a poetics of space, and the useful applications to the field of French literature afforded by this poetics, have been overlooked. This study has sought to fill that gap and pave the way to a better understanding of the usefulness of Bachelard's *Poetiques* in literary criticism. In *Getting Back Into Place*, Edward Casey writes that Bachelard may be the best way to begin to "refind place -- a place we have always already been losing […] to return, if not in actual fact then in memory or imagination, to the very earliest places we have known."[494] For present and future studies of man's experience in the world, and hence his being, Bachelard "seems strangely to correspond."[495] Casey does not use Bachelard's philosophy in any great detail, so this dissertation has sought to answer his call.

In Chapter One we read *Le Pere Goriot* through Bachelard's shell. We see that the house and occupant unite as if the two created one organism in the nineteenth-century apartment building. The union was a biological given, like a snail and his shell. The shell relationship suggests a strong union between house and occupant, one of dependence, isolation, confinement, and biological inevitability. Man is not at his smallest here, but he is subjected to an extreme dependence, for casting off a shell home is not an option for one born in a shell. We saw that the dependence proposed by a biological home is restrictive, inhibiting, and ultimately deadly.

In Chapter Two, we read Madame Bovary through Bachelard's *armoire*. The country house and the occupant in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* share characteristics of the *armoire,* and it

[494] Edward S. Casey, *Getting Back into Place* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2009) x.
[495] Casey 366

is from this shared nature that awareness arises. The house and the *armoire* order Emma's universe and then close the door and store her dreams away. We have seen the inherited biological connection from Balzac shift in the ultimate moment of realization, of Emma's awareness of her being as if she were a house. It is in this moment that we see that Emma is aware of that relationship between herself and a house and how the house orders not only her dreams but her universe and ultimately her being in the world as well. This recognition re-orders the relationship between occupant and house in such a way that it is no longer the biological given of Balzac's house-occupant relationship but a new form of constraint and restraint, one where the occupant is now smaller than before and subjected to the power of the house's ordering.

Now that there is an awareness of the relationship between the being inside and the house, the stage is set for the next great shift and a phase of metamorphsis in the following chapter on Zola's *Thérèse Raquin* and the Haussmann passageway. Here the relationship between occupant and house resembles that of Bachelard's miniature and reflects the chaos and disorder that result from the desire to control and manipulate during the years of Haussmann's reconstruction of Paris. We saw the obstruction of the visual, the miniature via the Parisian passageway; we saw the inheritance of the *armoire* and its transformation; we saw the characters' desire to miniaturize; we saw the obstruction of the visual as a form of focusing of attention and thus as a theatrical convention; and finally we saw that the domestic space and characters within were in hallucinatory flux due to the presence of the miniature. The relationship between house and occupant has been re-created or re-ordered with the occupant looking on in horror at the powers and the contents of the house.

What follows in the final chapter on Proust's "Combray" section of *Du côté de chez Swann*, is the ultimate and indestructible house, the round house of the round being that arises when freedom of expression and individuality release man from any confining relationship with his house. We saw that Proust's definition of roundness includes characters and plant life, as well as the family house. We saw that the house built in Combray resembles Bachelard's ultimate livable space, a round image that allows the occupant to collect himself and his selves throughout time, provides a starting point for his search, and confirms him as being "intimately inside." We saw that the cyclical nature of habits, which fill the home, leads to the roundness of ceremony and religious routine. Being inside is the round image of Combray; it is the final shift in the relationship, or the "order" between occupant and house and creates a house that lives inside the occupant and that cannot be destroyed. In *Remembering the Bone House,* Nancy Mairs writes, "My task is to house this house, which has vanished from the waking world, as it once housed me, to grant it the deed to my dreams. In the biochemical bath of my own body . . . I preserve and perfect the yellow house on the coast of Maine. As long as I do, I get to dwell in it immemorially."[496] For Mairs, as for Proust and Bachelard, the house housed within has no end.

For Aristotle, an "end" is "what naturally is after something else […] but has nothing after it."[497] If we were to use this definition to describe his *Poetics*, we would see that the *Poetics*, "le point de depart de toute l'histoire de la theorie litteraire," does not have an ending by Aristotle's definition of the word.[498] The ending of one section appears to be followed swiftly by a single final sentence that begins another section that has been lost to time. We read, "Well then, of tragedy and epic, and their forms and 'parts,' and how many they are and how they

[496] Nancy Mairs, Remembering the Bone House (Boston: Beacon Press 1995) 35.
[497] Aristotle, *Poetics*, Whalley trans. (Montreal: Publisher: Montreal ; Buffalo : McGill-Queen's University Press, 1997) 77.
[498] Aristotle, *La poétique*, Roselyne Dupont-Roc and Jean Lallot trans, Todorov *preface* (Paris: Seuil, 1980) 5.

differ, and the causes for [things turning out] well or not, and criticism and 'solutions' --- about [all these], let this be an end. Now, about 'iambics' and comedies…"[499] This ending is now also a beginning. And in Whalley's masterful translation can't you hear Aristotle, the man, calling this story to a close, taking a pause and a breath, and then beginning another story from the very beginning?

Bachelard's *Poétique* ends in a similar way. He writes in the introduction that the last two chapters "devraient faire le lien avec un autre livre que nous voudrions écrire encore."[500] From the beginning, Bachelard asks us to think of these two chapters as a type of link between what he has written so far and what he has left to write in the future. Not only does he make this clear in the beginning, he also suggests this continuation in the very last lines. The last line of his *Poétique* reads, "Si je pouvais jamais en une vaste imagerie rassembler toutes les images de l'être, toutes les images multiples, changeantes qui, tout de meme, illustrent la permanence de l'être, l'arbre rilkéen ouvrirait un grand chapitre dans mon album de métaphisique concrete."[501] This last line is the opening for another chapter and another book that seems of almost impossibly epic proportions, "toutes les images de l' être, toutes les images multiples." Bachelard continued to publish until 1961, but he never got to write the book of "toutes les images," leaving his *Poetics*, like Aristotle's, eternally without end.

We see these no-end endings in both Aristotle's and Bachelard's *Poetics,* and we also see it in the definition of a poetics itself. As mentioned in the introduction, a poetics is both a classification system and a work of art that can stand alone. Aristotle's *Poetics* classified different types of poetry and described what made them successful or not and provided "criticism or 'solutions'." Bachelard's *Poetics* classified different ways of living and being in the world.

[499]Aristotle, *Poetics,* Whalley trans, 139
[500] Bachelard 21
[501] Bachelard 214

Both Aristotle and Bachleard created classification systems as well as works of art that continue to speak to us about literature and space and also of these two men.

The classification systems may seem to have beginnings and ends, limits as to what each man chose to discuss, but in reality poetics, classification systems and arts, are eternal. Of course poetics are eternally useful. As cited above, Todorov writes that Aristotle's *Poetics* is "le point de depart de toute l'histoire de la theorie litteraire." Vincent Leitch writes that Aristotle's *Poetics* is "crucial in contemporary debates."[502] But poetics are also eternally relevant because they possess the power of a work of art. *The Oxford English Dictionary* defines the word "art" as "the expression or application of creative skill and imagination […] producing works to be appreciated for their beauty or emotional power." [503] The two Poetics discussed in this dissertation survive as testaments not only of rules and classifications but also of the "creative skill and imagination" of two great philosophers trying to get a hold on the human experience.

The house, again, has served as a faithful structure of the analysis of beginnings and it is also useful in the analysis of endings. A tragic end, correctly executed, was perhaps Aristotle's favorite, for while he writes about the Epic poem, he stands by Tragedy's superiority. Almost all of the novels we have seen in previous chapters tragically concluded in the character's house. The Père Goriot dies a miserably lonely death, totally broke and broken in his bed in la Maison Vauquer. Emma Bovary dies in her bed in that final house in Yonville. The three characters left after Camille's murder on the Seine in *Thérèse Raquin* die inside the passageway home; the two killers kill one another, and mother looking on in horror is left to starve to death while spending her last moments with the two corpses on the floor. The bedroom is also the final space in "Combray;" however, this ending in bed is yet another beginning, for the narrator does not die,

[502] Leitch 89
[503] *Oxford English Dictionary*, "art" 2013.

nor can he even lose consciousness in sleep, but instead he suffers insomnia and eternal wakefulness.

Humanity, too, had awakened to a new relationship not only with the home, but with the world as well. The internalization of the house meant that man carried with him a sense of independence and security into the new century. Man would no longer be tossed so extremely and violently by the outside world. But this sense of interior security would be critical for man to establish at this point in time in the nineteenth century, because not only would his city or country be tossed about by the chaos of war and terror but soon with the advent of world war the whole world would begin to spin out of control.

One of my last days in France in 2012 was spent in a cemetery in a small town in the Champagne region called Bar-sur-Aube. I had walked through the town creating a personalized walking tour of Gaston Bachelard's homes and a room in the Mediatheque named for him, which now houses hundreds of dissertations written about him or his philosophy. The way I had plotted my tour through the town made the cemetery the very last stop before I returned to the train station to take me back to Paris.

That day there was a lot of action at the cemetery where Gaston Bachelard and his family are buried.[504] I thought for a moment that a burial was taking place on this beautiful sunny day and that perhaps out of respect I should postpone my visit, but it wasn't that at all. It was October 31, Halloween for Americans, but also the day before All Saint's Day when people bring flowers to their loved ones who have passed away. What if Bachelard doesn't have any family, I worried. I wandered among families' lovingly placing potted plants and cut flowers on and around tombstones. In the back and to the left was where I found a large marble tombstone in

[504] See Appendix. Fig. 34

the shape of a table.[505] How wonderfully perfect that his grave would be a table, an object that defies the interior and exterior dialectic, an object that is spiritual, architectural, and deeply familiar. The shape was simple with clean lines of white stone, quietly modern in a cemetery overlooking ancient fields and vineyards. I hadn't thought to bring flowers, and family and friends had not placed any by his grave yet. All I had on me were a map of Bar-sur-Aube, phone numbers for taxi services, my wallet, train tickets, my iPhone, pens of varying functionality, and dissertation notebooks.

As I stood there blankly staring into my bag and fumbling for something perfect to give Gaston Bachelard, I thought about where my research had begun. I was in Hodges Library at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville when I stumbled upon *La Poétique de l'espace* for the first time. I remember furiously jotting down quote after quote of the text into my dissertation notebook, and I spent hours trying to decode and understand what Bachelard meant by these somewhat cryptic and yet immensely quotable quotes. I underlined and starred things like "Car la maison est notre coin du monde. Elle est --- on l'a souvent dit --- notre premier univers. Elle est vraiment un cosmos." And "Rien ne va de soi. Rien n'est donné. Tout est construit." It began as love at first sight does, not entirely understanding the object of one's affections but utterly fascinated by its possibilities. There in the library, years after having first read *Le Père Goriot*, *Madame Bovary*, *Thérèse Raquin*, and "Combray," I knew Bachelard's philosophy would be useful to me. I knew and felt that his philosophy would "fit" these works and that it would help me understand something deeper contained within their homes. At that moment I knew that somehow Bachelard could function as an enchanted key to unlock the nineteenth-century home.

[505] See Appendix. Fig. 35

During this process, however, and while returning over and over again to years of Composition Books dedicated to this dissertation process of writing and research, I've realized that that process of answering one question inevitably proposes others I have yet to explore and begin to answer. I've developed a visual paradigm of the evolution of the relationship between man and house that I hope might be helpful for future research on nineteenth-century literature, but I have also been intrigued by the house-occupant relationship in twentieth-century novels. As I traced the evolution to a secure and stable home in Proust's "Combray" I couldn't help but ask myself "what happens next?" How does the house-occupant relationship evolve next? Clare Cooper Marcus writes, "Leaving home --- and returning --- is something we do every day and throughout our lives. The home is the pivot point of these journeys --- the beginning and the end."[506] This dissertation found that man left a home that required him to become too small and returned to the home that fit the best, the home inside, but next, I would like to study that "leaving home --- and returning" cycle in novels where the protagonist is able to travel a path away and then home again.

Back in the cemetery, I tore out the first page of my dissertation notebook and scribbled a note. I folded it up as small as I could and pressed it down into the dirt in the cement flower box beside the table-tomb. As I walked back to meet my train, I went over what I had written one more time in my head: "Merci Docteur Bachelard d'avoir inspiré ce travail et mes études sur la maison et la vie dedans et dehors. Le ciel est bleu aujourd'hui à Bar-sur-Aube et au-dessus de votre maison qui est toujours belle et éclairée par le dedans."

[506] Marcus 281

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Appendix



Figure 6: Pace, Emily. "La Maison de Balzac viewed from Rue Raynouard Passy." 2012. JPEG



Figure 7: Pace, Emily. "Balzac's desk and office." 2012. JPEG. Inside Maison de Balzac, Passy, France.



Figure 8: Painting by Anne Vallayer-Coster "Panaches de mer, lithophytes et coquilles," 1769, Louvre museum, Paris, France. Photographed by: Pace, Emily. 2012. JPEG.



Figure 9: Pace,Emily. "Bee hotel in Jardin des Plantes." 2012. JPEG.



Figure 10: Pace, Emily. "View from window of Hôtel Dieu Rouen, France." Birthplace of Gustave Flaubert. 2012. JPEG.



Figure 11: Pace, Emily. "Hotel Dieu interior Rouen, France." 2012. JPEG.

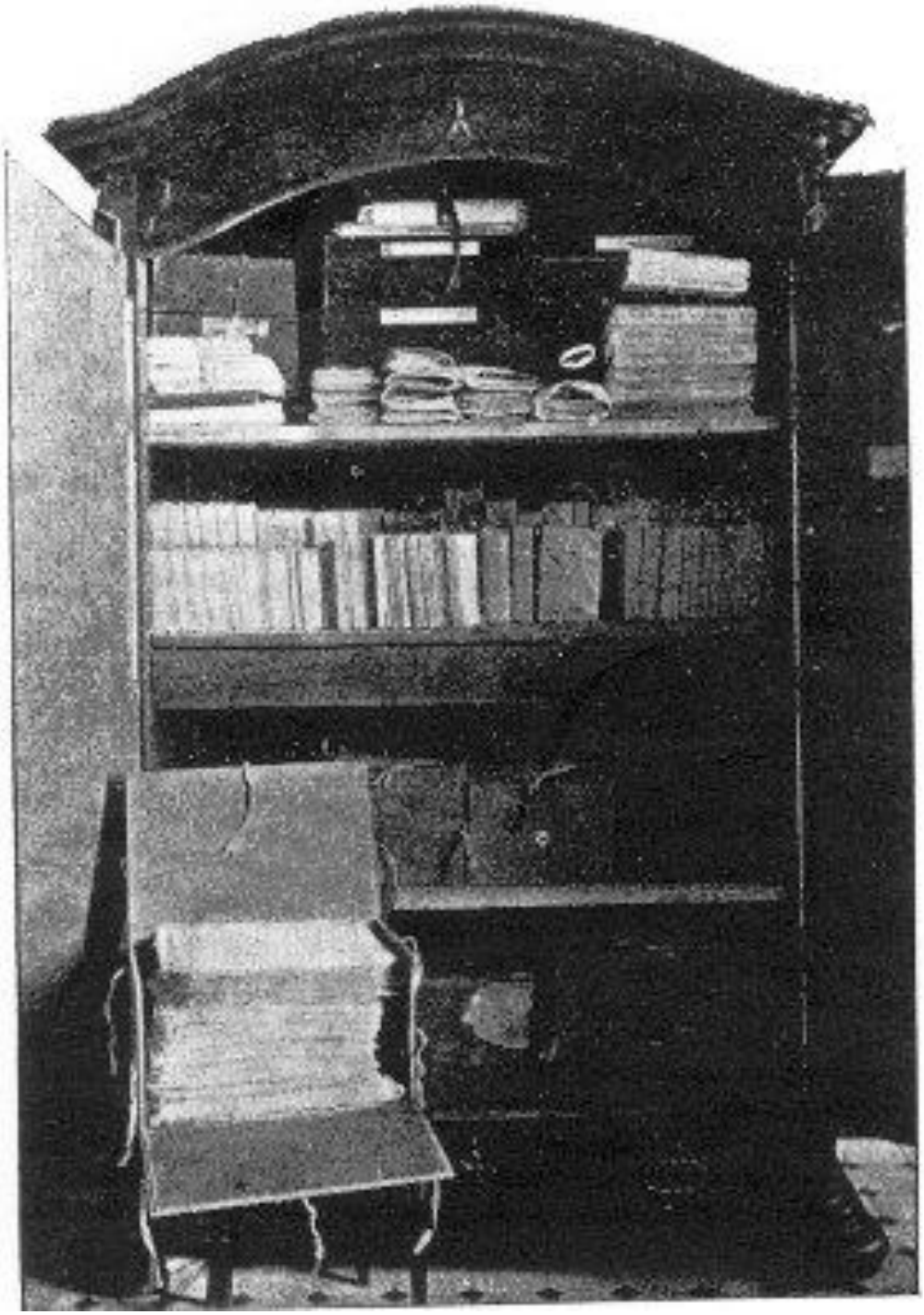


Figure 12: "Armoire in Villa Tanit, Nice, France." Scanned from: Serge Chassagne, *Élevé dans les coulisse d'Esculape.* Rouen : Musée Flaubert et d'Histoire de la Médecine, 2010.



Figure 13: Pace, Emily. “Glass ceiling.” 2012. JPEG. Passageway Paris, France.



Figure 14: Pace, Emily. "Passage des Panoramas, Paris, France." 2012. JPEG.



Figure 15 : Pace, Emily. "Hall of Théâtre des Variétés." 2012. JPEG. Paris, France.



Figure 16: Pace, Emily. "Light through the glass ceiling of Passage des Panoramas, Paris, France." 2012. JPEG.



Figure 17: Pace, Emily. "Intersection of Rue Mazarine and Rue Guenegaud, Paris, France." 2012. JPEG.



Figure 18: Pace, Emily. "Wall art on Rue Jacques Caillot, Paris, France." 2012. JPEG.

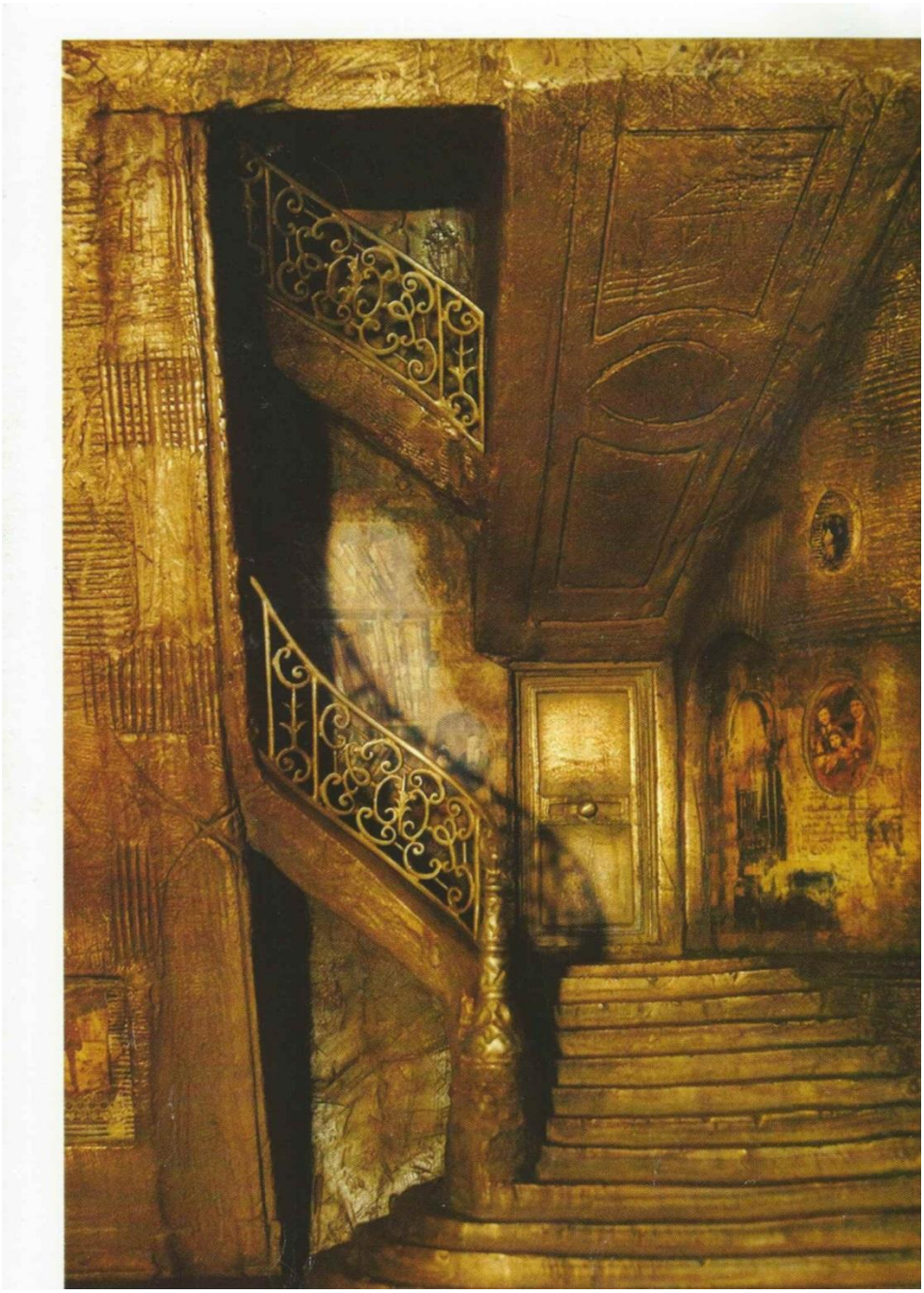


Figure 19: “painted bronze by S.E. Woloch and A. Kleinmann,” from Espace Saint Germain, Rue Guenegaud, Paris, France. Scanned from Gallerie Kleinmann brochure. 2012.



Figure 20: Pace, Emily. "Miniature house inside Passage des Panoramas, Paris, France." 2012. JPEG.



Figure 21: Pace, Emily. "Window of miniatures." 2012. JPEG.



Figure 22: Pace, Emily. "Domestic miniatures in a store window in Passage des Panoramas, Paris, France." 2012. JPEG.



Figure 23: Pace, Emily. "Caryatids on Rue d'Alésia." 2012. JPEG.



Figure 24: Pace, Emily. "Spires of cathedral of Illiers-Combray, France." 2012. JPEG.

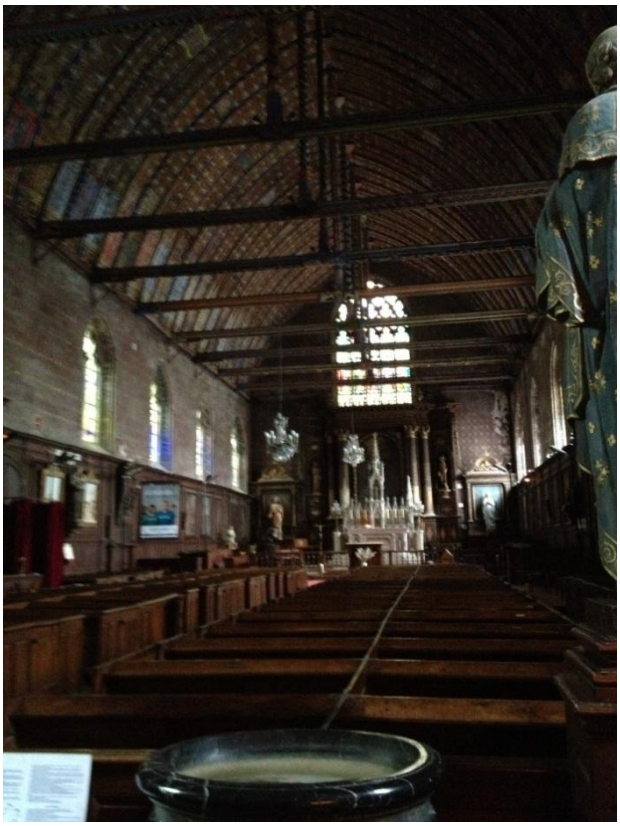


Figure 25: Pace, Emily. "Inside the cathedral of Illiers-Combray." 2012. JPEG.



Figure 26: "Table as viewed from above in the chestnut tree." Scan. *À la recherche du temps perdu: Combray.* Adaptation et dessins de Stephane Heuet, Paris: Delcourt, 1998, p 9.



Figure 27: Illustration of the house from Proust's "Combray." *À la recherche du temps perdu: Combray*. Adapted and Illustrated by Stephane Heuet. Paris: Delcourt, 1998, p 13.



Figure 28: Pace, Emily. “Afield in the Beauce.” JPEG. 2012. Beauce region, France.



Figure 29: Pace, Emily. "On the Kentucky State Fair Midway." 2012. JPEG



Figure 30: Pace, Emily. "All Saint's Eve in Cemetery." JPEG. 2012. Cemetery Bar-sur-Aube, France.



Figure 31: Pace, Emily. "Table tomb of Bachelard." JPEG. 2012. Gaston Bachelard's grave in Bar-sur-Aube, France

Vita

Emily Pace, a native North Carolinian, happily traversed the mountainous border and became a Tennessee Volunteer in 2006. She graduated magna cum laude with a B.A. in French and Theatre from Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia, and she completed her Master's in French Literature at the University of Tennessee. While pursuing her Master's, Emily also worked in the College of Architecture and Design as a Student Advisor and Activities Director for the College's annual summer camp Design Matters. Emily has traveled to France in several times and in various roles during her time as a Doctoral student. In 2010, Emily traveled to Lille, France, where she taught English at l'Université Lille 3 Charles de Gaulle and researched topics related to architecture and fiction and translation theory. In 2012, Emily traveled to France to conduct research for her doctoral dissertation on nineteenth-century French literature. In 2010, Emily traveled with UT in Paris as the Instructor of Intermediate French and is looking forward to reprising this role in the summer of 2014. Emily currently teaches Intermediate French at The University of Tennessee and Beginning French at Maryville College.