

Post-Cards

notes by Cleo Exstasis for Dr. Magda Kehli leading to a thesis on the lesser known manuscripts of the Canadian feminist writer Margaret Christakos.

Margaret Christakos

Cartes postales

Cleo Exstasis envoie des cartes postales en provenance de destinations étrangères et intérieures à son professeure (Dr. Kehli, M., Magda, Professor M.). Le lieu, ici, c'est non seulement Paris et Londres, mais également l'intersection de la conscience de Cleo avec la culture et l'histoire. De multiples poteaux indicateurs – le plaisir, le langage, le féminisme, l'histoire de l'art, les relations familiales et la bisexualité – servent à dresser les cartes "routières" des espaces urbains parcourus. Traversant ces espaces, les cartes postales sont utilisées comme moyen de communication avec l'autre et avec soi, comme support de la description factuelle d'un événement (une promenade sur le boulevard de Clichy) ou comme point de départ d'un voyage intérieur (vers une exploration de la bisexualité). De retour à Toronto, Cleo envoie des cartes postales portant sur sa lecture de l'écrivaine féministe canadienne, Margaret Christakos. À travers son interprétation de *Grace* de Christakos, elle cherche à décoder certains aspects de ses cartes postales adressées à Magda. Grâce au jeu intertextuel Cleo-Christakos-Grace, le "je" unifié des trois récits (*Grace* de Christakos, les cartes postales de Cleo et "Cartes postales") se trouve déplacé et ces cartes post(ales)(structuralistes-féministes) sont envoyées à la lectrice.

1. The Execution of Lady Jane Grey / Paul Delaroche

THE CONSEQUENTIAL NATURE OF ANY, ALL AND EVERY CONTACT IN RELATION WITH/ TO HER BODY

(first rite:)

Dear Professor Kehli,

The radical 'separation of mind and body' you write of existing at the point of production of "properly done academic work" is a process of forgetting which I cannot afford. Most of my "work" this year has been



to insist on remembering. So that my knowledge will not be an "execution" of self, but an articulation of self in expanding relation with other bodies of knowledge. As our classroom contained, this new code we are creating is so anomalous as to sentence each of us to another order altogether. Your encouragements that the existing order can be challenged from the inside have allowed me to bring my body along with hopes of rescussitation, instead of fear of beheading.

Voilà,
Cleo

2. *The Madonna of the Meadow* / Giovanni Bellini



"Like so many women, I had to be a mother in order to feel mothered... Self-love was not a natural extension of this." (Oct 22)

"...we live in a civilization in which the *consecrated* (religious or secular) representation of femininity is subsumed under maternity. Under close examination, however, this maternity turns out to be an adult (male or female) fantasy of a lost continent: what is involved, moreover, is not so much an idealized primitive mother as an idealization of the – unlocalizable – *relationship* between her and us, an idealization of primary narcissism." (from "Stabat Mater," Julia Kristeva, Trans. Arthur Goldhammer)

Dear Professor M.,

As I voyage over the Atlantic for the first time, what had previously been a lost or unattainable continent floods into my view, subsumes me, until the past inseparability of that first continent from my grounding shifts into focus as a puzzling redundancy...

signed,
Cleo in the looking-glass

3. *Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, Paris, c. 1963* / Gisèle Freund

dear Magda,

I am writing you from Paris, Rm. 27 of l'Hôtel des Grandes Écoles. I realize (finally? already?) that I am *many* voices, each seeking out the

others, each desiring wholeness. Correspondence. The intricate mesh of temporality, temperament, and t'aimer (to-love-yourself-ness). I wind through courtyards, cobbled streets, musées, endless bistros, brasseries, the sites of my merging and splitting consciousnesses intersecting with culture, cultural difference and history, seeking the parts of myself that will make up for both the love and violence of the foremother's and forefather's body. Jean-Paul et Simone work quietly, writing their stories. I offer you these post- (structuralist-feminist) -cards...

C.



4. *Evita Peron, 1950* / Gisèle Freund



dear Magda,

My search for the mother's body continues, unravels, confronts me. Is she to be found lurking inside the subtext of Gisèle Freund's professional gaze, falling as it did so lovingly upon Sylvia Beach, Adrienne Monnier, Frida Kahlo, Virginia Woolf? Her fascination traces a lesbian desire written out of all the biographical notes; but I feel it. Feel her stir.

What is confounding is how the French are so affirming of sexuality, the bidet for example, and yet I've exchanged glances with only two young lesbians in the street. Where are they, I wonder?

Yesterday we did a walking tour in Montmartre from Sacré-Coeur through to Pigalle. Memories of my father and *Penthouse*. Shaking me. Both wanting those women and feeling exploited...

à bientôt

-C

5. *Eugène Ionesco, 1966* / Gisèle Freund

dear M.,

This photo, also of Gisèle's, reminds me of my father's body, stretched out on the basement couch. Whenever I see him, he holds a "book," like Eugène here; but if I spring unannounced into the room some other thing goes on. His

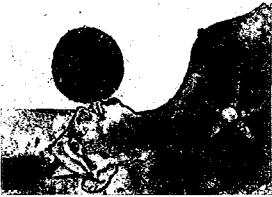


body bolts into action, or a soft magazine is quickly hidden. He lapses in and out of conscious presence – I wonder, did he take me with him? My nausea on the “Live Show; Sex Show; Love Show; Strip Show” blvd. de Clichy re-emerges and I long to go to a gay club to challenge all this het fantasia. My lover resists, closeting some part of himself? I will not judge. We leave for another arrondissement, for Tunisian food.

– xo

Cleo

6. *La déesse-ciel Nout avalant le soleil à son coucher / Détail de la stèle de Tapéret*



“always wanting to be somewhere I’m not; is this a post-condition of abuse?” (Oct 30)

dear Magda,

And now I write from “only-elsewhere,” truly at a distance. So absorbed in the here-ness of it that to carry an imperative of translating these experiences into communiqués of “theory,” or of narrative at all, seems like an out-of-body rupture.

But then I recall how this *is* my theorizing, the way my body and mind move into story hinged on an imagined corollary. In my early writing I wrote to myself, far off, severed, since I dissociated for my own health: my splittedness guaranteed I would also always have an “audience” – a best friend? A witness? A subjectivity outside the body, safe.

Now I write *you* easily, another ear, an adjacent-yet separate subject, with salutations of:

Wish you were here!

C.

7. *Santa conversazione / Max Ernst*

dear M.,

The overwhelming desire to be pregnant envelops me again. Is it to become a mother myself; or to be that infant? This causes arguments about responsibility for safe sex – I gap on taking charge – I want the



embodiment – Paris made flesh, etc. Unless I can sort out what this desire holds, I fear an “accident.”

– Cleo

P.S. The Musée d’Orsay is nothing but tits tits tits on its sculpture court. And yet I love this art as well...fascinant....

8. *L’infante Marie-Marguerite, fille de Philippe IV, roi d’Espagne / Vélasquez*

Dear Magda,

Perhaps not surprisingly, but enragingly, I couldn’t find even *one* work at the Louvre by a female artist. But in line I overheard a rumour that if you took a photo of the *Mona Lisa*, and flip-flopped the neg, you’d get da Vinci himself! Subtext: gender swap, homosex’l transvestism etc. Am I closeted or what?!



Even this excites me. And at the other pole is my yearning for a daughter like *l’infante à l’autre coté*; my subject identity, or as the psychosynthesists call it, my particular bevy of subpersonalities, is chiaroscuro of the soul: rendered in deep contrast, and when viewed closely dissolves into abstract gestural patterns of arbitrary sentiments and desires. Did this girl-child know who she was clearly, posed before V? Did she recognize herself in the image later, when V pronounced her complete? And did V document her true essential sadness, or just prefer to poeticize her this way? When I yearn to embrace this child, do I yearn for my younger self? Or was I yearned for this way, and do I recall it?



9. *Mona Lisa, dite La Joconde / Léonard de Vinci*

“shame about getting attention.” (Oct 2)

dear professor,

Well, this is she, n’est-ce pas? Le corps de la mère. Literally *hundreds* of tourists crowded in to see her, videotaping her (did she breathe, or blink?), setting off flashes, laughing. A burlesque show. But, truly, Mona emanates power. She seemed either used to it all, or studiously polite; but not at all flustered. No sign of shame about “getting it.” Being

the living end, crème de la crème, being the “essence.” All “woman,” unless of course “she” is only dressed that way for show... I find her particularly fascinating because she resembles a woman I once heard about who became ill, hallucinating the Virgin, right up there with *La Joconde*. This girl had been high school valedictorian, the most intellectually promising of several years of students...maybe like me she couldn't handle such stigma...

10. *The Yellow Sweater* / Pablo Picasso

“Bisexuals are good postmodern subjects because they (we) say everything two ways. Some people think we are duplicitous – which means ‘sneaky.’ Others feel we are inordinately flexible. I move bi-laterally.” (Oct 18)



dear prof,

French women stare point-blank into my gaze, not wavering; in North America this kind of forthrightness is usually about a specific desire, a secret “passed between hostages,” a *code*. Here the national body language accents acceptance of the sensual, of the carnal; or is it simply the given of female objectification, non-verbal use-value? The discourse both animates and bypasses my meaning. (Actually, it reminds me somewhat of your gaze, and I find myself wondering about your European-ness...)

best,
C.

11. *Un coup de dés* / Marcel Broodthaers

dear magda,

Nothing deconstructs the relations of language and power more thoroughly than entering a zone of other-tongue. The imperative of decoding and re-coding one's sociality, to pass, to enter and be allowed to exist, to “order” reality (a meal in a restaurant, or any form of knowledge transmitting commonsense relations), impacts at the level of the gut. The body stammers, apologizing for its heterogeneous form. It gives up its illusions of mastery. It represses basic needs, holding itself in. Its explorian bravado peels open to the heart of what has been believed in, what *can* be believed; Or, if



nothing can be understood, can belief exist? If language is stripped down to fundamental "universal" semiotics of public signage, and beyond this, forced into constant and basic translative processes, apprehension of power flickers in the self only momentarily, with panic at its loss flashing back from each passer-by's eye. Even the alphabet must be let go, and relearned.

– C. E.

12. *Self-Portrait as the Allegory of Painting* / Artemisia Gentileschi

Dear Magda,

Suddenly on the site of origins, my feet realize they've been trained to recognize all the landmarks of "greatness," of art "history," of "authenticity." I was schooled in the master's narrative and I believe it despite my feminist retellings. In a similar congruence, I swim comfortably in the French and British mothertongues centralizing myself as fluent, current, a correspondent aligned with her discourses of power. Unilingual Italians approach me for advice and I bristle with insiderness: how odd! Most hegemonic is the Christian text I find myself overwhelmingly constructed to respond to emotionally and intellectually, reading its symbols with pleasure and pride at "getting it," being "gotten."



X marks the spot –
Cleo Xstasis

13. *Paris – Rue de l'Abbé Grégoire, 1991* / Lise Hacker

dear magda,

One of every two passers-by holds a map and consults its relationship to the body they seek also to cross; this body of pleasures and knowledges too inscribed to ever fully consume. My mother is Paris at night, dazzling me with her glamour. And, by day, in this square, Carré Monge, my mother eludes me, slipping down six or seven arteries simultaneously, a chameleon, an acrobat, a



vraie parisienne who knows where she's headed. I spin in her vast public surfaces, but not alone. Along with the other tourists I beam messages back to my motherland, who I miss strangely now. I miss her ragged rough vernacular, her plain coffee, watered down, I miss her ordinari-ness. Alas, onto the Louvre...

– Cleo



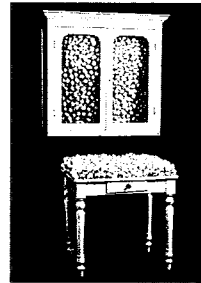
14. *Jeune fille nue agenouillée* / Michel-Ange

dear Magda,

What is striking me is how Western representation of the female body eventuated from a history of male-run workshops, usually with affiliation to the Church and Crown. Male models were available, most pressingly to accelerate the pursuit of high realism in portrayals of Christ – to sway the masses, to create belief. Women were ensconced in deeply draped velvets, in robes, perhaps with a breast exposed, but the female body was throughout the Renaissance a deferred subject, an abject. When her actual body entered the frame of representation, it was a mirage, an overlay imagined only “instead-of” the male prototype. By Ingres and David she had graduated to an authentic referent, but then only as prostitute, as object. Her body as subject was negated due to a lack of conditions of possibility. Just wanted to get this down...!

15. *Armoire blanche et Table blanche* / Marcel Broodthaers

“...how our lives are narratives of submerged knowledges. How we hang on to what we know by coding our knowledge – which feels like amnesia but really is storage: portage. What we carry on our backs as we walk into the unfolding present.” (Oct 15)



“How the food discourse is made to exist as the conscious or known narrative while the abuse discourse is buried, erased, distorted, hidden. How the violation is made to vanish from the conscious body but the ‘weight problem hysteria’ is unrelenting... 2 voices.” (Nov 12)

dear magda,

I've never eaten so extravagantly in my life; butter, eggs and milk, the mother's cream, are ubiquitous. As I give up a fantasy of becoming pregnant, I realize how I have loved my soft belly, its immanence – now I see it is simply excess; the mind hoarding pleasure in the body's inevitable, *semiotic*, consequentiality.

Salut,

C. (mmm)

16. *Witches at their Incantations* / *Salvator Rosa*

dear magda,

Perhaps it's having no one else around to project onto; or my displacement from the familiar; over and over I confront my bitter wrathful self, the penchant for abusiveness seeping out my clenched lips, my spells of venomous rage. My lover hasn't done anything reprehensible. But I reel inside the onus of relationship, vexing both of us with my memories of the foreparents' power struggles, casting hexes on our future.

This trip is a strange excursion into my fantasies of marriage, baby carriage and nuclear family security. I am forced to deconstruct these myths planted so deeply and compensatorily. At the core of the puzzle is my own difference from the woman-subject of these myths: if she *could* ever exist, surely it would not be in my body, psyche or sexuality... But the deep splits in me erase this from view. Finally it is the lack of mothering I am constantly seeking to repair, which no man can possibly replace.

In struggle,

C.



17. *L'Annonciation* / *Bernardo Daddi*

dear magda,

Just about to land in London at approximately the same time we left Paris! I scroll back the memory-tapes to erase moments of rancour, of meanness; and switch abruptly back into an English tongue. The arbitrariness of subject identity in Paris, among thousands of tourists, each

assuming everyone else's entitlement in France, each rocking for a time in uncertainty, on the borders of several languages, all this sensitizes me to the branding I so easily perform in Toronto of myself as belonging, of others as experiencing their identity around the "solidity" of Toronto, of English, of post-modernity: North America.



My great hope for Britain is to brush my cells up against some living feminism, since Paris was the ultimate in heterosexual hegemony....

Bonne Année!

– Cleo

P.S. This flight feels like an annunciation in modern terms, magical; a radical intervention...

18. *The Virgin and Child* / Dieric Bouts

Magda,
mother and child;
the exposed tit;
myth that it's not a tit;
mary touching herself;
the absent father;
male child becoming lover;
the holy, taboo cock;
desire for family;
adult woman safe with boy;
the white skin;
whiteness;



and,
his *innocence*.

19. *The Dead Christ Mourned* ('*The Three Maries*') / Annibale Carracci

dear *Magdalena*,

From the Flemish and French wings of the National Gallery's Early Renaissance collection, I sway into the seductions of Christly suffering.



The blood dripping from each crowning thorn, the gaping coagulated wounds in the tops of the hands and feet, the luminiscent forehead. It seems Christian history is a suspension of disbelief, a propaganda of male pain. How *His* body was the impaled, tortured, even *raped* one for whom “we” mourn. The beginnings of women having to identify with a male, sympathetic hero...having to displace our own real bodily experiences of violence and pain in self-narrations of “the-way-it-is-ness.” Our shared metaphor.

And Mary the mother not raging, not lashing out in god-damning righteousness, but weeping knowingly. Acceding to this story. Taking her station, where the new realism is the *real story*, where the perfection of illusionism allows, as a pre-condition, the allegory to be sustained. As form and content attain transparency in Western representation, and we women become *sous rature*...

20. *La Madeleine agenouillée au pied de la Croix* / Albrecht Durer

dear Dr. M.,

I’m conscious of you there, reading me, from your perch at the “top of the knowledge tree.” I’m also summoning you, wishing for your presence or at least aware of how you constitute my identity as student; in some way you encourage my curiosity, you keep my questioning in motion. I experience both anxiety and gratitude; I don’t want to be judged but if I am judged I want to be judged well! Or, I want to be judged, which is an inevitable texture of being received, but can only imagine being judged harshly. All this is specifically located in my consciousness of *our* feminism(s), intricately extracted from the father’s immense and privileged body, which for now can be said to resemble the 747 I have agreed to board!



I write you as a telepathy performed through the spaces of his dominance, a signal from 6-1/2 miles above the earthfather’s surface. He has no idea of my eventual destination, despite his radar. *But you do.* With thanks and jitters –
student C.

21. *L'Allegro* / William Edward Frost

"*hystereotypy*" hysterics brought on by *stereotypy* (Oct 24)

dear magda

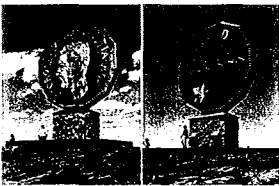
On the flight back over the Atlantic, a woman sits in front of us with an infant boy and two young girls. She is very slight, dancery, with lush greying hair and dark grey lines under her eyes which seem to appear over the course of the journey – as if written in invisible ink, always there on her body. The baby howls and crawls onto her torso. The two children squabble and require constant mediation. I watch her impolitely, amazed by her threshold, expecting her disintegration into screams and tears at any moment. But then, it is *me* who "couldn't imagine" doing what she does, mothering to such extremes. Is there really pleasure in it? Her unicity seems only brimming with isolation and back-breaking focus; I compare myself, my own mother, women of my generation. Five minutes before the plane lands, I peep through the space between seats and see she is reading *Three Women* – imagining herself multiplied, one for each child? A dream of coping, or accurate metaphor?



22. *The Big Nickel* / Sudbury, Ontario

dear Magda,

Upon landing back in Toronto, I discover my bag has gone missing; a piece of luggage given to me by my mother, containing her Christmas offering to me. Loss dogs me these days. Or, I am being taught loss, harshly (for my own good?). What racks me is the wordless rage inside me at having to deal with it yet again, to know I still *can't* really, that it places me at my absolute limit. The parent's body should not require such renouncements. I seek out a pedagogy that allows radical integrities, deconstructions that remain discoveries. Or could I handle traditional academia if I weren't so mired in the psychological past? If I stress how these connections work personally as



metonymy for larger sociopolitical histories, do I legitimize new intersections of form and content? Or trail further and further from the gold ring (big nickel) of higher learning? Right now, I want the *bag*.

best,
-C.

23. *Jeune orpheline au cimetière* / Eugène Delacroix

(last rite:)



Dear Magda,

The weekend after our return has been filled with a delirious (unwritable) displacement from both/all continents. Francs, pounds and jet lag merge and kaleidoscope apart as I try to order the coordinates of local consciousness, and fail (this time with self-acceptance). My trip abroad was an initiation into willfully disorienting my sense of (any) unitary identity, meeting my own splits in a relentless mirror, in my lover's companionship, in striding languages, and in disturbing my cell-deep central Canadian constitution by gorging on parisian dairy-based commonsense. I hold memories of the foremother's and -father's inscriptions differently, having felt the route to greater differentiations. I bring my body back, now, holding the fear, instability and dizziness as equal parts of "her" balancing act.

Ciao
-C.

24. *La grande odalisque* / Ingres

GRACE CAGE SCAR ARC GREC RAGE EAR ...



dear Magda,

Now that I am back, I have set to work decoding aspects of my texts to you in relation to Christakos' *Grace* ms. It seems that, like me, part of her process is about coming to acknowledge how she as subject keeps hogging the frame, and she banters back, *clear out!*, *make room!*, locked in the ambivalence of an academic taskmaster struggling to marginalize a creative producer. I'm thinking of all this in my own work, in relation to *La grande odalisque's* circumspect yet brazen presence in centre-frame. How many viewers would really condone her profession, would not

judge her as having gone the wrong route? She is “salvaged,” I believe, by constituting not a prostitute but the artist’s model, thus entering a mediated discourse where her body is for aesthetic, instead of sexual, consumption. But as she took up the pose, these categorical displacements must not have regulated her self-concept; for she is always both, or more, complex, seeing herself multiply, and struggling against the body’s mortis as she holds a unitary look about her, obliged to fill the terms of someone else’s commission. Christakos holds something in common with this, I think.

– Cleo

25. *Portrait présumé de Magdalena Luther, fille du réformateur Martin Luther / Lucas Cranach*

dear professor,

Christakos has written me admitting it took some time to discover the persona of *Grace*. But once she did, she was filled with permissions she had deferred since childhood. Primarily, she could deconstruct the face of girlish cheeriness she had kept on, mask-like, and admit *Grace*’s rage, ex-centricity, bisexuality and opinionated difference from the role of perfect daughter/surrogate mother/lover she (or is it I?) played (why am i drawn to study her so, like a mirror image?). And though she depicts this process as recovering the third/object/displaced experience of self through a channel stemming from a self-identical I, it is really more like recuperating the latent “I” from a life locked in narrating self as multiple “she’s.”

(The girl of this Cranach portrait is named as significant, is remembered, as her father’s daughter, like so many of us.)

best,

Cleopatra



26. *An Allegory with Venus and Cupid / Bronzino*

Dear Magda,

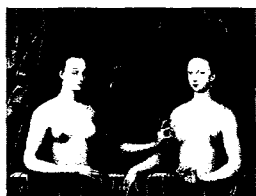
The fundamental elision of “my” to “her” is a safeguard Christakos seems to have taken throughout *Grace*; but somehow it is also the unrelenting act of self-narration, by which each woman continually



defines herself against the spectrum of cultural images presented her. What is important to factor in is the value system which pre-determines which images will be constructed as desirable and as undesirable, and how this is complexified by hierarchies of ethnicity, race and class. Could the Venus allegorized here be any more white, bourgeois or available? I wager she knows she has been "made up."

– C.

27. *Gabrielle d'Estrées et une de ses soeurs / École de Fontainebleau*



cf. The Consequential Nature...

Dear Magda,

This image, though its allegorical narrative revolves around two sisters in competition for the same suitor, strikes me as intractably about sexuality between women. Even if the male painter's fantasy has generated a supposed relationship between these two subjects, they animate a separate discourse positioning themselves and female viewers in direct physical correspondence. The mother's nurturant nipple is bent in service of domestic labour; these breasts are for stimulated leisure. If Grace can be multiplied to include all of her split-off subjectivities, a constraining notion of primary narcissism can be simply reframed as self-love. Or does this re-centre the image to its disarmament?

Double entendres abound,

– C.

28. *Nuit d'été / Winslow Homer*

Dear Magda,

An excerpt from *Grace* seems required now, to illustrate my confusion/fusion/suffusion, what is it? – the subject at hand is sleight, as always...

"...For the first time I'm interested in fairy tales. The woman below sitting with her feet dangling in the polluted water cries tears the size of apples. She lifts her chin and moans 'Mother, mother.' When her eyes open I see her. I recognize she is Grace, my great-granny. Like all the women in my family, age has shrunk her body to unbelievably childlike proportions. I

fling myself toward her, feeling the bridge spring back from my feet. She lifts to meet me. Our collision transforms us both into teenage waitresses, wearing gold and red striped aprons, and perfectly timing our strides so our opposite arms, bent to carry our trays, are instituted like the symmetry of a sentence. We love We. My face breaks into smiles of uncontrollable joy. The drive-in customers honk 'Break it up.' We are wanted in opposite directions. The way refugee families get torn piecemeal from the South to the North. One country deigns to accept one, the central fringe character, according to its immigration laws. In accordance with the organizing principles supported by the International Council of Desirousness. 'We want the one with her arms bent back.' But this time Grace is waiting for me. She is dreaming me back into her bus. When I arrive, out of breath and apologizing for my lateness, we unfold our arms and begin to embrace. *What did you dream, we ask.*"

– Cleo



1. National Gallery Publications Ltd.
2. Ibid.
3. Gisèle Freund, Fotofolio, Box 661 Canal Sta., N.Y., 10013.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid.
6. Louvre, Département des Antiquités égyptiennes, R.M.N. Paris.
7. SPADEM, Paris and COSMO-PRESS, Geneva.
8. Louvre, Département des Peintures, R.M.N. Paris.
9. Ibid.
10. National Gallery Publications Ltd.
11. Estate M. Broodthaers, éditions du Jeu de Paume, R.M.N.
12. H.M. Queen Elizabeth II, The Royal Collection.
13. Graffiti Editeur, Villiers-le-Morhier.
14. Louvre, Département des Arts graphiques, R.M.N. Paris.
15. Estate M. Broodthaers, éditions du Jeu de Paume, R.M.N.
16. National Gallery Publications Ltd.
17. Louvre, Département des Peintures, R.M.N. Paris.
18. National Gallery Publications Ltd.
19. Ibid.
20. Louvre, Département des Arts graphiques, R.M.N. Paris.
21. H.M. Queen Elizabeth II, The Royal Collection.
22. Kustome Klubhouse, 1549 Fairburn Ave., Sudbury, Ont.
23. Louvre, Département des Peintures, R.M.N. Paris.
24. Ibid.
25. Ibid.
26. National Gallery Publications Ltd.
27. Louvre, Département des Peintures, R.M.N. Paris.
28. Musée d'Orsay, Paris, R.M.N. Paris.