Sue Zemka

Descent, Spirit, Heart, Senses

1. A day at the museum

Towards the end of the first volume of her memoirs, Simone Beauvoir recounts a visit she paid in the Spring of 1929 to the new galleries of French paintings which had just opened at the Louvre. Monet she didn't like, towards Renoir she was tepid, Manet she admired, and Cézanne she worshipped: "I thought I saw in his paintings "'the descent of the spirit to the heart of the senses.'"[1]

Beauvoir was not alone in professing worship for Cézanne. In the 1920s, worshipping Cézanne was a thing to do, a sign of cool. Since early in the century, a general excitement for Cézanne (who died in 1906) percolated in avant-garde art circles of Paris, New York, and London. It crossed the boundaries between fine art and literature and eventually philosophy. Gertrude Stein told Hemingway to take Cézanne as a model and he wisely obeyed. A few years before Beauvoir stood before Cézannes in the Louvre, Hemingway was visiting them in the Musée de Luxembourg; "I was learning very much from [Cézanne] but I was not articulate enough to explain it to anyone. Besides it was a secret." [2]

All of this is context, pieces of the milieu swirling around a twenty-one-year-old Simone Beauvoir and probably outside of her immediate consciousness when she decided that, among Impressionists, it was Cézanne she worshipped, Cézanne who won the day over Monet, Manet, and Renoir. There are reasons why Cézanne reigned supreme as the early trendsetter of Modernism (to which I will return). What fascinates me is the person who was standing next to Beauvoir in a gallery of the Louvre on that spring day in 1929.

Her name was Elisabeth Lacoin, nicknamed "Zaza," Beauvoir's closest friend. The two met at convent school when they were ten years old. Both girls were idealistic and precociously intelligent. Zaza did not immediately return Simone's desire for her friendship, at least not with the same fervor. That came later. More attractive and high-spirited of the two, Zaza was popular, passionate, and ambitious. But she was also hampered by the social demands and social strictures placed on her by her mother, the pseudonymous "Madame Mabille" of Beauvoir's memoirs. As far as Beauvoir was concerned, Madame Lecoin / Mabille was a despotic embodiment of stultifying French Catholic bourgeois morality. In fact, the plot of *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter,* if a memoir can be said to have a plot, is the battle for Zaza's destiny, waged between Madame Mabille's overweening control and Zaza's thirst for the freedom to expand her talents and sphere of action. It wasn't just her mother that held her back though. There was also her fervent devotion to her mother. Zaza was and loath to go against her will. A love triangle arises between Zaza, Simone, and Madame Mabille. This makes the title into a double entendre. For while one might reasonably believe that "the dutiful daughter" is Simone Beauvoir, the author of the memoir, whose formation receives bountiful attention and who similarly suffers under the nemesis of French Catholic mores, the "dutiful daughter" must refer to Zaza as well.

Zaza's struggle for survival failed. She died suddenly in November, 1929. Beauvoir was left with an acute case of survivor's guilt. This is where *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter* ends. Shock, contrition, and grief dilute Beauvoir's relief at escaping the strictures of her upbringing: "for a long time I believed that I had paid for my own freedom with [Zaza's] death."[3]

Simone de Beauvoir loved Elisabeth Lacoin and was probably in love with her. We do not have Zaza's version of things on this, but we have several from Beauvoir's. Her diaries, now published, contain numerous entries about her childhood friend. There's more: *The Inseperables*,

a novel about the Beauvoir – Lacoin friendship. Written in 1954, it never saw the light of day in Beauvoir's lifetime but was published recently. There is also *When Things of the Spirit Came First,* a series of interlinked stories that Beauvoir wrote in the 1930s but didn't publish until 1979. The last story is about Zaza. Why the repeated retellings of the story? Trauma, grief, anger, ongoing love . . . probably all four, a knot of feeling that Beauvoir first tried to untie in fiction, then memoir, then (ultimately) in philosophy, insofar as Zaza's wasted life was an impetus for Beauvoir's feminism. There's a sense of destiny in it all, as if Beauvoir is retroactively planting in her memories of Zaza the seeds of something meant to be, the responsibility for which will be hers to work out in literature. When the nine-year-old Sylvie (i.e. Simone) meets the nine-year-old Andrée (i.e. Zaza), she muses prophetically that "Andrée was one of those prodigies about whom, later on, books would be written."[4]

None of this sounds emotionally uncomplicated. And, to make matters worse, there's a man involved. Remember the scene in *Memoirs* recounting the trip to the Louvre in the Spring of 1929?; there's a second voice that can be heard murmuring behind Zaza and Beauvoir, calling Cézanne's work a "descent of the spirit to the heart of the senses." Beauvoir puts the words in single quotes marks and leaves them unattributed. I want to believe that she is quoting or paraphrasing the philosopher Maurice Merleau-Ponty. The idea of a "descent of the spirit to the heart of the senses" is entirely consistent with Merleau-Ponty's ideas about Cézanne and echoes his style of expression. Cézanne figures largely in the philosopher's writings, and one essay, the influential "Cézanne's Doubt," is devoted entirely to the painter. True, the idea of a "descent of the spirit to the heart of the senses" could be Beauvoir's as well – and clearly she does concur – but there would be no need to put single quotes around it if wasn't said by someone else – if there wasn't, if only as the later addition of an overcharged memory, someone else there as well.

Merleau-Ponty was a close friend of Beauvoir's and a member of her circle. He was also the great love of Zaza Lacoin's life, and she possibly of his. He is also a key character in the *Memoirs*, appearing under the pseudonym "Pradelle," and in *The Inseperables*, where he is given the name Pascal Blondel. His role in both literary works creates a second triangular relationship that places Zaza's destiny is in the balance, this one between Zaza, Beauvoir, and Merleau-Ponty.

Beauvoir met Merleau-Ponty in the summer of 1927. He asked a friend to introduce them after she beat him for second place in exams for the certificate in general philosophy. (First place honors had gone to Simone Weil, but Weil was Jewish and thus "not a contender for the kind of intellectual friendship two Catholics could share."[5]) The young Merleau-Ponty was, by all reports, handsome, charming, amiable, and good-humored. Unlike Beauvoir, he was not troubled by religious doubts, nor by gnawing ethical and psychological anxieties. He wasn't socially awkward and he wasn't rebellious. One might have expected them to regard each other with the redolent disdain of teenagers in enemy cliques, but somehow they immediately hit it off. Soon they were meeting frequently – in the Luxembourg Gardens, for walks, in cafes, after lectures at the Sorbonne. Beauvoir found in Merleau-Ponty "an easygoing soul." Things picked up from there. She developed an ardent identification with him that wasn't sexual, or at least she didn't experience it as such: "I desire[d] to become part of him and to have him take me with him."[6] They were still teenagers, after all, if just barely.

Zaza was only an intermittent presence in the early days of the Beauvoir – Merleau-Ponty friendship. For much of that period she was studying in Berlin, where her mother had sent her to get her away from the subversive influences of Parisian friends, including Beauvoir. When Zaza returned to Paris in the winter of 1929, the twosome became a threesome. That spring was

packed with walks in parks, afternoons in cafés, and picnics (all in spite of the looming exams.) Sometimes Beauvoir, Zaza, and Merleau-Ponty did things alone, sometimes they joined other friends, the self-styled "Bois de Boulogne gang."[7] Before long, Zaza and Merleau-Ponty were in love. Given the periodic intensity of Beauvoir's feelings for Merleau, I expected her to be jealous. The opposite was true. She was elated: "they were made for one another; they loved one another. One of my dearest dreams was about to be realized: Zaza's life would be a happy one!"[8]

For a while, the three were happy together, as for example on a June boat ride in the Bois de Boulogne, which Beauvoir recounted ecstatically:

> The incredible wealth of life, oh life, that answers all my dreams! How I love him like this, laughing, full of wit, carefree about joining whatever group hails us. I am also wonderfully close to feeling tenderness for Zaza, what gaiety and freedom! How well we get along, the three of us![9]

What could be better than this? How devastating then, when it all quickly and tragically unraveled. First there were inexplicable objections to marriage from the families, then troubling hesitations and delays from Merleau-Ponty. This pitched Zaza into accelerating distress, which she conveyed on an almost daily basis to Beauvoir. Finally, Zaza agreed to a one-year separation: Merleau would do military service; she would go back to Berlin. It was a grudging compromise. Then, the evening before her departure, Zaza took the rash step of visiting the Merleau-Ponty residence, where she had previously never set foot. One can imagine Merleau-Ponty's heart-racing surprise as he rushes down the stairs, having heard his unexpected paramour being shown inside. A conversation ensues with Madame Merleau-Ponty; objections are

withdrawn; the engagement is ratified; and Zaza asks for a kiss, her first, from her newly betrothed. He ushers her home in a taxi, where the kiss presumably takes place. If this sounds like alarming behavior for a young, upper middle-class woman of the day, it was. Zaza was shivering, feverish. In less than a week she was dead. The official explanation was encephalitis. Beauvoir, however, blamed her friend, Maurice Merleau-Ponty. The triangle of intimacy united them in guilt as well as love.

Given all this, let's take a deep breath and return again to the gallery in the Louvre in the spring of '29, just as love was blooming and before everything went wrong. I can imagine the three of them there, looking at the newly assembled Impressionist paintings. There they are, the three of them, in the sense that memory weaves circles through past events, transposing one event onto another, suffusing Beauvoir's feelings of happiness during a day at the museum with the feelings of grief and anger that came later, after Zaza died the following fall, and suffusing them further with her memories of Merleau-Ponty, who in spite of everything remained a close friend and colleague for the next thirty years.

Let's say, for the sake of imaginative specificity, that when our out-of-time threesome pauses before a Cézanne, they pause before *Madame Cézanne in a Red Dress*. A middle-aged woman, the painter's wife, gazes at her husband painting her, and now by the magic of portraiture, gazes at us, at the any and all of us who regard the painting over time, including our young French threesome. The triangulated relationships are appropriate to our subject, after all, as are the thoughts of love, isolation, tenderness, and ephemerality that the painting creates in its orbit. Let's say that it's here, before this painting, that the opinion is seeded which later emerges in Beauvoir's memoir as a garland of words circling between them and across the years: a "descent of the spirit to the heart of the senses."

Fig. 1. *Madame Cézanne (Hortense Fiquet) in a Red Dress*, Metropolitan Museum of Art

Now things are getting more complicated still. For – what cannot be ignored –a fourth person has joined the group – Cézanne himself, the artist who Beauvoir worshiped and Merleau-Ponty returned to time and again in his writings. He is not there in body, like Beauvoir and Zaza, nor in words and spirit, like Merleau-Ponty. Rather, he is there in a material substitution, *Madame Cézanne in a Red Dress*, the canvas he once worked on assiduously and obsessively (because this is the only way Cézanne ever worked), and then jettisoned from his consciousness when he moved on to other paintings, other "motifs" as he called them – and in fact moved on altogether when he died in 19006, having caught a cold "sur le motif." His paintings survive him as unique types of material remnants, with a separate existence and distinct purposes. One purpose, as Merleau-Ponty tells us in his essay "Cézanne's Doubt," is to capture the eccentricity of his perceptions in such a way that they transform the activities of painting and seeing. This is why Cézanne worked as hard as did, sometimes spending hours at a time on a single stroke of the brush: it was imperative that the things he saw exist not only in himself, "like a stubborn dream or a persistent delirium," nor that they "exist only in space as a colored piece of canvas;" the purpose of his demanding, wrenching labor was to make paintings that could "dwell undivided in several minds, with a claim on every possible mind like a perennial acquisition."[10] By Merleau-Ponty's estimation, Cézanne had schizothymia, a mental disorder characterized by flat affect and acute introversion, and yet (again according to the philosopher) the fire that drove his exacting labor was a desire to share with others, to impress upon them, his uncommon painter's vision; to grab them by the eyeballs and make them see.

Descent, spirit, heart, senses: for each word, several stories converge on our scene.

Descent, because any such act or memory as Beauvoir practices in *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter*, or of painting such as Cézanne practices in *Madame Cézanne in a Red Dress*, or of philosophizing such as Merleau-Ponty practices in "Cézanne's Doubt," is an act of diving, of submersion into depths. Truth, Beauvoir writes, is "ambiguity, depth (*abîme*), mystery," and she offers women's self-writing as an example of one historically fraught search for truth.[11] A descent into truth, reality, self, is an experience of darkness and danger, and of compressing one's will into a line of force towards a desired objective. "*Se plonger*" is one of Merleau-Ponty's favorite words for mental analysis, or indeed for sensory investigation. Tactility and vision enables us to "descend among things. Seeing and touching tell us that our surrounding world is a "surface of inexhaustible depth." [12]

Spirit, because it is the souls or uniquely animated personalities of each of these characters that are brought, outside of time, into this moment of connection around a painting.

Heart, because each, as we have seen, is a lover, possessed by love.

Senses, because none of this is as immaterial or disembodied as it sounds. Instead, it necessarily proceeds from and partakes of sensory life. The senses are at the heart of Merleau-Ponty's lifelong project as a phenomenological philosopher. They are also important to Beauvoir's work as a novelist, memoirist, and feminist philosopher. In *The Second* Sex, she nods to her agreement with Merleau-Ponty that "the body is not a *thing*, it is a situation: it is our grasp on the world and the outline for our projects." (Therefore the body cannot be treated as a concept, let alone a gendered concept.[13]) Sensory fidelity is also at the heart of Cézanne's mission as a painter. As Merleau-Ponty tells us, while it might be with the minds of others that Cézanne wishes to connect, he can only do so through the senses: "[Cézanne] wanted to make *visible* how the world *touches* us."[14]

Finally, the senses are at the heart of this essay, which I've undertaken because of a nagging interest in the silent member of our party, Elisabeth "Zaza" Lacoin. As I've mentioned, her presence in Beauvoir's literary archives is that of a long-dead friend, a remote memory, and unresolved tragedy, because she died, and died young. On the one hand, then, she's not accessible as a sensient being at all. In fact, she's everything but, which is the universal problem with prolonged grief. On the other hand, this predicament is particularly intriguing when we consider the sense-obsessed Merleau-Ponty, in whose writings Zaza is never named. Like Beauvoir, I find myself feeling vexed by his comportment as a lover. Was his circumspection so thorough that he had to thoroughly exclude Zaza from his corpus? He spent his life in a phenomenological investigation of the senses; he resuscitated for philosophy the marvel of a living body and its web of visual, tactile, and kinesthetic interactions. I have to ask, even if it's impertinent, where is Zaza in all of this?

2. "Expressing what exists is an endless task"[15]

Exploring that question takes us back to Cézanne, or rather Merleau-Ponty's Cézanne. The philosopher latched onto to the painter as a brother-in-arms because of their shared obsession with embodied perception. He saw in Cézanne's paintings a recognition of the interdependence of sight and touch. Their realism, if it can be called that, is inherently synesthetic, built from a seeing that touches and a touching that sees.

In order to appreciate how much Cézanne is in Merleau-Ponty, one has to start with Merleau-Ponty. His student Claude Lefort said that he "never ceased meditating upon vision."[16] A copy of Descartes's *Optics* was on Merleau-Ponty's desk when he died. At the same time –

and this is hard to understand, all the more so because Merleau-Ponty's thinking changes over the course of his career – perception, although seeming to give precedence to sight, in its expansive Pontyesque sense implies "all of the relations of the subject to the world, and first of all to the sensible."[17] His early work pushes back against a long entrenched habit of considering each sense separately, which he thought was like saying that the eyes don't know what the hands are doing, or that we hear in a vacuum from seeing. Influenced by gestalt psychology, Merleau-Ponty argued that sensory information is not reducible to one sense or another. The senses conspire in a holism of the body. Lefort emphasizes the difficulty of capturing this experiential knot of a sensory whole in words or ideas; Merleau-Ponty was out "to think the unthinkable of metaphysics: the body."[18] Over the years, the search for a language of the holistic body took him to a new shore, where "the body" gave way to the more diaphanous, less individuated concept of "flesh" (*la chair*). But for now let's stay with the body, because it's here that he meets Cézanne and begins the long journey through and past the body.

This body, this thing of weight, with its tangle of senses and deceptive permanence, this body is always there, making things possible or impossible, even when we aren't thinking about it, which condition is the happy forgetting of being well and feeling 'normal'. Kinesthetic, tactile, visual, and auditory memories are the constant background chatter of life in this body, its white noise. They shape one's gestures, one's way of moving through a room or opening a door, of conceiving or casting the surrounding space. He explained it this way to a lay audience in a radio broadcast of 1948: "man (sic) is not a mind *and* a body, but a mind *with* a body, and can only access the truth of things because his body is embedded in them. All things are only accessible through the body."[19]

I am a little worried about using the word "normal" above. I mean it idiomatically – the way a person feels (however embodied) when everything is more or less okay, as usual, whatever "usual" means for a person passing through the various stages and possible modifications of their body's existence. It's a little hard to gloss over this, however, and it should be noted that disability studies scholars, not to mention feminists, have had problems with Merleau-Ponty's apparent lack of interest in the different forms a human body can take, the range of differences that come under its heading. In *Black Skins, White* Masks, Fanon (like me, a fan) riffed on Merleau-Ponty with a critical twist; reaching across a table for *his* pack of cigarettes (the cigarettes, they're everywhere) his body "schema" emerges not only within time and space but also under the white man's gaze.[20] Merleau-Ponty's phenomenology does not exclude the shaping power of society on black minds and bodies, but he doesn't take them into account either. He doesn't really consider the societal gaze at all, certainly not hostile gazes – a limitation that is probably due to the fact that he enjoyed a tall, healthy, handsome, white male body and was (so I imagine) languidly comfortable in it. He was known for his grace and his skills on the dancefloor – Merleau Ponty, the dancing French philosopher, a ubiquitous cigarette poised between two fingers. (He would die of a heart attack at the tender age of 53.) Hence his emphasis on "habit," one's particular style of comportment -- an emphasis that suggests a slight discomfort with those who move self-consciously or in a viscous atmosphere of, say, racial tension. To quote another privileged white man, he was at home in his own skin. Beauvoir remembers his fictional doppelganger Pascal Blondel waiting for her and Zaza in the Luxembourg Gardens:

> . . . when he saw us, he climbed onto the railing and walked gingerly over to meet us, like a tightrope walker, his arms out for balance. In each hand he held a bouquet of lily of the valley. He jumped down and handed one to each of us.

Easy to be a philosopher of the normative body when you can move like that, in a world that delights in your antics. Understandable to be a little pissed off when you're a black psychoanalyst trying to apply the power and insights of the work. Easy for me to feel, along with Beauvoir, a sense of stinging exclusion from the charmed circle of Merleau-Ponty's preferences. "Mine was only for symmetry. Pascal had never given me flowers." [21]

It's a white man's world, this world of mid-twentieth-century French haute ideas, (as Beauvoir would point out and in the process remake). Cezanne is already in the charmed circle. Merleau-Ponty casts him into an abject distance of various neuroses, but nevertheless recognizes him as a brother-in-arms as far as higher purpose goes. He wrote the essay on Cézanne in 1945, the same year in which he published his major work, *The Phenomenology of Perception* (and the same year, it must be noted, although we won't have time to meditate on its significance here, that the war ended.) The Cézanne of "Cézanne's Doubt" shares in the author's desire to return to a wellspring of perceptual experience, which the misled schools of artistic and philosophical knowledge have ignored, misled by the ruse of objectivity. Both the artist and the philosopher are obsessed with starting points, but theirs is a curious kind of starting point that has to be discovered long after the work is underway, like hunters who left their prey back where the hunt began and circle back to look for it.

That starting point is the sensate body in its primordial wholeness. It's been parceled into categories and buried under analysis:

> "[The] distinctions between touch and sight are unknown in primordial perception. It is only as a result of the science of the human body that we finally learn to distinguish between our senses."[22]

"Primordial perception" is an Eden of fresh, original vision. With it, one sees as if for the first time, without categories or divisions. "[Cezanne] wanted to depict matter as it takes on form, the birth of order through spontaneous organization."[23] That's why the search is for the beginning; the source of each artistic breakthrough lies in the prehistory of the painter's sensory perception – that wellspring of shapes and colors – as they are in the process of coalescing into forms. Caught in the act, as it were. And he has to recapture them this way again and again in every painting. "For Cézanne, it was always the first time."[24]

For a long time now, this has *not* been a popular way to think. Authenticity, primitivism, and immediacy fell into philosophical disfavor since the end of the Second World War. For one thing, they smack of naivete, as if it's enough to be a high-spirited optimist to outwit the worldly philosophers' insistence that experience is always mediated, not direct. I am thinking here of Adorno, of his sober insistence that perception and its painterly or literary renderings ineluctably takes detours through one or another layer of context – historical, material, technological, ideological, psychological – on their way to (or around) the real. To speak baldly: the generation after the war, in the spirit of "we won't get fooled again," disavowed the language of primitive authenticity that could still enchant Merleau-Ponty in 1945, right on the cusp of the transition to a more guarded way of speaking. And, to be fair, he does not make "primitive perception" sound at all easy. There is no quick method for dissolving ossified perceptual habits and recovering a "primordial" state of sensory immersion. Likewise in all of Merleau-Ponty's work: there is no call to go out and practice oceanic bliss, no advice for unlearning what he have learned about existing as separate entities, alone in the internal universe of our intermeshed emotional, intellectual, and corporeal lives. Instead, he always assiduously tries to undo the dichotomy

between the two, mediation and immediacy. Some people recognize this as scrupulousness on his part; others as equivocation.

Carol Armstrong believes this tension and the ineluctable difficulty of "primordial vision" really was relevant to Cézanne, not just to Merleau-Ponty's vision of him. In fact, the tension itself is something they have in common. Merleau-Ponty calls it Cézanne's "schizoid" temperament. Armstrong paraphrases: the painter struggles "to express the physiognomy of the world *and* the unfolding, never-finished process by means of which such 'physiognomic perception' occurs."[25] In other words, schizoid. But so is Merleau-Ponty, the diagnosing physician, with his drive "to recover the raw sensory material of vision in its aborning state" *and* "to see the world in a fully human, cognitively mature way." Here is the real root of their kinship. They both want the same or similar things and at some level they both know that what they want is almost impossible. You can't be simultaneous connected and detached. Well, maybe you can.

As far as sensations go, the take-away of "Cézanne's Doubt" is this: sensory experience, on the face of it the most personal and self-involving, self-descending of modalities, is declared to be pathway out of a fundamental isolation of our being. Unmollified, such isolation is nihilistic, a form of pain.

> We see things; we agree about them; we are anchored in them; and it is with "nature" as our base that we construct our sciences. Cézanne wanted to paint this primordial world . . .[26]

This is the crucial affirmation. Looking at a painting by Cézanne, looking perhaps as we imagine our friends doing at *Madame Cézanne in a Red Dress,* we are reminded that at a very fundamental level the very act of looking and seeing connects us to the world and to each other. We breathe the same air, apprehend the same forms and colors, and know them all through bodies that are more or less similarly constructed – similar enough that even the purportedly schizothymic Cézanne can offer others something marvelous, his strange but ultimately mind-expanding apprehension of apples, oranges, mountains, and bathers, etc. "The painter captures and translates into visible objects what would without him remain walled up in the separate life of each consciousness, the vibration of appearances which is the cradle of things."[27]

From sensation to connection, and back to isolation, and on to connection again, fleetingly. This pattern in "Cézanne's Doubt" is in Merleau-Ponty's overall corpus a *raison d'etre*. We can see it as early as *The Phenomenology of Perception*, and also in the late essays he wrote on optics, tactility, and ontology – including the influential essay "The Intertwining – The Chiasm," which he left unfinished. Repeatedly, the exposition moves from an analysis of the senses, primarily sight and touch, to relationship, a wonder in the intricate commonality of sensory existence, coupled to the sobering acknowledgment that sensory experience is fundamentally subjective, because grounded in bodies, which however alike are also alone. When they were still in university, Simone de Beauvoir observed her friend's principled attraction to communal affinity with irritated wonder. Intimacy for her was exclusive, bringing two like souls into a communion sequestered from "the common hoard." When she admitted this, Merleau was aghast: 'how can one live without gathering all mankind into the same wide net of love?"[28]

The late writings make an important adjustment. Merleau-Ponty moves away from the anthropomorphic and reified valences of "*the* body," replacing it with "flesh," *la chair.* "Flesh," in his neologistic parlance, is neither material nor conceptual but rather an elemental condition of existence; "a kinship between the sensing body and sensed things that makes their communication possible."[29] In Merleau-Ponty's words, flesh "is the coiling over of the visible upon the seeing body, of the tangible upon the touching body . . ."[30] Or, as Judith Butler writes, "the flesh is not my flesh or yours, but neither is it some third thing. It is the name for a relation of proximity and breaking up."[31] Time and again, Merleau-Ponty likens it to the sensation of holding one's own hand, wherein we become both subject and object to ourself. While "flesh," thus conceived, places limits on what we can know, feel, and imagine, it comes with the same reassurance as the earlier work, albeit now more inclusively: we never need to be alone in what we know, feel, and imagine. Even animals and things, space itself, are constituted by this "fleshly" existence. We move within "the flesh of the world."[32] Re-enter Cézanne, who painted the world as "a mass without gaps."[33]

The last essays are visionary and lyrical. I started this section saying it was necessary first to consider Merleau-Ponty separately from Cézanne. I'll conclude it by saying that in the philosopher's work, the two become inextricable. Separate, connected – we are now familiar with the problem. The philosopher continued to explore the idea of "flesh" as a connective tissue that is experienced singularly in "Eye and Mind," his last completed essay. He "composed [it] at Le Tholonet in the summer of 1960, in the shadow of Cézanne."[34]

3. To look closely at something is to look closely with someone

Cézanne and his philosophical ventriloquizer Merleau-Ponty seem to be saying that the act of looking intently and consciously is never entirely a solo endeavor. Even when looking is not shared, it wants to be shared; it unconsciously gestures towards another gazer, whether or not one is physically present. I am trying to think through this counterintuitive claim phenomenologically, by checking it against my own experience. One the one hand, I am locked inside my own eyes. If anything, they isolate me from others and from physical freedom, for how utterly dependent my ability to see is on these globular, jelliform little organs. Only two of them, which is not a great backup supply, given the chances of losing them that arise over a lifetime. This point recently came home to me a couple of days ago when I had a sudden onset of floaters – big, blurry, darting ones – and am still on alert for a possible retinal detachment (seems unlikely, but still). Which is why I say vision is "utterly" isolating and utterly dependent on the eyeballs; once lost, there is no prosthesis or transplant that can restart the personal cinema of my waking immersion in the world around me. On the other hand, if I hear Cézanne/Merleau correctly, they are saying there is an impulse deeply and inextricably, ineluctably hardwired into the act of intentional seeing that references another human seer. "Look, see?" Or "did you see that?:" is there a small voice that always whispers this in the back of the head?, sometimes to the friend next to us, other times to no one at all – or rather to the placeholder of a human companion, to his / her / their possibility, friendly or not, now or in the future. Experientially, I have to say this also rings true for me.

But here is the really strange thing. This insight (interesting word, in context, but we don't have time to meditate on that) – this insight, claim, heartfelt assertion – is what connects the visual, image-based aesthetics of painting to the readerly, text-based aesthetics of literature.

Maybe it's enough to note that Rilke's *Letters on Cézanne,* one of the most important works on the painter, is a book by a poet, comprised of letters to his wife (Clara Wilke-Resthoff). Already the act of looking *at* Cézannes (Rilke went daily to the 1907 exhibit) segues directly into looking *with* another; more specifically, to translating the visual experience of Cezannism into words addressed – in this case, and it's not insignificant – to a beloved.

For Rilke, the arts of painting and poetry similarly depend on the finely-tuned "vibrations" of the artist. "Vibrations," Danchev suggests, is Rilke's version of Cezannian sensations, Cézanne being the painter he held in highest esteem as an influence, the idea being that the artist, be he painter or poet, must attend very closely to a minutia of sensory perturbations in order to coax into action the alchemy of artistic creation:[35]

> The [Duino] Elegies show us at this work, the work of the continual conversion of the dear visible and tangible into the invisible vibration and agitation of our nature, which introduces new vibration-numbers into the vibration-spheres of the universe.

"Vibration spheres" sounds fairly mystical, in a Yeatsian sort of way, but is also sounds Bergsonian, Bergson having introduced the idea of temporal duration as something experienced differently, faster or slower, depending on the heartrate of one's species being. Squirrels, with their 300 beat per minute hearts, live in a different temporality than humans, with their relatively sluggish hearts. Maybe that's why, right before this passage, Rilke writes (in a famous phrase) about the "bees of the Invisible." (Bees, by the way, have very slow heart rates, but we are now transitioning into the realm of metaphor.)

> . . . our task is to stamp this provisional, perishing earth into ourselves so deeply, so painfully and passionately, that its being may rise again, "invisibly," is us. *We are the bees of the Invisible.*[36]

There are three things to note here. One, whether with vibrations or sensations, Rilke and Cézanne both give an account of artistic creation based in an animal sensorium and (interestingly), with little interest in the human mind, that is to say, with the artist's concepts, ideas, or intellectual intentions. Second, this sensory emphasis is entirely in keeping with western aesthetic notions, and with the connection between sensation and temporality in art. This is the point that connects us back to Bergson, and before him to Winkelmann and Lessing and the whole aesthetic debate on whether and how poetry and the plastic arts deal, and deal differently, with artistic representations of pain; it's question of pacing, moving too quickly or too slowly. The third thing to note is that Rilke's emphases – both his idea and the words he uses to convey it – fall squarely on the sense of sight, even though Rilke is a poet and thus as we know primarily interested in words and sounds. From vibrations (all the senses at work here) to invisibility to visibility: the diving and rising of the creative process is metaphorically conceived around vision even when what it's creating is poetry. Of course it does, insofar as Cézanne's paintings are an influence. More importantly, of course it does, because Rilke is imagining an artist who raises out of the hidden, invisible agony of their soul a work of art that is new (but not a mere novelty) and immediately recognized as such – something that can be held up, objectified, and (what is unique to an object) apprehended by all in a moment, shared, recognized, handled with the eyes if not the hands, marveled at – that is, seen.

We began by saying that seeing is an action that invokes sharing even though it is inward and personal. To this we can add a second paradox: seeing invokes simultaneity even when the acts of viewing are spread over time or space. In both regards, seeing imparts a kind of permanence and objectivity to the work of art by imparting to it an object status, whether the work of art under consideration is visual or literary.

I think these paradoxically solitary and sociable valences of sight are what made it so attractive to writers of the late nineteenth, early twentieth centuries. They work like a counterbalance to modern and contemporary art's emphasis on the artist's unique individuality and rare, revolutionary temperament (his or her sensations / vibrations). Consider Marcel Proust, dissing on Renoir in *Remembrances of Things Past* by comparing him to an unnamed genius: "an original painter or an original writer follows the path of the oculist. Their painting or their prose acts on us like a course of treatment which is not always agreeable. When it is over, the practitioner says to us, 'Now look.'"[37] It's the same pattern of thought from Merleau-Ponty: the original (read: Cezannian) artist has a unique vision that restores a blessed seeing to a generation; sight, the inward sense, is completed by turning away from the line of vision and drawing another person in: "Now look." Artistic creation privileges vision with a love rooted in the literal act of seeing that overflows into the metaphorical. The dive into inner and dangerous depths; the surfacing to share the pearl. The privacy, the almost-solipsism of the embodied senses triangulated by the invitation to share the feast. Dabs of paint or words on a page – for Cézanne, Rilke, Proust, Merleau-Ponty – the sensory intensity of this marking can't stop until the marvelousness of it all is confirmed by another. What's literature if not a practice related to painting in this way?

Remember Horace's dictum: "ut pictura poesis?" Armstrong says that in his letters on Cézanne, Rilke inverted the formula, making it "as painting, so poetry."[38] I've already observed how the letters depend on a human relationship, since Rilke writes the letters to his wife, enacting the interflowing boundaries between painting and writing by enacting interflowing boundaries between himself looking at Cézanne and extending the sensations to Clara. It's not just human relationship in general that this aesthetic triangulations wants. It's a wanting that is rooted in the uniquely intense and exclusive relationship of love. If it manages to diffuse and generalize itself after that, it does so as an extension of the overall flow between literal and metaphorical experiences, singular and shared sensations. Clara couldn't come to the gallery to look at Cézannes with her husband so he put the paintings into words for her, transforming his visits into what would become a literary masterpiece of art criticism. Armstrong calls her "a silent partner in the enterprise."[39] It's a little bit like our friends Simone and Zaza staring (hypothetically) at the portrait of Madame Cézanne some twenty odd years later. The enshrined experience of the painter looking long and intently at his wife, with however difficult a love, creates a chain reaction. When Simone turns, it's towards Zaza, who words are not recorded except as a confirmation of art and love both: "Zaza more or less shared all my tastes."[40]

4. Zaza, or things currently out of reach

Which reminds me, what happened to the story that began this essay? There we met Zaza, Elisabeth Lacoin, who died in 1929 but figures in Beauvoir's writings well into the 1950s. Exploring Merleau-Ponty and Cézanne, and then Cézanne and literature, I seem to have forgotten her. And yet my desire from the start has been to follow an intuition that she matters,

and matters profoundly, to the two survivors who went on to become towering figures in the world of French letters – to Beauvoir and her feminist literary project, and to Merleau-Ponty and his philosophy of the senses.

My hunch is that whatever emotional currents intertwined these three persons in their youth perseveres in the writings of the two survivors – that the suddenness of Zaza's death bequeathed to Beauvoir and Merleau-Ponty the ongoing motivation of a certain emptiness, of unanswerable but heartfelt questions. Remember Rilke: "Works of art are always the result of one's having been in danger."[41] And then Beauvoir: "for a long time I believed that I had paid for my own freedom with [Zaza's] death." The case for a direct line between Zaza and Beauvoir's work is poignant and clear. For Merleau-Ponty, it is less so.

My training as a literary historian calls such lines of thought biographical fallacies. Ignoring that warning, I follow the lead of my subjects. Beauvoir wouldn't have given it a minute's concern. She often utilized fiction and memoir in philosophy, maintaining that philosophy couldn't be separated from the life. It was a tenet of Beauvoir and Sartre both. Hence the four-volume autobiography, the several quasi-autobiographical novels, and the numerous collections of letters and diaries that comprise Beauvoir's oeuvre.

Merleau-Ponty, in contrast, left no autobiographical writings. The student who wishes to know details of his life will soon be disappointed. Everything must be culled from the writings of others, often biased sources, Beauvoir chief among them. Oddly, in spite of his reticence, Merleau-Ponty also maintained a sinewy connection between personal lived experience and the substance of one's intellectual or creative work. In the essay on Cézanne he writes "it is true both that the life of the author can teach us nothing and that – if we know how to interpret it – we can find everything in it, since it opens onto his work."[42] (So close has he come to thinking of the

painter as his intellectual doppelganger, he doesn't even notice that he has transformed him into an author, whose life "opens onto his work.") When Merleau-Ponty insists "that life becomes ideas and ideas become life," he is primarily concerned with fundamental sensory experience more than juicy bits of biography, ala Beauvoir.[43] Even here, though, there is no denying that the subjects in questions are consolidations of important events as much as sensory minutia: "whether he speaks up or hardly whispers, each one speaks with all that he is, with his 'ideas' but also with his obsessions, his secret history . . ."[44]

If the idea is that when we speak in earnest about things that matter, we speak with our obsessions and secret history, then we might be licensed to divulge a secret that had significant consequences for Merleau. He had been born illegitimately, not the son of the artillery captain and Legion of Honor knight whose name he carried, but rather of another man, name unknown, who had been his mother's lover. The shame attached to this fact was the reason, or at least one reason, why he had not married Zaza. After Beauvoir published *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter*, with its fairly scathing portrait of the feckless Pradelle, aka Merleau-Ponty, one of Zaza's sisters wrote Beauvoir and divulged the true back story. Catholic French society being what it was, the Lacoins had hired a detective to investigate their potential son-in-law, and the detective uncovered the truth of Merleau's birth. Wishing to save face for his mother and sister, he withdrew his suit of marriage on the condition that the Lacoins would not expose his mother's past infidelity. According to Kate Kirkpatrick, Beauvoir's biographer, Zaza was initially kept in the dark, and only brought in on the secret when she became dangerously upset and ill after what seemed to her Merleau's inexplicable withdrawal of affection.[45] By the time the Lacoins retracted their objection, it was too late to make a difference for Zaza's health, and she died soon thereafter. (Presumably some version of her last-minute late-night visit to the Merleau-Ponty's

still took place.) It doesn't sound like the kind of experience that you just get over. Merleau-Ponty gives his own testimony to the resounding impact that such a string of causes and effects could have: "in every life, one's birth and one's past define categories or basic dimensions which do not impose any particular act but can be found in all."[46]

It should be clear by now that Zaza will not have a voice in this essay. All attempts to bring her in circle back to the two friends who outlived her and those heady late years of the 1920s. Nevertheless, I often feel her haunting presence there, perhaps in Merleau-Ponty's writings more so than Beauvoir's, precisely because, unlike her, he never explicitly contends with Zaza's memory.

Once again, trying to approach Zaza, I'm ricocheted back to Merleau-Ponty. Without too much injustice it might be said that his phenomenological project is at its base a mapping of the body as a sensory field of porous boundaries – boundaries between self and other, inside and outside, past and present. The liminal zone of the "flesh" is his expansive stage for all matter of human and inhuman concerns. Even freedom, "taken concretely, is always an encounter between the exterior and the interior."[47] To grasp the underlying liminality of existence is to apprehend the flickering nature of forms before they consolidate into appearances as a real but unpractical truth. What can we call that? Ambiguity? But that sounds pejorative, like it's something to be got over. The philosophical term is "non-identity," so I will call it that. Non-identity: an epistemological substrate to our underlying our attempts at more certain / binaristic knowledge. Negative capability is the Real. It is a natural condition, just like the sticky, quotidian habits that prefer certainty and boundaries and obscure the Real.

As I was saying about Zaza. I want to believe that she survived in the philosopher as just such a liminal zone, a memory where joy and grief are intermingled, certainly not the only such

memory, but perhaps a centralizing one, the one whose plangency and gravity sets itself as a reference point for others. Situated in liminality, the memory of Zaza would be generative as well, unresolved and unresolving, seeking re-expressions and modifications to its basic traumatic imprint. Consider the writings in this light. On one hand, *The Phenomenology of Perception,* the great work of the 1940s, exerts herculean effort to argue for what sounds like a fairly uncontroversial idea: that a veritable near infinity of sensory experiences contributes to the ongoing somatic / psychological education of our bodies, and this education organizes our orientation in space and our ability to move, act, think, feel, and survive within it. On the other hand, this claim becomes something quite marvelous and terrifying when we count the memory of loving Zaza and grieving her death as one of these sensory experiences. She is among those things once touched, now untouchable. In an achingly attenuated way, the memory of touching Zaza can be reactivated along the delicate tracery of the philosopher's nervous system whenever he touches something, and whenever he reaches for or remembers something out of reach.

There's a passage in the *Phenomenology* that allows me to follow this thread. It occurs in Part One ("The Body"), chapter three ("The Spatiality of One's Own Body and Motricity.") Merleau-Ponty has devoted many pages to recounting clinical studies performed by the neurological psychologists Kurt Goldstein and Adheman Gelb on Johannes Schneider, a brain-injured veteran of the First World War. Schneider had a long list of vexing symptoms that eluded explanation. Lacking a better diagnosis, his complaints were attributed to "psychic blindness," or visual agnosia. Merleau-Ponty, in his discussion of the case, tries to navigate a fine line between psychological and philosophical explanation. One perplexing concern is Schneider's inability to conduct abstract motions. That is to say, if Schneider cannot physically reach a door handle, he cannot reproduce the movement of opening a door. He can't mime actions. He can't pretend with

his body. Merleau-Ponty takes this up as a means for distinguishing between pathological and "normal" human functioning:

> [The patient has] a primary disturbance of touch . . . This deficiency would ultimately be related to a function deeper than vision, and also deeper than touch (as a sum of given qualities); it would concern the subject's living region, that opening to the world that ensures that objects currently out of reach nevertheless count for the normal subject, that they exist as tactile for him and remain part of his motor universe.[48]

A fundamental navigation device in Schneider's brain has been disturbed. His inability to perform certain commonplace activity is due a fissure between tactile memory and imagination (i.e. "abstraction"). In contrast, for the 'normal' person, if a vase on a table or in another room lies outside their reach, it still exists for them. They can remember what it looks like, the way the afternoon light passed through it, its coolness and weight when they hold it, how far their fingers reach around it. They can, if they want (or if instructed by a clinical psychologist) still extend an arm *as if* to grasp it. That Schneider cannot do this signals a shrinking of his world. Robbed of mental images, the orbit in which he lives and moves and finds purpose retracts to a sphere defined by what he can see and touch around him.

While life is presumably happier for the "normal" subject, we have but to introduce some human content into our clinical experiment and his happiness is quickly alloyed. Remember, the "normal" subject with the operationally larger world also comes with "obsessions and secret histories." If the goal is to understand embodiment as the sensory and kinesthetic ground of knowledge, there is nothing that can or should bracket off affective objects from functional ones. There is nothing in the above description of the "normal" subject that excludes dead lovers from those objects which, though "out of reach . . . nevertheless count for him" and "remain part of his

motor universe." There is nothing that says Zaza is not installed in a "function deeper than touch."

Basically, then, the passage describes two ways of being a functional human being – a nominally "normal" one and a pathological one. To the description we are adding affectivity, something outside of Merleau-Ponty's literal field of concern. However, this is not taking great liberties. Remember the "fort/da" game played by Freud's nephew little Ernst, from which Freud draws the conclusion that our bodies and their movements are the stage on which we are educated in the management of loss. Recounting a game of fetch played with his eighteen-month-old grandson, Freud speculates that the child's pleasure in throwing his toy ("fort") and getting it back ("da") helps him learn how to adjust to the periodic absences of his parents. [49] Seen in this light, the Schneider passage describes two options for how we live with things we cannot touch, including, along the long trajectory of psychic-somatic memory, those who we once touched but no longer can. One option, that of our "normal" subject, says that objects and persons out of reach still exist as long as they can be remembered and imagined. The other option, that of our war-damaged patient Schneider, is not so sure, but is ill at ease with its amnesia. The "normal" subject misses absent objects; the pathological one misses the missing of them. He is closed off, his universe no wider than the circumference of his outstretched arms. Meanwhile, the first subject stays open to the world even after the object has gone missing, as if looking for it has persevered in him as a habit of hopeful eyes.

As I was saying, Zaza. Zaza, imagined in this context, is one among many possible objects currently out of reach, its/her singular importance being that she/it engrafts mourning onto Merleau-Ponty's concept of sensory embodiment. While it's true that he never names her, I am choosing to name her for him in a paraphrase of that concept that acknowledges her love and

her death as one of the experiences that led him to philosophize in the way that he did. This is the paraphrase: mourning remains a constituent element in sensory life long after the acute pain suffered from a particular loss or death has dispersed. Mourning, here, can be understood psychoanalytically, as a sublimation of grief into a diffuse but tolerable sorrow (which, unsublimated, would freeze the subject in melancholy). Mourning is the movement of grief, its liquidification in a sense, so that it flows into things, objects, and surroundings which remain available to our senses – and even to things which are not available to our senses. It ennobles these things with feelings of joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, feelings that are no longer always or concretely tethered to memories of the person who died. Mourning expands the sensory life to include an otherness that lies outside of reach, sight, and certain knowledge, but continues to be registered in touch nonetheless.

If we listen for it, this reading can be heard in the 1948 radio broadcast on sensible objects. Addressing himself to a lay audience, Merleau-Ponty makes the ideas honed in *Phenomenology of Perception* more approachable. Perhaps for this reason, he places greater emphasis on emotional memory. "Affective memory" runs through our sensory engagement with things; it contributes to the way we relate to the world and the ways we organize and inhabit our spaces; to the way we think about things and use them. For this reason, "the things of the world are not simply neutral objects before our contemplation; each symbolizes or recalls a certain mode of conduct . . . each speaks to our body and to our life." Things "haunt our dreams," they are "clothed in human characteristics," and "they dwell in us as emblems of behavior we either love or hate."[50] Things are imbued with memories and memories are sensate in things. This is not (or not exactly) to assert, ala psychoanalysis, that things symbolize or cathect unconscious mental material. Merleau-Ponty's "unconscious material" exists in the body. Affective memory

courses through our physical and physiological movement; it organizes us through the way we handle objects, including the object of our body. The phenomenology of the body is a materialist animism.

"Life becomes ideas and ideas become life:"[51] in this imagined ongoing exchange, Zaza becomes a thing, and eventually, in a sense, becomes flesh again, or at least is remembered in Merleau-Ponty's concept of flesh, which is neither flesh nor a thing but a little of both. Flesh, we'll remember, is the intimate, ever-present, and penetrating otherness of the world. It's an otherness that crosses into me and myself into it. Its *modus operandi* is the mutual encroachment of sensory systems, including – strangely enough, but this where our philosopher takes us – the sensory systems of objects we classify as inert, without senses at all. *A materialist animism:* people and things once held, once touched, are encoded in our senses. They survive somewhere deep inside every touch, in every stroke of the breeze on our skin.

This idea of an ongoing, kinesthetic dialogue between bodies and world suggests, once again, that within sensory life there is a substrate of permanent ambivalence or non-identity – between self and other, depth and surface, visibility and invisibility, materiality and immateriality, life and death, people and things. This substrate is muted most of the time, non-identity being a difficult realization to endure moment to moment. But the muted version is sufficient for the message, which overturns normative perception and centuries of rationalist faith by whispering, "our relation to things is not a distant one."[52] It's a riff on the whisper that Beauvoir heard in her account of visiting the Louvre in the Spring of 1929 and seeing in the paintings by Cézanne *"a descent of the spirit to the heart of the senses."*

ENDNOTES

[1] Simone de Beauvoir, *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter,* trans. James Kirkup (New York: Harper Perennial Modern Classics, 2005), 309.

[2] Ernest Hemingway, *A Moveable Feast* (London: Vintage, 2000), 13.

[3] Beauvoir, *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter,* 360.

[4] Simone de Beauvoir, *The Inseparables,* trans. Lauren Elkin (Great Britain: Vintage Classics, 2021), 12.

[5] Kirkpatrick, *Becoming Beauvoir*, 221.

[6] Simone de Beauvoir, *Diary of a Philosophy Student: Vol. 2: 1928-29,* ed. Barbara Klaw, Sylvie Le Bon Beauvoir, Margaret A. Simons, and Marybeth Timmerman (Urbana, IL: University of Illinois Press, 2019), 105.

[7] Beauvoir, *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter,* 260.

[8] Ibid, 328.

[9] Beauvoir, *Diary of a Philosophy Student*, 226.

[10] Maurice Merleau-Ponty, "Cézanne's Doubt," in *Sense and Nonsense* transl. Hubert L. Dreyfus and Patricia Allen Dreyfus (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1964), 11.

[11] Simone Beauvoir, *The Second Sex*, transl. Constance Borde and Sheila Malovaney-Chevallier (New York: Vintage, 2010), 46.

[12] Maurice Merleau-Ponty, "The Intertwining – The Chiasm," in *The Visible and the Invisible*, transl. Alphonso Lingis (Evanston, IL, 1968), 143. In the original, "une superficie d'un *profondeur* inepuisable," in Le Visible et l'invisible (Paris: Gallimard, 1979), 152.

[13] Beauvoir, *The Second Sex*, 747.

[14] Merleau-Ponty, "Cézanne's Doubt," 17.

[15] Ibid.

[16] Claude Lefort, "Maurice Merleau-Ponty," in *Phenomenology of Perception,* transl. Donald A. Landes (London: Routledge, 2014), xvii.

[17] Ibid, xxiii.

[18] Ibid.

[19] Maurice Merleau-Ponty, "Exploring the World of Perception: Space," trans. the author, The French Cultural Hour, French National Radio, October 16, 1948, Institut National de l' Audiovisueal.

[20] Franz Fanon, *Black Skin, White* Masks, trans. Charles Lam Markmann (London: Pluto Press, 1986), 110-11.

[21] *The Inseperables*, 68.

[22] Merleau-Ponty, "Cézanne's Doubt," 21.

[23] Ibid, 23.

[24] Alex Danchev, *Cézanne: A Life* (London: Profile Books, 2012), 232.

[25] Carol Armstrong, *Cézanne's Gravity* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2018), 106.

[26] Ibid.

[27] Ibid.

[28] Beauvoir, *Memoirs,* 329.

[29] Toadvine, Ted, "Maurice Merleau-Ponty", *The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy* (Spring 2019 Edition), Edward N. Zalta (ed.), URL = <https://plato.stanford.edu/archives/spr2019/entries/merleau-ponty/>.

[30] Merleau-Ponty, "The Intertwining – The Chiasm," 146.

[31] Judith Butler, "Merleau-Ponty and the Touch of Malebranche," in *The Cambridge Companion to Merleau-Ponty,* ed. Taylor Carman and Mark B. N. Hansen (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004), 181-205; 199.

[32] Merleau-Ponty, "The Intertwining – The Chiasm," 144.

[33] Merleau-Ponty, "Cézanne's Doubt," 19.

[34] Danchev, *Cézanne*, 343.

[35] Ibid, 337.

[36] Rilke to Witold von Hulewicz, 13 November 1925, qtd. Danchev,337.

[37] Marcel Proust, *The Guermantes Way* (Vol. 3 of *Remembrance of Things Past*), trans. C. K. Scott Moncrieff (New York: The Modern Library, 1952).

[38] Armstrong, *Cézanne's Gravity*, 123.

[39] Ibid.

[40] Beauvoir, *Memoirs*, 309.

[41] Ranier Maria Rilke, *Letters on Cézanne*, trans. Joel Agee (New York: North Point Press, 2002), 4.

[42] Merleau-Ponty, "Cézanne's Doubt," 24.

[43] Merleau-Ponty, *The Visible and the Invisible,* 119.

[44] Merleau-Ponty, *The Visible and the Invisible,* 119.

[45] Kirkpatrick, *Becoming Beauvoir,* 301.

[46] Merleau-Ponty, "Cézanne's Doubt," 23.

[47] Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The Phenomenology of Perception*, transl. Donald A. Landes (London: Routledge, 2012), 481.

[48] Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The Phenomenology of Perception*, transl. Donald A. Landes (London: Routledge, 2012), 119.

[49] Sigmund Freud, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle,* Ed. James Strachey, *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, Vol. XVIII (London: Hogarth Press, 1955), 1- 64; 15-16.

[50] Maurice Merleau-Ponty, "Exploring the World of Perception: Sensory Objects," transl. the author, The French Cultural Hour, French National Radio, October 23, 1948, Institut National de l' Audiovisueal.

[51] Ibid.