Imaging Madness: Inter-ships
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Imaging Madness: Inter-ships

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Inter-mediality is just another form of “inter-ship” that, like the international life I lead, the inter-disciplinary work I do, in particular inter-arts analysis, the inter-generational trauma I will come to talk about, the inter-temporal mutuality I have called “pre-posterous history”: all these, like the inherent inter-mediality of audio-visual media, indicate relationships, mutuality, exchange and dialogue, more than plurality, multitude, and whatever is indicated through the preposition “trans-.” I insist on the specific relationality of “inter-” and its distinctive operations between the members it connects. I am interested in how images help articulate and embody thought. I contend that images can perform an equivalent of speech acts; that they can respond (“speak back”) to the look cast onto
there, and that they can entice viewers to theorize. They are performative. They do something: they act. I call such “speaking images,” which speak back, resist (parts of) my interpretation of them, and make me think, “theoretical objects.”

I took this view one step further when, in an inter-ship for which I have not yet a name, I began to supplement my research into contemporary (migratory) culture with filmmaking. I considered (documentary) filmmaking as a form of research. The term “auto-theory” indicates a form of thinking that integrates my own practice of image-making as a form of thinking, and reflecting on what I have made as a continuation of the making. Auto-theory is not self-indulgent navel gazing because of the concept of images as performative that underlies it, and through which the relationship between the films and the intellectual reflection remains dialectic. The present essay is an example of auto-theory in this sense.

It is widely known that the concept of performativity has been taken up in philosophy and cultural studies, particularly in feminist and queer studies, under the influence primarily of Judith Butler. Following Derrida’s commentary on Austin’s concept, Butler emphasized that it is not the exceptional speech act—“I declare war,” “I declare you husband and wife”—but the routine, reiterated speech acts that determine who one is, including sexually. The habits of reiteration are open to (slow) change, however. Precisely by inhabiting a routine one can change it from within.1

Images, the ensemble of images we call visual culture, participate in those routines and their changes. This performativity is significant more generally for images that, according to our ontological distinctions, do not (materially) exist, as is the case, at least in part, with the inter-ship I wish to discuss here, a propos of the film Mère folle. A second topic in this presentation will be the way in which space—again, taken to be performative—can be considered a medium. This has been experimented with in the video installation The Space In-Between, derived from the material of the film and exhibited in video exhibitions, including in DIT’s Broadcast Gallery (November 2011).

There was a series of images that came out of an activity of reading. This “coming out of reading” happened twice over. First, an author wrote a book in which she described images that came out of her own readings. Second, I read that book, and images—the same ones? different ones?—came out of my reading of her readings. Except for the cover image, a detail from Pieter Breughel the Elder’s painting Dulle Griet (Mad Meg, 1562), there were no images, in the material sense, included in the book. Yet, these written images were so strong that after seeing them with my mind’s eye I had to make them, as “after-images” that were interpretants of the images evoked but not presented—even though technically, the book was a theoretical treatise.2

I use the term interpretant in the sense in which American philosopher Charles Sanders Peirce theorized the sign, in order to make the point that images can be signs even if they are not materially extant. Peirce starts his definition of the sign with a perceptible object. The question posed by this object—“What does it mean?”—cannot be answered by revealing something inherent in the object. Instead, the cultural group in which the object circulates works the meaning out in a practice that yields a second, further developed object. That second object, or sign, is the interpretant, a new sign developed on the basis of, and evoked by, the attempt to understand the first sign.3 Objects, hence also images, are active participants in the performance of analysis in that they enable reflection and speculation. They can contradict projections and wrong-headed interpretations (if the analyst lets them), and thus constitute a theoretical object with philosophical relevance, whether materially embodied or not. Hence, reflecting “from within,” as maker, on how these processes work is an activity steeped in a larger cultural context, not a self-indulgent intellectual autism.

There are two further reasons why “auto-theory” is not individualistic self-reflection, and the images involved, by definition themselves subject to “inter-.” First, filmmaking is never something one does alone. For Mère folle, we had, for example, actors, both volunteers and professionals, we had help with script, camera, sound, translation, and there were people who made a superb website for the project.4 But most importantly, I am making this film with British artist Michelle Williams Gamaker. Michelle and I have been collaborating since 2002, the beginning of my practice in filmmaking, when Michelle was already a practicing (video) artist. Hence, when I use the

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5. www.crazymothermovie.com, dir. Olli Heinola, Juho Heinola

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pronoun “I” it should be heard as “we” in most cases. I cannot use “we” as this pronoun has been marred by the universalist “we” that strives to create a “we-feeling” that is in turn liable to constitute an exclusive audience and its manipulated benevolence. That is why I avoid it here. What I am going to say about the film is my own responsibility—hence the persistence of “I”—while the film as such is a collective work, and specifically the work of Michelle and myself in an equal partnership.

Second, there is another intense partnership involved, which bears on the status and the nature of the images. The film is a “translation” of a book by French psychoanalyst Françoise Davoine, an act that has turned out best served in close collaboration with the author. The images she “saw,” or had in mind, when she wrote her book are inevitably very different from the ones that ended up in the film. There are several layers of interpretation and imagination between the one and the other. This is compounded by the fact that the author plays herself; but only after the images had circulated, and Michelle and I have transformed them, did they come back to the author, from the outside so to speak, who, playing her role, transformed them again. This is why the film images can only be what I call “after-images,” with several temporal and visual layers separating the “original” from the images in the film.

My attempt to develop “auto-theory” as a worthy methodological tool is also in line with a specific conception of the fundamental inter-temporality of images. Even a material painting existed once only in the artist’s mind, and then came off on canvas much different. That material painting then changes again with each act of viewing projected upon it, with time, place, and social circumstance of its subsequent “life” as a work of art. An image, in this sense, will always be in the process of “becoming.” By that Deleuzian term I mean something quite specific. Not only each artwork, but a priori of images, beyond this pronoun has been marred by the universalist “we” that strives to create a “we-feeling” that is in turn liable to constitute an exclusive audience and its manipulated benevolence. That is why I avoid it here. What I am going to say about the film is my own responsibility—hence the persistence of “I”—while the film as such is a collective work, and specifically the work of Michelle and myself in an equal partnership.6

6. Mariana Torgovnick, “The Politics of the ‘We’,” South Atlantic Quarterly 91 (Winter 1992). Torgovnick writes of the slide into we as “a covert, and sometimes coercive, universal... the full deceptiveness of the false cultural ‘we’.” (265). As members of the collective Cinema Suitcase, Michelle Williams Gamaker and I collaborated on the films Milieu de t’jours (2004), Colony (2007), and Becoming Vera (2008). We have both made other films with other members of the collective, as well as individually (www.cinemasuitcase.com).

7. I am aware that the more common term is “adaptation.” However, I choose to consider the film a translation, because of the specific issue the activity of translation entails, according to the Benjaminian stream of thought I engage here. Among many studies of adaptation, the following collection deserves attention. See Robert Stam and Alessandra Raengo, (eds) 2005 Literature and Film: The Guide to the Theory and Practice of Film Adaptation, (Adaptation: New York: Blackwell, 2005).

The becoming of an oeuvre implies a retrospective temporal logic according to which each new work recasts the terms in which the previous works could be understood. For example, a next phase of becoming, at the same time as a preposterous dialogue between an earlier moment and our film, is the video installation Anachronisms/Anachronisms we made for a commission of the Guggenheim Bilbao museum (2010).7 Each new phase of that becoming is informed by a later work that retrospectively glosses an earlier work. Each new work puts a spin on the ensemble of what came before it. In that becoming as an oeuvre or a work consisting of multiple images, my theoretical object is the body of images named Mère folle, inflected by what “my work”—as a reader, co-filmmaker, and critic of the resulting images—adds to and changes in that corpus. And, according to the retrospective logic I have elsewhere called “preposterous,” the beginning or starting point is the set of filmic images, followed by the images “we saw,” only then followed by those in the author’s book and ending with those images the author “saw,” and that are fundamentally inaccessible to me. It is this retrospective impact that is the point of studying an image as an source of further and more profound insight than the usual documentation can offer.8

Imaging Madness

This leads to the question: can one “image” madness? Davoine’s book, written in the first person, hovers between fiction and theory and integrates the best of both. We considered it a “theoretical fiction,” the term Freud uses frequently, for example, to explain the genre of Totem and Taboo, his story of the primitive band of sons in revolt, killing and eating the tyrannical father.9 Sometimes, Freud’s story intimates, it takes fiction or other forms of imaginative thought to understand that for which reason is too simple. This underwrites my deployment of video art to further analyse what cannot be studied easily in documentation. Davoine’s book, too, has theoretical points to make and uses speculation and fiction to develop, articulate, and make them, and subsequently so has (and does) our film. But, unlike Freud’s primary tool of plot, Davoine’s points are primarily made through images, not through discussion. The plot itself, not absent, serves, rather, to frame the images.10

Like Davoine’s auto-fictional book—but not in the same autobiographical form—the film stages the inter-shipping or intertwintement of two confrontations. One occurs between a psychoanalyst and her severely traumatized (“mad”) patients. The other confronts this contemporary world with medieval Fools, agents of a late-medieval political theatre. Most of the
her encounters with people from the past
registered there.

10. Sigmund Freud, Totem and Taboo, trans. A. A. Brill, (New York: Moffat Yard and
Company, 1918)

11. The idea that images are received,
rather than created by the author, was
suggested to me by Kaja Silverman’s recent
book Flesh of my Flesh
(University Press, 2009), in which she discusses
Benjamin’s paradoxical
reception of “madness”—rather than in relation to the book as such—our first allegiance
was positioned.

Only a carefully thought-through image of the Fools and their
contemporary counterparts, the Mad, can do justice to this allegiance. To
achieve this, an ontological uncertainty with bearing on epistemology was
our primary guideline. The Fools raise an ontological question that also
bears on the status of the images and what they convey in their various
inter-ships. The Fools are not mad but play the fool. So how do we know
what “being mad” is, and whether that is different from playing? Can
you play what you are, and be, or become, what you play? This is the
theoretical question that undermines the authority of the archaeological
thrust of psychoanalysis. It lies at the heart of Davoine’s social approach
to psychoanalysis, her attempt to make the theory and practice less
individualistic and do justice to psychoanalysis as a profoundly social
science. And it is what makes the psychoanalytic space a medium, as we
try to show with the installation.

For us, as filmmakers, this question was doubly by another one,
concerning intermediality: how can we make that unknowability or
undecidability itself visible, convincing, and productive? The book
integrates theory, fiction, and documentary. Here lies the debt the film and
its images have towards the book. As a “faithful” intermedial translation, the
film owes it to the book to make that integration of traditionally separate
domains visible, and to the book as theoretical object in the sense described
above, to draw conclusions, visual and otherwise, from that integration.

**Storying Madness**

Film is an uncompromisingly temporal medium. This translation was
possible because there is also a story: not as a fiction for its own sake but
as a frame for these images, a setting for the madness, and a focus for the
staging of the “mad.” The story, in book and film, runs as follows. After a
taste of the practice of psychoanalysis, the analyst’s opening words tell us
that “tomorrow is All Saints’ Day.” That makes “today” the Day of the Dead.
As it happens, Françoise has just learned of the death by overdose of one of
her psychotic patients. Discouraged, she blames herself and psychoanalysis
for this tragic failure. She enters a deep crisis. She is tempted to abandon
her job at the psychiatric hospital. While pondering this decision in the
courtyard of the hospital, she takes a book on the Middle Ages out of her
bag. It is a book that her dead patient had requested she bring to him. As
she rummages through her bag and finds the book, the enigmatic figure of
Mère Folle appears—as if out of the book, as its interpretant. A number of
medieval Fools accost Françoise, challenging psychoanalysis as fraudulent.
Their primary grievance is the privileging of word over gesture, the
individual over the group, and the past over the present. Their leader, Mère
Folle, is depressed because the Fools do not obey her anymore. She sits
down in silence. With a wink to iconography, she takes the pose of Dürer’s
famous engraving Melencolia I (1514). In the film, the apparition of the
Fools out of the book is embedded in the entire scene in the courtyard.
In turn, this scene comes out of the contemplation, in the hospital in
Finland, of Brueghel the Elder’s painting by the psychoanalyst treating
Sissi, Françoise’s first patient who, like Freud’s Dora, had dismissed her as
incompetent. Thus, the film confounds any attempt to construct temporality
as linear. 13

A discussion ensues in which a dead-pan Françoise remains situated
in the present without being astonished by the confrontation with another
historical time, and responds as if in discussion with colleagues. It is this
ability to remain her professional self while engaging with other times and
their discourses that is her primary strength, both as an actress and as an
analyst. It is her own unique inter-ship. That discrepancy in tone was our
interpretation of the rather even tone of the argumentative prose in the
book, in spite of the exuberance of the descriptive parts. We translated this
tone into the main character’s calm acting, although the text does not reflect
on it per se. 14 But we had to visualize a point that the book makes constantly

12. This is quite a heavy task, especially if we also consider Benjamin’s paradoxical
view of translation. While content and language form a certain unity in the
original, like a fruit and
time, these two worlds mingle. The theoretical and political importance of
the film lies in a positive representation of mad (or psychotic) people and
a constructive interaction between mad and sane people through which
both learn things from the other that help them to live their lives. Within
the film, medieval Fools strike precisely that balance. This motivates their
participation. Hence, in this inter-temporally ambiguous representation of
“madness”—rather than in relation to the book as such—our first allegiance
was positioned.

13. Freud’s Dora case
has been extensively
interpreted. See, for
example, Charles
Bernheimer and Claire
Kahane, In Dora’s
Case: Freud-Hysteria-
Feminism, (London:
Virago, 1985). There
are serious issues
invoking a lack of
empathy on the part
of the analyst. In
Françoise’s case, Sissi
blames her for refusing
identification. Later, the
analyst is able to see
the justification of that
blame.

14. The author, the
yet only implicitly, which is the ontological uncertainty, mentioned before, of madness between enactment, being, and being-perceived. From this uncertainty the film derives its philosophical experiment. Since playing the fool is the Fools’ profession, this took a specifically theatrical form, in an inter-arts probing of the relationships between theatre and cinema. The film shows how the Fools can no longer be separated from the Mad. These begin to mingle with them, even to chant comments drawn from medieval poems under the direction of the Musical Nurse who tries to calm them with their own means, all of this adding to the panic of the Head Nurse.

But a professional crisis is harder to actually live than Françoise had thought. The fools end up irritating her out of her determination to resign from her job, and reluctantly she returns to work. There she is caught by her affection for and identification with the patients and the occasional success of a treatment. As she talks with patients, the distinction between the Fools and the Mad fades away slowly. This ontological uncertainty of madness is made visible by several means, one of which is the quite simple play of actors playing multiple roles. The most striking instance of this is the performance by French actor Thomas Germaine. In the courtyard he shows up among the Fools under the name of Antonin (later, his last name turns out to be Artaud), a self-proclaimed although anachronistic friend of sixteenth-century writer Étienne de la Boétie. As the latter cannot speak, Antonin speaks for him. In the hospital scene, Germaine is a patient, also called Antonin. And in the trial, he acts out Artaud’s combination of genius and madness.

At this point one already wonders if these figures are one, two, or three persons. Moreover, at the beginning and towards the end of the film Germaine shows up at Françoise’s office as a homeless man seeking treatment, and the short treatment they undertake together is successful. His name is Herlat, another name for Harlequin, the King of Death that Mère Folle conjures up during the trial, at which point, however, not Harlequin but Artaud appears. All these characters may or may not be the same “person.”

The medium of space, performative as it is, shapes each appearance differently. This questions the ontology of personhood embedded in the questioning of madness and brings to this question another philosophical relevance. What is at stake in this playful enactment is the notion of the individual subject itself. And, since the book proposes a theory of a social psychoanalysis, where the small histories of the patients converge with the tragedies of History, this questioning through casting is loyal to the book’s theoretical thrust.

Meanwhile, Françoise is abducted by two Mafiosi and so begins a strange voyage. She is taken to the Middle Ages—or rather, the Middle Ages surface in the present, in a small, somewhat shabby Parisian theatre. There, Françoise is brought before a court where she is blamed for her lack of insight, and psychoanalysis’ repression of gesture in favour of words. The episodes of that court case confront her, and us, with the sane reasoning behind the Fool’s mask. The alleged fools come from the tradition of “sotties,” a political theatre from the late Middle Ages, a kind of carnival of Fools. These are the Fools who merged with the patients at the hospital. Their arrival thus becomes a political moment.

As opposed to the patients, the fools have impunity. Françoise, consistent in her in-betweeness, cannot help herself listening and discussing these issues seriously. During the trial, in the form of imaginary or dreamt dialogues, the narrator’s own literary and philosophical sources also mix in with great thinkers such as Antonin Artaud, Ludwig Wittgenstein, TS Eliot. There is even a glimpse of Friedrich Nietzsche.

For the narrator, this dialogic traversal of time is also a return to her own past. Her boundaries—in time, space, and identity—melt down. The relevance of this undermining of individuality becomes clear when she becomes capable of identifying not only with her patients, in whose adventures she begins to participate, but also with her former self. To underline the difficulty of this connection the younger Françoise speaks Spanish, a “mother tongue” different to her French.

Two patients from the past stroll through Françoise’s world when she least expects it. These are a woman named Sissi—doctor Davoine’s first failure of twenty years ago—and the timeless, eflish Ariste who dies at the beginning only to resurface regularly throughout the film as an “inspector” (or as Françoise’s bruised super-ego), as a source of gossip, and as a...
memory. These two phantom patients constantly confront Françoise with the difficulty of her work and the danger, yet likelihood, of failure. Ariste becomes Françoise’s spectre in the combined philosophical and sociological-political sense put forward by Derrida, his death a sacrifice to earn insight into the importance of identification, a kind of gift. From these combined travels Françoise gains the ability to practice immersion into the deliria of her patients, in order to become a fraternal equal to them. Only through such an “extreme identification” will she be able to carve for them an auxiliary space wherein the “catastrophic regions” that generated their madness can be confronted. Throughout the story, the narrator has been doing precisely that, becoming an equal to the “fools” and the “mad.”

It is on this hopeful note that, during the turmoil of the Carnival of Basel, the immersion into the medieval universe of folly, the story ends. Between the trial and the Carnival, Françoise’s day is not over. She continues to treat Herlat, then pays an overdue visit to the grave of her former teacher, the sister of her father’s Resistance friend, inveterate Spanish freedom fighter Don Luis, as well as to that of the latter’s “mad aunt,” who also haunts her childhood memories. Theoretical considerations, initially only occurring in the mind of the narrator, will be taken over by fools, colleagues, patients. Thus, the film produces theory: a theory of madness as bound with historical catastrophe; of psychoanalysis as an emphatically social science and practice; of the individual subject as fatally but also, helpfully porous, inseparable from other subjects; of images and their capacity of speech; of speech as imaged and imaginative.

Socializing Madness
With these complexities in mind, you will not be surprised that for Michelle and me it was as difficult as it was important to remain loyal, not so much to the book as to our own desire to make a film based on it. The theoretical thrust compelled certain visual decisions that, at first sight, have little to do with theory. Here, I want to discuss some of these decisions as a contribution to the question of how images help intellectual work, the question of subjectivity as crucially social, and the inter-ship between cinema and theory.

The first, major intervention concerned the individualism and the linguistic bias that the Fools impute to Françoise. But her entire project is a battle against the individualism that keeps the Mad impermeable to psychoanalysis, and cuts them off from society. Instead, her life’s work consists of attempts to preserve psychoanalysis as a social science. In the book this discussion, obviously, can only remain verbal, although it is, narratologically speaking, astonishingly “jumpy,” interrupted by small occurrences and verbal punning, misunderstandings and anachronistic “errors,” and never leading to a compromise or resolution. Here, a dilemma arises that determines how the film can contribute to insight into sociality: do we do justice to the discussion, to the author’s project, or to the story, in our intermedial work?

In Davoine’s book, the story concerns Françoise’s crisis and the voyage of discovery that leads to her insight. It is a kind of Bildungsroman or travel story, what the Spanish created in the tradition of the picaresque novel. If this form were respected in detail, the film would become too centred on a single character. In particular, this form would not do justice to the fact that in Françoise’s eyes the Fools have a point. We deployed several levels of dispersal in order to avoid an individualistic, autobiographical interpretation of a story that, in fact, harbours important theoretical insights that go against individualism. Thus we sought to revise the very notion of autobiography; in particular, the auto of it. These dispersals make the story more general while preserving the singularity of the characters involved. This was our first, primary act of loyalty-by-betrayal.

Another dispersal concerns language. The film is multilingual. Actors from different countries speak their own languages. The multilingual speeches became images of a multi-cultural Europe, as well as of a certain kind of social madness present in the contemporary world. At the same time, they became almost utopian images of the possibility to communicate against all odds. The psychoanalyst’s dilemma, for example, is shared by other psychoanalysts. Here, the intermediality itself is theoretically relevant: images build bridges because they help to communicate across the

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or half-way through the making of the film. But I will not go into the adventures of a micro-budget film production here.

23. There is an obvious connection between this multilingualism and my video installation “Nothing is Missing,” (see http://www.miekebal.org/artworks/installations/ nothing-is-missing/)

24. Thanks to Mia Hannula of the University of Turku, whose constant support and help has been indispensable to us. The beautiful documentary “Women of Seili” by Mikala Weurlander (2008), which we saw only later, gave background information about the hospital that converges astonishingly with boundaries that separate the sane from the mad, the contemporary from earlier times, and different cultural and linguistic communities from each other. The psychoanalyst establishes a connection, however briefly, between the function of images and the accumulative effect of the oral transmission of poetry. The tension in this multilingualism between a utopian vision and a certain kind of madness became a rich source of inter-play with the ambivalence of the book toward classical psychoanalysis, the uncertainty of madness, and contemporary European reality.23

25. We wished the landscape of madness to be both full of the real history of madness and slightly anachronistic, in order to connect it to the contemporary social world. Two parts of the film are set in psychiatric hospitals: the treatment of Sissi by another analyst and the work Françoise does once she returns to her job. The location for the first part is an obsolete psychiatric institution in Nokia, Finland, called Pitkäniemi Hospital. It is reminiscent of the hospital at Seili. The location for the other part is in Amsterdam, the Netherlands: an art deco building housing an art school, with large echoing spaces that respond to the idea of collective treatment in more ways than one. The images show that this cannot be what is known as group therapy, because the patients are too deeply immersed in their madness to connect to each other. This isolation, in turn, comes across through the echoing sound characteristic of the large halls, which makes for difficult understanding. The echo surrounds each patient with an isolating auditory halo.

26. The bond between landscape and social life has been brought to the fore by the work of social geographers, of which Edward Soja’s 1989 book Postmodern Geographies has been a pioneering instance. See also his more recent Postmetropolis (2000). These studies do not specifically focus on madness and/or landscapes, but relating these two fields would be a

27. The bond between madness and society. The psychoanalyst establishes a connection, however briefly, between the function of images and the accumulative effect of the oral transmission of poetry. The tension in this multilingualism between a utopian vision and a certain kind of madness became a rich source of inter-play with the ambivalence of the book toward classical psychoanalysis, the uncertainty of madness, and contemporary European reality.23

28. These sites are “turned mad” by the discrepancies between the normal goings-on and the interference wrought by the Fools. Seili Island and its hospital convey the sense of isolation that is a silent stream in the film. In the South of Spain, we set the visit Françoise pays to Don Luis, the old family friend and Resistance fighter, in order to broaden the scope of the historical violence invoked. Here, to visit the cemetery dates the film to that long 31st of October, the Day of the Dead, as well as placing it against other paysage de la locura that was the Spanish Civil War. These are
worthwhile endeavour.

22 One funny but revealing incident in present-day social reality demonstrates what a “landscape of madness” can be. When filming an incident of the Fools chased away from the public place, the actor playing cleaners who got rid of the medieval Fools were later approached by resident visitors of the Parisian flea market, who thanked them for getting rid of “those crazies.” In other words, the action created a space where madness threatened to take over, and the guys in uniforms were automatically taken to be the authorities, who “saved” the market from madness.

28 I am currently devoting three books to this question of the political force of art. One of these, Of What One Cannot Speak appeared in Spring 2011 from the University of Chicago Press. On realism, a philosophical inquiry into its bond with objectivism, see Hillary Putnam, The Craving for Objectivity, New Literary History 15.2 (Winter 1984: 229-239, and Objectivity and the Science/Ethics Distinction, in Realism with a Human Face, (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1990).

29 That other euphemism, “mentally challenged,” again if literally interpreted, implies the possibility to whitewash the state of one’s mind. All euphemisms based on this word “challenged” imply the worst connotations of the ideology of the settings where, precisely, history can act up again, as it does in the lives of the patients.27

But, in spite of the complicity of such settings, the film helps us think precisely because it is not realistic in the traditional sense. It actively avoids this rhetorical mode. We have several reasons for this avoidance of straightforward realism. A realist reading will fail to do justice to the inextricable bond between the film and the reality it critically engages—the most important inter-ship. I am even inclined to generalize this point: realism by definition distorts, obscures, and otherwise bypasses the bond between art—or literary works—and reality. That bond, complex and questionable as it is, remains a primary requirement for art to matter socially.28

In the same vein, we maintain the term “Mad” for the characters that hover in a state of pathoanthropedom. The clearest synonym of this word is “mentally ill,” rather than the American euphemism “mentally disabled,” or worse, “challenged.” Whereas “ill” is a cultural diagnosis of a state that does not preclude competent agency, “disabled” is precisely the opposite of what the characters turn out to be, and suggests permanence; as the film shows, the mad are rather hyper-abled.29

Rather than avoiding the language, society is in need of different views of a phenomenon that has a history. For this revision of the views the old term may be more useful, reminding us it as does the dangers inherent in the views they express, not in the terms per se. Thus, such euphemisms do the opposite of performing retrospection; they erase what needs to be re-visioned. The authentication of psychosis compels a commitment to such a strongly historical yet reversed, or “preposterior,” politics of time.30

The impossibility of realism—its fundamental unrealness—is most clearly demonstrated by the “actual” psychoanalytic treatments we staged. As mentioned, in the course of the film there are two supposedly completed treatments of patients: a shorter one of a man called Herlat, taking place in François’s office, at the beginning and toward the end of the film; and a longer treatment of Sissi, taking place throughout two-thirds of the film in Pitkäniemi Hospital. These two sequences insist upon the cinematic problem of realism. If played out earnestly, they would have to be documentary in style, with the voyeurism that comes with it, and boring in length. If tampered with, as we were compelled to do, they might become demeaning to the seriousness of the pain of the (fictionalized) afflicted patients, thereby conforming to the usual caricature.

Schizophrenic Sissi, while coming from a very simple working-class family, imagines herself to be (a double of) the Empress of Austria-Hungary. This feature of the character became a great asset for visualization as well as empowerment. Instead of or in addition to having her talk about her imperial status and dignity, we dressed her in a variety of fancy clothes, different for each session, with fitting hairstyles and jewellery. As it turned out, and in no small measure thanks of the superb acting of Finnish actress Marja Skaffari, the moving moments in the treatment when Sissi is evoking extremely painful memories are set off against her exuberant dress with very convincing, indeed contagious, poignancy. Thus we were able to create a gripping image sequence, give Sissi her own voice, and stage her madness without demeaning her through the symbolic violence of representation.

**Founding Violence**

In an ordinary social context, violence is done to many on an everyday basis. Physical violence, the linguistic violence of hate speech, of the failure to listen and to acknowledge, to serve as the “second person” without whom subjectivity cannot matter, and the symbolic violence of representation: all these forms of violence have the potential to drive their victims mad. This potential constitutes another inter-ship, a porosity between “kinds” of people, a porosity that makes society even more eager to draw firm, fearful boundaries. What Mère Folle argues, demonstrates, and cinematically “inflicts” on its viewers is precisely the breakdown of those boundaries. The social relevance of madness lies in the uneasy but indispensable awareness of the generative bond between violence and madness.

Sissi, the film slowly and half-heartedly reveals—half-heartedly because her mental illness stands in the way of or shields her from full awareness—has been made mad by sexual abuse and parental neglect. Herlat’s condition is bound up with war in previous generations of his family. Aziz, a Palestinian patient, has been driven to mad violence in response to...
politically enforced impotence. At the end of the film, the aging Don Luis explains to Françoise how close he came to madness in the concentration camp of Mauthausen.

The insight I find most important to draw from all these connections between violence and madness is what a cliché would phrase as “learning from the past”: something “we” (here in the universal sense) never quite manage. Psychoanalytic space is that space “in-between” where the past can become a new start instead of something that crushes us. The dead Ariste, who, in one moment, looks on at the scenes of madness played out before him, is the embodiment of that deadly, but potentially regenerative past. At another moment Sissi, as if emerging from the office door to which she seemed glued like a painting, embodying the two-dimensionality the hospital imposes on its patients, insists on the continued presence of the past in a shot that captured her in-between state perfectly. This is her opportunity to make a new start after having been stuck, to “get better,” as she says several times.

This simple insight is key to the question of the relationship between art and the political. It is not as if there is art, some of which happens to be political. Political art is art because it is political; it is art by virtue of its political “nature.” Neither art nor the political are defined by subject matter. They are domains of agency, where acting becomes possible and can have effects. In the case of political art, that agency is one and the same: it “works” as art because it works politically. My reflections have been devoted to the inseparability of those two elements, which nevertheless remain irreducible to one another. Political art shows that they can neither be equated nor severed. Instead, they deeply impact each other. Exploring what makes art political, I seek to explore where art's political efficacy can be located: how it performs, how it exerts agency, and what the point is of art's political agency for the larger domain of society. Art is itself an inter-ship.