

Recording the Absent Inside the Maison de Verre

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ABSTRACT

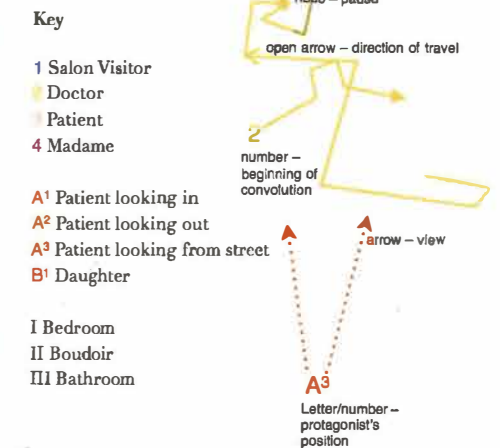
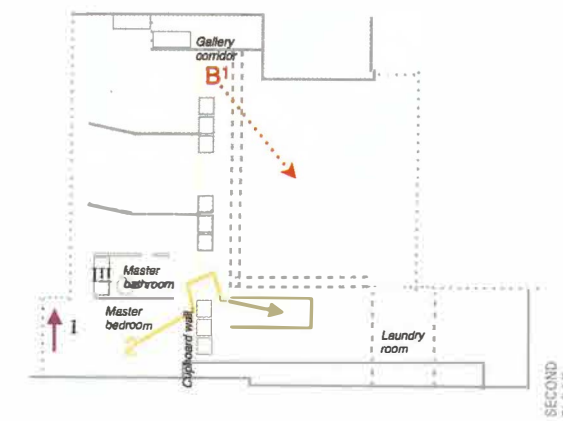
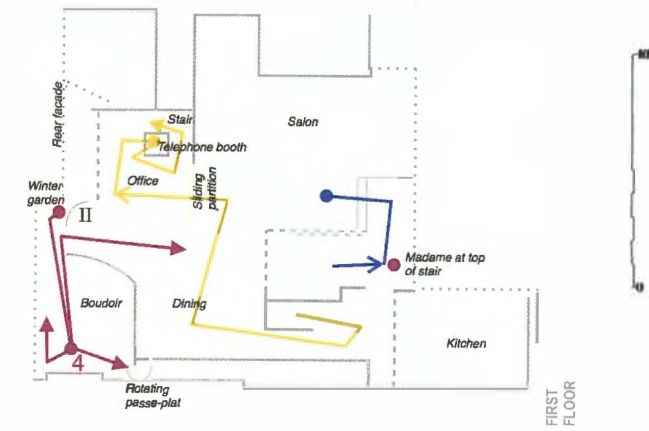
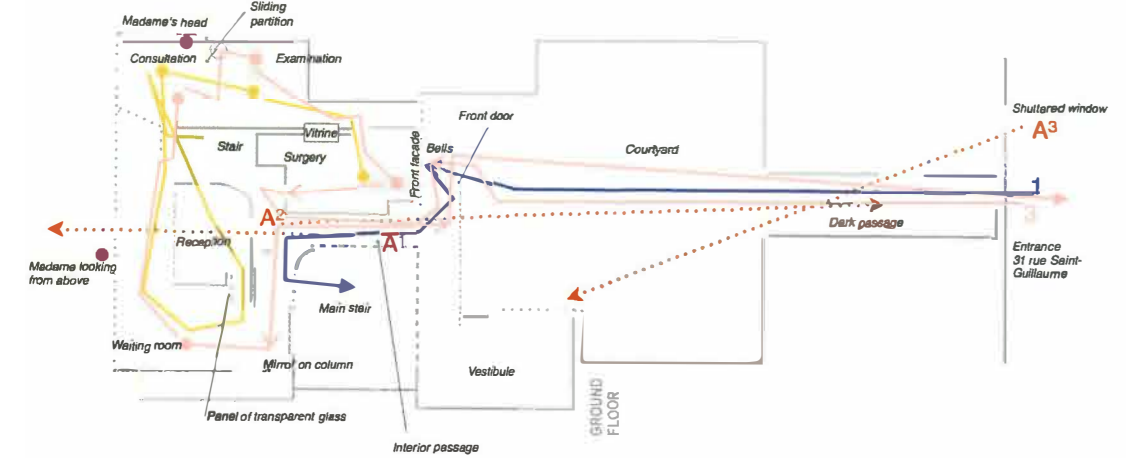
The Maison de Verre (Pierre Chareau) was completed in Paris in 1932 for Dr Jean Dalsace, his wife Annie and their two young children. The front façade, a skin of glass, conceals a family home and a gynaecology clinic. Information on the building's 1930s inhabitation is missing leaving an archival gap.

Proposition: In 1933 there were two visitors. He attended the weekly Salon gathering. She secretly visited the clinic. They were lovers, the artist Marcel Duchamp and bookbinder Mary Reynolds. Duchamp's artwork, the Large Glass (1915–23), suggests a glass premonition to their interactions.

The writing or drawing out of a story of possible inhabitation is, in the end, the potential of architecture. In this account, I reconstruct the Maison de Verre's interior as a history through modes of text and drawing that combine spatial analysis with imagined occupation. New plan drawings with theoretical and fictional text combine images, routes, passages. In the first part, 'The Glass Look', the building seems to survey the salon visitor (Marcel), as instances caught in glass. 'Regarding' positions Annie Dalsace's mediating presence, traced into her ambiguous circulations around the upper floors. In the third part, 'Dust', I speculate on Mary's visit. Searching the building as if its housekeeper, I find little to suggest she was there, just the uncertainty of dust particles. In 'Horizontal Passages' I follow Mary's imagined route through the ground floor clinic and trace her body through its remainders, dust particles and smears.

THE GLASS LOOK

The Maison de Verre was built as a modern glass container – its gynaecology clinic on the ground floor and family home on the two floors above.¹ Following architectural modernism's desire for clarity and light, both functions were housed in a free-plan, thinly surrounded by a single skin of 'Nevada' glass lenses.² The social context was contradictory – the outward perception of Paris as a hedonistic, free society was challenged by 1920 and 1923 anti-abortion and contraception legislation aimed at raising population numbers and curtailing female sexual freedom.³ Dr Dalsace's reputation and interests suggest his clinic was involved in birth control practices.⁴ The function, design and materiality of the building, then, both indicate and challenge the social and architectural contexts.



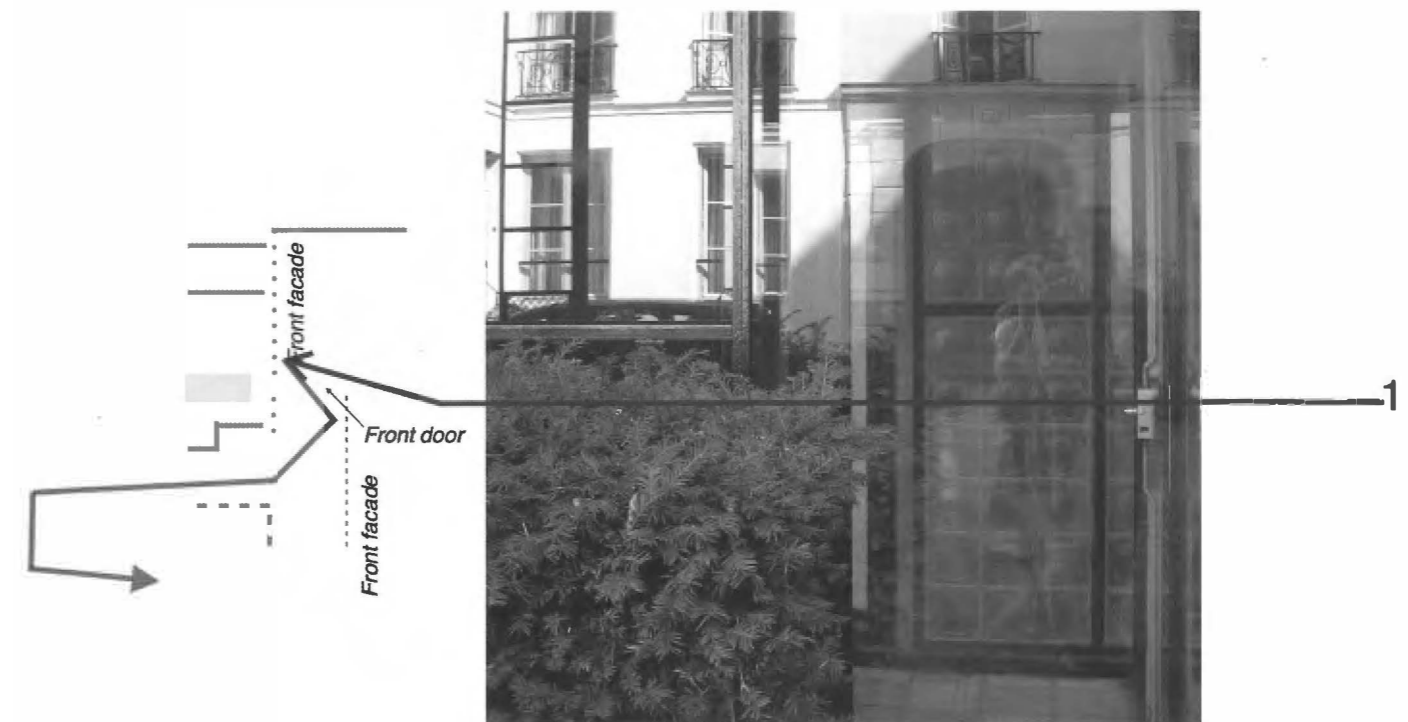
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Figure 1: Emma Cheatle, Routes and views traced onto redrawn plans of the Maison de Verre, 2010, digital drawing.¹⁶

The façades of the *Maison de Verre* are composed almost entirely of glass, with transparent planes below the gridded skin of translucent lenses. In the early twentieth century, glass epitomised openness and clarity. Sigfried Giedion, writing in 1928, expounds transparent glass as an invisible plane opening the interior to light and air – revolutionary for the domestic setting.⁵ In Paris, its modern potential was most apparent in public spaces as the large shop window, encouraging a culture of window-shopping and increasing consumption through the desire of looking.⁶ Large panes of transparent glass reflect the observer as well as revealing the interior display. The shopper watches her image reflected on the outside, transposed onto her desire for the beguiling goods inside. Marcel Duchamp recalls seeing a chocolate grinder in a shop window in Rouen. Recasting it in the *Large Glass* as the sexual object of the Bachelors, self-image is replaced by object: a mechanistic grinder.⁷ These looks in the glass recall Jacques Lacan's famous 'mirror stage'. Following the infant's identification with his reflection in the mirror, the self is identified for the first time as a unified and exteriorised image/object.⁸ This sense of entirety transposes his fragmented 'body' – of interior parts and images – formerly composed through the mother.⁹

Duchamp was fascinated by 'the shop-window quality of things'.¹⁰ In an early note for the *Large Glass* on 'The question of the shop window', he suggests the aim was to 'put the whole bride under a glass case or into a transparent cage'; a 'show case with sliding glass panes – place some fragile objects inside.'¹¹ The resulting artwork is a large glass construction displaying floating images of Bride and Bachelors as strange mechanisms, as if behind a double-paned shop window. The observer sees her reflection incorporated into the glass as she tries to decode its strange historical narrative.¹² Duchamp claimed the *Large Glass* was a 'delay in glass' rather than a painting.¹³ Reading it as a kind of history, this 'delay' suggests the plane of glass both plays out and delays the Bachelors' desire and possession of the Bride hovering out of reach above. It depicts Duchamp's own bachelor desire, resistant to the 'trappings' of marriage.¹⁴ The 'preening' Bride, displayed in the glass by her friends, epitomises early twentieth century French society's wish to lure the Bachelor into a marriage of financial and social convenience, resulting in procreation rather than conjugal pleasure.¹⁵

A 1933 visitor to the *Salon* at the *Maison de Verre* (Figure 1, blue) might have been Marcel Duchamp. He enters the courtyard at 31 rue Saint-Guillaume, and approaches the floating lensed façade. On the ground floor the façade is divided into two halves. The left half is a line of large, framed transparent windows – like shop windows. These are highly reflective, doubling the surrounding eighteenth century context rather than yielding any interior views. As the visitor gets closer, the repellent nature of the glass reflects his own image (Figure 2). This narcissistic image imprisons him like a momentary photograph. Fascinated, he stands in front, absorbed, separated from reality and alone with himself as image. To the right, the façade is a plane of lenses, set back, through which he notes fragments of light and ghostly shapes. Façade delays interior:

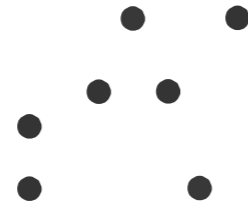
The front door, at first concealed, sits perpendicular to, and separates the inner and outer layers of the façade. The sole entrance and exit to the building, it is of transparent glass, more like a window.



He enters through it into an uncertain space, a kind of interior three-sided glass vestibule. The inner surfaces of the front glazing to the left and behind on the glass door catch him as reflection; a cast, wired-glass sliding door panel to the right blurs and facets his image occluding his passage into the main body of the house. Ahead, a length of corridor along the inside of the façade peers darkly at him.

He slides open the wired-glass door and moves along an interior corridor. To his left is another plane of repeating cast, wired-glass panels, blurring and pocking his view. At the end he rotates to his left and, facing the front façade again, rises up the main stair to the salon. He knows that the rest of the ground floor, although visible, is out of bounds. Halfway up, suspended between two floors, he is struck by the sharp light coming from below and above (Figure 3). The only solidity is the floating floor plane. At the top, the salon is a huge hall, a hub, which collects the building's many visitors. It is overwhelmed by the vast glass façade of 940 lenses, with no views out and no transparency or reflection. This repetitive glass vertical surface is soft in form yet thin and brittle. It oscillates between part and whole, fragmenting and blurring the visitor into each faceted translucency. The visitor, it seems, never quite enters the house, instead being delayed on or in the glass façade. He has left his narcissistic view on the transparent glass downstairs, and upstairs in this great room his body is rendered back into pre-mirror stage parts – scattered corporeal fragments pressed into the translucency of each glass glob.

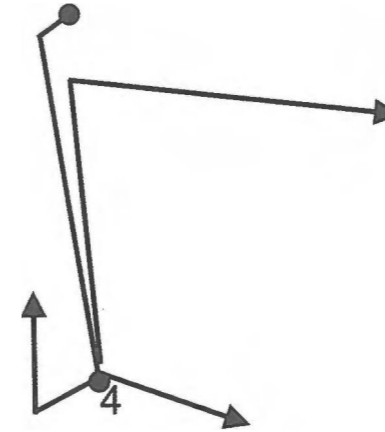
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Figure 2: Emma Cheate, *The repellent nature of the glass reflects his own image*, 2010, digital drawing and photographs.



REGARDING

The mistress of the house will look at your eyes and she will see all your crimes in them.¹⁷

After its completion in 1933 architect Pierre Vago remarked: 'It is indispensable for men of the 20th century to spend their days, their hours, of leisure and rest in a glass box, among randomly placed columns, with their rivets exposed, in a laboratory open on all sides.'¹⁸ The layout of the *Maison de Verre*, though, when scrutinised as an interior traced by the now absent inhabitants, suggests something altogether more veiled was going on. The woman of the house, Mme Dalsace, was particularly a constellation of presences, watching the house behind the scenes (Figure 1, maroon). Mediating the spaces she observes, she is inscribed in – becomes even – the building. In the evening she appears at the top of the main stair to greet visitors.¹⁹ The strong light from behind creates her as a silhouette image, inscrutable (Figure 4). At the base of the stair the visitor is seen out by Jean Lurçat's portrait of her on the wall opposite. She also appears inside the doctor's consultation room as a bronze head looking sternly down from a shelf behind the patient.²⁰ Having supervised much of the building's design it is not surprising to find her circulations guiding the layout (Figure 5).

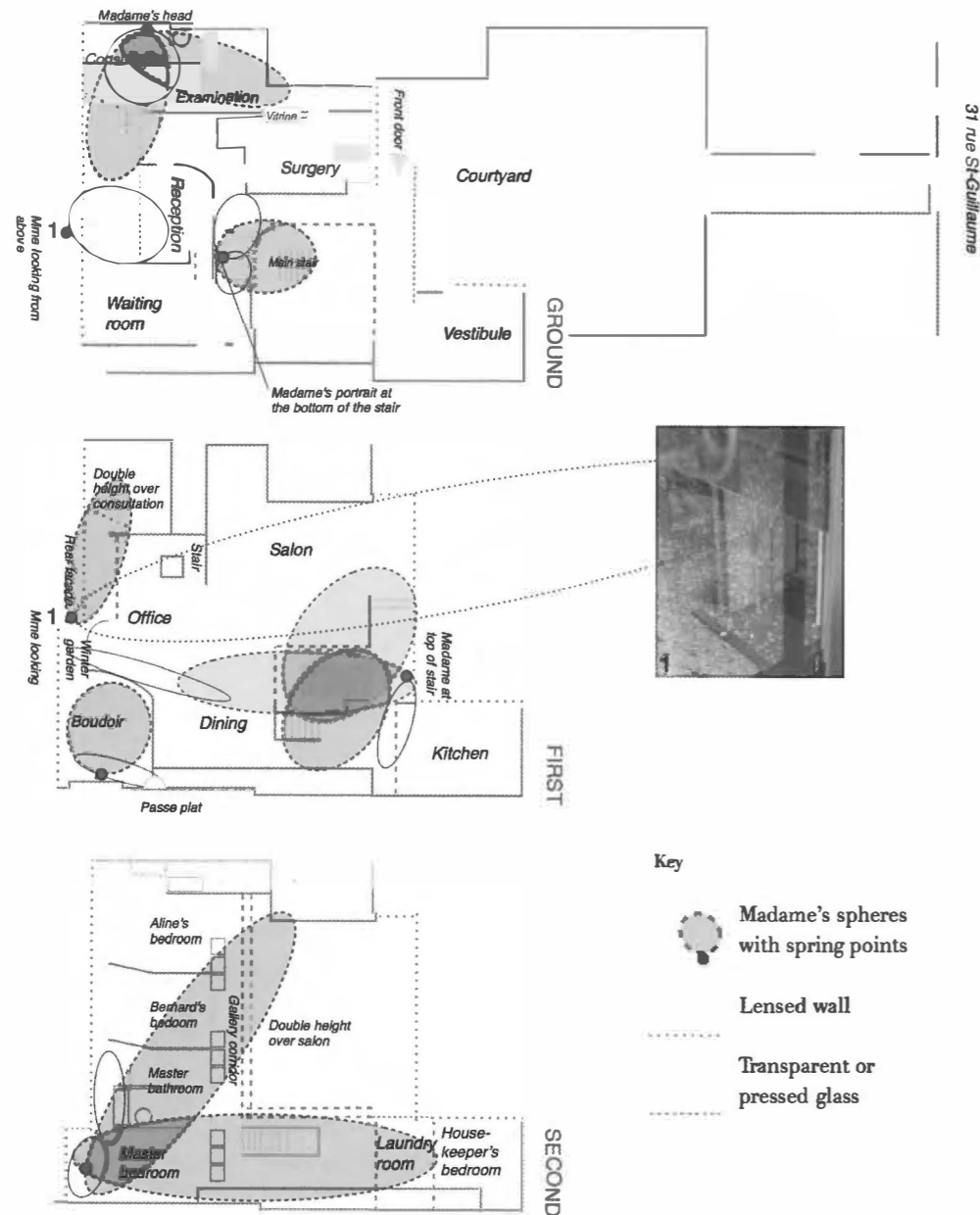


Mme's influence springs from her seemingly enclosed *boudoir* on the first floor.²¹ With a curved wall identical to that of the reception office below, the room initially appears a retreat, in opposition to the circulation and overlooking described above.²² Like most spaces in the house though, it is interstitial. Its three corners reconnect with the house through strange devices suggesting the transitional meeting-place erotics of the eighteenth century *boudoir*. The innermost one secretes a rotating secretive *passe-plat*, a pivoting semi-circular shelf in the wall. Hidden from view behind a small door, it provides an internal connecting plate between the habitable kitchen storage – extending along the party wall to the dining room – and the corner of the *boudoir*. Refreshments, or other pleasures – for instance, 'a glass cake box with a silver lid [...] filled with delicious cinnamon biscuits' – were discreetly passed from servant to mistress.²³ The rotative offerings' elusive appearance is playful and flirtatious, evoking the Chocolate Grinder of the *Large Glass*.²⁴ Further, as the *passe-plat* is set slightly back in an alcove, the corner of the room retreats. It creates a pocket within a pocket. The opposite corner of the room is connected by a retractable stair, which rises against the glass façade to the master bedroom above. The stair, precarious and steep, was an internal mechanism connecting Mme Dalsace (and perhaps her visitor) upstairs with her bedroom. The Doctor has a parallel stair from his office (adjacent to Mme's *boudoir*) to his clinical suite for sexual health below. Where his stair marks his relation to his profession, hers removes her from the clinical suite and reconnects her with domestic sexuality.

The third corner projects beyond its expected edges into a tiny vestibule winter-garden. It is here that Annie's true role becomes visible. A full-height framed transparent window overlooks the double-height circulation space to the waiting room into the clinical suite on the ground floor. Mme

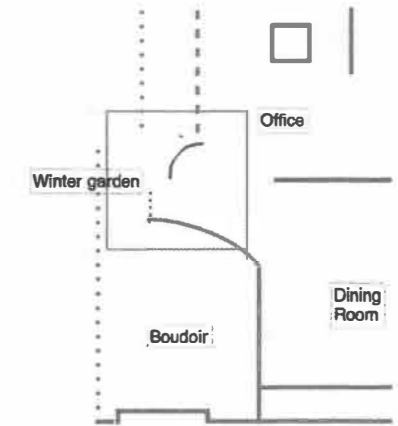
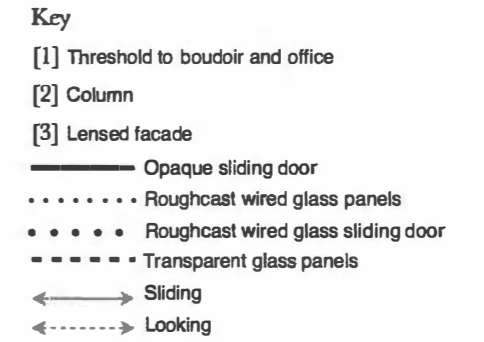
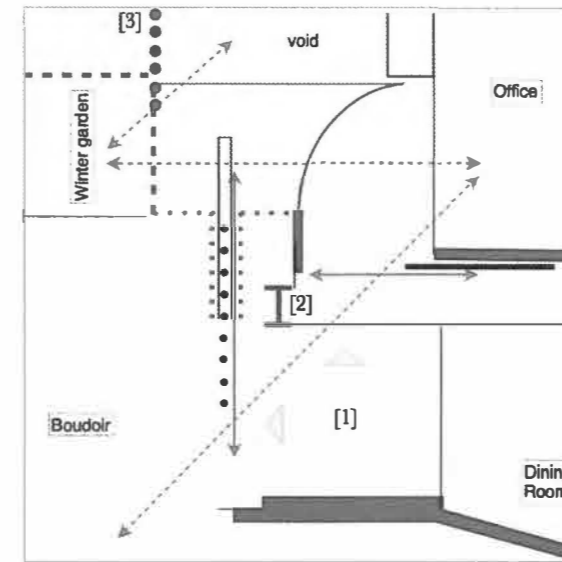
Opposite
Figure 3: Emma Cheadle, *Struck by the sharp light coming from below and above*, 2010, digital drawing and photographs.

Above
Figure 4: Emma Cheadle, *Create her as a silhouette image, inscrutable*, 2010, digital drawing and photographs.



can look down and askance into the entrance of the clinical room sequence. If the patient entering the consulting room were to turn around and look up, she would see a framed image of Mme looking down at her. The angle of the glass creates reflections and distortions, leaving her blurred and darkened. The glazing behind renders her figure silhouetted, a negative apparition on

the glass. For the same reasons, the patient's identity would have been equally hard to distinguish, leaving her and Mme with only an impression of each other. Overseeing patients' entry into the suite of surgical rooms suggests that Annie Dalsace mediated the gynaecological examination. Her potential presence brought seamliness. Yet her appearance is curtailed: her view refracted



and cut off by the glass. Imprisoned behind the same glass, like Duchamp's Bride she is apparently suspended and mute, a proactive question mark. Her role is as ambiguous as the architecture's dissolved corners and the dislocation of the view.

A further instance, though, reinforces the erotic relation between the gynaecologist's practice and the couple's own marriage. Mme's boudoir and the Dr's office share the same threshold. From here, two doors slide (Figure 6), recalling Brassai's description of the brothel Suzy in Paris from the 1930s: 'there could be a whole system of sliding doors, curtains, trap doors [...] to protect one customer from ever meeting another.'²⁵ The first door, of wired glass, slides in and out of a fixed cross shape in plan, made of four panels of roughcast glass. This door, by sliding through the cross shape into the doctor's office, allows access from the dining room into Mme's boudoir. When the door is open to her room, his view of the winter-garden is obscured, perhaps signalling that his wife is not present in her boudoir. When she is in the room she slides the door closed – to listen

to music, or receive guests²⁶ – revealing to him the projecting winter-garden through the framed transparent glass. As well as a communicative device, it is potentially a tease. Madame retreats with her guests into a room flirtatiously connected with her bedroom. She can also assess her husband's movements. By entering the corner winter-garden she can look across into his office as well as down toward his consulting room. If he is in his office, their eyes may meet across the void to the floor below. They cannot speak as the layer of transparent glass lies between them with its doubling reflections.

The second sliding door, opaque, is to the side of the Doctor's office and perpendicular to the boudoir door. When both are open a last diagonal view connects the two rooms. These doors act as interchangeable silent signs of visual communication and suggestion. Pockets, overlaps and glass reflections create double images and folded sliding space. The occupants become the erotic glass planes slipping between outer and inner, opening and closure, presence and absence, knowing and seeing.

Opposite

Figure 5: Emma Cheatle, Mme Dalsace's circulations guide the layout, 2010, digital drawing and photographs.

Above

Figure 6: Emma Cheatle, Doors and views connecting boudoir with office, 2010, digital drawing.

DUST

Sigmund Freud wrote that the role of psychoanalytic research is 'merely to uncover connections by tracing what is manifest back to what is hidden.'²⁷ In the context of the illegality and increased penalties of promoting or using contraception and abortion between the wars, the instatement of a gynaecology clinic in glass was a bold one.²⁸ Although, the *Maison de Verre* is hidden from the street, the clinic shares the same entrance with and is open in parts to the interior of the house, even overlooked by it. The materials between home and clinic are seamless. Given the social milieu, women seeking advice and assistance may have visited. Female autobiographical writing of the time suggests that a significant number sought to pursue professional and erotic lives without the weight of childbearing.²⁹ The visitors to the clinic and practices carried out, though, remain unknown, as archival material was never collected. The building is empty of history, cleaned out. What if Mary Reynolds – bookbinder; and lover of Marcel Duchamp from 1923 to 1941 – visited the clinic? Duchamp was certainly opposed to what he called 'trappings' – 'a wife, children, a country house, an automobile'.³⁰ Did Reynolds have cause to seek advice from someone like Dr Dalsace?

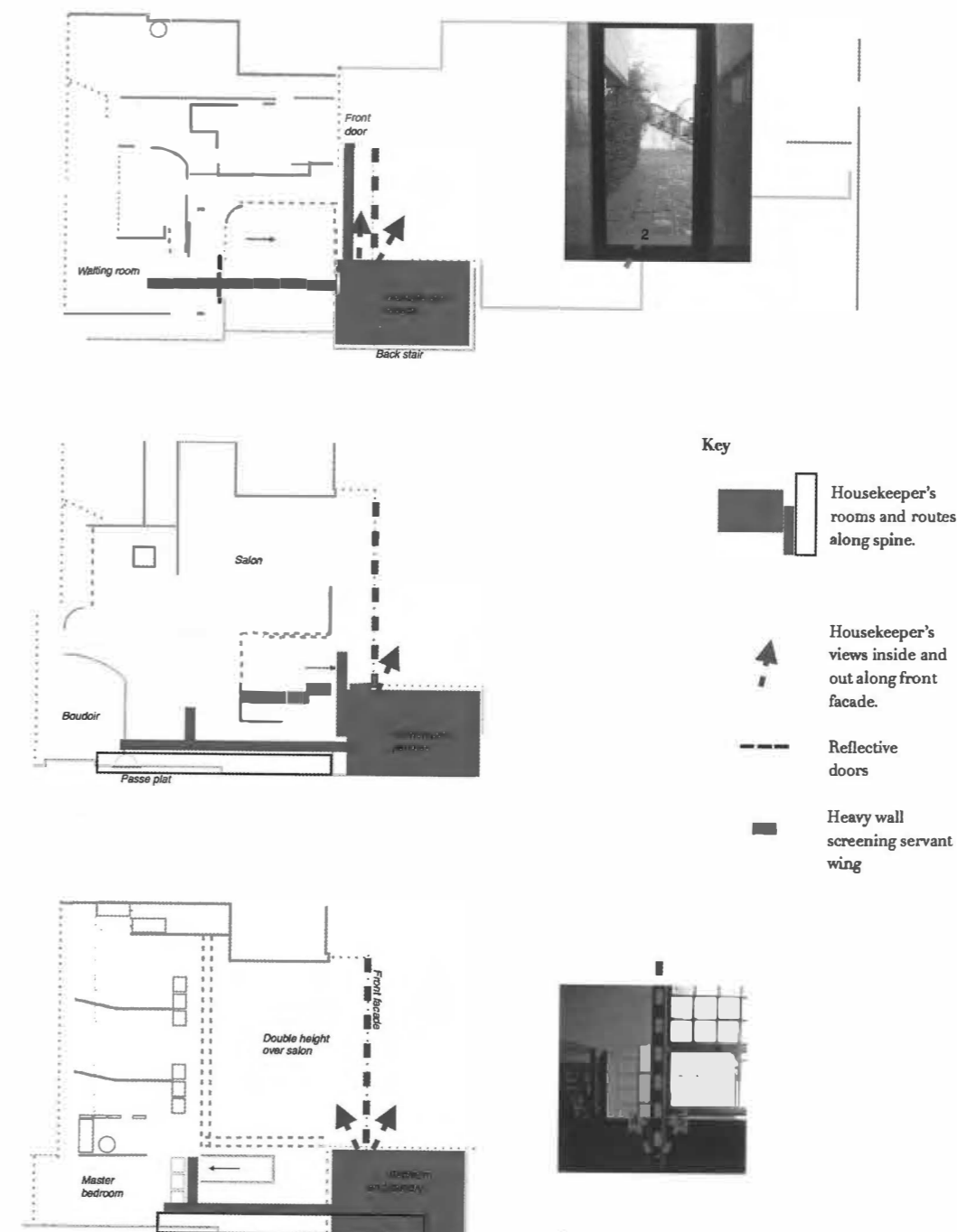
In the 1930s, the Dalsaces and Mary Reynolds were part of Parisian avant-garde artistic and intellectual networks. Both held regular *Salon* evenings at their homes. In common their gatherings included the following figures: couturiers and collectors Paul Poiret and Jacques Doucet; writers Jean Cocteau, Paul Éluard, André Breton, Louis Aragon, Walter Benjamin and Max Jacob; bookbinders Pierre Legrain and Rose Adler; art dealer Julian Levy; artists Jacques Lipschitz, Alexander Calder and Max Ernst; and collector and publisher Jeanne Bucher.³¹ It seems probable that Reynolds, as well as Duchamp, were at least acquainted with the Dalsaces through these overlapping circles. Yet surveying for traces of their occupation in the *Maison de Verre*, one merely finds dust. Nothing concrete suggests they were there. What if the dust is the answer? After all, it is the body's slough combined with materials dropped off buildings.

Dust is history in the making, always in the past. It is the passage of time.

Fifteen years earlier, Duchamp deliberately collected dust onto the *Large Glass* for 4–5 months. Called *Dust Breeding*, he adhered it to the glass with varnish to make the Sieves. These traced desire, now signifying onanistic seminal fluid, dried up, useless.³² In buildings, dust was anathema to modernity, marginal, ordinarily cleaned away or hidden. Yet it remained, and remains, undeniably present. Its presence, both familiar and distasteful, is always of the body.

The *Maison de Verre* had a dedicated servant wing: a projecting space of three floors, each approximately 6 x 4.5 metres, accommodating a vestibule on the ground floor connected by a stair to a kitchen on the first, with a laundry and live-in bedroom on the second floor. The occupant of this wing was the housekeeper.³³ As a key figure organising and cleaning the house, she kept herself, and the dust, a sign of the body's presence, out of sight. Her domain was screened by sets of glossy black lacquered valve doors, or matt duralumin walls. Thus unseen, it seems that she had strategic visual points for overseeing the home. She monitored visitors' entry to the house from the courtyard through a full-height framed glass panel set back in shadow beyond the outer lensed face of the servant wing on the ground floor; and from a slit window on the first floor (Figure 7). Once in the house she watched from her inner dark corridor. From her second floor laundry she had a prime double view: a large interior picture window overlooks the salon; a smaller adjacent window has full view of the entrance courtyard. Here, the monitoring of inside and out occurred simultaneously, split by the thin perpendicular edge of the front glass façade. Her presence at each of these points was masked by reflections bouncing off the glass, the relative darkness of the space she looked from, and the unseen role of service. If Mme moderated the house's activities, the housekeeper collected signs of those activities with her sweeping eye.

The interior of the *Maison de Verre* was literally and figuratively a dust trap: fluid, shifting and layered; of sliding doors and overlapping zones; rotational and staggered open spaces creating nooks and crevices. With bespoke furnishings and many visitors, endless corporeal particles could collect.³⁴ And as Walter



Opposite
Figure 7: Emma Cheatle, *The housekeeper's views*, 2010,
digital drawing and photographs.

Benjamin repeatedly says, the bourgeois salon of the nineteenth century – with its casings and dust covers for preserving traces, its shelves and ornaments gathering dust (the body's remainder) – is the perfect setting for a detective story.³⁵ The building, then, is an archive, the traces operating as a kind of index or marker, as clues to a crime, a mystery – a history.

HORIZONTAL PASSAGES

Going back in time, I become the housekeeper of the building in 1933. Repelled and attracted at the same time, I get close to the dust ingrained in its surfaces – in the lenses' concavities, on cracked rubber and travertine floors and under furniture. I imagine the faint stain of blood, pus and other messy corporeal materials splattered on clinical surfaces and fabrics; soap residues in baths; excreta trodden into floors. The resonance becomes both more compelling and less clear. Collecting the clues of inhabitation, I move between then and now, in turn detective, researcher and cleaner; to recount Mary's story (Figure 1, pink).

The entrance floor was brushed down four times each day as even a light wind would blow the dirt across the courtyard into the hallway. It was traipsed inside with people's feet. Between the raised circles, the white rubber trapped every speck. We had many visitors in those days, patients during the day. Even Mme's friend Mary came to the clinic several times. She seemed, well, not herself.

I alone had to clean the clinic; the maid was barred from those areas. I know there were lists and records but I heard the doctor talk of changing names or removing them as time went on. In later years, I think little was written down. I knew to keep very quiet.³⁶ Everywhere the intervention was swept under the carpet, as the English say. But it was not just the abortion or birth control that were secret. Working women were caught near the world of prostitution. If a baby had lost me my job that was the only other way I could have made money. The bourgeois had the easier life but had the politics and the church to deal with. We kept quiet.

I imagine her explaining – as many women had done – that her menses had not come for the second month. That while he was out she boiled the cannula to start the process the sage femme had advised.³⁷ She perhaps squatted over the toilet to introduce her finger into her vagina. Finding the cervix, she pushed in the cannula. The initial pain of this did not prepare her for what followed. Attaching the other end of the cannula to the little glass syringe containing boiled water, she pressed the plunger. The pain in her abdomen was most sudden and violent.³⁸ In agony she waited.

Every morning, early, I require the maid to polish away marks to the mirror, glass and black lacquer on the ground floor.

I see Mary tentatively enter the courtyard, facing the soft dumb glass wall. Its translucency above and reflectivity below mean she cannot see in. She finds the column of bells by the lower wall of glass lenses,

presses the bell labelled docteur.³⁹ I hear its sound and activate the door. As she steps inside I imagine her passage through the building, a passage I have made myself as I sweep and scrub. Entry seems covert; a slippage between outside and in. She passes through layers of glass, like veils. The passageway is darker than expected, the light coming from elsewhere. The rest of the house appears as slices of repeating fragments: the skinny black hanging staircase; curving, layering reflecting screens hiding the main stair; black shiny doors catching reflections. She turns toward the waiting area to be confronted by a square mirror mounted on the orange and black column. The huge portrait of Annie is to the right, watching. As she moves towards the mirror she sees her groin area reflected, if I have set it at the right height. She floats down two steps, her face framed in the same mirror.

She will sit in the waiting room at the back of the house, on a leather chair imprinted by earlier visitors. Before I slide the fabric screens around her, she looks toward the main stair floating into the light. The front wall of glass is repeated softly at the back, delaying her between the two planes of light.

The receptionist's office is a white, floating block in front of her. There is a section of clerestory glazing and a very tall black lacquered door to the right in which she can see a reflected blur of her bright scarf. A clear vertical window sits perpendicular to it. Suddenly the doctor appears in this window from inside the office. He slides forward and down, descending an internal stair she cannot see. He is shadowy and the light bounces off the glass fracturing the image of him as he moves across it. The black lacquered door pivots opens to swap her image for his. He stands, real, in front of her.

He greets her, and they walk together along the lensed back wall, the sharp heels of her shoes marking out the route. To her right, she catches a long view back through the reception area to the front of the house and into the courtyard. After a discussion in his consulting room she is directed straight through a dark internal examination room into the surgery, filled with light again from another wall of glass lenses. As she lies on the table she is startled to realise where she is. She can see the outline of the entry bell column through the glass. The emptying out of her womb, a denial of consummation, will take place just inside a thin layer of glass almost on view to the outside. Her shame is magnified as she wonders whether someone will come to the front door she entered herself a little while ago, see her shadow in the medical light, like an x-ray caught on glass.

I had a special mixture for the blood on the linens I collected from there. I mixed a paste of vinegar and levure chimique from the pharmacy. After soaking the cloths in cold, salted water, I applied to stubborn marks and rubbed until white again. This mixture was also used for the floor.

Once, I watched a man stand outside the lensed wall, staring for a long time, nose pressed against, peering through the gridded glass. Could he see a female body, lying down, receding? A bride floating horizontally away. He would not quite make out the contours. Just standing, looking, makes him measure his own body: stiff, solid. His hand touches glass leaving the prints of his fingers.

A long time later when I enter this room again, the now abandoned surgery, layers of dust shift. I am moved, unable to think. The thin, brittle glass appears a contradiction, soft and pulpy, like jelly or thick sea water. You are neither inside nor out, swimming in a translucent, thick glass space yet exposed, open. The trick of the glass was to remove the patient from the interior, and her interior life, and allow her to imagine herself from the outside returning to the life she desired to live. The room is perplexing, beguiling and repellent at the same time; I want to stay in it forever and cannot wait to leave.

POSTSCRIPT

In this paper, I have re-envisioned the interior of the *Maison de Verre* through its glass as a fragmenting or framing device, and through its female occupation. The latter recalls the firmly held nineteenth century notion that the bourgeois domestic interior operated as an extension to the female body. The image of woman as 'angel of the household', from whom the successful domestic realm unfolded, prevailed into the twentieth century.⁴⁰ My readings play with and subvert this line of thinking. Philosopher Luce Irigaray describes the female body as a multi-layered contiguous surface, enfolded from exterior to interior:⁴¹ Architectural space is not a body – importantly, they are separate things – yet an interior that folds around, pockets and slides seems to recall or take an imprint of our bodies. Irigaray writes: 'All figures blur. The discontinuity of a cycle in which closure is a slit which merges their lips with their edge(s)'.⁴² The *Maison de Verre*, rather than signifying Annie Dalsace's domestic introversion, emulates her ambiguous occupations. It traces her housekeeper's sweeping searching movements. 'Woman is neither closed nor open,' says Irigaray. 'Indefinite, unfinished/in-finite, *form is never complete in her*.'⁴³ The *Maison de Verre* slides, rotates, regards its own activities. It is unfinished by its occupation, a neither open nor closed collection of lines, surfaces, edges, possibilities.

NOTES

1. The best published descriptions of the building are Yukio Futagawa, ed. *La Maison de Verre* (Tokyo: A.D.A. Edita, 1988); and Marc Vellay and Kenneth Frampton, eds. *Pierre Chareau: Architect and Craftsman 1883–1950* (London:

Thames and Hudson, 1985). In the latter Frampton introduces a relation with the *Large Glass*, which I have taken as a provocation and point of critique. Useful images and plans can be seen at (accessed June 27, 2012) www.archdaily.com/248077/ad-classic-maison-de-verre-pierre-chareau-bernard-bijvoet/.

2. These were pressed giving a textured appearance. See Raymond McGrath and A.C. Frost, *Glass in Architecture and Decoration* (London: The Architectural Press: 1937), 159–160, 199.

3. The population of France, decreasing since the 1850s, was at an all time low by 1930. 'Abortion rates were very high, put at 125 abortions to 100 live births by Dalsace', see Malcolm Potts, Peter Diggory and John Peel, *Abortion* (Cambridge University Press, 1977), 90–91. The authors are citing Anne-Marie Dourlen-Rollier, a colleague of Jean Dalsace; see Anne-Marie Dourlen-Rollier, *L'Avortement en France* (Paris: Librairie Maloine, 1967); see also Roland Pressat, "Sur le nombre des avortements en France." *Concours Medical*, no. 14, (1966); Angus McLaren, "Abortion in France: Women and the Regulation of Family Size 1800–1914." *French Historical Studies*, X/3, (Spring 1978): 461–485.

4. Mary Lynn Stewart writes: 'In 1933, Dr Jean Dalsace publicized contraceptive methods and, as a result, lost his laboratory position. With the complicity of the socialist mayor of a commune known for its exemplary health measures, Dalsace set up a center to teach contraception and there distributed diaphragms and spermicidal jellies from England.' See Mary Lynn Stewart, *For Health and Beauty: Physical Culture for Frenchwomen, 1880s–1930s* (Baltimore, Maryland: John Hopkins University Press, 2001), 123. Dr Dalsace was subsequently Honorary President of the French Gynaecology Society, President of the French Family Planning Association and Director of the Sterility Clinic of Paris. From 1950–63 he co-edited *The Journal of Sex Research*.

5. Sigfried Giedion, *Building in France, Building in Iron, Building in Ferro-Concrete*, trans. J.D. Berry (Santa Monica: Getty Publications, 1995), 90.

6. See Tag Gronberg, *Designs on Modernity: Exhibiting the City in 1920s Paris* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1998), 4–6.

7. Pierre Cabanne, *Dialogues with Marcel Duchamp*, trans. R. Padgett (New York: Viking Press, 1987), 37.

8. See Jacques Lacan, "The Mirror Stage as Formative of the Function of I as Revealed in the Psychoanalytic Experience," in *Écrits: A Selection*, trans. A. Sheridan (London: Routledge, 1991), 1–6.

9. *Ibid.*, 5.

10. This phrase was coined by Georg Simmel to describe the Paris expositions. Georg Simmel, "The Berlin Trade Exhibition," in *Simmel on Culture* (London: Sage Publications, 1997), 257.

11. Marcel Duchamp, "The Green Box" and "A l'infinif," in *Salt Seller The Writings of Marcel Duchamp* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1973), 30, 74.

12. The *Large Glass* is said to be a self-portrait, see for instance Rosalind Krauss: *La mariee mise a nu par ses celibataires meme*; the MAR of mariee linked to the CEL of celibataires; the self projected as double.' Rosalind E. Krauss, "Notes on the Index: Seventies Art in America." *October*, vol. 3 (1977): 74.

13. Duchamp, "The Green Box," 26.

14. Cabanne, *Dialogues with Marcel Duchamp*, 15.

15. Duchamp, "The Green Box," 26.

16. All images are measured, drawn or photographed by Emma Cheate from her PhD thesis 'Part-architecture: The *Maison de Verre* through the *Large Glass*', completed early 2013.

17. André Breton and Philippe Soupault, *The Magnetic Fields*, trans. D. Gascoyne (London: Atlas Press, 1985), 65.

18. Pierre Vago, Paul Nelson and Julien Lepage, "Maison de Verre." *L'Architecture d'Aujourd'hui*, no. 9, (1933): 4–15.

19. Dominique Vellay, *La Maison de Verre: Pierre Chareau's Modernist Masterpiece* (London: Thames & Hudson, 2007), 24.

20. Bronze head by Jacques Lipchitz, c. early 1920s.

21. Labelled *boudoir* by Chareau, this room has been called 'small sun-room', 'dayroom', 'blue room' and 'sitting room' by others. See Brian Brace Taylor, *Pierre Chareau: Designer and Architect* (Köln: Taschen, 1992), 133; Vellay, *La Maison de Verre*; Vellay and Frampton, eds. *Pierre Chareau*.

22. The footprint of the two rooms is uncannily similar; in a building where every other space is quite different. Anne Troutman argues that the *boudoir*, which developed from a transitional space to one of retreat, was disappearing in the early twentieth century, but remained as a bourgeois 'sensitivity'. The term *boudoir* comes from the French *bouder*, to sulk. Anne Troutman, "The Modernist Boudoir and the Erotics of Space," in *Negotiating Domesticity: Spatial Productions of Gender in Modern Architecture* (London: Routledge, 2005), 296, 298.

23. Vellay, *La Maison de Verre*, 8.

24. An onanistic device where the Bachelor 'grinds his chocolate himself', Duchamp, "The Green Box," 68. Its composition comprises 'lead fuse wire to trace the contours and draw the spokes of the machine's vibrating rollers, which evoke delicacies and therefore pleasure.' Caroline Cros, *Marcel Duchamp*, trans. V. Rehberg (London: Reaktion Books, 2006), 113.

25. Brassai, *The Secret Paris of the 30's* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1976), unpaginated.

26. Vellay, *La Maison de Verre*, 82.

27. Sigmund Freud, "Contributions to the Psychology of Erotic Love," in *The Psychology of Love* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 2006), 257.

28. McLaren, "Abortion in France," 461–485.

29. See the work of Colette, Violette Leduc, Jean Rhys and Simone de Beauvoir; particularly Violette Leduc, *Ravages*, trans. D. Coltman (St. Albans: Panther Books, 1969), 394–427.

30. Cabanne, *Dialogues with Marcel Duchamp*, 15. Equally, Reynolds gives no reference to the same issues. See Susan Glover Godlewski, "Warm Ashes: The Life and Career of Mary Reynolds," last modified 2001,

<http://www.artic.edu/reynolds/essays/godlewski.php>. See also an extended version of the essay in French: Susan L. Glover, "Cendres chaudes: vie et carrière de Mary Reynolds." *Étant donné Marcel Duchamp*, no. 8 (2007): 16–43.

31. This summary is compiled from *Étant donné Marcel Duchamp*: 94; Lehni Derouet, *Jeanne Bucher: une galerie d'avant-garde 1925–1946* (Paris: Flammarion, 1994), 16, 117; Adam Gopnik, "The Ghost of the Glass" *The New Yorker*, 12 (May 9, 1994): 54–71; Man Ray, *Self Portrait* (New York: Little Brown, 1963), 137.

32. Duchamp, *Salt Seller*, 53.

33. It is not known for certain but it is thought that the servants were a married couple: housekeeper and chauffeur. Interview with Mary Johnson, docent of the *Maison de Verre*, September 2008.

34. Dust traps like Jean Lurçat's tapestries and Chareau's furniture appeared throughout. A childhood friend of Jean Dalsace, Lurçat designed upholstery for screens, sofas and chairs, embroidered by his wife Marthe. See Vellay, *La Maison de Verre*, 145; Taylor, *Pierre Chareau*; Vellay and Frampton, eds. *Pierre Chareau*; last modified 2006, http://www.chateau-gourdon.com/html/artdeco_Pierre_Chareau.htm.

35. Walter Benjamin, *Selected Writings*, Volume 3 1935–1938, trans. R. Livingstone (London: Belknap Press, 2002), 39.

36. It was not until the Neuwirth Bill of 1967 that contraception could be legally sold for the first time since 1920. Medical abortion remained illegal until Simone Veil's 1975 bill.

37. Many women in the 1930s procured a *sage femme* (midwife), or *faiseuse d'anges*, to 'start' an abortion. A *faiseuse d'anges*, a term from the turn of the century, was a non-medical woman (or sometimes man) who helped terminate pregnancy by injecting soapy water; installing probes, knitting needles, or other devices into the cervix. Serious complications (injuries, infections, bleeding) were common, sometimes with fatal consequences, doubling the implication of the English translation, 'maker of angels'. The abortion was 'finished off' when the woman 'presented herself' to a 'doctor bleeding', as described by Leduc so candidly. Such a doctor, with his sympathetic credentials, interest in birth control and discreetness of his clinic, could have been Dr Dalsace. See Felix Allemene, *L'Avortement criminel* (Carcassonne, 1911), 121; McLaren, *Sexuality and Social Order*, 143; see also Louis-Ferdinand Céline, *Journey to the End of the Night* [1932], trans. J. H. P. Marks (London: Vision Press, 1950), 257–261, and Colette, "Gribiche." *Oxford Book of French Short Stories* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2002), for vivid descriptions of this process.

38. This description is adapted from one similar found in Edward Shorter, *Women's Bodies: A Social History of Women's Encounter with Health, Ill Health and Medicine* (London: Transaction, 1991), 201.

39. Three bells marked *Docteur, Visites, Service* rang a different sound inside.

40. See Anne-Marie Sohn, "Between the Wars in France and England," in *A History of Women in the West V. Toward a Cultural Identity in the Twentieth Century* (London: Belknap, 1994), 95.

41. See Luce Irigaray, "The Looking Glass, from the Other Side," trans. C. Porter, in *This Sex which is Not One* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1985); Luce Irigaray, "Volume Without Contours," trans. D. Macey, in *The Irigaray Reader* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1991), 53–67; Luce Irigaray, *Speculum of the Other Woman*, trans. G. C. Gill (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1985).

42. Luce Irigaray, "Volume Without Contours," 56.

43. *Ibid.*, 55.