Hysterical Histiorics: Entertainment and the Economy of Mental Health in What Have I Done to Deserve This? and Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown
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Nous voulons j'insister notre rôle dans quelques mystères de la pratique, et néglerons pas la théorie
Madame de Saint Ange, in Sade

La théorie, c'est bien, mais ça n'empêche pas d'existir
Charrot, in Freud

Early on in Pedro Almodóvar's Labyrinth of Passions, Fanny McNamara as Fabio, vampishly posed in the café de la Follia, takes a long, luxurious whiff of fingernail polish, surveys the potential pickings of desire, and exclaims to her carrot-colored, punk-cut companion: "Si biondo, nena. No coche, no chica, no tate, no vicino, no rimmel... ¡Estoy histérica!" As a piece of cinematic camp, at once scandalous and banal, Fabio's utterance exploits the humor implicit in the exaggeration, pastiche, and collapse of boundaries known as postmodernism. It also "markets," however elliptically, the godliness of Spain's fledgling democracy, its heady entry into a Babelic Europe ("Y que oye es el que no sabe del mundo"), and the artificially commercial madness of the Moduca. Indeed, as spectators of Fabio's queenly spleen, we cannot help but feel that if the death of the subject and the loss of master narratives were to have any referent at all, then they would here surely be Franco and Francoism. What is more, Fabio takes a popular expression—estar histérico/a, ponerse histérico/a—and utters it in an unpopular (or even counter-popular) fashion that humorously reverses the problem of gender implicit in the term "hysteric" itself. But Fabio's mad humor, his hysterics, is perhaps less the ecstatic sign of the death of dictatorship, the end of History, and the reversibility of language that postmodern critics champion than the exasperating sign of the persistence, although in different dress, of scarcity and need, and hence, of desire. All of which is to say that the humor which Fabio's transvestite utterance exploits does not flow quite as (nor as our laughter may lead us to believe: after all, both utterance and response are the products of an extremely complex cinematic apparatus that deploys and depends on a restricted economy and a spectacular body.

Taking hysterics as a prism through which to reflect on the economy of bodily representation in contemporary cinema, I will consider at least three related problems: first, in Labyrinth of Passions, the problem of gender (its substances and simulacra); second, in What Have I Done to Deserve This? and Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown, the problem of socioeconomic class (particularly as it impinges on essentializing figurations of femininity), and third, the problem of the theory of hysteria itself (what it knows and what it does not know). Ironically faithful to its subject, my reading in hysteria will assume a somewhat erratic course, wandering between the texts and institutions of theory and the cinema, and shifting between epistemological and ultimately political categories. At the risk of sacrificing an element of critical suspense, I will here add that my reading is strategic and moves under the axiomatic proposition that the so-called Western liberal democracies rigorously enforce gender distinctions even as they attempt to cover over and deny class differences.

With this in mind, what is at issue in the interaction between Fabio's spectacular body and the restricted economy is the articulation—the voicing, staging, and address—of gender as at once humorous and pathologically, laughable and deadly serious. Yet before proceeding to the pathological humor of hysteria itself, I should be a bit more precise about the economy of bodily representation in the cinema I mentioned above. By a restricted economy I refer to the fact that Fabio's hysterical, transvestite utterance, emoted in the vibrantly shattered consumerism of the Rastro (the flea market within the world market), is received as humor in an ever more discrete place: in the theater, the classroom, or the home. For all its radical potential, Fabio's utterance is thus already contained in and by a system where consumerism, with all its illusory fantasy and fantasies of illusion, remains intact, is indeed reinvented. Such economic restriction is, of course, an ineluctable aspect of the entertainment industry, where film functions as a commodity, at once material and ideological.2 But this restricted economy that I have so somberly formulated is itself, in Labyrinth of Passions, infected and infected by the representation of the spectacular body: "Infected" in the sense that Fabio's body, designated as an hysterical public spectacle, turns away from the restricted economy's course of "normal" consumption, alters and turns it, and "infected" in the sense that this spectacularly bent body introduces a germ of undecidability into the restricted economy's straightforward system of masculine exchange. Returning to the humor of Fabio, a crisis of gender is, I suppose, clear enough: high and horny, Fabio articulates himself in the feminine, or more precisely, in the discursive history (hysterics) of the feminine as disorder, as disease. In so doing, he re-incorporates hysterics in a way that makes its etiology—its putatively uterine origins—visible. Within the restricted economy of Almodóvar's cinema, something flows and flows; something is, in the fullest sense of the word, humorous.

Hysterics, as the malady of "humoral imbalance" (Strong 11), as the condition which the Hippocratic school characterized as "a pathological
wandering of a restless womb" (Goldstein 210) and which Freud described as "a disturbance in the field of sexuality" (Dora, 39), as the disorder which resists classification, is at once a principle of movement and a sign in motion. Yet this otherwise humorous flow of bodies, minds, and signs has, as I have indicated, some serious restrictions. For hysteria, in its very mobility, appears historically precise and materially specific: it marks, as Alice Jardine puts it, an "oscillation among female bodies, male subjects, and the words used to describe both" (160). For Jardine, such oscillation actually erupts in gendered psychoanalytic discourse, if not indeed modernity itself, as the double-edged "problem" of femininity and hysteria. As the foundational disorder of psychoanalysis, hysteria seems to suffuse the quest for "psychic" knowledge with something elusive, unstable, arcane, and almost untranslatably communicable. In fact, Freud, referring to hysteria, claims merely to have rendered the religious terminology of medieval demonic possession scientific or as Catherine Clement sees it, to have transformed sorcery into medicine, and the woman's body "into a theater for forgotten scenes" (5). Although the female body has indeed served as a privileged site of cinematic spectacle and theoretical speculation, in Labyrinth of Passion, Almodóvar transfers hysteria from a female to a male "theater"—and with Fabio subsequently bloody, orgastic and whirling under a power drill and a camera, it is quite literally a theater of mental violence—and works an interesting twist to the history of hysteria.

What is at stake in all of the movements, transformations, and transferences of bodily and psychic humor is the overlapping place of knowledge, desire, and power. Tellingly enough, knowledge and desire, as the stuff of real and symbolic power, come to play in intersubjective relations that Freud and his critics have variously described as "epistemophobia" (Freud, quoted in Mos 1980), "epistemological seduction" (Forrester 58), and "epistemological promiscuity" (Hertz 234). Whatever their appeal, seduction and promiscuity are not, at least for Freudian psychoanalysis, without their quotient of danger. After all, if the "proper" distribution of roles is not observed, if the "learned" distance between rational analyst and hysterical analysand is in any way breached or troubled, or if the subject-presumed-to-know comes to know that (s)he really does not the knowledge of the other, that (s)he finds it seductive, then the entire field of psychoanalysis is itself sexually and epistemologically disturbed, unbalanced, deprived of its aim and left wandering. The danger of epistemological promiscuity is, in short, hysteria.

What I am attempting to sketch, around a seemingly casual comment by a cinematic queen on the make, is an hysterical, transvestic impulse in knowledge—here, specifically, psychoanalytic knowledge—which threatens the sure casting of subjects in terms of masculine power and feminine powerlessness. Hysteria is indeed a condition whose imaginary origins are uterine but whose epistemological deployment is largely phallic, a condition in which feminine powerlessness is, as Ann Wilson (74), eroticized as the uranous reservoir of masculine power. And yet men, as Charcot, Breuer, Freud and Fabio all know, may also be hysterics. The difference, however, in what all these men claim to know about men lies in the fact that Freud and company, privileging scientific knowledge over the vagaries of desire, strive to avoid the perils of promiscuity which Fabio, for his part, enthusiastically embraces. That the particular perils for Freud have less to do with physical dissipation and disease than with a type of epistemological promiscuity and exposure to the very femininity which psychoanalysis attempts to classify and contain, is something that has been noted by such critics as Neil Hertz and Steven Forrester. In fact, both Hertz and Forrester, reading the close, chatty, intimate space of psychoanalysis as essentially feminine, argue a case for Freud's own feminization: a process that, thanks to Almodóvar, I could perhaps somewhat humorously call his "Fabization." Whatever the case, Forrester goes on to affirm that one of the risks of the epistemological seduction involved in the study of hysteria was the "recognition...that Freud was acting the part of a woman in the scene of analysis that Freud was unwittingly repeating" (58). Now, the figure of a feminine Freud, seductively fanciful and Almodovaresque as it may be, nevertheless does not account for the persistence of a real history in which Freud not only "recognized," but reiterated and reinforced, the part of man (i.e. the phallic) as supposedly most significant in the production of knowledge. It is precisely in the representation of gender roles and sexual opposition, that I prefer to read Freud's so-called feminine act as a critically important intervention. In other words, the criticism which would have Freud be a woman is itself a manifestation of a postmodern will to knowledge which, in the very act of redressing the body as an errantly discursive construct beyond classification, unwittingly classifies itself as hysterical.

What I am proposing has, I want to believe, everything to do with the parts of gender and sexual power in both psychoanalytically modernism and cinematic postmodernism, in both Freud and Almodóvar. It also has, as I hope to indicate later on, a great deal to do with the current debate between essentialism and constructivism, the body and discourse, and the ways this debate touches specifically on filmic representation. For the moment, however, I am almost painfully aware that my (hysterical) move to historicize a melody and to diagnose a history finds itself overshadowed by a more ponderous appeal to schizophrenia as the postmodern condition par excellence. Against the likes of Jameson, Deleuze and Guattari, I can here merely suggest that schizophrenia has come to enjoy such critical currency just possibly because it, unlike hysteria, does not necessarily entail considerations of gender central to the feminist project. The explosion of identity, the
breakdown of temporal ontologies, and the disappearance of a sense of history" which Jameson (120, 125) posits as some of the fundamental features of postmodernism and late capitalism's casework, as somehow intrinsic to the very subject of postmodern critique: the oscillation between female bodies, male subjects, and linguistic signs that Jardine links to hysteria, psychoanalysis, and modernity. For my part, I do not think that such oscillation can be avoided (especially when oscillation itself is a major postmodern trope); nor do I think that the diagnosis of the crisis of classes and categories as schizophrenic rather than hysterical can be construed as anything but ideologically partial. For this is indeed one of the most compelling differences I find: unlike schizophrenia, hysteria recognizes its historical and material partiality, its self-interested distribution of bodily parts and gender roles always on the verge of a breakdown, and, finally, its crucial part in the power play of sexual representation. Representing postmodernism as hysterical, I keep the history of sexual politics from disappearing off stage, and I bring back, if again but for a moment, Fabio and his hysterical utterance.

I have characterized Fabio, perhaps somewhat precipitously, as an hysterical transvestite, all dolled up and ready to cruise; and I have claimed, perhaps somewhat impulsively, that there is an hysterical transvestite impulse in both psychoanalytic knowledge and postmodern discourse. As a minor personage granted star status in my reading, Fabio occupies a site whose humor is effusively problematic, especially as much as Fabio plays the phallic woman and works a curiously masochistic twist to the feminist notion of masquerade. At the same time, Fabio occupies a site whose critical seriousness I seem to have inflated as to render the sight of women in Almodóvar's films supplemental, simulated, and insensational. To make matters worse, my other object of study, the economy of feminine hysteria in What Have I Done to Deserve This? and Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown, appears to have been displaced by, and deferred to, an exaggerated and disordered simulacrum of femininity.

But perhaps there is another way to view this development: perhaps the spectacularly ambivalent male body that I have taken as the equally ambivalent base of my speculation on feminine subjectivity in Almodóvar can be seen as an attempt, however partial and provisional, to supplement Jardine's hysterical oscillation of female bodies, male subjects, and words with an equally hysterical oscillation between male bodies, female subjects, and visual images. If, as I have already claimed, the female body has historically functioned as the site of epistemological inquiry, it has also served as the space of representation, especially in the West where the desire to know has also always been a desire to see. Now, given the weight of history, the ways it tends to structure every desire to see and to know, there is, I believe, a strategic benefit to be had in taking the made-up body of Fabio, the "artificial" man, as the preliminary site of my own inquiry. Taking my delayed departure from Fabio as an "authentic" sham, I will have him behind for other hysterics, where the gender rift between the body and the speaking subject is not quite so visible, and where, as a result, the act of filmic representation does not seem nearly as rich in transgressive potential.

Before proceeding to Carmen Maura as Gloria and Pepa, however, I will make one final critical excursion, this time regarding not so much hysteria's ties to knowledge as its ties to spectacle and representation. Though undeniably ancient, the specter of hysteria entered the age of modern technological control in Jean-Marie Charcot's union of women and the camera in late nineteenth-century France. Staging and photographing hysterical attacks in hypnosis, "alienated" women before an audience of doctors, students, and fashionably curious onlookers, Charcot transformed the lecture hall of the Salpêtrière into a showplace where entertainment overtook and publicly revitalized medical knowledge. All the while invoking documentary objectivity and scientific neutrality, Charcot set the stage where, as Elaine Showalter puts it, "female hysteria was perpetually presented, represented, and reproduced" (150). Representation, of course, assumes many guises: and if the first "subjects" in this photo-susceptible playground were silent and still, Doris, under the study of Freud, was soon scripted as hysteria's most (in)articulate actress, forever oscillating between the continually yet connected roles of victim and heroine, object and subject, woman and man. Given my desire to return to Almodóvar's films, the psycho-theatrical metaphors I have been employing are neither entirely ornamental nor accidental. For it is my contention that the techniques of Charcot and Freud, the camera and script, are curiously refuged in two of Almodóvar's films which foreground, albeit in often ironic and self-conscious ways, images of feminine hysteria.

What Have I Done to Deserve This? and Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown have in common is not merely the figure of Carmen Maura in contemporary Madrid, but also, and perhaps more significantly, the sense of frustration, entrapment, exacerbation, and imminent collapse—physical as well as mental—which marks both Gloria and Pepa, both the working class women from the overcrowded barrio de la Concepción and the professional woman from the elegant barrio de Chueca. We see both women, or rather the same woman, madly rush across the screen, working out and against the memory of men. Forever on the verge of a nervous breakdown, these women, this woman, struggles to understand what they (she) may have done to deserve such deliverance: Popping pills and frenetically brandishing everything from ham bones to telephones, Gloria, Pepa, and/or Carmen play out or suffer through the emotional versatility of hysteria, at once funny and sad. And yet the very "symptoms" that would have both
women belong to the same class, and that would have their economic differences resolved in some powerful psychosexual sublation called hysteria, must not be indistinguishable. In other words, these our “symptoms” of cinematic hysteria cannot function as homogeneous body-signs pointing to a supposedly true feminine essence beyond the history of class struggle, anymore than the two films can be directed to fall neatly under the name “Almodóvar,” postmodern author. Even the body of Carmen Maura, functioning as an essentialistic lure, as the real beneath the role, is contextually sensitive and thus continually othered as acted. Pepa, as commercial celebrity, glamorizes Maura and markets hysteria as postmodern slapstick, while Gloria, as domestic servant, works Maura into a market in which hysteria is melodramatic and glamorous always somewhere else. What I therefore propose to consider in the interplay between these two films is how economic class de-essentializes the psychosexual body, its case and its disease, its sanity and its madness. Work and class are hence crucial to my reading of the representational projects of a condition which would seem to work against any classification whatsoever. That between my desire to sustain the validity of the currently much beleaguered concept of classes and to explore the radical possibilities of epistemological promissory, I find myself oscillating between two films and two characters ostensibly united under the same director and the same actress. In other words, behind the oscillation, there seems to lurk an essentialism that, less a function of class, is of the body itself: here the body of the hysterical woman and versatile actress as well as that of the creative man and postmodern director. Furthermore, the lure of hysterical essentialism is stronger in What Have I Done? and Women on the Verge than in Labyrinth of Passions precisely because the rift between body and voice, matter and discourse, is veiled by the presumably self-denial presence of Carmen Maura. My aim is in bringing up the question of essentialism is not to come down resoundingly on the slippery side of constructivism, not to deny some hypothetical feminine integrity in favor of some equally hypothetical masculine simulation, but rather to see Almodóvar’s films as the sites of a tension between bodies, subjects, words and images that I earlier addressed through Pabio. If there was more concern with the spectacular body and gender confusion, here I will turn next to the restricted economy and class division, as it functions on both the textual and institutional levels. Hysteria, as I have indicated, involves a crisis of categories and classes, an errant diffusion of bodily signs as symptoms, that many critics have championed as a strategy of resistance. Cixous, for example, not only takes Dora as the paradigmatic hysterical but also as a woman who resists the idea “that the family and society are founded on the body of women, on bodies despised, rejected, bodies that are humiliating once they have been used” (154), and who accordingly
unemployed surplus of mental liveliness and energy" (Showalter 156), as the female malady specific to the bourgeoisie. As a result, they do not delve into what is at stake, theoretically as well as politically, in gender typologies and pathological constructions which tend to conceal the bases and biases of economic class. Returning to Almodóvar, I can be a bit more specific in my previous proposition. Gloria does not share Pepe's body not merely because Carmen Mauro is in each case differently dressed and lighted, but because Mauro "acts" her body in narrative texts which invoke disparate institutional (class) contexts.

To put it simply, Gloria's execrable condition, despite the close domestic scenario and family setting in which it is articulated, remains, not only for the movie-going public, but also for a good deal of theoretically informed critics, rather wild and unfamiliar. Pepe's condition, on the other hand, does not seem quite as strange, painful, spells, chance encounters, chase scenes, and terrorist complications not withstanding. But then again, Women on the Verge has been promoted, at least in the United States, as a "new comedy about someone you know." What Have I Done?. In contrast, remains considerably more removed from commercial success and popular recognition, a different type of "comedy" apparently not as likely to be about "someone you know." Attending to the promotion and marketing of Women on the Verge which constitute the margins of the filmic text cannot but pose the question of interpellation. Who is "you"? Who is designated as the subject who knows, and who the object to be known? And finally, what is the nature of this knowledge?

Women on the Verge, "a new comedy about someone you know": there is, it seems, something strangely familiar, something downright uncanny, in this advertisement for a newness that is already known. Recognizable situations, established scenarios, familiar emotional fits, but all with a new face, a new Carmen Mauro, a new Almodóvar. Indistinctly interpolated, this ample, amorphous "you" and its knowledge, is the you, the we, of consumer society; and at the same time it is the magically discriminating "you," the "we," of actual or potential movie-goers, actual or potential image-buyers. It is also, I will hasten to add, the "you" of critical production and consumption, the "you," the we, concerned with the business of the academy. Examining the function of hysteria in Almodóvar, I encounter a restrictiveness not only in the economics of individual films and of the cinematic apparatus in general, but also, and perhaps most pressingly, in the very texts and institutions that underwrite my examination itself. In saying this, I mean that regardless of whether hysteria has been theorized as resistance or submission, as promiscuous or fixed, as confusedly transvestite or divisively gender-specific, it is in many ways already restricted by the very economy of theoretical knowledge, its gaps and blind spots, its emphases and omissions.

Historically signifying what cannot be known, the enigma of woman and the opacity of desire, hysteria also signals precisely what can be known, what theory and technology seem almost irrevocably to compel us to represent and reinscribe. By this I mean that the epistemology of hysteria which is today prevalent, more to the discreet and intimate scene of the bourgeoisie than to the "public spectacle" of the working-class, more to the psychology of gender than to the history of economic class. Such, in fact, are the findings of Jan Goldstein, an historian who points out that, for all the critical emphasis on "the bourgeois value system of patriarchal authority and sexual asceticism" (212), in reality, "the hysterics of the Sulpétrie were not bourgeois women, living within the framework of a bourgeois value system, but urban working-class women—seamstresses, laundresses, domestic servants, flower sellers" (213). Fixating as it does on Dora and other psychoanalytic-case histories, playing with the undeniable important interplay of repressions and constructs of gender, the theory of hysteria at the same time appears to resist the history of class struggle. With the understanding of theory, my own included, must return to theory—though not as some objectifiable real or absolute material truth—I will return, in closing, to the problem of seeing, knowing, and "reading" Gloria, not only as "woman," but as "worker," as well.

Except for selling flowers, Gloria does the jobs of those women that Goldstein mentions, women whose class-specific condition, hysterical or not, is still not the subject of as much theoretical speculation as Freud's Dora. In fact, there is a sense in which we, as far as we are paying spectators and publishing critics, are virtually constrained to see what Have I Done to Deserve This? as a dark comedy about someone we don't know. Watching Gloria through oven, washing machines, and shop windows, we see her in a consumerist relation that is markedly different from that of Pepe. For while Pepe is a consummate capitalist, impulsively disposing of maternal possessions, continuously changing her clothes, renting and retaining her penhouse, promoting household products on television, marketing her voice and her image, and hence a recognized "personality" (someone you know), Gloria is at once over-worked and under-employed. She is not, at any rate, "unemployed" or "unoccupied" in the excessively energetic sense that Breuer and Freud "classify" as hysterical. In fact, far from exercising her phantasy, Gloria works her body to the bones, pumping herself full of amphetamines (when she can get them), submitting to furtive and forced encounters of unsatisfying sex, cleaning, cooking, scrubbing, slaving; drudging to keep her family and herself togethered and to buy what those like Gloria endorse, respect, and sell. Even in one of the rare moments when Gloria does appear to take a break from her exhausting routine and sit idly by (when, for example, she is enlisted to play the "spectator" in one of Cristal's sexual performances), her empty gaze and fallen shoulders, rather than
expressing energy and excess, bespeak only scarcity, depletion, and emptiness. And yet, unlike Fabio, Gloria, married and with children, cannot convert need into sexually satisfying desire or invert economic restriction into scandal, terror, play, and seduction. Instead, approaching an over-wrought state of emotional vacancy, after loss, murder, and abandonment, Gloria goes out into the balmy of her dark and close apartment, leans forward into space, and signals a solitude which only the 'fortuitous' return of her son will prevent. Speaking the melodramatic lesson that is ironically overturned in Women on the Verge, Gloria's son Miguel announces: "Esta casa necesita un hombre." And so, in the end, and to the degree that it reiterates gender dependence in a restricted economy of scarcity and need, What Have I Done to Deserve This? points to a space of knowledge, perception, and emer-
gent talk where humor and hysteria are still of a different class. 15

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Notes

1 Take the distinction between Bray and the activation from Freuds Kahn (22). "Hysterical cinema may be defined both by the iconographic frameworks surrounding the production, distribution and exhibition of films for work with more nervous, and also as the characterological characteristics that it calls 'hysterical films.'" (22)

2 Could it be that Christianlike Miek activist of the good or bad cinematic object, although it is my opinion that these experimental avant-garde groups can be 'commodified,' that is to say 'badly good,' by artists and intellectuals. Almuna's film, especially as shown in the Liberation of Love, are perhaps as compelling because they are so often on the threshold between the 'popular' and the 'private,' the 'good' and the 'bad.'

3 According to Jaffar, the phrase 'the hysteric-in-a woman who can feel an Elbann, being a hallucinatory conceptual stage, the very definition of hysteria as an object of psychanalyses' knowledge, (168).

4 According to White, "the structure of a gendered relation of power between placemakers and patient, as exemplified by the theatrical dimension of hysteric, the female patient to the performance," (79). While this is in general expected in their arrangement, it should be kept in mind that women also figure among the spectators at the Salpêtrière, and that the spectators woman are also men. In Koestler, "draw a picture of Paris, as journalists, leading artists and actresses, fashionable demimondains, (188)."

5 The relation of power, hence, the role of gender objects, but unaware of all this.

6 de Saussure's practice of calling his readers: "Those words to which we have given names are never simply names."

7 According to White, "those words have some relationship to the language of metaphor as paradigmatically feminine. The place from where I, he, she, them, is located, is always a foreknowledge, an idea of a specific sexual identity, which is not simply a negative, negative identification, but a metaphorically powerful rhetorical trope of direct philosophical or verbalization, however, speaking from the outside, from the position of woman, Metz argues, need not have been itself raw as a woman, nor as a woman, as his contemporary and Semenove and Gurovsky (1988)." The difference between them, if the put a bludgeon, to is not claimed as a victim of metaphor, and demand that metaphor can occupy and speak from the position of a woman, it is because that position is vacant and, what is more, cannot be claimed by women."

8 "It is not necessary to follow the lineaments of Lacan, Quaglia, Hane, intriguing, and others, under Swiss the Primitivist connection between psychopathological knowledge and sexual politics. The works of Freud and the Phallic phase - "indicates a whole system of phallic sexism by phrasing them as a "propaganda that is already part and parcel of that system." (11)

9 Freud depicts the scenes of almost heroic virtue, "First all Charlie's work restored dignity to the subject of hysteric, gradually the actions that make up the hysteric, to those who tell us, were given up, she was no longer a malinger, more Charlie had done this by giving weight to the authority on the side of the reality and objectivity of hysterical phenomena."

10 Charlie had received a notable stimulus when the art of the act of liberation is used, then the real of phallic which adorns the lecture hall of the college, (17).

11 In Jaffar, page 121. Shillingah treats Freud's reading of treating and naming, "the hysteric's"", in The Women of Psychoanalysis, "to see the majority of his (Charcot's) hypochondriacal patients were women, and second, what is Proust's Witness. Known as the Querelle of the Hysteric, became celebrated who were wrongly mentioned in his, the main