The Bestial Fictions of Leonora Carrington

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Leonora Carrington, British-born Surrealist writer and artist, has the distinction of being the only woman whose work was included in André Breton's *Anthology of Black Humor,* first published in 1939.[1] Carrington was then twenty-two years old. The story which he chose, "The Debutante," was written during 1937-38, her first two years in France, where she lived in Paris and then in St-Martin-d'Ardèche with the well known Surrealist artist Max Ernst. "The Debutante" was one of five stories published in 1939 in her collection, *The Oval Lady*, along with seven collages by Ernst. The previous year, another story, "The House of Fear," had been published as a pamphlet with Ernst's introduction and three illustrations.

These early stories reveal an extraordinary talent, which Breton had the perspicacity to recognize. In the introduction to his anthology, he defines "black humor" primarily by what it is not: it is, he says, the mortal enemy of sentimentality.[2] Humor *per se*, he goes on, quoting Léon Pierre-Quint, is "'a manner of affirming, through the absolute revolt of adolescence and the interior revolt of adulthood, *a superior revolt of the spirit.*'"[3]

The art of Leonora Carrington is never sentimental, and her fictions and paintings alike are filled with revolt, both explicit and subtle, evoking those revolts of her own earlier years. These qualities epitomize "The Debutante," which offers Carrington's characteristic grisly humor as a means of conveying certain autobiographical elements in a story which mocks human and societal limitations while presenting—in a totally understated manner—the possibility of human-animal transformation. This story, written during the same period in which Carrington painted her stunning self-portrait, "The Inn of the Dawn Horse," focuses—like the painting—on the hyena, "a nocturnal animal belonging to the fecund world

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[1] André Breton, *Anthologie de l'humour noir* (Jean-Jacques Pauvert, 1939; repr. 1947, 1966 [*"l'edition definitive"*]). Leonora Carrington, "La Debutante," pp. 560-65.

[2] Breton, p. 21.

[3] Breton, p. 16.

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of the dream."[4] The horse, "an image of rebirth into the light of day and the world beyond the looking glass,"[5] and seen in two forms in the painting, would become Carrington's most frequent self-representation, central to her early stories (as in "The House of Fear" and "The Oval Lady") and paintings.

But it is the hyena which the protagonist befriends in "The Debutante," a young and "very intelligent" hyena,[6] quite unlike the lactating hyena in the painting. The story is set in 1934, the year of Leonora's presentation at court, the year when the manufacturer's daughter made her debut and "viewed the Ascot races from the royal enclosure."[7] The *donnée* is autobiographical, as Carrington explains in an interview:

> In those days, if you were a woman, you were not allowed to bet. You weren't even allowed to the paddock, where they show the horses. So I took a book. I mean, what would you do? It was Huxley's *Eyeless in Gaza*, which I read all the way through.[8]

Carrington's artistic control and wit take the story well beyond the mere reminiscence of its origin. As told retrospectively by the protagonist, the shy, friendless girl, desperate to avoid the ball in her honor, befriends the hyena, which agrees to go in her place. In the Surrealist manner, juxtaposing the ordinary and the bizarre, their friendship and conversations are presented in a matter-of-fact tone, as are some of the more grotesque details of the story: even dressed in the protagonist's clothes, it is still difficult for the hyena to disguise its face. The hyena thus proposes that when the maid comes in,

> "we'll pounce upon her and tear off her face. I'll wear her face tonight instead of mine." [The young woman finds this] "impractical . . . She'll probably die if she hasn't got a face. Somebody will certainly find the corpse, and we'll be put in prison." "I'm hungry enough to eat her," the hyena replied. "And the bones?" "As well," she said. "So, it's on?" "Only if you promise to kill her before tearing off her face. It'll hurt her too much otherwise." [With a mixture of compassion and practicality, the young deb organizes the event, and the hyena complies, finally saying,] "I can't eat any more. Her feet are left over still, but if you have a little bag, I'll eat them later in the day." "You'll find a bag embroidered with fleurs-de-lis in the cupboard. Empty out the handkerchiefs you'll find inside and take it." She did as I suggested. (p. 47)

Masterful in her Surrealism, even at this young age, Carrington quietly juxtaposes the homey detail of the young woman's boudoir with violence and cannibalism. Her emphasis on

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[4] Whitney Chadwick, *Women Artists and the Surrealist Movement*, (Little, Brown, 1985), p. 78.

[5] Chadwick, p. 79.

[6] Leonora Carrington, *The House of Fear/Notes from Down Below*, trans. Kathrine Talbot and Marina Warner (Virago Press, 1989), p. 44. All subsequent references are cited parenthetically.

[7] Leonora Carrington, *The Mexican Years 1940-1985*, (The Mexican Museum, 1991), p. 44.

[8] Carrington, *The Mexican Years*, p. 34.

the pragmatic (Can a person live without a face? How can one save uneaten human bones?) reveals the author's black humor, a sophisticated development from the children's stories so dear to her. (The house at St–Martin–d'Ardèche still has shelves of such books.) While the reclusive young girl reads *Gulliver's Travels*, the hyena attends the ball. But the animal is finally betrayed, first by her strong odor and ultimately by the evidence of her bestiality. The protagonist's mother concludes the tale:

> "We'd just sat down at table . . . when that thing sitting in your place got up and shouted, 'So I smell a bit strong, what? Well, I don't eat cakes!' Whereupon it tore off its face and ate it. And with one great bound, disappeared through the window." (p. 48)

The hyena's transformation does not last; perhaps its bestiality is too pronounced, too violent. Yet all of the elements of adolescent rebellion are here, in this testing of roles, and that of the hyena clearly does not engage Carrington as the horse eventually will. Indeed, the last line of "The Debutante" connects it again with the painting, in which one sees the horse bounding through the field just outside the open window. Inside, in sharp contrast, are the rocking horse of childhood, the prim "lady's chair," the lactating hyena. In this role, the hyena must stay at home with the rocking horse. All of the feet (human, animal, and chair) have the same shape; they are too delicate to bound through the window into freedom. But Leonora's mane of hair, which identifies her with the vital horse outside, will characterize her future female protagonists.

Both story and painting deal with choices: the hyena of the story rejects upper–class society, although its precipitate flight will undoubtedly land it back in its cage in the zoo. In the painting, the choices—confining domesticity set against the unexpressed dangers of freedom—are laid before us with no decision shown. Carrington's life and art of the following years would reveal her choices.

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These early stories were written in French while Carrington lived in France with Ernst. But one piece written while she was still in France is, strikingly, in English. This is *Little Francis*, a novella which recounts, with similar black humor—and clever disguising of characters—the frustration which Carrington faced when Ernst left her in St–Martin–d'Ardèche in order to return to his wife in Paris and deal with his "genital responsibilities," as she called them (p. 20). Since Ernst encouraged her writing in French, even joking about it in his introduction to "The House of Fear" ("Who is the Bride of the Wind? Can she read? Can she write French without mistakes?" [p. 26]), writing *Little Francis* in English may have been a rebellion against this lover, who, twenty six years older than she, was clearly a father–figure as well. Rebellion was an important pattern in Carrington's life: as a child, she was expelled from two Catholic schools for "not collaborating."[9] "The Debutante" reveals her resistance to the social

[9] Carrington, *The Mexican Years*, p. 33.

patterns of the wealthy, while "The Oval Lady" more directly attacks her own wealthy industrialist father. When in 1936 she began art studies with Amadée Ozenfant (after studying in Florence for nine months in 1932), her true rebellion began; the break was completed when in 1937 she left for Paris to live with Ernst, and her father disowned her. She never returned to England, never saw her father again.

Max Ernst did return to St–Martin–d'Ardèche, and the relationship resumed, albeit briefly, for the war interrupted this fertile period. Ernst, born in Germany, was twice interned by the French as a resident alien. On the first occasion, Carrington was able to arrange for his release; the second time, she was unsuccessful, and—having given up the house in St–Martin–d'Ardèche and begun her own exile through Spain—she suffered a breakdown and was institutionalized in Santander, a disturbing story which she recounts in the memoir *Notes from Down Below*, written in English a few years later, after she had settled in Mexico.

Carrington followed a route rather different from that of most of the artists fleeing France during World War II: after her release from the mental institution, she was taken by her "keeper" (arranged for by her family) to Portugal, where she escaped their plan to ship her off to an institution in South Africa by marrying a Mexican diplomat (Renato Leduc) stationed in Lisbon. Turning down Peggy Guggenheim's offer to pay her way to New York (Guggenheim was now with Ernst), Carrington and her new husband sailed to New York, where she lived for a year before settling in Mexico.

Thus, her next three stories, written in 1941 in New York, are in English, as is the novel, *The Stone Door*, written in Mexico City in the 1940s, along with several other stories written there in the 1950s and 1970s. The stories of the 1960s were written in Spanish. Despite her shifts in language (Carrington has overseen all translations), the imagination is the same: literally fantastic, with a tone of utter realism, her work combines the child's openness to all possibilities with the Surrealist's acceptance of dream's reality. Throughout, one sees Carrington's extraordinary sense of humor, which is sometimes black indeed.

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Two of the three New York stories are, not surprisingly, revealing of Carrington's recent losses and multiple uprootings. The third, miraculously, re–establishes her connection with the transformative powers of nature embodied in the woman–horse, first described in "The Seventh Horse" as a "strange–looking creature" "caught by her long hair" in a "bramblebush."[10] Her hair, at a more positive moment, freely "streams behind her" (p. 70), like the mane of the horse in the painting, as she and her retinue of six horses gallop from the stable in which she sleeps.

"The Seventh Horse" is the title story of a collection of nineteen Carrington pieces, written over a period of thirty years, in English, French and Spanish, and published together in 1988. It is the richest of the American stories (written in America, that is: Carrington's fiction, like her art, transcends specific place and time limitations in its overriding mythic quality). It is rich in its atmosphere of myth and archetype as well as its transcendence of the decay, death,

[10] Leonora Carrington, *The Seventh Horse and Other Tales*, trans. Kathrine Talbot and Anthony Kerrigan. (Dutton, 1988), p. 66. All subsequent references are cited parenthetically.

and pain which characterize the other stories that she wrote during the year she lived in New York, the year immediately following so many tragic upheavals in her life.

Although Leonora Carrington resists discussion of the past or biographical interpretation of her work, certain parallels are striking, largely as they reveal the transformative power of her fictions. In all three stories, "The Seventh Horse," "White Rabbits," and "Waiting," the narrator or protagonist (inevitably a woman with long hair) is the outsider or the observer. Such is the artist's role, but Carrington goes further than the tradition, stressing the contrast between outsider and insider, the single female and the family unit. The couple is inevitably presented in imagery of stagnation—or worse—while the young woman learns, grows, suffers, and ultimately transforms.

In "White Rabbits," which takes place explicitly in New York, on "Pest Street" (apparently Carrington was still thinking in French, since "*peste*" means "plague," and this story is redolent of disease, death and decay), the narrator lives opposite the house in which the action takes place, and watches. Her distance (in time, space, and emotional involvement) from the house, its inhabitants, and what is to transpire there, is conveyed in the opening paragraph:

> The time has come that I must tell the events which began in 40 Pest Street. The houses, which were reddish black, looked as if they had issued mysteriously from the fire of London. The house in front of my window, covered with an occasional wisp of creeper, was as black and empty looking as any plague–ridden residence subsequently licked by flames and smoke. This is not the way that I had imagined New York. (p. 56)

Despite these strategies to distance her from the diseased and sterile place, the narrator expresses a certain level of identification with the woman whom she encounters, who also has long hair (p. 57). But whereas the narrator has just washed hers, the woman "used her hair to wipe out the dish" from which she serves bones to a visiting raven. The narrator does not express surprise, but she distances herself in response to the woman's question:

> "Do you happen to have any bad meat over there that you don't need?" she called. "Any what?" I called back, wondering if my ears had deceived me. "Any stinking meat? Decomposed flesh meat?" "Not at the moment," I replied, wondering if she was trying to be funny. (p. 57)

Invited for a visit—to bring rotten meat—the unnamed narrator crosses the street with her gift a few days afterwards to discover a house encased in the past, the front door "hidden under a cascade of something, giving the impression that nobody had been either in or out of this house for years" (p. 58). Indeed, the old–fashioned door pull comes off in her hand, and the door itself caves in at her touch. Within, the atmosphere of death and decay—combined with a certain antique elegance—continues: the hall is "of carved woodwork"; the boudoir is "decorated with dark baroque furniture and red plush. The floor [is] littered with gnawed bones and animal skulls" (p. 58).

The incongruity is heightened by the fact that the only true vitality comes from the "hundred snow white rabbits" "who fought like wolves for the meat," "tearing at the meat

with their sharp buck teeth" (p. 59). In a further irony, even imagery of light and brightness proves deceptive: the woman's "skin was dead white and glittered as if speckled with thousands of minute stars" (p. 58), and her husband "had identical glittering skin, like tinsel on a Christmas tree" (p. 59). In keeping with the Christmas imagery, the woman "wore an ancient beautiful dress of green silk" (p. 58), while her husband wore "a red gown" (p. 59). But the sparkling skin is actually a sign of disease, as the woman reveals in the final horrifying moments of the story:

> The woman thrust her face so near to mine that her sickly breath seemed to anaesthetize me. "Do you not want to stay and become like us? In seven years your skin will be like stars, in seven little years you will have the holy disease of the Bible, leprosy!"
>
> I stumbled and ran, choking with horror; some unholy curiosity made me look over my shoulder as I reached the front door and I saw her waving her hand over the banister, and as she waved it, her fingers fell off and dropped to the ground like shooting stars. (p. 60)

The final explosive image, of death and life conjoined, is consistent with the husband's name (Lazarus), as with the dying couple's nurturing of the rapidly procreating rabbits, which, strangely carnivorous, may well eat their own; the couple "eat[s] of them of course occasionally. My husband makes a very tasty stew every Saturday night" (p. 59). Eating rabbit stew is not barbaric, but in this context it becomes so, as nurture and murder, elegance and decay seem inextricably entwined.

Such images are echoed in the gross banquet scene depicted in Carrington's 1938 painting, "The Meal of Lord Candlestick,"[11] in which an elegantly-garbed woman in red sticks her fork into a baby on a platter, while another, with a distinctly horse-like head, chomps on a bone, as the others casually carry on their dinner table talk. "Candlestick" is one of Carrington's nicknames for her family.[12]

Moreover, the narrator's flight from this house of death-in-life (which has not seen a visitor in twenty years) echoes the young girl's flight from the palatial "Crookhey Hall" depicted in Carrington's 1947 painting of her childhood home (given its actual name),[13] which she left forever when she was twenty years old. Recalling the couple in "White Rabbits" in their red and green attire, three of the figures here are similarly attired.

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If "White Rabbits" can be said to depict—on one level at least—Carrington's break from her family and childhood home, "Waiting" appears to deal with her more recent history. Also written in 1941, it portrays the struggles of two women over a man. Again, Carrington

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[11] Leonora Carrington, *Paintings, Drawings and Scultures 1940-1990* (Serpentine Gallery, 1991), p. 53.

[12] Carrington, *Paintings*, p. 12.

[13] Carrington, *Paintings*, p. 65.

employs distancing techniques, as the story initially shows "two old women fighting in the street. . . ."

> Nobody knew how the quarrel had begun.
>
> A young woman on the other side of the street also observed the fight but she was more absorbed in the windows above, which went dark one by one. It was the hour of sleep, and with the extinction of each light the night became longer.
>
> People had given up staring at her, she had been standing there for so long. She was like a familiar ghost, but she was strange looking; her clothes were much too long and her hair much too untidy, like those of a person barely saved from drowning. (p. 61)

The young woman's solitude and loneliness are clear; one cannot help but think of Carrington waiting twice for Ernst to return from internment. Her resulting breakdown and institutionalization afterwards, and her escape from her family's machinations, can easily be seen as "a person barely saved from drowning." The young woman's long hair is "too untidy," and she may be a bit mad: she hears a "monotonous rhythm in her head. It was loud and dangerous and it made wonderful music" (p. 62).

There is no first-person narrator here, and we can only extrapolate that the emotional conflict between the young woman, called Margaret, and the "tall woman" named Elizabeth is "how the quarrel had begun"; thus the story folds back upon itself as Carrington first projects herself into old age (as she also does so successfully in her novel, *The Hearing Trumpet)*. But the focus here is on earlier years, and one might be tempted to suggest that the grieving Margaret stands in for Carrington herself, named confusingly to remind us of Peggy Guggenheim, here presented as the ironically tall Elizabeth.[14] Margaret mourns her loss of "Fernando," with his "almost blue, blue grey" hair (like Ernst's, so white that it looked blue); Fernando is forty-three (Ernst was forty-six when they met), and their intimacy was such that "'I cut his toenails myself. And I know every inch of his body and the difference between the smell of his hair and the smell of his skin'" (pp. 64–65). Elizabeth at first seems nurturing:

> The blond woman took a sheepskin off her arm and wrapped it around the other. "Come," she said, "you must get free, free to kill and scream, free to tear out his hair and free to run away only to come back laughing." (p. 62)

But she gradually leads Margaret through what becomes apparent as her own love nest, shared with Fernando, in which "the bed was rumpled and looked as if it was still warm from lovemaking" (p. 64).

The animals in this story are less frightening, more domestic than the carnivorous white rabbits of the story of that name: Elizabeth has "two big blonde dogs the same colour as her

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[14] The temptation is strong to provide all sorts of autobiographical referents. Marina Warner, for example, sees the battling women and sexual jealousy of the story as reflective of the struggles between Carrington and Marie-Berthe Aurenche, Ernst's second wife (*The House of Fear*, p. 8).

hair itself like a separate animal sitting on her head" (p. 62). Elizabeth's animal connection is thus unnatural, inorganic; conversely, the dogs are in tune with Margaret: unlike the people who cannot hear the music in her head, they "have been dancing for hours," (p. 62) leading their mistress to her failed rival. They lead the women to the house, on "a small square, charming with trees and elegantly windowed houses," where "Number 7" holds Elizabeth's "silks and furs" (p. 63) and where she "'only eat[s] banquets'" (p. 64). In contrast to these signs of Elizabeth's wealth, "large moths, which had been grazing peacefully amongst the more mature fur coats," fly out of a hallway filled with her "rather soiled clothes" (p. 63), adding a bit of humor to lighten the tension. Elizabeth also offers Margaret food with a spoon which "dropped into the lavatory the other day," (p. 64), evoking the arrogant childishness of Alfred Jarry's Pere Ubu, protagonist of a play for which Carrington helped Ernst design the sets. And she throws a satin shoe to scare two mice off the bed, declaring boastfully, "'There has been so much love in here that even the mice come back . . .'" (p. 64).

As in "White Rabbits," the young woman observer first looks "across the street" at the central action, a distance small in space but vast in perspective. She becomes part of the action: as in "White Rabbits" she is led in to the house by another woman, and again she climbs the stairs to the top of the house before the crisis begins. I am not certain whether Carrington had read Jung by this time; certainly the passage—into her past, her unconscious: the passage in the text, the ritual passage of the protagonist—is Jungian. The past itself becomes a topic of bitter conversation between the two women, as Elizabeth, "unleashing the dogs," says,

> "The past, . . . The adorable living past. One must wallow, just wallow in it. How can anybody be a person of quality if they wash away their ghosts with common sense?"
>
> She turned on Margaret ferociously and laughed in her face.
>
> "Do you believe," she went on, "that the past dies?"
>
> "Yes," said Margaret. "Yes, if the present cuts its throat." (p. 63)

"The present" appears to be Elizabeth's current possession of Fernando (almost an anagram of "Renato," Carrington's husband–of–convenience, but suggesting Ernst), who "had always hated" the song now played on Elizabeth's music box: "I Will Always Come Back" (p. 64). Ernst/Fernando does not finally come back to Carrington/the young woman, and we can more fully understand Margaret's strangeness and her hostility to the tall Elizabeth and her two blonde dogs. At the end, both women are "waiting"; by the time this story was published, Carrington might have known that Ernst would leave Guggenheim for Dorothea Tanning, turning from the patron of the arts to another painter.

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Finally, with "The Seventh Horse," the female protagonist emerges from conflict to a higher state in Carrington's hierarchy. She is now joined with nature, part human, part horse, and in her new role she can transform others, can herself be the agent of change. This story is more complex than the earlier ones, in narrative structure, in organization, and in mythic

elements. Carrington's humor again appears subtly, in language which quietly undercuts the expected.

As in "Waiting," the story is told by a third-person narrator—at first. Then the point-of-view shifts as threats from the strange-looking, long-haired young woman protagonist force the visionary "corpulent bird" with a "hairy mouth" who has lived in this garden for "seventy-seven years" (p. 68) to reveal activities within the house. The reluctant bird insists that "Hevalino" and her retinue of six horses have kept him awake, and "'If I cannot sleep I can see neither the past nor the future'" (p. 67). But Hevalino (Cheval, Heavenly?) reminds him of his vulnerability: "'You had better keep awake. I heard somebody say you would be roasted in hot fat, stuffed with parsley and onions, and then eaten. . . . If you tried to fly you'd be like a fat toad doing his death dance'" (p. 68). And so the bird reluctantly complies, and "a great black moth flew out of his mouth" (p. 68) as he begins. (A "winged creature" clings to Margaret's mouth in "Waiting," possibly designating her with similar prophetic qualities.)

In "The Seventh Horse," the bird reveals the secrets within the house, which the young woman-horse can not enter; she is at first confined to the garden, her hair caught in a bramblebush. This is the first American story in which Carrington includes a garden in her landscape, and she imbues it with rich Freudian possibilities. A rose garden, surrounded by bramble bushes, it belongs to "The lady," Mildred, "thin and dry as a stick," who "strongly object[s] to trespassers." (Her husband later declares that he has not slept with her for five years.) Hevalino appears most at home in the garden. "'I expect it is my poor silly little husband who has let her in,' Mildred continues. 'He is such a child you know.' 'I've been here for years,' shrieked the creature angrily. But you are too stupid to have seen me'" (p. 66). One must wonder if these years coincide with Mildred's absence from her husband's bed.

As the bird recounts the events within the house, Mildred's husband, Philip, enraged that she would leave the creature trapped in the brambles, attacks her for her "false modesty" and for "annoying the poor with [her] religious preamble" (p. 69). Told that Mildred is pregnant,

> Philip goes white with rage. "I won't stand these fatuous lies. It is quite impossible that Mildred is pregnant. She has not graced my bed for five whole years, and unless the Holy Ghost is in the house I don't see how it came about. For Mildred is unpleasantly virtuous, and I cannot imagine her abandoning herself to anybody." (pp. 69–70)

This offensive piety is reminiscent of the character Uncle Ubriaco's possessive daughter in the earlier novella, *Little Francis*; Carrington imbues her with the same distasteful qualities which she sees in Marie-Berthe Aurenche, Ernst's not-enough-estranged wife left behind in Paris. Not surprisingly, in "The Seventh Horse," Philip rejects the "dead reality" around him; "listening to faraway voices . . . he flings open the window and gives a long. . . . Here the bird paused, and a long sickening neigh rent the night" (p. 70). The story shifts back to the third-person point of view as Hevalino recognizes "Philip, the friend of the horses." "The six horses thundered off toward the stable," and "Hevalino, with a shuddering sigh, followed, her hair streaming behind her" (p. 70).

> Philip was at the stable door as they arrived. His face was luminous and as white as snow. He counted seven horses as they galloped by. He caught the seventh by the mane, and leapt onto her back. The mare galloped as if her heart would burst. And all the time Philip was in a great ecstasy of love; he felt he had grown onto the back of this beautiful black mare, and that they were one creature. . . . That night the corpse of Mildred was found near the stable. One would believe that she had been trampled to death . . . and yet "They are all as gentle as lambs," said the little groom. If Mildred had been pregnant there was no sign of it as she was stuffed into a respectable black coffin. However, nobody could explain the presence of a small misshapen foal that had found its way into the seventh empty stall. (p. 71)

What a deliciously comic revenge: the irritating Mildred "stuffed into a respectable coffin" and her potential offspring transformed by love into a horse–child. The old adage warns, "Be careful what you wish for." Or lie about. Carrington, even in these New York stories, written in so unstable a time, has achieved the "superior revolt of the spirit" against family, against society, against a world in chaos. Transforming her own stories into mythic tales, she has told them in a wickedly humorous, off–hand manner which belies their complexity. Although perhaps rooted in the author's own experience, these youthful tales transcend their origins and reach toward whatever universals (in dream imagery and mythic re–creation) Surrealist art can achieve. Their wicked humor similarly suggests the author's distance from her material.

Even the minimal landscape of these stories in English offers the unnerving juxtapositions of dream and reality, horror and humor, the beautiful and the grotesque which characterize Surrealism. Carrington's paintings of this period convey similar juxtapositions, similar richness.

In her early, Mexican years, Carrington's landscape (both written and painted) became more complex, utilizing new scenes and mythologies, and then the writing stopped entirely. Now, her painting alone conveys her worldview, and again it is spare; now the protagonist, the wise and witty "crone" which she has become, no longer stands on the side watching. She is a participant, still a rebel against convention, still wonderfully wicked n her black humor, continuing to pursue her Surrealist odyssey.