Toilet Paper, presented to seminars led by:

Anna DeZeuze, AHRB Centre for the Study of Surrealism and its Legacies, University of Manchester, Manchester, UK. Lecture and screening, 2003

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Lecture and screening, 2003

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Lecture and screening, 2003

Parveen Adams, *Culture and Shit*, The London Consortium, University College London, UK. Lecture and screening, 2002

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Lecture and screening, 2002

Jill Giegerich, UC Riverside, Riverside, CA
Lecture and screening, 2005

Ken Gonzales Day, Scripps College, Claremont, CA.
Lecture and screening, 2009 (with an additional updating note about the 43rd administration, see p. 8)

MARGARET MORGAN

TOILET PAPER

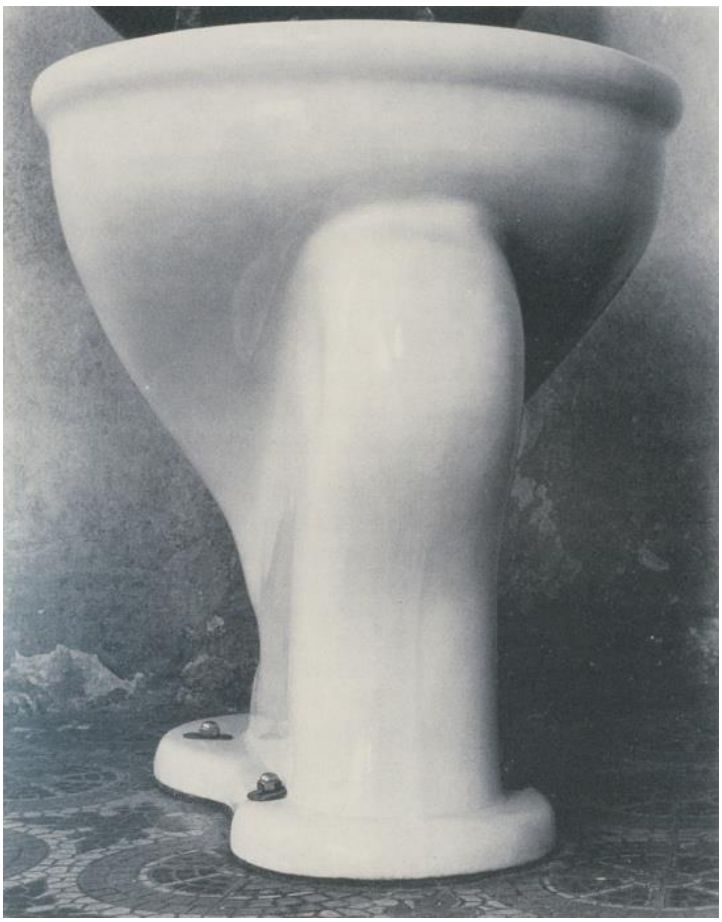
Siegfried Kracauer said that a lot could be learnt about a culture by examining its surface manifestations.[i] Claire Loos said that "… a lot can be learnt about a culture by looking into its toilets."[ii]

This presentation is situated somewhere between the two, between surface and depth, between illusion and abjection, between the cinemas and sewers of modernity.

Film still, *Trainspotting*, 1996 Untitled bathroom 992106, 1999

[All illustrations, the artist, unless otherwise noted in captions or in the body of the text.]

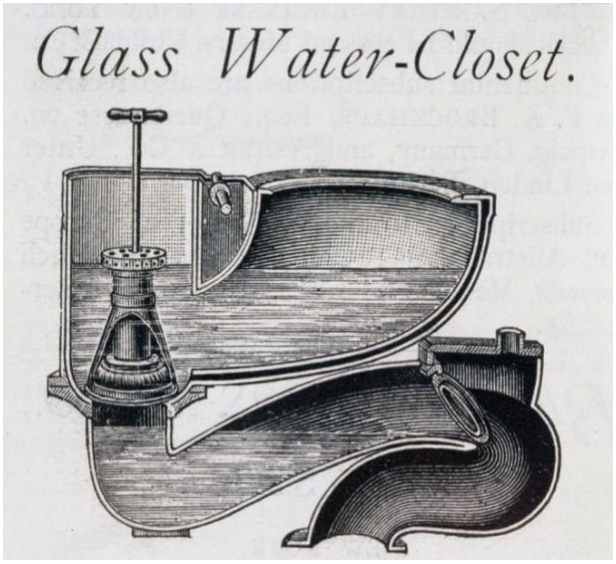
I like to employ a kind of cross-mapping,[iii] in which I scan across time and place looking for patterns, replications, reiterations, so as better to understand how ordinary things circulate within the symbolic order, how they become supercharged and resonant. I look only to those images and icons which circulate very freely, and which easily migrate from one register of culture and life to another: One such image is the toilet. In the twentieth century, hygiene was god and the toilet its ambiguous icon.



Edward Weston *Exscusado,* 1925

For the individual under modernity, there are two dominant ideological drives: on the one hand, toward individual agency, and, on the other, toward common ownership of what became the public realm. That is, in order to exist, the modern individual who votes, shops, chooses, opines, and so on, is split from everyone else, a discreet subject. Yet modernity also promises that such an individual (especially if they are white, male and middle class) shall be entitled to common identification with the public sphere: The king's palace becomes the public's museum. How to reconcile the subject's separateness from the mass of which he[sic] is definitionally also a part? To reconcile such conflict, modernity sought, in Catharine Beecher's words, "a place for everything, and everything in its place."[iv] It sort to separate the public from the private and to shore up the hallowed sanctity of coupledom-domesticity whilst maintaining a monumental publicness, erected without any of the concomitant dirtiness, out-of-place-ness that personal touch might entail. Inevitably, however, the private does touch the public and a psychic charge accrues to the places where those different registers of modern entitlement converge.

Griselda Pollock identified the spaces of public/private interface under nineteenth century modernism: the brothel, the bar, the theatre.[v] In Pollock's analysis the figure of 'woman' – specifically the sex-worker – becomes a cipher for the complex workings of modern anxiety around not only sexuality, disease and embodiment, but also the incommensurability of the public/private split. The shock of Impressionist painters depicting dancehalls, restaurants and bars was that they portrayed working-class women engaging with and selling sex to bourgeois and petite bourgeois men. The spectacle of individual sexuality and its open commerce in public precisely articulated anxiety around class, gender, venereal disease and the new modern social forms, individual sovereignty and the mingling of classes and genders in the public sphere.



Advertisement, Glass toilet, c 1910

In the twentieth century, these once contaminating and titillating marginal spaces of modernity became relatively normalized. Yet anxiety persists at the interface of the modern public sphere and its individuals. Where? In the bathrooms and toilets of public and semi-public space. Allow me to elaborate: For the sake of hygiene and public health we want the public bathroom to be clean. If only it could be transparent! Against the invisible threats of disease and contamination, we want toilets to display themselves as clean: Porcelain is meant to gleam, chrome to shine, their smooth surfaces a kind of camouflage. We laugh at fluffy toilet seats. We sneer at decorated toilet paper covers. The cleaning ladies come in after hours. Neither dirt nor feminizing accoutrement are part of the discourse. When we look, we want to see the shine, not the drip. Modern toilets are meant to be devoid of matter-out-of-place – shit, piss and homey decoration, all sheen and gloss, devoid of signs of the very human presence for which they are intended.

Previous:
Untitled bathroom 992629, 1999

In this, the fact of a necessary cleanliness gives way to a symbolic cleanliness in which the glow and sparkle of smooth, white fixtures creates a flare, a flash, a fetish to distract us. That's one way to deal with the conflict.

Found image, plumbing fixtures showroom, c 1920

But with each lowered and raised seat, every splash of urine, every tear of toilet paper littering the floor, the public bathroom and its plumbing point to the impossibility of keeping intimacy, the personal, out of the public realm, and of keeping the sovereign individual free of contamination with the social body. Instead we are connected to every other denizen – via the sewer. And the communal rush to separation produces anxiety.

Century, 1978-98, detail

***A**nother Century*, 1998-2000

The public bathroom is the site of nervous laughter, loathing, fascination; these are covers over the irreconcilable conflict: You are your private self, but you are in public. Your body is warm but so is the shit just evacuated from your body. This is one of Kristeva's moments of abjection,[vi] neither subject nor object, but abject. For when you're sitting there in the stall of a public toilet, caught with your pants down, olfactories twitching, such separation is undone. Small wonder these are the places used for the exchange of gossip and sex and cigarettes, contraband, violence, illicit encounters of all kinds: it is the intersection of contamination and titillation that drives the charge of these interstitial, intimate semi-public places.

As a motif, the public toilet recurs again and again in the narratives of the twentieth American century: from the annals of art history to modernist architecture to social history to the darkened spaces of cinema. And as we shall see, this marker of the repressed is thoroughly gendered and racialized.

It is worth noting here, that, in nineteenth century in the United States, a nation founded on the notion of individual sovereignty, American patents for toilet and plumbing technology far exceeded those in Europe. Americans are nothing if not entrepreneurial. And their toilet innovations were 'glorified' as seen opposite. Yet it took some forty years for American sewer technology to catch up with Europe – largely because public sewer systems required not so much individual ingenuity as a sense of the common purpose and collective action. For American modernity, the conflict between individualism and the public sphere, was stark.

Gloria, 2000

On the left we see a 1924 advertisement for American Standard in which, harbinger of Soviet Socialist Realism to come, our hero the plumber leads the revolution in your toilet, a masculine *Liberty Leading the well-washed White People*. The wrench, you'll note, is firmly gripped, a mighty tool, his phallus. In the center, in this advertisement from 1910, you'll note another phallus, the water font: a gurgling eruption from which, the viewer might imagine, the white girl is about to sup (or is she skeptically inspecting it?), the font's gleaming porcelain enhancing its smooth erect form. This brand of modernism is thoroughly white and male. The action of cleaning may be associated with women and particularly with women of color,[vii] but the iconography is all Mr. Clean.

In mass culture motifs such as bathrooms, toilets, shower scenes, drains and pipes, persist over time, reinforced by use as shorthand for trauma and conflict. Recall, for example, the 'don't ask, don't tell' fiasco about gays in the military under the Clinton Administration: it was the *shower scene* that became the fulcrum of homophobic anxiety: How could straight men, comfortable with other straight men, still reliably look the other way, with men who were openly gay, in the same communal shower stall? The shower closet functions here as the scene of repression and desire, the conjoining of the fantasy of a private, sexualized body with the public organ, the military.[viii] Or think of the 1997 police

NYP97082001- 21 AUGUST 97- NEW YORK, NEW YORK, USA: African American and Haitian residents of Brooklyn New York protest with plungers outside the 70 Precinct August 16th over the August 9th Police torture of Haitian resident Abner Louima with a bathroom plunger. UPI ep/Roger Celestin

brutality against Abner Louima in New York in a local NYPD precinct bathroom: it was the detail of the implement used to sodomize the Haitian immigrant – popularly reported to be an ordinary toilet plunger – that made the injustice all the more incendiary to the plunger-waving protesters.[ix] Or think of the Tyco trial for corporate malfeasance: it is the anecdote of the $6000 *shower curtain* that exemplified the excesses of corporate greed. [Additional note in 2009 presentation: And in the previous (43rd) Bush Administration it was the obscene flooding of New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina that became the high-water mark of a government that from that point on went down the toilet, as commentors noted at the time.[x]]

Klaus Theweleit has explored the relationship between notions of engulfment and flooding in masculinist culture, particularly as it pertained to the *freikorps* of proto-Nazi Germany.[xi] Fear of engulfment has migrated to the very technologies used under modernity to control both flooding and bodily effluvia. Plumbing, so intimately connected to such control, has accrued these fears and become aligned with bodily trauma. Time and again it is a volatile signifier of the contradictions of modern men in public under modernity. That men confound their status as upright, whole, erect; that they prove themselves permeable, vulnerable and contradictory is all that which cannot directly be acknowledged in the symbolic order – and thus a toilet, a plunger, a shower stall takes the place of the unspeakable – and accrues the charge that would otherwise be attached to this patriarchal, heteronormative vision of selfhood.

We see this substitution prevail in the annals of formative twentieth century art history: Let us consider in greater detail a scenario in which a private fixture, in this case, a urinal, moves into bourgeois public view, crossing over from the relative privacy of the men's toilet into the full light of the hetero-social spaces of genteel art viewing: Let us review

DUCHAMP DESCENDS STAIRCASE himself for a repetitive-flash picture, and thereby makes a modern photograph as Dadaist as his 40-year-old *Nude* painting (top of page).

"NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE"

DADA'S DADDY

A new tribute is paid to Duchamp, pioneer of nonsense and nihilism

by WINTHROP SARGEANT

THIS month a rather strange assortment of people crowded into a small but elegant basement art gallery in Manhattan to view a rather strange assortment of painting and sculpture and to greet an equally strange artist who is responsible for the chief exhibit. The people include middle-aged critics, artists and directors of art museums who are capable of appreciating a fur-lined teacup as well as a Picasso. Most elaborate item in this exhibition is a suitcase containing carefully made reproductions of such things as a Mona Lisa with a mustache and the famous *Nude Descending a Staircase* which scandalized New York City gallery-goers at the Armory Show in 1913. The creator of this miniature museum was on hand at the exhibition's opening.

He is Marcel Duchamp, a wiry, genial, gray-eyed Frenchman who gesticulates rapidly with long lean hands as he talks. He is 64 years old, but looks 10 years younger. "A miniature Leonardo da Vinci!" exclaimed one museum director, attempting to explain the character of Duchamp's mind. "You know, he hasn't painted a picture since 1923," an anxious lady remarked. "What a pity! He has done practically nothing in all that time except play chess." Duchamp's reaction to the remark was merely to nod in happy agreement.

This pleasant little scene was full of meaning to those who were present at the opening. They were celebrating the historical

ON NEXT FOUR PAGES, DUCHAMP'S ART

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

Photo: Eliot Elisofon, 1952, Winthrop Sargeant**,** 'Dada's Daddy' *Life* magazine, April 28, 1952

that most famous of art historical toilet narratives, the pseudonymous presentation in 1917 by Marcel Duchamp, alias R. Mutt, of *Fountain* to the Society of Independent Artists. Known for his cubist painting, 'Nude Descending the Staircase', it is Marcel himself who descends the image in the magazine article[xii]. He takes the place of the naked female figure as a fractured body, in angular pieces, all movement, simultaneity and avant-gardism, an image only to be realigned with the masculine by the article's headline, 'Daddy of Dada'. By the time of the Society of Independent Artists' inaugural exhibition, when *Fountain* was first 'not seen', Duchamp was not only a member of the newly formed Independents, he was a high-ranking official. His title, Director of Installation, presages the furor to come: If we, by way of Duchampian pun, translate the English to the French, we have Duchamp as an *installateur.* At that time, in Europe, the French appellation, *installateur*, was popularly ascribed to none other than, the plumber. Or, to continue the punning, perhaps our Director of Plumbing, himself, was so firmly ensconced on the scene as to be a fixture. That is of course until that other fixture came into the picture. Or, rather, until it didn't. Thousands thronged that first exhibit but were not to see the suppressed readymade, the instantly notorious *Fountain*: As Beatrice Wood put it, 'a small hurricane of controversy,'[xiii] ensued because someone had had the audacity to submit a toilet as their work of art and because the Independents chose to reject the entry, in spite of their egalitarian principles of 'no jury, no prizes' – And why? Because, as they put it, it was 'gross, offensive, indecent.' [xiv] And in so doing the Society of Independent Artists made of itself a vessel as empty as an inverted urinal.

Alfred Stieglitz, (photograph of) *Fountain*, 1917

The Dadaists argued, "[w]hether Mr. Mutt with his own hands made the fountain or not has no importance. He CHOSE it. He took an ordinary article of life, placed it so that its useful significance disappeared under the new title and point of view, creating a new thought for that object."[xv] Yet Duchamp had been making ready-mades – "choosing ordinary objects and placing

them so their usual significance disappeared" – since 1913, think of *Bottle Rack*, *Bicycle Wheel*, *In Advance of The Broken Arm*, and he had been exhibiting them since 1916. None had caused a furor anything like that around *Fountain* in 1917. It is at the level of reception that this particular ready-made distinguished itself and set the tone for the reception of an entire artistic strategy. Its detractors argued that *Fountain* was a "plain piece of plumbing."[xvi] Of course such protestation begs the question: if a piece of plumbing is *just so plain*, why did it cause so much wiping of brows, raising of voices, contravention of bylaws and, to this day, writing of articles? Plumbing is no neutral, merely utilitarian object. It is the very specificity of this particular ready-made, the fact that it *is* a piece of plumbing, and at that, one associated with the micturating penis, a phallus unveiled, that gives it its very particular charge. The misplaced vessel, a urinal bound for the salon instead of the bathroom, was, in rejection, misplaced again, only knowable as an image in a photograph, the Alfred Steiglitz that stands in for the thing itself. And as such it became the fulcrum of one of the major artistic narratives of the twentieth century.

Baroness Elsa von Freytag Loringhoven, *God*, 1917 Portrait of the Baroness, *Out of Order*, 1997

The Baroness Elsa von Freytag Lorenhoven, or the Mama of Dada, understood only too well the import of plumbing in twentieth century culture. Here on the left we see an inverted S-bend sitting in a miter box, succinctly articulating what the Dadaists so wryly

observed during the *Fountain* scandal, that the only things America had to offer culture 'were her bridges and her plumbing'. The piece, from the same year as *Fountain*, is entitled *God*. The toilet named *Gloria* (see p 6), in manufacture around the same time, would seem to concur with the Baroness' wry notion of modern religion.

The Baroness *lived* Dada, embodied it in all her performances, her idiosyncratic way of life, her entire being. She left little artwork, and what remains has been oft misattributed, and there are mostly anecdotes, her lot to be neither fixture nor bicycle (as she ironically suggested) but rather, at least until recent scholarship, an image in reverse. A mere trace, fugitive, hardly legible at all. On the right of *God* is my portrait of the Baroness in builder's chalk, one of a group of major minor art historical figures that were part of an installation about a history of modernism, entitled, *Out of Order*, the name itself a ready-made.

How do the images of these bodies and beings circulate? How do they signify? I select only a few to follow, but they represent three distinct strands of modernism: the

rationalist, the absurdist and the mass: As different as these strands are, they each subscribe to notions of masculine virility but at the same time are infused with a certain uncanniness, a suggestion of anxiety – as if *he doth protest too much*: In the newspaper, Duchamp is hailed as the 'Daddy of Dada' but his fractured body occupies the place of the woman; and in the American Standard ad, the plumber's tool, located at hip-height, is a tool indeed, yet the masses form a lumpen heap behind him that lends itself to scatological associations as it tapers off into the distance; and lastly to our right we see the Austrian architect, Adolf Loos, here standing before the hearth of his Vienna apartment, his posture upright and his gaze direct. Yet the Architect's body is braced, his hands covering the genitals, marking an interdiction, the veiled phallus signifying his power as cultural arbiter but also, with his protective gesture, suggesting its vulnerability.

Adolf Loos, Loos Apartment, 1903
Adolf Loos, A Česká Architektura,
Muzeum hlavního mesta Prahy v r. 2000

Loos believed that indoor plumbing was integral to American hegemony and cultural ascendance:

> A home without a bathroom! An impossibility in America. The mere idea that at the end of the nineteenth century a country with a population of millions exists whose inhabitants cannot have a daily bath seems monstrous to Americans… Germany needs a bath. Let's consider the matter carefully: we don't really need art.

> We haven't even got a culture of our own yet. … Instead of spending money on art, let's try producing a culture. Let's put up bath [houses] next to the academies and employ bath attendants along with the professors… The plumber is the pioneer of cleanliness. He's the State's top tradesman, the quartermaster of civilization, the civilization that counts today.[xvii]

In another article that year Loos refers to his experience visiting Chicago and the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893:

> Our [Austrian] bathroom fixtures are the weakest of the lot. Instead of using white tiles for the bath, we prefer colored ones, so that, as a manufacturer naively assured me (he didn't actually demonstrate) the dirt would show up less.[xviii]

At the time, Loos was changing his opinion about the predominance of his native culture and the new hegemon, the United States: "[I] was still totally convinced of the superiority of German crafts and handiwork… My years of residence [in the USA] have had the effect that I still today blush with embarrassment when I think of the disgraceful representation of the German crafts in Chicago."[xix]

Loos had been living first-hand with an American system in transition. The plumbing of the American city was the culmination of a decades' long effort by urban planners and sanitary reformers who had embraced notions of community-based public health that had for so long languished in the US. For these sanitary reformers, the Columbian Exposition was the pinnacle of their achievements, with its three thousand toilets fully installed, the filtered drinking water, the paved streets and the nightly street cleaning – and all this in the shadow of Sullivan's Chicago, with its new sky-scrapers, its practicality, its technology – and all in its gleaming whiteness, with its white-clad street cleaners, the "White Wings", the white caps on the heads of newly converted children, the white tiles and white porcelain to symbolize cleanliness and purity.[xx] Indeed, the Columbian Exposition, with its brilliant white neoclassical facades, was dubbed the "White City." In their zeal, the planners used whiteness as a powerful signifier of hygiene, order and advanced culture.

This recurrent motif, whiteness, was a shorthand for cleanliness but it also reinforced racialized notions of hierarchy and contamination in a city, Chicago, with a soon to be burgeoning population on the cusp of one of the Great Migrations of freed slaves and

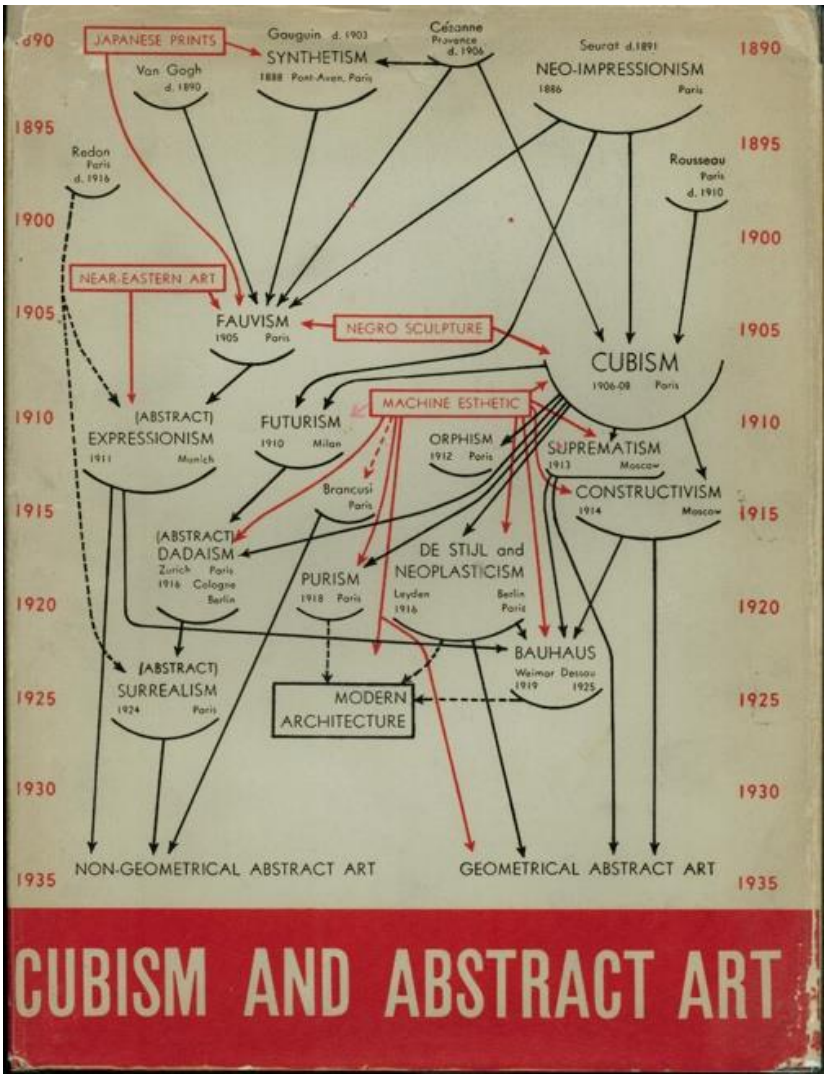
their descendants from the rural south. And the World's Columbian Exposition was a microcosm of that tension, excluding African Americans from all aspects of its organization, conjuring a clean white city, free of both dirt and the influence of black people. This coded juxtaposition of urban modernity, plumbing and whiteness, dovetailed comfortably with Loos' own notions of racial hierarchy vis-à-vis modernity: that modernity was white and male, and that decoration was for women and Papuans (in Loos' argument, exemplars of the primitive).[xxi] None of this was lost on the African American population of Chicago: Indeed, African American visitors to the Fair dubbed it the "great American White Elephant" and "the white American's World Fair." African American leaders considered boycotts and protest pamphlets." [xxii] In short, the rhetoric of 'whiteness' was an American invention as much as any flushing mechanism, and modern plumbing a charged and labile signifier articulating the fears and prejudices of white folk, and especially white men, as the United States rose to prominence.

The Americans running the show, meanwhile, in a misguided effort to attain cultural ascendancy, were trying to emulate Europe, in this case, its Beaux Arts tradition. – As one commentator in *The Nation* put it, "It is not unreasonable to fear lest the Court of Honor [main pavilion at the Exposition] mark the beginning of an outbreak of white classicality over the land, which will make the vagaries of Queen Anne and colonial style appear the height of good sense and taste."[xxiii] This presages the struggle for artistic ascendency at the base of the *Fountain* incident: a rising power, America, not recognizing its stature and competing with Europe with its own derivative version of neoclassicism or cubism instead of understanding the place of plumbing in modern urban life. Unconscious then, the American century and its plumbing lurched from charge to accrued charge.

Thus, as different as are the strands of modernism represented by Loos and Duchamp, each touched upon that volatile signifier, the plumbing of modern life. It took an obsessive tidier to put these strands of art history into their separate places. Each is writ large in the history authored by the influential first director of New York's Museum of Modern Art, Alfred H. Barr.

Barr's famous chart for "Cubism and Abstract Art" is one of many and is, as reported by his wife, Margaret Barr, part of 'his preoccupation with discipline and neatness;'[xxiv] indeed, I would say, his desire to have a place for everything and everything in its place.

Notice though, in the image below of my copy of the original catalogue, with its dustjacket pretty much intact, the almost imperceptible intervention, the pink mark, the discrete correcting arrow, transgressing Barr's system, inserting an interpretation, an addition, implying a surfeit, a tiny pink arrow that stands in defiance, on the dustjacket of my copy, anonymous, but audacious, insistent on the incompletion, indeed the open-ness of the system depicted. The pink arrow is a correction, like a mom or a teacher grading the work. And herein lies the contradiction in the project. If Barr's system is as tidy and ordering as any plumbing Loos could find, it is also an invitation to disorder or at least addition, like putting that second bathroom on at the back of the house. If Barr's name is a literal blockage, a barr-ier, an interdiction no more than Loos' hands across his penis, the commanding containment of any loose and messy stuff, it is also an admission of the

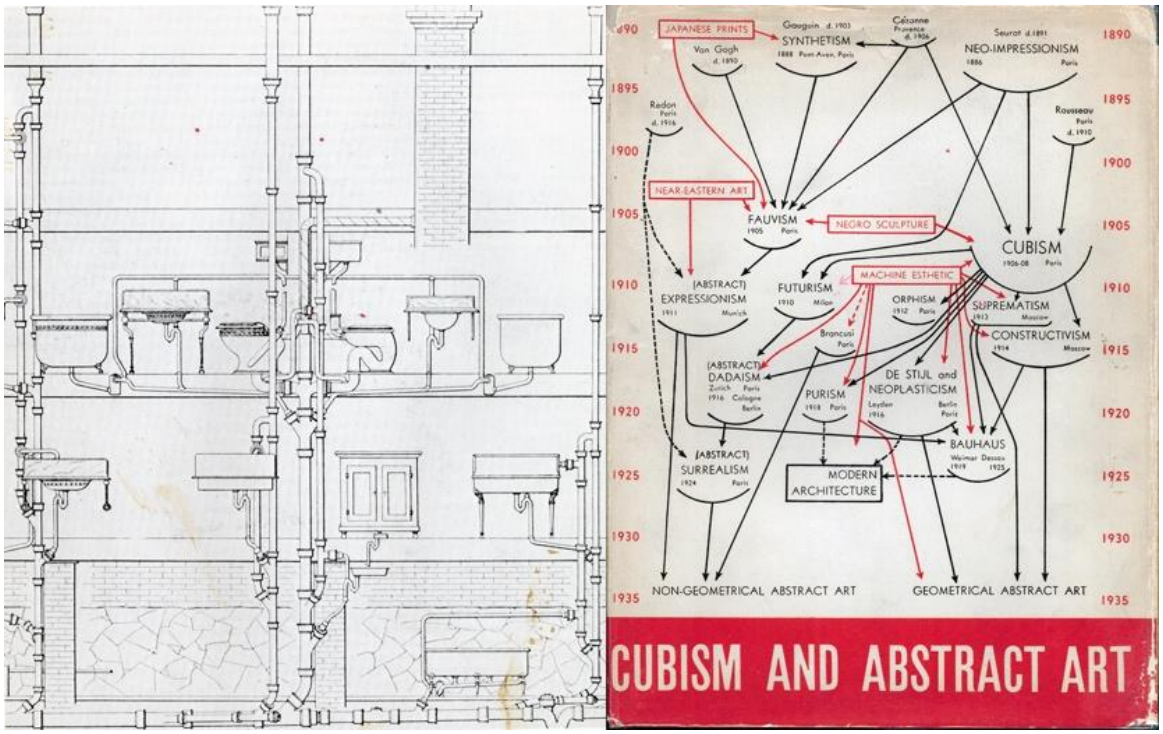


Cover, Alfred Barr, *Cubism and Abstract Art*, Museum of Modern Art, 1936

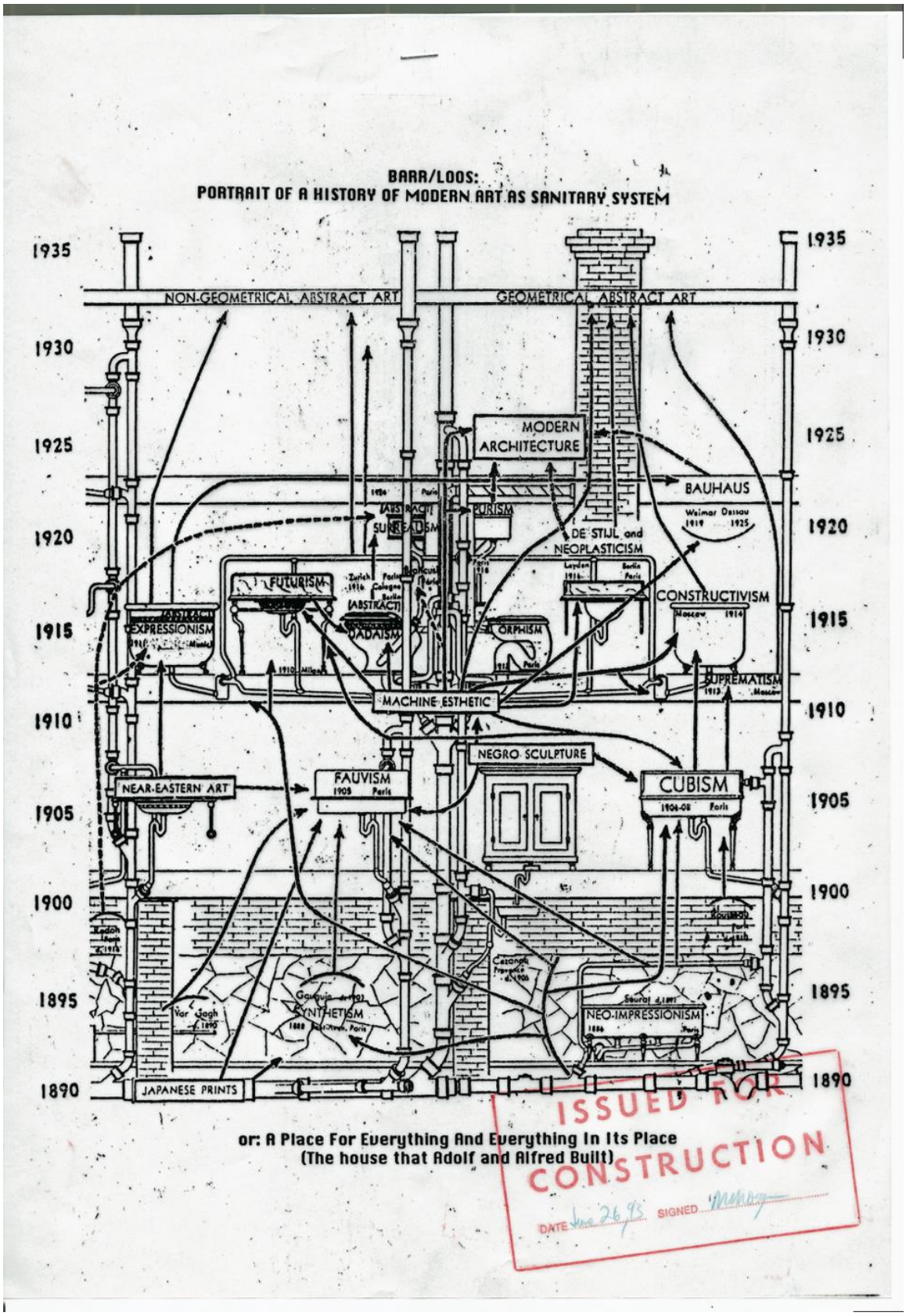
futility of that interdiction and the impossibility of order or containment, so unruly a system as it evidently is.

If I, as an artist, am to take up the implicit invitation that our anonymous interloper has proffered with the tiny pink arrow, what system might I build upon the foundation Barr has constructed and how might I conjoin it with the house of Adolf Loos, so as, in my mind's eye at least, to multiply the impulse of that small, pink arrow?

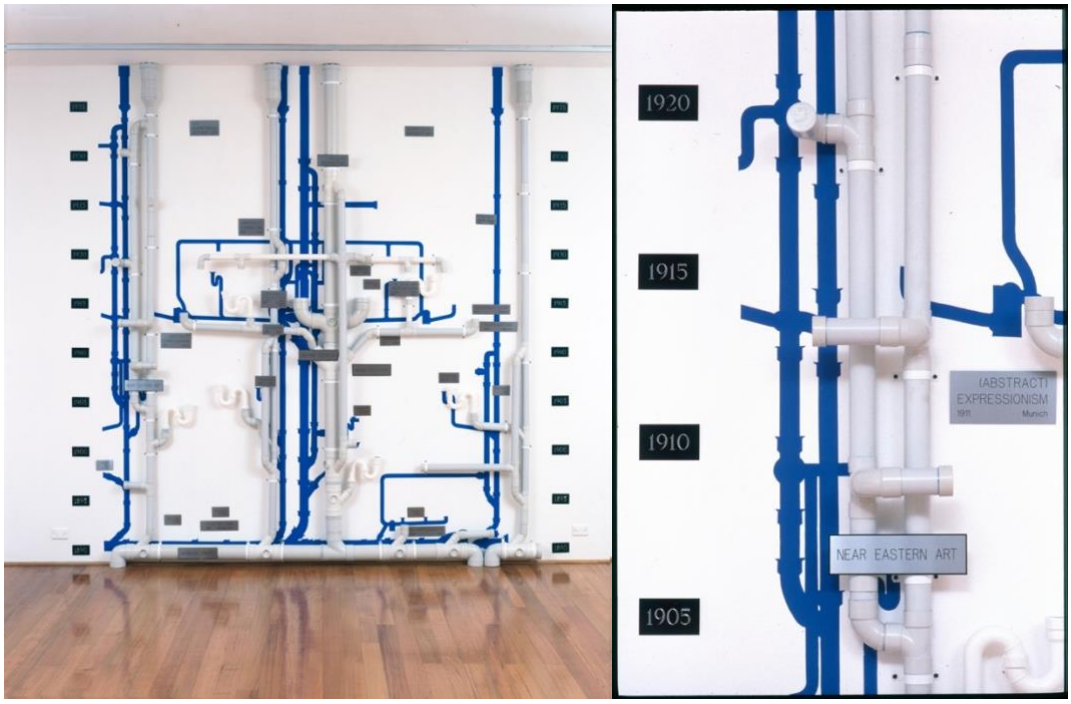
Following is a diagram of a *fin de siècle* plumbing system, the like of which Adolf Loos so admired (coffee stains the author's),[xxv] and again the Alfred Barr tidy house with all aspects of modernism in its box or chain:



I think of Barr/Loos as a queer couple, each a tidier, house proud and organized. Conjoined, one upside down, the two systems make a *Portrait of a History of Modern Art as Sanitary System*, an unlimited edition (now discontinued) produced in an architect's office in 1993:

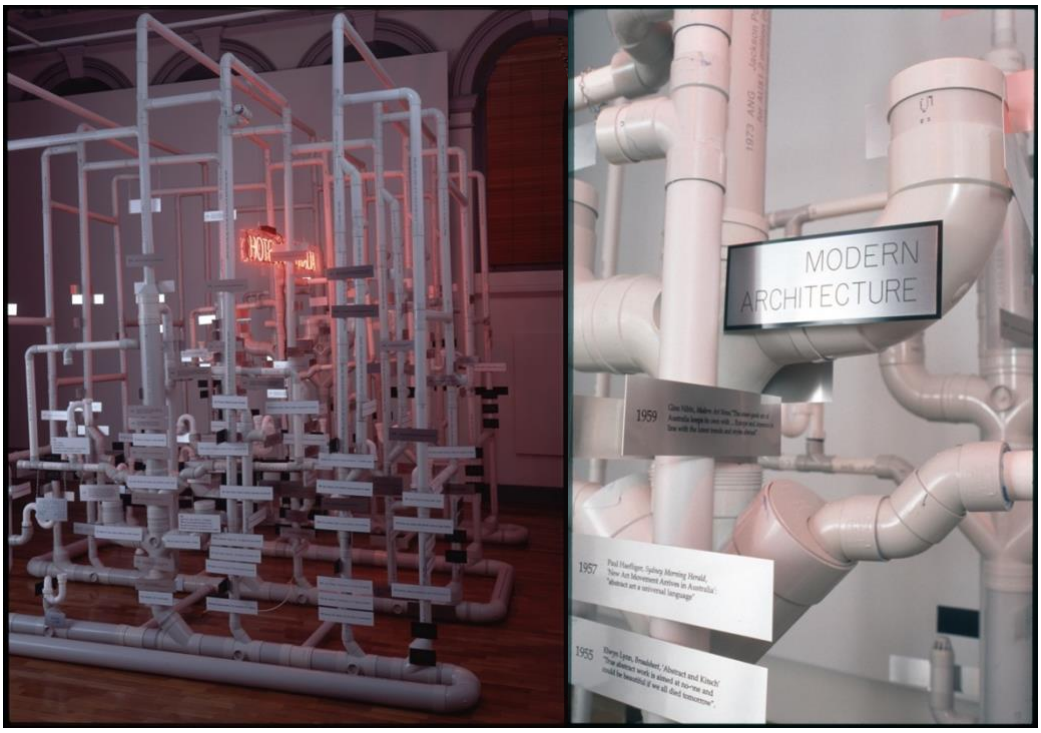


It is from this plan that I, like a good modernist, developed my projects:



Out of Order, 1997; and showing detail of plumbing chart; installation view opposite the plumbing showing portraits of major-minor figures excerpted from the diagram; and the portrait of Adolf Loos, below

And what effect might be had if I were to multiply its schema, adding more layers of art historical and other data, building it out into three dimensions?



Hotel Australia, 2001

And how might that repetition alter or even undermine Barr's primary map? And what does it say about its centrality and also the limitations of such an endeavor? These are questions I reserve until question time.

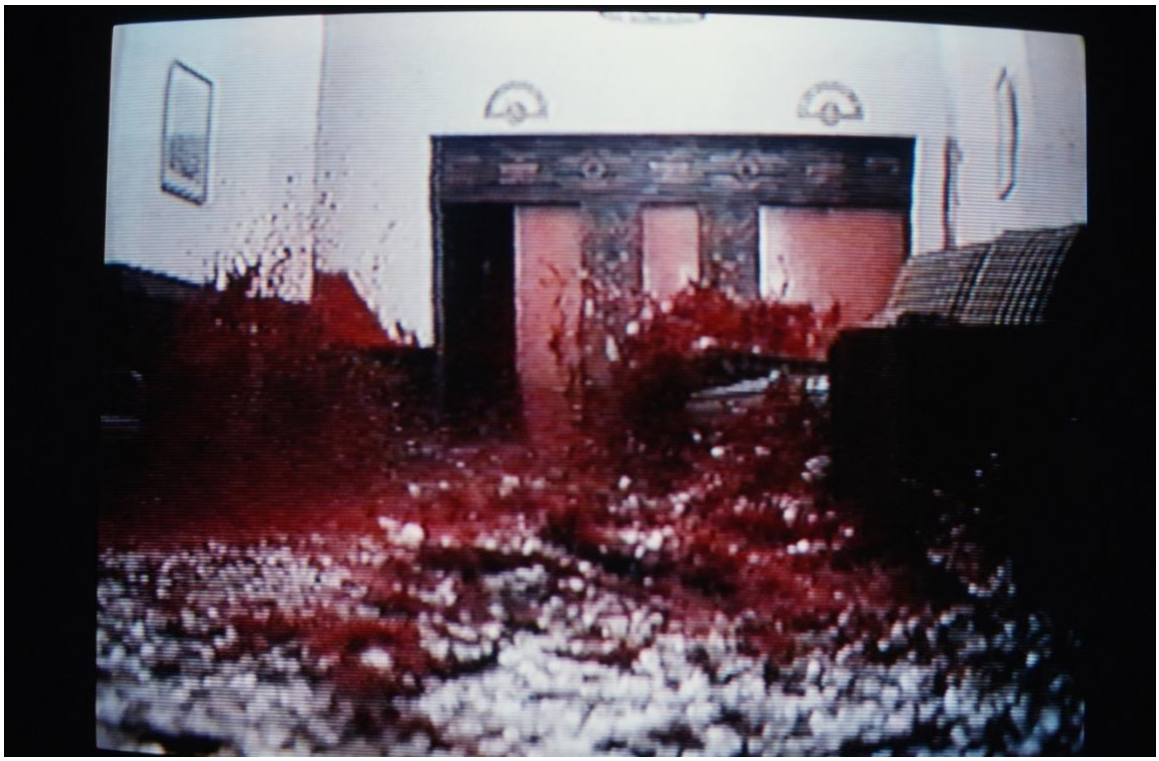
My discussion has so far leaned toward the art historical and the social. Let us now shift emphasis to the more popular incarnations of plumbing in twentieth century culture: If in the past one hundred years, plumbing design and technology have stabilized, their principle venting and flushing mechanisms basically the same as they were at the beginning of the last century, let us not imagine that fear or conflict have abated in plumbing's symbolic register, let us go to contemporary mass culture and see what we find: We will see that plumbing still articulates the deepest fears of our anxious modern subject and that the watery, abject reflection in the toilet bowl still holds us transfixed. Where does this still occur with startling regularity? – In the bathroom scenes of cinema.

Still, *Psycho*, 1960

Still, *Blood Simple*, 1984

As we sit in the darkened theater, our individual subjectivities collectively forgotten, we watch the toilet be the setting for murder, mayhem and terrifying denouement.
In popular film the bathroom, the basement, the drain, the down-pipe swelling with unnatural unction, these are the cinematic non-spaces wherein personhood is let go: the figure of the human is murdered, massacred, sucked into the plumbing's apparatus, its tenuous grip on the fantasy of stable subjectivity loosened, dispersed, annihilated, only to rise again, undead indeed, from the drains and sewers of cinema. And we watch the bathroom be juxtaposed, an endless loop, with a woman's gaping/screaming mouth, her dead eye, her bleeding body, from drain to misogynist drain, one hole substituting for another. Ancient associations of woman with engulfment, woman with floods, and woman with the abject persist in these very modern plumbing tropes. The toilet functions as *omphalos*[xxvi], a void, a hole, an architectural 'wound', that non-place we refuse to acknowledge, lest we recall that which is 'best left alone', hence the thrill, horror and shock of watching the movies.

Still, *The Shining*, 1980



Still, *The Shining*, 1980

Still, *Carrie*, 1976

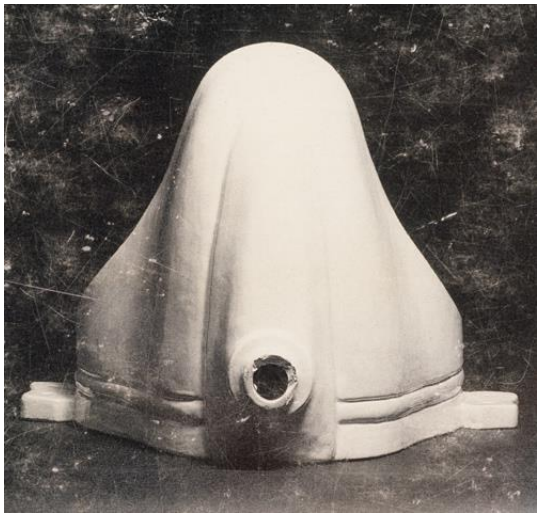
Still, *Blood Simple*, 1984

Still, *The Conversation,* 1974

If blood is to woman, might not menses, itself, be a covering up? Might blood itself stand in for some other bodily substance? When DePalma was directing *Carrie*, he had originally thought of the bucket above Carrie's head on the night of the prom being filled, not with blood, but with shit.

And here we have a clue to that most democratic of phobias, a fear of anality, a fear of faeces.[xxvii] If we open this discourse, what can of worms are we also opening up?

How might we finally turn Duchamp's urinal on its arse [sic]?



How might we open up an examination of subjectivity that speaks to more fundamental anxieties that are themselves covered up by the appearance of gynophobia?

Blossom of Shit, 2000

And now, let's examine the relationship between fear of the sewers and drains – and women – as manifestations of the fear, especially men's, of their own embodiment. Let's have a look at those cinematic bathroom scenes of which I spoke – in *Toilet Training*, 26 fast-paced minutes, with some violence, especially toward the end. The end.

[i] Siegfried Kracauer, *The Mass Ornament*, 1927 [from 1990 Whitney ISP photocopied reader]
[ii] Claire Loos, fourth wife of Adolf Loos, paraphrasing Loos in ed. Adolf Opel, *The Private Life of Adolf Loos*, trans. Constance C. Pontasch, Vienna, Hermann Bohlaus Nachf., 1985, p. 79
Thanks to Catherine Lord and Carrie Paterson for bringing this volume to my attention.
[iii] Elisabeth Bronfen's term
[iv] Catherine E. Beecher, *Letters to Persons Who Are Engaged in Domestic Service*, New York, NY, Leavitt & Trow, 1842, p. 211
[v] Griselda Pollock, *Vision and Difference*, New York, NY, Routledge, 1988 (reprinted 1989), pp. 50 - 90
[vi] Julia Kristeva, *Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection*, Columbia University Press, 1982, trans. Leon S. Roudiez
[vii] See Mierle Laderman Ukeles, *Manifesto for Maintenance Art 1969!* and subsequent practice
[viii] Kendall Thomas, "Shower/Closet" in ed. Mark Wigley, *Assemblage*, Critical Journal of Architecture and Design Culture, Cambridge, MA, MIT Press, #20, April 1993, pp. 80 - 81
[ix] The plunger was a phantasmatic object, a misnomer in the press subsequently taken up as a symbol of the obscenity of police brutality; the actual weapon was a broken broomstick. For a fuller account, see my Letter, "System Failure", ArtForum, XL, No. 3, November 2001, p. 20
[x] See for example Michael Tomasky, 'The Legacy of Katrina' *The Guardian*, August 29, 2007
[xi] Klaus Theweleit, *Male Fantasies*, Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 1987
[xii] Thanks to Amelia Jones for this reference, forthcoming in *Irrational Modernism, A Neurasthenic History of New York Dada*, Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, [2004]
[xiii] Beatrice Wood, *I Shock Myself*, San Francisco, CA, Chronicle Books, revised ed. 1988, reprinted 1992, pp. 29 - 30
[xiv] Quoted in William A. Camfield, "Marcel Duchamp's *Fountain*: Its History and Aesthetics in the Context of 1917" in *Dada/Surrealism*, Iowa City, Iowa: University of Iowa, 1987, No. 16, pp. 69 - 70
[xv] From *The Blind Man* No. 2, May 1917, reproduced in Beatrice Wood, *I Shock Myself*, San Francisco, CA, Chronicle Books, revised edition 1988, reprinted 1992, p. 30
[xvi] From *The Blind Man*, op cit
[xvii] Excerpts from Adolf Loos, "Plumbers", in *Neue Freier Presse*, July 17, 1898, this translation in Münz and Künstler, *Adolf Loos, Pioneer of Modern Architecture*, New York, NY, Frederick A. Praeger, 1966, pp. 220 - 221
[xviii] Adolf Loos, "Plumbers," op cit, pp. 221 - 22
[xix] Adolf Loos, "The Leather Goods and Gold- and Silver-smith Trades," *Neue Freier Presse*, May 15, 1898, reprinted in *Spoken into the Void*, trans. Jane O. Newman and John H. Smith, Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1982 (third printing, 1989), p. 7
[xx] See Suellen Hoy, *Chasing Dirt*, Oxford, UK, Oxford University Press, 1995
[xxi] Adolf loos, "Ornament and Crime," *Spoken into the Void*, op cit
[xxii] Rudwick, Elliott M., and August Meier. "Black Man in the 'White City': Negroes and the Columbian Exposition, 1893." *Phylon (1960-)*, vol. 26, no. 4, 1965, pp. 354–361
[xxiii] *The Nation*, No.1469, August 24, 1893
[xxiv] Sybil Gordon Kantor, *Alfred H. Barr, Jr. and the Intellectual Origins of the Museum of Modern Art*, Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2002, p. 26
[xxv] "Complete Plumbing of a new residence. An up-to-date piece of work in Hartford, Connecticut, by R. M. Starbuck" From *The Plumbers' Journal: Gas, Steam and Hot Water Fitters Review*, Vol. 27, Chicago, 1900 reprinted in *Spoken into the Void*, op cit, p. 45
[xxvi] Elisabeth Bronfen, *The Knotted Subject: Hysteria and Its Discontents*, Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1998
[xxvii] Thanks to Australian artist, filmmaker and theorist, Helen Grace, for her thoughts on this point