

Cinematic Incorporation: Literature in *My Life Without Me* (2003)

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My Life Without Me (2003), directed by Isabel Coixet and produced by, amongst others, Pedro Almodovar, tells the story of the response of its 23 year old protagonist Ann (played by Sarah Polley) to her diagnosis with terminal ovarian cancer. The film is loosely based on the title short story of Nanci Kincaid's collection *Pretending the Bed is a Raft* (1997), although there are character and plot differences. Most significantly, Ann decides to keep her diagnosis a secret from friends and family, whereas the protagonist of the short story does not. In the first half of this article, I explore how two recent theorisations of the term "incorporation" allow us to read on the one hand the film's relationship to Kincaid's short story in particular and to literature in general, and on the other, the narrative consequences of Ann's secretive decision.² In the first instance, Jay David Bolter and Richard Grusin's definition of incorporation in *Remediation* (2000), helps explain how the film does not adapt the short story upon which it is supposedly based, but in fact only repurposes it. Literary aspects of the film's mise-en-scène, plot and imagery, however, signal *My Life Without Me*'s incorporation of literature. In the second instance, I explore how Jacques Derrida's theory of incorporation's role in mourning helps the viewer understand the film's narrative development out of Ann's secret.³ In the second half of this article, I develop Leo Bersani's idea of impersonal intimacy into a theory of literature. I argue that impersonal intimacy defines the literary in contrast to cinema's tendency to full disclosure.

Meteoric Secrecy

In her "Cast and Crew" interview on the 2005 Metrodome DVD of *My Life Without Me*, Coixet acknowledges that Kincaid's story was "like a springboard, an excuse to tell my own stories". There is no doubt that the story and the film are in an intimate relationship with each other, but this is neither a monogamous relationship nor one that demands fidelity. In fact, as Adam Phillips (1996) puts it (albeit in a different context), "adaptation is the polite word for promiscuity" (p. 100). Fidelity criticism, that critical orthodoxy of adaptation studies, is therefore no longer useful here. There is

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² In "Incorporating Images in Film: Truffaut and Emblems of Death", Alan K. Smith (1999) argues that "recent discussions of the tense relations between the specialized codes of film and the cultural codes and genres that englobe the cinematic apparatus have identified an underlying dynamic of 'incorporation'" (p. 107). See, for instance, Timothy Murray (1993) and Brigitte Peucker (1995).

³ For other work on film that engages with psychoanalytic theories of incorporation, in particular those of Nicholas Abraham and Maria Torok, see T. Jefferson Kline (2007) and Matthew Feltman (2008).

little to be gained from treating the story as the “source” or “original” text, and then determining to what extent the film remains faithful to, or betrays, it. Despite her use of the term in interview, Coixet is not, in fact, *adapting* the short story; rather, she is *repurposing* it.

As Bolter and Grusin (2000) explain, repurposing is the process whereby the content of a story is borrowed and reused, without its medium (in this instance the genre of the short story) being appropriated (p. 45). Whereas the physical book of John Berger’s novel *To the Wedding* literally appears in the film and is quoted from, there is, as befits repurposing, no “conscious interplay” (Bolter and Grusin, 2000, p. 45) between the media of film and the short story.⁴ Whilst the story of “Pretending the Bed is a Raft” is only repurposed in the film, however, literature in general is remediated: remediation, in contrast to repurposing, is “the representation of one medium in another” (Bolter and Grusin, 2000, p. 45).

Elaborating on their concept of remediation in the context of virtual reality’s relationship to older technologies such as television and film, Bolter and Grusin (2000) explain that remediation works “by the strategy of incorporation” (p. 48). By analogy, it is possible to understand *My Life Without Me*’s relationship with literature as one of incorporation, manifest in various elements of the film’s composition. Incorporation of the literary appears at the level of mise-en-scène, for instance, in the set of Ann’s lover’s house which is entirely devoid of furniture apart from piles and piles of books. In one scene these even act as impromptu stools, the literary here literally supporting the film actors’s bodies. But this incorporation also occurs more subtly at the level of plot. The film *My Life Without Me* is literary – and I will explore in a moment what that term might mean – but not because it repurposes a short story. In fact, Coixet does not regard Kincaid’s story as literature: “we are not talking about literature”, she says in interview: “Nanci Kincaid is not Flannery O’Connor, Carson McCullers, or Lorrie Moore” (2005). Rather, *My Life Without Me* is literary because of the *change* it makes to Kincaid’s story: the incorporation of a secret at the heart of the film’s narrative is a literary gesture. This change to the plot elevates the story from the realm of the banal and moves its engagement with death and infidelity into literary terrain.

What does it mean, though, to describe a film as “literary”? Again, the notion of the secret provides the answer here, in terms of an irreducible relationship that exists between literature and the secret. In *Literature in Secret*, Derrida (2008) goes so far as to inscribe “the question of secrecy as the secret of literature” (p. 132). No textual object, be it a word, phrase, story, novel – or possibly even a film – is intrinsically literary. What reveals something as literary is not an internal analysis, but “the absence of a fully determinate context” (Derrida, 2008, p. 130). The question of secrecy is the secret of literature, then, in the sense that for something to become-literary,

⁴ Bolter and Grusin (2000) explain that “the interplay happens, if at all, only for the reader or viewer who happens to know both versions and can compare them” (p. 45).

its *full* context, the *total* reverberation of its meaning, must remain secret. That which is literary is that which we can never fully know or exhaustibly understand. When viewing *My Life Without Me*, the viewer senses this literary withholding, this suspension of total comprehensibility. In Derrida's (2008) words, the viewer "senses literature coming down the secret path of this secret, a secret that is at the same time kept and exposed, jealously sealed and open like a purloined letter. She has advance sense of [*pressent*] literature" (p. 131).

Exploring the secretive nature of the literary further, Derrida (2008) introduces a striking metaphor: "Literature," he says, "will have been meteoric. Like secrecy" (p. 139). Derrida (2008) is employing the meteoric in the widest possible sense of the term, as any atmospheric phenomenon such as lightning or thunder. What makes the metaphor so effective is the suspended, or secretive, nature of the meteor, the way in which "it belongs to the air, to being-in-the-air" (p. 133). The meteor keeps itself suspended, even when it touches. The meteor, like literature, like the secret, always keeps something back from us. But at the same time, it only becomes visible when entering our atmosphere – we must see or touch some of it, to know that we are not encountering it all. In a further incorporation, *My Life Without Me* is framed by imagistic echoes of the secret meteoricity of the literary: it opens with a scene of an aqueous meteor, rain, and closes with a luminous one – the rainbow effect of the coloured bead curtain through which the dying Ann views her family.

No Shame on "You"

On learning of her death sentence, Ann writes a "List of Things to Do Before I Die". Numbers seven and eight on her list are "make love with other men to see what it's like" and "make someone fall in love with me". In achieving these two aims, Ann performs a doubled movement of incorporation, incorporating the secret of her dying within the secret of her infidelity: "one secret subjects or silences the other"; "one secret is at the same time enclosed and dominated by the other" (Derrida, 2008, p. 9). Whilst Ann's secrets are crucial to the literary aesthetics of the film, they pose ethical problems for the viewer.⁵ As Derrida (2008) observes, "aesthetics demands the secret of what remains hidden and rewards it; ethics, for its part, requires instead its manifestation. Aesthetics cultivates the secret, ethics punishes it" (p. 124, n. 3). The film participates in this tension between aesthetics "(the desire to conceal)" and the ethical "(the interdiction against concealing)" (p. 124, n. 3).

Ann's adultery becomes comprehensible, and, more provocatively, morally acceptable (if only to herself) when the viewer understands the changes to Ann's psychic topography caused by her diagnosis and her refusal to mourn. For Derrida, incorporation is an effect of refused

⁵ See, for instance, reviews by Roger Ebert (2003), Sarah Kaufman (2003) and Ann Lee (2003).

mourning, in which the subject rejects the gradual process of introjection and instead fantastically absorbs within him or herself what has just been lost.⁶ The subject builds within herself a crypt containing all the words, scenes, tears and trauma of her loss, all the unexpressed grief. As Derrida (1986) describes it in “*Fors*”, the crypt is “a topographical arrangement made to keep (conserve-hidden) the *living dead*” (p. xxxvi). The thing or object that Ann takes within herself in her refusal to mourn is, in fact, herself. Her pre-diagnosis self, now literally the *living dead*, is conserved, hidden inside the Self.

This encrypted self is the source of the film’s otherwise puzzling second-person voice address, which opens the film and recurs at six further moments throughout. To cite just the first occurrence:

This is you. Eyes closed, out in the rain. You never thought you’d be doing something like this. You never saw yourself as, I, I don’t know how you describe it. It’s like one of those people who like looking up at the moon or who spend hours gazing at the waves or the sunset or...I guess you know what kind of people I’m talking about. Maybe you don’t. Anyway, you, you kinda like it, being like this, fighting the cold and feeling the water seep through your shirt and getting through to your skin. And you feel the ground growing soft beneath your feet, and the smell, and the sound of the rain hitting the leaves. All the things they talk about in the books that you haven’t read. This is you. Who would have guessed it? You.

None of the established categories of sonorous representations of the voice in the cinema – voice-off, interior monologue, or voice-over – exactly explains this voice that opens *My Life Without Me*. This voice is not a voice-off, since it is clearly the voice of Sarah Polley, the actress who plays Ann and whose body is always within the frame, or sequence of frames, over which the voice speaks. Nor, however, is this a voice-over in either of the categories Mary Ann Doane (1980) presents: this is not a documentary film and the voice is clearly yoked to a body that appears in the diegesis; nor is it a narrative voice-over that “initiates the story and is subsequently superseded by synchronous dialogue, allowing the diegesis to ‘speak for itself’” (p. 41) since the voice occurs on six further occasions throughout the film. The closest of Doane’s categories might be the voice-over of a flashback, or in this case a flashforward, but such an analysis is complicated by the second person address of the voice: “You”. “You” here is not the audience but You-Ann, the body in the frame. If this body is Ann, then who is the “I” that is speaking here?

⁶ See for instance Kincaid’s (1997) short story “Just Because They’ve Got Their Papers” in which a grieving widow who has just lost her husband in a car accident considers ingesting his ashes: “I thought that maybe when I got Harold’s ashes I’d take a spoonful of them and stir them into a cup of soup or something and you know, eat them, swallow his ashes as a way of keeping him with me. Is that terrible?” (p. 100)

Since the second-person form of address severs the illusion of the unity of body and voice that film often works so hard to preserve – “the voice must be anchored by a given body” Doane (1980, p. 36) says – this opening voice is also very much *not* an interior monologue. This voice both does and does not belong to the body on screen. It is not a privileged mark of interiority but the clue to the exceptional nature of Ann’s interiority. The voice speaking throughout the soundtrack of *My Life Without Me* is not the voice of the body, of You-Ann, but the voice of I-Ann, the pre-diagnosis now living dead self that Ann has secretly encrypted within her Self. Accordingly, the category that most appropriately describes this voice is, in fact, a literary one. The voice address is prosopoeiac. Like prosopopoeia as defined by J. Hillis Miller (1990), the voice address ascribes “a voice to the absent, the inanimate, or the dead” (p. 4). The prosopoeial voice of the encrypted living dead I-Ann “is a cover-up of death or absence, a compensation” (p. 4).

Whilst all the other items on Ann’s bucket list pertain, as the first person pronoun of its title suggests, to I-Ann, the living dead self now encrypted within Ann’s Self, the affair is possible because it is entered into by You-Ann, the new person born with Ann’s diagnosis. “What *do* adulterers want[?]”, Laura Kipnis (2000) asks; “Not to feel dead?” (p. 22) is her suggested response. Ann feels no shame about this affair, because the cryptic incorporation of herself has caused a psychic reconfiguration comparable to that caused by shame, but without the concomitant emotion. As a result, she is able to embrace the new freedoms and forms of relationality that Phillips (2008) posits an acceptance of shame opens up, but without feeling shame. Separated from her preferred image of herself by her diagnosis, Ann yields to a radical reconfiguration of that self, one which marks a passage from “the personal to the impersonal” (p. 111). Incorporation divests You-Ann of her personal commitments. Ann experiences that loss of power not as shame but as freedom to pursue a relationship with Lee defined by desire indifferent to the personal identity of I-Ann and to the possible consequences of the affair for her.

Impersonal Intimacy

Ann’s relationship with Lee is one further example of that “longed for and feared experience of exchange, of intimacy, of desire indifferent to personal identity” (Phillips, 2008, pp. 112-3). In *Intimacies*, Leo Bersani calls this *impersonal intimacy*. The stakes could not be higher for Bersani in theorising this new mode of relationality. According to Bersani, our personal narcissism is at the heart of our aggressivity towards the other, both at an individual level, and at a national one. (Bersani is here thinking specifically of the Bush regime and its War on Terror.) In place of this, Bersani is seeking forms of relationality that sustain human intimacy, that are the precondition for the love of the other. In this sense, his project is remarkably utopian. He is positing a form of love, of relationality, in which each recognises in the other a shared potentiality of being. Inter-subjective,

and international, relations thus become guided by an impersonal recognition of our shared being-in-the-world. They are no longer the irreducibly violent negotiations between individualised ego, or national, identities.

How is such impersonal intimacy achieved? In *Intimacies*, Bersani works through a number of examples, including the non-analytic exchange between William and Anna in Patrice Leconte's 2003 film *Confidences trop intimes* (translated as *Intimate Strangers*); the gay practice of barebacking; the seventeenth century Catholic cult of "pure love"; and the Socratic idea of love as impersonal narcissism. What holds these disparate examples together, and this is not acknowledged by Bersani, is the literary. His reading of Leconte's film is enabled via a long digression through that film's incorporated literary text, Henry James's *The Beast in the Jungle* (1903); *Intimate Strangers* is itself a literary text, according to our above definition of literature's meteoric secrecy, since it suspends the sexual resolution of the plot, thereby violating, as Bersani notes, "the conventions of both narrative filmmaking and narrative psychoanalysis" (p. 11); his account of barebacking is only made possible by a reading of Guilamme Dustan's novel *Dans ma chambre (In My Room)* (1996); and his theory of impersonal narcissism is derived from Greek mythology. I want to suggest that literature is not just necessary to impersonal intimacy: literature is *the* medium of impersonal intimacy. Given the high stakes Bersani invests in this new mode of relationality, this is no small claim for literature's social and political importance.

Literature enables an impersonal intimacy between reader and characters, between reader and author and, perhaps most importantly, between co-readers. Bersani comes close to realising literature's significance when he recognises that Socrates needs talk because of "our distinctive human capacity to use and to understand language as our only guide to the virtual being that continuously becomes, through speech, more like itself" (p. 87). Talk indeed replaces sex in *My Life Without Me*'s most intimate scene between Ann and Lee. But Ann and Lee engage in a long conversation precisely about their lack of personal intimacy. Ann tells Lee, "I like it that you don't ask me anything about my life"; he responds:

I don't ask you anything cos I've learnt not to. When you look at somebody, really look at me, you might see fifty per cent of who they are and wanting to know the rest, that's what destroys everything. That's what I learnt.

Talk is not a path to mutual self-knowledge. The desire to *know* the other actually plays against the shared recognition of each's potential becoming crucial to impersonal intimacy. Rather, the *suspension* of full knowledge that defines the literary is integral to impersonal intimacy and, conversely, literature provides a mode of knowing the other that does not violate their potential becoming.

In the same scene, immediately after the above cited exchange, Lee reads Ann a passage from a novel which tells him her secret without her actually sharing it with him:

Her capacities go out, one by one, and there's no night, no stars, only a cellar from which she can never walk out and in which nobody else can stay. She's given medicines which make her ill but which stop her dying, for a little while... (Berger, 1995, p. 89)

The passage Ann chooses for Lee to read is from John Berger's novel *To the Wedding*, which tells the story of a young woman, Ninon, who is exactly the same age as Ann. Also like Ann, she is given a death sentence when she discovers that a casual sexual encounter has left her HIV positive.⁷ Ann and Ninon are both subject to an illness, described by Ninon's father, as "the job of being slowly abandoned by life. It's the job of life letting you down, one part after another failing" (Berger, 1995, p. 89). Unlike Ann, however, Ninon does not incorporate her death but mourns it. Whereas Ann is able to enter into impersonal intimacy because of her refusal to mourn, Ninon resists her lover Gino's attentions because she is bereft that all she now offers is death: "The gift of giving myself has been taken away. If I offer myself, I offer death. Always, til my dying day" (p. 80).⁸

Gino refuses to accept Ninon's repeated rejections and persists in his desire to marry her until she eventually acquiesces. In the astonishing final sequence of *To the Wedding*, the narrator's description of Ninon and Gino's wedding dance is interspersed with anticipations of their future, both actual and imagined. All of that potential future is contained in their dance of abandonment: "this, which will never happen, is in the music she's dancing to on her wedding day" (p. 198). Ninon's mother thinks that her future son-

⁷ In a literary incorporation of the cinematic, *To the Wedding*'s surprising narrative strategy – whereby access to all the characters is provided by the blind narrator's fantastical power of transmigration – recalls the operation of the camera in cinema. As the narrator says, "Blindness is like the cinema, because its eyes are not either side of a nose but wherever the story demands" (Berger, 1995, p. 32).

⁸ In a complex tapestry Ninon's HIV positive status in *To the Wedding* weaves a connection between Ann's illness in *My Life Without Me* and one example of impersonal intimacy addressed in *Intimacies*: barebacking. The idiom of barebacking – with its bug chasers and gift givers – reverberates with Ninon's gift imagery here. In addition, "the horror of heterosexual breeding" (Bersani, 2008, p. 45) which, in barebacking, transmutes into "the sexual excitement of transmitting or conceiving death instead of life" (p. 45) is exposed in all its heterosexual prejudice by Ninon's unbearable personal pain when that power of breeding is taken away from her by HIV: "All my babies have been killed" (Berger, 1995, p. 102). In a final thread, Phillips suggests that another example of impersonal intimacy is a mother's relationship with her child. Mothering and death are inextricably linked in *My Life Without Me*, Ann carrying out an impersonal intimacy relation with both: "death is more impersonal than children" (Phillips, 2008, p. 117). The connection between the two is reinforced by the film's diagnosis sequence in which shots of Ann lying on the hospital bed are cut with ethereal atemporal images of her daughters dancing through a garden or park. It is no surprise given this dynamic that both Ann and her husband think she has been feeling unwell because she is pregnant, and that the means of diagnosing her fatal illness is an ultrasound scan.

in-law Gino is crazy because he insists on marrying Ninon, despite her illness. But the stranger with whom she strikes up her own intimacy on her coach journey to the wedding insists that,

He knows exactly what he's doing. More than you or I know what we're doing. When we do a thing, when we decide to do something, we're already thinking about what it'll be like when it's done, when it's over. Not him. He only thinks about what he's doing at the moment. (p. 133)

Impersonal intimacy “asks of us what is the most inconceivable thing: to believe in the future without needing to personalize it [, w]ithout, as it were, seeing it in our own terms” (Phillips, 2008, p. 117). Gino does just that. His marital commitment to a woman whom he knows to be dying is a decision invaded by, or surrendered to, what Derrida (2001) calls “the incalculable, chance, the other, the event” (p. 61). As all decisions in fact ultimately are: “one has to calculate as far as possible, but the incalculable happens [*arrive*]” (p. 61). Gino and Ninon's marriage, and Ann's affair with Lee, present comparable versions of “what it might be for human beings in relation to each other not to personalize the future” (Phillips, 2008, p. 117). This lack of personalisation is in fact essential to any interpersonal commitment, since we are all engaged in the job of being slowly abandoned by life. If we imagined the future only in personal terms, the certain fact of our death at some point in that future would make our relations and actions in the present no longer tenable. They are so only because we do not personalise that future; we commit to the now in the face of the incalculable chance of the future. And we hope, as Ann does on her deathbed, that our life without us will be a good one:

You pray that the girls will love this woman who has the same name as you. And that your husband will end up loving her too. And that they can live in the house next door and the girls can play dolls houses in the trailer and barely remember their mother who used to sleep during the day and take them on raft rides in bed. You pray that they will have moments of happiness so intense that all of their problems will seem insignificant in comparison. You don't know who or what you're praying to, but you pray. You don't even regret the life that you're not going to have...Cos by then you'll be dead...And the dead don't feel anything...Not even regret.⁹

⁹ “Pretending the Bed is a Raft” is explicitly concerned with the question of religion. The first item on Belinda's “List of Things to do Before I Die” is “get baptized one more time” (Kincaid, 1997, p. 204). The story ends with a homegrown baptism in the bath. Whilst this ending is possibly echoed in the secular baptism in the rain which witnesses the birth of “You-Ann” at the beginning of *My Life Without Me*, the film is not otherwise concerned with questions of religion. This closing prayer might best be understood, I suggest then, also in a secular context, guided by the narrator of *To the Wedding*'s reminder that “music began – all the rembetes know it – with a howl lamenting a loss. The howl became a prayer

In the face of the pain of imagining, or witnessing, a personalised future that does not contain you – my life without me – impersonal intimacy becomes “the precondition for the love of the other” (Bersani, 2008, p. 72). We can only commit to the ones we love in the present if we refuse to countenance their, or our own, future loss.

In the Interest of Full Disclosure

If only the film ended here. But it does not. The prosopopoeial voice just cited plays over an image track of Ann’s neighbour (also called Ann), her husband Don, and her two daughters preparing for dinner, with close-ups of all of these key characters in her life without her. With the line, “because then you’ll be dead”, the image track shifts to a white out. The viewer thinks, momentarily, that the synchronisation of the white out and the end of the prosopopoeial voice constitute the end of the film. They do not. Unexpectedly, the image track fades back in to a shot of Lee sitting in his jeep on the hill where he and Ann danced. Lee is listening to the tape that Ann has made for him before her death. Surprisingly, the sound track does not acoustically represent the voice from the tape as within the diegetic moment of Lee’s listening to it. Rather, the sonorous presence of Ann’s voice from the tape is acoustically continuous with, and identical to, the sound of her prosopopoeial voice throughout the film. Moreover, the content of the tape continues to play over an image track that moves away from Lee and presents a sequence of shots of the subsequent redemptive activities of those Ann has left behind.

According to Doane’s definitions, this voice from the tape would be a voice-off since it is the voice of a character not within the specific frame(s) but who does take part, elsewhere, in the diegesis. The only problem, of course, is that this character is now dead. This complicates the efficacy of the voice-off as Doane (1980) understands it, since it “rests on the knowledge that the character can easily be made visible by a slight reframing which would re-unite the voice and its source” (p. 41). How might we understand this sonorous continuity between the prosopopoeial voice of I-Ann which we have encountered throughout the film, and this new voice-off addressed directly to Lee, with which it ends? I suggest in closing that we can do so via the implications of Derrida’s understanding of the relationship between ghosts and teletechnologies.

For Derrida (2002), the operation of teletechnologies, including cinema, is spectral: “the restitution as ‘living present’ of what is dead” (p. 39). In this respect, they function in an analogous way to incorporation, which, as we have seen, encrypts within the self the living present of one who is dead. This explains, then, what happens at the end of *My Life Without Me*. The voice off to Lee is spoken by I-Ann: she is now dead, but her living present

and from the hope in the prayer started music, which can never forget its origin. In it, hope and loss are a pair” (Berger, 1995, p. 196). Ann’s “prayer” at the end of the film is best heard as the originary howl of loss that became prayer, hope and then music, rather than as a devotional act associated with any form of institutionalised religion or personal faith.

has been preserved in the tape recording, just as her living present was encrypted within, and addressed to, You-Ann throughout the film. I-Ann has, of course, been living dead, a ghost, since the moment of refused mourning and incorporation. Crucially, however, this is the first time that I-Ann has spoken to Lee: his affair was with You-Ann. This accounts for the personal nature of her final communication with him: she tells him she fell in love with him, orders him to paint his walls, and so on. It also explains why she is now able to comment upon that relationship. No longer guided and guarded by the impersonal intimacy of You-Ann and Lee's relationship, I-Ann reflects on that impersonality: "Life is so much better than you think, my love. I know, cos you managed to fall in love with me even though you saw, what was it, ten per cent, or five maybe. Maybe if you'd seen it all you wouldn't have liked me. Or you would have liked me in spite of everything. I guess we'll never know".

Ann and Lee's relationship was possible because they did never know. Their impersonal relationality suspended full knowledge of each other, thereby making possible their intimacy. "The most difficult task for every couple is to get the right amount of misunderstanding", says Phillips (1996): "Too little and you assume you know each other. Too much, and you begin to believe there must be someone else, somewhere, who does understand you" (p. 84). After watching the final sequence, of *My Life Without Me*, one cannot help but wish that the film had preserved its own impersonal intimacy with the viewer, that it had held back on revealing more. Succumbing to the cinematic temptation to full disclosure, at the end, *My Life Without Me* gets its proportions wrong in that precarious balance between knowledge and secrecy so necessary to literature, and to love.

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