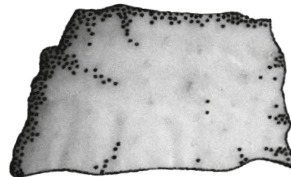


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| Introduction | 4 |
| Part I. <i>Writing as an inscription of the body in time</i> | 5 |
| Part II. <i>The physical endeavour of writing</i> | 17 |
| Part III. <i>Writing & reading the body through breath</i> | 35 |
| Conclusion | 40 |
| References | 45 |



Ideas regarding my thesis started to sprout during the summer, but I only started writing them down in Glarus (Switzerland) on September 21st 2019—first day of autumn. I let them rest for roughly three weeks after that. I am relieved to dive in now, as I finally cross the threshold. I try to knit ideas together but it often results in dubious nebulosity. This is especially true today, as I masochistically undertook to write this introduction with a light fever. What remains of my confused mind might—or not—shine through my choice of words but I felt too time-pressured to postpone this drafting any longer. And so I shall start. I would say that my thesis is a quest for physical traces within written language. This search continuously draws my focus to my own body as I write, so that at times I end up overwhelmed by swarms of impressions that both stifle and enrich my writing process. The trying introspection clears up the question underlying my initial interest:

I am indirectly asking if the endeavour of writing liberates or hinders the body.

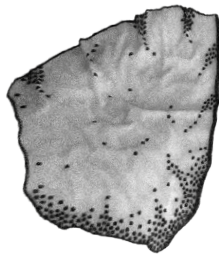


Placed in this cold country in a town of mountains
Replaced from that balmy city of yours near the sea
Now it's your turn to fall down from the love of my look
You stayed in the hotel called your daughter's arms
No wonder the mother's so forbidding, so hard to embrace³

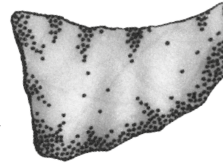
And ends with these ten others:

From dreams I made sentences, then what I've seen today,
Then past the past of afternoons of stories like memory
To seeing as a plain introduction to modes of love and reason,
Then to end I guess with love, a method, to this winter season
Now I've said this love it's all I can remember
Of Midwinter Day the twenty-second of December
Welcome sun, at last with the softer light
That takes the bite from winter weather
And weaves the random cloth of life together
And drives away the long black night!⁴

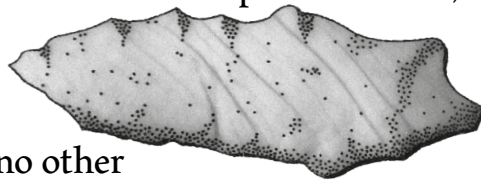
I realize that what allows Bernadette Mayer's *mind*—her bodily generated impressions, emotions, thoughts and contradictions—to be grasped is the time frame in which it is contained. But it is also what brings my awareness to the fact that the beginning and the end of her poem are contingent. They are fortuitously imposed on her perceptions, which existed before, after and while being written. Her text could be seen as a *segment* that constraints her thoughts between two endpoints. What she wrote



is like a sample, a residual trace of her unravelled mind in time. In a way, if a text may be thought of as a *segment*, then a mind can be seen as the infinite *line* from which the segment is extracted. Written language enables us to take hold of our otherwise incommensurable selves.



In less cerebral terms, using time as a structural frame is what gives the body such a prominent role in *Midwinter Day*. By forcing herself to recount her day between two fixed temporal markers, Mayer has to acknowledge her physicality.



She is left with no other choice but to incorporate her primary needs and those of her family in the creation process. Instead of being regarded as vile and worthless components of life, they are embraced and turned into poetical material. Buying groceries becomes as pressing as reflecting about the implications of love:

*But in these rude, private and ignorant separate houses
Where love is like fame and fame is more like sin
And for love to be so tricky for a family is just asking for it,
Something about mother
A list
I need to go to the health food store⁵*

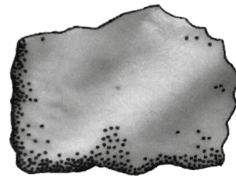
Her daughter's feeding bottle fuels ideas
on linguistics:

*Marie's spilled her milk again, no use crying over spilled
milk. Wittgenstein says there is no such things as private
language. I think it would be worth trying to make one.*⁶

And at times physical movements activate the mind:

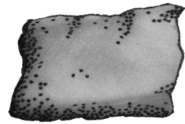
*I love chopping vegetables where you do something to make
something that is one idiosyncratic thing into many things
all looking the same or identical, much like the vegetable's
original seeds.*⁷

These three excerpts shed a light on the author's
juggle between her roles as a mother and as a writer.
They reveal how Bernadette Mayer uses the con-
straint of objective time as a mean to interrogate
the so-called incompatibility of these two roles.



She exposes the difficulty of finding
time to write while being caught
in everyday responsibilities, but
simultaneously proves it is possible
with her poetical production. The poem is thus
surreptitiously feminist. Although I previously
stressed the contingency of *Midwinter Day's*
beginning and end, the first word of the poem,
“stately”⁸, was not chosen in any incidental manner.
Bernadette Mayer alludes here to James Joyce's
*Ulysses*⁹, a prior example of a book produced using

the frame of a single day. Her line “Stately you came to town”¹⁰ echoes and rhymes with the first words of his novel “Stately, plump Buck Mulligan”.¹¹



This subtle bridge cautions the reader that her text critically overlaps and clashes with that of Joyce. Whilst his novel chronicles the everyday concerns of a fictive male character in Dublin, her poem is rooted in the reality of her domestic life as a female author in the small town of Lenox, Massachusetts. And so through *Midwinter Day*'s timeframe, the notion of body is also approached in terms of gender. Writing gives Bernadette Mayer space for questions regarding women's place in the family and in literature at large.

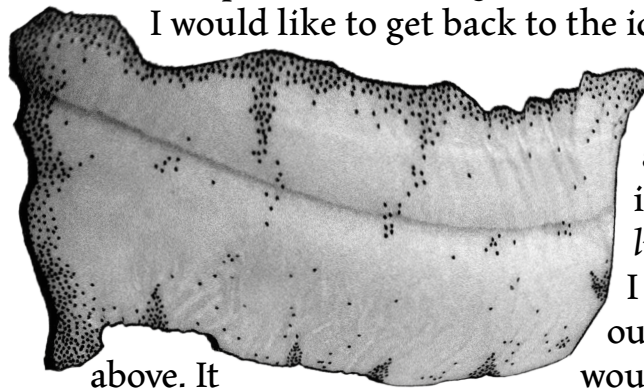


I am not a mother
myself but
I share
something of her condition as I
write my thesis. I too struggle with the unbridled speed of time. Every minute the clock ticks brings me closer to the deadline. My laptop and my brain hit 1% battery tonight in a perfectly synchronised manner. I feel dissociated, as if putting myself aside of my body for too long. I should follow Mayer's example and call it a day.

Now that I read the lines that I previously wrote with a clear head, I wonder how the dissociation

feeling that I experienced earlier got activated. It might arise from the narrow interstice that lies between the *body* and the *mind*. I often feel like these two instances get in each other's way. Although not mutually contradictory, they lead to a friction when combined together.

In the hope of overcoming this discrepancy, I would like to get back to the idea of



the mind as an infinite line that I briefly outlined

above. It

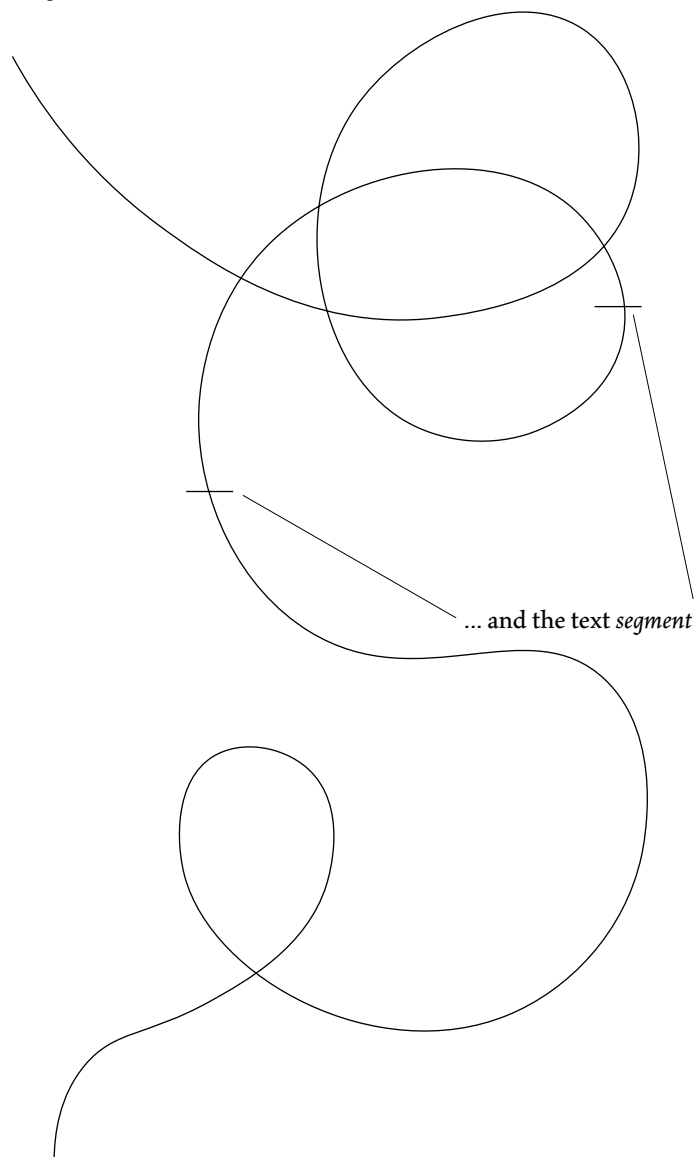
would be too

much of a simplification to perceive it as straight and chronological. A mind continuously makes loops from present to past, from present to future, from past to future and so on. As Bergson wrote in *The Creative Mind*, "a mind draws from itself more than it has"¹². Memories and anticipations restlessly take turns on the mind's line.



It feels as if layers of time swallow one another within ourselves. Time seems embodied in our entrails, cadenced by our

How I imagine the *line* of a mind...



... and the text *segment*

senses, whose triggers are beyond our control. Alike *ticks*, reminiscences are parasitic and in the flesh. I am convinced that another kind of duration, *subjective* and ruled by organic laws, coexists with objective time.

Traces of that *subjective* temporality can be found within written language. I could quote Proust's "episode of the madeleine" from *In Search of Lost Time*¹³ to support my hypothesis, but it appears slightly worn out to me. Instead, I chose to rely on Bernadette Mayer's poem once more. For instance, when she writes:

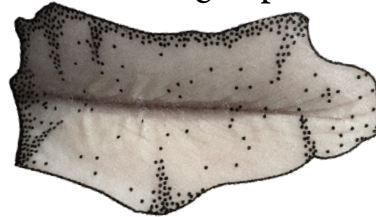
*Before I was being at the understood place
Existing or happening now
I guess I was in process and in contrast
With past, future past and future
 Today I'm the present writer
At the present time the snow has come*¹⁴

Or here, where the notion of time is less frontally addressed:

*I wonder what I'll look like when I'm old
We put the food away
 I lie down and think
How we still need diapers and beer
I begin to dream I'm an undertaker*¹⁵

These two excerpts reveal how those time curls can be transposed in writing, how the embodied

time that we experience inwardly can be revealed in a text. Writing is actually what enables this *subjective* duration to get materialized, grasped and shared. By *objectifying* our organic temporality, written language *inscribes* it in chronological time.



This actualization via writing frees our bodies from parasitic projections that obstruct our access to the present reality. It relieves ourselves from these congestions of time. And so if writing constraints the body in a set timeframe, it simultaneously sets the mind free from running in loops: it somehow updates the body in the *here* and *now*. Like a vital momentum, it creates room for renewal.

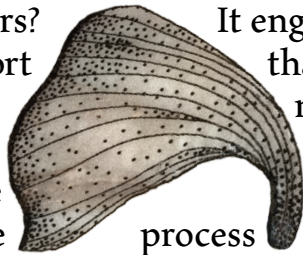
"It feels as if layers of time
swallow one another within
ourselves. Time seems
embodied in our entrails,
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"I wonder how the dissociation feeling that I experienced earlier got activated. It might arise from the narrow interstice that lies between the *body* and the *mind*. I often feel like these two instances get in each other's way."

"Writing (...) sets the mind
free from running in loops:
it somehow updates the
body in the *here and now*.
Like a vital momentum, it
creates room for renewal."

But if writing seems to discharge the body from the burden of time, I wonder if this alleviation necessarily eases physical pain. I often hear of self-help theories that praise writing for its therapeutic virtues. It would enable to heal from past traumas by reconnecting all the layers of oneself, which I guess might be partly true. What pops into my mind is this cliché image of writing like spraying an antiseptic agent on a wound: it hurts but it cures. Even though this metaphor evokes body tissues, it disregards the real physical component of writing, the endeavour associated with this process.

Writing requires an immense concentration effort. It feels as if I have to catalyse my entire attention at the tip of something—my tongue, my brain, my fingers? It engages me in a demanding effort that does not only put a strain on my intellect but on my whole body. And I mean my whole body because I think that the process of writing activates all my mental and emotional capacities. It reminds me of a sentence that I recently read in Henry Miller’s travel book *The Colossus of Maroussi*: “to make a line requires a totality of being”¹⁶. Even now, as I type those lines on my laptop keyboard, I know that my attention exceeds the question as to how I synchronize my fingers gestures to assemble letters into words. My body



has internalized these movements, turned them into habits so that I now no longer have to focus on my hands but on the screen. The hours of mandatory typing course that I had to endure throughout my first high school years have borne fruit. And so if writing forces us to perform certain movements however small they may be, it mainly forces us to fully commit ourselves for a moment to this single activity in some kind of mindfulness.

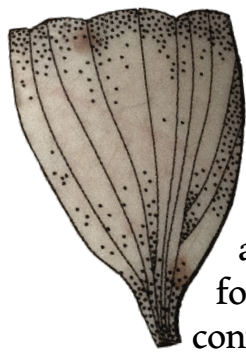


There are moreover instances in which writing sets the whole body in motion. It is especially true when writing is apprehended in terms of *printmaking*. Old techniques such as letterpress indeed stimulate other muscles than those of our hands to assemble the letter blocks together, ink them, and roll the press over and over again to imprint the paper sheets. This process consumes a lot of time and energy. It makes me think of a text that my classmate Mark Emil Poulsen produced in the Rietveld letterpress workshop, which epitomizes this demanding experience¹⁷. The following lines got written *in situ*, without a premeditated plan: they were written while being thought, or thought while being written.

Today it's Saturday and I have the workshop for myself. This time, I brought some music to listen to while working — see if this can add something to the whole. At the moment it's an EP from a Norwegian Black-metal band. The name of the album is 'Aske'—Ashes. *Metal and ashes. Two opposites in terms of "density." Weighing ones words. What kind of densities does spoken and written language posses? The lead leaves a black tint on my fingers. I want things to go faster, but I can't set more than a few letters at a time. There's a "heaviness,, to the pace in which my writing is progressing—however, simultaneously a feeling of less weight on my shoulders given the change in conditions for producing this text.*

I want things to go faster, but I can't set more than a few letters at a time. There's a "heaviness" to the pace in which my writing is progressing—however, simultaneously a feeling of less weight on my shoulders given the change in conditions for producing this text.

It makes me aware that writing with that kind of bulky techniques imposes a hindrance on oneself: the pace at which Mark Emil's body assembles the blocks of leads is much slower than that of his thoughts. It is perhaps this lagging that gives this impression of "heaviness" to this trying progress. It is also what probably explains this simultaneous "feeling of less weight" as the typesetting draws closer to its end—like a physical salvation from a self-inflicted constraint. As in any creation process, this example reveals how pleasure and pain are intertwined in the experience of writing.



What furthermore catches my attention is the sudden weight gain of the type in the last sentence, which gives room for varied interpretations. Is it intentional or accidental? If intentional, is the font somehow swallowing the content's heaviness by becoming bolder? Or, most likely, did Mark Emil run out of italic type leads? And if so, did this happenstance force him to give meaning to this default choice? This second hypothesis would imply that typography impacted his train of thoughts, that the *body of the text* exerted a certain pressure—or weight—on his own *body* and mind. Either way, this "change in condition" reveals a connection between these

two kind of bodies (that of the text and that of Mark Emil), which seem enmeshed like Siamese twins. It is incidentally not a coincidence if the typographic jargon overflows with organic terms, which highlight the anthropomorphic qualities of letters: arm, leg, ear, neck, chin, throat, spine, foot, shoulder...



But getting back to this idea of weight, I wonder if typography doesn't also exert a pressure on the body by discarding its physicality in space. I think of a pretty straightforward example, Anthon Beeke's "naked ladies alphabet", to illustrate how type can imprint or impress the body by reifying it into plane traces.¹⁸

This controversial typeface released in 1969 in the context of the sexual revolution consists entirely of naked women's bodies photographed from above. I doubt that this symbol of "free love" can still be read in this manner today.



This compression effect is however observable from a more conceptual angle. Something from the three-dimensionality of my mind seems indeed crushed when I type my thoughts down, as if it was flattening their structure. In a way, typography is to a mind what a planisphere is to the Earth: it gets it flat and straight. It brings ideas on the same

horizontal line, on the same level. This curiosity is noticeable in *Midwinter Day*, for instance when Bernadette Mayer writes:

*I chop onions for the sauce. St. Augustine hated
the Greek language.*¹⁹

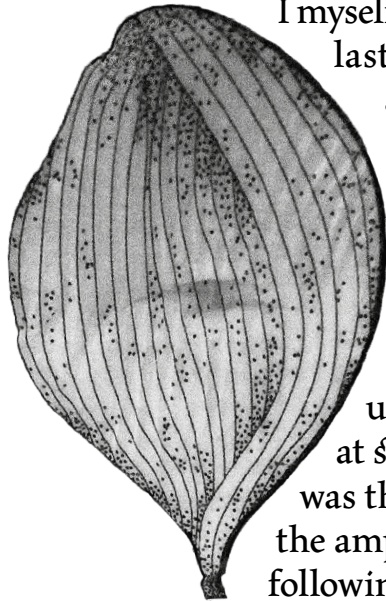
What allows her to jump from “onions” to “St. Augustine” while giving both topics the same weight is perhaps not only a matter of time frame, but also of type evenness.

Considering this example and Mark Emil’s shift from italic to bold, I believe typography can either equalize or highlight content depending on its use. The different font weights, spacing and punctuation are all tools that the typographer has at disposal to convey thoughts and emotions in written language. It is then his responsibility to handle these parameters rightfully, as they can either obstruct or ease our access to the text content, and thus to the author’s mind and body. Whether conscious or not, these formal decisions can be thought of as the *body language of written language*, capable of impeding or enriching communication. In Mark Emil’s case, however, the person of the typographer is confused with that of the author. However dependent he is on the material provided in the letterpress workshop, he



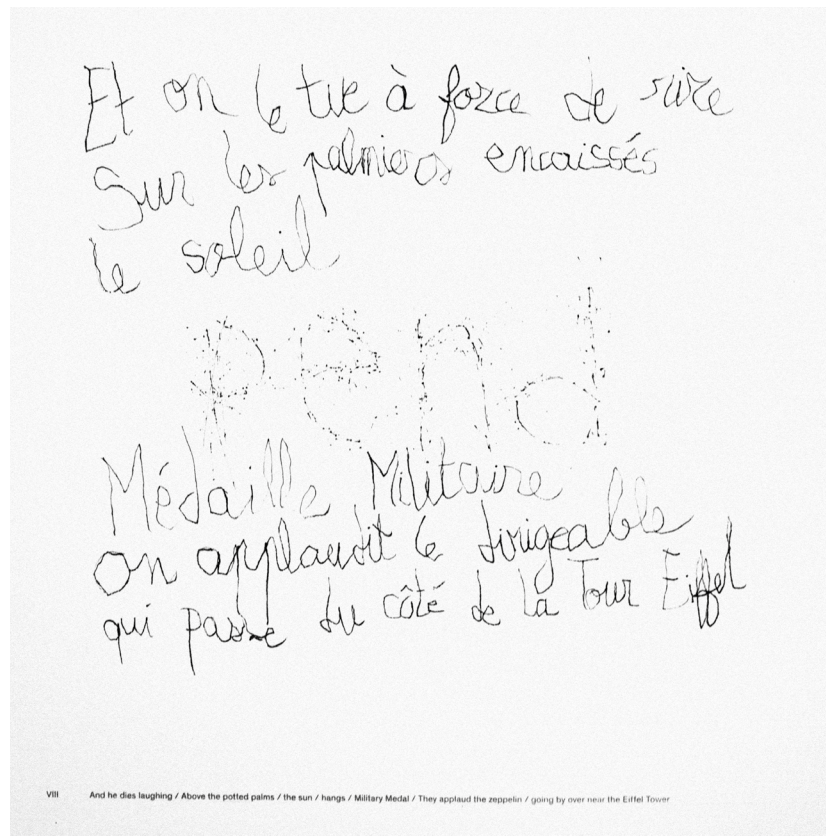
is otherwise in control of his text layout. Certainly, the imperfections in the typographical kerning are good indicators of the handcrafted nature of his work, but is that enough to attest of one's body's impediment?

Traces of the body's hindrance are much more prominent when texts are produced by authors with a physical disability. In such cases, concerns regarding the body are unavoidable, required and thus *right*. Their physical restrictions paradoxically emphasize the bodily presence in their work. But I think that any piece of text holds the same dynamic in milder tones.



I myself experienced this struggle last year, while working on a translation of Blaise Cendrars' poem *La guerre au Luxembourg*²⁰. His prose is inspired by seeing children playing war games in the jardin du Luxembourg in Paris, unaware of the harsh reality at stake on the front lines. It was the first poem written after the amputation of his right arm following the Allied offensive in September 1915. His amputation led him to learn to

write with his left hand, and I was wondering how this event impacted his relation to language and to writing. I wanted to get closer to his own experience, and to that end, I forced myself to rewrite his whole poem with my left hand.

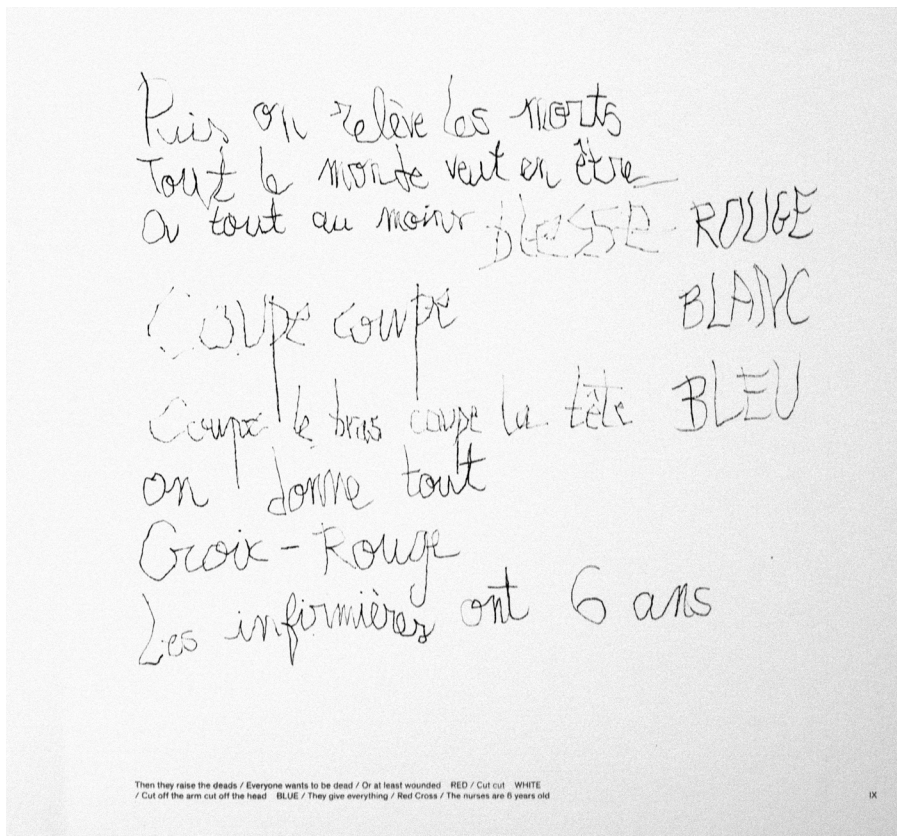


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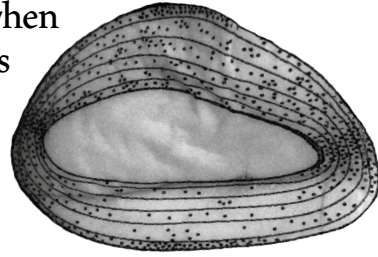
24

The Physicality of Written Language, Part II.

I remember finding the writing process playful and painful all at once. Alike what Mark Emil endured in the letterpress workshop, I felt like writing was tiring and cumbersome... But it also gave me more time to feel the load of each word as they unravelled at a slower pace.



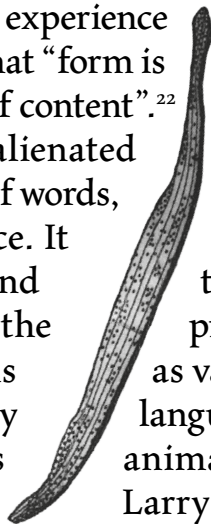
The basics of communication seemed reassessed, estranged. This bodily experience made me aware that being hindered by your own body, doomed to write with your left hand when you are right-handed implies a reorganization of the self. This rearrangement sets the body free from habits built over time, and hence renews its relation to writing. The initial physical limitation is turned into a possibility to reinvent the rules of language.



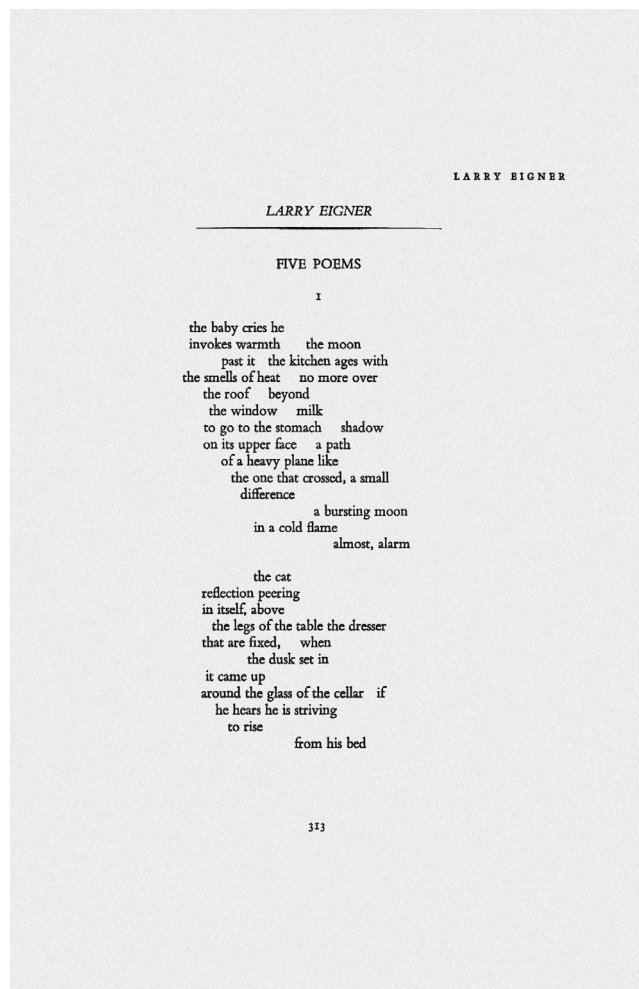
As I started copying the first verses, my handwriting was strongly resonating with the poem's content. It held the ambiguity on which it is built: a hilly roughness as well as an innocent, childlike allure. This experience asserts that "form is extension of content".²² Cendrars' alienated his choice of words, ambivalence. It language and another in the

echoes Robert Creeley's never more than an I am convinced that handwriting impacted fuelling them with clearly indicates that the body influence one progress of writing.

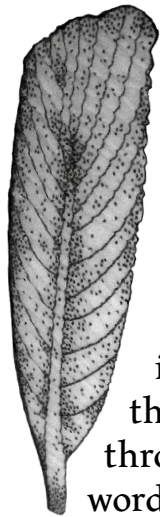
It seems as valid to say that the body is animated by language as it is to assert that language is written by the body. Poems by Larry Eigner serve as a good



example to demonstrate this phenomenon. Born with cerebral palsy, Eigner had to overcome many physical obstacles throughout his life. His handicap also shows through his works, typewritten using only his right index finger and thumb.²³



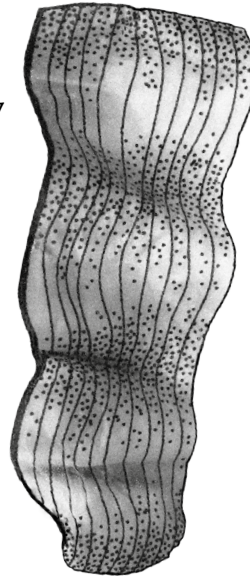
The above poem is extracted from a series that he wrote in February 1965.²⁴ Its erratic layout somehow reminds me of a shattered spine. Verses are stripped-down, fragmented, “rivetted” to the next as Charles Bernstein puts it²⁵. The significance of these broken stanzas goes beyond a simple visual effect: they mirror Eigner’s physical limitations. They reveal and reflect his lack of control over his own body as well as the tremendous physical strain involved in his writing.



I think of Henri Miller again: “to make a line requires a totality of being”. I find this quote very fruitful when juxtaposed with Larry Eigner’s work. On the one hand, I think that his poems are saturated with acute perceptions and heightened awareness. Eigner had to concentrate all his efforts in the act of writing and something of that intensity, of that plenitude shines through his poetry. When I read Eigner’s words, I feel indeed engaged in a sort of “ecstasy of the soul and senses”²⁶ to borrow Baudelairean words. On the other hand however, Eigner was so trapped in his own body that he did not have the capacity to write a proper line. His poems resemble fragmented columns rather than solid blocks of text because he did not have

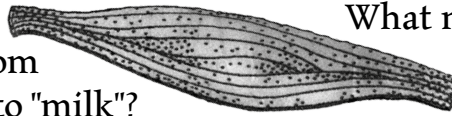
access to his whole body, to his totality of being. But is there something gained in the unusual structures that Eigner's physical lacks generated? As I read this poem over and over, it increasingly appears that it has been typed in fits and starts. For instance, when he writes:

*the baby cries he
invokes warmth the moon
past it the kitchen ages with
the smells of heat no more over
the roof beyond
the window milk
to go to the stomach shadow*



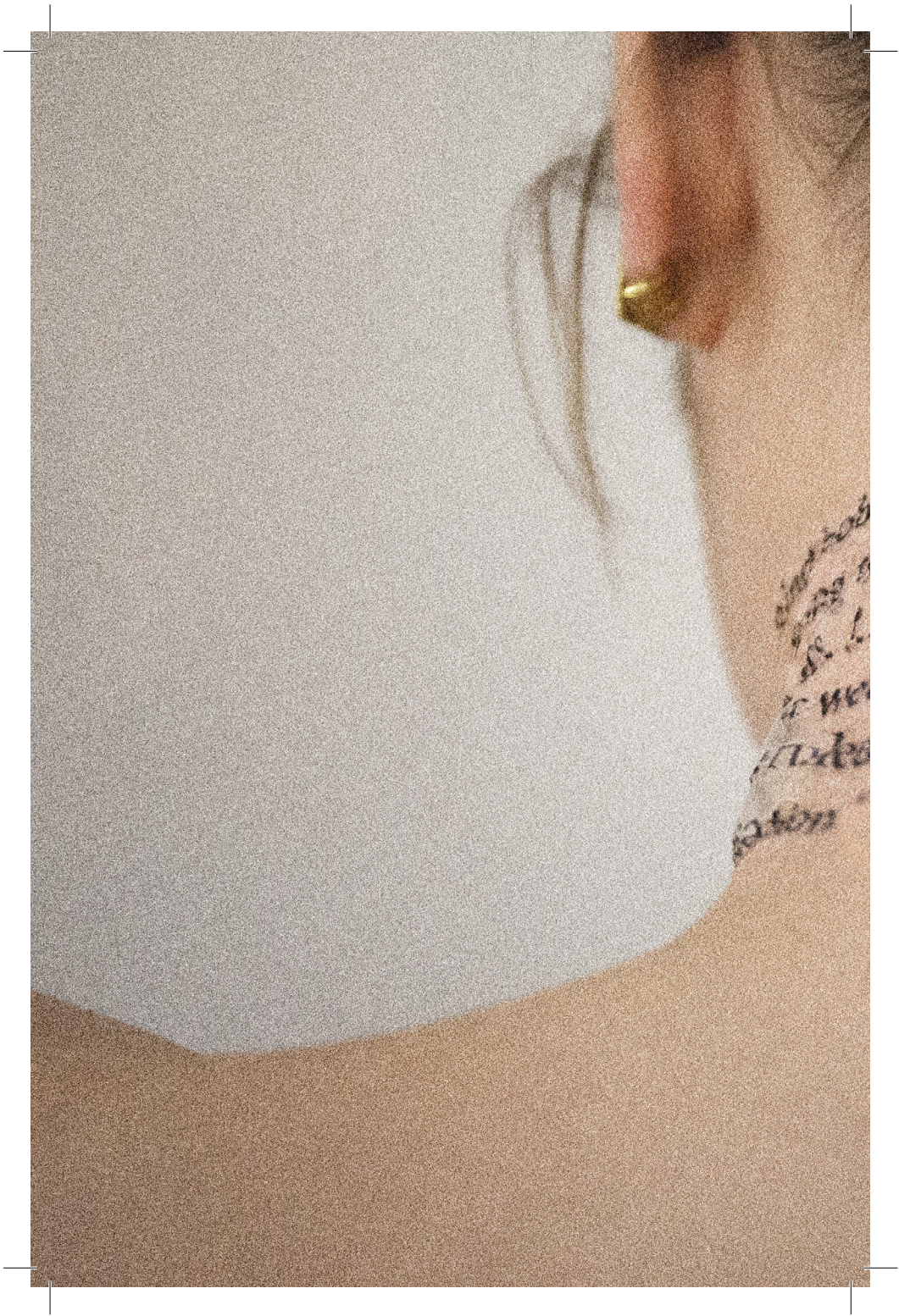
What strikes me in the above excerpt is that some of the links that would enable to follow his train of thoughts are absent, and this absence is made visible by the breaks. Similarly to what Mark Emil described in his text, Eigner's body could not keep up with the pace of his thoughts as he typed.

What made him jump from "beyond the window" to "milk"? Is he referring to the "moon", to the Milky Way? To the "smells" of "the kitchen"? Or to the milk of "the baby"? My mind bobs among the verses, trying to connect its fragments. The poem thus loses its



linear structure and turns into an organic hymn of correspondences. The traditional reading orientation is broken down so that the text appears like a web, whose weaving is not ruled by logical chains of causation.

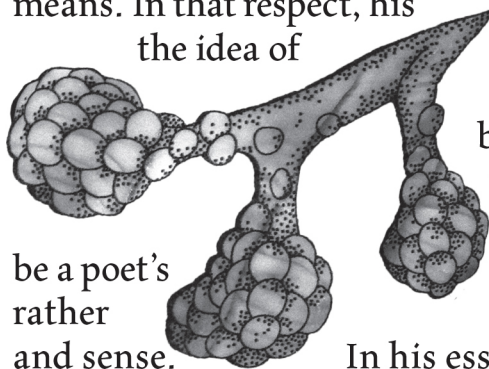
The basics of communication
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It makes me realize that something is also to be read *between* and *around* each bit of language—in the blanks. It is there that Eigner’s body is lying. In fact, it seems that these breaks indicate Eigner’s breath, or more precisely the time that he had to take to catch his breath. I become aware that the form and musicality of the poem are dictated by the author’s organism: its beats and breaths orchestrate the writing. Its composition is not based on received forms and measures but on inhales and exhales, conveyed to me through typographical means. In that respect, his



the idea of
be a poet’s
rather
and sense.
he writes:

poem actualizes
“composition by
field” proposed
by Charles Olson,
who argues that
the breath should
central concern,
than rhyme, meter,
In his essay *Projective Verse*²⁷,

*the HEART, by the way of the BREATH, to the LINE*²⁸

This mirrors the path that I have to take as I read Eigner’s verses and try to get under his skin: the LINE, by the way of the BREATH, to the HEART... It’s only when I reach the HEART

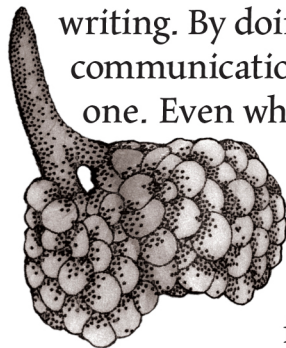
that I can read the sentence back in the right way. It feels as if I am breathing the text in and out of myself. This experience of reading through my body's breath, through my lungs, is somehow meditative and transcending. It allows me to escape from my need for logic and meaning. It connects me in spite of myself to the rest of the world. It reminds me of Juliana Spahr's poem *This connection of everyone with lungs*²⁹, part of which is as follows:

*This is a shape,
a shape of blood beating and cells dividing.
But outside of this shape is space.
(...)
There is space, an uneven space, made by
this pattern of bodies.
This space goes in and out of everyone's bodies.
Everyone with lungs breathes the space in and out.*³⁰

This breathing space, whose mark is blank, enables to inscribe the body in writing without objectifying it. It can still live and move freely in there, since it escapes from an alienating reification into words. It emancipates the body from the stranglehold of language. Without breath, the body would suffocate in its written traces. That is probably what Hélène Cixous implied in *The Laugh of the Medusa*³¹, when she wrote that if “you censor breath”, you “censor the body” and “speech at the same time”³². This applies particularly to

women, whose bodies all too often have been denied expression owing to the male domination of writing (and of language at large). It is certainly through the “white ink”³³ of breath that women can accomplish Cixous’ conceptual idea of *écriture féminine*—“this impregnable language that will wreck partitions, classes, and rhetorics, regulations and codes”³⁴. Considering breath in this way has the merit of overcoming gender issues without consequently dismissing the body. And unlike silence, this deadly place in which women have learnt to lock themselves, breath bears life in a motherly way.

What I moreover find insightful in Cixous’ proposal is that it creates a triangulation between the notions of “body”, “breath” and “speech” in writing. By doing so, it reminds me that written communication is always the trace of a verbal one. Even when not orally expressed, I must *spea*k words in a sort of inner monologue before I can type them. And additionally, I must write my body so that it can be *heard*. It thus seems



like written traces substitute the voice, which muscular sounds originate from breath. That explains why Eigner’s prose formally resembles David Antin’s talk poems. The latter are adapted notations of improvised performances addressed in front of an

audience, whose sole ambition is to produce and convey meaning.³⁵

they dont happen anymore
they havent happened in a long time and i guess it may
like pneumonia
very well be because of the ability to stop secondary infection
for instance
yeah which developed very often as a consequence and they can
stop pneumonia
thank god red three
yeah they used to have this
i dont want to hear it
joke if you have a cold go home and get pneumonia and then we can
cure you mmm
oh Jesus! ace of hearts

36

In the above fragment, the regular font represents his voice and the bolder one symbolizes his wife Eleanor Antin's intervention. Even though their words echo one another, I read them as two overlapping flows rather than as a proper dialogue. Apart from the fact that this exchange deals with the topic of "pneumonia", which I found a fitting theme in relation to breath, it highlights the interplay between speech and writing. What differentiates these lines from

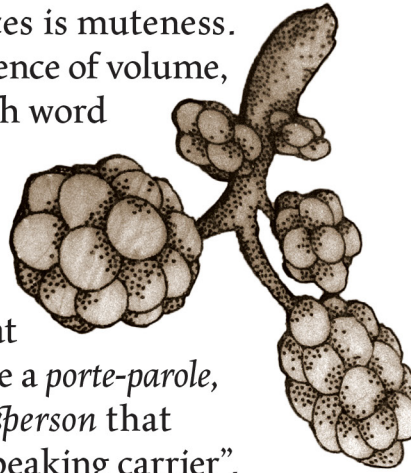
38

The Physicality of Written Language, Part III.

Antin's oral performances is muteness. To compensate this absence of volume, I have to pronounce each word mentally with my own voice, or else with the imagined ones of their protagonists as I read.

This makes me aware that written language acts like a *porte-parole*, a French word for *spokesperson* that translates literally as "speaking carrier".

Written marks are somehow the receptacles of all voices that share the same language. This adds to the burden of the author, who becomes the potential messenger of humanity as a whole by leaving his physical trace in writing. It reminds me of Jean-Paul Sartre famous words: "man is condemned to be free; because once thrown into the world, he is responsible for everything he does".³⁷ In a similar way, the author is unwittingly responsible for *everybody* he writes, and in this respect, he runs the risk of quartering or uniting the chimeric body of mankind. Still, the endeavour of writing is in my opinion always bolder than silence, since it enables us to take part, to take our physical place in the world.



Today is the 20th of December 2019, almost 41 years ago to the day Bernadette Mayer completed *Midwinter Day*, and I am about to hand in my thesis. I am running out of time. Although I am out of breath, I simultaneously experience a feeling of less weight at the sight of the finish line. Still, I find it quite demanding to conclude. Words seem particularly heavy at this critical moment, as if the sentences in which I assemble them were irrevocable. It somehow forces me to achieve incompleteness. I am aware that I have not said everything, that I have not exhausted my topic's resources down to the last drop. But even with unlimited time, I guess that such a task would exceed my physical capacities and my humanity all at once. As this content is about to slip out of my control, I realize that it is through this break of handhold that written language acquires its strength. This resonates with Lyn Hejinian's assumption in *The Rejection of Closure* that "writing's forms are not merely shapes but forces"³⁸. You are going to revive my physical marks as you read, understand them as written words, and enrich them with your own frenzy of thoughts, emotions and interpretations. You will fill and feel the gaps that my body could not cover with yours. I am confused about which tense I should use to address these last lines. My future is your past.

"I become aware that the form
and musicality of the poem
are dictated by the author's
organism: its beats and breaths
orchestrate the writing. Its
composition is not based on
received forms and measures
but on inhales and exhales."

"This mirror
I have to take
Eigner's verse
under his skin
by the way of
to the HEAD
when I reach
I can read the
in the right

ers the path that
ke as I read
ses and try to get
kin: the LINE,
of the BREATH,
ART... It's only
ch the heart that
the sentence back
t way."

"The author is unwittingly responsible for everybody he writes, and in this respect, he runs the risk of quartering or uniting the chimeric body of mankind."

- 1 Bernadette Mayer, *Midwinter Day*. (Bekerley, California: Turtle Island Foundation, 1982).
- 2 Bernadette Mayer, *A Bernadette Mayer reader*. (New York: New Directions Books, 1992). p.vii.
- 3, 8, 10 Bernadette Mayer, *Midwinter Day*. (Bekerley, California: Turtle Island Foundation, 1982). Part One, p.1.
- 4 *Ibid.*, Part Six, p.31.
- 5 *Ibid.*, Part Three , p.18.
- 6 *Ibid.*, Part Four, p.9.
- 7 *Ibid.*, Part Four, p.8.
- 9 James Joyce, *Ulysses*. (Richmond, U.K.: Alma Classics, 2012).
- 11 *Ibid.*, Episode I, p. 1.
- 12 Henri Bergson, *The Creative Mind: An Introduction to Metaphysics*. Translated by M. L. Andison (Mineola, New York: Dover Publications, 2007). Introduction II, p.22
- 13 Marcel Proust, *A la recherche du Temps Perdu, Du côté de chez Swann*. (Paris: Gallimard, 1946).
- 14 Bernadette Mayer, *Midwinter Day*. (Bekerley, California: Turtle Island Foundation, 1982). Part One, p.25.
- 15 *Ibid.*, Part Six, p.1.
- 16 Henry Miller, *The Colossus of Maroussi*. (New York: New Directions Books, 1975). p.71.
- 17 Mark-Emil Poulsen, Gerrit Rietveld Academie, Amsterdam, NL, 2018.
- 18 Anthon Beeke, *Naked Ladies Alphabet*, Gerrit Rietveld Academie, Amsterdam, NL, 1968.
- 19 Bernadette Mayer, *Midwinter Day*. (Bekerley, California: Turtle Island Foundation, 1982). Part Four, p.5.
- 20 Blaise Cendrars, *La Guerre au Luxembourg*. (Paris: Dan Niestlé, 1916).

- 21 Alix Chauvet, *La Guerre au Luxembourg*. Translation of *La Guerre au Luxembourg* by Blaise Cendrars. Gerrit Rietveld Academie, Amsterdam, NL, 2019. p. viii.
- 22 Robert Creeley, in a phrase addressed to Charles Olson.
<https://allenginsberg.org/2013/05/spontaneous-poetics-81-form-just-extension-content/>
- 23 <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/larry-eigner>
- 24 Larry Eigner, untitled, from *Five Poems*. (JSTOR, 1965).
- 25 Charles Bernstein: "In Eigner's poems, one 'fragment' is rivetted to the next, so that one becomes (...) likewise rivetted by the uncanny democracy of details." <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/larry-eigner>
- 26 Charles Baudelaire, *The Flowers of Evil, Correspondences*. Translated by William Aggeler (Fresno, CA: Academy Library Guild, 1954).
- 27 Charles Olson, *Projective Verse*. (New York: Totem Press, 1959).
- 28 Ibid., p.55.
- 29 Juliana Spahr, *This connection of everyone with lungs*. (Bekery, California: University of California Press, 2005).
- 30 Ibid., *Poem written after September 11/2001*, p.3-4.
- 31 Hélène Cixous, *The Laugh of the Medusa. Published as part of Signs, Vol. 1, No. 4*. Translated by Keith Cohen and Paula Cohen (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, JSTOR, 1976).
- 32 Ibid., p. 880.
- 33 Ibid., p.881.
- 34 Ibid., p.886.
- 35 <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/david-antin>
- 36 David Antin, *Talking*. (USA: Kulchur Foundation, 1972). p.92.
- 37 Jean-Paul Sartre, *Being and Nothingness*. (New York: Philosophical Library, 1956). Conclusion, p.II.
- 38 Lyn Hejinian, *The Language of Inquiry, The Rejection of Closure*. (Bekery, California: University of California Press, 2000). p.42.