I, Kristi Maxwell, hereby submit this original work as part of the requirements for the degree of:

Doctor of Philosophy

in English & Comparative Literature

It is entitled:

PLAN/K (poems) and "From No Body to Some Bodies: A Reading of Footnotes and Endnotes as Form in Jennifer Martenson's Xq28 and Jenny Boullay's The Body and [one love affair]"

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PLAN/K (poems)
and
“From No Body to Some Bodies: A Reading of Footnotes and Endnotes as Form in Jennifer Martenson’s Xq28 and Jenny Boully’s The Body and [one love affair]*”

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate School of the University of Cincinnati in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Department of English and Comparative Literature of the College of Arts and Sciences by Kristi Maxwell

MFA University of Arizona June 2005
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Abstract:

Poems in this manuscript were born out of a curiosity about— and further research into— pirates and piracy. The title, PLAN/K, is a nod to the primarily fictionalized practice of walking the plank and a play on Plan B. Plan B, of course, signifies alternative plans in general, but it is also the name for the emergency contraceptive pill. If Plan B manages accidents, then Plan K cultivates accidents through writing strategies that privilege mishearing and misreading. Furthering the spirit of piracy, and pilfering particularly, the poems incorporate anagrams and puns, figures of speech often considered base or crude, but which can also be considered as devices that disrupt and reroute language while allowing the uncanny in language to surface.

The essay explores footnotes and endnotes as forms in three contemporary books of poetry written by women. Martenson’s Xq28 and Boully’s first book, The Body, radically foreground the footnote by making it the sole textual component on the page. Through her use of footnotes, the essay argues that Martenson highlights an erased body in order to critique lesbian erasure and uses the margins to frame a subversive anti-hegemonic speaking position. In contrast, the essay argues Boully invests in psychological reactions to a missing body by staging repression and the return of the repressed through alternately subsuming and subsiding footnotes and the covering over (more or less successfully) of the missing body of a dead lover who is figured in the blank textual body. Whereas The Body and its form are motivated by the tenets of melancholia, in her second book, [one love affair]*, the essay argues Boully stages processes of mourning. Following Jeffrey Adams, the essay considers intertextuality in terms of “aesthetic object-relating.” The essay argues that palimpsest and endnotes perform a reactivation of object-relating and help the speaker of the poems reinvest in relationships with other subjects rather than withdraw from such investments because of an inability to grieve the lost object.
Acknowledgements

Poems from PLAN/K are forthcoming in CUE, failbetter, and Poor Claudia.
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PLAN/K

(poems)
“And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down—
And hit a World, at every plunge,” (no. 280)
Emily Dickinson

*
Fetish aye, aye
fetish-ayes!

Empire ou pire or worse
My père was a pear at the mouth of a peach
My père would appear in a peach
of a girl my pear would sear on the grill!

Parrot père-rot parricide
Wherever a père resides decides
the site of the crime
The Rime of the Ancient
The Rind of the Ate-Shit
tossed out

Père-raid piratical pira[d]ical parading as
earpiece ear-peace ear-peeve [sound a sleeve
ears roll up (just roll with me) (just olé and the bull
I’m making sound will charge there)]
An ear is an Eve that skirts the garden
of a head an ear is eaves
My peeve is a port and portable
Makes a poor table one ought pour port on
Fetish-eyes, feastish eyes (a fiendish eyeing)!
Fetch an eye patch to cover all this

Pirate irate I rate Real Pirates four out of ten
out of touch Scout a touching place out
then filch the skin there feel it I mean
Mean angry irate ratchet it up (hatch ratchet's ache)

Masquer-raid Subte[r(e)fuge] Disguise
diss guys tell them where to go
Mask: her aid for going
out to sea out to see
Her masquerade raided by a hunch
Her breast bared barred (and the rest of her? boarded?)

A pirate is a looter (is a lewd-her?)
(sub- / a-)version (of / to) gender (ver- / le-)sions of gender
Gen-Hur on a cherry-it (Gender her, Cherry “it”)

a chirr a chirp performance and piracy
the body-boat set afloat on a sea of categories
fleshboat (fleshbot) is sex a fleshy part a flashy part (the flashing spot?)
what leads to flushing a lust-hinge a lush-flap, a flop?
sometimes a meeting is a meat-ting, meaning, I was (quive[ring])ing
all over I was a loaf, aloof, a loofah for sloughing the rougher self

The ruff or purr The ani-mall where one shops
for aggression A bar of teeth A bare[d] harassing
(exhibitionist—a habitat for such [forsooth!] [not soothing])
A lotion to cross off a list A whole lotion to cross

historical hysterical hiss and stare kitsch and [I][con][ic(k)]
curt bows (curtsies) to cure (the mass cure [as] aid)
[c]oracle miracle (“a miracle”) a mere shackle
or a heckler of faith [with quotation marks
as oars, ordering a more to meaning, or marking the or-aspect
the “so-called” the (iro)nicks of apostrophes]

Tumult Tum[my]-hold (Halt your hand in / Engine) the growling
eagle and gull equal and gulp [Gulf as Gulph] (the “mouth”
where two waters meet) (mouths waiters greet)
Lug a pea to a pot Police a plate with a single pea
To lay out the burden of a waist
[the layout of] the bird-den of waste
that nests are (n’est pas?) (and if a paw coming down
is what a nest knows as wreck-sure wave, havoc-reeking)
Swashbuckling Swish until clean Wish until the wish-till opens
The bill brackets make \[ $ \]\text{"} The buckle brackets make \[ [ ] \]

Pirate Kitsch Pirate Kit which includes bandana [an’ a] patch, eye
liner and a sea liner rarely, gold hoop, bad teeth (?), no
parrot (no fair! and yet…), a wind fisting sail,
plus the verb “skitter” (-ing and otherwise)

Parrot Parent Père-rent:
to tear the he-who-beget
meat-cloath \[sic\] of him (sick of him?)
forget-me-not forged meat-knot: any me
who from some belly came
Forceps intercept bracket a head

Shake out the booty of a word
shake it shake it shake it shake it
you old salt assault it
Booty for the sake of seeking
Booty to establish the Sea-King
Boo tea in favor of sake okay
Shape the booty of a word
work out work it work it whirr-kit
“pieces of eight, pieces of eight”

Shoot the jargon
of piracy at the bull’s eye whether I
will or not is naught as knots are nautical
Not cool or cool sums up some most claims made
[Willoughby looted Marianne’s unabashedness. (Not cool.)
Ambushed the shed of her heart. (Not cool.)]
But a cool breeze, butt a cool breeze by pushing face-
long into it—“well, I’ll be!”

The aim is to claim it all for oneself Shoot, the aim aims
to please oneself always (all ways) (amiable that way) (me-abling)
Aye, aye for affirmative—Neigh to [put / call] the horsing
subject [down / forth]—
Clam up Pull the clams up
Clamp down Lamp lit Limpet
A limb is claimed and a claim got for it
An eye for an eye An “I” for an “it”

Even-steven, Even-heathen, even heathen
honor a code—loot split evenly
Loot spilt each evening into a raider’s hand
after a Sea-raid the charade given up
resisters give it a rest each hand aids other hands
adding up the loot to distribute
The butt (of a joke / of a gun): one two
mess with one’s head, one to mess up a head
Ahh! Awe! Alright, I’ll
write “already” already
An awl shucks off leather
for holes A shawl: a shrug
shrugged off kept on
keeping on peeking in
Peking duck: duck shucked of its duck-husk [goose!]
Robust and basted for tasting: a tongue-shawl Amen [it shall]

Madame Ching Cha-ching
bada[ss]-b[l]ing Queen of the Junk
Junk in the Trunk : Booty
Junk in the seas “from the Hong Kong
to Vietnamese / border” all up under her order
After Peking,” Madame Ching was “taken”
and then she took and took
No mere token: she [and her she-kin unshaken]

Somali Pirates Pirate Radio Pirates of the
Caribbean the ride Pirates of the Caribbean the film and
its sequels The exhibit “Real Pirates: The Untold
Story of the Whydah [why? duh—pirates! pirates! we
eat up pirates!] from Slave Ship to
Pirate Ship” to shipwrecked to Chips- [not Ships]
Ahoy! and Long John Silver’s [not Chips but Ship-
ments of those golden nuggets of Hush
Puppies] Avast! Our Vast Liking Refuses Ceasing
Shank-sunk Shank-as-hunk Milkshake (chic)
Milking it Milk the lemon a Main Squeeze
a Main Sail a Sale on Main
Street of chicks I’m li[c]king
Heimlich for what’s stuck
in a throat [the road to
stomaching—some aching
there, there]

Food comes up
because the boat boasts little
or comes up as upchuck
poor landlubber [the sea a lube
and not one’s own secretion—
the sea other to the self
no sailf] [fails to barnacle
the self to sea] [no shack culled from sea
for to live in]

Toucan incant uncanny two can
insist in utero to
end it To Row Row Row Your
to throw overboard
A boar to bear
out attack needs a touch
of wildness a wilder-
Ness a Loch Ness to Latch onto

“a told tray sure” (Gertrude Stein)
Punishing itching to pun
pun issued pus-like from
“Sun-dried [tomatoes / two men go]
hang’d like dogs” unable to
dodge what calls dirge
forth gibbet here hand it
over the bandit sez [se(i)z(es)]
Death-traps Death-tarps: shrouds


to re-route or short circuit the circus of gazes
Shroud: “any one of the supporting
ropes or wires that extend down
from the top of a mast” Death-ship
in the sense of lordship
in the same scene as an apprenticeship
‘s ending Earth contorting Death
coercing its “d” with an Arg!—a Wreath adds to Earth,

agreed? A deed indeed did done
a dead deed indeed passed moved past pissed on
by a stream of doing not by dung
What deed leads to dungeon
to man made dung Abject
Jettisoned to Aid the getting
away from or the Chase, jet-speed
Flotsam: flopped sons, no Sam or Abe, [Un]Just[ly] Waste
Faux real Faux show:
an inaccurate reenactment:
three foes show up and shove
one body plank-tip
No plaintiff in the making
but a tiff is plain
a toe is lain to air: a body made
tote the maiden sea totes

makes off with make-up:
to cake a face or cast a fate
feasting ears do dine upon
sup sup whassup washed up
upon the sure
the weapon of a fact
the whippin’ it gives

a cap size of a thim-bull Fool of
a thin bull troubles a ring
causes double vision
by packing a kick in some braincase
Applause capsize a stage
bring the bow of the performer down
Stooping sloop Stupid dupe Stew-pitiful soup
for slur-ping [the ding of a slur the real dent of it (“oh no you didn’t”)]
“a mental world […] its boundary the skull” (Hugh Kenner)

Sequence Sequins Penguins’ Sea-Fins
a defense against sinking

“Pirates aren’t Santa” [skull and cross] Bones Season 1 “Pirates aren’t San
-itary” Aren’t sending enough C to the sea inside themselves
(them cells there where C should sail)
Mal(-ice / -nutrition) mal: bad (“she’s as cold as ice”)

There is a mythod to the[ir] Madness
Err Grrr Arrg guile beguiled socked by
a sucker punch patched up by
rum punch a face registering a bruise as error
whether [weather for] cruising
for or not

A sentence without sentiment
Thrown off the scent (it’s so over, bored) Dense
sin leads to intense sentencing depending
on how dense the sentencer is
(a dunce with a hunch—a hench
-man who will not give [an inch / a shit])
A sentence towards no sentience
(a penalty, pen-halting)"
Shave me from myself ("Chip away, chip away")
Razor good, as in "razor to be a good girl"

Foam as snow if sea as season
(salt assaults an eye with the [fist / frost(ing)] of itself
seasoning seizing not ceasing to sting) (the bee of itself it be)
Crest as a knee coming up as under a sheet if postured so it will [if willed so]

“Snow provided by SNOW BUSINESS, INC.” [s n o w - b r i n g] 
Snows, you know, are types of boats [blotted typos against
the sea as seen from above (aerial—not Ariel
not a tempest’s musterer, but a typist err’r) (the sail
an apostrophe sets in a word
sending it out to eye) (aye)]

What is the icing on
What ties a singing to an ear
a siren (a siren song in the sea
very different from sirens singing
through the city: but no
not in that both portend [both tend to
some future or present unpleasantness])
A gore leads to a sling the grow task: to grow back
not grotesque (tisk tisk) a nerve-shot arm all loosey-goosey

Nerve-shaw, as in rickshaw, message carter, impulse carrier Make a career of it [outfit that career with Clarks (nerve-shod) with Cartier (yippee ti yi yay) (hee-haw, pshaw, carry on [get carried away!])]

Tie the knot Sailor’s Knot Carrick Bend [charac-ter, undeterred by the bind one’s got oneself in (one’s got oneself, after all, to depend on, no matter how deep the end fallen into)] Anchor’s Bend Anchor up man the hatch Tie one on then tidy up sir dine with me on sardines (it is not sardonically that I ask)

“Say hello to pirate pants, bottom right [if your bottom is right] […] the style works when worn” *Glam[ouflage]-ed* April 2010 Maroon as the color of the Season Maroon as Ruin as Room of [for] One’s Own in the Worst Way Way out from all else with no way back but waiting (pirate pants sit at one’s calf [pull a chair up at the calf-table with mandible ready for more than nibbling] thus are perfect for wading) Will someone come, Will them, “Come”
Riff[s]raff / Riff-Rafts
TRANSCRIPTION of *A General History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pyrates* (1724)

which may or may not have been written by Daniel Defoe, who may or may not have written under the pseudonym Capt. Charles Johnson, who is the author by whom the text is signed; Defoe, in whose name scholars pirate the text [so de-Foe in some con-text]

“[Taking (by force?) (not as with forceps their delicate work)] steps to make the career of piracy unnecessary […] as comfortable Bread” (5-6)

“these sort of Robbers [these sort-of Robbers] [those sort of raw Birds that by handling can let bacteria board you, the unprotected ship of you, the (lesser / less sure) ship]” (6)

“bred to the sea [bred by la mère] [bred to le mer] [bred to sea to sire what adventure?] [merde-dare] [or shitty truth] [weather is read to the sea and translated as waves or stillness, as waves of stillness] [waves of stealing (n-/cr-)est in (crust over) some hearts]” (7)

“Custom is a Second Nature” [What’s a First; What’s a Fist Chucked at a Bag of Who, of Hooey?] “before [it] come[s] to any Head [How does Nature mature in a Head? How does it head there in the first place? Is ‘one’s nature’ a bunch of manure in the first place?]” (A3)

“the Pyrates must unavoidably fall into their Mouths [not Laps] [whereas ‘Lap’ comes from some stable seating, ‘Mouth,’ here described, implies a cavernous opening, ominous, whale-like (and well-liked for the falling into that’s into it [gotta thing]) (intuit the slip [that covers the lap? that spills over the lip?])]” (A3)

“where the Game is, there will the Vermine [sic] be [the “authentick,” authen-Tick, does bury in, does mine the skin, a Ver-miner]” (A3)

“more Noise in the World […] a little the Air […] a Parcel of Robbers [partial to Robbing] [a little the Air Robed in Sound] [Parks of Noise littered] [a Litter of Noise Suckles on Air]” (A4)

“man’d, not only with Men […] their gallent Shew [in which] they often landed Bodies of Men [scattered] like Bees gone out from […] Hive […] Sea Banditti [band-ditty] for the Hopes of Booty [the hopes of groupies] […] and 120 Hands [clap them!] each […] commanded to sail for […] the Groine […] having founded their inclinations before he opened himself [to them]” (20-21, 27)

“(Case / Café) of Separation” (32)

[Roman-tick, Adria-tick, fantas-tick(s) (to keep time by / to catch Lyme by)]
“and their Complexion is not so good a Jet [yet flies them. Yet flies in the face of Embarrassment by not coloring / outside the lines in a face]” (37)

“remaining Neuter themselves […] in the space of a few years, their Body was greatly increased [no morsel, they (more spaced out in that space)] [in the space of many years, their Body was more so creased (with no press to undo it) (to write it up otherwise [starkly ([st]archly))] (38-39)

“they made Choice […] a Place overgrown with Wood [and hacked at choice and warmed by choice, inflamed]” (39)

“and since they actually are Kings de Facto, which is a kind [not not unkind] of a Right, we ought to speak of them as such [we ought to squeeze them to check the firmness of their kingliness] [the Parm of their power Grated over us] [we ought to Dazzle our Mouths by setting their names there (got a ring to it: their names)]” (41)

“I cannot say they were ragged [though unraveled by their reveling], since they had no cloaths [nor did their mouths close in the face of drink]” (41)

When a fair opportunity presented itself, they “took Care not to flip it over” (43).

“[Providence was] their Retreat, and general Receptacle [no one was dense to the treat providence proved to be] [moved, they removed from a tackle box some faith bait to lure their own souls with] [to trap, enrapt]” (47)

“they infest […] the seas [they festival the seas] [a festival they seized: the sea]” (48)

[otherwise] / “otherwise” / [other-wise] (56)

“He had the least Temptation of any Man […] rather pitty’d […] He called his Sloop the Revenge” (60-61).

“[Blackbeard, i.e., Thatch (with more than a patch of hair, but a whole patch of his face, as in a cabbage patch, where much grows) was] truly the Superior in Roguery [with] his remarkable black ugly Beard”—“to [fee / see] the Face [as in “to tax it” / as in “to take it in,” to commit a Pyracry upon it, a thieving eye, in which an image sits as in a hidden cove] (63).

[that tricky “s” with a hood like wind’s stuck up in it: fail’d/sail’d, if-land/island]

“and his Brother Rogues […] his Sister Gruesomes…(Grew Some, a pair of…)] Thatch goes into the Tender Sloop […] with forty Hands [with an assortment of hands or that many of his own. The rumor he’s more-than-man. Man-surplus. Man slurped up and swished in Super’s Mouth until absorbed there.]” (67)
“For in the Latitude of 39 […] they took two Snows […] bound to Bristol [with someone bound to bristle at that]” (70)

“[And so a judge proclaims:] ‘The sea was given by God, for the [ab]Use of Men, and is Subject to Dominion [S(ea) [&] M(en)] and Property as well as the Land’ [as well as with a steak: done; the point being hunger stakes its claim (s/takes it)]” (76)

“2dly […] 3dly […] 4thly […] 5thly […] and lastly” (76)

“did pyratically, and feloniously set upon […] pyratically, and feloniously, did steal, take, take, and carry away the said Merchant [said a Mer-chant, Sea-song] Sloop [de sloop]” (78-79)

“You shall seek the Law at their Mouths [their Mouths a Lawn and the Law therein hid, egg-like, and so with rotting potential, and so purposed toward being cracked, i.e., being broken (rather than [pre- / ob-]served)]” (90) [80]

“Make a Mock of your Sins [Make a Smock of Them to Wear] [Make a Smoke by (Just) Rolling (with) Them, your Sins]” (84).

“one of them was loaden with Sugar, and Cocoa, and the other [was loaded with] light” (88)

“and her Bottom sunk [into the Sea? into a Seat?], and with it their fears” (89)

“and that the Men of War should Man them […] the command of them [should ‘him’ them (in)]” (90)

“Their Sir-NAMES” (99)

[Famed Pyrate and Mate of Mary Read] Anne Bonny ran off with “a young Fellow, who belonged to the Sea [and was not worth a Ghost] [this before Calico Jack, Jack Rackam (Jack, a Hanged-Man) who High-Jacked her to Sea, High-Tailing it from her Husband with or without a High-Tide bearing them good Tidings] [If she were a book, then a man-you-script, and she the Author censoring the Other, sensing the other—Mary Read—not reading her as a She, but as a Sheaf worth (Con)Sorting]” (132)

“e[gal]itarian ship practices” (136)

[had no business to, had no desire to]

“That whatever Murthers and Robberies they had committed, [the pyrates] were not the greatest Villains that were then living in the World [who’s indicted? who’s invited to be voted Worse? who’s Wurst hanging in the window of la ville’s most central shop? who’s veal melting swiftest in the Mouth of Evil?]” (142)
“lately come in upon the late Act […] he [Howel Davis—howling Davis!] made a short Speech, the Sum of which [the Sun-less Sum], was, a Declaration of War against the whole [howel] World” (146)

“finding the great Prize to be a very dull Sailor [a dud evoking ‘dude…?!’ in an ‘are you serious?’ kind of way] […] met with no Booty thereabouts [with no Booty, wear a belt] [keep it up] [keep your pants on]” (149)

“They threw in Granadoe-Shells, which not only ruin’d [an ‘e’ shooting out the sentence like a firework, mimicking the trajectory of a shell] all the Furniture, but kill’d [an ‘e’ reduced to an apostrophe spurtling out from the ‘l’—an apostrophe like some inner ‘l’ once in the ‘l’ but now leaving its typografia[y]—the soul of the ‘l’] several Men within [how is worth posited in this sentence? dead men trailing the goods like something trained, like a train hooked to a more valuable dress, but handled—the train is touched, is bunched up, tended to—the duty of many hands, to keep it tame—from tripping the goods, the good-ish bride]” (150)

“A File of Musqueteers […] to trade for Gum and Elephant’s Teeth [Mus-get-teeth, teeth and gums, a defiled mouth]” (151)

“He would Slave them to the full value of their cargo [sic] [goaded cargoe (sick)] [which translates, ‘he would trade them a number of slaves deemed equal to their cargo’] [because given a choice to no longer be given over as goods, some would-be slaves (wouldn’t be) chose piracy, some people chose because choice arose] [rose] [rise up] [some p/luck]” (152)

“Their Arms [the Hands’ Arms] standing [as would Legs] in a Corner, in a Heap […] Rejoycing” (152-154)

“Three Circumstances […] compleat a Pyrate [one pleats a pyrate by folding the pyrate cloth over and pressing firmly down, then again, and the paper fan of a pyrate shooing regulations like regulation were a relation of heat’s] [All Circumstances hinge on ‘Voluntier,’ how many tiers of willingness stack up against the Convicted’s favor—if Articles Signed, if a Particle of Desire clogs the No-Hole, a Refusal infused with the Sale, the Pitch taken, the Sails set]” (220)
“They [Pirates] pillaged [pill-aged—many pills ravage a face] and murdered [archaic: murthered; recalls: mothered; suggests: an infant when in fact some other invention known as vengeance or at least to score more vin (vi-no?). To rewrite fertility through proliferation in the storage womb] and sank many ships. Even the women [level them out]. Especially the women.” (3)

“Treasures. Are you thinking [adj.] chests [is a chest paired with thinking to be treasured?] […] Are you thinking caskets [are you a casket for a thinner king? A frame in which kingliness might (decom)pose? Gleam, do gleam] […] More likely […] bales of cotton [caught on] or silk, barrels of tobacco or apples [a pulse barrels out of a wrist], sails, extra rope, salt pork, rum, carpenter tools, goats, chickens [no Czech kin]—or slaves. And the enemy ship as well.” (5)

“the hempen halter they deserved [the hemp halter served to hold her in, to think her chest into one complete thought, halting a display] [halter the animal] [halter (on) a woman] [strapped for] [stripped of] [strip]” (5)

“pirating was considered a craft [is a ship, is a skill-needing art, is a raft on which to set sail a new seeing (the c [sea] [ci, ci!] a raft needs)]” (10)

“Left with only the Fury […] he scuttled the Fury [Left with only the Fur, he cuddled the Fur.] [Left with only Fur, he doddled to Further the Animal.] [Lest we only Firm, he (catered in Fudge / scattered the Pudge).]” (53-54)

[Famed Woman Pyrate] Mary Read’s grandmother “allowed a Crown a Week for its [a her and a his] maintenance [man-pretense]. [Mary Read has no Reed (read: Penis; read: Man-Oar [‘where are your manners’ ‘where are your manners’ ‘inflected’ ‘infected’ ‘affected’]) but reads as a He by her mother’s (Design / Deceit [by her knowing the Signs by which a Pete is Mister-ed and Sir-ed]).]” (64)

“1720 started off a very bad year for the Vanity” (68)

“Iron Men, [& Woulda-Been] Women: Gender and Seafaring in the At[lunatic] World [: Toward a We’re-lding (the “we,” the hyphen, and contraction as figures of connectivity, of the activity of connecting, mark-leaving neckings, hic-keys to opening relations, to penning them [without pinning them, finally (“Whoa, Nelly” [not woe-null]))]”

“Women have found their way into some scholarship[—hips and all (hip hip hooray for way-finding, wayward or not [a ward is weighed against its keeping, is here weighed worth it—wading toward worth])” (vii)

“Sea crit[..] [Secret] [Sea critter-cum-fritter, fry ten for me] [Frightened, the secret stays put]” (vii)

“ideas [as iSe[e]ds]” (viii)


“the age of sail [as Late Captainalism]” (viii)

“for centuries seafaring has been one of the most exclusively male-do[man]ated occupations [patience, patience] […] the blue water workforce [defined by a man-face made manifest in scholarship’s manifest—then new thought-cargo loaded, crates creating new configurations (new config[your rations hoarded]) [who knew?] (ix)

“Enlighten(men) science, which stressed binary oppositions of male […] female, male […] female, male […] female [which stressed some people out]” (ix)

“[The] man-hood [is laced about the neck] [has the head covered] [covert in my man- hood]” (x)

“Historians ever since [incensing!] have unquestionably linked the ocean with boldness and virility [the ocean ‘swells;’ the ocean ‘heaves;’ some seas are (body) parted].” (x)

“Frontier Thesis[: […] Turner’s funda(men)tal orientation [turner] to the land” (xi)

“They in large part [land-massive] dismissed the degree [dismissing the sea] to which an ocean frontier linked America to other landward polities, societies, and economic systems around the world [the sea was not top-tier, for which no one shed a (fron)tear]” (xi)
Chapter I

“the more was the pity […] and that head up there for to watch ships off [showerhead sky to wash the ship off—to de-shit the ship, to make it ‘decent’ (or to de-scent it—to take the smell out, like a passenger, welcome only in passing, then passed off to shore (‘Raise your hand if you’re Sure’ [deode-Rant (p)ending])]” (2)

“mought [a conflation of ‘ought’ and ‘might’—‘thereafter nothing fell out as it might or ought’ (Berryman)—thereafter nothing fell out as it mought—thereafter nothing fell into a moat—filled in a moat, as a substitute fills in] [Mott’s: an applesauce—another blending]” (2)

“for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms […] weather-eye open [whether I opened myself to his alarms or not was at stake (whether his arms opened to me); whether I was the snooze-pusher or the refusing eye, fused shut by the eye’s oozing, I had stock there—was the stocking pulled up the stems (a team of legs) of his alerting (lured thing that I was)]” (2)

“There were nights when he took a deal more rum [made a deal with rum to throw him over] and water than his head would [head-wood, blockhead] carry” (3)

“walking the plank [:] […] the language in which […] the crimes that he described […] was [.] […] for people would soon cease” (3)

“my father never plucked up the heart [the heart never lucked out in this way] [chicken-heart, purposed toward plucking] [chicken heart, hearten; aim a puck at the father-goal—to score, to score! (four score and…) (a scourge upon…)]” (3)

“and which, before the end, was nothing but patches [patched upon the butt of the worn jeans of the end (upon the rear end of the real end) (a reel lets loose its thread for attaching the patch) (rather than attack, we patch things up)]” (4)

“filthy, heavy, bleared scarecrow of a pirate of ours [flighty, heathen, leering, crow-footed pirate of ours] [fit, hearty, blinged-out, causing-one-to-eat-crow pirate of ours] [crony-pirate, filching, thus having, and bearing (straw)ng arms]” (4)

“if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel [rum will (run / rum) you to the ground—a dirt-quilt pulled over your very dirtiness—and something to mark the grave spot where your rum-sport tallies one more]” (5)
Chapter II

“I had always my eye open for seafaring men [my 24-hour eye with ample seating for what’s seen to make a scene in], with one leg or two, and I remember this one puzzled me [made a puzzle of my grasping that I might stand over it, edge seeking another edge]. He was not sailory [but savory], and yet he had a smack of the sea about him [as if he had macked on the sea and/or it hit on him (took him out with its forward-Ness) (monsterly [like easterly, as in ‘easterly winds’] affection [a kind (of) win)]) [he was no snack for the sea] too [snack on]” (6)

“We’ll put it, for argument like, [we’ll put it in the hole of this claim,] that your captain has a cut on one cheek [where a knife checked off his well-done cheek]—and we’ll put it, if you like, that that cheek’s the right one [by which to identify your captain, the other cheek being the wrong one to fit the cut-cheek description, to fetch a yes when asked, ‘A cut on the cheek? Check yes or no.’ ‘No.’]” (6)

“as like you as two blocks [as like you as twin blokes are like each other] [as like you as lye the skin it washes off and off of]” (7)

“a spy-glass [:] […] what we used to call a lump in the throat” (7)

“Once out upon the road, Black Dog, in spite of his wound, showed a wo[u]nderful clean [re]pair of heels” (8)

“his death-hurt […] trebly” (9)

“we’ll have a good look at the colour of your blood [we’ll (micro)scope out your blood] [we’ll bait it on a spectrum by calling it a mirror and asking where it sees itself] [blood answers]” (9)

[The Adventures of ]“Mr. Bones—” (9) [and Henry: Pirates Steering the Poet-Ship Far Out / Ransacking the Poet-Ship Who Later Forsakes Them, Sinking, Sinking]

“I stake my wig [in my scalp-yard] [I bet it against barrenness] [it beds my scalp: a mating (a matting)] [my wig perches upon the shoulder of my scalp (I wig out)]” (9)
Chapter III

“Doctors is all [cotton] swabs [and patients is all ears to wax on about]” (10)

“I live[re]d [out] on rum, I tell you [pin the tail on my vice (drink up a tale that pins me)]. It’s been meat and drink [the meat of me a sanctuary for drink], and man and wife [merriness marries me to it], [and it] to me” (10)

“As plain as print [& as planned as rent] [a lease at least—lease-clear is how it reads to me]” (10)

“I’ll raise Cain [from the dead] [I’ll zombie Cain if I must]” (11)

“‘Thunder!’ he cried. ‘A week! I can’t do that [I’m weak; I can’t do that] [to pledge the day of myself to the storm of that thing] [myself a banister upon which the Pledge rains down] [who wipes (away / out) (a way out not so way out that one can’t believe)]’” (11)

“You won’t peach [but you will plumb the depths to its pit] [you will pit yourself to grapple with the depths of it, however those depths cluster] [you will take the banana boat out and water melancholia where it grows in the armpit the bank is where we sweat out to sea]” (12)

“‘But what is the black spot, captain?’ I asked. [‘The death-freckle? A dollop of squid ink in a white white bowl?] / ‘That’s a summons, mate. I’ll tell you if they get that [and they’ll tell you what you get if it’s that] [the spot will mark you] [you’ll be summed up by that mark, mark my words.’” (12)

“He minded people less [obeyed them never], and seemed shut up in [silenced in, hushed by] his own thoughts [a hush that needs be hashed out] [he himself the hashbrowns ‘ate up’ by his own thoughts]” (12)

“To follow the sea [anywhere] [a sea-devotee] [debonair sea, with its waves breaking into carnations of foam—coarse corsages] [flowerless, corsairs court the sea]” (12)
Chapter VI

“and told his story like a lesson [told his story to lessen the effects of his actions] [his lesson among his effects, those carried about him] [whomsoever cares about him lessens other blows to his ego by caring for his story, the small cat of it that needs feeding in his absence, that needs petting in his presence] [who plays teacher’s pet to his story?] [and all the heads raised like hands]” (23)

“Blackbeard was a child to Flint [Blackbeard was a child to sharpen] [Blackboard a chore to unchalk] [the sea sharpened Blackbeard from child to chilling] [a blackboard filled with scratch (nails filed in scratching down it)] [the figure he cut] [we figure he cut many with cutlass, not knowing how many lasses figure into that cutting]” (24)

“for what would they risk their rascal carcases [sic] but for money […] First of all we’ll try the book [they booked it after risking the body-cases where they carry their rascalness] [their Auto-nomous selves]” (24-25)

“Billy Bones his fancy […] and some other snatches, mostly single words [girls] and unintelligible [single words that make ‘girl’ unintelligible] [the derog(ue)atory by which Billy bones (at / it) all]” (25)

“‘got itt,’ […] what ‘itt’ […] [a stutter] A knife in his back as like as not” (25)

“Bones, his pile [the lost contents of his baggage, the body-case he lugs around] […] See what it is to be a traveler [continent-strewn, but tidily so] [‘How does your sack stack up?’ ‘Suck it up; I’ve as many bones as you. No bones about it—my bone-kit’s marked human and built so’]” (25)

“and money to eat [dough]—to roll in [to roll out]—to play duck and drake with ever after [to duck and cover] [to cover duck with dough and let heat play with it] [some purse!—the type to unpurse lips: the mouth-slot welcoming an onslaught of some slaughtered thing]” (26)
Chapter VII

“almost [or at most] a prisoner, but full of sea-dreams [or filling drams to share in some dreamy booth, sea-facing] [caught picking the lock of the dream—caught, then locked up] [dreamscape escape a caper then capture again]” (29)

“The ship is bought and fitted [into the suit of a] name [that suits it], Hispaniola [the name expands the ship (no pin-stripe name, slimming) (not slim, but fit: the ship)]” (29)

“A pretty rum go [a sexy tango] if squire ain’t to talk [if squire squares away his voice in his voice-box] for Dr. Livesey [Dr. Lives’e’s Saved!], I should think [the lives he’d ruin if his voice is run aground that way]” (30)

“Long John Silver [LJS for short], he is called [since he answered the call of the sea], and has lost a leg [because he answered the call of the sea with no guarantee of his safety]; but that I regarded as a recommendation [I regarded him as part of the old guard, guarding the gold secret, the treasured spot, chests stopped up with coins]” (30)

“f fellows, b[ul]y their faces ['Let me try on that surly one there' 'And I'll bury my girl-face by binding below-face the breast-fact' (of the two most common buryings, feces is one)]” (30)

“since he was repainted, no longer quite so dear [since he repented, no longer quite so dire (his dying or not) (his dying sure to be ornate—a coat over his current one) (nine lives at least [and so his dying, again, not so dire, though his drying, crucial (the crew shall blow all at once ['shiver me timbers! shiver me in my timber-carved frame'])])” (32)

“the most wonderful figureheads, that had all been far over the ocean [fawn-like in the hedges of waves]. I saw, besides [and shore side], many old sailors, with rings [and ringing] in their ears [and piglets as parts of them: ‘pig-tailed singing seamen’ (32)], and whiskers curled in ringlets […] and their swaggering, clumsy [sea-chummy] sea-walk; and if I had se[a]n as many kings or archbishops [with their signet rings] I could not have been more delighted [nor would I have sighed more, nor assigned more awe (as a moron might) to them]” (32)
Chapter IX

“with earrings in his ears [The Niña and Pinta as earrings pinned in the lobe of the port (imperial pearls) (I’m peering at them as they appear, pier-side [pierced]) and a squint [holding onto a string of light for his eye to fashion] [a regular eye-ring: what marks sleep’s lack (the eye taking the slack for sleep that stole away)]” (37)

“axing to speak with you [please carve out a time for us to talk] [chop, chop]” (37)

“Now, treasure is ticklish work [is funny business]; I don’t like treasure voyages on any account [though I like what success on said voyages does to my accounts]; and I don’t like them, above all [though below (‘thar “she” blows’)], when they are secret [but when they secrete volumes of swea(l)t(h), that’s swell with me (all’s well with me! a whale of a time I’ll be having if having seems mine for collecting!)], and when […] the secret has been told to the parrot [so much less discreet than a parakeet, I cocka-Tell you]” (38)

“You wish us [shush—] to keep this matter dark [dark matter] [not to mate our voice with any ear, not to birth another knower] [not to unearth one in the shit we talk] [manurely, demurely, we shhh]” (39)

“with no intention to take offence [I want no office near insult’s quarters, do not want to cordon off your anger for myself to wander through], I deny your right to put words in my mouth [I deny your writing my mouth—don’t write it] [I deny your writing my mouth, to make my mouth just another of your words] [I’ll mouth off if I have to] [drain my mouth down the erasure-hole (I’ll race you to it, heart racing)]” (39)

“unsailory [unsavory] [not ancillary] [though antsy]” (39)

“yo-ho-ing at their work [no Dwarfs of any number, they, song-wise, whistling as the work’s whittled away, made little—a Litter for them to watch over after Labor is through]” (40)
Chapter X [marks the spot] [arcs the plot]

“The Isle [aisle] of Treasure [is stocked (to stoke us) (to shiver our timbers until we’re stoked—the Fire in Us fine with us)] […] Treasure Island [I raise your Island for another one] [I raze your Island for its findings (men go mental for such metals) (Fin.)]” (41)

“Now, that bird,’ he would say, ‘is may be [my B (is for Bird)], two hundred years old, Hawkins [but the bird is not a hawk-kin, but a parrot]—they [have] lives for ever mostly […] Ah, she’s a handsome craft, she is [more than hand-sized, she is, and a joy to handle]” (43)

“Here’s this poor old innocent bird o’ [gold]mine swearing blue fire [and wearing blue feathers], and none the wiser [and the only female besides the ship], you may lay to that. She would swear the same, in a manner of speaking [swearing as a manner of speaking, a mouth wearing the banner of swearing], before chaplain [with his plainer speech]” (43)

“She’ll lie a point [she’ll fib right out of her nib?] nearer the wind than a man has the right to expect of his own[ed] married wife [strolling the town of his wife, those roads won’t go straight] [that broad] [how she broadsides him]” (43)

“We should sight [cite] the Treasure Island” (44)
Chapter XI [an ex-eye, a socket cleaned out (thieved)]

“The same broadside I lost my leg, old Pew lost his deadlights [as if his eyes were bulbs] [as if the battle tactic were a hand reaching in for the unscrewing and succeeding, no bulb broken no potato required for the pulling out, cut-free, and old Pew like a handless ceiling unable to respond to those blasted hands in their taking, and without the pleasure of a new bulb, and without natural light doing anything leisurely in his vision-room]” (45)

“and sun-dried like the rest [post-trial] […] They lives rough [then made tougher in their dying, hung out to dry like clothes (hung out to dry by a mate looking for leniency as a landmass looked out for and cheered), though few would argue clean like those same clothes], and they risk swinging [they put their necks out there like a plan to be (voted on / voted off)]” (45-46)

“Now, what a ship was christened, let her stay, I says [do not evict her from the place of her name] [though you might evict ‘her’] [for name’s sake, do not forsake it]” (45)

“And slep’ soft [schlepped a texture to a dream] and ate dainty all my days [no Dinty Moore beef stew for me], but when at sea [the sea wins me over, and I throw over my land-aligned sensibilities]” (46)

“lambs wasn’t the name for Flint’s old buc[k]aneers [where a lamb is, a buck is sure to go] [my confidence lames me, but I’ll put a buck on it anyway, I’ll betcha] [you, butcher, you] [you butcher ewes?]” (46)

“By a ‘gentleman of fortune’ they plainly meant [with such a one’s propensity toward the newly minted] neither more nor less than a common pirate [though to end alms-seeking, with one’s tune changed for good, is not uncommon]” (47)

“‘Dick’s square,’ said Silver. ‘Oh, I know’d Dick was square [I drew him (into my confidence / on my graph pad)] [Geo met Tree, and the rest is history]’” (47)

“We can steer a course, but who’s to set one? [don’t cower now in the pasture of inadequacy; show us how it’s done; make us eat crow]” (47)

“Put ‘em ashore like maroons [put ‘em down like macaroons—throw several back, pint-like, with pith]? […] Or cut ‘em down like that much pork [stick it to them to see if they stick up for themselves]?” (48)

“Oh, stow that [put that thought in the hold]” (48)

“Here’s to ourselves, and hold your luff [here’s to our shelves, holding our stuff], plenty of prizes and plenty of duff [and plenty of dust to dust off]” (49)
Chapter XII

“foc’s’le [foxhole / forecastle / (a) fork of sole]” (49)

“A belt of fog [a purse of steam] [a barrette of light attached to the bouffant of a cloud]”  
(49)

“and a hand we had on board [I’ll hand it to him] knewed all their names for it [the names were ‘snow’ in the globe (the ‘globe’?) of his head] [he was shaken up by his knowing] [we shook the names right out of him if the sight of it alone weren’t warrant enough to bring them out, but more often the names, like a magnet, were pulled toward their own vocalization, and he had a vocation for their speaking, he would let those names vacation out his head by way of his mouth (how he called them back for later recalling, who knows?)]” (50)

“but an accurate copy [so it seems uncopied]” (50)

“I’ll tell you what I think of this: I think it handsome” (51)

“I own myself an ass [I own myself two thighs] [I own myself, i.e., I make myself my own] [I have settled in the town of myself at least semi-permanently]” (52)

“I see three or four points [a rhetorical constellation (logic consoles)], and with Mr. Trelawney’s permission [a persimmon in the mouth of my good manners], I’ll name them” (52)

“You, sir, are the captain [my cap’s off to you]. It is for you to speak [should the speck of your speech fall on the ledges of ourselves, we’ll not brush it off, we’ll not brush off what you say for later, won’t save it for later, will say if we don’t favor it, won’t fawn over it if we don’t]” (52)

“the best that I can say [the ‘presto’ I convey] is not much [the parcel of a few words] [my good sense a shoulder worn down (parce que?)] […] But there’s no help for it till we know our men [till we know they are more than till-oriented alone, but loyal, too—ones who will lay their prize-eye aside for a brief aside if needed] [kneading: a step post-tilling, a telling one, if muscles, like a field, need some work done]” (52)
Chapter XIV

“and nothing lived in front of me [an affront to me?] but dumb brutes and fowls [but brews and (party) fouls in front of a TV] [and nothing made me livid like the undead undoing the hope (of a dead man’s) chest] [and nothing lived in front of me but as dumbbells I could lift off] [to lift off—the font of fowls’ formations by which we read the letter of them in the law of flight]” (59)

“I continued to give [good] ear [in this chapter called ‘The First Blow’]” (59)

“The sun beat fools upon them [the sun made beets of the white of them (beat the white in them) (full = through) (plate widowed of food)] [widowed because of a feud, she depended on black to back her loss]” (60)

“Mate, […] it’s because I thinks gold dust of you [I will you be dust that more treasure dost gold to me] [no I think you such dust that I might fuss over you] [a docent in the museum of my own thoughts, here’s a tour of the mineral room, where I keep you, so venerable, glassed] [consent to confinement] [a consignment shop in which a gem’s dug up if one has an eye for it] [fie! no foe, be fair] [you are a gem, you are] [I rate you ten of ten] [rare as tin] [an origin (or a gem) to which I track back my finer thoughts (which I spin to lace my finery thoughts) (refined and fondly) (On Golden Pond) (Of Golden Pawned)]” (60)

“silence had re-established its empire [a pyre bum-rushed by flame] [sound bands with sound to overthrow silence] [all bands are called forth] [the dead airwaves are called to rise] [a séance to anti-silence]” (61)

“John Silver, long [for long ago]” (61)

“I do not know what it rightly is to faint [unseemly for some, but less so for me, to never bowl over, to never have a head cupped by some watchful hand, but to lie down, but for my body to butter the loaf of another one, to feign fainting for to lie down]” (61)

“Silver and the birds [Silver and the birds] [Silver and the (or ‘vert’ converted to ‘green’) birds]” (61)

“to the more open portion of the woods [to open the woods via potion: ‘Trees, clear a path for me,’ and, voila, formed is a path, informed by deer]” (62)
Chapter XV

“I could in no wise tell [I could tail the ‘why’] [none the wiser, I could end] [could be ended, then appended by a headstone positioned to frame my life] [ram wisdom into me—make my height in wisdom tall (telling, that I should ask for that)]” (63)

“behind me the murderers [inside me the dura mater] [before me the doers of more] [the manic doers], before me this lurking nondescript [this vision-scrap scrapped] [questionable periph-referral]” (63)

“Yet a man [yet a man-variant?] it was [recognition swamps me], I could no longer be in doubt about that [endowed with certainty] [a debt to my cynicism paid]” (63)

“Ben Gunn [been done] […] Of all the beggar-men that I had seen or fancied [or fenced in], he was the chief for [of] raggedness [He was a ragged nest] [did raggedness best]” (64)

“Marooned three years agone [agog for being got] […] and lived on goats since then [so managing my thinness to an extent], and berries, and oysters […] [oy] my heart is sore [would soar] for Christian diet [not daily bread but…] You mightn’t have a piece of cheese about you, now [Just let me B(ri)e] [I might ant myself and carry your cheese away]?” (64)

“chuck-farthen [ground-dad] [grounded] […] predicked [its demise] [a demi glace shrouding a meat] [and Canni-Ball invitations sent] [convictions keep you away]” (65)

“mortal white [mortar grey]” (66)

“Well, there’s my boat, that I made with my two hands [that I crafted] [with my two hands, ‘here’s the church, here’s the steeple…’ (where are the rafters?) (where are the boaters?)]. I keep her under the white rock [i.e., under my thumb, my pale and heavy thumb]” (67)

“[…] cetemery’ [said a Hail Mary]—cemetery, he must have meant [I tarry in deciphering]. You see the mounds? [The mounds amount to death.] I came here and prayed [I preyed], nows and thens [news and histories], when I thought maybe a Sunday would be about doo [many a Sunday about such: a paper carted along, a door closed] [duty] [dooty] [do we our share]” (67)
Chapter XVII

“the little gallipot of a boat [the little gallop the boat does over a wave] [the little gal who put a boat in the lie, who steered this boat through our doubt, who landed this boat, assuringly]” (72)

“and we got her to lie a little more evenly [which is to say not to only one of us] [we goaded her to (as)sign the articles (to the nouns)]” (73)

“Who’s the best shot [you get one shot to answer]? […] Mr. Trelawney, will you please pick me off one of these men, sir [pluck one berry of a man from the life-bush (no lifeboat for him) (what antics!—to treat a man like a tick merely to be removed) (a smear, a Smee, a slander) (to wea-Pen it that way)]? Hands, if possible [if possible, a feat]” (74)

“a pleasant, polite man [a saint among men, a lighter-upper of them, a lighter lifted and lit during the power ballad of our praise of him] even for a valet [odd for a sultan] [off limits for insulting], and to brush one’s clothes [to groom one’s cloven friend] [to ambush untidiness in general (a General of Tidiness!)], but not entirely fitted for a man of war [pushed out of that trade] [ambushed by an assessment]” (75)
Chapter XVIII

“they breasted across a bit of thicket [they bit a cross into a breast of chicken (they blessed it teeth-wise)] [and so to assess the thicket with the armor of oneself] [to plot one’s plodding then to plow through]” (76)

“cutlass [cute lass] [acute lack that builds a girl (cut that out) (remove it) (set straight that claim of castration)]” (76)

“In the meantime the captain, whom I had observed to be wonderfully swollen [made full in filling out] about the chest and pockets [having emptied other chests, having pocketed what was kept there] [what like kelp was the life source to the health of the chest (with the chest’s health equivalent to the wealth therein)], had turned out a great many [mini as they might be] various stores [in his mean time, he turned them out] [untaken with them]—[no he takes them (in)] [fills his own cracks with] the British colours, a Bible, a coil of stoutish rope [a metaphor for with what he hangs his hopes], pen, ink, the log-book, and pounds of tobacco” (77)

“Oh! […] Blaze away! You’ve little enough powder already, my lads [my lads, to the powder room with you] [broner] [bruiser] [Donner and Dasher] [don that blazer, and you’ll look dashing enough]” (78)
Chapter XIX [xox] [a hex encircles the spot the X marks]

“And him that comes is to have a white thing in his hand [X-rated]” (80)

“Reasons of his own [raisins packed to hold him over] [dangled over a ledge, who secures him, who suckers him close enough to tip (holy cow!) (what succor can we offer him so near his possible off-ing)]; that’s the mainstay [the constant] [the con-stunt]; as between man and man [a con-junction]” (80)

“wild horses wouldn’t draw it from you? [cf. Indigo Girls by way of the Rolling Stones: ‘Wild horses / couldn’t drag me away’] [a cover] [take(c)over] [girls of indi(e) go to the top of the charts] [Indy goes on a treasure hunt (Indiana Jones joneses for adventure)] [a stone covers the entry to a cave—we entreat it, ‘Move;’ we roll with it]” (80)

“But there was a sound in their voices which suggested rum [there was a town in their voices, and we strolled there] [a drawl is how the voice strolls] [when I suggested rum, you sounded off] [in regard to your story, it sounds a little off to me]” (81)

“There was sand in our eyes [our glass eye made of sand], sand in our teeth [our teeth sanded down, filed—to better defile some meat] [to eat alive], sand in our suppers [send our suppers up] [we keep our suppers down], sand dancing in the spring at the bottom of the kettle [a hot spring we need not hike to], for all the world like porridge beginning to boil” (81)

“‘Is this Ben Gunn a man?’ he asked. / ‘I do not know, sir,’ I said. [‘I demand to know,’ he said. ‘I will rifle through Gunn’s things then.’]” (82)

“You’ve seen my snuff-box [my sniff-box: a nose], haven’t you? And you never saw me take snuff [though stuff you saw me take; you staked on my taking of stuff when you staffed me]; the reason being that in my snuff-box I carry a piece [I’m packing] of Parmesan cheese—a cheese made in Italy [packaged from there], very nutritious. Well, that’s for Ben Gunn [to gum]!” (82)
Chapter XXI [deadlights—an x over each eye]

“I’ll put my name in the log [I’ll infect the log with my name like a disease bug-imported there; I’ll shiver those timbers] [I’ll lame the log, make it ill]” (87)

“and every one with a red face [a curtain drawn across the face], you may be certain, and a flea in his ear [afflicting his hearing, biting any tidings bid him], as the saying is [as saying is not registered] [an empty ho-tell] [(as) the saying-ghost] [Resi-Doom, Resident, an Echo as Residue of a Sound]” (88)

“drub them [dry rub their tenderized bits] [tender a fork from the yacht of your plate to the shore of your face] [the land is unseasoned—how bland the tropics to a degree (in terms of degree change)] [brisk(et) weather(s a hunger)]” (88)

“You’ll want it [You’re Wanted and Done For] before you’ve done [your worst deed] [you’ve gone and done it now] [the odds are one to five against you]” (88)

“Suddenly, with a loud huzza, a little cloud of pirates leaped from the woods [a little tongue of pirates lapped at the water] [a short puff of pirates chim-kneed some gut] [a stream of pirates, gutter-bound] [Get ‘Em!]” (90)
Chapter XXIV

“I beheld [eye-hugged] huge slimy monsters [messieurs they were not, though not sealless, entirely, were I to wax on]—soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness [‘you weren’t lyin’]—two or three score of them together [making a scone of space, wolfing it down, bearing down on it] [repurposing matter] [re-porpoising], making the rocks to echo with their barkings [sly un-, bounce a word back on itself, reverse, reverb] [rock out]” (101)

“But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce [will incite] violent changes in the behavior of the coracle [But even a small change in the disposition of the future will produce violent changes in the behavior (and insight) of the oracle] […] whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again [so heads back out] [be a doll and sew my head back on] [be a doll and back off from suing me] [be my guest] [guess which gust will get us]” (102)

“It became plain to me [all thought-accoutrement fell away] that nobody was steering [staring for long enough, a sailboat emerged] [an optical illusion]” (103)

“The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me [the beam was a hair an ant could barely cross] [put a chair on the spire and venture to shimmy into it] [clarify for me the length you’re willing to go] [the lynx you’re willing to pin] [the links okay to make] [in the air of adventure I’ll be your carry-on] [from the air, carrion is spied] [we scheme the pick-up after the drop]” (103)

“For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me—standing still [herself a pole] [poll me as to whether this really is the worst: it is] [at some earlier time: erstwhile] [worthwhile: her stillness stunted] [her ‘had been’ a bin where stasis is trashed] [stashed] [the moustache of herself trimmed from the lip of stillness] [a steel blade lending itself to the task]” (104)
Chapter XXVI

“The wind, serving us to a desire [doing the meat of us up and dishing us out] [diced up and wok-ward] [have you dised desire no more than five times?] [have you distinguished yourself in this way?] [wound up where you thought you’d be, your thoughts in the service of desire, yourself winded by your servicing of it] [were you sired toward such, always?] [blown away, I say, where do you get off, I give up]” (108)

“‘O’Brien there is in another world [a netherworld], and maybe watching us [our world in their watchbands and us their idea of time] [our selves the wristwatch they risk watching].’ ‘Ah!’ says he. ‘Well, that’s unfort’nate [net-less, we wake welted, though having slept well enough] [without an alarm, we wake alarmed]—appears as if killing parties was a waste of time [discomfit no more fêtes then] [cinch the waist of time and send it on]’” (109)

“I’ll bring you [the re]port [of the rapport between a bingo and a binge] [wound up by a win: topped off again and again]” (109)

“with his favorite toast of ‘Here’s luck!’ [with his favorite toast of rye, of ‘Why not,’ of Whole Wheat, of ‘Oui,’ of any form of ‘Yes,’ of ‘To Yeast’s Work, I salute’] […] Now, my hearty, luff [my hearty loaf]” (110-111)

“there’s a pet bit for to beach a ship in [a muzzle to calm the bite of the ship]” (111)

“Wounded as he was, it was wou[n]derful how fast he could move, his grizzled hair tumbling over his face [hair blown hand-shaped, spread-fingered and thumbing his face], and his face itself as red as a red ensign [a sign sometimes of eczema] with his haste and fury [blinded by the flurries of rage]” (112)

“I placed my palms against the main-mast [a brain-master paced my palms for my thoughts] [read me this way] [:] […] a goodish bigness [an odd nest, but one I estimate will hold you] [a pig-headedness, but not so nasty as to forgo alms-giving / even from a nest-egg yoked to a dream I deem tasteful enough]” (112)
“[What does it say] anyway? Ah! ‘Deposed’—that’s it, is it [does it sway you] [are you swished in the mouth of its decision—to spit me out]? Very pretty wrote, to be sure [curves like a shoreline has]; like print, I swear [the fingerprint off technology’s hand]. Your hand o’ write, George [right-handed] [your judgment handed down] [George and juror in one]?” (126)

“your black spot ain’t worth a biscuit [more tasteless than that] [lard o’ mercy, what will become of me]” (126)

“you want to play booty [to catch tail (pray tell, is it not so [nutso]?)], that’s what’s wrong with you [the diagnosis] [the die cast] [cast your keepers and your keepsakes] [fanta-sea, fanta-sea] [Fanta sees to some parched mouth (in a blade-shaped stream, it goes down)] [cutthroat] [break through] [who’s the beacon you’ll look toward now?] [who’s the bacon your appetite makes (‘I could eat you up’)?]” (126)

“and full of good plum-duff [and puffed up like a soufflé] [a white plastic spoon lifted in surrender] [a white plaza heels tick across toward a café where a calf, flayed, plays into the special] [full of good] [gobble gobble] [made to gobble (and a maid made to shine a chin)] [this the goblin makeover] [popover] [stay]” (126)

“you have the Davy Jones’s insolence to up [Davy Jones has the sunk souls he won’t give up] [the sea a duvet that covers over] [can’t be pulled back] [save-less] [but look here, a locker, a] [safe]” (127)

“has your eyes the colour of lemon peel [John does your eyes up] [keep an eye peeled] [for lures] [to affect allure, your batting eyes are bait] [(your / you’re) batting average]” (127)

“you hain’t got the invention of a cockroach [a haint encroaches on a house] [an honest haunt] [‘where one hanged out’] [a hang-out spot, swung by, years later] [a ladder pulled out] [a neck-swing that cancels one from a next week] [a cockroach encroaches on the human form, outdoing it] [within the convent of itself, preserved] [the cell, undividing] [uninviting]” (128)

“It’ll do to kiss the book on still, won’t it? [to make out] [what the book says] [seal it with a kiss] [conse-crate all the books around]” (128)
Chapter XXXIV

“the diversity of coinage [the diverse cities from which we are coined] [The Age of Coins we’re versed in] [The Age of Ex(act)change] [The Art of Ex(act)change] [the coins divers pull up from ocean floors]” (148)

“[as] for number, I am sure they were like autumn leaves [as for numbness, a tummy has been relieved], so that my back ached with stooping and my fingers with sorting them out [my sore fingers] [as for number, I am sure they were like the peeling skins of summer, my fingers flake-seeking] [some seekers positioned as flakes] [treasure-hunter] [treasure, hmm, her?] [I stoop to wager] [I aim high] [as for numb, brrr] [as for winter, the melting snow gives a hint of brown] [of ground] [come ‘round, and we’ll settle on something] [we’ll sift through the sediment and settle this once and for all] [once compared to fall, our riches—aligned with the richness of the palette of fall] [the browns the golds] [the bronze the golds]” (148)

“none treated him better than a dog [though none dodged him either] [not avoided as a rabid thing] [not put down] [put up with at least] [not so undesirable as a used chamber pot put in the middle of a peopled room] [not so creepy as a peephole] [not stared right through] [as if not there] [‘no fair’ does not come into it] […] and he still lives [less off-putting than liver fried up], a great favourite, though something of a butt” (149-151)

“gone clean out of my life [I’ve gone and cleaned out my life] [cf. Rilke: ‘You must change your life’] [cf. J. Wright: ‘I have wasted my life’] [I have gone and cleaned out my life] [I bask in the waste basket of then] [then I get out] [get on with it]” (151)
Royalty is a card game in which players “meld” and “capture” words. To meld is to link letters together to construct a word. A soldering of sorts. To capture a word is to rob the word someone has melded and to rearrange it into a new word. Each player has seven cards in her hand at a time (replenished after each “meld” and/or “capture) until the cards are exhausted (tired).

ex. C A T
    T A C K Y

ex. P I R A T E
    P R I V A T E E R

ex. F A R
    R A F T
    F A R T E D
    D R A F T E D
Game 1 [31 words = 31 lines]

G A P E / P A N G E A
G R E Y
D A Y / L A D Y / D A I L Y
C L O S E / C L O S E T
H E E D / H E X E D
Z E N / D O Z E N
R I B / T R I B E
V A S T / V I S T A
F O R T Y
T R O U T
Z A G / G A Z E / G R A Z E
M I N T
B O H E M E
L A W N
P U N K / S P U N K
Q U A Y
C O G / C L O G
F A D E
J I N X

leftovers: unrecorded
JINX  you owe me a coax
A VISTA RIBbed with clouds
CLOGs a GAZE
The PUNK LAWN won’t give up
any MINT even if meant to
A HEXed TRIBE
The CLOSET of PANGEA ripped through
the clothes of it scattered
thus continents
The VISTA is set to FADE
but still our PUNK eyes GRAZE there
Some BOHEME sings on the QUAY
of a LADY DAILY FORTY
that year alone the COG that turns her
A TROUT’s version of ZEN
is bait it HEEDs and a lodged hook
its cheek’s a lodge for
CLOSE your GAPE
A line shows SPUNK via ZAG
the chart thus looks
like a two-dimensional LAWN
the rise and fall of the line
a DOZEN barbs of grass
How VAST the JINX
How HEXED the CLOSET
strewing the DAY in nothing
but GREY
To RIB some BOHEME
To RIB the PUNK
to give RIBs to god-like
or in good fun to poke at
Game 2 (unfinished) (14 words [= 14 lines])

F L E X
Y A R D / D I A R Y
P A I N T
C O Y / C O Z Y
G A G / S H A G G Y
N O O N E
F A R E / F E A R S
A J A R
J A R
D O G

A DOG is a DIARY of yapping
The YARD goes SHAGGY like a DOG
Be fair be a FARE
I can afford
PAINT FLEXes a muscle of wall
flecks off as FEARS do
in overcoming
Am I being COY am I being
a DOG of GAGs
NO ONE’s COZY AJAR
open so the body’s a JAR
a depository for FEARS
Better a DIARY GAG (a trick or a voice tripped up?)
a SHAGGY carpet to lose things in
Game 3 (37 words [=37 lines])

N A P S / P L A N S / P L A I N S
U L E / M U L E / F L U M E
C O N / C O U N T
R A W / W A R M S
R A R E / B A R R E L
P E T / P A T É / P A T E N T / P A T I E N T
Y O U / B U O Y
O A K
A N Y / N A V Y / V A N I T Y
N E T / T I N E
O A R / L O A F E R
V E X
H U E
J I V E
D A R E / R A G E D
B O R E D
J O Y
W I D E / W I E L D
C O D
H A T / T H A N

leftovers: I Z Y O I Q Q Z X
YULE-tide ULE tree YOU’ll treat me
to PATÉ and crumb-PETS a tongue
will lure from crates of teeth
One NAPS in the RAW
a BORED DARE if you COUNT
the PATIENT more PATIENT
THAN a HAT
who CONs a WIDE JOY
into a LOAFER
to narrow that JOY
NAVY WARMS to a RAREr HUE
a MULE PATENTs a field:
a NETwork of OAK
If there’s ANY VANITY left
the nose is no BUOY
on the lake of YOUr face
but a cheekbone as a COD
curved in paddling is okay
The watery TINEs of some falls
stab at spectacle: a BARREL
turned burial
Either OAR for a coaxing wave
Either OAR for hooking debris
A JIVE VEXes the PLAINS
calls dust up a bust-up
of wind (reminiscent of when…)
A bowl a bowl and a FLUME
From a BARREL to a hole in
a replica of a log
a body plugs plunges
willfully a willed falling
PLANS RAGED on
No comPLAINtS BARRELeed out
though some VANITY DAREd a complaint
to face it to deface it
To WIELD and will a skinning
A kin-making bareness, o baroness of blankness
Game 4 [30 words = 30 lines]

KEEP
BANK
VAST/STAVE/STEVIA
TWIN/WINTER
TAXI
DEFANG
JABS
ROIL
HOOP
JUICE
LEG/GLUE
ZAP
WAR/CRAW
GOOD
YEN/NEEDY
NOR/NOIR
MUTT
MAX/EXAM
RAVEN/RAVINE
EYE
LOAD

leftovers: unrecorded
NOIR packs wit in a CRAW packs a punch
box (JABS or JUICE) in the ol’ lunchbox
N’awlins packs CRAWfish there
An EYE-LOAD of LEG
unLOADs from a TAXI
A LEG hangs out of a door
as a fang might
from a mouth NEEDY for blood
WINTER DEFANGed is a BANK of GLUE
a stencil of snow a vest pinned
with RAVENs MUTT the EXAM
ask me five unknown things
I have a YEN for the MAX
I am neither GOOD NOR WAR
My TWIN was ZAPPED in the VAST RAVINE
of some womb We STAVE off
the HOOP that necessitates a score
What I KEEP leads away from a win
makes a MUTT of us led elsewhere
Along a RAVINE LOADed with STEVIA
Other BANKs need more the NEEDY BANK
ROILs you what GOOD is YEN
as GLUE if all we can MUTTER is WAR
TWIN JABS HOOP each EYE in black
hula who loves you
who activates the purr a purse
LOADed with GOOD
The NOIR of an EYE no the whites
of it Seeing considered its right
To be without considered unseemly
Game 5 (36 words [=36 lines])

L I D[E X I L E D] / D I A L / T A I L E D
L E T / H O T E L
H O T / Q U O T H
G A I N / G R A I N
G I V E / G R I E V E
N E W / N E W T / W I N T E R
Z E N / D O Z E N
G O / G O T
F U R / F O U R / F L O U R
R U D E / M U R D E R
C O W / C R O W
N A A N
O I L Y
B I T E
I V Y
A D O
J I G
B U Y
P A N E / N A P E S
Y A M
T O G A
F A X

leftovers: X Q K Z J E K D
a WINTER HOTEL of FUR
a PANE of NAAN a CROW breaks
rather than its body broken against
A TOGA as snow (a WINTER
LID) lawn-draped
A LID DIALs sleep (LID-draped:
an eye in sleeping)
LET FLOUR GAIN the counter space
A FLOUR mixture spread against
loose FLOUR a MURDER
of hunger (but that’s a RUDE way
to describe it?)
QUOTH the COW moot
or not: “price my milk in NEWTs”
Our NAPES steam like YAMS
foreshadowing a BITE
IVY BITEs a wall FOUR times
the height of the GRAIN
field-exiled belly-exalted
belying ADO
When oil acts a FAX coming through
to the forehead the whole face
an OILY jug sloshing with thought
the JIG is usurped
feet GIVE up, licked by the slicker floor
feet TAILED by a falling
a body is then a splinter (a NEW ZEN)
gouging the bed stuck between sheets real good
a tweezers-teaser The news is in
To GRIEVE to be a gravy
over the DOZEN biscuits
a sadness rises up as (gets GOT)
to BUY the entire menu of sadness
and GO to the eye where
the meal’s laid (di-splayed)
a HOThouse FLOURishing
Game 6 (40 words [=40 lines])

FEED/DEFER/FERRETED
GUY/PUDGY
IOTA
HOLE/LOATHE
TUX
GOAT/GLOAT
BED/BEAD/BASED/BIASED
COAX
UNO/NUEVO
TAN/GNAT/TANGY
CAP/POACH
KITE/TIKES[STRIKES]
MEN/MINER
FOE/FORE/FORGE
WAY/WAVY
WILY
RUN/RUIN
JERK
BAND/BLAND
MEAN/ENAMEL

leftovers: Q J Z I Q Z O I
Later we will FORaGE for GOATs
for the PUDGY MEN to roast
ENAMEL meets meat-sheen
meets the juicy MEAN where meat
levels off BIASED toward RUIN,
LOATHE the iota of CHANCE
Some JERK FERRETED out
the TANGY HOLE
but was no MINER
The HOLE BLANDs
blends in with any TAN BED
A NUEVO TUX and all
the appropriate tucking in
A BAND of BEADs or BEADs as TIKES
RUNning across tile
scattering game-like
with one child off to the side
counting UNO dos tracing air-digits
with digits of her own
What FOE COAXes a swearing
from an unRUINed mouth?
What tongue FORGEs an answer
out of a slip and spit?
The KITE of a voice catches, treesome, a treason
A GNAT goes WAVY on a wind
Petit plane, passengerless, injurious
Skin GLOATs all RUNway:
a cue for landing
beFORE a CAP goes night
and the ice a-clinkin’ and some yes
whose plural is BED
Just DEFER to the BAND GUY
Pilfer the song-HOLE
a wasting mouth to FEED
POACH and singe the GOAT of song
served somewhere not lending itself to BLAND
nor where we ourselves ended
pandering to the pantry of ourselves
we RUIN our figure for the TUX
de-MEN ourselves, devilishly
From No Body to Some Bodies: Reading Footnotes and Endnotes as Form in Jennifer Martenson’s *Xq28* and Jenny Boully’s *The Body* and *[one love affair]*

In a ten-year period, we saw the publication of Brenda Hillman’s *Loose Sugar* (1997), Jena Osman’s *The Character* (1999), Christine Hume’s *Musca Domestica* (2000), Jennifer Martenson’s *Xq28* (2001), Jenny Boully’s *The Body* (2002), and Eileen Tabios’ *There, Where the Pages Would End* (2003). Osman, Martenson, Boully, and Tabios employ footnotes as a formal element in their poems, while Hillman and Hume employ layouts or devices that visually recall footnotes. During the same time frame, several books of poetry incorporating endnotes also appeared, including Boully’s *[one love affair]* (2006), Eleni Sikelianos’ *The California Poem* (2004), and Claudia Rankine’s *Don’t Let Me Be Lonely* (2004).

I am interested in the number of examples that emerge and what their emergence suggests regarding a revaluation of footnotes, footnote-like apparatuses, and endnotes, shifting them from devices that conventionally mark secondary and non-creative writing to devices with markedly generative and performative potential within the defamiliarized, and thus revitalized, context of a poem.

While earlier books of poetry also incorporate notes, such as T.S. Eliot’s *The Waste Land* and, even earlier, Coleridge’s “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,” in the projects on which I focus, the status of the notes—particularly as formal elements—changes their function. When a body text exists in these projects, the notes challenge the primacy of said text and seek to alter one’s reading of it rather than to clarify it.

With the exception of the title in *Xq28* and the title, table of contents, and afterword in *The Body*.

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2 With the exception of the title in *Xq28* and the title, table of contents, and afterword in *The Body*.
footnotes that erratically ascend and descend the space of the page, covering over (more or less successfully) the figurative and literal missing body of a lover and of the text, respectively. Martenson’s title refers to “the chromosomal location of the purported ‘gay gene’” (Dworkin 12) and begins by invoking Monique Wittig and, by association, the conversation energized by so-called French feminism in the 1970s regarding the categories of “woman” and “lesbian.” Boully’s title acts as an iteration of what’s missing, both on the physical page and thematically throughout The Body. Boully and Martenson’s projects suggest a play of differences between repression as a psychic phenomenon and erasure as a social phenomenon. However, despite similarities, formal or otherwise, the texts use the footnote and the white space that marks the absence of body text in different ways. Thus each text asks that the “missing” body text be read differently. Martenson’s footnotes are organized one per page, with no more than ten lines of text per page and an average of seven lines per page, allowing her to maintain white space rigorously. In some cases, one note runs for several pages, which suggests maintaining white space by minimizing the number of lines per page takes precedence over maintaining the unity of the note. Unlike Martenson, Boully frequently intrudes on the white space, organizing footnotes so that they often nearly subsume the white space from the bottom up.

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3 For an excellent reading of Jennifer Martenson’s Xq28, see Craig Dworkin’s article “Textual Prosthesis.” In the article, he also cursorily reads Jenny Boully’s The Body.

4 The size of their projects also differs. Xq28 is a chapbook consisting of twelve footnotes. The Body is a book consisting of approximately 158 notes (with the last note suggesting infinity rather than a final note, i.e., “156.999…”). In a sense, neither project ends—Martenson’s because of the looping by which footnotes refer to other footnotes and Boully’s because of the structure of infinity (.999…) that ends the “last” note and which suggests what’s beyond it and also highlights the resistance to closure that circulates throughout the text.
While Martenson’s white space can be read as a staging of an erased body, alternatively, the white space marks a non-existent (never-existing) body. Martenson’s footnotes generate from the title (the signifier for the “gay gene”), then from other footnotes, cross-indexing each other, thus moving a reader backwards and forwards between notes; there is no outside here—no referent. If, within heterosexist logic, the “gay gene” typically marks degeneracy, here it is generative, but generative of discourse, not of a body. The logic of the footnotes reiterates the tenuous “truth” of the gene: “[N]o such ['gay gene’] was actually identified. Rather, its existence is a probability thought to reside on the very tip of the long arm of the X chromosome […]” (Martenson 7). In Xq28, no body generates from the gene (i.e., no body fits the gene), but only a series of notes bouncing between their own cross-indexing, which raises the question of the limitations put on the production of new knowledge through this type of deadlock. But is all lost? Not if we reconsider the movement between and among footnotes.

The strategy of cross-indexing enacts a technique of “deformance.”\[^5\] Martenson’s non-linear and looping sequencing of footnotes forces what Lisa Samuels and Jerome McGann (borrowing from Emily Dickinson) call a Reading Backwards (or, in this case, backwards and forwards and back again), “short circuit[ing] the sign of prose transparency and reinstall[ing] the text…as a performative event, a made thing” (31), which serves to further denaturalize the essentialist biological discourse that the injections of cultural constructivist discourse seek to disrupt throughout the text. Such deformance is a particularly important move in Xq28, given that the denaturalization it

effects points to and implicitly critiques forms of naturalization that have long supported the pathologizing of homosexuality.\(^6\)

Unlike Martenson’s footnotes, Boully’s footnotes maintain the conceit of a textual body, or, perhaps, more accurately, a variety of textual bodies, arguably accentuating the degree of loss at stake in the text and the trauma of such loss by asserting the impossibility of its representation (as signified by the empty space in place of a body text). The variety of materials collected in the footnotes—along with the variety of perspectives through which the materials are presented—do not suggest any one text could be reverse-engineered to fit the notes, which range from anecdotal notes one could imagine in both autobiography and biography to notes one could imagine in a critical work on film studies and performance theory. The first five notes suggest a consistent speaker; in the sixth note, however, the position of the speaker shifts: a distanced speaker begins referring to a “she,” synonymous with the “I” of the first five notes; an excerpt from a letter written by this “she” ends the sixth note, reintroducing the “I.” “Dated in her 23\(^{rd}\) year, the letter states: ‘…I told Louisine that I was terrified of clowns […]’” (The Body 9). After the sixth note, the mode of address and content of the notes shift. For example, the seventh note reads, “It wasn’t that the ice-cream man came everyday; he came whenever the child heard his music” (10). This note is particularly compelling because it provides an example of omnipotence or “magical thinking,” typically associated with an infant’s primary narcissism in which its mother is “conjured” by its cries with the sole purpose of serving the infant, rather than the mother existing in her

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\(^6\) Here we might also consider how a resistance to teleology is played out in the resistance to linearity. In the teleology of normative sexual development, the final point in its trajectory (i.e., mature adult sexuality) is heterosexuality, with homosexuality framed as a short-circuiting in sexual development.
own right. Here, the ice-cream man’s existence relies on the child’s senses. As I will argue later, omnipotence plays a significant role in the organizational strategies of *The Body*. Importantly, the shift to the impersonal observation of the child in relation to the ice-cream man in the seventh note happens after the first mention of “E.” —the lover who surfaces and resurfaces throughout the text and whom we discover is dead—suggesting the note operates as a deflection. In the sixth note, the speaker in the excerpted letter notes, “Am I marred? E. says he cannot love me now and that I have a dark side he is afraid of…” (9). While the missing body text can be linked to the absent body of the dead lover, the white space also marks a failure in production—a young poet’s creative debilitation, which, in the context of *The Body*, ties into a failure to achieve sublimation of grief and to redirect investment from the lost object onto a new object.\(^7\) The debilitating effects of melancholia circulate throughout the text.

Bouly transitions from footnotes to endnotes in her second book, *[one love affair]*, which is, in many ways, a formal translation of *The Body*. Both *The Body* and *[one love affair]* are psychic explorations of loss, preservation, identification, identity-formation, and fluctuations between melancholia and mourning, warranting a psychoanalytic approach to the material. I will argue that *The Body* is an example of “melancholic literature,” whereas *[one love affair]* tends toward a staging of the process of mourning and healing.

I. Mourning is to Introjection as Melancholia is to Incorporation

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\(^7\) Mentoring and mentored poets (“the great poet” and her student) figure heavily into *The Body*. 
In “Mourning and Melancholia,” Freud theorizes that, in mourning, the libidinal investment in the lost object is withdrawn and displaced onto a new object, whereas in melancholia,

the result [of the shattered object-relationship] was not the normal one of withdrawal of the libido from this object and displacement of it on to a new one…[T]he free libido was not displaced on to another object; it was withdrawn into the ego. There, however, it was not employed in any unspecified way, but served to establish an identification of the ego with the abandoned object. (586)

The transformation of an object-loss into an ego-loss accounts for “the impoverishment of the ego on a grand scale” that Freud identifies as a distinction between melancholia and mourning (584-586). In melancholia, there’s a temporary glitch in object-relatedness, affecting the subject’s external reality.

Melanie Klein, expanding on Freud’s theory, elaborates the process of mourning and melancholia in terms of what she identifies as a reactivation of the infantile depressive position, in which the infant moves from internalized good and bad part objects to externalized whole objects. For Klein, mourning, which she divides into normal and abnormal versions, always involves incorporation of and identification with the lost object, which the mourner must work through before redirecting libidinal

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8 In Kleinian theory, internalized part objects—good and bad objects—have a tendency to take on a life of their own; thus the reframing of Kleinian theory, such as done by Julia Kristeva and Thomas H. Ogden, helps ground her concepts, thereby making them more workable. The movement from internalized part objects to externalized part objects can be summed up by what Klein calls “the breast situation.” For the infant, the mother’s breast represents the “good” breast, which the infant believes it omnipotently controls—its appearance and reappearance are the infant’s doing; the breast also represents the “bad” breast that denies the infant and which the infant destroys in its psychic reality. It is when the breast (i.e., the mother) keeps coming back after its destruction (and the infant feels guilt for its destruction of the “good” breast that’s wrapped up in its destruction of the “bad” breast) that the infant eventually recognizes the “good” and “bad” breast as the same externalized whole, namely the mother. This version of the “breast situation” represents healthy formation of whole objects.
investment onto a new object. She states, “The poignancy of the actual loss of a loved person is…greatly increased by the mourner’s unconscious phantasies [sic] of having lost his internal ‘good’ objects as well. He then feels that his internal ‘bad’ objects predominate and his inner world is in danger of disruption” (“Mourning” 353). Utilizing both Freud and Klein, Julia Kristeva, in *Black Sun*, elaborates on disruption in terms of parcellary splitting, which “affect[s] not only the object, but, in return, the very self, which literally ‘falls into pieces’” (18). The version of “falling to pieces” with which she concerns herself is “caused…by a disintegration accompanied by anxieties” (18). “[T]he anxiety of being destroyed from within remains active. It seems to me in keeping with the lack of cohesiveness that under the pressure of this threat the ego tends to fall to pieces” (Ferenczi, qtd. in Kristeva, 19). We see parcellary splitting enacted in the structure of *The Body*. The textual units of the footnotes do not combine to form a cohesive whole; they are quite literally broken up, as if fall-out from an unstable body or ego, if we consider an analogue between mastering ego and conventional author whose “authority” is located in the textual body of works. The footnotes are evidence of a whole-that-was and that can no longer be sustained as a whole. To say it differently, the footnotes act as an alternative to the cohesive whole conventionally formed in the textual body through continuous prose blocks in the context of an essay (the poem’s subtitle). The units of footnotes resist telling the “whole” story; they do not accrue in a way that a reader may then supply the missing body to which they’re attached. In fact, their heterogeneous content thwarts such imagining on the part of the reader.

In Kleinian theory, splitting and omnipotence are defenses associated with the paranoid-schizoid position. Psychoanalyst Thomas H. Ogden re-theorizes Kleinian
developmental stages into “dialectical modes of experience;” these modes, or positions, consist of the depressive, the paranoid-schizoid, and the autistic-contiguous positions. Ogden stresses the fact that though he isolates the positions in order to theorize each, they are never in isolation, though a subject may temporarily collapse into one position.

Klein’s theorizing of the paranoid-schizoid position conceives it as a more primitive mode of psychological organization than the depressive position (Ogden 18). Ogden elaborates on the distinctions between the paranoid-schizoid position and the depressive position in terms of their functions and defenses. He states,

The paranoid-schizoid mode of generating experience is based heavily upon splitting as a defense and as a way of organizing experience. Whereas the depressive mode operates predominately in the service of containment of experience, including psychological pain, the paranoid-schizoid mode is more evenly divided between efforts at managing psychic pain and efforts at evacuation of pain through the defensive use of omnipotent thinking, denial, and the creation of discontinuities of experience. (19)

The defensive strategy of creating discontinuities of experience severs the connection between loving object-related experiences and hating object-related experiences, so that “Each time a good object is disappointing, it is no longer experienced as a good object—but as the discovery of a bad object in what had been masquerading as a good one” (19). This defense, which Ogden names a “rewriting of history” (19), relates to the defense of omnipotent control that allows “the emotional complexities of loving and hating [to be] magically ‘resolved,’ or—more accurately—precluded from psychic reality” (23). Ogden continues, “Since one’s objects, like oneself, are perceived in this mode as objects rather than as subjects, one cannot care about them or have concern for them” (23), which is also to say, one cannot recognize them in their own right, a notion we’ll return to when
considering the shift that occurs between Jenny Boully’s *The Body* and *one love affair*.

Perhaps it is the defensive work done within the paranoid-schizoid position that accounts for the problem with melancholia that, according to Freud, “in part eludes us”: “The fact that [melancholia] passes off after a certain time has elapsed without leaving traces of any gross changes is a feature it shares with mourning” (589). Freud notes that psychic work of melancholia “empt[ies] the ego until it is totally impoverished” (589), and we can better understand this impoverishment if we consider what Ogden writes in an attempt to save the paranoid-schizoid position from villainization, which he criticizes many analysts for doing (29). “The paranoid-schizoid mode provides the necessary splitting of linkages and opening up of the closures of the depressive position, thus reestablishing the possibility of fresh linkages and fresh thoughts” (30). It’s the totality of the impoverishment that allows for the aforementioned fresh linkages and thoughts, ultimately allowing the psychic reality to stabilize.

In mourning, the reactivation of the early infantile depressive position allows for the reconstitution of an external reality, which in turn allows for the investment of libidinal energy onto a new object, in keeping with Freud. However, in melancholia, Klein notes that “introjection miscarries” (263). Rather than theorize melancholia in isolation, Kristeva proposes instead that “[t]he terms melancholia and depression refer to a composite that might be called melancholy/depressive, whose borders are in fact blurred” (10). In the context of her exploration of the composite, Kristeva is interested in “bring[ing] out […] what pertains to a common experience of object loss and of a modification of signifying bonds […] language in particular” (10). I will use Kristeva’s
theorization of negation and denial of negation to elaborate language and absence of language in The Body in the following sections of this paper in order to better differentiate melancholic literature from a literature of mourning.

In her article, “Eve Sedgwick’s ‘White glasses,’” Monica B. Pearl defines melancholic literature through a consideration of the differences between introjection and incorporation. Reluctant to frame mourning as normal and melancholia as pathological, Pearl defines mourning and melancholia through their relationship to an acceptance or a resistance to loss, with mourning aligning with an acceptance and melancholia, a resistance. The strategy of introjection prevails in mourning; whereas incorporation prevails in melancholia. Psychoanalysts Nicolas Abraham and Maria Torok break incorporation and introjection down thusly: “Incorporation corresponds to a fantasy, and introjection, to a process” (125). Building on Abraham and Torok, Pearl elaborates,

Introjection requires that a loss be understood and acknowledged; it further requires that the loss be, not filled or replaced, but displaced by the means to acquire what is literally wanted with a figurative substitute. It is by introjection […] that we acquire language: our squalls for food or the mother’s breast—our ‘empty mouth’—are displaced by language, by ‘learning to fill the void of the mouth with words.’ Language ‘makes up’ for the absences of what is desired by ‘representing presence.’ (67)

Pearl summarizes, “introjection has the place of the mouth, incorporation has no place […] Introjection, in contrast [to melancholia], allows metaphor” (67). Metaphor operates through substitution, which figures most readily in the title poem of [one love affair]*, whose endnotes foreground the strategy of substitution at work in the poem. The endnotes acknowledge lines culled from source materials, which are written over or into within the poem’s prose blocks. Unlike the substitution that predominates in various ways in the poem sequences in [one love affair]*, the missing body that circulates
throughout *The Body* is not substituted by a body text, emphasizing a refused representation of bodily presence replaced by language, which is in keeping with Pearl’s definition of melancholic literature. For Pearl, “Melancholia literature involves a self-consciousness about the formulations of the text—that is, about writing—and also an investment in art and writing as a mechanism that might prevent or protect against loss” through acts of scriptural preservation (65).

Two markedly different approaches to assimilating source materials are played out in *The Body* and *[one love affair]*, which I argue relates to whether melancholia or mourning is stressed in the text in question. I will argue that strategies of appropriation and direct quotation equate with the excising of other bodies and perform a staging of omnipotence in *The Body*. These strategies relate to incorporation, already noted as it relates to melancholia. The use of palimpsest—writing over and into source materials—in “*[one love affair],” marked by processes of substitution, reinvestment, and identification, tie the title sequence’s primary strategy to introjection and processes of mourning more generally and enable the disclosure and intimate address in *[one love affair]*’s second poem sequence, “He Wrote in Code,” and, finally, the insertion of the bracketed love affair of the title into a history of love affairs in the third poem sequence, “There is Scarcely More Than There Is.”

II. Bodies in *The Body*

To note. To take “note” and excise the last letter of its textual body: “note,” with its “e” removed, becomes “not.” A negation. A textual body negated, as is the larger body text in Jenny Boully’s first book of poetry, *The Body*. Excision is one of many strategies of avoidance operating throughout the text. The tendency to avoid enters as early as the
first footnote: “That I love you makes me want to run and hide” (*The Body* 7). Avoidance comes also in the forms of denial and typographically-cued amnesia, signifying an unspeakable loss. The organizer of notes in Boully’s *The Body* acts out. She appropriates without citing her sources. She excises other (primarily male-authored, “master[ing?]”) texts. She blanks out, creating gaps in the text, reiterating the already considerable blanking out of the body of the text:

In the original production, Boully was positioned stage center, the vase contained lilacs, not violets, the hills spread out like fallen pears, and ________ was originally cast to play the role of ________ who, in the original production, entered on the cue of broken glass to ask if she would ________ him. (32)

The highlighting of difference—that in one production there are lilacs, and in another, violets, for example—suggests the provisional narratives parading as truths that enable one to move through life, which is to say, staying within the realm of performance, “the show must go on.” (The tension between the provisional and the “true” arises in the form of critique later in the text: “Although the narrative is rich with detail and historical accounts, the author is blatantly supplying false information. For example, the peaches were not rotten and there were no flies or rain for that matter” [12].)

Someone is cast—cast off. In melancholia, the lost object casts its shadow on the ego.

Bodies aren’t easily dealt with in *The Body*. They are absent(ed), as with the body of the dead lover. They are erased, as with the textual body performing the repression of the lover’s missing body. They are sites of panic, dismantled and multiplied, as with the sexualized body, a point to which I will return. They are acted out upon, as with the part-bodies of appropriated texts. Of the 158 notes, 35 notes consist primarily (or solely) of quotations from source materials—mainly books of theory, philosophy, and classic literature. Twenty notes are excerpts taken from private journals and letters.
Approximately one-third of *The Body* exists in quotation—literally within quotation marks or in block paragraphs to denote an extended quotation. How do quotations relate to the refusal to speak, which points to refusal to cognize loss, recorded in the absence of the body text within *The Body*?

The appropriated texts, figured as quoted materials and, overall, unassimilated through such conventional assimilating methods as paraphrase and interpretation, function as internalized part objects (literally “parts” of the externalized whole objects of other books). They are treated with ambivalence. On the one hand, they act as “support,” fulfilling the conventional role of source materials, and, on the other hand, they act as containers for aggression, especially in terms of displaced revenge. Of the attributed quotations, the writings of Thomas Aquinas, John Berryman, Joseph Campbell, Lewis Carroll, Hippolytus, James Joyce, Jacques Lacan, Emmanuel Levinas, Vladimir Nabokov, Ezra Pound, Delmore Schwartz, Shakespeare, Sei Shonagon, and Laurence Sterne make an appearance. The longest footnote, spanning three pages, is a footnote from Derrida’s *Plato’s Pharmacy*, which interrogates the binary speech/writing and arguments of presence and absence in speech versus writing. The footnote tells the story of a spell (writing imbued with power via speech) buried in a casket and the desire for recovery that it inspires (*The Body* 47-49).

In *The Body*, these excised textual bodies are equated with the body of a lost externalized whole object (namely, the lover); the latter body’s presence and absence cannot be controlled, but the former, as bodies, can be. The unassimilated material is

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9 With the exception of the excerpt from Shonagon’s *Pillow Book*, the quotations come from writing by men.
detached and detachable, reminding us of footnotes as “textual prosthesis.”

In The Body, this re-membering (adding to, from the external world) is set against remembering (recovering, from the internal world). “[I]n order not to have to ‘swallow’ a loss, we fantasize swallowing (or having swallowed) that which has been lost, as if it were some kind of thing” (Abraham and Torok 126). What has “passed away” transforms into a literal passage, to be called upon at the organizer of notes’ whim, making literal the figurative “support” such source material typically brings to writing (here, the subtitle, “an essay,” surfaces mightily). With the body objectified as a textual body, the organizer of notes can “preten[d] that the suffering is not an injury to the subject [the organizer of notes] but instead a [bodily] loss sustained by the love object” (127). The organizer of notes, who serves the editor function, is in a position to “fix” the text, but, because of the absence of the body text, repair is thwarted. Compare this conundrum to a scenario Kristeva describes regarding a patient who is avoiding a necessary surgery. The patient says, “It’s strange, I have the feeling I’m going to end up being frightfully alone” (Black Sun 75-76). Relating the medical operation to the psychic operations of interpretation that Kristeva, as analyst, herself performs, she speculates, “She [the patient] perhaps feels that the surgical ‘operation’ […] will take away someone close, some indispensable person, whom she imagines she has locked up within herself and constantly keeps in her company” (76). Within the crypt of The Body, other (figurative and textually reconfigured) bodies pile up.

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10 See Craig Dworkin’s “Textual Prosthesis.”
Abraham and Torok suggest such symbolic crypts result from irreparable severing: “The carrier of a shared secret” becomes, after losing the one who shares the secret, “the carrier of a crypt” (131). Crypts signify a resistance to—and the failure of—introjection and put us in the realm of incorporation:

The words that cannot be uttered, the scenes that cannot be swallowed along with the trauma that led to the loss, the tears that cannot be shed—everything will be swallowed along with the trauma that led to the loss. Swallowed and preserved. Inexpressible mourning erects a secret tomb inside the subject. Reconstituted from the words, scenes, and affects, the objectal correlative of the loss is buried alive in the crypt as a full-fledged person, complete with its own topography. (130)

“The words, scenes, and affects” responsible for the constitution of the “correlative of the loss” find a parallel in the fragments isolated in footnotes that amass to form The Body. All will be swallowed, but all will not be digested (i.e., assimilated). Incorporation implies figurative indigestion. I link this indigestion to the function of unassimilated quotations in The Body. In the majority of instances, the quotations in The Body are not written over or into, and thus they are not treated as transformative. To say it differently, in The Body the quotations’ difference is maintained, and neither the “I” nor third-person characters of the text can locate their own speech in relation to them—the quotations signify both a mastery of speech inaccessible to The Body’s cast of characters and the organizer of notes’ alienation from speech.

Kristeva’s discussion of denial of negation is useful here. Simplistically, negation compensates for loss by substituting for an object with language. “‘I have lost an essential object that happens to be, in the final analysis, my mother,’ is what the speaking being seems to be saying. ‘But no, I have found her again in signs, or rather since I consent to lose her I have not lost her (that is negation), I can recover her in language’”
(Black Sun 43). Denial of negation, on the other hand, is “the rejection of the signifier” (44), most readily figured in The Body in the space of the body text, evacuated of printed words, the signs of signifiers in this instance. Kristeva notes that “the speech of the depressed person is to them like an alien skin” (53), veritably positioning the depressed person as an outsider to the inside of speech. Speech as an alien skin is a mask, something for the depressed person to put on. “[T]he depressed are lucid observers [i.e., ones who note] […] Just the same, they do give the impression that their symbolic armor hasn’t been integrated, their defensive shell not introjected. Their speech is a mask—a beautiful façade carved out of a ‘foreign language’” (55). The non-integration reveals itself figuratively in the case of The Body in the textual markers that set one instance of speech apart from another. The foreign nature (in the sense of being marked as “other” or “outside”) of the appropriated texts in The Body is emphasized by the quotation marks themselves.

The denial of negation, or refusal to speak, in The Body is marked by the usurpation of others’ speech and the symbolic mastering of various “master” discourses through the usurpation. The severity of the recourse of appropriation (usurping other textual bodies, asserting omnipotent control over them) ties into the severity of loss. In discussing loss in the context of gender, Kristeva writes, “Loss of the erotic object […] is felt by the woman as an assault on her genitality and, from that point of view, amounts to castration. At once, such a castration starts resonating with the threat of destruction of the body’s integrity, the body image, and the entire psychic system as well” (Black Sun 81). The organizer of notes enacts revenge (via her own omnipotence) on the unassimilated
texts, projecting her castration onto another. Revenge is acted out on textual bodies to compensate for her loss and to regain a sense of control.

III.  *The Body’s Other Parts*

A construct of Jenny Boully appears throughout *The Body* and is linked to another textual Jenny, *Tristram Shandy*’s “dear, dear” Jenny (*The Body* 72, 74) and the “poor Jenny” of Ezra Pound’s “Hugh Selwyn Mauberly” (17). Boully first figures in the fourteenth note: “Ms. Boully must have been confused, as it was actually __________, not __________, who uttered ‘______________’ and thus became such a symbolic figure in her youth” (12). The introduction of Boully as a construct coincides with the introduction of the strategy of textually “blanking out” within notes (see also footnote 58, quoted earlier). Her presence is marked by repression. A “J.”—gendered female—is grafted into a bible verse: “*Genesis 37:5.2* [with the .2 noting the variation] ‘And J. dreamed a dream, and she told it to her brethren: and they hated her all the more’” (20).\(^\text{11}\)

Abbreviating “Joseph” to “J.,” then converting “he” to “she,” Boully writes herself in, renouncing (another kind of disavowal) the male figure she writes over, which acts as an analogue to the renounced body of the text. She grafts herself into a Judeo-Christian discourse of guilt, forgiveness, and sacrifice via another textual excision. At other times, the “I” (or an “I” of the text) and Jenny Boully align: “All the same, how sad and strange that I, Jenny Boully, should be the sign of a signifier or the signifier of a sign, moreover, the sign of a signifier searching for the signified” (20). In Lacanian terms, the *Nom du Père*, the father function, encapsulates both the “Name” and “No!” of the Father, whereby the desire of/for the mother is barred and one is alienated from such desire

\(^{11}\) Modified from the following: “Now Joseph had a dream, and when he told it to his brothers they only hated him more.”
through an entrance into the signifying system (the Symbolic order) and mediation through language. Signification, in which a word stands in as a substitute for the object of desire and which Kristeva talks about in terms of negation, is here framed as “sad and strange.”

We are reminded that “I” as “Jenny”—abbreviated to “J.”—is shifty and is, in fact, like the pronoun “I,” another shifter. The “J.” of The Body is a mobile “J.,” appearing as easily in a contemporary context, signing postcards to “E.” (34), as in the year 1209. “J.’s famous dream occurred in 1209. In her dream, she spied the moon and it was missing a part” (29). Even the “JB” who signs postcards in footnote 64 is fairly immediately doubled. In footnote 67, “JB,” the initials for “Jenny Boully,” extends to “Johann Bolyai,” a 19th century mathematician and another keeper of notes (35). Later, “Jenny” is presented as figure (“love, miss jenny”) and within the context of an imperative (“love, miss [love and miss] jenny”) in a note to “E.” (63). E.’s Jenny substitutes herself with—or, at the very least, contrasts herself with—Tristram’s Jenny, who gets the final address we are left to surmise that the Jenny attached to E. does not (74).

To bury: repress. To dig up: recover. In Boully, psychological tropes are metaphorized as a treasure hunt. Recovery is discovery. One treasure explicitly featured is the elusive treasure of pirates.12 A pirate-treasure’s actual existence is tenuous, but its

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12 Dworkin notes the allusion to Robert Louis Stevenson’s “Footnote to History” he argues is achieved, in context of the form of The Body, by Boully’s appropriation of an excerpt from Treasure Island. Notably, the portion excerpted is the catalogue of young Hawkins findings after he rifles through the clothes of a dead man, whom he knows simply as “the captain.” This scene marks his first direct encounter with human death (the death of Hawkins’ father is nearly elided or at the very least fairly unaffected in the story in comparison to the captain’s death). Interestingly, Boully’s excerpt brings in only the
possibility foregrounds the will to recover. An “X” marks the spot, just as “exes” mark (and mar) the text. The absent(ed) lover. “The great poet.” The great poet (here, notably, gendered female) serves as a source of identification and as a figuration of the superego and its censoring, judging, and punishing function. The great poet’s censorship is most brutal perhaps when she silences:

She [the great poet] demanded to see my journals, saying that she could, from my personal writings, determine [i.e., judge] whether I was a true poet or an imposter. This was the first time I lied to the great poet: I told her that I didn’t keep a journal […] I knew it was unhealthy to obsess over the great poet, therefore I stopped writing. With no voice, I could not make tangible my obsession, thereby ignoring it, thereby not having to live with the physical proof of the shame of it. (38)

Writing and, by extension, text are linked to shame; an erasure of text is an act of denial that results in an impoverishment the speaker accepts in place of what would otherwise be guilt. The great poet enters in the third footnote and (seemingly begrudgingly) offers her poet-apprentice instruction. Her poet-apprentice seems to have to force instruction out of her, iterated through the trope of confession that accompanies the appearances of the great poet: “One thing the great poet confessed […] (8), and “One thing the great poet would never confess […]” (8). The great poet’s resistance exacerbates the poet-apprentice’s need for love and approval: “I broke down crying as soon as I made my confession [to the great poet] […] I was hoping that the great poet would kiss me then, but instead, she slapped me and forbade me from telling anyone that I was her student” (12). A disavowal, followed by abandonment: “When I heard that she

catalogue of found objects, but not the body itself. Regardless, it is the captain’s dead body that produces the key—in that the key to a chest is worn on his person. However, Boully’s excerpt ends before the search is satisfied; it ends with Hawkins “beg[inning] to despair” the object he looks for is not to be found (The Body 75).

13 The term poet-apprentice is taken from Jeffrey Adams terminology in “Sublimation, Intersubjectivity, and Artistic Identity-Formation.”
[the great poet] was planning to move to Europe, a great panic rose within me and immediately I began scheming ways to accumulate money with which I too could take the trip and follow the great poet” (30). Ultimately, the great poet is posited as incapable of recognizing anything the poet-apprentice does as satisfactory; on a postcard, the last words we read from the great poet chide: “J: You’ve failed once more in that a good poem is never tidy […]” (66).

The great poet, like the originary father in Freud’s *Totem and Taboo*, is, ultimately, killed off.\(^{14}\) The death of the great poet enters her into a mythology; the great poet cannot avoid her own symbolism as she is converted from subject to symbol:

The great poet, despite all her attempts to construct an original semblance of reality, died surrounded by clichés: her body was set adrift where the land meets the sea, her boat was loaded with red roses, a bystander whispered something about *Annabel Lee*, and fog, drizzle, and mist entered the scenery so that one could not see to where her death boat drifted. (38)

The invocation of *Annabel Lee* ties the great poet to a figuration of ideal love. The great poet serves the father function, establishing prohibitions and enabling entrance into the symbolic order, here represented as poetry. Killing the great poet (again, analogous to Freud’s originary father) solidifies the transfiguration into superego. Confessions are submitted to the great poet even unto death, asserting the poet-apprentice’s internalization of the great poet as superego: “The following is a found fragment addressed to the great poet, dated two years after the death of the great poet” (57). In the fragment and elsewhere, the poet-apprentice submits her body and her sexuality to the great poet for her scrutiny, enabling the enactment of the moralizing function of the superego.

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\(^{14}\) In a contemporary context, the demystification of the nuclear family allows for people other than the nuclear father to take up with ease the position of and the primary identification associated with the primal father.
The fragment begins in medias res: “…It was my cunt, too—not the velvet one, of course, but the center one with the hanged man attached to it […]” (57). The “cunt” is posited as detached from the body (made of materials outside of the body), as one of many, as ornate and shrine-like—a site for “the hanged man,” in both its Tarot reference and its suicide allusion. If this representation of the vagina—synecdoche here for female sexuality—is ambivalent, elsewhere it is traumatic, especially when it relates to sexual maturity: “After my sister and I stared at the magazine, we were, the both of us, afraid to part our legs or even to pee. For months, we were inseparable in the bathroom, but then, we became brave and decided to look for our holes, and if the spider did in fact come out we would kill it” (18). Pubic hair, a marker of sexual maturity, is not recognized as pubic hair, but as a threatening spider.  

This ambivalence toward sexuality is perhaps another symptom of the repression that frames the text. In footnote 143, ambivalence turns to disgust. A figure, here noted as “the author,” says, “I write down my dreams because I understand them once symbols become written. They’re all so sexually charged and I almost always feel ugly in them; they’re embarrassing and filthy. But I have it all worked out. No one will know. I’ve relabeled everything in my study, including my books” (72). To manage the paranoia signaled by the fear people are going “to know,” which depends on people reading through her dream journals, the speaker engages in acts of displacement.

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15 Pubic hair and aversion to it also appear in an earlier note. Following a series of bible passages, we read: “[T]he protagonist, aside from despising her pubic hair, also believed she was being watched and thus began her odd [read: paranoid] behavior of hiding and casting her voice into the void” (11). This act of ventriloquism enacts itself textually via the “Jennys” dispersed throughout the text.
Allusions to sexual acts are coded in (or projected onto) letters between the great poet and the poet-apprentice. The poet-apprentice elaborates an exchange between herself and the great poet. When the great poet “said I [the pupil] should groom my nails,” the poet-apprentice reads “groom as in marriage” and “nails as in fuck” (38), rewriting the great poet’s advice, “Marry the person (people?) you have sex with,” binding the hygienic (grooming one’s fingernails) and the sexual (making a groom out of whomever one “nails”) through the sanitizing concept of propriety. Propriety conditions speech elsewhere in the text: “I never uttered that loose word; I only said, ‘I opened my legs and let him’” (8).

If the death of the great poet is explicit, the fate of the lover (denoted as “E.”) is more mysterious, shifting readers between dreamscape and recollection, between imagination and memory, as the organizer of notes tries and fails to fit the pieces together. This failure is perhaps highlighted by the structure of The Body: it is a book of fragments. It is only in Boully’s second book, [one love affair]*, that “blanks” are filled in (though not without hesitation) and in which “E.” is rewritten as a suicide.

Some footnotes are used to comment on the figure of the footnote itself, providing insight into the viability of the form in the context of the struggles (i.e., creative and emotional debilitation) illuminated by the text: “[T]he definition of ‘footnote’ is of particular interest to the overall understanding of ‘bedlam.’ Consider, for instance, this denotation: n.2. Something related to but of lesser importance than a larger work or occurrence” (The Body 10). The footnotes’ relegation to the margins—to the marginalized position of “lesser importance”—makes them a safe place to relegate bedlam. Taking up Boully’s etymological play, then, footnotes are positioned as an
asylum, in the sense of a refuge where the confusion and uproar that defines bedlam can be played out; metaphor’s failure here is that a textual body cannot stand in for the body of a person. Language is rejected as an adequate substitute for the lost object. Despite a seemingly deep belief in scriptural preservation, what is preserved is secondary compared to what is lost. Later, footnotes are linked to the unconscious via a metaphorized relationship to dreams: “[P]asted above the author’s various beds in the various places she lived: ‘Dreams themselves are footnotes. But not footnotes to life. Some other transactions they are so busy annotating all night long’” (72). “[T]he ‘footnotes’ were actually daily journals of the author’s dreams” (72).

In *The Body*, footnotes as a form are arguably a metaphor for subtext. The subtext is, by definition, unexpressed; yet, here, figuratively, the subtext—or what lies beneath—is all that is expressed. The implicit is privileged over the explicit, a trope that enters as early as the first two footnotes: “[E]verything that is said is said underneath, where, if it does matter, to acknowledge it is to let on to your embarrassment” (7); “It is not the story I know or the story you tell me that matters; it is what I already know, what I don’t want to hear you say. Let it exist this way, concealed; let me always be embarrassed” (7).

Embarrassment surfaces in both notes, iterating a certain vulnerability or vulgarity and thus shame implied in relation to the explicit, which figures into several footnotes, especially those involving sexuality and the sexualized body, which links us to the embodiment with which the text struggles. It’s a small leap from the unexpressed of the subtext to the inexpressible of melancholia. There is an analogue between footnotes as a metaphor for subtext and footnotes as metaphor for melancholic crypt.

IV. Assimilation and Ingestion: The Introjective Poetics of [*one love affair]*
In contrast to the strategies of *The Body*, [*one love affair]*’s strategy of palimpsest performs the transformative; the endnote marks the transition by setting the initial phrasing up for comparison with the transformed, i.e. rewritten/written-over, phrase. The endnote marks an acknowledgement of identification and the (trans)formation bound to such identification. In Ogden’s terms, the reparative, transformative work of introjection staged in [*one love affair]* is emphasized in the depressive position, whereas strategies of incorporation are emphasized in the paranoid-schizoid position in which the organizer of notes in *The Body* is situated. In contrast to the organizer of notes in *The Body*, the speaker of the title poem “one love affair” successfully digests or assimilates the source material into her own (textual) body, in keeping with the workings of introjection. Abraham and Torok write, “If accepted and worked through, the loss would require major readjustment” (126). Such “major readjustment” suggests necessary transformation. In contrast to the transformation that marks introjection, a simulation of “profound psychic transformation [occurs] through magic” in “the fantasy of incorporation” (Abraham and Torok 126). This “magic” works “by implementing literally something that has only figurative meaning” (126).

Intersubjectivity is gestured toward, but not achieved in *The Body*. The relation between poet and precursor text is presented as fraught not only in terms of unassimilated quotations, but also as figured in the relationship between the poet-apprentice and the great poet. The very lack of a body text with which footnotes conventionally interact emphasizes the rampant relational woes. We see an intersubjective impulse in the letters and letter-writing that circulate throughout the text, but the letters, importantly, are unidirectional, particularly as figured in postcards with no return address and in diary
entries with an unresponsive, imaginary addressee. Julia Kristeva has already linked intersubjectivity to intertextuality for us. She writes, “[A]ny text is constructed as a mosaic of quotations; any text is the absorption and transformation of another. The notion of *intertextuality* replaces that of intersubjectivity” (37). Relations between discourses take up the place of relations between subjects.

In his article “Sublimation, Intersubjectivity, and Artistic Identity-Formation,” Jeffrey Adams reframes Kristeva’s diachronic move by which one thing replaces another. Adams understands intertextuality as “aesthetic object-relating that constitutes subjectivity by reconstituting it as intersubjectivity” (710). He opposes an ego psychology model of artistic identity-formation to an object-relating model. Whereas the influence of a precursor is painfully and painstakingly denied in an ego psychology model of artistic identity-formation, transformative identifications between a precursor’s work and that of a poet-apprentice’s are celebrated in an object-relating model. “In art then, intertextuality and intersubjectivity […] are indeed synonymous” (710). By explicitly linking intertextuality and intersubjectivity to introjection, we can better understand the import of the short-circuiting of intersubjectivity and transformative intertextuality in *The Body*.16 Whereas bodies aren’t easily dealt with in *The Body*, in *[one love affair]*, a sense of boundedness and relationality between bodies (be they textual bodies or representations of organic bodies) are reestablished.

In *[one love affair]*, and most particularly in the title poem, Jenny Boully stages intersubjectivity through intertextuality. *[one love affair]*’s investment in the relational is highlighted by its concentration on relationships throughout its three poem sequences.

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16 Intertextuality, of course, is not—nor could it be—absent from *The Body*, but it is performed differently.
By the final poem sequence, one love affair is pluralized; we end with the traumatic, bracketed love affair inserted into a chronology of love affairs. Unlike in *The Body*, mourning is not short-circuited; it’s jump-started via the support of others’ “voices” (cf. the disorienting cacophony of voices, bound to the lover’s schizophrenic voices, in *The Body*); by “voices,” I mean phrases and compositional modes from precursor texts that have a dynamic and formative function in *one love affair*, which I return to at length below. Brackets enclose the words in the title; framed negatively, brackets isolate, and, framed positively, they bound or hold (both terms that connote security and support). The brackets set up the metaphorical holding that the “voices” of borrowed texts bring to the speaker of the title poem in particular. As opposed to incorporation modeled in the *The Body*, by which voids are unable to be filled or unsatisfactorily filled, in *one love affair*, the speaker “[l]earn[s] to fill the emptiness of the mouth with words [which] is the initial model for introjection” (Abraham and Torok 128). “[T]he early satisfactions of the mouth, as yet filled with the maternal object, are partially and gradually replaced by the novel satisfactions of a mouth now empty of that object but filled with words pertaining to the subject” (127). The body of the lost object is substituted with a textual body. Abraham and Torok tie introjection to intersubjectivity and intertextuality: “Introjecting a desire, a pain, a situation means channeling them through language into a communion of empty mouths” (128). In “one love affair” particularly, this “communion of empty mouths” is staged in the interaction of source material and emergent text.

While “[one love affair]” and “He Wrote in Code” enact introjection through an ingestion of source materials, communion in the form of food-sharing, connoting ingestion, circulates thematically throughout *one love affair*. Eating surfaces as a
demand (whether heeded or unheeded) in the first poem sequence: “he would turn to her and say that they _should eat, that they needed to eat_” (7, 10). Then, later, “Within the eating of mangoes, during that summer of the never-ending ingestion of petals, when he said that they _should eat, that they needed to eat_, therein lie the difficulty, as the mango could be classified as a thing that bruised, as a thing that flew [...] and as a thing that ripened to die” (12). This resurfaces again in an abbreviated form: “They ate mangoes because he said that they _should eat, that they needed to eat_” (13).

In the second sequence, “He Wrote in Code,” eating is linked to excess and substitution. The speaker relays, “The waiter was confused by our choices—2 Sprites, 2 Cokes, 2 coffees, and 2 beers—was even more perplexed by how he might place all the beverages, along with the pizza, on the table-for-two” (23). While doubling is stressed here, proliferation is emphasized as continuation through the conjunction “and” in the following excerpt: “In the café of The Next Morning, in the café of A Plane Departing, we ordered juice and coffee and sangria and champagne and beer and Sprite” (25). For the “I” and “you,” such proliferation is a way to force a continuation; it acts as a false guarantee. Proliferation shifts explicitly to excess: “On the pizza, you ordered bell peppers, banana peppers, jalapeno peppers, crushed red pepper; the waiter asked, _Are you going to be alright?_” (26). The waiter asks the question the speaker can never ask, even if for the waiter, the question is relegated to a warning of potential heartburn (still, interestingly, a matter of the heart, if a literal rather than figurative one). The excess of

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17 A similar scene resurfaces: “Two sangrias, two coffees, two Sprites, two waters, something to set us to rights again. A bit of bacon, something with syrup, a small tart raspberry. Powdered sugar. Something in the kitchen breaking” (28). The “something” that breaks—or, rather, is in the process of breaking—in the kitchen is as easily figurative as literal.
toppings occasions a question with an excess of meaning. This relayed order also puts the “you,” the dead lover and lost object, in direct relation to indigestion, a figure for failed introjection, which marks the tenuous shift between melancholia and mourning.

In the final sequence, ingestion is the solution to impoverishment (and a failure to ingest results in impoverishment). The impoverishment is placed in the past. An ambiguous “they,” concerned about the speaker’s “self-hate” and the ugliness she perceives in herself, visit the speaker: “They thought I was sick; they thought I had committed a grievous sin; they brought popsicles and honey; they brought ham and cheese sandwiches. They said that I was so thin I was withering away” (50). But this “withering away” is later framed as the very condition upon which she can begin anew: “I became empty and available” (60), and though this might be a position that the title tells us “is often frightful and inspires horror” (60), here it signals an aestheticization of her life that marks an achievement for the speaker, suggesting that living has become an outlet for creativity and that she will surmount loss through creative compensation. The speaker claims, “I became […] something more messy than kept” (60), which recalls some of the final words the poet-apprentice of The Body receives from the great poet: “a good poem is never tidy […] you should be beautiful in your slovenliness; you should be enticing in your near-suicide” (66). In the great poet’s advice, poem and person conflate, and, in both, messiness is privileged as desirable.

As several of the earlier quotations reveal, repetition figures heavily in [one love affair]*, especially in the first poem sequence “one love affair.” When Freud theorizes the compulsion to repeat, he does so by considering “not [the contrast] between the conscious and unconscious but between the coherent ego and the repressed,” or the
unconscious repressed, to clarify that resistance “arises from some higher strata and systems of the mind which originally carried out repression” rather than from the unconscious itself (602-603). Resistances can be made conscious and still perform as resistances. The resisting subject “is obliged to repeat the repressed material as a contemporary experience instead of, as a physician would prefer to see, remembering it as something belonging to the past” (603). Through observation of the compulsion to repeat in both children and subjects suffering from war trauma, Freud theorized a relationship between the repetition compulsion and a wish to master unpleasurable experience. Writing about children, he notes that the repetition of an unpleasurable experience allows children to “master a powerful impression far more thoroughly by being active than they could be merely experiencing it. Each fresh repetition seems to strengthen the mastery they are in search of” (611). But repetition is not always tied to unpleasurable experience. Freud also notes that children often want pleasurable experiences repeated with insistence that repetition be identical.

Following Ogden, I want to consider Boully’s repetition as a method by which the subject experiences a sense of boundedness that facilitates an emergence from a collapse into the paranoid-schizoid position. If we read [one love affair]* as a continuation of The Body, in which the organizer of notes can arguably be read as one who has collapsed into the paranoid-schizoid position, then [one love affair]* signals a shift out of this collapse through a reactivation of “the dialectic of experience.” Ogden elaborates boundary-making and its import to self-experience through his notion of the autistic-contiguous position. Such positioning is integral to the process of overcoming trauma through a kind of self-healing repetition that reinforces the self and its boundaries. Boundary-making has
an implicit relation to form; the figurative formlessness of the textual body in The Body reiterates the notion that the organizer of notes’ boundary-making apparatuses are troubled. The autistic-contiguous position recreates the earlier holding environment between infant and mother, but, in this position, the relationship is not between subjects (Ogden 32-35). “Rather,” according to Ogden, “it is a relationship of shape to the feeling of enclosure, of beat to the feeling of rhythm, of hardness to the feeling of edgeness. Sequences, symmetries, periodicity, skin-to-skin ‘molding’ are all examples of contiguities that are the ingredients out of which the beginnings of rudimentary self-experience rise” (32). This recalls Freud’s notion that the ego is first a body-ego. Within the autistic-contiguous position, one’s sensory experiences revolve around autistic shapes and autistic objects, the former of which are experienced as “soothing and comforting” (Ogden 36), and both autistic shapes and objects allow for “a type of defense…refer[red] to as ‘second skin formation’” (40). In psychotherapy and analysis, second skin formation often occurs in the form of “continual holding of one object for another…(e.g. tissue); [and] perpetual humming or repeating of sentences or phrases, particularly when a silence might otherwise ensue” (42). Autistic shapes are “felt shapes” whose sensory impressions trump their “‘objectness’ or ‘thingness’” (55). For words, this suggests the sound and feel of the words in one’s mouth (or simply in one’s head) would be privileged over their meaning. One becomes enveloped and enclosed within the tactile or acoustic sensory experience.

Bounded-ness rescues the subject from a collapse into the paranoid-schizoid position with its threat of dissolution. The dialectic between the depressive position— noted for the feeling of empathy that becomes possible within this position (Ogden 15)—
and the self-soothing repetition of the autistic shapes such as words create “the bounded sensory ‘floor’ [and ‘ceiling,’ to carry the analogy further] of experience” (45). This bounded-ness is necessary, according to Ogden, to prevent

The danger of psychosis posed by the fragmenting and evacuative processes of the paranoid-schizoid mode [which] are contained in two ways: (1) “From above” by the binding capacity of the symbolic linkages, historicity, and subjectivity of the depressive mode; and (2) “from below” by the sensory continuity, rhythmicity, and boundedness of the autistic-contiguous mode. (45)

While we can certainly understand Boully’s repetitions in [one love affair]* for what they say, we should also consider them in their very act of saying. In this way, we can recognize them as autistic shapes that, as Ogden theorizes, are felt as comforting and soothing. They sound the very texture of the text. Take for instance one of the repetitions in the first section: “What must be done had more to do with the poppies all gone to seed, with the old lame sheep, with the dried apples, the hollow tree somehow still surviving” (10), modified in its repetition to, “After work, she would begin again, as she would and as she must, knowing that what must be done had more to do with the poppies all gone to seed, with the old lame sheep, with the dried apples, the hollow tree somehow still surviving” (13). The primarily monosyllabic structure creates a staccato effect that allows a chiming between words (and thus increases their material quality, enacting a kind of tapping on the tongue and in the ear), enhanced by the elongated “e” sound that leapfrogs from poppies to seed to sheep to tree to surviving.\(^{18}\) We know from the added clause that repetition, or “begin[ning] again” is a necessity, something the speaker “must” do, and the adamancy regarding the act of repetition suggests that the repetitions function as a way of holding the speaker together, or, rather, of giving the speaker a feeling of

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\(^{18}\) This elongated “e” sequence also has the added pleasure of uncannily recalling the lover “E.”
bounded-ness. After bounded-ness exists, the speaker can extend her repetitions into new experiences, as seen when the aforementioned repetition extends beyond its autistic-contiguous role: “The hollow tree, somehow still surviving, and its sorry leaves a ridiculous love letter addressed, or so it seemed, to something already deceased, concealing somewhere in its brittleness, another, invisible letter” (16). The line ends, pointing us toward an endnote that gives us the line from Roberto Bolaño’s *By Night in Chile* that the line in the body text writes over: “…a ridiculous letter but somehow it seemed to conceal another, invisible letter” (18). What we see in the adaptation is an increase in dependent clauses, and in this very dependency, with each clause existing in relationship to the other, meaning surfaces and is balanced throughout the line rather than revolving around a central independent clause.

Formally, there is a shift in *[one love affair]*, as compared to *The Body*. Continuous (or at least interlinked) prose blocks replace *The Body’s* discontinuous prose blocks. Repetition and rewriting are the primary writing strategies in *[one love affair]*, as opposed to the parataxis and pastiche of *The Body*. *[one love affair]* incorporates endnotes (for two of its three sequences) rather than footnotes, and this formal decision suggests a change in the speaker’s relationship to the lost object, and more particularly, others and objects as subjects; the endnotes enact a kind of mutual recognition, by which the precursor text is acknowledged at the same time the palimpsestic phrase is. In both the first and third sequences of *[one love affair]*, the endnotes seldom serve an elaborative purpose; rather, they provide the source material that Boully has written over and modified. In the final sequence, source material predominantly acts as titles (as starting points, reiterating the first two poem sequences’ claim that narratives do not
happen in isolation, but in relation to other narratives, stressing a relational poetics). The palimpsests suggest identification occurs simultaneously with differentiation. The identification that happens between body text and endnote gives the source material its own externality by allowing it to exist both in its written-over form and in the endnote, not written over and effectively outside of (other than) the textual body of *one love affair*.* “Only the externality of the other that survives destruction allows a representation of the other as simultaneously outside control and nonthreatening” (Benjamin, 96). It is arguably the representation of externality and identification that allows the speaker to both identify and separate. Here, palimpsests stage a recognition of the other as subject, enabling the direct address to the dead lover and confrontation of his loss in the second sequence of the text and the insertion of the “one love affair” of the title into a history of love affairs in the third sequence.

If the poet-apprentice’s identification with “the great poet” is fraught in *The Body*, the poet-apprentice’s identification with precursors is reconciled in *one love affair*.* The first poem sequence, “[one love affair],” responds to Thomas Bernhard, Roberto Bolaño, Marguerite Duras, and Severo Sarduy. “He Wrote in Code,” the second poem sequence, responds to Carole Maso, for whom, like the poem’s speaker, “in her writing life, death and life continually interrupt each other” (39). The third and final sequence, “There is Scarcely More Than There Is,” responds to Gertrude Stein, Robert Walser, Djuna Barnes, and Samuel Beckett by using their lines as generative starting points; each poem in “There is Scarcely More Than There Is,” and the title of the sequence itself, takes its title from one of the aforementioned writers. This is a different type of anchoring than we see in the first and second poem sequences, with their prominent embedding of
precursor texts into the body of the poems, and it suggests an establishing of independence and differentiation without disavowal.

Much of *The Body* and [*one love affair]* overlap in content. This overlap is most explicit in the second sequence, “He Wrote In Code,” which contains multiple phrases from and allusions to *The Body*. In “He Wrote In Code,” a stable “I” enters and sustains its presence in a way the speaker arguably could not sustain in *The Body*, where the collapse into the paranoid-schizoid position allowed for little subjectivity because “the self is predominately a self as object” (Ogden 21). Rather, an interpreting “I” enters who recognizes and cognizes the death of the lost object, whom we relate to the same E. from *The Body* through the refrain about the speaker’s dark side the lover’s afraid of (*The Body* 9; [*one love affair]* 38, 40). The speaker effectively decodes the code in the title and the narrative coded in *The Body*. Though the speaker still cannot fully articulate the death, the defenses of denial and omnipotent control no longer predominate; rather, the speaker articulates enough. The blanking out of *The Body* finds a family resemblance in “He Wrote In Code,” as it clarifies and makes explicit the implicitly schizophrenic voices that torment the lover and the implicitly suicidal death that appear in the earlier text. *The Body*’s secret is out. The crypt broken into.

The suicide, however, is still troubled (in terms of its textual presence) and troubling (as signified by the fact that it still cannot be textually represented in terms of a suicide). The erasure signified by blanked-out spaces in *The Body* is replaced by the hesitation of ellipses. The speaker breaks off—refuses to end (most frequently in the context of speaking about the end of the lover, the suicide)—eleven times within the twenty-page poem. The third and fourth ellipses, both “You were never […]” (30), are
followed by a fifth: “And somewhere, in California, you drove your truck over […]” (30). Out of the fragments, a narrative emerges. “When you crashed, you did not have […]” (31). The phrase “You were never […]” resonates with melancholy’s disavowal. If the lover was, literally, “never,” i.e., if the lover never existed, then the lover could never be lost. But this stance toward the lover ultimately changes. The final elliptical phrase affirms, rather than negates: “You gave me […]” (41). Readers supplement the narrative. The speaker rationalizes the unspeakable suicide. Rather than driving a truck over a cliff in order to end one’s life, the speaker interprets the actions as a will, “finally, [to] take flight” (35). The denial, linking the speaker to the defensive strategy Ogden identifies as “rewriting history,” is reiterated in the final poem sequence, in which it is claimed, in relation to another death, “This is the first time in my work that a person has suicided” (57). In “He Wrote In Code,” the speaker acknowledges mourning as a process to be accepted or refused: “To mourn you forever or” (32). The “or” suggests not just one alternative, but at least two: “To mourn you forever or to fail to never mourn you” (a state of melancholia), or “To mourn you forever or to not mourn you forever” (“normal” process of mourning by which the subject eventually moves on). If the speaker has not yet fully let go of a resistance to mourning, that resistance slows rather than halts the process completely, which the multiple recoveries or decodings suggest.

The final section places us with a speaker who can now remember the past as in the past, as Freud noted the analyst hopes of a patient. The relationship alluded to in The Body is developed in [one love affair]*, in which we see lost objects recognized and regarded as subjects, with names: “Someday, I will be able to refer to all people involved by their first names” (56). We end with a speaker who anticipates a future (as suggested
by the verb constructions, “will show,” “will be”)—albeit an ambivalent future, but at least one in which other subjects—and not just objects, lost or otherwise—exist and are recognized in relational terms.

V. Conclusion

The form of The Body forwards the non-integrative model of incorporation predominant throughout the text, whereas the form of [one love affair]* helps activate its integrative model of introjection. The forms and contents, as the adage has long claimed, are integral to each other. The forms of footnotes and endnotes may be unconventional in the context of poetry, but, I would argue, this very unconventionality rejuvenates form’s potential to impart meaning. These forms ask to be read. If we return to Martenson’s Xq28, we might ask: how does the splicing enacted through the cross-indexing of footnotes highlight epistemic violence and the composition of bodies? I would argue forms of footnotes and endnotes situate the act of reading firmly in the text, in that footnotes and endnotes are conventionally apparatuses that display expositions in which a scholar or editor reads into the body text at hand. In this way, in the very act of taking up the forms in question, Boully and Martenson are positioned in solidarity with readers and highlight reading as collaboration.

The forms of footnotes and endnotes draw attention to the body of the text (though their conventional positions as apparatuses to that very body), allowing writers such as Boully and Martenson to metaphorize other organic and social bodies and enabling them to draw analogies between kinds of bodies and bodies in relation. I hope my paper raises more general questions, such as: What is the appeal of these forms? What accounts for the number of women poets in the last decade of the 20th century and first
decade of 21st who have gravitated toward these forms? Do the uses of footnotes, footnote-like apparatuses, and endnotes speak to a demand for revitalized forms that can better draw out the theoretically-inflected contents explored in much contemporary poetry, with the goal of iterating poetry, in a larger context, as a social form? Does the fact of the footnote-as-form and the endnote-as-form’s foregrounding of relationality as a practice (via the interaction of textual units—i.e., bodies and marginalia—the forms forward) embed the forms with claims about the inadequacy of bodies (be they textually or organically construed) in isolation?

Ultimately, I want to explore the multiple instances of footnotes, footnote-like apparatuses, and endnotes used as formal elements in poetry written by women in the last decade of the 20th century and the first decade of the 21st century. If we apply Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick’s claim that “oppressions of gender can have a structuring force for nodes of thought, for axes of cultural discrimination, whose thematic subject isn’t explicitly gendered at all” (34), we can analyze footnotes, footnote-like apparatuses, and endnotes more fully by mapping the deconstructive impulses she outlines onto the texts in question. As Sedgwick states,

[W]e have now learned as feminist readers that dichotomies in a given text of culture as opposed to nature, public as opposed to private, mind as opposed to body, activity as opposed to passivity, etc. etc., are, under particular pressures of culture and history, likely places to look for implicit allegories of the relations of men and women; more, that to fail to analyze such nominally ungendered constructs in gender terms can itself be a gravely tendentious move in the gender politics of reading. (34)

The typically ungendered construct in question for me is the binary of “body” text and apparatus. That footnotes, footnote-like apparatuses, and endnotes have an implicit
relationship to gendered hierarchies makes them even more compelling forms to explore in the context of writing by women.
Works Cited


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i pear wood apple / my pear would apple / I would applaud my père / my apple would appear / would add to a pear / what a pair / water pears and what appears but—watts of pears / the juicy light bulbs of them / fleshlights

ii Hymen / Amen / Men in the “Hy/men” / Hello, Men / “Pop it Pops” / Puppet-hole where Hands Enter and Dance the Puppet around [“No, no—you’re valuing the Whole over the Hole—the Hole does not negate control by the Hole-der, the One with Tear rather than UnTorn. The Tear does not Second-hand the Hole-der, and the Puppet Master Third-hand can most certainly go away.”]

iii The bilge Cracken break

iv Judgment plays host to claims

v Clamor for more clams

vi Before Madame Ching’s husband became her husband, the Qing dynasty attempted to stump Madame Ching’s Zheng Yih’s command. Unstumped, he married. She married. They married. Marred things. For spoils, they spoiled.

vii Death harps on in ghost-form.

viii stomach in knots, not bows—yet to come undone, to come undone, calm down, come down, hovercraft of nerves, some nerve you have—to hover over me—no Red Rover here—no break(-down/-through)

ix Penultimate! Ultimate Pen! Pinned in an untimely way, many a mate, many a Paper Mate whose ink’s run dry

x emergent sea / emergency