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**Creative In-formation—a Per-formance or possibly a list poem—does it *matter*?
Back to the drawing board ...**

Abstract:

This article performs the creative act of giving form to writing—whether that of an academic paper, poem or artwork. It is a demonstration of the ‘turn of the line’, watching itself turning from post-structuralist foundation through photographic essay to poetic performance. The ‘paper’ (existing only electronically) aims to capture the strange gathering of matter that constitutes the giving of form. By employing a philosophico-poetic approach, and drawing on ideas taken from philosophy, the history of art, and poetry (such as negative space, materiality, and material poetics), this article aims to capture creativity in the act.

Biographical note:

Dr Sarah Rice is an art theorist, visual artist and writer. She holds a PhD in philosophy, and a Graduate Diploma in visual art. Her poetry collection *Fingertip of the Tongue* is forthcoming with UWAP, and her art-book of poetry *Those Who Travel* is held in the NGA. Her visual work has been exhibited here and overseas, and she has lectured for many years (specialising in art theory and practice-led research) at the ANU School of Art, as well as working as a freelance writer and reviewer for the Arts. She won the 2014 Ron Pretty Poetry Prize, and the 2014 Bruce Dawe Poetry Prize, co-won the 2013 Winning Ventures International Poetry Prize, and 2011 Gwen Harwood Poetry Prize. Publications include the recent NGA Mike Parr Catalogue, *Australian Poetry Journal*, *Global Poetry Anthology*, *Best Australian Poems*, and *Award Winning Australian Writing*.

Keywords:

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Creative In-formation – a Per-formance or possibly a list poem – does it *matter*? Back to the drawing board...

Several things could happen in this poem

Martha Collins *Several Things*

*And the poem that exists
will never equal the poem that does not exist.
Trembling, it crosses the frontier at dawn*

Rosemary Dobson *Over the Frontier*
(*Reverie on a poem by Zbigniew Herbert*)

For poem read paper. Read paper as poem. Back to the drawing board?
In the manner of Glen Colquhoun's beautifully constructed *A set of instructions to be used when reading a poem*, here are a set of instructions to be used when reading this paper.

Colquhoun's opens:

'To begin with lift the poem carefully out of its paper',
mine invites:

To begin, lift this paper out of its space

You cannot touch it where it is

It is un-touchable – it has no substance – no weight –

(it doesn't matter ...)

It cannot touch you

This is not a paper at all

Its form is only forming now

It is waiting to set – like jelly

and could still take on the shape of an animal

It could equally all spill out and over – drain away

Forming is a risky business

Watch out for the spaces – they can trip you up

Things sometimes happen in them

[something was erased here I think – a shadow remains]

The changes have been tracked in the margins

Change always happens in the margins – off stage – off-center

There are holes in this paper – this is where you'll find the matter

You will meet obstructions (ob + struere a building up) –

remember they are also structures – and structural

Please stay til the end of the per-formance

There will be intervals of uncertain length

These are for the set changes

'The margin is the liminal space separating the written page from the page that always remains to be written.'
(Edmond Jabès 1993 *The Book of Margins*, (trans. Rosmarie Waldrop), Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, p. xiii)

All verse is a turning (*versus*=turning).

Turning into what?

What form will it take? The first *material* question.

How does content become a paper or a novel or a painting or a poem?

How do bits of twine or metal or feathers become a sculpture? Structure.

Indentation?
Justification?
Lineation?
Enjambment?
A jumble? Fold.
Align. A line.

But in the same way that Structuralism as a 20th century historical **movement** encountered critical problems, an account of structure or form **at the heart of creativity** raises similar concerns.

Two broad structural **cracks** that appeared within Structuralism were:

1. the supposition that there is only one fundamental under**lying** structure operating within society (the problem of Totality) – i.e. it is only the structure of language that is important (Saussure), or of gender/family relations (Freud), or of economics (Marx), social anthropology (Levi-Strauss)... etc etc.

2. that the Structure is **fixed – determined –**

determining –

determinate.

That **the** structure decides the **shape** of one's life (or his novel, **poem**, play, etc), that it **is** top-down **only**.

It is imposed from above.

We can easily see this **playing out** within the field of creativity in terms of the 'master genius narrative' – the **great sculptor** for instance who imposes his (and it usually is) will on the matter (on matter – female stuff) – material, and makes it **yield** (literally – yield results – a yield – a harvest – an income – success).

The material is the **brute** matter – the structure or form is the inspiration, the idea, the intellect, the source of the creativity.

[It is worth **noting** here – an aside, a **by the** by, that of course this follows a gendered **line** of reasoning seen **all** the way back in Ancient Greece where for instance in the **creation** of a human infant the mother was seen to provide the material, **but** the father (**sperm**) provided the **form**. Aeschylus has Apollo say (in *Eumenides*): 'The mother **is** no parent of that which is called her child, but only nurse of **the** new-planted **seed that grows**. The parent is he who mounts.'ⁱ]

Something of this can also be seen in the history of the **creative** arts – for instance in many ceramic traditions where men create the form and women the decoration.

Let the philosophical foundation slip back into the mud
– let the poem emerge.

Look up instead of down. Turn on your heel.

This is a paper turning...

'I believe that defining structure clearly and decisively as the pattern of a poem's turning provides a way to name and reveal an essential characteristic of structure.'
(Randall Jarrell)ⁱⁱ

Form is the key. Structure is ... well, structural – essential – fundamental.

It is scaffolding, but it is also architectural plan, and finished building.

It is the mansion and the castle building in the sky of creativity.

To inform is to provide the form. In-formation.

In-formative.

Formative.

*if I bend
The turn around the corner,
(Charles Bernstein In a
Restless World Like This Is)*

Lay foundations.
Build an argument.
Make it concrete.
Give it form. Carve
out space for it.
Construct. Bolt the
first metal beam
into the slab...

But how can this sort of *in-formation* be *per-formed* – without getting caught in the act? How can form be displayed – played on/with/out?
Without the title roles already being filled?
Without the fixity of paper. The black and white. The nitty gritty.
Without the concrete feet of a foundation, an argument structure ... end point.
What could philosophy do for us here? What could poetry?
What could a loosely *post-structuralist* account do for our thinking around creativity, form and structure?

Untangled the net, we slit

(James Wright *Northern Pike*)

In a well worn metaphor (almost solidified),
philosopher-poets cast their nets into the sea –
the haul is drawn in – the simile fish leap within its midst.
But these fish –
snapper,
yellow-tail,
guppy,
carp ...
do not tell us what does (or does not) lie under the sea.

Rather, they tell us about the net –
Its structure, pattern, weave –
its working of something and nothing –
the size of its mesh – the gaps, the holes.

This paper too, resists the lure of content, does not take the bait.
Chases instead the tale of the red herring. The content tells the story of the net.
Picks at it. Unravels it.

Reweaves it.

Patches.

Recasts.

To reveal the nature of the structure is to reveal the size of the gaps.
Between the lines. With this net what can be caught?
What escapes? Are we already enmeshed?

These holes have been set wide
wide enough for the argument to fall through
tight enough to trip the poetry up

The gaps define the net. Its purpose. And the haul.

*...The people of coming days will know
About the casting out of my net,
And how you have leaped times out of mind
Over the little silver cords,...*

(WB Yeats *The Fish*)

Ah, but there is no fisherman for post-structuralism.
 No master controller at the helm. There is no top-down.
 Post-structuralism dismantles the idea of the net-caster – the one who imposes the structure. The form-giver. Instead, says Michel Foucault (re-form-ulated):

... forms are not determined by an all-powerful agency. ... They arise ... piecemeal, ... a series of encounters, struggles, offensives and counter-offensives, combats and transformations ...ⁱⁱⁱ

How much
 neater would
 this all be if
 the points
 were only
 justified?

The line will
 keep turning

That is, the fish bite back. They will not be caught in a single net. They escape. The world answers back. Words answer back.

For Foucault, 'discourse can be both an instrument and an effect of power, but also a hindrance, a stumbling point of resistance and a starting point for an opposing strategy.'^{iv} There is always such resistance (ongoing, active, agential, dialogic) 'where freedom is the capacity ... to behave differently, to resist'.^v Words are always necessarily in *an* order, but they are not always *in order*. We cannot just *order* them about. We may want very much to push our words (or any matter) into a form, but they rebel. They will not go.

That is, the fish bite back. They will not be caught in a single net. They escape. The world answers back. Words answer back. ... discourse can be both an instrument and an effect of power, but also a hindrance, a stumbling point of resistance and a starting point for an opposing strategy. ... There is always such resistance ... freedom is the capacity ... to behave differently, to resist. ... Words are always necessarily in an order, but they are not always in order. We cannot just order them about. We may want very much to push our words ... into a form, but they rebel. They will not go.

As TS Eliot in-forms us:

Words strain,
 Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,
 Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,
 Decay with imprecision, will not stay in place,
 Will not stay still.
 ('Burnt Norton' Four Quartets)

No, they do not stay where they are
 put. And neither does clay – necessarily.

Nor paint, nor glaze. Things resist.
 This is the resistance that *matters*.

The resistance of matter.

Creativity perennially involves the resistance of the material; the wax is too soft, the metal is too hard, the frit is too sulphuric, the clay is too stony, the memory is too porous. History slides like watercolour. Memory sticks like melted rubber.

History slides like watercolour.

The account blisters, crazes, warps, like earthenware in a raku firing. The forms we assign to things do not adequately contain them. Creativity is a spilling out. It is not neat. It bubbles over. Matter – the stuff we work on, is quintessentially messy. Words, feelings, people, paint, mud, string, text, pencil, charcoal, the body.

We may try to impose form – the sonnet, the haiku, body art, performance art, historical fiction, memoir, photographic realism, (the academic paper?) etc as terms on to matters, but the *matter* in-forms us back. For Foucault, forms emerge 'out of the interplay of power and resistance' but they are also 'subject to transformation through ongoing resistance and dialogue.'^{vi} The way the words slide around on a page direct us as to where they sit best. Painters or drawers often let the line do the walking (*a la* Paul Klee), and so do poets. We put the words down and they let us know where the stress lies, where they want to form bunches, groups,

indentations, lines, whether they are heading towards tetrameter or iamb. Poets often talk in this way. What the poem wants to be. What the poem is telling me. It seems to want this shape or that. So does foam or wax, or glass or wood. They want things of us. Even this: this paper – this thing I'm doing now wants something of me – I'm not quite sure what.....

This creature of the poem may assemble itself into a being with its own centrifugal force.

(Sharon Olds)^{vii}

This paper-creature has gone through many manifestations (are they still present?) and is not yet sure of its final form. It is rehearsing – trying on guises – still playing dress-up. As Robert Hass reveals in *What Light Can Do*:

There are a lot of different ways to write essays, a lot of different ways to say things, so the pleasure and the frustration of writing essays is that you are often discovering the object of inquiry and the shape of the search at the same time, and spend, therefore, a certain amount of time thinking about the shape of a piece of writing or watching its shape emerge.^{viii}

The shape of this paper is a surprise to me – its author – who wanted so much for it to be as its name suggested – *creative*. Has wanted its voice to be variously seductive, grand, intuitive, instructive. This paper has wanted to be poem or artwork or both – has wanted at times to be photographic essay.

It has even envisaged itself as a play with multiple characters – taking its lead from Pirandello's 1921 *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. There are in this paper, hundreds of characters (typeface characters) all searching for a form, as in Rosemary Dobson's *Alphabet*.

*My Twenty-six, my leaden men
Your day long skirmishing is done.*

This paper has chased the tail of an interview, of a manual, even of an Ikea catalogue (*a la* Glen Colquhoun's fabulous poem with which we began).

'one must...
produce several
texts at once...
what we need...
is a change of
"style"; and if
there is style,
Nietzsche
reminded us, it
must be plural.'
(Jacques Derrida
1982 *Margins of
Philosophy*,
(trans. Alan
Bass), Sussex:
The Harvester
Press, p.135)

One only? Is it not
possible to stay
plural as Derrida
suggests? To per-
form both poem
and paper?

And it could be any one of those things. The matter – the material embedded within this paper could per-form any number of forms – and each one would create a new world of possibility.

We know each of these forms so well, so intimately that one can guess what each version would look like. Can almost walk around them – in the same way we recognise a villanelle or a sestina or a tanka or a jug or a casserole dish.

A glass artist says I am going to make a tumbler, or a flute, or a goblet, and we can almost see the glowing gelatinous blob forming,

reforming
and transforming

before our eyes as it inhabits each form.

We can say I want these words to become an essay, or prose poem, a **newspaper article** or **advertisement**, and we can almost see **the font change accordingly**,

the words become justified,

slide from margin

to

margin

or into neat columns,

the tone change,

the pages magically lengthen or shorten, the gaps increase or decrease –

the white space grow as in a winter snowfall.

The whole landscape alters. It is structural.

It is in-structive.

It is a construct.

As soon as we note how material itself shapes artworks, novels, poems, sculptures, as well as people, relationships, the body, thoughts etc (not just the other way around), we realise that creativity mimics the feedback loop post-structuralists assert where people shape the structures that structure them. It is

an open-ended interplay, a dialogue, in which the forms that govern and condition individuals are continually being renegotiated and transformed by the individuals who rely on them.^{ix}

We shape a poem but a poem shapes us.

If I write

these words

thus

I have imposed a new form on them – they are read differently. But equally these words have a life-force that has driven me (the pull of Olds' centrifugal force) – albeit in a more invisible way. They are currently making me move my fingers along the keyboard – drawing me along – telling me that this is the form I must follow. I am a servant to their whim. You cannot see it happening. You have to believe me. I am watching it happening now.

The same happens when people are given clay to mould freely – they push and pull and perhaps they have some idea or another as to the form – they begin madly rolling, twisting, kneading, hollowing. But at some point the clay or plasticine begins pushing them about – moulding them, working on them til they become warm and pliable – malleable. The plasticine then directs them to bend here, attach there, dig a fingernail in here or there, and directs them when to stop. It might fall over or dent itself. It might play dead, or stick to the side of the table. It might pick up some fluff or dirt or a pinhead. There is almost a laugh when this happens. People put their creation on the desk in front of them as if amazed at what was made – look at what just appeared – it is as if they are saying. Don't blame me. This thing wanted out. Here is the performance *en masse* of Michelangelo's 'I saw the angel in the marble and carved until I set him free'. Digging out the rest. The blank. This is in part what creatives mean when they say they go about the world open. They don't just mean open. They mean malleable.

Pliable.

Compliant.

They allow things (people, places, material) to speak to them.

*They listen to phrases,
to bus conversations, to moss,
to dropped things,
to coins in pockets,
whispers and politics,
and the music of streams,
to clouds, and trains and crickets,
to silences, and fears, and to sandpaper,
old twine, and to kitchen clangings...
And it is all working on them.
Far more than they are working on it.*

They are being worked on. They are soon to give in.

They will allow themselves to be used. They will allow themselves to become a conduit, a medium, and all the other things you will have heard a poet or writer or painter or potter say.

Ah but this is not to say that there is no work.

The work is the mutual *working on*. On both sides. The point (plain/plane/plan?) of this paper is to per-form the dialogic double nature of it – the top-down, bottom-up-ness of it, the feedback loop. The form is created out of an 'interplay of forces'. This is the *agonism* that Foucault advances – one of 'reciprocal incitation and struggle ... a permanent provocation'.^x The creativity is the result of the struggle – of poet (as active agent) and poem (as active agent) working on each other – working their way through. This can be seen for example in Tony Harrison's beautifully haunting poem *Illuminations* where '*the penny dropped in time*' – the poem reveals that the poet has been worked on – all the way from childhood through to adulthood. The poem is the site of the *work*.

The poem incites the paper – the paper struggles against the poem. They have turned on each other.

These key Foucaultian/post-structuralist elements of freedom, struggle, agency, dialogue, resistance, creation, transgression – trans-*form*-ation, seem to be crucial for creativity: for the creation not only of *objects* (teacups, tables, novels), but also of *Subjects* – the forms that we ourselves create, and create us. Here, Foucault tells us ‘the relationships we have to have with ourselves are not ones of identity, rather they must be relationships of differentiation, of creation, of innovation’.^{xi} We have to ‘create ourselves as a work of art’^{xii} says Foucault (following Nietzsche’s Dionysian impulse).

This is the greatest act of creativity writ large –
the capacity to create our own form and trans-form our lives.

What is it to create oneself as this paper is attempting to create itself? As an artwork? To resist the easy occupation (both senses) of a form? To behave differently. To trans-*form*. To recognise that one is always mid-formation. In the middle of things. In that gap between the lines.

For form includes gaps. Structure requires them. Creativity is not only finding a form, but finding a gap. To force a gap. To pry structures open. To find space. To *make* space – something the artist does all the time. To rupture. To dis-rupt.

So perhaps the first structure or form we really think of when we think of creativity, is a rupture, a reversal,

a resistance to form –

a re-formation.

A de-formation.

This is perhaps why so many creative writing or **drawing** exercises involve ways of breaking with form. We play games – of association, of chance – we challenge ourselves, we play tricks, we cheat. Conceits, lures, reversals, all devised to come up with the **unexpected**, the uncanny, bizarre, or strange.

We invent new and elaborate forms to impose on our creative work in order to de-form, re-form, trans-form. Devices to restructure. These are often called ‘*obstructions*’ (Lars Von Trier’s *Five Obstructions* being a notable example^{xiii}). They too are structures – structures designed to provoke – *provocations* – to provoke creativity – to prompt it – to stir it into action. To make it leap. This is the play/interplay, dialogue, **disruption**, *agonism*, animism at the heart of creativity.

Randall Jarrell **again**:

it is far more accurate to think of a poem’s structural potential as the poem’s further potential to surprise, and structural tradition should encourage not a slavish adherence to that tradition but structural experimentation, a willingness to try out new manifestations of structural maneuvers. Structure is more than logic; it organizes and encourages a poem’s leaps and landings, its arrivals at places at once prepared-for yet seemingly unexpected.^{xiv}

research
gap...?

It is the same with a ceramic bowl. It is a void, a nothing, encircled by clay. The clay holds nothing first and foremost. The actual bowl – the bit we put stuff in – wasn't made by the potter. It wasn't made by anyone. But it is structural. It gives the form. When we structure a poem or paper we think of where the black bits go. We often forget to think of where the white bits go.

And when we write a book or a novel or a poem and send it off to be published, we can be pretty sure the publishers will faithfully reproduce the black bits, but we often have very little control over the white. The margins, top, bottom, side, whether there will be a blank line under the title or not? How much space at the end?

How much white between the lines?

And that determines how much we can read between the lines – too. Absolutely. How many blanks are there in the following []?

The problem is they are not even counted – literally and metaphorically.

They don't count. They are abstract. They do not matter. They are not matter.

Oh but they are! Working with a letterpress artist taught me that. Seeing all those chunks of metal – all the blanks lined up.

Something has to take the place of space.

There is a stand-in. There always is. Nothing comes for free. *Nothing* comes along. Takes a stand.

Much has been erased here – it now in-forms the whole. It has turned it into something else. You will never know what it was.

The sculptor thinks about moulding the lump of metal and gives it form, but oftentimes has little or no say about the negative space the sculpture will make between itself and the wall –

the shadow it will throw

and where it will fall

on the floor –

the thinking space above it imposed by the height of the ceiling.

[Aside: This is why Minimalism (sometimes presented as the first step in the dematerialisation of the art object^{xvii}) saw an escalation in conflict over installation due to the increasing realisation that 'space' is formative – part of the structure – part of the environment or situation^{xviii} (in turn provoking Michael Fried's infamous criticism in 1967 that Minimalism was overly 'theatrical'.^{xix})

Aside 2: *a-side*, the side of a page – its depth is a form or structure given almost no weight in poetry but it is part of the *weightiness* of any book – and impacts how well it will be handled.

The thickness of the page is something for the most part overlooked when considering whether a text is *dense* or a *heavy* read.

And despite the common expression that papers (such as these) are opaque, questions around the opacity of the paper are not **transparent**.

A poem is a thing after all. As W.H. Auden says, '*a poem is a verbal artifact which must be as skillfully and solidly constructed as a table or a motor-bicycle.*'^{xx}

What does a particular form and its concomitant gaps allow you to hold on to and what falls through? Creativity requires Rosemary Dobson's *Divining Colander*:

*To hold the best of all since done
And let the rest slip through.*

Each form holds and releases. But for Foucault and post-structuralism the network is lace-like – the pattern of the thread and the pattern of the absences are what make up the structure – both are needed – is this perhaps Jarrell's '*pattern of the poem's turn*'? In Foucault's account of the *network* he includes: 'the said as much as the unsaid... the system of relations that can be established between these elements.'^{xxi} It is crucial not to forget the space between, within, before – integral to all form and structure. Architecture, scaffolding, ladders, bookshelves, are functional only insofar as there are spaces – the carpenter creates the bits and pieces to hold the holes apart – the gaps are what we need. This is what composer Isaac Stern identifies as 'that little bit between each note – silences which give the form'.^{xxii}

As Alan Fletcher says in *The Art of Looking Sideways*, '[t]he Japanese have a word (*Ma* 間) for this interval which gives shape to the whole. In the West we have neither word nor term. A serious omission.'^{xxiii} Interestingly, in Japanese the same character 間 is used to represent both *Ken* (the word for architecture), and *Ma* (the word most usually translated as negative space, gap, or pause). *Ma*

is best described as... the simultaneous awareness of form and non-form deriving from an intensification of vision. *Ma* is not something that is created by compositional elements; it is the thing that takes place in the imagination of the human who experiences these elements.^{xxiv}

This is certainly a far cry from the notion of space we have inherited from the Western tradition – that exposed in Robin Myers' 'Love Poem for Carl Sagan':

*Space is a word we use for emptiness,
which is to say, somewhere without us.*

Instead of the West's conception of space as an absence, an empty room, a blank page, or the white of this screen, very much in the background, *Ma* as Derrick de Kerckhove describes it is 'the complex network of relationships between people and objects'.^{xxv}

This notion of negative space as *positive*, relational, involving the intensification of vision, human imagination, and the experiential, could be usefully applied to our post-structural per-formance of creativity. The different pronunciations of *Ma* provide a further range of possible meanings, including (but not limited to): *between, medium, midway, interval, on the way, period, relationship, a while, leisure, luck, favourable opportunity, timing, and harmony*.^{xxvi}

Now, that is a list for creativity!

What becomes clear from this list is that *Ma* seems to be a way of holding space open – to the good luck of timing and favourable opportunity – it is space holding the door open for us.

I see the poem or the novel ending with an open door. (Michael Ondaatje)

And while most would acknowledge that creativity requires a *remaining open*, traditionally *form* seems to dictate that things be closed,

finished,
contained.

Ma however, is not an open and shut case...

It is about form *and* incompleteness – open-endedness, the opposite of being closed, finished, shut. Similarly, the definitions of *Ma* as *on-the-way*, or *mid-way* resonate well with this paper that is after all in the midst of creation.

Every piece of creative writing is in a process of *becoming write-now*.

This is creative in-*formation*.

That, at least, is how it is *turning* out.

It is to switch the question from *what form will it take?* to *how is it form-ing?*

Who and *how* will it *in-form*? What *form* of response is possible?

Which forms are resisted? Can it *trans-form*?

Perhaps that is why almost all artists want to claim the open-ended narrative of their project – almost everything is un-finished. In process. A process. Creativity is a creature like us, always on the continuum of evolution. Is this why painters are inclined to come to their own exhibition openings with brush in hand?

Is this why so many creative things stay as drafts in bottom drawers?

Is this why endings are so difficult?

I have never started a poem yet whose end I knew. (Robert Frost)

To re-*turn* to Randall Jarrell, 'a successful poem starts from one position and ends at a very different one, often a contradictory or opposite one ...'^{xxvii}

It's a lovely turn of phrase. This is how a poem turns to paper. Please turn

*'Turning and turning
in the widening gyre/
Things fall apart; the
centre cannot hold ...'
(WB Yeats The Second
Coming)*

*'constant change
figures ...'
(Lyn Hejinian
constant change
figures)*

over...

and over...

*...yet I turn, I turn,
exulting somewhat,
with my will intact to go
wherever I need to go,...*

*...no doubt the next chapter
in my book of transformations
is already written,
I am not done with my changes.*

(Stanley Kunitz *The Layers*)

FINE & CODA (or WELCOME TO THE CORNFIELD)

'By the end of the poem the reader should be in a different place from where he started. I would like him [sic] to be slightly disoriented at the end, like I drove him outside of town at night and dropped him off in a cornfield.' (Billy Collins)

Are we there yet? Have we ended up as Jarrell hoped, somewhere 'at once prepared-for yet seemingly unexpected'? Does what was erased, painted over, cut out or deleted, somehow remain to inform what is left? There are always a range of forms that weren't chosen – that were abandoned. The multiple starts and voices and aspirations and inspirations of this paper still echo in its spaces (Janet Mansfield made this manifest in her *Forty-One False Starts*^{xxviii}) – because in some way each start remains at the end. There is the shadow of those beginnings.

This is surely what we 'see' in Tom Friedman's artwork *1,000 Hours of Staring* – the idea that the staring can somehow be passed on

pressed on
to the page – that the blank page can be imbued with hours of effort.
So I'll end with the rest of this page blank – please read into it –
all the other things I wanted to say, or did say and erased.
But, of course, the likelihood is the editor will erase my space (since it doesn't
matter) – so I better mark it – here – with a bracket...

[

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- ⁱ Aeschylus *Eumenides* in Mark Griffith and Glenn Most (eds), 2013 *Greek Tragedies Vol. III*, third edition, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, p. 660.
- ⁱⁱ Randall Jarrell 'Levels and Opposites: Structure in Poetry', *Georgia Review* 50.4, 1996: pp. 697-713 quoted in Michael Theune 2007 'Poetic Structure and Poetic Form: The Necessary Differentiation', *American Poet*, Academy of American Poets, Volume 32, (Spring): pp.9-12, p.10. <https://structureandsurprise.wordpress.com/theory-criticism/the-structure-form-distinction/>
- ⁱⁱⁱ Christopher Falzon 2010 'Foucault, Philosopher of Dialogue', in Falzon and O'Leary (eds.) *Foucault and Philosophy*, Oxford: Wiley-Blackwell, pp. 222-245, p.232; see Michel Foucault 1979 *The History of Sexuality*, vol. 1: *An Introduction*, (trans. R. Hurley), Allen Lane, London: Penguin, p. 95; and Michel Foucault 1980 *Power/Knowledge Selected Interviews and Other Writings* (ed Colin Gordon), New York: Pantheon Books, pp. 61; and Michel Foucault 2000 *Essential Works of Foucault, 1945–1984*, vol. 3: *Power* (ed. C. Gordon), New York: The New Press, pp. 226–7.
- ^{iv} Michel Foucault 1998 *The History of Sexuality: The Will to Knowledge*, London: Penguin, pp. 100-1.
- ^v Falzon, p. 230.
- ^{vi} Falzon, p. 232. My emphasis.
- ^{vii} Sharon Olds 1996 *Salon* Interview, Tuesday 2 July http://www.salon.com/1996/07/01/interview_19/
- ^{viii} Robert Hass 2012 *What Light Can Do: Essays on Art, Imagination and the Natural World*, New York: Harper Collins, p. x.
- ^{ix} Falzon, p. 232.
- ^x Michel Foucault 2000 *Essential Works of Foucault, 1945–1984*, vol. 3: *Power*, (ed. C. Gordon), New York: The New Press, p. 342.
- ^{xi} Michel Foucault 1997 *Essential Works of Foucault, 1945–1984*, vol. 1: *Ethics: Subjectivity and Truth* (ed. P. Rabinow), New York: The New Press, p. 166.
- ^{xii} Foucault, *Essential Works (Ethics)*, p. 262. See also Johanna Oksala 2007 *How to Read Foucault*, London: Granta Books, p. 98.
- ^{xiii} *The Five Obstructions* (2003 Danish documentary directed by Lars von Trier and Jørgen Leth). Lars von Trier gives five 'obstructions' (obstacles, challenges) to Leth to remake Leth's 1967 experimental short film *The Perfect Human*.
- ^{xiv} Jarrell in Theune, p.12.
- ^{xv} Glyn Maxwell 2012 *On Poetry*, London: Oberon Masters, p. 11.
- ^{xvi} Carl Andre quoted in Lucy Lippard 1973 *Six Years: The Dematerialisation of the Art Object from 1966-1972*, Berkeley: University of California Press, p.40.
- ^{xvii} see Martha Buskirk 2003 *The Contingent Object of Contemporary Art*, Cambridge MA: The MIT Press.
- ^{xviii} In particular with the work of artists Donald Judd and Robert Morris.
- ^{xix} Michael Fried 1998 *Art and Objecthood*, Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
- ^{xx} WH Auden 1966 'The Poetry of Andrei Voznesensky', *NY Review of Books*, 14 April.
- ^{xxi} 'The Confession of the Flesh' (1977) interview. In *Power/Knowledge*, p. 194.
- ^{xxii} Isaac Stern quoted in Aliyah Marr 2008 *Parallel Mind, The Art of Creativity*, The Thetawave Project, p.188.
- ^{xxiii} Alan Fletcher 2001 *The Art of Looking Sideways*, London: Phaidon, p.370.
- ^{xxiv} <http://www.columbia.edu/itc/ealac/V3613/ma/>
- ^{xxv} Derrick de Kerckhove 2005 'The Skin of Culture', in Gary Genosko (ed.), *Marshall McLuhan Critical Evaluations in Cultural Theory Vol II*, London and New York: Routledge, pp.157.
- ^{xxvi} John H. Haig 1997 *The New Nelson Japanese-English Character Dictionary*, Tokyo: Tuttle Publishing, p. 1132.
- ^{xxvii} Jarrell in Theune, p.9.
- ^{xxviii} Janet Mansfield 2013 *Forty-One False Starts: Essays on Artists and Writers* Melbourne: Text Publishing.