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Nonfiction now: a (non)introduction

Abstract:

This essay seeks to explore the tensions in the paradoxical location of 'non-fiction' — or the de-hyphenated 'nonfiction', as we prefer — as a literary/artistic category, one that is built upon a negation. The opposition set up in the term by the operation of the 'non' upon the 'fiction' suggests a steadfast binary. However the friction between the two sides of this binary, and the inherent resistance embodied in the close proximity and conjoining of the two parts, accounts for much of the energy and interest in contemporary nonfiction writing. Here we bring together etymologies and theoretical topographies to problematize the intriguing situation of 'nonfiction now'.

Biographical notes:

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Creative writing – Nonfiction – Essay – Memory – Introduction – Negation – Creative nonfiction – Collage – Documentary – Memoir – Reportage

– As if our job here was to show you around, to facilitate mingling; also to let you know where you'd turned up, what kind of do this is.

> Collage is accentuated by editing
>
> Time always wins
>
> Art can be landfill (Fish Ewan 2012)

These notes taken by Rebecca Fish Ewan on the occasion of the Bedell NonfictioNow Conference, Melbourne 2012, from a 'bullet list of wisdom' delivered by David Shields in his opening address.

Then:

> Everything is connected to everything else (Fish Ewan 2012).

To start –

Nonfiction, in the fantasies of our culture, is the realm of certainty. The truth is that, on the contrary, it inhabits the realm of doubt.

Non n-f: non creative?

We are making a claim here, first and foremost, for embracing the simple nonhyphenated term 'nonfiction' in all its perplexing ambiguity, as a marker designating a broad territory of contemporary creative practice. There is arguably no stronger delineation customarily made in the narrative arts than that between fiction and nonfiction: in film between 'features' (dramas or comedies) and documentaries; in television between drama and 'reality' TV; in literature between the novel and short story as fiction and, on the side of nonfiction, the essay, memoir or (auto)biography. It is somewhat paradoxical that this division maintains its continuing strength in Western culture despite the praxical and theoretical fraying of its boundaries in the wake of those understandings gleaned from critical theory that challenge its ontological basis.

The term 'creative nonfiction' has become increasingly popular since the 1980s, particularly in the U.S. from where it emanates, but is especially associated with the magazine, *Creative nonfiction*, founded by Lee Gutkind. However, Gutkind's model for 'creative nonfiction', which he defines as 'true stories well told' with its associated maxim (injunction) 'You can't make this stuff up!' (Gutkind 2012), is deceptively neat. Gutkind defines nonfiction as 'factually accurate prose about real people and events' (2012). 'Creative' refers, for Gutkind, to the 'use of literary craft, the techniques fiction writers, playwrights and poets employ [to present nonfiction] in a compelling, vivid, dramatic manner' (2012). This dichotomy displaces the fiction/nonfiction divide, retaining 'nonfiction' as the zone of 'accurate facts' and 'realness', as if these in

themselves were unproblematic to determine.

'Creative fiction' would be, apparently, an oxymoron because fiction is held to be inherently, constitutively creative through being both invented and fashioned. The term 'creative nonfiction' implies that there are some (vanilla?) forms of (non-creative) nonfiction which are not in themselves fashioned, which merely articulate factually accurate statements about 'real people and events'.

Qualifiers such as 'creative', as well as 'literary', 'narrative' or 'personal' nonfiction all underline, despite themselves, the instability of the (non)term they seek to qualify. They strive to call back some, but not all, of the artistic antibodies first expunged through the negation of fiction.

But how is this move to be made? For supporters of 'creative nonfiction', like Dinty Moore, the complexities of drawing a line between 'Fiction-Land and Nonfiction-Land' (Moore 2012) are acknowledged, but in the end it comes down to intention. A writer must choose where she stands: 'between the necessary picking and choosing, editing, highlighting, arranging, and subjectively describing that goes into the "creation" of creative nonfiction and *knowingly inventing*' (Moore 2012, italics added). However more radical writers – the squatters, vagrants and poachers of Moore's Nonfiction-Land – insist on worrying at these faultlines to explore when and where they break. In this vein, David Shields declares:

> I've written … three works of nonfiction, and whenever I'm discussing the supposedly reality of a work of nonfiction, I inevitably (and rapidly) move the conversation over to a contemplation of the ways in which I've fudged facts, exaggerated my emotions, cast myself as a symbolic figure, and invented freely. (Shields 2002: 3)

Meanwhile John D'Agata seems to argue for a strategic retreat altogether from Nonfiction–Land but not in the direction of fiction. Rather, for D'Agata, as for many of his contemporaries, the reassertion and celebration of the expansive concept of the *essay* is what is called for:

> The problem is that what the term nonfiction describes is a conditional state of being, and one that is essentially a negation of genre. Essay, on the other hand, describes an activity, a fundamental human behaviour that is as vital as storytelling, inherent as song. It's a term that helps the genre function more like a mind: one that can explore the consolidation of ideas, images, emotions, and facts through the negotiation of memory, anecdote, observation, history, religion, science, and even the imagination. (D'Agata 2009: 467)

D'Agata's argument in favour of the 'essay' is attractive and coherent. This only underlines the continuing conceptual problems embodied in the term *nonfiction*, and thus where it remains useful, we would like to suggest, as a theoretical catalyst or *irritant* in considering intertwined questions of ethics and aesthetics, practices and reception, representation and enunciation. In the same way that pain is useful, nonfiction points to issues of concern.

Nonf

– iction has always had an image problem. Or, arguably, until recently (Marr 2001). Nonfiction, we learnt at school (and they still learn), is beige and brown and snapping to a grid, while fiction, free of that bothersome boring negative qualifier, frolics where it will. Poolside, just for example.

Nonfiction, we also learnt at school, is solid and dependable, like our ideal parents. Built on reliable, stable, trusty, loyal, faithful facts.

Fiction is a loveable flirt or a charmingly irresponsible innocent.

Nonfiction is our textbooks; fiction is gazing out the window.

The truth is, nonfiction *is* in our textbooks, if they are any good, but it *is also* in gazing out the window, since the experience of gazing out the window (daydreaming) is also a really-existing phenomenon of the world that can be reported on just as can the contents of a document or the contour of a hill.

Nonfiction

What's in a word?

What of the 'non' in nonfiction? This negation? Nonfiction as double negative: if fiction = not-true story, then nonfiction = not-not-true story (The Vitruvian Heart 2013).

Lisa Appignanesi in *The guardian* talks of the term nonfiction being 'a strange sort of negative beast' that makes as much sense as defining all prose as 'non-poetry' (2012). She also points out that it is peculiar to English classification. Etymologically, the *non* prefix means 'not, lack of', or 'sham', from Latin *non* 'not, by no means, not at all, not a', and *fiction* meaning 'something invented', from Old French *ficcion* 'dissimulation, ruse' and directly from Latin *fictionem* (nominative *fictio*) 'a fashioning or feigning'. *Fiction* is also a noun of action from past participle stem of *fingere* 'to shape, form, devise, feign', originally 'to knead, form out of clay'. In the *Online etymological dictionary* (2013), both bits of the word form separate entries: 'non + fiction'.

The French language, as Appignanesi points out, speaks of 'essais' and 'has the grace of harking back to Montaigne and implying an attempt to think about the world' (2012).

So – what *is* in a name? In her essay-as-performance 'Hardheads and woolly thinking' (a hybrid of field notes, mash-up, memoir, spoken word and so on), Janaczewska asks the same question. She writes: 'a thistle is a thistle is sometimes a thistle in name only … Latin was the lingua franca that let scientists and scholars speak to each other' (2013: 2). Perhaps it is, as she argues when speaking of childhood interests in the natural world and origins, the same for this thing we call nonfiction – 'the thread by which you continue to weave a relationship with the place you came from before you came here' (8). She also points out that Latin is not always 'the guarantee of precision and consistency we assume' (4).

Nonfiction. As alluded to elsewhere (Carlin 2012), some of us have a perverse love for the definition offered almost as an aside by Raymond Williams in his classic book *Keywords*. Nonfiction: 'a curious back formation in library and book trade use' (Williams 1985: 134). A 'back formation': an instrumental retrospective non-bucket, a place where everything *else* goes apart from once-upon-a-time suspend-your-disbelief stories.

In nonfiction the characters and events do not just come, as in a novel, more or less directly from life (on a sliding scale from *roman a clef* to vampires) but at one remove because fashioned (fiction, from *fingere*: to fashion).

In nonfiction the characters and events (if there are any characters and events – nonfiction needs, in fact, only at a minimum the character of the narrating author) are presented as if viewed not through a scanner, darkly, but somehow, with miraculous transparency, in the same way that the photographic image, still or flowing in a sequence, seems to promise a miraculously transparent view of its object.

In the same way, for that matter, that a plain glass mirror seems neither to add nor subtract nor distort, but shows merely, perfectly, everything just sweetly (or sourly) as it is. But note well: everything is reversed in a mirror and therefore, literally a lie or at the least a trick: a tattoo on my right arm in the mirror can only be there if the skin of my body's left arm was the one actually punctured.

Curious, says Raymond Williams.

Can only be there if the skin.

Only. If.

Nonfiction – whichever way you look at it – is a word in the negative; 'that thing without a name of its own', as Australian writer Helen Garner said in a speech she gave at the inaugural ceremony for the announcement of the Stella Prize (Garner, who was also a keynote at the 2012 NonfictioNow Conference), 'where I felt free, and still do' (2013). To which she added: 'though I would love to be able to move with ease, or at least with authority, back and forth across the border. I love the idea of fluid form … The matter of form and its constraints is close to my heart'. (2013)

Non(fiction)

Nonfiction contains fiction. Literally, the word itself collapses without fiction: fully two thirds of its expanse lingers on the fashioning it claims to negate (it doth protest too much – trust me, trust me, I swear to you, I swear – *really*).

Fiction sits there, within the word, silently, ensconced.

The fiction in nonfiction – let us come straight out and say it – is the self who speaks. The 'unsurrogated' self of Vivian Gornick (2001).

I who am not the drowned, I who am not the *muselmanner* of the camps, the walking dead Primo Levi speaks of (Agamben 1999), I who, boundlessly privileged, can speak.

I who can point at myself in Lacan's mirror (2006) and, seeing an object bounded and separate, which winks when I wink, smiles when I smile, smiles fakely when I smile fakely, can say, entering into the *pas de deux* of language: that's me.

And not only is that me, but it is a me capable of saying 'that's me'. A mirror me, yes, but still a me me.

And therefore capable of saying anything else that I can think of and therefore (it seems to follow naturally) capable of knowing when I mean to say something I believe to be 'true' versus when I mean to fabricate, either by lying or by imagining.

Would I lie to you?

The price of having an 'I' is owning it.

The price of nonfiction is the humiliation of being found out, being seen.

All writing, says Wayne Koestenbaum, is humiliation; 'Writing is a process of turning myself inside out: a regurgitation. I extrude my vulnerable inner lining. I purge. And then I examine the contents – my expulsed interior – and begin the bloody interrogation. I ask whether it is filthy or clean, valuable or deplorable' (2011: 17).

The troublesome fiction in nonfiction is the a-historic un-dismantled I who confidently speaks. The 'I' who doesn't admit or recognise that the 'me' in the mirror is always not only 'me' but also backwards (the tattoo again) and also a projection.

For evidence of this trouble that comes from being untroubled, take virtually any 'nonfiction' text which purports that the perspective of its author is so transparent as to be not worth even acknowledging (at a rough guess, approximately 90 per cent of the volumes on Raymond Williams's archetypical 20th century municipal library 'nonfiction' shelves would fit the bill) – the voice of the omniscient third person narrator speaking, like God, from everywhere and nowhere, the voice in which students are trained to write formal essays; take any such text and read it 100 years later. The little man cranking the wheel behind the Wizard of Oz will be plain to see, we guarantee, as the historico-cultural position of the narrating author is revealed in absurdly obvious hindsight. Read any authoritative 'transparent' tome from 1913 now and see how the narrating author is stripped bare of his or her veil of 'objectivity'.

The price of having an 'I' is owning it.

I who am not the drowned.

Really.

To don the mantle of nonfiction is to weigh into controversy. The simplest nonfiction statement must be fashioned – whether into language, images or other media – and yet the nature of the fashioning, the craft of the fabrication, even the motivation of the author in the fashioning – is always open to contestation in a way that fiction is not.

Put simply, in nonfiction there is more at stake, always. Which is not to say that fiction is not important or sublime, delightful and essential – with the 'stuff and scent and touch and ballast' of its sentences, as Kirsty Gunn says (2011) – but in this one respect only, it is easier. Except of course when the reader of your fiction refuses to believe that you are lying, and accuses you of trying falsely to pass the truth off as a fake, a problem Helen Garner (2008), among other boundary-dwellers, has experienced. But that's another story – isn't it?

If the self is the necessary fiction of nonfiction – the 'me me' of the nonfiction mirror – what is the implied shared self of this essay – the me me you you of this (non)introduction-as-*pas-de-deux*?

From somewhere in between we write.

Perhaps too, this is the undertaking of 'promiscuous' writing of the likes Jen Webb speaks of, 'as a way of articulating the unarticulated and the inarticulable' to make a world of knowledge and joy (2009).

In the writing of –

So why do I/you/we do it? Why write, why make – why nonfiction?

It is the share of the sound of three short unambiguous words, as Joan Didion would have it:

> *I*
>
> *I*
>
> *I.* (1976: 1)

Her answer to the indelible question that is asked of any creator: 'why I write?' – writing as 'the act of imposing oneself upon other people, of saying *listen to me, see it my way, change your mind*' (1, her italics). It is this question that propels us, that pushes us forward, that drives us to mark the blank page or canvas, and begin from nothing, create again, and *again*; that allows us to fail. When asked, Didion replies, famously:

> I write entirely to find out what I'm thinking, what I'm looking at, what I see and what it

> means. What I want and what I fear. Why did the oil refineries around Carquinez Straits seem sinister to me in the summer of 1956? Why have the night lights in the bevatron burned in my mind for twenty years? *What is going on in these pictures in my mind?* (1976: 2, 3)

Didion, an experienced nonfiction writer, who has explored various forms over the years – critical essay, political reportage, memoir – has 'lost patience with the conventions of writing' (2006: 13). Unlike writing fiction, which Didion thinks of as a fraught business – 'an occasion for daily bread for at least the first half … and sometimes all the way through' – she argues in nonfiction that 'the notes give you the piece' (2006: 2). She says writing nonfiction is more like sculpture, 'a matter of shaping the research into a finished thing' (2). When working on *The year of magical thinking* (2005), a memoir of grief, memory, longing and regret, that won the United States National Book Award for Nonfiction, she constantly retyped her own sentences, every day, over and over, from the beginning in order to bring her up to writing the next new sentence (2006). She argued that for this book, given 'much of it depended on echo', it got her into the certain rhythm that she needed: the marking up of pages, the retyping of sentences and paragraphs and pages (20, 55, 100), the getting 'past the blank terror' (2).

What I want and what I fear.

When Paul Auster claims that writing begins in the body, he is speaking of making meaning, of making composition, of the agony and ecstasy of putting words to paper. He writes in his recent *Winter Journal*:

> Writing begins in the body, it is the music of the body, and even if words have meaning, can sometimes have meaning, the music of the words is where the meanings begin … and what you hear is the rhythm of your heart, the beating of your heart… Writing as a lesser form of dance. (2012: 224–5)

Before he came to this juncture in this book, he had been actually writing (in the second person) about dance – 'the dancers saved you' (220); how watching and experiencing a group of dancers brought him back to life – '*the scalding, epiphanic moment of clarity that pushed you through a crack in the universe* and allowed you to begin again' (220, his italics). It is a wondrous passage: at a very low ebb, with a marriage on the rocks, a small son and no money, an author of three small books of poetry with at most 100 readers in the world who hasn't written a poem for nearly a year finds himself in a dance studio, watching *and experiencing* dance – 'bodies in motion, bodies in space, bodies leaping through empty, unimpeded air' (220). Choreographers making. Dancers dancing. Not to music but to silence. This noticing of his puts this writer, *this sculptor* back into his body, into the *music* and movement of his own body, from whence composition begins.

Writing as dancing.

Paul Auster: 'Speak now before it is too late, and then hope to go on speaking until there is no more to be said. Time is running out, after all' (YouTube, 2012).

This writing here, for these pages, (non)introducing: a plaiting together of voice, writing as dance, born out of interchange and the trading of thought – as entrée and adagio, a variation for each dancer, and coda – exchanging with each other back and forth in the make-up of words, sentence by sentence. Aware of the newness of this writing – the now-ness: its genesis and living presence at our fingertips and nerve endings. Making a verb of the word *introduction*, muscling it into existence as an entry into, a 'leading in' to the labyrinth – bearing witness to this bearing witness.

It echoes Kathryn Millard's approach in her essay 'A screenwriter's *Reality hunger*', a manifesto-as-segmented-and-partial-assemblage, and the use of 'all sorts of fragments of the past to examine the present' (2013: 3). She is interested in 'the drama of things we happen to encounter, not those we plan' (quoting Cesare Zavattini's 1953 *Sight and sound*; 3). As she writes, quoting Errol Morris's *Believing is seeing* (2011): 'There is a kind of thrill when you head out into the world. You don't know – can't know – what you're going to find out' (5).

This non-introduction is a dialogue between writers, a speaking across, a nonfiction *pas de deux*, if you will (as the dancers and choreographers would say). *Introduction* is also a noun of action, like fiction, 'a leading in', from the past participle stem of *introducere* 'bring in' and originally from Old French *introduccion*, 'act of bringing into existence' (Online etymological dictionary 2013).

(An aside: is this dance with definitions what Noëlle Janaczewska calls 'woolly thinking'? As she writes: 'Latin erected into names. Stumbled into steps. Fashioned into narrative' (2013: 8).)

Now

What is the promise of nonfiction *now*?

Is it as writer Barrie Jean Borich calls it a sort of 'NonNow' – which is the way she continues to affectionately refer to every NonfictioNow conference she has been to, the gathering together of nonfiction writers and readers and enthusiasts in the 'Not-Non-Now of our actual lives' (2012)? Both a place and space where we exist off and on the page. Cascading truthiness of sorts. Copious. Luxuriant. A falling. Hanging loose.

A consequent of the fact (*now* as conjunction).

Very now (as adjective).

Borich calls the territory of the 'creative nonfiction' writer 'the shadow of actuality – an interpretative realm reliant on, and distinct from, actuality itself' (2013: 2). Bearing witness to actuality, as she calls it, is the only thing holding together 'an immensely diverse category of writing that represents, interprets, and creates impressions of bona fide lives, actual events, and mappable locations' (3). (The problem with James Frey, she

argues, in the case study central to her argument on 'truthiness and memoir fraud', is that he pretends everything is transparent.)

Writing out of shadows. Writing *about* shadows. And now.

Shadow-land. Intersection.

Interstices.

Now we are interested in genres and sub genres, conjoining boundaries, close proximities, and inevitable tensions between. Fakery and lies. Trust and ethics. Representations of self.

Such as, for example, the likes of the opening creative work in this issue in 'Essaying', Sian Prior's playful 'Dear David Foster Wallace' an 'anti-"essaymercial" essay about all the un-fun supposedly-fun things you'd never do again on a cruise ship' (2013: 3). Here is a writer 'reckoning with self', as a means to explore the question of revelation and shame.

Un-fun. Never again. Not ever?

If we think of *now* meaning 'immediately, at once: *now or never*', we can also think of it as interjection and as an introductory word (Macquarie Dictionary).

Now – now we nonfictioneers split up, each to reconnoitre our own territories.

In the main camp are the essayists, as foreshadowed earlier. These can claim a long and distinguished lineage, hailing right back to ye olde Montaigne, the French provincial nobleman chortling to himself and scratching his head on paper, so to speak, in his by-now-mythic tower (Lopate 1995). Of late the essayists have become giddy and exuberant, racking up (claiming) essayistic runs on the board as far back as the earliest recorded writing in ancient Sumeria (D'Agata 2009, 2–3). They have pushed out towards poetry with the lyric essay (D'Agata & Tall 1997). They have pioneered the anti-memoir (Monson 2010) and the collage manifesto (Shields 2010). They have thrown a dagger at the moribund heart of academic writing (insert your own references here – is that allowed?). The essay, in a certain sense, is the über form: it can go anywhere and do anything so long as it is safely home by morning. The essay is defined only in the drama between the essayist and the object he or she addresses, a drama that is, necessarily and joyously, self-reflexive. The essay, writes D'Agata:

> tries to replicate the activity of a mind. From the Middle French *essai* – 'a test', 'a trial', 'an experiment' – the essay is the equivalent of a mind in rumination, performing as if improvisationally the reception of new ideas, the discovery of unknowns, the encounter with the 'other'. (2009: 9)

True essayists are polymorphously perverse by nature: serious tricksters following in the footsteps of Cortazar and Shonagon. Like Xu Xi (2013) they will insist on flying underground in footnotes, like Sian Prior (2013) they will play games like writing to a

dead essayist and letting the dead essayist write back – *Dear Sian*. Some, like Chris Marker (1982) and Agnes Varda (2000), will eschew the written word on the page and *essai* instead with the moving or still image. And some, like Kathryn Millard (2013) will essay forth in a new hybrid combining text and image afforded by digital technologies and virtual actualities.

The essayist's raw material.

The cavalcade of thoughts, impressions, feelings and references dancing through her head as she fixes on a certain theme, or subtlety.

The careful curation of this motley ensemble is the art of essaying.

Sometimes – often – nonfictioneers will head into the mysterious realm of memory. This is a place both enchanting and prosaic: why can't I find my car keys? What did happen in the bushes with my cousin when I was five? Did I really do a poo in middle of the lake that summer? Whole individual memory–stories (memoirs) are now commonplace and popular, whether these be tales of lives strung with suffering and redemption (such as the eating disorder memoirs examined by Brien [2013]) or stream of consciousness accounts of strangely defining moments like being invited as a mystery guest to a party (as in the beautiful Gregoire Bouillier book, *The mystery guest* [2006]).

Memory is different from imagination, the field novelists head off into, building Sims-lands as they go. Memory is related to *memorie* (Middle English) and *memoria* (Latin) and the idea of mourning, that which is lost, past, gone. Memory carries with it a shadow left by the dead – your dead self as much as anything else, a former self: a not-now, non-now, not-self self.

'The dead haunt the living,' Michel de Certeau reminds us. 'The past: it "re-bites" [*il re-mord*] (it is a secret and repeated biting)' (1968: 3).

Memory is like a dark forest, which makes it all the more eerie since it is meant to be populated only by previously existing actuality. In memory objects – things – often start off quite distinct but tend to fade into a jumble. Other objects/things are hidden for years only to suddenly rear up unannounced. This makes the whole place not only a thicket but also a ghost train ride. And despite our best intentions, we find confusing traces of imagination everywhere, oblique reference points – tangential, peripheral – invading like weeds and impossible to eradicate. All of which means that nonfiction makers who take a lot of ethnographic field notes in the rich and sullied domain of memory return with amazing images to write up.

Other nonfictioneers (are we fed up with this Disney-esque word yet? if so: apologies) look for their data not already in their crowd of present thoughts or in their memories but in the archive (like Peter Doyle [2013]). The archive, by which we mean archives in the broadest plenitude, might be a vast state-sponsored Raiders-of-the-Lost-Ark-scale enterprise or it might be your grandmother's old shoebox. It is anywhere artefacts of the

past have been gathered up by humans in a more or less coordinated fashion and wait, inert, to be galvanised into new life through the magic touch of *meaning* and, quite likely, *narrative*. This focus on the archive is an outward facing activity. It involves travelling and fossicking and often forms of detective work and/or jigsaw puzzling.

A final zone of demarcation can be posited as that of documentary observation and its close neighbour, reportage. Here the nonfiction maker immerses herself, in Robin Hemley's terms (2012), not in the archive but in a defined space within the world at large. She watches, listens, asks questions, takes notes, sniffs the wind, licks her lips. This might be Goedjen and Graham experienced on the road in the far north of Australia (2013) or Rossmanith in the law courts of New South Wales and their adjacent backrooms (2013). This is the space not only of the vast range of visual documentary practice but also of 'New Journalism' (Wolfe 1972), 'gonzo journalism' (e.g. Thompson 1971) and their more recent variants.

And the task of the nonfictioneer?

Is it, as interviewer Katie Roiphe says of the 'fierce', 'elegant' and 'flamboyant' Janet Malcolm: 'she takes apart the official line, the accepted story, the court transcript like a mechanic takes apart a care engine and shows us how it works' (2011: 2)? The story of the nonfiction maker, whether she is writing about biography or psychoanalysis or Gertrude Stein is 'the construction of the story', as Roiphe argues it is for Malcolm, 'the drama of turning the messy and meaningless world into words' (2). And Malcolm does not seem to disagree. Here, in this interview, she writes of writing: 'Writing for me is a process of constantly throwing out stuff that doesn't seem interesting enough' (2011: 7).

: a (non)introduction

To introduce is to bring in. To introduce nonfiction, therefore, looking at it one way would be to bring it in, to muster it from the far corners and secret places it inhabits.

This implies a conceptual corralling.

This we will resist.

Insist.

To 'not-introduce' is to seek to stir up trouble, to offer a stubborn (perhaps childish? there is always that danger) invitation to find your own way, make up your own map.

To not-introduce, one could also say, is to introduce you to the 'not', the 'non', the knot.

To not introduce is to decline to bring in. But all are welcome.

Don't forget to turn the lights off –

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