

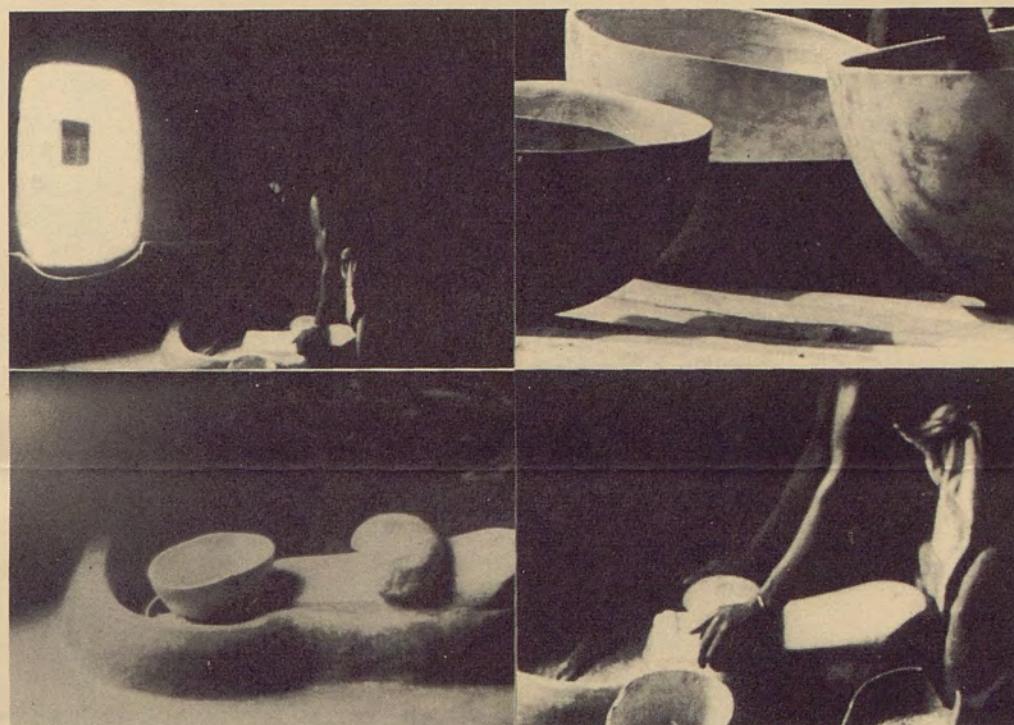
HOW(ever)

Vol. VI, No. 1, January 1990

Guest Editors: Myung Mi Kim, Meredith Stricker

Contributing Editors: Diane Glancy, Adalaide Morris
Founding Editor: Kathleen Fraser

SHIFTING GROUND



Writing: an on-going practice concerned not with inserting a "me" into language, but with creating an opening where the "me" disappears while "I" endlessly come and go.

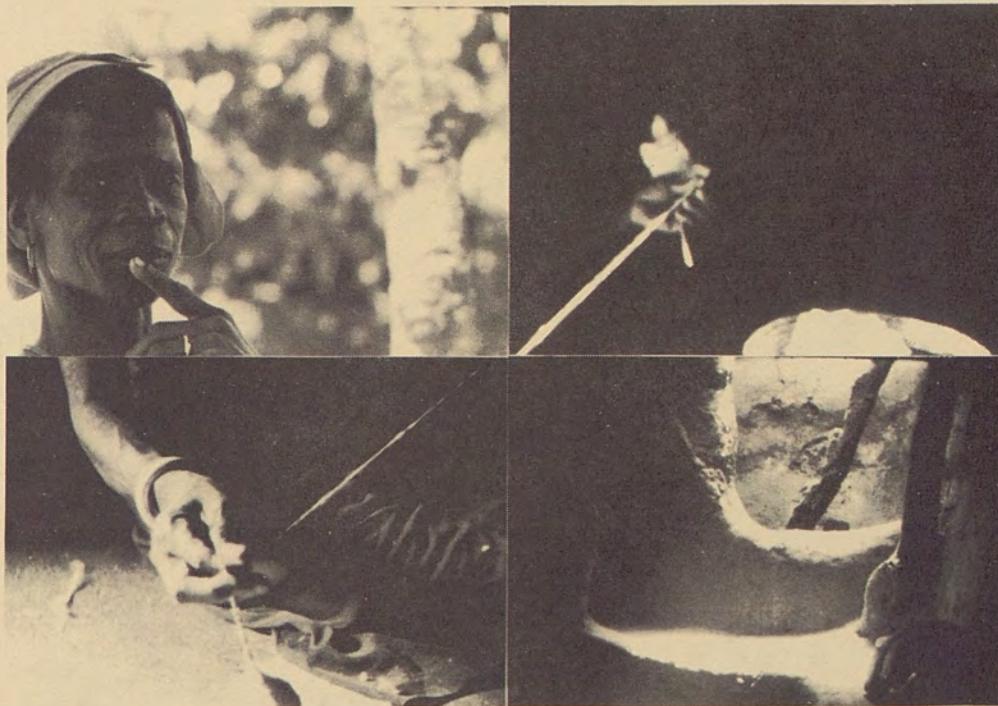
—Trinh T. Minh-ha *Woman, Native, Other*, p. 31
Stills from *Naked Spaces—Living Is Round*

from *Woman, Native, Other* BY TRINH T. MINH-HA

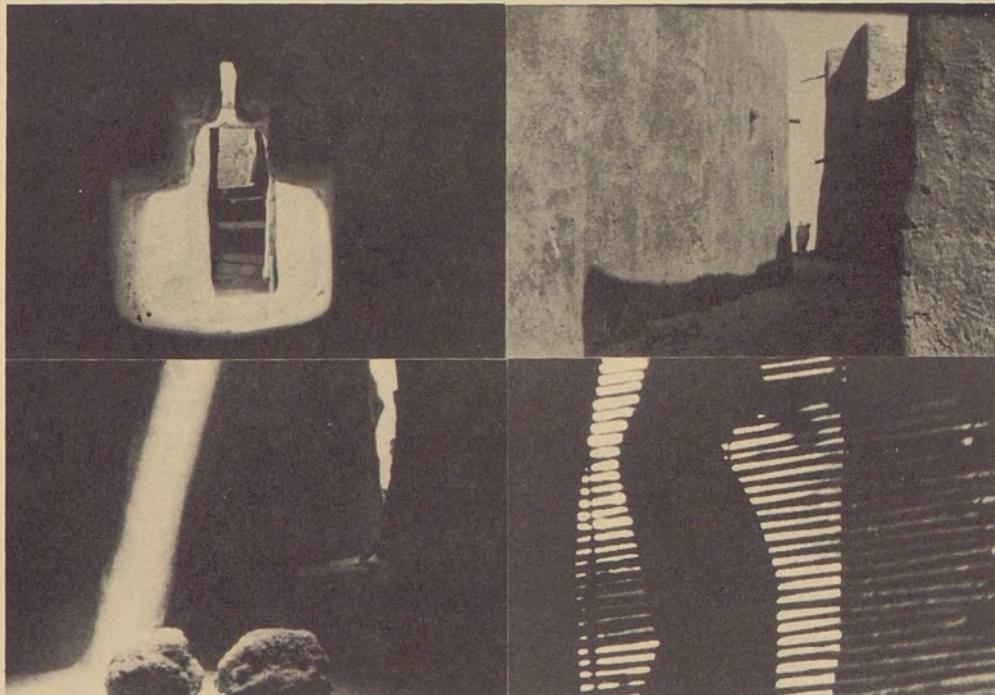
The triple bind

Neither black/red/yellow nor woman but poet or writer. For many of us, the question of priorities remains a crucial issue. Being merely "a writer" without doubt ensures one a status of far greater weight than being "a woman of color who writes" ever does.

Imputing race or sex to the creative act has long been a means by which the literary establishment cheapens and discredits the achievements of non-mainstream women writers. She who "happens to be" a (non-white) Third World member, a woman, *continued on page 12 in ALERTS*



*Words, fragments, and lines that I love for no sound reason;
blanks, lapses, and silences that settle in like gaps of fresh air as
soon as the inked space smells stuffy*



— Trinh T. Minh-ha, *Woman, Native, Other*, p. 25
Stills on pages 1 and 2 from *Naked Spaces — Living Is Round*
Production photographs by Jean-Paul Bourdier

"May my story be beautiful and unwind like a long thread . . .," she recites as she begins her story. A story that stays inexhaustible within its own limits (4)

Mirrors multiplied and differently disposed . . . constituting a theater of illusions within which countless combinations of reflecting reflections operate. It is by virtue of consciousness of such a mirage-displacement that in Asian cultures the mirror often functions as the "symbol of the very void of symbols." . . . Writing is meshing one's writing with the machinery of endless reflexivity. (26)

Women's writings become nourricriture, a "linguistic flesh" (33)

Difference undermines the very idea of identity. (93)

"Wounds do not seal off with humiliation . . . So, women's condition matters little to me when the human condition is sneered at" (111)

The re-writing of what is private and what is public, the reversal and displacement of the two realms and their opposition (115)

"Reassemblage. From silences to silences, the fragile essence of each fragment sparks across the screen, subsides, and takes flight. Almost there half named" (118)

From Africa to India and vice versa. Every woman partakes in the chain of guardianship and of transmission. Every griotte who dies is a whole library that burns down (130)

We fear heights, we fear the headless, the bottomless, and the boundless . . . This is why we keep on doing violence to words: to tame and cook the wild raw, to adopt the vertiginously infinite (131)

Storytelling: her words set into motion the forces that lie dormant in things and beings (147)

— quoted from *Woman, Native, Other: Writing Postcoloniality and Feminism*, University of Indiana Press, 1989 on the pages noted. Excerpt continues on page 12. For notes on Trinh T. Minh-ha see pages 13, 14.

Working Notes, María Negroni:

Since I started writing poetry, I seemed to be searching for a density, for condensation. It was not until a few years ago that I connected my rejection of the loose and anecdotal mode with the fact that my mother has always suffered from asthma. The possibility for long speech is reduced when you don't have enough air. Was I repeating (and thus, getting closer to) her voice? Were my words my reparation? Poetry reflects internal rhythms and Visual echoes itself in Sound and vice versa. Poems are ways of breathing. All this, of course, reaffirmed an already ex-

isting aesthetic choice, since I've always considered silence as an inevitable (and desirable) component of poetry. There is also the literary tradition of my country. An extreme consciousness of language, a certain mistrust of rhetoric and a parsimonious intensity of meaning have imbued (for obvious political reasons) the poetry written by the generation of poets who began to write during the military dictatorship that governed Argentina from 1976 to 1983. That includes myself.

from Luces en la Jaula / Lights in the Cage

a bird may even become bird
(still so stained with blood/feathers)

the whatever/that we invent outside
antagonist/ignorant
that we imitate like a way of living
(things have)

if no recourse remained no tactics
against you/against desire I'd still have
danger

so I strip off my clothes

who knows what campfires
give you (giant)
birth
what herds astray
what makeshift
shelters

objects in space or atoms
yearning for *happening* /
at your command but
tonguetied

me afraid?
starved for an unsheltered self
I resound
I will die in my place
uncomforted
by such squalor or out of sync

what an end
century I'm in /
cut off and / you see /
without
lifeline or
blueprint

—translated by Anne Twitty

María Negroni, born in Buenos Aires, Argentina 1951, has two published books: *De tanto desolar* and *per/canta*, both in Libros de Tierra Firme Press, Buenos Aires, 1985 and 1989. She is the correspondent in New York City of the *Diario de Poesía*, a poetry journal in her country. Her collection of poems entitled *Lights in the Cage* was first runner-up in the Richard Wilbur Translation Prize 1989. She lives in New York City. Anne Twitty is a poet, teacher, translator, storyteller, and Epicycle editor of *Parabola*.

Working Notes, Melanie Braverman:

I was taking a series of homeopathic remedies. Homeopathy, from the Greek meaning similar suffering. The idea was for a time to write every day. I did, and by the end of the winter had the body of work now called Remedy, from which these pieces are excerpted. It begins with this epigraph: 'The pure and infallible oracle of the healing art is pure experience.' (Samuel Hahnemann, *The Organon of the Rational System of Medicine*.] So this is what the

manuscript embodies, contains. Later I thought to score the pieces differently, but in the end the affirmation of the period was the only symbol that would do, like the road sign which may mar the landscape but cannot be done without because now there are so many travellers. The work came quickly, what I know about the work is still catching up. 'The wheels of nature grind slow but exceedingly fine,' a sign on my homeopath's desk reads.

HOME STATES

Rose to another. Season fog rolled past the wind. Ow ego. Caravan of spirit community. Swan merganser the common eider melting. What month is this Hawaiian Iowan influence and other such instructors where I come from farmers. Shoot bankers then their families then themselves neighbors. I imagine organized the wake pies casseroles and got on with it. Whereas here the sea takes the native. People whose ways we have lived out our childhoods in such foreign. Lands as these lesbians like us must own. Properties which smell whole. As our sex demands a place. To shoot no one but lay down with you Love. Corn field pineapple oak trees spread. Wide like your arms. Legs heart for we have never been. Native until now.

DEFINITION

(Dis/ease.) Political and must it always enter. Who I love as with language. Not wishing to demysticize but relinquish. Possession. Will the mind not have the physical. Love I may give. You location you. River I put my trust in. Grace what animals. Have the act.

EFFIGY

(Smoke) exits. The body daily pulse. Over right eye morning nausea. Hives the knee. Down. Melancholia from solar. Plexus need to be. Touched moments. Of clarity nightmare. Childhood. Hallucinations observant of sky. Loss pelvic. Basket emptying I clutch. Those small objects which will let me. Tonguey today many. Such eruptions as if bitten. By insects which do not normally. Survive the winter. Cankers rough patches on scalp increased. Interest in the visible. Re-entrance of water. Segregation of (bird) species and clouds. Allowing the day to give form. Drowsiness. Increased sexual. Appetite later awed by ones. Own experience tubular. Uteran frescos of the mind. What I have always derived. Pleasure from exists. Beyond fixation minors. Juxtaposed with sevenths.

EFFIGY

Bone ring teeth lap jolt right fluctuate passive link mother triad liver christian cooking husky domestic tasteless smelly corner tide finger toxic emotion salubrious cannibal wind clarify allegiance mango cornshock history studio invisible corroborate justify tickle pander blister critical friend friends frenzy worry flower callous new year curtain tremor edging having leaving.

Melanie Braverman lives in Provincetown, MA, where she has worked most recently as studio assistant to a visual artist. Currently she is at work on a collection of short prose, *Eye for the Small*. Her work has appeared in *Calyx* and *Paragraph*, among other journals.

Working Notes, Jacque Vaught Brogan:

The poems published here are part of a series of poems I've written this fall that explicitly explore the question of whether a feminist prosody is possible. Aesthetically as well as politically we are compelled to move (or open the spaces) between tradition and anarchy. Given these constraints, these poems take as their reference the iambic pentameter – but here pentameters turned to varying kinds of tripled feet, along with a specific numerical play

of position [from 2 to 5 to 4 to 1 to 3]. Anyone familiar with medieval (theological) numerology will understand why, in terms of feminism, it might be necessary to begin with two (rather than to privilege one). The spacing is intended to evoke the change in perspective (literally, the dismantling of aesthetic/political "lines") necessary for attaining something on the order of a true *cosmopolis*.

:LIKE ESCAPE FROM HUNGARY

*We live in a world that is not
our own. And hard it is
in spite of blazoned days.*

— Wallace Stevens

Scars of look-
ing for dan-
ger from one
direction,
solid waste —

shocking piles
of carnage, leaves
in plastic,
discarded cans,
excessive

wrapping, gags,
cultural
(critical)
bulimi-
a, choking

rivers, child-
ren, anxious
men feeling
like women
without con-

trol, world al-
most singing
the pain held
at such high
strain so long:

a boilous
limbo, ges-
tation, singed
wisdom — the
need for verbs:

from *MAKING A HOME*

What rivers seep through limestone
 in rivers
 underground —
 carving elegant caverns,
 clear artesian wells? Madness in you

once echoed
 through my soul.
 As if poi-
 son my face
 began to

swell, painful
 stranger mir-
 roring de- sire. I see
 in my child

as the wing —
 name, *woman*,
 ing my own
 to sing, Nam-
 Now I dare

in the wind.
 like playing
 open, bird-
 I once bore —
 such love as

Jacque Vaught Brogan is an associate professor at the University of Notre Dame, currently on leave with an NEH to write a book on the intersection of aesthetics and politics during World War II, *Poets Against Their Climate: Williams, Stevens and Bishop*. Her other critical work includes *Stevens and Simile: A Theory of Language* (Princeton University Press) and *Part of the Climate: American Cubist Poetry* (forthcoming from University of California Press). She has recently completed a manuscript of poetry, *Changing Places*.

Working Notes, Diane Ward:

This piece is one in a series entitled "Crossing." It is about bodies and what crosses between them, figures of speech (incongruity, jokes) using the body and its parts. It began

and appeared originally as a short-lined poem in 3-line sections. Each 3-line "verse" has become a title for a section and has now opened to prose.

*what's without
this world eradicates
description persuaded*

If you've never assigned feelings to sweep through but asked for repetition of an utterance. The expectant bend in the knee is exhausted, one functions as the word to indicate. The globe-like something stands closely lacking. Or someone who's absent is fulfilling the picture, long green shades drawn on the layered ground. Naturally, not heard, not understood, an atmospheric anxiety flourishes within our breath-like focused hearts. In 10 minutes it will be half an hour, in 25, 45 minutes, etc. To establish a tenderness for the 3rd dimension, we must eliminate certainties involving one and two. Pressing hard, the depiction of many angles in which involvement lingers, the head that's screwed on stays on and on. It's understood that you felt you were a portrait of a person, from the chest up, that your neck could bend in all directions desired, your head fell accordingly. In the characterization part, the painting and its subject were adjusted to reflect the executer. Stare at the floor where feet are firmly planted coaxing vertical temptations away. Lure the lack of right angles into the cavity.

Diane Ward's most recent book, *Relation*, was published by Roof in 1989. "Crossing" first appeared in an earlier version in *Big ALLIS* edited by Melanie Neilson and Jessica Grim. It will appear in its entirety in *Abacus* #50 in the Spring of 1990.

Working Notes, Martha Ronk Lifson:

The series of poems about L.A. concludes work I was doing in more structured poems about the city becoming the desert; these attempt to capture slippage of all sorts. They were written during a time when the city made me espe-

cially frantic/manic and when I kept rearranging furniture to defend or keep up with the appearance and disappearance of minimalls, hallucinations, teenagers, love.

from The Sofa Series

For the sake of absolute balance, on one side
of the walkway a pink bush, on the other, a white.
Her socks match her shirt. On the mantel two candlesticks
push out six inches from either wall.
Everything's like pieces of desert paper
blowing in the wind. The motel disappears,
the road already comes undone, and beer cans litter
what's left of vacancy. On Saturdays there's no room
except the sky. Like a veneer of saranwrap the city
lies across a basin waiting to be rolled up,
taken to a new set of circumstances and spread out
for hoards of people with weapons or without.
Everyone prances like ponies, skitters like lizards.
No wonder her silver shoes, no matter her silver hair.

If the chair doesn't move across polished floors
and tables aren't burning with electric pulse,
if I can't glide in patent shoes over turquoise tile,
why have you brought me here?
What reason for such straight lines,
such an ill-drawn moon?
When the cactus glows at night I'll swim the length
and hold my breath until the edge of the sea.
Once, in between one belief and another, I thought
this town's at the end of all waters.
Nobody lives here who isn't already taking notes.
Across from her at the counter a cowboy reads a script
and she responds with coy laughter.
Nothing happens. We take walks. Suddenly the slide.

Martha Ronk Lifson's book, *Desire in L.A.*, was published by the University of Georgia Press, fall 1989 (under the name Martha Ronk). She is a professor of English at Occidental College.

alerts(

brief commentary, new slants, current scholarly finds are invited for our *Alerts* section. Poets and scholars are equally welcome to comment.

(Trinh T. Minh-ha, continued from page 1):

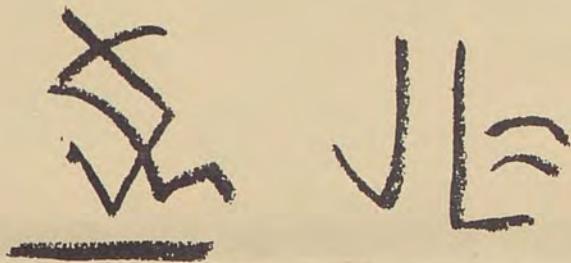
and a writer is bound to go through the ordeal of exposing her work to the abuse of praises and criticisms that either ignore, dispense with, or overemphasize her racial and sexual attributes. Yet the time has passed when she can confidently identify herself with a profession or artistic vocation without questioning and relating it to her color-woman condition. Today, the growing ethnic-feminist consciousness has made it increasingly difficult for her to turn a blind eye not only to the specification of the writer as historical subject (who writes? and in what context?), but also to writing itself as a practice located at the intersection of subject and history – a literary practice that involves the possible knowledge (linguistical and ideological) of itself as such. On the one hand, no matter what position she decides to take, she will sooner or later find herself driven into situations where she is made to feel she must choose from among three conflicting identities. Writer of color? Woman writer? Or woman of color? Which comes first? Where does she place her loyalties? On the other hand, she often finds herself at odds with language, which partakes in the white-male-is-norm ideology and is used predominantly as a vehicle to circulate established power relations. This is further intensified by her finding herself also at odds with her relation to writing, which when carried out uncritically often proves to be one of domination: as holder of speech, she usually writes from a position of power, creating as an "author" situating herself *above* her work and existing *before* it, rarely simultaneously *with* it. Thus, it has become almost impossible for her to take up her pen without at the same time questioning her relation to the material that defines her and her creative work. As focal point of cultural consciousness and social change, writing weaves into language the complex relations of a subject caught between the problems of race and gender and the practice of literature as the very place where social alienation is thwarted differently according to each specific context.

Infinite layers: I am not i can be you and me

A critical difference from myself means that I am not i, am within and without i. I/i can be I or i, you and me both involved. We (with capital W) sometimes include(s), other times exclude(s) me. You and I are close, we intertwine; you may stand on the other side of the hill once in a while, but you may also be me, while remaining what you are and what i am not. The differences made *between* entities comprehended as absolute presences – hence the notions of *pure origin* and *true self* – are an outgrowth of a dualistic system of thought peculiar to the Occident (the "onto-theology" which characterizes Western metaphysics). They should be distinguished from the differences grasped *both between* and *within* entities, each of these being understood as multiple presence. Not One, not two either. "I" is, therefore, not a unified subject, a fixed identity, or that solid mass covered with layers of superficialities one has gradually to peel off before one can see its true face. "I" is, itself, *infinite layers*. Its complexity can hardly be conveyed through such typographic conventions as I, i, or I/i. Thus, I/i am compelled by the will to say/unsay, to resort to the entire gamut of personal pronouns to stay near this fleeing *and* static essence of Not-I. Whether I accept it or not, the natures of *I*, *i*, *you*, *s/he*, *We*, *we*, *they*, and *wo/man* constantly overlap. They all display a necessary ambivalence, for the line dividing *I* and *Not-I*, *us* and *them*, or *him* and *her* is not (cannot) always (be) as clear as we would like it to be. Despite our desperate, eternal attempt to separate, contain, and mend, categories always leak. Of all the layers that form the open (never finite) totality of "I," which is to be filtered out as superfluous, fake, corrupt, and which is to be called pure, true, real, genuine, original, authentic? Which, indeed, since all interchange, revolving in an endless process? (According to the context in which they operate, the superfluous can become the real; the authentic can prove fake; and so on.) *Authenticity* as a need to rely on an "undisputed origin," is prey to an obsessive *fear*: that of *losing a connection*. Everything must hold together. In my craving for a logic of being, I cannot help but loathe the threats of interruptions, disseminations, and suspensions. To begin, to develop to a climax, then, to end. To fill, to join, to unify. The order and the links create an illusion of continuity, which I highly prize for fear of nonsense and emptiness. Thus, a clear origin will give me a connection back through time, and I shall, by all means, search for that genuine layer of myself to which I can always cling. To abol-

ish it in such a perspective is to remove the basis, the prop, the overture, or the finale—giving thereby free rein to indeterminacy: the result, forefeared, is either an anarchic succession of climaxes or a de(in-ex)pressive, uninterrupted monotony—and to enter into the limitless process of interactions and changes that nothing will stop, not even death. In other words, things may be said to be what they are, not exclusively in relation to what was and what will be (they should not solely be seen as clusters chained together by the temporal sequence of cause and effect), but also in relation to each other's immediate presences and to themselves as non/presences. The *real*, nothing else than a *code of representation*, does not (cannot) coincide with the lived or the performed. . . .

—Trinh T. Minh-ha
from *Woman, Native, Other*



Filmmaker, writer and composer Trinh T. Minh-ha's extensive polycultural/semantic body of work moves beyond the range of the excerpts and responses in this issue. What we hope for is an active signpost toward the many loci of her explorations where literary theory, anthropological heuristics, poetry, film-making are not split into academic hegemonies. Trinh Minh-ha's project is profoundly non-dualistic, privileging neither text vs (visual) semiotic, creative vs critical process. There are many ways for us to enter—as readers, viewers, co-constructors. The pleasure of this complex encounter keeps us alert—"Why not go and find out for yourself when you don't know? Why let yourself be trapped in the mold of permanent schooling and wait for the delivery of knowledge as a consumer waits for her/his supplier's goods? The understanding of difference is a shared responsibility, which requires a minimum of willingness to reach out to the unknown." (—*Woman, Native, Other* p. 85)

—the Editors

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Reassemblage. 1982. A 40-minute color film on women of rural Senegal. "Reflections on documentary filmmaking and critique of the anthropological eye."

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Interviews:

Stephen Kearny, "For Filmmaker and Teacher Trinh T. Minh-ha, Curiosity and Sensitivity Come First," *Film/ Tape World*, Vol 2 No 8 (20) Sept 89, 13.

Harriet Hirshorn, "Interview with Trinh T. Minh-ha," *Heresies* (Feminist Publication on Art and Politics) No 12 (Fall/Winter 1987–88), 14–17.

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New Ground:

A RESPONSE TO TRINH T. MINH-HA'S FILM/TEXT, NAKED SPACES – LIVING IS ROUND

S(h)ifting voices – the words (the) land(s) – Trinh T. Minh-ha and making(/)thinking. Layers of identity and difference appear and circulate. Words and images interact, sometimes showing faith in thought(s), sometimes pressing forth an interpretation (as ownership/in arrangement and correspondence), always beautiful in the deliberate finding of that likeness already there, wonderfully unfolding, brought to mind. A text deliberating (and wandering through wonder, to liberate it): attending to exploring the possibilities of my responses sketched by the beam of project(or) in dark, filmic spaces, a rhythm courses, a sensation: "The people who relate to each other." (NS)

Naked Spaces – Living Is Round open(s) to sight sound earth body identity difference : the production of knowledge (Thought/Dwelling) theory text culture. The text represents a series; *Naked Spaces* is voices brought to mind. Film – Book : the objects around me fold in two when told by one. Which place? Whose voice? East African West. One field and green spear or underfoot and ground, a bringing (forth/down) of voices, sun and thought patterning (to dwell); painted thoughts of how much life connecting inner and outer spaces (what (is) suffering, for instance) by land. What makes the heart sing: and the spinning of (a) yarn? "The bobbin, which is wound off in spinning, is the sun rolling in space." (NS)

I remember ((in) a circle of) elements. An echo forms: with all that matter is, and all that matters. I paint the Earth (and) Land on it. I think of faults and fault lines. Write the body life : Pense/Response – on what grounds? Trinh T. Minh-ha tells stories that shift. "You ask me : 'what is the use of these paintings?' They help the plants to grow / They promote germination." (NS)

The shifting (of) voices without grounding of voices is set against the visual covering grounds of African living. Chasms of interpretation arise. Connections charm. Between the represented (chosen) dwellings & thoughts ("on what grounds" : patterns of belief), and perhaps as well between film & viewer in the reception/construction of the text.

— Bonnie Sparling

(NS) refers to Trinh Minh-ha's film *Naked Spaces – Living Is Round*, 1985, "a feature film on the poetics of space – women, houses, cosmos – in West Africa." Script available in *Cinematograph 3*, 1988. See bibliography on page 14 for other films by Trinh T. Minh-ha.

Bonnie Sparling is a visual and performance artist, teaching and working in Iowa City. Current works are inspired by wind and current, video, film, and hair.

(drawings by Bonnie Sparling)



"but silence is the ground"
Cixous on Lispector

The question of silence, for example, is the silence in the spacing of music, but silence is the ground, the earth itself, where there is soil for the plant and where there is a surging of the plant from the ground. It is silence itself which becomes the ground for verbalization. When she throws her voice up into the air – there is always something very corporeal that is being described – and at the same time the words are taken from silence as matter, silence is matter. . . . But to speak becomes another story: to speak is the great battle with language; it is to speak in spite of language; to speak though language has *already said* everything . . . [Clarice Lispector's] endeavor consists of speaking in such a way that what is normally condemned to mutism comes into expression.

— Hélène Cixous in her foreword to *The Stream of Life, (Aqua viva)* by Clarice Lispector, a significant Brazilian experimentalist writer whose work has only recently been translated from Portuguese into English. (University of Minnesota Press, 1989, page xvi.)

Cixous translated by Verena Conley; Lispector by Elizabeth Lowe and Earl Fitz.



postcards

Informal correspondence is continuously encouraged for the postcards section, especially as we move into a new volume and location. We are interested in hearing about work-in-progress, new readings, discoveries, directions where *HOW(ever)* might move. Possible lines of inquiry: translation—what carries across / what resists—borders, letters as exchange & as gestural forms, re-reading history.

Please add us to your mailing list to keep *HOW(ever)* alert to new publications and events of note.

Editors' Notes

"SHIFTING GROUND"—a new topology, questioning the place we occupy or are given. In this issue, *HOW(ever)* moves production from San Francisco to Iowa City; our editors shift. Central axes (maps of the known world) are radically encountered and re-placed in work such as Trinh T. Minh-ha's where "the female identity enclosure" is unbuilt & reassembled in language dwelling.

For us, "Shifting Ground" echoes an overlay of dislocation/evolving placement. Which language to speak? Which lineage to claim through our literal & literary mothers? Facing the quicksand issues of "home" & native tongue and where to place our selves, our work—*HOW(ever)* tracks where women write [into] words, resisting closure, borders—re-telling history, the site of the imagination as it constructs/interrogates. A ground made through exchange. Still to continue.

—Myung Mi Kim
—Meredith Stricker

Recently published or soon to appear work: *It Then* by Danielle Collobert, translated by Norma Cole (O Books). From *Potes & Poets Press* (181 Edgemont, Elmwood, CT); *A Motive For Mayhem* by filmmaker/poet Abigail Child; *a(gain)2st the odds*, by Tina Darragh; *How Phenomena Appear To Unfold* (essays, plays, interview), by Leslie Scalapino; *A Reading* (11-17) by Beverley Dahlen (with *A Reading* (parts 8-10), forthcoming from Lapis Press). Also from *Potes & Poets' Abacus* series: issue 47: Laura Moriarty; Issue #50: Diane Ward. From Pennywhistle Press: *Who Is Alice?* by Phyllis Stowall (with an introduction by Sandra Gilbert). Just out from Ahsahta Press: *The Woman in Red*, by Cynthia Hogue.

Modernist/Feminist scholarship: *Difference: A Journal of Feminist Cultural Studies*. This journal brings together feminism and cultural studies "to provide a forum for an examination of cultural politics and discursive practices informed by feminist criticism." Its first two issues are titled "Life and Death in Sexuality: Reproductive Technologies and AIDS" and "The Essential Difference: Another Look at Essentialism." Constance Penley. *The Future of an Illusion: Film, Feminism, and Psychoanalysis* (Minneapolis: U of Minnesota Press, 1989). Julia Kristeva. *Language: The Unknown: An Initiation into Linguistics*. (New York: Columbia UP). *Frontiers: A Journal of Women's Studies* (Boulder: University of Colorado): Vol 10, No 3. A special issue on Women and Words. Included is Kathleen Fraser's talk on "The Tradition of Marginality," a discussion of women writing: the sources and gathering together of *HOW(ever)* (see quote on back cover).

HOW(ever), ISSN 0895-5-5743, is available in a fifth series of four numbers. For libraries interested in purchasing the complete series, beginning with Vol. I, we have a limited number of archival sets. Archival sets cost \$12 per volume for individuals; \$15 for institutions. Subscriptions for Vol. VI cost \$10 for individuals; \$12 for institutions. Individual copies of *HOW(ever)*, often asked for as "sample copies," are available at \$3 each from Small Press Distribution, 1814 San Pablo, Berkeley, CA 94702. Subscription checks for Volume VI of *HOW(ever)* should be made out to: *HOW(ever)*, c/o Stricker & Kim, 1171 East Jefferson Street, Iowa City, Iowa 52245. \$10 (individuals), \$12 (institutions).

What were young women poets to do, understanding clearly by then the rules of the game and how we must submit our language to the scrutiny of those in power? What if we carried in us the seeds of a rebellion that didn't want to follow the leader; what if we wanted to write, unhampered by group worship of whatever esthetic theory was in current vogue: to cross boundaries and give voice to impurities involving shifting grounds of feeling and intellect?

— Kathleen Fraser

excerpted from *The Tradition of Marginality*, a talk at St. Mark's Poetry Project in NYC, 1985 and recently published in *FRONTIERS: A Journal of Women's Studies* (Boulder: University of Colorado), vol. 10, No. 3. A special issue on Women & Words.

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