

“These Fragments I Have Shored Against My Ruins”: Anne Carson’s Shattered
Poetics of Grief in *Nox*

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PREFACE: “SYBIL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?”

What do I want? For a long time, I wanted to die. Now, I want to write.

These urges are diametrically opposed: in one corner stands the complete annihilation of self. In the other, articulation. To express, to communicate, to use language, all of these things are impossible in the silence of death. One cannot speak from without oneself, or ever truly step outside of one’s subjectivity, particularly when attempting to communicate.

A dissociative state is both traumatic and traumatized. It is utterly unproductive, and equally uncomprehending. Meaning is not made from within a space of subjective dissociation, and neither can it be understood. I know this from experience.

My experiences colour my subjectivity, and inform my knowledge base. Incidents of grief and mental illness have affected my point of view, which in turn affects my interpretation – of language, of theory, of texts. I, as a subject, cannot ever wholly be objective. I cannot step outside of my “I.”

This inability has led to a kind of knowing dissimulation in academia, where objectivity is striven towards. Certainly objectivity is useful in academic discourse, moving textual interpretation away from personal opinion and towards the analytical and critical. This is why we use “external sources of power,” primarily “institutional,” in our criticism when we cite other academics to reinforce our interpretations (Hewett 725). To move towards objectivity is not to achieve it, however, and like “other scholars [who] have called for a critique of impersonal, disembodied academic discourse through advocating what has been called, variously, ‘personal criticism’ [and] ‘autotheoretical criticism,’” I believe that there can be value in embracing and acknowledging one’s own subjectivity within academic discourse (Hewett 732). Some forms of

knowledge can only be gained through experience, and just because they are not institutional does not mean that they cannot be useful.

One writer who, throughout her publishing career, has mixed the academic and the personal (and the academic and the creative) is the poet and classicist Anne Carson. She continues this personal tradition of multimodality in *Nox*, her 2010 elegy for her brother. In *Nox*, Carson mixes translation, memoir, poetry, and personal artifacts to create an entire text in the form of a “scrapbook.” In this book, such a technique is not simply a stylistic choice, but a way to articulate the awesomeness of death and grief, actualities so vast, complex and unknowable that language fails in the face of them. To express what language cannot hold within itself, Carson turns to the fragment to gesture towards the inarticulatable.

This paper is an exploration of form and mode. It is an attempt to engage with Carson’s text on both the personal-affective and the literary-critical level, to cross and combine the two and provide a multimodal, autotheoretical reading of *Nox*, in essence approaching the book on terms similar to the ones with which Carson created it. It is also an attempt to create a paper that uses the very forms it is interrogating—personal essay, critical reading, fragment—to build its argument. In doing so, it hopefully becomes something neither wholly subjective nor objective, institutional nor personal, but rather a piece that crosses through and between different modes, not privileging any one over the other.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Cities, buildings, tombs, caskets: all of these are things we build to hold our bodies. They are each (with the exception of the first, which is an amalgamation) at their most basic a box: boxes for bodies.

Anne Carson's *Nox* comes in a box. It is not a usual codex-style book-in-a-box, but a long piece of paper folded like an accordion and then enclosed in a box for, presumably, ease of storage and transmission. As Tanis MacDonald notes, many reviews of *Nox* predominantly focus on, or are at least concerned with, "the physical appearance and tactility" of the book (52). These reviews focus on *Nox* as "an object of aesthetic beauty," and cite in particular the origin story of the text that Carson gives her reader, that the book is a reproduction of the mourning scrapbook she created in the wake of her estranged brother's death (52). What most of these reviews focus on is the ingenuity of printing such a text, or what it means for publishing. Not many reviewers seem concerned with what the physical existence of the book does, or how it helps the text make meaning.

Anne Carson has put her elegy for her brother inside of a box. What is an elegy? The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines it as "a song or poem of lamentation, esp. for the dead; a memorial poem" (*Oed.com*). In a metaphoric sense, Carson has put her grief for and her memory of her brother in a box. This would seem to indicate a sense of containment, even of burial, of closing the past away, locking it up inside of something, much like we do with the physical bodies of our dead.

In *Grief Lessons*, her 2006 translation of four plays by Euripides, Carson writes an introduction about the symbolic and ritualistic power of art in the face of grief. Comparing the act of creating tragedy to the act of "severing and tossing away the victim's head" by a head-

hunter, Carson writes of the impelling power of rage and grief and the act of writing/tossing as “enabl[ing one] to throw away the anger of all [one’s] bereavements” (7). Moving away from metaphor, Carson speaks specifically of the use of art in the process of bereavement, and seems to be at least hearkening to Aristotle’s sense of katharsis when she writes:

Grief and rage -- you need to contain that, to put a frame around it, where it can play itself out without you or your kin having to die. There is a theory that watching unbearable stories about other people lost in grief and rage is good for you. (8)

Art can be used, then, to separate intense emotions from their subject, by separating them within the work of art, to be watched, examined, or even felt, but as separate from one’s subjectivity. Art is at the same time, however, still an affective medium. The goal of closing grief within art is not, it seems, to protect the viewer from feeling grief, but rather from loss itself—to make the death being viewed a fictional or artistic one, instead of the death of one’s own “kin” (8).

This sense of burial or privacy is also further complicated by the fact that Carson has chosen to publish *Nox* as a text to be read, thereby making it also utterly public. In contemplating the focus on *Nox* as a physical device, MacDonald refers to Bill Brown’s question about what the acquiring of and paying attention to objects truly means: “Do we collect things in order to keep the past proximate, to incorporate [it] into our daily lives, or in order to make the past distant, to objectify it (as an idea in a thing) in the effort to arrest its spectral power” (qtd. in MacDonald 52). I would argue that the answer is “both.” This contradiction is like to the “lock against oblivion” that Carson argues Herodotus attempts to create in his histories—remembering the past, writing it as history re-presents it, but in a way that also keeps it separate from the historian (3.2). Retelling the past keeps it from “flowing away into nothing,” but it also objectifies it, gives it a “centre,” as Carson says we want of the stories of “other people” (3.2).

Is this not the same thing we do with our dead? We lock them up inside of boxes and bury them in the ground, privately, out of sight, separate from the living world—but then we erect public tombs or stones on top of their graves to mark where they are, and mass memorials in the centres of cities for those buried or never-buried elsewhere. Simultaneously forgetting and remembering.

UNREAL CITY

If I could build anything out of my grief, I would make a city. Something to move through, that shapes me as I shape it. Something navigable, but never wholly comprehensible.

In his book *Warped Space: Art, Architecture, and Anxiety in Modern Culture* (2000), Anthony Vidler writes:

In the history of modern art and aesthetics, the fragment has had a double signification. As a reminder of the past once whole but now fractured and broken, as a demonstration of the implacable effects of time and the ravages of nature, it has taken on the connotations of nostalgia and melancholy, even of history itself. As an incomplete piece of a potentially complete whole, it has pointed toward a possible world of harmony in the future, a utopia perhaps, that it both represents and constructs. (151)

A fragment is much like a tomb in its Janus-like signification, then, looking both backwards and forwards. This is part of what Anne Carson calls “the magic of fragments”—their ability to evoke a whole much larger than their physical selves (“The Art of Poetry No. 88”).

In the hands of Carson, the whole being evoked becomes not just past or future, but something closer to the “[potential]” being “pointed toward” that Vidler alludes to (151). The language fragment becomes a kind of gesture beyond language, an allusion to the inarticulable. As Carson herself explains of fragmented text, “the way that the poem breaks off leads into a

thought that can't ever be apprehended," and she "like[s] to deal with fragments [b]ecause no matter what the thought would be if it were fully worked out, it wouldn't be as good as the suggestion of a thought that the space gives you. Nothing fully worked out could be so arresting, spooky" ("The Art of Poetry No. 88"). In Carson's work, then, the fragment not only points towards those things that are too huge to be reconciled with language, it also partially embodies the uncanniness of that space, which might be understood as what Lacan calls the Real.

Nox is composed of fragments: fractured photos, torn up letters, a Catullus poem broken down into single words. Just as Carson has struggled for years to write a translation of the Catullus poem that she finds satisfactory, she is struggling throughout *Nox* with the insufficiency of language for the work of grieving and remembering her brother, work which in a way "never ends" (7.1). The act of translation becomes a stand-in for the act of striving to articulate grief, and the way that "the luminous, big, shivering, discandied, unrepentant, barking web [...] that hangs in [the] mind" is so difficult to put down on "the page" (7.1)

Carson represents this struggle to sufficiently render a representation of grief visually in *Nox* as well, for instance in the torn reproduction of her brother's letter that mentions his lover's death. The same piece of this letter is reproduced repeatedly over several segments of the text. At first, it is torn so that it reads "[s]ix days later she was," with an abrupt end to the page next to the last word (2.2). The reader must turn the page to see the word "dead" with a heavy period after it, ending the sentence with a note of finality not unlike death itself, and it takes yet another page-turn before the reader can encounter the sentence in its entirety—"Six days later she was dead" (2.2). Carson arranges the text so as to physically put off the confrontation of death, and to make the reader work for the textual confirmation of what s/he likely intuitively expects the sentence to say from the first fragment.

Carson has of course worked with fragments for much of her professional life as a classicist and translator, as the written records that do survive from the ancient world have not passed down to us intact. In her Introduction to *If Not, Winter*, her translation of Sappho's discovered oeuvre that bears the subtitle "*Fragments*," Carson writes of her decision to physically mark the missing bits of the papyri she is working from in her translations with square brackets, and describes the unwritten space within these brackets as "the inside edge where [Sappho's] words go missing, a sort of antipoem that condenses everything you ever wanted her to write" (xiii). Since at least 2002, then, Carson has been thinking about fragments not only in terms of the part of them that is present, but the part of them that is missing—or perhaps from which they are missing. Here again we have multiplicity of meaning and possibility: the edge, while certainly an edge, is still double, an ending and a beginning.

Fragments have a literary history that stretches past the ancient world that Carson has made her professional and academic business. Not only do they exist in literature due to the decay of the physical things upon which words are recorded, but in modernism in particular they are used intentionally¹. Carson is not doing the same thing as modernists like Eliot seem to be with their fragments, however, or rather, she is able to push past them in both understanding and use of the form. Eliot, writing before poststructuralist language theory (and Derrida in particular), uses fragments to signify language failing, to show the inability of language and art to confront or portray the lived existence of modernity. In effect, he sees only the edge only as an ending. Carson, on the other hand, is acquainted with Derrida, as she makes clear when she

¹ This essay, for instance, is organized in segments titled with quotations from T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* in recognition of that work's status as, at least within the English tradition, the great fragmented literary achievement of the modern era, and of its concern with many of the same preoccupations that run through Carson's elegies: death, in particular, and modes of communication.

quotes him again in the introduction to *If Not, Winter*: “Breaks are always, and fatally, reinscribed in an old cloth that must be continuously, interminably undone” (x). In using this quotation, Carson is pointing to a continuity of breaks, or empty spaces, and their ability to keep generating meaning.

A theorist profoundly concerned with language’s inability to signify and the way in which it constantly fails us, Derrida makes sense not only for Carson to turn to in addressing actual, physical gaps in textual language, but in this essay on signifying beyond the failings of language, as well. The above quotation is taken from *Positions*, a 1972 collection of interviews with Derrida in which he reflects further on his past publications and their relations with each other. He immediately follows the sentence Carson quotes by claiming, “[t]his interminability is not an accident or contingency; it is essential, systematic, and theoretical” (24). In other words, meaning is created by placing things, such as the signifiers of language, in relation to each other, not through any inherent qualities of the signified or the signifier. This means that language is constantly failing on a smaller level than it does in the face of grief, and that these small failures are not signals of the end of meaning, but rather functions of meaning’s generation. The failures also mean that meaning is always multiple and never static, due to our inability to communicate directly rather than only through symbols that must be interpreted by both communicator and communicatee. Unlike Eliot, then, for whom language created meaning, and for whom the space beyond the fragment where language fails might very well have been a void, Carson sees the space as productive, its very emptiness a way of opening up rather than closing down meaning.

The arrangement of the fragments in *Nox* is part of the composition of the book, and so must be attended to when attempting a close reading. Carson does not merely tear up a bunch of photographs and letters and let the pieces fall; she has constructed a narrative out of those pieces,

placing them deliberately both on their individual pages and within the order of the larger work. The Soviet filmmaker Sergei Eisenstein's theory of montage may be useful in attempting to interrogate the on-page form that Carson has chosen for her book². Film as a form makes the use of montage become much easier to achieve, and Eisenstein was one of the first to theorize that effect. Montage could be put to highly affective use, Eisenstein argued, through the juxtaposition and linking of images, creating ideas and stirring emotions in audiences. Like Carson, Eisenstein drew from a wide variety of sources in creating his montages, placing philosophers like Hegel "into sometimes blasphemous conjunction with images borrowed from literature, folklore, popular culture, and myth" (Nesbit 2). Because Carson and Eisenstein both juxtapose such wide-ranging materials, the finished work becomes "unsettl[ing]," due to the way that they are "never clearly one thing over another," refusing easy categorization in favour of drawing from and pointing in a myriad of different directions (Nesbit 2).

² Eisenstein is, in general, an interesting and useful figure to compare to Carson as he, like her, drew from a wide variety of sources, appropriating from world culture as a whole and drawing no distinction between "high" and "low" sources. He also [some might argue gleefully] resisted easy categorization of himself and his works.

Death is a shattering. This is what I tell people, when I force myself to articulate anything about it at all. There are more and less concrete reasons for this being the metaphor I retreat to, again and again:

The teacup across the kitchen floor of my London flat the morning the call came.

The mirror I put my fist through.

But also: the sparkling, refracted visions that made me attack a mirror in the first place. What it means to be inconsolable. An inability to understand and, perhaps worse, an inability to explain so that others might.

On February 14th, 2011, almost exactly halfway around the world from me, my father died. It was completely unexpected. It happened quickly.

In April of the same year, I sat in a repurposed theatre seat in the Paris bookstore Shakespeare & Company, reading Anne Carson's *Nox*. I somehow did not realize I was weeping until the owner's daughter brought me a cup of tea.

Several months later, a doctor in the A&E wing of the Charing Cross Hospital in Hammersmith, London, tried to convince me to check myself into the psychiatric facility across the courtyard from us. I checked myself out of the emergency ward instead, vomited in the bushes outside the hospital, and walked home. Later that night I had another in a long, long series of panic attacks, the first of which had driven me to the hospital in the first place.

Later still, I sat in the crook of the stairs of my childhood home, silent and near-catatonic as my stepmother hovered over me, terrified. "What's wrong?" she asked, again and again. "I'll do anything I have to to help you, but you need to tell me what's wrong." When I finally understood how to make words again, I looked at her and shook my head. "I can't," I said. "I can't tell you."

The four paragraphs above are made of facts - everything in them is true. But as Carson says, "there is something that facts lack" (1.3).

I can tell you - I can tell anyone, “my father died, and then I had a nervous breakdown,” but what does that mean? What have I managed to communicate, in those less-than-ten words? Both barely anything and a whole world.

In the aftermath of my shatterings, I go looking for the pieces. I try to put together the facts I have and the facts I find and make something with them that will help me understand.

My father had a heart attack. Panic attacks can hurt, physically. They might feel like a heart attack. My parents divorced when I was 18 months old, and my father received custody of me. For a long time he was the most stable presence in my life. A psychologist would say these facts are relevant. Anne Carson says, “about which one collects facts - it remains beyond them” (1.3).

When the shards are china or glass, you sweep them up, and then you cut a potato in half and press the cut side to the floor to find any sharp bits you may have missed.

When it’s a life or a mind lying in pieces - well, they’re not, not really. It’s a metaphor. But in the face of certain truths, it seems like we have no choice but recourse to metaphor, if we want to convey the hugeness and irreconcilability of something that facts make seem banal, pieces to pick up and put inside a box.

It’s not, for instance, that death is impossible - it’s the most incontrovertible fact in the world. What might be impossible is understanding it, and if you can’t understand something, then how can you articulate it?

It might be that the loss of language, the inability to explain oneself, is even more terrifying and painful than the void of grief. What am I, if I cannot tell you who I am?

When you are struck dumb you can still point. A gesture may be inarticulate, but it can also indicate the huge space of the only suggestible. This is what Anne Carson has taught me. Pick up a piece and point.

THE FIRE SERMON

Of course, we don't always bury our dead. The other most common practice for disposing of a dead body is cremation—the burning of the body into ash. This is what happened to the bodies of Anne Carson's mother, father, and brother.

Unlike the dual-natured but still consolidated lock of a burial, ash seems to be more transgressive. It is scattered, disseminated; it moves freely, and is not necessarily stuck inside of a box. It can also be thought of, in the act of spreading, as returning to or joining with the earth. Perhaps this is why Anne Carson decided to publish *Nox*—as a symbolic scattering of her brother's ashes.

As an object, *Nox* requires its reader to interact with it physically, and many have chosen to do so in a way different than the conventional or traditional way of reading a book. "*Nox* makes people do things with it," as Liedeke Plate observes, crossing as it does the person-thing and book-reader divide to become an interactive experience ("How to Do Things With Literature in the Digital Age"). As a purposely different book, one that Carson has called "unkindle-izable" with satisfaction in an interview ("The Art of Poetry No. 88"), *Nox* is an object that self-consciously cultivates what Walter Benjamin would call "aura" (23). As previously noted, *Nox* forces its reader to recognize it as an object by calling attention to its way of physically existing in the world, in a "strategic essentialism," or purposeful existence as an object that cannot be easily rendered into another medium such as a digital book, that forces the reader to recognize the book as material culture (Plate). That *Nox* is an elegy encourages this manufactured sense of aura since, as Benjamin asserts, "in the cult of remembrance of dead or absent loved ones, the cult value of the image finds its last refuges" (27). The impenetrability and unknowableness of

death grants an aura to even ordinary objects that commemorate lost loved ones, a truth that Carson may very well be using strategically in the publishing project of *Nox*.

Its aura also adds to the affective experience of reading *Nox*, which MacDonald and Plate have both observed, and Carson has acknowledged as an intention of the publication. “[T]he format draws the reader into an act of reading that feels intimate and personal,” Plate observes, and MacDonald argues that “the text manipulates the perceived intimacy of the book’s material properties—so deliberately connotative of a scrapbook’s privacy, yet so self-consciously reproduced to function as a public object” (Plate; 52). This deliberately affective experience and the physicality of the book work to amplify and draw attention to each other. As an unusual object, the book calls attention to its own physical existence, which then heightens the attention paid to the message it is attempting to communicate. The folded nature of the book, rather than the more common codex configuration, also means that the entirety of the text of *Nox* is printed on one side of a single piece of paper, meaning, in turn, that the entirety of the “under” side is plain white—at once the unrepresentable or dead side of the “skin” between life and death, which the paper in its entirety becomes, and an empty piece of paper that invites the reader to record her own grief upon it, as Carson has commented that she hopes people will do (*Men In the Off Hours* 166).

Rather than attempting to consolidate a “lock” to hold her personal history the way that Herodotus does in his writings, Carson seems instead to have attempted to create a conversation, to write and produce something that invites the reader into the acts of engagement and interpretation (3.2). Carson states facts throughout *Nox*, but then acknowledges that “facts lack” (1.3). Despite *Nox* being a record of her own grief, Carson does not force a heavy-handed conclusion or interpretation on the reader. Rather, the text as a whole seems to work in the way

that the fragments within it do—gesturing towards something, rather than claiming anything outright.

I WHO HAVE SAT BY THEBES

“Anne Carson is a footnote in the biography of death. Few of us get a mention.”
- Sina Queyras, *MxT*

What Sina Queyras has recognized is that Anne Carson is a poet who is profoundly preoccupied with death in her work. More than just an interest in death is present in Carson, however: since at least 1995, with the publication of her collection *Plainwater*, she has positioned herself in the specific tradition of familial elegist. Before *Nox*, it has been parental elegies Carson has been concerned with writing, first for her father and then for her mother. In doing so, Carson has often inhabited an interrogative or searching mode in her elegies, looking for a way to examine and re-present “parent material” without subsuming herself in it, “pursu[ing] a way to illuminate or interrogate consolation that does not sacrifice the daughter to silence, madness, or sentimentality, but instead grants her subjectivity outside the bounds of parental authority” (MacDonald 17). In her elegies, Carson has used her “trademark fascination with ‘the anomalous, the erratic, the inimitable’” (Rae 254) to turn her elegies away from the traditional concern with “identity and consolation” towards “subjectivity and inquiry” (MacDonald 52; 17).

In *Plainwater*, Carson turns the work of a pilgrimage into the work of mourning her father, before his body has died but after he has succumbed to dementia. The metaphor of the pilgrimage, Tanis MacDonald argues, “suggest[s] a strong connection between epistemology and mourning,” turning the journey through new places into a journey through new ways of knowing, even as “the narrator’s puckish riddles keep consolation at bay” (27). In particular, “by emphasizing the act of mourning the still-living body, the [work puts] pressure on the question of

daughterly inheritance” and becomes “a text that questions the Antigonal imperative for the daughter to sacrifice herself in order to legitimate her mourning” (MacDonald 26-27).

In her elegy for her mother, which ends the collection *Men In the Off Hours*, “An Appendix to Ordinary Time,” Carson again interrogates subjectivity and begins to experiment with the ways in which language can represent death and loss. It is no easy question to answer, how does one write a lack? In “Appendix to Ordinary Time,” Carson turns to a few struck-through passages in Virginia Woolf’s journal to find an answer. “For Carson, the [struck-out] phrase has a certain status as that which has been written and refused, but still exists as substance as a worldly haunting with which to be reckoned,” MacDonald states, positioning the struck-out phrase as a ghost, a liminal existence which is dead yet present (59).

It is also in “Appendix to Ordinary Time” that Carson first broaches the method of representing the dead that she uses in *Nox*, that of the fragment—or rather, the edge of the fragment. “Death,” she tells us, “though utterly unlike life, shares a skin with it” (166). A dead person, even when represented in art, can never become alive again, and so to write their new, actual, non-existence requires different techniques to be accurate. It requires an ability to move to or at least gesture towards that which is on the other side of the shared yet unbreachable skin between the two.

In *Nox*, Carson picks up the Antigonal imperative questioned in *Plainwater*, and both inhabits and interrogates it even further: her brother’s widow scattered his ashes at sea before Carson reached Denmark, and so she will never be able to physically bury his body. As I intimated above, it may be possible that the act of publishing *Nox* is a symbolic re-spreading of those ashes. Further, publishing a representation of her long-lost brother after his death brings absent life back into the fold of the family, as he becomes part of the same poetic oeuvre in

which Carson has also contained their mother and father. At the same time that she consolidates her poet's power of representation, she reclaims her brother as *hers*: to represent, to interrogate, to remember.

SHANTIH, SHANTIH, SHANTIH

As a poet, Anne Carson has created a text about the failings of her own medium, and has still managed to use that medium to gesture beyond itself.

The one thing that can truly and fully halt a mourner's grief is of course the one thing that can never be restored to them. Grief is precipitated by loss, and death is a form of loss that is irreversible. Perhaps this is why so many people write elegies. At least in language, the lost can be restored for a moment, summoned through the act of representation.

An elegy, then, is usually performed as an act of power. Not only does elegy consolidate the poet's hold over lost ones and memories, but it can also act as both an "imperative" towards mourning for the reader, and as a "claiming of inheritance" (MacDonald 4; Uppal 7). Elegy is a public, ritualized act of mourning that gives the poet a place in both the hierarchy of claims to the dead and "as a rightful heir to the poetic tradition" (Uppal 7). In other words, elegies usually pretend to understand something about grief, even if it is only how to articulate it. As we have seen, this understanding is something that Carson had decided "isn't what grief is about" ("The Art of Poetry No. 88").

Carson also contends that "understanding isn't what [laments are about]" ("The Art of Poetry No. 88"). Rather, she argues, laments—which, when enacted poetically become elegies—are "just about making something beautiful out of the ugly chaos you're left with when someone dies" ("The Art of Poetry No. 88"). While it can be argued that "making something [...] out of [...] chaos" is still an act of power over one's grief, I do not think it is necessarily the same as a

claim to understanding, or even to full powers of articulation. It seems more to be a case of arranging the fragments in a way that one finds aesthetically pleasing, or “exciting and beautiful to look at” (“The Art of Poetry No. 88”).

Instead of following the usual elegiac model of attempting to claim power or understanding in her creation and publication of *Nox*, Anne Carson seems to have been more interested in creating a textual object that enacts the work of wrestling with grief and mourning. *Nox* does not posit any answers, but rather points again and again at the moments where language seems to fail, from the Catullus poem to death, and admits an inability to fully articulate experiences or events. Rather than attempting to hold any authority over grief or contain it fully, Carson instead allows the space that can never be fully “[got] hold of” to both exist within and be gestured at by her work (“The Art of Poetry No. 88”).

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