A DESIRE IN THE PROCESS OF BECOMING.

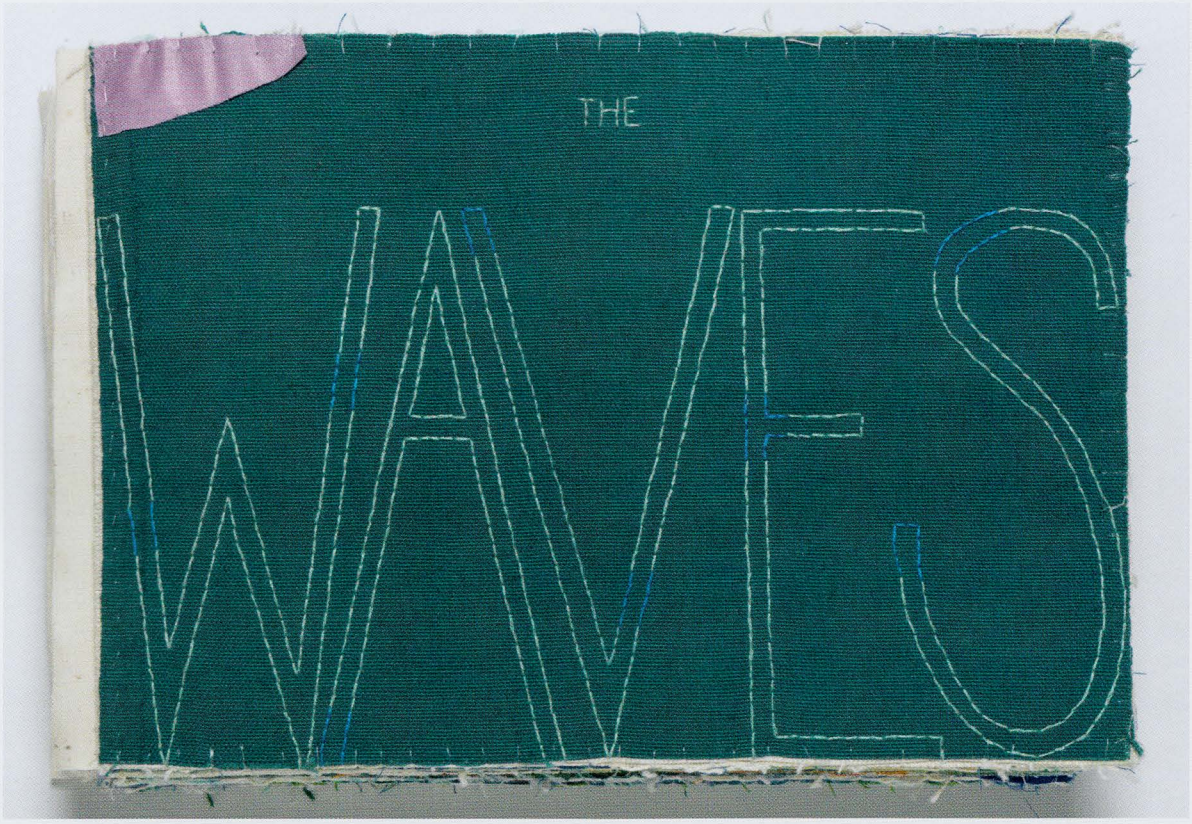
by Melissa Johnson

"WHAT IF," asks artist Moyra Davey, "the most gratifying reading is the one that also entails the risks of producing a text of one's own?"[1] Davey also proposes that a book chooses its readers. "It has to do," she explains, "with a permission granted. A book gives permission when it uncovers a want or a need, and in doing so asserts itself above all the hundreds of others jockeying to be read. In this way a book can become a sort of uncanny mirror held up to the reader, one that concretizes a desire in the process of becoming."[2] Virginia Woolf's writing asserts itself on me, as it has on many readers, writers, and artists; it asks for a response. Those that interest me most do not replicate Woolf, but create an experience that continues and thus reinvents some aspect of reading Woolf. In the case of an artwork or text, these experiences are often visual, but the aural and haptic can be invoked as well. The works rely upon and produce affect; they invite an intimacy with the reader/viewer. This essay explores the work of several artists for whom Woolf's writing has acted as a catalyst for creation, while at the same time it examines Woolf's own relationship with art.[3]

Woolf was surrounded by art throughout her lifetime. Her mother, Julia Stephen, was a niece of the photographer Julia Margaret Cameron and modeled for several of the Pre-Raphaelite artists. Her sister, Vanessa, was a successful painter who also designed covers for Woolf's Hogarth Press books. Vanessa married British art critic Clive Bell, and their good friend Roger Fry was a painter, art critic, and founder of the Omega Workshops, a venture in which Fry, Vanessa Bell, and others designed a range of objects for the home. Woolf often discussed art with members of the Bloomsbury group, which she recounted in letters and in her diary. She wrote essays for two exhibition catalogues of Vanessa's work, an essay on the artist Walter Sickert, and a biography of Fry. And, of course, in *To the Lighthouse* (1927), Woolf created the artist Lily Briscoe who throughout the novel works on a single painting, only finishing it at the very last, having had her vision.

To the Lighthouse forms the heart of *the theater is a blank page* (2015), a collaboration between artist Ann Hamilton and director Anne Bogart. The project joins theater and installation art to create an immersive experience for the actors and audience. Hamilton has long made work about reading and the sensual materiality of objects, especially textiles, and this project is no exception. As the production opens, a woman sits alone on stage at a table. Lit from above, she pulls a satiny ribbon from a film reel on which is printed the text of *To the Lighthouse*. As she reads, the words pile up on the floor. A six-person cast appears and moves about the stage. The audience, each of whom has been given a newsprint copy of the novel, is positioned, first, at a distance. As the three-part performance proceeds, they are brought closer to sit on folding chairs and invited to participate through verbal address and physical interaction; they are eventually led throughout the entire auditorium building. The actors also read sections of the novel aloud throughout the performance. Props, such as long strips of cloth, are introduced and used by the cast and audience. The performance ends with the audience and actors lying on stage as the reading of the novel ends. Responding to the eroticism of this piece, one reviewer observed that the "key component is the texture of the words—the way they feel in someone's mouth, in someone's ear, on silk running through your hands, projected in what looks like typewriter script with all the tactile, rhythmic associations that come with that."[4] This description speaks to how Hamilton connects the haptic

Dianna Frid, *The Waves (detail)*, 2011. Canvas, cloth, embroidery floss, adhesives, paper, acrylic, paint, and cellophane. 7.5 x 21.5 inches (open). Courtesy of the artist.



Dianna Frid, *The Waves*, 2011. Canvas, cloth, embroidery floss, adhesives, paper, acrylic, paint, and cellophane. 7.5 x 21.5 inches (open). Courtesy of the artist.

with the act of reading: when we are moved by a text such as Woolf's, she says, "we may be compelled to note, copy, or underline, and often to share that touch—by passing the book from hand to hand, by reading out loud, or by sharing the page." As we do, the author and readers are brought closer together, making contact "just as a thread passing through cloth appears and disappears, binding the surface of what is visible above to what is invisible below."[5] The immersive aspects of this piece create a fully embodied and durational experience for the audience. This is not new in Hamilton's work, nor is her use of Woolf. The artist has referenced and used Woolf's writing in other projects, most recently *Ann Hamilton: cloth – a commonplace* (2016), a Tumblr site functioning as a commonplace "book" comprised of excerpted texts referencing cloth, including many from Woolf's writings.[6]

If Hamilton believes that author and reader, by making physical contact through material, can know each other, Stephanie Brooks offers only an illusion of that intimacy. In her work dealing with text and language, the artist mimics genres of writing like the sonnet, the haiku, and the love poem. For a 2009 series of sculptures, she responded to another's reading of a novel. *Sylvia Plath's Underlinings in Virginia Woolf's…* was created after Plath's copies of three of Woolf's novels: *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925), *The Waves* (1931), and *The Years* (1937). Brooks selected out the sentences and phrases that Plath underlined, reproducing them as sculptural "pages." The text does not reflect Brooks' reading of the novels; rather it is text that is mediated through Plath's reading and highlighting of the books. Plath's underlinings are different from much of Brooks' other work in that they are not cool or sarcastic, nor do they produce what Lauren Berlant has described as a "sharp outrage that can tip over pleasure at the edge of a joke."[7] They do, however, work within what art historian Rachel Furnari describes as an "intimate and relational" context.[8] Both Furnari and Berlant situate Brooks' *oeuvre* within 1960s Minimalism, but with an important difference: Brooks demands that the viewer respond with feeling; affect is important. The underlinings abstract Woolf's text and seem to bring us close to Plath's reading of the books. We

believe we know something about Plath by seeing what she underlined. That the piece approximates the size of a book—we must move in close to read it—suggests a greater sense of contact with it and with Plath. Yet, what can we really know? Not a lot. And so, while we feel a sense of proximity, we are held at a distance. Any actual knowledge is illusory.

Artist Dianna Frid has also responded to Woolf's novel *The Waves* with her artist's book of the same title from 2010. Of Woolf's writings, *The Waves* is the most experimental and poetic, and seems to have prompted the greatest number of responses by artists. The novel is comprised of ten interludes and nine soliloquies marking different times in one day and periods in the lives of six characters: Bernard, Louis, Neville, Jinny, Susan, and Rhoda. From the sun rising in the morning to its setting at night, the six speak about their experiences. Speak is a misnomer, however, as the characters never actually talk aloud; their thoughts exist only in their heads and are spoken in the "lyric present" tense of poetry.[9] Their voices run to a rhythm: fast and slow, short and long. Woolf's descriptions of objects and places run to a similar rhythm, and in fact while revising her manuscript in August 1930 she wrote: "The Waves is I think resolving itself (I am at page 100) into a series of dramatic soliloquies. The thing is to keep them running homogenously in & out, in the rhythm of the waves."[10] The novel can be disorienting to read, especially if you expect a linear narrative with a clear plot and main protagonist. Jumping ahead to the end won't help you figure out what happens. Instead, Woolf offers an experience in reading and perception. She noted in her diary in June 1927 that the book would take the form of a "play-poem"; it would have "the idea of some continuous stream, not solely of human thought, but of the ship, the night &c, all flowing together."[11] If you allow yourself, you are carried along—and sometimes buffeted—by the titular waves.

In her artist's book, Frid aligns herself with Woolf's statement on rhythm, noting its "inherently poetic and important" quality.[12] Process and rhythm are integral to Frid's studio practice but are also vital to the reading of this book, which comes alive when handled. Frid explains, "the structure of the book [is] a site where movement yields to movement from one pair of pages to another. This produces a rhythm that may be altered according to the placements of elements—textual or otherwise—in the pages."[13] The materials that create this flow also afford the book a tactile quality. Onto the raw canvas pages, the artist has attached papers and fabrics of many colors and textures, acrylic paint, and cellophane. As I turn the pages, I not only see the words and colors, I feel the textures of embroidery floss, paper, and fabric, and I hear the crinkle of cellophane. The haptic and aural join in what is usually only an optical and temporal experience of reading. The pace is slow at first: the initial layout is raw canvas except for a thin band of yellow cellophane across the bottom and a wave of yellow that leaps two-thirds of the way up the gutter, and again at the righthand side where WAVE is embroidered. WAVE is embroidered twice on the next layout, then thrice, and as I continue through the book, the repetitions build to six per page, then gradually diminish to one.

Words in Frid's book are not entirely linguistic; they also function as formal elements. She has stated: "I want to think of text as filled with signs that sometimes consist of something other than graphemes, words, or language."[14] In creating her books Frid explains that she is "annotating through touch,"[15] a process akin to how many artists speak of mark-making. Woolf seems to have made this connection, too, for she remarked in her diary while working on *The Waves:* "… never, in my life, did I attack such a vague yet elaborate design; whenever I make a mark I have to think of its relation to a dozen others."[16] Woolf, of course, through conversations with her sister, Roger Fry, Clive Bell, and other artist friends, would have been familiar with an artist's lexicon of techniques, and in the third and final section of *To the Lighthouse* she positioned Lily Briscoe standing before her canvas, about to begin painting anew, asking: "Where to begin?--that was the question at what point to make the first mark? One line placed on the canvas committed her to innumerable risks, to frequent and irrevocable decisions." So, Briscoe muses, thinking that it had seemed so clear in her mind, but now was so complex. "Still, she thought, the risk must be run; the mark made."[17] Woolf characterizes Briscoe's act of painting as "a dancing rhythmical movement" that is rapid at first, but slows according to "some rhythm which was dictated to her … by what she saw."[18] Frid's placement of materials and stitches as mark-making becomes clear as I move through her book. I see and feel the textural marks of language as material and embodied. In this way, the textural qualities of her artist's book resonate with Woolf's interest in words as something other than simply a way to describe an object or narrate a story.

Woolf referred to the importance of texture in her writing as early as November 1917 when, in her diary, she recounts a conversation with Roger Fry and Clive Bell in which the three discussed art and writing. Fry asked Woolf if she "founded [her] writing upon texture or upon structure." In reply Woolf writes: "I connected structure with plot, & therefore said 'texture'. Then we discussed the meaning of

structure & texture in painting & in writing."[19] Woolf's insistence on texture is palpable in *The Waves*, especially in the first interlude. Here Woolf describes those moments early in the morning just as the sun rises, but she does more than simply narrate what we already know. Combining metaphors of fiber with language that conveys the sensation of a paint-loaded brush being touched to a canvas in colors of grey, green, white, yellow, red, blue, and gold, Woolf writes with a tactile sense of vision so we both see and feel as she describes the sea as "slightly creased as if a cloth had wrinkles in it." Then, "Gradually, as the sky whitened a dark line lay on the horizon dividing the sea from the sky and the grey cloth became barred with thick strokes moving, one after another, beneath the surface, following each other, pursuing each other, perpetually." The "dark bar on the horizon" disappears and "flat bars of white, green and yellow, spread across the sky like the blades of a fan." The air is "fibrous" and "tears" away from the surface of the green water, which is "flickering and flaming in red and yellow fibres." The sky, which had been a "woollen grey," is transformed into "a million atoms of soft blue." Finally, moving from the sea up to the house, Woolf describes how the "sun sharpened the walls of the house, and rested like the tip of a fan upon a white blind and made a blue fingerprint of shadow under the leaf by the bedroom window."[20]

If the artists I've discussed so far have responded to Woolf's novels, artist Kay Rosen has chosen to respond to one of Woolf's essays. Rosen is known for text-based work that plays with syntax. *Sheep in Wolf's Clothing* (1987/2016), which was included in the exhibition, is a piece in which Rosen references Woolf by picturing her name, but pulling out from it the words "VIRGIN WOOL." Rosen has also penned an imaginary conversation with Woolf in which she responds to portions of Woolf's 1937 essay "Craftsmanship." Rosen talks back to Woolf in a contrary way, perhaps in order to clarify for herself and her audience what she does with words (which is what Woolf did for herself and her readers in her own essay). Although "Craftsmanship" may not be as widely read as her novels or her essay "A Room of One's Own," it offers a curious moment for Woolf readers. The text began its life as a part of the BBC radio program *Words Fail Me*; Woolf subsequently published "Craftsmanship" in her collection *The Death of the Moth, and Other Essays* (1942).[21] Eight minutes of the BBC broadcast remain and form the only known recording of Woolf's voice. The chance to hear Woolf speak proffers the notion that, just as when we discover Sylvia Plath's underlinings of Woolf's words, we will know something more of the author. The essay itself is about the difficulties and rewards of writing. In it Woolf describes how words "combine unconsciously" and "belong to each other"; she then asks her reader: "How can we combine the old words in new orders so that they survive, so that they create beauty, so that they tell the truth?"[22] A page later she writes, "[A]ll we can say about [words] is that they seem to like people to think and to feel before they use them, but to think and to feel not about them, but about something different."[23]

Dawn Roe, *The Sunshine Bores | The Daylights*, 2016. Single-channel HD video with sound, 5:44 minutes. Courtesy of the artist.

While both Lisa Tan and Dawn Roe refer directly to Woolf's *The Waves* as foundational for their videos, *Waves* (2015) and *The Sunshine Bores | The Daylights* (2016), respectively, questions posed by Woolf in her "Craftsmanship" essay inform my reading of each piece. For Tan, it is the "something different" that words refer to besides themselves. For Roe, it is Woolf's query about combining the old words so that they tell a new truth.

Tan's video, *Waves*, opens with Tan in her studio working at the computer. She speaks aloud, choosing words and changing her mind as she writes. A minute later, we hear the same text, but in a more polished articulation:

> Virginia Woolf said that she wanted her novel *The Waves* to be made "of some continuous stream, not solely of human thought, but of the ship, the night, all flowing together." With waves on my mind, I want to hold hands with what she says. As it is, I've been anchoring myself to certain literary figures, writers who tried to drift away from language and into *something else*. But they knew the necessity of having a few words to hang on to. Bobbing around elusive concerns will only make you look pitiful to yourself, let alone to those on dry land.[24]

Lisa Tan, *Waves*, 2014-2015. Single-channel HD video with sound, 19:12 minutes.
Courtesy of the artist and Galleri Riis, Stockholm and Oslo.

Tan looks to philosopher Gilles Deleuze for this idea of the "something else." Deleuze, in turn, "quotes" Woolf in his essay "Literature and Life." He writes: "When asked what literature is, Woolf replies: 'To whom are you speaking of writing? The writer does not speak about it, but is concerned with something else.'"[25] Deleuze is an apt choice, but Tan could also have turned to Woolf's "Craftsmanship," where she claims that words can be used to "think and to feel … something different."[26] Woolf, Deleuze, and Tan are all interested, not in what words say of themselves, but what they refer to that exists outside of language and within the process of becoming. Tan poses the questions central to her project: "How can an experience of the liminal exist as an artwork? What things and experiences can orient us toward affectivity and states of becoming?"[27] Her response is "to give form to the liminal" by making "visible the complex processes of consciousness."[28] Not, she writes, by making a work "*about* threshold," rather by "[doing] threshold itself."[29] Tan wants neither to "master" the liminal nor Woolf, but instead writes that she wants to speak "*with* a subject, or *through* it."[30] This position may not be possible, but aspiring toward it gives agency and voice to Woolf and the other authors, places, and objects with which Tan engages.

Tan sets up the idea of threshold early in the video by showing us her working process as described above. We then watch as the screen shifts from the blue of a computer monitor to the blue of the sky. Tan begins speaking with a woman about the French poet Charles Baudelaire's process of writing (when he wants to write about the sea, he takes a bath!). We slowly become aware of the camera panning down; clouds appear, then the line of a horizon, the ocean, and finally waves on the shore. The video shifts to another ocean, and the camera pans up to the sky. This is no actual ocean, however; we're watching Tan move through a digital image of Gustave Courbet's painting *The Wave* (1869–70) from the Alte Nationalgalerie in Berlin. Then the screen goes dark as Tan begins to speak about the word "correspondence" and the Courbet is back, yet it isn't. Now it's Courbet's *The Wave* (1869) from the Städel Museum in Frankfurt am Main, Germany. A click of her mouse, and Tan transports us inside the (virtual) Städel Museum via Google. Correspondences, Tan explains, are "strange but sisterly agreements between places, images, sounds, and moments—in my own life, and in observing the lives of other people and other things, other phenomena." These agreements are interactions similar to letter-writing and it is in these interactions between people, places, and technologies where, drawing upon Trinh T. Minh-ha's

notion of "speaking nearby," that Tan speaks "*with* and *through*" her subjects rather than masters them.[31] Thus, Tan enacts threshold in *Waves* as, from her studio in Sweden, she constructs provisional conversations with Google's servers cooling in the Baltic Sea, Courbet's wave paintings made along the coast of Normandy but housed in Berlin and Frankfurt, Woolf's words, and the liminal point at which ocean and land meet. That these conversations are provisional is extremely important, for the "provisional as aesthetic" is what Tan connects to Woolf's idea of the "something else" that allows the liminal to emerge.[32]

Dawn Roe points to Woolf's use of language and the nonlinear, repetitive structure of *The Waves* as significant for her work over the past eight years, but her most recent piece, *The Sunshine Bores | The Daylights* (2016), signals a shift in her use of the author's text. Whereas earlier, the appropriated text functioned as title and epigraph, here Roe employs quotations as intertitles within the HD video. She also uses sound—her friend, musician and artist Rachel Blumberg, sings a line from a Rolling Stones song "Rocks Off": "The sunshine bores the daylights out of me." And with these shifts an intimacy and urgency enters the work that wasn't previously there. It is felt in the particular lines of text chosen (they "are saturated with a sense of devastation," notes Roe), and the pace of editing. Roe presents the work as "part elegy, part perceptual study" to be experienced "on simultaneous registers" of still and moving images and sound.[33] Although *The Sunshine Bores* is a single-channel video, two to four vertical panels are presented almost entirely throughout, and we only rarely see a full view of the landscape around Asheville, North Carolina, where the artist filmed and photographed the work. Instead, Roe plays with the placement, pacing, and spacing of sound, text, and image: still and moving images are presented simultaneously. A scene appears right side up in one panel, and in the adjacent panel upside down through the viewfinder of a large-format camera. A piece of mesh moves before the lens, obscuring the landscape and insisting that we acknowledge the camera as mediator, reflecting Roe's longstanding interest in the landscape not as a place, but as a picture. Our eyes shift from center, to left, to right, to read Woolf's text. This movement is not radical; it only slowly becomes apparent. Roe has done the same with the images in the beginning—moving and still—asking us to pay attention to how we read and see. A panel might start as video, but then it is stilled: a bird in the sky is frozen midflight, an insect flies from left to right and then is captured, two video segments converge on a collision course. Blumberg's voice is similarly edited and combined: we hear a fragment of the line, then the catch of her breath, then her voice cut and mixed over itself, all the while layered and paced with imagery. The initial slow speed increases with a sense of frenetic energy—as we are made to work hard to read, see, and hear quickly, simultaneously—and then slows to "a more prolonged, dirge—y kind of pace at the end."[34]

Everything—the phrases from Woolf, Blumberg's voice, and the images—is decontextualized and reordered into "something different" in this video. Roe also wrote an accompanying statement (that's actually more of a poem), in which she positions her words alongside the words of Woolf and Blumberg/The Rolling Stones. Like Woolf, Roe is not interested in expressing "one simple statement but a thousand possibilities."[35] The singular image or instant won't suffice when what she is considering isn't singular at all and cannot be conveyed by a photographic fraction of a second. Rather, Roe brings images, text, and sound to coexist and work together so that time is stilled, then activated; separately, simultaneously.[36]

Woolf regarded words as difficult and dangerous.[37] They "belong to each other," she wrote, yet they are "the wildest, freest, most irresponsible, most unteachable of all things."[38] "[T]hey do not live in dictionaries; they live in the mind," and they do so "[v]ariously and strangely, much as human beings live, by ranging hither and thither, by falling in love, and mating together."[39] Perhaps it is because of the difficulties, dangers, and wildness of words that Woolf's writing chooses us, reaching out and into our minds, holding tight. Spending time with Woolf's words impels us to take risks, to "think and to feel … something different."[40] In their own ways, the artists discussed make tangible, as Moyra Davey writes, "a desire in the process of becoming."[41] But for all of them that desire is intangible; it is not found in words, but in what is produced from them and manifest in the artists' experiences of making and our experiences of perception based in vision, and, in some cases, in touch and sound. For Brooks, Rosen, and Tan, the experience may feel intellectual and based in distance, but it is not a Kantian disinterestedness. While we are reminded of what we cannot have—a closeness, knowledge, and identification with the artist or writer herself—affective knowledge is gained through how we respond to the work. Hamilton, Frid, and Roe create more immersive experiences, and so might seem to offer a more intimate access to the author or artist; yet, again, the intimate knowledge is discovered in our own experiences of the work. What they all have in common is the desire to spend more time with Woolf and her words, allowing us to risk thinking and feeling something different.

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1 Moyra Davey, *The Problem of Reading* (Montpelier: Vermont College; A Documents Book, 2003), 15.

2 Davey, 38.

3 Not all of the artists discussed in this essay were included in the exhibition *Strange Oscillations and Vibrations of Sympathy*; those who were are Stephanie Brooks, Dianna Frid, Dawn Roe, Kay Rosen, and Lisa Tan. A short list of other artists who have responded to Woolf, in addition to those I address in this paper, include: Ruth Buchanan, Kajsa Dahlberg, Angela Detanico and Rafael Lain, Isa Gagarin, Susan Jamison, Angela Kelly, Lorna MacIntyre, Wayne McGregor, Paulina Olowska, Shirley Sharoff, Molly Springfield, Catherine Wagner, Faith Wilding, Kabe Wilson, and Karen Wirth.

4 Richard Sanford, "Theatre Review: Ann Hamilton and SITI Company's the theater is a blank page Dazzles," Columbus Underground, April 24, 2015. http://www.columbusunderground.com/theatre-review-ann-hamilton-and-siti-companys-the-theater-is-a-blank-page-dazzles-rs1.

5 Ann Hamilton and Anne Bogart, "Directors' Notes," http://www.annhamiltonstudio.com/images/performances/theater/SITI_directors_notes.pdf.

6 *Ann Hamilton: cloth – a commonplace* is one portion of Hamilton's multipart project, *habitus*, that was at the Fabric Workshop and Museum in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, from fall 2016 to early 2017. See http://cloth-a-commonplace.tumblr.com/.

7 Lauren Berlant, "Hard Feelings: Stephanie Brooks," in *I'm Sentimental: Stephanie Brooks* (Glen Ellyn, IL: College of DuPage, 2007), 1.

8 Rachel Furnari, "Heart-Shaped Metaphor," in *Stephanie Brooks: Poems and Poem Forms* (Normal: University Galleries of Illinois State University, 2009), no pagination.

9 Molly Hite, introduction to Virginia Woolf, *The Waves*, ed. Mark Hussey (1931; Orlando: Harcourt, 2006), xli.

10 Virginia Woolf, August 20, 1930, in *The Diary of Virginia Woolf*, ed. Anne Olivier Bell and Andrew McNeillie, vol. 3, 1925-1930 (New York: Harvest/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1980), 312.

11 Woolf, June 18, 1927, *Diary*, vol. 3, 139.

12 Erin Fletcher, "Book Artist of the Month: Dianna Frid," February 2, 2013, http://www.herringbonebindery.com/blog/2013/02/02/february-book-artist-of-the-month-dianna-frid/.

13 Violet Shuraka, "Q & A with Dianna Frid," *Cheap and Plastique* 10, March 2012, no pagination.

14 Lee Ann Norman, "On Text and Textile with Artist Dianna Frid: And, Also, Too," March 15, 2016, https://daily.jstor.org/on-text-and-textile-with-artist-dianna-frid-and-also-too/.

15 Dianna Frid, "To Annotate Through Touch: A Conversation Between Dianna Frid and Claudine Isé," in *Materias / Matter and Subject Matter*, ed. Dianna Frid (Oaxaca, Mexico: Biblioteca Francisco de Burgoa, 2015), 88.

16 Virginia Woolf, October 11, 1929, *Diary*, vol. 3, 259.

17 Virginia Woolf, *To the Lighthouse* (1927; San Diego: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1981), 235.

18 Woolf, *To the Lighthouse*, 236–8.

19 Virginia Woolf, November 22, 1917, *The Diary of Virginia Woolf*, ed. Anne Olivier Bell (New York: Harvest/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1977), 80.

20 Virginia Woolf, *The Waves*, ed. Mark Hussey (1931; Orlando: Harcourt, 2006), 3.

21 Virginia Woolf, "Craftsmanship," in *The Death of the Moth, and Other Essays* (1942; San Diego: Harvest Books, 1970), 198–207.

22 Woolf, "Craftsmanship," 204.

23 Woolf, "Craftsmanship," 205.

24 Lisa Tan, *The Waves*, 00:01:12. Transcript of video in Lisa Tan, *Sunsets, Notes from Underground, Waves* (Berlin: Archive Books, 2015), no pagination [in this part of book].

25 Gilles Deleuze, "Literature and Life," in *Essays Critical and Clinical*, trans. Daniel W. Smith and Michael A. Greco (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1997), 6. As Tan and other scholars note, no one seems to know where Deleuze found this quote by Woolf. Deleuze does not cite it, and so scholars who reference it must continually note its unknown origin.

26 Woolf, "Craftsmanship," 250.

27 Lisa Tan, *For every word has its own shadow: Sunsets, Notes From Underground, Waves* (Gothenburg, Sweden: ArtMonitor, Valand Academy at the Faculty of Fine, Applied and Performing Arts, The University of Gothenburg, 2015), 9.

28 Tan, 35.

29 Tan, 42.

30 Tan, 42.

31 Tan, 42.

32 Tan, 62.

33 Dawn Roe, "The Sunshine Bores | The Daylights," *The Finch*, http://thefinch.net/2016/04/15/dawn-roe-the-sunshine-bores/.

34 Roe, "The Sunshine Bores | The Daylights," *The Finch*.

35 Woolf, "Craftsmanship," 200.

36 Roe, interview with Lauren Henkin, "Women in the Landscape: Dawn Roe," *Tilted Arc*, February 2014, http://www.tilted-arc.com/2014/02/12/women-in-the-landscape-dawn-roe/.

37 Virginia Woolf, "How Should One Read a Book?" in *Collected Essays*, vol. 2 (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1967), 2.

38 Woolf, "Craftsmanship," 203, 204.

39 Woolf, "Craftsmanship," 205.

40 Woolf, "Craftsmanship," 205.

41 Davey, 38.