Successful therapy (or, for that matter, unsuccessful therapy) is a long conversation that goes nowhere. It does not have a structure, or an obvious end point, or genre. “From an outside perspective”, writes Benjamin Y. Fong, “the conversation is pointless”. Indeed, we might not even be able to distinguish between successful and unsuccessful therapy: not only did Freud refer to therapy as “time-consuming and […] laborious”, but also endless: he says, “[w]e do not regard an analysis as at an end until all the obscurities of the case are cleared up, the gaps in the patient’s memory filled in, the precipitating causes of the repressions recovered”. In other words, it’s not likely to end…

Freud tells us that between the analyst and the patient, “[n]othing takes place […] except that they talk to each other. The analyst makes use of no instruments — not even for examining the patient — nor does he prescribe any medicines”. The totality of what happens is this: the “analyst agrees upon a fixed

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regular hour with the patient, gets him to talk, listens to him, talks to him in his turn and gets him to listen”.

Freud’s imaginary interlocutor (“The Impartial Person”) is amazed: “Nothing more than that? Words, words, words, as Prince Hamlet says”.

“So it is a kind of magic”, the impartial yet contemptuous interlocutor comments: “you talk, and blow away his ailments”. Yes, Freud admits: “Quite true. It would be magic if it worked rather quicker. An essential attribute of a magician is speed — one might say suddenness — of success. But analytic treatments take months and even years: magic that is so slow loses its miraculous character”.

Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick’s part haiku, part-prose memoir, A Dialogue on Love is a record of, and a re-enactment of, exactly this brand of aimless magical talking; the text reveals the details of her psychotherapy, her sessions with Shannon Van Wey, the therapist she started seeing to treat her depression after she was diagnosed with breast cancer. It is messy, aimless, genre-less (or, multi-genre), and endless — that is, while it does end, it ends (as perhaps most therapy does, if it does) arbitrarily.

While Stephen Barber and David Clark tell us that “while psychoanalysis may have limited relevance to Sedgwick’s work that same work has considerable consequence for psychoanalysis”; it may nevertheless be the case, under the circumstance of Sedgwick’s actual psychotherapy, that psychoanalysis has maybe a few things to tell us about A Dialogue on Love. Not least because this dialogue, this therapeutic exchange, maps the very structure and dynamic of the “talking cure”, the frangible, yet remarkably durable, infrastructure of psychoanalysis. Although Sedgwick is not undergoing strict psychoanalysis, she does end up on the

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5 Freud, Historical and Expository Works, 15: 287.
6 Freud, Historical and Expository Works, 15: 287.
7 Freud, Historical and Expository Works, 15: 287.
couch. And therapy of this kind — this talking cure — works by the same structures, methods, and results as more conventional and traditional psychoanalysis does.

One way to read this book is as a transcription of Sedgwick’s therapy. Another is to think of it as poetry; it includes verse, and it can be elliptical and allusive in the way poetry is thought to be more than theory. The text is Sedgwick’s creation, but not hers alone; it is written in conjunction with another, her therapist, in the vein of some of her published conversations and collaborations as essays, among them a conversation with Michael Moon,9 a conversation with Barber and Clark,10 a collaboration with Adam Frank,11 and the occasional direct address (“Hi Michael!”).12 Elizabeth Stephens notes that A Dialogue on Love is “not an attempt to provide a direct or unmediated account of her experience in therapy; rather, it is a queer investigation of the terms in which such experiences can be inscribed, posing the question of how one might write about both sexuality and affective relationships”.13 It is also, therefore, an autobiography — or autobiographical, in that age old understanding that it is, mostly, in the first person and discusses personal (very personal) aspects of the author’s life. Several critics modify the cat-

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category of this book: “intellectual autobiography”. But this text is messing around in every way with its likely genres — autobiography, experimental memoir, transcript, poetry, and queer manifesto.

Even the first person does not belong to just one person. “Because of Sedgwick’s and Van Wey’s constant ventriloquizing of one another, the reader is confronted by a subtle vertigo when trying to distinguish between their uses of ‘I’”. Although Sedgwick has been known to defend the first person — or rather than defend, query what is at stake in avoiding it (depersonalizing, clinging to sterility and anonymity, archness) — she nevertheless is here invested in a form that does not avoid the first person but also does not rely on it. For example, in Tendencies she suggests that “some people hate” the first-person singular in academic work, but she suggests that her use of it “represents neither the sense of a simple, settled congratulatory ‘I’, on the one hand, nor on the other a fragmented postmodernist post-individual — never mind an unreliable narrator”. “No”, she retorts, “I’ is a heuristic; maybe a powerful one”. However, as Jason Edwards observes: “Given that it is a memoir, there is [...] perhaps significantly less of Sedgwick’s first person than readers might initially have anticipated”. Sedgwick becomes less and less invested in even this heuristic first person. By the end of A Dialogue on Love, she is tempted to abjure the first person altogether, but not in the direction of scholarly sobriety; rather in the direction of wordlessness: as she becomes more involved in crafting textiles rather than text, she reflects that a “texture book

15 The Village Voice says about A Dialogue on Love: “Sedgwick has written the kind of book she has always been accused of. Queer ‘Theory’”. David Kurnick, ‘Queer Therapy’, The Village Voice (3 August 1999), http://www.villagevoice.com/arts/queer-therapy-7155890. (The title of this Village Voice review: initially I admired it, then envied it, then stole it.)
16 Tyler Bradway, “‘Permeable We!’ Affect and the Ethics of Intersubjectivity in Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick’s A Dialogue on Love’, GLQ 19.1 (2012), 79–110; 82.
17 Sedgwick, Tendencies, xiv.
wouldn’t need to have a first person at all, any more than weaving itself does.” The book itself becomes more textured in the ways typography and space increasingly shape the book’s pages.

Although an autobiographical text, this book becomes increasingly dialogic, in its presentation at least. The fonts of the text in *A Dialogue on Love* tells us not who is speaking—because sometimes they speak for or as each other—but whose notes are being presented. The standard serif-ed font is Sedgwick, and even this becomes irregular in form when it slips in and out of haiku, as part of its overall Japanese haibun form. This is contrasted with Van Wey’s notes, which appear in small caps. But whose voice is inhabited in each person’s text becomes harder to distinguish; Edwards describes it this way: “As *A Dialogue on Love* gets more collaborative and relaxed […] it also gets harder to establish who is talking, since Sedgwick and Van Wey adopt a strange form of address in relation to one another: somewhere between talking to themselves, each other and another person.”

What often arises in discussions of genre in relation to this book is the use of the haibun form, which Sedgwick recognizes as apposite to her project of recording her therapy with Van Wey, upon rereading James Merrill after his death:

In New York for the weekend, I’m paused over Merrill’s death with a friend. I’ve long been haunted by his piece about a trip to Japan, called ‘Prose of Departure,’ in an unfamiliar form: prose interspersed with haiku.

Spangled with haiku is more what it feels like, his very sentences fraying

into implosions
of starlike density or
radiance, then out

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What also arises in genre discussions is whether and how the book is autobiographical, the typography and font on the page—and I shall return to address these things myself—but there is very little discussion of the genre of conversation. I did start out the essay suggesting that conversation—therapeutic conversation, particularly—is genre-less, but it is nevertheless a category of talk and transcription that is recognizable.

“In general”, Lauren Berlant tells us, “conversation is a key genre of the present: when a conversation ends, its singular time ends, and then it becomes like all other episodes, something mainly forgotten, distorted, and half-remembered. [...] [C]onversation is a space of time that makes its own rules and boundaries”. Berlant is not speaking of Sedgwick when she writes “[h]er ‘we’ is both singular and general”, but about Susan Sontag, whose “conversation piece”, the short story ‘The Way We Live Now’, emerges out of a different illness, the AIDS epidemic. But the salience is the same when she writes that the “reader eavesdrops, participating as a lurker in the intimate public of the illness”. In the case of Sedgwick the illness might be her breast cancer; it could also be the AIDS illnesses that afflict her friends; it could also be her anxiety—the condition that brings her to therapy to begin with.

The story of the queer self cannot be told singly. We might say that under duress, in the realm of illness, for example, autobiography becomes community. Formalized queer conversation is often used to address debilitation and loss. I have suggested this in recent writing about AIDS, when I noticed that one emerging strand of AIDS literature was an increasing prevalence of transcribed conversations, including those of Sedgwick.

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23 Berlant, Cruel Optimism, 58.
dith Butler tells us that “loss has made a tenuous ‘we’ of us all”.  
And Berlant adds that it “was a matter of life and death to become, literally, conversant”.

Later, Berlant is talking about Sedgwick when she writes: “Reading is one place where the impersonality of intimacy can be transacted without harm to anyone; writing and paper-giving are others. There is no romance of the impersonal, no love plot for it. But there can be optimism, a space across which to move.”

Berlant is one of myriad readers who feel interpellated into Sedgwick’s writing, who wish not just to be on the couch with her taking tea and talking, but are already doing it when they read her. Like Berlant, Wayne Koestenbaum actually did know Sedgwick; nevertheless he also imagines her, imagines being engaged with her:

“I'm drafting this essay on a green Hermes 3000 manual typewriter from the 1950s. A painting student gave it to me; he found it on the street. I imagine telling Eve about this typewriter.”

He confesses that “I became ‘me’ after reading Between Men and then more ‘me’ after reading Epistemology of the Closet. And it continued, this tidal process of becoming ‘me’, every time I read or encountered Eve. In no one else’s eyes have I felt so recognized.”

There are so many examples of readers who feel hailed by Sedgwick and who engage with her on the pages of her writing. One reader comments on reading ‘Paranoid Reading and Reparative Reading’, her first experience of reading Sedgwick: “I remember beginning by reading it on my computer,

26 Berlant, Cruel Optimism, 57.
27 Berlant, Cruel Optimism, 126.
until partway through when printing it became a necessity because there was too much to annotate and underline. By the end”, she comments, “I only had exclamation marks and hearts as marginalia”. Another reader has already capitulated to the transference of reading Sedgwick in the title of his essay: Jonathan A. Allan declares his experience of ‘Falling in Love with Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick’ and he is not the only one. In fact, according to James Kincaid, Allan’s passion is textbook:

Now I know why no one in love with Eve Sedgwick (all of us) can write about her. Consider that — ‘write about her’: We are all able to write and we all are inspired by her; it’s the about we trip over. Who can find the distance or wants to? We all write to Eve or, more exactly, she writes to us. Better yet (I should have said this right off), we write with her. With Eve, it’s always we. You’ll be wondering why I haven’t been saying ‘I’. I haven’t been saying ‘I’ because I don’t have any ‘I’, which is not modesty but something like the reverse. Eve is the we of me.

Cindy Patton “bends[s] A Dialogue on Love to [her] own place and meaning”. (“There is so much in the text”, worries Patton, “and, yet, so few hints about how to be a worthy reader”). This “we”, the community, is reflected pronouncedly in the ways that Sedgwick’s readers want in. Sedgwick’s book is queer therapy — for the reader. It describes and affects the ways that one wants transference with her — with her writing, her books, her words — all the time, nearly universally.

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33 Cindy Patton, ‘Love Without the Obligation to Love’, Criticism 52.2 (Spring 2010), 215–224; 217.
34 Patton, ‘Love’, 216
This kind of reading, or this way of being a reader—this interactive, interrogatory, enmeshed reading—is not particular to Sedgwick nor to queer discourse, for that matter, but there is something galvanic about this interaction here. If it is a banality to say of very enjoyable reading that it feels like the author knows me, or knows my life, or is speaking directly to me, it is less frequent that readers express a wish to be taken up, or in, by the author, to become not just engaged in conversation or discourse with the writer, with Sedgwick, but to be engaged with her in the writing or reading itself, a joint project, writing and reading together, not (just) an exchange, not (only) a back and forth. They want to be a “we” with Eve.\(^{35}\)

Everybody wants to be in conversation with Sedgwick. And Sedgwick wants it, too. Not only does she interrogate and practically disavow the singular first person, but her “favorite pronoun” is “the dear/first person plural”.\(^{36}\) What she wants more than anything is not to be an “I”, which she is rehearsing with Shannon but is also announcing: but to be a “we”:

Promiscuous we!  
Me, plus anybody else.  
Permeable we!\(^{37}\)

\(^{35}\) And also to be in some extra-textual ideations of affiliations with Eve; see, for example, Katherine Bond Stockton imagining herself both as Eve’s child and as siring a child with her in ‘Eve’s Queer Child’, in Barber and Clark, \textit{Regarding Sedgwick}, 181–199; Kevin Kopelson also imagines Sedgwick as his (and all gay men’s) mother in “The Mother of Us All?”, \textit{Substance} 43.1 (2014), 191–197; and earlier Kopelson, ‘Fake it Like a Man’, in David Bergman, ed., \textit{Camp Grounds: Style and Homosexuality} (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1993), 265, who wants a pair of the very same white glasses that Sedgwick describes coveting of her friend Michael Lynch (in ‘White Glasses’, \textit{Tendencies}, 252–266); and Lynch writes a paper in the voice of Sedgwick. For further disquisition on the second two examples, see my ‘Eve Sedgwick’s Melancholic ‘White Glasses’’, \textit{Textual Practice} 17.1 (2003), 61–80, further elaborated in my \textit{AIDS Literature and Gay Identity}.  

\(^{36}\) Sedgwick, \textit{A Dialogue on Love}, 106.  

\(^{37}\) Sedgwick, \textit{A Dialogue on Love}, 106.
Sedgwick announces this wish in more than this pronouncement, but in the very typography and space of her text. When she realizes that haibun is the right genre for conveying her therapy experience with Van Wey, she enacts and describes it like this:

To notate our strange
melody, I have some use
for all the white space.

Edwards tells us that “*A Dialogue on Love* contains more white space than any of Sedgwick’s other books of prose, noticeable especially around her haikus and her therapist’s non-justified (ragged right) text”. The unusual amount of white or blank space on the page makes room for the reader; on one hand it invites multiple layers of internal thinking and mulling — “Sweeping into and through the arias, silent impasses, the fat, buttery condensations and inky dribbles of the mind’s laden brush” — and on the other, interaction with others. Bradway suggests that the white spaces and blank pages are precisely invitations to interlocutions with others:

We see each page’s negative space anew as the haikus linguistically reference and graphically redraw the emptiness around them. In the absence of words, the page’s materiality is highlighted as the condition of possibility [...] for its (re) emergence in the form of the reader’s notes. There is no guarantee that the reader will respond, but the space creates the possibility for readerly participation.

Now, while I am suggesting that Sedgwick might be inviting us in, her writing is also notoriously demanding to read. We may

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41 Bradway, “*Permeable We!*”, 87.
recognize an open invitation to be in dialogue with Sedgwick, but this is not always easy to actually do. Her writing is famously recondite and forbidding. She might be issuing an invitation, but the routes in are not always evident.

Sedgwick invites and repels: her vocabulary and her syntax are difficult, sometimes invented, yet so welcoming because of how permissive, how expansive, how non-judgmental it is. Several refer to her writing as unusually “capacious”.42 “Even in her gnarliest sentences”, Koestenbaum explains, “a reader could find a blessed phrase […] on which to relax”.43

We might understand this push and pull, this invitation that is irresistible but impossible to fully embrace, if we turn to another construction, besides the “we”, that Sedgwick is inordinately fond of, and that is “enjambment”. The notion of enjambment first arises in ‘A Poem Is Being Written’. Enjambment is a poetic device whereby a line of poetry might end but the sense of the sentence carries on to the next. Sedgwick’s point, in this essay, is to show that a childhood fascination with this technique in poetry echoed and in some ways recreated the experience of—and that is to say, an ambivalence towards—being spanked.

“The title of this essay”, she writes, “obviously means to associate the shifty passive voice of a famous title of Freud’s ‘A Child Is Being Beaten’ with the general question of poetry—with the scene of poetry writing, and with the tableau of the poem itself”.44 It is tempting here to consider Sedgwick’s relationship to Freud, especially in an essay interrogating her experience in psychotherapy, but Sedgwick herself tells us:

[T]he best strategy I can come up with for dealing with ‘Freud’ is not to try to go mano-y-mano with him as a gigantically singular, protean, transferential figure; that seems

42 See Barber and Clark, ‘Queer Moments’, who use this term, and note its use by both Berlant and Butler in the same volume (Regarding Sedgwick), 30.
like a mug’s game, in the sense that the theorist’s own propulsions lead circularly, inexorably to an endless reinstitution of Freud’s terms and problematics.\textsuperscript{45}

But let us stick with the literary term and think about how enjambment itself is ambivalent, or at least multivalent, doing two antithetical things at once: it invites, by leaving space, and repels, by letting there be no breath or aperture in that space. “[A]nd because I loved French”, Sedgwick writes in that essay:

I knew \textit{enjambment}, not just for a technical word in the introduction to my rhyming dictionary, but for a physical gesture of the limbs, of the flanks, the ham. […] From all this I visualized \textit{enjambment} very clearly as not only […] the poetic gesture of \textit{straddling} lines \textit{together} syntactically, but also a pushing apart of lines.\textsuperscript{46}

In \textit{A Dialogue on Love}, this enjambment works poetically in the haibun that weaves through the prose — literally employing the technique of enjambment within the poems themselves and also between the prose and poems, as one leads recurrently into the other, but also within and between the dialogue between Shannon and Sedgwick, “producing a kind of enjambment”, we might say — and Kent does, “at the level of genre”.\textsuperscript{47} As Patton explains,

‘Eve’ plays hide and seek with the reader, offering various angles on her body and feelings, and then veiling those with […] Shannon’s words, perpetually grafting fragments of her poems onto fragments of therapy notes, sometimes Shannon’s official record, sometimes her therapy journals, in one moment her once estranged sister’s childhood diary.

\textsuperscript{45} Sedgwick, ‘A Piercing Bouquet’ in Barber and Clark, \textit{Regarding Sedgwick} 260.

\textsuperscript{46} Sedgwick, ‘A Poem Is Being Written’, 185.

accounts of Eve, in other places e-mail exchanges with her friend Tim.\textsuperscript{48}

Here is an example:

Oh, right, I keep forgetting, for lots and lots of people in the world, the notion of ‘falling in love’ has (of all things) sexual connotations. No, that’s not what I think is happening. For me, what falling in love means is different. It’s a matter of suddenly, globally, ‘knowing’ that another person represents your only access to some vitally

transmissible truth
or radiantly heightened
mode of perception,

and that if you lose the thread of this intimacy, both your soul and your whole world might subsist forever in some desert-like state of ontological impoverishment.\textsuperscript{49}

As Koestenbaum puts it: “Enjambment — reaching toward the brim, and then exceeding it — came naturally to Eve: she liked containers, and she knew how to tease their limits”.\textsuperscript{50} Any reader of Sedgwick knows that rigid thinking is not her way; rather, as she puts it in a very late essay, she is invested in

a very thoroughgoing conceptual habit of nondualism. As soon as somebody posits ‘concept X as opposed to concept Y,’ I’m always the person who reflexively responds, ‘But maybe X and Y aren’t so distinct from each other after all.’ Because of this nondualism, the methodological tools of deconstruction

\textsuperscript{48} Patton, ‘Love Without the Obligation to Love’, 216.
\textsuperscript{49} Sedgwick, \textit{A Dialogue on Love}, 168.
have always been congenial to me. I’m also extremely interested in Buddhist thought for the same reason.\textsuperscript{51}

Or, as she puts it more plainly in \textit{A Dialogue on Love} (or, in the book’s strange ventriloquism, Shannon puts it for her in his post-session notes): “Nondualism is mother’s milk to me”.\textsuperscript{52}

Sedgwick’s inspired notion of “reparative reading”, an effort and gesture to supplant what she calls “paranoid reading”, is part of this habit of thinking nondualistically. Reading Klein, Sedgwick came to understand that much scholarship is defensive, a way to catch other scholars in misapprehensions and malefactions, and to plant a flag on the little mound one has made atop the carcass communiques of one’s colleague-competitors, only to be critiqued and interred by the next pettifogger. In her important essay, ‘Paranoid Reading and Reparative Reading’, Sedgwick suggests that instead we might aim to read reparatively, that is, with an effort to participate and understand rather than disparage:

[T]o read from a reparative position is to surrender the knowing, anxious paranoid determination that no horror, however apparently unthinkable, shall ever come to the reader \textit{as new}; to a reparatively positioned reader, it can seem realistic and necessary to experience surprise. Because there can be terrible surprises, however, there can also be good ones.\textsuperscript{53}

Sedgwick’s proposed theory of reading derives from Klein’s observation that children feel guilty for the rage they feel towards their mothers when they develop violent resentment for not being able to control the imperative pleasures they sometimes and seemingly very arbitrarily receive. “Hatred and aggressive

\textsuperscript{52} Sedgwick, \textit{A Dialogue on Love}, 215.
feelings are aroused and [the baby] becomes dominated by the impulses to destroy the very person who is the object of all his desires and who in his mind is linked up with everything he experiences — good and bad alike”.

Paranoia arises from our guilty certainty that we will be punished for our violent feelings and fantasies. Repair is the attempt not only to assuage the damage but to be open to the vicissitudes of the availability of these pleasures, namely, at this stage, the breast, but later other necessities and pleasures.

If Kleinian reparation is not exactly a version of enjambment, it nevertheless describes a paradoxical gesture of connection and deflection; as Janet Malcolm describes it, the baby is appalled to realize “what he is doing to his mother as he nurses at her breast — the ‘hole’ he is leaving as he sucks —” and wishes “to make reparation”.

It turns out that the difference between burying and accommodating the work and thinking of others — paranoia and reparation — can be seen as analogous to Freud’s discovery of the talking cure and how he found it to be superior to his previous method: hypnosis. In the case of analysis, it is not the thinking of others that one is in battle with, but one’s own repressed inclinations. The goal of therapy is to bring those repressed feelings and wishes into the light of day, but paradoxically, though we might believe we are invested in nearly every way in a cure, we nevertheless resist. Freud says, “[w]hen we undertake to restore a patient to health, to relieve him of the symptoms of his illness, he meets us with a violent and tenacious resistance, which persists throughout the whole length of treatment”.

Once more imagining his incredulous interlocutor, Freud explains:

Only think of it! The patient, who is suffering so much from his symptoms and is causing those about him to share his sufferings, who is ready to undertake so many sacrifices in time, money, effort, and self-discipline in order to be freed from those symptoms—we are to believe that this same patient puts up a struggle in the interest of his illness against the person who is helping him. How improbable such an assertion must sound! Yet it is true.57

While in his initial attempts to cure patients of hysterical symptoms, hypnosis seemed to work to get right to the heart of the troubling symptoms and to stop them, Freud discovered that the symptoms were indeed stopped, but only because they were buried, not because they were unearthed or treated.

In the light of the knowledge we have gained from psychoanalysis we can describe the difference between hypnotic and psychoanalytic suggestion as follows. Hypnotic treatment seeks to cover up and gloss over something in mental life; analytic treatment seeks to expose and get rid of something. The former acts like a cosmetic, the latter like surgery. The former makes use of suggestion in order to forbid the symptoms; it strengthens the repressions, but, apart from that, leaves all the processes that have led to the formation of the symptoms unaltered. Analytic treatment makes its impact further back towards the roots, where the conflicts are which gave rise to the symptoms, and uses suggestion in order to alter the outcome of those conflicts.58

Queer therapy might include the ways that we can find to accommodate the uneasy attempt to reconcile the simultaneous experience of participation and resistance, of opening and foreclosing, of invitation and exclusion. One way it might be affected, as I have suggested, is through reading Sedgwick. It does

not take much perspicacity to notice that anyone writing about Sedgwick is also ineluctably writing and thinking like Sedgwick.\textsuperscript{59} In reading Sedgwick, we are all invited to write more experimentally.\textsuperscript{60}

Koestenbaum explains it, while he is himself doing it: “Be complicated, she invites us; be obscure, oblique. Be odd. Especially if you can’t help it. Like Henry James, be flush with innuendo, your clauses dependent, dilated, filthy, yet discreet”.\textsuperscript{61} In \textit{A Dialogue on Love}, Sedgwick has “discover[ed …] a queer genre that can accommodate all her complexity”,\textsuperscript{62} a platform to express “her feminist politics and queerish selfhood”.\textsuperscript{63} And in responding in our Sedgwickian ways, we enter that space of repair, permission, and queer possibility. “Above all”, says Koestenbaum, “her writing gave license”.\textsuperscript{64}

We are not exactly cured reading Sedgwick (cured of what, she would ask? — “revel in your abjection”, she would almost certainly say), but we are invited into a somewhat Socratic — yet hardly passionlessly platonic — dialogue, an endless aimless conversation, talking and talking with Sedgwick.

\textsuperscript{59} And in a nice oedipal genealogy, Sedgwick herself is said to write like those she writes about, Proust notably. See Barber and Clark, ‘This Piercing Bouquet’, 41. For more on the idea of experimental critical writing, see Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, “Teaching “Experimental Critical Writing””, in Jill Lane and Peggy Phelan, eds., \textit{The Ends of Performance} (New York: New York University Press, 1998), 105–115.

\textsuperscript{60} See Sedgwick’s own suggestion of this in ‘A Poem Is Being Written’, and also Barber and Clark, ‘This Piercing Bouquet’, 257.


\textsuperscript{63} Patton, ‘Love Without the Obligation to Love’, 219.
