

# Ecological Echoing: Following the Footsteps

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March snowstorm here in New Hampshire. When the sun comes out, I put on my snowshoes and walk with my housemate on the path by the pond. It is spring break for me and a weather-related work-at-home day for him. Because it rained before the temperature dropped dramatically and snow followed, the surface of the trail is crusty enough for one of us to walk in snowshoes and the other not to. Except when he suddenly sinks. We joke: he is in a Heffalump hole, a kind of literary reference (to A.A. Milne's *House at Pooh Corner*). We laugh at our, er, lameness and putative literariness.

When a student of mine opens his recent paper for “Environmental Poetry” class with *The Lion King*, the Walt Disney Studios movie that echoes the plot of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, I chide him a bit. Although he is writing about how death begets life in Donald Hall's “Digging” and Alison Deming's “Specimens Collected at the Clearcut,” a theme he identifies as “the circle of life” (which, for him, brought to mind the movie and from the movie the song “The Circle of Life”), I remind him “to write differently in different situations”<sup>1</sup>—to consider audience (in this case, academic readers, classmates and professor) and purpose

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(academic literary-critical paper) in his work. I suggest more elevated or time-honored precedents than Disney. Why not *The Book of Common Prayer*'s "Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust" or Genesis 3:19, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return?" I ask. Why not "Everything is connected to everything else," that *First Principle of Ecology*—which I have mentioned in class lecture, especially in regard to William Rueckert, who has written: "The first Law of Ecology ... applies to poems as well as to nature. The concept of the interactive field was operative in nature, ecology, and poetry long before it ever appeared in criticism."<sup>2</sup>

Ah, everything (in literature in English) *is* connected to everything else (in literature). And I ought not have a double standard. If I enjoy a quick reference myself (albeit while in vacation mode, in light conversation, not in an academic setting) to popular children's literature, why not condone my student doing so? Why compose the discouraging note I do on his paper? Indeed, *had* he pursued only those slightly more academic references, he would probably have gotten too far afield from the works in question, especially for a short paper. So here's where I land: I want to affirm the efficacy of following our own mental paths, our own accidents, trusting more where motives and meaning might come from.

All of us learn from and like to invoke the familiar, what philosopher Maurice Merleau-Ponty calls the "knowledge bred of familiarity"<sup>3</sup> (meaning tacit knowledge, with or without a fully conscious understanding of its contours, something like what musicians term "muscle memory," having a musical piece "in their fingers"). We can best see and understand where we are in the Great Chain of Being, on this earth, by doing some associative orienteering, by using what mental archives we might have, along with the supportive beams of peer-reviewed, disciplinary research that goes beyond our experiential histories. While of course it is my job to add to my students' go-to archives, I need to remember that having/knowing *and* applying/using may well be a semester or more off from the classroom present. That is, a teacher's "familiar" is not necessarily the student familiar.

As a writer I have learned that one needs to prepare readers for tolerating and for following an essay (*essai* = *trial*) based on relational or associative thinking, as these sorts of pieces saunter or meander more than the old five-paragraph essay still taught in high schools or the swift, tight, timed conference-panel presentation: say-what-you-are-going-to-say and how, say it, and sum it up. Innovative critical writing may not so quickly cut to the chase.

I am circling round here, then, to arguing that writers and literary scholars many times better read and understand, whatever our subject matter (what we mean by *nature* and *environment*, for example, or what given poets or essayists are saying—these being the usual terrain of my own courses and days), when we stroll or *stumble* into them however we can, down the rabbit hole on a sunny afternoon, using our free-fall, child-like imaginations, or by treading the very turf our authors trod, if indeed that is possible. Emerson claimed “in the woods is perpetual youth,”<sup>4</sup> and “[t]he sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood.”<sup>5</sup>

I am very glad to say that several founding members of the Association for the Study of Literature and the Environment (ASLE), Scott Slovic and Ian Marshall among them, have for decades now employed and endorsed in their *ecocritical* writing (1) what Simon Schama called “the archive of the feet,”<sup>6</sup> literally following in the footsteps of the authors and texts one strives to understand and write about, and (2) *narrative criticism* (telling stories, even quite personal ones, about and through literary works).<sup>7</sup> I want to argue that both following and narrating, that is, “responding in kind,” constitute *ecological echoing*, a kind of *performative rhetoric*, to boot. Ecological echoing enacts what one pronounces, analyzes, describes. It is the *embodied* knowing or embodied writing hailed by Merleau-Ponty along with, later, feminist and composition theorists and pedagogues; it uses the body in learning and teaching. Merleau-Ponty refers to the importance of “the knowledge in the hands, which is forthcoming only when bodily effort is made, and cannot be formulated in detachment from that method.”<sup>8</sup> In this case, I substitute feet for hands. Like *ecology* itself, a term that Merriam-Webster’s dictionary defines as the study of *interactions* between organisms and their environment (italics mine, “ecology”), we have body, mind, text, interacting, interrelated.

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Marina Abramovic, in her performance piece “The Artist is Present,” sits in a gallery chair in the Museum of Modern Art in New York, hours upon hours.<sup>9</sup> In a recent installation-performance at the Serpentine Gallery in London, there were no visitor chairs; visitors were not allowed any props or possessions at all, surrendering them to lockers, the only other objects in the museum. The apparently tireless, largely impassive Abramovic absorbed whatever the visitors wanted to project or

unavoidably did project. There were tears. Long meditative silences. Sometimes, smiles. During museum hours, from 10:00 a.m. daily, Abramovic never left the chair, which was even fitted with—or had been before—a secret chamber pot so that she did not have to.

An interesting variation on earlier performance has been adopted by a young violinist, Abraham Brody (a.k.a. Abe McWilliams), in his own performance piece “The Violinist is Present.”<sup>10</sup> His represents a similar *ecosystem*, a system of interrelations that include the body or bodies. He, too, is seated, violin and bow at the ready. A succession of willing visitors sit opposite him, face to face, eyes engaged, the musician playing on the violin such music as the interaction inspires. He stops playing when a visitor drops the gaze. Brody echoes Abramovic (who considers her work borrowable at will, open-source material) but also something in the eye of the beholder, he or she who locks stares, smiles, or cries, as well. These artists operate in similar (ecological) niches, relying upon echoes.

When I was asked years ago by the journal *ISLE: Interdisciplinary Studies in Literature and the Environment*, the flagship journal of *ASLE*, to review, in under 500 words, *Story Line: Exploring the Literature of the Appalachian Trail* by Ian Marshall, I found myself reading the book in the woods by a New Hampshire lake, swimming there out of season and out of allowable bounds. The setting and boundary-breaking became part of the review. More than that, however, my words were ripples on the water, echo, homage.

Another example I discuss below is Tom Montgomery Fate’s *Cabin Fever: A Suburban Father’s Search for the Wild*. When I evaluated it for possible use in an upcoming “eco-memoir” class I proposed to teach, I felt compelled to read *it* pond-side too, at least while the summer was going strong and I could imagine myself, with Fate, building and living in a cabin in the Michigan semi-wilds. He built his cabin and wrote about cabin life while reading and writing about Thoreau, homesteader before him, mascot, inspiration.

Is writing on location (composing place-based writing about place-based writing) helpfully illuminating for readers? Does it make them feel more involved in the project? Or is this approach ever too subjective and unsystematic? I do think it seductive. I think it makes for engaged and creative scholarship. The writer-self is not separate from the researcher-scholar. This is the goal and case I wish to root for.

In *Walking Home: A Poet’s Journey*, poet-walker Simon Armitage recounts his experience walking the Pennine Way from Ireland to his

childhood home in Marsden, England, stopping every night to recite poetry in a local venue and collect donations for his enterprise before spending the evening with his hosts (most of whom he had never previously met). In explaining his project, he extolls Richard Holmes, his evident mentor, author of *Footsteps: Adventures of a Romantic Biographer*. Holmes's book, Armitage tells us, combines "literary criticism, personal memoir and a kind of big stalking to produce an altogether new form of travel writing."<sup>11</sup> Armitage's own book is a similar instance of innovative criticism. He continues:

But the most compelling chapter is the opening one, in which the eighteen-year-old Holmes dons a brown felt hat and walks in the footsteps and hoofprints of Robert Louis Stevenson and his troublesome donkey from Le Monastier to St. Jean-Du-Gard in 1878, a walk of 220 kilometres through the "French highlands," which Stevenson completed in under a fortnight. ... Holmes treading in Stevenson's footsteps, and quarter of a century later, *me riding on the shirt tail of Holmes* (italics mine).<sup>12</sup>

Apparently, neither of us cannot get enough of Mobius-strip experiments with one's subject, this relational way of seeing and writing (and right now, I am sorely wishing *I* were in England!).

The emulative, situational approach has its risks, its skeptics—as anything personal, organic, innovative in the academy does. But it inspires, breathes life into thought, into criticism, and it means that what happens in the classroom or online can be translated into meaning and actions potentially throughout the life span; books, even books about books, come from experience and the world as much as from imagination and book stacks.

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On another note of skepticism by non- or very traditional academics: we in English are ever going to be deemed dabblers and eccentrics by someone. Crossing discourses and interdisciplinarity is the always already of literary studies. If we don't get so labeled because we appropriate (and transmogrify) methods of other disciplines, nations, and genres (psychoanalysis, anthropology, economics, environmental science, chaos theory, France, nature writing, travel writing), we do so because our methods and voices are not *scientific* enough. Qualitative analysis is often shrugged off as dabbling, armchair opining, feelings and whining. We are seen as *too subjective*, increasingly accepting and relying upon

first-person, experiential-testimonial accounts, perhaps most especially in ecocriticism and theory, feminist criticism and theory, and ethnic studies in language and literature, but across the disciplines as well.<sup>13</sup> The profession has gone through a period of heavy science-envy, after Sputnik, during the Cold War, in and through formalism and the New Criticism. Then we had la jalousie française, the mining and miming of everything Lacan, Foucault, Irigaray, Derrida, even when the French were through with them. You get the idea. And when we work in the contemporary moment, where the horizon or border keeps moving away on us, how can we stay put when we are trying just to keep up?

Even before we (Americanists, literary scholars, narrative ecocritics) begin to talk about modes and methods, we are all of us crossing the dateline, looking at genres that used not to count as literature, finding and favoring authors who had been formerly (kept) out of view, cluttering the hell up the place. And this is a good thing, crossing borders, mixing modes, getting out of the traditional academic house—or castle. So I think again that a grand, practical, logical way to access, assess, and applaud much new eco-experiential, ecocritical work, in particular, is with a place-based, experiential, personal, ecological approach akin to what Fate and Marshall and Armitage themselves do in relation to the books they value and echo, including Thoreau's *Walden, Journal, A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, Excursions*, and *I To Myself*; Emerson's "Self-Reliance" and "Nature"; and work by Holmes, Basho, Frost, Charles Brockden Brown, Whitman, Horace Kephart, James Mooney, William Bartram, Mary Noailles Murfree, Bruce Chatwin, Annie Dillard, and others. Get relational, respond in kind, hit the road if need be. Echo the authors. Hear America calling.

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No one needs to get too disturbed about the loss of former or dominant approaches. They are still around. I simply agree with the sentiments of Cathy Davidson (from a *PMLA* guest column from 1996—which itself, again, tells us something, at last, about progress):

Writers write differently in different situations. Sometimes it is important—even crucial—to specify investments, identity issues, and personal stakes (the psychological, political, or material conditions that motivate a particular work). At other times, it may not be relevant, efficacious, wise, interesting, or even possible to do so. The decision to use or not to use a personal voice is generic and strategic; the silencing of the writerly *I* does not make the personal motivations for writing

any less insistent. We write from our convictions, passions, ideas, tastes, fancies, interests, knowledge, and strengths. Whether we put ourselves in or think we are leaving ourselves out, we are always in what we write. That is our place, like it or not, there is no other.<sup>14</sup>

Experiential, expedition-echoing, and/or personal writing is useful when it is useful and necessary, sometimes critically so. The “personal” is always there, but it is not always in the foreground, although it is often useful and necessary to be in the foreground precisely when one confronts the environment and/or prior work addressing the environment or environmental literature.

As for the (several-decades’) debate over the “personal,” once more: it has been active since at least the late 1980s, possibly before, in what might once have been called (and clear as) theory quarters, feminist thought, comp-rhet and student-centered classroom talk, and creative writing classrooms (witness the rise of “creative nonfiction” as a course and degree program). It shares an especially long history in the nature writing genre, from parish priest Gilbert White’s letters about small-town natural phenomenon, to St. John de Crevecoeur’s description of his small son on a plow with him, to Terry Tempest Williams talking about the rise and fall of the Great Salt Lake and of her mother’s cancer. But not as many critical historians realized (not until the August 1996 cover story on “ecocriticism” in *The Chronicle of Higher Education*<sup>15</sup> or the October 1999 “Forum on Literatures of the Environment” in *PMLA*) that scholars in the then new additional field of “literature and the environment”—that is, not just “nature writers” but scholars of the place of nature in an even broader range of literary work—were active in rewriting critical practices as well. As I have described elsewhere, early adapters and identifiers of the personal include, among others, English education professor David Bleich, who was writing “subjectively” and “self-inclusively” as early as 1978, and feminist reader response critic Jane Tompkins, who in 1987 asserted her wish to stop writing “through the screen of forced language.”<sup>16</sup> The early 1990s witnessed a boom of personal writing, including the work of French feminist scholar Nancy K. Miller, “getting personal” in *Getting Personal: Feminist Occasions and Other Autobiographical Acts*, and Nicole Ward Jouve, who spoke with “forked tongue.”<sup>17</sup> Olivia Frey and Frances Murphy Zauhar and I wrote and advocated “autobiographical criticism,” beginning with my own *An Alchemy of Genres: Cross-Genre Writing by American Feminist*

*Poet-Critics* and our collection *The Intimate Critique: Autobiographical Literary Criticism* in 1992 and 1993. Additionally, psychiatrist Kay Redfield Jamison wrote the textbook on manic depression, informed by her personal experience, as she reveals in *An Unquiet Mind*, 1996; anthropologist Ruth Behar identified herself as a “vulnerable” observer personally implicated and involved in the communities and cultural questions she studied: when she wrote of Mexican rituals around death in *The Vulnerable Observer: Anthropology that Breaks Your Heart* in 1996 and elsewhere, she was also thinking of her family’s and her response to her ill grandparent, too, and others wrote of and demonstrated the importance of “storytelling” in criticism and other academic writing, including legal writing.<sup>18</sup> These were precursors along with nature writers such as Thoreau who, as Robert Finch and John Elder remind us, “characteristically take walks through landscapes of associations” as well as fulfill “the essay’s purpose of *connection*.”<sup>19</sup>

To give slightly more detail about innovative or hybrid ecocriticism than I have provided as yet, I turn once again to two of Fate and Marshall’s exemplary texts. Fate describes his *Cabin Fever* as a *nature memoir*, a “work of art more than science, as much a spiritual endeavor as an intellectual one.”<sup>20</sup> He says that “this influenced how *Walden* was written,” and he uses *Walden* as a source for epigraphs in every chapter and as the text that inspires and informs his project and about which his book continually provides new insights. This is ecological echoing—literary allusion along with literary aping or emulation. Fate says, “I waded back into my work trying to read these woods and *Walden* as one braided experience”; “the one small thing I and other overwhelmed ‘moderns’ have in common with Thoreau is that we go to the woods seeking isolation in nature. We are not snowed in. Our solitude is chosen, carefully planned.”<sup>21</sup> Fate zooms in on the famous sentence in which Thoreau asserts his central purpose: “I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.” Fate adopts the “cabin fever that burns in [Thoreau] not an anxious *longing* for escape but a wondrous sense of *belonging* to Creation.”<sup>22</sup>

Marshall echoes *Walden* even more closely (than others, and than in his other books) in his *Walden by Haiku*, where he uses Thoreau’s words, but in his own arrangements or truncations, to form verses of haiku, followed by efforts to interpret what they suggest in sound



and meaning about Thoreau's and Marshall's intentions. Marshall's recent *Border Crossings: Walking the Haiku Path on the International Appalachian Trail* has been described, in its foreword by Michael Dylan Welch, as a work that "not only traverses the border between the United States and Canada, but crosses borders between poetry, nature writing, and other literary traditions."<sup>23</sup> Marshall's first book, *Storyline*, the book I mentioned having reviewed while in the woods and by a lake, also echoes subject authors, for instance, Annie Dillard, by following her footsteps, even sitting down in her landscape. Of Annie Dillard's Tinker Creek in Virginia, Marshall writes, "at Tinker Creek, I sat on a concrete bridge to read the last two chapters. The cicada-sound shrills intensely here."<sup>24</sup> He comments that in Dillard's talk of "northing":

Dillard is feeling the draw of the active form of stalking [like Marshall himself]. But still she rejects it. "I'll stalk that floating [North] Pole and frigid air by waiting here," she says. Some feel the restless Odyssean urge to seek, to find, but they also stalk who only sit and wait. "The North washes down the mountains like a waterfall, like a tidal wave, and pours across the valley; it comes to me."<sup>25</sup>

He continues, again quoting *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*: "She recalls the advice of Abba Moses to a disciple: 'Go and sit in your cell, and your cell will teach you everything.'" "Tinker Creek, maybe even a library carrel—anywhere, everywhere, can contain the world, with all its light and dark."

Ecological echoing obviously need not apply to or be adapted by everyone, perhaps only the most original and restless, although I am open to the argument that nearly any book, by itself, might be a journey, be a ship. Emily Dickinson did long ago wisely assert, "there is no frigate like a book."

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To retrace the path I have taken here, feminist critics, ASLE members, others have long made incursions on/excursions from the dominant modes of literary criticism, forswearing formality, allowing emotion and the personal to inhabit or limn the political. There are political exigencies that underscore this, and there are other ideological/aesthetic/social rationales. Utilizing the "archive of the feet," or field experience and research, is efficacious and in keeping with what we might call the "eco-critical personality," even that personality or persona in *extremis*—using the language and modes of "urgent hope" or "conscience," as editors

Scott Slovic and Kathleen Dean Moore called for in the global warming issue of *ISLE: Interdisciplinary Studies in Literature and the Environment* (Winter 2014), where Slovic asks, “What would it mean to drop everything and seek a new voice and new vision of reality in response to recognition of a global crisis?”<sup>26</sup> He and Moore decided to organize a special issue “following the model of the book *Testimony*, which Stephen Trimble and Terry Tempest Williams compiled in 1 month during the summer of 1975 in order to call attention to the protection of wilderness in southern Utah.”<sup>27</sup> The issue begins with this “creative work” rather than with the usual set of “scholarly articles” (which relevant articles this time appear afterwards); and the editors also suspend “the usual categories of ‘Nonfiction’ and ‘Poetry’ and so forth in order to employ the neologistic genres coined ... with climate crisis in mind” and because, “to some degree ... all genres blur together.”<sup>28</sup> Rather than arguing for innovation for innovation’s sake, Slovic and Moore argue that writing changes and needs to change to render and argue the importance of new political, environmental, social challenges. No more moldering prose. Instead, morph and molt. *Critical innovation is critical:*

Some kinds of writing are morally impossibly in a state of emergency. Anything written solely for tenure. Anything written solely for promotion. Any shamelessly solipsistic project. Anything, in short, that isn’t the most significant use of a writer’s life and talents.

... Are you a poet or a storyteller? A philosopher or an ecocritic? ... Perhaps a literary essayist who weaves together many different modes of expression?<sup>29</sup>

Perhaps, the call for papers suggested, there is even the “need to invent or reinvent forms of writing equal to the emergency of global warming.”<sup>30</sup> There is continual pressure, desire, and occasion to extend forms and footsteps, both. Critically innovative, necessary, good.

### ANTI-ABSTRACT

I came to write innovative or mixed-genre, autobiographically inflected criticism largely as a result of having been a poet before I considered myself a scholar-critic. I wrote personal lyrics, the old cry of the heart, with humor, or so I hoped. Professors in poetry writing and poetry

reading courses in the 1970s encouraged experimentation, along with bringing to class bottles of wine! I moved on to graduate programs in creative writing and also in teaching writing as well as to teaching in various classrooms, junior high school through university, and I wrote along with my students, inspired, again, by creative writing workshops and by the writing-as-process paradigm. I published poems and personal essays, taught courses in memoir and prose writing, served 2 years as an administrator in a writing-across-the curriculum program, and drove off to a doctoral program (different place, again). It was (1) the age of high theory and of creative acts within theory, an elision, if you will, of the creative and the critical; (2) the heyday of feminist criticism, gynocriticism, French feminisms; (3) a time of much black and black feminist innovative work; and (4) a moment in composition and rhetoric that encouraged writing out of one's own experience or performing what Louise Rosenblatt had termed "affective" or "afferent" readings. In the swirl of all that, and further influenced by some early books of personal or autobiographical criticism (Miller, Tompkins, Jouve, hooks, Rich, Anzaldúa, Mairs, Walker, Williams, Cliff, Jordan, Lorde, Gates, Gallop, Baker, more), I wrote a mixed-genre dissertation about mixed-genre writing by women writers and their motives and methods along with my own. I had previously published poems and mixed-genre essays. I had published an essay on "The Poetic Prose of Gloria Anzaldúa and Susan Griffin" and a slightly personally inflected essay on Emily Dickinson, "'Such a little figure'... 'visions vast and small.'" I continued to publish or publish in more projects where the personal is not just the political (a second-wave feminist motto) but the critical, because I valued experiential knowledge, embodied knowledge alongside disciplinary knowledge, and I began to see disciplinary knowledge as frequently imbued with, shaped by, and motivated by aspects of the personal or biographical, and also more and more self-disclosing works started appearing (by Behar, Jamison, Kaplan, Davidson, Juhasz, Brownstein, more).

In the present essay, the work I cite by Marshall, Fate, Armitage, and others derives from these predecessors as well as the "narrative criticism" commonly practiced within the newer field (now more than 30 years old, however) of "ecocriticism" and Simon Schama's notion of the "archive of the feet" (explained in the piece). I like to think of the work I myself have now done one way or another for the last 35 years as "interactive" criticism, work that often "responds in kind." Less power over or view from on high than view from inside and alongside...

# NOTES

1. Cathy Davidson, "Critical Fictions," 1069.
2. William Rueckert, "Literature and Ecology: An Experiment in Ecocriticism," 110.
3. Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The Phenomenology of Perception*, 127.
4. Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Nature," 193.
5. *Ibid.*, 192.
6. Simon Schama, *Landscape and Memory*, 24.
7. See Ian Marshall, *Peak Experiences: Walking Meditations on Literature, Nature, and Need*, 245 n. 13.
8. Merleau-Ponty, *The Phenomenology of Perception*, 127.
9. See Matthew Akers and Jeff Dupre (co-directors), *The Artist is Present* (Show of Force and MudPuppy Films, 2010) as well as "Marina Abramovic, 512 Hours at Serpentine Gallery, first-look, review." *The Independent* 11 June 2014.
10. See Abraham Brody; *The Violinist is Present* ([youtube.com](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ug8u3U31800), 2014) and *Abraham Brody: The Artist is Present/Interview* ([vimeo.com](https://www.vimeo.com/1000000000), 2015).
11. Simon Armitage, *Footsteps: Adventures of a Romantic Biographer*, 200.
12. *Ibid.*
13. See Diane P. Freedman et al., *The Intimate Critique*; Freedman and Olivia Frey, *Autobiographical Writing across the Disciplines*; Freedman, "The Creatively Critical Voice" and *Midlife with Thoreau*; Marianna Torgovnick, "Experimental Critical Writing"; George Wright, "The Inevitability of the Personal"; Denise Stephenson, "Blurred Distinctions"; and the bibliographies provided in the first two collections above and for the present article.
14. Davidson, "Critical Fictions," 1072.
15. The *Chronicle* article ends with a reference to a hope that this will be a field where "smart dropouts and backpackers talk to professors" (A15). A related article, "A Diversity of Approaches to Ecocriticism," ends with a reference to literary-environmentalist John Elder's (at that time) new book project, described as "a narrative account of [Elder's] own experiences in the Vermont woods with a discussion of Robert Frost's poetry set in the area" (A14).
16. See David Bleich, *Subjective Criticism* and "Finding the Right Word: Self-Inclusion and Self-Inscription" and Jane Tompkins, "Me and My Shadow," 29.
17. See Nicole Ward Jouve, *White Woman Speaks with Forked Tongue*.
18. Liz McMillan, "The Importance of Storytelling: A New Emphasis by Law Scholars."

19. Robert Finch and John Elder, "Introduction to the 1990 Edition," 26.
20. Tom Montgomery Fate, "Author's Note," in *Cabin Fever*, ix.
21. *Ibid.*, 55.
22. *Ibid.*, 55, 57, 59, quoting *Walden*.
23. Michael Dylan Welch, "Foreword," in Ian Marshall, *Border*, xvii.
24. Ian Marshall, *Storyline*, 100.
25. *Ibid.*, 101.
26. Scott Slovic, "Editor's Note, Part I" in *ISLE: Interdisciplinary Studies in Literature and the Environment*, Special Issue on Global Warming, 1.
27. *Ibid.*
28. *Ibid.*, 3.
29. Kathleen Dean Moore, "Editor's Note, Part II" in *ISLE: Interdisciplinary Studies in Literature and the Environment*, Special Issue on Global Warming, 6–7.
30. Scott Slovic, "Editor's Note," 1.

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