scholarly essay +++ arts journalism +++ creative nonfiction +++ the fourth genre +++ lyric essay +++ memoir +++ cinécriture +++ text in motion +++ ekphrasis +++ vernacular criticism +++

wild theory +++ a practice-oriented writing workshop +++ exploring the act of writing +++ with, near, and/or in relation to art +++ while questioning writing +++ reading +++ art +++ relation

One Week
writing like a dog digging a hole, a rat digging its burrow

Second Week, Maybe
the discipline of looking always at what is to be seen

Another Week
sex, collaboration, and relationally as such require us to learn to walk in the wet sand of the questions that shift on the occasion of an impact by another, even when that impact involves something as small as another’s phrasing

A Week Again
bathe in goat’s milk, rosewater and volcanic salt by candlelight, if for some reason you cannot write a thing

Yet Another Week
For a long time, I worried there was something wrong with me as a writer, because I leaned so heavily on the thinking and writing of others. And further, that instead of wanting to hide that leaning, my impulse has often been to showcase it, to make this thinking-with-others, this weaving of mine and others’ words, part of the texture of my writing.

A Week of Rest
language itself is never in a state of rest

A Busy Week
For to loiter near the art object, with the intention of capture through critique, should essentially be a procedure of induction rather than of deduction, in that we are creating or tracing a broader, possibly more fertile environment through close looking, rather than tracking a logical conclusion from the clues given.

Yet Another Week Again
and what does a comma do, a comma does nothing but make easy a thing that if you like it enough is easy enough without the comma

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This Week
Tone is an everyday kind of maneuver. It disrupts and communicates aggression, disgust, disrespect, and humor, among a myriad of possibilities, thereby allowing language to morph into a blanket or a gun.

That Week
The here and now is a prison house. We must strive, in the face of the here and now’s totalizing rendering of reality, to think and feel a then and there.

A Week
a texture holding a text

Week of the Body
do we know what a body can do?

Another Week
Recognizing that text is intertext is one thing. Seeing that a text is a social space is another. It’s a deeper way of looking at it. To say that it’s a social space is to say that stuff is going on: people, things, are meeting there and interacting, rubbing off on one another, brushing against one another – and you enter into that social space, to try to be part of it.

Another Week And Another Week
quotation marks are as queer as they are quotidian

The Penultimate Week
to physically experience the profundity of critical capacity, to feel its tremors releasing peculiar logic

The Last Week
We might as well say that minor no longer designates specific literatures but the revolutionary conditions for every literature within the heart of what is called great (or established) literature.

Felix Deleuze and Gilles Guattari, Toward a Minor Literature
Erin Manning, The Minor Gesture, citing Thoreau
Lauren Berlant and Lee Edelman, Sex, or the Unbearable
Bhanu Kapil, “How to Write a Poem”
Maggie Nelson, “A Sort of Leaning Against”: Writing With, From and for Others’
Lyn Hejinian, “The Rejection of Closure”
Maria Fusco, “Say Who I Am/Or a Broad Private Wink”
Gertrude Stein, “On Punctuation”
Claudia Rankine, Interview with Lauren Berlant, BOMB
Juan Muñoz, Cruising Utopia
Giuliana Bruno, Public Intimacy: Architecture and the Visual Arts
Erin Manning, The Minor Gesture,
Fred Moten and Stefano Harney, The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning & Black Study
Maria Fusco, With a Bao a Qu Reading When Attitudes Become Form
Jennifer DeVere Brody, Punctuation: Art, Politics and Play
Felix Deleuze and Gilles Guattari, Toward a Minor Literature