

Illness, Photography, and Exile: The Photography of Alix Cléo Roubaud

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[See table of contents](#)

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Article abstract

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Illness, Photography, and Exile: The Photography of Alix Cléo Roubaud

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Résumé

Ces dernières années, le journal et l'œuvre photographique de Alix Cléo Roubaud ont suscité en France un regain d'intérêt, à travers diverses expositions, publications et interprétations théâtrales. En dépit du fait qu'elle était Canadienne, son œuvre n'a jamais soulevé le même intérêt au Canada. Fille d'un diplomate, Roubaud a mené une existence nomade avant de se fixer en France à l'âge adulte. Après avoir souffert d'asthme aigu durant presque toute sa vie, elle a succombé à une embolie pulmonaire à l'âge de 31 ans. Cet article souligne le travail de Roubaud et vise à introduire son œuvre auprès du public canadien. Replaçant sa photographie dans une esthétique féministe de la corporalité, je montre comment sa maladie a orienté ses représentations corporelles tout en lui permettant d'explorer sa propre expérience de la chose.

In the annals of Canadian art history, Alix Cléo Roubaud (1952–83) would be considered a minor figure, if she can be said to figure at all. A preliminary search of the médiathèque database at the Musée d'art contemporain in Montreal turns up only one review of her *Journal* (1979–1983), and that dates from 1984.¹ A further search of Library and Archives Canada points to a one-page monograph of that same year from her photographic exhibition at the Centre culturel canadien in Paris.² However, the exhibition is itself only evidenced by the archival trace of the monograph; there is no subsequent review or any real critical discussion in Canadian periodicals, as one might expect of an exhibition and photographer that garnered the support of Heritage Canada through being showcased in Paris. In many ways this is as it should be, particularly given that during Roubaud's lifetime her work was only really known to her intimates. In 1982, the year before her untimely death, she approached a number of Parisian galleries, but received little encouragement and nothing came of her efforts.³ Although her friend, the French filmmaker Jean Eustache, made a documentary about her work entitled *Les Photos d'Alix* (1981), it would be difficult to suggest that she held any real critical acclaim in her lifetime. In fact, it was not until after her death in 1983 that her photography was exhibited publicly, and in 1984 her husband, the Oulipian writer Jacques Roubaud, encouraged Éditions du Seuil to publish a part of her journal. The publication of *Journal* (1979–1983) included a number of photographic plates, which, until very recently, were the only readily available traces of Roubaud's photography.

However, in France there has been a resurgence of interest in both her photography and her published journal. In October 2009, Éditions du Seuil republished Alix Cléo Roubaud's *Journal* (1979–1983).⁴ In contrast to the 1984 edition, the journal now includes an introduction by her husband, which provides biographical details that work to flush out some of the questions left unanswered by the journal itself. This version also includes a number of additional reproductions and, specifically, her entire photographic series *Si quelque chose noir*, which she based on Wittgenstein's concept of the image as put forth in the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* (1921). In addition, the Musée d'art

et d'archéologie in Aurillac, France, held a solo exhibition of Roubaud's photography in the temporary exhibition space of La Sellerie from 21 October to 19 December 2009. This exhibition featured works that have not been on display since 1984, along with a looped audio-visual display of Eustache's documentary film about her photographic practice. In conjunction with the exhibition, the Théâtre d'Aurillac presented a theatrical production by the group Athra et Cie, based on Roubaud's journal, titled *La chambre (noire)*. And finally, the 2009 Fall/Winter volume of *Area Revue(s)* featured a special, sixteen-page insert on Roubaud as part of the "Féminin Pluriel" theme, which set an implicit challenge to the *elles@centrepompidou* exhibition at the Pompidou Centre that year. Indeed, the editorial introduction to *Area* suggests that Roubaud's inclusion in the volume is precisely because "ses oeuvres sont à redécouvrir."⁵

What the resurgence of interest in Roubaud's work seems to demand, therefore, is the redressing of her place in art history generally, and, insofar as it is possible to consider nationality in art, it may be worth contemplating whether her work might also find a proverbial home in Canada. Her photography and journal consistently demonstrate a concerted effort to take stock of her subjectivity in ways that feminist scholarship in the early 1980s would come to theorize. Moreover, her journal is fraught with the profound failures of linguistic expression—resulting as much from her self-consciously contested subjectivity as it is from her bilingualism—even while the journal itself works through and against these difficulties. Her photography examines the limits of self-expression through portraiture, and in so doing focuses the photographer's gaze on her own bodily form (fig. 1). In *Si quelque chose noir* (figs. 5–8), Roubaud's body is cleft, moving through a series of repeated positions in the private space of the studio, which ultimately rend her body asunder and disintegrate it. Subtending all of these aspects of her life and work, however, is her chronic asthma, through which she experienced life as a temporary displacement of her own inevitable end. While the studio and her home (where the journal was largely composed) seem to offer spaces of refuge where she could work unencumbered by the illness, the very fact that these spaces are distinctly domestic suggests just how



Figure 1. Alix Cléo Roubaud, *Correction de perspective dans ma chambre* (Photo courtesy Jacques Roubaud and Éditions du Seuil).

much illness limited her life and work. While she was distinctly, and very physically, bound to both of these spaces, one senses that the solitude they afforded was rather a tenuous solution in that they could not console an otherwise unstable social existence constricted by illness, which was, itself, exacerbated by alcoholism, smoking, drug abuse, and an intense oscillation between insomnia and lethargy. This paper considers Roubaud's photography and journal through the prism of recent work on the phenomenology of illness, because such work "attends to the global disruption of the habits, capacities and actions of the ill person."⁶ The philosopher Havi Carel's book *Illness: The Art of Living*, which was shortlisted for the Wellcome Trust Book Prize, informs my discussion of illness as an experience of spatial, temporal, and social limitation. Carel's articulation of her experience of LAM, an illness that literally and gradually takes one's breath away, has helped to illuminate the phenomenological dimension of Roubaud's illness and suggests ways of understanding her work in relation to the experience of asthma. It is my hope that this paper will, if the metaphor is permitted, breathe a little life back into her work.

Alix Cléo Roubaud's father, Arthur Blanchette, was a Canadian diplomat, and consequently her childhood and adolescence were nomadic. Born in Mexico, she also lived in South Africa, Egypt, Portugal, Greece, France, and Canada, where she studied architecture and psychology at the University of Ottawa. Even in her childhood she suffered from asthma, which became pernicious towards the end of her life, and she died from a pulmonary embolism in January 1983 at the age of 31. She was unquestionably bilingual and the *Journal* is written in both English and French, but—unlike the commonly held and perhaps overly optimistic view of bilingualism—she regularly articulates a linguistic dispossession that seems to result, paradoxically, from the awkward cohabitation of two languages. Frequently switching between French and English, she also iterates the same thoughts in both languages immediately following one another, as if to suggest that the idea cannot be articulated in either language alone. For her, "la torture mentale du bilinguisme s'affine, je ne peux pas écrire une phrase sans la corriger mentalement dans *l'autre langue*" (146). She describes an "incapacité d'écrire, sauf dans un état un peu second" (146), but

what constitutes this secondary state remains undefined. This is not simply a suspicion about either language in itself, but rather refers to the more radical assertion made in the *Journal* about “language’s inability to convey the truth” at all (85). Nonetheless, the *Journal* becomes the location of a private struggle to find a language in which to speak the truth, even if it was written exclusively for herself or possibly, as Jacques Roubaud intimates in the introduction, to be read after her death.⁷ What is also mentioned is that the first few notebooks of her journal are among the only items that Roubaud brought with her when she left Canada to study philosophy in Aix-en-Provence, which, it should be noted, she chose as much for the program as for the sun and the health care system in France.

Roubaud’s photography consistently figures her own nude or semi-naked body within the space of either a domestic interior or her own studio. She is usually figured alone, although sometimes she is engaged in daily activities with her husband that are highly dramatized, overtly sexual, and distinctly banal in turns. In these intimate spaces the body becomes an instrument of self-exploration—a negotiation of subject and object positions that suggests an interrogation of the portrait tradition as much as it is an investigation of ways of being in the world, and, specifically, ways of being ill and struggling to express this experience. Roubaud’s method of developing her photos, using negative overlays, allowed her to repeat bodily forms, such that her body can appear doubled, split, or diaphanous. The photos create a sense of simultaneously lapsed and suspended time within the physical space depicted. Narrative time is eschewed, even while duration is emphasized through the repetition of bodily activities depicted within the same photograph. While her premature death may recall a number of twentieth-century artists who quite simply died too young, the most poignant comparison to be made here is with the work of Francesca Woodman—although surprisingly the similarity is less the result of their early deaths, than the fact that they were both working with literally stripped-down modes of self-expression and exploration in photography. Jan Avgikos’s description of Woodman’s bodily forms could be applied with as much accuracy to the work of Roubaud: “Many of [her] images are dream-like visions featuring bodies (her own) that effervesce into thin air; bodies that split and double or multiply as shadows of the artist herself.”⁸ Similarly, the works of Chantal Ackerman and Lili Dujourie—both Belgian artists, working in Europe at the same time as Roubaud—show striking similarities in terms of the artists’ use of the body to define a space in which subjectivity becomes external, and can thereby be interrogated and transformed. Of course, what is different about Alix Cléo Roubaud is that her bodily experience of the world was mediated by a debilitating asthma, which, as the journal reveals, was quite literally incarcerating. To focus on the corporeal, then, is not

just to oscillate between subject and object positions of femininity, but also provides a way of engaging with the experience of chronic illness—an illness that she understood as an ambassador of death.

From a phenomenological perspective, subjectivity is rooted in perception and the experience of the environment. However, illness poses distinct problems for the embodied subject, particularly as illness tends to affect agency by imposing bodily limitations on experience. As Havi Carel claims in the introduction to *Illness*, “When one is ill, one’s ability to perform actions becomes limited. In other words, the fundamental role of the body as enabling agency requires special attention.”⁹ Rather than enabling one to move freely in the world, in illness the body becomes the limiting factor, and the world is radically transformed according to the physical demands of the illness. For Carel, a sufferer from an acute degenerative lung disease, “the geography and spatial relations of someone with poor lung function are entirely different from those of an able bodied person.”¹⁰ Climbing stairs, walking up inclines, or walking any significant distance become obstacles to someone who cannot breathe well, and as such there is “a curtailment of spatial possibilities” that ultimately affects one’s way of being in the world.¹¹ In this respect it should be noted that Jacques and Alix Cléo moved across Paris in order to live closer to Roubaud’s studio, thus enabling her to work, but also accepting a radical limitation to the geography of her daily life. As Carel writes, “Long-term illness or disability redefines the relationship of the person to her world, and moreover transforms this world by altering and limiting it.”¹² In his book *The Absent Body*, Drew Leder similarly describes how pain reorganizes lived space and time, which in turn “threatens the very routines and goals by which we define our identity.”¹³ This is a “*spatiotemporal constriction*,” whose collateral effect induces self-reflection through isolation, a process that can be easily identified in Roubaud’s photography and journal.¹⁴

Leder’s main task in *The Absent Body* is to provide an analysis of the body in pain. Following from phenomenology and moving towards a critique of Cartesian dualism, Leder argues that the body “forgotten in its seamless functioning, comes to thematic attention particularly at times of breakdown or problematic operation.”¹⁵ This is, what he terms, the “affective call” of pain wherein “one’s attention is summoned by the gnawing, distasteful quality of pain.”¹⁶ This is the response to one of pain’s imperatives, namely, that we are forced to pay attention to it, to understand it, and make it stop: what Leder calls pain’s “telic demand.”¹⁷ When in pain or when ill, “the body becomes the object of an ongoing interpretive quest”; to understand the nature of the pain or illness, why it is happening, and how to overcome it become the focus of attention.¹⁸ As David Bakan argued in the 1960s, “No experience demands and insists upon



Figure 2. Alix Cléo Roubaud, *La Bourboule, chambre 14* (Photo courtesy Jacques Roubaud and Éditions du Seuil).

interpretation in the same way. Pain forces the question of its meaning, and especially of its cause, insofar as cause is an important part of its meaning.”¹⁹ In this respect, when Roubaud takes her own body as subject in her photographic works, or consistently returns to her illness in the journal, these must be understood as the natural occupations of one whose experience of the world was constantly mediated through the experience of asthma. Moreover, it seems equally likely, therefore, that at least a part of her creative task was to direct her attention towards the body in order to understand the illness and give it meaning.

It is only in this respect that one can see a connection between Roubaud’s understanding of her illness and her interest in photography. As Jacques Roubaud outlines in the introduction to the *Journal*, Alix Cléo discovered photography in the summer of 1978 while recovering in the mountainous region of Vichy, an area known for its convalescent spas. Effectively, it was while ‘taking the air’ that she began to explore the expressive potential of photography. Photography, in conjunction with her journal, then became “son unique et essentielle activité.”²⁰ There are photos from one of her stays at La Bourboule, a “Station d’Oxygène,” wherein she photographs her nude body using the mirror of the armoire in her room (figs. 2 and 3), which are remarkably similar in their aesthetic to Ackerman’s *Mirror* video from 1971. Photographing the corporeal can, therefore, be seen to enable an engagement with the illness through the host of the body.

It is really only in this respect that the photo *Quinze minutes au rythme de la respiration* (1980) (fig. 4) becomes interesting. The photo appears as a long exposure (evidently fifteen minutes) of cypress trees that seem to be moving in the wind. At first glance, it is aesthetically boring and compositionally flat, even amateurish. The trees are themselves diffuse—movement having softened their forms until they became completely out of focus. The sky behind the trees is light as on a cloudy day, while some tall grass, also out of focus, can be seen in the foreground. The effect created is of an energetic world, and the image seems to capture this frenetic motion, although beyond this there is not much of interest in the image.

In his novel *La Destruction*, Jacques Roubaud describes the provenance of the photograph in terms that mobilize a different understanding of both the subject depicted and the processes involved in its realization.²¹ In August 1980, the couple had travelled to the Carcassonne region of France to visit the area where Jacques Roubaud spent his early childhood. On a particularly hot and still night they climbed the hills surrounding the town. And here again, there seems to be a connection between the openness of the rural setting, as well as the breathability afforded by the landscape, and the act of photography. It was a night with no moon and Alix Cléo Roubaud decided

to photograph the night, illuminated only by the stars, but she did so by placing the camera against her nude chest and using a long-duration exposure. As her husband describes it, the movement in the photograph is created from the effect of the breath, which, with each inhale and exhale, raised and lowered the camera as it sat against her skin. The mechanism of breathing is thereby mimicked by the simultaneous movement of the camera, and this action is reproduced in the image. Miraculously then, it is the movement of air passing between the outside and inside of Roubaud’s body that creates an image that is itself both a photograph of the outside world and a portrait of her respiration. It is, therefore, as much a photograph of breath as it is a photograph of the cypress trees, which in fact remained completely still. Rather poignantly Jacques Roubaud admits to the greater relevance of the photo: “une image de l’amour et du malheur de l’air, de la passion impossible du malade de l’air pour le souffle; et l’allée de cyprès, avec sa tranquillité, sa montée sombre, et son histoire, était métonymie parfaite de ces lieux familiaux où précisément l’asthmatique ne peut être sans souffrir, sans étouffer.”²² While the tranquility of the row of cypress trees is made into a metonymy of asthmatic suffocation in the production of the image, the cypress trees—themselves icons or augers of death—thereby become a metonymy of Roubaud’s terminal illness and subsequent passing.

It is worth noting that Alix Cléo Roubaud’s *Journal* reveals a consistent preoccupation with her own departure from this world. For Roubaud, “la maladie n’est pas une seconde nature, elle abolit toute nature” (79). Whether she is rewriting her will and testament—taking care to indicate that it can be found in the wood filing cabinet beside her desk, almost as if providing directions to the document *just in case*—or simply stating the facts (“je vais mourir... Tu vas me perdre mon amour” [65]), it is clear that she knew herself to be condemned. The *Journal* mentions suicide on a number of occasions, as for example when she claims, “still wish I could kill myself. keep playing games with that part of myself” (90). While the subject of suicide should not be ignored here, it is also clear that the reason Roubaud was so assured of her imminent death was not necessarily because of any suicidal tendency, but simply because her body constantly reminded her that she was not well, and to such an extent that she seems to have been resigned to her own end. Indeed, Roubaud’s *Journal* most often discusses various illnesses ranging from convalescent stays at La Bourboule to more banal illnesses. But as when she is “sick of course. Bronchitis,” there is a tone to these common afflictions (“of course” implies the constancy of the illness rather than its exceptionality) that betrays her resignation to the process, or as she puts it, a resignation to the “breakdown of so much tissue” (75–76). It is precisely in this respect that she situates her photographic practice as an “esthétique de la ruine” whose goal is in fact “la disparition” (79).



Figure 3. Alix Cléo Roubaud, *La Bourboule* (Photo courtesy Jacques Roubaud and Éditions du Seuil).

Moreover, the introduction of the *Journal* suggests that Roubaud came to associate the joy of sunshine and light with that afforded by easy and free breathing, because it was in sunny Mediterranean Greece that she had the least trouble with her asthma. In some respects, attending to light—being the dominant concern in photography—must also connote attending to her respiratory illness. *Si quelque chose noir* (figs. 5–8) is a series that, as mentioned above, presents Roubaud’s nude body in a variety of repeated postures that become, over the course of the series, increasingly overexposed until finally the studio space is itself suffused and permeated by hot light. The first image in the series shows her standing in a pool of light, which streams into the studio from a window and seems to be the only source of light in the photo. Other than her body and the window, the room is markedly empty and non-descript. There is a large cabinet pushed against one of the walls, which sometimes shows drawing boards and papers, and at other times is just empty. A light bulb can also be seen hanging from the ceiling. As in the work of Ackerman, Dujourie, and Woodman, the studio is “shorn of fixed co-ordinates, and hence belongs to a space apart, a place whose proximity cannot be gauged in measurable temporal or spatial terms.”²³ But unlike these artists, Roubaud’s experiences would have been limited to the space of the studio and the space of the home, so that collapsing space and time in the photographs would in fact have represented the experience of her daily life practice. Indeed, she writes in the *Journal* that one can “construire des espaces pour la photo” and then “enregistrer les espaces” (68), but what seems important here is that she imagines constructing these spaces for herself, rather than, for example, going out into the world to discover them. Once again, therefore, her photographic practice can be seen to be circumscribed by the limitations imposed by the illness even while the production of images in some way helped her to manage the experience of that illness itself.

In the first photo of the series Roubaud’s body is repeated twice: each figure stands in the same physical position. One spectral figure manages to be both shadowy and translucent, standing directly in front of the window, while the other figure stands in the pool of light cast onto the floor from the window. Interestingly, the brightest point of light in the image falls directly on Roubaud’s chest, illuminating, as it were, the location of her illness, even as this light also seems to emanate from her chest itself. The light penetrates the corporeal at the same time that the corporeal releases the light, thereby complicating the boundary between interior and exterior and becoming a kind of symbol of air and breath in much the same way that *Quinze minutes* stages this negotiation. Throughout the series, there are a number of these bodily forms, spectral figures with chests both radiating and being penetrated by light. For Roubaud, the doubling of objects is nothing mysterious, rather it can

represent the moment before and the moment after the photo. But in thus capturing what escapes photography, through the multiple corporeal movements, it thereby also becomes the image of our death represented as lapsed time and the spirit moving between discrete moments (24). Of course the other significant bodily configuration that dominates the series is that of Roubaud’s horizontal form lying on the floor in a posture that hauntingly recalls the body’s final resting position in death (figs. 6 and 7). It is in these bodies that her work is most like that of Lili Dujourie, who, in 1977, produced a series of alarming nude portraits that depict her form either writhing on the stark floor of a studio-like space, or simply lying there limp and lacking all agency (in this respect see also fig. 1). It seems these photographed female subjects are “undergoing stresses of supernatural transformation.”²⁴ Indeed, Roubaud seems in “pursuit of a scene, a visibility” that flirts with its own morbidity, manifesting both the illness that guaranteed its realization and a manner of coping with it in representation.²⁵ The series would then achieve for Roubaud what she felt images could do generally: “donner par la photographie aux vivants l’image de leur propre mort” (164).

At the same time, however, these are images of an unmistakable transfiguration, and perhaps it is worth mentioning that Roubaud was Catholic and requested a Catholic burial. Light is summoned to the scene as a symbol that restores breath and health to the body even as this body is released from earthly life. Throughout the series, Roubaud’s body becomes increasingly spectral through the use of over-exposure and solarization until finally the body is so diaphanous and evanescent that its parts cannot be recognized as such (fig. 8). One would not be wrong to suggest that she had finally vanished into thin air by some alchemical reaction of her own making.

As the introduction to the *Journal* indicates, the original title for the series *Si quelque chose noir* was *rakki-tai*—a style of medieval Japanese poetry that is traditionally understood as the style for subduing and, perhaps, overcoming demons. Unfortunately, however, Roubaud was haunted as much by the presence of a very real physical illness as she was by the amorphous intuition about her imminent death that the illness created. While she was clearly involved in substance abuse and suffered from depression, one senses that these demons could have been overcome had her life not been cut short by illness and had she not been so convinced that it would end prematurely. It is not entirely clear whether her depressed states, insomnia, and substance abuse were not in fact the side effects of her illness and its various treatment regimes. While Ackerman and Dujourie found ways of exhibiting their works in small independent artist-run centres, Roubaud never really found an audience for her work. In taking her own body as the tool for and the subject of photographic exploration, she participates in a kind of feminist



Figure 4. Alix Cléo Roubaud, *Quinze minutes la nuit au rythme de la respiration* (Photo courtesy Jacques Roubaud and Éditions du Seuil).

aesthetic that only became fully formalized in art after her death. But, subtended to these bodily explorations, oscillating between subjective and objective views, was the presence of a chronic illness that profoundly limited her ability to work. At a symbolic level, air and breath would also seem to be a viable way of negotiating such boundaries, and indeed Roubaud's work is most profound when her struggle for air is literally mapped onto her struggle for self-expression in photography.

And at the same time, the *Journal* and her photography reveal the extent to which being able to work freely and unbound by asthma would have also enabled her to live. Her last journal entry suggests a kind of reclamation of the illness: "De la manière la plus oblique, organique, lente, j'ai inventé, en quelque sorte, ma maladie" (221). One can only hope that Roubaud found some solace in this realisation because she died only a few days later.

Figure 5. Alix Cléo Roubaud, *Si quelque chose noir*, 2 (Photo courtesy Jacques Roubaud and Éditions du Seuil).

Figure 6. Alix Cléo Roubaud, *Si quelque chose noir*, 4 (Photo courtesy Jacques Roubaud and Éditions du Seuil).

Figure 7. Alix Cléo Roubaud, *Si quelque chose noir*, 7 (Photo courtesy Jacques Roubaud and Éditions du Seuil).

Figure 8. Alix Cléo Roubaud, *Si quelque chose noir*, 12 (Photo courtesy Jacques Roubaud and Éditions du Seuil).





Notes

- ¹ Jacques Samson, "Regards au Féminin," *Spirale* 45 (September 1984), 16.
- ² *Alix Cléo Roubaud : photographies, 1979–1983*, exhibition monograph, Paris, Centre culturelle canadien, 1984.
- ³ Alix Cléo Roubaud, *Journal (1979–1983)* (Paris, 2009), 14.
- ⁴ All references to the *Journal (1979–1983)* are from the 2009 edition, hereafter referred to using page numbers within the body of the article.
- ⁵ "Féminin Pluriel: 120 Femmes S'Expriment," *Area Revue(s)* 19/20 (Fall/Winter 2009), 9.
- ⁶ Havi Carel, *Illness: The Art of Living* (Durham, 2008), 9.
- ⁷ Jacques Roubaud, "Introduction," *Journal (1979–1983)* (Paris, 2009), 8.
- ⁸ Jan Avgikos, "Looking Back at Ourselves," *Ellipses: Chantal Ackerman, Lili Dujourie, and Francesca Woodman* (Lund, 2008), 49.
- ⁹ Carel, *Illness*, 14.
- ¹⁰ Carel, *Illness*, 74.
- ¹¹ Carel, *Illness*, 53.
- ¹² Carel, *Illness*, 76.
- ¹³ Drew Leder, *The Absent Body* (Chicago, 1990), 77.
- ¹⁴ Leder, *Absent Body*, 75.
- ¹⁵ Leder, *Absent Body*, 127.
- ¹⁶ Leder, *Absent Body*, 73.
- ¹⁷ Leder, *Absent Body*, 78.
- ¹⁸ Leder, *Absent Body*, 78.
- ¹⁹ David Bakan, *Disease, Pain and Sacrifice: Toward a Psychology of Suffering* (Chicago, 1968), 57–58.
- ²⁰ Jacques Roubaud, "Introduction," 13.
- ²¹ Jacques Roubaud, "La Destruction," *Le grand incendie de Londres* (Paris, 2010), 365–69.
- ²² Jacques Roubaud, "La Destruction," 369.
- ²³ Lynne Cooke, "Introduction," *Ellipses: Chantal Ackerman, Lili Dujourie, and Francesca Woodman*, 29.
- ²⁴ Avgikos, "Looking Back," 49.
- ²⁵ Stephen Barker, "Subjectile Vision: Drawing On and Through Artaud," *Parallax* 15, 4 (November 2009), 18–32.