

I. Théories

1. Je suppose que dans toutes sociétés la production du discours est à la fois contrôlée, sélectionnée, organisée et redistribuée par un certain nombre de procédures qui ont pour rôle d'en conjurer les pouvoirs et les dangers, d'en maîtriser l'événement aléatoire, d'en esquiver **la lourde, la redoutable matérialité**.

Michel Foucault, *L'ordre du discours*, Paris, Gallimard, 197, p. 11)

2. But de l'ouvrage : « démontrer que les catégories fondamentales de sexe, de genre et de désir sont les effets d'une certaine formation du pouvoir ». Il s'agit de « chercher à comprendre les enjeux politiques qu'il y a à désigner ces catégories de l'identité comme si elles étaient leurs propres origine et cause alors qu'elles sont en fait les effets d'institutions, de pratiques, de discours provenant de lieux multiples et diffus »

Judith Butler, *Trouble dans le genre. Le féminisme et la subversion de l'identité*. La Découverte, 2006, p. 53.

3. By the time I was writing *Bodily Natures*, I had moved into the conception of new materialism, which allows for the sense that what we call nature or **the body is an intra-active materiality**. Nothing can be “nature,” in the sense of an inert subject substance that culture shapes—all is in **flux, all is permeable**. So that allows for more variability and more of a dynamic sense of how nature and culture interact. In fact, robust versions of new materialism, such as that of Karen Barad, **put the entire dualism of nature and culture under erasure**, since they cannot mean the same things once they cannot be separate from each other.

Stacey Alaimo with Julia Kuznetski, “Transcorporeality: An Interview with Stacy Alaimo”, vol. 11, n°2 *Ecocriticism: in Europe and Beyond*, 2020, <https://ecozona.eu/article/view/3478>, p.142, je souligne)

4. I am calling trans-corporeality the time-space where human corporeality, **in all its material fleshiness**, is inseparable from “nature” and the “environment”. Trans-corporeality as a theoretical site, is a place where corporeal theories and environmental theories meet and mingle in productive ways. Furthermore, the movement across human corporeality and nonhuman nature necessitates rich, complex modes of analysis that travel through the entangled territories of material and discursive, natural and cultural, biological and textual. (p. 238, je souligne)

Stacey Alaimo, “Trans-corporeal Feminism and the Ethical Place of Nature”, in *Material Feminisms*. Stacey Alaimo and Susan J. Hekman eds, Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2008, pp. 237-264.

5. *Trans-corporeality* does the opposite of distancing or dividing the human from external nature. It implies that we're literally **enmeshed in the physical material world**, so environmentalism cannot be an externalized and optional kind of pursuit, but is always present, always at hand. It's not about other places, because everything that we do, within global capitalism, has far-reaching planetary impacts. (...) There's no nature that we just act upon. Instead, it's also acting back upon us, as we are always already the very substance and the stuff of the world that we are changing. (p.139, je souligne)

Stacey Alaimo with Julia Kuznetski, “Transcorporeality: An Interview with Stacy Alaimo”, vol. 11, n°2 *Ecocriticism: in Europe and Beyond*, 2020, <https://ecozona.eu/article/view/3478>

6. **Intra-action** is a Baradian term used to replace “interaction,” which necessitates pre-established bodies that then participate in action with each other. Intra-action understands agency as not an inherent property of an individual or human to be exercised, but as a **dynamism of forces** (Barad, 2007, p. 141) in which all designated ‘things’ are constantly exchanging and diffracting, influencing and working inseparably. Intra-action also acknowledges the impossibility of an absolute separation or classically understood objectivity, in which an apparatus (a technology or medium used to measure a property) or a person using an apparatus are not considered to be part of the process that allows for specifically located ‘outcomes’ or measurement.

Whitney Stark, 15 août 2016, <https://newmaterialism.eu/almanac/i/intra-action.html>

Barad, Karen. (2007). *Meeting the Universe Halfway: Quantum Physics and the Entanglement of Matter and Meaning*. Durham: Duke University Press.

7. I would make a distinction (...) between “body” and “flesh” and impose that distinction as the central one between captive and liberated subject-positions. Before the “body” there is the **“flesh”**, that **zero degree of social conceptualization** that does not escape concealment under the brush of discourse, or the reflexes of iconography. Even though the European hegemonies stole bodies—some of them female—out of West African communities in concert with the African “middleman,” we regard this human and social irreparability as high crimes against the flesh, as the person of African females and African males registered the wounding. If we think of the flesh as a primary narrative, then we mean its seared, divided, ripped-apartness, riveted to the ship’s hold, fallen, or “escaped” overboard. » (p. 67)

This body whose flesh carries the male or the female to the frontiers of survival bears in person the marks of a cultural text whose inside has been turned outside. (...) The **materialized scene of the unprotected female flesh**—of female flesh “ungendered”—offers a praxis and a theory, a text for the living and the dying, and a method for reading both through their diverse mediations. (p. 68)

The profitable “atomizing” of the captive body provides another angle for the divided flesh. (...) The procedures adopted for the captive flesh demarcate a **total objectification** ... (p. 68)
Spillers, Hortense. “Mama’s Baby, Papa’s Maybe: An American Grammar Book”, *Diacritics* Vol. 17, No. 2, Culture and Countermemory: The “American” Connection (Summer 1987), pp. 64-81.

II. Textes

1. *Watershed* de Percival Everett (St Paul, Minnesota: Graywolf Press, 1996). Voir pdf p. 16; 18; 26.

2. *Cancer Journals* d’Audre Lorde (San Francisco: spinsters/aunt lute, 1980)

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*It is such an effort to find food in this place, not to just give up and eat the old poison. **But I must tend my body with just as much care as I tend my compost**, particularly now that it seems beside the point. And yes I am completely self-referenced right now because it is the only translation I can trust, and I do believe that not until every woman traces her weave back strand by bloody self-referenced strand, will we begin to alter the whole pattern.* (p. 11, je souligne)

Every woman could have used a reminder that having one breast did not mean that one's life was over, not that she was less of a woman, not that she was condemned to the **use of a placebo** to feel good about herself and the way she looked. (p. 59)

For me, my scars are an honorable reminder that I may be a casualty of a war against radiation, animal fat, air pollution, McDonald's hamburgers and Red Dye n° 2. I refuse to have my scars trivialized behind lambswool or **silicone gel**. I refuse to hide my body because it might make a woman-phobic world more uncomfortable. (p. 60)

I face death as a life process. (p. 61)

3. *The Bluest Eye* (1970), *Sula* (1974), *Beloved* (1986) de Toni Morrison

a) “**In this here place, we flesh**; flesh that weeps, laughs; flesh that dances on bare feet in grass. Love it. Love it hard. Yonder they do not love your flesh. They despise it. They don't love your eyes; they'd just as soon pick em out. No more do they love the skin on your back. Yonder they flay it. And O my people they do not love your hands. Those they only use, tie, bind, chop off and leave empty. Love your hands! Love them. Raise them up and kiss them. Touch others with them, pat them together, stroke them on your face 'cause they don't love that either. You got to love it, you! And no, they ain't in love with your mouth. Yonder, out there, they will see it broken and break it again. What you say out of it they will not heed. What you scream from it they do not hear. What you put into it to nourish your body they will snatch away and give you leavins instead. No, they don't love your mouth. You got to love it. This is flesh I'm talking about here. Flesh that needs to be loved. Feet that need to rest and to dance; backs that need support; shoulders that need arms, strong arms I'm telling you. And O my people, out yonder, hear me, they do not love your neck unnoosed and straight. So love your neck; put a hand on it, grace it, stroke it and hold it up. and **all your inside parts that they'd just as soon slop for hogs**, you got to love them. The **dark, dark liver**--love it, love it and the beat and beating heart, love that too. More than eyes or feet. More than lungs that have yet to draw free air. More than your life-holding womb and your life-giving private parts, hear me now, love your heart. For this is the prize.” (*Beloved*, je souligne)

b) “There, in the center of that silence was not eternity but the death of time and a loneliness so profound the word itself had no meaning. For loneliness assumed the absence of other people, and the solitude she found in that desperate terrain had never admitted the possibility of other people. She wept then. Tears for the deaths of the littlest things: the castaway shoes of children; **broken stems of marsh grass battered and drowned by the sea**; prom photographs of dead women she never knew; wedding rings in pawnshop windows; the **tiny bodies of Cornish hens in a nest of rice**.” (*Sula*, je souligne)

“If I take a chamois and rub real hard on the bone, right on the ledge of your cheek bone, some of the black will disappear. It will flake away into the chamois and underneath there will be gold leaf. I can see it shining through the black. I know it is there...”

[...] And if I take a nailfile or even Eva's old paring knife—that will do—and scrape away at the gold, it will fall away, it will fall away and there will be alabaster. The alabaster is what gives your face its planes, its curves. That is why your mouth smiling does not reach your eyes. Alabaster is giving it a gravity that resists a total smile.

[...] Then I can take a chisel and small tap hammer and tap away at the alabaster. It will crack then like ice under the pick, and through the breaks I will see the **loam**, fertile, free of pebbles and twigs. For it is the loam that is giving you that smell."

I will water your soil to keep it rich and moist. But how much? How much water to keep the loam moist? And how much loam do I need to keep my water still? And when do the two make mud? (Sula, p. 131, je souligne)

c) It never occurred to either of us that the earth itself might have been unyielding. We had dropped our little **plot of black dirt** just as Pecola's father had dropped his seeds in his own **plot of black dirt**. Our innocence and faith were no more productive than his lust and despair. (Incipit de *The Bluest Eye*, je souligne)

d) <https://www.etymonline.com/word/soil>

soil (n.1)

c. 1300, originally "land, area, place," from Anglo-French *soil* "piece of ground, place" (13c.), from a merger or confusion of Old French *sol* "bottom, ground, soil" (12c., from Latin *solum* "soil, ground;" see **sole** (n.1)), Old French *soeul*, *sueil* "threshold, area, place" (from Latin *solium* "seat," from PIE **sodio-* "seat," from PIE root **sed-* (1) "to sit"), and Old French *soil*, *soille* "a miry place," from *soillier* (see **soil** (v.)).

Meaning "place of one's nativity" is from c. 1400. Meaning "mould, earth, dirt" (especially that which plants grow in) is attested from mid-15c.

soil (n.2)

"filth, dirt, refuse matter, sewage, liquid likely to contain excrement," c. 1600, earlier "miry or muddy place" (early 15c.), from Old French *soille* "miry place," from *soillier* (v.) "to make dirty," and in part a native formation from **soil** (v.). This is the sense in archaic *night-soil*.

soil (v.)

early 13c., "to defile or pollute with sin," from Old French *soillier* "to splatter with mud, to foul or make dirty," originally "to wallow" (12c., Modern French *souillier*), from *souil* "tub, wild boar's wallow, pigsty," which is from either Latin *solium* "tub for bathing; seat" (from PIE **sodio-* "seat," from root **sed-* "to sit") or Latin *suculus* "little pig," from *sus* "pig." Literal meaning "to make dirty, begrime" is attested from c. 1300 in English. Related: *Soiled*; *soiling*.