BREAKING THE SEQUENCE
Breaking the Sequence

Women’s Experimental Fiction

INTRODUCED AND EDITED BY
ELLEN G. FRIEDMAN AND
MIRIAM FUCHS

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For the women in our lives:
Sarah Fuchs, Lola Glazer, Rebecca Friedman, Sonia Friedman
Patriarchal she said what is it I know what it is I know I know so that I know what it is I know so I know so I know so I know what it is. Very slowly. I know what it is it is on the one side a to be her to be his to be their to be in an and to be I know what it is it is he who was an known not known was he was at first it was the grandfather then it was not that in that the father not of that grandfather and then she to be to be sure to be sure to be I know to be sure to be I know to be sure to be not as good as that. To be sure not to be sure to be sure correctly saying to be sure to be that. It was that. She was right. It was that.

Patriarchal Poetry.

—Gertrude Stein

By obeying the improvisations born of emotions, by abandoning myself to digressions and variations, I found an indigenous structure, a form born of organic growth, like crystal formations.

—Anais Nin

a night of utterly other discourses that will spark out of a minicircus of light upon a page . . . and generate endless stepping-stones into the dark, gathering up solitude as a needed strength that will nevertheless be resented by one and all especially one.

—Christine Brooke-Rose

I see myself: brown very thick skin tender low breasts with huge violet nipples the skin below them curves downwards over man’s hips to heavy long spider’s legs. . . . I’m looking down at my body and writing.

—Kathy Acker

Mary is tampering with the expected sequence. First she broke the sentence; now she has broken the sequence.

—Virginia Woolf