

The New Midlife Self-Writing

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4 Maggie Nelson The Conversationalist

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4 Maggie Nelson

The Conversationalist

I characterize Maggie Nelson as “The Conversationalist” and it is to *The Argonauts* (2015) that I turn in this final chapter. *The Argonauts*, I argue, is ultimately about beginnings: the beginning of love, step-parenthood, pregnancy, and parenthood (although step-parenthood and parenthood often resemble each other and step-parenthood often becomes parenthood as well). It is the paragon of the new midlife self-writing; it is what has been in the service of what will be. Nelson is ultimately buoyed by the midlife rush of being that I identified in earlier chapters—the rush that suggests confidence in the future and an expansion of self. As with Manguso, motherhood transforms Nelson’s rapturous moments into rapturous *chronos*. At the end of the *The Argonauts*, Nelson returns to the theory of moments and finds something new. Of her time with her son thus far, she writes: “[M]y time with him has been the happiest of my life. Its happiness has been of a more palpable and undeniable and unmitigated quality than any I’ve ever known. For it isn’t just moments of happiness, which is all I thought we got. It’s a happiness that spreads.”¹ This is only compounded by her relationship with, and eventual marriage to, Harry Dodge, an American artist whose beloved presence must be protected from the evil eye: “I’ve so obviously gotten everything I’d ever wanted, everything there was to get. *The happiness police are going to come and arrest us if we go on this way. Arrest us for our luck.*”²

The Argonauts is a book of transitions, step-parenthood, pregnancy, and biological motherhood for Nelson; top surgery, testosterone injections, and the death of his mother for Dodge, as well as a new child. In this, Nelson is making the book plural, as it is about Dodge’s transition as well, hence the plural title, indicating that both of them are on that ever-renewing ship, the *Argo* of which Barthes noted that it retained its name despite its total renewal. Nelson reflects on their renewal: “On the surface, it may have seemed as though your body was becoming

more and more ‘male,’ mine, more and more ‘female.’ But that’s not how it felt on the inside. On the inside, we were two human animals undergoing transformations beside each other, bearing each other loose witness. In other words, we were aging.”³ Understanding these transformations as “aging” suggests once again that there can be positive change with age, that midlife heralds more than just a slow but inevitable breakdown of force and mental acuity.

I maintain that, like her counterparts, Nelson does not trade in triumph, but rather in renewal and redirection. Her challenge to the traditional autobiographical pact lies in her doubt—despite her mastery of language and her conversational approach—about what language can and cannot do in the first place. As I will explore below, the autobiographical pact is also fractured by the inclusion of material about Dodge.

Like Manguso, Nelson narrates the transition to a later-life motherhood while also exploring new coupledness. Nelson makes much use of two borrowed terms: “sodomitical motherhood” by Susan Fraiman, and poet Dana Ward’s notion of “many gendered mothers of my heart.” Both of the terms work toward a discussion of sexuality after childbirth and mentorship (or “conversation,” as I will argue). These are imbricated in the force field of midlife. She borrows the term “sodomitical motherhood” to honor anal eroticism and the persistence of eroticism into parenthood overall. Nelson also takes aim at Jonathan Franzen and his taxonomic notion of “aging-female insecurity” as being in the world of women at midlife.⁴ As a response, she invokes the “many gendered mothers of my heart,” a moniker that indicates people who have been formative and continue to be formative, many of whom are detailed in the book.⁵ In this, she is in conversation. In this, she replaces “aging-female insecurity,” with the wisdom and perspective pursuant to older late and contemporary women writers. She recounts their quiddities and appeals—many of them are academics whom she cites as a kind of scholarly evidence. But this is not exclusive. We can say that *The Argonauts* is a profoundly matriarchal book precisely because the mothers in question are “many gendered.”

Although the composition of the book was written after only two months of “recent sobriety,” it is not a conversion tale.⁶ This is not the position from which Nelson looks back; however, she can reflect on vulnerabilities and assimilate them, and see herself, like Cusk, as more open, more expectant, than she would have been without them. In a move central to our times, she fractures ableism with force. To underscore this, she makes interbraided and academic use of work by Judith Butler (an older woman Nelson herself protects and whose

centrality she asserts) that shows Butler as a spokesperson and warrant—a co-writer, even. Mingling in italicized citations by Butler in an academic and uncluttered fashion, matching up the citation to work grammatically in the sentence, Nelson abandons the melioristic logic of anti-dependency and flirts with gratitude for her one-time plight, while also acknowledging that there are always many plights, many “dependencies”:

I will always aspire to contain my shit as best I can, but I am no longer interested in hiding my dependencies in an effort to appear superior to those who are more visibly undone or aching. Most people decide at some point that it is *better . . . to be enthralled with what is impoverished or abusive than not to be enthralled at all and so to lose the condition of one's being and becoming*. I'm glad not to be there right now, but I'm also glad to have been there, to know how it is.⁷

According to her ex-stepfather, maturity is a compensatory myth to soften the blow of aging (“*I think you overestimate the maturity of adults*”).⁸ She closely adheres to his thesis: “This slice of truth, offered in the final hour, ended up being a new chapter of my adulthood, the one in which I realized that age doesn’t necessarily bring anything with it.”⁹ The statement is bold, but it’s important to recognize that this is a “new chapter,” not necessarily the final chapter; the book bears out that thesis. And if maturity seems scarce, it is because hers is a *Bildung* without an end point; once again we are far from triumphalism or fixed trajectories. This does not mean that there is no maturity, but it requires that we see maturity as a more fluid concept. This, like the other books under consideration, is wisdom literature. One day, *The Argonauts* might be reclassified.

The Argonauts is the most generically fraught of the midlife self-writing under consideration: The book is at once prose poem, critical essay, creative nonfiction, autotheory, lyric essay, memoir, meditation, confession, and encomium. It is self-writing that embraces and makes use of literature, philosophy, and literary scholarship, a practice that suggests, among so many things, the way in which she has inhabited her reading and works through her own words in engagement, collaborating with them, just as she collaborates with Dodge by including long passages by him. This is perhaps why the scholars are so often the people she knows.

One of Nelson’s many innovations in self-writing is to read philosophy through a personal lens. She is transparent about both literary

and theoretical precursors, just as her book mingles literature and philosophy. I am choosing to call this philosophy, given my belief, traced throughout this book, that the scope of what has been called and taught at colleges and universities as philosophy must be widened to include the works of non-male writers who trade in philosophical issues, even if they are shelved as literature and taught in literature classes. For instance, Virginia Woolf's powerful understanding of time, as well as her phenomenology of "being" and "non-being," has been essential throughout this book. *The Argonauts*, among so many other things, is a book of philosophy (though surely not just a philosophical book), full of interventions into ontological, epistemological, aesthetic, and ethical traditions.

Nelson is a non-male doing philosophy. In the world as she sees it, Judith Butler is foremost seen as a "lesbian," not a renowned thinker. Nelson inherits a long tradition of male philosophers who uphold discourses that at times are at cross-purposes with non-males, but have universal acclaim: "And then we can scamper off to yet another conference with a key note by Jacques Rancière, Alain Badiou, Slavoj Žižek, at which we can meditate on Self and Other, grapple with radical difference, exalt the decisiveness of the two, and shame the unsophisticated identitarians, all at the feet of yet another great white man pontificating from the podium, just as we've done for centuries."¹⁰ Is Nelson a dissenter? The male thinkers come back as pseudo-authorities preaching doom about alternate forms of conception:

Honestly I find it more embarrassing than enraging to read Baudrillard, Žižek, and Badiou, and other revered philosophers of the day pontificating on how we might save ourselves from the humanity-annihilating threat of the turkey baster (which no one uses, by the way; the preferred tool is an oral syringe) in order to protect the fate of this endangered 'sexed' being.¹¹

"These are the voices that pass for radicality in our times," she notes.¹² She knows, she understands, but she chooses to delete. She does not cite. She aims at the straight white male philosophers, the philosophers that a person of her age might have encountered in depth in both college and graduate school, philosophers who are cited frequently in academic work in the humanities but appear in public fora as well. She lists contemporary (with the exception of Baudrillard) male superstars twice but in no other way do they make it into the book. This is a step away from male-dominated philosophy. This is also taking a stance against the domination of women in general. Of the four

non-males in this book, Nelson lashes hardest at patriarchy: “But whatever sameness I’ve noted in my relationships with women is not the sameness of Woman, and certain not the sameness of parts. Rather, it is the shared, crushing understanding of what it means to live in a patriarchy.”¹³ Nelson takes us to the lecture hall whose authoritarian setup does not belie the voices of doom. She juxtaposes Jane Gallop, a controversial scholar and public personality, with the German thinker Peter Sloterdijk. “How could Gallop, or any mother, however whip-smart, present the rule of negative theology and be taken seriously as seriously as Sloterdijk? I’m boring myself with these reversals (feminine hazard).”¹⁴ Among other things, Nelson works at decolonizing philosophy in *The Argonauts*.

But, just as crucially, Dodge is a contributor to *The Argonauts*. Two full pages of italicized text detail the last days and the death of his mother. However, the reader is not told if he wrote the passages at the time of his mother’s passing or later, or if he wrote the passages explicitly for the book. *The Argonauts* is collaborative with Dodge’s contribution. Indeed, Nelson’s collaboration with Dodge makes her a co-teacher in addition to a conversationalist. Significantly, Dodge brings mortality into the book with an account of his mother’s last days. In this way, with Dodge’s contribution, *The Argonauts* details a full cycle of life, from the crowning baby to the elderly mother taking her last breaths:

*i told her one more time, you are surrounded in love, you are surrounded in light, don't be afraid, and her neck was pulsing a little bit, her eyes were looking at something in another place, her mouth needed less air, less often and her chin moving more slowly. i never wanted it to end. i have never wanted infinity to open up under an instant like i wanted it then. and then her eyes relaxed and her shoulders relaxed of a piece. and i knew she had found her way. dared. summoned up her smarts and courage and whacked a way through, i was really astonished. proud of her.*¹⁵

Reviewing passages such as this one is perhaps a way to understand what each writer has contributed to the project, and evaluate Dodge’s contribution not by a ratio of the whole, but rather by what his writing brings to the work overall. And then there is his appearance in the book. The question is, of course, to ask about his role in the book—he was consulted; they negotiated. Nelson quotes Dodge: “[The] details of my life, of our life together, don’t belong to you alone.”¹⁶ Together they negotiate his appearance and their appearance in the book: “We go

through the draft page by page, mechanical pencils in hand, with him suggesting ways I might facet my representation of him, of us. I try to listen, try to focus on his generosity in letting me write about him at all.”¹⁷ As we see *The Argonauts*, the traditional patriarchal “I” of life writing is switched out for the “I” of experimentation, cautious corroboration, and generative collaboration.

Some have argued that Nelson drifts into the murky waters of appropriation while narrating the significant emotional and physical journeys undertaken by Dodge. Nelson acknowledges appropriation with respect to her son and finds herself with a question: “I’ve heard many people speak with pity about children whose parents wrote about them when they were young. Perhaps the stories of Iggy’s origins are not mine alone, and thus not mine alone to tell.”¹⁸ Of the four writers under consideration, we can say that Nelson and Gay are the furthest apart in terms of bringing other people into the mix in self-writing. I understand the criticism of Nelson as appropriative, but I argue that this appropriative nature is perhaps—here I speculate, I do not know—blended with its adherence, particularly in the first half, to another practice, that of encomium, of elevated and electric praise. Of course, we are then left with new questions about what praise is, and how it relates to appropriation, especially when it enumerates and even exposes biographical details.

Part of what Nelson and Dodge negotiate is language itself, a concern throughout the book. Nelson’s first turn from the opening vignette of anal sex is turned toward a discussion of language and an account of a debate between them about it. Nelson’s stance is, and has been, Wittgenstein’s notion that, as she puts it, the “inexpressible is contained—inexpressibly!—in the expressed.”¹⁹ This has driven her writing and her confidence. Dodge, on the other hand, had “spent a lifetime equally devoted to the conviction that words are not good enough.”²⁰ This changes over the course of the book but they still find themselves struggling to define words, turning once again to Wittgenstein: “I told you I wanted to live in a world in which the antidote to shame, is not honor, but honesty. You said I misunderstood what you meant by honor. We haven’t yet stopped trying to explain to each other what these words mean to us; perhaps we never will.”²¹ The “you” of *The Argonauts* is dialectical, a continuation, a refreshing renewal; it captures a dynamism, a dialogue. Once again, Nelson is a conversationalist.

As I noted above, Nelson makes use of Susan Fraiman’s term “sod-omitical motherhood” to honor anal eroticism and the persistence of eroticism into parenthood. Nelson cites Fraiman describing the

sodomitical mother as one who participates in “non-normative, non-procreative sexuality in excess of the dutifully instrumental.”²² The first time Nelson uses the term, she explains its logic: “[T]he pervert need not die or even go into hiding per se but nor is adult sexuality foisted upon the child, made its burden.”²³

For Nelson, this is a way to draw a line in the sand about childbearing. She will be a “good enough” mother (*per* Donald Winnicott); her body will still be a sexual body in addition to being a mother (although there is erotics in nursing as well, as she details). She is defiant and seems, once again, to aim at the canon of male theorists: “I am not interested in a hermeneutics, or an erotics, or a metaphoric, of my anus. I am interested in ass-fucking. . . .”²⁴ So these passages are at once a glorification of sexuality after childbirth and a paean to sodomy in particular, acknowledging its potential powers as we see in the book’s first sentence: “[T]he words I love you come tumbling out of my mouth in an incantation the first time you fuck me in the ass, my face smashed against the cement floor of your dank and charming bachelor pad.”²⁵ Touching on American artist Catherine Opie’s suggestion that it is hard to match childrearing with erotic play, particularly rough erotic play, Nelson retorts: “There is something profound here, which I will but draw a circle around for you to ponder. As you ponder, however, note that a difficulty in shifting gears, or a struggle to find the time, is not the same thing as an ontological either/or.”²⁶ Like Cusk, Gay, and Manguso, Nelson faces forward. Her rejoinder to Opie’s thesis is ultimately optimistic.

Nelson is also an able chronicler of step-parenthood, a role she takes on when she throws in her lot with Dodge. Stepparents are everywhere but rarely seen; when they are not completely unsung, they are vilified. This is what Nelson confronts in the first pages of *The Argonauts*: “What became apparent was the urgent task specifically before me: that of learning how to be a stepparent. Talk about a potentially fraught identity!”²⁷ She has herself been a stepdaughter to a man who cruelly left her mother after twenty years. But time and becoming a stepparent have changed her perspective: “My stepfather had his faults, but every word I have ever uttered against him has come back to haunt me, now that I understand what it is to hold the position, to be held by it.”²⁸ She understands now how the precariousness of the situation lends the stepparent to structural vulnerabilities:

When you are a stepparent, no matter how wonderful you are, no matter how much love you have to give, no matter how mature or wise or successful or smart or responsible you are, you are

structurally vulnerable to being hated or resented, and there is precious little you can do about it, save endure, and commit to planting seeds of sanity and good spirit in the face of whatever shitstorms may come your way. And don't expect to get any kudos from the culture either: parents are Hallmark-sacrosanct but step-parents are interlopers, self-servers, poachers, pollutants, and child molesters.²⁹

Nelson's work here is thus reparative. She redeems and humanizes a stigmatized group just as she joins it.

The Argonauts is the most acutely academic of the books under consideration. Her writing is interbraided with reported speech and, most significantly, with citations either in italics and incorporated into paragraphs or else with quotation marks. These citations often function as evidence or critical points of departure; in this, she draws from the genre of academic writing. It is worthwhile to note that Nelson has a Ph.D. in English and has published an academic monograph. Nelson's class is a packed seminar room with standing people and regular visitors. She is a conversationalist but also an occasional co-teacher.

Relevantly, we can read *The Argonauts* as a campus book as well, and profitably so. This is one of the many ways in which Nelson touches on pedagogy. The reader cruises with her through classrooms at Wesleyan in the 1990s and the City University of New York Graduate Center (CUNY) in the late nineties and early aughts. She lets us in on the classroom presence of her former professors while also tackling her own position as a professor herself. In this way, it is a book that surfs from classroom to classroom—a new kind of campus book. All of the midlife writers under consideration have returned to the classroom, but none so thoroughly and extensively as Nelson. In this way as well, she is a conversationalist in that she continues to remain in dialogue with her teachers as well as educate the reader about them.

Nelson takes us to a class with Christina Crosby at Wesleyan, who teaches her feminist theory as Nelson finds herself “unconsciously gravitating toward the stern and nonmaternal type.”³⁰ Nelson trumpets the erotic figure Crosby is, and the way in which she elicits desire from students who chalk salacious words about her on the campus walkway. But Nelson also learns a tool of effective pedagogy from the first moment:

Christina would show up for class on her motorcycle or sleek road bike, blow into the room with her helmet under her arm, the whip of autumnal New England in her hair and cheeks, and everyone

would quake with intimidation and desire. I always think of her entrances when I start a class now, as she always showed up just a smidgen late—never *actually* late, but never the first one to the party.³¹

Crosby offers her a warrant and wisdom about teaching that might extend to her writing itself. Nelson learns that nervousness and embarrassment do not set a teacher back. In fact, such may be a part of a teacher's charm: "Christina, too, had a habit of blushing deep red while she spoke for the first few minutes of class. It didn't make her any less cool. . . . Because of her blushing, I don't feel any substantive shame when this happens to me now, in the classroom. (It happens to me all the time.)"³² Crosby has been one source of confidence. Curiously, as Nelson reports, Christina was rejected by a small student coup in class long after Nelson's graduation for adopting the standard graduate class that meets around a table with power consolidated in the professor: "They wanted—in keeping with a long feminist tradition—a different kind of pedagogy than that of sitting around a table with an instructor."³³

Nelson finds herself attracted to her professor Mary Ann Caws's power of eccentricity as well as her professional power to sustain a "take it or leave it" stance as a professor:

It's like she's pulling Post-it notes out of her hair and lecturing from them, one of my peers once complained about the teaching style of my beloved teacher Mary Ann Caws. I had to agree, this was an apt description of Caw's style (and hair). But not only did I love this style, I also loved it that no one could tell Caws to teach otherwise. You could abide her or drop her class: the choice was yours.³⁴

Like Crosby, Caws appears to be a mentor as well, particularly when we attend to Nelson's own attitude toward teaching and her own teaching style. Nelson also rejects implicit calls to "teach otherwise." From Caws, she has made sense of and strengthened her own pedagogical power to direct a classroom and even dominate it: "I feel high on the knowledge that I can talk as much as I want to, as quickly as I want to, in any direction that I want to . . . I'm not saying this is good pedagogy. I am saying that its pleasures are deep."³⁵ When we think about Nelson's classroom pedagogy in concert with her clarity and conversation with theory, we have touched on her pedagogical style. It is conversational and operates in part by touching on her own

behavior as a student, as well as how it changed in college and graduate school then changed again when she became a professor herself.

Ironically, what she first experienced in college was a kind of silencing of her habit of speaking “freely, copiously, and passionately in high school.”³⁶ She trained herself not to intervene often in classes for fear of creating animosity: “It took some time and trouble, but eventually I learned to stop talking, to be (impersonate, really) an observer.”³⁷ Teaching restores her as a deft conversationalist: “Forcing myself to shut up, pouring language onto paper instead: this became a habit. But now I’ve returned to copious speaking as well, in the form of teaching.”³⁸ What is significant to note here is the connection Nelson makes between speaking and writing. In this as well, she is conversational.

Switching briefly to the larger campus, Nelson also takes the reader to a place increasingly familiar to those affiliated with educational institutions: the classroom or office as hideout from violence. Stalked by a man obsessed with the murder of her aunt, the topic of two of her books, she ends up taking shelter with her dean: “My dean got wind of the situation and whisked me into her office, where I stayed for the next four hours with the doors locked and the blinds drawn while waiting for the police to arrive—an experience that is fast becoming a staple of the American educational scene rather than a disruption of it.”³⁹ Just as she is rewarded with acclaim, she also samples the dark side of being notable, of being an increasingly public person due to highly personal writing.

The Argonauts also has much to contribute to the discussion of digital absence. Early in the book, Nelson takes a stance against the possibility of reproducing an identity online and also doubts that any online version of a person, the outward-facing public face, is enough for her. In the face of the digital era, Nelson is perhaps squeamish, but she recognizes what she sees as dangers. In her first attack on the Internet age, she retreats when a well-meaning friend attempts to find Dodge’s preferred pronoun among all the material about him online, looking for what she “can’t bring herself to ask.”⁴⁰ Nelson explains the verbal dances involved in avoiding pronouns just as she spends every free moment with Dodge and they are talking about moving in together: “I’ve become a quick study in pronoun avoidance. The key is training your ear not to mind hearing a person’s name over and over. You must learn to take cover in grammatical cul-de-sacs, relax into an orgy of specificity.”⁴¹ But the possible answers offered by the search engine seem to her to violate a connection so personal, a new relationship that still toggles between “I” and “you”: “I squint up at her [Nelson’s friend] as she scrolls through an onslaught of bright information

I don't want to see. I want the you no one else can see, the you so close the third person never need apply."⁴² Nelson captures something very fraught about getting to know people in this era in which many people have a lot of information about them readily available online, as does Dodge, a celebrated artist. The question is thus how to get to know someone and how that getting-to-know can be framed by information and questions arising from an Internet search. Nelson does not want to open that door.

The same is true for social media, something which Nelson confronts head on. On a structural level, there is some overlap between Nelson's mode and the posts on social media that are addressed to specific people but do so publicly in that forum. But Nelson seizes on a crucial difference between the two: They have different temporalities. She acknowledges the similarity of the projects but rejects the other's instantaneity in particular: "After a lifetime of experimenting with the personal made public, each day that passes I watch myself grow more alienated from social media, the most rampant arena for such activity. Instantaneous, noncalibrated, digital self-revelation is one of my greatest nightmares."⁴³ Reading this does beg the question: In what way is her writing calibrated if social media writing is "noncalibrated"? I take this to mean quality in addition to literary power. Furthermore, the formatted book tells us how to read it most rigidly. Once again, Gay and Nelson stand furthest apart on digital absence. Even the audio-book version (which she narrates herself) is problematic because the reader has no means to know about Nelson's use of space and short passages or witness the notable way in which she cites and italicizes.

Nelson echoes the other midlife self-writers' confidence, as well as their forward-facing dip into the past. She makes it imperative that she thinks of the future, taking issue with reproductive futurists but also with nihilists:

Reproductive futurism needs no more disciples. But basking in the punk allure of "no future" won't suffice, either, as if all that's left for us to do is sit back and watch while the gratuitously wealthy and greedy shred our economy and our climate and our planet, crowing all the while about how lucky the jealous roaches are to get the crumbs that fall from their banquet. Fuck *them*, I say.⁴⁴

The Argonauts echoes Manguso's qualified optimism, which knows a global catastrophe is underway but also must keep up ongoingness: "I know we are still here, who knows for how long, ablaze with our care, its ongoing song."⁴⁵ In this claim, she unwittingly gathers all four

writers with her. They look to the past to look ahead. They are confident about the future, however shaky. They write with generosity and clarity. They are imbricated in questions about teaching. A pedagogical style unites their self-writing. They negotiate the Internet age. They pen wisdom literature. They are the new midlife self-writers.

Notes

1. Nelson, Maggie, *The Argonauts* (Minneapolis: Gray Wolf Books, 2015), 141.
2. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 16.
3. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 83.
4. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 57.
5. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 57.
6. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 5.
7. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 102.
8. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 22.
9. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 22.
10. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 54.
11. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 79.
12. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 79.
13. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 23.
14. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 44.
15. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 131–132.
16. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 47.
17. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 46.
18. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 140.
19. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 3.
20. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 4.
21. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 32.
22. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 69.
23. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 64.
24. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 85.
25. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 3.
26. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 64.
27. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 21.
28. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 21.
29. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 21.
30. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 59.
31. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 58.
32. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 58.
33. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 59.
34. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 48.
35. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 48.
36. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 47.
37. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 47.
38. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 48.
39. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 115.
40. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 7.

41. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 7.
42. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 7.
43. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 60–61.
44. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 76.
45. Nelson, *Argonauts*, 143.