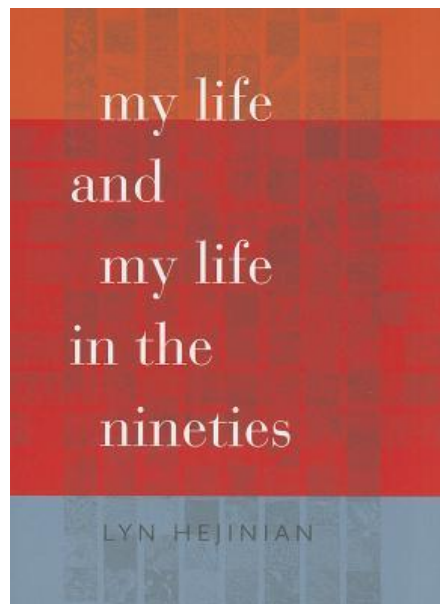




My Life and My Life in the Nineties

Lyn Hejinian

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Lyn Hejinian is among the most prominent of contemporary American poets. Her poem *My Life* has garnered accolades and fans inside and outside academia. First published in 1980, and revised in 1987 and 2002, *My Life* is now firmly established in the postmodern canon. This Wesleyan edition includes the 45-part prose poem sequence along with a closely related ten-part work titled *My Life in the Nineties*. An experimental intervention into the autobiographical genre, *My Life* explores the many ways in which language--the things people say and the ways they say them--shapes not only their identity, but also the very world around them.

My Life and My Life in the Nineties Details

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Author : Lyn Hejinian

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From Reader Review My Life and My Life in the Nineties for online ebook

Qinglan says

Dense autobiography that rejects the form of autobio. Too beautiful to read awake.

Ellissa says

It is a strange thing to read an autobiography as poetry. There are some fabulous singular thoughts contained within the poems.

I think my only issue with this book is who I would recommend it to for fear of them not liking it.

Tallon Kennedy says

It was intriguing for about 50 pages, but after that, the disorientation of language poetry made it a slog to get through. I can appreciate its importance in the postmodern canon, but I can't really recommend this to anyone. 4/10.

Susanna says

We read this book for a hybrid forms writing class -- well, an excerpt, and I grabbed the whole thing. At first I found it hard to get into, then I described it as learning to swim (especially for a poor swimmer like myself) -- struggling and thrashing about as I read, then beginning to understand what this "water" thing is about, and eventually floating, noticing all that was around me. I found myself observing certain lines and watching others drift by, keeping an eye out for the sections where Hejinian repeats herself again and again, drawing together threads for the reader to catch, themes that recur through a life. The "My Life in the Nineties" update was interesting as well, particularly how she alters the form somewhat for the time.

Jessica says

The density and parataxis (thanks Ann for teaching me this word!) of this book made it a challenging, absurdly rewarding read. I look forward to revisiting this book for many, many years.

Kirsten says

not even going to sugarcoat it; language poetry is not my shit

Rebecca says

I have a lot of Thoughts on this one in a v good way

Isla McKetta says

If I read this book strictly for the language, I would be underwhelmed. If I read it for the narrative, I would be misguided. But if I read the book to get lost in some magical collision of universal experiences, I'd be delighted. Getting lost in this book helped me uncover my own stories and to think more deeply about what form is and what it can be.

Aubrey says

A stable characteristic of books assigned for class is one can rest assured someone in the rest of the deskbound pack felt a lot more strongly one way or another about the work within as similar a context as one can get without flinging the work at roommate friends or familial relations, so I can go ahead and amass my participation grade in public and not care very much at all in private. Language poets! Feminism! Wannabe Barnes' and Loy's with a fetish for the "mad" and more skill with temporal dimensions than engaging literary experimentation. Maybe there's a compatriot of Hejinian who would have appealed more to my fancies, but I'm content to trip over them by chance later.

The name of the game is this triple aged year by sentence by part work in which youth is implied, knowledge is thrust and the only nod to passage of time in one home city Oakland California United States is a father leaving with a cane and a daughter returning with Mace. Cute, right? Nah. It would've been more forgivable had the references and the insights accumulated into something more profound than a haphazard tonal scale whose rhythms did more to exasperate than to swoop and grip and soar, but that's personal preference for you. I'm most certainly missing everything and then some, but when one's actually read Proust and Woolf and Walcott and Bâ and something despite all the encrusted gore of excited spittle and pontificating prats actually *clicks*, the second guessing's an exercise in waste. She doesn't have as many ratings as those others? Let me show you my library who is in the same way *in addition* to lacking a canonical position at Berkeley. Throwing a weebegone affirmative action composite and expecting me to play critical fetch is a shitty way to go.

The one good thing about this work is the escalation of anticipation for next-in-the-assigned-reading-lineup Dictee. Now *that* I'm foaming at the mouth for.

PS: Waking up to news of Svetlana Alexievich winning the 2015 Nobel Prize for Lit was one of the best things ever. Voices from Chernobyl, here I come.
