Database Narrative in Book and Online

Johanna Drucker

BiB 2014
The Day the President Died

The street was hushed
The news was heard
Though no man spoke
A single word
Even I in the silent throng
Knew someone had done a terrible wrong
The people no longer
Were boisterous loud
Some strange emotion
Had gripped the crowd
Some passers by
Were deep in thought
Others were growing openly
I knew not what thoughts
Were in others' heads
For I hardly was sure
About those in me
The assassin's bullet
Had found his brow
We hoped that he
Could not be dead
But there was no trouble
To crease his brow
For he lay dead
And silent now.

The Day the President Died
The street was hushed
The silence ceased
The news was heard

(cont...)
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#### Controlled Vocabulary

- Select One
- Select Multiple
- List of Options with Dynamically Adding Capabilities

#### Additional Details

- Complete long manuscripts
- Complete short manuscripts
- Stories, short pieces, articles
- Fragments of manuscripts (written texts)
- Outlines for manuscripts (chapter outlines, characters, plots)
- Notes for manuscripts (titles, ideas)
- Very good
- Good
- Fair
- Poor

#### List of Authors

- McKay
- Amy
- Jamie
- John
- Barrett
- Michael
- Julie
- Arnaud
- Jim
- Betty
- Jaime R
- Sherwin
- Sally
- Michael
- Bob
- Julie
- TMung
- Peter
- Andrew
- Bertrand
- Maria
- Yuni
- Em
- Johannes
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- 2012
- 2013

#### List of Genres

- Sci-Fi
- Fiction
- Non-Fiction
- Horror
- Humor
- Mystery
- Biographical
- Autobiographical

#### List of Periods

- Early Experiments
- New Experiments
- Performance Texts

#### List of Text Types

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- Fantasies
- Poems
- Performance Scripts
- Real accounts
- Travel notes
- Fragments
- Outlines
- Ideas
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I am in California. The sheer exoticism of the blooms everywhere on the streets and yards overwhelms me. Their color is all excess and extravagance. Nature seems to squander beauty with a complete disregard for decorum. The restrained seasons of Philadelphia, and the urban landscapes of childhood offer no preparation for fuschia, roses, wisteria, clematis, and poppies in their endless display. I hardly know what to think, riding my newly bought bicycle, my body is still young, thick, slumbering, and unprepared for assaults on the senses. I have been in the Hillegass house for a year. I am encoding the encounters in language that veils the experiences, masks them, keeps them from view. I am not willing to state anything directly. The same modesty that is shocked by the wantonness of flowers is engaged in the obfuscation of statements through double entendre and puns, the combination of displacements and condensations that make mere description into metaphor. The manuscript sings, its rhythms more nursery than adult. “Small room in large house, she pondered it out.” The antiquarian quality of vocabulary is as striking as the rhymes. I am steeped in the language of 19th century fiction. The compressions and abbreviations of modern writing have not had an influence or taken hold. Some of the spare leanness of adolescent composition has been forgotten, repressed, along with recollections of Amy. In this new phase of pre-adult encapsulation, writing is antique, mannered, contrived, an infantile archaism, borrowed from literary relics of an already other era. Life lived through its complex figurations is equally ornamental, serving as surface, shield, and screen. But this is 1970, and the house where I rent a small room is filled with undergraduate students who go to Berkeley. I am in an art school whose tiny campus is located on a small knoll of a hill in Oakland, where College Avenue meets Broadway. I ride my bicycle every day, unless it rains, and trudging up the path pushing the handlebars is almost as much as I can manage. I am not a physical creature, not yet. My body is sleeping, and my fears hem me in at every turn. I am shy around the young men who are my roommates, wondering who among them will or might become my lover. Boyfriend. Sweetheart. The very question of terminology has its own torments. A story of intrigue and romance, social relations, with characters and plots thinly concealing the actual people in the house. The story is meant to show the cross-currents and subtexts of their exchanges, rather than the surface level of engagements or exchange, as if reading the emotional shifts of energy at a dream-state of subconscious intention revealed as metaphor rather than in the explicit words. Writing life.
the books I never wrote, or wrote and never published...

Introduction

Submitted by JohannaDrupal on Mon, 08/18/2014 - 10:21

Introduction: This site contains representative images of manuscripts, interpretative notes, and supplementary materials about the 400 or so book and never published, or began and did not finished, or only sketched in outline. For completed manuscripts, the pdf is attached as a downloadable cases, additional page level interpretative materials are present, and all

Contents:

By Chronology Titles Genres Writing Concepts Themes

Read more

Test of PDF upload

Submitted by JohannaDrupal on Wed, 10/09/2013 - 16:53

This is a pdf of a book manuscript written in the 1960s.

Read more
the books I never wrote, or wrote and never published...

This site contains representative images of manuscripts, interpretative notes, and supplementary materials about the 400 or so books I either wrote and never published, or began and did not finish, or only sketched in outline. For completed manuscripts, the pdf is attached as a downloadable file. In some cases, additional page level interpretative materials are present.

right: Bubblegirl, 197X
...the books I never wrote

...or wrote and never published

This online site accompanies the book All, which serves as a contains full PDFs of all the manuscripts, longer accounts, and more detailed discussions as well as the links and relations that are structured into the database format.

This is a book about books. All the books I wrote and never published are here, along with the notes, outlines, beginnings and scraps of the books begun and never finished. Some are solid objects, fully formed, finished, waiting for exposure and the chance to rise from their oblivion. Others were abandoned, and stand like wraiths, orphans of a transitory impulse. Others are merely the trace of a possible tale, potential, outlines, notes, or ideas for projects that never went beyond that title, or phrase, or list of chapters.

Each is evidence of a moment in personal and cultural time, the intersection of interior life and actual circumstances. Each is testimony to an idea of writing, what it should be, whether poem or prose, diary or novel, fiction or account of some experience. I’ve tried to write about them in this way in an AUTO/ARCHAEOLOGY, attention to their materiality.
November 22, 1963, they let us out of school early. I go to Masterman, the elementary and middle school with its gifted tracks. Many of the kids in my neighborhood go there too, though the school is a magnet school and draws from all over the city. I am not allowed to play dates with friends unless they are in our neighborhood. My mother works and will not drive us to the suburbs or to remote parts of Philadelphia. So on this day, strange and disorienting day, I take the two city busses, one from 17th and Spring Garden to 17th and Spruce, where I wait for the 90. I think it must be a very old bus, it comes slowly, and they never use the newer models on the route. Why don't I walk the five blocks? I'm not sure. The habit is to wait on the corner by the drug store. Sometimes, but rarely, I go into the store and buy candy, usually the pink and white covered licorice candies in a small rectangular box. Good and Plenty. They last longer than other candies because they are small, and suckable, and when the sugar coating is off, the licorice pellets in the core stick to the back teeth and melt slowly. I like to lie on my bed reading on my stomach with the taste of sugar stretching through the afternoon. But I am shy and rarely go into the store, and also, I do not have extra money. I have thirty-five cents for lunch each day and that is for my "tray" which is put together in the cafeteria line. Juice in a pleated paper cup. Food from the steam table served by jowled heavy women whose skin reminds me of sliced lunch meat, mottled, spotted, pale. The steam seems to make them flaccid. Their arms hang and wobble. They are big women, cafeteria workers, but they supervise us with sharp words and the disciplines of the line are part of the school routine.

On this strange afternoon all normalcy is suspended. The streets are filled with people in shock. I know our president is young and handsome, with a fashionable wife, but my mother is critical of him, thinks he is too hawkish, and my father always reminds her his family were bootleggers in the Depression, and that they made their fortune illegally. My parents are radical thinkers. My mother has an edge. Whatever she sees in the newspaper she comments on as if the news were only a cover for events going unreported. She and my father seem know things the news does not, and though they agree, she is the one who sees farther, speaks more sharply, critically. I go to Masterman, the elementary and middle school with its gifted tracks. Many of the kids in my neighborhood go there too, though the school is a magnet school and draws from all over the city. I am not allowed to play dates with friends unless they are in our neighborhood. My mother works and will not drive us to the suburbs or to remote parts of Philadelphia. So on this day, strange and disorienting day, I take the two city busses, one from 17th and Spring Garden to 17th and Spruce, where I wait for the 90. I think it must be a very old bus, it comes slowly, and they never use the newer models on the route.