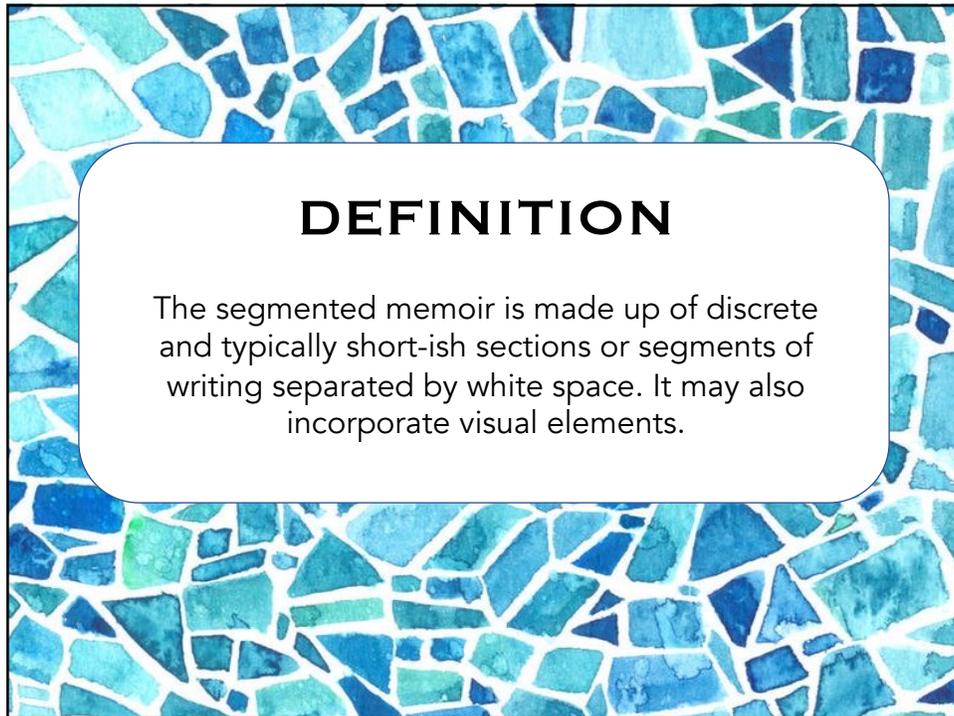


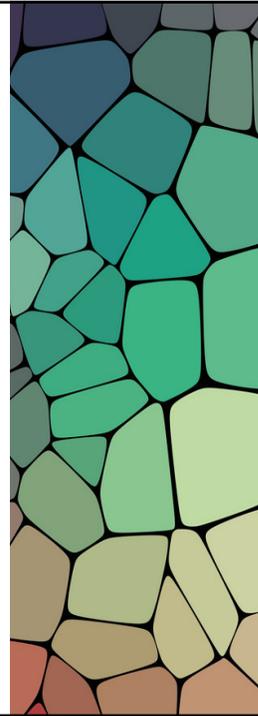
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## OTHER NAMES INCLUDE

- Mosaic
- Collage
- Braided
- Montage
- Disjunctive, discontinuous, and fragmented
- Vignette
- Episodic
- Paratactic (a now-obscure grammatical term for "segments of discourse" arranged without connections or transitions)
- Peripatetic (traveling from place to place, in particular referring to someone who is working or based in various places for relatively short periods of time)



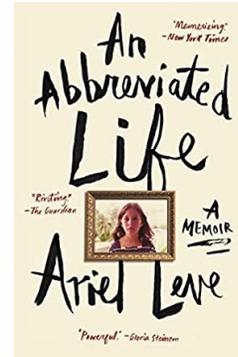
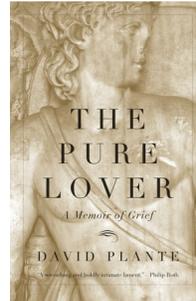
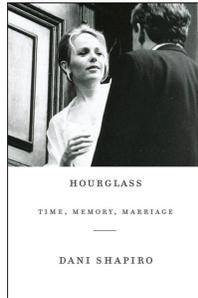
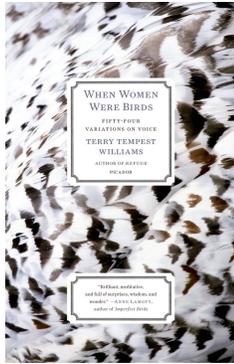
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## WINNER OF THE ESSAY POPULARITY CONTEST

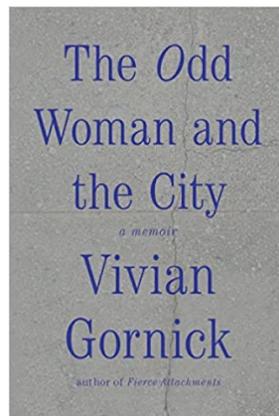
- Immensely popular as an essay format for memoir or creative non-fiction. Robert Root (1998) calls it "the dominant form of the contemporary essay."
- "For example, in a recent essay issue of *Ploughshares*, 14 of the 23 essays are segmented by either paragraph breaks or some more pronounced method of subdividing. In an essay issue of *American Literary Review*, 15 out of 19 essays are segmented."
- In my research of the essays in *Ploughshares* in 2022, 4 of the 5 essays are segmented, and all 8 out of 8 short fiction pieces are also segmented.

4

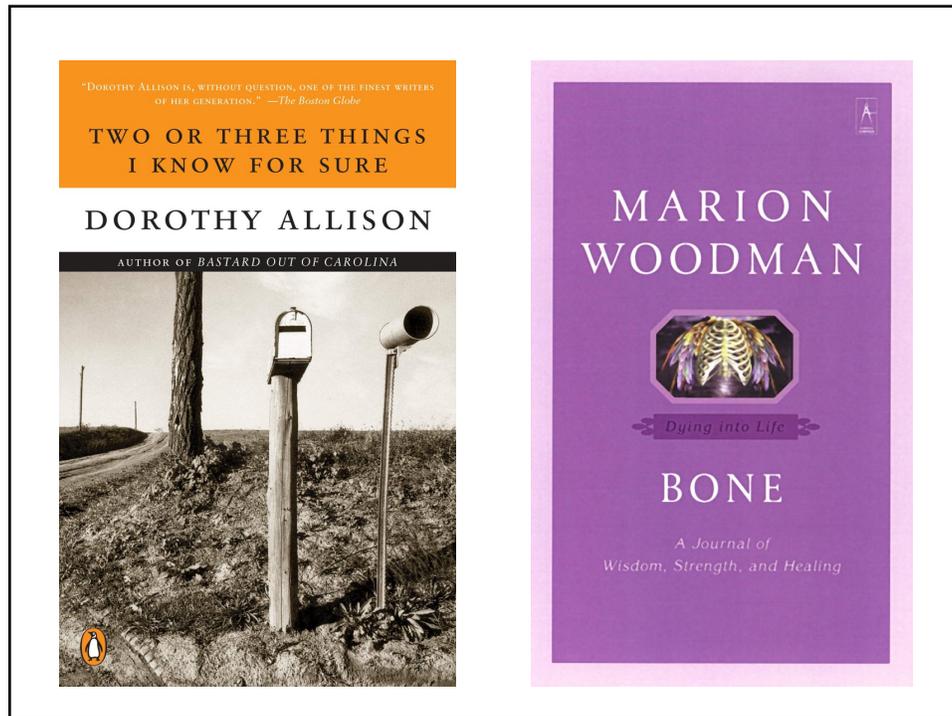
# FULL-LENGTH MEMOIR BOOKS, A RUNNER-UP



5



6

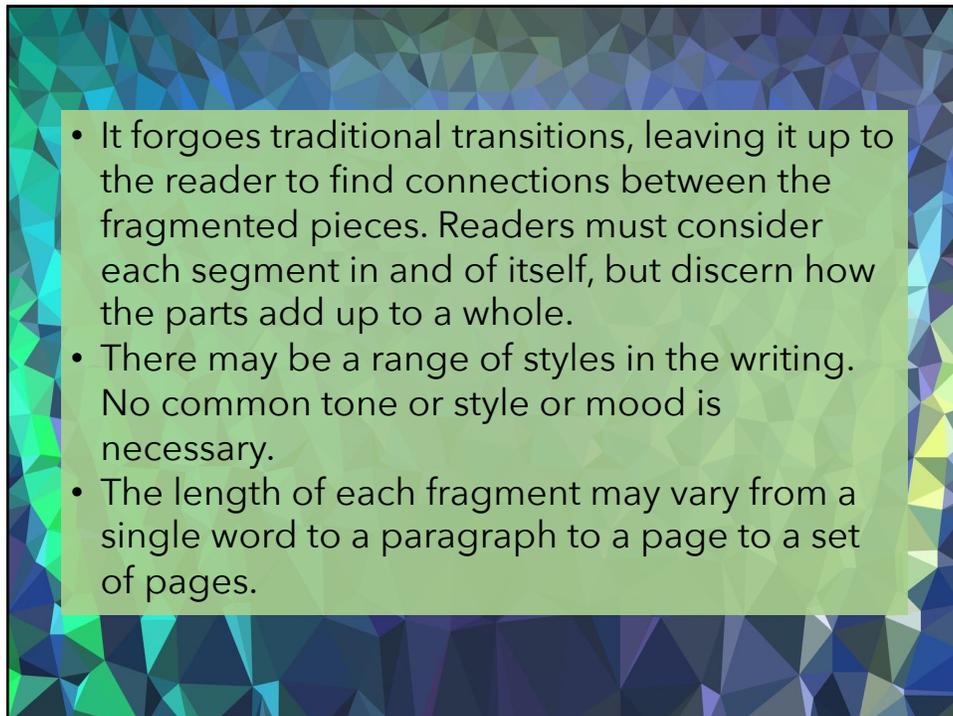


7

## DEFINING FEATURES

- It often, though not always, forgoes chronology, jumping from time period to time period and sometimes no time period because
- It often, though not always, jumps in and out of narrative, in and out of story because
- It often, though not always, weaves in other elements including non-fiction, image, and artifact.
- It's defined by white space on the page, making the writing discontinuous

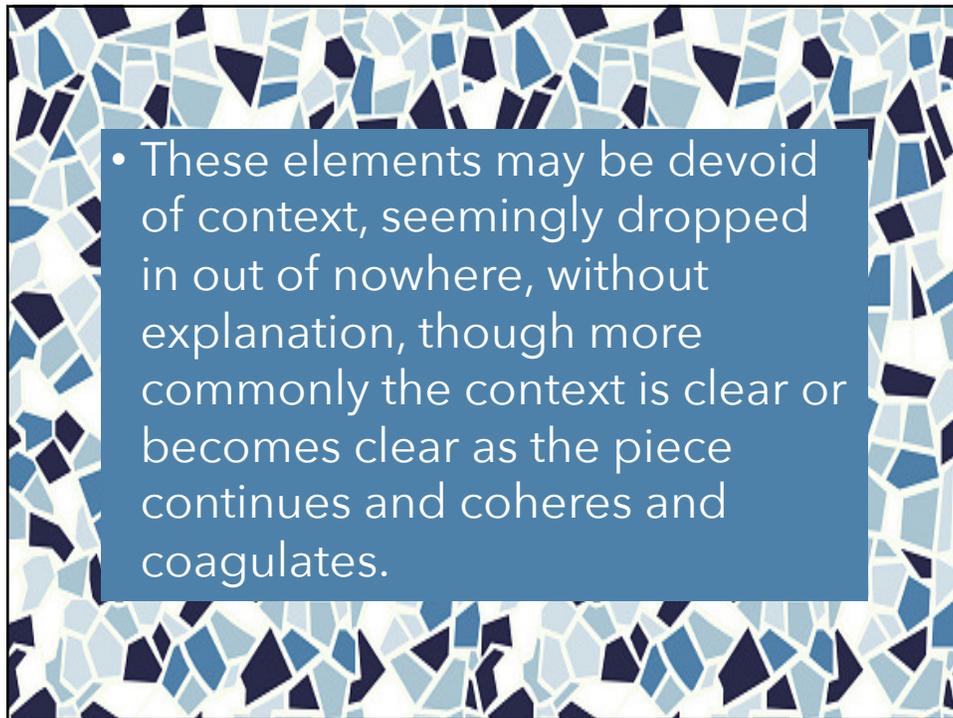
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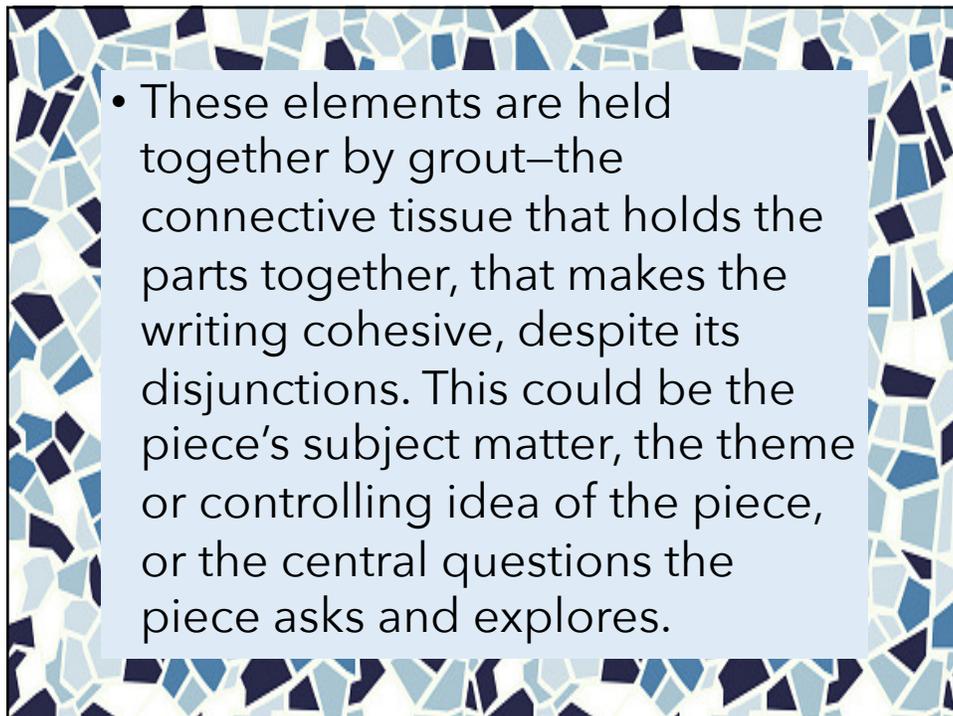
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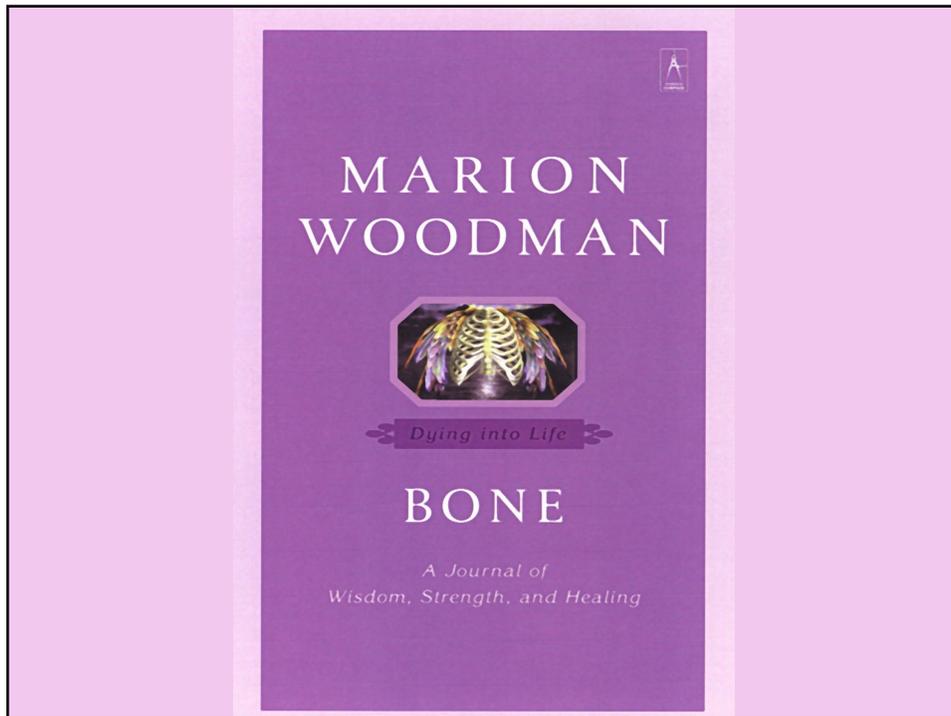
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13

“On November 7, 1993, Marion Woodman was diagnosed with uterine cancer. Here, in journal form, is the story of her illness, her healing process, and her acceptance of life and death. Breathtakingly honest about the factors she feels contributed to her cancer, Woodman also explains how she drew upon every resource—physical and spiritual—available to her to come to terms with her illness. Dreams and imagery, self-reflection and body work, and both traditional and alternative medicine play distinctive roles in Woodman's recovery. Her personal treasury of art, photographs, and quotations—from Dickinson to Blake to Rumi—embellish this unique chronicle of a very personal journey toward transformation.”

**[SUBJECT MATTER: illness, healing. THEME: acceptance of life and death. ELEMENTS: dreams, imagery, art, photographs, quotations]**

14

*June 8, 1994*

Two excellent workshops during the week—honest, intense. Ross and Mary and I walked miles by the ocean in the mornings and at noon, felt health pouring into our lungs. This whole week turned out to be—for Ross, especially, in a way we could never have anticipated—a healing. The cancer has undermined him just as much as myself. Now he feels the flesh-and-blood world can be dealt with.

Mary and I worked in 99 percent harmony. We had one round of clashing wills. I was trying to lift my suitcase. She roared, "Marion, put that case down. That's stupid."

"I'm not Gandolf," I said. (She always refers to Gandolf, her big retriever buffoon, as stupid.)

As we faced each other head-on, a man in a truck waiting to move onto the ferry jumped out, grabbed the case in question, and we all jumped into his cab. I find it very difficult being unable to carry my own load. But inside, I know I can't carry that case any farther. I think I carried my part of the workshop very well. I didn't try to do anything extra. Trying to stop mothering and develop my sword of discretion. All my dreams make that clear.

*July 7, 1994*

The moving van arrived before 8:00 A.M. We had to rush to keep up with the four men carrying the stuff out. They were totally disciplined. With all the work we had done transporting books and dishes and treasured objects, they had everything out by noon. I couldn't believe the speed and efficiency with which one leaves a world once things move into motion. We slept in our gray bedroom for the first time, the soft evening breeze blowing through

from Bob's fragrant garden below. It was like old times in the parsonage, big rooms, high ceilings, broad windows. We feel somewhat overwhelmed by such generous space.

A little oasis—this *Virgin Ouerente!* The Great Mother contains in her womb all the Christian activity. She is the holder of it all—God the father, who in turn holds his crucified son within his womb. The saints looking on can see only the male relationship. They can't realize that they themselves are held within the container of the Mother. The doors of entry are Her very body. Looked at strictly objectively, how strange this Christian religion is! The sleepy, somewhat perplexed old father lovingly allows his only incarnated son to be crucified, hung there at the crux between Heaven and Earth, Spirit and Matter, to redeem the sins of the world. In this image the activity is all hidden within Her womb.



I try not to speak about my fear that this move is all too much for both of us separately and together. We try to have our sleep every afternoon, try to keep a good diet of green and yellow vegetables, try to walk every evening. Together we are moving slowly, steadily, and with great delight in our new playhouse.

We are both using the *concentration* we noted in Fran and Dave's house. We work on a room a day. One picture on

Wayne holds as much agony as I do. He loves beauty as I do. He is as detached as I am because he has to be to survive. He is one side of Ross in my life, with all his aesthetic sense, his love of drama, his profound surrender to dance. But I am not married to Wayne, and therefore there is nothing to lose with him even if we both went over the edge of a cliff in our dancing. So we can live our cherishing of each other, experience the delight of each other's rebellion against the collective, be surprised by what comes spluttering out of our mouths, know the agony but not focus on it, or focus on it and move it into the absurd and laugh until we cry—two lone creatures, way, way out.

Wayne was there to meet me when I arrived in Boston from India, striding toward him in my Jaeger coat—free, free, free, "nothing left to lose." We went to his apartment



NAGG: Yesterday you scratched me there.  
NELL: (elegiac) Ah, yesterday!  
—Samuel Beckett, *Endgame*.

where regal lilies blessed the table and the champagne and fruits. Whatever would I have done without the few precious playmates I found on the way—playmates as far-out and as broken as I was. But not broken at all in the aloneness that was my strength, as their aloneness was theirs.

Beckett is the world Wayne and I share. It is also the world Ross and I share when we are not too seriously involved in our marriage. Ross and I love the absurd, and his black humor is the funniest I know, but we have to come back to the reality that we are married. We do live in a world where bills have to be paid, dishes done, and suicide is not an acceptable escape. So I can play out with Wayne what eventually would

become fatal with Ross (though we have mellowed in our later years). Beckett! How often now Ross explodes in frustration with Nagg's line "I had it yesterday." And I respond with Nell's rhapsodic "Ah, yesterday." There we are—Ross and I in the garbage cans we climbed into three different years to play our Beckett roles. Well, we aren't onstage now. We simply are.

Then the other two pictures. The passport picture was taken after the car accident that nearly killed us both.

Again, the sense of fatality! I played with the electric windows on our way to the party, thank God, and knew how to work them when it came time to decide whether we were in the river or on land when we had to climb out of the upside-down Cadillac. As he spoke in the old Colonel Talbot house, Ross knew there was going to be trouble at the bridge that night. We actually did cross the bridge safely with our drunk driver. Then he decided to go back to get the forgotten money box and crashed into the side of the bridge driving like a banshee. The car hit the bridge exactly where I was sitting. There's my head put back together by that great surgeon who cut through my scalp and pulled the bones back into place.

Ross looks at the picture and says, "That never was you." But I think it was. The accident was in May '68. I already had my ticket for around the world. By the middle of July I was de-



bright new greens, snow melting into rivulets, sun dancing off sparkling water. I lie down and allow the cold spring water to flow over me, baptize me. New life coming out of the old—feel my body tingling fresh. Feel the green turning to violet, ultraviolet, feel my vault full of ultraviolet pulsations. Then the vaults come together. These two meet each other in joyous reunion.

Suddenly, my 16-year-old is 22. She cannot trust body. She feels betrayed by body. She does not feel life will cherish her in everlasting arms. Red swirls into orange, swirling fire energy on swirling clouds—sunset before a storm. The energy takes my breath away—swirls into fire. Jean picks up the sunset—day closing, night, preparation for the new day.

I hold, hold, hold. Cherishing arms around me, holding. I am afraid, totally afraid. Gold dust falls from the firmament. I see the light of the chandelier, and I see that light echoed in my kidney—the corona of my healing. I feel the gold going into my kidney and adrenals—I feel fear. CHAOS. Fight or Flight, or paralysis. "Perfect love casteth out fear" (1 John 4:18). "Where is that perfect love?" a voice shouts. "You didn't know you had cancer. Don't trust your connection to your body. DO NOT." However much I love the Great Mother, I

do not trust that I can reach her in the deepest cells in my body. Faith constellated its opposite: fear.

Feel very shaky as that fear registers. Snap into ego. Thank Jean and tell her I will try to rest in those loving arms and talk to her tomorrow. I think she hoped that I could accept the healing from within and stop the radiation. I could not trust from my depths although I believe the cancer is out of my body. The voice instantly comes in: "What if it isn't? And what if the doctor tells you six months from now it has metastasized in your liver and nothing can be done? How foolish would you feel then? If medical science can give you a few years of life, why refuse it?"

Yes, I know that sooner or later the Great Mother will take me into her arms in Death, but I do not think this is my time. Maybe the fear is totally unnecessary. So glad not to go to the clinic.

*He who binds to himself a joy  
Doth the winged life destroy  
But he who kisses the joy as it flies  
Lives in Eternity's sun rise*  
—William Blake

Dream, July 23, 1986, Journal Entry

 A working kidney appears, surrounded by a mystical light.

"Here is the corona of your healing," says a voice.

Dictionary: "corona" 1) a white circle of light seen around a luminous body; 2) the upper portion or crown of a part.

After twelve years of faithfully cherishing my kidney by sending light and love through my palms, perfect love is casting out fear, my snake is connecting to the wheel of life. Edema is no longer armor around my body. Dear God, thank you for the flow.

*January 30, 1994*

Talked to Bruce as he moves to his demanding week in Glasgow. He still has fear of forgetting lines. I would too. I admire his courage—a possible West End production and he hasn't been on the boards for thirty years.

Talked to Margaret, who felt my presence strongly as I wrote to her

*And death shall be the last embrace of her  
Who takes the life she gave,  
even as a mother  
Folding her child, says,  
"Leave me not again!"*  
—Shelley, "Prometheus Unbound"

17

[The image is] an individual gift of healing that works on three levels, emotional, intellectual and imaginative, appealing to body, mind and spirit. The dream image planted in the body acts as a magnet attracting the energy, transforming it and releasing it as healing power.

—Marion Woodman,  
The Pregnant Virgin

was. I could not see my own beauty when I was her age, but I certainly see hers.

Another nurse woke me up in the night to show me how to work the painkiller contraption.

"I know how to use it," I said.

"Then why don't you use it?" she snapped.

"I don't need it," I replied. "I'm using imagery."

"Oh?" was her only response. I knew she had written me off as a New Age flake.

*November 20, 1993*

More flowers today. No desire to move much. Feeling more pain and sheer weakness as I try to keep walking. The carts keep coming and going past my door.

In love with my flowers and the dear ones who sent them. Throughout these three days at St. Jo's I have clung to these flowers whenever I have felt I am nobody. They are the love, they are the beauty in life. Many times I have wakened in the night and breathed them in as I listened to the hospital sounds—the stifled sobs in the corridors, the gentle cadences of nurses' voices.

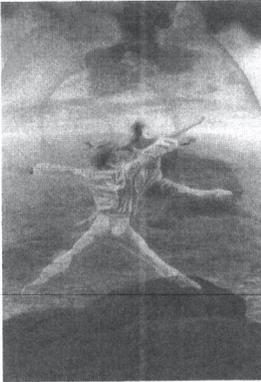
*November 21, 1993*

Sunday. Opening out to life again.

Jill sent me a little white buffalo with turquoise eyes. I hold it in my hand to feel the Navaho energy pouring through me from the earth into the sky and back into my heart. My friends are incredible. To feel myself the cup into which all this earthly love flows, the cup through which it flows and rises to the brim and overflows into Sophia's laughter, filling the universe with rain and rivers and flowers—and my heart with vibrant peace.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death. . . ." Dear Sophia, how the cycle spirals and swings into wider spirals and how your love holds the spiral true in my heart.

Mary [friend] arrived with yellow lilies this morning. My whole body leapt up to greet her. So glad to be alive to meet her. She thinks I've taken in too much poison. Now the sacrifice for the feminine has been made and we will get on with our work. Her card of the dancers in space is so right. The placement of the energy in their



From "Tullio's Journey," oil painting by Chiara Igo.

18

David [nephew] came for tea and oatmeal cookies and pumpkin tarts. I am very aware how difficult this diagnosis is for the children. Cancer took both their parents. David was very quiet, his blue eyes observing everything.

The living room felt like Christmas Eve, golden with love, shimmering with a slight holding of the breath before tomorrow. Ross said, "Marion, what is going on here?" I was glad he asked the question because I too felt the extraordinary presence. So did David. I also knew there were groups and individuals praying for me right across the continent. "It must be the love that is being sent to us," I said. They agreed.

I imagined a night sky. A golden spider's web stretched endlessly, with nodules of gold connecting the filaments. I could feel the energy transmitting to London, Ont. "Dear Sophia, open me to receive it," I prayed, and felt myself totally surrender to the strength of the golden web.

November 18, 1993  
*My Initiatory Dream*

A ship is coming into shore bearing two pearls. I see them, I don't see them. I know they are on the ship. A 5-year-old girl, barefoot with simple dress and mop of curls, stands on deck watching. Her gaudy bracelet and corn-cob pipe shine in the sunlight. Behind her, a woman, young, gypsylike, barefoot, hair flowing, also watches.

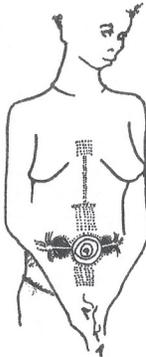
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These two are with me as I move into Cronedom—that queendom where I shall be free to live my own truth.

November 18, 1993  
7:15 A.M.

So here on November 18, 1993, where am I? The golden sun has risen. I had no breakfast. Nothing has passed into my mouth since 8:00 P.M. last night. I am preparing my ritual. Today the doctors are going to cut out my uterus and my ovaries. This is a blood sacrifice. What does it mean? The uterus—my uterus—never bore a child. It is the physical vessel. Maybe this is the sacrifice of my feminine organs to prepare me to go the next step—to release me from all physical mothering, to release me from mothering the masses, to release me from any remaining vestige of connection to dense, opaque flesh, to release me into a new vibration in my body.



Cherry [sister-in-law in England] phoned yesterday. When my spirits seemed so good, she said, "Have you no grief for the loss of your womb?" "Yes," I said. (I didn't say that as I lay on the floor doing my exercises last week, I ran my fingers over my unflawed belly—smooth as monumental alabaster—and everything in me wept.) I am to undergo the

Women's scarification, "swallow" pattern. Based on a photograph in Rose, "Abdominal Circumcision of the Mambila Tribe, Nigeria."  
—Bruce Lincoln, Emerging from the Chrysalis

19

## WHY SEGMENT A MEMOIR?

"The more complex the story is—that is, the more interwoven with other subjects, ideas, incidents, experiences it is—the harder it is to make it all connect in a linear way that doesn't extend the narrative or the development beyond the patience of the writer and reader alike. Moreover, the connections and associations that come so readily in the memory and in the imagination often defy simple linearity, easy transition from one subtopic to the next, when the writer has to force them into words on a page." (Robert Root)

20

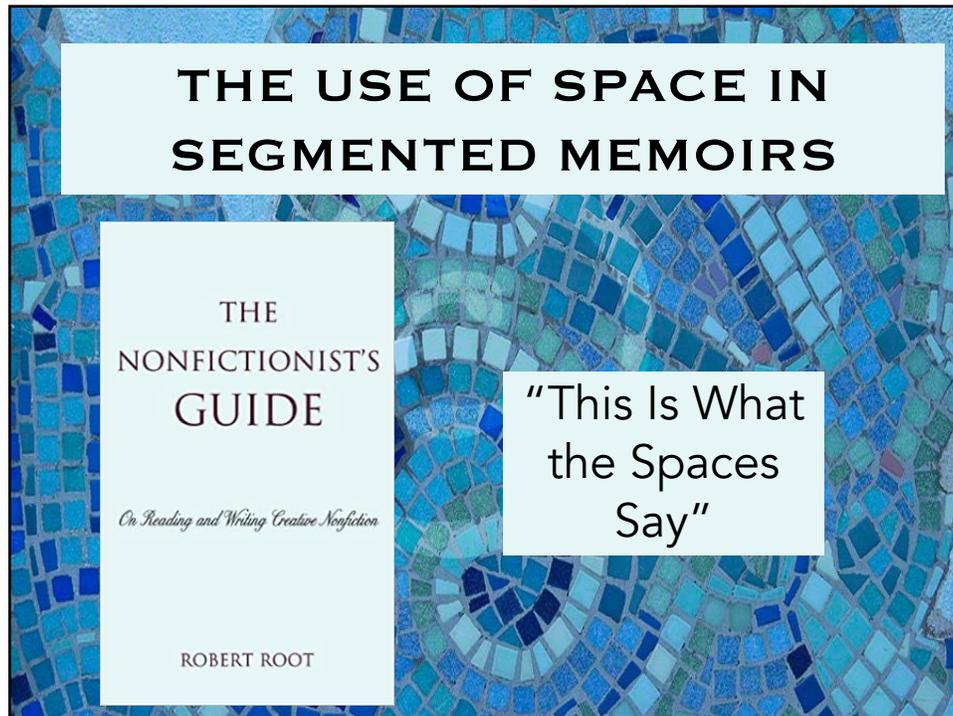


21

**SOME ADVANTAGES OF THE  
SEGMENTED MEMOIR FORMAT**

- The sheer unpredictability of it, the element of surprise and delight
- Allows for a full emotional range of writing, exploring complexity and contradiction without having to smooth them over with transitions
- May appeal to the short attention span of both the reader and the writer
- Images, symbols, metaphors, ideas that might get buried in longer prose, in fuller paragraphs and pages, can be isolated and thus amplified
- Intensity can be highlighted due to the staccato pace and the white space which acts as a frame around each piece, again amplifying the individual parts

22



23

**THE USE OF SPACE IN  
SEGMENTED MEMOIRS**

In comparison to a musical composition, the spaces are like the intervals of silence.

"This is what the spaces say: In this interval of silence hold onto what you have just heard; prepare yourself to hear something different; ponder the ways these separatenesses are part of a whole."

24

In comparison to art, especially the triptych or polyptych (parallel panels widely separated, each panel framed and bordered, set off starkly from each other):



25



26

“This is what the spaces say:

Stand up close and ponder each image on its own; stand further back and connect each panel to another panel that completes it as a pair or contrasts with it as an opposite; encompass all of it, remaining always aware of the borders and the individual panels but inviting an impression of the whole through its parts.”



27

In comparison to film:

“The spaces in a segmented essay are like the blackouts between scenes in a motion picture, like the face-out/fade-in, the imageless transition between disparate sequences of images, the slow dissolve that introduces a flashback, the crosscutting to parallel events.”



28

<p>90 DAVID PLANTE</p> <p>You lay on the rug of the sitting room floor to listen to Bach partitas, the only music you could listen to, recorded by Richard Goode. You'd sometimes sit up and exclaim, as if amazed, "I know every note!"</p> <p>Entering the bathroom, I saw you standing before the washbasin, after chemotherapy, brushing your hair out in falling clumps. I was alarmed, but you said matter-of-factly, "My hair will grow back." I said I would clear up, and did, to save a lock.</p> <p>Together, we made and remade our bed to satisfy your need for order—to the detail that the label on the blanket had to be on the lower-left corner of the bed—but the bed was never made right.</p> <p>Again and again, you asked, "Why aren't I better?"</p> <p>A friend wrote, "Fate is cruel, trafficking in nightmares." I asked myself why I did not feel this applied to you, but was too general to apply to you, to anyone in particular.</p> <p>I did not feel that religious faith applied to you, to us. Religion applied to others, but not to you, for faith was too general, and you in dying were too particular for such generalizations.</p> <p>I woke you from a nap to tell you I was going out to shop for supper. When I returned, you were up, walking about in your pajamas, agitated. Alarmed, you asked, "Where were you? I was so worried."</p>	<p>THE YEAR OF MAGICAL THINKING 115</p> <p>in Brentwood, I did not look left or right. Never once in five weeks did I drive up the Pacific Coast Highway to Malibu. When Jean Moore offered me the use of her house on the Pacific Coast Highway, three-eighths of a mile past the house in which we had lived from 1971 until 1978, I invented reasons why it was essential for me to stay instead at the Beverly Wilshire. I could avoid driving to UCLA on Sunset. I could avoid passing the intersection at Sunset and Beverly Glen where for six years I had turned off to the Westlake School for Girls. I could avoid passing any intersection I could not anticipate, control. I could avoid keeping the car radio tuned to the stations I used to drive by, avoid locating KRLA, an AM station that had called itself "the heart and soul of rock and roll" and was still in the early 1990s programming the top hits of 1962. I could avoid punching in the Christian call-in station to which I had switched whenever the top hits of 1962 lost their resonance.</p> <p>Instead I listened to NPR, a sedate morning show called <i>Morning Becomes Eclectic</i>. Every morning at the Beverly Wilshire I ordered the same breakfast, huevos rancheros with one scrambled egg. Every morning when I left the Beverly Wilshire I drove the same way to UCLA: out Wilshire, right on Glendon, slip left to Westwood, right on Le Conte and left at Tiverton. Every morning I noted the same banners fluttering from the light standards along Wilshire: <i>UCLA Medical Center—#1 in the West</i>,</p>
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29

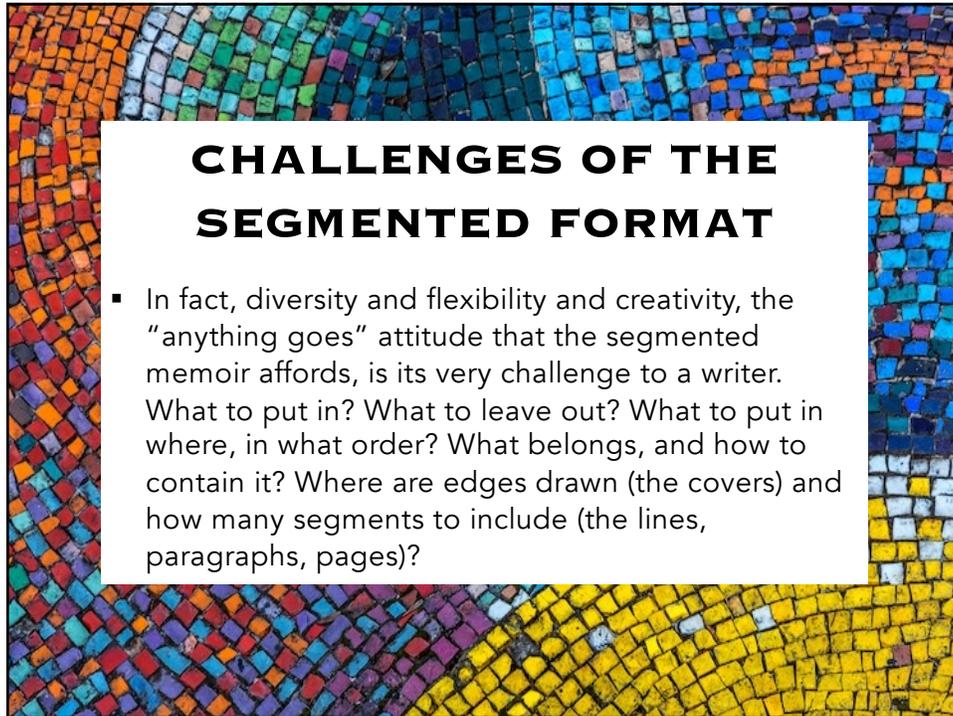
**THE SEGMENTED  
ESSAY/MEMOIR**

**THE MISS CONGENIALITY OF FORMATS**



**MISS CONGENIALITY**

30



## **CHALLENGES OF THE SEGMENTED FORMAT**

- In fact, diversity and flexibility and creativity, the “anything goes” attitude that the segmented memoir affords, is its very challenge to a writer. What to put in? What to leave out? What to put in where, in what order? What belongs, and how to contain it? Where are edges drawn (the covers) and how many segments to include (the lines, paragraphs, pages)?

31



## **CHALLENGES OF THE SEGMENTED FORMAT**

- For intuitive writers especially (N on the Myers-Briggs typology assessment), there’s a sense that everything belongs, that everything is connected to everything else. Associations can be endless, and thus, the format can be overwhelming and allow for ceaseless tinkering.
- The writing itself needs to be compelling. Think of a buffet. Each food item needs to taste good in and of itself. A bunch of mediocre food does not make for a great buffet.

32

## CHALLENGES OF THE SEGMENTED FORMAT

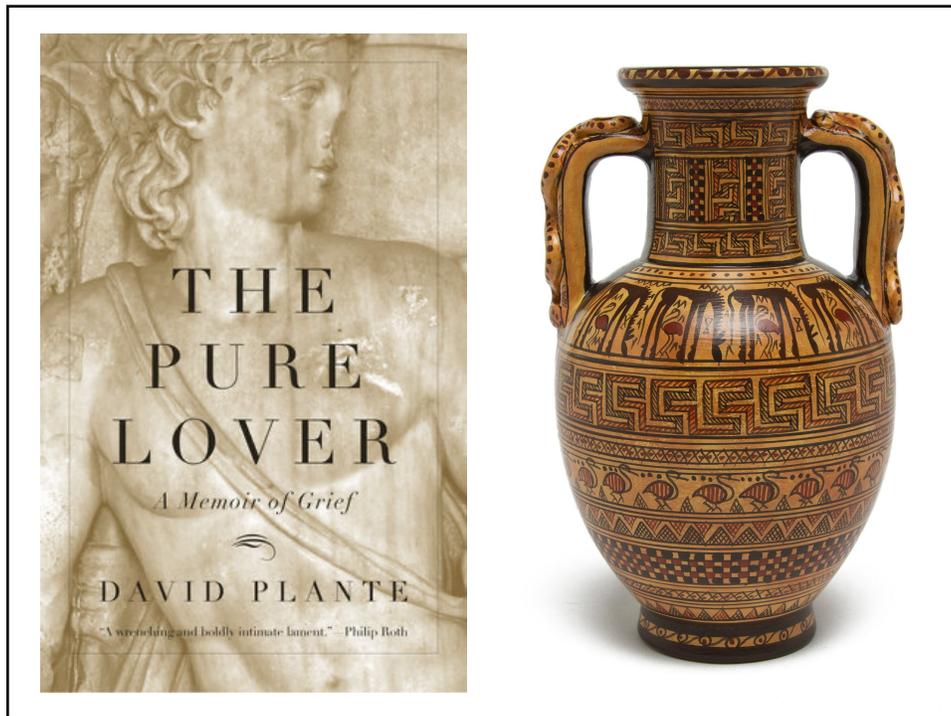
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- The writing itself needs to be compelling. Think of a buffet. Each food item needs to taste good in and of itself. A bunch of mediocre food does not make for a great buffet. Or an album—if only one or two songs are good, the album as a whole is not good.

33

## CHALLENGES OF THE SEGMENTED FORMAT

- As a writer, you don't want to come across as lazy. While the reader has to work (sometimes hard) to make the connections between the segments, they should also sense you are in control, that there is method to your madness.
- This format can require so much from the reader, who has to figure out how to read the structure as well as the content, a challenge they don't have when the structure is linear or chronological.

34



35

 The background is a colorful mosaic of small, irregular tiles in shades of blue, purple, and green. Overlaid on this is a light pink rectangular box containing text.
 

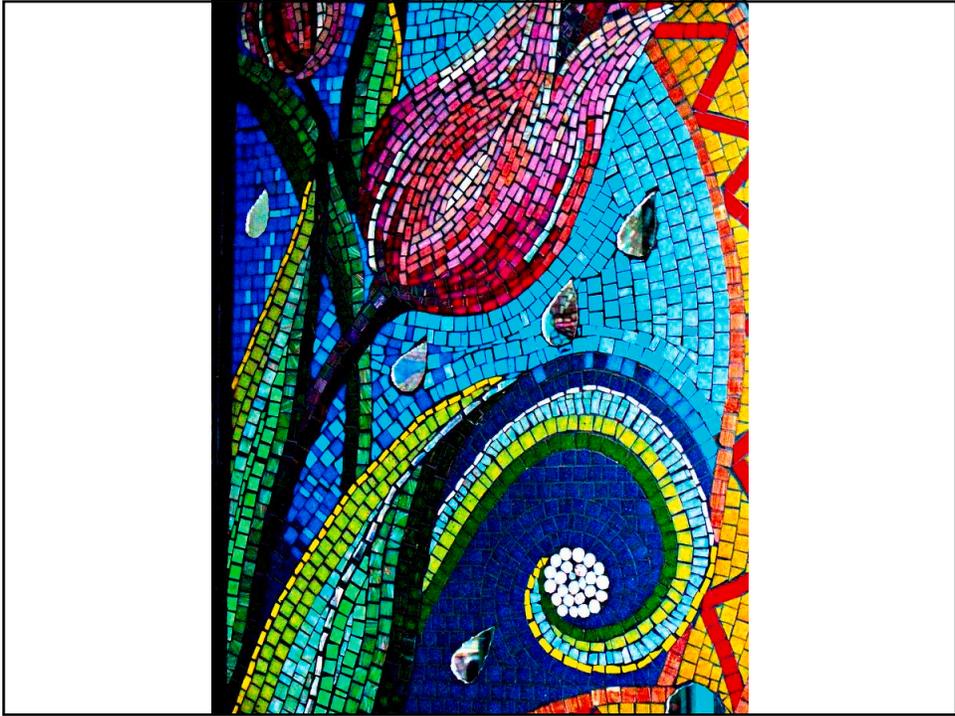
**THE IMPORTANCE OF  
SYNTHESIS IN THE  
SEGMENTED MEMOIR**

- One of the challenges of this format is that the parts have to add up to a satisfying whole for the reader. While the parts may read as discontinuous fragments, by the time the reader is finished, they should sense a bigger picture has emerged.

36



37



38



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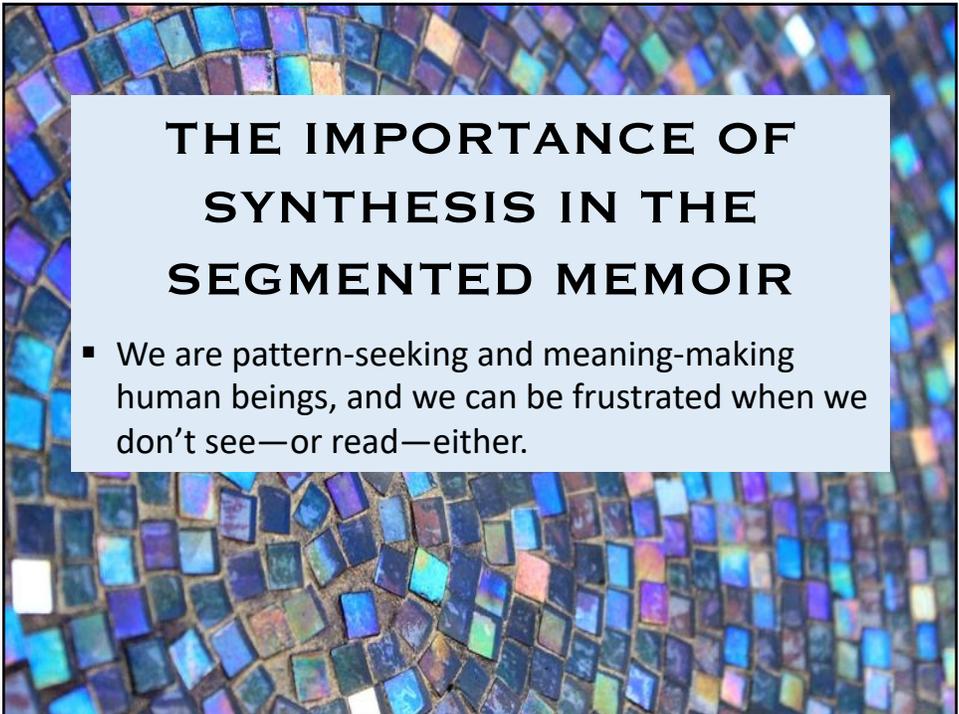
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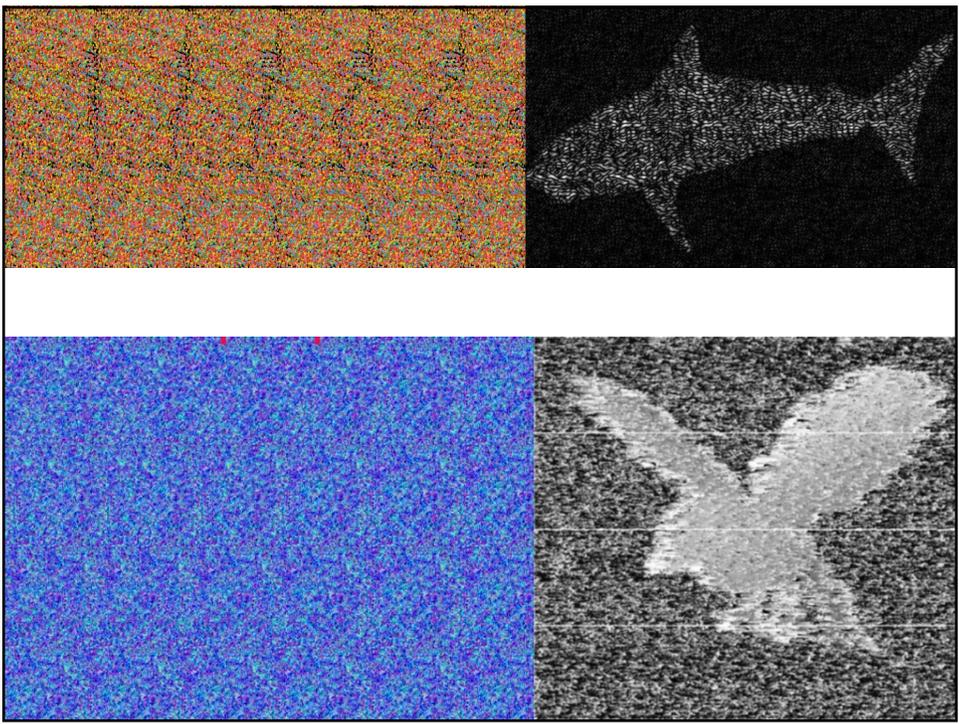
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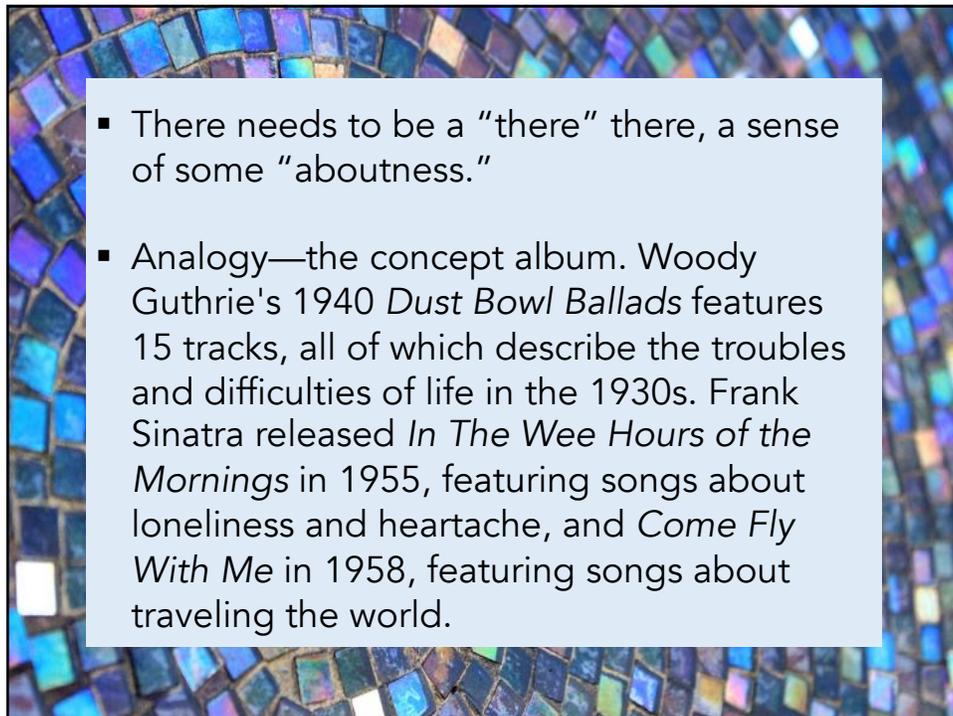
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43



44



45

PINK  
FLOYD  
THE  
WALL

According to the band, the “wall” is the self-isolating barrier we build over the course of our lives, and the “bricks in the wall” are the people and events that turn us inward and away from others.”

**Solitude can construct indestructible walls**—that's Pink Floyd's ultimate message in their album 'The Wall'. As social animals, we're destined to interact with other human beings. That's humanity's intrinsic nature, after all: we must socialize to be part of something.

46

**HOW TO MAKE A “THERE”  
THERE**

- The exploration of a singular (or small number of) topic/s [solitude]
- The exploration of a singular (or small number of) theme/s [humans are social animals and solitude can built walls that isolate us]

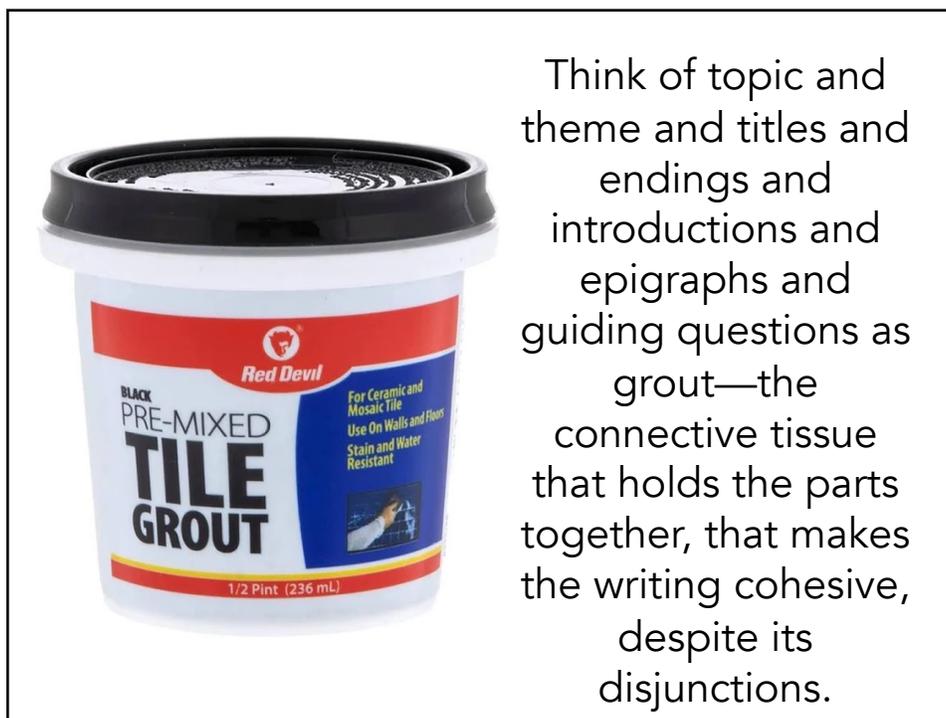
**TOPIC = SUBJECT MATTER  
THEME = PERSPECTIVE, POINT OF VIEW, MESSAGE,  
THE “WHAT ABOUT?” THE TOPIC**

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**HOW TO MAKE A “THERE”  
THERE**

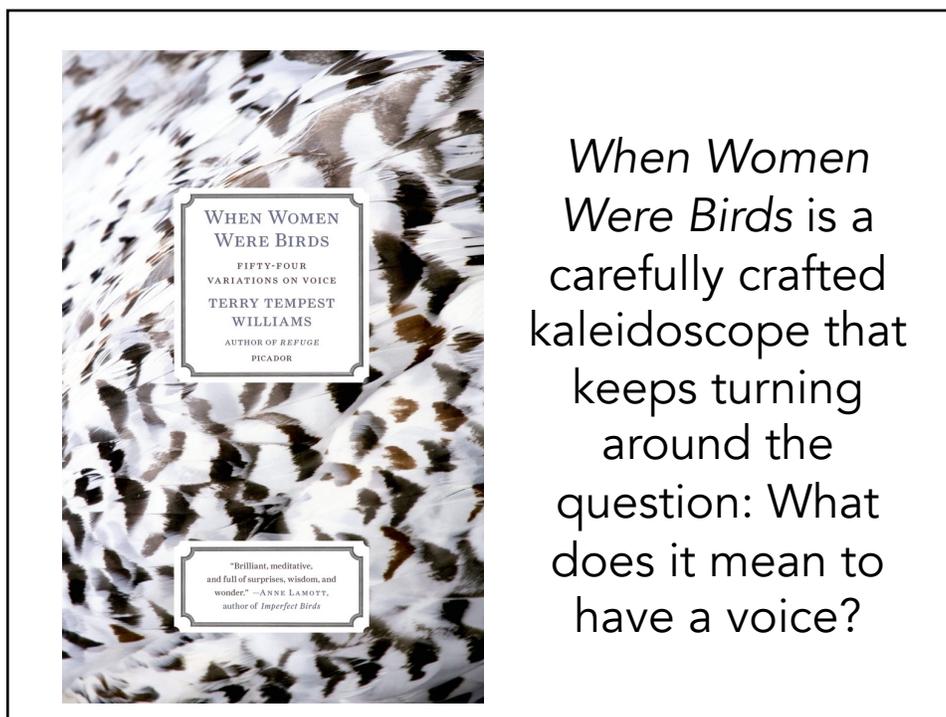
- The title (*Hourglass: Time, Memory, Marriage*)
- The ending (stick the dismount)
- A preface or introduction
- An epigraph
- A guiding question or set of connected questions (in text or on back cover)

48



Think of topic and theme and titles and endings and introductions and epigraphs and guiding questions as grout—the connective tissue that holds the parts together, that makes the writing cohesive, despite its disjunctions.

49



*When Women Were Birds* is a carefully crafted kaleidoscope that keeps turning around the question: What does it mean to have a voice?

50

“How does a young couple make room for their individual desires, their evolving selfhoods, and their artistic ambitions while building a life together? Can they pursue other sexual partners, even live in separate cities, and keep their original passionate bond alive? *Vanishing Twins* looks for answers in psychology, science, pop culture, art, architecture, Greek mythology, dance, and language to create a lucid, suspenseful portrait of a woman testing the limits and fluidities of love.”



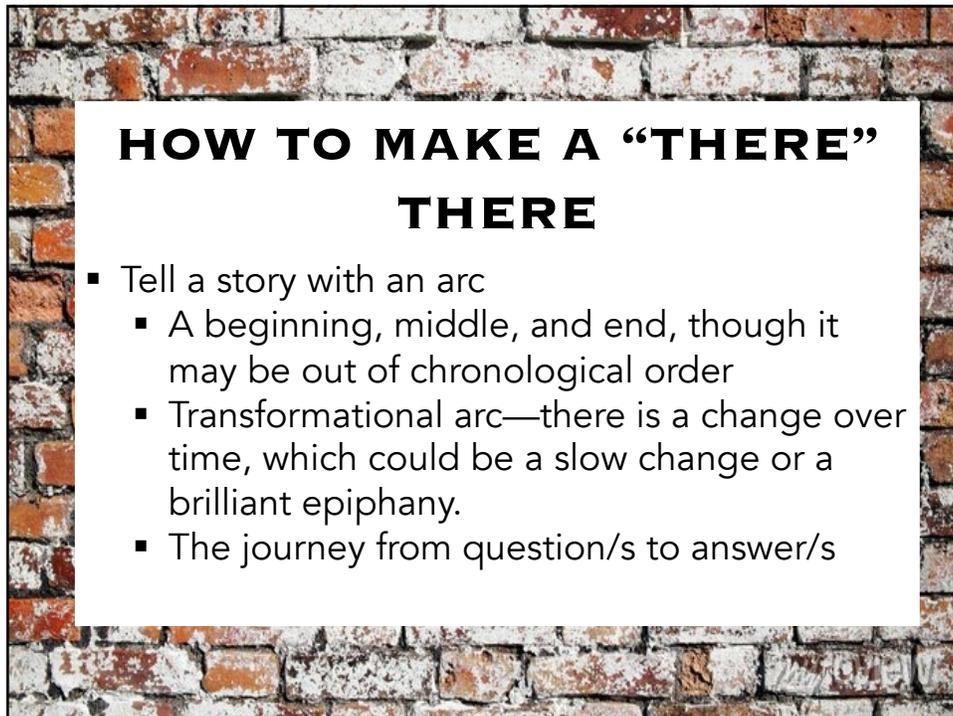
51

“What are the forces that shape our most elemental bonds? How do we make lifelong commitments in the face of identities that are continuously shifting, and commit ourselves for all time when the self is so often in flux? What happens to love in the face of the unexpected, in the face of disappointment and compromise--how do we wrest beauty from imperfection, find grace in the ordinary, desire what we have rather than what we lack? Drawing on literature, poetry, philosophy, and theology, Shapiro writes gloriously of the joys and challenges of matrimonial life, in a luminous narrative that unfurls with urgent immediacy and sharp intelligence.”



HOURGLASS  
 TIME, MEMORY, MARRIAGE  
 —  
 DANI SHAPIRO

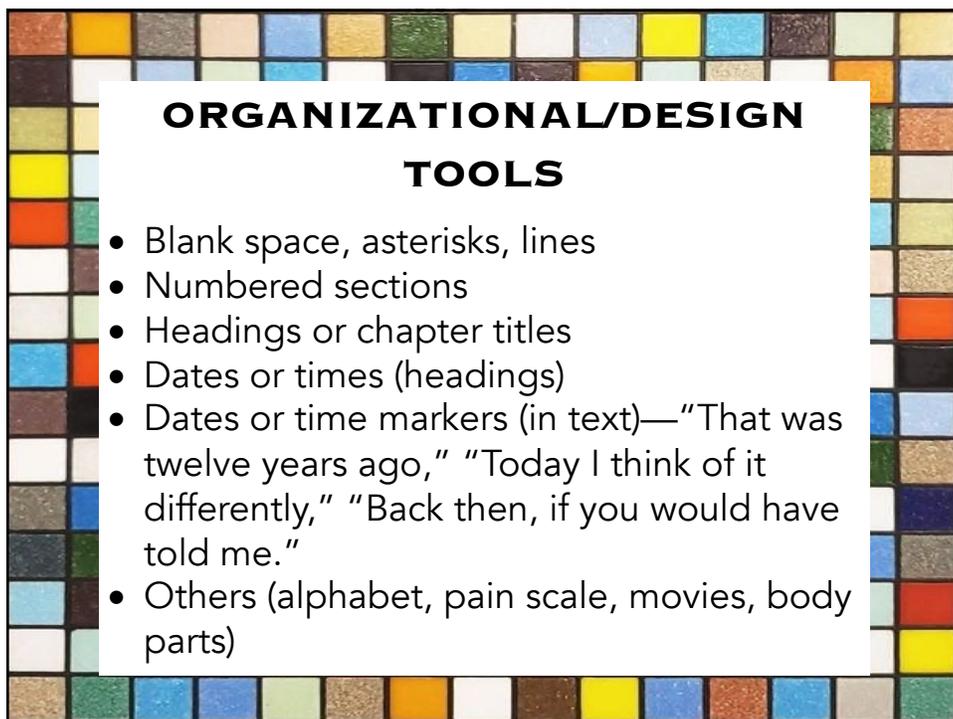
52



## HOW TO MAKE A “THERE” THERE

- Tell a story with an arc
  - A beginning, middle, and end, though it may be out of chronological order
  - Transformational arc—there is a change over time, which could be a slow change or a brilliant epiphany.
  - The journey from question/s to answer/s

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## ORGANIZATIONAL/DESIGN TOOLS

- Blank space, asterisks, lines
- Numbered sections
- Headings or chapter titles
- Dates or times (headings)
- Dates or time markers (in text)—“That was twelve years ago,” “Today I think of it differently,” “Back then, if you would have told me.”
- Others (alphabet, pain scale, movies, body parts)

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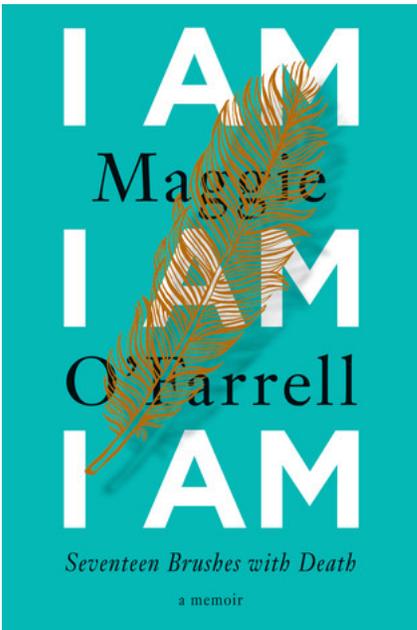


**EXAMPLES OF  
ORGANIZATIONAL/DESIGN  
TOOLS**

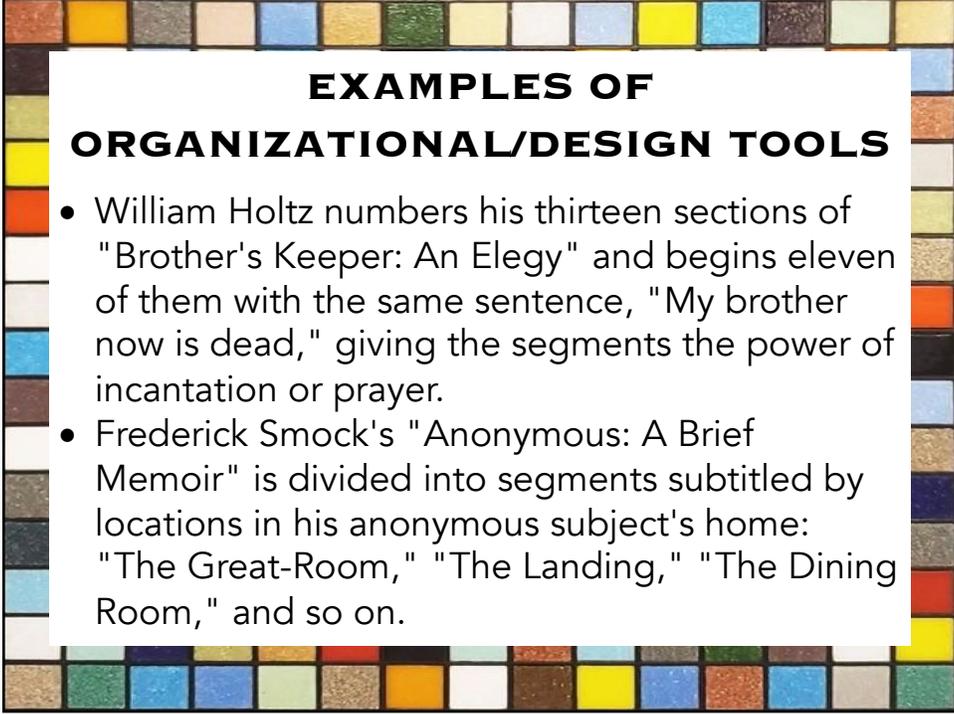
- "Scenes in the Life"
- The tarot deck in "The Friendship Tarot"
- The Greek alphabet in *The Pure Lover*
- *I Am, I Am, I Am* by Maggie O'Farrell

55

Neck (1990)	1
Lungs (1988)	23
Spine, Legs, Pelvis, Abdomen, Head (1977)	37
Whole Body (1993)	47
Neck (2002)	63
Abdomen (2003)	75
Baby and Bloodstream (2005)	93
Lungs (2000)	117
Circulatory System (1991)	129
Head (1975)	139
Cranium (1998)	149
Intestines (1994)	157
Bloodstream (1997)	171



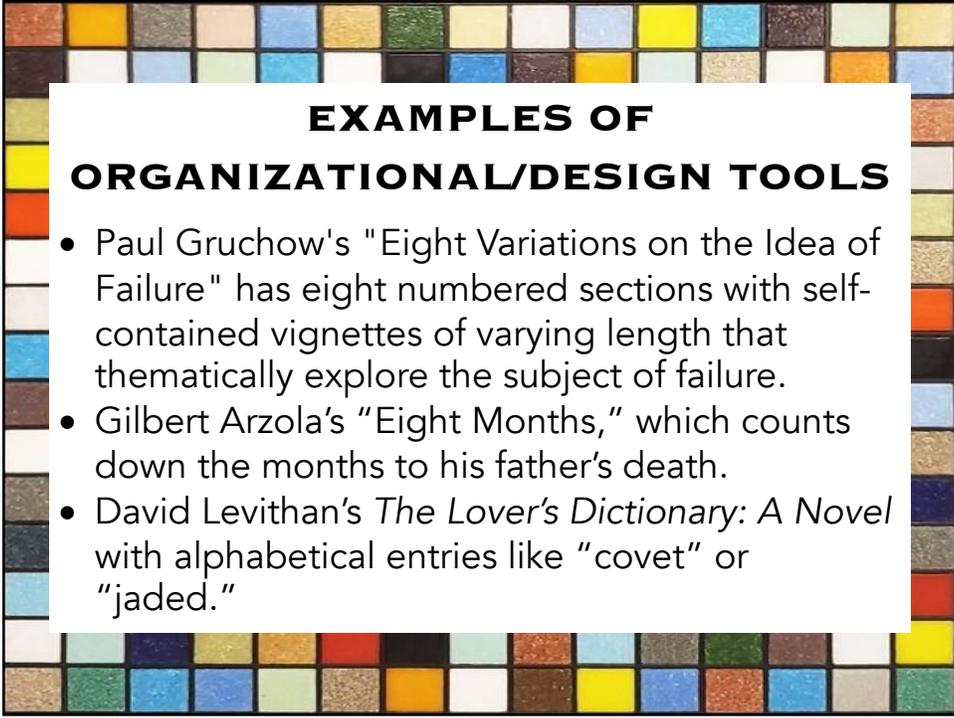
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**EXAMPLES OF  
ORGANIZATIONAL/DESIGN TOOLS**

- William Holtz numbers his thirteen sections of "Brother's Keeper: An Elegy" and begins eleven of them with the same sentence, "My brother now is dead," giving the segments the power of incantation or prayer.
- Frederick Smock's "Anonymous: A Brief Memoir" is divided into segments subtitled by locations in his anonymous subject's home: "The Great-Room," "The Landing," "The Dining Room," and so on.

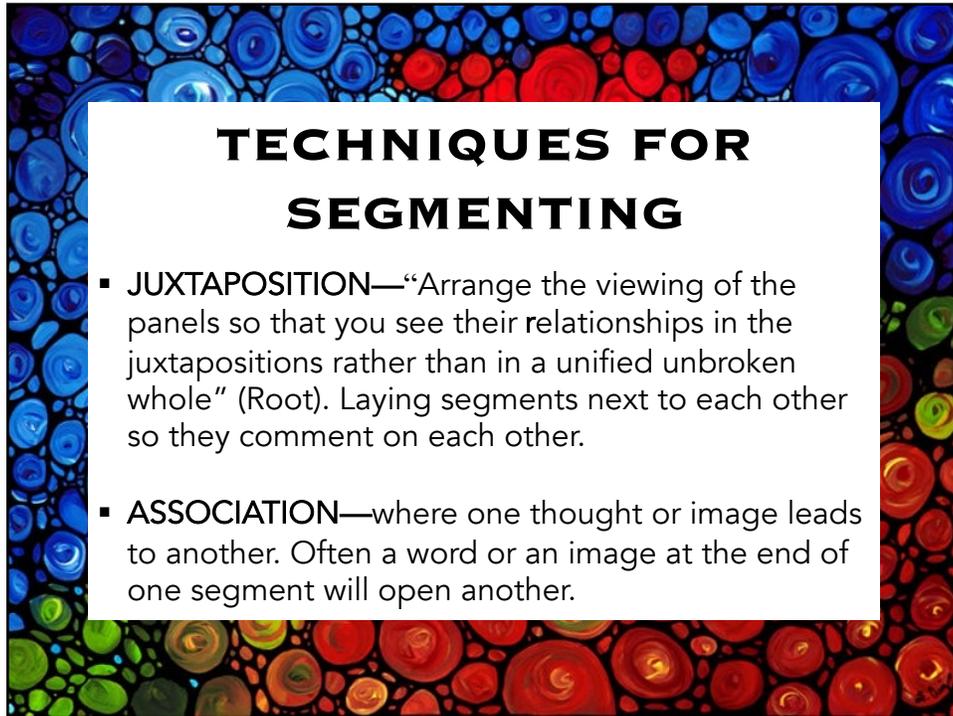
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**EXAMPLES OF  
ORGANIZATIONAL/DESIGN TOOLS**

- Paul Gruchow's "Eight Variations on the Idea of Failure" has eight numbered sections with self-contained vignettes of varying length that thematically explore the subject of failure.
- Gilbert Arzola's "Eight Months," which counts down the months to his father's death.
- David Levithan's *The Lover's Dictionary: A Novel* with alphabetical entries like "covet" or "jaded."

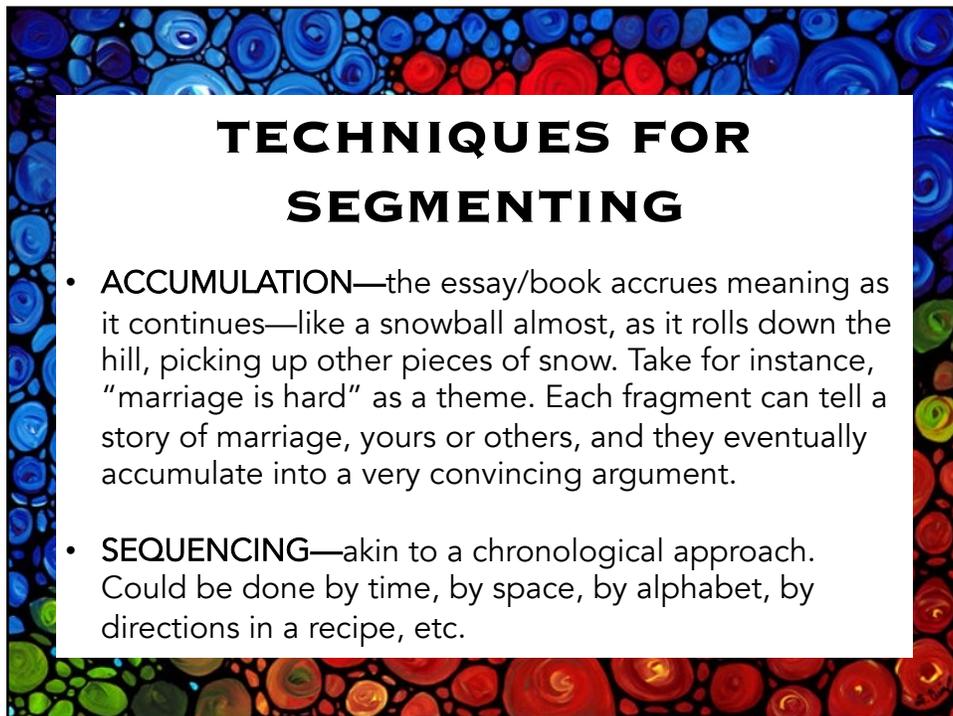
58



## TECHNIQUES FOR SEGMENTING

- **JUXTAPOSITION**—“Arrange the viewing of the panels so that you see their relationships in the juxtapositions rather than in a unified unbroken whole” (Root). Laying segments next to each other so they comment on each other.
- **ASSOCIATION**—where one thought or image leads to another. Often a word or an image at the end of one segment will open another.

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## TECHNIQUES FOR SEGMENTING

- **ACCUMULATION**—the essay/book accrues meaning as it continues—like a snowball almost, as it rolls down the hill, picking up other pieces of snow. Take for instance, “marriage is hard” as a theme. Each fragment can tell a story of marriage, yours or others, and they eventually accumulate into a very convincing argument.
- **SEQUENCING**—akin to a chronological approach. Could be done by time, by space, by alphabet, by directions in a recipe, etc.

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## TECHNIQUES FOR SEGMENTING

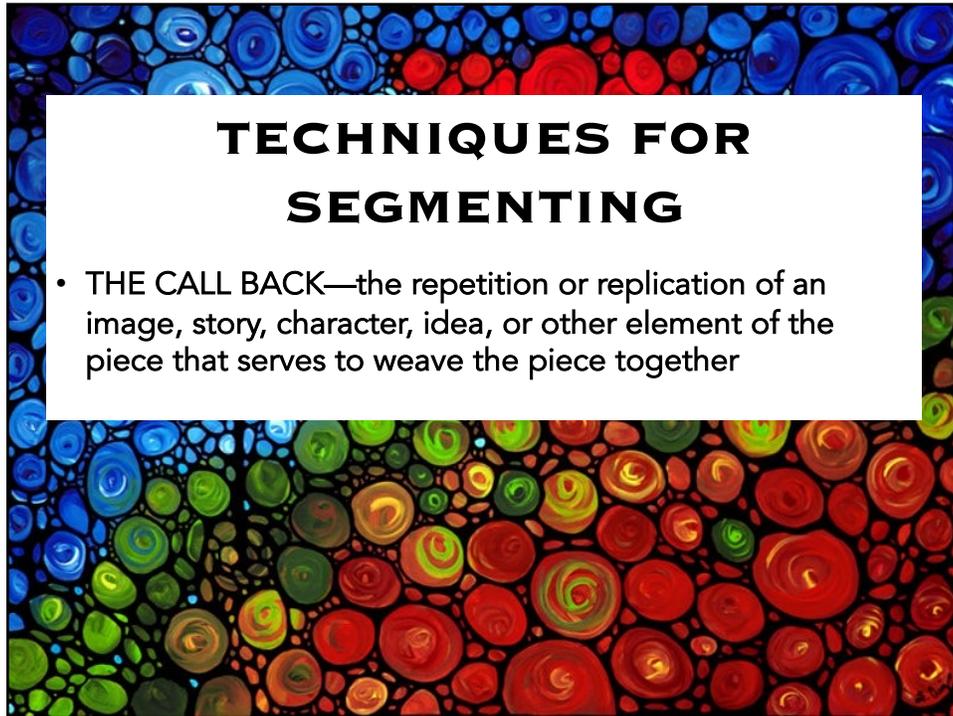
- **PARALLELISM**—where you alternate one strand with another. Segments on your mother and your father. Four first dates—paralleling them. Three different jobs. One home versus another. Five different vacations. This could be comparison or contrast. The difference between juxtaposition and parallelism is that parallelism requires a pattern or similarity, a resemblance or correspondence, versus juxtaposition which could be any two things side by side. Parallelism requires a metaphoric rhyme, whereas juxtaposition can be more cacophonous. Comparing one job to one landscape is juxtaposition. Comparing a first date to a trip to a foreign country is juxtaposition.

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## TECHNIQUES FOR SEGMENTING

- **PATTERNING**—choosing a design pattern and filling it, like a tarot deck, or rooms of a house, or body parts, or shoes one has worn, or the four directions, or the pain scale, etc.
- **CROSS-CUTTING**—cutting from past to present, or cutting between memory and history, or story and ideas
- **REPETITION**—a phrase or sentence that is often repeated, as in Root's "This is what the spaces say," or as in Holtz's "My brother now is dead"

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## TECHNIQUES FOR SEGMENTING

- **THE CALL BACK**—the repetition or replication of an image, story, character, idea, or other element of the piece that serves to weave the piece together

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### SEGMENTED/MOSAIC ESSAY ORGANIZATIONAL TEMPLATE

My topic(s) is:

- *Love, longing, being single*

My theme(s) is:

- *Being single is a mixed bag*
- *We need to appreciate our partners when we have them*
- *We need to be patient for our partners to arrive and ready ourselves for their arrival*

My guiding question(s)—stated or unstated—is:

- *??*

The transformational arc (if one is present) is:

- *The shift from being focused on finding a partner to being focused on becoming the best person so we can deserve the partners we find*

My element(s) is:

- *Poetry, quantum physics, music, anecdotes, dialogue*

My title is:

- *All I Want for Christmas: Scenes in the Life of a Single Girl*

My organizational/design tool(s) is:

- *Discrete scenes*
- *Time markers*

My technique(s) for segmenting is:

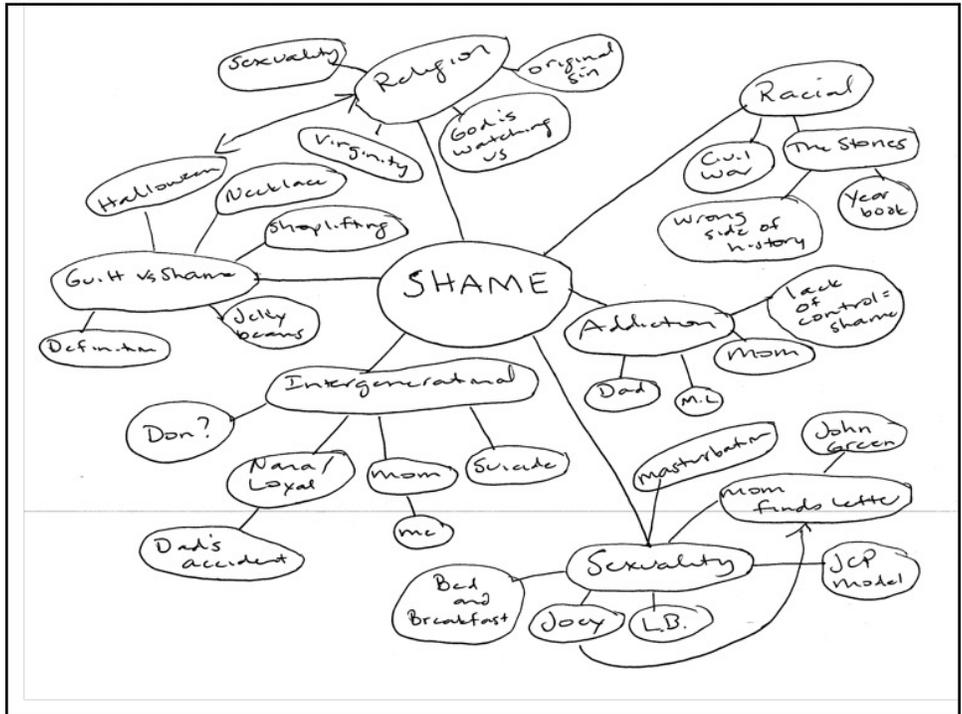
- *Accumulation*
- *Sequencing*
- *Parallelism (conversations with other single friends)*
- *The call back*

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<p>Shame Anecdote: The Ladybug Necklace</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Told not to do something but did it anyway</li> <li>Lied about it</li> <li>Putting things in mouth, like fingernails—oral fixation</li> <li>Should be able to control</li> <li>“That’s what you get”</li> </ul>	<p>Shame Versus Guilt</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Brené Brown distinction—some quotes from her work</li> <li>Other definitions?</li> <li>Why shame and not just guilt?</li> </ul>	<p>Shame Anecdote: Finding Out My Ancestors Owned Slaves</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Ancestry.com</li> <li>My work with Martin Luther King, Jr.</li> <li>Confederate flag at cemetery—remove?</li> <li>Visiting ancestral sites in the deep south</li> <li>Family refusal to feel shame—it wasn’t us</li> </ul>
<p>Types of Shame</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Body shame</li> <li>Sexuality shame</li> <li>Shame for hungers and longings</li> <li>Shame for racial incidents</li> <li>Religious shame (sinner)</li> <li>Family shame (alcoholism)</li> <li>Ancestral shame</li> <li>So many sites of shame</li> </ul>	<p>Mother’s Shame</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Pregnancy out of marriage</li> <li>Having sex at all</li> <li>Marriage failing</li> <li>Second marriage a disaster</li> <li>Everything I learned about shame, I learned from my mother</li> </ul>	<p>Research About Shame</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Physical effects</li> <li>Psychological effects</li> <li>Men versus women?</li> <li>Predisposition to shame?</li> <li>Intergenerational shame</li> <li>More Brené Brown—“shame researcher”</li> <li>Other?</li> </ul>
<p>Shame Anecdote: First Exploration of Sexuality</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Halloween story w/Lisa Barker</li> <li>Fuzzy memory of facts but clear memory of shame</li> <li>Not able to tell anyone</li> <li>Not having any language for what happened</li> <li>Must be kept secret</li> </ul>	<p>Secrecy and Shame</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>You’re only as sick as your secrets</li> <li>List of secrets</li> <li>Grandmother not telling story of her parents’ accident</li> <li>The things I’ll write about—the things I won’t (will still keep secrets from reader)</li> </ul>	<p>Cultural References About Shame</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Artwork?</li> <li>Adam and Eve—other myths?</li> <li>Film—“Shame” +?</li> <li>Song—“It’s a Shame” +?</li> <li>Trump—no shame—politicians and shame changing over time</li> <li>Memes?</li> <li>Others?</li> </ul>

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