

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 grieving openly.
I know not what thoughts
Were in others' heads
For I hardly was sure
About those in me,
The assassin's bullet
Had found his head
We hoped that he
Could not be dead
But there was no trouble
To crease his brow
For he lay dead
And silent now.

Nov. 22, 1963 11

The Day the President Died
The street was hushed
The silence roared
The news was heard
(cont.)

0 = complete

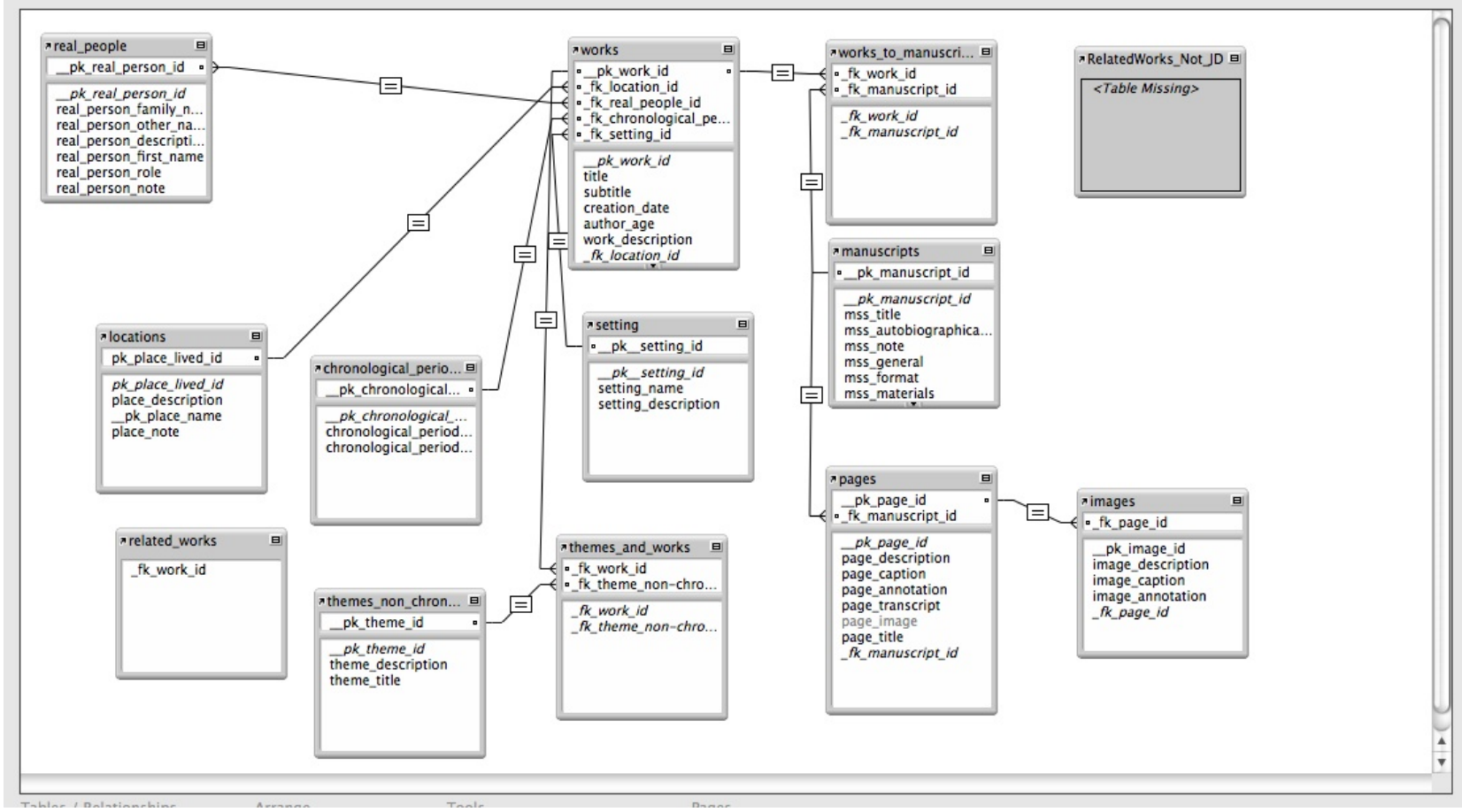
ALL SCANS

A - photo.
A - drawing.
A - mss.

A - photo - 0001.00	1956	1956 sand
2.00	1963	Electron + memor
A - drawing - 0003.00	1969	1968, 11.29
o A - mss. 0004.01	1964 96p.	The letter 1964-65
.02	"	"
.03	"	"
x .04*		List of titles
.05		Arbor poem
.06		Memorandum poem
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0005.02 X		list
0005.03	3	Cattle Heaven and
o A - mss. 0006.01	1965 44p.	Roddy
.02	"	"
.03		Roddy vol. 2
.04		Roddy vol. 3
.05		Roddy vol. 4
.06		Roddy vol. 4 end
A - mss. 0007.01		Roddy typed portion
A - mss. 0008.01	1960s 37p	Poems
.02		Table of Contents 1
.03		2
.04	1963	Poems - President shot
.05		2
A - mss. 0009.01	1965 6	Felice
A - mss. 0010.01	1964-65 notes	of Dear James deary

p. 1

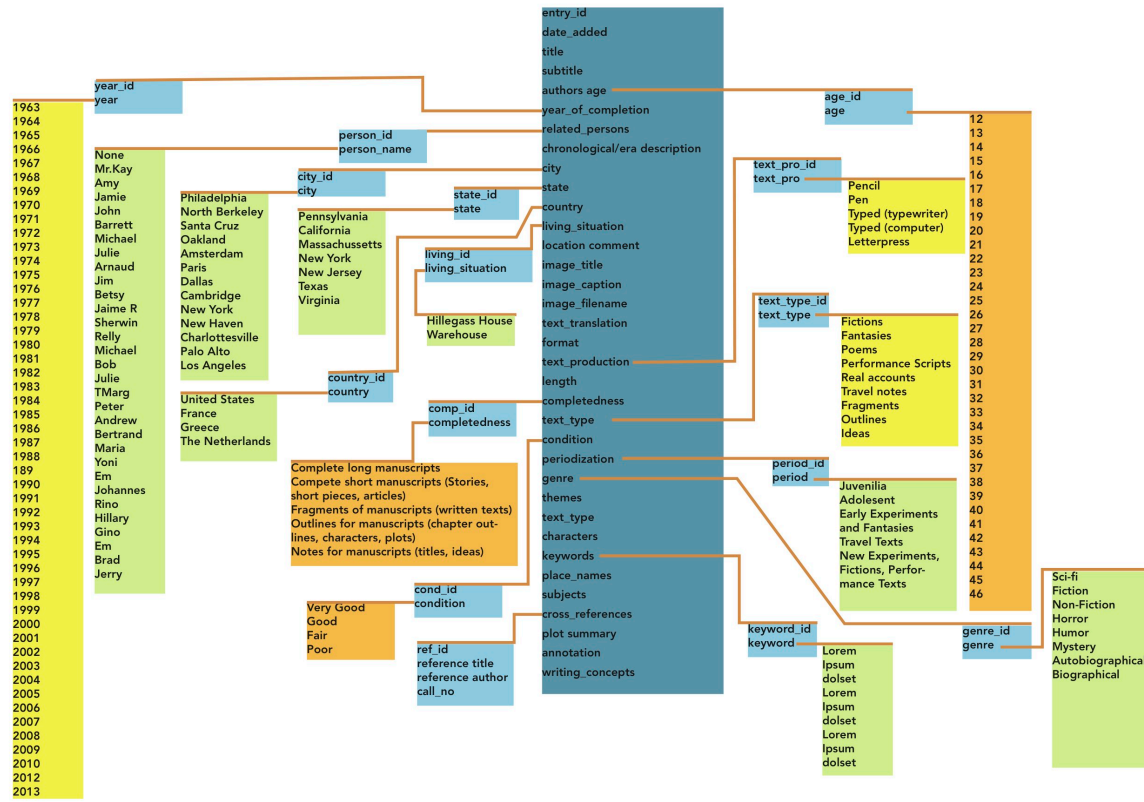
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8	The Letter	List of titles			A_mss_0004_04				1	
9	The Letter	Arbor poem			A_mss_0004_05				1	
10	The Letter	Memories poem			A_mss_0004_06				1	
11	The Arbor	Page	1965	Philadelphia	A_mss_0005_01	30	N		1	
12	The Arbor	List of titles	1965	Philadelphia	A_mss_0005_02				1	
13	The Arbor	Cat the Herman and	1965	Philadelphia	A_mss_0005_03	3	Y		1	
14	Roddy	Page	1965	Philadelphia	A_mss_0006_01	440	Y		1	
15	Roddy	Interior page	1965	Philadelphia	A_mss_0006_02				1	
16	Roddy. Volume 2	Page	1965	Philadelphia	A_mss_0006_03				1	
17	Roddy, Volume 3	Page	1965	Philadelphia	A_mss_0006_04				1	
18	Roddy, Volume 4	Page	1965	Philadelphia	A_mss_0006_05				1	
19	Roddy, Volume 4, end	Final page	1965	Philadelphia	A_mss_0006_06				1	
20	Roddy, typed portion	First pages	1965	Philadelphia	A_mss_0007_01		N		1	
21	Poems	Fair copy	1960s	Philadelphia	A_mss_0008_01	39	Y		1	
22	Poems	Table of contents	1960s	Philadelphia	A_mss_0008_02		Y		1	
23	Poems	Pages	1960s	Philadelphia	A_mss_0008_03		Y		1	
24	Poems	The day the President was shot	1963	Philadelphia	A_mss_0008_04		Y		1	
25	Poems	The day the President was shot	1963	Philadelphia	A_mss_0008_05		Y		1	
26	Felice	Page	1965	Philadelphia	A_mss_0009_01	6	Y		1	
27	Dear James Diary	Page of notebook	1964-65	Philadelphia	A_mss_0010_01		Y		1	
28	Mirror Mirror	Page	1965-66	Philadelphia	A_mss_0011_01	7	Y		1	
29	Mirror Mirror	Page of inside text	1965-66	Philadelphia	A_mss_0011_02	7	Y		1	
30	Mirror Mirror, other	Page	1965-66	Philadelphia	A_mss_0012_01	4	Y		1	
31	Poems (November)	Page	1967-68	Philadelphia	A_mss_0013_01	4	Y		2	
32	Prose Mss.	Pages	1968	Philadelphia	A_mss_0014_01	32	Y		2	
33	Novel 1964	Pages typed	1965-5	Philadelphia	A_mss_0015_01	54	Y		2	
34	Novel 1964	Page of inside text	1965-66	Philadelphia	A_mss_0015_02	54	Y		2	
35	Novel 1964	Page of inside text	1965-66	Philadelphia	A_mss_0015_03	54	Y		2	



ALL: Database

(primary tables and preset information)

- primary table
- secondary tables
- controlled vocabulary select one
- controlled vocabulary select multiple
- list of options with dynamically adding capabilities



Project: sample.xpr

- sample.xpr
 - css
 - debugger
 - fo
 - import
 - jsp
 - nvd1
 - relaxng
 - schematron
 - svg
 - wsdl
 - xquery
 - dita

Outline: Element name filter

- collection
 - section 1. Tender Writings to 1964-65
 - section 2. Diaries and stories of love
 - section 3. Early experiments and first
 - section 4. Poetry, Prose, and Lang
 - section Travels and Texts 1977 to
 - section On Experimental Ground 1
 - section Paris and conceptual text
 - section More fictions and conceptu
 - section Memoires and accounts, D
 - section Novels and Dark Fictions 1
 - section SciFi and Arts Novels 1994
 - section Prose Fictions Stops and St
 - section Other Texts

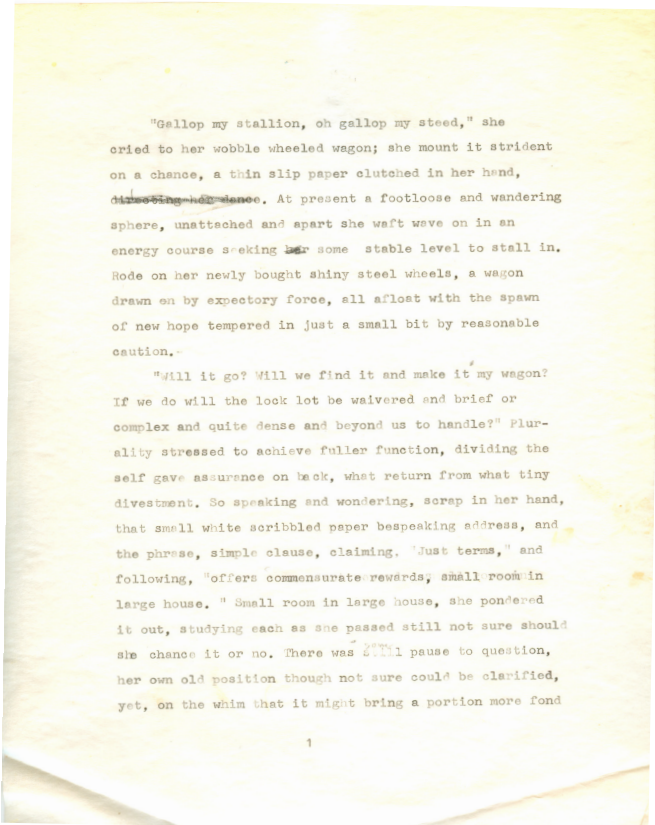
All_Ography_Ongoing.xml

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180         herself off a cliff, much to the dismay of the hero, who loves her. </pl
181       <characters>John, Tabitha</characters>

```

Pupa House / 1972 / Prose / Fantasy Fiction



1 / 50

Ms. 0033x_01; typescript, 50 pages, 8 1/2 x 11"; loose sheets, numbered; good condition; if a handwritten version existed, it is long gone, along with any notes; but the illustrations for this work exist. It was written out, not corrected, so the pencil cancellations stand out as unusual.

It may have been typed on the portable Brother typewriter I had bought at age 12 for Xmas, half from my babysitting money (\$.50 an hour), half subsidized by my mother. I recall it cost nearly \$70, an enormous sum. Does it match the typescripts of my Philadelphia adolescent days?

Related to Oh Oh 1973-74, Whole 1971-72.

Oakland, California / Hillegass / Early adulthood / Jamie

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 figurings 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.

MORE...

Next 2 / 677



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Submitted by [JohannaDrupall](#) on Mon, 08/18/2014 - 10:21

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Submitted by [JohannaDrupall](#) on Wed, 10/09/2013 - 16:53

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right: Bubblegirl, 197X

SEARCH BY:

CHRONOLOGY	TITLE	GENRE	CONCEPTS	THEMES
1962-1965	Against Fiction	Poetry	Concepts	Themes
1965-69	Agony and Ecstasy	Prose	Concepts	Themes
1969-70	Art's History	Fantasy Fiction	Concepts	ThemesThemes
1970-77	Baby outline	Genre Genre	ConceptsConcepts	Themes
1970-75	Blank Minded	Genre	Concepts	Themes
1975-77	Murder	Genre	ConceptsConcepts	Themes
1977-79	Business notes, Otis etc.	GenreGenre	Concepts	Themes
1979-84	City Paper	Genre	Concepts	ThemesThemes
1984-85	Claustrophobia	Genre	Concepts	Themes
1985-86	Detail Center	Genre	ConceptsConcepts	Themes
1986-88	Diary notebooks	GenreGenre	Concepts	ThemesThemes
1989	Dreamlife and	Genre	ConceptsConcepts	Themes
1990-94	Desire	GenreGenre	Concepts	Themes
1994-99	Family Accounts	Genre	Concepts	Themes
1999-2008	Family Life	GenreGenre	Concepts	Themes
2008-2010	Fiction	Genre	Concepts	Themes
2010-2014		GenreGenre	ConceptsConcepts	ThemesThemes

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...the books I never wrote or wrote and never published

This online site accompanies the book *All*, or 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 attentive to their materiality



16

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 emotions
 Had gripped the crowd
 Some passers by
 Were deep in thought
 Others were gawking openly
 I knew not what thoughts
 Were in other's heads
 For I hardly was sure
 About these in me
 The assassin's bullet
 Had fured his head
 We hoped that he
 Could not be dead
 But there was no trouble
 To crease his brow
 For he lay dead
 And silent now

Nov. 22, 1963 11

The Day The President Died
 The street was hushed
 The silence reared
 The news was heard
 (cont.)

Mss_00140_000; 30 pages; in a hard-cover copy book covered with blue canvas. In very good condition. This is a fair copy of the poems, whose originals are long gone. I do not recall when the copy was made, but not much later than 1968 or 1969, by the printed handwriting, which is careful but with a slight back slant, the use of the ledger-notebook, and the pen.

The poems were written in Philadelphia, in my childhood home. This page contains one of several poems written the day John F. Kennedy was shot. I don't have any other manuscripts from this period, and none in their originals until a year later.

Poetry was the highest art, the only literary form that really mattered. Drama second. Prose was of the world, and admirable, but not the same stature as poetry, though the great novels were respected, and novelists.

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 have playdates 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 drugstore. 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 to 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 have playdates 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.