

Chapter 1 : Why You Should Try Writing in Second Person

From the author of Telling Stories, Writing Songs: An Album of Texas Songwriters comes a fascinating collection of interviews with Texas women singer-songwriters and performers, including Emily Robison, Terri Hendrix, Lee Ann Womack, Rosie Flores, Betty Buckley, Marcia Ball, Lavelle White, and Bobbie Nelson.

Such tiny, perfect revelations. A couple of years ago, I posted a portion of this list on my old WD blog around the same time we ran a great quote feature on 90 tips from bestselling authors in the magazine. Recently, someone asked if I was still collecting quotes. Happy Friday, and happy writing. It cannot be done. Such is the basic goodwill contract made the moment we pick up a work of fiction. This has been a main point to my literary thinking all my life. An overturned tricycle in the gutter of an abandoned neighborhood can stand for everything. Shakespeare has perhaps 20 players. As you get older, you become more skillful at casting them. Or, if proper usage gets in the way, it may have to go. When not writing or rewriting, read. I know of no shortcuts. There never have been, nor can there ever be. The rest matters little. I try to keep it simple: Tell the damned story. The essence will not be, of course, the same thing as the raw material; it is not even of the same family of things. The novel is something that never was before and will not be again. If they are not realities in your own mind, there is no mysterious alchemy in ink and paper that will turn wooden figures into flesh and blood. Get rid of every ounce of excess fat. This is going to hurt; revising a story down to the bare essentials is always a little like murdering children, but it must be done. What Rembrandt or Van Gogh saw in the night can never be seen again. You can do that in 20 minutes, and 15 inches. Some high school kid was leading a campaign to ban books he found offensive from the school library. The story was short, mostly about the issue. But Barack had a fact that he withheld until the kicker. The fact put the whole story, subtly, in complete perspective. Those people who know that they really want to do this and are cut out for it, they know it. My ideas wake me. Then see what happens. Most of my friends who are put on that diet have very pleasant careers. Throw the prism light, white hot, on paper. Plot is no more than footprints left in the snow after your characters have run by on their way to incredible destinations. Let them think you were born that way. You have to explain one drop of H₂O. The reader will get it. Everything else is just odd jobs. A character is a caricature. This is an enormous relief, and you can sit there searching for the point at which the story becomes a toboggan and starts to slide. Like what you read from WD online? You might also like:

Chapter 2 : Three Steps to Start a Daily Writing Habit – Goins, Writer

Table of Contents for Women in Texas music: stories and songs / Kathleen Hudson, available from the Library of Congress.

Naturally, after the beating we suffered on November 2, there would be talk of changing the guard. But can we place blame on state party leadership? I believe that we have seen a trend in Tennessee which has been a long time in the coming. November was a nationwide catastrophe for all Democrats. Not to take anything away from the previous TNDP administrations, the progress made in the past two years is considerable. Considering the past two years; we should all examine what we did right and what we did wrong. In all honesty, I see where our state party did a great deal right and not a whole lot wrong. In fact, I think we all learned something new this year – All Politics is National. I do hope that all politics will become local again - and soon! Because this is our work and we must continue to build our Party – locally. The growth and quality of staff: I am proud of all of them for their dedication and for the progress our Party has made. The Tennessee Democratic Party is growing into the 21st Century. We have a plan in motion to put virtual headquarters in all 95 counties – and it is time! The tools available to all of us with interactive technology are tremendous. Understanding their capabilities and using them is another story. The monthly conference calls have not always been terribly exciting – but terribly necessary. We Democrats need to be better organized and synchronized. The Monteagle Summit marked a new direction for all of us. Bringing the entire party together; chairs, activists, executive members, DNC members, candidates and elected Democratic representatives. Holding a summit possibly a few times a year – maybe even quarterly? Great idea – a Chip Forrester idea. Chip Forrester has proven himself to this county chairman. I have found him to be well experienced, well capable, focused, reasonable and available when I have a concern or an idea to discuss. I believe he has made an effort to travel the entire state, and get to know every county chair and committeeman. His fundraising abilities and the Jackson Day events speak for themselves. What a great amount of progress we have forged in the past 2 years. As all of us know - building a Party takes time - certainly more than two years. I appreciate that Chip Forrester gets this. Chip has seeded a great deal of growth and it seems to me that we are just getting started. Posted by chipfortn at.

Chapter 3 : 57 best Writing and Loving It images on Pinterest in | Poems, Poetry and Workplace

Women in Texas Music Stories and Songs von Kathleen Hudson 1. Auflage Women in Texas Music - Hudson schnell und portofrei erhältlich bei racedaydv.com DIE FACHBUCHHANDLUNG.

But what about writing in second person? It may seem strange, unconventional, or confining, but playing with point of view is one way to transform a story. Point of view affects a story in that it allows readers to gain a very specific perspective. The second person is no different. Want to become a writer? Get our free step guide to becoming a writer here and accomplish your dream today. Click here to download your guide instantly. Second person pulls the reader into the action. Heart pounding, you race up the stairs as the train enters the station. You weave around the slow-moving people milling on the platform and dash towards the train, throwing your body through the doorway with only a moment to spare. Second person gets personal. You told me to meet you at the bar. Did you plan on breaking my heart that night? We locked eyes as I walked through the entrance, and I knew things were coming to an end. Second person stretches your skills and surprises readers. And for writers, it means a new way of telling a story, a different way of revealing character. In this way, it offers a new perspective for writers and readers alike. Have you written a story in the second person point of view? And if you post, please respond to some of the other comments too! Download the step-by-step guide and learn how to become a writer today. Melissa Tydell Melissa Tydell is a freelance writer, content consultant, and blogger who enjoys sharing her love of the written word with others. You can connect with Melissa through her website , blog , or Twitter.

Chapter 4 : 72 of the Best Quotes for Writers

Writing about trauma is sometimes called "navel-gazing," particularly for women writers. An essayist and memoirist confronts this stigma, and calls on writers to explore their personal traumas and truths.

The narrative experimented with form, suggested a history of sexual trauma, but quickly shifted into a more lyrical and analytic musing on the general subject. It is a concern I have heard from countless students and peers, and which I always greet with a combination of bafflement and frustration. Since when did telling our own stories and deriving their insights become so reviled? We must always tell stories so that their specificity reveals some universal truth. How many times have I been privy to conversations among other writers in which we sneer at the very concept? And the assumption is that these occupations preclude emotional self-examination or healing. What kind of monstrous narcissist would make that mistake? I have committed this betrayal of my own experience innumerable times. But I am done agreeing when my peers spit on the idea of writing as transformation, as catharsis, asâ€”dare I say itâ€”therapy. Tell me, who is writing in their therapeutic diary and then dashing it off to be published? But I suspect that when people denigrate them in the abstract, they are picturing women. One of the male editors rolled his eyes and shrugged. The genre of victimhood is already so crowded. Later that day, while serving on a panel of memoirists, I polled the audienceâ€”a room packed with a few hundred readers and writers. I asked for a show of hands: To puff an ego already inflated past safety? It is the reason that I did not want to write a memoir. Then I took a nonfiction craft class for which we were asked to write a short memoir. Though the content of my novel drew heavily from my own experience, I had never written any kind of nonfiction. The twenty-page essay I drafted about my years as a professional dominatrix was the most urgent thing I had ever written. When he read it, my professor insisted that I drop whatever I was working on and write a memoir. Who was I, a twenty-six-year-old woman, a former junkie and sex worker, to presume that strangers should find my life interesting? I had already learned that there were few more damning presumptions than that of a young woman thinking her own story might be meaningful. Besides, I was writing a Very Important Novel. Do you see how easy it is to poke holes in this logic? So I wrote it. And it was urgent, but not easy. In order to write that book, I had to walk back through my most mystifying choices and excavate events for which I had been numb on the first go-round. That book was about being a sex worker and recovering from heroin addiction. It was about desire, shame, bodies, drugs, and money. It was an intellectual inquiry into these topics as much as it was a psychological and emotional reckoning. In hindsight, I can say that the compulsion to write it was an expression of my need to understand what the connections were among those things. To answer my own questions about why a girl from a loving family ended up shooting speedballs and spanking men for a living, and how the power of secrecy could become a prison. I wrote it because I wanted to show the strangers who shared those experiences that they were not alone. In contrast, control participants were asked to write as objectively as possible about neutral topics without revealing their emotions or opinions. Both groups wrote for fifteen minutes for four consecutive days. Some of the participants in the experimental group found the exercise upsetting. All of them found it valuable. Monitoring over the subsequent year revealed that those participants made significantly fewer visits to physicians. Expressive writing about trauma strengthens the immune system, decreases obsessive thinking, and contributes to the overall health of the writers. If you write about your wounds, it is therapy. Of course, the writing done in those fifteen minutes was surely terrible by artistic standards. Being healed does not have to be your goal. But to oppose the very idea of it is nonsensical, unless you consider what such a bias reveals about our values as a culture. Knee-jerk bias backed by flimsy logic and bad science has always been the disguise of our national prejudices. That these topics of the body, the emotional interior, the domestic, the sexual, the relational are all undervalued in intellectual literary terms, and are all associated with the female spheres of being is not a coincidence. That is, Karl Ove Knausgaard is a genius, a risk-taker, while all my female graduate students are terrified to write about being mothers for fear that they will be deemed or, that they already are vacuous narcissists. Which is really just a pumped-up version of that more general oxymoron, a woman who thinks. Being healed by writing does not excuse you

from the insanely hard work of making art. There are plenty of mediocre memoirs out there, just as there are plenty of mediocre novels. I labored endlessly to craft my memoir. But after it was published, I still fielded insinuations that I had gotten away with publishing my diary. Interviewers asked only about my experiences and never about my craft. Writing about your personal experiences is not easier than other kinds of writing. It made me a better person, and it made a better book. Navel-gazing is not for the faint of heart. The risk of honest self-appraisal requires bravery. To place our flawed selves in the context of this magnificent, broken world is the opposite of narcissism, which is building a self-image that pleases you. Go now and do the heart-work on the images imprisoned within you. It is not gauche to write about trauma. The stigma of victimhood is a timeworn tool of oppressive powers to gaslight the people they subjugate into believing that by naming their disempowerment they are being dramatic, whining, attention-grabbing, or beating a dead horse. Believe me, I wish this horse were dead. To name just one of many such statistics in a grossly underreported set of crimes: We have been discouraged from writing about it because it makes people uncomfortable. Because a patriarchal society wants its victims to be silent. Because shame is an effective method of silencing. It is an exercise in applying my intellect, and the intellects of other thinkers—philosophers, psychologists, holy people, poets—to the raw matter of my own abandonments. It is about having abandonment issues. This sort of admission might make you cringe. But white straight male writers are writing about the same things—they are just overlaying them with a plot about baseball, or calling their work fiction. I am happy to read those books. I just wish that male authors—along with the greater reading populace—were not discouraged from reading such books by women. That women were not discouraged from writing them. The new book is a collection of linked essays, and I have never worked so hard, sentence by sentence, image by image, on anything. But I struggled with the title essay, which, at over pages, is more than half the book and tells the story of a time when I lost myself in love, acted in ways I would never have believed until they happened. I showed an early draft of the essay to a close friend. After reading it, she said: If you want to tell the real story, you are going to have to be more honest. I knew she was right. I had included only the parts that I felt safe revealing. I had hidden the ugliest parts. When I thought about taking her advice, a cold fear surged through me. So I rewrote it. I faced the truer version that I had tried to avoid. Because it was a better story, and because I wanted to be free. I only believe in fear. And you can be afraid and still write something. One of the epigraphs of my book is a quote from the British psychoanalyst Donald Winnicott: About my biological father, his father, and his grandfather—who lied on a census and said he was Polish, instead of native. Or perhaps more accurately, we are already monsters. And to deny the monstrous is to deny its beauty, its meaning, its necessary devastation. Transforming my secrets into art has transformed me. And I believe that stories like these have the power to transform the world. We are writing the history that we could not find in any other book. We are telling the stories that no one else can tell, and we are giving this proof of our survival to one another. What I mean is, tell me about your navel. Tell me about your rape. Tell me about your mad love affair, how you forgot and then remembered yourself. Tell me about your hands, the things they have done and held and hit and let go of.

Chapter 5 : Table of contents for Women in Texas music

Hudson encourages and allows the women to tell their own stories as she delves into their life journeys, creative processes, and the importance of writing and performing music, be it blues, rock, country, folk, jazz, or pop.

So what separates the pros from the amateurs? Is it God-given talent? Real writers do one simple thing: It forces you to give up your misconceptions about writing and embrace the truth. But that sounds a lot easier than it is. It can be your dining room table or a desk, even the couch. But the idea is that this is special, sacred even. Try to set it apart. It can be 5am or Whatever it is, just try to make it consistent. You need to show up every day at this time and put your butt in the chair. This can be a hundred words or a thousand words. Whatever it is, give yourself grace. Hemingway was renowned for writing words one day and the next. In my experience, anything from is sufficient to forming a writing habit. Do this over and over and over again, every day and every week. Sounds too good to be true, right? Still, if you need a prompt or two, here are some ideas: Write about your surroundings. Write about what you did today. Write a letter to your kids or one to yourself. At the end of the day, there is one box you need to check, and it reads: Get up tomorrow and do it again. Ready to get started writing daily? Sign up for the My Words Writing Challenge and get a prompt every day for a month to help you stay on track. [Click here to get started.](#)

Chapter 6 : Masthead | Poets & Writers

Lena Dunham was apparently yanking our chain when she said she'd be down to write a new show for the remaining characters on "Roseanne." Joke's on us. We got the "Girls" creator -- who acted in.

Table of contents for Women in Texas music: Bibliographic record and links to related information available from the Library of Congress catalog. Contents data are machine generated based on pre-publication provided by the publisher. Contents may have variations from the printed book or be incomplete or contain other coding. Living Outloud Susan Gibson: On the Road Terri Hendrix: San Antonio Matters Jill Jones: A Rockabilly Woman Betty Buckley: Broadway to Texas Marcia Ball: Freda Lives On Angela Strehli: A Family Affair Pauline Reese: Honky-Tonk Reigns Lee Duffy: A Life of Miracles Shemekia Copeland: Prayers and Joy Trudy Lynn: Diva of Soul and Blues Lavelle White: Strutting Her Stuff Katie Webster: Swamp Boogie Queen Wanda King: Blues for Freddie Karen Abrahams: Paying Her Dues Barb Donovan: Serious About Townes Neesie Beal: Surprise in the Package Christine Albert: The French Connection Sara Hickman: Magic on Stage Melissa Javors: Telling the Truth Bobbie Nelson: Heartache and Joy Lana Nelson: Taking Care of Daddy Rattlesnake Annie: Tough and Tender Elana Fremerman James: Fiddling with Bob Eva Ybarra: Women musicians -- Texas -- Interviews.

Chapter 7 : David Ogilvy - Heaven & Earth CD Album

Poet and essayist Melissa Broder grew up in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia. She earned a BA at Tufts University and an MFA at the City College of New racedaydvl.com her lush, wryly vulnerable poems, Broder embraces the darkness of daily life.

Chapter 8 : GrammarSongs by Melissa - Home

Melissa Ohnoutka's interest in writing started back in the seventh grade as a way to escape and create new worlds where she was in control. To this day, she finds something magical about being in total control.

Chapter 9 : About Writing: A Guide â€“ Simple Book Production

A good writing quote can give me goosebumps. For those days when the well is feeling dry and a tad echo-y, I keep a running list of my favorite quotesâ€”things I've read, things I've edited, things I've found in the WD archives, things people have said to me in interviews. Such tiny, perfect.